THE DIARY OF A TEENAGE GIRL

Written by
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Based on the graphic novel by Phoebe Gloeckner

BEGIN SUPER 8
FOOTAGE:

1 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 1

Close up on a cat's face - not pleased.

Hand-written title card: DOMINO VS. THE CITY - a film by Minnie Goetze

A cardboard San Francisco: skyscrapers and the Golden Gate Bridge. Domino, the cat, peeks out above the buildings.

Title card: It's a CAT-ASTROPHE! Everybody run!

Domino stomps, destroying the little cars and buildings in his wake. He claws at one of the tallest buildings, lies down right in the middle of the set, licks his butt, and looks at the camera like "Yeah? What?".

END SUPER 8:

(TITLE CARD: The Diary of a Teenage Girl)

2 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - YERBA BUENA PARK - AFTERNOON 2

MINNIE GOETZE, an intensely smart fifteen-year-old, curious and strong but not jaded, walks through the seedy sprawling park.

Minnie's voice-over, recorded onto a cassette tape:

MINNIE (V.O.)
I had sex today. HOLY SHIIIITTTTT!

Music kicks in - something with a beat. Minnie walks seriously down the path, until the chorus chimes in, then she shimmies, or swishes her hips, in time to the music.

Minnie's POV: A boy with blond feathered hair takes a long slow puff off of a joint. Smoke wafts up around his face, dancing with his curls almost magically.

Minnie bounds through the park, past old strung-out hippies lounging in the grass. One of the women doesn't have a shirt on. This is the 70s in San Francisco - it's just how it is.

A young woman jogs by in a skimpy seventies jogging outfit. Her unharnessed breasts bounce happily along. Comic stars appear on her nipples and bounce away. Minnie looks down and takes a quick peek at her own less ample breasts.

She struts to the music. She leaves animated footsteps in her path.

Minnie does a little skip, and the music swells and cuts out.

3 EXT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - STREET 3

Minnie runs up and into a Victorian style apartment building.

5 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 5

Minnie enters, startled to find her mom, CHARLOTTE, a hip woman of 34 who wishes she were 25, and GRETEL, 13 and a mini-Charlotte, pretty and girly, glued to the TV. Charlotte is still beautiful, though she wears her mistakes on her body. She sips a gin and tonic. On the TV, news coverage of the trial of Patty Hearst.

TV ANCHOR
Patty Hearst, the kidnapped heiress whose story has riveted the world, appeared in court again today. She was described as pallid, dull in complexion and lacking in energy. One court reporter described her demeanor as "zombie-like".

Minnie tries to sneak past unnoticed. The room is complete with shag carpeting wall-to-wall, hanging ferns, and colorful afghans. *The* picture of Patty Hearst with a gun is on the TV.

TV ANCHOR(CONT'D)
When Ms. Hearst was asked to describe the closet that her captors held her in...

CHARLOTTE
Oh Minnie. Come watch with us.

GRETEL
(trying to sound grown-up)
Yeah. It's history in the making.

Charlotte doesn't take her eyes off the TV.

TV ANCHOR
Prosecutors brought in Dr. Harry L. Kozol, an expert on sex-offenders and mentally ill criminals...

MINNIE
No thanks.

CHARLOTTE
(re: TV)
She’s not mentally ill! Fuck this guy. Just because she ran away from her bourgeoisie family and started over. I know how you feel, Patty!

Charlotte sips her drink, Minnie leans in.

GRETEL
My teacher said she was brainwashed. I mean, didn’t they, like, keep her in a closet?

CHARLOTTE
No, come on. She’s brave. She reminds me of my friend Andrea- she’s searching for something more real than her privileged bullshit childhood.

GRETEL
Oh.

MINNIE
I think she’s a phony. What kind of person falls in love with the people who kidnap and torture them?

Charlotte and Gretel turn toward Minnie, surprised. Charlotte finally takes in Minnie:

CHARLOTTE
Is that what you wore today?

MINNIE
Mom?!

CHARLOTTE
I’m just saying. It wouldn’t kill you to wear something with a waist. Jeez.

Gretel laughs.

MINNIE
(to Gretel)
Shut the fuck up.

Charlotte goes back to watching the coverage.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go do homework.

Minnie exits. Charlotte calls after her.

CHARLOTTE
Kimmie called.

Charlotte and Gretel go back to the TV.

6 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 6

Minnie pulls the rotary phone into her messy room and dials frantically. The bed is unmade, a record player sits on the floor in the corner, and the dresser's drawers hang open loosely exposing their contents. There are half finished projects everywhere: dioramas, a photography corner, etc.

MINNIE
(into phone)
Hi, may I speak to Kimmie please? Oh, okay. Yeah could you just ask her to call Minnie the moment she get in? Thanks.

Minnie hangs up, frustrated.

7 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 7

Minnie digs frantically through the closet, searching. She flings articles of clothes, and tennis rackets out of the way, boxes fall on her, until she finds what she's looking for: a seventies cassette recorder complete with a microphone. She wipes dust off of it.

8 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 8

Minnie presses record on the tape recorder, noticing some dark dried blood on her index finger. She picks at it for a moment, smells it. She thinks about where to begin. Then, she jumps up, locks her door. She sits back down.

MINNIE
(into mic)
Um. Testing? No - Fuck -
(MORE)

MINNIE (CONT'D)
(rewinds, starts again)
My name is Minnie Goetze. I am a fifteen-year-old girl living in San Francisco California, recording this onto a cassette tape because my life has gotten really crazy of late, and I need to tell someone about it. If you're listening to this without my permission, please stop right now. Just, really. Stop. Okay.
(clearing her throat)
So, I don't remember being born.

9 BEGIN IMAGINING SEQUENCE: 9

A comic-book style animation: a woman's naked body lying on her side breaths and move in sketchy pencil lines. She moves in ecstacy.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I was a very ugly child.

Her knees part slowly, opening seductively, exposing a hairy crotch, the pencil lines of the pubic hair going in every direction. Her toes curl, and suddenly through the center of her legs pops out the head of a baby, who looks just like Minnie- bright-eyed and smiling. The animation freezes:

END IMAGINING:

10 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 10

Minnie stands with her tape recorder and microphone. The "birth drawing" is tacked to the wall in front of her.

MINNIE
My appearance has not improved so I suppose it was a lucky break when he was attracted by my youthfulness.

A cat starts purring around Minnie's ankle, she picks him up roughly, kissing him.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
Domino, you stupid cat, I love you.
(then, whispering)
Hey, Domino. Do I look different than I did yesterday?

Domino squirms and jumps out of her arms. Minnie flops on the bed, a huge grin coming over her face.

The walls of Minnie's room are lined with comic-style drawings, and photographs: a tongue, or a face, homeless people, and transvestites. And many self-portraits. Minnie speaks into her mic.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
(getting serious)
Okay in all matter of factuality, it happened like this:

FLASHBACK TO:

11 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 11

Charlotte is sprawled out on the couch, a lit joint dangling precariously in her fingers, falling asleep. Gretel eats a bowl of ice-cream on the floor. MONROE, 34, a guy with the attitude and libido of a 15 year old, sits on the end of the couch and stares blankly at *The Carol Burnett Show* on the TV, drinking a Schlitz beer.

Minnie enters in a blue little-girl nightgown, plopping down on the couch, moving her mom's legs over. Charlotte groans, and ashes from her joint fall into Gretel's bowl of ice-cream.

GRETEL
Mom!? God. You're so gross. I can't even watch TV without...

Gretel gets up in a huff, and exits. Charlotte doesn't stir. The TV blares.

MINNIE (V.O.)
My mother was married for a long time to my step-dad Pascal. He is a science-y guy, a PhD.

C/U on a picture of Charlotte and PASCAL, 45, when they were younger and married. Even then, they were an odd match.

MINNIE (V.O.)
He has a lot of ideas about how the world works- doesn't think women should drink or smoke.

Minnie looks at the joint in her mom's hand.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Maybe that's why she isn't married to him anymore. She's "looser" now.

Minnie looks toward Monroe.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Monroe Rutherford's her boyfriend, but they aren't possessive.

Monroe stares at the TV. He is handsome in this light, with a boyish face. He feels Minnie looking at him and smiles a little. Minnie turns back to the TV. There is a long pause. Charlotte suddenly startles.

CHARLOTTE
(half-asleep and a little high)
What?

MINNIE
It was the TV.

CHARLOTTE
Whatdyasay?

MINNIE
It was just the TV, mom.

CHARLOTTE
Oh my god, I had such a long day. I'm falling asleep here.

Charlotte slips her house shoes on without opening her eyes.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
I'm crashin'.

Monroe slaps Charlotte on the ass.

MONROE
G'night.

MINNIE
Night.

Minnie debates moving over to the other side of the couch, but just as she makes a move, Monroe puts his big hand on her head. Minnie hits Monroe lightly. He puts his arm around her and they curl up together, watching TV.

MONROE
What are you wearing? This nightgown is totally ridiculous.

Minnie blushes.

Monroe’s arm dangles around Minnie’s shoulder, dangerously close to her breast. Maybe his hand brushes it? They sit in silence watching the TV. Minnie moves to the other side of the couch, staring at Monroe.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I know it seems weird, but I had this strangely calming feeling that even if he touched my tit on purpose it's probably all right because he's one of our best friends and he's a good guy and he knows how it goes and I don't...

Minnie looks at Monroe for a sign. Monroe cracks another beer.

MINNIE (V.O.)
But I wonder if my breast felt small?

CUT TO:

12 INT. MINNIE’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 12

Minnie looks at a picture she drew of Monroe, in very short jogging shorts, that is tacked onto the wall. Her tape player in her hand.

MINNIE
Oh Monroe. Pitter pat. You touched my tit. How was that?

Minnie touches Monroe’s crotch on the drawing. As she stares deep into Monroe’s face turns to camera,, so handsome and charming. His eyes twitch with mischief. He looks down a little, then back up.

MONROE
(so vulnerable)
Can I just say- touching your breasts...
(bashfully, almost)
I can’t- I can’t say it.
(MORE)

MONROE (CONT'D)
(then)
They're really great. Fantastic breasts, Minnie. Just perfect.

Monroe smiles. Comic book flowers burst out from behind his head, like a seventies album cover. A bird flies out of his ear and lands on top of his head and starts singing, and -

END IMAGINING:

13 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING 13

Monroe snaps his fingers in Minnie's face. She is standing with the door of the fridge wide open, staring into space.

MONROE
Weirdo.

Minnie pushes Monroe, playfully but hard.

MINNIE (V.O.)
It feels so good to imagine that he might be thinking about me. Like finally I exist.

Monroe grabs an apple, bites into it. The kitchen has a paisley wallpaper lining the walls, and avocado green tiles on the counters.

MONROE
So-

Charlotte enters the kitchen, in a sexy house-dress/robe.

MONROE (CONT'D)
(to Charlotte)
Hey. You 'bout ready steady?

Monroe jumps up and sits on the counter.

CHARLOTTE
No, no. I think I'm staying here. I'm already in my skivvies.

MONROE
What? You promised.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Not that I love him or anything. I'm not stupid.

Gretel enters, and Charlotte pours herself a big gin and tonic.

GRETEL
We're gonna watch "Little House on the Prairie".

Gretel grabs a soda from the fridge. Charlotte smooths Gretel's hair a little.

CHARLOTTE
Yep.

Monroe grabs Charlotte by the waist and pulls her close.

MONROE
It's two-for-one Tuesdays, though. You promised.

CHARLOTTE
I'm sorry, baby.

MONROE
Let's just go for a few drinks? I need to get out.

CHARLOTTE
I'll make it up to you, I swear. I'm sorry. Take Minnie.

MONROE
What?

CHARLOTTE
Minnie'll go. Wontcha' Min?

MONROE
She doesn't want to go.

MINNIE
Yeah I do. Where?

CHARLOTTE
Told you. See?

Charlotte turns and leaves with Gretel.

MONROE
Just this bar on Harrison.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I had homework, but so the fuck what?

Monroe smiles, it's a plan.

CUT TO:

14 INT. LIVERPOOL LILS BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT 14

At a tall bar table in a dark corner, a bartender drops off another round to Minnie and Monroe. They're both pleasantly drunk, watch the bartender leave. Monroe leans his body into Minnie's, almost knocking her off her stool.

She laughs, pushing him, but then almost falls off her stool. He catches her.

MONROE
(teasing)
Whoa! Clumsy clumsy.

He helps her back onto her stool, holding onto her for a little too long. Minnie gets a case of the giggles, he follows suit.

They play a game of “sugarpack football”, flicking a sugar pack across the table, trying to make it land on the edge of the table. Monroe flicks the sugar packet through Minnie’s “field-goal” (her hands) and it disappears off the table.

MINNIE
Shit. Where’d it go?

Monroe gets up and starts rooting around on the ground near her feet, looking for it. He bites her ankle. She screams too loud. He laughs.

MONROE
Shut up! You lightweight.

He bites her calf, grabbing onto her knee. Minnie takes his hand, and bites it hard. He stands, letting her bite him.

MINNIE
That doesn’t hurt?

MONROE
You can’t hurt me. Go ahead.

MINNIE
I’m gonna bite you so fucking hard.

She bites it even harder, as hard as she can.

MONROE
I don’t even feel it.

MINNIE
You’re drunk.

MONROE
I’m just really strong.

She bites his finger. He likes it. He thinks about touching her face. She breathes in, wanting him to. He flicks her nose. He sits back down.

MINNIE
You're far away.

MONROE
(quietly)
You just gave me a hard-on.

MINNIE
I did?

She peers over the table to see.

MONROE
Yeah, I'm hard.

Minnie might laugh but instead she moves closer.

Glancing around, Monroe takes Minnie's hand and puts it down his pants. Minnie feels it, interested like it's a science experiment.

MINNIE (V.O.)
It didn't feel too hard to me. It had soft skin. I don't know what I expected exactly but I guess flesh can never be really hard, like wood or Formica.

Monroe moans quietly, Minnie smiles.

MINNIE
I want you to fuck me.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I didn't even know if I was serious or not, but it was funny and I was drunk.

Monroe removes her hand.

MONROE
You're shit-faced. I gotta get you back to your goddmamn mother.

But he doesn't move away, if anything he pulls her closer, searching her eyes.

MONROE (CONT'D)
I can't believe you want me to fuck you. Do you really want me to fuck you?

MINNIE
(playfully)
None of your fucking business.

It's like a game of chicken, neither will look away. Even in this moment, there is nothing threatening about Monroe.

MONROE
You really do want me to fuck you, don't you? You really fucking want me to fucking fuck you.

Minnie stares up at Monroe's face, smiling.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I didn't know whether I wanted him or anyone else to fuck me but I was afraid to pass up the chance because I may never get another.

15 I/E. MONROE'S CAR - PARKING LOT -LATER 15

Minnie and Monroe get into the car, unsure of what's next. They stare straight ahead. Then they go for it. He kisses her, for a long time, sliding his hand between her legs. Music crescendos.

CUT TO:

16 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT 16

Minnie is in the bathtub, staring at the ceiling, where shadows from the street dance. She touches her lips and mouth, which are raw and red from Monroe's stubble.

MINNIE (V.O.)
It tasted like heated wine - hot and sticky and the inside of his mouth was all smooth. I tried giving him a blow-job in the car and he put his hand in me, and touched my tits. He said he wanted to fuck me, but he said we can't tonight.

MINNIE
(every emotion)
Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god.

Minnie dips her head back in the water, letting her hair wash all around her.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Sometimes the feeling of water rushing through my hair makes me feel so beautiful. Like a mermaid waiting to be rescued from the depths of the sea.

Minnie enjoys this feeling, and then suddenly opens her eyes with a start:

MINNIE (V.O.)
Is this what it feels like for someone to love you? He could have anyone and he wants me. He sees me. I feel different today. I never want to go back.

17 EXT. STREET - MORNING 17

Minnie waits on the corner of Jackson and Scott, anxious. A MAN WITH A BUSHY MUSTACHE, and tight bell-bottoms whistles at her. Monroe pulls up, and she gets into his beat-up car, flipping off the stranger with a smile.

MONROE
You gonna get in trouble for skipping school?

Minnie shakes her head, smiling.

MONROE (CONT'D)
You feel like sandwiches?

Minnie nods. They drive off.

18 INT. MONROE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 18

Monroe and Minnie fall into the small bachelor apartment making out, barely closing the door behind them. Monroe lifts Minnie up onto the bed. He gets on top of Minnie, kissing her and unbuttons her pants. Minnie is scared but excited.

Minutes later, Minnie and Monroe lie silently side-by-side on the bed. They both have their shirts and jackets on still, and are naked just from the waist down. Minnie traces an X on Monroe's leg in blood. He shakes his head in disbelief.

MINNIE
What?

MONROE
I didn't know you were a virgin.

He shakes it off. Minnie closes her eyes, peaceful.

MONROE (CONT'D)
You look good, you know? Nice.

MINNIE
I do?

Minnie reaches for her backpack and pulls out her Polaroid camera.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
Will you take my picture?

She lies back down, resuming her position.

MONROE
What?

MINNIE
Please? I just want to see.

He snaps the picture, against his better judgement. Minnie points the camera toward Monroe, but he grabs it out of her hand.

MONROE
Nah, nah, nah. Are you crazy?

Minnie gives in, shaking her picture in her hand.

MONROE (CONT'D)
You better not show that picture to anyone.

CLOSE ON the photograph of Minnie, still and beautiful.

MINNIE
You can't even see where I am.

Outside, life continues. School lets out, transvestites turn tricks, the city lives.

END FLASHBACK:

19 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 19

We are <u>back where we started</u>, Minnie's first Diary entry. Minnie sits with her tape recorder now on the floor.

MINNIE
...That was about an hour ago and I can't believe I've now actually said it out loud. I'm pretty sure this makes me officially an adult. Right?

She picks at the dried blood on her finger.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
I'm going to continue recording this diary with the intention of making entries each and every day as honestly and as sincerely as is possible for me to do.

She presses stop, pleased. She pulls out the picture that Monroe took of her after her first time and examines it. She looks relaxed and beautiful.

20 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/HALLWAY - ANOTHER EVENING 20

Minnie is sitting at the kitchen table drawing a picture of herself when the doorbell rings. She jumps up.

As Minnie heads for the door, Gretel comes out of her room.

GRETEL
I'll get it.

Minnie slams Gretel's door in her face.

MINNIE
I got it.

Gretel whines. Minnie opens the front door.

MONROE
(shyly)
Hey.

MINNIE
(shyly)
Hey.

There is a tense pause. They stare at each other. Monroe seems like a teenager who doesn't know what to say.

MONROE
Your mom here?

MINNIE
No.
(then, jealous)
Why? Did you come to see her?

MONROE
No.

MINNIE
Oh.

Monroe enters sheepishly, punches Minnie's shoulder playfully.

MONROE
I came to see you, silly.

Minnie punches Monroe on his arm, hard.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Ow. Shit. You got a good arm. You wanna box?

MINNIE
Yeah.

They put up their dukes and start circling each other, jabbing and kicking.

MONROE
What were you doing before I got here?

Monroe reaches out and grabs Minnie's tit.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Thinkin' about me?

Minnie punches him again.

MINNIE
No!

Monroe grabs her fists, pinning them behind her back, startling Minnie. Just when they're about to kiss, Charlotte comes in the front door. Monroe quickly pushes Minnie away from him, who falls to the ground.

CHARLOTTE
Hello?

MONROE
Oh. There you are.

Minnie watches Monroe kiss Charlotte from the ground.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Monroe Rutherford is the handsomest man in the world.

21 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 21

Minnie lies in bed with her tape recorder, it's dark except for the glow from her flashlight. There's magic in the air.

MINNIE
(sotto into microphone)
My mother's friend Martin Chong sent her a poem. He's one of many men who's in love with her, waiting in line with a number in their hand like at the deli counter. He wrote it on a piece of lacy purple rice paper that I found crumpled in the trash. I think it's beautiful:

Minnie reads from the crumpled paper. Stars start to emanate from Minnie's bed, floating out into the universe.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
(into microphone)
"It would have been better
To have slept and dreamed
Than to watch the night pass
And the slow moon sink."

The ceiling of her room melts away, the stars twinkle above her. She touches her body nonchalantly.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
I wonder if Monroe is masturbating thinking about me tonight? Monroe says I exude sexuality. Sometimes I look in the mirror and I can't believe what I see. I just realized - I've had breasts for a full three years.

She clicks the light off. The stars twinkle for one more moment.

22 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 22

Minnie runs into the bathroom with a yellow rotary phone, receiver pressed up to her ear.

MINNIE
(into phone)
Sorry. Sorry. Gretel was following me. Hold on.

She locks the door and sits on the edge of the tub.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Okay, I'm good.

KIMMIE'S VOICE
Alright, tell me.

INTERCUT WITH:

23 INT. KIMMIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 23

KIMMIE MINTER, sixteen but with the body of a twenty-one year old and the hair of Farrah Fawcett, is on the other end.

MINNIE'S VOICE
(whispered)
I can't tell you, you have to guess.

Kimmie sits straight up.

KIMMIE
(into phone)
You fucked somebody!!

INTERCUT WITH:

24 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 24

MINNIE
(screaming into phone)
What?! How did you know?

A pounding at the door.

GRETEL'S VOICE
(calling through the door)
Minnie. I need the bathroom. What are you doing?

KIMMIE'S VOICE
FINALLY! You're catching up.

MINNIE
Hey! We don't all lose our virginity at thirteen.

KIMMIE'S VOICE
It's not just me. That's how it is in South San Francisco.

Gretel pounds again.

KIMMIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
I'm just so happy! Who was it?

MINNIE
(into phone)
You have to guess. Gretel is listening.

GRETEL'S VOICE
(calling through the door)
I am not. You're so full of yourself.

INTERCUT WITH:

25 INT. KIMMIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 25

Kimmie curls her hair, perfecting her 70s flip.

KIMMIE
(into phone)
But you don't know any guys. Wait. Was it that guy who works in the liquor store? That cute one?

MINNIE'S VOICE
(leading)
No.

KIMMIE
(into phone)
Well, is it somebody I know?

MINNIE'S VOICE
Yes.

KIMMIE
(into phone)
I can't think of anyone... wait a minute. It's not Monroe, is it?

INTERCUT WITH:

26 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM 26

Minnie is silent, smiling like the cat who ate the canary. Gretel pounds on the door.

KIMMIE'S VOICE
(screaming from the phone)
My god! Minnie! That is so sick!

Minnie has to hold the phone away from her ear.

KIMMIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Ewww!

Gretel pounds.

GRETEL'S VOICE
(yelling through the door)
I'm gonna tell mom. Get out of there!

MINNIE
(whispered into phone)
Don't you think he's cute?

INTERCUT WITH:

27 INT. KIMMIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 27

Kimmie's hair starts to burn. She unrolls the curling iron.

KIMMIE
(into phone)
No, he's not cute. He's old. Ew, ew, ewww. Minnie. He sleeps with your mom!

INTERCUT WITH:

28 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 28

MINNIE
(into phone, sotto)
Only because he has to otherwise she'll suspect something.

KIMMIE'S VOICE
I don't know, Minnie. Don't you kinda feel like he's taking advantage of you or something? I mean, you're so much younger than him.

Gretel's pounding on the door grows louder and faster.

KIMMIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Minnie?

MINNIE
(upset, into phone)
Umm...

INTERCUT WITH:

29 INT. KIMMIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 29

There is a pause.

KIMMIE
(into phone)
How big is his dick?

30 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 30

Minnie swings the door open to find Gretel about to pound on the door. She grabs her, punching her on the arm.

MINNIE
I'm gonna kill you!

GRETEL
Ow. Minnie, don't.

MINNIE
Quit spying on me.

Minnie pushes Gretel to the ground, and sits on top of her, smacking her over and over again.

GRETEL
What were you talking about? Ow-

Minnie pushes Gretel's face further into the carpet.

31 I/E. STREETCAR - DAY 31

Minnie sits at the back of the streetcar. She talks into her tape player's mic, enjoying her lurid narrative, while an old lady nearby listens on, disturbed.

MINNIE
He's fucked me three times now. All I can think about is the fucking.

Flashback: Minnie and Monroe fucking in his car.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
Monroe is a good lay from what I know in my limited knowledge. He is very tall and strong and he has two strong muscular thighs and a big hairy chest.

Flashback: Minnie and Monroe fucking in his bed, fucking on his floor, more fucking.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
As for myself, I'm not particularly attractive at all. But I do think I look different now- probably my aura. And I think people are noticing...

32 INT. RICH PRIVATE HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY 32

Minnie sits at a desk by the window. The hippie ENGLISH TEACHER sits on his desk - "cool teacher" style, with a copy of *Catcher in the Rye* in his lap.

COOL ENGLISH TEACHER
I agree, Liza. Mr. Antolini doesn't act like an authority figure. He isn't condescending. But what did you make of the moment where he touched Holden's forehead while he slept?

The teacher drones on. Minnie doodles listlessly. A note lands on her desk. It reads: *Write me a note*. Minnie looks around. Behind her, a very handsome boy with great hair, a junior named RICKY WASSERMAN, 17, winks.

Minnie drops the note back on Ricky's desk. He unfurls it reading: *A basic pancake recipe includes water, flour, baking powder, sugar and eggs.*

COOL ENGLISH TEACHER (CONT'D)
Holden's attitude toward homosexuals is called into question...

The note drops back on Minnie's desk: *Madame, my heart contains nothing but admiration for you.*

The bell rings, Minnie gathers her things. Ricky and his friend ARNIE, another junior, blond and tall and preppy, surround her desk.

ARNIE
Don’t listen to this bullshit artist. You should probably write notes to me.

RICKY
He’s just jealous because he can tell you like me.

MINNIE
Oh really?

RICKY
You’re fascinating, you know that?

ARNIE
She’s kinda looks like Angelica Houston, don’t you think?

RICKY
I see that. Angelica Houston is incredibly beautiful.

Ricky flashes a winning smile. Minnie is flattered, and mute.

Moments later, a long-haired slacker boy named CHUCK, 16, with a skateboard under his arm, approaches.

CHUCK
What did they want?

MINNIE
Who?

CHUCK
Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dipshit.

They watch Ricky and Arnie leave.

MINNIE
They’re nice.

CHUCK
They’re preppy and rich.

MINNIE
Oh, don’t be jealous, Chuck. Just because Ricky Wasserman thinks I’m fascinating.

Minnie and Chuck start to walk toward the door together.

CHUCK
He didn’t say that.

Minnie laughs.

MINNIE
I know. It's so embarrassing.

CHUCK
Tell him to fuck off next time.

MINNIE
No one that popular has ever talked to me before. It was kinda exhilarating.

As Minnie and Chuck pass the teacher's desk, he calls out.

COOL ENGLISH TEACHER
Ms. Goetze - next time I expect some more participation from you, I know you did the reading.

Minnie nods reluctantly on her way out.

33 FOOTAGE OF THE PATTY HEARST TRIAL 33

Patty Hearst being sentenced.

34 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING 34

Minnie comes in from school to find Monroe and Charlotte smoking a joint, and drinking around the coffee table as though nothing has happened.

CHARLOTTE
I just think it's barbaric that she was found guilty! Even if she knew what she was doing in that bank - she was still a prisoner...

Minnie turns on the TV, looking to Monroe to see if he's going to acknowledge her. He doesn't. She stares at him.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
...Kidnapped, raped! Come on. She's a victim!

MONROE
(grasping)
I don't know. I guess it does seem kinda counter-progressive or something.

Monroe takes a long drag. He looks between Minnie and Charlotte, on either side. Minnie turns up the TV volume.

CHARLOTTE
(loudly over the TV)
It's bullshit. It's fascist, misogynistic bullshit. You need to pay more attention to this stuff. Read the paper every once in a while.

MONROE
Yeah, you've said that.

Charlotte shoots the rest of her drink, and exits for a refill. Monroe, unsure, finally decides to follow Charlotte into the kitchen. As he passes behind Minnie, he reaches out and tickles her neck. She slaps his hand away.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Hey.

MINNIE
Don't.

MONROE
Turn down the volume, bucko.

Monroe exits to the kitchen, Minnie seething. From the kitchen, she can hear Charlotte's giggles. Minnie sinks into the couch.

SMASH CUT TO:

35 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 35

Minnie stands in front of her mirror, wrapped in a towel. She pulls the picture Monroe took of her after their first time out from her pocket and slides it into the edge of the mirror.

MINNIE (V.O.)
(earnest asking)
What's the point of living if nobody loves you? Nobody sees you? Nobody touches you?

She drops her towel and stands naked. She compares the picture with her face in the mirror. And looks at her body.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I wish I were older than I am. It feels like there are little weights hanging from my heart that swing and tug every time I move, every time the wind blows.

FLASHBACK TO:

36 INT. MONROE'S APARTMENT - DAY 36

Minnie and Monroe's faces are close together.

MINNIE
What's your favorite color?

MONROE
I don't know. Blue? Why are you asking me such stupid questions?

CUT BACK TO:

37 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 37

Minnie is still in front of the mirror, looking at her face.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I want someone to be so totally in love with me that they would feel like they would die if I were gone.

She looks at the picture.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Maybe Monroe could love me like that? I am so warm. I want a body with mine. I need a man.

SMASH CUT TO:

38 INT. MONROE'S APARTMENT - DAY 38

Minnie and Monroe are having rousing sex under the covers, with just the random limb poking out. Monroe finishes and collapses on top of Minnie.

MINNIE
(frustrated)
No, don't stop.

MONROE
Minnie, come on.

Monroe rolls off of her. Minnie stares at the ceiling, blue-balled. She climbs on top of his back, but he's already falling asleep.

MONROE (CONT'D)
We have to stop this. You just... have some hold on me.

MINNIE
Why would you say that? Do you think I'm fat?

She punches him. He laughs.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
You're so fucking confusing... with your adult codes and bullshit.

MONROE
Minnie-

MINNIE
I'm used to the more honest means of communication used between children. I'm almost still a child, you know.

MONROE
Hey, that's why I said we have to stop. It's clearly too much for you emotionally.

MINNIE
But, I don't want it to stop.

Monroe falls asleep. Minnie stares at the ceiling, confused and frustrated and alone and blue-balled.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I have no one to talk with about this highly complicated matter...

39 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 39

Minnie and Charlotte sit at the table, eating peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches and not talking.

MINNIE (V.O.)
...If my mother wasn't involved with Monroe she could give me all the advice in the world.

CHARLOTTE
Kimmie is so white trash, don't you think?

MINNIE
She is not!

CHARLOTTE
I mean that in a good way- you know, she's kind of salt of the earth. I love her Farrah Fawcett hairdo- it's so a la mode. I mean, I'm really glad your hair isn't like that, but it looks cute on her.

MINNIE
Boys love Kimmie.

CHARLOTTE
(a little jealous)
Really? I dunno. She looks better in pants than skirts though. Aren't her ankles sort of thick?

INTERCUT WITH:

40 EXT. BIG ROCK PARK - DAY 40

Minnie and Kimmie sit on a big rock in the park, watching people walk by.

KIMMIE
Your mom's really gorgeous.

MINNIE
Oh, I dunno. I guess.

KIMMIE
Aren't you afraid she'll find out about you and Monroe? What if they get married? It's so sick.

Kimmie loves the drama.

INTERCUT WITH:

41 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 41

Minnie and Charlotte are still eating their sandwiches.

CHARLOTTE
I guess Kimmie has a good body.

MINNIE
Mom!

CHARLOTTE
You know. I hate to brag, Minnie. But I was quite a piece when I was your age.

INTERCUT WITH:

42 EXT. BIG ROCK PARK - DAY - CONTINUOUS 42

Minnie and Kimmie are still on the big rock. Kimmie is painting her toe nails.

MINNIE
Honestly, I feel like my mom is just worried that I don't have a boyfriend. I mean, I don't think she wants me to get pregnant like she did when she was my age, but...

KIMMIE
(sort of listening)
Yeah.

MINNIE
Obviously I can't tell her about... you know. What am I going to say? "Mom, I'm sleeping with your boyfriend"?

INTERCUT WITH:

43 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 43

Minnie stares at Charlotte intently. They are still eating sandwiches.

CHARLOTTE
I don't know what your problem is, Minnie. I would think you would be more into boys. Even Gretel has a boyfriend.
(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
I mean he’s just that little short Italian boy from her class but still. Don’t you like anybody? You can tell me.

There is a long pause. Minnie wants to tell her mom more than anything. Instead, she shoves a big bite of her sandwich into her mouth.

CHARLOTTE (CONT’D)
God, when I was in high school, the boys were all over me...

MINNIE
Like... my dad?

Charlotte is surprised Minnie is bringing him up, but goes with the memory.

CHARLOTTE
Oh, yeah. Your dad and I were crazy about each other. He wasn’t so messed up back then. Hadn’t ever even smoked pot. He was just a wannabe artist with a fuck-the-world attitude. And he rode a Triumph Blackbird. Have I ever told you about that? Fuck, that was fantastic!

Minnie doesn’t dare move.

CHARLOTTE (CONT’D)
My parents hated him. It was so hot. I knew I could call him any time day or night and he would ride that beautiful machine over to my house and rescue me. And I’d hold onto his waist, and scream! God, that boy...

Charlotte lets out a languished sigh, gets up and starts clearing the dishes. She shakes away the memory.

CHARLOTTE (CONT’D)
You know, you aren’t always going to have that body, Min. I know it’s not exactly feminist to say, but I think you’d be happier if you put yourself out there a bit - a little make-up, a skirt every once in a while, jesus. Get a little attention. You have a kind of power, you just don’t know it yet.

Minnie stares at her mom's butt as she scrapes their plates into the trash. This resonates with Minnie.

INTERCUT WITH:

44 EXT. BIG ROCK PARK - CONTINUOUS 44

On the rock.

MINNIE
Maybe I'll tell her when we're both old and grey, and Monroe is cold in his grave, ya know?

KIMMIE
(totally distracted)
Do you think I should start ironing my hair straight? Or do you think it's kinda classic like this?

Minnie looks at her, stunned.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I have no one to talk to!

45 INT - COMIC BOOK STORE - DAY 45

Minnie looks through the comic books listlessly.

MINNIE (V.O.)
...Maybe I should just ignore everything. But I like sex. I want to get laid right now. I really like getting fucked. Does everyone think about fucking as much as I do?

She sees a nerdy boy looking at comic books and imagines his penis, animated and wagging, on top of his pants.

MINNIE
...Am I a sexed-up freak or something?

Minnie hears a commotion coming from the back of the store. ALINE KOMINSKY, a bad-ass comic book artist, is doing a signing. A group of comic book fans are lined up, enthralled. Minnie peeks over the crowd and gets a glimpse of Aline- just about the coolest woman she's ever seen - she's in awe.

Minnie approaches the OLD HIPPIE behind the register, balding with a ponytail and a beard. He notices Minnie staring.

OLD HIPPIE
Aline Kominsky - “The Bunch”. She’s good shit, man.

He hands her “Twisted Sisters”, a comic book with a woman sitting on the toilet on the cover. The woman turns to Minnie and winks. Minnie smiles to herself. This is something!

BEGIN IMAGINING:

46 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 46

Minnie sits drawing in a booth, Aline Kominsky’s comic book open in front of her. She traces one of Aline’s drawings.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I’ve decided Aline Kominsky is my favorite cartoonist.

Minnie imagines an animated version of ALINE KOMINSKY, beautiful and rough with a big ass, working intently at a drawing table. Minnie watches her.

MINNIE (V.O.)
She must be beautiful and work all the time, at a little drawing table, with R. Crumb nearby at his drawing table.

A COMIC R. CRUMB, as he draws himself, works nearby.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Everyone thinks he’s the brilliant one but I bet she gives him all of his ideas. And they talk about their pens and other equipment.

The comic figures mingle with each other, laughing and looking at their artwork. Aline sparkles.

47 INT. MINNIE’S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - EVENING 47

Minnie enters - the house has been tidied. A colorful afghan is folded neatly and slung over the couch. There is music playing on the record player, and the table is set for two with a table cloth and candles. Minnie hears her mom loudly crying from the kitchen. She shoots Gretel a look, who shrugs, a little scared, and goes back to her book. Minnie motions for Gretel to go to her. Gretel shakes her head like “hell no!”. Minnie tip-toes to the doorway and watches her mom, dressed in a skirt and heels, sitting on a stool in the kitchen, head in her hands, sobbing loudly.

Some peas boil over on the stove. Minnie doesn't move, she just watches, out of sight, terrified and guilty.

48 INT. MINNIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 48

Minnie rushes into her room, kicking her chair and stuff as she goes.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I feel like all of Monroe's excuses not to come over here are excuses not to see me. But my mom thinks it's about *her*.

Minnie pulls out a piece of paper and starts scribbling.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Dear Monroe. I know you think I'm fat. But I don't care because I know that black guys the world over...

49 EXT. MONROE'S CAR - IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE - EVENING 49

Monroe arrives at his car and finds the note pinned under his windshield wiper. He reads.

MINNIE (V.O.)
...and also Italian construction workers and wetbacks and old men and also some lesbians like fat girls even if you don't, so there. Love, Little Minnie.

Monroe rolls his eyes, and crumples the letter. He shoves it in his pocket.

50 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - A DIFFERENT DAY 50

The phone rings and Minnie leaps for it.

MINNIE
(into phone)
Hello?

PASCAL'S VOICE
Minnie.

MINNIE
(disappointed, into phone)
Pascal.

PASCAL'S VOICE
Don't sound so excited.

MINNIE
(into phone)
Sorry.

PASCAL'S VOICE
Did you get your biology test back?

MINNIE
B-minus.

PASCAL'S VOICE
Not bad.

MINNIE
How's New York?

INTERCUT WITH:

51 INT. PASCAL'S HOUSE - EVENING 51

Pascal, a professorial man, sits at a small but pretentious desk in his study in New York.

PASCAL
(into phone)
Stimulating. Intellectually and otherwise. You would love it here. The libraries alone elevate it far above San Francisco.

MINNIE'S VOICE
Sounds cool.

PASCAL
(into phone)
You know that if you ever decide that you want to broaden your horizons, Minnie - New York is a great place for a young lady. You could live with me. I was your surrogate father for many years and that doesn't end just because your mother and I are no longer legally bound.

INTERCUT WITH:

52 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 52

Minnie draws while she balances the phone on her ear. In her notebook are many tracings she's done of Aline Kominsky's comic book cover.

PASCAL'S VOICE
What are you reading nowadays?

MINNIE
(into phone)
Ummm. *Searching for Mr. Goodbar*.
Did you ever finish it?

PASCAL'S VOICE
Please, that inflammatory fiction?
I just finished *The Final Days*
about the end of Nixon's
administration. It's darkly
fascinating to witness how well he
fares while his dreams crash around
him.

MINNIE
I'm reading some cool comic books
too.

INTERCUT WITH:

53 INT. PASCAL'S HOUSE - EVENING 53

PASCAL
(into phone)
Well, that's a waste of a good
mind. I'm sending you a book on
flies.
(then)
So... where's your mother?

MINNIE'S VOICE
I don't know. She's not back from
work yet.

PASCAL
(into phone)
Is she coming home tonight?

MINNIE'S VOICE
I guess. She didn't say she wasn't.
She usually finishes at the library
at 6.

PASCAL
(into phone)
Who's she going out with these days?

INTERCUT WITH:

54 MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 54

Minnie is drawing.

MINNIE
I didn't say she was going out with anyone! You don't even listen to me, Pascal.

PASCAL'S VOICE
That's not true, Minnie.

MINNIE
(into phone)
Besides, mom isn't even partying really. She's like a monk. Or a nun or whatever.

FLASHBACK TO:

55 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 55

Charlotte and her friends sit around in the dark passing a joint and sniffing cocaine. BURT, a stoned guy in his 40s with a mustache, and MICHAEL COCAINE, a 45 year old lawyer with a coke habit, mingle. ANDREA, late 20s, Charlotte's slightly dumb friend, turns to Michael Cocaine, high:

ANDREA
Wait, is *this* why they call you Michael Cocaine?

Everyone starts laughing.

CUT BACK TO:

56 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 56

Minnie holds the phone reluctantly to her ear.

PASCAL'S VOICE
Well, don't tell her I was asking about her....

His voice fades out. Minnie draws herself, as a distorted cartoon. Animated Minnie begins to move on the page, as she draws.

BEGIN IMAGINING:

Animated Minnie, with hairy legs, strides through San Francisco, boldly.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Dear Aline Kominsky, Hello. My name is Minnie and I am an aspiring cartoonist.

Animated Minnie meets different boys along her journey. She keeps walking, morphing. Sometimes she has big thighs, sometimes her head is very small. Sometimes her breasts bulge from her shirt. She keeps walking.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I am a huge fan of yours. Most cartoons don't amuse me at all, but I love yours. I've just completed my first real comic. It's only one page. It's about walking around in the city. I used India Ink but I wasn't sure what kind of paper to use. What do you use? With admiration, Minnie Goetze.

Animated Minnie disappears into the city.

END IMAGINING:

57 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 57

Minnie and Gretel sit eating a sad dinner together. Minnie pokes at her peas on her plate, despondent. Gretel sits across from her, filing her nails.

MINNIE (V.O.)
It stirs up a kind of frustrated passion in my heart to think of Monroe sometimes, to think about him out with my mother.

GRETEL
Mom said I could go to a boy/girl party on Saturday at Lindsay's. Anthony's taking me.

MINNIE
So?

GRETEL
I just thought it was cool of her. All of my friends are always like telling me that I have such a hip mom, like my friend Jane-

Minnie is unimpressed. They hear a commotion from the other room. Minnie jumps up, and runs to her room.

Monroe, Charlotte, Burt, Michael Cocaine, and Andrea come home. They're drunk and/or high. Monroe collapses on the couch and closes his eyes. Charlotte gets on top of him, straddling him. Minnie emerges from her room with a tiny present, wrapped in the funnies, she watches from just outside the door.

CHARLOTTE
(wasted)
No, don't be a drag! We haven't sung to you yet.

MONROE
But I'm tired!

MICHAEL COCAINE
Fuck that. Take this.

He hands Monroe a line which Monroe snorts.

CHARLOTTE
(raising her glass)
I'm gonna make another toast. To Monroe on his birthday- It never gets better than this!

MONROE
It never gets better than 35? Fucking kill me!

CHARLOTTE
Happy Birthday!

They all drink. Monroe kisses Charlotte sloppily.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I wish I was in his arms. I wish I was in his bed.

MONROE
(raising his glass)
You're such a fucking good woman, Charlotte. You're beautiful, you're smart.
(MORE)

MONROE (CONT'D)
There aren't enough women like that in California. Right, Burt?

BURT
Yep.

ANDREA
(offended)
Hey!

Monroe sees Minnie watching.

MONROE
Look at Minnie over there. She's such a good shit. You made that, Charlotte. Come here, Minnie. It's my birthday.

Minnie doesn't go to him. Charlotte watches this, with an inkling of suspicion.

MONROE (CONT'D)
(raising his glass again)
Minnie's such a... a...
(everyone pauses, tense)
Great kid.

Monroe looks fucked up. His eyes are dilated and half open. Minnie bolts. She throws the tiny present in the trash.

58 EXT. RICH PRIVATE HIGH SCHOOL - STEPS - DAY 58

Minnie sits on the school steps, as students mill about her. Two teenagers make out nearby. Minnie watches with little hesitation.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I have to say, I have almost completely forgotten about Monroe... it's like it never happened.

She looks at some of her fellow students, who ignore her.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I wonder if anybody loves me that I don't know about...

Chuck skates up to Minnie and sits next to her. He lights up a cigarette.

CHUCK
Hey Minnie.

MINNIE
Hey, Chuck.

CHUCK
I heard you got put on academic probation and you might get kicked out.

MINNIE
Yeah.

CHUCK
Bogue.

MINNIE
(shrugging)
I'm not really thinking about it. I want to be an artist anyway, and so school is essentially pointless for me.

They sit in silence for a while. He smokes. Across the lawn, Minnie spots Ricky Wasserman getting into his fancy sports car.

CHUCK
Um–

MINNIE
I'll be right back.

She jumps up and heads over to Ricky. A few girls are just walking away as she approaches. They glare at Minnie as they go.

RICKY
Well, if it isn't mon cherie.

Chuck looks on, disappointed.

RICKY (CONT'D)
(slyly)
What're you doing right now?

Minnie's eyes light up.

SMASH CUT TO:

59 EXT. RICKY WASSERMAN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY 59

Ricky dives naked into the extravagant blue pool, with perfect form. He comes out glistening from the water, and looks up at Minnie who stands nervously, still clothed at the edge of the pool. The house behind her is a mansion: huge and pristine.

RICKY
What are you waiting for? Don't be scared.

Minnie thinks, and then peels off her top.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Sometimes the beauty of a boy makes me want to cry.

60 INT. RICKY WASSERMAN'S HOUSE - POOLHOUSE - LATER 60

Minnie and Ricky hump in the poolhouse, amongst the blow-up pool-toys and towels. The sun glistens on Ricky's young body as he goes at it, rabbit-style. Minnie's not into this.

Ricky looks very pleased with his jackhammering, until Minnie flips him over. She slows him down, controlling the pace like a pro, moving her body with confidence. Ricky is overwhelmed. She is leading this dance, but doesn't notice his discomfort. She moans and screams out, like a grown woman.

Birds fly overhead, the trees rustle. Minnie cums, Ricky looks uncomfortable, music crescendos and then silence.

61 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING 61

Minnie enters, her hair still wet from the pool at Ricky's. Monroe and Charlotte are curled up on the couch, Charlotte's long legs bare and on display. Minnie walks right past Monroe and he spots a small hickey on her neck. She pays him no mind, and struts into her room, pleased with herself. Monroe looks after her, a little jealous.

62 EXT. RICH PRIVATE HIGH SCHOOL - STREET - MORNING 62

Minnie approaches the front steps of the school where Ricky and Arnie are posted. Minnie waves at Ricky. He waves back, tentatively, and whispers something to Arnie, turning away.

A horn honks. Minnie notices Monroe's beat up car idling in front of the school. She glances to Ricky and then goes up to the car and sticks her head in his rolled down window.

MONROE
Come on, fat ass!

Minnie is pleased, and gets in the car, Ricky looks on.

63 EXT. MARINA - DOCK - LATER THAT DAY 63

Minnie and Monroe walk along the docks, near a boat. Minnie is antsy.

MONROE
Look at this day!

MINNIE
Are we gonna go to your place?

MONROE
I thought you wanted to look at boats with me.

MINNIE
Well, yeah I do. But then are we gonna go to your place?

MONROE
What’re you? Some kind of nympho or something?

MINNIE
No! Fuck you. You’re so disgusting!

She pushes him. He laughs it off.

MINNIE (CONT’D)
I don’t know why you even brought me here.

MONROE
Don’t get nervous in the service, kid! We’re just gonna take a look at this boat real quick.
(then, sheepishly)
You look really nice today.

MINNIE
What?

MONROE
You look pretty. And you’re not fat. You know you have a great body.

MINNIE
I do not.

He leads her toward a boat, and a MAN, in his 60s and looks it, comes out of it.

MONROE
(quietly to Minnie)
There he is. He looks like a real sailor.

MAN
Howdy. You the one called about the boat?

MONROE
That's me.

MAN
Take a look around. I'll wait for you on the dock.

Monroe helps Minnie onboard.

64 I/E BOAT - CABIN - MOMENTS LATER 64

Minnie looks around the tiny boat cabin. Monroe runs his hands over the contours of the boat.

MONROE
Man this is a beautiful boat, don't you think?

MINNIE
I guess. I like this little kitchen.

MONROE
Hey, want to take a trip around the world? I'd make you first mate?

He throws her a beer from him pocket. He pops one for himself and sits at the dinette.

MINNIE
(suddenly interested)
Like Gilligan?

MONROE
Like Gilligan. I'll put you to work in the galley. And we'd get a cat for the ship.

MINNIE
It's like a little house.
(then)
Are you really going to get it?

MONROE
Well, I kinda wish it was blue.

MINNIE
(taking this seriously)
Yeah, me too.

Monroe looks out the window at the sea and is quiet.

MONROE
But I really am gonna buy a boat. I just have to wait till my vitamin business takes off. I'm gonna build up a mail-order empire and then sell it and retire when I'm 45. Then I'll get my boat. Become the captain of my own destiny. One day I'll just sail away. I won't even say goodbye. To anyone. Just leave...

He is pensive and beautiful. Minnie kisses him.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Hey!

MINNIE
What?

MONROE
What'd I tell you? Minnie. We gotta lay low.
(MORE)

MONROE (CONT'D)
If you want to keep this thing up, you can't call so much attention to us.

MINNIE
I can do what I want.

She pulls on his belt.

MONROE
Jesus, Minnie. Don't.

MINNIE
You afraid the sailor will hear us?
You chicken?

MONROE
(taking the bait)
Oh. Someone's asking for it. Aren't
you? Maybe you need to be
restrained, huh?

He goes for her, she runs, bounding over the little table.

MINNIE
Don't touch me, you big fat lout.

He grabs her, and throws her over his shoulder, she kicks, loving this.

MONROE
Ahh. Yer getting feisty, huh? Stop
wiggling. I've got you.

Monroe throws her onto the boat's bed, pinning her down.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Is that what you want? That's what
you want, huh?

Minnie squirms and screams, playfully.

MINNIE
(playful)
Help! I'm being raped!

Monroe covers her mouth with his hand. He stares at her, holding her down. She is loving this. She bites his hand.

MONROE
Ow. Damnit.

He pins her arms down, and starts kissing her neck and stomach. Minnie's body quivers under his kisses.

65 EXT. MARINA - BOAT - CONTINUOUS 65

The boat rocks back and forth in the marina, while the owner of the boat nods off in a folding chair on the dock.

CUT TO:

66 INT. MONROE'S APARTMENT - EVENING 66

Minnie and Monroe lie in his bed, post-coital. Monroe is looking at Minnie's notebook of drawings, while she waits for his response, wrapped in his arms.

MONROE
You shouldn't really show these to people.

MINNIE
Why?

MONROE
I mean... it's just gonna weird people out. It's so... freaky.
(then)
Are they supposed to be sexy?

Monroe closes the book, tossing it off the bed. Pause.

MONROE (CONT'D)
So, who's that boy?

MINNIE
Who? You mean Ricky Wasserman?

MONROE
I guess. What is he, Jewish?

MINNIE
What'dyou care?

MONROE
I gotta take you home.

MINNIE
No.

MONROE
Minnie.

MINNIE
No, no, no. I don't wanna go yet.

MONROE
Minnie, it’s time.

MINNIE
But Monroe...

MONROE
(mimicking)
But Minnie...

MINNIE
Why are you trying to get rid of me?

MONROE
Oh my god.

Minnie slips out of the bed.

MINNIE
It’s not fair. I never see you. I’m not leaving. I’m gonna run down the hall completely naked. I bet your neighbor will see me.

She makes a dash for the door, and Monroe, also somewhat naked jumps up after her, slamming the door before she can get out. He grabs her.

MONROE
Stop it, Minnie. This is not funny.

She kisses him, winning him over.

MINNIE
Monroe, will you tell me about your parents?

MONROE
What? No.

MINNIE
But you tell my mother everything about your life. Please?

Monroe wriggles out of Minnie’s grasp, walks away.

MONROE
No. You’re fucking hyper, Minnie. I’m taking you home.

Monroe starts dressing.

MINNIE
No. Monroe! Come BACK here.
(then)
Hey. I SAID: COME BACK HERE!

Her shouts stop him in his tracks. He turns to Minnie, who stands naked and serious with her hands on her hips. She is a sight. He looks at her like “what?”.

MINNIE (CONT’D)
I think we need to talk about our relationship.

MONROE
We do?

MINNIE
I’m serious.

MONROE
I know you are.

MINNIE
Don’t laugh at me.

MONROE
Okay.

Minnie runs to him, punching him hard.

MINNIE
Don’t laugh at me.

Monroe contains her flailing.

MINNIE (CONT’D)
Don’t-

MONROE
Hey. Calm down.

MINNIE
Get your hands off of me or-

MONROE
Yeah, or what?

MINNIE
Or I’m gonna tell my mother!

Pause. Monroe drops Minnie’s shoulders, turning away.

MINNIE (CONT’D)
What?

MONROE
Don't.

MINNIE
You can't take it?

MONROE
Get dressed, Minnie.

MINNIE
NO.

MONROE
I'm taking you home.

MINNIE
What?

MONROE
You ruined it. You're a fucking child, Minnie. *I* should tell your mother.

MINNIE
Go ahead!

MONROE
Maybe I will. Maybe I will, Minnie. You think you can manipulate me like that? What are you trying at? Huh? You're not supposed to do that, not you. Not you. FUCK.

He explodes, and storms off. There is a long pause. Minnie has started crying. Eventually, Monroe notices.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Oh, god.

He takes a deep breath, and goes to her. He wraps her into a reluctant hug. She sobs on his shoulder.

MINNIE
I hate you.

MONROE
No you don't.

MINNIE
Yes I do. I hate you more than anything.

Monroe rocks with her, while she cries.

MONROE
Well. I like you.

Minnie cries.

67 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - BAY 67

Shots of San Francisco, in all its beauty.

68 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 68

C/U on Minnie's face, almost screaming. Is she upset or excited?

MINNIE (V.O.)
Fuck Monroe. He was too old for me anyway. It was kinda sick, if you think about it. Dirty old man.

Widen out, Minnie and Kimmie are dancing, jumping on the bed, and singing at the top of their lungs along to The Rolling Stones.

MINNIE/KIMMIE
(singing)
But BAAAAABYYYY BABY....

Minnie does a jump-kick off of the bed. Kimmie flips her hair around.

MINNIE/KIMMIE (CONT'D)
(singing)
I don't need no jewels in my crown.

Kimmie picks up the album cover and starts licking the picture of Jagger on the cover.

KIMMIE
Minnie- look at me! Look -

She licks the crotch of the album.

MINNIE
EWWWW! What’re you doing?

KIMMIE
Oh my god! I swear I feel Mick Jagger’s dick. Minnie you gotta try this. Just lick his dick right through his pants- try it! It really feels like there's something there!

Minnie takes the record, and skeptically licks.

MINNIE
Oh my god! It does feel like he has a dick in there. Ohhh. And it's hard too!

Kimmie turns the music down and plops on the floor.

KIMMIE
I would suck Mick Jagger’s dick.

MINNIE
Really? Doesn’t he seem a little gay to you?

KIMMIE
What? No! He’s androgenous. It’s hot.

Kimmie reaches for a joint and relights it. She inhales. They pass the joint between them.

KIMMIE (CONT’D)
I’m not gonna see you for like three weeks.

MINNIE
Shit.

KIMMIE
Will you write to me while I'm visiting colleges back east?

Minnie pulls a package of letters out from her desk drawer.

MINNIE
I wrote you a few letters so you can space them out during your trip.

KIMMIE
Thanks!

Kimmie hugs her. Minnie lies back, getting stoned.

KIMMIE (CONT'D)
What'dyou think you're gonna do?

MINNIE
About what?

KIMMIE
College?

This hits Minnie.

MINNIE
I have no idea.

KIMMIE
Oh hey. You know that mixed couple I baby-sit for?
(Minnie shakes her head)
Well anyway, the dad, Marcus? Is black-

MINNIE
God, I love black guys. They look so tough and they always smell so gutsy.

KIMMIE
I give him blow-jobs all the time.

MINNIE
No way.

KIMMIE
Yeah. He comes home from bowling early, while his skinny white wife is still out with her girlfriends and I suck his dick until tears come to my eyes. I have to put Vaseline all over my lips because his dick is so big it feels like my mouth is going to rip at the corners.

MINNIE
What? Wait, how big is it really?

Kimmie motions about eleven inches, and thick. She and Minnie laugh.

KIMMIE
He wants to screw me but I'm way too scared.

Minnie's mind is blown.

MINNIE (V.O.)
And now, the making of a harlot.

BEGIN IMAGINING:

69 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 69

A Comic San Francisco. The Golden Gate Bridge peeks up out of the fog in small pyramids.

Cartoon Minnie, fifty feet tall slouches as she traverses the hilly landscape in large giantess steps.

MINNIE (V.O.)
She was a young girl driven astray by the lustful lure of the flesh.

INTERCUT WITH:

70 I/E. RICKY WASSERMAN'S CAR - OUTSIDE RICKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 70

Minnie and Ricky are about to have sex in his car.

CUT BACK TO:

Animated Minnie picks up a tiny animated Ricky Wasserman from the street, and holds him in her fist, like King Kong.

MINNIE (V.O.)
She looked every bit the harlot she was bound to become, with her brassiere straps exposed, with her tight pants that rode up snugly at the crotch, almost like a horse, when viewed from behind. He was a beautiful junior, rich and famous in high-school. His name? Ricky Wasserman. What is he, Jewish?

INTERCUT WITH:

71 I/E. RICKY WASSERMAN'S CAR - OUTSIDE RICKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 71

Ricky stops them.

MINNIE
What?

RICKY
You're just so... intense.

Minnie is shamed.

CUT BACK TO:

Animated Ricky squirms in Minnie's animated giant hand.

ANIMATED RICKY
(in a small, squeaky voice)
... there's something about having sex with you that scares me, Minnie. You're just so passionate.

MINNIE
(in a deep "giant" voice)
What?

ANIMATED RICKY
(squeaky)
I mean, I just have never experienced someone who had sex like that.

Animated Minnie's eyes fill with tears.

INTERCUT WITH:

72 I/E. RICKY WASSERMAN'S CAR - OUTSIDE RICKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 72

Minnie slams the door to his car, running from it.

CUT BACK TO:

Animated Minnie throws tiny Ricky to the ground, and stomps off to the hills with her head down, crying like a sad giant.

END IMAGINING:

Minnie slams her notebook shut on a drawing of a sad giant Minnie in the city. She sticks her notebook in her bag, and runs off.

73 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 73

Minnie enters, with tear stained cheeks, to find Charlotte sprawled on the floor of the apartment, the record player skipping. She looks dead. *

MINNIE
MOM?!

Minnie runs to her mom, terrified, shaking her. Charlotte eventually stirs, just as Andrea emerges from the kitchen, joint in her mouth, putting on a record, unaware. *

CHARLOTTE
Minnie's home!

Charlotte pulls Minnie down to the ground, snuggling with her. Andrea starts dancing to the disco song.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
My little girl, girl, girl! Isn't Minnie so pretty, Andrea?

ANDREA
Yes! She looks like a little doll.

Charlotte holds Minnie's face, looking closely at it, and kisses her on the lips. Andrea dances, pulling Charlotte up off the ground and away from Minnie. Minnie watches as Charlotte and Andrea dance together.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Come here, Minnie! I wanna dance with you!

She pulls Minnie up from the floor. Charlotte and Andrea, flanking Minnie on either side, start "bumping" Minnie's hips back and forth. Minnie looks between the two of them, laughing and loving being bounced back and forth.

MINNIE (V.O.)
My mother doesn't touch me much if she can avoid it. She used to touch me a lot, in a motherly way, when I was little. But then:

FLASHBACK TO:

Many years earlier

Charlotte sits at Pascal's feet while he reads the paper, eerily similar to the photo of them.

PASCAL
There's something sexual about Minnie's need for physical affection from you. It's not natural.

CUT BACK TO:

The ladies are laughing, still dancing around. Minnie is loving this.

ANDREA
Let's send Minnie out to get us more wine.

CHARLOTTE
We finished it already?

MINNIE
(laughing)
How long have you been home?

Andrea looks nervous. Charlotte stops dancing, but the music continues.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
I thought you were working late.

The spell is broken.

CHARLOTTE
Well I got fired from the library today, so I'm not working late. Okay? Does that make you happy?

Charlotte exits, muttering under her breath. Minnie feels awful.

ANDREA
(on her way out, after Charlotte)
Don't worry about it, sweetie. It's not you.

Minnie is crushed. The disco record plays on but nobody is dancing.

74 INT. BEATNIK COFFEE HOUSE - DAY 74

Minnie and Gretel walk into the snobby coffee shop, filled with college students and professors. They look around.

Pascal waves them over to his tiny table. Minnie and Gretel approach. He's not french, but he wishes he were.

PASCAL
Bonjour.

MINNIE
Bonjour, Pascal.

GRETEL
Hi.

Pascal puts out his hand for a shake. Minnie and Pascal have an awkward greeting: a sort-of hand shake with a hug tacked on.

PASCAL
No. Don't you remember how I taught you to shake hands? You do it firmly. Look directly into the other man's eyes, thinking to yourself 'I'm better than you, you son-of-a-bitch'.

Minnie lets this sink in. She says with her eyes: I'm better than you, you son-of-a-bitch.

GRETEL
Lemme' try!

She takes Pascal's hand opening her eyes wide, almost crazy.

PASCAL
Bravo.

He pats Gretel on the back. The three sit. Pascal has three coffees ready. He sips his.

PASCAL (CONT'D)
I don't see you two enough. That much is evident by your handshakes.

GRETEL
I'm supposed to be at my friend's house by 3. Just so you know, Pascal.

PASCAL
Gretel, call me dad. Please.

GRETEL
Jeez. Okay.

PASCAL
I'm glad you finally reached out. It lined up nicely with a trip to my publishers.

Pascal looks around the coffee shop.

PASCAL (CONT'D)
I forgot how many eccentrics there were in San Francisco.

MINNIE
You've only been gone for a year.

PASCAL
Feels like a lot longer. Look at you young ladies. You look older. How's school?

MINNIE/GRETEL
Fine.

PASCAL
(to Minnie)
How's your pal, Kimmie?

MINNIE
You always ask about her. Is she my only friend whose name you can remember?

PASCAL
What? No. I just know her parents. They're good people-

MINNIE
She's visiting colleges. She's in Boston then I think she's going to New York next week.

PASCAL
That's good. You should be thinking about the same things. You've got a good head on your shoulders Minnie. I imagine you may be a writer one day. A penniless, but certainly absorbing occupation. And how is your mother?

MINNIE
Um, she's doing really well-

GRETEL
She got fired.

MINNIE
GRETEL!

GRETEL
What?

PASCAL
She WHAT?!

MINNIE
She got laid off. It wasn't her fault.

PASCAL
Girls, what you may not understand about your mother, is she is and has always been incapable of taking responsibility for her own life.

MINNIE
Don't talk about our mom like that, please.

GRETEL
Yeah, Pascal. Don't talk about our mom, please!

PASCAL
Dad! And- okay, can we stop the inquisition?

GRETEL
I'm gonna see if they have iced tea. I hate coffee.

PASCAL
You know, I'm not the bad the guy here. Just because your mother and I no longer share a marital bed-

MINNIE
Oh my god, gross.

Pascal leans in to talk seriously to Minnie.

PASCAL
You have to understand - it's difficult to go from raising you and your sister to barely having a say in your decisions.

MINNIE
Whose choice was that?

PASCAL
Well, if you must know, it was your mother's.

This is news to Minnie. There's a long pause.

PASCAL (CONT'D)
Not to say I was without fault. Your mother became increasingly frightening to me in some sense. She did not live life according to rules I understood.

MINNIE
Pascal - do you really want to help?

PASCAL
I do. I really do.

MINNIE
Because, mom doesn't have a job anymore, and she's looking for another one but... we kinda don't have any money.

Pascal lets out a big sigh.

PASCAL
Ah.

MINNIE
She doesn't know I'm asking you.

PASCAL
I get it. You're trying to help. But neither of us can help her, Minnie. Not really.

MINNIE
Well, five hundred dollars -

PASCAL
I mean, *really help*.

MINNIE
That's bullshit. You could help if you cared about us.

PASCAL
Hey. I care about you, Minnie. I care about your well-being. That is why I'm paying for that rich hippie school of yours.

MINNIE
No, you just want to be able to tell everyone that your step-kid is good at science or something. You don't care about me.

She starts to tear up.

PASCAL
This conversation is closed. You're getting emotional.

MINNIE
Fine.

They sit in silence for a moment. Gretel returns to the table, unaware.

PASCAL
If your mom wants something from me, she needs to ask me herself.

GRETEL
Ask you what, Pascal?

PASCAL
DAD! For fuck's sake.

He quiets down when he realizes everyone is looking at him.

75 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY 75

Minnie enters, leaving the front door open, surprised to see Monroe on the couch.

MINNIE
What're you doing here?

MONROE
You forgot this.

Monroe throws Minnie her sweatshirt, which hits her in the face. Monroe smiles until he notices that Pascal has appeared in the doorway, behind Minnie.

PASCAL
(suspicious)
Is Charlotte home?

MONROE
No, sir.

Minnie watches, unsure of what to do.

PASCAL
(to Minnie)
Tell her to call me.

Minnie nods. Pascal looks toward Monroe and then Minnie. He exits, suspicious.

76 EXT. POLK STREET - DAY 76

Minnie walks down the street, which is filled with all kinds of misfits - homeless kids, hippies, trannies. She walks slowly and looks everyone in the eye. She is not afraid.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Dear Diary. I did not go to school today. I didn't want to see superficial Ricky Wasserman.

Minnie keeps walking, slowly. Like a dream, suddenly the animated version of Aline Kominsky walks along side of her - grotesque and beautiful at the same time.

MINNIE
I feel so awkward and ugly and naive and lonely.

ANIMATED ALINE KOMINSKY
I know how you feel.

MINNIE
And I have no friends. I don't want to go to school ever again. Nobody loves me. Maybe I should kill myself.

She glances at Aline for her opinion, and then keeps walking.

ANIMATED ALINE KOMINSKY
Nah, alienation is good for your art.

MINNIE
Maybe I should paint a picture. I should paint a picture.

They keep walking.

ANIMATED ALINE KOMINSKY
It doesn't matter what kind of art you do. It will be intense and expressive. Just do it.

MINNIE
I want to discipline myself to draw every day. That's what I have to do, right?

Aline nods.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
I get distracted sometimes. Overwhlemed by my all-consuming thoughts about sex and men. I always want to be touched. I don't know what's wrong with me...

ANIMATED ALINE KOMINSKY
I don't know either. Maybe you're a nympho.
(Aline laughs)
I'm fucking with you. Nothing's wrong with you. Everybody wants to be touched.

Minnie looks towards Aline whose boobs grow larger like balloons.

Minnie locks eyes with a beautiful, young lesbian, TABATHA, 17, across the street, smoking. She looks dangerous. She blows Minnie a kiss, seductively. Minnie shivers.

MINNIE
Oh my heart. Could I ever love a girl?

A car crosses between them, and the girl is gone. Minnie looks to Aline, but she is also gone.

MINNIE (V.O.)
...I am seriously considering running away. My mother is getting worse.

77 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 77

Charlotte and Andrea are cleaning the house, frantically.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Mom and Andrea got some coke from Michael Cocaine and it gave them the energy to clean the house all day today.

78 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 78

Minnie lies on her bed talking into her tape recorder. The vacuum is audible from the other room. Charlotte pops her head in the door, and Minnie hides the recorder under her pillow.

CHARLOTTE
(speedy)
Hon. We're making dinner. Peas, hotdogs, grilled cheese, omelettes, and rolls so far. What's your favorite type of pasta? Wait, what am I talking about? Macaroni! I'll make macaroni!

She leaves in a flurry. Minnie pulls out the tape recorder.

MINNIE
(into mic)
I bet I'll listen to this Diary in a decade or so, if I'm still alive. Reminiscing over my wild teenage-hood. Maybe I'll even let my husband hear. But he may get too jealous.

Minnie presses stop, and takes the tape out of her cassette recorder. She places it carefully in a shoebox under her bead, and pulls out a new cassette tape.

CUT TO:

79 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - DAY 79

Charlotte sorts the mail. She comes across an envelope from Pascal MacCorkill in New York City. She opens it - a check for a thousand dollars. She celebrates silently to herself.

BEGIN SUPER 8
FOOTAGE MONTAGE
MINNIE'S POV:

80 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 80

-Charlotte and her friends party in the smoke-filled room. Kimmie sips a drink and watches, curious.

-Charlotte plays guitar while Stoney Burt sways alongside her. She looks beautiful and happy.

-Charlotte is passed out on the couch. A few partiers do coke off the coffee table, while more people dance. Minnie and Kimmie each snort a line with Monroe.

-Minnie and Kimmie dance seductively while Monroe watches. The party continues.

SMASHCUT TO:

81 INT. DINER - MORNING 81

Minnie sits in a booth sipping coffee. She looks wrecked, and jittery.

MINNIE (V.O.)
What we did gets me sick, it's so pornographic. Somehow Kimmie and Monroe and I ended up having a three-some. It was disgusting.

Minnie closes her eyes. Quick Flashback: Kimmie, Minnie and Monroe entangled by the washer and dryer, naked limbs everywhere. Kimmie and Minnie kiss while Monroe watches.

Minnie sips her coffee.

MINNIE (V.O.)
The sexual nature of Kimmie Minter is a viscous cervical mucus that always welcomes mating.

Her leg shakes. The clang of silverware is too loud. People are chewing grotesquely. She fiddles with her spoon.

Minnie stares into her coffee cup and pours in some cream which blossoms in the brown liquid.

Kimmie emerges from the bathroom with a brush and make-up in her hand, that she tosses into her bag.

KIMMIE
Did she bring my waffles yet?

MINNIE
Not yet.

Kimmie sips her coffee.

KIMMIE
I'm starving.
(then)
So, where did Monroe go this morning?

MINNIE
EST. It's this personal growth workshop thing he's doing all weekend in Sacramento.

KIMMIE
Ha. That's hilarious.

MINNIE
He's trying to better himself. I think it's noble. You don't understand him.

KIMMIE
Minnie-

MINNIE
You don't. It's not your fault. I mean, I know you try. But he's tough to get to know. He doesn't let many people in.

KIMMIE
Look, you don't have to be worried. Just because of what happened. It was just a one time experience. It's no big deal.

MINNIE
I know.

KIMMIE
I don't love him or anything.
(then)
I mean, not that you love him...

Minnie is quiet. The waitress brings Minnie fried eggs and toast and Kimmie her waffles. Kimmie starts eating immediately. Minnie is struck with a thought.

MINNIE
I love Monroe. I do.

KIMMIE
Oh. Okay.

Minnie and Kimmie eat in silence.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Sometimes I watch Monroe while he sleeps and I feel so much love for him, that it feels like my heart might burst.

Minnie eats. The yolks of her eggs form into hearts.

KIMMIE
So... we're meeting up with Chuck later, right?

82 INT. MINNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 82

It's dark. There is no light. A phone rings.

MINNIE'S VOICE
(sleepy)
Hello?

MONROE'S VOICE
Minnie? It's Monroe.

MINNIE'S VOICE
Monroe? How's EST?

MONROE'S VOICE
I kinda got arrested for drunk driving.

MINNIE'S VOICE
What?

She turns on a small light, illuminating a corner of the room. Minnie sits up with the phone pressed to her ear, worried.

INTERCUT WITH:

83 EXT. LONELY STREET - PAYPHONE - CONTINUOUS 83

Monroe stands at the payphone on the side of the road, without his shoes.

MONROE
(drunk, into phone)
And I didn't have any shoes on, or have my wallet. But don't... don't... don't worry- the policeman was really nice to me.
(MORE)

MONROE (CONT'D)
He let me ride around in the cop car, chasing bad guys until I sobered up. Isn't that wild? I just had to tell you about it

MINNIE
Yeah.

INTERCUT WITH:

84 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 84

MONROE'S VOICE
...I knew you'd be the only one who'd appreciate it.

MINNIE
(into phone)
Uh huh.

MONROE'S VOICE
Can you just talk for a little bit? I want to hear your voice.

Minnie is touched, she hugs the phone to her chest.

MINNIE (V.O.)
He loves me.

CUT TO:

85 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 85

Raised voices can be heard from Charlotte's bedroom. Through a crack in the door, Monroe and Charlotte are fighting.

MONROE
What? You're not taking him seriously, are you?

CHARLOTTE
Maybe you've already slept with her, have you?

Minnie tip-toes down the hall, toward Charlotte's cracked door. She stops, listens to Monroe and Charlotte fighting.

MONROE
What? Are you crazy? She’s a fucking kid.

Minnie instinctively drops to the ground, to get a better listen. Through the crack in the door, she gets glimpses.

CHARLOTTE
She may be just a kid, but she's got tits and ass. I think you can see that as well as I can.

Monroe goes close to Charlotte, touching her arm. Minnie winces.

MONROE
Pascal needs to have the fucking shit kicked out of him. Why do you think he would say something like that? He doesn't want you to be happy. He can't stand the fact that you've moved on.

CHARLOTTE
You are so full of shit, Monroe. I have seen you staring at her tits!

MONROE
What? I don't even know if she has tits. Maybe she does, maybe she doesn't. I've never looked. I was probably looking at your tits and you got confused.

Minnie looks like she might throw up.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Come here. Drink your drink.

Minnie crawls closer, so she can see Monroe and Charlotte on the bed. Monroe feeds Charlotte her drink.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Good girl. Don't let little Mr. PhD manipulate you. You're a strong woman who doesn't take shit from anyone. Come on.

CHARLOTTE
Yeah. Uh-huh.

He whispers in her ear.

MONROE
You're a strong beautiful woman. With the sexiest ass in San Francisco and long legs.

CHARLOTTE
Yeah?

MONROE
Look at you. What else could I possibly want?

This works. Charlotte lets Monroe kiss her neck.

CHARLOTTE
She better not be fucking pregnant. I had kids way too early - I know.

MONROE
Sh-sh-shut up.

CHARLOTTE
Her boobs are growing like crazy.

Minnie looks down at her chest, somewhat pleased.

MONROE
Listen to me- this is all in your head.

CHARLOTTE
Is it?

MONROE
YES!

She softens.

CHARLOTTE
I guess it is a little crazy. Pascal just said -

MONROE
Shhh. I don't want to even hear his name. He's jealous of what we have. Hey-

CHARLOTTE
Yeah?

MONROE
I'll show you whose tits I'm lookin' at.

Minnie watches as he caresses her breasts, and kisses her passionately. Charlotte giggles.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I hate Monroe. He seems really gay and kind of washed out.

CUT TO:

86 I/E. MONROE'S CAR - BY THE WATER - NIGHT 86

Monroe and Minnie are parked, looking out over the bay. Minnie is crying quietly.

MONROE
She's beginning to suspect. You make it so obvious.

Minnie looks at him in shock.

MONROE (CONT'D)
I'm only *human*, whether you realize it or not, and I have feelings. This isn't easy for me either. But I know how to keep things in check, not let it go too far. And you don't. I'm afraid you're going to end up getting hurt. Better to end it now.

Minnie is crushed.

INTERCUT WITH:

87 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 87

Minnie is in the bath, staring up, crying angrily, with make-up running down her face, enjoying the misery somewhere.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Everything is so loveless and mediocre.

Suddenly there is a knock at the door. Minnie drops her crying entirely.

MINNIE
WHAT?!

GRETEL (O.S)
Minnie, are you okay?

MINNIE
LEAVE ME ALONE, FUCK FACE!

She resumes her crying as though she never stopped.

INTERCUT WITH:

88 I/E. MONROE'S CAR - BY THE WATER - NIGHT 88

Minnie cries.

MONROE
I know how you feel, I do. I know it's painful now, but it will get better. I've been in love once myself. And I know it hurts.

Monroe pulls Minnie close so she can cry on his shoulder. He kisses her, just to comfort her. But then they start making out.

INTERCUT WITH:

89 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 89

Minnie in the bath, still crying as only a teenager can. Throwing her head back and crying for all of her pain and all the pain that's ever been felt by anyone.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I hate men. I hate their sexuality unless they are gay or asexual or somehow different from the men I've known.

She takes a sip from a gin and tonic she has on the ground next to the bathtub. She cries.

INTERCUT WITH:

90 EXT. MONROE'S CAR - BY THE WATER - NIGHT 90

Minnie and Monroe are making out. She goes for his belt, he stops her.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I hate men but I fuck them hard hard hard and thoughtlessly because I hate them so much. I hear myself and it sounds so stupid.
(MORE)

MINNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It is clear that I bring horror upon myself because I'm an idiot.

MONROE
No. We can’t, Minnie.

MINNIE
I want to.

MONROE
We're not going to have sex. It's not fair to you.

Minnie kisses him. Monroe kisses her, he can't help it. They make out. Monroe guides Minnie's head gently down toward his dick.

INTERCUT WITH:

91 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 91

Minnie is sinking into her tears, which fill the tub.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I hate myself and I hate him. I want to die!

Suddenly Minnie dunks her head under and time slows down. She opens her eyes and looks up through the water and sees trees surrounding her tub. Her hair spirals around her. Her mouth opens and she screams out, silently.

MINNIE (V.O.)
And from this wretched body I speak
Saying it will be different when I
DIE. When I die I would like to die
by drownation in the Ganges River.

The bathroom morphs into the jungle and the bath becomes the dark Ganges River. Minnie plunges down, falling deeper into the water, imagining her glorious death.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I will depart this heaving
pulsating vessel. There it will
lie, to be consumed by the earth.
By some raven or a hippopotamus.

Minnie is drowning, deep in the dark waters. Sinking lower and lower. River plants wrap around Minnie's neck and limbs, pulling her toward the bottom. She struggles.

MINNIE (V.O.)
My heart beats wildly my eyes fight
the closing lids.
(MORE)

MINNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A fly settles on the water. I do not take a breath. I sink, the water consuming me.

The sky opens up and thunder and lighting strike. Rain pours down. Minnie sinks deeper into the river water, settling on the bottom. Her eyes begin to close, she screams out.

MINNIE (V.O.)
My heart fights and is freed in a muted scream. All my love encased in bubbles that rush to the surface, and burst.

Minnie has died on the bottom of the Ganges river.

END IMAGINING:

92 INT. RICH PRIVATE SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY 92

It's a new day. Minnie sits in a classroom, visibly upset and exhausted. Ricky sits a few seats away, and avoids Minnie's stare. Chuck sits next to her. She draws a picture of her face - fucked up and ugly, screaming, dying in the Ganges.

CHUCK
(whispers)
Psst. What's wrong?

MINNIE
(under her breath)
Nothing.

Chuck looks at her. He cares so much.

CHUCK
(whispers)
Can I do anything?

Minnie shakes her head. They go back to listening to the teacher. But then she taps him on the shoulder.

MINNIE
(whispering)
Actually... do you still have that acid you got from your brother?

MINNIE (V.O.)
Sometimes you just have to *do* something...

93 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 93

Minnie runs down the empty school steps, past a tree, which is decorated for Christmas on the front lawn. She is cutting school.

MINNIE (V.O.)
...Be braver than you feel. I refuse to be some snivelling cry-baby. I'm a fucking *woman*, and this is *my* life.

94 INT. MONROE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON 94

Minnie pounds on Monroe's door. Finally, Monroe opens it, sleepily with no shirt on. Minnie pushes him.

MINNIE
I'm going insane and it's your fault!

Monroe yawns, and moves back into the apartment leaving the door open for Minnie.

MONROE
Okay. We need to talk, I get it.
(then)
Can we take a nap, though, first?

MINNIE
It's not just up to you. I have a say in this too, and I don't accept it.

MONROE
I know - I hate seeing you like this. It makes *me* feel shitty. Let me just sleep for an hour. Then we can talk about all of this. Please? Just as friends. No funny business. I swear.

He gives Minnie his puppy-dog eyes, pulling her down on the bed.

MINNIE
(quiet, not convincing)
This is *my* life-

She squirms a little, and then relaxes.

It's silent.

MONROE
Sleep. Go to sleep.

Minnie relaxes a little and they both close their eyes. They are silent.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Did you fuck anyone this week?

Minnie's eyes crack open.

MINNIE
Why do you care?

MONROE
Well, you haven't been calling me, so you must be getting it from somewhere.

MINNIE
(lying)
Well. I did meet this guy at the movies. This... black guy, with a huge dick.

MONROE
(turned on)
Mmm. Yeah? What happened?

MINNIE
(going with it)
He... fucked me in the back of his car.

Monroe starts pushing up against her, under the covers.

MONROE
You let him fuck you? Just like that?

MINNIE
Yeah. I wanted it.

MONROE
Some stranger comes up to you and you just let him fuck you? You better be careful little Minnie. You could end up fucking some weirdo or a killer.

Monroe stops himself, reluctantly:

MONROE (CONT'D)
Oh man. If we made love, would it screw you up? Tell me the truth.

Minnie shakes her head.

MINNIE
I won't get attached. I promise.

Monroe kisses her, resuming right where he left off.

MONROE
Oh, Minnie. Oh.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Monroe looks at me and sometimes his eyes glisten softly. This is it. This is love, right?

Minnie looks deeply into Monroe's eyes, searching. He cums.

Outside the window, time passes. Day turns to night.

Inside Minnie and Monroe put the acid on their tongues.

95 INT. MONROE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 95

Minnie stares at her hands. They are normal hands, but she is fascinated. She wiggles her fingers.

MINNIE
This is incredible. I see... everything.

Minnie's POV: Her hands are covered in feathers. She wiggles her fingers.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
I always knew it.

She starts to flap her wings. They are large pink flamingo wings. She lifts up off of the bed, hovering. She swirls and twirls in the air, bathed in a beautiful pink light.

MONROE'S VOICE
No. Don't do that! Get back on my foot toes.

Minnie falls to the bed, feathers sloughing off.

MINNIE
(tasting the words)
Toes? Toes.

Monroe, appearing as if from nowhere, yells out at the wall.

MONROE
Toes. My toes are running up that wall like little monkeys.

Suddenly Monroe jumps across the room.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Minnie, come here.

Monroe jumps to the other side of the room, dropping to his knees.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Minnie, get off the bed.

Minnie starts getting drawn toward Monroe out of her pink light, almost against her will.

MINNIE
I like the bed.

Monroe calls to her from the darkness below.

MONROE
No no no. It's level with the windows and that could kill you.

Monroe starts to cry.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Come here, come here, come heeeerrrrre.

Monroe cries, reaching out to Minnie.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Please, please. Why won't you?

Minnie reaches Monroe on the floor. He has rolled into a ball and is rocking and crying. Minnie puts her arms around him. He stops rocking and grabs at her.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Why don't you love me?

MINNIE
What?

MONROE
Minnie. Come on. I love you. I love you.

MINNIE
I love you.

MONROE
Why don't you love me, though?

MINNIE
I love you though. I love you.

MONROE
Why is this happening? No.

Minnie cradles him, and rocks him.

MINNIE
I love you.

MONROE
I need you, Minnie. I need you to take care of me. Do you still love me? Do you?

MINNIE
Yes, I love you.

Monroe cries in Minnie's lap, muttering "I love you" over and over again. Reality resumes.

MINNIE (V.O.)
He was afraid and weak. I felt distant and confused. A kind of perverse pleasure. Because I'd finally got what I'd wanted from Monroe, but now I had no desire for it.

96 INT. MONROE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - THE NEXT MORNING 96

Minnie sits on the closed toilet fully clothed, filled with regret. What just happened? Monroe is in the shower, happy. His voice echoes in the bathroom, as he lathers.

MONROE
You know, if you can hold on and keep it together, we could really date when you turn eighteen. That's not that far away.

Minnie thinks about this and knows she doesn't want it.

MONROE (CONT'D)
I might even have my boat by then, if I play my cards right. I already received the first shipment of vitamin power tabs. They are fucking far out, by the way. They'll sell themselves. Actually maybe I'll get some college students to start selling for me, so I can expand quicker. If we push like 5000 units a month, I'll be able to retire in 2-3 years...

Minnie jumps up, getting out of there.

In the living room, Minnie looks around for her shoes. She grabs them. She finds her book bag, and then notices two dollars and seventy-five cents sitting on the table by the bed next to Monroe's wallet. She steals that and puts it in her pocket. She leaves as quickly as possible.

97 EXT. STREET - ROCKY HORROR THEATER - NIGHT 97

Minnie and Kimmie stand against a wall, under the glow from a street-lamp. Kimmie does Minnie's eye make-up. They wear short skirts, with tight tops. Kimmie is very made up.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I can't believe it, but I'm finally ready to get Monroe out of my life.

KIMMIE
I wish I had my darn eyelash curler.

Two men, one is ass-less chaps, make out across the street passionately. Minnie watches with one eye, while Kimmie works on her other.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Men are sort of disgusting. How did I not notice this before? I only like men who are gay, I think.

KIMMIE
This looks so good.

Chuck, and a young flaming boy named FRANKIE, 17, who wears earrings and a tight, short shirt, walk up.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Maybe I can meet a nice girl....

FRANKIE
Oh, Miss thing! You girls look so elegant. I love your eyes.

Minnie is flattered.

MINNIE
Kimmie did us both.

KIMMIE
I'll do you Frankie. You'll look so hot. Come here.

Frankie comes and takes Minnie's spot under the light.

MINNIE
What about you, Chuck? You want to get a make-over?

CHUCK
Nope.

Chuck sits on the steps of an apartment and lights a cigarette. Minnie sits next to him, and they people watch. Rocky Horror fans are gathering around them.

MINNIE
(quietly)
Psst. Chuck, is Frankie your boyfriend?

CHUCK
Shut up, Minnie. You know I'm not gay.

A TRANNY, 40s, walks by and hollers at Frankie.

TRANNY
Bitch, you look fine!

FRANKIE
(calling back)
Thanks baby!

MINNIE
(to Chuck)
He's beautiful, I wouldn't blame you.

Kimmie does Frankie's eyes, and gives him a birthmark.

KIMMIE
You need some perfume.

She starts digging in her purse.

CHUCK
We should go soon, you guys.

Tabatha, the beautiful young lesbian that blew Minnie a kiss before, crosses in front of them with a group of butch dykes.

MINNIE
Hey, I know that girl. She blew a kiss at me once.

CHUCK
Who, Tabatha?

MINNIE
Is that her name?

Kimmie sprays Frankie with perfume.

FRANKIE
Stay away from Tabatha, girlfriend.
(re: perfume)
Ooh, is that “Babe”?

Kimmie nods.

KIMMIE
I told you about her, Minnie. That’s that bad-news dyke.

MINNIE
She’s so beautiful, though. You think she’s going to Rocky Horror?

FRANKIE
Believe me, don’t mess with her, Minnie. I don’t want to put her down because she’s my friend but she would fuck your ass up.

Chuck, Kimmie and Frankie all look at Minnie imploringly. Minnie watches Tabatha walk away.

MINNIE
I just said she was beautiful. Jeez.

98 EXT. ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW THEATER - NIGHT 98

The Marquee reads “The Rocky Horror Picture Show - midnight show”.

99 INT. ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW THEATER - BATHROOM - LATER 99

Minnie pushes her way through crowds of men and women entering and exiting the bathroom. She comes face to face with Tabatha, who is leaned up against the sinks smoking a joint.

TABATHA
Hey.

MINNIE
(nervously)
Hi.

TABATHA
I know you.

MINNIE
Yeah.

Tabatha smiles. She is sexy. She hands Minnie the joint. Minnie takes it. Time stands still. The sounds of Rocky Horror can be heard in the background.

TABATHA
You're tough. You a truck driver, or something?

Minnie smiles. Music swells. They silently pass the joint between them. Tabatha moves her face close to Minnie's as they smoke. Minnie is mesmerized by Tabatha.

100 EXT. DIVE BAR - LATER 100

Minnie and Kimmie are high and drunk. They sit on the stools of the bar, drinking and giggling.

KIMMIE
I can't believe you smoked pot with Tabatha. She's so disgusting.

MINNIE
You don't know her. She's cool.

Kimmie notices two young men at the end of the bar watching them. They're each about twenty.

KIMMIE
(calling)
Heya boys!

Minnie turns to see. She is so stoned. The boys wave.

MINNIE
Oh, they're cute.

KIMMIE
I want them to buy me another drink.

MINNIE
You think they would think we were prostitutes?

Minnie and Kimmie laugh hysterically.

KIMMIE
That would be amazing. Prostitutes have all the fucking power. Everybody knows that.

MINNIE
I've been practicing my hooker walk. Watch.

Minnie hops off her stool, saunters over to the boys. She goes right up to them, pressing her breasts out as she does. Kimmie can't make out what she's saying. Minnie walks back over to Kimmie, eyes open wide but trying to play it cool.

KIMMIE
What happened?

MINNIE
I told them it was five bucks for us to suck their dicks, or fifteen for the fuck of their fucking lives. They're counting their money.

Kimmie and Minnie laugh, but try not to let the boys see. The boys discuss amongst themselves, and excitedly count their dollars in the background.

101 INT. DIVE BAR - BATHROOM - LATER 101

The two boys lean up against either wall, getting their dicks sucked. They make eye contact with each other, silently saying "I can't believe this is happening!". Minnie and Kimmie are on their hands and knees, right next to each other on the filthy floor, sucking their dicks. They hold hands while doing the deed.

102 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING 102

Minnie and Kimmie are in bed, lying head-to-toe with each other, Kimmie's head at the foot of the bed. They've just woken up from their crazy night before and are both depressed, last night's make-up still on their faces.

MINNIE
I don't think we should have done that.

KIMMIE
I was just thinking the same thing.

Minnie sits up.

MINNIE
I feel weird and creepy about it.

KIMMIE
Yeah. I do too.

MINNIE
Maybe we should promise each other we will never do anything like that ever again?

KIMMIE
Agreed.

Kimmie puts out her hand and they pinky swear.

103 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 103

Gretel posts a hand-scrawled letter on Minnie's door. It reads: Minnie, You're such a retard. I know everything you've been doing- smoking pot and being a slut with Kimmie. I will never respect you. Signed, Gretel.

104 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 104

Minnie examines herself in the mirror - she looks tired, but has make-up on and is ready to go out.

PASCAL (V.O.)
Dear Minnie. You are going to be sixteen in a week or two...

Minnie looks at the picture that Monroe took of her - she turns it over, unattached. Minnie gives herself a last look in the mirror.

105 INT. PASCAL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 105

Pascal sits writing a letter at his grand desk.

PASCAL (V.O.)
Sweet sixteen. On the doorstep of womanhood, of life...

106 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - LATER 106

Minnie meets up with Kimmie on the street. They are both heavily made-up, looking older than they did before.

PASCAL (V.O.)
...I'm sure you know that you always have a home in my domicile wherever it may be. No matter what.

Minnie and Kimmie walk down the street arm in arm. They approach an apartment building and go in.

107 INT. PASCAL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 107

Pascal peers out of his window while he writes.

PASCAL (V.O.)
New York is in its Winter Season. The town is full of life: art, music, theater, books and literature...

108 INT. SQUATTER APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 108

Minnie and Kimmie enter into a wild, drugged-out party. People are shooting heroin, smoking, and snorting everywhere you look.

PASCAL (V.O.)
I had dinner with your pal Kimmie when she was touring colleges. She has her sights set on Sarah Lawrence. Very tough and competitive...

Kimmie sees a guy she knows in the corner and goes right for him, and snorts a line from his table.

PASCAL (V.O.)
Kimmie's a very smart girl. Straight A's. I hope she makes out all right.

Minnie sees Tabatha sitting on a couch and approaches her.

Minnie sits with Tabatha who offers her a hit of pot. Minnie declines. She stares at Tabatha, with wonder.

109 INT. PASCAL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 109

Over Pascal's shoulder we see him write the words "I love you" with quotes around them.

PASCAL (V.O.)
I can't wait to see where you end up. "I love you". Pascal.

110 EXT. SQUATTER APARTMENT ROOF - LATER 110

Minnie and Tabatha sit on the roof looking at the moon. The sky becomes a comic-book fantasy sky. The stars twinkle. Tabatha takes Minnie's hand, smokes a joint with the other.

TABATHA
You sure you don't want to smoke?

MINNIE
I want to see with clear eyes.

Tabatha smiles, touched.

TABATHA
Your hand is hot.

Minnie pulls her hand away, shyly. Tabatha takes it back.

TABATHA (CONT'D)
I like it. You're alive. You've got blood in your veins.

Minnie looks at her hand in Tabatha's, and at her arm. She notices tracks on Tabatha's arm. She pulls away a little but Tabatha doesn't let her. Tabatha strokes Minnie's arm.

TABATHA (CONT'D)
Are you scared? To try it?

MINNIE
No. I'm not afraid of anything.

TABATHA
No?

MINNIE
I'm not afraid of knives or handguns or poison or fire or rape or bondage or being kidnapped or tortured or even hypnotized and brainwashed, like that Patty Hearst girl.

TABATHA
Are you afraid of me?

Minnie thinks this over.

MINNIE
A little.

Tabatha smiles, and leans in.

111 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 111

Charlotte knows! She gulps a gin and tonic and smokes a cigarette, fuming. She is surrounded by Minnie's casette tapes and drawings and photographs of Monroe, strewn all over the table. The front door opens and shuts with a slam. Minnie comes into the kitchen and goes white when she hears the familiar crackle of her tape player.

MINNIE'S VOICE
(from the cassette player)
We had sex by the washer and dryer-

Charlotte stops the tape.

CHARLOTTE
How long has it been going on?

MINNIE
What?

CHARLOTTE
When did this start?

MINNIE
Mom-

Gretel comes in carrying the cat.

GRETEL
What's happening?

Nobody says anything.

GRETEL (CONT'D)
Minnie? Mom? What?

CHARLOTTE
I said: HOW LONG, MINNIE?

Minnie starts to tear up. The two look stare each other down for a moment silently, and then Charlotte looks away.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Gretel, out!

Gretel is terrified, runs out with Domino.

MINNIE
Mom-

Charlotte stands, facing away from Minnie.

CHARLOTTE
Who started it? You?

MINNIE
I really don't... I don't know.

CHARLOTTE
I fucking knew it. He was always so convincing and "oh, I just ain't guilty man" and "you're crazy". Fucking bullshit. AHHHHHHHH.

Charlotte screams at the top of her lungs. Minnie feels awful, she starts to crumble.

MINNIE
Mama, I wanted to tell you...

CHARLOTTE
Yeah right.
(then)
I can't fucking look at you.

Charlotte grabs her purse and moves toward the door.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Stay here.

Charlotte leaves. The front door slams. Minnie is left with her diary tapes strewn everywhere.

112 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER 112

All sound cuts out. Minnie looks toward the front door - nothing. Domino appears and snuggles up to Minnie. Minnie smothers him.

MINNIE
Everything's wrong, stupid cat.

She spaces out as she watches the black and white movie on the TV, it cuts to commercial and suddenly changes.

BEGIN IMAGINING:

Cartoon Minnie appears on the TV, in black and white. She is tiny and crying, sitting on the curb of a street. Animated Aline Kominsky takes a seat next to Minnie, pulls out a cigarette and smokes it.

ANIMATED MINNIE
I've done it this time.

ANIMATED ALINE KOMINSKY
I know it feels that way. But all isn't lost.

ANIMATED MINNIE
(through sniffles)
Yes it is. I've fucked everything up.

ANIMATED ALINE KOMINSKY
Nah - I bet your mom is telling off Monroe. She knows he's to blame.

Animated Minnie starts to cry harder.

ANIMATED MINNIE
I dunno.

Animated Aline Kominsky puts her arm around her.

ANIMATED ALINE KOMINSKY
She'll probably come home and hug you and tell you it's all going to be alright.

ANIMATED MINNIE
I used to imagine Monroe and I hugging each other and being warm in his bed and resting my head on his chest and hearing his heart beat. But it just never happened that way.

ANIMATED ALINE KOMINSKY
Well, real life isnÕt really like that. But that doesnÕt mean that all is fucked. YouÕre a good shit, Minnie. YouÕve got a lot going for you. You got an A in french. And you could write an illustrated cookbook if you wanted to.

Animated Minnie looks to Animated Aline desperately.

ANIMATED ALINE KOMINSKY (CONTÕD)
I wish you strength, little Minnie.

MINNIE
(to the TV)
Are you my fairy godmother?

Aline nods, looking straight out to Minnie on the couch.

MINNIE (CONTÕD)
Then youÕre just a figment of my imagination. You donÕt know.

The TV goes black. Minnie sits alone. The phone rings. Domino jumps down from the couch.

113 INT. FERN BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT 113

Minnie walks into the lounge-like bar, and finds Charlotte and Monroe in a corner, sitting around a candle-lit table, drunk. They are talking quietly, until Monroe sees Minnie.

MONROE
There she is. How ya doinÕ there, kiddo?

MINNIE
WhatÕre you doing here?

CHARLOTTE
Minnie. Monroe here has something to tell you.

MONROE
LetÕs just relax a bit, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE
No. LetÕs get right down to it.

MONROE
Fine. Minnie-

MONROE (CONT'D)
Uh... hmmm. Okay. Okay okay. Your mother and me have been talking. And well, we were thinking. Maybe you and I should get married. I mean... right?

MINNIE
You're drunk?

MONROE
Nah. We get along pretty well, don't we?

CHARLOTTE
That's not the point, Monroe. You fucked my daughter, so you're going to marry her.

MINNIE
Mom!

CHARLOTTE
He porked you, Minnie. He porked you, and now he's got to marry you.

MONROE
Shh. People are staring at us, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE
Oh, fuck you! How many times did you pork her, Monroe? How many, huh? Was it good?

MINNIE
Are you crazy? Stop saying 'pork!'.

CHARLOTTE
I was married when I was about your age, Minnie.

MONROE
Hey. I said I'd marry her and I will. I'm a man of my word.

CHARLOTTE
Yeah. Marry her. Then you can fuck her all you want.

Minnie turns and runs for the door.

MONROE
Hey, Minnie-

CHARLOTTE
Oh, just let her go, Monroe.

Push in to Minnie's face, down her throat:

114 BEGIN IMAGINING: 114

We zoom down Minnie's throat, following an animated Minnie as she falls, down down down. Cartoon Minnie runs though the San Francisco streets. As she speeds down a hill, she passes people she knows, smoking a joint from one person, taking a pill from another. She leaves them in the dust as she runs.

MINNIE (V.O.)
It's not a lit-up streetlight hazy darkness like most nights; it is a black crisp night and my eyes are light headlights.

Cartoon Minnie slips and slides down the hill of San Francisco, becoming part of the sewage and suddenly being sucked into a drain in the street. She spins with the muck, around and around, her voice echoing with the sounds of the city.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I've become nothing, finally. No home. No school. No money -shit. I don't have any money.

She gets spit out into a park in The Presidio with a thud.

115 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - THE PRESIDIO - THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT 115

Minnie, clearly fucked up, smashes a bottle on the ground.

Minnie, Kimmie, Frankie and Chuck smoke a joint and drink at the picnic tables at the park.

MINNIE
Fuck this city!

CHUCK
Yeah, fuck this city!

FRANKIE
Fuck you both, I love it here.

Kimmie laughs as she takes a drag off the joint.

KIMMIE
I can't believe you actually ran away. It's so "afterschool special".

MINNIE
I doubt she evens knows I'm gone.
(screaming)
I hate it here. I can't wait to get the fuck out of here!

Minnie screams into the wind, to the water and the Golden Gate bridge.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!

116 EXT. RICH SAN FRANCISCO NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER THAT NIGHT 116

Minnie, Kimmie, Frankie and Chuck stumble through the residential part of the city, which is mostly asleep. Minnie is fucked up. Chuck keeps her from falling as they walk.

MINNIE
(to Chuck)
I'm gonna move to New York, ya know.

KIMMIE
What? No you're not.

MINNIE
I think I'm going to move to New York. And finish high-school there. It's a great place to be an artist.

CHUCK
Are you serious?

MINNIE
My step-dad lives there, and I am so done with San Francisco. Don't you think it's a good idea?

CHUCK
That would suck. I don't want you to move.

Minnie doesn't know what to say. Kimmie looks freaked out.

MINNIE
What's your problem?

KIMMIE
Nothing. I gotta pee. I'm gonna go pee on this person's lawn.

Kimmie runs into the bushes, before anyone can respond.

FRANKIE
Oh she's just decided she hates New York after she fucked some guy there when she was visiting colleges. Didn't she tell you about that?

Minnie looks confused. Suddenly Minnie has a thought, she runs toward Kimmie who is squatting in the bushes.

KIMMIE
A little privacy, Minnie?

MINNIE
Who'd you fuck in New York, Kimmie?

Kimmie looks up at Minnie, dumbfounded.

KIMMIE
Are you crazy?

MINNIE
Who, Kimmie?

Kimmie stares Minnie in the eyes and starts to tear up. Minnie does too.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
(pathetically)
Really? Pascal?

Kimmie pulls her pants up.

KIMMIE
(meekly)
It wasn't a big deal. I didn't think you'd care.

Minnie slaps Kimmie hard across the face. Kimmie screams out.

KIMMIE (CONT'D)
Minnie! That's not fair.

MINNIE
Fair? You fucked my step-dad!

A light turns on in the big house they're in front of.

FRANKIE'S VOICE
Come on, girls.

KIMMIE
He's not really your step-dad anymore. You never even see him.

MINNIE
Are you kidding me?

KIMMIE
He didn't even call you when he came to California for Christmas.

MINNIE
He came to California for Christmas?

KIMMIE
Yeah.

MINNIE
How could you do this to me? You're supposed to be my best friend.

Suddenly an OLD RICH GUY peeks his head out the front door. It seems like this kinda thing happens all the time.

OLD RICH GUY
Hey, no no no. This isn't happening. You can't do this here.

KIMMIE
You know you're acting really hypocritical.

She pushes Minnie.

MINNIE
And you're acting like a slut.

Minnie pushes her back. Frankie rushes up, gets in between.

OLD RICH GUY
Can you guys do me a solid and just move your little fight down the block?

FRANKIE
Shit, bitches.

Frankie holds the girls apart, who yell over him.

KIMMIE
I’m a slut? You’re a FUCKING LESBIAN WHORE, Minnie!

OLD RICH GUY
There are other people in the world, you know. I’m gonna have to call the cops.

FRANKIE
Stop it!

MINNIE
She fucked my step-dad!

KIMMIE
You fucked everybody! Including your mom’s boyfriend. That’s WAY WORSE!

Minnie struggles to get away from Frankie who is holding her back, storms off.

KIMMIE (CONT’D)
Oh, fine, leave. Go suck Monroe’s tiny dick, baby.

MINNIE
Go fuck someone else’s dad!

Chuck runs after Minnie who is storming down the street.

CHUCK
Hey, hey. Are you alright?

MINNIE
Stop it, Chuck!

She takes off quickly, he follows.

CHUCK
Minnie! What happened?

MINNIE
Leave me alone.

CHUCK
No! I don’t want to leave you alone.

He grabs her shoulder.

MINNIE
Let go of me, Chuck! Kimmie is a fucking bitch.

CHUCK
Who cares about her? You're so much... smarter and better than her. I never understood why she was your friend, anyway.

MINNIE
Oh - I see how you look at her. You want to fuck her, like everyone else!

CHUCK
No, I don't. How can you say that? It's so obvious that I like you. If I wanted to fuck anyone, it would be you- I'm not saying I wanna- shit.

Minnie doesn't stop walking quicbvkly but is thrown.

MINNIE
Well, then you're an idiot. I'm fucked up.

CHUCK
No, you're not. You're amazing.

MINNIE
I am fucked up. I am! I AM! You don't know anything about me. You don't know shit. Just leave me alone, Chuck. Fuck you, you

Minnie takes off. He doesn't follow. He is so disappointed.

117 INT. LESBIAN HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT 117

Loud rock music. Minnie moves through the crowd, scanning.

Minnie approaches a group smoking. She sees who she was looking for. She beelines for Tabatha, who spins around, surprised and happy to see Minnie.

TABATHA
Hey truck driver.

Minnie kisses her hard. Tabatha's friends share a look.

118 LESBIAN HOUSE PARTY - MONTAGE: 118

Minnie and Tabatha dance closely with each other, pushed up between the sweaty bodies. Minnie dances hard, trying to forget her life. Tabatha touches Minnie's body as she moves.

Tabatha and Minnie snort a line, letting the world fall away.

Tabatha and Minnie make love. Body parts everywhere: curves, and delicate limbs entwined. Tabatha kisses Minnie.

119 INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT 119

Tabatha pulls Minnie, through the dirty hallway. Minnie giggles, unaware.

MINNIE
Who is Mike again?

TABATHA
My friend. You met him last night. He's cool.

Minnie is slowing to a crawl, exhausted and moving slow. She leans against a wall, stopping.

MINNIE
He has so many stairs. I want to go back to bed.

Tabatha leans into Minnie, kissing her.

TABATHA
We will, you cute little thing. We just are making this one stop. Like we talked about, okay?

MINNIE
Oh.

Tabatha kisses Minnie's neck as she talks.

TABATHA
Mike won't stop asking about you. So I said we'd come by. He has really good 'ludes.

MINNIE
Oh great.

TABATHA
You like that? Don't I know how to take care of my girl?

MINNIE
(smiling at the reference)
Yes. I'm hungry though.

Tabatha kisses Minnie, touching her face and body.

TABATHA
Everybody thinks you're sexy. Your eyes, and that ass. It's a good thing I'm not insecure. Otherwise I might start feeling all possessive and shit.

MINNIE
Possessive of me?

TABATHA
Yeah. With boys like Mike lusting after you. But I know it's not a big deal. I'm not uptight, and you're not uptight, right?

MINNIE
What's not a big deal?

TABATHA
It will be so quick. Men are easy. Over in a second.

Minnie acts like she understands what Tabatha is saying. Tabatha's tone changes: she's desperate for a moment.

TABATHA (CONT'D)
I need you to do this for me. You're going to do this, right? For me, baby?

MINNIE
Yeah.

TABATHA
And then we'll have a great night, just the two of us. Me and my girl? You wanna make me happy, don't you?

Minnie nods. Tabatha kisses her again, relaxing.

TABATHA (CONT'D)
Good. You're doing good.
(then, so charming)
I'm falling hard for you, girl.

Tabatha leads Minnie into the apartment.

120 INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 120

The apartment is drab but fine. Mike, 25 and not horrible looking, is in the kitchen frying something on the stove, with his shirt off.

Tabatha talks in whispers to Mike, while Minnie sits on the couch, nervous. Minnie looks to them, plotting.

TABATHA
(calling to Minnie)
You hungry, baby? We're gonna make you a grilled cheese.

Minnie nods. Tabatha and Mike keep talking in hushed tones.

All sound cuts out except the sound of Minnie's heartbeat. We push in on Minnie's face: scared and in over her head. Tabatha looks to her, and gives a little wink. She can't move from this seat. She looks to the door and back to Tabatha. Her eyes fill with tears. How did she get here? Suddenly Minnie beelines for the door.

TABATHA (CONT'D)
Hey-

She runs like her life depends on it, down the many steps, into the street and down the block.

121 EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 121

Minnie runs and runs, crying and shaking until she hits a corner with a phone booth, where she lets out a wail. Out of energy, out of ideas, she slumps down into the booth and closes the door, crouching with nowhere to go.

Cars drive by. The stars are out. Minnie is alone. She weeps.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Nobody loves me.

She curls up at the bottom of the phone booth.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Maybe nobody will ever love me. Maybe there're only a few people in the whole world who are actually loved - the lucky fucks. And the rest of us walk through the world like ghosts, with no one to see us or care about us. Alone forever.

Over-used prostitutes saunter up to cars but get little action. Kids sleep in dark doorways. Minnie wimpers. She is out of options.

CUT TO:

122 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT 122

Minnie makes a loud racket as she enters the house, knocking over a lamp on her way in.

MINNIE
Fuck.

She waits, but nobody stirs. She looks around at her house - ashtrays filled with cigarettes litter the dark apartment.

123 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 123

Minnie throws up violently in the toilet. She stands up, wiping her mouth barely.

She drinks from the faucet. She swings open the medicine cabinet and finds one of her mom's prescription bottles labeled "Vicodin". She pours them all into her hand. Contemplates. She pops one into her mouth, puts the rest back, and drops the bottle into her pocket. She closes the cabinet and takes a look at her fucked up face in the mirror. Not liking what she sees, she swings the mirror away, almost breaking it.

124 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 124

Minnie clicks on the light in her room. Her bed is still unmade. A drawing of Monroe that she did is pinned on her wall. She rips it off, and kicks some of her other belongings.

She plops on her bed, then feels something under hear head on her pillow. It's a letter addressed to her. She almost throws it on the floor, but then she opens it.

ALINE KOMINSKY'S VOICE
Dear Minnie. Thank you for your letter.

Minnie stirs, realizing it's from Aline.

ALINE KOMINSKY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
It is refreshing to receive a letter from a girl because most letters I get are from greasy fan boys who think that I'm cute. I tend not to write back to them. Keep drawing those comics. Keep drawing anything you can. Just keep drawing. Oh, and I use Indian Ink as well. Love, Aline Kominsky.

Minnie lies back - the weight of everything's she's gone through hitting her. She cries. This hurts so much. Someone stirs in the living room.

GRETEL'S VOICE
Hello?

125 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 125

Minnie peeks out of her door and sees Gretel looking around at the tipped over lamp. Gretel spots Minnie and runs to her, jumping on her, knocking them both to the ground. They hold each other. Just then Charlotte comes in the front door, in her big coat and hat. She looks exhausted.

Charlotte stares at Minnie. Minnie meets her eye, unsure of how her mom will react. Charlotte shakes her head - she is at once relieved and angry.

CHARLOTTE
Goddamnit Minnie.

MINNIE
I'm sorry.

Gretel holds onto Minnie's legs, not letting go. Charlotte approaches, slaps her across the face, and then grabs her into a big hug.

CHARLOTTE
Do you know how worried we were? We looked for you everywhere.

MINNIE
You did?

CHARLOTTE
Of course! I've been out all night. I've been out every night since you left, looking for you. I thought you were dead.

Minnie collapses into her mother's arms, relieved to be held. They are silent for a long time. Minnie cries. The sun starts to rise.

MINNIE
I'm sorry, mom, I'm so-

CHARLOTTE
Shhh. It's alright, Min. It's over.

Minnie cries in her mother's arms, Charlotte cries too.

MINNIE
I wanted to tell you about Monroe,
I really did-

CHARLOTTE
(she can't take it)
Stop it, no.

MINNIE
I-

CHARLOTTE
DON'T.

Minnie looks to her mom. Charlotte can't talk about this.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
I don't want to talk about it.
Ever. You're home. It's over.
That's all I care about.

Minnie sees her mother clearly for the first time. Denial is the only way forward.

MINNIE
Okay.

CHARLOTTE
I gotta go to bed.

Charlotte pats Minnie's face, exits to her room, exhausted. Minnie looks to Gretel. It's just them. Like always.

MINNIE
I'm hungry.

Gretel nods.

126 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SUNRISE 126

Minnie pulls out a bowl, and bisquik. She beats some eggs, and mixes in the flour. She cooks pancakes, while Gretel looks on from the table. The sun comes up out the window, as they eat.

"She" by the Misfits, about Patty Hearst, plays. Video footage of Patty Hearst surrendering in Pleasanton, CA in May 1977, and being taken into custody. The battle is over.

127 EXT. POLK STREET - DAY 127

Minnie walks down the street. Time has passed, she looks healthier. It's a mirror of the opening sequence but she's gone through so much. She passes people in the park, she looks at them with wisdom in her eyes.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Did you ever go back to your preschool once you had gotten big and everything looked miniature? Like the chairs and the monkey bars - just much smaller than you remembered?

She drops a letter in a mailbox. It's addressed to Aline Kominsky. She sees Chuck walking down the street holding hands with a girl. They make eye-contact for a brief moment. Minnie waves. He nods. That's it.

Minnie flips through the comic books in the store. She finds a few she likes.

Minnie keeps walking down the street.

MINNIE (V.O.)
I know nothing's changed, but everything looks totally different to me now.

128 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - LATER 128

Minnie sits in front of the TV, drawing while she watches. She flips through the channels until she comes to The Muppet Show. At some point Gretel comes in and sits down on the floor with a box of crackers. Fozzie is doing a bit about ventriloquism. They sit watching together. Minnie reaches into the box and grabs a cracker.

The phone rings. Minnie picks it up.

MINNIE
(into phone)
Hello?

PASCAL'S VOICE
Minnie- it's Pascal-

Minnie hangs up. Goes back to watching TV with her sister.

129 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 129

Minnie and Charlotte are in the crowded nightclub together. They cheer for the band, as they enter the stage. Minnie looks at Charlotte, so happy and drunk.

MINNIE (V.O.)
My mom and I aren't the same species. It's not her fault. She thinks she needs a man to be happy. I don't.

Charlotte whoops and hollers for the band.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Everything that's happened with Monroe, and Tabatha, and Pascal and my mom has probably fucked me up somewhere deep in my soul. But maybe it was worth it because I've realized some things: **It's not about who loves you. It's all about liking yourself. Just liking yourself enough to keep living til the next day, and maybe the one after that.**

The guitarist from the band blows a kiss and Charlotte and she screams, lifting her arms in the air.

MINNIE (V.O.)
My mom has a new boyfriend. He's an unusually nice guy. I hope she stays with him for a while.

Charlotte grabs Minnie, dancing with her. She hands Minnie her drink, but then adds:

CHARLOTTE
But just a sip.

Charlotte winks. Minnie smiles. She looks to her mother - totally in her element.

He mom whistles at the band, and dances, happier than we've ever seen her. Minnie whistles too.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
If his friends ask, we're sisters, okay?

MINNIE (V.O.)
She's not perfect, my ol' mama, but she's the only one I got.

The band starts up a song, Minnie cheers.

130 INT. MINNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 130

Minnie sits on her bed, talking into her microphone.

MINNIE
(into mic)
This whole time it's felt like I'm so precariously close to the edge, to the end... but really, my life has only just begun.

A song comes on the radio that Minnie likes. She puts down the microphone and dances like crazy, loving every moment!

131 EXT. BEACH - RUNNING PATH - DAY 131

Minnie sits on a low wall by the running path. She has a blanket laid out with xeroxed zines and drawings for sale. She talks to a tourist.

MINNIE
It's fifty cents but if you buy two drawings or one drawing and a zine, it's 90 cents. But I don't actually have a dime, so it would end up being the same price.

The tourist hands her two quarters, humoring her, and takes a drawing, walking away. Minnie enjoys the sun.

Monroe jogs by, wearing his jogging outfit. He sees Minnie, and stops, but keeps jogging in place.

MONROE
Minnie. Hi.

Minnie jumps down.

MINNIE
Hi.

MONROE
Are you here alone?

MINNIE
No, Gretel's with me. She went to find a bathroom.

MONROE
Oh.

Pause.

MINNIE
She had to pee.

There is an awkward moment. Minnie jogs in place too.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
So... you wanna buy a drawing? Or a 'zine?

MONROE
Oh. No money. Jogging shorts and all.

MINNIE
Here. Take this one. You can give the fifty cents to my mom the next time you see her.

Monroe looks down at a small drawing of a transvestite with a hairy chest. It's beautifully drawn. He hates it.

Monroe smiles awkwardly. It is evident he wants to go.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
(holding out her hand)
Well, goodbye Monroe.

He takes her hand and shakes it. She doesn't hate him.

MONROE
Goodbye Minnie.

MINNIE
(while holding his hand)
I'm better than you, you son-of-a-bitch.

They drop hands, and Monroe jogs off, not sure of what to make of this. Minnie is left standing there with the water and sun behind her.

132 EXT. BEACH - LATER 132

Minnie and Gretel play in the water, chasing the waves as they go out. Minnie splashes Gretel, who laughs and splashes her back.

MINNIE (V.O.)
<u>This is for all the girls when they have grown.</u>

The sun glistens on the water as we pull away from the sisters, who look like little girls playing on the beach.

MINNIE (V.O.)
Signing off, trusty Diary. Love,
Minnie Goetze.G