

PURITY SEASON ONE
CHAPTER 1. HOUR ONE

Teleplay by
Todd Field & Jonathan Franzen

Based on the Novel by
Jonathan Franzen

SCOTT RUDIN PRODUCTIONS
120 West Forty Fifth St
Tenth Floor NY NY 10036

DRAFT TWO
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PURITY

Chapter 1 Hour 1

CAST

1. PIP TYLER at 7
2. PENELOPE TYLER
3. PIP TYLER
4. ANDREAS WOLF
5. ANNAGRET BÖTTNER
6. TONI FIELD
7. STEPHEN
8. DREYFUSS
9. JASON
10. RAMÓN
11. IGOR
12. MARTIN
13. MARIE
14. SONNY
15. JANIS
16. CLERK
17. MILLENIAL DUDE
18. FLOR

OPEN COLD

On a SCHOOL BUS pulling onto Graham Hill Road after depositing a TINY FIGURE onto the sidewalk fronting Felton Bible Church.

– THE FIGURE

Still at a distance, humming to keep herself company, walks the small TRESTLE that spans East Zayante Road to Mt. Herman.

– BELOW ANCIENT TREES

She ambles, safely and sensibly, navigating the standard-gauge path of the semi-daily Roaring Camp Railroad.

– THE PLAINTIVE WALL

Of the 4:15 sounds as the girl's hand grabs today's *Santa Cruz Sentinel*, lifts a PLANTER, removes a KEY, and inserts it into the front-door lock of a small BOARD & BATTEN CABIN.

– SHE HEADS INSIDE

Hangs her backpack on a hook and moves straight into

THE KITCHEN

Cleans out her LUNCH BOX, steps onto a STOOL below the sink, washes her THERMOS, twists the faucet, which won't stop dripping, crouches down to a PAN beneath the basin catching water from the leak, struggles to lift it, and teeters back

OUTSIDE

Pours it on the planter from which she retrieved the key.

HEADS BACK INTO THE KITCHEN

Replaces the pan under the basin and moves quickly to the

MAIN ROOM

Scanning it with purpose; a small couch with two opposing slip chairs and walls of books. No television or computer. It's the first time we've seen her stand still and gotten an honest look at her wonderful face. Bright with lively eyes and distinct self-compartment, 7 going on 27. Not precocious, just confident about some things, in the weeds about others, at that precarious age-of-wonder with one foot in childhood and another in something wholly mysterious.

Lightning-quick now, PIP TYLER begins her real work: scouring every inch of the cabin, looking for answers to the questions her mother dodges. The place is small and the search takes no time. Her score of physical actions include examining the contents of her mother's closet, desk and dresser drawers, and rifling environmentally themed books like Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* and an entire shelf devoted to Germaine Greer-- *Sex and Destiny: The Politics of Human Fertility*, *Kissing the Rod*, and *The Madwoman's Underclothes*.

Books rotated spines-up by Pip, who fans their pages like an amateur wishing to learn what's truly beneath a magician's narrative sleight-of hand. She moves back into

THE KITCHEN

Pops the lid of a rusting Betty Crocker RECIPE BOX with fingers that know where they're going, past file tabs like 'Artichocke & Spinach Dip,' straight to 'Meatless Meatballs,' from which they pluck a FADED SOCIAL SECURITY CARD.

She stares intently at the first and last (but no middle) name: PENELOPE TYLER. Her gaze drifts to what feels like a personal taunt: ***Not To Be Used For Identification Purposes.***

MAIN ROOM

She resigns herself to the couch and begins reading the paper, whose front page is headlined *Gore Leads Into Primary*. News of the race is interrupted by her mother, PENELOPE (44), who bursts through the door carrying GROCERIES in mid-rant.

PENELOPE

You're not going to believe this!
Cameras?! Surveillance cameras!?

Pip, unfazed, picks up one of the bags and heads back to

THE KITCHEN

Where she begins to separate perishables from non.

PENELOPE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

As if Maggie or Pat or your mother would use her ten-minute break to pocket tea-tree oil and ginseng extract! Never mind the Fourth Amendment. When you think about the loyalty we've shown New Leaf-- have I ever been late for work, Pussycat? Have I?

Pip puts the milk away, shakes her head as if by rote.

PENELOPE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Have I ever called in sick when I'm
not sick? Have I ever shirked in
the redwoods, as much as I might
like to?

Pip shakes her head again and closes the refrigerator door.
The SOUND of a TRUCK pulling up outside bring both Pip and
Penelope to the kitchen window. They see a stout guy slam his
door and retrieve a large toolbox from the bed.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
(alarmed)
What's he doing here?

PIP
(pointing at sink)
The leak.

PENELOPE
(heading to back door)
You can deal with him, right? You
like Sonny. I'm so far behind with
my Endeavor... you can take some
money from the fluff jar.

She exits via the back door, aimed generally for the trees.

SONNY (O.C.)
(gentle knock on screen door)
Hello!

- LATER

His head and arms beneath the kitchen sink, Sonny (45), a
mountain-bearded handyman and unrequited admirer of Penelope,
finishes soldering a join. Pip watches, trying to learn.

SONNY
Mom still at work?

PIP
(not wanting to lie)
... I don't think so.

SONNY
(stands back up)
I'm sorry I missed her. What do you
say, Pip? Try her out?
(she steps onto stool)

Sonny turns the spigot on and off. No drip.

Pip steps down and proffers up a FLUFF JAR full of change.

PIP

Thanks. How much does it cost?

SONNY

Put that away. Just a tired washer on the O-ring. Easy. Only soldered the join down there to impress you.

He smiles at her and she smiles back.

SONNY (CONT'D)

You like the dried apricots I left by your door last week?

PIP

Yes, thank you.

SONNY

And your mother-- she like 'em?

(Pip nods)

Good. My neighbor gave me a hundred of them. Said it was a birthday present, but really I was doing him a favor. Apricots are a *problem*.

PIP

Happy Birthday, Sonny.

SONNY

Thank you, Pip. When's yours?

PIP

March fourth.

SONNY

Sounds like a command.

PIP

That's what my mom says.

SONNY

Oh yeah... when's her birthday?

PIP

(uncomfortable)

... doesn't have one.

SONNY

Doesn't have one? Or doesn't wanna say?

She shrugs, not knowing what to say. Through the window over the kitchen table she glimpses Penelope hiding behind a tree.

- LATER

Pip & Penelope lie side-by-side on the sleeping porch.

PIP

... Mom?
(Pip shakes her awake)
... Mom? What day were you born?

PENELOPE

(turns to her, opens eyes)
Oh, Pussycat. Your birthday is the only one that matters.

PIP

Did *your* Mom say the same thing to you?

PENELOPE

(caught off-guard)
... in a way... yes.

PIP

What did she call you?

PENELOPE

... Bell

PIP

Will I ever meet your Mom & Dad?

PENELOPE

No, Pussycat. I've told you before, they're gone... so is your father.
(changing gears)
But your birthday was the happiest day of my life. I'd had to prepare myself first. That was the beginning of my Endeavor. I had to become a vessel pure enough to receive you. I knew you were up there, and I was so happy when you finally decided I was ready, and came down, and we were together. That's all I ever wanted. That's the only birthday that would ever matter to me again. Our world is complete now. We only need us.

These words comfort and horrify Pip in equal measure.

PIP

But don't you get lonely on your days off when I'm at school..?

(MORE)

PIP (CONT'D)

Sonny likes you. Why won't you talk to him? Why do you hide when he comes by?

PENELOPE

I do not hide. I have my Endeavor and it is important that I practice it on a gray day.

PIP

But today was a blue-sky day.
(not dropping it)
... you were born too. You have a birthday...
(Penelope is silent)
How old you are?

PENELOPE

Old enough to be your mother.

PIP

I mean *really*?

PENELOPE

(holds up her hands)
Look at my hands, Pussycat. If you look closely, you can learn to tell a woman's age by her hands.

Pip stares at the veins on her mother's hands. They're like a map leading to a place she's never heard of, let alone been.

A Legend Appears: PURITY

Follow with titles

CUT IN ON:

- PIP'S HANDS

Taking her down jacket from a hook on the wall of her cubicle at *Renewable Solutions*. She's 23 and pretty; the soul we met at seven is alive and well, albeit a bit more world-weary.

Lugging a backpack, Pip passes a WHITEBOARD of "OUTREACH POINTS" updated through February and topped with her and her colleagues's names. Her numbers are consistently the lowest.

Her boss IGOR, 39, a handsome Russian emigre, trains his male Gaze on her as they pass in the corridor. She ignores him.

- AN UNREMARKABLE BUILDING

In a business park, she zips up her jacket, tugs on a stocking cap, and mounts her cheap bike. It's winter and dark, but a group of compression-clad OLDER FEMALE CO-WORKERS stretch and bend in preparation for their after-work run.

PIP
You guys are hard core.

JANIS, the one generous soul in the bunch, waves to her.

JANIS
Have a good weekend, Pip.

PIP
(cycles away)
You too, Janis.

- 6:59 AM SUNDAY

Pip waits outside Peet's Coffee for the hung-over tatted up kid she knows is somewhere inside to unlock the front door.

She glances at the beat-to-shit screen of her CRACKED SMARTPHONE. The display digits flip to 7:00 am, and ZOMBIE TAT KID finally appears and lets her inside.

In the middle-distance, a YOUNG MAN on a BIKE coasts down the center of the empty street heading her way.

MOMENTS LATER

Pip settles in at a corner table with a coffee and the Sunday Times, whose top headline reads: *Latest Wolf Leak Enrages Palestinians*. A moment later, she lowers the paper to see, as usual, the place empty except for one other person, around Pip's age, sitting at another corner table across the room.

He's looking at her. She raises her paper to block his gaze. Then very slowly she sneaks it back down - and lo and behold

There he is, standing directly in front of her, with his own Sunday Times. Meet JASON BISSET from College Station, Texas.

JASON
You're over here, I'm over there.
Every Sunday morning. Are you
seeing the same problem I see?
(after a while)
I'm Jason, by the way, and I'm
sitting down.
(he does)
(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

My problem with waste isn't just that it's immoral. The reason I hate waste is that it's *inelegant*. You see what I'm saying?

PIP

I see you sitting down at my table.

JASON

Each of us can only read one section at a time. And the paper has many sections...

PIP

I read it in a certain order. What if we both wanted the same section?

JASON

You always beat me here, so you can have bumping rights.

PIP

Hm. This is kind of the one time all week when I get to be alone.

JASON

From which it logically follows that you wouldn't mind seeing a person next Saturday. I'm thinking of that new kinetic sculpture thing in Alameda.

PIP

You're asking me on a date?

JASON

Apparently, yeah.

PIP

(raises paper back up)

Wow.

JASON

(pushes her paper down)

I don't do this all the time.

Pip has met her match. She searches for a rejoinder. Sizes him up, wavers, uncertain whether to parry or promise.

- MADISON & 6TH STREET

On hands-and-knees Pip clings to the decrepid roof of a three story faded blue Victorian, Port of Oakland's vertical drek in the distance and I-880's toxic roar a mere 50 yards away. With this undeniably romantic panorama as a backdrop, it's no wonder we find Pip beaming at the embodiment of her hesitancy with Jason, namely STEPHEN (37) whose large biceps bulge as he patches the roof with a staple gun and scrap plastic. He's wearing little-boy clothes; cast-off Keds, a second-hand short-sleeved Towncraft shirt. He signals Pip to hand over more plastic.

STEPHEN

You ever look in the attic here?
This whole house was framed out in cabinet-quality Doug fir. It's obscenely well built. The product of rape, rape, rape. They raped the immigrant lumberjacks at seven cents an hour. They raped the Chinese slave-laborers to get the railroad built...

PIP

(staring at his arms)
Can I try stapling?

STEPHEN

And they raped the old-growth forest to make the two-by-fours. Thousand-year-old trees that are smarter than we are! Derrick Jensen says that when he lived up in Spokane he had a shade tree that got attacked by aphids. Lost practically every leaf it had. He tried spraying it with diluted Dr. Bronner's, tried everything. Nothing worked. And then, out of nowhere, hoards of ladybugs show up and *bloop* - the aphids disappear. The tree was *talking*. Not only do plants send messages to the other plants, they send out calls to insect *predators*. In Jensen's case, ladybugs. Here, you staple.

Stephen isn't Sonny-- Pip's at least as good at stapling as he is. She puts up with his lectures, which are cribbed from brand-name anarchists and familiar apostles of living off the grid, because she's desperately attracted to him.

PIP
Should we caulk this, too?

STEPHEN
(stands & stretches)
It's not going to rain until
October. By then maybe Dreyfuss and
I can crowd-source a new roof.

- PIP SHUTS DREYFUSS'S BACK DOOR

Heads to the kitchen sink, washes her hands and, from behind,
is immediately set upon by RAMÓN (36), a housemate with a
congenital learning disability, who also happens to be the
adopted adult "son" of Stephen and his wife Marie.

RAMÓN
Pip, you promised to help me with
my SMART board and I'm *hungreee*.

She dries her hands and turns. He hugs her with affection.

PIP
Of course you are. Let's see what
we can scare up...
(he's still hugging her)
Don't worry. Go watch your show.

He finally lets go, and Pip turns to the fridge adorned with
a 'job list' and a lot of unmarked boxes with people's names.
Pip checks "roof" next to Stephen's, taking no credit of her
own, then pulls the door open and is greeted by odors she has
an immediate and unpleasant reaction to. She peers inside at
a molding head of cabbage, sniffs a container of milk and
winces, and then stares down at a gray piece of round steak.

PIP (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Whose meat is in here!?

DREYFUSS (O.C.)
Only the shadow knows.

She tosses the lot, contemplates scrubbing the fridge...

RAMÓN (O.C.)
Pip! What are we gonna *eat*?

PIP
Shit.

It will wait. She dominoes empty cupboards and moves into the

LIVING ROOM

Finding DREYFUSS in a beat-to-shit LA-Z-BOY, next to it a single drawer filing cabinet under his sole discretion, its top littered in his many Schizophrenia meds; Amisulpride, olanzapine, risperidone and clozapine. Across from Dreyfuss sits Ramón in a stained-sheet-covered winged back which teeters a bit owing to the missing coaster on one leg.

They stare at a scavenged TV blasting *The Biathlon World Cup* in Östersund, Sweden.

Pip grabs a book, kneels down and slips it under the missing coaster to settle Ramón, grabs the remote off Dreyfuss's filing cabinet and switches off the TV. Synchronized sounds of protest ensue from Dreyfuss & Ramón.

DREYFUSS

I would very much appreciate you handing back the Dick. As I've placed a small wager on Bjørndalen with what, I might add, is an exceedingly generous spread.

PIP

(ignoring him)

House meeting, house meeting.
Where's Stephen?

DREYFUSS

No doubt upstairs committing to memory a witticism by that king of comedy, Noam Chomsky, to impress the other squatters at mixers.

PIP

(cups hands and hollers)

House meeting! Stephen?

RAMÓN

Nooo, noooo. Not now, Pip! I'm *really, really hungrrrrrry*.

PIP

(gently)

Hold on a sec, okay? Time to pass the hat here, Dreyfuss. Spare a couple of dollars so I can run out and get Ramón a sandwich?

DREYFUSS

I'll refer you to Stephen's unfair advantage when a hat is passed.

(MORE)

DREYFUSS (CONT'D)

We can admire Stephen's ideological consistency in refusing to believe in U.S. currency. But can we not also admit that his belief system is suspiciously convenient to him? His wife brings home a paycheck. I provide the shelter. And *this* man--
(points to Ramón)
--keeps me company. But Stephen? In theory, the stay-at-home adoptive father of Ramón. The brilliant roof-repairer. But the logic tree he has planted seems to require that you and I do most of the watering and trimming.

PIP

(can't argue this)
... He's hungry, Dreyfuss.

DREYFUSS

There is 67 dollars and 35 cents in Ramón's jar. His so-called rainy-day jar. Might this be a rainy day?

Ramón starts to get agitated, emitting strange squeaks and other noises that, if not dealt with, will end in a fugue.

PIP

Don't talk about his jar.

DREYFUSS

Let's talk about you then. Your out-of-pocket food costs average 30 dollars a month. You live rent free--

PIP

I pull my weight, Dreyfuss. Check the chart.

DREYFUSS

Yes, yes, but my point is that *YOU* believe in money. *I* believe your monthly paycheck from Renewable Solutions averages seventeen hundred dollars. Even subtracting your interest-only SallieMay student loan payment of \$1,567.50. That leaves one hundred and two dollars and fifty cents unaccounted for. Do you *really* have no money?

PIP

I go out with my friends once a week. I have two drinks. And maybe I have a small plate. That's what I do with that hundred and two fifty. That's where it goes.

DREYFUSS

Two drinks, Pip? Really? Only two?

PIP

(seriously pissed now)
And just because we share the same network here does not mean you have the right to snoop our machines.

RAMÓN

Everyone's mean an' I'm huuungreee.
(rocks back & forth)
Stomach hurts.
(the tears come)
Hungreeee. Please! Please!

Ramón in a full-on tantrum now; to placate him, Dreyfuss pulls open the file drawer, produces a Chips Ahoy bag, and counts out one, two, three, four, like the delicacy they are.

DREYFUSS

(hands them over)
I will give Ramón four cookies.

Ramón stuffs one into his mouth and begins to calm.

Dreyfuss extends his hand, snapping his fingers at Pip.

DREYFUSS (CONT'D)

The Dick.

She surrenders it. Dreyfuss turns the set back on. After all this, Stephen finally makes his way downstairs to them.

STEPHEN

What's up?

PIP

(bites tongue)
Ramón's hungry. There's nothing in the kitchen.

STEPHEN

(shrugs)
Okay... let's go shopping.

- COSTCO

Not the store, the alley behind it where Pip & Stephen dumpster-dive, the wall above them is splashed with a huge male, Shepard Fairey-like, silhouette etched with a question that will become a litany for our film, "Where is Andreas?"

STEPHEN

(filling a repurposed bag)
Keep an eye out for the guy in the cart... anyway it's like Adam Curtis says, if your really want to change the world, it can't be a gestural thing. You have to be fully committed... ever read Ted Zacynski's manifesto? I mean the real one they suppressed, not the frankensteined thing in the Times.

PIP

(feigns interest)
What's in it?

STEPHEN

An incredible mind, that's for sure. A lot of people dismiss him as a nut because of the mail bombs, but he was smart, you know? A mathematical prodigy, and he walked his talk. His point in *Industrial Society and Its Future* is that eco-anarchists, I mean the real revolutionaries, have to separate themselves from the reformers.

He checks to see if his audience is still captive and finds Pip with her nose inside a bag of Pepperidge Farm 7-Grain.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

What do you think?

PIP

(tosses piece, ties it up)
Only the top slice had fuzz. The rest should be good for a day, unless we just want to freeze it.

STEPHEN

You doing anything tonight? There's a Sunlight meet at Peoples.

PIP

I have a vocabulary date with Ramón and his SMART board.

STEPHEN

That can wait. Marie's got a work thing at St. Agnes.

PIP

You mean-- just you and me?

She's so thrilled with his Marie-free invitation that she almost misses the patrol guy rounding the corner.

PIP (CONT'D)

Shit! Get down!

They drop into rotten produce and other lovely stuff. She leans against him and dreams of a world where they're one.

- PEOPLE'S PARK

Pip and Stephen sit among FIVE HUNDRED OTHERS. People on blankets and sleeping bags hold smart phones and cameras pointed toward TWO GIANT SCREENS looping a surreal set of images that end with a SUNLIGHT PROJECT GRAPHIC. On screen, MICHAEL MOORE takes its place, a faint mountainous outline of some far-flung locale looms over him. He shotguns to camera about Andreas Wolf, the man in the undisclosed compound behind him and how disgraceful it is that Wolf's been confined there for simply telling "the truth." Tonight's event revolves around Wolf's latest leak regarding the US Ambassador to Israel acknowledging to someone at State that the Israelis' intentional violent removal of squatters in the West Bank was known beforehand by the US, and that comments by POTUS, regarding his "regret" following this "unfortunate situation" that "spiralled" out of control by some "bad apples involved in the removal," was insincere at best and a conspiracy at worst. The headline here is that people died, women & children were crushed by front loaders, or in some cases shot. Michael speaks to the fallout of Andreas leaking this to the world - the noise, the controversy, the media response, the glory, the whole rigmarole. Michael is more emotional than we've seen him before, unpolished and raw. He himself understands what it is to be "hunted," to be "tracked." He bids us farewell but not before teeing up a low-fi sizzle reel of talking heads - politicians and media blowhards: Hillary Clinton, Joe Biden, Karl Rove, Bill O'Reilly and Rush Limbaugh - all of them essentially calling for Wolf's physical or professional assassination. The sizzle reel ends abruptly and both screens go BLACK. A moment of silence like a vacuum before CANDLES and BIC LIGHTERS are lit and THE CROWD in unison starts CHANTING, **"Where is Andreas? Where is Andreas? Where is Andreas?"**

They work themselves into quite a lather. So does Stephen. He smiles at Pip, who in fact is turned off by the cult-like hysteria but quickly puts on a happy face for his benefit.

Just then the man himself, ANDREAS WOLF, sitting in front of a Sunlight graphic, appears on both screens. He gives a little wave to the crowd, which erupts and then quiets.

ANDREAS

Good evening, Oakland. Good evening. Once again, we find ourselves in the presence of a foreign language. A language of *code*, in every sense of the word; a language of criminality tortured into jargon. It is the dark-matter language that Empire speaks when it believes itself to be unobserved, not the happy-face language it uses to manipulate the "homeland." The Empire is a discourse of power, not a physical place like the one where you are sitting or standing. The Empire resides in the data set-- specifically, tonight, in the cables of the United States Department of State. The words in these cables are weapons that maim and kill. Only in translation-- only when exposed to sunlight-- do they become a language of truth and healing. This is why sharing these publications is so vital and your support of The Sunlight Project so meaningful. Let me read you another communiqué from Palestine: "I will drive them out a little at a time until your population has increased enough to take possession of the land." Does anyone here recognize the source?

(shouts from the crowd)

That's right. Exodus 23. The New Testament cables are an exact dark-language translation of the Old Testament. Do you see it? Shall we talk together now? I welcome all questions and comments, provided only that we speak--

(the crowd in unison)

THE TRUTH!

Pip looks not at the screen but at Stephen, who cheers wildly. A MILLENNIAL DUDE stands and takes the mike offered.

MILLENIAL DUDE

Hey, man. I think you're fantastic. I'm just wondering if you're paying any attention to what the hotel industry is doing to the workers trying to organize in Las Vegas.

ANDREAS

Thank you. Great question. We're absolutely aware of Culinary Workers Local 226 in Las Vegas, the struggle there. What we don't yet have is a key to the dark-language communications between the hotels, the Commission, and the Nevada State Assembly. So I want you--
(points like Uncle Sam)
To get us that key. Can you help us?

Pip's head snaps back. In spite of herself, she's impressed.

- LATER

The Sunlight centerpiece event has morphed into one-off social justice issues; people mill about as others arrive.

ANNAGRET (42), a dark-eyed beauty, whose effortless loveliness is more accentuated than marred by her savage haircut and her severally pierced eyebrows, bounds up to Stephen & Pip.

ANNAGRET

Stephen, so happy you could come.

STEPHEN

Yeah, it was awesome. This is Pip. Annagret, Pip, Pip, Annagret.

ANNAGRET

(eagerly)

Pip! Stephen was telling me about you - you're in the disarmament study group!

PIP

Uh, yeah. I do a lot of listening.

If we were to have subtitles at this point, they would read:
"Fuck the disarmament group. I only go to be with Stephen."

ANNAGRET

Come help me set up with Martin.
(grabs Stephen's hand)
You too, Pip.

Pip stares at her stonily and doesn't move. Annagret leads Stephen through a sea of people to an ad hoc booth she's set up for the international squatters' rights movement. MARTIN (40), her German companion operates a laptop and projector with scenes of squatter houses, their protests, and yes, even their pets, in places like Amsterdam and Germany.

Pip alone in the crowd now stewing and sizing up this new threat to her fantasy relationship with Stephen, watching

Him engrossed in a conversation with Annagret.

Prelap Annagret/Martin in German:

- THE GERMANS MOVE

Martin, all stubble and PALESTINIAN KAFFIYEH, humps a speaker, projector, and two bags down the sidewalk with Annagret, who carries only a cute EURO KNAPSACK. Their brief exchange subtitled.

MARTIN

I do not see, nor have you adequately explained, why we are leaving a place we carefully booked in advance. It's clean. It's nice.

ANNAGRET

(tries to calm him)
This is better. You'll see. They have a lot more space.

- RAMÓN OPENS THE FRONT DOOR

To Annagret and Martin. They step inside, Martin eyes Ramón.

MARTIN

(to Annagret in German)
It smells like yeast and urine.

ANNAGRET

(quietly tries to silence him)
It's much more authentic.

Martin turns around and spots Dreyfuss in his living room perch, giving him stink eye.

DREYFUSS

House rule: English and Spanish only.

MARIE (O.C.)
Who are you talking to?

A woman, MARIE, peers out from the kitchen, she's mid 30s, Filipina, and must always be the prettiest one in the room.

She spots Annagret and is instantly unhappy.

Stephen descends the stairs, ignoring Dreyfuss mad-dogging him and the daggers from Marie, and helps Martin with a bag.

STEPHEN
(motioning them upstairs)
I'll show you where to put your stuff.

STAIRWELL

The Germans follow after Stephen.

MARTIN
(in German)
This isn't a better house. This is a worse house.

Annagret looks around as if seeking clues, but it could be ordinary curiosity - we should not yet see this as strange.

SECOND FLOOR

They reach the landing with Stephen. He opens the door to a bedroom with two single bare futons alone on a dusty floor.

ANNAGRET
(in English)
Oh, Stephen this is amazing, thank you. Great. Really great.

STEPHEN
You guys okay without linens?

ANNAGRET
We have our sleeping bags.

STEPHEN
(turns to go)
Great, feel free to clean up. There's food downstairs.

MARTIN (O.C.)
(in German, closing the door on us)
The food smells horrible.

ANNAGRET (O.C.)
(weirdly maternal)
You mustn't be rude. Stay here,
please, while I wash up.

She opens the door, moves down the hall and begins looking for what we may reasonably assume is a bathroom but in fact is the whereabouts of Pip. One door looks likely. It has a black-and-white poster of Dorothy Day on it. She puts her head close to it but hears footsteps coming from the third floor. She turns and quickly closes herself up in the bathroom opposite. A moment later, Pip comes down the stairs and finds the bathroom door locked. She looks confused.

PIP
(knocks)
Hello? Hello?

ANNAGRET (O.C.)
I'm sorry, Pip. Wait one minute.

Pip, furious, storms straight downstairs to the

LIVING ROOM

And tries not to scream at Stephen, who is already in the midst of getting the third degree from Marie and Dreyfuss.

MARIE
...Unless they're going to
contribute in some way, I don't see
what they're doing here.

PIP
Excuse me, Marie, but what the fuck
is that person doing in my
bathroom?

STEPHEN
(plays it off)
Use the one down here. It's only
for a week.

DREYFUSS
I ask you again, Stephen, who these
people are and what specifically
they are they doing in our house.

STEPHEN
They're with the squatter movement.
They *contribute* by advising people
how to exercise adverse possession.

DREYFUSS

That might be helpful if I didn't already know my rights, or my lack of them. I already know phony refi. I know proxy lawyers in bed with predatory lenders. What I don't know is how Marie, who has the only real paycheck in this house, is going to feel about feeding two more mouths. So, in keeping with our custom, I ring the bell.

Sure enough, there's a desk-clerk bell on his computer table. On its clarion decay. He calls

DREYFUSS (CONT'D)

House vote. Who is in favor of lodging the Germans for a week?

The two hands raised are Stephen's and a reluctant Marie's.

DREYFUSS (CONT'D)

Thank you, you may lower your hands. All opposed?
(smiles, raises his hand)

He searches Pip and Ramón's faces, knowing full well that their allegiances are more or less with Stephen and Marie.

He opens his file cabinet and produces a Chips Ahoy. Ramón grabs it, brings one hand to his mouth, and raises the other.

The vote squares at 2-2, with Pip the tiebreaker. Should she disappoint Stephen? Or allow Annagret to move in?

DREYFUSS (CONT'D)

(taunting her)
What do you say, Pip? Share a bathroom with me?
(inhales deeply)
I so love the smell of your Pantene Pro-V.

- RENEWABLE SOLUTIONS

Pip and the other women man their stations rolling calls. We catch the canned sales pitch in snippets from all of them.

PIP

Well, thank you for your time, Mr. Zurcher. If you change your mind or-

The number panel on her screen turns red then pulls up a 408 phone number and the name "BUTCAVAGE, DENNIS".

She shakes her head and mutters something. Clicks on the number. Braces herself. The number panel turns green.

PIP (CONT'D)

Hiiiiii, this is Pip Tyler, with Renewable Solutions, and I'm following up on a mailing we sent you a few weeks ago. Is this Mr. Butcavage?

(beat)

So sorry, Mr. Boocavazh.

(beat)

It's about lowering your electric bill, helping the planet, and getting your fair share of state and federal energy tax credits.

(beat)

No, not a sales call. We're trying to organize community support for a thing called waste energy. It's a cleaner, cheaper, tax-saving way to solve two of your community's biggest problems. Can I tell you a little more about how it works?

(beat)

My angle?

(beat)

Well, as you may know, there's an enormous amount of state and federal money available for renewable-energy initiatives. We take a share of that, to cover our costs, and we pass the rest of the savings on to--

(beat)

-- That's an interesting point. But it's actually a little more complicated. In many cases, you're not paying any direct tax to-

The number panel on her screen turns red.

PIP (CONT'D)

Yeah, bite me.

She presses her eyes with her fingers and wearily brings up

ANOTHER NAME: "GUTENSCHWERDER, ALOYSIUS"

With a faint shake of her head, she clicks on the number.

- BART STATION

Pip and Jason, at the tail end of their Saturday-afternoon pseudo-date, emerge from the stairs onto Telegraph Avenue and pass a wall with another piece of Sunlight Project GUERILLA GRAFFITI and the now-familiar question, "Where is Andreas?"

JASON

Well, officially, the grant is for a "Geometric Method of Statistics Pedagogy."

PIP

Something creepy about the word "pedagogy," don't you think?

JASON

It was driving me crazy how badly they teach statistics in high school and college. Non-science people dread it because it's so boring and opaque, and so we end up with a nation of people who think that vaccinating your kid is more dangerous than driving a car. And it doesn't have to be that way. I've got an idea that uses simple geometry and makes intuitive sense. Like, how do you calculate standard deviation? I can give you a formula to arbitrarily memorize. Or--

(whips out notebook & pen)

I can tell you the size of the data set, and you can just draw a line segment the length of that number-- Shit! I'm doing it again.

PIP

No, it's interesting.

JASON

I love math, I can't help it. I love math.

PIP

It actually sounds sexy, making the country less stupid. You're probably the only math major in the state of California who's not developing an app that nobody actually needs so you can buy yourself some sick house in Marin that you also don't need.

JASON
My method is, technically, an app.

PIP
Should I be shopping for curtains?

JASON
OK, stop. Stop right there. It's taken me two and a half hours to catch on to what you're doing. Either I'm a garrulous bore, or you're a genius conversational strategist who wishes to remain anonymous -- I know, don't say it.

PIP
It's neither. You're fun to listen to.

JASON
Said the twelve gauge to the clay pigeon after hearing "pull!"
(Pip laughs)
Do you have a job? Do you have siblings? No, scratch that. Do you even have a name? I suspect it isn't really Pip.

PIP
My life just isn't very interesting. OK? You've already seen the highlight of my week: the three hours I get to sit at Peet's and read the Sunday Times.

JASON
So let's make it more interesting. Next Saturday? Dinner?

Uh-- PIP JASON (CONT'D)
Sunday?

PIP
You're like a terrier, you know that?

JASON
Arf.

- DREYFUSS'S HOUSE

Pip heads upstairs, pausing outside the Germans' closed door. Deciphering their foreign murmurs is made even harder by the racket from Stephen and Marie's room. She steps over to the

THE MARITAL DOOR and gets an ear full.

MARIE (O.C.)

Who was adamant that we adopt
Ramón?

STEPHEN (O.C.)

Eduardo was all he had! It was the
right thing to do.

MARIE (O.C.)

Exactly! It was the Christian thing
to do! So was giving Pip Eduardo's
room rent-free! Also your idea! So
how can you stand here with a
straight face and disavow your
faith!?

STEPHEN (O.C.)

Me wanting us to be a family
shouldn't mean I have to play the
Peter Maurin to your Dorothy Day.

MARIE (O.C.)

The original vow of poverty was
your idea, Stephen. You wanted to
honor Saint Francis. And now I'm
working and you're an atheist?
Explain how that works, please!

Pip has heard a version of this before and wishes they were
fighting about something more terminal, like infidelity. She
heads back downstairs to the

LIVING ROOM

And finds Ramón sitting alone staring up at the ceiling,
listening to his "parents" rage and shout. She turns on the
game console, grabs the controls and kneels down facing him.

PIP

(soft and gentle)

Hi, Ramón. Wanna play Thomas? Bet
you find Fergus this time.

He lowers his gaze, nods, and hugs her as if his life depends
upon it.

- A COMMUNAL DINNER

In what feels like an effort to combat Annagret's beauty,
Marie has overdressed or underdressed depending on how you
look at it.

Pip sees it as the latter and finds herself somewhat fixated on the PSEUDO-SCARAB EGYPTIAN NECKLACE hanging above Marie's plunging neckline and neat breasts. Marie is also showing off her ability to buy real food, paid for with real money, and make a beautiful Filipino meal.

The crew - including the Germans - sit at the table, Marie standing above them serving. Stephen is on high alert, hoping people play nice.

STEPHEN

It smells delicious, Marie.

Martin doesn't agree and wrinkles his nose at Annagret.

ANNAGRET

Yes, Marie. Thank you. Your table is super impressive.

MARIE

(loving the attention)
Ginisang Munggo, my mother's recipe.
(cooking, serves Ramón first)
Here you are baby, taste it and tell Momma if it's too spicy.

Ramón spoons some up and slurps it.

MARIE (CONT'D)

(little kid condescending voice)
Is it okay for you, baby?

Ramón nods and Marie pats him on the head before moving onto

Pip, who, after watching the way Marie is tonight, especially with Ramón, wants to kill her. Marie leans down a little further than required to ladle out Pip's portion, far enough to give everyone an eyeful of those breasts. Pip continues to fixate on the pseudo-scarab Egyptian necklace.

MARIE (CONT'D)

More?

PIP

(through gritted teeth)
No, that's plenty.

Marie moves onto Annagret now.

ANNAGRET

Thank you, Marie. Can you please tell me what are the ingredients?

MARIE

Certainly.
(overplaying her charm)
But then I'd have to kill you.

ANNAGRET

Why would you want to kill me?

Pip knows.

STEPHEN

(to the rescue)
Marie means it's a secret recipe.

ANNAGRET

Secret? Why is it secret?

For the first time Annagret really looks at the food, whose ingredients include shrimp and some kind of cubed meat.

ANNAGRET (CONT'D)

I cannot eat shrimp, and what kind of meat is this?

MARIE

(bothered)
Don't eat the shrimp. The meat is pork belly.

MARTIN

Schweinefleisch.

ANNAGRET

(horrified)
I'm so sorry, Marie, but I really don't eat mammal.

Pip chokes and nearly spews the wine in her mouth.

STEPHEN

There's plenty of rice. Plenty of salad.

Marie is furious but determined not to show it. She picks up Annagret's bowl, dumps the contents back into the pot, rinses the bowl and puts it back down in front of Annagret.

ANNAGRET

I really don't want to make any problem.

MARIE

There are no problems. Just a beautiful meal.

(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)

That I was very happy to prepare.
You have issues that the others
don't and --

ANNAGRET

(cutting her off)

-- Martin also doesn't eat mammal.

Stephen looks very, very uncomfortable now.

Pip, on the other hand, is unbelievably happy. She refills her glass with communal jug wine and settles in, glued to the tension between these two women and praying it will last.

Marie finishes serving Dreyfuss and moves onto Stephen.

MARIE

I can prepare a delicious vegan
Ginisang Munggo using Tofu. It
won't take long, and I'll be happy
to share that recipe.

Pip hates how Marie has pulled out of this nose dive and hates more Stephen stroking her arm in gratitude.

Dreyfuss has been weirdly unanimated during all this, then.

DREYFUSS

*When all this is over, said the
swineherd,
I mean to retire, where
Nobody will have heard about my
special skills
And conversation is mainly about
the weather.*

STEPHEN

What the hell is that?

DREYFUSS

Chuilleanáin's "Swineherd." Though perhaps a man of your ilk would prefer the bearded daemon swineherd of Lovecraft's "Rats in the Wall."
(he sips the Munggo)
The Gaelic passage at the end translates as "God against thee and in thy face."

- LATER

Dreyfuss & Ramón can be heard cheering from the living room over the plasma broadcast of *The World Zorbing Championship*.

Pip has already cleared her plate and is back at the table, trying to empty the jug of communal wine and keep a front-row seat for any further drama between the two beauty queens, who appear to be in direct competition for who can fully sanitize the kitchen the fastest. Stephen and Martin pitch in.

MARIE

I appreciate everyone's help, but honestly it will go faster if you let me do it.

The guys can't flee fast enough, but not before Stephen places his hand on the small of Marie's back and they kiss.

Pip winces and drains her glass.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Really, Annagret. I've got this.

ANNAGRET

No, let's be like sisters.

And let the games begin.

MARIE

Tell me again what you and Martin do, exactly? Stephen mentioned something about squatters' rights.

ANNAGRET

Oh yes, we have an international organization, we came here with crowd-funding. We also want to make connections with the American antinuke movement, which Stephen and Pip are so interested in.
(pulls out phone)
Have you seen our blog?

MARIE

I don't need to see your blog.

Pip feels the slight for Annagret, even if Annagret doesn't.

PIP

May I see?

Annagret brings her the phone. She scrolls through photos of Annagret and Martin in front of optimistic ghetto murals.

PIP (CONT'D)

(making an effort)

Nice.

(hands the phone back)

(MORE)

PIP (CONT'D)

Are you guys going to the big protest in Amarillo next month?

ANNAGRET

Yes, maybe. Are you?

PIP

Nope. Gotta work.

ANNAGRET

(back to cleaning)

The movement is at such a scary place right now. Some leaders are saying we shouldn't focus on total disarmament, just get behind Israel's attempts to stop Iran. I think it's very wrong. Why should Israel have nukes to begin with?

MARIE

To protect themselves from insane fanatics and leftist anti-Semitism parading around as anti-Zionism.

ANNAGRET

(tone-deaf)

I'm sorry. Aren't you Catholic?

MARIE

You can't be good Christian unless you're a good Jew first.

ANNAGRET

(confused)

You're Jewish and Catholic?

MARIE

I'm saying the Old Testament comes *first*... I am so sick of people piling on Israel. They're a peace-loving country surrounded by hateful enemies. If they want to bluff about having nuclear weapons, so be it. It's a dangerous world.

Pip, into her cups, stands up and tries not to visibly sway.

PIP

Uh, Marie, you know what? They're not bluffing. I mean, yeah, the program is secret. But there's documented evidence that the CIA told Lyndon Johnson that Israel already had a nuke. In 1968.

(MORE)

PIP (CONT'D)

Not that this would have come as some great surprise to him, given that, ten years earlier, France had built them a reactor that's *still* the source of their fuel. And that we then gave them four tons of heavy water and *another* reactor.

(on a roll now)

But wait... hold on, Missy, I know what you're *think-ing*. How do we know that the CIA had it right? Like, that this wasn't just meant for energy or medical purposes or whatever? Well, in 2010, South Africa's government declassified an apartheid-era secret military agreement signed in 1975 by Shimon Peres. You know Peres, right?

Marie just stares at her.

ANNAGRET

(pleased to know)

The former president of Israel!

PIP

(the wine really landing)

Ding! The former president of Israel offered to sell nuclear warheads to the apartheid regime in three different sizes... don't ask me how many colors...

(fills glass with last of jug)

... and then, in 1979, one of our satellites photographed a twin flash off the coast of South Africa that the DOD hadn't expected. A flash that'd only been recorded 42 times before. And all 42 of them could be accounted for, because, you know why? Because they were all created either by us or by the Russians. Do you want more?

Marie deposits a wet dish towel on Annagret's shoulder and stalks out of the kitchen.

Pip, though fucked up, is not unaware of having gone too far.

ANNAGRET

I am super impressed.

She grabs Pip's hand and pulls her outside onto

- THE STOOP

And they plop down on the top stair.

PIP
Got a cigarette?

ANNAGRET
You're a smoker!?

PIP
Uh, no.

ANNAGRET
Then why did you ask me for a
cigarette!?

PIP
Never mind.

ANNAGRET
The things you said to Marie were so
thoughtful and passionate. What
kind of field is it that you work in?

PIP
"Waste-energy micro-collectives."
Essentially trying to sell people
back their own garbage, I mean
actual trash, using a lot of enviro-
speak double-talk.

ANNAGRET
Why would you want to do *that*?

PIP
Seen the latest job statistics for
US college grads with a BA in Lit?

ANNAGRET
But you're smart. You care about
people, Pip. You must leave this
terrible exploitative work.

PIP
I'm not in the position to be
Pollyannaish about my hopes and
dreams...

ANNAGRET
Yes, but you could apply for one of
The Sunlight Project's paid
internships. They are well funded.

(MORE)

ANNAGRET (CONT'D)

And if they accept you they would likely cover all your expenses.

PIP

What!? Andreas Wolf? And *why* would they want me exactly?

ANNAGRET

You are *exactly* the kind of young person they are looking for.

PIP

And my skills from a landfill.

ANNAGRET

That is only because your government doesn't care about you.

PIP

And The Sunlight Project does? Listen, I'm better at open-heart surgery than I am at writing code.

ANNAGRET

Your general knowledge about what's really going on with the anti-nuclear movement is something they would really, really value.

PIP

I hate to burst your bubble, but you just heard the entire sum of my general knowledge. I wrote an essay about Israel to impress Stephen, after I met him at the study group. Took it straight off Wikipedia.

ANNAGRET

Yes, but you attend these kinds of meetings. You're engaged.

PIP

I'm the opposite of engaged.

Annagret pulls up a video on her phone and hands it to Pip.

It's of Andreas in Bolivia. He's in front of an indoor pen where a newborn foal is nursing at its mother's teat.

ANDREAS

(whispering)

Hello, hello, dear Annagret. As you can see, everything turned out fine.

(MORE)

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

She's a real beauty, right? Pedro
calls her Poco Campana...

He stands, moves outside onto verdant pasture dotted with six
buildings in the middle-distance and pans over to some very
pretty and very tan young females. One of them, FLOR, waves.

FLOR

(flirting)

No filming, Andreas. You're
breaking your own rules.

ANDREAS

(pans off Flor to himself)

She's right, my dear. Rules are
rules. Goodbye for now.

Pip is impressed. Before seeing this, she just assumed that
Annagret was a beautiful, if overly earnest, cause-tourist.
But now she knows that Annagret is a beautiful, if overly
earnest, cause-tourist with a connection, perhaps a past
romantic one, with the most wanted man on earth.

PIP

You *know* him?

ANNAGRET

(takes phone back)

We're old friends.

PIP

So does that mean, like--

ANNAGRET

He's a very, very good person and
it's important what he's doing down
there, the work with the young
people, they are making a real
difference, Pip.

PIP

I can't honestly say I ever cared.
But at this point anything would be
better than selling trash and dealing
with my mother's insanity...

ANNAGRET

Really? You're really interested?

PIP

Yeah, sure, what do I have to do?

ANNAGRET

Submit to a small questionnaire.
We can do it right now if you like.

PIP

BWONK! No, not a very wise idea.
If you haven't noticed, at present
I'm a little shit-faced.

ANNAGRET

Tomorrow then?

PIP

Okay, sure. No, wait, I gotta work.

ANNAGRET

It is important that you take it
before Martin and I leave the house.

PIP

Definitely. I mean, definitely
before you guys leave the house.

ANNAGRET

(jumps to her feet)
This is so exciting! I'm so happy I
found you!
(bends down, kisses Pip)
I think you're really wonderful!

She leaves Pip alone glowing from the attention. It's not often she's told how wonderful she is by anyone other than Penelope.

- AN EMPTY FLUFF JAR

On the kitchen table, ringed by piles of pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters. Daylight kicking off them like doubloons.

Ramón watches Pip load a change roll and set it down next to others stacked like cordwood.

PIP

(counts to self)
Five, ten, fifteen...

RAMÓN

Is there enough?

PIP

(still calculating)
Shhh... hold on...

She studies the loose piles that have yet to be put into rolls and the little pieces of paper on them with tallies, grabs a pencil and does some simple addition.

PIP (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Ramón? Are you ready? We got it!

They both scream and jump up and down, ecstatic.

PIP (CONT'D)
(on her way)
I'll get my backpack and we can load this up and go, okay?

LIVING ROOM

She passes Dreyfuss, who tries to catch her eye with his spider look, but she is too happy and smart to be baited.

THIRD FLOOR

She finds a note from Annagret lying in front of her door, 'I am waiting with the questionnaire for you - Annagret.

Pip heads inside and deposits the note on top of four others sitting on top of the child's writing desk that is her only piece of furniture. Grabs her backpack and dashes off a quick note to Annagret, "Crazy week, sorry. Tomorrow - I promise."

SECOND FLOOR

She tiptoes to Annagret and Martin's door, slides the note under, and sprints back downstairs.

- FOOTLOCKER CHECKOUT COUNTER AT LAKESHORE

Ramón and Pip stand waiting as the zebra-clad CLERK counts the rolls and sorts change.

RAMÓN
I can't *waaaaaiit* anymore. I wanna wear them now, *pleeeeeease*, Pip.

She opens the box on the counter, removes a pair of beautiful crimson sneakers, and hands them to Ramón.

PIP
Of course you do. Here.

He squats down, removes his decrepit chucks, with their talking souls, and slides his feet into his dream mules. He smiles up at Pip, excited but at the end of his skillset.

JASON

You can't just sit there and watch me eat then. You're now officially obliged to tell me your story.

PIP

Okay, what do you want to know?

JASON

Do you drive?

PIP

Yes.

JASON

(snatches her wallet)

May I please see your licence?

PIP

(snatches it back & whacks him)

Stop that.

JASON

Sorry. Thought you probably had an interesting DMV photo and possibly a legitimate given name to go along with it.

PIP

Let's see yours.

(He hands it over)

Nice mug.

(hands it back)

You're hilariously easy to distract.

JASON

All right. Your name, please.

PIP

Three guesses then the child's mine.

JASON

That's Grimm of you. If I guess right, promise you won't accuse the devil or witches of having revealed your name to me and in your rage drive your feet through this blue Marmoleum never to be seen again?

PIP

We shall try. Proceed.

JASON

Martha.

PIP

Wow! Where did that come from?

JASON

Not sure. I'm a bit baffled myself.
So, it's not --

PIP

-- the first, First lady of our
evil empire, no.

JASON

Lydia?

PIP

Lydia, hmmm... as in Davis?

JASON

As in Sparda. The minting of coins
is said to have been invented
there.

PIP

Fascinating. But no. One more guess
and the toe-headed boy is mine.

JASON

I can't. I just. Can't. Do. it.

PIP

Chicken.

He stares soulfully into her eyes, and it's as if the two see each other for the first time. They're unguarded and naked and ready to stop flirting and move on to the real stuff.

— THEY NECK OUTSIDE ON A BENCH

For the first time and it's mad. Pip comes up for air.

PIP

(whispers)

Wanna go to your house?

JASON

Shit. We can't, my sister's
visiting... that's why I was
hoping to see you last night.

Being an only child, Pip doesn't like hearing about siblings.

PIP

Really? Can't you send her to the movies or something?

JASON

No, her friend from Pacific Heights came over to share investment advice.

PIP

Yuck... okay, fuck...

- LIVING ROOM

As Pip comes through the front door, Dreyfuss and Ramón look up from their basketball game on TV.

RAMÓN

(cries out)

Pip, Pip, Pip, what are you doing now, you said you might help me with my vocabbleree, you wanna help me with it now?

Pip puts a finger to her lips, Ramón's hands cover his mouth.

DREYFUSS

(quietly)

That's right. She doesn't want anyone to know she's here. And why might that be? Could it be because the German spies are in the kitchen? I use the word "spies" loosely, of course, though perhaps not inappropriately, given the fact that there are some thirty-five members of the Oakland Nuclear Disarmament Study Group, and yet the house that the Germans have chosen to favor with their all too typically German earnestness and nosiness, for nearly a week now, is ours. A curious fact, worth considering.

PIP

(moves in, hissing)

Dreyfuss!

Dreyfuss placidly knits his fat fingers on his belly.

DREYFUSS

(to Ramón)

Could it be that Pip wants to avoid talking to the German spies? Perhaps especially tonight? When she's brought home a young gentleman with whom she's been osculating on the front porch for some fifteen minutes now?

PIP

(furiously whispers)

You're the spy! I hate your spying!

DREYFUSS

(to Ramón)

She hates it when I observe things that no intelligent person could fail to notice. To observe what's in plain sight is not to spy, Ramón. And perhaps the Germans, too, are doing no more than that. What constitutes a spy, however, is *motive*, and there, Pip-

(turns to her)

There I would advise you to ask yourself what these nosy, earnest Germans are doing in our house.

PIP

You didn't stop taking your meds, did you?

DREYFUSS

"Osculate," Ramón. There's a fine vocabulary word for you.

RAMÓN

Whassit mean?

DREYFUSS

Why, it means to *neck*. To *lock lips*. To *pluck up kisses by their roots*.

RAMÓN

Pip, you gonna help me with my vocabbleree?

DREYFUSS

I believe she has other plans tonight, my friend.

PIP

Sweetie, no, not now.

(to Dreyfuss)

The Germans are here because we invited them, because we had room. But you're right, I need you not to tell them I'm here.

DREYFUSS

What do you think, Ramón? Should we help her? She's not helping you with your SMART board.

(levels her with gaze)

These Germans and their spying are distasteful to me. Their first thought when they walk into a house is how to take it over.

PIP

They're peace activists. They stopped trying to be world conquerors, like, 70 years ago.

DREYFUSS

I want you and Stephen to make them go away.

PIP

OK! We will! Later. Tomorrow.

DREYFUSS

We don't like the Germans, do we, Ramón?

RAMÓN

We like it when it's jus' the five of us, like *famlee*.

DREYFUSS

Well... not a family. Not exactly. No. We each have our own families, don't we, Pip?

She puts her hands on Ramón's shoulders.

PIP

Ramón, sweetie, I'm busy tonight. But I'll be home all night tomorrow. Okay?

RAMÓN

(completely trusting)

Okay.

She hurries back to the front door, opens it and lets Jason in. As they pass through the living room, Ramón again claps his hands to his mouth, miming his commitment to secrecy.

— SHE CLIMBS THE STAIRS

Rapidly on tiptoe hoping Jason will be quiet, too. On the
SECOND FLOOR

Pip hears the familiar cadences of Stephen and Marie finding fault with each other. Jason and Pip continue upstairs to

— PIP'S LITTLE BEDROOM

She closes the door and leads him to her mattress without turning on any lights, not wanting him to see how poor she is. She tugs his T-shirt up over his bony shoulders, then lets him undress her and they engage in various preliminaries. She pushes him back and goes down on him. She stops.

PIP

Sorry, one second, be right back.

She grabs a robe and leaves. Passes the

SECOND FLOOR

Where Stephen & Marie continue to rage. Continues down the

LAST FLIGHT OF STAIRS

When she suddenly realizes she's neglected to explain to Jason where she's going.

PIP

(should she go back?)

Fuck.

(No, crack on)

GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY

She tiptoes past piles of SCAVENGED BUILDING SUPPLIES. The SOUNDS of THE GERMANS waft from the kitchen. Pip darts into

BATHROOM

Stuffs a CONDOM TRI-PACK into the pocket of her robe, then peeks back out of the door again.

At the end of the hall Annagret stands in the kitchen doorway.

Pip pulls her head back quickly, waits for some change in the stream of German to indicate Annagret has left the doorway.

Twice, Pip hears her own name spoken, then footsteps and the scrape of a kitchen chair. She bolts back into the

HALLWAY

But snags the hem of her robe on a nail in a piece of the scavenged wood, and dances out of the way of falling lumber. Instantly, Annagret's voice comes up the hall behind her.

ANNAGRET

Pip? Pip, I'm looking for you since three days ago!

Pip turns around to see her advancing.

PIP

Hi, yeah, sorry.
(hastily restacking lumber)
I can't right now... how about tomorrow?

ANNAGRET

Martin and I are going - we're leaving tomorrow. Come now. Come, come, like you promised.

Pip hasn't eaten in at least twelve hours. Her low blood sugar is making it difficult for her to prioritize.

PIP

Um. Let me just run upstairs for one second. One second, okay? I promise I'll be right back.

ANNAGRET

No, come, come. Come now. It takes only a few minutes, ten minutes.

- TEN MINUTES LATER

Pip is still with Annagret, now sitting at the kitchen table across from Martin, eating her third bowl of cornflakes.

She laps up the milk and pushes the bowl away.

PIP

Let's get through it quickly, okay?

ANNAGRET

Yes, you'll see. It's only a form we have to follow. You remind me so much of myself at your age, when I needed a purpose in my life.

PIP

(suddenly uncomfortable)
Okay. I'm sorry to ask, but is the Sunlight Project a cult?

MARTIN

(in English)
Cult? Cult of personality, maybe.

ANNAGRET

(with some heat)
Ist doch Quatsch, du. Also wirklich.

PIP

Sorry, what?

ANNAGRET

I said it's really bullshit, what he's saying. The Project is the opposite of cult. It's about honesty, truth, transparency, freedom. Governments with a cult of personality are the ones who hate it.

MARTIN

But the Project has a very charismatic leader.

PIP

Charismatic?

MARTIN

Charismatic. I made it sound like charismatic. Andreas Wolf is very charismatic.
(laughs)
This could nearly be in a textbook for vocabulary. How to use the word "charismatic" in a sentence. "Andreas Wolf is very charismatic." Then the sentence makes immediate sense, you know right away what the word means. He is the definition of the word itself.

Martin is needling Annagret and Annagret doesn't like it. She removes A4 size forms from a semitransparent folder.

PIP

So are you like a recruiter? You travel with the questionnaire?

ANNAGRET

Yes, I have authority. Or not authority, we reject authority. I'm one of the people who do this for the group.

MARTIN

Annagret is a multitasker.

ANNAGRET

Leave us alone now, Martin.

(He leaves the room)

Martin and I have a good relationship, except for his jealousy.

PIP

Jealousy of what? Andreas Wolf?

Pip finds herself oddly comfortable with the way Annagret is stroking her hair, almost as if hypnotized by some strange but oddly beautiful Waldorf teacher.

ANNAGRET

Martin is jealous of my female friends. Nothing more threatens a German man, even a good man, than women being close friends with each other behind his back. It really upsets him, like it's something wrong with how the world is supposed to be. Like we're going to find out all his secrets and take away his power, or not need him anymore. Do you have this problem, too?

PIP

I'm afraid I tend to be the jealous party.

ANNAGRET

Well, this is why Martin is jealous of the Internet, because this is how I primarily communicate with my friends. I know Martin sometimes watches pornography, we don't have secrets from each other.

(MORE)

ANNAGRET (CONT'D)

I think Internet pornography was designed for German men, because they like to be alone and control things and have fantasies of power. But he says he only watches it because I have so many female Internet friends.

PIP

Which of course may just be porn for women.

ANNAGRET

No. You only think that because you're young and maybe don't need friendship so much.

PIP

So do you ever think about just going with girls instead?

ANNAGRET

(dodging the question)

It's pretty terrible right now in Germany with men and women. A woman's need for friendship is genuinely satisfied on the Internet, it's not a fantasy. And because Andreas understands the power of the Internet, how much it can mean for women, Martin is jealous of him. Because of that, not because I was close with Andreas in the past.

PIP

Right. But if Andreas is the guy with the power, it sounds to me like he's just like all the other men, in your opinion.

ANNAGRET

(shakes head, no)

The fantastic thing about Andreas is he knows the Internet is the greatest truth device ever. And what does it tell us? That everything in the society actually revolves about women, not men. The men are all looking at pictures of women, and the women are all communicating with other women.

PIP

I think you're forgetting about gay sex and pet videos. But maybe we can do the questionnaire now? I've kind of got a boy upstairs waiting for me, which is why I'm kind of just wearing a bathrobe with nothing underneath it, in case you were wondering.

ANNAGRET

(alarmed)

Right now? Upstairs?

PIP

I thought it was just going to be a quick questionnaire.

ANNAGRET

He can't come back another night?

PIP

Really trying to avoid that if I can.

ANNAGRET

So go tell him you only need a few minutes, ten minutes, with a girlfriend. Then you don't have to be the jealous one for a change.

(winks at her)

PIP

I think you'd better take me while you've got me.

Annagret sits down directly across from Pip, opens the folder, and takes out the questionnaire.

ANNAGRET

Please relax. Understand there are no right or wrong answers.

(Pip nods solemnly)

Which of the following is the best superpower to have? Flying, invisibility, reading people's minds, or making time stop for everyone except you?

PIP

Reading people's minds.

ANNAGRET

(smiles warmly)

That's a good answer. Please explain your choice.

PIP

Because I don't trust people. Even my mom, who I do trust, has things she doesn't tell me, really important things, and it would be nice to have a way to find them out without her having to tell me. I'd know the stuff I need to know, but she'd still be OK. And then, with everyone else, literally everyone, I can never be sure of what they're thinking about me, and I don't seem to be very good at guessing what it is. So, it'd be nice to be able to just dip inside their heads. Just for like two seconds, and make sure everything's OK. Just to be sure that they're not thinking some horrible thought about me... that I have no clue about - and then I could trust them. I wouldn't abuse it or anything. It's just so hard not to ever trust people. It makes me have to work so hard to figure out what they want from me. It gets to be so *tiring*.

ANNAGRET

Oh, Pip, we hardly have to do the rest. What you're saying is fantastic.

PIP

Truly?

(she smiles sadly)

You see, even here, though, I'm wondering why you're saying that. Maybe you're just trying to get me to keep doing the questionnaire. For that matter, I'm wondering why you care so much about my doing it.

ANNAGRET

You can trust me. It's only because I'm impressed with you.

PIP

You see, but that doesn't even make any sense, because I'm actually not very impressive.

(MORE)

PIP (CONT'D)

You praised me for total bullshit.
I don't trust you at all. I don't
trust you. I don't trust people.

(getting worked up)

I should really go upstairs now.
I'm feeling bad about leaving my
friend there.

As with Marie, again Annagret is not terrific at taking cues.

ANNAGRET

(pats Pip's hand & strokes it)

Let's follow the form. It's only a
form, but we have to follow it.
We'll go fast.

(reads)

*Your friends are disappearing. They
don't respond to texts or Facebook.
You talk to their employers, who
say they haven't been to work. You
talk to their parents, who say
they're very worried. You go to the
police, who tell you they've
investigated and say your friends
are OK but living in different
cities now. After a while, every
single friend of yours is gone.
What do you do then? Do you wait
until you disappear yourself, so
you can find out what happened to
your friends? Do you try to
investigate? Do you run away?*

PIP

It's just my friends who are
disappearing? The streets are still
full of people my age who aren't my
friends? Honestly, I think I'd go
see a psychiatrist.

ANNAGRET

But the psychiatrist talks to the
police herself and finds out that
everything you said is true.

PIP

Well, then, at least I'd have one
friend - the psychiatrist.

ANNAGRET

But then the psychiatrist herself
disappears.

PIP

This is a totally paranoid scenario. That is like something out of Dreyfuss's head.

ANNAGRET

You wait, investigate, or run away?

PIP

Or kill myself. How about kill myself?

ANNAGRET

There are no wrong answers.

PIP

I'd probably go live with my mom. I wouldn't let her out of my sight. And if she somehow disappeared anyway, I'd probably kill myself, since by then it would be obvious that having any connection to me wasn't good for a person's health.

ANNAGRET

(smiles)

Excellent.

PIP

What?

ANNAGRET

You're doing very, very well, Pip.

She reaches across and puts both hands on Pip's cheeks.

PIP

Saying I'd kill myself is the right answer?

ANNAGRET

(takes her hands away)

There are no wrong answers.

PIP

That sort of makes it harder to feel good about doing well.

ANNAGRET

Which of the following have you ever done without permission? Break into someone's email account? Read things on someone's smartphone? Search someone's computer? Read someone's diary?

(MORE)

ANNAGRET (CONT'D)

*Go through someone's private papers?
Listen to a private conversation when
someone's phone accidentally dials you?
Obtain information about someone on
false pretenses? Or put your ear to a
wall or door to listen to a
conversation, and the like?*

PIP

(frowns)

Am I allowed to skip a question?

ANNAGRET

You can trust me.

She takes Pip's hands in hers and her thumbs begin swirling.

ANNAGRET (CONT'D)

It's better that you answer.

PIP

(hesitates and then:)

I've been through every scrap of paper my mother owns. If she had a diary, I would have read it, but she doesn't. If she had an email account, I would have broken into it. I've gone online and searched every database I can think of. I don't feel good about it, but she won't tell me who my father is, she won't tell me where I was born, she won't even tell me what her real name is. She says she's doing it for my protection, but I think the danger is only in her head.

ANNAGRET

(grave)

These are things you need to know.

PIP

Yes.

ANNAGRET

You have a right to know them.

PIP

Yes.

ANNAGRET

Do you understand that these are things the Sunlight Project can help you find out?

Pip takes her hand away and hugs herself nervously.

PIP

I thought the Project was about corporate and national-security secrets.

ANNAGRET

Yes, of course. But the Project has many resources.

PIP

So I could just, like, write to them and ask for the information?

ANNAGRET

(shakes head)

It isn't a private detection agency.

PIP

But if I actually went and did an internship.

ANNAGRET

Yes, of course.

PIP

Well, that's interesting.

ANNAGRET

Something to think about, ja?

PIP

Ja-ah.

ANNAGRET

(back to the form)

You're traveling in a foreign country, and one night the police come to your hotel room and arrest you as a spy, even though you haven't been spying. They take you to the police station. They say that you may make one call that they will listen to both sides of. They warn you that anyone you call will also be under suspicion of spying. Whom do you call?

PIP

Stephen.

ANNAGRET
(flicker of disappointment)
This Stephen? The Stephen *here*?

PIP
Yes, what's wrong with that?

ANNAGRET
Forgive me, but I thought you would say your mother. You've mentioned her in every other answer so far. She's the only person you trust.

PIP
But that's only trust in a deep way. She'd go insane with worry, and she doesn't know anything about how the world works, and so she wouldn't know who to call to help me. Stephen would know exactly who to call.

ANNAGRET
To me he seems a bit weak.

PIP
What?

ANNAGRET
He seems weak. He's married to that angry, controllly person.

PIP
(suddenly an apologist)
Yes, I know, his marriage is unfortunate - believe me, I know.

ANNAGRET
(dismayed)
You have feelings for him!

PIP
(insulted and angry)
Yes, I do, so what?

ANNAGRET
Well, you didn't tell me. We're telling each other everything, on the stairs, and you didn't tell me this.
(seizing Pip's hands)
Pip, please. Let's not fight. I didn't know you had feelings for Stephen. I'm sorry.

Pip snatches her hands away, stands up noisily, and drops her cereal bowl into the sink.

PIP
I'm going upstairs now—

ANNAGRET (CONT'D)
No, we still have six questions—

PIP
Because I'm obviously not going to South America, and I don't trust you one bit, not the tiniest bit, and so why don't you and your masturbating boyfriend go down to LA and squat in somebody else's house and give your questionnaire to somebody who's into somebody stronger than Stephen. I don't want you in our house anymore, and neither does anybody else. If you had any respect for me, you would have seen I didn't even want to be here now.

ANNAGRET
(stands, distressed)
Pip, please, wait, I'm really, really sorry. We don't have to do any more questions—

PIP
I thought it was a form we had to follow. Had to, had to. God, I'm stupid.

ANNAGRET
No, you're really smart. I think you're fantastic. I only think maybe your life revolves too much about men, a little bit, right now.

Pip stares in amazement at this fresh insult.

ANNAGRET (CONT'D)
Maybe you want a female friend who's something older but used to be so much like you.

PIP
(flees kitchen)
You were never like me.

SECOND FLOOR LANDING

She pauses, seething. Behind Stephen's door the fighting has stopped. Pip quietly moves closer, away from the sound of basketball downstairs, and listens. Before long, there's a CREAK OF A BEDSPRING, and then an unmistakable WHIMPERING SIGH, and Pip understands that Annagret is right, that Stephen is weak, he is weak; and yet there's nothing wrong with a husband and a wife having sex. She takes the next

FLIGHT OF STAIRS

Two at a time, as if shaving five seconds off her ascent will make up for half an hour's absence.

OUTSIDE HER DOOR

She composes her face into an expression of sheepish apology. Opens the door and peeks in, wearing the look.

The lights are on, and Jason is fully clothed now, sitting on the edge of the bed and texting intently.

PIP

Psst. Are you horribly mad at me?

JASON

(shakes his head)

It's just I told my sister I'd be home by eleven.

The word *sister* dispels much of the apology from Pip's face, but Jason isn't looking at her anyway, he's still texting.

She steps in, closes the door, sits down and touches him.

PIP

It's not eleven yet, is it?

JASON

It's eleven twenty.

She puts her head on his shoulder and her hands around his arm. She can feel his muscles working as he texts.

PIP

I'm sorry. I can't explain what happened. I mean, I can, but I don't want to.

JASON

You don't have to explain. I kind of knew it anyway.

PIP
Knew what?

JASON
Nothing. Never mind.

PIP
No, what, though? What did you know?

JASON
(stops texting, looks at floor)
It's not like I'm so normal myself.
But relatively speaking-

PIP
I want to make normal love with you.
Can't we still do that? Even just
for half an hour? You can tell your
sister you'll be home a little late.

JASON
(frowns)
Listen, Pip... this is weird. I
don't even know your real name.

PIP
My name is Pip.

JASON
Somehow it doesn't seem like I'm
talking to you when I use it.

The last traces of apology drain from her face, and she takes her hands away from him, trying to resist an outburst.

PIP
(voice low)
OK. So you don't like my name.
What else don't you like about me?

JASON
Oh, come on. You're the one who
left me up here for an hour. More
than an hour.

PIP
Riiight. While your sister was
waiting for you. Seriously, you
might as well tell me everything
you don't like about me. Since
we're obviously never going to
fuck. Since I'm not normal enough.
(MORE)

PIP (CONT'D)

Although what's so abnormal about me I could use a little help in understanding.

JASON

Hey, come on, I could have just left.

PIP

You didn't seem to mind me when your dick was in my mouth.

JASON

I didn't put it there. And it wasn't there long.

PIP

No, because I had to go downstairs and get a condom so you could stick it inside me.

JASON

Wow. So this is all me now?

Through a haze of flame, Pip's eyes fall on the screen of Jason's smartphone. She squints then grabs the phone and runs to the far side of the room.

JASON (CONT'D)

(shouts on her heels)

Hey! Hey, you can't do that!

PIP

Yes I can!

She wedges herself underneath the child's writing desk and faces the wall, bracing her foot on a desk leg. Jason tries pulling her out by the belt of her robe, but he can't dislodge her and is unwilling to get more violent than this.

JASON

What kind of freak are you?
What are you fucking doing!?

With shaky fingers Pip scrolls the device's screen:

Let's meet@sfmoma@4

JASON (CONT'D)

(pacing behind her)

Fuck, fuck, fuck. GIVE IT BACK TO ME!

She paws for the next thread. It's with someone named "Art".

Coitus interruptus maximus! 62 min and counting!!

She hot at least?

Nice face fantastic body.

Define fantastic. Tits?

8+

Worth the wait I say.

U can have her # if u have a taste for weird

She slumps to one side, puts the device on the floor, and gives it a push in his direction. Her anger has burned off as quickly as it ignited, leaving ashen grief behind.

Jason picks up the phone and looks at the screen, horrified. He's devastated and not entirely sure what he should do.

JASON (CONT'D)

(softly)

It's only the way some of my friends talk. It doesn't mean anything.

PIP

(in a small voice)

Please go away.

JASON

(kneels down)

Let's start over. Can we just, like, reboot? I'm really sorry.

He puts a hand on her shoulder, and she recoils.

JASON (CONT'D)

OK, look, let's talk tomorrow, though, OK? This was obviously the wrong night for both of us.

PIP

Just go away now, please.

Jason moves over to the door, takes one look back, and then leaves, shutting the door behind him. Pip crawls out from under the desk, locks the door

Strips the sheets, then falls back on her bed, grabs her shitty phone and kills the bedside lamp.

She stares at the homepage: a photo of Penelope at the cabin.

Pip's very miserable face now only illuminated by her iPhone.

- A NEWER SMART PHONE

Clutched in Annagret's hand, which is also trembling.
She's outside, in a state
Stops under a streetlight up the street from Dreyfuss's
Brings up a strange-looking screen, an encrypted Voip
Starts walking again, briskly, with the phone to her ear,
toward an I-880 overpass.

ANNAGRET

Oh, God, you're there, thank God.

She stops in the shadow of the overpass.

ANNAGRET (CONT'D)

No, it was horrible. I don't know
why you made me do this.

(beat)

I did! I showed her the video! I
did the questionnaire--

(beat)

I did, I did. But now she hates me.
I said something wrong. I said
everything wrong.

(now in subtitled German)

I just told you, she hates me. It's
incredibly humiliating!

(and again in English)

Why did you make me come here? I
don't understand why this person is
so important!

(subtitled German)

No. It won't work.

(in English)

Andreas, forgive me, I'm sorry. I'm sorry!

She lowers the phone; the conversation is over.

Long-haul trucks roar by on the overpass above her. A set of
traffic lights pointlessly change from red to green.

Annagret stands completely alone at a desolate intersection.

OUT ON HER LONELY FIGURE