

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

Cass stretches out on the couch in the dark room. He's got a blanket and a pillow. The TV glows.

FOOTSTEPS come down the hall. He scrambles for the remote and turns the volume down.

Lucy heads into the kitchen. Cass sits up.

CASSAVETES  
Hey, sorry. I'll turn it down.

The fridge opens and closes. Liquid pours into a glass. The fridge opens and closes.

Lucy shuffle into the room with a glass of a cheap white.

LUCY  
Hmm?

CASSAVETES  
The volume. I turned it down.

LUCY  
Ummmm-kay.

She turns into the hall.

CASSAVETES  
Let me know if it's too loud.

LUCY  
Yup yup.

CLINK. The bedroom door closes. Cass exhales an extremely long, nervous breath.

CASSAVETES  
Jesus.

He turns the volume down so he can barely hear the TV.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S PLACE - BATHROOM - DAY

Lucy sits on the edge of the tub. A cigarette dangles from one hand. She's on the phone.

Judging by her smile, she's on the phone with someone she's realllllllllly glad to be on the phone with.

LUCY  
God you're dopey.

The door drifts open. She nudges it closed with her foot. It pops open again. She doesn't notice.

LUCY  
No, no, don't. You can't sing.

CASS pushes the door open.

CASSAVETES  
Oh. Shit. I didn't know you were.  
Fucking door. I just need to.

She flicks the cigarette in the toilet and laughs as she slides past him.

LUCY (O.C.)  
Seriously, stop.

CLUNK. She closes the door. It sticks in the frame for a second and opens again. CLUNK. She closes it again.

Cass gets his TESTOSTERONE out of the medicine cabinet and sits where Lucy sat to inject himself.

EXT. THE HP CAFE - DAY

Lucy and Ellie sit at a metal table in the small alcove. Ellie stretches her arms across the table.

ELLIE  
I miss her sooooo much.

She holds up her phone for Lucy to see the picture of her daughter that Brucey just texted.

LUCY  
What a little treat.

Ellie turns the phone to stare at the picture.

ELLIE  
She's getting big. I hate it.

LUCY  
She'll be voting before you know it.

ELLIE  
Yeah. Well. Let's hope she gets her politics from her mom. Which is me!

Ellie straightens up.

ELLIE

How's living with your Ex, The Saga, going, by the way?

LUCY

Oh. Awful. Just awful.

ELLIE

What kind of awful?

LUCY

Completely awful. Entirely awful. Awful awful. But in a "it's weird what human people get can get used to" kind of way.

ELLIE

Are you rubbing your new beau in his face every chance you get?

LUCY

Oh yeah. That big brawny sack of protein shakes calls and texts all the time. I mean. Like a lot. Here. Allow me to demonstrate.

She slides her phone off airplane mode. BLOOP. BLOOP. BLOOP BLOOP BLOOP. BLOOP BLOOP BLOOP BLOOP.

ELLIE

Holy jeez.

LUCY

Yeah, see?

ELLIE

Does he go full boy-panic when you don't respond right away?

LUCY

Yuuuuuup.

ELLIE

Still. It must be kind of sort of maybe a little bit nice?

Lucy scrolls through the dozen or so texts. Gosh there are a lot of emoji's. And quite a few ab pics. Good abs, though.

LUCY

Um. Secretly? No. Yuck. Even more secretly? It makes me miss Cass's texts. At least he uses normal things like, oh, I don't know. Syntax and vocabulary. All the good stuff. But if you tell anyone I said that I'm kidnapping your baby and raising her as my own.

ELLIE

(delighted)

My baby!

Lucy loses her attention. Which is cool.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S PLACE - HALLWAY - DAY

Lucy enters the hall with all of her things - sunglasses up on her head, keys in hand, purse over her arm.

She disappears into the bedroom. A second later she takes very slow steps to the bathroom door.

It's a raw wood door that fits perfectly in the frame. There are paint swatches taped to it. And a note.

"Which one? C-." She opens and closes the door a few times.

EXT. PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Louis and Jo-Jo play a lazy game of one-on-one. Sammi and Cass sit on a bench, courtside.

Sammi sits on the back of the bench.

SAMMI

Look at him...sweat. Yum.

CASSAVETES

Barf.

SAMMI

I know he's your brother but my boy is foiiiiiiiiine.

CASSAVETES

How's your living sitch?

Sammi climbs down to sit next to Cass.

SAMMI

Look at you, with the smooth ass segue way. It's weird. Olivia fell down a slash-fiction rabbit hole and doesn't want to climb her way out. How's yours?

CASSAVETES

Fucking torture. Any time Lucy shows some skin I have to hit up pornhub. Like. Within the half-hour.

SAMMI

You gonna get her back or what?

CASSAVETES

Nah. That's not a thing.

SAMMI

Yeah. You were a total fucking menace at the wrap party. It was nuts. I hope you bought her a flower shop or something to apologize.

Cass shrugs. Sammi stares at the expression on his face.

SAMMI

Dang, bro. You didn't apologize at all, did you?

CASSAVETES

I fixed her bathroom door.

SAMMI

Oh my god! A door to the shitter! Bro, wait here while I go and change my panties.

CASSAVETES

Get bent.

SAMMI

You're an idiot. What about your show? The Fringe Festival is coming up, right?

CASSAVETES

I don't know. Yeah, I guess.

Jo-Jo throws a shot wide. The ball bounces and rolls pretty far off the other side of the court. He goes after it.

Louis turns to looks at them. Or, rather. Look at Sammi.

SAMMI  
Do the show, man.

She hops up.

SAMMI  
It's brilliant. Really.

She trots over to Louis, who picks her up and spins her around in a fairly masculine way.

Cass watches them be unbearably cute together.

INT. HOLLYWOOD BAR - BOOTH - DAY

Lucy sits in the middle of a lounging crowd of five BUFF ASS BEEFCAKE DUDES. Roderick is one of them.

The style of the day appears to be HIGH FASHION GYM WEAR. So many biceps and celtic-band tattoos. It's not even funny.

TOOTS  
Bro, you guys watch that Tickled shit yet? That shit was dope.

RODERICK  
We started it but this Chatty Cathy kept distracting me with her wit.

JOHNSON  
Oh shit. How'd the audition for Bones go? I did background on that for a day. That Bones dude is a dick.

LUCY  
Bones is the lady.

RODERICK  
Yeah. Totally not the dude.

JOHNSON  
Whatever. Whoever he is. Total prick.

RODERICK  
My people said they were in to me, but not for this episode. Me and this one pigged out the night before. Maybe I was bloated or some shit.

Ha. Ha. If there's an ounce of fat on the guy it's nowhere anyone would ever see it. Lucy looks down into her drink.

LUCY  
We had hamburgers.

RODERICK  
Yeah, and all those sides. This chick  
is ga-gag for sides. Worse than  
Rochelle and her avocado's.

A dude-bro chuckle moves around the table. Lucy flushes. She reaches out and KNOCKS RODERICK'S BEER INTO HIS LAP.

She stands dramatically. The (now silent) lads are packed in the booth like over muscled sardines. She can't get out.

She sits down again. SQUISH. Right into the beer.

TOOTS  
Oh shit, bro. Soaked.

Dude-bro's chuckle. Sigh.

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

Cass sits on the couch watching Tickled. Keys jiggle in the door. He presses pause and inhales a sharp breath.

Lucy slinks her usual path to the hall. She pauses for a second when she see's what's on the TV.

LUCY  
Tickled?

CASSAVETES  
Yeah.

She half-nods/half-looks down as she heads for the hall.

CASSAVETES  
It's bat shit silly. I mean. Why a  
dude even care about hiding that he  
pops off to tickles? It's not like he  
watches people get shit on by goats.

Lucy stops.

LUCY  
I know, right? I mean. At the end of  
the day he's mostly just fussy.

Cass laughs. Like a real, genuine laugh. She picks at a piece of chipped paint on the wall.

LUCY  
There's like a follow up thing. You  
should watch it. Next.

CASSAVETES  
Was it as foolish?

She turns her body in his direction.

LUCY  
I dunno. Didn't watch it yet.

Their eyes meet.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY & CASS'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - COUCH - NIGHT

They sit next to each other and watch the Tickled follow up special. They're caught up in a familiar rhythm.

LUCY  
Ugh. Why is film-dude being so nice  
to creepazoid? Kick him out.

CASSAVETES  
Someone needs to punch that guy right  
in his mouth.

BUZZZZ. Lucy's phone goes off. The screen shows that she has a whole bunch of texts she hasn't checked.

She presses the mute button without looking at it. Cass sneaks a sideways glance at the proceedings.

LUCY  
This is giving me anxieties. Pause  
it. I'm gonna snack up.

Cass pauses it. She gets up and rushes into the kitchen. Cabinets open. Chips pour.

She rushes back in and hops on the couch. She holds the bowl of chips in front of Cass.

LUCY  
Snacks.

CASSAVETES  
Yeah. I see.

LUCY  
Play play play.

He holds up the remote but doesn't press play.

CASSAVETES  
Hey. Yo. So. I realized today.

LUCY  
Play play.

CASSAVETES  
I never apologized for being such a prick at the wrap party. I mean. Out loud or anything.

A wall of tension SLAMS on the couch between them. He waits for her to say something. It takes a few breaths.

LUCY  
Cass. Just.

CASSAVETES  
No. Look. It was messed up. I know that. But it was all love, you know? It got all warped and shit. But. I had no right.

LUCY  
OK. Nope. I...can't?

She gets up. Cass backs off. Their eyes lock. His expression shows genuine regret. Hers just show sadness.

She walks off without a word. CLUNK. The bedroom door closes. Cass sits very still.

He points the remote at the TV in an absent minded way and turns it off. The room is dark.

He arranges his blanket and pillow and lays down. The room is quiet. His own breathing fills his ears.

So when his phone BLOOPS he jolts. He swipes to his texts. There's a new one from Lucy.

"Thank you." Dot. Dot. Dot. BLOOP. "I like the yellow."

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

Lucy turns over as she wakes up. She reaches for Cass's side of the bed. But. Obviously. He's not there.

His absence wakes her up completely. She sits up. Her body is all the way at the edge of her side of the bed.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Lucy walks down the hall. Her eyes linger on the new bathroom door as she passes. She holds two records.

When she enters the living room her eyes fall on a home depot bag with a gallon of paint in it.

She peeks in it. It's yellow. Her eyes land on Cass's corner. There are only two milk crates with records.

She kneels in front of it and flips through to where she thinks the two records should go.

They're the records Cass broke during their fight. She slides them somewhere in the middle.

Her eyes land on a plastic bag from a print shop. She looks around before taking a peek.

It's a stack of fliers for a one man show called "Whoah, Man" - sorry, dear readers, but. That's what it's called.

Her phone is in her hand instantly. She brings up a text convo with Cass - there are a few sporadic back & forths.

She starts to type something about the show. But she can't hit send. BLOOP. BLOOP BLOOP BLOOP.

Roderick and his emoji's strike again.

EXT. REALLY SMALL THEATER - NIGHT

CLICK-CLACK, CLICK-CLACK. Lucy - dolled up to the nines - jogs to the closed door to the theater.

A crowd of Hollywood Fringe Festival players/viewers linger in little mini-crowds. She knocks on the door.

A BORED LOOKING TICKET TAKER cracks it. She waves a flier at him. He lets her in and closes the door.

TIME SPEEDS UP AS -

- different bursts of mini crowds move back and forth in front of the door.

- the crowd pours out the door in little bursts.

- the Bored Ticket Taker takes in the sign for the show.
- Cass comes out the theater door and says "Wuddup" to some people who were in the audience.
- Everyone moves on until the street is empty.

BACK IN NORMALLY PACED TIME -

- Lucy walks out the door.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Lucy walks with extremely determined steps. Her hand violently clutches a necklace to her throat.

If at all possible she's even paler than usual.

INT. LUCY'S CAR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Before she even get the door closed Lucy explodes into an absolute ocean of tears.

It's a full blown panic driven meltdown. Her hands squeeze the steering wheel. Her breath chokes in her throat.

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

Lucy walks in the door. Her face shows the strain of her response to Cass's show. Smearred makeup. Puffy face.

She looks at his pillow and neatly folded blanket. She runs her fingers along the couch as she passes it.

She disappears down the hall. And reappears with a fitted sheet and another pillow.

She makes up a nice little bed for him.

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

Cass meticulously cleans a paint roller and brush in the sink. He wears a tank top with some yellow paint stains.

Lucy appears in the doorway. She wears a tank top and shorts under her kimono.

She watches Cass a bit before he notices her.

CASSAVETES

Oh. Hey.

LUCY

Door looks good. So yellow.

She looks at his hands. His arms. His perfectly coiffed head of slicked back hair.

CASSAVETES

Hey. Yo. So. I talked to Juliette and she said it's cool if I crash with her for a while.

LUCY

Oh. You guy are good?

CASSAVETES

We're good.

LUCY

Oh. OK.

CASSAVETES

She has pals in from out of town, but as soon as they split I'll get out of your hair. Couple days. Max.

LUCY

No rush. I mean. That's great. But. You know. Blah. Whatever.

CASSAVETES

Thanks. For everything.

LUCY

Um. OK. Yeah, sure. Thanks. I mean you're welcome. I'll just be farting around in my room.

CASSAVETES

Cool, cool. I got some shit to do when I'm done cleaning up, so you'll get your living room back.

She tries to make eye contact. He's focused on cleaning the brushes. She touches her lips.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S PLACE - BEDROOM - LATER

Lucy lies on her back, flipping through Cass's instagram. She's gone way back. She opens a Halloween picture.

He goofs around in their apartment, dressed up like Klaus Nomi. There's a cute one of them in the mirror.

He does a pretty pimp Nomi pose. She wears a hot dog costume. She stares at it for a long time.

LUCY  
Oh for fucks sake.

She reaches to her bedside stand and takes out a slim pink vibrator. CLICK. Nothing. She shakes it. CLICK.

Nothing. She tosses it back in the drawer.

LUCY  
Just. God dammit.

She chews her thumbnail for a mo before bolting out of bed.

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

Lucy appears at the mouth of the hall. Cass crouches in his corner. He packs records into mailers.

She clears her throat. He glances back at her.

CASSAVETES  
Oh. Hey.

LUCY  
Hey.

CASSAVETES  
Sup.

LUCY  
Nothing. My stomach feels weird.

She rubs her belly under her top.

CASSAVETES  
You drink too much coffee.

LUCY  
Yeah.

He fusses around with his mailers and such. She takes a step into the room and leans on the arm of the couch.

She arranges her kimono so her legs are exposed.

LUCY

Me and Rod are done-city.

Cass pauses. But only for a second.

CASSAVETES

Is that because his name is "Rod"?

LUCY

Naw. I accidentally spilled a drink in his lap. On purpose.

CASSAVETES

Classic you.

LUCY

His sweat pants were stupid expensive, I guess.

She slides off the arm onto the couch.

LUCY

Hey. So. I saw your show.

Now he completely stops what he's doing.

CASSAVETES

Yeah. I know.

LUCY

You saw me?

He turns to face her. And see's the legs first.

CASSAVETES

Dude. You're so pale you basically glow in the dark. So. Yeah. I mean. Of course I saw you.

LUCY

I'm. Shit. I'm sorry I ever made you feel that way.

CASSAVETES

Don't be. I was a huge shit. Did you...?

LUCY  
Yeah, Cass. It was brilliant.

CASSAVETES  
Wow. Um. Cool. Thanks.

LUCY  
Sure.

She arches her way to a standing position.

LUCY  
OK. I'll be in my room again. Come  
say goodbye.

CASSAVETES  
Ima split in a sec.

LUCY  
Oh. OK. Well. Bye then.

CASSAVETES  
Check ya later.

She sort of slinks out of the room. He sort of watches. The door doesn't close when she goes in the bedroom.

He rubs his chin and contemplates for a second. He immediately shakes his head.

CASSAVETES  
(mutters sadly)  
Head out of your ass, Cass.

He grabs his jean jacket and his records and stands there like he has no idea what he was about to do.

He takes a step for the door. He takes a step back to his records. He puts on his jacket.

LUCY (O.C.)  
Ugggggggh.

His eyes shoot immediately down the hall.

LUCY (O.C.)  
Will you rassum-frassum get in here  
so we can hump each other's brains  
out already?

CLUNK. THUNK. His jacket and his records hit the floor in record time. He hops for the hall while pulling at his boot.

CLOMP. SWISH. CLOMP. He only gets one boot off before he runs as fast as he fucking can and dives on the bed.

The door closes behind him.

CUT TO BLACK: