

UNTITLED GIL & LIZ PROJECT

Written by

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INT. OFFICE STORAGE CLOSET - DAY

LOU, 33, in corporate attire, is on her cell phone in the dark, standing next to the world's filthiest mop head.

LOU  
(whispering)  
Hold on a sec, I'm putting  
headphones in...Hold on, hold on. I  
can't hear you yet!

She gets her headphones on.

LOU (CONT'D)  
Because I don't want brain  
cancer...I'm not talking to you  
till you...because I love you and I  
don't want you to get it  
either...You sound exactly the  
same.

Lou gets frustrated, holding the headphone mic closer to her lips, her elbow up for emphasis.

LOU (CONT'D)  
Do not lie to me today of all days!

Her emphatic elbow bangs into the wet mop, which slaps her right in the face. Drops of brown water fly into her mouth. Lou screams.

EXT. DUMBO DUMPSTER ALLEY - SAME

We hear Lou's scream through the phone of VIV, 29, pacing behind her office in a tank top and motorcycle boots. She yanks the phone away from her ear, waits a beat, and slowly draws it back to her mouth, avoiding ear contact.

INT. OFFICE STORAGE CLOSET / EXT. DUMBO DUMPSTER ALLEY - SAME

LOU  
I think I just swallowed thousand  
year old water.

VIV  
Today is the last day you get  
violated by that mop!

LOU  
By *this* mop.

VIV

Other mops I can't speak for  
because we have a long life ahead  
of us, but this specific mop –

LOU

I only have five minutes.

VIV

Sorry. I'm just excited!

LOU

I know. Are we really doing this?

VIV

Are you kidding me? Of course we're  
doing it! You okay?

LOU

My entire body is clammy. I've  
never quit anything before.

VIV

We're not quitting. We're saying  
yes to success. Yes to our future.  
Yes to a new life –

LOU

Got it. Tell me what you're saying  
again?

VIV

So. I'm going to walk up to Jared,  
and I'm going say... "Oh. Jared!  
Hey, man" –

LOU

You're walking up to *him*, so maybe  
don't act surprised?

VIV

You know what, I actually don't  
have headphones, and I can feel the  
tumor growing, so can we just –

LOU

Yeah, go go go.

VIV

So, Jared. Hi. I just wanted to let  
you know that it's been incredible  
working for you.

(MORE)

VIV (CONT'D)

And I'm so grateful for all the trust and freedom you've given me to work on my own project outside of this job. But...

Viv processes what all this might actually sound like.

VIV (CONT'D)

I'm quitting. And I've already memorized the password to the Seamless account and exported all of my contacts so even if you take my computer away I got what I need.

LOU

Might suggest tweaking some of the more mafia-sounding stuff.

VIV

What are you talking about?

LOU

(in a mobster voice)

Take the computah, you can't get to me. I know everybody in this town!

VIV

(laughing)

Are you off book yet?

LOU

Do you think it's weird if I read note cards?

VIV

Yes.

LOU

Right.

VIV

Whatever happens do not let Neil bully you into a raise. 2% of what you make is an unlimited Metrocard. You ready?

LOU

Yeah.

VIV

Ahh! I wish I could slap that ass right now! I wish I could just grab it. Just give it a little kiss. I just wanna put my face in your ass!

LOU  
Talk to you after! No mafia stuff.

VIV  
We got this.

EXT. DUMBO DUMPSTER ALLEY - SAME

Viv confidently walks to the side door. A piece of flying trash is about to hit her in the face. She punches it away, emitting a Monica Selles grunt.

INT. OFFICE STORAGE CLOSET - SAME

Lou stands in the closet, her smile fading into sheer terror. She stares at the glowing light of her phone.

CLOSE UP ON: Lou's phone screen, a picture of Lou and Viv with film festival badges around their necks.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. FILM FESTIVAL THEATER - SIX MONTHS AGO

Lou and Viv sit in the audience surrounded by HIP INDUSTRY AND MOVIEGOERS. They're holding hands in anticipation.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
And, for their honest and brave  
portrait of a young woman returning  
home from the army, the 2016 Grand  
Jury Prize goes to...*Discharge!* A  
film by Luisa Bloom and Vivienne  
Schwartz!

Everyone around Lou and Viv claps. The two freak out and are so excited they accidentally kiss each other on the mouth. They step on everyone's bags and feet walking down the aisle.

LOU  
'scuse me sorry!

VIV  
Sorry 'scuse me!

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. OFFICE STORAGE CLOSET - SAME

A smiling Lou cracks open the door to sneak out.

INT. LOU'S BOSS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lou sits in a chair at the foot of her boss' desk. NEIL, 45, a rotund man, bovinely chews gum. Lou cringes at every chew.

NEIL  
(chewing)  
Is the conference room set for the meeting?

LOU  
Yes. And the fridge is fully stocked. And I have your pens.

Lou places a bouquet of blue felt tip pens on the desk. He snatches them without looking up from his computer.

NEIL  
(smacking his gum)  
Thanks.

LOU  
Do you have a second?

Lou gets up to close the door.

NEIL  
If you have a migraine again just go home.

LOU  
I don't. Thank you, but I don't.

She squirms to sit back in her chair.

LOU (CONT'D)  
(nervously)  
Remember the movie I made last year?

NEIL  
I remember the temp you found me. She ate cottage cheese at her desk.

Neil smacks his gum against the roof of his mouth.

LOU  
That is truly gross. Anyway, the film I made with my partner, Viv...?

Neil stares blankly.

LOU (CONT'D)

You've met her. She looks like me with blonde hair? Well, we've been asked to adapt this very famous book.

She waits for Neil to ask what book. He does not.

LOU (CONT'D)

...It's *Go Ask Alice*. I don't know if you're familiar with it?

Neil has clearly never heard of it.

LOU (CONT'D)

It's from the seventies. It was kind of a hit with a lot of young women growing up. It's the story of a - it doesn't matter. Well it's about a troubled teenage girl. It's full of drugs and sex. It's supposed to be a cautionary tale, but I read it as instructions.

Neil does not laugh at her joke.

LOU (CONT'D)

Sorry. This is hard to say. I'll just let it rip. The studio wants us to write in Los Angeles. At first I was like no way am I moving! I don't even like leaving my block. Adventure for me is a spa in Queens where they make you put on a uniform and people are randomly naked. Uniform or naked is a bad choice to have to make -

NEIL

Is this you quitting?

LOU

Oh yes. This is my two weeks notice. And I'd like to take this opportunity to thank you for the health care. I have loved all of the doctors I've been able to see.

INT. VIV'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Viv rises from her communal desk and walks past YOUNG CO-WORKERS, all staring at laptops with headphones plugged in.

She's got "Determined Not To Give a Fuck" face on and stops at the desk of the oldest person in the room, JARED, 42, dressed like sexy Mr. Rogers.

Viv puts her hand on Jared's shoulder. He swivels his chair to face her, his legs accidentally grazing hers. He blushes and coughs, readjusting so they don't touch.

JARED

Hi.

VIV

Hey.

JARED

Wanna sit down?

Viv nods. Jared swivels back and types a sentence. TWO PROGRAMMERS next to and across from him type back. They grab their laptops (headphones in) and walk away. Viv sits down.

JARED (CONT'D)

What's up?

One programmer sneaks back to grab his smoothie and slinks away. Viv's confidence cracks, swiveling in her chair while wiping her sweaty palms on the armrests.

VIV

Maybe we should talk in the kitchen?

JARED

Oh please, these guys are all plugged in.

Viv laughs. Jared looks confused.

VIV

You just said "plugged in" like you run Netscape.

JARED

(lowering his voice)  
Wait, this isn't Netscape?

VIV

No, it is.

Jared lets his knee touch Viv's again. He leaves it there.



VIV (CONT'D)

Well. This is kind of hard to say.  
It's still very new and a little  
bit scary.

JARED

Hey. It's new and scary for me too.

VIV

What? Oh, no, this is a totally  
different thing.

JARED

I know, and that's what I like  
about it. I mean, not all of it.  
That "dance telephone" thing you  
took me to in Ridgewood was truly  
horrible.

VIV

I'm sorry your Car2Go got  
vandalized.

JARED

But there's so much that's new  
that's good, right? I mean I've  
definitely never made an employee's  
bed before.

VIV

Thank you for doing that. But I -

JARED

Can you just let me say that I like  
this?

VIV

Can you just let me say that I'm  
quitting?

JARED

What?

VIV

Sorry. I came over here to tell you  
that I'm leaving. But it has  
nothing to do with...what we do.  
We were bound to touch each other  
at some point.

Jared gives her an "oh really?" eyebrow. She ignores it.

VIV (CONT'D)

Lou and I got hired to write a movie in LA. It's the first time we've ever been paid to do what we love.

Jared makes the split-second Real Grown-Up decision to Just Be Supportive.

JARED

Wow. Well. This is news, but I'm not surprised. You made something incredible.

Viv gives him a look of disbelief.

JARED (CONT'D)

I mean it. I'm really happy I contributed to my demise. When do you start?

VIV

Well, we're actually taking the summer to drive out west together. So...this is my two weeks?

Jared looks down at Viv's knees. She knows he's hurt but makes the Not-So Grown-Up decision to Just Ignore It.

JARED

I could have used more than an actual two weeks notice.

VIV

C'mon that's standard!

JARED

Sure, but. You're not.

She blushes.

INT. LOU AND PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lou enters her cozy Bed Stuy apartment, carrying multiple tote bags filled with office booty.

LOU

(into the apartment)  
Hi! Help?

The human meant to help is PETE, 32, handsome but doesn't know it, editing his documentary on their desktop. We hear African voices and fired shots blaring through speakers.

PETE  
(without getting up)  
How was your last day?

LOU  
A success!

Lou brings her booty bags over to Pete and lines up all her supplies on the floor by his feet.

LOU (CONT'D)  
Behold!

Like Vana White, Lou presents each item:

LOU (CONT'D)  
A brand new three-hole punch. One ream of paper. Two semi-used printer cartridges. One stapler in mint condition.

She opens it up to show him all the staples.

PETE  
What, no fax machine?

She lies on the floor and does the bicycle with her legs.

LOU  
I'm freeeeee! My replacement taught me how to e-mail attachments from the copier.

Pete laughs and swivels back to his monitor to keep working.

PETE  
Did you teach her how to syphon food from other people's leftovers?

LOU  
That can't be taught.

PETE  
I'm making progress on the edit.

LOU  
That's great.

PETE  
Yeah, I'm really close to locking picture.

LOU  
Amazing!

PETE

I feel bad asking this, but do you mind if I don't come tonight?

She stops cycling.

LOU

What?

PETE

I think I can finish this pass by tomorrow.

Lou flips Pete the bird to his back.

PETE (CONT'D)

I can feel that finger on me.

Lou drops the finger and leans against Pete's desk, arms folded.

LOU

Any reason you set tomorrow as a deadline?

PETE

You should have fun with your friends tonight. I'll be here when you get back.

LOU

I'll be drunk and you'll be asleep.

PETE

Why are you even having a party?

LOU

Because I'm leaving for six months.

PETE

That's not that long. And you don't even want to go.

LOU

Of course I do.

PETE

You have no clue how anxious you are. Last night you woke up screaming "pull over."

Lou shrugs.

LOU  
I don't remember doing that.

PETE  
The whole road trip just seems like something Viv convinced you to do.

LOU  
Yeah! That's the point! Viv pushes me to live bigger.

PETE  
And I don't?

LOU  
That's not what I said.

PETE  
I heard what you said.

LOU  
You heard what you think I meant.

PETE  
I'm not having this conversation.

Pete turns back to his computer.

LOU  
Cool.

INT. VIV'S BUSHWICK APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Surrounded by boxes and post-it covered items, Viv takes her A/C out of the window using a steak knife as a screw driver.

Sufjan Stevens-esque music blares through paper-thin walls. Suddenly the music cuts out and JANESSICA, 23, enters. She looks like Rosie the Riveter in a chambray jumpsuit, nurses' clogs, and a bandana tied around her pasty Vegan head.

VIV  
Oh hey. Do you have two minutes?

JANESSICA  
Ohh. I'm actually on the Pain de Mie today. I have to pull it out before it burns so...

VIV  
I'm just trying to get the A/C out. I could really use a baker's touch.

JANESSICA

Gabriel said you were leaving it?

VIV

I'm not sure why. I paid for it.

JANESSICA

He said your mom's place already has A/C?

VIV

I guess it does. You guys are welcome to buy it off me.

JANESSICA

I won't have cash till Friday, but we could mail a check to your mom?

VIV

It's actually my money. I pay for my own stuff.

JANESSICA

I just meant because that's where you'll be living. You're moving back home with your mom, right?

VIV

I'm not really "moving back home," I'm just storing my stuff there while I'm in LA.

JANESSICA

I think it's really brave that you're doing that. Three of my friends moved out there last year, and none of them were able to find work. Except for this one actress. But she killed herself on set.

VIV

Oh my god. I'm so sorry.

JANESSICA

Yeah.

VIV

It's tough out there. But we have a job lined up. And after that, I don't know, so far every job I've ever had has somehow lead to another job.

JANESSICA  
That's so lucky.

VIV  
You know what, I'm just going to  
leave the A/C for you guys.

JANESSICA  
Oh, wow. That's so kind. Thank you.

Janessica carries her bike out, shouting from the hallway:

JANESSICA (CONT'D)  
Safe travels!

Viv salutes a "thanks bye." Her phone rings Lou's special  
ringtone, an auto-tune version of "Smooth Operator." She puts  
it on speaker as she removes post-its from all around her.

VIV  
I just got money shamed for the  
last time.

LOU (O.S.)  
Pete's not coming.

Viv crumples a post-it.

VIV  
He's bailing on a *goodbye* party?!

LOU (O.S.)  
He has to work.

VIV  
Maybe he's just feeling weird about  
the fact that every time he goes to  
finger you he finds your finger  
already workin' it?

PETE (O.S.)  
Hi Viv.

VIV  
Heeeey, Pete! Really looking  
forward to seeing your latest cut.

Viv smirks and flicks a post-it. We hear a knock at her door.

VIV (CONT'D)  
(to Lou)  
Hold on a sec.

Viv opens her door to see TWO MOVING MEN with matching "Haul It Green" t-shirts, plastic bins and burlap sacks.

MOVING MAN

Vivienne Schwartz? Your friend  
Jared hired us?

Viv looks far more pissed than grateful. This guy.

LOU (O.S.)

What's happening? I can't hear.

VIV

Nothing, I'm fine! I'll see you  
tonight!

INT. BROOKLYN BOWLING ALLEY LANE - NIGHT

Music blasts as we watch A GROUP OF TEN FRIENDS overflow a lane. Everyone's a trillion beers deep.

Lou sits on the bench, visibly bummed. She looks around for Pete and thinks she spots him, but it's just the back of a look-alike.

Suddenly, Lou perks up. It's Viv, peeking out behind the look-alike, proudly holding up a bag of Doritos.

VIV

(shouting)

Got you a present!

Lou brightens as Viv walks back to their lane.

CUT TO:

Lou gets up to bowl grandma style. She knocks one pin down, swivels back to the team, claps, and jumps into Viv's arms. They spin around.

GARY, a low-voiced bearded friend, brings over a tray of shots. The girls jump up toward the tray.

GARY

(singing the song)

Shots! Shots! Shots! Shots! Sh-  
shots!

LOU

I hate that song! But shots  
rule!

VIV

I hate that song! But I love  
shots!



LOU  
Jiiiiinx!

VIV  
You owe me a shot!

LOU  
What are we drinking to?

MARGARET  
To the road!

VIV  
To Dollywood!

LOU  
To tittycoasters!

Lou's brother HENRY enters.

HENRY  
I love titties!

LOU No you don't, bro! VIV No you don't!

They all cheers, leading into a MONTAGE intercut with dialogue:

-Viv bowls with a beer in one hand.

-Gary attempts to bowl from his seat.

-Viv, Lou and Henry sit on the floor eating Doritos.

VIV  
My friend Gaby sent me a list of every dive bar she went to that didn't feel rape-y.

HENRY  
Gaby sounds boring.

-MARGARET, with short bleached hair, dances down a lane.

-Lou and Viv spin each other in and out slow-dance style.

LOU  
(cheersing/spinning)  
To Sissy Spacek!

VIV  
To South Dakota!

LOU  
Ew, no.

VIV  
That's where the Badlands are!

LOU  
Oh, okay!

MARGARET  
Somebody get that girl a map.

HENRY  
It won't help.

-Henry runs around high-fiving everyone, saying to each:

HENRY (CONT'D)  
(school sports-style)  
Good game, good game, good game,  
good game, good game, good game,  
good game!

END MONTAGE.

LATER THAT NIGHT:

Only Lou, Viv, Henry, and Gary are left. They're sleepy-drunk on the benches.

LOU  
But what if I have to pee while  
you're in the shower and the shower  
door's clear?

VIV  
Nowhere we're staying will have a  
shower door.

LOU  
But like a clear curtain.

VIV  
I might not let you pee.

LOU  
We can table this for now.

VIV  
Unless we're tripping balls and  
want to let it flow.

LOU  
I'm never tripping with you.

VIV  
What? You promised! For Alice!

HENRY  
(to no one)  
To Alice!

GARY  
Who's Alice?

Jared walks up with pizza. Viv perks up.

GARY (CONT'D)  
(to Jared)  
Thanks, man. How much we owe you?

JARED  
I'm not the delivery guy.

GARY  
Groovy.

Viv throws herself onto Jared, planting a long kiss. Jared is sheepish. And dead sober.

VIV  
(in a mom voice)  
What a mensch.

LOU  
(not at all subtle)  
Heyyyy. Okayyy. Let's go put our shoesies on.

Gary, Lou, and Henry rise. Gary grabs a slice on his way out. Viv and Jared are finally alone.

VIV  
Thanks for the pizza.

JARED  
No problem. Thanks for inviting me.

VIV  
No problem. Thanks for the movers.

JARED  
No problem.

VIV  
(sing-songy)  
No more no problems.

JARED

You seem pretty far gone.

VIV

Then let's get me home. Mom's outta town.

She grabs her coat and throws it at Jared. It hits his body and lands on the floor. He laughs a little and opens the pizza box like he's presenting a ring.

JARED

You should eat something.

Viv scarfs down a slice in four bites. Jared is clearly impressed. A little disgusted, but mostly impressed.

JARED (CONT'D)

I was hoping we could talk.

VIV

(mouth full)

You love to talk.

JARED

Why've you been avoiding me?

VIV

I'm *leaving* tomorrow.

JARED

For a few months!

VIV

That's a long time!

JARED

Maybe it is in your twenties.

VIV

I'm in my twenties.

JARED.

You're basically thirty.

VIV

And so is your son.

JARED

My son is fourteen.

VIV

Which makes me old enough to be his step-aunt.

JARED

I'm not asking you to join our family.

VIV

What are you asking me?

JARED

I don't know. Maybe to tell me how you feel.

VIV

I feel hungry.

Viv goes for a slice. He playfully swats her hand away and looks at her, waiting for more.

VIV (CONT'D)

Uch. I don't know, man. First it was hot 'cause it was wrong, and now it's hot 'cause I'm leaving.

JARED

You're not this hard.

VIV

You have no idea.

JARED

That's why I'm here.

VIV

You're here for goodbye sex, and I would love to *givft* that to you.

Viv bends down to pick her coat up off the floor. Jared smiles and helps her put her coat on.

JARED

Send me a postcard.

Jared exits. Viv drinks more.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY RENTAL SHOE RETURN - SAME

Lou and Henry sit putting their shoes back on.

HENRY

I got an earful from mom about you.

LOU

Let me guess: "She drops everything to go camping in Montana and sit in her pajamas writing stories with that girl who doesn't even really need a job."

HENRY

She's a borderline shut-in.

LOU

Why is mom such a pussy?

HENRY

Because grandpa tried to put a thermometer up her butt.

LOU

He was taking her temperature.

HENRY

She was in eighth grade!

LOU

Didn't she kick him in the face?

HENRY

Yeah, 'cause she's a badass.

LOU

Slash *tight* ass.

HENRY

Grandpa's tongue couldn't even get in there.

The two crack up.

EXT. LOU AND PETE'S STOOP - DAWN

A weathered Lou walks toward her building. Pete's on the stoop. He dangles Lou's keys in the air. She snatches them.

LOU

You out here all night?

PETE

I had Henry text.

LOU

Clever girl.

She plops down next to him. They sit in silence for a beat.

PETE  
Lou. I'm sorry.

LOU  
For what?

PETE  
Oh come on. You're not making this  
easy.

LOU  
You never do. Why can't you just  
tell me -

PETE  
That I'm going to miss you?

LOU  
Yes.

PETE  
And that I'm really proud of you?

LOU  
Yes!

PETE  
And that I'm really happy for you?

LOU  
(cooling down a bit)  
Exactlyyyyyy.

PETE  
And that I'm just being a babybitch  
because I'm scared of losing you?

LOU  
You are a babybitch. But you're  
stuck with me, bub.

PETE  
Good.

She leans in to hug him, resting her head on his shoulder.

LOU  
I think the time apart will be good  
for us.

Pete looks wary, but she can't see his face. He lets it lie.

LOU (CONT'D)  
My old lady bones are sore from  
bowling.

PETE  
Free Bengay rubdowns inside.

LOU  
I love this place!

She nuzzles deeper. He kisses her on the forehead.

INT. VIV'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MORNING

Bright Eyes, Death Cab for Cutie, and Ja Rule posters and photos of teenage Viv are plastered the walls. Viv is awake surrounded by clothes. She's trying to pack from bed. A muffled cell phone alarm chimes away.

A light cat scratching tap is heard on Viv's door.

LOU (O.S.)  
Wakey wakey Vivy baby. I got what  
you need.

Lou enters with two iced coffees and bacon egg and cheeses.

VIV  
I need to toilet.

Lou looks around. She finds and kills Viv's alarm.

VIV (CONT'D)  
You're a magician.

LOU  
You know what's so sad? I knew you  
weren't going to be packed.

VIV  
I'll pack light.

LOU  
You mean you'll wear all my shirts.

Viv runs to the bathroom.

LOU (CONT'D)  
(shouting to Viv)  
I kinda like being hungover. I feel  
like I can concentrate better.



VIV (O.S.)  
That's psycho.

Lou walks around the room doing some light snooping. She opens the TV cabinet and finds artifacts from Viv's adolescence. She starts pulling them out to play.

LOU  
I don't want to rush you, but I  
want to rush you.

Lou puts on door-knocker earrings that say "Vivienne."

VIV (O.S.)  
This isn't in the book, but what if  
she eats a bunch of toilet paper  
while she's on acid?

LOU  
I'm not taking this meeting with  
you right now.

Lou finds a choker and baby barrettes and puts them on.

VIV (O.S.)  
Somebody could pump her stomach  
with a plunger!

Viv flushes and opens the door to find Lou.

LOU  
"I'm Vivienne Schwartz! I love TRL  
and Gushers!"

Viv flops on the bed and scarfs down her baconeggandcheese.

VIV  
I haven't been this hungover since  
our wrap party.

LOU  
You drank too much because you love  
your boss too much.

VIV  
He's not my boss.

LOU  
That's right. I am.

VIV  
Nope.

LOU

I'm only sorry you woke up alone if it's not what you wanted.

VIV

I woke up to a road playlist.

She cracks a begrudging smile.

LOU

Aww. Can't wait to hear it. *In the car.*

VIV

Cool your jets! We're going to get on the road. But we don't need to clock-watch. I feel like for the first couple of days let's just not have a plan. Let's drive where we want to drive. Eat when we want to eat. We'll have way better stories if we just relax.

LOU

Uuuuugh! You know who you are? "Let's go to Thailand. These guys are cool. They asked us to hold their saxophone, but it'll be cool. Let's not have a plan and hold their saxophone." BAM. IN JAIL. THAI JAIL. FOREVER. You pack. I plan. We go. And these earnings are not 14 karat gold. I'm already getting an infection.

VIV

14 karat isn't an option at Claire's.

LOU

I feel like a Claire.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - LATER THAT DAY

Viv lays on the grass while Lou sits up, tense, chewing the straw of her old iced coffee.

LOU

I can't believe we're still here!

Viv rolls over to her stomach.

LOU (CONT'D)  
I'd really like to get on the road  
before it gets dark.

VIV  
What's going on with you?

LOU  
I hate driving at night.

VIV  
That's not it.

LOU  
Your breath is super boozy.

VIV  
You're being mean.

LOU  
Sorry.

Viv pops up.

VIV  
Did I do something? Other than my  
breath how am I annoying you?

Lou says nothing.

VIV (CONT'D)  
I'm pushing you. I'm a pusher. I've  
definitely been told that before.

LOU  
(after a beat)  
It just feels like I'm leaving  
behind so much more than you.

VIV  
I'm leaving a lot too.

LOU  
It's different. I'm not just  
leaving my sweaters at my mom's  
house and going on an adventure.

VIV  
I get that you're scared. I'm  
scared too.

LOU  
You don't seem scared.

VIV

Are you kidding me? I'm terrified!  
Why do you think I don't want to  
get in the car? I mean I do, but I  
don't. It's like when all I wanted  
to do was go on a sleepover. I'd  
beg my mom to let me go. And then  
I'd get there, and by 9:30 I'd be  
calling her from the bathroom on a  
cordless phone, begging her to pick  
me up.

Lou cracks a smile.

LOU

My mom and I worked out a password  
so I didn't have to say it in front  
of the other girls.

VIV

What was it?

LOU

Broccoli.

They laugh.

VIV

I have no idea what'll happen with  
the movie. We've never made  
anything for anyone else before.  
But we're doing it together. And I  
feel like...you know...you make me  
feel like I can do anything.

LOU

Really?

VIV

(like a Southern Belle)  
I'm so embarrassed.

Lou begins to tear up.

LOU

Um. Before we lost insurance I went  
to the gynecologist so I could  
travel with a fresh vagina.

VIV

That's very considerate of you.

LOU

While I was there I asked her to give me a fertility test. I mean, I'm 33, so I thought maybe I should freeze my eggs or something.

VIV

Isn't that really expensive?

LOU

It is, but it doesn't matter.

VIV

What do you mean?

LOU

She sent me to do all these follow-up tests, and apparently I only have 2 eggs in each ovary.

Viv looks a bit confused.

LOU (CONT'D)

A woman my age is supposed to have between 14 and 21.

VIV

Why didn't you tell me this was happening?

LOU

I haven't told anyone.

VIV

What about Pete?

LOU

He's not exactly...I don't know. I don't even know if he wants kids. And mostly I'm just stuck with the feeling that I was made wrong.

VIV

You weren't made wrong.

LOU

I spent my whole life trying not to get pregnant...

VIV

You could take fertility drugs?

LOU

And have twelve children?

VIV  
Adopt?

LOU  
Ted Bundy was adopted.

VIV  
I'll carry your baby. I honestly  
would, by the way. Or...you be my  
baby and I'll be your baby.

Lou smiles and lets out a couple tears.

LOU  
I don't want to sit in wet grass  
anymore.

VIV  
Yeah. Let's go steal you a kid.

Lou laughs. Viv gets up and does an excited dance.

LOU  
Don't do it.

Viv grins and shimmies her arms out pointing at Lou.

VIV  
(singing)  
*Let the river run!*

LOU  
Stop.

VIV  
*Let all the dreamers wake the  
nation!*

CUT TO:

INT. PRIUS - MOMENTS LATER

The girls drive over the 59th Street Bridge belting out the  
rest of Carly Simon's "Let The River Run":

LOU  
*Come, the New Jerusalem!*

VIV  
*Come, the New Jerusalem!*