

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BANG. The door hits the wall when CASSAVETES (25) 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.

Lucy slips Cassavete's hand between her legs.

LUCY

Tonight, this belongs to you.

She bites his lower lip. They crash onto the couch.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lucy sits cross-legged in front of the couch. A half full six pack sits between her and the couch.

She shoves it behind her and move closer to Cassavetes, twisted in a blanket on the couch, snoring like a chainsaw.

He turns on his side and GRUMBLES awake. Lucy smiles. A lit joint dances through the air to her lips.

CASSAVETES

Why are you staring at me?

LUCY

Morning, Captain Cranky Pants.

He throws his arm over his eyes.

CASSAVETES

Haggard. Guh. Are you smoking? Sick.

LUCY

It's a joint. Good for hangovers.

He sits bolt upright, fully awake.

CASSAVETES

What time is it? I didn't sleep all day, did I?

LUCY

No way. It's eighty thirty in the morning. I was thinking. You want to play lovers hooky today?

CASSAVETES

I thought you said you were going out all day?

LUCY

Maybe to the studio.

CASSAVETES

I can't. I got shit to do.

LUCY

But we're still going to watch West Side Story together, right?

CASSAVETES

What? Why?

LUCY

It was our brilliant plan, remember? A couple of Bloody Mary's and West Side Story. You were pretty psyched.

CASSAVETES

I was pretty drunk, is what I was.

LUCY

Oh. OK. If you're gonna head out I'm gonna have a little hair of the dog and get some more unpacking done.

CASSAVETES

Sounds good, babe.

He leans down for a kiss.

CASSAVETES

Gotta hustle.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - DAY

A super cool, 50's greaser looking Cassavetes gathers his things from a little table by the door.

Lucy stares at him. He's perfect. Pack of cigarettes rolled in his sleeve. Comb in his back pocket.

She can't resist him. She marches to the doorway, puts her hands around his neck, and pulls him in for a make out.

He pulls out of it abruptly and feels his hair. It's not up to snuff. He walks out the door, re-combing it.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Lucy arranges the ingredients for a super fancy omelette on the counter. A WOMAN'S LAUGH sounds in the next room.

SERIES OF SHOTS - LUCY COOKS

- She wipes down the stove.
- She cracks eggs.
- She lights the burner.
- She mixes ingredients.
- The pan sizzles with butter and heat.
- She artfully plates two omelette's.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lucy walks in with two gorgeous plates. A dish towel hangs over her shoulder. Reefer smoke drifts through the air.

DEE, a tall, crazy pretty, hippy-chic woman in her mid-thirties, holds a bowl to her lips.

DEE

Dude, are those omelette's?

LUCY

They're Lucy's special portobello mushroom tempeh omelette's. Cass says they're pretty ace.

DEE

You know I've only had like three omelette's in my life that I didn't want to stab in a dark alley, right?

LUCY

You won't want to stab this one.

She hands her a plate and sits in a chair by the window. Dee sets the plate aside to focus on the weed.

DEE

You psyched for Smith's party?

LUCY

I don't know. I mean, yeah, of course. But. I'm a little anxious because of Cass.

DEE

Because some of your friends still don't know he's got a vag?

LUCY

No. God no. Fuck that. But he started using T and it's like. I don't know. Like a second puberty, I guess? He's been a little all over the place. Also because of. You know.

DEE

Yeah, he's going to be there, for sure. You guys haven't seen each other since you split, right?

Lucy shakes her head with a mouthful of omelette.

DEE

His costumes going to be stupid elaborate, apparently. He's doing it with some girl he met on Tindr. He won't shut up about it on twitter.

GULP. Lucy swallows.

LUCY

He's on twitter?

DEE

He's always been on twitter. He just didn't use it much when you were together. No need to cultivate an image, I guess. You know him. He's like that.

LUCY

Wait. He's bringing someone?

Dee exhales a huge cloud of smoke.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lucy sits at a little desk. Dee's plate sits in the same place it did earlier. Not one bite was taken. Dee's gone.

CRACK. Lucy opens a beer and stares at her closed laptop. After a deep breath she folds it open -

- and immediately googles her ex-boyfriends twitter account. It's a huge fucking mistake.

The tweets are all along the lines of -

"Don't know why Tindr gets a bad rap - it's worked for me the last three nights out of five. Wink. Wink."

"When your ex turned you in to a chubby chaser. #notbitter."

"When you sell a script and all you can think about is rubbing it in someone specials face. #TakeThat"

"I've had to explain gas-lighting to like five different people. I should just introduce them to my ex to save time."

"Me and OKSasha are going to murder Halloween this year. Hashtag - believe. #SourGrapesStillMakeWine."

Her hand hovers the cursor over the "X" to close the window. She doesn't close it. She reads on.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lucy whips around the room in a cleaning frenzy. All the windows are open. A cigarette dangles from her lips.

She SOBS UNCONTROLLABLY. Her hands arrange books on shelves, dust things, break down empty boxes.

After every drag she spritzes Glade in the air. Her sobbing affects her breathing. She sits on the edge of the couch.

She leans her head between her knees as far as she can and takes deep breaths. It doesn't help.

Her eyes dart around the room. To books on the floor. To pieces of cardboard on the rug. To messy bric-a-brac.

They land on Cassavetes's corner. A neat stack of Milk Crates with records and VHS tapes in them.

A record sleeve lies on the floor. A few pre-paid, cardboard mailers poke out unevenly.

The sight of the corner calms her down. She kneels in front of the crates and organizes the mailers.

She runs her fingers over the neat rows of LP's. Her breathing normalizes. Her panic is gone.

She slips out her phone and types a text that reads "Hey, so, my ex is -" Delete delete delete.

She types anew. "Let's do something crazy dumb and romantic for Halloween. Like this."

Before she hits send she opens a browser and googles "Hot Dog Costume Couples." A picture pops up. She screen caps it.

BLOOP. She sends the photo and text. A complete calm descends when she stands. She exhales a long breath.

BLOOP. His response comes in. It's "?????????????????" She types "Did you get the picture?" BLOOP.

"I can't see if it went through." BLOOP.

No response. Not even the three little dots.

EXT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - SIDE ALLEY - DAY

Lucy struggles three huge bags around the corner of the apartment building. BLOOP. BLOOP.

The bags hit the ground instantly. She rockets her phone to her hand. Her lips make a slight frown.

The new texts are from Dee. The visible one reads "Wish I had that omelette right now - so stoned. XoXo."

She picks up the bags and swings them aggressively from side to side. The dumpster comes into view. She stops.

JACKSON (30s) a big, hard living kind of guy, roots through the trash. He reaches deep inside. She stays where she is.

EXT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - FRONT STEPS - DAY

Lucy sits on the few steps to the building as far away from the front door as she possible can.

The bags are shoved against the wall next to her. She peers at the mouth of the alley. Nothing.

She flips out her phone and looks through images of couple's costumes. One makes her smile. She screencaps it.

She texts Cassavetes a picture of a handmade sheep costume. The text reads "BoPeep and her sheep?"

She starts another text. Jackson shuffles out the side alley. Her fingers type gibberish when she notices him.

BLOOP. She accidentally hits send.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Lucy sits on the toilet, pants around her ankles. She flips through some more couple's costumes and screencaps a few.

After she wipes she notices a little red on the toilet paper. She mouths "fuck" and checks under the sink.

An empty box of tampons greets her. She dials Cassavetes, puts the phone on the sink, and puts it on speaker.

CASSAVETES (O.C.)

Hey Babe, you wasted yet?

LUCY

Um. No. What?

A few STREET SOUNDS come from the speaker. Honked horns. Loud traffic. She misses his response.

LUCY

Hey, are you coming home at some point? We're out of -

CASSAVETES (O.C.)

You know I can't. I don't have time to look at pictures of costumes on the internet.

LUCY

Oh oh! What did you think of the ones I sent? Awesomely stupid, right?

CASSAVETES (O.C.)

You know I don't give a shit about Halloween. It's kids stuff.

LUCY

But you'll wear a costume with me, won't you? It would mean a lot.

CASSAVETES (O.C.)

Sure, whatever. You pick it out. Ok, look. I gotta jet. Try not to get too wasted. I need you to film my thing later. At the farmers market.

LUCY

I didn't know you were -

CASSAVETES (O.C.)

Fuck. I walked right past the post office. I really gotta go.

STREET NOISE. CLICK. SILENCE.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lucy is stretched out on the couch. She reads an article about Trans Testosterone use.

Her phone DINGS. The battery is super low. She plugs it in at her desk. The connection is loose.

The charge icon flickers. When the door opens behind her the icon disappears completely. The phone's not charging.

Cassavetes walks in. Lucy hops on the couch on her knees. She bounces up and down a little.

LUCY

You're home, you're home. Yay.

He eyes a mostly empty beer bottle on the end table.

CASSAVETES

Still at it, huh?

LUCY

What? Oh, no. That was Dee's from earlier. I made her breakfast but she didn't eat it. It's in the fridge if you want it. Ace Omelette.

He drops a pile of envelopes and mailers on the floor.

LUCY

I found some more crazy dumb costumes, by the way.

He marches to his corner.

CASSAVETES

Were you messing around with this stuff?

LUCY

I unpacked some more. And cleaned.

He squats in front of his record crates.

CASSAVETES

Look, I know you clean when you're super stressed, but could you maybe not get tangled up over here? I have everything exactly the way I want it.

LUCY

I'm not super stressed.

CASSAVETES

You're crazy person stressed.

The moment hits her and she tears up.

LUCY

Why would you say that to me?

CASSAVETES

Because I'm crazy person stressed. I don't get crazy person stressed unless you take it out on me.

LUCY

Take what out on you? Are you saying I'm stressing you out?

CASSAVETES

Look, whatever. You're upset and drunk and I can't find where you put my mailers, so I have to head back to the post office before it closes. Whatever I say is going to piss you off, so we'll talk later. OK?

She's taken aback but doesn't want to upset him. She nods.

CASSAVETES

OK.

He heads for the door. Just when he steps out she calls over to him.

LUCY

Oh, we're out of tampons, by the way.
I could get more later, or -

SLAM. He's gone.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK STREET - EVENING

Lucy rushes down the street with a DSLR camera. She checks her purse while she moves to make sure she has everything.

BRING BRING. She answers her phone on the go.

LUCY

Hey mom, what's up? What? No, I can't. I'm out on my way somewhere. No, I know. I uploaded all of Uncle Gus's medical stuff online. I can walk you through it. Yeah, are you by your computer? OK, let me know.

BLOOOOOOOP. Her phone dies. She looks at it in her hand. She looks at the street in front of her.

She doesn't know what to do.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy sits at her desk. She read through a dropbox folder of her Uncle Gus's medical paperwork.

It's dense stuff and there's a lot of it. They're all very poorly labeled. It takes a while to find the ones she needs.

She copies the links for two of them and opens a blank email to her mom. She pastes and sends without a message.

She picks up her inert phone. There's no charge to it. Her eyes travel down the chord to the outlet.

It's plugged in just fine. She tears the charger out of the wall and throws it across the room.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy dozes on the couch. The door BANGS open when Cassavetes clomps in. She opens her eyes but pretends to be asleep.

He sits facing her. A blanket comes down over her shoulders.

CASSAVETES

Sorry I'm so late. Me and Juliette
grabbed a couple of drinks.

Lucy does her best to not stay too still and moves like a
sleeping person might. Small jerks, tiny twitches.

CASSAVETES

I'm sorry about the whole day. I woke
up wrong, I guess. And. You know.
Other stuff.

She mutters a fake snore.

CASSAVETES

I always know when you're faking, but
it's cool. I wouldn't want to talk to
me if I was you either.

He gets up and moves to the mouth of the hall.

CASSAVETES

I liked the hot dog one best.

CLICK. The hall light goes out.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy sits in the middle of the couch. Electric Jack-o-
lanterns paint strange shadows around her.

The whole apartment is lit by the Jack-O-lantern lights. She
wears the hot dog bun costume.

CLICK. She turns on a lamp. CLICK. She turns it off again.
CLICK. She looks down the hall. CLICK.

Her excitement gets the better of her.

LUCY

Cass, are you doing condiment face?
I'm want to see, I want to see.

She hops up as best she can and moves to the hall. CREAK.
The bathroom door opens. Cassavetes steps out.

She takes a step back.

CUT TO BLACK: