

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BANG. The door hits the wall when Cassavetes (20's) a lean, Latino man, and LUCY (30) a hip, lovely woman, stumble in.

They don't turn the lights on. The apartment is halfway through being moved in to. Taped boxes sit by furniture.

They drunkenly make out like teenagers on their way to a couch that hasn't landed in its final position yet.

They crash over the back in a shared BURST OF LAUGHTER.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lucy grabs a rumpled blanket and folds it over the back of the couch. She sits with a haggard movement.

Smoke from a lit joint drifts from an ashtray on the window sill. The window is open a crack.

LUCY

Ugh. Babe, I'm feeling super green
around the gills out here.

Cassavetes makes a sound that may or may not be a verbal response from the bathroom. Lucy rubs her face.

LUCY

(To herself)
So, so haggard.

She eyes a few empty beer bottles on the end table. With a mighty effort she gets to her feet and grabs them.

One of them has a few sips left. She tosses them back. Cassavetes watches her from the hallway.

CASSAVETES

For real?

LUCY

The weeds not working so I thought
I'd try a little hair of the dog.

He lightly rubs his inner thigh through his dungarees.

CASSAVETES

You're gonna be lit by noon.

She shrugs and brushes past him to head into the kitchen. He grabs her arm and pulls her into a kiss.

She reaches one hand behind his neck and pulls him closer. He pulls away slightly.

CASSAVETES
Hey, hey. Watch the hair.

She rolls her eyes at him and slips into the kitchen.

LUCY
You're sure you don't want to play
hooky and watch West Side Story?
You're one hundred percent positive
you don't want to do that?

It's his turn to roll his eyes.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Lucy and Cassavetes kiss goodbye. He has an armful of pre-paid record mailers and envelopes.

He pulls away before she was done. She ruffles his hair to pay him back. He steps into the hall.

A comb appears in his hand and he preens. The door closes. Lucy hurries into the kitchen.

She giddy-run-hops back to the couch, a beer in hand. Her phone appears in her hand. She texts her friend Dee.

"Want to come have a boozy breakfast?" BLOOP. Sent.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK - BRICK WALL - DAY

BILLY BONES, a bona-fide record nerd - pale skin, dazed look in the eyes from staring at screens - smokes by the wall.

He watches Cassavetes walk past a sign that reads "Joey Stats Pop Up - One Day Only." Cass flips through some LP's.

He stops on the corner to inspect the edge of one of the record sleeves. There's a very slight stain.

CASSAVETES
Aw, man.

Billy flicks his cigarette and approaches. Cassavetes doesn't notice him until he speaks.

BILLY BONES

Hey hey hey, not so fast. Did you make off with the Morning Glory seven inch? It was on my list.

Cassavetes swivels around, caught off guard. Billy gets a little too close a little too aggressively.

CASSAVETES

Back the fuck up, dude. Jesus.

Billy takes a step back.

CASSAVETES

What are you whining about?

BILLY BONES

The Morning Glory seven inch.

CASSAVETES

Yeah, I grabbed it.

Billy steps forward, his eyes on Cass's stack. Cass holds his hand up in front of Billy's chest.

CASSAVETES

Dude, I grabbed it. Live with it.

BILLY BONES

Come on. Be a bro.

Cassavetes rubs his inner thigh. It's clearly sore.

CASSAVETES

Tell you what, amigo. 85 in cash right now and it's yours.

Billy rubs his hands together.

BILLY BONES

It's in good shape? Let me see.

Cassavetes swings the records away from Billy.

CASSAVETES

Buyer beware.

Billy's annoyed. But MAN he wants that record.

BILLY BONES

OK. Fine. Hold up a sec. Let me grab my bag.

He trots inside. The second he's gone Cassavetes turns and walks away. BLOOP. He gets a text that he ignores.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

DEE (20's) a tall, crazy pretty, hippy-chic woman, blows a huge cloud of pot smoke into the room.

Plates CLATTER in the sink in the kitchen. Dee looks at the end table. A plate holds a runny omelet.

DEE

I really wouldn't worry about it, girl. He's your ex for a reason, right? And you got Cass. Why don't the two of you couple's costume the shit out of Halloween. Make it goofy and romantic.

Lucy emerges from the kitchen. She does anxious things with the beer bottle in her hand. Peels the label. Squeezes it.

LUCY

Can you really see Cass wearing a couple's costume? Can you see him wearing any costume?

DEE

I don't know. He loves the shit out of you, right? Ask him.

Lucy sits on the arm of the couch. Her right leg bounces up and down on the ball of her foot.

LUCY

His moods are really all over the place. You have no idea. The T really, really fucks with him.

DEE

Talk to him about it. Communicate. Use your words.

LUCY

Maybe you're right. I just feel so trapped by this thing that's a huge part of who he is right now that I don't really care about. I guess? I love him. It doesn't matter to me what chemicals are in his body. I love Cass. I want him to be Cass.

Dee takes a huge hit off her joint and passes it to Lucy.

DEE

Look, girl. You sound impatient to me. I mean, I love you to death, forever and always, and I'm stoned as shit, and I'm sitting here thinking "Lucy sounds super impatient." Imagine how he feels.

LUCY

Yeah.

She exhales and passes the joint back to Dee. She slides off the arm onto the couch itself.

LUCY

Did you see a picture of who the ex is bringing? Does she look - you know - smarter than me?

Dee smiles as wide as she possibly can.

DEE

Don't ask that kind of thing. Don't even think it. And for god's sake don't you dare check his Twitter when I'm gone.

Lucy arranges herself so her head is in Dee's lap. They pass the joint back and forth.

LUCY

You hate your omelet.

DEE

It's got meat in it, dummy.

Lucy closes her eyes and drags on the joint. Dee takes it out of her mouth. Lucy opens her eyes.

LUCY

God I love Halloween.

INT. RAW SPACE - DAY

A huge, wide open space with a changing screen stands mostly empty. Two women stare at their phones in front of it.

One is a SEAMSTRESS, the other a WOMAN WITH A CLIPBOARD. BLOOP. The Woman With A Clipboard checks a text.

WOMAN WITH A CLIPBOARD
Hey, he's about to get on the train.
He really wants to see the blue tux.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

- Cassavetes pulls himself into a slim blue tuxedo. He pauses when the pants are halfway up.

There's a gnarly, round bruise on his inner thigh. He pokes at it. It smarts. KNOCK KNOCK.

WOMAN WITH A CLIPBOARD (O.C.)
He's about to go in a tunnel.

CASSAVETES
(Vicious)
Hold up a fucking second.

IN FRONT OF THE SCREEN

- the Woman With A Clipboard backs away from the screen. BLOOP BLOOP. Two quick texts come in.

They're not for the Woman With A Clipboard. The Seamstress checks her phone. Nope. She has another phone. It's Cass's.

She looks at the screen.

SEAMSTRESS
Hey. Someone named Lucy is texting you pictures of Halloween costumes. Annnnd...some gibberish.

Cassavetes steps out from behind the screen.

CASSAVETES
Yeah. My girls got a bee in her bonnet for couple's costumes.

The Seamstress tugs on the tux.

SEAMSTRESS
It's tighter than it was last time. Like you're bloated or something.

Cassavetes grits his teeth but doesn't say anything. The Woman With A Clipboard snaps his picture.

WOMAN WITH A CLIPBOARD
I hope he gets it in time.

CASSAVETES

Yeah, hey. Sorry I snapped at you. My vibes a little sour today.

The Woman With A Clipboard shakes her head "don't worry about it" at him. BLOOP BLOOP. Nope. Not her phone.

The Seamstress hands Cassavetes his phone.

SEAMSTRESS

It's Lucy again.

He holds the phone at his side and poses. CLICK. The Woman With A Clipboard takes a picture from a different angle.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT/HALLWAY - DAY

THE SCREEN IS SPLIT.

On the left side Lucy leans against the front door inside. She's both mad and upset. She presses her phone to her chin.

On the right side Cassavetes stands in the hall a few steps away from the front door. He clenches his fists.

On her side Lucy walks through the apartment. She moves to call Cassavetes a couple of times. But she can't.

On his side of the screen, Cassavetes stomps down the steps into the outside world. The sun hits him.

He takes his phone out and calls Lucy. She answers immediately.

While they talk she moves to a stack of milk crates in the corner of the room. Vinyl albums poke out of them.

She tidies them.

While they talk he walks with determination. At various points he realizes he has no idea where he's going.

CASSAVETES

I'm so fuckin' sorry.

LUCY

No, I'm sorry. We don't do this. Not us. It's not what we do.

CASSAVETES

It's one of those days, you know? The vibes all wrong.

LUCY

I don't mean to stress you out. It's the last thing I want to do.

CASSAVETES

I know, babe. I know.

LUCY

Will you come back inside? We can eat something or have makeup sex or. Something. Anything.

CASSAVETES

I shouldn't. Not right now. I'm still pissed. Not at you. But pissed.

LUCY

OK. OK. Don't be pissed. We can figure out the costume stuff later.

On the left side of the screen she sits on the couch. Something in her knows she said the wrong thing.

On the right side of the screen he holds the phone away from his face. An angry tremble passes through his body.

He takes deep breaths to calm down. It leads to more trembles. His free hand clenches into a fist.

She chews on her thumbnail.

LUCY

Baby?

He didn't hear her. He moves the phone back to his ear in a mechanical way.

CASSAVETES

I gotta split. Don't be late tonight, OK? Can you do that at least?

On the right side of the screen he bites his lower lip. He didn't mean to say what he said. But he said it anyway.

On the left side of the screen she holds the phone away from her face and stares at it. She hangs up on him.

They both breathe heavily.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK TRAIN STATION - EVENING

JULIETTE (20's) a cute, slightly chubby Latino girl, sits next to Cassavetes. He sits behind an apple box.

A sign taped to it reads "POEMS FOR A BUCK." A PATIENT MAN stands as Cass types away on a manual typewriter.

A small Farmers Market buzzes with life around them. Juliette watches Cass's hands on the keys.

He stops typing and tears the sheet off the cylinder and hands it to the Patient Man.

No one else approaches the apple box. Cassavetes stares at his phone screen. No new texts or missed calls.

Juliette nudges him with her shoulder.

JULIETTE

Swallow your pride and call her already.

CASSAVETES

I already did that today. It didn't end well. It's the T. It's like being a teenager all over again.

JULIETTE

But isn't that when things were the most exciting?

CASSAVETES

Only because they were new.

JULIETTE

Lucy's new. I don't know her that well but. Dude. Bro. Amigo. She's totally fucking awesome.

He stares at his phone. The wallpaper is a goofy picture of he and Lucy. Rather, she's goofy. He's cool as ice.

CASSAVETES

Yeah.

JULIETTE

You're legit, Cass. You're on the level. Apologize to her and mean it. She'll forgive you.

His phone screen goes dark.

CASSAVETES

Yeah.

His eyes stay on the dark screen. Juliette grabs a jar filled with a few cash money bills. She hops up.

JULIETTE

But buy your awesomely wise and kick ass cousin a drink first.

He cracks a smile. Kind of.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cassavetes looks down at Lucy, pretending to be asleep on the couch. He covers her with a blanket and kisses her.

CLUNK CLUNK CLUNK. His Doc Martens beat a path of retreat down the hall. CLICK. The bedroom door closes.

Lucy sits bolt upright. She pulls the blanket tight around her shoulders and grabs her phone.

SWIPE. SWIPE. She opens an Amazon app and immediately clicks to a Hot Dog Couples Costume.

CLICK. Added to cart.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassavetes lies on his back. He hears Lucy make some quiet sounds in the living room. Sounds she thinks he can't hear.

He furrows his brow. He runs his hands through his hair. He almost gets up. But doesn't.

He turns on his side in frustration and opens a drawer on the bedside stand. He pulls out a slim pink vibrator.

CLICK. BUZZZZ.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lucy stands in the entrance to the hall in a hot dog bun costume. The lights are dim. Halloween decorations abound.

Electric Jack-O-Lanterns flicker. Spider and skeleton string lights flicker. Cobwebs drape. The works.

She stares at the bathroom door.

LUCY

What are you even doing in there,
condiment face? Mustard face? Ketchup
face? Catsup face?

CREAK. The bathroom door swings open. Cassavetes steps into the hall. Lucy takes a step away from him.

He wears a singularly exceptional KLAUS NOMI COSTUME. Wide, angular shoulder pads. Full face makeup. It's legit.

He takes a tentative step forward. Her eyes widen.

LUCY

Are you...are you Klaus Nomi?

He nods a little sheepishly. He's clearly expecting her to lose her mind that he's not a hot dog with catsup face.

Her hands cover her mouth. Her cheeks redden.

LUCY

God I fucking love you.

He looks surprised. She charges his mouth with hers. They make out down the hall to the bedroom door.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The costumes lie on the floor. Lucy and Cassavetes sleep deep under the covers. BLOOP BLOOP. Dee sends a text.

"Are you coming? John got lousy drunk and someone knocked him out! It was awesome. Miss you guys. XOXO."

The screen goes dark. Lucy and Cassavetes breathe.

CUT TO BLACK: