BLACK

TRACY (V.O.)
She would say things like: “Isn’t every story a story of betrayal?”
No, that’s not true, I thought.
But I could never say that, I could only agree with her. It was too much fun to agree with her.

INT. DORM ROOM. DAY

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

VOICE
I was sleeping! Turn that off!

Tracy shuts the light.

TRACY
Sorry.
(pause)
I’m your roommate.

LAURA (V.O.)
My name is Laura...

INT. DORM COMMON ROOM. DAY

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

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

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

TRACY
A TRACKING DEVICE for Tracy...

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

She passes the flashlight.
INT. DORM ROOM. EARLY EVENING

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

    TRACY
    Aren’t you coming to convocation?

    RUTH
    You’re going to that shit?

    TRACY
    Yeah... isn’t everyone?

    RUTH
    I don’t think anyone is going. Except rapists.

    TRACY
    What? Why rapists?

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

    TRACY
    I think it’s just a candle lighting ceremony. (pause)
    How do you already know all this stuff? School hasn’t even started yet.

Ruth doesn’t answer.

EXT. COLLEGE CHAPEL. EVENING

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

EXT. BROADWAY, UPPER WEST SIDE. NIGHT

Tracy walks aimlessly.

INT. DINING HALL. DAY

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

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

In class. Gets a paper back. She gets a B.
PROFESSOR
This is a starting point - this is what college is for, we’re going to teach you how to write and think.

TRACY
(frowns, to the person next to her.)
A “B.” That’s so annoying.

INT. CAFETERIA. EVE
Tracy eats by herself.

INT. MENTAL HEALTH OFFICE. DAY
Tracy sits in front of a counselor.

TRACY
Um, I have trouble with procrastinating.

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

TRACY
(hesitates)
Yes, I have thought of that. I have trouble doing it.

COUNSELOR
Maybe you want to try a little harder?

TRACY
OK, thanks. Harder? I’ll try that.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK. DAY
Tracy walks alone.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS. DAY

PROFESSOR (V.O.)
What comes to mind when you think of the Renaissance?

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY
Tracy takes notes while a Southern girl talks:
SOUTHERN GIRL
I think of the Renaissance as being very plush, like a lot of velvet inlaid with jewels, brocades, that kind of thing.

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

Tracy bursts out laughing.

INT. DORM HALLWAY. NIGHT

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

TRACY
Is the party at the end of the hall?

FRIENDLY LOOKING GIRL
Did you get an invitation?

TRACY
No...

FRIENDLY LOOKING GIRL
Then no.

OTHER GIRL
She’s being a bitch. Yes, it’s down the hall.

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

EXT. CAMPUS/INT. JERSEY HOUSE. NIGHT INTERCUT

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

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

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

MOM
Aren’t you meeting friends in classes?
TRACY
Mom, nobody meets friends in classes.

MOM
Oh, okay. I didn’t know.

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

MOM
That sounds uncomfortable.

TRACY
And I can’t go to bars.

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

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

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

TRACY
I like David’s guitar playing.

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

TRACY
Right.

MOM
She’s going to make a fig and there’s a fish...and it’s on cracker. That’s one thing.
TRACY
Mmm.

MOM
We’re going to move all the furniture out of the living room and we changed the lyrics to Finiculi Finicula. We did the same thing at Izzy’s 60th but Izzy won’t be there so it’ll feel fresh.
   (exhaling, playful)
Oh, Trace...

TRACY
(playful back)
Oh, Stevie.

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

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

MOM
On your way out of the home...

TRACY
I love you Mom, don’t be worried.

MOM
I know, honey. So after you do that, Brooke will read a poem she’s written. I don’t think her brother is doing anything – which hurts my feelings, but I’m trying to be okay with it.
   (has an idea)
You should call Brooke. She’s in New York, you know.

TRACY
I’m so bad at calling people I don’t know.

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

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

TRACY
Aces.

MOM
You aren’t sarcastic don’t pretend to be.

TRACY
Okay.

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY
We hear a student, Nicolette, making a point:

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

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

VOICE
Psst. Hey.

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

TONY
You were asleep.

TRACY
(wiping drool from her chin)
Oh...thanks.
Tracy sits up straighter. She tries to focus on the discussion. Her eyes fall heavy and shut. She’s asleep again.

INT. HALLWAY. AFTER CLASS

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

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

**TONY**
(smiling)
It takes a lot of moxie to fall asleep in a twelve person class.

**TRACY**
Thanks. I like moxie.

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

Tracy laughs.

**TRACY**
Loans everywhere.

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

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

**TONY**
Where?

**TRACY**
Um, it’s embarrassing.

**TONY**
What is it?

**TRACY**
I’m submitting a story to the Mobius Literary Society. I have to print it.

(MORE)
TRACY (CONT'D)
They only take hard copies which is a kind of pretension I can get behind.

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

TRACY
They said they’d post a list –

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

TRACY
(smiling at the thought)
Yeah.

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

INT. TRACY’S DORM ROOM. NIGHT
Tracy lies awake in bed. We hear yelling in the hallway outside her door. Footsteps come close to her door. A shadow underneath. She tenses in great anticipation.

The footsteps and chatter continue down the hall.

Tracy gets up and opens her door.

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

She and Tracy meet eyes.

TINY GIRL
FUCK.

The Tiny Girl retreats into her room. Tracy does the same.
INT. TONY’S ROOM. DAY

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

TONY
They’re self-elected douche bags.

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

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

TRACY
I heard they serve wine and cheese and they all carry briefcases.

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

TRACY
I heard the pie stuff all night.

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

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

TRACY
I’m so sorry.

TONY
Do you want to trade stories?

TRACY
Sure.

TIME CUT

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

TIME CUT

TONY
I liked it!
TRACY
Thanks - I liked yours too.

TONY
So do you want notes?

TRACY
Oh, are we - sure...

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

TRACY
Okay.

TONY
It’s just my impression.

TRACY
I’ll work on that.

TONY
Do you have any notes for me?

TRACY
Um... no.

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

INT. CAR. DUSK
Tracy and Tony drive in the car.

TRACY
Let’s go to the beach.

TONY
I don’t want to leave Manhattan.

TRACY
Oh, why are we in your car then?

EXT. UPPER MANHATTAN, BY THE HUDSON RIVER. NIGHT
Tracy and Tony try to burn his briefcase but it won’t catch fire.

They chuck it in the water.
They smoke a joint and sit on the roof of a car.
TRACY
We look like we’re in a song.

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY
Tracy raises her hand.

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

INT. DORM ROOM. DAY
Tracy, feeling better about herself, cleans the room and talks to her roommate.

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

She trips over something on the floor but recovers quickly.

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

INT. STUDY ABROAD OFFICE. DAY
Tracy is filing with some exuberance.

STUDY ABROAD WOMAN
You seem happy today.

TRACY
I love filing! It’s satisfying.

EXT. QUAD. EVE
Tracy is running to get somewhere.

TONY (O.S.)
Slow down, T!

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

TRACY
Hey.
TONY
Hey.

NICOLETTE
Hey.

INT. JJ’S DINER. NIGHT

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

She scrolls to:

BROOKE CARDINAS

She quickly presses that name...

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

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

TRACY
Hello?

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

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

BROOKE
You’re reading the sonnet.

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

BROOKE
Have you eaten? Do you want to hang out?
TRACY
(looks at her near-finished plate)
No, I haven’t. OK.

BROOKE
Well, do you know where Times Square is?

EXT. TIMES SQUARE. NIGHT

Tracy crosses the crowded street.

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

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

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

TRACY
Times Square is so crazy.

BROOKE
Isn’t it?

TRACY
I don’t know anyone who lives here.

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

INT. TAXI. LATER

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

BROOKE
Why do you live in New York again?

TRACY
College - I go to Barnard - it’s all women uptown - well, “historically” and kind of actually. But there are boys in my classes and stuff. From Columbia.
BROOKE
You gay?

TRACY
No. The Columbia girls do their best to make us feel inferior. Which it’s like “I already do.”

BROOKE
That’s stupid. Don’t feel inferior.

TRACY
You’re right, that is stupid.

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

INT. BACKSTAGE AT A MUSIC CLUB. NIGHT
Brooke, wearing an orange VIP sticker on her suede jacket, affixes an identical sticker to Tracy’s shirt.

BROOKE
I didn’t go to college.

TRACY
Oh. OK.

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

TRACY
Yes.

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

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

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

INT. SECRET BAR. NIGHT
Tracy drinks a fancy cocktail.
TRACY
It has mint!

CUT TO: Brooke and Tracy dance with the guys.

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

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

BROOKE
I watched my mother die.

TRACY
What?

BROOKE
I was with my mother while she died.

TRACY
I don’t know any dead people.

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

INT. WILLIAMSBURG PARTY. NIGHT
Brooke and Tracy enter some party in Williamsburg. The hostess hugs Brooke.

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

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

BROOKE
This bitch stole my favorite pants - they’re in here somewhere - she thinks I don’t know but I know everything. They’re red.
TRACY
(vaguely)
I’ll look here.

Tracy starts going through the closet.

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

TRACY
Shit.

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

TRACY
What were the T-shirts?

BROOKE
Just really hard looking flowers.

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

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

TRACY
That’s a great one.

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

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

BROOKE
And I never looked back. He cried so hard. Like, whiney.
She does an impression:

BROOKE
“Where are you going?”
(back to herself)
I was being real, but Mamie-Claire then goes and marries him. They live in Greenwich, Connecticut in some big gross house. Do you know that place?

TRACY
Yeah, Greenwich, grossville.

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

TRACY
(instant disciple)
I hate them.

BROOKE
I actually pity them. They have no more dreams.

Tracy holds up a pair of red pants, triumphant.

TRACY
These?!

BROOKE
I want to MARRY you!

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

INT. WILLIAMSBURG PARTY. NIGHT

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

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

INT. VESELKA. LATE NIGHT

Tracy and Brooke eat pierogis in the mostly empty diner.

TRACY
Is he your boyfriend? The bassist?
BROOKE
Nate? No! My beau, Stavros, is in Greece right now. Betting against the country or something gross. Don’t tell anyone that.

TRACY
(dead serious)
I won’t. I’m good at keeping secrets. You’ll learn that about me.

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

She knocks her head for wood.

BROOKE
You got a honey?

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

BROOKE
They all have girlfriends.

TRACY
Actually I think he met me and then he got a girlfriend.
(pause)
This summer, at my job, one guy just sucked on my boobs all night.

BROOKE
(thinking aloud)
My restaurant should do a pierogi. Fusion pierogi. You like yours?

TRACY
(nods, stuffing a pierogi in her mouth)
This is my second dinner.

Brooke takes out her phone and types something.

BROOKE
(putting her phone back)
Just a quick tweet on Twitter.
(MORE)
BROOKE (CONT’D)
I am VERY into social media. You have to market yourself. If you don’t know what you’re selling, no one will know how to buy it.

TRACY
What are you selling?

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

TRACY
Would you sing them in a higher pitch?

BROOKE
No, it wouldn’t be about – it’s about principles, those kinds of high standards – like one of those “string of pearls that’s why I’m a single gal” kind of show.

TRACY
That’s clever.

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

TRACY
That sounds like she’s America’s girl on the side.

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

TRACY
Me too! I’m sorry, I don’t know anything, I was just throwing something out there.
They both laugh.

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

INT. BROOKE’S APARTMENT. NIGHT

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

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

TRACY
It’s so stylish.

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

TRACY
Oh my God, yeah.

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

TRACY
Cool.

BROOKE
I know.

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

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

TRACY
I want to write short stories.

BROOKE
Oh, me too! Not short stories, though.
TRACY
But I got rejected by the Lit Society. I’m so suggestible, like because I got rejected I think I can’t be a writer.

BROOKE
Why don’t you make your own Lit Society?

TRACY
I wish. Mobius is a big deal at school.

BROOKE
You’ve got other stories.

TRACY
(smiling)
Maybe I’ll write something else and resubmit.
(falling asleep, eyes closed)
That was really funny when we were doctors.

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

TRACY
Thank you Brooke.

BROOKE
You’re welcome Baby Tracy.

INT. BROOKE’S APARTMENT. NEXT MORNING

Brooke is on the phone with Stavros:

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

Tracy wakes up a little with the noise.
BROOKE
Right. Did you see the lease it was 400 pages! I wish you would just come home already so I can suck your dick in our new restaurant!

She pads into the kitchen.

BROOKE
(to Tracy)
Can you start the coffee, please?

TRACY
(looking at the coffee maker)
I don’t know how...

BROOKE
(a little sharply)
Yes, you do. Don’t be incompetent. If you spent two seconds with a coffee maker you’d figure it out. You just aren’t trying hard enough.

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

TRACY
Um, where are you going.

BROOKE
DUH COMMUNAL BATHROOM DO YOU WANT TO WATCH?
(to the phone)
Are you still there?

TRACY
Sorry. Are you... mad at me?

BROOKE (O.S.)
NO!

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

BROOKE
We have four investors including me. I’m what you call a principal investor. Stavros is putting in my share - but I insisted that it be my assets on the line because I want him to know I have skin in the game. I’ll pay him back of course once we start making a profit.
TRACY
We never went to restaurants growing up - it wasn’t part of our lives.

BROOKE
(immediately offended)
That’s a shitty thing to say to me.

TRACY
I didn’t mean - I know people will come to yours.
(trying to contextualize)
It’s so weird to think that every restaurant I see is the result of some person going “I think I want to start a restaurant.”

BROOKE
That’s not weird. That’s everything.

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

BROOKE
What are you doing?

TRACY
I’m actually... it’s embarrassing.

BROOKE
What?

TRACY
I’m writing down what I said.

BROOKE
You are noting yourself?

TRACY
Yeah... I guess so.

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

TRACY
Oh yeah?
BROOKE
But I’m going to save it in case I want to use it in something I write.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE. MORNING

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

BROOKE
High five, sister. That was an AMAZING night.

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

BROOKE
(looking at her phone)
I gotta go.

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

INT. TRACY’S DORM ROOM. MORNING

Tracy enters and goes right to her computer.

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

She hesitates, trying to remember something.

TRACY
What did she...say?

Talking while she types.

TRACY
Right! “He’s one of those people that I hate except I’m in love with him.”

RUTH
 stil sleeping)
Shut up please.

CUT TO: Brooke Cardinas being typed into a Google search.
TRACY (V.O.)
Meadow DeRiggi lived exactly how a young woman should live who wants to spend her youth well.

CUT TO: Brooke’s Twitter page.

Random photos of Brooke.

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

CLOSE on Tracy’s short story.

CLOSE on a Society page photo.

CLOSE on Brooke’s Soul Cycle Teacher bio.

EXT./INT. PIZZA PARLOR. NIGHT

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

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

EXT./INT. MUSIC CLUB. NIGHT

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

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET. NIGHT

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

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

TRACY
(embarrassed)
Sorry.
WOMAN IN RED PANTS
That’s OK.

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY. DAY
Tony and Nicolette and Tracy sit at a study table.

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

NICOLETTE
You text her? You texted her?

TONY
About work.

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

Two freshmen girls approach.

GIRL #1
Do you guys know how long you’ll need this table?

TRACY
A long time, dude.

GIRL #2
(sighs)
Fine.

They leave.

TONY
Who were you with?

TRACY
Myself.

NICOLETTE
(to Tony)
When you said you were checking the scores, were you texting her? Are you sexting?

TRACY
It’s a place my sister showed me.

TONY
You don’t have a sister.
Tracy smooths over some stapled pages from her bag. We see the title: Mistress America.

Tony what’s that?

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

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

Tracy. You can read it if you want. Here—

She hands him a copy - he looks at it.

Tony. (to Nicolette) Tracy writes about fighter pilots.

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

Tony. OK. I’d totally give you notes.

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

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

TONY
(unsure)
OK. Thanks.

Tracy gets up and leaves. Passes the freshmen girls.

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

INT. SOME HALLWAY. DAY

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

INT. SOUL CYCLE STUDIO. DAY

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

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

BROOKE
(too loudly)
Hey Baby Tracy!

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

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

BROOKE
(to her cycling class)
HOW YOU DO ANYTHING IS HOW YOU DO EVERYTHING AM I RIGHT?!
(and now in a low voice)
I know not enough people have told you that you’re amazing. I know that that’s true.
Everyone loves her, she’s sort of great as a cycling instructor.

INT. CYCLING STUDIO. AFTERWARDS

Tracy is really sweaty, still.

BROOKE
You did great!

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

BROOKE
I’m glad you came.

TRACY
You are?!

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

INT. SALON. DAY

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

TRACY
This air conditioning is making me freezing.

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET. DAY

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

EXT/INT. MIDTOWN RESTAURANT. DAY

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

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

TRACY
You look beautiful.
BROOKE
But do I look professional?
(paren)
I get really nervous with the
investors. I’m usually fine with
wealthy people, it’s just when I
need something from them.

TRACY
No, it’s the opposite – they need
you and your restaurant.

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

TRACY
(sincerely)
I think you can do anything.
Everything.

Brooke nods.

BROOKE
Right. Kind and fearless.

She goes inside.

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

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

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

TRACY
Your body language looked very self-
confident.

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

Tracy beams.

BROOKE
Wanna see it?
INT. EMPTY RESTAURANT SPACE, BROOKLYN. DAY

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

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

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

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

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

BROOKE
Each plate would be different. Let me show you.

TRACY
Can I be a waitress here?

Brooke opens a box.

BROOKE
See! Look at all these plates!

TRACY
(taking in the whole thing)
Holy shit you have a lot of plates.

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

Tracy’s been touching all of them.
TRACY
This is going to be a great restaurant.

BROOKE
I know!

TRACY
Are you going to cook, too?

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

TRACY
(trying it out)
“Let’s go to Mom’s for dinner.” Yeah, it totally works.
(tries again)
Can I be a waitress here?

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

EXT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT. LATER

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

BROOKE
Don’t I look like a cute smart graduate student?

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

TRACY
I’ve always been a good test taker.

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

Brooke is rifling through her purse.

TRACY
So, um, should I – just wait here or...

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

TRACY
Right. I should....

BROOKE
Do you want to stay?

TRACY
I mean, if you don’t mind...

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

TRACY
That’s okay, then, I’ll just go –

Brooke hands her keys, not listening to her.

BROOKE
You remember where my apartment is, go there.
TRACY
(thrilled)
Seriously?

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

TRACY
What kind of--

But Brooke is ringing the bell.

INT. SUBWAY. DAY

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

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

INT. GROCERY STORE. DAY

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

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

She hangs ups.

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

TRACY
This one is like bowties? Get that?

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

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

TRACY
Is that pasta the same way as the others?
NICOLETTE
(to Tony)
Is this some sex game?

TONY
(covering the phone)
No! We’re actually talking about pasta.

TRACY
Hello?

TONY
Yes.

NICOLETTE
(sullen)
Why don’t you just put pasta up her pussy?

TONY
Nicolette! Seriously!

CUT TO: Tracy still in the store.

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

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT. SAME TIME

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

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

PEGGY
Then why isn’t it just a number.

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

Peggy giggles and starts writing.

PEGGY
Maybe you could spend the night?
BROOKE
Oh, honey, I’m sorry. I’m math only.

INT. BROOKE’S APARTMENT. LATE AFTERNOON

Tracy unpacks an enormous amount of pasta onto the counter.

TRACY (V.O.)
I remembered looking across the river at the unblinking lights of Manhattan apartments, wondering who lived there.

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

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

Brooke cooks while Tracy watches her and hands her things.

TRACY (V.O.)
But outside the windows I could hear the hot sound of jackhammers taking the city apart.

Brooke and Tracy eat spaghetti carbonara.

TRACY (V.O.)
In New York neighborhoods change as quickly as the weather. Or maybe it’s the other way around.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE. NIGHT

Tracy and Brooke walk together arm and arm.

TRACY (V.O.)
But I couldn’t warn Meadow. By the time I noticed it, it was already too late.
INT. BAR. NIGHT

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

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

Tracy smiles but less assuredly.

TRACY
It’s you guys kissing.

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

TRACY
It looks like a really stylish breathmint ad.

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

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

The Bartender nods, hands her a hotdog.

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

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

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

(MORE)
BROOKE (CONT'D)

(Tracy nods)

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

TRACY

Yeah! What’s that about?

BROOKE

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

TRACY

I know. I had never met a geologist before.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

What did your Mom do?

BROOKE

She was a special education teacher.

TRACY

That’s so nice.

BROOKE

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

She hands Tracy her phone. Tracy smiles.

TRACY

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

A woman around Brooke’s age approaches:

ANNA

Hi -

BROOKE

(looking up)

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

BROOKE
Oh YEAH!

ANNA
I was in the chorus of Anything Goes.

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

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

BROOKE
Which one?

ANNA
Other Desert Cities.

BROOKE
Oh, that’s a piece of shit. And the girl who replaced the lead is AWFUL.
(to Tracy)
I used to run around with her. Well, she was older, is older.

ANNA
We loved it.

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

ANNA
You know, that’s okay – (gathering herself)
I just wanted to tell you because I never had the courage to do it when I was actually in high school – you really hurt my feelings.

BROOKE
(laughs)
What?
ANNA
You don’t remember?

BROOKE
No! What did I do?

ANNA
That thing: “yep, bitter”?

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

ANNA
You and your friend Abe -

ABE!

Tracy horks her hot dog.

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

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

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

BROOKE
Whoa. WHOA.

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

BROOKE
Everyone is an asshole in high school!

ANNA
You made a lot of people feel bad. Not just me.
BROOKE
I feel sorry for the thirteen year old girl that was you but I’m not sorry for you now.

ANNA
We were seventeen.

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

ANNA
I just turned thirty.

BROOKE
Happy birthday.

ANNA
Thank you.

BROOKE
You’re welcome.

ANNA
You’re a bitch.

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

ANNA
(tearing up)
You are the same. Malevolent.

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

ANNA
(now crying)
I wish all bad things on you.

BROOKE
(calling after)
I don’t on you because I don’t CARE! And neither should you!
EXT. THEATER DISTRICT. LATER

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

BROOKE
That’s so dramatic! What a drama queen.
(scoffs)
I can’t believe she lives in fucking Tenafly. What is she rich now? How dare she talk to me that way and be rich?

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

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

Brooke pulls out her phone.

TRACY
Maybe do it later?

BROOKE
(nods, puts the phone away)
Yeah. I was so popular in high school but I didn’t try AT ALL. People just wanted to be friends with me. I didn’t even care about that stuff. When someone told me I was popular I was like “Really? Weird.”

TRACY
That’s why you were popular. The popular kids never care. I cared too much. Like if you want to know all the popular kids’ business, ask an unpopular kid. They always know everything. Because they are the ones who really pay attention.
BROOKE
I’m going to shorten that, punch it up, and turn it into a tweet.

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

BROOKE
Oh no! Did I feed you too much liquor?

TRACY
I’ll be okay.

BROOKE
We should get you a cab.

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

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY. LATER

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

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

BROOKE
Damn it...

TRACY
I’m kind of attractive.

BROOKE
Argh...

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

BROOKE
Fuck ME!

TRACY
What?

BROOKE
GOD DAMN IT.

TRACY
What’s happening?
BROOKE
I FUCKING DON’T BELIEVE THIS SHIT
MOTHER FUCKING SHIT.

She kicks the door and screams.

BROOKE
THE GODDAMN LOCKS ARE CHANGED!

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

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

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT
Brooke climbs up to her apartment window in bare-feet. Tracy looks up from below, holding Brooke’s shoes.

BROOKE
Shit. I thought I left this window open.

TRACY
I might have closed it.

BROOKE
Why?!

TRACY
I didn’t want you to get robbed.

INT. KAREEM’S APARTMENT. NIGHT
Tracy and Kareem sit on a couch waiting. Outside on the fire escape Brooke is yelling on her phone.

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

KAREEM
Yeah.
TRACY
I hope he doesn’t rat on you.

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

BROOKE
He’s pulling out of the restaurant.

INT. TRACY’S DORM ROOM. NIGHT

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

TRACY
I hope Stavros doesn’t rat out Kareem.

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

TRACY
Rich people always give out bad Halloween candy.

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

TRACY
Isn’t there someone else you can ask to invest?

BROOKE
I already hit up every rich person I knew the first time around. This was well thought through, Tracy.
TRACY
I don’t know, it’s such a good investment. I’d put money in if I had it.

BROOKE
(suspicious)
Do you secretly have money?

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

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

Ruth pipes up:

RUTH
My uncle died.

BROOKE
Shut up, RUTH.

Brooke sits up.

BROOKE
I need some answers.

TRACY
(immediately)
I’m coming.

INT. WAITING AREA. NIGHT

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

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

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

PSYCHIC (O.S.)
OK, Brooke, I’m ready...

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

PSYCHIC
Spirit says seek out an old friend.

BROOKE
Who?

PSYCHIC
Someone who hurt you.

BROOKE
Just tell me exactly what to do.

PSYCHIC
Spirit says something about fabric.

TRACY
(suddenly)
It’s your friend - Mamie-Claire? The fabric is the T-shirts!

Brooke shoots Tracy a look.

PSYCHIC
And, I see flowers.

TRACY
Hard looking flowers!

BROOKE
Please, Tracy.
(to the psychic)
Mamie-Claire is my enemy.
PSYCHIC
Yes, Spirit says you have unfinished business with this woman.

BROOKE
No, no, it’s finished. Tell Spirit it’s finished.

PSYCHIC
What happened with Mamie-Claire?

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

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

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

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

The Psychic looks at Brooke for affirmation.

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

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

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

PSYCHIC
The young one is right.

BROOKE
(re: Tracy)
She’s not that young. Ten...ten to twelve years younger, we are contemporaries, okay?
PSYCHIC
You must seek out Mamie-Claire.

BROOKE
I’m so annoyed with Spirit.

PSYCHIC
The path isn’t against you it’s just the path.

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

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

BROOKE
Fuck this parade. I’m going to Greenwich.

TRACY
We’re going.

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

TRACY
(smiling)
I’m ready.

BROOKE
Great. How are we going to get there?

INT. TONY’S CAR. DAY

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

TONY
I really don’t like to leave Manhattan.

TRACY
(to Tony)
You’re going to want to take the Merrit Parkway.
BROOKE
I’ll bet Dylan is still in love with me. Marrying Mamie-Claire is like buying a cashmere sweater from Old Navy.

Tony looks confused.

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

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

TONY
(annoyed)
I’m not driving you to Connecticut to break up a marriage. I should be in my room reading Nichomachean Ethics.

BROOKE
Calm down rich boy.

TONY
I’m not rich.

BROOKE
Yes you are you have a car.

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

BROOKE
(to Tracy)
Sorry, I think I offended your boyfriend.

NICOLETTE
He’s not her boyfriend, he’s mine.

BROOKE
(to Nicolette)
Why are you here?

NICOLETTE
Because Tracy made Tony drive you.
BROOKE
But why did you come?

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

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

CUT TO: Tracy zones out.

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

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

TONY
Nicolette! You SCARED THE FUCKING SHIT OUT OF ME!

Nicolette sits back, pissed.

TONY
(trying to make it up)
Sweety, it’s...nice, it’s just I’m driving.

EXT. GAS STATION. DAY

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

BROOKE
(passing Tracy)
You should be with him, not that goth housewife.
TRACY
No, he knew me, he chose her.

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

TRACY
(shrugs)
I was just going to let it go.

BROOKE
(considering her)
Sometimes I don’t know if you are a zen master or a sociopath.

TRACY
I’m just normal!
(taking the bait)
I’ll give him a back rub he won’t soon forget.

Brooke gives her a half hug/squeeze, jokingly.

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

Brooke wanders from the car and stretches. Tracy watches.

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

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

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

TRACY (V.O.)
I had somehow become the pallbearer.
TRACY
I’m trying to find Mamie-Claire’s address. Does she have a different last name?

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

TRACY
Oh you’ve been here?

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

EXT. GREENWICH, CT. DAY

They all get out of the car. Brooke squints.

BROOKE
Yep, this is it.

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

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

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

40’S MAN
Can I help you?

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

40’S MAN
Wrong house.

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

40’S MAN
I’ll take you there.

The 40’s Man leading the way, the four of them troop over to another house, across the big lawn and through some bushes and trees.
He walks up to the door, rings the bell.

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

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Harold.

40’S MAN
What do you think I was doing last night?

MAMIE-CLAIRE
I don’t know Harold, watching kiddie porn?

40’S MAN
NO! Listening to you and your husband shouting and not sleeping.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
So sorry we interfered with your kiddie-porn.

40’S MAN
I am a PEDIATRICIAN.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Obviously!

40’S MAN
Next time I hear decibel levels like I did I’m calling the cops. That is a promise.

He stalks off.

40’S MAN
(annoyed, to Brooke)
This is the house.

Brooke jumps out.

BROOKE
Hello!

MAMIE-CLAIRE
What – what are you doing here? Who are these people?
BROOKE
(presenting everyone one
by one)
Tracy’s Mom is marrying my Dad.
Tony drove. Nicolette is jealous.

Then a lot of unnecessary hand shaking takes place.

TRACY
Hi, I’m Tracy.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
I’m Mamie-Claire.

They shake.

NICOLETTE
Nicolette.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Mamie-Claire.

They shake.

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

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
I thought we weren’t speaking.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Dylan isn’t here.

BROOKE
Where is he?

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

BROOKE
That’s okay.
MAMIE-CLAIRE
No... it’s not...
   (getting flustered, then
    clarifying firmly)
It’s not for you to say okay, it’s
for me to say okay.

BROOKE
We’ll wait in the car.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
No, that’s weird.

BROOKE
People wait in cars.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
   (sighs)
You and your... “posse” can hang
out in the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY
Mamie-Claire leads them past pregnant and just-pregnant women
who discuss Faulkner’s “The Hamlet.

PREGNANT WOMAN #1
I think the way Faulkner uses
language is akin to the way the
modernist painters were using paint
- exploring the reality of words or
paint itself -

PREGNANT WOMAN #2
Only Faulkner was interested in how
that happens while characters are
ACTUALLY trying to communicate, not
just drawing attention to the
constructedness of the novel.

TONY
   (to himself)
Holy shit those pregnant women are
super-smart.

Everyone is impressed.

INT. MAMIE-CLAIRE’S KITCHEN. DAY
Mamie-Claire puts down snacks for the “posse.”

MAMIE-CLAIRE
I don’t know if you’re hungry, but
this is for if you’re hungry.
TRACY
This place is amazing.

MAMIE-CLAIRED
Thank you.

Brooke frowns, looking around.

BROOKE
It's really fucking nice.

MAMIE-CLAIRED
Thank you.

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

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

TONY
Tight.

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

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

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

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

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

TRACY
When does that become the same thing?
BROOKE
I don’t know!

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

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

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

BROOKE
You look amazing.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Why are all these kids with you?

BROOKE
They aren’t “kids.” If they’re kids, we are.

TRACY
(piping up, to Mamie-Claire)
I’m an associate and her almost-sister.

BROOKE
I really need to talk to you...

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Okay, how long do you think you’ll need with me, because -

BROOKE
How long will Dylan be “giving back” at the old folks home? I’d also like to talk to him.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
We’re both very busy, I have an appointment after this...

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Yes! I am!
(to Tracy)
Remember this truth: It’s only people who don’t have jobs and don’t have anything to do that are always fucking BUSY. Like what are you DOING?!

MAMIE-CLAIRE
We started a community farm. We have goats.

NICOLETTE
(wandering in)
Goats are more sustainable. They’re smaller.

Tony behind her.

BROOKE
Than what?

TONY
Cows.

PREGNANT WOMAN #2
(pokes her head into the kitchen)
Um, Mamie-Claire?

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Excuse me, I have to see my guests out.

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

TONY
I want to say goodbye to Karen.

NICOLETTE
Do you have a crush on Karen now?

TONY
She’s seven months pregnant!

NICOLETTE
Why do you know that?

LIVING ROOM

Nicolette and Tony are looking at a chess set. Pregnant women are leaving. Mamie-Claire is seeing her guests out.
TONY
(to Mamie-Claire)
Mamie-Claire, can me and Nicolette play with your chess set?

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

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

TONY
Everything OK, Karen?

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

TONY
You want to play chess with us?

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

KAREN
No, he’ll be here any minute.

She checks her phone. Clearly nothing.

KITCHEN
Mamie-Claire comes back into the kitchen cleaning up.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
And?

TRACY
She has a very exciting business opportunity for you.

BROOKE
And I wanted to bring it to you and Dylan as a peace offering. I really think you’re going to want to hear about this...
MAMIE-CLAIRE
The last time I saw you you were hiding in the bushes and then you started incoherently yelling at me and my husband about how we had ruined your life and the time before that you were throwing up at my wedding.

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

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

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Why?

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

TRACY
There are lots of other investors.

BROOKE
But not so many that it would dilute your investment.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
So why are you here?

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

Mamie-Claire considers.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
It’s not really a good time for me to get involved with a business...

BROOKE
Why?
MAMIE-CLAIRE
We’re trying to have a baby...

KAREN
You’ll never regret it.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Thanks, Karen.

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

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

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

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

Brooke gets furious.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
I don’t need a why.

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

TRACY
And it really would make a profit!

MAMIE-CLAIRE
No. You can’t make me.
BROOKE
Yes, I can because you OWE me.

TRACY
(trying to stop her)
Um, Brooke...

MAMIE-CLAIRE
(evenly)
I don’t owe you.

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

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

BROOKE
No! That’s so wrong – I remember like the minute I said “what if this flower was, like, TOUGH.” And then we started riffing but I SAID IT FIRST.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
(calmly)
No, you didn’t.

Brooke screams.

BROOKE
You are so annoying when you get calm voice!

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

BROOKE
Are these my fucking cats?!

MAMIE-CLAIRE
They’re mine. I paid for their cat surgery so they’re mine.

BROOKE
Did my cats die and you didn’t tell me? Are these replacement cats?
MAMIE-CLAIRE

No! They are the same goddamn cats!

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

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

KAREN

If you do that, your knight is vulnerable.

TONY

What? Oh...thanks.

NICOLETTE

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

Mamie-Claire enters. Tracy behind her.

TONY

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

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Karen, come inside, have a glass of wine.

KAREN

Oh, no, I’m fine. He’ll be here.

TRACY

(indignant to Mamie-Claire)

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

TRACY

Then why did you just say that?!

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I like making her mad. It’s so easy.
TRACY
You took her idea. That’s not just, Mamie-Claire.

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

TRACY
So it’s her fault.

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

TRACY
So it’s... no one’s fault.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Obviously. That’s always true.

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

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

NICOLETTE
Check.

TONY
Wait, what? No it isn’t.

NICOLETTE
(smiling)
Check.

Tony stands, pretends he’s being rational.

TONY
I don’t want to play anymore.

NICOLETTE
Oh come on!
TONY
I don’t feel like playing right now.

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

TONY
I’m just not in the mood. People can be not in the mood.

Mamie-Claire stares at them.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
I couldn’t be your mother, thank god.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Fuck you.

KAREN
Mamie-Claire!

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Sorry, Karen.

EXT. BACKYARD. DAY

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

BROOKE
Hey Dad – what’s up? I can’t really talk right now.

DAD
Brooke...

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

DAD
I know you probably don’t care --

BROOKE
-- I care about things!
DAD
But I’m not getting married.

BROOKE
Oh, really?

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

BROOKE
Yeah.

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

BROOKE
Sure, sure.

DAD
Are you okay?

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

DAD
You never even met Stevie.

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

Tears run down Brooke’s face.

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

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

BROOKE
(wiping her face)
I have to go.
(MORE)
BROOKE (CONT'D)
I have a really important business meeting. I love you.

DAD
We can do Thanksgiving at my house if you want – since there won’t be a wedding.

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

DAD
Home is only a bus ride away.

BROOKE
Is it? Just kidding, it is.

There is a silence between them for a second.

BROOKE
So what does this make me and Tracy?

DAD
Who’s Tracy?

BROOKE
Never mind.

DAD
Oh, oh, right, her daughter – nothing, I guess.

INT. MAMIE-CLAIRE’S DEN. DAY

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

TRACY
(startles)
Hello.

TONY
Sorry, I didn’t mean to sneak.

TRACY
(saucily)
Are you stalking me?

TONY
I left my backpack in here. I need my migraine pills.
He goes to his backpack and gets out an pill bottle. He fixes himself a scotch and then downs a pill.

TRACY
Let me have a sip.

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

TONY
How much longer do you think we‟ll be here?

TRACY
I don‟t know, however long it takes. After Dylan comes home maybe.

TONY
What are you really trying to accomplish here?

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

TONY
That‟s not what I – what are you doing with this whole thing?

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

TRACY
I want Brooke to get her restaurant. I‟m helping out.

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

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

TRACY
Did you like it?
TONY
(evasive)
That’s not what we’re talking about.

TRACY
Why are you here?

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

Tracy quickly walks over to Tony.

TRACY
How does it feel to be forced?

TONY
It feels...uncomfortable.

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

TRACY
And how do you feel now?

TONY
Still uncomfortable.

Tracy kisses Tony passionately on the mouth. Nicolette reacts.

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

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

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

He puts the story back into his backpack.

TRACY
Why can’t you say you liked my story?
TONY
(upset)
I don’t know! I’m jealous! It’s better than mine! Sheesh!

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

TONY
You used to be so nice.

TRACY
I’m the same. I’m just the same in another direction now.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE (O.S.)
YOU’RE HOME!

INT. MAMIE-CLAIRE’S HOUSE. DAY

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

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
I’m just trying to hug you.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
It’s nice....

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
I want you to share it with me.

DYLAN
Rosella and Lorene may not even be ALIVE next time I’m there, okay?
(MORE)
Dylan looks up -- he clocks Tony, Tracy and Karen, the abandoned Pregnant Woman, at the top of the stairs.

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

KAREN
I wondered if I could have some water.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Of course, Karen.

She goes to retrieve a glass.

DYLAN
Oh, hi Karen, I don’t mean you.

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

DYLAN
(confused)
Thank you.

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

DYLAN
No, uh, there’s more of you?

Tracy steps in a little:

TRACY
I’m Tracy.

DYLAN
(pointing at himself)
Dylan. Tracy is a tight name.
(MORE)
It’s a name that totally is a name but I don’t know anyone actually named Tracy, you know?

TRACY
I am actually named Tracy.

BROOKE (O.S.)

Tracy--

TRACY
(turning)
Yeah?

Brooke enters. Dylan sees Brooke.

Dylan

Brooke.

Brooke now notices Dylan.

BROOKE
Hey Dylan.

They stand apart almost shyly.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Brooke’s here with some kindergartners.

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

BROOKE
(smiling at Dylan)
In a minute.

TONY
Has anyone seen Nicolette?

TRACY
Forget about Nicolette for a second.

TONY
Stop trying to seduce me!

Mamie-Claire hands Karen her water.

KAREN
Thanks, I got a little parched. I think I’m sitting by a heating duct.
MAMIE-CLAIRE
(shoves a stool in her direction)
Stay here. Have a glass of wine.

KAREN
No. Ted really should be here soon.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Karen!

Karen sits on the stool. Tony looks distraught.

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

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

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

BROOKE
I know, right?

DYLAN
What brings you to the burbs?

BROOKE
We were--

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Brooke needs money.

BROOKE
No, I don’t “need money” – I come to you with an opportunity.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
I told her about the taxi medallions.

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

BROOKE
(coyly)
It’s a good one.
MAMIE-CLaire
We’re having dinner at the Baskins. I’m sorry to say it but you guys will have to leave now.

Tony holds up a Chipwich.

TONY
Can I have this?

MAMIE-CLaire
YES!

He leaves, eating the Chipwich.

DYLAN
Marty and Jiselle can wait.

MAMIE-CLaire
Didn’t you guys park over at Harold’s?

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

MAMIE-CLaire
They don’t!

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

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

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

BROOKE
They’re my friends.

DYLAN
Always running with a young crowd.

TRACY
She’s starting a restaurant.
BROOKE
I can’t wait to tell you about it.

Mamie-Claire reenters, realizing no one followed.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Dylan, let’s not do this. She already lost her shit once.

Dylan starts doing the dishes/loading the dishwasher.

Dylan doesn’t want to do this.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Brooke, this is uncomfortable.

Dylan
What’s the restaurant?

TRACY
You seem really cool to me.

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

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

TRACY/BROOKE
I do./I do.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
I’ve gotten really into triathalons.
TRACY
Brooke teaches cycling.

DYLAN
So cool.

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

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Because we “owe” her!

BROOKE
Because you’re into cool things.

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

He opens the freezer.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
You’ve just said “weed” like fifteen times.

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

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

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

TONY
Are you sick?

NICOLETTE (O.S.)
No, I’m healthy.

TONY
Don’t shut me out! You know how hard that is for me!
NICOLETTE (O.S.)
You sound like you’re eating something.

TONY
I have a Chipwich for you.

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

TONY
I can get you another one.

BATHROOM

NICOLETTE
LEAVE ME ALONE!

Nicolette reads the story on the sink counter.

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

Tony pounds on the door.

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

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

KITCHEN

Brooke finds herself standing next to Karen.

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

(MORE)
And because I was in love with her, I decided I couldn’t see it either.

The conversations overlap.

BROOKE
I’m starting a restaurant.

KAREN
Oh...I’m an attorney.

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

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

BROOKE
I know that.

KAREN
You can still go to college.

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

Dylan reemerges holding a Chipwich.

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

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

Tony comes back:

TONY
I do.

DYLAN
(suspicious)
Did you take my herb?

TONY
No.
DYLAN
I’ll get you an apple.

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

DYLAN
Yes. You’ll pitch us.

BROOKE
What?

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

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

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

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

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

BROOKE
Records are so warm.

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

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

She releases Brooke back out into the hallway.
LIVING ROOM

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

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

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

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

DYLAN
Of course. We’re old friends.

Murmurs of “yes, of course.”

BROOKE
Okay, great.

She does a weird “rewinding” type action. Everyone stares.

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

Then she does it again.

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

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

Dylan pulls the remote control from under his body.

DYLAN
Sorry.

He shuts off the image.

BROOKE
Umm... It would feel like the home everyone wishes they had been raised in. It...it...it...it.
Brooke is struggling. Tracy can’t help but pipe in from the couch.

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

DYLAN
It’s so rude. I concur.

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

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

TRACY
(standing up)
It would be the best of capitalism. What politicians pretend they mean when they say “small business.”

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

TRACY
Chefs and actors who are waiters - it would be a big funny family and they’d never be lonely.
This could all be something you guys share in - you’d be their auntie and uncle - part of the life and food. And eventually I’d train someone younger than myself to run the day to day so I could go up to Maine with my family in the summers and have the kids dive for lobsters and everyone would be so warm and happy inside knowing that in their life they had participated in something that was only good.

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

TONY

Wow.

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

DYLAN

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

(to Tracy)
I was quite beautiful.

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

DYLAN

This is very fucking interesting.

BROOKE

Really?

DYLAN

(re: Tracy and Brooke)
So, are you both doing it?

TRACY

No, but we’re sisters and I’m--

BROOKE

Tracy is spiritual guidance and waitress.
TRACY
(thrilled)
Really? I wasn’t sure you had heard me those times.

BROOKE
I hear everything.

DYLAN
How much do you need?

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

TRACY
For refrigeration.

DYLAN
Forty-two point five stacks, huh?

TONY
What are stacks?

KAREN
A thousand?

MAMIE-CLAIRE
I thought “stacks” meant a hundred.

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

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

DYLAN
I want to help you.

The door bell rings. Karen springs off her stool.

KAREN
That’s Ted! Bye everyone.

EVERYONE
Bye.

KAREN
(to Brooke)
Good luck with your restaurant!
She hurries out.

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

DYLAN
We need fresh drinks.

He starts for the kitchen. Brooke follows.

KAREN (O.S.)
Umm, Mamie-Claire! Can you come here please?

MAMIE-CLaire
Can it wait, Karen?

KAREN (O.S.)
No!

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

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

KAREN
It’s not Ted.

MAMIE-CLaire
Harold--

HAROLD
I am calling the cops. You were warned.

DYLAN (O.S.)
Could the weed be in the garage freezer?

MAMIE-CLaire
I don’t know!

DYLAN (O.S.)
Can you check?

MAMIE-CLaire
(yelling)
I’m blowing Harold so he doesn’t call the cops. JK. I’m probably just going to have to go look at his boat collection.
HAROLD
(stepping inside)
I can’t remember the last time I was over here.

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

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

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

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

LIVING ROOM

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

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

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

TRACY
She’s angry about the chess game?

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

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

TONY
I don’t want to get into this...

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

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

TRACY
Why?

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

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

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

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

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

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

BROOKE
Thanks.

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

BROOKE
If I could figure out how to amass
and hoard money, I’d do it.
DYLAN
You could have married me or a
dozen other guys but you wanted to
be your own person.

BROOKE
Yeah, no, I’m over that now.

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

DYLAN
You’re funny because you don’t know
you’re funny.

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

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

DYLAN
MC and I see a woman in New Haven.

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

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

BROOKE
Your couple’s therapist said that?

DYLAN
In so many words. Yeah, we’re
done.

BROOKE
(sadly)
Mamie-Claire said you were trying
to have kids.

DYLAN
We’ve talked about it but we’ve
also talked about breaking up.

BROOKE
Oh no, I’m sorry--
DYLAN
No, it’s liberating. I feel great.

BROOKE
(freaked out)
Yay...

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

Brooke takes a step back.

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

He takes another step forward.

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

BROOKE
(tearful)
Thank you.

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

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

Brooke, realizing, nods.

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

BROOKE
(almost inaudible)
Williamsburg.

DYLAN
Oh, come on! The coolest. Yeah, we’ll turn it over no problem.
(MORE)
Because let’s face it having a restaurant is like having a kid with a drug problem. It’s...just...it’s really draining.

BROOKE
(crushed)
You’re giving me money to not start a restaurant?

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

BROOKE
Not if it was successful --

DYLAN
What are the odds?

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

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

BROOKE
No. No, it isn’t.

Brooke hesitates. Dylan grins.

Tracy enters.

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

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

BROOKE
(shaking off her disappointment)
Yes... Dylan made a proposition.

DYLAN
I’m going to give her money immediately.
TRACY
Yay!

MAMIE-CLAIRE (O.S.)
You’re giving her money?

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

DYLAN
Who was at the door?

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Harold. He’s giving himself a tour of the house.

DYLAN
Where’s Karen?

MAMIE-CLAIRE
I don’t fucking know. You’re giving her money?? This is our decision. Not yours.

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

Tracy looks at Brooke.

TRACY
And then for the whole restaurant?

BROOKE
(trying to be brave)
No... I won’t do the restaurant now. It’s just gotten too crazy.

TRACY
Oh.

DYLAN
(to Tracy)
You believe in her, don’t you?

Tracy nods. Brooke watches her.

DYLAN
This is a good result, this is even better than getting the restaurant. Less financial uncertainty.
BROOKE
He’s right. I think I even feel a little relieved.

TRACY
"Mom’s" wasn’t about money.

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

TRACY
Do they not?

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Why would you give her money?

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
But I... we’re married. This is our life.

Brooke looks at Tracy.

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

DYLAN
Why?

Brooke looks at Mamie-Claire.

BROOKE
I just wasn’t brought up that way.

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

TRACY
What will you do?

BROOKE
I’ll figure it out. I always do.
TRACY
I’m so impressed by you and worried for you at the same time.

She hugs Brooke.

TRACY
I’m so glad you’re my sister.

Brooke is about to say something when they HEAR SHOUTING.

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

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

TONY
I love YOU!

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

TONY
Hey, that’s mean...

She sees Tracy.

NICOLETTE
You’re stealing my boyfriend! You’re cuckholding me!

She starts hitting Tracy. Harold and Karen enter.

NICOLETTE
You bitch whore!

BROOKE
Guys!

TONY
(to Brooke)
She just started attacking her!

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Please stop it!

Brooke helps Mamie-Claire pull Nicolette off Tracy.
NICOLETTE
(still struggling)
She’s stealing my boyfriend!

TRACY
I am not!

TONY
I resisted! I resisted!

BROOKE
Chill the fuck out.

DYLАН
Ladies, ladies.

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

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

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

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

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

BROOKE
What the fuck is that?

KAREN
Or cursing.

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

CLOSE on Tracy. Nicolette points at her.

NICOLETTE
(pointing her finger)
She’s a HOMEWRECKER and a bad person.
TRACY
(to Brooke)
It’s not you... It’s just inspired. You make me want to write.

MAMIE-CLAIRED
This is so nerdy.

DYLAN
Who wouldn’t want to write a story about Brooke?

MAMIE-CLAIRED
(raising her hand)
Me. I wouldn’t.

TONY
(to Nicolette)
Baby, I resisted.

HAROLD
(settling in, taking a seat)
Can I get a drink?

PREGNANT WOMAN #3
Here, have mine.
(giving him her wine)
They keep handing me alcohol.

BROOKE
(to Tracy)
You wrote a story about me?

NICOLETTE
(to Brooke)
She hates you – she wrote mean things about you.

TRACY
No I didn’t!

BROOKE
I’d like to read it. If it’s about me.

DYLAN
I’d like to, too.

MAMIE-CLAIRED
(to Dylan)
You don’t read fiction.
DYLAN
When it’s about my friends I do.

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

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

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

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

Brooke hesitates.

BROOKE
Gimme that story.

She snatches it out of Nicolette’s hands.

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

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

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

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

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

TRACY
I can only tell you my intention.
BROOKE
You wrote this after ONE night with me? ONE?!

TRACY
I guess so, yeah, it felt longer.

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

TRACY
No! It’s fiction that’s why it’s fiction...

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

TRACY
I’m just writing from my life...

BROOKE
No, this isn’t your life!

TRACY
But I was there that night.

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

TRACY
But I did have it though.

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

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

BROOKE
I DIDN’T ASK FOR YOU.

Tracy looks for support from Tony and Nicolette.
TRACY
Brooke, you know great plays, right? - how would it have been if Tennessee Williams hadn’t used people he knew, there wouldn’t be any plays, there wouldn’t -

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

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

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

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

BROOKE
It’s my least popular tweet anyway!

TRACY
Stop talking about Twitter, it’s so awkward!

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

NICOLETTE
I agree.

BROOKE
(looking again at the story)
And...you think I haven’t dealt with the pain of my mother’s death? I deal with it all the time, I talk about it all the time.

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

(MORE)
TRACY (CONT'D)
Your tragedy is your armor in which
nothing is ever your fault.

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

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

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

KAREN
It’s like your whole generation,
it’s all pastiche.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
The emotional betrayal I can’t
speak to -

TRACY
I didn’t “betray” her -

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

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
I’ve prepared some questions I’d
like you to think about.

TRACY
Are you fucking kidding me?

MAMIE-CLAIRE
And I want you to answer these
questions, not for our
satisfaction, but for your own.
(gazing at her paper)
One: Do you believe in the women’s
right to choose?

TRACY
Yes, what does that -

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Excuse me, I’m not done.
BROOKE
She’s not done, bitch!

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

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

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

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

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE
To your own feelings.

BROOKE
(wailing)
Mamie-Claire!

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

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

TRACY
Karen, you don’t see my side?

KAREN
No, sweetheart.

HAROLD
You don’t have a side you’re just wrong.
MAMIE-CLAIRE
You must call the Lit Society and tell them you’re withdrawing your essay--

TRACY
It’s not an essay, it’s a short story.

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

KAREN
I’m a tax attorney, but OK.

MAMIE-CLAIRE
Will you draw up a contract, please?

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

NICOLETTE
She could just CC you.

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

KAREN
Sure, CC me.

HAROLD
(sympathetically)
Technology can be complicated.

DYLAN
I know! I just learned what “case sensitive” meant seriously yesterday.

TRACY
I’m not going to do any of this stuff. You’re my sister and I love you but I stand by what I did.
BROOKE
Guess what, bitch? My dad isn’t
going to marry your slutty atheist
mother so we’re not sisters. We
never will be. We’re nothing to
each other.

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

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

TRACY
Brooke...

But Brooke won’t look at her.

EXT. MAMIE-CLAIRE’S HOUSE. EVE

Tracy sits alone. She smokes from the apple bong.

INT. TRAIN. MORNING

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

INT. DORM HALLWAY. EARLY MORNING

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

TRACY
Mom?

MOM
Oh, honey! Ruth signed me in.

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

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

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

Tracy starts crying.

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

TRACY
I went -- I went through a breakup too.

MOM
You didn’t tell me you were dating anyone.

TRACY
I know.

She cries harder.

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

TRACY
No, it’s too late now anyway.

Mom rubs Tracy’s back.

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

TRACY
Yeah, that sounds nice, Stevie.

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

TRACY
Oh, I didn’t put that together - yes, I’m fine. I’ll be fine. Are you okay?
MOM
I’m sad. I’m very sad. But I’ll be okay.

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

MOM
Me too, Baby Tracy.

INT. DORM ROOM. NIGHT
Tracy’s sleeping. She looks peaceful. We HEAR a door open, footsteps and suddenly a pie is jammed in her face.

Tracy screams. And screams. And screams.

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

SWEATER VEST
You’re in.

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

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

She reads it again in the magazine.

EXT. CAMPUS. NIGHT
Tree lighting ceremony. Tracy walks under the lit trees.

INT. PSYCHIC WAITING AREA. DAY
Tracy waits.

INT. PSYCHIC’S APARTMENT. DAY
Tracy sits across from the Psychic.

TRACY
Sometimes I worry that I’m a bad person. That I’m one of those people who essentially has no conscience.
PSYCHIC
Spirit says that you need to find your home in yourself.

The Psychic suddenly takes her hand:

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

TRACY
If I’m not in my body, where am I?

PSYCHIC
Five feet to the left and unhappy.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER. DAY
Tracy hurls her briefcase into the water.

INT. OFFICE. DAY
Tracy sits in front of the Advisor.

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

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

INT. TONY’S DORM ROOM. DAY
A knock on the door. Tony answers it.

TRACY
Hey, can I come in?

TONY
OK.

Tracy sits on the floor.

TRACY
You going home for Thanksgiving?

TONY
No, going to Baltimore with Nicolette.
TRACY
Oh...nice.

TONY
Her dad fries a turkey apparently. You?

TRACY
Nah.

She hands Tony a couple of pieces of paper.

TRACY
It’s an application. Two.

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

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

Tony stands, he thinks about this for a moment.

TONY
I’ll fix us some screwdrivers.

TRACY
OK.

CUT TO:
Tracy goes by the restaurant. For Let.
Tracy goes to Soul Cycle, a different instructor.
Thanksgiving Day parade.
Tracy watches the floats alone.

INT. BROOKE’S APARTMENT BUILDING. HALLWAY. AFTERNOON
Tracy knocks on a door. Kareem, in a tie, answers.

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

KAREEM
Yeah...

TRACY
I was with Brooke.

KAREEM
You’re her sister, right?

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

KAREEM
I don’t--

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

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

KAREEM
Her front door is still bolted shut.

They reach the window. Kareem opens it.

KAREEM
She’s upstairs.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE. DAY

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

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

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

She and Tracy stare at each other through the glass.
TRACY
(through the glass)
Hi.

BROOKE
Hi.

TRACY
Can I come in?

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

TRACY
You’re leaving?

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

TRACY
You’re going today? On Thanksgiving?

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

TRACY
I wanted to say--

BROOKE
I know you’re sorry.

TRACY
I’m not really that sorry.

BROOKE
You’re not?

TRACY
No.

BROOKE
Oh then fuck this.

Brooke opens the window again.

TRACY
No, no wait...
  (pause)
I looked for you.
BROOKE
I’ve been around.

TRACY
Are you OK? Like, financially?

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

TRACY
What will you do in LA?

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

TRACY
I think I have that too.

BROOKE
I wish we lived in feudal times
when your position in the world
couldn’t change. If you were a
king or a peasant you had to just
be happy with who you were.

(pause)
But...wait!

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

CLOSE: SAT results. 2200.

TRACY
You can tutor SAT’s now.
BROOKE
Well, I thought I might actually go
to college. I’m not an amputee.

TRACY
(confused)
Right.

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

TRACY
(apprehensive)
Really?

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

TRACY
Yeah.

Brooke goes into the other room to retrieve more books.

BROOKE (O.S.)
I let Mamie-Claire and Dylan keep
the cats. It’s like, I gave them a
chance for a better life, better
than I could have provided for
them.

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

BROOKE (O.S.)
Don’t put that in a story. Not
because I care but because it’s not
a very good observation.

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

TRACY
You know what’s funny... I’m not
even done with my first semester of
college.
BROOKE
This won't even be your big
"college story."

TRACY
I think it'll always be pretty big.

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

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

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

Brooke shrugs.

BROOKE
Yeah.

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

TRACY
Hey Brooke...

Brooke turns around.

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

EXT/INT. VESELKA. DAY

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

TRACY (V.O.)
Meadow had made rich fat women less
fat and rich stupid kids less
stupid and lame rich men less lame.
And she wanted so badly to be on
the other side - to be fat and
stupid and lame and rich.
(MORE)
TRACY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But what she couldn't see most of all, more than she couldn't see that she was never going to get the restaurant, was that those people were nothing compared to her. They were matches to her bonfire. She was the last cowboy - all romance and failure. The world was changing and her kind didn’t have anywhere to go. Being a beacon of hope for lesser people is a lonely business.

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