

KAJILLIONAIRE

Written by

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5/18/18 PINK DRAFT
5/6/18 BLUE DRAFT
4/12/18 WHITE SCRIPT

Four or five unrelated people are waiting for the bus, looking at phones, bored. The bus comes, blocking our view of the bus stop for a moment. Credit supers over the poster on the side of the bus:

KAJILLIONAIRE

When the bus leaves, only three of the (seemingly unrelated) people are left: a woman with very long hair (late 50s, THERESA), a young woman with very long hair (late 20s, OLD DOLIO), and an older man (60s, ROBERT) standing reading a folded newspaper.

Theresa glances at her watch.

THERESA
(without turning her head)
15 seconds.

ROBERT
After this person.

A woman exits the POST OFFICE the bus stop is in front of.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Clear.

THERESA
Not clear.

Another person walks by. We see now that there's a surveillance camera on the area, mounted on the post office. From that camera's POV they look like strangers, all oriented in different directions, even as they talk to each other.

THERESA (CONT'D)
Go-

ROBERT
(interrupting)
NO.

Another person passes.

THERESA
NOW.

The coast is perfectly clear.

Old Dolio suddenly dives towards the post office, rolling on the ground, now sliding against a wall - this is intercut with the post office's surveillance cameras as they swivel.

But she has clearly been doing this for years and knows exactly how to avoid detection. Now she seems to walk around something invisible, abruptly turning sideways, now ducking as if there was something overhead. She rolls into the post office.

CUT TO:

2 INT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 2

Old Dolio quickly unlocks an empty PO box and looks through the hole to the interior of the post office. All the employees are just leaving, holding lunches. The remaining worker does something routine (like stamping envelopes) that turns him away. Old Dolio waits for this and then silently reaches her arm through the box, reaching around to the PO box next to hers and taking *their* mail, a slim package. (It's possible you have to be double jointed to do this; stunt double.) She takes the mail on the other side as well, stashing it all in the backpack that she's wearing, backwards over her stomach. Old Dolio's long, center-parted hair looks like it's never been cut; paired with her baggy clothes and the way she carries herself this reads as butch, though she's unlikely to have ever considered her sexuality. She moves to another PO box.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. POST OFFICE - AFTERNOON 3

Robert and Theresa casually start walking down the street, as strangers, single file. Theresa has a slight limp. A moment later Old Dolio falls in behind them. Her face has been nearly blank the whole time. Now they walk together in a group. They are the Dyne Family.

4 EXT. ALLEY - AFTERNOON 4

They pause in an alley and pull envelopes and small packages out of Old Dolio's backpack. They talk over each other, to themselves.

THERESA

(opening an envelope)

Cash. No - a money order. Twenty.

Old Dolio opens a small package; it's a wrapped gift with one of those round pre-made bows consisting of many loops. She tries to untie the bow, pulls on one end and the whole thing rapidly unwinds into one long ribbon the length of her arm. She looks at it with confusion and throws it on the ground;

rips off the wrapping paper. It's a stuffed animal.
(Overlapping dialogue.)

OLD DOLIO
They have these at...I have a
receipt that'll...

She takes out a small photo wallet and flips through a
collection of receipts to find one that looks like it could
be for the stuffed animal.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)
(reads a receipt from
Target)
"Toys and games, \$12.99," Target.
Easy return.

Robert is opening a slim package; it's a tie. He looks at it
carefully.

ROBERT
This is not a cheap tie.

Old Dolio studies the tie.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
You can't see it because you're not
of gentle birth. But I put this on
(he puts it on)
and the nobility knows I'm one of
them. *Good day my lord.*
(he makes a fancy gesture)
At ease.
(claps his hands, more
gestures.)
That was a good one - what did I
just say? I don't even know.

OLD DOLIO
"Good day my lord."

ROBERT
No, it was better than that - I had
a...Hm. Lost forever now.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. NICE STREET, THIRTY MINUTES LATER

5

The three of them are walking with urgency, passing other
people on this busy street.

They pass a paper shopping bag, Robert kicks it gently to make sure it's empty, nothing of value inside. Old Dolio verifies this by picking it up and ferociously ripping it apart as she walks.

ROBERT

Empty.

As he says this Old Dolio throws it down quickly in agreement, still walking. They walk, looking for opportunities. Robert suddenly walks backwards, to a fancy-looking spa-type place. He takes off his watch and puts it in his pocket. Heads in, patting his new tie.

CUT TO:

6

INT. MED-SPA, NEXT MOMENT

6

Robert strolls up to the front desk with quiet confidence; he's playing a character. There are women waiting on little chairs. One passes by in a robe. The receptionist has luscious lips, maybe filled.

ROBERT

(in a noble voice)

I'm Robert...?

RECEPTIONIST

Sorry, I - ?

ROBERT

I left my watch when I was getting my...

(he looks around, has no idea what is done here)

...service? Maybe it was someone else I talked to.

The Receptionist is drawing a blank.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Is there a lost and found?

RECEPTIONIST

Ok, one sec.

She bends down to look around in lower shelves. While she's down there Robert scans the counter. He takes a few mints, a pen, and a whole bunch of pumps of a sample lotion -- it's too much for his hands, he quickly rubs it on his stomach under his shirt, as she comes up.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

We don't have a lost and found. But
if I could get your name and -

CUT TO:

7 EXT. NICE STREET, A MINUTE LATER

7

As Robert catches up to Old Dolio and Theresa a group of "real men" passes him; they're wearing ties, one has a newspaper under his arm. Robert looks nervously down, he knows this kind of man can see he's just a freak. This is just chatter, in passing, maybe not even really heard:

REAL MAN

Sometimes I ask myself "Is it my
fault?"

The other men shake their heads no.

REAL MAN (CONT'D)

Is there something I'm not seeing?
I don't think so.

ROBERT

Disgusting in there. Women parading
around in bathrobes with swollen..
(gestures to the lips)

THERESA

They're trying to look post-coital.

Old Dolio is grossed out at the thought of this. They keep walking - determined, a little desperate, eyes crawling over everything.

A8 EXT. LANKERSHIM BLVD, 30 MINUTES LATER

A8

Old Dolio dips her finger into the change return of an old payphone; nothing. She rejoins the others, still walking. Suddenly there is an earthquake, not a huge one, just a tremor. These happen all the time so everyone ignores it, the other people on the street keep walking, only glancing around slightly. But the Dynes all freeze as if a bomb has gone off. People walk past them. After a moment they recover and keep walking. Theresa nods towards a ATHLETIC CLUB. On his way in Robert steals a newspaper from a box by giving it a special double tug. He jogs inside.

CUT TO:

8

INT. ATHLETIC CLUB, NEXT MOMENT

8

Robert is mid-conversation with the FRONT DESK CLERK.

FRONT DESK CLERK
I'll take a look.

He looks in a box.

FRONT DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
There is a watch here...

The clerk looks Robert up and down; Robert smiles.

ROBERT
Should I describe it? It's a Rolex.
It's submersible...

FRONT DESK CLERK
(with a sly look)
What's the inscription say.

ROBERT
(pause, chuckle)
Trick question; you can't inscribe
Rolex - they're backed with
tungsten carbide.

FRONT DESK CLERK
There is an inscription.

ROBERT
(not missing a beat)
Oh, then it definitely isn't mine.

The clerk pulls out the watch; a glittering Rolex. A tiny flicker in Robert's eyes: bingo.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(reaching out)
I wonder how they did that.
(glances, flips it over,
hands back)
Ah, it's not submersible, that's
how.

A female clerk appears and Robert clocks her name tag:
CHRISTINA.

FRONT DESK CLERK
Sorry sir. If I can get your name -

CUT TO:

9

EXT. LANKERSHIM, A MINUTE LATER

9

Robert and Old Dolio wait as Theresa talks on a cheap yellow smart phone.

THERESA
(now in a patrician voice)
May I speak to Christina?

They are all quiet, focused on her.

THERESA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yes, my husband lost his watch...he was on a treadmill and he says he took it off to - a Rolex. Oh thank goodness. Yes of course:
(reading off the phone Old Dolio is holding up)
"For Victor with love until the end of time, Althea"...isn't that the sweetest-
(pause)
The date?

She looks at Robert urgently, he shakes his head - he has no idea. None of them breathe. Theresa looks caught - what can she do but guess?

THERESA (CONT'D)
Valentine's Day.
(exhale)
Thank you so much for keeping it safe. My daughter will be right over; she's right near by.

Theresa hangs up, relieved but shaken.

ROBERT
I didn't see a date. I don't think there was-

THERESA
Fuck you.

Old Dolio looks quickly to Robert, hoping he won't let her get away with that. But he's quietly anxious, watching Theresa. Old Dolio quickly pulls up her pant over her knees and pulls on a coat-with-dress-front-panel on over the top, transforming her look.

She tightens the belt around her waist as she heads towards to the Athletic Club -- Robert stops her, counts silently a few beats, and then motions for her to continue.

CUT TO:

10

EXT./INT. ATHLETIC CLUB, TEN MINUTES LATER

10

Through the windows we see Old Dolio in her dress talking to Christina and then walking away with the watch. As she leaves, the original Front Desk Clerk watches her with a flicker of confusion, as he helps another guest. Old Dolio has sensed this suspicion and walks quickly past Robert and Theresa and then breaks into a run. Without skipping a beat Robert and Theresa run too. There is a choreographed serpentine elegance to their running, that perhaps involves Old Dolio and Robert doubling back every little while so they don't leave limping Theresa.

As they run, Old Dolio hands off the watch to Robert. They talk while running.

OLD DOLIO
(worried)
We can't pawn it. Not with the inscription.

ROBERT
Clearly.

OLD DOLIO
So we give it to Stovik directly.

Robert says nothing, they run.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)
It's worth three months rent, maybe more - we could even get caught up.

ROBERT
(tapping his head)
Use the ticker, Old Dolio.

Theresa cackles, seems to understand the plan.

OLD DOLIO
(mumbling)
The ticker's the heart.

ROBERT
What?

OLD DOLIO
 (poking her heart)
 The ticker.

ROBERT
 Stovik won't accept...no: you found
 it on your way home from school,
 and you're a good girl so you'll -

OLD DOLIO
 Ok, right, I'll return it -

11 EXT. LANKERSHIM BUS STOP - DAY

11

Now they've all joined at a bus stop. They all note a surveillance camera and assume positions as strangers again as in the opening scene, not looking at each other as they talk.

ROBERT
 To its rightful owners. Who will be
 very grateful. Your typical
 finder's fee is 10 percent of total
 value of the - they might not know
 that, but -

THERESA
 (reading from the yellow
 phone)
 "Victor and Althea Young, 4305 Fair
 Glen Road." Ladera Heights.

Theresa puts the yellow phone on the bench; Robert picks it up and clicks it into the holster on his belt alongside a brick phone.

THERESA (CONT'D)
 The two goes right there from here.

All three of them look at the cheap digital watches on their wrists. They still are not looking at each other; seem unrelated.

ROBERT
 Do the Catholic schoolgirl costume -
 you got some heartstrings to pull.

Old Dolio looks in her backpack.

OLD DOLIO
 I don't have it. But I can pull
 heartstrings in this.

Robert and Theresa say nothing; clearly they don't think so.

ROBERT

We'll have go home and grab it. God damn it.

A NORMAL WOMAN joins them at the bus stop. She's caught the end of this; keeps looking back and forth trying to figure out if these people know each other.

NORMAL WOMAN

(to Old Dolio)

Is he bothering you?

Old Dolio just looks away nervously. The Normal Woman gives Robert the eye.

NORMAL WOMAN (CONT'D)

I don't think she wants to talk to you.

The Normal Woman stands firm and catches Theresa's eye and gives her a nod of solidarity, believing they are three women standing up to a creep. A bus pulls up and everyone moves to get on.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. THEIR NEIGHBORHOOD, A LITTLE LATER

12

The three hurry past old office buildings and factories; there is a quietly churning factory-sound in the air. One of the phones on Robert's holster pings; it's Theresa's yellow smart phone, he hands it to her.

THERESA

(reading from the phone)

We won the Vitafusion giveaway under six names today.

Theresa's shirt says Vitafusion. They have enough free tee shirts to never have to do laundry - always in an extra large, inadvertently kind of hip-hop. They pass a fat, young pregnant woman (KELLI, 20s) who is making out with a WORKER at the industrial yard they are passing (he's on a break). She has a purple folder and is reluctantly pulling away - she has to be somewhere.

THERESA (CONT'D)

(reading)

And...we won the

(whisper)

(MORE)

THERESA (CONT'D)
 Motor Trend Dodge Viper GT
 Sweepstakes. It's a free visor
 and...

Theresa's voice drops to a whisper as they near the industrial yard; she stops talking completely and they silently limbo under the yard's long gate. Once they're clear of it:

THERESA (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 ...a 20oz sport water bottle.

Robert very quietly unlocks a door a few feet down from the gate; an adjoining building. Old Dolio goes inside. While Robert and Theresa are waiting for her they try not to look at Kelli and the Worker down the street, making out. Whoops, now the Worker sees them and is clearly saying something about them to Kelli.

Old Dolio comes out dressed in a grey pleated skirt, a white shirt, a striped tie and a vest with a collegiate-looking patch. They silently limbo back under the gate. But just then:

KELLI
 (to the Dynes, yelling)
 HEY! Hey, I have a job!

Kelli looks back and the Worker nods, yes. The Dynes cringe as they sneak along - but it's no use, STOVIK, the boss of the industrial yard, looks over the gate. The Dynes are just right there, busted.

STOVIK
 February. March. April.

He's very stern but he seems to be having some inner struggle that's not unfamiliar to the Dynes.

ROBERT
 We may need to pay in installments.

STOVIK
 That's not - rent *is* installments.
 It's monthly installments.

His eyes are brimming with tears. The Dynes have seen this before so they say nothing. Now tears are running down Stovik's mean face. Kelli looks concerned.

KELLI
 Are you ok?

STOVIK
 (gesturing to face
 angrily)
 It's my condition.

ROBERT
 He has a -

STOVIK
 (to Kelli)
 I have no filters so everything
 comes in. Their fear, their
 anxiety...I have to override it.
 (he gathers himself
 together, becomes overly
 harsh)
 You're evicted. Out, now.

Old Dolio looks genuinely scared.

ROBERT
 (quickly)
 We'll have it in the morning.
 February, March, April. All 1,500.
 (gestures to Kelli)
 We were just talking about a job.

OLD DOLIO
 Just right now.

KELLI
 (doing the math)
 You only pay 500 a month?

THERESA
 But it leaks.

STOVIK
 It's very manageable. It leaks on a
 schedule.

Reminded, the Dynes all check their watches again.

STOVIK (CONT'D)
 (nodding)
 You patting down the wall
 afterwards? Dampness becomes rot.
 The whole building falls down; very
 expensive.

Kelli squints up into the sun to see the name on the
 building: "BUBBLES, INC." And back to Stovik's tear-streamed
 face as he looks at all of them.

STOVIK (CONT'D)

Oh god.

He's overwhelmed with feeling, can't override it. He pulls his head in.

STOVIK (CONT'D)

(choking)

See you in the morning.

ROBERT

See you in...

...Stovik stumbles away. The Dynes walk on, headed to return the watch. Kelli hurries after them, encouraged by the Worker in the background.

KELLI

I'm supposed to take this class;
it's a required thing by my
caseworker but I'm kind of in the
midst of something, so if she
(points to Old Dolio)
could just go to the Latvian Church
right down there on Riverside.
There's a sign-up sheet, she just
writes my name down and a woman
gives her a yellow slip, she gives
that to me so I can prove I went.
That's really all.

Her eyes catch on Old Dolio's uniform; there's something familiar about it. The Dynes keep walking; Theresa dabs her nose as if Kelli smells.

KELLI (CONT'D)

I can pay...20 dollars.

Robert stops abruptly.

ROBERT

(to Old Dolio)

You heard.

OLD DOLIO

(whispering)

What about the - ?

ROBERT

Yeah, so hurry up so we can go.

Old Dolio balks for a moment; she clearly doesn't like the slutty look of this girl.

KELLI

Thanks.

Kelli hands her the blue folder. Old Dolio takes it and walks off toward the church. Then doubles back.

OLD DOLIO

What's your name?

Kelli smiles - a friend!

KELLI

Kelli. What's your name?

OLD DOLIO

For the sign-up sheet.

KELLI

Oh. Kelli Fain. Kelli with an i,
Fain is F-A-I-N. You don't even
have to go in, just get the yellow
slip and come right back.

Old Dolio heads off and Kelli goes back to the Worker.

CUT TO:

13

INT. LATVIAN CHURCH FOYER, A FEW MINUTES LATER

13

Old Dolio joins a short line of people holding blue folders and signing in on a clipboard, and then filing into a small auditorium. She writes "Kelli Fain" and a VOLUNTEER notes her name and finds a card in a box and makes a check, nodding at Old Dolio.

OLD DOLIO

I need a yellow slip.

VOLUNTEER

Ok, Dorinda can give you that.

The volunteer stamps the back of Old Dolio's hand - a PENGUIN STAMP - and hands Old Dolio a name tag sticker: "Kelli." Her eyes catch on Old Dolio's uniform; there's something familiar about it. Old Dolio looks around wondering who Dorinda is.

VOLUNTEER (CONT'D)

She's inside.

A sign on the door reads "Positive Parenting: Prenatal to Eighteen Years." Old Dolio has to enter the auditorium, she's the last one in, doors are closed behind her. She puts the name tag on.

14

LINT. AUDITORIUM, CONTINUOUS

14

It's a mixed group, many races, some pregnant women - many people look like they were court-ordered to take this class. All of them are wearing name tags.

Old Dolio is looking around wildly for Dorinda. An authoritative woman, FARIDA (40s) speaks into a mic.

FARIDA

We're starting a little late, maybe
the time change threw people off.
Take a seat please.

Old Dolio sees a woman with a clipboard give a yellow slip of paper to a man. As she tries to make her way over to this woman she realizes she's the only one still standing. Farida gestures for Old Dolio to take a seat.

FARIDA (CONT'D)

(to all)

Let's get started. For those of you
who need caseworker receipts,
please see Dorinda at the break.

There's no way out so Old Dolio sits down, noncommittally.

FARIDA (CONT'D)

There are handouts coming from both
directions - take one and pass it
down. The blue one is the nutrition
cheat sheet I mentioned yesterday.
Please look at the pink one, it
says "Breast Crawl" at the top.

Dorinda is nearby, but every time Old Dolio starts to get up a handout is passed to her and she has to take one and pass it down, like Charlie Chaplin on the assembly line. A video plays on the screen behind Farida.

FARIDA (CONT'D)

"How can a newborn baby *crawl*,
right? Look...see...if she's
immediately placed on her mother's
abdomen, she makes her way to the
breast all by herself. Isn't that
miraculous? Now if the baby is
placed on a cot, infant mortality
goes up, bonding goes down,
lactation goes down...all that
important stuff we discussed
yesterday.

As Farida talks Old Dolio stares at the screen: a shockingly intimate video; the tiny newborn baby painstakingly pulling herself forward. Old Dolio is kind of revolted. She looks around with a grimace, thinking other people will be too - but they aren't. The woman next to her is actually moved to tears by the video. Old Dolio can't believe this. She looks around: parents; all of them.

CUT TO:

15 INT. LATVIAN CHURCH AUDITORIUM - THIRTY MINUTES LATER 15

Like everyone else in the room, Old Dolio is holding a baby doll now. She's kind of confused at this point, swirling with information, still trying to get the yellow slip and leave.

FARIDA

Did everyone practice swaddling
last night?

A weak response from the group.

FARIDA (CONT'D)

Not really? Ok, pair up, let's see
some nice tight swaddles.

As everyone around her pairs off Old Dolio looks for Dorinda. Just then a tough-looking man, THE LEOPARD (40s), turns to her.

THE LEOPARD

(reading her name tag)
You have a partner...Kelli?

He lays out his baby doll on its baby blanket, kneeling awkwardly. Old Dolio doesn't move.

THE LEOPARD (CONT'D)

I know you put it on the point of
the triangle, but do you fold this
up...

Old Dolio kneels down.

OLD DOLIO

Where'd that woman go who gives out
the yellow slips?

They talk as they try to swaddle.

THE LEOPARD

Oh yeah, she's around. I'm this close to getting custody but certain people in my life are negative and focused on my past. I'm not a gangster by the way. Just a scrubber. You don't believe that?

OLD DOLIO

No, I do.

THE LEOPARD

I think this part tucks in there to make it real snug.

Old Dolio notices his name tag: THE LEOPARD.

OLD DOLIO

What's a scrubber?

THE LEOPARD

It's like a...housecleaner. Let's say you need a house emptied but you want it done while the people who live in the house are asleep, you know, without them knowing. I can do that for you. Not just the valuables, no: every last fork, chair, toothpick.

He reaches into his cargo pants pocket and pulls out a handful of different kinds of boxes of toothpicks.

THE LEOPARD (CONT'D)

Take one. They're always handy.

Old Dolio starts to take one toothpick but her gives her a whole BOX OF TOOTHPICKS.

OLD DOLIO

Why would someone want you to do that?

THE LEOPARD

(shrugs)

That's not my business. People have grudges. Maybe they want to scare someone. Show 'em who's boss.

He holds the swaddled baby doll.

THE LEOPARD (CONT'D)

That's good, that's pretty good now.

(MORE)

THE LEOPARD (CONT'D)

You're gonna be an out of sight
mom.

(pause)

What about me? Think I'll be an out
of sight dad?

OLD DOLIO

Yeah.

CUT TO:

16

EXT. BUBBLES INC., AN HOUR LATER, DUSK

16

Old Dolio walks back from the class with the yellow slip and folder in hand; she's still deep in thought about the intimacy she saw there. Kelli is waiting. The Worker is long gone; back at work.

KELLI

Shit girl. What'd you do, enroll?

Old Dolio hands off the folder and yellow receipt, takes the \$20.

KELLI (CONT'D)

What'd I miss?

OLD DOLIO

The breast crawl and -

KELLI

Oh yeah, I'm gonna do that, that's cool, isn't it?

OLD DOLIO

Nah, you don't want to baby it like that.

(pointing to her belly)

Kelli is surprised; Old Dolio strides off.

CUT TO:

17

INT. DYNE BUILDING, A FEW MINUTES LATER

17

A former office, filled with ancient, empty, mauve cubicles and mauve industrial carpeting. They live here. There are lots of goods stockpiled, stacks of non-perishable foods and free tee shirts and Amazon boxes against the walls. Various costumes hang on hangers on one cubicle. Everything is pulled away from the wall on the right side.

Robert and Theresa are sitting on the floor cross-legged, they must have been meditating when Old Dolio came in -- she's ready to leave now, she picks up the Rolex and mumbles sorry.

ROBERT
 (eyes shut, hands on
 knees)
 It's too late. We wouldn't be back
 in time.

Old Dolio looks at her own watch, gives up and sits down with them, hands on knees.

THERESA
 (eyes closed)
 Why would it - why would anything
 take so long?

OLD DOLIO
 (eyes closed)
 I couldn't just - it was a class.

ROBERT
 (eyes closed)
 Ah, religious "education."

OLD DOLIO
 (eyes closed)
 No. It was about...swaddling,
 nutrition...stuff for parents.

Robert and Theresa say nothing at all. After a moment Old Dolio opens her eyes and keeps them open. A tiny act of rebellion.

CUT TO:

18 INT. DYNE BUILDING - AN HOUR LATER

18

They are poised in front of the back wall that everything is pulled away from, each holding a bucket. All of their digital watches go off at the same time. A moment later a big cloud of pink foam rapidly bubbles out of the wall in a line - like a baby spitting up, or a dog with rabies. Robert runs down the tarp collecting the foam by scraping his bucket along the length of the wall, but the foam keeps coming so Theresa runs, collecting it the same way, and then Old Dolio. Each person runs on into the bathroom, where they dump their bucket onto the drain in the middle of the floor. It's a workplace bathroom, with stalls and multiple sinks.

From one of the sinks runs a piece of hose - this must be how they bathe. They know the foam is done for the day, they replace their buckets and pat the wall dry with towels.

CUT TO:

19

INT. DYNE BUILDING, MIDDLE OF THAT NIGHT

19

Old Dolio is lying in her sleeping bag on the floor of her cubicle, listening to some intense and poignant music playing quietly from the un-smart phone (on speakerphone); it's lying on the floor next to her. She's chewing on a toothpick; we see mementos left by whoever worked in this cubicle decades ago - a "best mom" card and a photo of a boy playing soccer. The music stops for a moment:

HOLD RECORDING

Thank you for waiting; someone will be with you shortly.

The music resumes. After a moment another phone pings (same sound as last time = mail). Old Dolio glances at Theresa's yellow smart phone glowing across the room. It's charging on a big car battery, still in Robert's holster.

ACROSS THE ROOM, FIVE MINUTES LATER

Old Dolio crouched in the darkness over Theresa's phone.

THERESA

What are you doing?

Old Dolio looks up, startled. Theresa is on her way to the bathroom and looks strange in the dark.

OLD DOLIO

Sorry, it dinged and I...

Theresa reaches for the yellow phone.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

We won something big. But we can't use it.

(she reads)

"The Ooh La Luxe Getaway. A first class trip for two to the Big Apple."

Theresa takes the phone; glances at the screen.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

I think it's redeemable for three non-refundable coach tick -

THERESA
 (interrupting)
 We can't fly.

OLD DOLIO
 (overlap)
 I know, I said that. We can't use
 it.

Theresa's eyes zero in on the toothpick.

THERESA
 What's that?

OLD DOLIO
 A guy gave them to me in the - the
 class.

She picks up the box -

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)
 Do you want one?

Theresa sighs.

THERESA
 (scholarly)
 When a man gives you wood -
 anything made out of wood - he's
 saying: *You give me wood.*

It takes Old Dolio a sec to imagine what this means. She slowly opens her mouth and takes out the toothpick she's been gnawing on. Theresa takes the box of toothpicks.

THERESA (CONT'D)
 I've been to New York.

OLD DOLIO
 (quick urgency)
 We could both go. Just us. Like
 a..."mother daughter getaway."

Old Dolio, embarrassed to say something this conventional, sort of laughs with preemptive scorn...but Theresa is silent; she glances nervously towards where Robert is sleeping.

CUT TO:

Old Dolio empties her bucket of foam, Theresa comes limping in, empties hers. Robert is patting the wall with towels.

They all exit the building, Robert and Theresa in their big free tee shirts, Theresa wearing the Rolex. Old Dolio is in the school uniform.

21 EXT. THEIR NEIGHBORHOOD, CONTINUOUS

21

They start to limbo under Stovik's gate, but he immediately leans over them. Stovik glances at his watch - 11:03am. He's wearing sunglasses.

STOVIK

Did you pat it down?

They nod. Theresa hands him a manila envelope. He opens it: some cash and the money order. Tears are leaking out, he wipes them away brusquely.

ROBERT

The rest is coming - we're on our way to - we just have to check our mail -

STOVIK

(holding the money order)
What's this?

ROBERT

It's a money order. It's the same as money.

Stovik looks in the envelope, pulls out the tie.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

That's worth-

STOVIK

No. Not this time. I'm patching the leak. I can charge 10,000 a month for that space.

The Dynes freeze. This seems much more serious than yesterday.

THERESA

We won't, we don't - we have a *child* -

Stovik quickly raises his hand to cover the sight of Theresa, tears streaming down his face.

ROBERT

(cutting off Theresa)
The whole wall is a sponge.
(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

The building should be condemned, really. We could report it to The Department of Health and Human Services.

It's a standoff.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

1,500 by Friday. We need a little time to get it together.

STOVIK

Friday? Tomorrow?

ROBERT

Oh - I didn't literally mean - it's a saying: "by Friday." It means the end of the week.

STOVIK

So, next Friday.

ROBERT

The one after that.

Tears pouring out. He ties a weird knot in one end of the tie and loops it over a pole. Before he turns away he points from his eyes to the tie to them.

STOVIK

The Friday after next. Two weeks.

He walks off. The Dynes look spooked.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. POST OFFICE

22

Just as before, Old Dolio has done her moves to avoid the security cameras - we catch her just before she rolls in to the door of the post office. She starts to put her key in the box but it won't go in. She tries another key in another box, same thing. She is unnerved. She does the moves to leave but just before she exits she sees A PICTURE OF HERSELF on the wall, one in a row of "Reward" pictures taped to the wall. She quickly pulls it off the wall and exits.

CUT TO:

23 OMIT

23

24

EXT. STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

24

They are walking together now, in silence. Robert is looking at the "Reward" picture. The picture has an official United States Postal Service seal on it and a description of Old Dolio. The reward is \$300. Old Dolio is breathing heavily, spooked.

OLD DOLIO

It was a new camera. There's never been a camera there.

ROBERT

\$300 reward, this is a scarecrow. It means: scram. We'll just use another post office. If they don't want our business -

THERESA

She can never go in another post office again. Ever. That job is over.

Old Dolio is surprised and touched by this protectiveness. Theresa senses this.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Why even have hair if you're not going to use it?

OLD DOLIO

It was a new -

ROBERT

It's too bad; it's really too bad.

OLD DOLIO

I'll just never go in-

ROBERT

Yeah, but this kind of fuck-up really marries you to life. Now you're life's wife. Me, I don't want that kind of commitment. I prefer to just...skim. A smooth ride.

OLD DOLIO

So do I.

ROBERT

Well, one mistake leads to the next, leads to the next, and soon you're hooked.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 Hooked on sugar, hooked on credit
 cards, ha ha ha, cry cry cry,
 "mother daughter getaway!"

Old Dolio's face falls; she's so ashamed. Theresa told him.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 You've got the...?

Gestures to her pants. Old Dolio scrambles to pull her skirt
 out of her pants. She must redeem herself.

CUT TO:

25

INT. BUS, A FEW MINUTES LATER

25

Robert and Theresa are sitting together, Old Dolio is in the
 seat behind them, thinking hard. Someone on the bus has a big
 suitcase that is threatening to roll away with each stop. Old
 Dolio watches this farce, then suddenly has an idea.

OLD DOLIO
 Can I have the phone? I think the
 The Ooh La Luxe -

THERESA
 (interrupting)
 Just drop it.

OLD DOLIO
 I think we can get cash out of it.

Long silence.

ROBERT
 But it involves flying?

OLD DOLIO
 Yes but -

ROBERT
 What's the number one most
 dangerous form of transit?

THERESA
 (whispers)
 Airplanes.

OLD DOLIO
 Airplanes. But in New York we
 could -

ROBERT
 - spend money. That's what you do
 in New York.

As they talk, a nearby group of Catholic schoolgirls in uniforms look at Old Dolio in her uniform with smiles and confusion.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLGIRL
I like your costume.

OLD DOLIO
It's a uniform. From my school.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLGIRL 2
(gesturing to the patch)
Oh do you go to Hogwarts?

The girls laugh. They are getting off the bus.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLGIRL
That's a Harry Potter
costume.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLGIRL 2
(CONT'D)
She knows, she knows.

The Catholic schoolgirls exit. Old Dolio immediately looks down at what's she's wearing, dismayed.

OLD DOLIO
This is not an actual - I'm wearing
a Halloween costume.

ROBERT
That makes sense...

THERESA
Yeah because we bought it
around...

ROBERT
(finishing the previous
conversation)
Anyway, a finder's fee - that's a
sure thing.
(he hands her the watch)

Old Dolio looks at it carefully.

OLD DOLIO
So I'll ask for, what? \$500 -

ROBERT
(interrupting)
Ask for? You're a nice kid; you
found this watch. Reward? Nothing
could be further from your mind.
That'll get you 500. Ask for a
reward and you'll get fifty max.

Old Dolio looks out the window, annoyed.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Well don't trust me, trust human
psychology.

Theresa nods.

The only way it won't work is if
the door opens and Victor and
Althea are horses. Or dogs. A pair
of yorkies.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. VICTOR AND ALTHEA'S HOUSE, A FEW MINUTES LATER 26

VICTOR and ALTHEA (African-American, 70s, well-off) stand in
the doorway of a very nice house, talking to Old Dolio.
Victor is putting his watch back on. We see Robert and
Theresa in the a distance, pretending to be a couple
strolling up the street.

OLD DOLIO
(pointing to their
driveway)
...it was just right there. I
almost stepped on it.

VICTOR
(putting his watch on with
a chuckle)
This whole time it was just right
there!

ALTHEA
Do you go to Sacred Heart?

Old Dolio nods vaguely. But it's enough, she's suddenly like
family; Althea opens the door and gestures for her to come in
while saying:

ALTHEA (CONT'D)
Ohh, our daughter Jenny went to
Sacred Heart. Here, let's get you a
Coke...

CUT TO:

27 INT. VICTOR AND ALTHEA'S LIVING ROOM A FEW MINUTES LATER 27

Old Dolio is drinking a Coke self-consciously.

ALTHEA
 ...it's a Paul Williams, all
 original features...

VICTOR
 Except the floors. Those are new.
 Do you know what colleges you're
 applying to?

OLD DOLIO
 I'm applying to Harvard
 and...

ALTHEA
 Jenny went to Sarah Lawrence.

OLD DOLIO
 (jumping on Althea's line)
 ...Sarah Lawrence.

ALTHEA
 Oh, Sarah Lawrence is incredible -
 you should talk to Jenny about it.
 (gestures to something in
 the house and says "built
 ins" or something)

VICTOR
 Jenny is a phenomenal masseuse.
 She's building up her clientele -

ALTHEA
 And she's a waitress at Melisse -
 really more of a manager.
 (off Victor's look)
 Well she is. Practically.

28 INT. VICTOR AND ALTHEA'S HOUSE, ENTRANCEWAY, A FEW MINUTES 28
 LATER

Althea and Victor have walked Old Dolio to the door.

ALTHEA
 I wish there was something we could
 do to thank you.

She looks at Victor but they can't think of anything.

ALTHEA (CONT'D)
 I've always believed in angels.

VICTOR
 Not me, that's her thing.

They are smiling and waiting for Old Dolio to go. Old Dolio wants to say something but knows she can't mention a reward.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Good luck with everything life offers you.

Old Dolio walks out the front door with disbelief: no reward. But she has no choice; she walks forward.

ALTHEA
 Wait!

Relief on Old Dolio's face, and a little knowing smile.

29

EXT. YOUNG NEIGHBORHOOD, A FEW MINUTES LATER

29

As Old Dolio walks through the neighborhood she sees Robert and Theresa in the distance. She's not used to seeing them from afar. They look alien as they dart onto people's porches and quietly take their Amazon packages. She catches up with them and holds out a piece of paper. It's a gift certificate for a massage. The piece of paper is designed to look like money.

ROBERT
 (taking the gift certificate)
 What's this?

OLD DOLIO
 My reward. Their daughter is a masseuse.

She is angrily zipping open her backpack and quickly changing from the schoolgirl outfit to her usual big freebie tee shirt and sweats. She stuffs the other outfit into in her backpack. They are all crestfallen.

ROBERT
 'Don't ask for a reward' was plan A - but plan B was: Ask for a reward. Rich people can sometimes be very cheap.

OLD DOLIO
 They talked about her nonstop. "She works at Melisse".."she went to college..." They're obsessed with her; it was creepy.

ROBERT
That's the most expensive
restaurant in LA.

OLD DOLIO
She just works there.

ROBERT
Even to work there you have to be
rich -

THERESA
(interrupting)
We have two weeks. Less than that.

Robert looks around wildly for a solution to their money problems; his eyes land on Theresa's stolen Amazon package.

THERESA (CONT'D)
(shaking the box)
This is probaby an eight dollar
eyeliner.

i.e., not gonna save them. Everyone is silent and stressed. Robert looks angry. Looking away, and handing her the yellow phone, he says:

ROBERT
What's the job. The one that
involves flying.

Old Dolio can't believe it. Robert looks down at the gift certificate with frustration.

OLD DOLIO
(starts typing on the
phone)
Ok, I think if we...

ROBERT
Wait. "4305 and a half Fair Glen
Road." That's where you just were,
this is right behind their house.
It's worth money. See, dollar
signs. This type of high-end - this
is worth two, maybe three hundred
dollars.

He takes the yellow phone back; he and Theresa are so relieved they're almost laughing. Old Dolio is disappointed. They are walking her back to the house, but stop short to avoid being seen.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 (to Old Dolio)
 Cash refund. She'll understand -
 she's a businesswoman.

THERESA
 You know what he means by
 businesswoman, right? Prostitute.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. VICTOR AND ALTHEA'S YARD, A MINUTE LATER 30

Old Dolio is picking her way to the studio in the backyard.

31 INT. STUDIO BEHIND THE MAIN HOUSE, A FEW MINUTES LATER 31

Old Dolio is pretty stressed - the negotiations with JENNY,
 late 40s, are not going well. Jenny is a sad character, as
 one can surmise from the details of her life.

OLD DOLIO
 What about a percentage of the
 total value? Like 75% of the total
 value.

Jenny doesn't know what to make of this woman.

JENNY
 No, I - sorry, that's not - how did
 you say you know my parents?

Old Dolio is looking around the room wildly.

OLD DOLIO
 Ok, understood. How 'bout an
 exchange. For that rock.

She points to a giant crystal. She's talking kind of like
 Robert.

JENNY
 No, no, it's not-

OLD DOLIO
 Or these -
 (she points to some
 speakers)
 No? Ok, fine - that shelf. And
 that'll be my final...because it's
 not worth very much.

(MORE)

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)
I would be taking a loss on - on
the - the massage.

It's clear Jenny isn't going to do an exchange because that's nuts. Old Dolio gives up, with an "I give up" gesture and backs away towards the door; she's still holding the gift certificate.

JENNY
I'll take that.

Old Dolio is reluctant to give it up.

JENNY (CONT'D)
You don't want the massage, right?

Old Dolio is frustrated, almost angry. She feels like she's throwing money away. She studies Jenny warily, up and down. She walks over to the massage table and touches it gingerly. Then she suddenly starts to climb on to it.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Oh - I'll step out and you can take
off your clothes. Face down.

Old Dolio is on the table with all her clothes on. She flips over on to her stomach. After a moment Jenny begins to massage her. Old Dolio jolts with the shock of being touched.

OLD DOLIO
How long does this take?

JENNY
Your gift certificate is for a 60
minute session.

OLD DOLIO
Oh, I don't - can you do it more
quickly, like twenty minutes?

JENNY
Ok.

Jenny massages.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Tell me if it's too much pressure.

OLD DOLIO
(immediately)
Too much pressure.

JENNY
Is that better?

OLD DOLIO

Too much.

Jenny shifts and just barely touches Old Dolio's shirt.

JENNY

How's this?

Old Dolio makes a negative noise. Jenny removes her hands altogether and just hovers them over Old Dolio's body.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Is that better?

OLD DOLIO

Yeah.

Jenny is surprised that Old Dolio's voice still is very full of feeling - this is still a lot for her. Just being so vulnerable, with this person near her. Jenny sees some drops hitting the floor under Old Dolio's face.

There's a knock at the door.

JENNY

Maybe that's my parents - do they know you're...

Old Dolio sits up, worried, quickly wiping her face. But it's Robert and Theresa; they scurry in (Theresa with her limp) not wanting to be seen by the folks in the big house.

THERESA

Hi, we're with her...it was taking a while, so...

Old Dolio climbs down from the massage table.

Theresa and Robert are silent for a moment, looking Jenny up and down and catching up.

ROBERT

No refund?

JENNY

I don't do refunds on gifts. We're almost done -- she only wanted 20 minutes.

ROBERT

Can we get that rock for the other 40 minutes?

He points to the same crystal.

THERESA
 Or 20, 20 and 20
 (pointing to herself and
 Robert)
 We'll split the massage three ways.

Jenny is shaking her head no through all of this - absolutely not.

ROBERT
 And do we have to use it all now?
 Could we have 8 five-minute
 sessions that we use over the next
 year?

JENNY
 No, it's non-transferable, and I
 don't divide sessions, I'm a
 licensed...

As she talks Robert and Theresa realize this is a loss - they look at Old Dolio who looks slightly triumphant. Their faces darken.

CUT TO:

32 INT. DYNE BUILDING, THAT EVENING

32

Three old suitcases are laid out on the low, black vinyl bench; they have yellow ribbons on them. Robert and Theresa are on one side of the bench, Old Dolio on the other, holding the yellow phone.

OLD DOLIO
 We fly to New York together on
 Wednesday and fly right back, as
 strangers. At the baggage carousel
 I don't know you guys.

Theresa and Robert look down at the bags as if they are moving by. Theresa glances up at Old Dolio.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)
 Don't look at me.

THERESA
 I'm just looking around. To make
 sure these are the bags from my
 flight.
 (to Robert)
 Excuse me, is this where the
 luggage from New York comes out?

ROBERT

What?

THERESA

That's the joke people make when women have a lot of shoes. Imelda Marcos.

ROBERT

Now I can't say that. You took the spontaneity out of it.

They bicker.

CUT TO:

33 INT. AIRPORT TUNNEL, A FEW DAYS LATER (WEDNESDAY) 33

Lots of people walk down a tunnel towards a plane, eventually we see Robert, Theresa and Old Dolio in the line-up; their faces grimly set except for Old Dolio, who looks secretly exalted. They are dressed in their usual big tee shirts.

CUT TO:

34 INT. AIRPLANE, 40 MINUTES LATER 34

The plane is in flight. Smooth flying so far. The three of them sit in a row, Robert and Theresa anxiously notice every little noise and ding. Old Dolio carefully opens a little bag with free, cheap earbuds and studies the plug. Suddenly there is some turbulence. Robert and Theresa look around wildly. The turbulence worsens; the stewardess asks everyone to buckle their seat belts. Robert and Theresa are truly stricken, as if they are about to die. Robert holds on to Theresa. Old Dolio is uncertain - everyone around them looks pretty calm but she's getting nervous - first time flier.

The turbulence persists, loudly. Theresa is mumbling something under her breath, looks like she's going to faint. Robert is looking around wildly for some kind of distraction.

ROBERT

(to Theresa)

Just breathe normally. Let's talk.
Talk, talk - say something.

Theresa raises the volume on her mumbling; it's some kind of prayer.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 Don't pray! Are you praying? Just
 talk, Hi how are you?

Theresa can't. Robert turns to Old Dolio on his other side.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 Hi how are youAAAAH.
 (big bump)

Old Dolio is watching them lose their shit with some surprise
 and confusion.

OLD DOLIO
 Fine.

ROBERT
 What are your interests?

OLD DOLIO
 My...?

ROBERT
 Interests, interests; go.

OLD DOLIO
 I-I don't-

Lots of turbulence.

ROBERT
 Anything. Talk.

Old Dolio is awkward at talking, but she attempts to talk
 about an idea that seems to have stuck in her head.

OLD DOLIO
 Some people think that a brand new
 baby, if you put it on the abdomen,
 it'll just automatically crawl up
 to the mom's breast, but if you put
 it on a cot they'll, I guess, cry
 more. Breast Crawl -

ROBERT
 Don't say breast.

OLD DOLIO
 But I wonder how would a baby know
 where -

ROBERT
 (interrupting)
 Ok - it's smoothed out - you can...

Old Dolio falls silent.

THERESA
What's your point with all that?

OLD DOLIO
He told me to talk.

THERESA
You pregnant?

OLD DOLIO
Was I put on a cot or did I crawl
up -

THERESA
(interrupting)
Answer.

OLD DOLIO
No, I'm not - when could that have
even happened -

THERESA
A cot.
(to Robert)
Is she pregnant?

Robert sniffs around Old Dolio's body.

ROBERT
No.

The turbulence suddenly becomes much worse. Thunderous. The captain asks the flight attendants to take their jumpseats.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(to Theresa)
You heard that.

THERESA
Are jumpseats -

ROBERT
So they can jump out when it goes
down.

THERESA
With...parachutes?

ROBERT
(to Old Dolio)
We're going down.

Old Dolio now looks scared. She breathes heavily.

OLD DOLIO
Once we die...everything'll go dark
- right away? Or -

ROBERT
Immediately. And forever and it's
complete, a never-ending void.

OLD DOLIO
(fatalistic)
I guess it doesn't matter too much,
as long as we're together. Just
have to get through the crash.

Robert realizes what she means and regards her with some horror.

ROBERT
What. No.

OLD DOLIO
I don't think it will hurt-

ROBERT
No, that's not - the plan is I die
first because I'm the oldest and
you guys take care of me -

THERESA
Then me.

- then Theresa, then, later, you.
That's the order of who buries who.

Old Dolio thinks about this.

OLD DOLIO
Who buries me?

ROBERT
(distractedly)
Well that's...I don't know - that's
your own problem.

He looks away. Old Dolio feels a different kind of scared now.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
If we make it, we're never doing
this again.

OLD DOLIO
 (quickly)
 We have to do the return flight or
 it's a total loss.

Robert looks sick at the thought. The turbulence increases.

CUT TO:

35 INT. AIRPLANE - A FEW HOURS LATER 35

The plane has landed and everyone is shuffling off. As Robert, Theresa and Old Dolio pass through the first class cabin they quietly grab everything they can: blankets, packs of uneaten food, bottles of water.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT ADJACENT, TWILIGHT 36

The same longing hold music (that Old Dolio listened to earlier) plays over:

The Dynes are waiting in a grassy area near the airport; it's not much more than a curb. They're sitting apart from each other, all using the first class supplies. The music pauses.

HOLD RECORDING
 Thank you for waiting; someone will
 be with you shortly.

Music resumes. Old Dolio has her new airplane earbuds in, she listens to her cell phone and looks into the distance at New York City. There it is, the majestic skyline, so close, so far. She's almost shaking with yearning - she's never been so far from home. They wait.

CUT TO:

37 INT. AIRPLANE #2, LATE THAT NIGHT - RED EYE FLIGHT 37

Robert and Theresa shuffle down the aisle; they're in the same outfits - the big tee shirts. They sit down in a row of three seats. And here comes Old Dolio in a businesswoman costume. She sits in an aisle seat next to a businessman. She sees that Robert and Theresa are sitting next to a young woman with big headphones on who is already super chatty in a way that Old Dolio knows her parents will hate.

38 INT. AIRPLANE #2 - THIRTY MINUTES LATER 38

The turbulence has begun again. Old Dolio looks sideways at Robert and Theresa. They are gripping their armrests and panicking. Old Dolio is scared too. Everyone else on the plane looks fine.

39 INT. AIRPLANE #2 - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER 39

Old Dolio listens without turning her head; the young woman seated next to her parents is talking. She's MELANIE (Latina, 25). She's very beautiful and sexy in a conventional way, wearing a low-cut tight shirt and skinny jeans. Long pink press-on nails.

MELANIE

...I was visiting my mom, she lives on Long Island which is like bleh, we're from Pasadena but she moved...is this the kind of thing...?

Turbulence increases.

ROBERT

Keep going. Anything, anything.

MELANIE

Um, um, what should I...I'm a physician's assistant in ophthalmology - you know what that is? Eyes? At Cedars-Sinai. I feel like I'm on Conan - do you watch Conan?

Suddenly a big jolt.

THERESA

You still think this is a normal amount of turbulence for this route?

MELANIE

Yes.

THERESA

Really?

MELANIE

Totally. OH NO.

THERESA
 (very worried)
 WHAT?

MELANIE
 Oh, ha. I thought I forgot my
 headphones but they're right here.

She pats them around her neck.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
 (looking at her phone)
 Did they say there's wifi? Oh there
 is! Oh...you have to pay.

ROBERT
 You're better off.

MELANIE
 Oh I *know*, I'm the worst; I, like,
 sleep with my phone, it's my-

ROBERT
 (gritting through
 turbulence - points to
 her phone)
 That's a tool. It was originally
 designed by and for the military
 and intelligence community. The CIA
 and Army ground-ops, specifically.
 It's a powerful, dangerous tool.

MELANIE
 You don't have a cell phone?

ROBERT
 I use it as it was intended. I
 don't dress it up and play dolly
 with it.

Melanie nods, taking this in and looking at their clothes.
 She put her phone (in its blingy case) in her purse.

MELANIE
 You should never meet my mom. She's
 always on her phone and
 she...she...
 (thinks for best example)
 ...you know how Costco has like
 Gold Star membership; Elite
 membership...? She's the one *above*
 Elite.

The flight attendant comes with their drinks.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Yes, thank you! The screwdriver is
for her, gin and tonic
(pointing at Robert)
gin and tonic.
(pointing at herself)

Robert and Theresa look at their drinks suspiciously. Old Dolio can't help but look - what is going on over there? Melanie is exactly the sort of superficial woman who they despise. (An ordinary girl.)

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Trust me, this'll help a lot.

THERESA

My concern is that we might not be
thinking clearly enough in the
event of an emergency.

MELANIE

Oh. Are you...? My aunt has a
friend who's Amish.

ROBERT

We're not Amish. We use alcohol
when we're injured, to numb pain.

MELANIE

Ok. That sounds Amish. I know
there's a lot of discrimination. My
friend went to a Quaker...school-

The foam alarms on Robert and Theresa's watches suddenly start beeping. And Old Dolio's watch. It's an odd moment of connection between them - and Melanie starts to turn her head to see where the other alarm is coming from. To distract, Robert drinks his drink. Theresa follows suit.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

There you go, chug, chug, chug,
let's get this party started!

CUT TO:

40

INT. DYNE BUILDING, SAME MOMENT

40

We see the bubbles falling into a jerry-rigged tarp that has been attached to the wall and is supposed to channel the foam into the drain. It doesn't really work. We watch the whole thing slowly fall apart.

CUT BACK TO:

41 INT. AIRPLANE #2, LATER IN THE FLIGHT

41

Cabin lights are dimmed, with overhead lights on above the Dynes. A BUSINESSMAN is standing in the aisle talking to Melanie and looking down her shirt at her breasts.

BUSINESSMAN

You never lived in Provincetown?
That's weird. There's a girl there
who looks -

Robert whispers something to Theresa.

MELANIE

I never did.

THERESA

(whispering to Melanie)
He's looking down your blouse.

BUSINESSMAN

Well, you sure
look...familiar, but ok. Is
this business or...

MELANIE

(whispering back to
Theresa)
I know, I can handle it.

The Businessman doesn't quite catch what they're saying but is put off, he thought she was traveling alone. He holds up his hands like *Hey, I'm a good guy* and backs away down the aisle to his seat.

Robert pats his pockets.

ROBERT

Check your pockets everyone. That
might have been a bait and switch.

MELANIE

A what?

ROBERT

A distraction from...he might be a
pickpocket.

MELANIE

You mean...a thief? That's not what
just -

ROBERT

You don't know, about this kind of
thing.

MELANIE

Don't know? It happens to me every day.

Robert and Theresa look at her, taking in what she means - and Melanie looks at them, suddenly suspicious/curious.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

So...what do you guys do?

They look opaque.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

You know everything about me, you know my address, my grandmother's name...what do you...are you...professors?

ROBERT

Yep.

MELANIE

Wow, that was a pretty good guess.
(pause)
No you're not.

Old Dolio watches Melanie wag her finger at Robert and Theresa slowly, like she knows something. Theresa glances at Robert, he's a bit mesmerized by that finger. Robert takes a sip of his drink. Long pause.

ROBERT

Would you say you're a trustworthy person? Is that one of your qualities?

THERESA

(uneasy)
You don't have to answer tha-

Melanie's eyes light up, and dart between the two of them with anticipation.

MELANIE

Yes.

A pinched smile from Theresa.

Old Dolio watches as the three of them lean in together. What are they telling her? Old Dolio is concerned.

CUT TO:

42 INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM, A COUPLE HOURS LATER

42

Old Dolio waits for her bag, with the rest of the people on her flight - except for Robert, Theresa and Melanie. They're nowhere in sight. She's getting increasingly stressed watching their bags with the purple ribbon go around and around.

Now Old Dolio looks up and sees Robert, with his arm around Melanie; Theresa is touching Melanie's hair. They are pretending to be a family, and, as she instructed, ignoring her. Old Dolio feels like she's in a nightmare; the pain is surreal. Robert pulls the bags off the belt. Old Dolio tries not to watch but it's hard. Melanie gives her a wink and Old Dolio quickly looks away. The three of them leave, each with a bag or two, including Melanie's luggage.

CUT TO:

43 INT. UNITED BAGGAGE OFFICE, A FEW MINUTES LATER

43

Old Dolio, masking nerves, is filling out paperwork.

CLERK

Address?

OLD DOLIO

P.O Box 14 - oh. Wait, no. Um. 2529
East 16th St. LA 90021.

CLERK

If they are lost - and I'm not
saying they are - but if they are,
your traveler's insurance covers
you for up to \$1575.

Old Dolio is quietly satisfied.

CLERK (CONT'D)

You'd get that as soon as the loss
is verified.

Old Dolio looks up.

OLD DOLIO

How long does that take?

CLERK

Oh they're pretty quick. Six weeks
at the longest.

Old Dolio's face falls.

OLD DOLIO
And at the shortest?

CLERK
(typing)
That really varies - a week? But
don't worry, it's rare that we
completely lose a bag. I'm sure
they'll turn up.

CUT TO:

44 INT. BUS, A FEW MINUTES LATER 44

Old Dolio is on the bus, ashen and disappointed. As the bus pulls away from the airport she gets a text. There's been a change of plans. She quickly dings the bell a bunch of times for the next stop.

CUT TO:

45 INT. "THE DRUNKEN PILOT," A BAR NEAR THE AIRPORT, A FEW 45
MINUTES LATER

Old Dolio sees them before they see her. Robert and Theresa are listening to Melanie tell some long funny story. Laughter. Melanie sees Old Dolio.

MELANIE
(low voice)
She's here. Don't worry, I got
this.

Melanie picks up a menu and pretends to work at the bar.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Ma'm, I can seat you right this
way.

Terrible (and unnecessary) acting. Old Dolio is repulsed by her. Melanie tries to walk her over to their table.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Just roll with it. How much did you
get for the bags?

Old Dolio is not happy that she knows this much.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

These guys at my college used to do that same scam with the luggage every Christmas vacation. I think you can get more if you -

OLD DOLIO

It's an original con, I invented it.

MELANIE

Oh! Ok.

Old Dolio pulls away and talks discreetly to Robert and Theresa, blocking Melanie with her body. She discreetly gestures to Melanie and gives Robert and Theresa a pleading look like: *what have you done?* Robert looks vague and guilty. Melanie is in the background, kind of unconsciously dancing to the music playing in the bar.

THERESA

(defensively)

We had all those bags. You weren't there to help us with the bags.

ROBERT

And hey: this was your plan. This whole - so we can't take blame -

THERESA

(overlaps)

That's true. That's a really good point.

Old Dolio face hardens.

OLD DOLIO

I don't think the check will be here by Friday.

ROBERT

What?

OLD DOLIO

It might. Or it might take six weeks.

(pause)

And the PO boxes are locked so I has to give them our...

Robert and Theresa's faces fall. A new song comes on and Melanie lights up in the background: this is her jam!

ROBERT
 (in disbelief)
 No you didn't.

Robert shakes his head slowly. He might still be slightly intoxicated.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 You're not unintelligent - you're not. You might even have an above average IQ...*but only when you don't think* - the second you start thinking you become almost like a retarded person. And you're thinking more and more these days.

OLD DOLIO
 No I'm not.

THERESA
 She's really not.

ROBERT
 You led them right to us, right to our door. In six weeks...who knows.

OLD DOLIO
 It might come sooner. It varies.

Melanie dances over, listening in.

MELANIE
 What might come sooner? The check?

This is more than Old Dolio can bear.

OLD DOLIO
 (as if Melanie can't hear)
 Who is she even? How is this person an, an asset? I don't understand.

Melanie's smile fades; she looks flustered.

MELANIE
 Maybe I should use the rest room.

She hurries towards the rest room.

BARTENDER
 It's broken, you have to use the one outside by the gas station.

CUT TO:

46

EXT. GAS STATION BATHROOM, A MINUTE LATER, NIGHT

46

Melanie enters the bathroom, tries to turn on the light but it's broken. She hesitates, with her foot in the door, then turns on her phone for light. Immediately there's a FaceTime call from her mom. She declines it, locks the door and starts to pee - the Facetime rings again. Her face is lit by the glow from the phone.

The TV is blaring in Mom's room.

MELANIE

Yes.

MOM

Uh! There you are, hon. I've been calling nonstop.

Melanie hastily finishes, stands up, starts to get out of there, unlocking the door.

MELANIE

Sorry, I had it on Airplane mode -

MOM

Ok, so you landed. You're home.

If she leaves, Mom will see she's not at home - so she finishes the call in the bathroom.

MOM (CONT'D)

I'm watching that antique show. Do you have it on?

MELANIE

Yeah, why don't you go to sleep, and we can talk tomorrow -

MOM

Are you in bed all cozy? Put the roll pillow under your knees; I'm using mine. You have something nice and crunchy to eat?

(eats a chip)

I can't - I can't see your face very well; it's so dark...Is there -

MELANIE

The light's broken.

MOM

Ok - ok. All right, I'm ordering you a stick-on light like the one in your old room, I know just which one...

(sound of typing)

What time is it there? Our schedules are so out of sync. I know you feel better when we're lined up, but that's impossible now

-

MELANIE

Yeah. And I -

MOM

Ok so it'll come Tues...no, yeah, Tuesday. Did you get the case of ice tea?

As her mom goes on the camera pushes in slowly on Melanie. WE haven't seen her like this before but it's clearly nothing new - she knows how to shut herself down. Her spark isn't there.

MOM (CONT'D)

Mm, I saw something this morning that made me think of you. Type in Vebo Infusion Pitcher. V-e-b-o...click on the bottom picture and then zoom in, zoom in, zoom in.

(suddenly)

Oh god! This guy's old rocking chair is worth -

(laugh)

- it's worth half a million dollars...

(laugh)

We hear the TV in the background; someone is freaking out:
"Half a million! I had no idea!"

Melanie blinks. She just got an idea, sort of.

MOM (CONT'D)

He's so surprised...he had no idea...was keeping papers, bills, stacks of bills.

CUT TO:

47 INT. "THE DRUNKEN PILOT," A BAR NEAR THE AIRPORT, A MINUTE 47
LATER

Melanie bursts back into the bar and sits down with the
Dynes.

MELANIE

I have a heist we can do. To get
the \$1,500.

Old Dolio scoffs; Robert and Theresa are charmed.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(talking very fast)

Ok, should I just say it? Ok. So,
I'm not a physician's assistant -
that was...anyway, I work at
Abram's Optics in the Galleria -
which, if you don't know, it's like
the worst branch there is. I just
sell bifocals to agro old people
all day. Mean but also like super
lonely and desperate - like I've
been invited to Easter, to mah
jong, to look at scrapbooks, and I
don't go because they're gross, but
if I did, I bet there would be mad
antiques. Yep. Not like super fancy
because these people are on
Medicaid, but if I said I liked
something they would probably give
it to me for free or cheap and then
we sell it and make a "tidy
profit." Boom.

Melanie is very proud of herself. Old Dolio is still
listening, as if there will be more that will make this a job
- a legitimate con. She looks searchingly at Robert - the
wheels are turning in his head.

OLD DOLIO

Who do we sell the antiques to?

MELANIE

Maybe a stall at the flea market? I
love the flea market. It's so
indie. I used to have a patch
collection. Ok, I had like three
patches-

ROBERT

It's a great plan. Tremendous.

Melanie is pleased. Old Dolio is horrified. Even Theresa is a little surprised - then she sees how Robert is looking at Melanie's body - ah.

THERESA

We do a three way split -

Gestures between herself and Old Dolio and Robert.

MELANIE

Of course, yeah, it's like an internship.

(to Old Dolio)

I'm Melanie.

ROBERT

Right. Ok. Melanie - this is Old Dolio.

MELANIE

Old...?

OLD DOLIO

Dolio.

MELANIE

"Old Dolio." Ok! I like that.

(she looks at all three of them, nodding)

See this is exactly -

There is a tremor, an earthquake. Melanie and the other people in the restaurant are not worried; it happens so often. But Robert, Theresa and Old Dolio are all terrified and their hands are raised off the table as if it might shock them. Melanie's phone rings and she reaches for it.

ROBERT

Don't touch it
(the phone)
and don't touch the table.

Melanie slowly moves her hands away.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I've been through tremors smaller than this one - turned everything electric. Zap.

Melanie participates in the polite smile everyone in the room is sharing as the tremor continues. Robert is annoyed by this.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

The Big One will start just like this but the noise will build and build - this one isn't building - have you ever heard a thermometric bomb? Loud.

Old Dolio is nodding: *That's right*. The tremor stops.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

The ground will whip around like something's tail and if you're lucky, you'll be crushed and die right then -

MELANIE

(jumping in)

So: YOLO!! Am I right?

48 EXT. "THE DRUNKEN PILOT" PARKING LOT, A FEW MINUTES LATER 48

They are all walking out, Old Dolio in the rear. Melanie hangs back to talk to her in a confiding tone.

MELANIE

They are, like, real characters. Super unique. But you vouch for them, right?

OLD DOLIO

Vouch?

MELANIE

I just mean on the level of like, basic safety. I have a friend who did stripping? I could never do that. But this seems more...Ok, if I'm being honest? My favorite movies are the Ocean's 11 movies, so I'm pretty psyched to be in on an actual...heist.

Old Dolio gives her nothing.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

How did you meet them?

OLD DOLIO

They're my parents.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. "THE DRUNKEN PILOT" PARKING LOT, CONTINUOUS 49

They all get in Melanie's car; an old Toyota. The Dynes aren't used to being in cars.

50 EXT. PARKING LOT (MELANIE'S CAR) 50

Melanie buckles her seat belt and is about to start the car but stops.

MELANIE
Safety first.

No one moves.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Buckle up.

THERESA
Auto-industry ploy.

ROBERT
It's safer to crumple on impact,
and the big boys at GM know that.
These little doohickies
(flicks seatbelt)
only protect them from lawsuit.

MELANIE
Crumple?

Theresa crumples in a kind of disturbing way; she looks like a dead body with her mouth hung open.

THERESA
(slurring)
You have to release all your
muscles; I can show you how. You'll
soil yourself at first, that's
normal.

Theresa straightens up. Melanie starts the car; loud music blasts.

CUT TO:

51 INT. ABRAM'S OPTICS, THE NEXT DAY (FRIDAY) 51

Melanie, wearing her employee vest, is helping a customer, SUE (82), pick out frames.

MELANIE

You tried those last time and you didn't like them, remember?

SUE

Oh that's right.

MELANIE

What about these. The pink is nice with...your nails.

Sue holds her nails up to the glasses.

SUE

I use the Sally Hansen "Tough-As-Nails" undercoat.

She taps her nails together a few times, and looks at Melanie's long press-on nails.

SUE (CONT'D)

I could do yours. I'm not squeamish about, you know - I used to do my daughter's nails and all her friends, beautiful girls, all different nationalities...the African girls used to beg me.

A familiar anger grows in Melanie - but then she remembers her plan and carefully glances around to see if her co-workers are looking.

SUE (CONT'D)

Never trained, totally self-taught. It's just a thing I was born with -

CUT TO:

52

INT. PARKING GARAGE OF SUE'S BLDG, THE NEXT DAY

52

Theresa is limping up the stairs of an underground parking garage, Robert is behind her. They are wearing costumes (a flowery dress, a fatherly blazer.) As Theresa and Robert arrive on the ground level, Melanie is waiting.

THERESA

That's an interesting shirt.

MELANIE

Thank you! This actually used to be a skirt but I just pulled it up. It's workin', right?

She gyrates her butt a little and then stops, mid-move. Old Dolio has appeared at the top of the stairs in her oversized track suit. Melanie can't believe she didn't notice her boyish HOTNESS before. She recovers and continues talking, leading them to Sue's.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(whisper)

She'll want to feed us and give us manicures. So if there's something you want, just point at it. And I'll be like "Oh I love your..."

Now they are in front of Sue's door. Old Dolio quickly unzips her sweatshirt to reveal a button down shirt and V neck - a costume.

The door opens, there's Sue.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Hi Sue! You look so great! Here we are! This is...my family!

SUE

Oh! I wasn't sure how many people...

They follow her in.

53

INT. SUE'S DINING ROOM, CONTINUOUS

53

Places are set at the table, but Sue quickly adds a few more, pulling out chairs. There is BRITISH PARAPHERNALIA everywhere, pictures of the royal family. There's a little dog, we mostly just hear his tags jangling.

SUE

I made a fruit salad that I think you might flip over. Kids love it.
(whispers)
Marshmallows.

MELANIE

Yum!

Sue sits down and opens her little manicure kit.

SUE

So I can do French tip, a buff set, you name it.

Melanie glances down at her own nails, she'd actually rather not fuck them up.

Theresa seems shyly eager to get her nails done and starts to come forward but Melanie doesn't notice and nudges Old Dolio forward.

MELANIE

Go ahead.

They all watch Old Dolio unhappily sit across from Sue and put her hands out very reluctantly. Robert is ranging around the apartment looking it over. Melanie touches a pair of ceramic dogs.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Oh I love these.

She looks around for Robert to give him a conspiratorial look but he's not around.

SUE

Aren't they great? My husband gave them to me.

Melanie immediately peers around for something else. She notices a vase.

MELANIE

This. Is great.

She looks for Robert and sees him in the kitchen, behind Sue, slowly ripping a check out of a checkbook. Melanie's face drops, shocked. Old Dolio watches all this and smiles inwardly. Theresa clocks it too; becomes alert. It all makes sense now - they're just using Melanie to get checks. But Melanie needs to pull it together, her jaw has dropped. Seeing her alarm, Sue turns to look at what she's looking at. Theresa knocks her fruit salad all over the table to redirect attention.

THERESA

(in a British accent)

Blimey! I've made a wretched mess
I'm afraid.

Sue hurries to clean it up; Theresa is picking up chunks of fruit.

OLD DOLIO

(also in a British accent)

Let me do it Mum, I've got it -

THERESA

(British)

- you'll spoil your nails, love.

OLD DOLIO
 (British)
 It's no bother at all.

Both Sue and Melanie are looking at them, slightly bewildered.

SUE
 I didn't notice...at first...that
 you're...but you're not British.
 (pointing to Melanie)

MELANIE
 No.

SUE
 No, you're too dark.

MELANIE
 (quietly)
 There's dark people everywhere.

SUE
 Oh I know. I just mean - What you
 think of when you...imagine...

Theresa sees Melanie is angry. Behind them Robert is now photographing a check receipt, with a click.

THERESA
 (British)
 She's adopted. We always say we
 were given one and we chose one.

Old Dolio blinks at this.

SUE
 (bending down to pick up
 her little dog)
 That's how I feel about Doodlebug.

Robert gives them a nod and heads for the door. Theresa slips the MANICURE KIT into her purse. They all get up to leave, much to Sue's confusion.

THERESA
 (British)
 Doodlebug is a beautiful name, is
 that -

SUE
 It's French.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT (CAR) - A FEW MINUTES LATER 54

Melanie drives looking upset. Not talking for a while - finally:

MELANIE

I need some fries and a milkshake.
At least those two things.

Theresa lets out a nervous laugh.

OLD DOLIO

(chuckle)

We don't eat - at places like -

ROBERT

(explaining)

Wait-staff is fine for the
handicapped, but if you're able-
bodied why would you pay to have
someone go like this

(motions putting a plate
down)

Unless, like I said, you're
handicapped or -

She pulls into a fast food place.

MELANIE

(interrupting)

There's no waiters; it's fast food.

CUT TO:

55 INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT, A FEW MINUTES LATER 55

They are all at a table; Melanie is eating fries and a shake. The Dynes look awkward in the booth. Theresa has a mountain of catsup, mustard, salt, and pepper packets that she puts in her bag. Robert is filling out Sue's check for \$650; he slides the check and pen to Old Dolio.

OLD DOLIO

\$650? We need \$1500.

ROBERT

We don't want to push it.

(to Melanie)

Deposits over \$700 trigger bank
review. So we'll have to do a few
more.

THERESA
Two more by Friday.

MELANIE
What? I'm not doing that again. No.

Robert sets the yellow phone down next to the check: a photo of Susan Welles' signature, on a check receipt. Theresa slides a black pen over and Old Dolio forges the signature, then flips it over to endorse it on the other side; Theresa slides a blue pen over for this. Melanie is watching this with discomfort, her chewing slows.

ROBERT
Amazing, right? Old Dolio learned to forge before she learned to write. In fact that's how she learned writing.

Old Dolio is filled with pride.

MELANIE
What about my plan? Was that just -

ROBERT
Your plan of cashing in on the generosity of lonely people?

Melanie is ashamed.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
She wanted to give manicures, right?

MELANIE
Right...

ROBERT
And she got to. Every time we'll provide a service like that.

MELANIE
No, this is - if we get caught for this shit it'll be worse for me because I'm Puerto Rican.

ROBERT
What did you call it? A heist? This is a heist. We call it a job.

MELANIE
I...just wanted to see what you...you said I could intern -

ROBERT
I didn't say that.

THERESA
That's not even a word he would
use. What's that even mean?

MELANIE
(flustered)
An intern - like a person who
follows, you know, like a...*shadow*.

THERESA
A *shadow*. I know what that is. This
is a shadow.

Theresa makes a shadow with her hand in front of the window.

ROBERT
This is a shadow.

He makes a shadow with his hands.

OLD DOLIO
This is a shadow.

Old Dolio makes a shadow.

Melanie looks about to cry. They suddenly seem ghoulish,
shape-shifty. Melanie gets her purse and starts to get up
from the table. They've gone too far. Old Dolio sees the
panic on Robert's face and, without thinking, she grabs
Melanie's hand. Melanie sits down hard and lets out a yelp.

MELANIE
You just knocked off my nail!

Old Dolio is confused - she doesn't know about fake nails,
the plastic nail is hanging at an odd angle.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Now I have to take them all off or
I'll look like a crazy person.
These cost \$50.

Like a curious child Old Dolio tests the next nail, to see if
it will pop off too. It does. (They are press-on nails with a
"nail guard" underneath.)

ROBERT
Fifty dollars. Fiddy biddy bom
biddy bom.

When he says this, a young a cappella choir begins singing:
bom biddy bom, biddy biddy biddy bom,
 (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YWdgTgwwMTM>) As this
 soundtrack plays, Old Dolio gently pops off each nail, one by
 one. Something shifts - in some clumsy way, Old Dolio is
 managing to keep Melanie here, for the moment. Despite
 herself, Melanie is mesmerized by how strangely gentle Old
 Dolio's nail removal is. Robert and Theresa are holding their
 breath, hoping Melanie stays put. When the nails are all off
 and neatly stacked Old Dolio carefully picks at the glue on
 Melanie's short nails.

MELANIE

(curtly)

You need special remover -

Theresa swiftly out a nail polish remover wipe; it's from the
 stolen kit. Everyone is surprised; Old Dolio gingerly dabs
 the remover on each nail, and the music continues, *bom biddy
 bom*. Again this is done with such care, as if each nail were
 its own being. Melanie studies her beautiful face, Old Dolio
 glances up and gives her a little nod: stay. (They need
 her...) Melanie swoons a little inside. She slowly slides
 Sue's check over and looks at it as Old Dolio continues.

CUT TO:

56

EXT. BANK A LITTLE LATER

56

Melanie and Old Dolio are sitting in a pretty grassy
 area...are they on a date?? Melanie clearly feels like they
 have something cooking between them. Old Dolio looks straight
 ahead the whole conversation.

MELANIE

Have you ever killed anyone?

OLD DOLIO

What are you talking about?

MELANIE

Ok. Phew - we're the same on that.
 I was like: Hold up - is she like a
crazy person...? But no; we're the
 same. What do you like to do at
 night?

ROBERT

(not looking up from his
 paper)

It's been too long. What's she
 doing?

Melanie and Old Dolio are not alone; we now see Robert is pretending to fill a parking meter on the sidewalk in front of them.

And as Old Dolio surreptitiously glances behind herself we see Theresa is there too, next to an ATM. The girls are sitting on the lawn in front of a bank. An innocent-looking YOUNG MAN strolls up to the ATM and we see Theresa talking to him.

MELANIE

Are you a movie geek? I love movies.

OLD DOLIO

(to Robert)

She's got someone.

In the distance we see (but can't hear) Theresa and the Young Man talking and gesturing along the lines of: *I can't believe I forgot my ATM card, is it possible you could...? / Wow, well, I guess if it's signed...*

MELANIE

Do you like really spicy food? Because I know this place, we could go, they rate the spiciness by-

OLD DOLIO

(low voice, without turning head)

We are being recorded, there is a camera pointed at our backs. Every time you turn your head you're linking yourself to me and I am linked to the woman who is robbing a bank over there.

Melanie is silent. After a moment she turns looks back at the surveillance camera. Then she squares herself. Theresa walks past. One by one they casually get up, walking behind her as strangers.

57

EXT. STREET, A FEW MINUTES LATER

57

Now they are walking together. Theresa has taken the envelope of money out of her purse. Robert counts it.

ROBERT

Yep, yep, yep. This is a very liquid - high-yield -

Theresa is studying the brand new bills.

THERESA

It's a nice design, I never noticed
- it's sort of chic. I like that.

Old Dolio has seen them like this before, all hopped up. It's unprofessional; usually leads to a slip-up.

OLD DOLIO

We should give it to Stovik right
now and say the rest is coming.

ROBERT

How dee do, how dee do. I feel like
a senator. Look at that guy.

He pauses to look at his reflection in a store window -
holding the envelope of money.

MELANIE

Oh I love jacuzzis!

Robert's focus shifts to what's on the other side of the
window: jacuzzis. It's a jacuzzi store.

ROBERT

Do you?

MELANIE

Oh yeah. So relaxing.

CUT TO:

58 INT. JACUZZI STORE, A MINUTE LATER

58

They are milling around the store. Robert and Theresa are
looking intently at different jacuzzis, and at Melanie, to
see what she likes. Old Dolio is trying to figure out what
the angle is, why they are in here. Melanie thinks this is
fun.

MELANIE

What color is your bathroom? Would
burgundy match it? Oo, this kind is
nice, you just slide in.

Melanie slides into an empty tub. Theresa sees Robert is
headed for the tub so she gets in too.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

It's gigantic! Get in Old Dolio.

OLD DOLIO
 (stiffly)
 I don't think you're supposed to-

JACUZZI SALESMAN
 Sure you are! Dry test. Get on in!

The JACUZZI SALESMAN, in a tie and slacks, guides her up the steps and into the tub; he gets in too.

JACUZZI SALESMAN (CONT'D)
 I want you to imagine hot hot water
 up to here.

Holds his hand just above his nipples. As he talks Theresa and Robert are both very aware of their bodies touching either side of Melanie - Theresa seems to be enjoying the feeling, Robert is watching her, they exchange a shy smile about this. Melanie is hyper aware of Old Dolio, keeps checking on her.

JACUZZI SALESMAN (CONT'D)
 47 adjustable massaging heads with
 targeted neck and shoulder jets;
 cascading waterfall creating a
 soothing ambiance - ambience?
 Is it ambience? Hell, you guys
 don't care, I had you at massaging
 jets!
 (pause)
 No? Should I go on? *She's* sold.
 (pointing to Melanie)

Old Dolio looks askance at Melanie's effect on everyone.

THERESA
 How much is it?

JACUZZI SALESMAN
 \$9,499 - just \$150 down then \$99 a
 month with 0.9% APR financing.

ROBERT
 We pay \$150 and walk away with it?

JACUZZI SALESMAN
 Yes.
 (pause)
 Well not this exact one - it has to
 be shipped from the warehouse. End
 of the day tomorrow...

As the Jacuzzi Salesman talks, Robert gives Theresa an excited look and she nods.

59

INT. JACUZZI STORE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

59

Robert and Theresa are at the counter with the Jacuzzi Salesman; Theresa is holding the envelope of cash and Old Dolio watches in dismay as she takes out \$150 and hands it to Robert.

ROBERT

So if I'm not happy I can return it at any point and get a full refund?

JACUZZI SALESMAN

Well, once you install it -

ROBERT

Of course, but if it hasn't been installed -

JACUZZI SALESMAN

Then...sure, yeah - like if it doesn't fit or the color's off...

Robert gives Old Dolio a subtle wink - it's a job.

ROBERT

(quietly)

A jacuzzi lending library.

Old Dolio looks away and sees Melanie - who is nearby in another jacuzzi. All this is her fault, somehow. Old Dolio walks to her.

JACUZZI SALESMAN

(offscreen to Robert)

Now the cladding *is* extra, but it sounds like you're doing an in ground installation, so you won't need that.

OLD DOLIO

I have a suggestion for you.

MELANIE

(eager)

What?

OLD DOLIO

Wear more clothes. You're making everyone uncomfortable.

CUT TO:

60

EXT. ABE'S HOUSE, A FEW DAYS LATER (WEDNESDAY)

60

Melanie is more covered up than usual, no cleavage showing. She's had her nails redone and is carrying a bag from Abram's Optics She's nervous but ready to do her first real job. The Dynes are in their well-to-do family costumes; they all approach the front porch together.

ROBERT

(to Theresa and OD,
looking at his watch)

We need to be in and out to catch
the leak at five.

Robert knocks.

MELANIE

So, his name is Abe. Oo - this
feels like Mission Impossible! Ok,
ok, he's what we call a "no show" -
he didn't pick up his glasses so I
had to give him a reminder call. He
asked if I could deliver them,
which, normally I'd be like "no we
don't do that"...

Robert knocks again.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

When I told him I was bringing my
family he was, like, *crying*. So
desperate.

A voice comes faintly from inside.

ABE

Come in.

They go in.

61

INT. ABE'S LIVING ROOM, CONTINUOUS

61

The living room is normal, even nice, but Abe is nowhere to be seen. An ancient voice calls out from a closed bedroom door down the hall.

MELANIE

Hi...!

ABE

(O.S.)

I'm not feeling well but please
make yourself at home. Please.

They look at each other uncertainly. Robert wonders if this is a trap, looks suspicious. After a moment Theresa hesitantly helps herself to a glass of water.

ABE (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

That's it. Just be how you are at home. Just a normal day around the house.

They all look at Melanie in confusion. She shrugs nervously.

MELANIE

(whispers)

I think he's just...lonely.

THERESA

(nodding, whispers)

He's pretending that we're...

MELANIE

(whisper)

...right, like we're his family.

Robert turns on the TV, a golf game.

ABE

(O.S.)

Good, that's nice. My son used to watch that.

They all share a satisfied look. Robert decides this is good fortune - they don't even have to be discreet! He starts unabashedly hunting for Abe's checkbook. Old Dolio follows suit. Theresa starts making cleaning up noises in the kitchen, un-stacking the many CANS OF FOOD in the cupboard and then stacking them up again. Melanie walks into the kitchen, uncertain what to do.

THERESA

(projecting her voice)

Hi hon, how was school?

Old Dolio is surprised to hear a word like this - "hon." But it's an act. Melanie smiles with embarrassment, this is so strange - but kind of fun!

MELANIE

School was fine. How was your day?

ABE

(O.S)

A little louder please.

MELANIE

(louder)

How was your day? What did you do today, Mom?

THERESA

That's nice, to be asked that. Do you really want to know?

Confusing, since they're acting - Melanie nods brightly.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Well, I'll tell you - it hasn't been easy. None of my days have been easy -

Old Dolio is on guard listening to her mom - not sure where this is headed. Robert cheers in response to the game on TV.

He's not actually watching the game, still looking for the checkbook.

MELANIE

(to Theresa)

Oh, why? What happened?

THERESA

What happened. Well...I was young and rebellious so I made a series of impulsive decisions and then...

She looks at her husband madly opening drawers - and at this nice house which makes her feel domestic, even though she's far from that. Old Dolio watches her, they're meet eyes - what will Theresa say?

THERESA (CONT'D)

...the refrigerator broke.

Melanie is having fun with this now.

MELANIE

Oh,

(to Old Dolio)

so you must be the refrigerator repair person?

Old Dolio is caught off guard, but looking around realizes everyone else has a part, so,

OLD DOLIO

Ok.

THERESA
It can't be fixed.

Theresa moves into the pantry and begins clunking around in there. Melanie leans against the fridge, flirtatiously.

MELANIE
I bet you meet a lot of lonely women when you're "out in the field."

No response.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Housewives throwing themselves at you.

Old Dolio ignores her, looks through some drawers.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
We have tools, if you need tools...

Melanie looks through the same drawer and touches Old Dolio's hand. Bold move. Old Dolio pulls away immediately - not sure what just happened, but not having it.

OLD DOLIO
(awkward/terse)
I'm just here to do a job.

It takes Melanie a moment to realize Old Dolio means it. But it hardly matters, her hand felt good...

Robert has turned the place upside down looking for a checkbook - now he mimes to the others that it must be in the bedroom. He nods for Melanie to check the bedroom - she looks ambivalent, so he gestures for Old Dolio to go. Melanie watches Old Dolio walk down the hall, unafraid.

62 INT. ABE'S BEDROOM, CONTINUOUS

62

The shades are drawn, half-light. Abe's eyes open wide when she opens the door.

ABE
(wheezing)
Don't come in.

But Old Dolio comes in anyway, her eyes searching the room for the checkbook. She spies a desk with lots of promising papers on it. She's about to take a closer look, when:

ABE (CONT'D)

It's hard, I almost did it and then
I stopped. It's like trying to fall
asleep.

It suddenly hits Old Dolio what's happening here. She
freezes, uncertain, then heads for the door.

ABE (CONT'D)

Keep going; it sounds good. Like
family. Maybe some silverware
clinking...or play piano...

She leaves the room.

63

INT. ABE'S LIVING ROOM, CONTINUOUS

63

They all look expectantly at Old Dolio as she re-enters -
empty handed.

OLD DOLIO

(whispers)

I think it's in there. But we have
to wait.

Robert looks annoyed, he looks at the time on his watch.

ROBERT

It's 3:15. We'll miss the leak.

OLD DOLIO

He's trying to die.

They all shift. Melanie looks stricken, wide-eyed. Robert is
uneasy - the tables have been turned; Abe is using them.
Theresa almost doesn't believe it, Old Dolio is so calm.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

Keep on...he wants silverware
clinking, and...piano playing..

Old Dolio heads to the kitchen to make clinking noises, but
stops at the sound of beautiful piano music. She turns slowly
to see Melanie playing at a small piano that had gone
unnoticed. They are all mesmerized by the music. After a
moment Theresa joins Old Dolio in making kitchen noises.

THERESA

Hi hon, how was school?

MELANIE

It was fine; I'm starving -

OLD DOLIO

Me too.

THERESA

There's leftover cake.

Theresa noisily gets "cake" -- puts an empty plate and fork on the piano and gives the same to Old Dolio, who makes makes fork noises against the plat. Robert makes a cheering noise in response to the game on TV. The volume is on low.

OLD DOLIO

(to Robert)

He scored?

ROBERT

He scored, a hole in one. Can I get some of that?

THERESA

Do you want milk?

Old Dolio gets the plate, fork, glass for Robert and they both make the noises They are behaving like a family and doing it gracefully now.

ROBERT

I think I'll mow the lawn tomorrow.

THERESA

(good natured)

You said that last weekend.

ROBERT

Did I?

The three of them laugh.

OLD DOLIO

Maybe I'll just mow the -

Robert abruptly freezes, holding up his hand - he's listening. Melanie's playing peters off. He gestures for Old Dolio to go back in, check to see if it's happened. Old Dolio goes in. (Melanie could begin playing again here.)

Old Dolio stands in the doorway. The old man is very still. She comes closer. Abe looks at her with some confusion; he's still alive. He's whispering something. Old Dolio bends down.

ABE
 (whispered)
 Don't do anything to the house. My
 kids have plans for it. They're not
 bad kids. Just busy.

Old Dolio says nothing.

ABE (CONT'D)
 No need to bother them. Wait until
 after.

The old man breathes very laboriously. Now he stops breathing
 for a long time - is that it? But then he starts again.

ABE (CONT'D)
 Am I still here?

OLD DOLIO
 Yeah. See how there's light? You'll
 know because it'll be dark all
 around. And quiet.

Old Dolio can see Abe is struggling. She sits down in the
 chair beside the bed.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)
 Life's nothing. Just let go without
 really thinking about it. Like
 you're letting go of a...piece of
 string. Just let it...
 (slip away, she gestures)
 ...not that big a deal.

Old Dolio looks away to give him some privacy. They sit there
 for a while, we are mostly on Old Dolio's face. It's heavy.

CUT TO:

65

INT. ABE'S LIVING ROOM, A FEW MINUTES LATER

65

Old Dolio comes back in and they all become quiet. She nods:
he's dead.

Then a little chaos: Robert hurries back to look for the
 checkbook. Melanie is freaking out.

MELANIE
 Oh my god. Oh my god.

She's truly shocked, as anyone would be. Theresa comforts
 her, putting her arm around her sort of awkwardly.

OLD DOLIO
What's wrong?

MELANIE
What's wrong?

OLD DOLIO
No, I mean-

THERESA
She has tender feelings. You don't
know anything about that.
(to Melanie)
I know.

This hurts Old Dolio. Theresa taps her chest when she says "I" and Melanie notices she's wearing poorly applied FAKE NAILS that look similar to her own, the ones Old Dolio broke off - are they the same ones? Old Dolio sees them too, with confusion. Theresa drops her hand.

THERESA (CONT'D)
You feel *sad* is what you feel.

Robert comes in from the bedroom, frustrated.

MELANIE
I'm not gonna do this again and I
don't think we should take-

ROBERT
(interrupting)
Somewhere there's a checkbook in
this house...and when we find it
we're just cashing out the whole
\$850 and be done with it, ok?
Because frankly this is making me
uncomfortable - I've been put in an
uncomfortable position here.
(to Melanie)
You just sit down, drink a glass of
water.

Robert unhitches a cell phone from his holster and hands it to Old Dolio.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Go run the buckets. There's enough
time if you take the 52.

Old Dolio feels strange about leaving Melanie with her parents - like she's been entirely replaced. Theresa rubs Melanie's back.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Hurry.

CUT TO:

66 INT./EXT. DYNE BUILDING, CONTINUOUS

66

Old Dolio enters the building just as the foam alarm goes off on her watch, so she doesn't notice that she's stepped on AN ENVELOPE that has come through the slot. She runs for a bucket and keeps running, scraping the bucket along the wall to catch the pink foam as it oozes from the wall. It's a three-person job so no matter how quickly tries to run back with the next bucket there's a mess. She uses up all the towels; runs to the front of the room to get more. But before she can run back she hears a car pull up out front and thinks it's Melanie (dropping off her parents.) She looks around with panic at the mess. Car doors slam outside. But they don't come so she goes to the foyer/front door and peeks out. It wasn't Melanie, it was Kelli and the Worker. She's kissing him goodbye at work and heading down the street with her purple folder. As Old Dolio shuts the door and turns away she feels something under her feet. It's an envelope. She's surprised; mail never comes here. She opens it as she walks quickly back into the main room with a cautious glance over her shoulder. It's the \$1,575 insurance check from the baggage scam. She stares at the check, runs her finger over "Old Dolio Dyne" - it's startling to see her name in type like that, attached to so much money. Wide shot: her alone in this giant bleak room; she looks around, as if seeing it clearly for what it is, for the first time. She has a sense of power, freedom, and - suddenly - an idea about how to rebel. She heads to the door.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. DYNE BUILDING, CONTINUOUS

67

Once on the street Old Dolio is immediately faced with the knotted tie hanging from Stovik's gate.

She quickly folds the check, puts it in her back pocket, just as Stovik appears. Old Dolio breaks into a run. Stovik walks with her and studies her as she hurries past. His face registers her inner landscape: he looks surprised, the tears begin to flow.

STOVIK

Jesus. Your heart's
pounding...you're...you're...oh God
- run! Don't stop running young
flame! That's it!

(MORE)

STOVIK (CONT'D)

Don't turn your head! Don't look at
me! Run! Run! Don't come back!
You're free!
(to no one)
She's free! She did it.

Old Dolio keeps running, we watch her turn the corner. Stovik turns, hearing a car coming down the street - it's Melanie's car. He quickly turns away.

68 EXT. DYNE BUILDING - A MOMENT LATER

68

Robert, Theresa and Melanie are getting out of Melanie's car. They're all holding many cans of food from Abe's. Robert and Theresa look defeated, disappointed. Melanie looks a little spooked, tries to hand off the cans, glancing up at the "Bubbles, Inc." sign.

MELANIE

I know it's not money, but there're
some really good ones, this looks
yummy -

Theresa and Robert quickly hush her and point to the tie on the pole, which explains nothing. They unlock the door and gesture for her to come in. Melanie looks around, still holding the cans, hesitant.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Is she here?

69 INT. DYNE BUILDING, CONTINUOUS

69

Robert and Theresa quickly put the cans away with hundreds of others. Robert checks the bubble wall and glances around; Old Dolio doesn't seem to be here. In a cubicle Theresa is taking off her costume dress and putting on her regular clothes; Robert takes off his blazer costume. They hang them in the costume area. Melanie puts the last can down slowly as she notices the space. *They live here?* And clearly Old Dolio isn't here. Which is disappointing.

MELANIE

Where does she sleep?

Theresa gestures to the cubicle; Melanie cautiously goes in it. Robert is staring at Melanie from across the room and Theresa is looking at him. Theresa limps over to him.

THERESA

(she nods towards Melanie)
There's nothing to lose now.

Robert looks at Theresa, she looks him squarely back.

ROBERT
She might do one more.

THERESA
No. So you should...if you want
to...

He's moved by this, she really knows him.

ROBERT
How 'bout we...do it together.

Theresa smiles, a big open relieved smile. Then she touches her stomach or hair. A surprising insecurity.

THERESA
Maybe you get the party started.

Melanie is smoothing Old Dolio's sleeping bag. She studies the things pinned to the inside of the cubicle - the "best mom" card and the boy playing soccer that we've seen before, and next to those is Old Dolio's wanted picture from the Post Office, with everything but her photo torn off. Theresa calls out from across the room. Melanie quietly pockets the photo of Old Dolio.

THERESA (CONT'D)
I have some errands to do!

Theresa leaves. Melanie comes out of Old Dolio's cubicle.

MELANIE
I don't think Old Dolio likes me.

ROBERT
Oh she doesn't like anyone. She's
not...like that.

CUT TO:

70 INT. LATVIAN CHURCH AUDITORIUM, SAME MOMENT

70

The class is watching as a Farida does an exercise with one of the fathers.

FARIDA
How old is your son?

FATHER
Three.

FARIDA
And what's his name?

FATHER
Cyrus. Cy.

Farida looks "Cy" in the eyes, tenderly.

FARIDA
Hi Cy.

Old Dolio is watching, completely mesmerized but playing it cool. The Father kind of pretends to hit Farida, but laughs nervously.

FARIDA (CONT'D)
No that's right -

FATHER
He *would* too. He hits me if I try
to -

Farida gets down to "Cy's" height.

FARIDA
I'm going to observe first. What do I see - are you hungry? No. Are you tired? No. You look excited. Cy are you excited to see the other kids? Do you need their attention?

The father nods happily, under Farida's spell it's easy to feel like his son.

FARIDA (CONT'D)
Yeah. And sometimes that's enough. Just verbalizing the need is... enough.

71

INT. LATVIAN CHURCH AUDITORIUM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

71

Farida has just finished up with a Mother, who is returning to her seat, moved, there's some light applause.

FARIDA
All right we have time for one more.
(she glances around, no hands)
Or if there are no burning questions we can move on to-

She starts to pick up her whiteboard pen but someone has raised their hand.

FARIDA (CONT'D)

All right! One more - what's the issue?

A long pause, we see people turn to see who's taking so long. Then we hear her, in a rough voice we've never heard before.

OLD DOLIO

I think I might want to...trade my daughter for a better one.

FARIDA

I'm sure everyone in here knows that feeling.

Murmurs of smiling agreement and knowing eye rolls. Old Dolio silences them with:

OLD DOLIO

I said I *think* I might. I might not actually do it.

Laughter. Old Dolio smiles grimly.

FARIDA

How old is your daughter?

OLD DOLIO

(pause)
Eleven.

Farida motions for Old Dolio to come up. She goes up, perfectly imitating Theresa's slight limp. She stands nervously in front of Farida.

FARIDA

What's her name?

OLD DOLIO

Old Dolio.

FARIDA

Old -?

OLD DOLIO

Dolio. We named her after a homeless guy who won the lottery, so he would put her in his will. But Old Dolio - the *Old Old Dolio* - used up all his money at the very end. Experimental cancer stuff.

She's quoting something she's heard her parents say.

FARIDA

And she's-

This is all hard to say - she's nervous, not used to talking like this.

OLD DOLIO

She doesn't know anything about
tenderness. She's a cold girl.

Farida waits, but that's it. So she begins.

FARIDA

Hi, Old Dolio.

Farida really looks Old Dolio in the eye. Old Dolio looks scared but meets her eyes.

OLD DOLIO

(in her own, vulnerable,
voice)

Hi.

FARIDA

So again, I'm just observing.

Farida observes Old Dolio.

CUT TO:

72

INT. DYNE BUILDING, SAME MOMENT

72

Melanie sees the outfit Old Dolio wore on the plane. She notices all the furniture pulled away from one wall; she touches the wall, it's wet.

ROBERT

It needs a little extra care. It
spits up.

Melanie glances around at the whole room in confusion.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Just this wall. Not all four walls -
that would be-
(laughs)
Can you imagine?

Melanie isn't sure what's funny but she laughs a tiny bit, as she heads to the door, and Robert laughs some more, a little forced, he looks nervous.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

That was fun. A good laugh.

(he becomes totally
serious)

But you should know: I'm not a
kidder or joker. I can do that, for
a job, but I don't think it's
respectful. If you ever see me
joking with someone you can bet I
think they're a worthless asshole
not fit for real conversation.

MELANIE

(smiles)

Well definitely don't joke with me
then!

ROBERT

(shaking his head)

See, that was kind of a joke. You
just shit a little on what I just
said. Just a little, to step back.

Melanie's smile drops; she feels challenged. She stops trying
to head out the door.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Do you know how to be really
serious? Have you ever been that
way with anyone? You just touched
your phone.

MELANIE

No I didn't.

ROBERT

You can't help it, it's because of
the age you are. You've never been
serious.

Melanie becomes serious. He takes this in.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I've got something to show you.

He nods his head in a direction, walks that way and Melanie
walks with him, intrigued.

CUT TO:

FARIDA

Are you worried? No. Do you want to hold my hand?

Old Dolio slightly shakes her head no.

FARIDA (CONT'D)

Your hair is so long now. Such pretty long hair - can I brush it?

Old Dolio gives a very tiny shrug. Kelli Fain and The Leopard and all the others watch. As Farida reaches out Old Dolio braces to endure this touching. Farida mimes brushing. Gradually Old Dolio begins to relax - Farida sees this, so she just runs her hands through her hair again and again. This is a lot of sensation for Old Dolio, her eyes glisten, she looks incredibly sad.

There is a tremor.

Old Dolio's eyes widen with panic. She's always with Robert and Theresa when these happen.

FARIDA (CONT'D)

Nothing to be afraid of...it's just a tremor.

Farida reassures her with her eyes and keeps going with the stroking, but Old Dolio suddenly shakes her hand off and looks at her with anger and judgement. She looks out at the whole class, like *What am I doing here?* She stumbles away and out the door.

CUT TO:

74 INT. DYNE BATHROOM, SAME MOMENT

74

Melanie and Robert are standing in the bathroom, looking at the giant maroon jacuzzi. Robert is watching the water shaking from the quake; when it stops he exhales.

The jacuzzi is much too big for the space - it's been plopped down on the cement floor, wedged between the sink and a toilet stall. Its underbelly is rough and exposed - uninstalled. The hose is attached to the sink faucet so it hangs into the tub very slowly filling it.

Melanie looks confused - this is the thing he wanted to show her? She bends down to see if it's hooked up, or -?

ROBERT

It can drain. There's a drain right under it. In the floor.

MELANIE

Are you returning it? Or selling
it...and then returning it? And you
want me to...?

ROBERT

It's better with the light off.

He turns off the fluorescent light. The room is lit by one
small window.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Let's take a bath.

Melanie stares at him for a long time in the dim light. She's
been had.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Are you surprised? Maybe you didn't
know I felt like this.

MELANIE

No. I'm the least surprised I've
ever been in my life.

Without breaking her stare, quietly furious:

MELANIE (CONT'D)

So what's the plan. You'll watch me
undress and start getting your dick
hard, I'll get in - well come on!
(hurrying gesture)

Robert begins to quickly undress.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Are you picturing soapy boobs?
(she presses the button
for the jets)
Do these work? No of course not.
So...titfuck, blowjob
(she turns and points to
her butt)
cum on the ass? Sound good to you?

It's not clear if she's serious or what she's about to do.

THERESA

(off camera)

We want this to be about your
pleasure, too. What feels good to
you.

ROBERT

What?

OLD DOLIO

(she sniffs)

What were you guys doing? Why are there crackers on a plate?

Melanie spies her keys, they're on the floor in Old Dolio's cubicle; she can grab them on the way out the door but she'll have to pass Robert. She starts to move that way -

THERESA

Don't go, hon.

Theresa looks at Melanie and at the keys.

OLD DOLIO

Hon? You just - you've never called me that.

THERESA

I have. I have called you that.

OLD DOLIO

Oh. Call me hon then.

Theresa looks repulsed and put on the spot; she grabs the blue folder from Old Dolio's hands, it reads "Positive Parenting: Prenatal to Eighteen Years."

THERESA

What is this?

Old Dolio takes the folder back.

OLD DOLIO

You can't do it. You can't call me hon. You would if it was a job though. Right?

She takes the check out of her wallet and holds it up.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

\$1,575 dollars to call me hon.

Robert and Theresa stare at the check, surprised.

ROBERT

Three way split.

THERESA

\$525 each -

OLD DOLIO

(cutting him off, voice shaking)

(MORE)

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)
I've decided not to do it that way
this time.

Old Dolio holds the check in front of Theresa.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)
It's one word. Just say it.

Old Dolio is trying to be tough but it's awful to want this,
to ask for it. Their eyes are locked.

ROBERT
(to Theresa)
You could just say it.

He sees it as an easy way to get the check, but now Theresa
feels like they're both ganging up, as if she was a terrible
mother.

THERESA
No, I'm not going to just - we
don't call you hon, or sweetheart,
or baby. We don't give birthday
presents wrapped up with little
bows -

OLD DOLIO
(interrupting)
I don't want -

THERESA
Yes, yes you wanted me to - what
was that? Put you on my abdomen?
And what else. Make pancakes? Dance
around?
(she dances around
weirdly, snapping her
fingers)
That's the kind of thing you want,
right?

OLD DOLIO
No.

THERESA
Yes. You're asking us to be false,
fakey people.

Old Dolio shakes her head, crumbling. She bows her head and
starts to apologize -

OLD DOLIO
I'm sorry, I-

MELANIE
 (holding her keys)
 I'll do it.

They all look at her.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
 (eyes steady on Old Dolio)
 I'll call you hon for \$1,575.

Old Dolio looks from Melanie to Robert and Theresa, who are dismissive, laughing at her attempt, but Melanie isn't kidding around, she's not leaving Old Dolio with these people. Melanie urges her towards the door.

ROBERT
 I'm sure you would.

She's a threat now. Melanie sees the change - sees them getting angry, and hurries Old Dolio along. Old Dolio looks back at her parents, they're furious. Old Dolio leaves, apologetically.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. DYNE BUILDING, NIGHT, A MOMENT LATER 77

They walk, knowing they're being watched by Robert and Theresa. Old Dolio stumbles a little, and glances back.

MELANIE
 Keep walking, keep walking.

Melanie beeps the car as they near. They get in and lock the doors.

78 EXT. MELANIE'S CAR/DYNE BUILDING, A MOMENT LATER 78

Melanie puts on her seat belt and starts driving.

MELANIE
 Buckle up.

Old Dolio balks -

OLD DOLIO
 (mumbles)
 Auto-industry ploy...

- and then thinks better of it and puts on her seat belt.

CUT TO:

79

INT. MELANIE'S APARTMENT, TWENTY MINUTES LATER

79

Melanie's apartment is filled with stuff - all the extra little home things that one can buy from places like Bed Bath & Beyond and Pottery Barn - colorful plastic organizers and pillows that say "kindness," lots of magazines and little rugs. Melanie is making iced tea. Old Dolio paces around like an antsy animal, glancing around - her folder still in hand. Melanie looks around too, ambivalently.

OLD DOLIO

Lots of stuff -

MELANIE

(before she finishes)

Yeah. Yeah.

Old Dolio picks up a disk-like thing from the counter.

OLD DOLIO

What's this?

MELANIE

(winces a little)

It's a...It's a mug warmer. Lots of times my mom buys two of something and sends me one.

Old Dolio puts it down carefully. Melanie hands her a glass of ice tea. Suddenly the distinctive "foam alarm" rings on Old Dolio's watch and she looks stricken.

OLD DOLIO

Oh. It's Wednesday. It leaks three times on Wednesdays because they do sanitation...

She shuts her eyes, grows pale.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

It's - it's a three person job.

Silence.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

It's all over the floor now.
They'll call in a second.

She puts down the folder and gets her phone out of her pocket, holding it out in the air, waiting for it to ring.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

Once they put the buckets down.

But actually the phone doesn't ring. Old Dolio has become very anxious; she finishes her tea.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

Well, "thank you" or whatever, I should go back.

Melanie's face falls. She just got her out of there. Old Dolio pulls a quarter out of her pocket and puts it on the table. Melanie looks confused.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

It was probably more than that - unless you bought it in bulk.

MELANIE

You don't pay for...

Old Dolio looks pleasantly surprised, puts the quarter back in her pocket. Melanie watches Old Dolio check her phone again - they haven't called.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

You're "jonesing."

OLD DOLIO

What?

MELANIE

You're addicted to them. You can't be without them. When my cousin Timothy was trying to kick pills he would be ok and then he'd have a sudden wave of needing it really bad.

OLD DOLIO

I guess this is a little different because they're my parents.

MELANIE

In what sense?

OLD DOLIO

What?

MELANIE

In what sense are they your parents? What's an example?

Old Dolio laughs, because isn't it obvious?

OLD DOLIO
 We...we...always split everything
 three ways, even when I was little.

MELANIE
 What do you spend it on?

OLD DOLIO
 What do -

MELANIE
 Your third.

OLD DOLIO
 (blank. And then)
 Well...we go in on everything.
 Equally. That's another example,
 actually. That makes two things.

Annoyed at how this evidence feels insubstantial, Old Dolio
 heads to the door.

MELANIE
 Aren't you forgetting something?

Old Dolio can't think of what.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
 My job. I'm gonna scam you.

Old Dolio's face falls. Melanie takes a drink of tea, wipes
 her mouth. Comes over. Old Dolio doesn't want this - she
 shakes her head no but it's too late. Melanie stands really
 close to Old Dolio.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
 Oh hon. My sweetheart. My sweet
 baby.

She says these things very tenderly - her crush never went
 away and it's something deeper now...she feels protective.
 Old Dolio swims in it for a confused second. Then takes out
 the check.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
 There's a check cashing place
 across the street.

CUT TO:

80

INT. CHECK CASHING PLACE, NIGHT, A FEW MINUTES LATER

80

Old Dolio puts the cash in an envelope and looks pissed off as she hands it over. Melanie watches Old Dolio as she looks out towards the street, a bus going by.

MELANIE

So you're just gonna go...?
(where?)

OLD DOLIO

Home.

That conjures up such a bleak place, it's too much for Melanie to bear - she has an idea.

MELANIE

You thought I was going to take
that much for 3 nice words?

Melanie hands the envelope back. Old Dolio takes the money, uncertain, but with some relief.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

This is a full service deal.

Melanie takes another envelope and a pen from the counter.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

So... "We don't call you hon or
sweetheart or baby."

She writes "Hon, Sweetheart, Baby" and crosses it out.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Did that. "We don't...make
pancakes?"

Melanie writes "pancakes" down.

OLD DOLIO

Oh - I don't need - it's fine. Just
take it.

MELANIE

And what was that about putting you
on her abdomen?

OLD DOLIO

Oh that's...it's called the breast
crawl...

Melanie writes Breast Crawl down on the list.

MELANIE
 "No dancing."

OLD DOLIO
 I don't know why she said that.

MELANIE
 Have you danced?

OLD DOLIO
 I mean, yeah, I...

It seems like she's lying. Melanie writes "dance."

MELANIE
 Birthdays?

OLD DOLIO
 Birthday presents wrapped with a
 bow. This, let's not -

Melanie doesn't push it - doesn't write that one down.

MELANIE
 (suddenly dead serious)
 So when we've done these things
 then I want my money and you can
 go.

Old Dolio isn't sure how serious this is. She looks at the door. Melanie is determined to keep Old Dolio with her.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
 The quicker we start...I need
 pancake stuff for the morning.

Melanie heads out the door in a hurry.

OLD DOLIO
 The morning.

MELANIE
 They're a morning thing.

After a beat Old Dolio follows.

CUT TO:

81 INT. SUPER A SUPERMARKET, NIGHT, A FEW MINUTES LATER 81

Melanie is going about her business, pushing a cart, Old Dolio is walking with her, not getting anything but making observations.

OLD DOLIO
 There's a camera there, there,
 there, and there.

Old Dolio points without looking up.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)
 All Super A security systems are on
 a pentagram, so you have to move
 between the points. Basically the
 odd numbered aisles are free goods.

MELANIE
 I'm buying this stuff, so...

OLD DOLIO
 I know. Just...interesting fact.

Silence. They walk together. Just two girls going shopping.
 Such a strange feeling.

82 INT. SUPER A SUPERMARKET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

82

Melanie swipes her credit card to pay.

OLD DOLIO
 Each time you swipe that it's like
 you sent the government a note
 saying 'here's exactly where I am,
 do anything you want with me.'

CASHIER
 Do you have a Super A rewards card?

MELANIE
 Yes I do.

Old Dolio shakes her head with disbelief.

CUT TO:

83 INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM, A LITTLE LATER, NIGHT

83

Melanie is wearing a tank top and super short boy shorts to
 sleep in.

She's putting the finishing touches on a bed she's made up
 for Old Dolio on the floor next to her own bed, it has some
 stuffed animals on it. Old Dolio comes out of the bathroom in
 her same clothes - the big shirt. She looks at the bed
 grimly; she sees Melanie's shorts and quickly looks away.
 Every aspect of this is new to her.

MELANIE

Is it ok?

Old Dolio looks sternly away from her.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Oh - do you want to borrow - I have pajamas.

OLD DOLIO

Nope. All good.

Old Dolio can't even look at Melanie in her indecent get-up (and yet she also can't look away.)

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

What - what are you doing?

She nods towards Melanie's shorts.

MELANIE

What do you mean?

OLD DOLIO

Why are you - are you trying to rile me up?

MELANIE

These are what I wear to...

Old Dolio suddenly gets in the bed, very quickly, fully dressed, and rolls over, in a big huff, tries to curl down like she would in her sleeping bag. The covers get all messed up. She's getting increasingly flustered.

OLD DOLIO

How do these even work - I can't even turn without them getting all-

Melanie tries to help her, fixing the covers - without even thinking, Old Dolio moves her hand away, grabbing her arm kind of violently. Melanie becomes very still. They both look at Old Dolio's hand on Melanie's arm. Old Dolio slowly releases it. It's the first time Old Dolio has touched her, or maybe anyone.

It seems like feelings are rushing around inside her. She drops Melanie's arm like a hot potato. Melanie knows they both felt something.

CUT TO:

84 INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM - IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT 84

Melanie takes her time looking at Old Dolio's sleeping face; she can't believe she's right here, on her floor.

85 INT. MELANIE'S APARTMENT, THE NEXT MORNING 85

Melanie is frying pancakes. Old Dolio is still there, but so antsy now, pacing around like someone who needs a fix. She just wants to go home.

MELANIE

These are Mickey Mouse ones.
See...the ears.

Old Dolio puts a whole pancake in her mouth.

OLD DOLIO

Here's what I would do: one big
one. Less flipping.

MELANIE

Little things are...it's fun
to...you can stack them...

Old Dolio is listening with a blank face. Melanie stops.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Most of happiness comes from...dumb
things.

Melanie sees that Old Dolio isn't really listening; she's looking at the door, her watch. Melanie quickly looks at the list; she has to keep Old Dolio bound in with it. She crosses off "pancakes" and turns off the stove. "Breast Crawl" is next.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

So this one, I'm not sure -

Old Dolio looks at the list and tries to quickly rush through it.

OLD DOLIO

For that I can just...crawl out of
a dark room. That'll be fine.

Old Dolio looks around the apartment for a dark room.

86 INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM, CONTINUOUS

86

Old Dolio is in the closet in Melanie's bedroom. We can see her POV of Melanie through the slats in the closet door.

MELANIE

This is another thing Theresa didn't do?

OLD DOLIO

It's the *first* thing she didn't do. I'd be probably less stressed out if she'd done it.

MELANIE

You feel like you're stressed?

Old Dolio demonstrates crawling out of the closet. The crawling is vaguely like the army-crawling the newborn did in the video.

OLD DOLIO

It's completely dark and then I come out into light and it's blinding.

Old Dolio pats the floor.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

This is the abdomen.

Melanie touches the slats in the closet door.

MELANIE

I know a place that's darker than this.

Melanie rushes out of the bedroom, grabs her keys. Old Dolio looks at the slats, agonized at all this.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

It won't take that long.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. STREET (MELANIE'S CAR) - A FEW MINUTES LATER

87

Old Dolio isn't looking happy, in the passenger seat.

OLD DOLIO

We're so close to my - can't you just drop me.

Melanie ignores this, stays focused on the road. Old Dolio looks at her, staring just a little too long at her intent, beautiful face. Melanie looks up and she looks away quickly.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)
How long have you been a driver?

MELANIE
When did I learn? Um, 15, or 16 I guess.

OLD DOLIO
16?
(thinks)
I guess that's the normal age. It seems too young. They should make that higher.

MELANIE
(casually)
I could teach you how.

Slight wistfulness on Old Dolio's part. That version of life is never going to happen.

OLD DOLIO
I think probably you and I won't know each other...no offense...

They both look pretty sad, but especially Melanie.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. "THE DRUNKEN PILOT," 30 MINUTES LATER 88

They head to the gas station bathroom; the one next to the bar they went to after the airport. Melanie walks them past the (un-manned) plaster sculptures, over to the bathroom. She has a quarter ready for the door.

89 INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM, CONTINUOUS 89

Pitch black. We hear Old Dolio flipping the light switch, it still doesn't work. The following scene is in total darkness: a black screen with voices.

OLD DOLIO
Well, it's dark but why the - this was so far...We could've been done by now...

MELANIE

Exactly.

OLD DOLIO

So I guess I'll - I'll crawl out -

Suddenly the sound of an earthquake.

MELANIE

Just a tremor.

Then there is a giant BOOM.

OLD DOLIO

No. This one is building.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Out! Get out -

OLD DOLIO

No no no no no, don't touch the
door or the walls, everything is
live, just stay in the middle.

Shaking continues, loud like thunder. They are waiting it
out, their breath is loud and terrified. After some time the
shaking stops, silence. They sound different now - shocked.

MELANIE

Is the doorknob - ?

OLD DOLIO

No it's metal, it's live, don't
touch it. Don't touch it.

A long silence. Blackness. We just hear their breathing.

MELANIE

It's so quiet, I don't hear anyone.

A beat.

OLD DOLIO

It is quiet. Why is it so quiet?

(pause)

It's darker.

MELANIE

It was dark before.

OLD DOLIO

No...it's completely black. When
have you ever seen it this dark?

(whispering to herself)

Oh my god. Oh my god.

MELANIE

What, what are you-?

OLD DOLIO

No...

(moans)

You don't want to know...

MELANIE (CONT'D)

What???

*

Silence.

OLD DOLIO

We're not in life any more.

MELANIE

What?

OLD DOLIO

I think it happened right away.
That first big boom.

MELANIE

It - wha - it?

OLD DOLI

We died.

MELANIE

What? I'm fine.

OLD DOLIO

That's what people always say
after. They can't believe it. You
might never believe it. But it's
just going to be like this forever.
Just us, in blackness.

MELANIE

Stop, that's not at all what's-

OLD DOLIO

You can't believe it because you
were married to life. Hooked on it.
I wasn't hooked, so it's not such a
big deal.

MELANIE

It would hurt.

OLD DOLIO

I don't think so.

MELANIE

Please, stop - I can feel my face
and...

We hear them rubbing their faces.

OLD DOLIO

Yeah - that's just a memory.

Some heavy breathing, like Old Dolio is crying or trying not to cry. But when she speaks it's with a biting, bitter righteousness:

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

I don't have any regrets. You'll have regrets though. You'll miss sex and dancing and pancakes. I only had that one pancake so I'm not gonna be sad. You'll be sad forever, I'll be fine. You looked in the mirror so many times, you'll miss your face, forever. I don't even remember my face. I can't even say what I looked like.

Silence.

MELANIE

You had long sandy blonde hair. Ice blue eyes. Long eyelashes and -

OLD DOLIO

(interrupting abruptly)
Shhh. Just - doesn't matter.

MELANIE

And your skin is -

OLD DOLIO

(cutting her off)
You know I was just trying to rob you -

MELANIE

No, you -

OLD DOLIO

Yeah. You're such a stupid little idiot. Your brain is in your tits. The plan was for me to go with you and stake out your apartment, gain your trust, get access to your account -

Suddenly there is the sound of radio music coming from a car. They can't get to the door quickly enough; they burst out of the bathroom.

CUT TO:

90

EXT. GAS STATION, CONTINUOUS

90

It's an ordinary-looking afternoon at the gas station. A MAN turns off the car, the radio is silenced; he gets out and starts pumping gas. He looks at them.

MAN PUMPING GAS

You guys fine?

MELANIE

Yeah. Are you?

MAN PUMPING GAS

I was driving. Everyone just stopped. It was crazy.

Old Dolio looks truly stunned - as if she had died and came back to life. She is shaking with energy.

OLD DOLIO

We thought we were dead.

MELANIE

(a little too
quickly/defensively)

I didn't think that.

OLD DOLIO

I'm Old Dolio.

Old Dolio sticks out her hand and the man shakes it and smiles and she just keeps shaking it and smiling back. She is ecstatic. Everything is a miracle. She is utterly sincere here.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

It's wonderful to meet you. God Bless you.

MAN PUMPING GAS

Ok. I'm not religious, but -

OLD DOLIO

No, me either. I've never said that before in my life. How 'bout this, right? Do you think that was the big one?

MAN PUMPING GAS

I don't know.

MELANIE

I don't think -

OLD DOLIO

(cutting her off)

It was. That was it.

(she laughs)

Thank you.

MAN PUMPING GAS

Thanks.

The man politely brings the hand shaking to an end.

OLD DOLIO

Right, right, good. I'm never going to forget you, for my whole life - this -

(she gestures around to

the gas station, his car)

A Subaru. Ok. I've memorized all of this.

Old Dolio notices the gas station minimart and heads towards it. Melanie balks - she's still feeling hurt by Old Dolio's viciousness in the bathroom, not to mention they were in the middle of something.

MELANIE

Ok, can we -

But Old Dolio isn't listening. Melanie warily follows.

CUT TO:

91 INT. GAS STATION MINIMART

91

A few things are knocked over, the MINIMART CASHIER is straightening up.

MINIMART CASHIER

You guys ok?

Old Dolio's phone is ringing. It's Robert - she silences it. Melanie sees this.

OLD DOLIO

Yes! How are you?

MINIMART CASHIER

Oh, I'm fine. These are great structures for quakes.

As he talks Old Dolio's eyes are sliding over everything in the store. She takes a basket.

MINIMART CASHIER (CONT'D)

Since we're 24 hours we have to be prepared for -

OLD DOLIO

(interrupting)

Have you tried everything in here?

MINIMART CASHIER

No.

Old Dolio is throwing things into the basket as she talks. Melanie feels invisible and frustrated, unneeded. Old Dolio has so much to take in.

OLD DOLIO

That's what I would do if I worked here. It's not too late. You can try everything once and isolate your favorites and then just eat those for some perfect days of eating your favorite foods. That's what I would do if I worked here. Do you have to apply or how's that work? Do you need to do special training or take a class?

A CUSTOMER walks in.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

Hi! Come in, come in!

Old Dolio is talking to everyone but Melanie; it's as if Melanie isn't even there.

92

INT. GAS STATION MINIMART - TEN MINUTES LATER

92

Old Dolio has piled a massive amount of junk food on the counter and the Minimart Cashier is ringing it up. She's touching the packaging on the foods, enjoying the sounds they make.

OLD DOLIO

I'm going pop this, that's how you open it, right? Just pop.

MINIMART CASHIER

That comes to \$79.83.

Melanie watches Old Dolio take out the envelope of cash.

MELANIE

That's my money.

It takes a moment for Old Dolio to catch up.

OLD DOLIO

(to Minimart Cashier)

So actually, no sale. Should I put everything back? I'll leave, sorry.

Melanie stands outside the front door, avoiding this awkward exchange. Old Dolio follows her out, a little sheepish.

93

EXT. GAS STATION MINI MART, CONTINUOUS

93

OLD DOLIO

You know I didn't even...I forgot about that whole thing!

MELANIE

Did you forget about robbing me?

Old Dolio doesn't know what she means, and she's distracted - the Customer exits, hovers looking at his phone and drinking a Coke. Old Dolio nods appreciatively at the Coke.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(gesturing to bathroom)

You were just here to rob me, to gain access to my account, remember? My brain is in my tits.

OLD DOLIO

That was a lie.

(looks at Melanie)

You don't believe me.

Melanie's eyes are tired and guarded - it's not that Melanie doesn't believe her, it's just that she's been trying to get Old Dolio's attention for a while now.

MELANIE

(tiredly)

No...I believe you.

Melanie suddenly stands up and, without a word, walks towards her car in the distance. Old Dolio is surprised - she watches her go. She laughs hoarsely and looks at the Customer.

The Customer glances at Melanie walking away, pretty girl, and at Old Dolio, then back at his phone. Old Dolio feels self-aware, then looks with panic at Melanie, getting further away. She follows after her.

OLD DOLIO
No, why would you? What do you -
how can I prove it?

As she walks she picks up a rock.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)
Do you want me to smash my finger
with this - I'll do it.

Melanie keeps walking, doesn't turn. Old Dolio is thrown by this new sensation. It's terrible, unbearable. Melanie is really going to leave. Old Dolio is breathing heavily, unsure of what she's doing or why. She sees a man pumping his gas is watching Melanie too, looking her up and down - this sparks a sharp pain. She stares down the man and follows Melanie.

Melanie passes the same row of mass-produced "Greek" sculptures she passed the first time she walked this way, the day she met the Dynes. The sculptures all seem to watch her again. She's so lovelorn. She seems almost about to turn but she forces herself to stay resolute, taking out her phone. The moment she turns the ringer on it rings, FaceTime, we see the screen, it's "MOM." She answers.

MELANIE
The ringer was off, I'm fine Mom.

MELANIE'S MOM ON FACETIME
You're ok. You're ok?

MELANIE
I'm ok.

MELANIE'S MOM ON FACETIME
Oh my goodness honey, right?

MELANIE
Right, that was big.

OLD DOLIO
(behind Melanie)
I'm sorry! Come on, stop.

Melanie continues ignoring her, holding her phone up and walking to her car. Old Dolio can't do anything but follow her. They walk like this for a while; Old Dolio getting more desperate.

MELANIE'S MOM ON FACETIME
I called the second I heard. I've
been calling and calling - my heart
is still pounding. It was just so -

OLD DOLIO
(behind Melanie)
I don't know what to do. What do I
do?

MELANIE'S MOM ON FACETIME
(emotional pause)
I could use a squeeze.

MELANIE
Squeeze, squeeze, Mama. I'm sorry I
-

MELANIE'S MOM ON FACETIME
What, *what's that behind you?*

Melanie sees on the phone screen, in the background of the video of herself, a woman crawling. We cut to Old Dolio, she's army-crawling like the baby in the video. It's painful, pebbly cement. They walk like this for a while, with Melanie's Mom still on the phone, watching.

MELANIE'S MOM ON FACETIME (CONT'D)
Maybe you need to -

Melanie keeps walking for an excruciating beat, Old Dolio still crawling in the distance.

MELANIE
Ok.

MELANIE'S MOM ON FACETIME
Ok.

Melanie hangs up, stops walking, turns around. Old Dolio finishes crawling to her, painfully. When she gets a few feet away Old Dolio rests on her knees, brushes off her hands, looks at Melanie. Melanie takes out the envelope with the list; crosses off "Breast Crawl." The last thing on the list is "dance."

CUT TO:

94 INT. MELANIE'S LIVING ROOM, AFTERNOON, ABOUT 45 MINUTES LATER

The apartment is a bit of a mess, post-earthquake. Nothing major, but things have fallen off shelves, etc.

No one has bothered to clean up - they are intent on what they're doing: Melanie is sitting in a chair, waiting. Old Dolio is standing in front of her, nervous - like she might not be able to do this.

MELANIE

It's hard without music - I can put something on.

OLD DOLIO

(reaching in her pocket)

No, I - I have music.

Melanie smiles, watching her. Old Dolio isn't trying to leave anymore. They are on a sort of high together now - anything feels possible.

MELANIE

How old are you?

OLD DOLIO

26. How old are you?

MELANIE

27. What year were you born?

OLD DOLIO

1991.

MELANIE

Me too! 91! Best year!

Old Dolio laughs.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

You liked me. You liked me all along.

OLD DOLIO

Did I? I don't -

MELANIE

Ok, but now.

OLD DOLIO

Well yeah.

MELANIE

Yeah?

Old Dolio just nods, looking serious. Melanie's heart skips a beat.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
 Ok. You dance and that'll be the
 last thing and then we can...

OLD DOLIO
 What?

MELANIE
 Do anything we want. Go out to
 lunch...

Old Dolio laughs - this is really such a mind boggling idea.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
 Or take a hike...I love to hike in
 Runyon Canyon.

Another wild and funny idea, to Old Dolio.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
 Or go to the beach...

OLD DOLIO
 (nods, taking in the new
 freedom)
 Oh man. We're like rich people.
 Like kajillionaires...just doing
 whatever we please. Let's go to New
 York together and just walk around.

MELANIE
 Yeah!

OLD DOLIO
 I'm kidding.

MELANIE
 But we could.

They look at each other; it's serious. There is a strong
 sexual tension between them. Old Dolio takes out her phone
 and dials.

HOLD RECORDING
 (speakerphone)
 "Thank you for calling Publishers
 Clearing House; please hold for the
 next available representative."

The familiar hold music plays.

OLD DOLIO
 They never pick up.

Old Dolio begins to move with painful self-consciousness. But it's not dancing - it's the movements required to dodge the security cameras at the post office. They are completely abstract in this unrelated space: rolls, ducks, sudden turns. She repeats the sequence again and again as the music builds, and in time she becomes emotional - angry, desperately sad, and un-careful. Melanie watches her with great feeling and in her eyes Old Dolio feels braver and braver.

Suddenly there is a knock at the door. Old Dolio stops.

THERESA O.S.

(whispers)

Oh thank God...she's

(calling out)

Old Dolio? Can you hear us?

Old Dolio turns off the music. Neither of them move. More knocking.

ROBERT O.S.

We've been calling. That was it -
the big one. Are you ok?

THERESA O.S.

Are you hurt?

Old Dolio is grimly silent.

ROBERT O.S.

We brought you some things -

THERESA O.S.

Yes, they're...things we should
have given you a long time ago.

A long silence; everyone's waiting. Then there is some muffled talking between Robert and Theresa that we can't really hear. Finally:

THERESA O.S. (CONT'D)

You're not ready to talk yet.

That's ok. We'll leave these in the
hall.

(pause)

All right, we're going now.

Melanie and Old Dolio wait; Melanie presses her ear against the door.

MELANIE

(whispering)

I think they're gone.

OLD DOLIO

They know how to make it sound like they've left. They could be right there waiting for us to open the door.

MELANIE

God.

Old Dolio looks ashen, doomed.

OLD DOLIO

I should have just taken my third.
\$525.

Old Dolio unlocks and opens the door. They're actually gone. Three big Target shopping bags fall into the apartment. They drag them in and cautiously look inside. They're filled with wrapped presents with little cards on them. "Happy Birthday! Our little girl is 3! Love Mommy and Daddy" "Happy Birthday! Our little girl is 8..." Old Dolio rips open "Our little girl is 14." It's a make-up kit for a teenager. She opens another, for a 4 year old - it's a doll with clothes. Each of these things is brand new.

Melanie looks really nervous and suspicious. But Old Dolio is unwrapping all the presents now, with great focus, one after another.

95

INT. MELANIE'S LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

95

The unwrapped gifts are all lined up in a row across the room. Dolls, games, CDs, clothes, makeup, jewelry. Old Dolio stares at it.

MELANIE

Newborn...
(she points to a rattle)
...one, two...
(she counts off the presents, whispering)
...to seventeen.
(she walks down to a makeup kit)

There seems to be a missing gift - there's just a card.

OLD DOLIO

Where's the eighteenth one?

Melanie looks at Old Dolio, who seems too taken by the toys, she's looking at each card.

MELANIE

This is crap. They're just -

OLD DOLIO

I know. I know that. It's some kind of job. They're jobbing me.

She reads the 18th birthday card.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

"Happy Birthday! Our.."

(she reads in her head)

They want to take me out to dinner, both of us. They made a reservation at Melisse. For my...oh. "18th" birthday.

Old Dolio falls deep into thought, imagining facing off with them at a restaurant.

MELANIE

Is it your birthday?

OLD DOLIO

Probably not.

MELANIE

(gets serious again)

Don't go. They won't even be there. Or they will and you'll have to pay. Something like that.

But she looks at Old Dolio and realizes she will go; she's already there in her mind.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

You should leave the money here. Just to be sure they don't...

Old Dolio hears this and quickly walks around the apartment, scanning the place, taping walls. She slides her finger along the inside of the mirror and slips the envelope in there.

OLD DOLIO

They think I don't know anything about that sort of fancy restaurant.

(shakes her head ruefully)

We'll just walk in and they'll be like *Wow, who even are you now?*

Melanie looks at her and doesn't say anything. Old Dolio looks down at her clothes. The same as they've always been.

CUT TO:

96

INT. MELISSE, FORTY MINUTES LATER

96

Old Dolio and Melanie stand awkwardly by the hostess stand, Old Dolio awkward in a pretty fluttery dress, clearly borrowed from Melanie. It looks all wrong on her.

OLD DOLIO
They'll probably be late; it's
three bus rides.

But Robert and Theresa are waving from a table. They are dressed nicely, a look we haven't seen before. Theresa looks relieved to see her daughter.

The Hostess leads them back.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)
(to Hostess)
Oh, usually I like to sit more in
the back, but this table is fine.

Old Dolio and Melanie look at each other with complicity - they're in on this together. Old Dolio is treating this like a job, playing a role. Robert and Theresa watch this with slight confusion, as normal parents might.

WAITRESS
Can I start you off with some
drinks?

OLD DOLIO
Yes! Do you still have the...port?

WAITRESS
The Colheita? Or the Tawny "20
Year"?

OLD DOLIO
(slightly garbles the
name)
The Colheita.

A twinkle from Melanie who is enjoying her performance. Robert and Theresa smile a little uneasily at Old Dolio's showiness; the waitress smiles knowingly: kids.

Melanie touches Old Dolio's foot with her foot, Old Dolio is nervous and excited by this. Maybe this dinner is really about the two of them.

ROBERT
 (openly awkward, scanning
 the wine list nervously)
 I'll have...oh wow. I
 guess...nothing actually. Water.

THERESA
 Water for me.

MELANIE
 I'll have a Coke, please.

Robert and Theresa have trouble looking at Melanie - as if she is a bad influence on their daughter.

97 INT. MELISSE'S - TEN MINUTES LATER

97

There is the task of looking at the menu, deciding, conferring - everyone does this, almost like a regular family. The waitress takes their order.

OLD DOLIO
 (proudly)
 ...and for the 3rd course I'll have
 my usual...which is..."the Dry Aged
 Prime New York steak."

ROBERT
 Sorry, "fromage" is...?

Old Dolio knows them: why is he being so "honest"? What's the angle?

WAITRESS
 That's a cheese plate.

ROBERT
 (maybe hits his head like
 "duh")
 It's the French word for...direct
 translation.

Waitress smiles; Old Dolio can tell she thinks they're a normal family. She looks at everyone at her own table, and then at the family at the table next to them. Now we are at that table.

ANOTHER MOM

I didn't realize it would be so
fatty -

ANOTHER DAUGHTER

It's the good kind of fat, Mom.

We're moving to another family, at another table, maybe
Asian.

ANOTHER FATHER

No, the remake is terrible, I'm
talking about the original -

ANOTHER SON

Oh, the original is-

ANOTHER FATHER

- that's a little piece of history.

We see the unique dynamic of each family just by watching
them for a few seconds.

ANOTHER TEENAGE GIRL

Yeah, but she's taking a gap year
so she won't even be there at the
same time as him.

We are passing as a family but we aren't real like them, Old Dolio thinks, looking at another family - and then the young daughter of this family glances back at Old Dolio because she's looking at them. Old Dolio takes a sip of water.

98

INT. MELISSE'S - FORTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER

98

The waitress is clearing the table.

THERESA

Oh! Isn't that the woman who
massaged you?

A familiar waitress is walking by holding plates - it's
Jenny, the masseuse. She sees Old Dolio and pauses.

JENNY

Hi.

OLD DOLIO

Hi.

Old Dolio is embarrassed, and Melanie sees this and can't
help but feel a little confused and betrayed.

Old Dolio tries to do the foot-touching thing under the table but Melanie pulls her foot in.

ROBERT

The healing arts. That's a solid profession because there are always people in pain.

THERESA

What do your parents do, Melanie?

Melanie just stares at her. For the first time Old Dolio notices the new hatred Melanie has for Robert and Theresa. But Melanie only wants the jacuzzi event buried, so she's trying to be civil.

MELANIE

My mom's in real estate.

THERESA

Oh! Robert used to -

ROBERT

I used to publish a resource guide for real estate agents, with coupons...

THERESA

We were straight shooters back then -

ROBERT

Well...if we're being honest...

Robert and Theresa look at each other uncertainly.

THERESA

We had some tough times. The coupon book didn't -

ROBERT

We were reacting to the era -

This all seems questionable to Melanie...she checks with Old Dolio. But Old Dolio is on the edge of her seat.

OLD DOLIO

Can I see the coupon book?

THERESA

Of course the culture's changed, so we seem out of step now -

ROBERT

But it might change back again...

As they talk Old Dolio notices the PENGUIN STAMPS on the back of their hands.

OLD DOLIO

(pointing to the stamp)

You went to the class.

ROBERT

Oh right. We saw the girl with the-

(mimes pregnant)

- she was going in and we just-

THERESA

It seemed like it was important to you, you were trying to tell me and I couldn't -

ROBERT

And we met your friend...

Robert has taken a box of toothpicks out of his pockets and is offering them around. Old Dolio watches Theresa takes one.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What was his...Panther?

OLD DOLIO

The Leopard.

ROBERT

Right! The Leopard.

THERESA

(voice frail)

It was so much shaking, wasn't it? And loud.

OLD DOLIO

Yeah.

THERESA

I knew you were scared. The whole time I was thinking, Where is she? Where is she?

Despite herself Old Dolio feels guilty. It seems like they really were worried. Melanie is uneasy, noticing this shift...

Robert takes a little box out of Theresa's purse and hands it to Old Dolio. It's the missing gift.

It's a necklace with a little gold rose on it. Old Dolio puts it on; Melanie watches with surprise. And Theresa is watching too, she looks slightly concerned...she leans over to Melanie.

THERESA (CONT'D)

It's returnable.

Right then Robert, Jenny and eventually Theresa start to sing Happy Birthday, it starts in the disorienting way it always does - *what is happening?* - but soon it is clear. Jenny is bringing a slice of cake with a candle on it and all the other tables we visited are smiling, watching them. Everyone really believes in this moment. She's faced with the candle, she and Melanie make eye contact and Melanie seems to be urging her not to wish for what she's going to wish for, but she wishes for it anyway, blowing out the candle. And, clink, clink, now Robert is making a toast, standing.

ROBERT

Thirty six hours ago I was - we were both - so...angry at you. I see now that was just a base response - fear really, just fear. And then...well. The big one happened. And...this is hard...I'm not great at this. I - we -
 (Theresa and Robert look at each other)
 got worried. We didn't think you were dead, but...well if you were dead I would have regretted not doing more things to show you...

He's practically gasping for air, this is so difficult for him. People in the restaurant are starting to turn and watch the man standing up, baring his heart. Old Dolio realizes this might be real and she's just frozen, watching, her eyes filled with painful feeling. Other families are watching; other daughters and fathers are moved and tearful and jealous.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I guess I always felt like it would be insulting to treat you like a kid or I just - I didn't know how to do my role, it seemed insincere and I thought we agreed on that. But then after the...I kept thinking *I just want to hold her face, like this.*

(cups his hands in the air)

That dear face.

Everyone in the room is moved. He looks at his hands and laughs.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Don't worry I won't - or maybe I should -

(flustered)

We're so lucky to get to have you as our daughter.

(a breath)

Old Dolio Dyne.

(voice cracking)

Will you let us be your parents?

Old Dolio looks at her mom searchingly - Theresa has been watching her daughter intently, with welling eyes; she nods ever so slightly as if to say: *yes, believe it*. Melanie is disappointed; it was easier when Robert was all bad.

OLD DOLIO

I -

She hesitates, scared.

THERESA

It's too much. You don't have to decide now.

ROBERT

Or ever!

As everyone clinks, Robert is bent over making noises - for an awful moment it seems like he's laughing, it's all been a joke - but no, there are real tears. He's sobbing. Old Dolio can't believe it.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(choking)

I'm so sorry.

Old Dolio doesn't know what to do, she's crying herself. Theresa rubs him on the back. Old Dolio pats him too. Melanie is looking at her with disbelief. Old Dolio gives her a helpless little smile.

CUT TO:

99

INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM, A FEW MINUTES LATER

99

Old Dolio is being tucked into the little bed next to Melanie's - by her parents. Melanie watches from afar.

ROBERT
Good night sweet daughter.

THERESA
Have wonderful dreams.

They are trying these things out, shyly. All three of them are a little nervous and self-conscious. Melanie watches from a distance -- this is all excruciating to her and she doesn't hide it. Robert and Theresa are standing *quite close* to the place in the wall where the money is hidden. Does Old Dolio notice? Melanie certainly does.

OLD DOLIO
In the morning, I could, if you want, make pancakes...

Robert and Theresa both immediately look a little confused. Theresa looks slightly pained. Old Dolio can't read them - maybe she said something wrong. Or maybe:

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)
Tomorrow's Friday! The check, I cashed it but we haven't spent any...

Melanie's stares at her in disbelief, Old Dolio trails off.

THERESA
Don't worry about rent. We're the parents, we'll handle it.

ROBERT
We've got a plan.

OLD DOLIO
Oh.

She waits to hear the plan but they're tight-lipped.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)
Then I'll just, um, see you tomorrow.

They nod, yes yes.

100 INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

100

From the bedroom Old Dolio watches Melanie shut the door behind Robert and Theresa, lock it, listen to the door.

Then she hovers by the place where Old Dolio hid the money. She starts to check it when Old Dolio shifts, making a noise. Melanie's hand pauses. They look at each other.

MELANIE

So if it's gone then they are monsters and the whole night was a lie. Ok?

OLD DOLIO

But if it's still there...then it's all real. You'll believe that.

Melanie nods and her hand reaches for the wall again. Old Dolio looks so nervous, scared of the truth.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

Wait. If it's just my third, if it's \$525, that means: "We can only ever be like we are but we love you and we wish you well."

Melanie looks sad. Poor Old Dolio, she's just radically lowered her expectations. But this would be enough (love) to get by on. Melanie reaches in the hiding place. She pulls out...all the money. It's all there. Melanie can't believe it, she looks tricked, almost angry. Old Dolio is radiant - she can count on them. Melanie changes into her pajamas behind Old Dolio. Old Dolio can feel this.

OLD DOLIO (CONT'D)

I'll probably head home on the early side, before you're up. So...thanks for everything. Really.

MELANIE

No problem.

Melanie climbs in bed, turns out the light. Everything is still for a moment.

Both of them lying in the dark, eyes open (Old Dolio in her bed on the floor.) Melanie shifts, rearranging her legs. Old Dolio stares at her legs coming out of her little boxers. Many micro-movements from both, a growing sexual tension. Melanie finally turns towards Old Dolio, looks at her in the dark. Old Dolio is breathing heavily. Melanie turns back, maybe groaning very slightly. We can feel that both of them are extremely turned on. But nothing happens.

CUT TO:

101 INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM, THE NEXT MORNING 101

A stumbling noise. Old Dolio has her shoes on and is about to sneak open the bedroom door and leave. Melanie sees and gets up quickly -

MELANIE

Please don't -

But she falls silent as she follows Old Dolio into the next room, because...

102 INT. MELANIE'S LIVING ROOM, CONTINUOUS 102

...it's empty. The entire living room is stripped bare, no furniture, nothing - except the row of seventeen gifts. Melanie is in shock. Old Dolio is shattered but almost immediately hardens. Of course. She checks the hiding place - the money is gone; Melanie sees too. Old Dolio becomes really, really sad. She can't ever know Robert and Theresa now. She really has nothing. She walks out to the balcony and sees a little box of toothpicks on the railing. She goes back in and watches Melanie opening the cupboards where all her dishes were; Old Dolio feels terrible - she brought this on - and scared, she's fighting tears. Melanie sees this look and something rises up in her.

MELANIE

(casual shrug)

So what.

Old Dolio, caught off guard, laughs, tearfully. And Melanie laughs a little. It's that laughter that only makes sense in a crisis, in shock -- so intimate that physical intimacy suddenly seems possible.

They are half awake, half dressed, laid bare in the early morning light. Melanie walks over to Old Dolio, stands near her for a while, looks at her lips. Old Dolio looks down, looks at Melanie's hands, they touch hands a little. Melanie comes closer, they get very serious, Old Dolio looks really quite nervous. Maybe she touches Melanie in some unpracticed way, there is some feverish touching but no kissing - and then...something behind Melanie catches her eye. Melanie turns to see what she's looking at.

Old Dolio reaches around to one of the three empty shopping bags. With two fingers she pulls out a very long gift receipt.

CUT TO:

103 INT. TARGET, AN HOUR LATER

103

Old Dolio and Melanie stand at the returns desk, the big bags on the counter. As the cashier rings up the toys and clothes Old Dolio intently watches the digital display of the cash register. They both watch as it goes up and up, \$405.56, \$435.55...it feels more and more like everything rides on this and then the last item is rung up: \$485.05. Old Dolio's face falls. Melanie feels terrible for her. The cashier is looking at the gift receipt.

CASHIER

So you're keeping the...something
from the jewelry department?

Old Dolio draws a blank, but Melanie steps right up to her face and, looking her in the eye, reaches around her neck: the tiny gold rose necklace. The clasp takes a moment and Melanie's face is very close to Old Dolio's. Their lips are so close. Melanie hands the necklace to the cashier. They are about to kiss. Old Dolio glances back at the new total: \$525.00. They kiss.

CUT TO BLACK:

End credits