

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE - DAY

A narrow ray of light slices its way through a pair of (mostly) closed curtains and lands on a leather couch.

Fancy books line country-craft book cases. Framed degree's hang on the walls. Yup. It's therapists office.

Lucy sits cross-legged on one side of the ray. She wears a blue tank top & short-shorts. She fans herself. Sweat drips.

Cassavetes sits on the other side of the ray, legs spread. He's as hot as Lucy, but pretty cool with it. He's still.

He wears a damn fine pair of jeans and a crisp, short sleeved white button down, buttoned all the way.

They look anywhere they can that's not at each other or directly at the therapist.

An off camera FEMALE THERAPIST clears her throat. Lucy looks at Cass. Cass adjusts his belt buckle.

The silence goes from conception to nine months pregnant. The piece of paper Lucy fans herself with FLAPS.

He leans forward.

CASSAVETES

I dunno. It's like putting lipstick on a pig, right?

An INQUISITIVE SOUND comes from off camera. Cass reclines. The FLAPPING stops. Lucy is aghast.

LUCY

You can't say something like that.
Can he say something like that?

CASSAVETES

It's true.

LUCY

It's mean.

CASSAVETES

Saying you got "umbrage" with me being in this flick just "proves how much you love me" isn't dressing an ugly thing in a pretty package?

LUCY

I know what the expression means,
thanks.

Cass shrugs. Lucy looks at her hands.

LUCY

And pigs aren't ugly. And I don't
"got umbrage" - I "take umbrage."

CASSAVETES

I know the grammar, thanks.

LUCY

Do you, though?

Cass throws a "see what I'm dealing with?" gesture at the
off camera therapist. There's no noticeable response.

LUCY

Sorry. Sorry. I'm sorry. I just feel
like the movie is between us right
now. And you keep telling me "that's
ridiculous" and "that's not true" but
just because we know each other so
well doesn't mean you know what I'm
feeling all the time. That's not what
love is. Love isn't telepathy.

Cass mouths along when Lucy says "Love isn't telepathy." A
CHUCKLE sneaks out of the still off camera Therapist.

Cass grins. Lucy chews her thumbnail.

CASSAVETES

I don't get what we're talking about.
You want me to quit. I ain't gonna.
Won't matter once we wrap.

Lucy explodes forward. Her posture straightens. Her hands
CLAP down on her thighs. Her voice pitches up and down.

LUCY

How dare you? I never said I want you
to quit. It's totally unfair of you
to make it seem like I did. If I'm
making you feel that way, say I'm
making you feel that way. Don't put
words in my mouth.

CASSAVETES

Isn't that what I did? Just now? Tell
you how I feel?

Lucy GROWLS and puts her head in her hands. She's more angry than upset. Her eyes peek up at the off camera therapist.

LUCY

Help.

The ray of light disappears from the crack in the curtains.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLICK. The light comes on in the tidy living room. Routine noises sound from the front door.

The two enter in a habitual silence. Cass chucks his keys on a table. Lucy beelines for the couch.

A standing air conditioner PUTS in the corner. Lucy flops down. She keeps her exposed skin away from the fabric.

She glares at the air conditioner.

LUCY

Fucking useless.

CASSAVETES

Did you -

LUCY

Yes, Cass, I made sure it's not on fan. I always make sure it's not on fan. Ever since the first time I only had it on fan. OK?

Cass stares at the back of her head. He watches her pull the hair off her neck and tie it into a ponytail.

He moves into the kitchen. She lifts her phone and swipes through to a food delivery app.

LUCY

Pizza, right? I'm thinking pizza. From that place on York you like.

Cass appears in the doorway. He holds two tupperware containers filled with healthy and green things.

He waves them at her.

CASSAVETES

You don't want to kill this? You flipped when I brought it home.

She moves as little as possible to shoot him a look. Her falsely-furrowed brow gives way to an excited smile.

LUCY

Pizza.

He holds her look for a second before going back in the kitchen. She looks at the app and swipes through choices.

LUCY

You'll have some, right?

CASSAVETES (O.S.)

Yeah, maybe.

LUCY

Goody goody.

She studies the choices like she's choosing which child to save from a fire. The fridge OPENS AND CLOSES.

LUCY

(Offhand)

Did you take your shot?

CLOMP CLOMP CLOMP. Cass CLOMPS back to the doorway.

CASSAVETES

Dude.

She keeps her eyes on her phone.

LUCY

Just asking.

He studies her. Then the room. It's not a pig-sty, but there's a clutter. Mostly clothes hanging on things.

He stares at the beads of sweat on the back of her neck.

CLOMP CLOMP. THUNK. The bathroom door closes. THUNK THUNK. It clearly got stuck and gets pulled closed again. Properly.

Lucy rubs the back of her neck.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Cass puts his hands on the sink. A DULL MURMUR comes from the living room as the TV turns on.

He rolls his pants down and sits on the edge of the tub. He opens a drawer and takes out a bottle and syringe.

In an automatic way he injects himself with testosterone.
The sounds of the TV disappears.

LUCY (O.C.)
Babe? You want to weigh in on the
toppings, or not so much?

He catches sight of himself in the mirror. His head drops
into his hands. He cries.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Cass stares at the couch. A blanket. Some tissues. A paper
plate on top of the pizza box.

He gathers all of it up. The last thing he takes is the
pizza box. He does a double take when he lifts it.

It's super light. He flips it open. There are only two full
slices and a bunch of crusts left.

He can't help it. A disgusted look crosses his face.

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE - DAY

The curtains are open behind the couch. A gray, overcast day
pushes its dull luster into the room.

Lucy sits rigid. Her lips tense. Cass leans forward. Their
words ping off each other with a bickering rhythm.

CASSAVETES
She got pissed at me for not eating
more pizza. Like. Real mad.

LUCY
You said you would eat some.

CASSAVETES
Like it was my fault she ate the
whole thing.

LUCY
Oh, right. I ate the whole thing.

CASSAVETES
Pretty much.

LUCY
Well why did you say you would eat
some when you didn't mean it?

CASSAVETES

It was nine thousand degrees and you ordered a piping hot pizza. So gross.

LUCY

That's so unfair of you. It was a tough day and you know I eat my feelings and feel like shit about it sometimes.

CASSAVETES

Dude. Don't do that, then.

Lucy sits up straight and proactively tries to control her breathing. Cass leans farther & farther back. Away from her.

CASSAVETES

Cool. Let's get into that. Since the cats out of the bag.

LUCY

In to what?

CASSAVETES

Your food shit.

She grits her teeth.

CASSAVETES

Kind of a big deal.

LUCY

Oh, so we're bringing stuff up out of the blue now, is that what we're doing? Because I got a real whopper.

CASSAVETES

Dude.

LUCY

What? There's a huge elephant in the room and we're just supposed to pretend its here to do our taxes or something? We talked about this before we started. We decided what was a no-go. If all bets are off...

CASSAVETES

Don't deflect, bro. You bring up your food shit more than I do.

LUCY

Because you don't understand. You say you do but you don't. You don't even try. So I try to get you to. It's like sometimes my body is my tomb and I'm trapped in it.

His hand clenches the arm of the couch.

CASSAVETES

Are you for real?

LUCY

What? You're down on me about it so much I don't know what to do anymore except explain it.

CASSAVETES

You're fucking sitting there telling me I don't know about issues with my body? Me? Are you nuts?

LUCY

Only when it supports your narrative.

CASSAVETES

Fuck you.

She flies at him with a flurry of slaps and high pitched noises. He sits there and doesn't move.

She runs out of steam pretty fast and retreats to her side of the couch, red-faced and panting.

LUCY

Do not say fuck you to me. You fucking giant asshole.

He runs his hands through his hair and takes a deep breath.

CASSAVETES

Shit. You're right. I did that on purpose. To bug you. My bad.

She calms herself down as best she can by breathing like pregnant actresses do in movie lamaze classes.

LUCY

OK. It's OK. I'm fine. I feel fine. Thanks for your sorry. Thanks.

She's manic. He leans in her direction. He wants to comfort her but he's not sure how in this particular setting.

A THROAT CLEARS off camera.

THERAPIST (O.S.)
What elephant in the room?

Lucy's eyes shoot to Cass. His jaw clenches. His eyes reach a decision very, very quickly.

He gets up and walks out. Lucy isn't surprised. Her eyes move to the off camera therapist.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Lucy's eyes flutter open. As soon as her mind wakes up she shoots an anxious glance at Cass's side of the bed.

No Cass. The anxiety retreats. She lets her eyes close again and (luxuriously) spreads out to the center of the bed.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

CLANG. Silverware drops into a super messy sink, the result of an overly elaborate breakfast.

Ingredients stain the counter - flour, batter, etc. Lucy wears a "it's too hot for clothes" outfit.

She BELCHES her way into the -

LIVING ROOM

- and eyes the clutter. One hand rubs her belly. The other CLACKS its finger nails on the wall.

She takes a deep breath.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The room is tidy. The windows are wide open. A breeze blows a sheer curtain into the room.

Lucy sits cross legged on the couch, with a sketch book in her lap. Neatly arranged art supplies fill the coffee table.

BLOOP. A text comes in. It's from Cass - "Hey babe, Agnes is on a tear. Gonna be late. Like. Late late. One love."

Her eyes light up.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S APARTMENT - LUCY'S DESK - DAY

Light spills over a junk drawer as Lucy's hand pulls it open. Her hand reaches as far back as it can go.

It shoves aside batteries and empty tape dispensers and a stack of coasters to grab -

- a pack of cigarettes.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Lucy stands by the window with an exaggerated pout on her lips. The pack is empty. She crumples it and paces.

Pace. Pace. Pace. Ding! An idea.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S APARTMENT - HALL CLOSET

SHUNK. Lucy moves a row of summer coats to get to the winter ones. She finds a lavender P-Coat and searches the pockets.

Success. Smokes! She can tell by the weight the pack's not empty. She makes a giddy expression.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lucy leans out the open window and follows through on what is obviously a familiar ritual.

She sets the ashtray on the window sill, squares the pack next to it, and takes out a box of matches.

BLOOP. BLOOP. Her phone shakes on the coffee table. She ignores it and picks up the pack.

Her fingers crack it open and grab a butt. She plops it between her lips but stops before she lights it.

A folded index card sits behind the row of ten ciggies. She waits for a second before she grabs it. She lights up.

It's a note from Cass that reads -

CASSAVETES (V.O.)
Caught! Ha ha. Kidding. It's
Christmas. Smoke 'em if you got 'em,
right? See if I care.

She folds the note closed before she finishes reading it. A giddy shiver runs through her. She goes back to reading.

CASSAVETES (V.O.)

Just wanted to say that loving you is the best thing I do on any given day. Let's show the rest of the world how it's done. Ex Oh. Ex Oh. Cass.

Her eyes brim with tears. She clutches the note to her chest and looks around the room.

Only his things come in to focus. His boots. His records. A framed picture of a cactus. She swoons. Yeah. Swoons.

FLICK. The cigarette shoots out the window.

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE - DAY

Lucy sits on the couch. Alone. Her eyes dart back and forth from her phone to the off camera Therapist.

LUCY

This isn't like him. I mean. I'm in that weird place of "do I worry, or do I get super pissed?" But you know what? I'm tired of being super pissed. That's fair, right? I'm allowed. He says coming here is like a solution in search of a problem. Maybe he thinks we found the problem.

Lucy clearly responds to a look from the therapist.

LUCY

Oh, wait though. I have to tell you about the note. I think I brought it. It was amazing. Really.

She fishes through her purse. BLOOP. Text. Her phone leaps to her face. It's from Dee.

LUCY

Oh. Not him. Sorry. Or... sorry, sorry. I know we talked about apologizing less. Sorry.

She deflates. The off camera Therapist clears her throat.

THERAPIST (O.C.)

Let me ask you this. How viable do you feel this relationship is?

Lucy stops moving. She holds her breath. Her eyes stay in one fixed place. She doesn't know the answer.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cass sits on the couch, ready to go. Boots on. Keys in hand. Impassive, inscrutable expression.

Lucy hurries into the room and hurries right back out. She comes back in with a purse and veers into the kitchen.

JINGLE. Cass flips the keys. He studies a paint stain on the corner of the coffee table.

Lucy pops in but pops back out. A door closes then opens again right away. She comes in with different shoes.

JINGLE. The keys flip again. Lucy looks down at herself. Purse. Correct shoes. Cass has the keys.

There's nothing left to do. They're ready to go. Lucy sinks into a chair by her desk.

LUCY

All set?

She chews her thumbnail. JINGLE. He flips the keys and stands. She takes a deep, deep breath.

LUCY

I don't want to go.

He slowly lowers back on to the couch.

LUCY

I'm really scared, Cass. What if she tells us we shouldn't be together? What if we shouldn't be? What if we should be but we're doing it wrong?

He looks at different parts of her body. Her hair on her shoulder. Her wrist. What she's doing with her hands.

LUCY

What do we do?

He lands on her mouth and watches it change shape with nervous energy. A calm descends on him.

CASSAVETES

Hey.

Her eyes lift to his.

INT. EXPO LINE TRAIN - DAY

Lucy and Cass sit next to each other on the train. Highland Park fades into the distance out the windows.

A bathing suit is visible under her shirt. Cass is dressed as flash as ever, cool as fuck with boss sunglasses.

CRACK. CRACK. He opens two brown-bagged beers and passes one to Lucy. They smooch and sip, with giddy smiles.

The train chugs forward. They look at each other. They look out the window. They look at the other people on the train.

The giddy smiles flicker into doubt. Then back to smiles. Then back to doubt.

Their eyes meet mid-flicker.

CUT TO BLACK: