

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

BLOOP. BLOOP. BLOOP. Texts appear on a phone screen at a rapid pace. The time on the phone reads 6:30 AM.

A single shaft of pale light slips through the curtains and lands on a sleeping couple.

The room is a combination of messy and tidy. Women's clothes pile on the floor by the closet. A desk sits in a corner.

BRUCEY (33) a tall, lanky guy with a mustache and no shirt, pulls a pillow over his face.

ELLIE MAXWELL (37) opens her eyes to stare at the ceiling. She's got stunning, fashionable soccer mom good looks.

She's SUPER DUPER PREGNANT. BLOOP. Her hand gropes for her phone. She swipes open her texts.

ELLIE
(Harsh Whisper)
Why would she do that?

Her legs swing off the bed.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Ellie sits at a round table. It's filled with work. A laptop. Stacks of paper. A few blueprints.

She bounces on a big yoga ball instead of a chair. A bowl of super healthy - and crappy looking - cereal sits half eaten.

She works mostly from her phone. The laptop screen shows Facebook and a few Highland Park blog windows.

Brucey steps into the doorway to the kitchen.

BRUCEY
How we feeling today, Momma? We got a little "my boy's coming out swinging soon" or more of a "feet up on the couch eating bon-bons" kind of vibe?

She texts as she talks. Brucey walks into the kitchen and back to the doorway with a bowl of cereal in hand.

She doesn't notice.

ELLIE

Janine's just so. Ugh. I don't know what to do. I spent two hours at Ikea picking out fixtures for the kitchens, and she decided they were too expensive and had Manuel take them back. She's so...

She trails off to send a text.

BRUCEY

Remember I'm at rehearsal until eleven tonight.

She looks up at him.

ELLIE

But it's Tuesday. Tuesday is date night.

BRUCEY

It's Wednesday.

She shakes her head to disagree when she see's the date on her phone.

ELLIE

Seriously??

He kisses her on the cheek then moves back into the kitchen to drop his bowl in the sink.

BRUCEY

Gotta run. Love you, Momma.

The side door opens and closes. Her eyes move to Facebook.

BLOOP.

EXT. ELLIE'S HOUSE - SIDEWALK - DAY

Ellie stands in front of the fence to her yard. A flower grows through the metal. She takes a picture of it.

She wears a cute and vibrant maternity dress. There's a subtle amount of makeup on her face.

She looks at her porch. A big picture window looks into the living room. The TV is on.

She considers the path to the porch, the steps up the porch, and the distance of both of these things.

Meh. The TV can stay on. She turns and approaches her car. It's a couple of years old and in good shape.

She walks around to the drivers side. A SMALL DOG without a collar darts into the street, then back when it sees her.

It WHIMPERS by a tree.

INT. ELLIE'S CAR - LATER

She looks at the picture window from her car. The dog is inside. It has its front paws on the back of the couch.

The TV is still on.

INT. APARTMENT BEING RENOVATED - STAIRS - DAY

A rickety ass flight of stairs leads down to a door that opens on the street.

Ellie appears through the wire mesh window. She talks to someone out of sight next to her.

She speaks in basic but confident Spanish.

ELLIE
(Spanish)
Seriously?, next week? No, that's OK.
Yes. Thank you.

She opens the door. Her eyes glance up the stairs. She takes the railing with one hand. The other moves to her back.

She walks up the stairs. It takes a while.

INT. APARTMENT BEING RENOVATED - KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is in good shape. The cabinets are painted. There's no fridge but the space is clean and tidy.

Ellie eyes the plain white sink fixtures and cabinet handles. She makes a "TSK" sound and walks in to the -

INT. APARTMENT BEING RENOVATED - LIVING ROOM

- where half the room is filled with construction supplies. The other half is in fairly good shape.

One of the walls is in the process of having it's wallpaper stripped. She holds up paint swatches in various greens.

A gust of wind from an open window BANGS the closet door open. She moves to inspect it.

There's a pile of junk in the corner. She picks up a round insert for a VIEW FINDER of the space shuttle.

Bending over is a bit of an ordeal but she manages it. She holds the insert up and takes a picture of it.

BLOOP. BLOOP. RING. Her phone screen shows that both the texts and call are from Janine. She answers the call.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ANGELA (30's) opens all the windows and blinds in the wide, spacious room. Sunlight pours in.

Ellie sits on the corner of two chaise lounges pushed together to form a couch island of sorts.

ELLIE

I forgot how nice the built-ins were in your kitchen. This is a really good apartment. What are you paying?

ANGELA

Eleven hundred.

Ellie notices an ashtray with a single, lipstick rimmed cigarette butt on a bookshelf

ELLIE

Why are you smoking in here?

ANGELA

I'm not. Not really. I sit on the stoop outside and bring the ashtray down so I don't have to flick the cigarette butts in the street. I forgot to empty it, that's all.

ELLIE

It smells like you smoke in here. You could get in trouble with your landlords if they find out. It's a city ordinance thing.

ANGELA

I know.

ELLIE

You know?

Angela flops into a short leather chair.

ANGELA

Shit. I almost never sit in this chair. I always forget how uncomfortable it is.

ELLIE

Seriously??

ANGELA

Why are you still pregnant? Weren't you due like a month ago?

ELLIE

Two and a half weeks overdue.

ANGELA

Are you getting sick of it yet?

Ellie shrugs and looks around.

ELLIE

I feel OK. Stairs aren't my favorite thing ever.

ANGELA

You want something to eat or anything?

ELLIE

No thanks. Your hair looks good, by the way. I like the color.

Angela reflexively touches her hair.

ANGELA

You're basically the first person that even noticed.

ELLIE

What color is it? Max is thinking of dying her hair. After she cuts it.

ANGELA

You know what I always think about. Your last name is Maxwell, right?

Ellie nods. Her stomach GURGLES.

ANGELA

And Joanna's your younger sister. How did she get to the "Max" nickname first? Thom always forgot you were the older one.

ELLIE

What happened with him? I never got the full story.

Angela's eyes dart to her left ring finger. There's a circle of pale skin where a ring used to be.

ANGELA

Jesus, Ellie, it was so fucked up I can't even believe it. I don't even know where to start. He came home late one night and gave me this yellow cardigan -

BLOOP BLOOP.

ELLIE

One sec.

Ellie looks down at her phone.

EXT. FAST FOOD CHAIN - PARKING LOT - DAY

Ellie sits in her car with all the windows open. She wolfs down some pretty unhealthy snacks from a major chain.

After the last bite she gets out of the car and throws the bag in a dumpster.

Before she gets back in the front seat she sprays the car down with Glade.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK APARTMENT BUILDING - SIDEWALK - DAY

Ellie walks past the fence to a single family house next to a two story apartment building.

She carries a bag of doggie treats. When she reaches the corner of the fence she leans over it

ELLIE

Here puppies. Come here. Where are my babies? I have treats for you.

Two MANGY MUTTS on chains trot as close to the fence as they possibly can. Ellie tosses treats at them.

One of them lands just out of reach of the chain. One of the Mutts strains for it. She looks at the house.

It doesn't look like anyone's home. She moves for the gate. LUCY (30) a hip, lovely woman, approaches from the building.

LUCY
Ellie? Are you Ellie from Crown
Molding Management?

Ellie looks at the straining mutt and hesitates.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Lucy stands in front of Apartment 2C. She waits for Ellie to climb the stairs. She speaks before she reaches the landing.

ELLIE
Sorry. Everything takes a little long
these days. Ha ha.

LUCY
Oh god, no worries. Take as much time
as you need.

Ellie stops on the steps.

ELLIE
I should warn you. The current
tenants aren't the grooviest people
on the planet.

LUCY
That's cool. My boyfriend and I
aren't in any big rush to move in
together. We're just getting a feel
for what's out there.

ELLIE
It's a great apartment for a couple.

Ellie starts up the steps.

INT. FILTHY LIVING ROOM - DAY

LYNCH (20's) a junkie-thin, weasel faced guy, sits on the couch in his tighty-whities.

The room is a wreck. There are PUNK BAND POSTERS on every inch of the walls. There are holes in the plaster.

Lucy eases Ellie onto a stool.

ELLIE

Thanks. Sorry, I just had lunch. I always get winded after I eat.

LUCY

It's cool. I can look around myself. If that's cool.

ELLIE

Yeah, of course.

Lucy steps over piles of crap to enter the hall. Lynch tears his eyes off the TV and looks right at Ellie.

LYNCH

Don't go in the room at the end of the hall. My girlfriend's asleep.

LUCY (O.C.)

Um. OK.

He grins at Ellie.

ELLIE

I don't know why you're smiling. You're out at the end of the month whether we rent the place or not.

LYNCH

OK, mom. Whatever you say.

He turns up the volume on the TV. Her eyes scan the posters. One is of a COOL PUNK CHICK shredding guitar on stage.

A dog BARKS aggressively. THUNK. A door slams. Lucy walks down the hallway at a brisk pace.

LUCY

Holy shit. There's a crazy ass pit in one of the bedrooms. I thought there were no pets allowed.

ELLIE

There aren't. That's one of the reasons Lynch here is getting the boot.

Lynch presses mute on the TV.

LYNCH

Is that how fat old broads like you get their rocks off? Kicking innocent revolutionaries out on their asses by gentrifying the shit out of every cool place left in this town?

Ellie rolls her eyes. This guy poses absolutely no threat to her sense of security. The same can't be said of Lucy.

She steps in front of Ellie protectively.

LUCY

She's pregnant, you prick.

Lynch stands. Ellie pulls Lucy back.

ELLIE

Don't pay any attention. His mom stopped paying his rent, that's all. Help me up.

Lucy extends her arm. Ellie pulls herself up on it. Lynch flops down on the couch.

LYNCH

Yeah. Mind your business. Asshole.

Lucy opens her mouth. Ellie shakes her head.

ELLIE

Don't bother. Bye, Lynch.

Lynch grins at them. Lucy straightens her shoulders.

LUCY

I'll take the apartment. It's a great space. With a few gallons of bleach and a new coat of paint it will be perfect for me and Cass.

She stares at Lynch. He looks into his bowl of cereal.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SIDEWALK - DAY

Ellie hands Lucy a rental application. Lucy throws her arms around her for a big ol' hug before she says goodbye.

Ellie stops at the corner of the fence to look for the Mutts. They're gone. The out of reach treat is still there.

She takes a picture of it through the chain link fence.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ellie lies in bed. Her laptop is propped on her belly. Her phone is pressed to her ear.

ELLIE

Hurry home. I'll try to keep my eyes open. I promise. Love you too.

She hangs up and puts the phone face down on her nightstand. She moves the cursor over a photo-sharing site.

She swipes through all the pictures she took that day. There are tons of likes and a few comments.

She clicks on a thumbnail that reads "Holidays in the Sun." A new window opens when she clicks on it.

The screen fills with pictures of punk shows from the 90's. She clicks on a hashtag that reads "EllieRox."

One picture fills the screen. It's the same image of the COOL PUNK CHICK POSTER taken from a different angle.

Ellie hovers the mouse over an image in the crowd. It's her, ten years younger. She points a camera at the stage.

She took the picture used on the poster. Her eyes close. She's exhausted. BLOOP BLOOP. They shoot open.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brucey SNORES in bed. A single shaft of moonlight pushes its way through the curtain.

Ellie sleeps on her back. BLOOP BLOOP. Two texts come in rapid succession. Brucey stirs.

ELLIE

(Half asleep)

Sorry, baby. I tried to keep my eyes open. I really did.

BLOOP. Her hand gropes for her phone. The clock reads 5 AM.

She turns it off.

CUT TO BLACK: