

INT. ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LUCY (30) a hip, lovely woman, sits on a couch by a large window. She wears a silk kimono.

The room is clearly occupied by a couple. The styles don't mix. A desk has one whole style. The walls, etc, another.

She's been crying. The DULL MURMUR of a television flows from behind a closet door. She stares at it.

A CACKLE sounds from inside the closet. It's followed by the distinct CRACK of a beer can opening.

She takes out her phone and calls her mom.

LUCY

Yeah, mom, hi. No. He won't leave. He said his names on the rental agreement so he shouldn't have to. No, we didn't have a lease. I know. I tried. I did too. I started sleeping on the couch because my snoring got on his nerves. I tried to bring him on jobs with me. None of it mattered. No. He's in the closet. Yeah, he moved the TV in there. He's drinking beer and watching documentaries. I can't leave. No, mom, I can't afford it. OK. OK, yeah. Thanks.

She hangs up. Her eyes linger on the closet door.

CRACK.

INT. ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT - CLOSET - DAY

Lucy stands in the doorway to a huge walk-in closet. Honestly. It's like it leads to fucking Narnia in there.

A dresser with a TV on it is shoved against one wall. A stack of empty beers sits next to it.

A sheet and a pillow loosely hold the outline of a full grown, adult male.

She steps over them to get to her clothes.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Lucy stands in front of the metal door to a boxy, plain building on a mildly run down street.

She checks a text. "Sorry - Running late. Be there in ten." She opens the front camera on her phone and checks her face.

INT. HIGHLAND PARK - SCRUFFY APARTMENT - DAY

Lucy walks around a nice sized one bedroom. It's not finished yet. Plaster dust covers everything.

There's no fridge. A lot of windows, though, which bring a whole lot of natural light.

She steps over a pile of tools to peek in the bedroom. It's big. Ample closet space.

The window looks out on a view of downtown Los Angeles. She looks over her shoulder at the rest of the apartment.

INT. ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lucy's voice sounds from the hallway.

LUCY (O.C.)

I got it! I know. My mom had to co-sign, but I told the lady I had bad credit up front. I think that made me look trustworthy. Ha ha. Yeah. I had to get a cashier's check for the deposit. I know. So grown up, right?

CREAK. The door opens. Lucy's voice stops mid sentence. The apartment is filled with packed boxes.

The bookshelves are empty. Men's clothes poke out of bags. The art is off the walls, leaving ghostly, white outlines.

Someone's moving out.

LUCY

I gotta go.

FFTTT. The sound of tape pulling over a box comes from the closet. She moves to the doorway.

Her body blocks the view of the closet.

LUCY  
(At a complete loss)  
You're fucking moving out?

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

FFTT. Lucy cuts open a box in her new apartment. It's completely different than when she checked it out.

Stainless steel fridge. Clean wood floors. Nice paint job. She's done a good job of unpacking.

There's far less clutter than her old apartment. A more concentrated selection of books. Minimal art.

A PARROT sits in a cage by the window. SQUAWK. She looks over at it and smiles.

The smile doesn't last long. The box she opened is filled with her ex-boyfriends stuff.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lucy walks through her living room with a laundry basket balanced on her hip. She looks around for quarters.

A muffled 1970's SOUL SONG bleeds through the walls from the next apartment over. SQUAWK.

LUCY  
Oh hush. I love this song.

She grabs a roll of quarters and moves to the door. She props it open so it doesn't lock behind her.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Lucy stares at a pile of her wet clothes on top of the dryer. Someone else's load TUMBLES around inside it.

Her expression changes from pissed off to determined.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

The sound of DAYTIME TV pours through an apartment door. Lucy's BANGS on it.

LUCY

I know you're in there. If you're the prick that took my laundry out of the dryer I just want you to know - there's an etiquette. There's a very widely accepted etiquette to this stuff. I know you know that. Everyone knows it.

She BANGS again. A big, hard-living kind of guy shuffles behind her to the stairs. He holds a bottle of wine.

She doesn't notice him. BANG BANG.

LUCY

I pay to live here too.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

She tosses her laundry basket on the couch and her quarters in a jar, muttering all the while.

It takes her a second to notice the absence of something she's used to. She can't quite place what it is.

She looks over at the birdcage. Dickens, the parrot, lies dead on the newspaper at the bottom.

She sits down cross-legged in the middle of the floor and puts her head in her hands. No tears come.

She looks more frustrated about it than relieved.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Early light throbs on the horizon. Lucy sits in a chair by the window. CLICK. She turns on a lamp.

CLICK. She turns it off again. An OLD COUPLE goes through the recycling. CLICK. A JOGGER darts across the street.

CLICK. She opens her texts. The first one reads "Hey, so, our prop guy is going to do the production design."

She swipes up. "We just don't have the budget for you. I know it's last minute. Sorry."

CLICK. CLICK. She leaves the lamp off. The morning pushes a blue light into the room.

She straightens her shoulders. A "fuck this" expression crosses her face. She leaps out of the chair.

EXT. SYCAMORE GROVE PARK - DAY

Lucy lies on a towel in the middle of a small park. The freeway is on one side, a main avenue on the other.

She has a bag filled with goodies. Sandwiches. Peanut butter cups. A clear thermos filled with white wine.

She pours a glass of wine and leans back into a yoga pose, with one leg on her knee. She props a book on her thigh.

A few people walk by. Smoke from a distant grill fills the air. She sips her wine and enjoys the morning -

- until a skateboard gets loose from its rider and knocks over her wine. It spills all over her and the blanket.

LOUIS (17) a Latino teenager in a punk T-Shirt and jeans, jogs forward off the momentum from the skateboard.

He stops short of Lucy's blanket. Without a word he scoops up the skateboard and heads back to the sidewalk.

LUCY

Thanks a lot, asshole. This is a nice bottle of wine. Or it was.

She mutters to herself as she mops up the spill. A shadow falls on the blanket. A kind, even voice talks to her.

KIND VOICE (O.S.)

Why so glum?

LUCY

Oh, I don't know. Because some asshole just ruined my picnic.

She looks up. CASSAVETES (25) a lean Latino man with fine features and a figure like a swimmer looks down at her.

He wears a white tank top and well fitting jeans.

CASSAVETES

Did you just call my little brother an asshole?

LUCY

Yeah. I did.

Cassavetes locks a hard look on his face. Lucy holds eye contact, determined. Cassavetes smiles.

CASSAVETES

That's cool. He's kind of an asshole.  
Sorry he messed up your shit.

Lucy goes back to mopping up the spill.

LUCY

It's OK. I'm getting pretty used to  
it these days.

CASSAVETES

That's a damn shame.

LUCY

Yeah. Well.

She moves her book to clean under it. The sun shines on her face. Brightly. Cassavetes notices the books cover.

He steps in front of the sunlight so Lucy doesn't have to squint. She looks up at him again.

CASSAVETES

That's a dope ass L.A book. Babitz is  
one of my all time faves.

For the first time in ages, Lucy smiles.

EXT. THE HP CAFE - DAY

Lucy and Cassavetes sit at a table outside. Thom sits inside, farting around on his phone.

Their plates are empty. Their smiles wide. Lucy wears a low cut dress and a tasteful amount of day-time makeup.

LUCY

No, I swear. My ex accused me of gas-  
lighting him.

CASSAVETES

Like. Of trying to drive him insane?

LUCY

Yup.

CASSAVETES

Example, please.

LUCY

OK. He came to me, right, and said I had changed his mind about marriage, and that it was something he'd never wanted before, but I was different and he knew it was going to happen and he was happy about it. This whole song and dance. I really loved him, you know? I thought it meant something. It was moving.

CASSAVETES

What happened?

LUCY

I proposed to him and he freaked the fuck out about it.

Cassavetes laughs. It's almost an ugly laugh, but it's real.

CASSAVETES

Did he say yes?

LUCY

He kind of said yes. But when things got crummy he went on this tangent about how I had pressured him into it and that if he had said no it would have meant breaking up and that it hadn't been fair of me to ask.

CASSAVETES

And you miss this guy?

LUCY

Of course I miss him. Three years is three years. I see things in stores and think "Oh, he'd like that." Then I remember.

CASSAVETES

He sounds like kind of a mess.

LUCY

Yeah. I should have known. When we were first together he kind of put me on a pedestal all the time. Like I was this perfect statue. I told him I wasn't and he didn't listen. So...

CASSAVETES

You ended up disappointing him.

LUCY  
Yeah. So, so much.

She pushes the remains of her food around the plate.  
Cassavetes puts both his hands on the table.

CASSAVETES  
You want to go somewhere cool and  
make out? Like, Junior High style?

Her eyes lift from the plate.

EXT. STAIRWELL OFF FIGUEROA - DAY

The two of them sit in front of a Madonna relief painted at  
the top of a long, wide flight of steps.

A little trail goes off to one side. It's not visible from  
the street. They make the fuck out.

It's exactly like in Junior High.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cassavetes sits in the chair by the window. Lucy hands him a  
beer and sits cross legged on the floor with her own.

LUCY  
So you're from Highland Park?

CASSAVETES  
Yeah. Like three generations back.

LUCY  
What was it like when you were  
growing up?

CASSAVETES  
I don't know. Different. The same. It  
was probably a little shittier, but  
felt like it's own secret community.  
My gramps owned a junk store where  
Kitchen Mouse used to be.

LUCY  
Seriously?

CASSAVETES  
Yeah. For like thirty years. They  
bought him out. It's why my brother  
won't eat there.

He cracks his knuckles and glances out the window.

CASSAVETES

Even though my gramps walked away  
with a pretty nice bundle of cash.

LUCY

Still. It's weird when people come in  
and start changing everything.

He leans forward in the chair.

CASSAVETES

Yeah, but if they didn't you wouldn't  
have moved here.

She leans upward and they kiss. He leans back.

CASSAVETES

What's funny is way back in the day  
it was one of the first really kind  
of fancy neighborhoods in L.A. Back  
before movie stars, even.

She sets her beer down.

LUCY

I don't care about Highland Park  
anymore.

She mounts him on the chair. CLICK. She turns the lamp off.  
They make out. Pretty furiously. Her hands start to wander.

He stops them.

CASSAVETES

Hey. So. You should know. I'm pretty  
Catholic. I don't fuck right away. We  
can do other stuff. If that's cool.

She holds his face in her hands and nods her head. They get  
back to making out like it's going out of style.

INT. ARTISTS STUDIO SPACE - DAY

Lucy's whole face smiles. She touches her lips with a dazed  
look on her face. Someone shakes her.

DEE, a crazy skinny, hippy-chic woman, spins in a circle and  
motions around the room.

DEE

So it's great, right?

Lucy snaps out of it and looks around the converted garage. Art supplies abound. Paintings hang on the wall.

LUCY

It's great.

DEE

It's only 300 each.

LUCY

I've been getting a lot of production jobs lately, so that's doable. Tight. But doable.

DEE

"Production Jobs." Right.

LUCY

What?

DEE

Like we all don't know you have a special new fella.

LUCY

I do. I do have that.

Dee flops on a bean bag chair.

DEE

Get comfy.

Lucy rests on a table.

DEE

I heard you guys haven't done sex with each other yet. It's been what, two months?

LUCY

A little more.

DEE

Wuddup no sex?

LUCY

He's Catholic. But boy oh boy what he can do with his hands.

DEE

And his - shall we say - equipment?

LUCY

Hmm? Oh. I don't know. He won't let me do anything to him. He's got this really personal idea of his religion. I don't exactly follow it, but I believe him. You know? He's thoughtful about it. And so gentle.

DEE

With his hands?

LUCY

With his life. Even when we fight it's more of a conversation than anything else.

DEE

That must be a real novelty for you. Especially after everything.

LUCY

Yeah. Have you. You know. Seen him?

DEE

Yeah, a couple of times. He sold a script. If you can believe it.

Lucy's posture changes. Her eyes wander outside. She chews on her thumbnail.

LUCY

Did he really?

She doesn't want an answer.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lucy sits emerged in a bubble bath. A cigarette dangles in one hand, a glass of wine in the other.

She tops it off, killing the bottle. The front door opens and closes. FOOTSTEPS enter the apartment.

CASSAVETES (O.C.)

Luce?

LUCY

In here.

There's a hint of heaviness in her voice. Cassavetes appears in the doorway.

CASSAVETES  
Hey. You're smoking.

LUCY  
I am smoking.

She doesn't look at him. She looks at the smoke she exhales.

LUCY  
Did I ever tell you about how much my ex hated smoking? Even though he smoked at parties. Or when anyone he thought was cool smoked around him.

CASSAVETES  
Do you want some privacy? I wanted to talk to you, but it can wait.

LUCY  
No. Come sit with me. Please?

Cassavetes looks at the half-full ashtray. Then at the empty bottle. Then at Lucy. She needs him

He sits on the edge of the tub, facing her.

LUCY  
I smoke-smoked then. I was a smoker. When we started spending all this time at each others apartments he tried to get me to take a shower every time I had a cigarette.

Cassavetes tries to grin.

CASSAVETES  
Yeah. You've mentioned.

LUCY  
He flipped out one night about having to "unlearn the smell of cigarettes" or something, so I tried it. I took seven showers that day. Seven.

She stares at the smoke. He clasps his hands together.

CASSAVETES  
OK. Yeah. I'm gonna take off.

He stands. She leans out of the tub to grab him.

LUCY

Wait. Please don't.

CASSAVETES

Look. You're into something here that I'd only be intruding on if I stay. I'm not mad. You don't need to be mad. I'm just gonna head home and get some work done. We'll catch up tomorrow, OK?

LUCY

Ah yes, this mysterious home you speak of but won't let me see.

CASSAVETES

You know I want you to be a bigger part of my life, but I need to ease in to it right now. It's just how it is. You said you were cool with it.

LUCY

I really need you to stay.

CASSAVETES

(Snaps)

Well I really need you to grow the fuck up and move on already. I don't care about your ex, OK? I'm sick of hearing about him.

Lucy's jaw goes rigid. She throws the wine glass at the wall. It SHATTERS with an almost pretty melody.

CASSAVETES

OK. I'm gone.

He walks out. She grips the edge of the tub to try to keep herself from going after him.

It doesn't work for more than a few seconds. She SPLASHES out of the tub and across the floor.

She steps on a broken piece of glass. It stops her in her tracks with a YELP. She lifts her foot to look at it.

It's only a small piece but it's in pretty deep. The blood spills on the floor in curved lines.

She sits back on the edge of the tub.

INT. ARTISTS STUDIO SPACE - DAY

The garage door is open on the street. Morning light spills from the horizon. Lucy squats in the center of the room.

She primes a huge canvas. TWEE INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC comes from her phone. It sounds small.

A painting of a yellow landscape with two small, photo-realistic limes hangs on the wall with a SOLD sticker.

A train goes by. A few garbage trucks beep as they back up. She tunes it out. CLACKETY CLACK. A skateboard goes by.

She tunes that out too. It stops abruptly. Louis appears on the street behind her.

LOUIS

Hey. Lady.

Lucy looks over at him but sticks to the task at hand.

LUCY

Louis. Shouldn't you be at school?

LOUIS

We're on winter break.

He steps into the room.

LOUIS

Why are you blowing off Cass?

LUCY

Mind your business.

LOUIS

Cass is real in to you. Just so you know. He maybe even loves you.

She moves to a counter and drops her brush in a tray. She lights a cigarette and offers one to Louis.

LOUIS

Nah.

He fidgets like he's got something to say but can't say it.

LOUIS

Our grandma died. She was the only one in the family that talked to him besides me.

(MORE)

LOUIS  
 Did you know that? He's scared to go  
 to the funeral. Real scared. It's  
 fucking him up.

Her posture softens.

LUCY  
 Why?

Louis looks around, like he's about to share a secret.

LOUIS  
 You know where he lives?

She nods.

LOUIS  
 Come by later.

He drops his skateboard and takes off before she can say anything. She takes out her phone and opens the texts.

There's a whole screens worth of apologies to Cassavetes. He didn't respond to any of them.

INT. CASSAVETES'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

The sky out a window at the end of the hall is overcast. Lucy pulls her coat tight around her body.

The building is pretty run down. Louis fusses with his keys.

LUCY  
 I really don't know if I feel right  
 about this.

LOUIS  
 You don't know shit.

CLINK. He opens the door. She looks at him. He motions for her to go inside. She does. He stays in the hall.

INT. CASSAVETES'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Lucy stands by the door. The long, railroad style, single room is tidy. All the windows are covered so it's dim.

One whole wall is filled with VHS tapes. All styles and genre's of film. There are piles of books along the wall.

She moves to the made bed. A pair of shoes is neatly placed under it. The toes poke out.

A closet displays a row of chromatically arranged clothes. All very plain and well laundered.

She picks up a strip of photo-booth pictures of the two of them. Goofy expressions. Kisses. Laughter. The usual.

She wanders into the kitchenette. There are only a few plates. A set of pots and pans hang on the wall.

She opens a cupboard. A row of boxes are lined up in size order. Healthy cereals and oatmeal. That kind of thing.

She opens the fridge. There's a six pack of beer. A crisper filled with vegetables. She's about to close it.

A small box sits on a shelf on the door. She reads the side. It's testosterone. It's unopened. She tilts her head.

She moves into the bathroom. It's clean. Towels are stacked on a shelf. She opens the medicine cabinet.

An aspirin bottle. A packet of syringes. She opens the cabinet under the sink. A bucket. Toilet paper.

A box of tampons. She closes it without really thinking about it. She takes two steps out of the bathroom -

- and turns right back. She grabs the box of tampons and moves to sit on the bed. She has a good long think.

A shoe box wedged between the bed and the nightstand catches her eye. Photographs poke out of it.

She shoots the front door a look before picking it up. She grabs a handful of pictures and flips through them.

The top ones are recent. Cassavetes and Louis. Cassavetes and Lucy. Cassavetes and his GRANDMA.

They go backwards in time chronologically. An adolescent Cassavetes with his grandma. He's in an awkward phase.

Cassavetes in front of a high school in an over-sized hoodie. He looks away from the camera.

She gets to the last one. It's of a tween girl in a Sunday church dress. She sits on the GRANDMA'S lap.

It's Cassavetes. He's trans. Understanding washes over Lucy's face like the tide as she connects the dots.

Understanding. And relief.

EXT. STAIRWELL OFF FIGUEROA - DAY

Cassavetes sits in front of the Virgin Mary relief. He wears a black suit. He stares at the ground.

FOOTSTEPS shuffle toward him. He keeps his eyes on the ground. A shadow falls on him.

Lucy stands there in a black dress. She sits next to him.

CASSAVETES

I was going to tell you. That night.  
I'm about to start my -

LUCY

I love you.

He looks at her. They kiss. He starts to cry. She takes his head in her lap and strokes his hair.

CASSAVETES

I can't even go to her funeral.

LUCY

You damn well can.

She stands & holds out her hand. After a pause he takes it.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - TUNNEL - DAY

A long tunnel leads to an elevator. Louis and a few of his COUSINS hang out on the elevator side, all in black suits.

He looks up from what he's doing. Lucy and Cassavetes step into the mouth of the tunnel, holding hands.

They slowly walk forward.

CUT TO BLACK: