

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

Lucy tidies up her already immaculate desk. Her phone CHIRPS with a reminder. It reads "MOM!!!" It's six hours away.

LUCY

Piglet!

A CLATTER of dishes stops in the kitchen. Cass pokes his head in to the room.

CASSAVETES

Wuddup?

Lucy peels off her cardigan. A bright red heart tattoo with the word "Cassavetes" through it shines on her arm.

LUCY

Bedroom. Right now, Buster.

CASSAVETES

Huh?

Lucy shimmies her underwear out from under her dress.

LUCY

She'll be here in a few hours and I'm crazy horny.

She puts her arms around his neck and for-real kisses him. He has a somewhat stunned expression on his face.

Lucy turns him around and points him down the hall.

LUCY

March. Pants off.

She nudges him into the -

INT. LUCY & CASS'S PLACE - HALLWAY

- as he undoes his belt and drops his pants. He has on a proper pair of boxer-briefs.

He kicks his pants in the direction of their bedroom door, turns, and pins her to the wall. They make out.

Lucy pulls out of it.

LUCY

No time for our usual fancy pants. I need you to "thank you ma'am" me.

They half tumble/half make out on their way to the bedroom. Cass hops on the bed with a bit of glee.

CASSAVETES

I love it when you're frisky.

LUCY

Hush.

She pushes the door closed and hops on the bed with almost the same momentum. The door CLICKS closed.

Their muffled voices push past the door into the hall. Playful at first. Then lusty. Then all of the sudden -

CASSAVETES (O.C.)

What?!

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY & CASS'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy and Cass sit next to each other on the couch. Her cheeks red, her dress a little disheveled.

He's buttoned up. Pants on and everything. His arms are folded across his chest. He's big time pouting.

Lucy looks at her hands.

LUCY

Well. I didn't not tell her you're trans.

She flashes a big "ain't I cute?" kind of grin. He huffs.

CASSAVETES

Kind of a big deal, Roo.

LUCY

It's not, Piglet. Not really. Or it won't be.

CASSAVETES

Did you at least tell her I'm brown?

LUCY

Duh. I mean. No. But I sent her tons of pictures of us. So she knows.

Cass's "mutter-mutter, gripe-gripe" attitude quickly turns sad. Genuinely sad. She takes his hand. Then straddle's him.

LUCY

Look. I told her everything about you. My you. I told her how loved you make me feel and how happy you make me. I told her that I trust you with my life and that you work really hard on our relationship. I told her that you're a man. A real fucking man, OK?

He looks a little less sad.

LUCY

I tried to respect your privacy about everything else. I mean. I didn't tell her that you bone like a bandit or smoke enough dope to sink a boat.

He tries to stay a little sad and fight off a grin. It doesn't work. She lifts his face by the chin.

LUCY

OK?

CASSAVETES

What boat is this, and where's it at?

Lucy kisses him a slow, gentle kiss.

LUCY

OK?

CASSAVETES

Yeah.

She hops off him and heads for the bathroom.

LUCY

Great. I'm gonna shower the O off my body. Can you check the laundry?

A goofy look crosses his face as he watches her walk off.

CASSAVETES

Sure.

The goofy look leaves his face.

CASSAVETES

Wait. You came?

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

Cass lies on his back. Lucy is curled up on her side next to him. She half reads a book and half dozes off.

The clock reads "8:45pm." Cass tries to entertain himself with his phone but his eyes keep wandering.

He speaks in a gratuitous whisper.

CASSAVETES

Why wouldn't she take the bed?

Lucy responds at a normal volume.

LUCY

She didn't want to put us out.

CASSAVETES

Yeah. But. Now we're stuck in here and it's only like nine o'clock.

Lucy turns off the lamp on her bedside table. The glow of Cass's phone lights up his face.

LUCY

Try to sleep. Early day tomorrow. Night-night, Piglet.

Her eyes close and her breathing regulates pretty quickly. He looks at all the parts of her body he can see.

Her neck, part of her shoulder, one of her legs. He sets his phone on his bedside table and curls into her.

His hands wander. She very politely removes them.

LUCY

Yuck. With my mom in the house? No thanks, Buster.

She drifts off. Cass lies back and looks at his phone.

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

Cass sits on top of the toilet seat. He scrolls through GAY MALE PORN on his phone. He finds a clip he likes.

He taps play and moves his hand between his legs. The volume is ALL THE WAY UP on his phone.

The sound of TWO DUDES BONING fills the room and bounces off the tile. He drops the phone.

EXT. YORK AVENUE - DAY

Cass stands around the corner from a fancy ice-cream place. He holds a dripping cone in each hand. His phone BUZZES.

He can't get to it. He's been waiting a while. Lucy charges around the corner. She walks right past Cass, mid-rant.

Cass follows after her.

LUCY

- I swear to god if she uses the word "passion" one more time, I'm taking her number out of my phone.

She turns into Cass and presses her forehead to his chest. Almost like she's bracing herself on him.

LUCY

I don't have a "passion." I have a job that pays my bills. Right?

She takes her weight off Cass. He stumbles forward a step.

LUCY

Right?

CASSAVETES

Um. Where's your mom at? Her ice creams melting.

Lucy turns and walks. Cass trots a couple steps behind.

LUCY

Oh, she left in a huff. I swear. I've told her a thousand times I don't want to have the "time to give up your dream" conversation anymore, but does she ever listen?

CASSAVETES

She split? With the car?

Lucy turns and stops. She takes a cone from his hand.

LUCY

I know, right?

CASSAVETES

But. Like. We're pretty far from home. And where's she gonna go? Does she know LA at all? What happened?

LUCY

I maybe threw a bunch of cash at her because she wouldn't let me pay for the ice cream. But she made sure to let me know she was only paying because she "knows I don't have a real job." Not because I'm her daughter or anything. I mean. Fuck.

She hands her cone back to Cass after a few licks and grabs the other one.

CASSAVETES

Um. I feel like I'm insane.

Lucy makes a face at the ice cream and hands it back to Cass. She turns and walks again.

LUCY

Join the club, bucko.

He watches her walk off. One of the scoops slides off the cone onto the street. He stares down at it.

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

Lucy sits cross-legged on the bed. She rubs lotion on her hands. Cass peeks out the door.

The sound of the shower gurgles down the hall.

CASSAVETES

Can you for real insist that she take the bed tonight? I got shit to do.

LUCY

Cass. I didn't even change the sheets. Their lousy with our sexing.

He closes the door and sits on the edge of the bed.

CASSAVETES

So you knew she would take over our living room?

LUCY

Oh, what does it matter? Grab your laptop and "do shit" in here.

CASSAVETES

But you'll complain about how bright the screen is.

LUCY

I don't know what to tell you. Go sleep in the car, maybe?

CASSAVETES

Ha ha.

She gives him a stern look that turns into a shrug.

CASSAVETES

Wait. You're fucking serious?

LUCY

It's only two more nights.

He flops down on the bed and closes his eyes.

CASSAVETES

You know, on a normal day I'd throw some major umbrage your way. But after 12 hours with your mom? Pass.

The lotion SNAPS closed. Lucy sits up straight.

LUCY

What's that supposed to mean?

His eyes open. His face shows a quick debate about whether to keep his mouth shut or not. It lands on not.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIETTE'S - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cass tosses and turns on a love-seat in a cramped room. He swats at invisible bugs. He kicks off the blankets.

He can't sleep. He huffs. He puffs. He rubs his face. He closes his eyes and tries to will himself asleep.

Ain't work. He sits up with a sigh and reaches for his phone. He quickly swipes to a GAY PORN site.

JULIETTE (O.C.)

Dude. Don't even think about jerking off in my living room.

He gives her closed bedroom door the finger and turns the volume down on his phone. His finger is about to hit play -

- when it rings. Lucy's face fills the screen. He only hesitates a little bit before he answers it.

CASSAVETES

Hey.

EXT. LUCY & CASS'S BLOCK - LUCY'S CAR - NIGHT

Lucy and Cass sit in the backseat of her raggedy ass car. She sobs in his lap. She can't even talk.

He does his best to comfort her.

EXT. LUCY & CASS'S BLOCK - LUCY'S CAR - MORNING

Cass gently closes the door to the back seat. He stretches some major kinks out.

Lucy sleeps under his jean jacket. All her exposed skin is stuck to the leather.

He looks up at their apartment.

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

Cass walks gingerly into the room. WILHELMINA (50's) meticulously folds her clothes into a suitcase.

If it wasn't for the red hair you'd never know she was Lucy's mom. She's short. Hard where Lucy is soft.

Sour where Lucy is sweet. There's an efficient meanness to her, for sure. She half glances over her shoulder.

WILHELMINA

And of course. You come to play the hero, or the damsel in distress?

Cass perches somewhere at a decent distance from her.

CASSAVETES

Amigo. What the fuck?

WILHELMINA

Don't swear at me.

CASSAVETES

What happened last night?

WILHELMINA

My daughter didn't tell you?

Cass shrugs. Wilhelmina stops folding her clothes.

WILHELMINA

I'd think it was pretty darn obvious that the cat got out of the bag.

CASSAVETES

You mean about my shit?

He tries to get her to grin. She doesn't.

WILHELMINA

About what my daughter thinks she's doing with her life. You two. You must think I'm a real dingbat.

CASSAVETES

I think Lucy's pretty fucking devoted to you, even though you're a huge fucking prick to her.

Wilhelmina winces every time Cass swears, but she doesn't tell him not to a second time.

She ZIPS her bag closed.

WILHELMINA

Did she ever tell you about when her father left?

CASSAVETES

Nope.

WILHELMINA

Well. He -

CASSAVETES

Hey, yo. So. I get that you're just trying to make your case, but I only want to hear that kind of shit if Lucy shares it with me herself.

Wilhelmina is vaguely impressed. She gets up and wheels her bag around the couch. She grabs her jacket off a chair.

She gives Cass a long, lingering look, from top to bottom. His posture. His clothes. He looks right at her.

WILHELMINA

It just doesn't make any sense.

CASSAVETES

Yeah, well. We don't make your kind of sense. And never will.

She walks to the front door. Cass follows right behind her. He opens the door for her. She steps into the hall.

He leans in the doorway. She turns.

WILHELMINA

Look. I know you probably don't care, but...I might not be OK with...this. I need time to...whatever. I don't know. But Lucy. My daughter? She's clear headed. If she says she's OK with something she's OK with it.

She looks at him for a response. He looks right back.

CASSAVETES

You're right. I don't care.

CLICK. He closes the door.

CUT TO BLACK: