

Dark Lady Blues

INT. DINGY APARTMENT

A night that simmers with a soft eerie heat like devil's spit in a sauté pan. IZZY HOWARD lies unconscious on the floor, wearing nothing but a long black shirt and socks. Next to her lies a drained bottle of liquor; a powerful brew.

Disembodied music drifts from a pair of headphones by her side. [Music: God Bless the Child, Billie Holiday] The opening credits roll while the song plays once through.

Izzy looks up at the camera & empties her soul with a stare.

CUT TO:

More credits over black.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT

Izzy sitting on a couch with a gaunt look.

IZZY

I used to have terrible nightmares as a child. I'd never wanna go to sleep, cause I thought I'd have dreams about dying or showing up at school naked. Nowadays it's just the opposite. All I wanna do is sleep, and waking up is what scares me.

Now we see SELMA, Izzy's roommate, sitting across from her.

SELMA

Are you depressed?

IZZY

I think so. Unless I'm just hormonal.

SELMA

How long has it been since you--

IZZY

--I haven't gotten my period in a while.

(CONTINUED)

SELMA

I was gonna say, left the apartment.

IZZY

Oho... That's a good question.

Selma looks concerned.

SELMA

Are you OK...

IZZY

I'm fine.

SELMA

Are you sure? You don't look so hot.

Izzy frowns.

The sound of a toilet flushing. From behind Selma, URSULA comes out of the bathroom, holding a small canister of pills in her hand.

URSULA

Yo. Has someone been raiding the medicine cabinet?

SELMA

What?

URSULA

I'm outta sleeping pills.

The girls turn to Izzy.

SELMA

Izzy.

IZZY

... what.

SELMA

You slept fifteen hours last night.

IZZY

I always sleep that much...

URSULA

Seriously? I used to hook up with a kid who had narcolepsy, and he slept less than that.

(CONTINUED)

Izzy looks down.

IZZY
(really quietly)
... I might have *borrowed* some
Ambien.

URSULA
What?

IZZY
Ambien. I took some.

SELMA
Mixed with liquor? What are you
trying to kill yourself!?

IZZY
(defensive)
Of course not.

The girls exchange a glance.

URSULA
I think you should talk to a
therapist. I know like 6 great ones
if you want help finding one.

IZZY
Ulch, but therapy is so passé.

SELMA
How bout a psychiatrist?

IZZY
Too expensive.

URSULA
Doesn't really matter. She's
already taking more pills than
Frankenstein's monster.

Izzy rolls her eyes at the heavens. Ursula and Selma look
back. Lean their heads together a bit.

SELMA
Maybe you just need some fresh
air...

Izzy looking especially fatigued. She nods wearily.

[MUSIC: THIS YEAR'S KISSES]

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

(CONTINUED)

The girls walk down a grungy city street with bad moods entrenched deep in the grooves of their faces. Izzy smokes a cigarette.

URSULA
Selma.

SELMA
What.

URSULA
Are you still sleeping with that one kid from your acting class?

SELMA
Peter?

URSULA
No.

SELMA
Roy?

URSULA
No, no... the serious one.

SELMA
(tinged with judgment)
Ooh, Lenny ... He just got cast as Jocasta in some gender-bending production of Oedipus Rex.

IZZY
Sounds like quite the role.

URSULA
Oedipus. That reminds me ... I have a crush on our creative writing professor, and he's gotta be older than my Dad.

IZZY
Professor Benson?

URSULA
Yeah.

IZZY
Ursula, he's *really* old.

URSULA
I know.

SELMA

Then why do you like him?

URSULA

He's fucking brilliant, that's why.

IZZY

Oh for god sakes.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBIA CAMPUS - DAY

Birds chirp. Kids drift to class, looking aloof, like ghosts on heavy doses of prescription pills.

INT. CLASSROOM

A small writing seminar. GREG BENSON reads aloud from a book at the head of a long table of students.

GREG

Syrian women make my mind boom-boom like flowers. Poppies on a beach during World War Three. I roll all over them, laughing till my body disfigures. And then it transmogrifies into antimony.

Shot of Izzy and Ursula, sitting next to eachother.

GREG

(continuing)

I want to wrap your arms around me like masturbatory fishclaws, and hiss at you sweetly like Calliope in heat. I want you to serve me, to let you be my slave, to love you sweetly, and fetishize your mermaid feet. (looks up) And that's an excerpt from my latest book, which I wrote entirely on Mescaline.

Seems proud of himself. A few murmuring laughs.

GREG

(continuing)

This issss Traditions of Autofiction... (sighs)... Usually how I start each semester is that I ask you guys a question. You ready?

A few kids nod.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

(continuing)

So why do we feel the need to write books about our own lives? Does it stem from a latent *narcissism*? ... The belief that each of us is inherently *different* from everyone else? ... You, go ahead.

He looks at PATRICIA, a pale girl with glasses.

PATRICIA

Well for me personally... The reason I write about sexual assault is so that other girls can learn from my mistakes.

A sort of awkward moment.

GREG

OK ... so maybe Autofiction allows us to tackle more difficult topics by making it *personal*, while the guise of fiction keeps it reader-friendly. Yeah?

PATRICIA

... Sure.

JONES, a kid with thick glasses in the back the room raises two fingers. He speaks with a British accent.

GREG

Go ahead, Jones.

JONES

Yeah, so ... I've always thought that some people are sort of meant to be writers more than others. You know what I mean?

GREG

Meant to be writers. You think that Fate plays a part?

JONES

Totally. I mean, plenty of writers are *good* -- but there's a difference between talent and like, literary Genius.

(CONTINUED)

URSULA
(abrasively)
Funny how the quote 'Geniuses' are
always men.

A few sultry giggles from the girls in the class.

Greg looks at Ursula, seems struck by something about her.
He lights up with a manly need to impress.

GREG
Let me tell you a story about back
when I was an undergrad at
Dartmouth, before I dropped out.
(takes a breath)... At the end of
my freshman year, I met this really
nice blond girl who was majoring in
Environmental Studies. One night I
asked her if she wanted to get
dinner, and she said she couldn't,
cause that night she was going out
bass fishing.

JONES
Bass fishing?

GREG
Yeah. Apparently bass are a kind of
fish that only come out at night?
... So anyway, I asked if I could
go with her, and she said OK. So we
drove out to some freshwater lake
about an hour from campus. Ended up
going skinny dipping. Made out in
the canoe. It was going well, I
thought ... And then (hesitates)...
Well, apparently I took it too far.

Izzy and Ursula exchange a glance.

GREG
(continuing)
Whatever happened, she got upset,
and pushed me outta the side of the
canoe. Then she paddled back to
shore without me ... The thing is,
I grew up in New York, right? So I
never got swimming lessons cause I
was too busy going to therapy and
stuff ... So there I was in the
lake, struggling even to tread
water. I knew I was gonna drown,
which really was too bad, cause I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GREG (cont'd)
 hadn't done anything meaningful
 with my life yet ... So, you know
 ... as I sank underwater, I thought
 of all the things I coulda done.
 Get rich. Travel. Win the Nobel
 Prize or something. And just when I
 reached the bottom of the lake, and
 was about to exhale my final breath
 ... (pauses) *that's* when I realized
 I wanted to be a writer.

Izzy raises her eyebrows.

GREG
 (continuing)
 And then, honestly at that moment,
 an underwater current started
 pulling me back to the shore of the
 lake. I didn't even have to swim.
 The force of nature did it for me,
 (sighs) like Magic ... And that
 same night, right after I walked
 back to campus, I packed my
 belongings and took a train back to
 New York.

Kids glance around the room. Izzy raises her hand.

IZZY
 (timidly)
 ... so you could be a writer?

GREG
 Exactly.

Back to Izzy. She puts her hand in her hair...

EXT. COLUMBIA CAMPUS - AFTERNOON

Izzy and Ursula mosey down College Walk.

IZZY
 These seminars... just a bunch of
 guys talking about themselves --
 You know if I were in the mood for
 that, I'd just start going to bars
 again instead of drinking by
 myself.

URSULA
 So just use class time as a chance
 to point out the kinks in his Ego.
 Men love that.

(CONTINUED)

IZZY
Yeah but you're better at that than
I am.

Sound of a cellphone ringing. Ursula takes out a Blackberry and looks at the screen.

URSULA
(continuing)
Give me one second, it's Selma.
(Raises phone to ear) ... Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. LENNY'S PLACE

A sparse bedroom. LENNY lays against the headboard with his shirt off. Selma lies supine on the end of the bed, in her bra, looking fragile yet languid, soft yet somehow jaded.

SELMA
(into phone)
Hi Ursula. I'm about to go see my
psychiatrist. Do you want anything?
Adderall? I can get that... Bye.

She hangs up the phone, casts her eyes at Lenny. He stares back. Full eye contact as this exchange occurs.

LENNY
I didn't know you were a drug
dealer.

SELMA
I'm not. I just get my roommates
pills when they ask for them.

LENNY
Oh yeah?

SELMA
Yeah ... I'm a good actress.

LENNY
I bet.

SELMA
... Drama school helps.

LENNY
Does it?

She nods.

(CONTINUED)

LENNY

Back before I dumped my
psychiatrist I had her giving me
all sorts of pills that I didn't
really.. need.

Selma looks the slightest bit perturbed. She gets up.

SELMA

I'm leaving.

He says nothing.

She gets clothed in front of him, taking her sweet time.
Then she runs her hands through her hair and takes one last
spot check around the room. She gets ready to leave.

LENNY

Selma ...

Selma stops, turns back.

LENNY

Can you get me some Vicodin?

SELMA

Vicodin?

Lenny straightens up a little. Puts his hand on his
forehead.

LENNY

(continuing)

You know how I'm playing Jocasta in
Oedipus?

SELMA

Yes...

LENNY

Everyone in the cast thinks I'm
gay. Not that it matters...

SELMA

Maybe they think your trans.

LENNY

No ...

SELMA

That was a joke.

(CONTINUED)

LENNY

...OK.

Selma looks down, puts one hand on her forearm.

LENNY

(continuing)

The point is, they're having me wear high heels. And it fucking hurts my feet. Here -- I'll show you the blisters.

Selma looks down, though her eyes express discomfort.

He starts unrolling his sock.

LENNY

(continuing)

Right now we're in tech week, and I really can't be limping on opening night. I don't wanna fuck up.

SELMA

I'm sure you'll be fine... Oh my god.

LENNY

(grinning)

What?

SELMA

Your foot. It looks like a human heart.

He laughs a little.

LENNY

So how bout that Vicodin?

SELMA

I can get it.

[MUSIC: I'LL NEVER BE THE SAME]

INT. LIQUOR STORE

Izzy browses the shelves of a liquor store. Picks out some Tanqueray and a bottle of Jack Daniels.

EXT. CITY STREET

Izzy ambles down the sidewalk with a black plastic bag. She glances at metal plaques for therapy offices:

(CONTINUED)

... Rosenberg.

... Litvatt.

... Klitzmann.

Then she comes across another sign: '\$5 Tarot Special.'

She stops in the middle of the street and stares at the sign. Seems oblivious to passerbys.

Then she walks up a small flight of stairs and enters the Tarot Shop.

INT. TAROT SHOP

Izzy goes in the door of the Tarot Shop.

The TAROT WITCH stands across from her. Signals for her to take a seat.

Izzy takes a seat across from the witch. Looks kind of nervous.

The Witch is assessing her, deeply.

Izzy stares back.

TAROT WITCH
Are you alright?

Izzy nods.

TAROT WITCH
(continuing)
You've always had trouble fitting
in, haven't you.

IZZY
Is this like, you doing the Psychic
thing right now?

TAROT WITCH
You have trouble fitting in with
kids your age, don't you.

IZZY
... Yeah.

TAROT WITCH
Why is that.

(CONTINUED)

IZZY

... I feel like the world isn't meant to favor highly sensitive people. I have trouble controlling my emotions. And then they just consume me.

TAROT WITCH

You know what I think.

IZZY

What.

TAROT WITCH

I think that you're an indigo child.

IZZY

A what?

TAROT WITCH

An indigo child. It means your one of the kids in your generation who were born with their planets in just the right place. Some people might say you're autistic. It really just means you're unusually creative, sensitive... Intense.

Izzy looks up, with a strange sort of longing.

TAROT WITCH

(continuing)

Now looking ahead it means you're generation is gonna have a lot of big things ahead of it. Some heavy shit might hit the fan, and you're gonna one of the kids who has to clean it up. Does that make sense?

Izzy nods.

TAROT WITCH

(continuing)

I can say more about what you're gonna have to do, specifically. It'll cost a little extra.

IZZY

How much?

(CONTINUED)

TAROT WITCH
25 dollars.

IZZY
Oh.. wow... What about the 5 dollar
Tarot Special.

TAROT WITCH
Is that what you want? Cause I can
read a lot from your energy right
at this moment.

IZZY
No... I'll do the five dollar
thing.

TAROT WITCH
OK, you're the customer.

The Witch picks up a Tarot Deck from underneath her table.
She shuffles the deck with long purple fingernails. Then she
turns one of them over on the table.

TAROT WITCH
Oh...

She gets a sullen expression.

Izzy's eyes drift down to the table where the Tarot Card
lies. It has an image of a horse carrying a flag: 'Death,'
it says underneath.

IZZY
What does that mean.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ursula and Selma stare at the TV set. Izzy comes in the room
and sets a bottle of Tanqueray and Tarot Book on the
counter. She pours herself a drink, sits down with the book.
The girls look at her.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Someone knocks on the door three times -- Aggressively.

Izzy passed out on the couch. She sits up and looks around
groggily.

(CONTINUED)

The apartment is dark. Ursula & Selma are gone.

INT. FRONT HALL

Shot from over Izzy's shoulder as she approaches the door, opens it, and looks through the crack.

In the Hall: we see LENNY, wearing his costume with white face paint and smeared lipstick.

Izzy's face, freaked out.

Selma comes out of the shower.

Izzy flits away into the other room. Door shuts.

Lenny looks confused.

SELMA

Sorry for the wait. I was in the shower.

LENNY

I'm not complaining.

She soaks it up.

SELMA

Here's your Vicodin.

He hands her a small wad of cash.

LENNY

Here's your money.

SELMA

Thanks ... I like your costume.

LENNY

I like yours.

Sustained eye contact.

SELMA

(continuing)

Are you going home like that?

LENNY

I was planning on it. Why?

SELMA

I don't know. What if you get mugged? People are gonna think

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SELMA (cont'd)
you're a drag queen with a mental
health problem.

Lenny looks slightly offended.

SELMA
(continuing)
That said ... You're welcome to
spend the night, if you want to...

LENNY
Really?

She looks down her nose at him and nods very intensely.

INT. BEDROOM

Izzy lies wide awake on her laptop, her face lit by the electric hue of the screen. She's reading a page called CAPRICORN HOROSCOPES, listening to music on her laptop. Then she pages through a Green Book on Tarot Cards. [Music: Strange Fruit]

Through the wall, we hear VIOLENT SEX NOISES. Izzy shuts her laptop; the music goes off. She stands up and turns on the lights in her room.

A SCREAM through the wall. Izzy looks frightened.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT

Morning. Izzy passed out on the couch with the Tarot Book on her chest. Selma whips her with a pillow. She opens her eyes.

SELMA
(brandishing canister)
Good morning. I'm wondering if you
took some of my Valium.

IZZY
No.

She reams her with her eyes. Izzy grimaces as if in pain.

IZZY
... Maybe.

(CONTINUED)

SELMA
(belittling)
Why Valium?

IZZY
Because. I was having bad dreams,
and I read on Web MD that it's what
soldiers take to treat night
terrors.

Selma catches a glimpse of fear in her eyes. Ursula comes in
the room.

URSULA
Hey bitch, put some pants on. We're
going to class.

IZZY
Oh, fuck. Do I have to go today?

SELMA
She's having nightmares again.

URSULA
Ooh ... What kind?

IZZY
(beseeching eyes)
... in my dream last night the Grim
Reaper showed up at the door of the
apartment. The scary part was after
I thought I woke up, and had to go
to the bathroom to take a dump. I
swear I could hear voices in the
walls. It sounded like a woman
being murdered.

Selma gets a sheepish look.

URSULA
Do you want me to tell Greg that
you're sick or something?

IZZY
No, but you can tell him something
else.

URSULA
... yes?

IZZY
You can tell Greg that I'm dropping
out of college, just like he did.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

IZZY (cont'd)

And I'm gonna write a roman-a-cleff. And it's gonna be 10 times better than any of the rinkydink shit he's been writing... sounds like fucking, stream of consciousness written by someone retarded. So fucking sick of that class...

A manic eye roll... She looks up...

Then wilts under the gaze of her friends staring down at her.

SELMA

Go back to bed.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Ursula reads out symptoms of schizophrenia on her cell phone while she walks. Selma wearing sunglasses.

URSULA

Delusions of grandeur. Voices in walls. Social withdrawal -- I think she's schizophrenic.

SELMA

No she's not.

URSULA

How do you know.

SELMA

Lenny showed up in costume last night to pick up some pills. Izzy must have seen him and thought he was the Grim Reaper.

URSULA

Did you fuck him?

SELMA

Yes.

URSULA

How was it?

Selma does a 'JUST OK' look at Ursula.

(CONTINUED)

SELMA

I have an idea about how we can use this to help Izzy. It involves Lenny.

URSULA

OK -- Let's hear it.

INT. LENNY'S APARTMENT

Selma talks to Lenny.

LENNY

You want me to convince your roommate she's having a near death experience?

SELMA

Yep.

LENNY

How?

SELMA

Show up to our place in costume, and pretend your the Grim Reaper.

LENNY

Sorry -- why?

SELMA

Because, we're worried about her.

A pause.

LENNY

... I don't think so, Selma. I'm gonna have to decline.

SELMA

Why?

LENNY

I dunno. It's dark.

SELMA

When has that ever stopped you...

Lenny smirks a little. Takes a drag.

SELMA

(continuing)

How was the opening of Oedipus?

(CONTINUED)

LENNY

(brightens up)

It went really well. I think the Vicodin put me in a trance that really worked for the part.

SELMA

That's good.

LENNY

Are you gonna come see it?

He takes another drag.

SELMA

I will if you do me this favor with my roommate ... And I'll keep giving you Vicodin till the end of your run.

LENNY

For free?

SELMA

Yes.

Lenny considers.

LENNY

Are you really doing it to help your roommate?

SELMA

Why else would I do it.

LENNY

I dunno. To be a bitch?

SELMA

That's offensive. And if you know Izzy ... she's the type of person who likes to escape reality no matter what it takes. If we can convince her to sober up this way, she'll be more likely to listen than if we just told her.

LENNY

What would I have to tell her?

SELMA

Tell her she had an overdose.

(CONTINUED)

LENNY
That sounds so...

SELMA
What?

LENNY
Manipulative.

Selma chuckles to herself.

SELMA
You know the only reason she's
cracking up in the first place is
cause I let you spend the night.

LENNY
You invited me.

SELMA
And you had a good time, didn't
you?

LENNY
Of course.

SELMA
Come over at midnight in costume,
and there might be some extra perks
later on.

Lenny's eyes flare up a little.

[MUSIC: THIS YEAR'S KISSES]

EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

Izzy walks down the street looking very glum. She approaches a ladder leaning against some scaffolding. Rather than walk under it, she goes into the street around it. Keeps walking.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Izzy sits at the table with her hand in her hair, staring at a yellow notepad -- across from Ursula, working on her laptop. Ursula looks up.

URSULA
Do you think if I start now I can
still finish a 25-page fiction
submission to Greg by midnight?

(CONTINUED)

IZZY
I dunno. That sounds like a lot.

URSULA
Are you coming to class tomorrow?

IZZY
I haven't decided.

Selma enters the front door of the apartment, toting a white plastic bag from the drugstore. She sets it on the table, on top of Izzy's yellow notepad.

SELMA
You ready Ursula?

Ursula shuts her laptop, puts it away.

IZZY
Where are you going?

URSULA
My friend Wells invited us to some vegan restaurant in the village, called Dirt Candy.

SELMA
... Sorry you weren't invited.

Izzy looks a little hurt. Ursula and Selma convene by the front door.

SELMA
(continuing)
We probably won't be back till late.

IZZY
OK, bye--

They shut the door with a resounding klunk.

Izzy, expressionless.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT

Izzy lying supine on the couch in her underpants, writing on her notepad. Listening to music. [Music: Tenderly]

The sound of the BUZZER.

Izzy gets up, hits the button.

(CONTINUED)

Then she goes to the kitchen counter and starts clearing it off.

Shot from afar as the Grim Reaper enters the door of the apartment. Crosses into the kitchen. Dark silhouette, looming.

Izzy turns and faces him. She's holding the Tanqueray in her hand.

IZZY
You're not my roommate.

LENNY
No, sorry.

IZZY
(continuing)
That's OK ...

He grins a little.

LENNY
(smiles)
I'm the Grim Reaper.

IZZY
Oh...

She smiles.

IZZY
... So I'm dead?

LENNY
Well don't sound so excited about it.

IZZY
My bad. It's just...

LENNY
... what?

IZZY
(grinning)
Better than I imagined it.

LENNY
What is.

IZZY

Death.

The attraction is intense.

IZZY

(continuing)

So what happens now?

LENNY

Either I take you with me, or...

IZZY

What?

LENNY

I don't know. We hang out?

Izzy sticks her tongue in the side of her cheek and nods.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Ursula and Selma come out of a subway station and approach the end of a long block. We hear them talking.

SELMA

I read on a Diet Blog that a woman's attitude toward food says a lot about her sex life. And that's when I decided to stop being vegan, and go back to eating steak.

URSULA

That's funny. You know I've always liked sugary foods. What do you think that means?

SELMA

I dunno. That you like your guys fat?

URSULA

Or sweet.

SELMA

Ulch, sweet. That's the last thing you need from a man.

URSULA

You really think that?

(CONTINUED)

SELMA

Well -- there's definitely such a thing as too nice. You've gotta be careful with those guys.

They arrive outside their apartment. Selma starts unlocking the door with a key.

INT. BEDROOM

Izzy passed out on the couch. Lenny opens the window. He gives Izzy one last look up and down. Then he closes the window behind him.

The girls come in the front door of the apartment and find Izzy on the couch. She looks peaceful.

URSULA

Aw, look at her.

SELMA

Can you check her pulse for me?
...I gotta pee.

Ursula goes over to the couch by Izzy. She comes across up Izzy's notebook, picks it up, and begins to read it to herself.

INT. COLUMBIA CAMPUS - DAY

Morning again. Students rush to get to their classes. Ursula stands out in the crowd with her bold outfit. She's holding Izzy's notebook in her hand.

INT. CLASSROOM

Ursula reads to a table full of kids, plus Greg.

URSULA

(forcefully)

Selena was the kind of girl who could enrapture full subway cars with rants about her sex life. With the rhythm of her bitchy soliloquies, she drew from deep within me the natural instincts of a primordial bitch. She spun a powerfully seductive spell of narcissism tempered by humorous self contempt, a dark enchantress with a manic mind that ignited the loins of men and drove jealous women nuts.

(CONTINUED)

Ursula looks up from the pages and registers other student's expressions. They look pretty engaged.

GREG

Thanks, Ursula. Any comments? ...
Grace?

He nods at GRACE, a girl with cropped hair.

GRACE

I like this Selena character. She
seems really cool.

URSULA

Thank you!!

GREG

Do you mind if I ask -- is she
based on someone you know?

URSULA

Uh, I don't know... maybe?

JONES

(raising two fingers)
I have a question.

URSULA

Yesss?

JONES

Can you talk more about the
relationship between the narrator
and Selena? Are they supposed to
be... lesbionic?

A few murmuring laughs. PATRICIA rolls her eyes.

PATRICIA

That's ... annoying.

JONES

Sorry.

GREG

Let Ursula talk.

He and Ursula greet eyes. Ursula nods back to him, coyly.

URSULA

Uhh... I think they're just
friends? I'm not sure exactly.

GREG

It sounds like you've got quite a lot to figure out about your own piece.

URSULA

I know, it's bad ... It's just, when I'm writing, it sort of pours right out of me onto the page. It's like I'm not even thinking.

The room of young writers looks skeptical.

Ursula's phone rings. She promptly takes it out, looks at the screen & silences it -- for a moment she seems to be oblivious to the rest of the room.

GREG

Ursula, can I have a word with you after class?

JONES

Ha ha ha.

Ursula looks nervous.

INT. HALLWAY

Other students file out of the classroom. Ursula waits by the door for Greg, who finally comes out and locks it behind him.

URSULA

I'm so, so sorry about the phone. It won't happen again, I promise, I just had to--

He puts his hand on her shoulders. She tenses up.

GREG

--Sssh. Don't worry. That's not what I wanted to discuss.

URSULA

... It's not?

They begin to walk down the hallway.

GREG

No, I wanted to talk to you about the piece of writing that you workshopped today.

(CONTINUED)

URSULA
... What about it.

GREG
I was very impressed.

URSULA
Oh. Thanks.

GREG
You said that's the first chapter
of a longer work?

URSULA
Yeah... A novella.

GREG
Mmmm... Now unfortunately next week
we have to hear from some of the
others. But if you're able to come
up with a manuscript for me before
the semester's done ... I'd be
happy to give you some tips. Does
that sound good?

URSULA
Uhh...

GREG
It's up to you in the end. But I
thought I'd offer.

URSULA
I mean ... of course. I'm just
flattered.

He smiles at her. She looks smitten.

[MUSIC: HOW AM I TO KNOW?]

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Izzy wakes up with hair shaggier than the fur on a stray
tabby cat. She sits up, looks around, finds herself alone.
Then she rises to her feet and stretches her arms.

INT. APARTMENT

She begins cleaning up the room. Picking up couch pillows,
putting glasses in the sink. Then she puts her hand on her
forehead, frowns. Gets on knees and looks under the couch.

Ursula comes in the front door. Sees Izzy with her butt
sticking out.

(CONTINUED)

URSULA
You alright?

Izzy crawls out, looks up.

IZZY
Hi.

URSULA
You called me in the middle of
class... What's up.

IZZY
Yeah, I was wondering if you've
seen my notepad.

URSULA
Your what?

IZZY
Note pad.

URSULA
... I haven't seen it no.

IZZY
I thought I was using it last
night. Maybe I imagined that too...

URSULA
What?

IZZY
(looks right at her)
Nothing.

URSULA
(offended)
... OK.

A stormy silence unfurls between them. Ursula goes into the
other room and shuts the door.

INT. BATHROOM

Ursula puts down the lid of the toilet and sits down. She
fiddles with her Blackberry and raises it to her ear. She
has sort of an anxious look.

URSULA
Hi, Selma ... can I talk to you
about something?

CUT TO:

INT. LENNY'S APARTMENT

Now we see Selma on the floor with her legs curled up, on her cell phone. In the background we see Lenny's bare legs, one of his feet wrapped in a bandage.

SELMA

Now's not the best time.

LENNY'S VOICE

Tell her you'll call her back.

SELMA

(into phone)

Yes, I'm with Lenny... I had to drop off some pills ... Really?

She holds the phone aside.

SELMA

(to Lenny)

My roommate Ursula says it you she wants to talk to ... Can you get coffee with us?

Lenny gets an 'Oh Fuck' expression.

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER - DAY

Ursula, Selma, and Lenny sit together at a metal table outside a Lincoln Center Starbucks.

URSULA

So you already know that Izzy's been writing a book.

LENNY

She mentioned it.

URSULA

Well she thinks you stole it.

LENNY

What?

URSULA

The first chapter of her book.

(CONTINUED)

LENNY

Oh ... Why would I do that?

URSULA

I don't know. Cause you wanted to read it?

LENNY

Is it *that* good?

URSULA

Yeah! I showed it to my creative writing professor and he thought it was pretty stellar.

SELMA

... you showed it to your professor?

URSULA

(puts hand up)

... Sooo I'm hoping you can go back as the Grim Reaper, creep into her apartment, and steal the rest of it.

LENNY

Steal what...

SELMA

Her virginity.

URSULA

Izzy's not a virgin, is she?

LENNY

Didn't seem like it.

SELMA

... Maybe if you go back she'll let you fuck her.

Lenny looks down, left.

URSULA

So ... you get laid, I get my book. We good here?

LENNY

Good with me.

(CONTINUED)

URSULA

Pleasure doing business with you.

She licks her lips, performs some pumping motions on the straw of her iced coffee.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Izzy walks down a busy block with her strange boyish gait until she reaches the outside of the TAROT SHOP. She walks up the first few steps leading up to the shop.

INT. TAROT SHOP

Izzy sits across from the Tarot Witch.

TAROT WITCH

He said he was the Grim Reaper?

IZZY

Yeah.

TAROT WITCH

I haven't heard that one before.

IZZY

... I still don't know if it was just one big spooky sex dream ... I mean, I was pretty strung out on liquor and pills.

TAROT WITCH

No, that's not it. I think that you're clairvoyant.

IZZY

What?

TAROT WITCH

I think that you saw a Spirit in the middle of the night.

IZZY

Oh ... Wow.

TAROT WITCH

Not everyone has that ability. It's a gift!

IZZY

... Does that mean I'll get to see him again?

She sounds a bit desperate.

(CONTINUED)

TAROT WITCH
I'm not sure.

Izzy looks down.

TAROT WITCH
(continuing)
I will tell you this. If he wants to see you again, he'll come to you first ... And if he doesn't, well then, he isn't worth your time.

IZZY
That's what everyone says about boys. But the only reason they ever come back is cause they wanna have sex. Otherwise they just ignore me.

She swallows, grimaces a bit.

TAROT WITCH
(frowns)
You have to remember, many young men are coping with some very deep ego problems.

IZZY
Huh.

The Witch tilts her head, almost smiles.

TAROT WITCH
Maybe this Reaper boy isn't the right one. Or who knows? Maybe he just has some things to work out. I think young men are sometimes ... disingenuous for their own ends. But in the end it means they're being disingenuous with themselves. You have to be able to trust yourself before you can submit to someone else, fully.

A calm silence.

TAROT WITCH
(continuing)
It might seem right now like he's the love of your life. But, I mean ... he's the Grim Reaper. You have to ask yourself how much you're willing to sacrifice just for a boy.

(CONTINUED)

Izzy thinks about this.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Izzy alone in the bathroom. She counts out several Motrin, then pours herself a glass of Tanqueray. Then she mixes the pills in a mug and stirs them, as if she's brewing a small potion.

She guzzles it down.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Izzy asleep in bed. A dark figure appears in the window. Knocks on it. Izzy sits up and opens it.

Lenny climbs inside. He's wearing his costume.

IZZY
(opens window)
Hi.

He climbs in the window.

LENNY
Sorry to come in like this. I just
wanted to make sure we were alone.

IZZY
Oh.

He kisses her on the lips, starts getting intense. He takes her shirt off.

IZZY
(continuing)
Wait.

LENNY
What?

IZZY
I don't really feel like giving you
a blow job right now.

LENNY
I didn't say that...

He moves away.

LENNY
(continuing)
That's OK, cause I wanna talk to
you about something.

(CONTINUED)

He pulls her notepad from inside his robe.

IZZY
My notepad ...

LENNY
I'm sorry, I found it the other
night and I just couldn't help
myself.

IZZY
Uh huh...

LENNY
You're not mad are you?

IZZY
No... Relieved. I was beginning to
think one of my roommates took it.

LENNY
... Nope, it was me.

A sort of tense pause.

IZZY
Did you read it?

LENNY
I did actually.

IZZY
Oh. It needs a lot of work.

LENNY
You think? I thought it was good.

IZZY
You did?

LENNY
Yeah.

Izzy looks unconvinced.

LENNY
(continuing)
In fact, I'm hoping you can show me
the rest of it.

Her brow furrows even more.

LENNY
(continuing)
What's wrong?

IZZY
Nothing, it's just...

LENNY
... what?

IZZY
Nobody ever asks to read my
writing.

LENNY
Well. I'm asking.

She doesn't smile.

LENNY
(continuing)
Why are you looking at me like
that.

IZZY
I'm just suspicious.

LENNY
Why.

IZZY
Cause no boy in real life would
ever ask to *read* my work. That's
like, too good to be true.

This seems to sink in. Lenny frowns.

Izzy sighs.

IZZY
(continuing)
To be honest what I'm thinking
right now is that you're just a
projection of my own fantasies.
You're a hallucination. And that
would explain a lot...

LENNY
What would it explain?

IZZY
Nothing...

(CONTINUED)

LENNY

... what?

IZZY

OK. Why else would you wanna have sex with me?

A beat.

LENNY

Why wouldn't I?

IZZY

I don't know. I'm not exactly a stone cold fox in the sexual department.

LENNY

Well. You're pretty damn close.

Izzy's face softens. He leans in for a kiss.

She turns toward the bed and opens a shelf.

Then she tosses a typed set of pages onto her bed.

IZZY

That's it.

LENNY

(picks it up)

Your book?

IZZY

Just a rough draft. I still have to make some edits and type up the whole thing.

He sits on the edge of the bed and starts to turn the pages with delicate hands.

IZZY

(continuing)

You don't have to read it right now.

She puts her hand on his.

LENNY

You sure?

They start to kiss. Lean over in bed.

[MUSIC: EMBRACEABLE YOU]

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - NIGHT TO MORNING

Scenes of New York City at night. People come out of restaurants looking content. Go on walks with their loved ones. Hail cabs to go have sex.

And then, the streets clear out in the middle of the night, save for some stragglers, drunk people, the homeless.

Then shots of the city at sunrise, empty, bare.

INT. STAIRWELL

Ursula sits in a subway station and reads a copy of *The Bell Jar*.

INT. CLASSROOM

PATRICIA reads a passage aloud to the class.

PATRICIA

When *The Bell Jar* was finally scheduled for publication in America, in 1971, Aurelia Plath was beside herself. In a letter to the publisher she wrote -- Practically every character in *The Bell Jar* represents someone, often in caricature, whom Sylvia loved; each person had given freely of time, thought, affection, and, in one case, financial help during those agonizing six months of breakdown in 1951... As this book stands by itself, it represents the basest ingratitude.

While Patricia is reading, Ursula comes in late and sits a few seats from the professor. They get eye contact. Greg raises his eyebrows, smiles.

GREG

Thanks Patricia ... So what do we think? Does anyone wanna try and unpack this?

GRACE raises her hand. Greg nods at her.

GRACE

A lotta people excuse the bitchiness in the *Bell Jar* as a symptom of her mental illness. Like, maybe if she weren't so

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRACE (cont'd)
unhappy she'd be able to see people
for their better traits. That's
what I think, at least.

URSULA
What's wrong with a little
bitchiness? I think the bitchy
humor in the Bell Jar is what makes
it such a good book.

GRACE
I can see how you would think that.

They face off for a second.

JONES
Well we all know the reason Sylvia
Plath was so popular was just cause
she knew how to make a scene.

PATRICIA
Ulch, not him again.

JONES
I mean, she stuck her head in an
oven. That's not exactly
undramatic. Why do you think she
did it?

A PALE GIRL in the back of the class looks upset.

PALE GIRL
Why?

JONES
To get famous! Suicide sells. Every
writer knows that. Virginia Woolf.
Hemingway. David Foster Wallace.

PATRICIA
OK, obviously the fact that they
killed themselves is gonna affect
how we view their writing. But do
you really think that they did it
just to boost their sales?

JONES
Not to boost sales, but maybe so
they could reach a higher level of
fame and glory posthumously.

Murmurs in the room.

GREG

Hey, come back everyone ... Let's stay on topic. How does this relate to the ethical implications of writing Autofiction?

Jones raises two fingers.

GREG

(continuing)

Jones...?

JONES

I really think the fact that Sylvia Plath killed herself makes us more forgiving of how bad a person she was.

URSULA

... Really?

It gets intense.

JONES

Yes.

URSULA

She could *write*, way better than you ever could. And if it takes blood and guts and bitchy grit to produce a good piece of writing, then I don't care how much of a *cunt* she was to her friends.

Greg looks shocked.

Ursula looks around the class, realizing she probably just went too far...

EXT. WEST END AVE - DAY

Ursula waits for Selma underneath a green awning. Selma comes out of the building. They begin to walk and talk. Tracking shot from across the street.

URSULA

Have you heard from Lenny yet?
About the manuscript?

SELMA

Not yet, no.

(CONTINUED)

URSULA

When are you gonna see him again?

SELMA

I don't know. He wasn't in class today.

URSULA

Can you call him up?

SELMA

No!

URSULA

Why not?

SELMA

Will you lay off!? Jesus ... I don't wanna seem like I'm obsessed with him.

URSULA

Oh.

SELMA

Why are you so impatient about it, anyway? Your professor's not gonna care.

URSULA

Because, I sounded like a dumbass in class today. Seriously -- Greg is gonna think I have tourettes. And that's an offensive thing I just said and I'm sorry.

SELMA

Who cares what your professor thinks!

URSULA

I care!! And I think if I turn in a good-ass manuscript he might be more willing to forgive me.

SELMA

... It's not even yours. It's Izzy's.

URSULA

Yeah, but I'm the main character!!

They stop walking.

(CONTINUED)

SELMA

What?

She turns on her heel and pants for a second.

SELMA

(continuing)

... Am I in it?

URSULA

Ohh, there might be some elements
of you in there.

Selma suddenly looks intrigued.

INT. LENNY'S APARTMENT

Lenny sits back on his bed, playing Nazi Zombies on an Xbox 360. On the bedside is an open canister of pills and a large cup of water.

The BUZZER goes off. Lenny ignores it. It BUZZES again. Then he groans, gets up, limps to the door with his bandaged foot and presses the button on the intercom.

LENNY

Hello?

SELMA'S VOICE

Hey, it's me ... Let me up.

He presses the buzzer. Then he goes and takes some Febreze of a dresser and sprays it around. Selma comes in the door of his room, followed by Ursula.

LENNY

(continuing)

Two of them... The taming of the
shrews.

Ursula shoots him a glance.

SELMA

We came to pick up the manuscript.

Lenny doesn't answer. He gives them a look.

SELMA

(continuing)

... are you gonna get it?

(CONTINUED)

LENNY

No.

SELMA

Why not.

LENNY

It contains some sensitive material, and I don't wanna throw your friend under the rug.

SELMA

Our friend. It's not your problem.

LENNY

And some friends you are...

SELMA

Lenny.

LENNY

... What?

He catches Selma's eyes. They stare off.

URSULA

(across the room)

Found it!!

She holds up the manuscript.

URSULA

(continuing)

It was on top of the dresser.

LENNY

Oh, fuck.

He looks defeated. An awkward silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK

Ursula and Selma sit on a bench and read the manuscript to one another.

SELMA

Listen to this part in the second chapter. (reading aloud) Around Selena, I felt a peculiar flux of female emotion. It was like I had a choice: between a state of feral

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SELMA (cont'd)
bitchiness, or a more nurturing part of myself. To be honest I was envious of how beautiful she was. I wanted to *be* her. And yet I also wanted to *belong* to her as a friend. I wondered if Selena knew that, if she used her power over me to manipulate me. I decided not to think about it too much.

A pause while Ursula and Selma process this.

SELMA
(continuing)
... Which one of us do you think she's talking about.

URSULA
(grabs manuscript)
Is there a physical description in there?

SELMA
No, it just keeps saying how *Beautiful* she was...

URSULA
Is she a lesbian?

SELMA
I don't know.

URSULA
Huh ... Here look -- It says on page 33 that Selena was 'slender as an elk.'

SELMA
What are you saying.

URSULA
Nothing! I just thought that was an interesting detail to include.

SELMA
Uh huh.

URSULA
And I think it sounds more like me.

(CONTINUED)

SELMA
I got that.

[MUSIC: I'M YOURS]

INT. BEDROOM

Izzy wakes up alone. She sits up and looks next to her; seems sad to find her bedside empty. Really sad. Like she wants to die sad. Pallid eyes.

EXT. CITY STREET - RAINY DAY

Izzy walks out of a deli with a plastic bag. She begins to cross the street back to the apartment. Then she slows down until she reaches a halt. Her eyes dart all around.

People wearing black raincoats that resemble the Reaper outfit all over the place. A sinister atmosphere.

Izzy walks to a bench, puts her forehead in her hand.

INT. APARTMENT

Ursula and Selma binging in the kitchen.

URSULA
My friend Lunesta just got cast in an all female production called Reservoir Bitches. I was thinking of going on Thursday, do you want to come? [AD LIBS WELCOME]

SELMA
Sounds like a blast.

Izzy comes inside with a bag of tuna. She takes it out and sets it on the table.

URSULA
Is that your dinner?

IZZY
Yep. I'm trying to lose some weight.

SELMA
... She's eating fish.

Izzy looks to her, confused about what this means. And then her eyes drift down to Selma's cleavage -- intense that day.

(CONTINUED)

SELMA
(continuing)
Is there something you wanna get
off your chest?

Izzy's eyes drift up again.

IZZY
(shakes head slowly)
No.

SELMA
You sure?

IZZY
... yes.

SELMA
You know if you ever wanna talk
about anything, we're your friends.
Friends...

Izzy looks hurt, turns away.

IZZY
That's OK. (swallows) I have
someone.

URSULA
You *have* someone?

IZZY
Like a therapist.

URSULA
Oh. Male or female?

IZZY
... Why?

URSULA
(covering tracks)
Just curious. You know I've always
done better with male therapists, I
think it's because women are so
judgmental.

IZZY
Well, she's a woman.

The Girls exchange a glance.

IZZY
(continuing)
But she's non-conventional.

SELMA
How so?

IZZY
She's a Psychic.

A beat. Izzy turns away and sits down at the table.

URSULA
Well you can't just leave us
hanging like that.

She eats her tuna. The girls hover around the table.

SELMA
What did she say?

URSULA
Izzy? ...

She looks up at both the girls, peers into their eyes. Seems to locate some piece of information that even she did not want to see.

IZZY
Nothing.

Then she gets up and goes to her bedroom on her own. Shuts the door. The girls stand and look at each other. Selma looks after her, then the girls look at one another.

INT. BEDROOM

Izzy lying on her bed alone, listening to music, eyes swollen. Hermetically sealed in her own icy silence.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE

All black, except for Lenny's face in Reaper make-up. He stares at the camera with a sexual voracity that makes the audience nervous. Lit up like he's onstage.

INT. LENNY'S APARTMENT

Selma sits at the foot of a bed, seems to stare at us, an impenetrable gaze softened by the cloud of grief that surrounds her.

(CONTINUED)

SELMA
How many times did it happen.

LENNY'S VOICE
A few.

A long shot of the room. Lenny on the back of the bed.

LENNY
(continuing)
It's better with you.

SELMA
Really?

LENNY
... Always.

Selma detects a hint of insincerity in his voice. He puts his hand on her face. She turns away, gets off the bed. Crosses to the corner. Takes a few breaths on her own.

SELMA
I think we should stop this.

LENNY
Why.

Selma pulls on her shirt, and turns to him.

SELMA
I don't know. You're too *heavy*.

LENNY
You think I'm fat.

SELMA
No ...

Lenny smirks.

SELMA
I'm coming to the closing night of your show.

LENNY
You don't have to.

SELMA
I want to. And I'm bringing my roommates.

He looks nervous about this. Selma grins, just a little.

(CONTINUED)

SELMA
(continuing)
Is that OK?

LENNY
That's, fine.

SELMA
Good.

She looks at his bandaged foot.

SELMA
(continuing)
Break a leg tonight.

Selma shuts the door behind her, leaving him alone. We stay there with him for quite a while.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The next morning, Ursula comes into Izzy's room. Her headphones are on the bed. The window is open. Ursula places Izzy's manuscript on the bedside table. Then she exits the room.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

Izzy walking down the sidewalk in the same outfit she wore to bed. She walks past a Tarot Shop - a new one - reads the sign. Really seems to be thinking about it ... then she turns and keeps walking down the sidewalk, slower now.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - MORNING

Izzy sits on a bench overlooking the river. She's holding a notepad.

MALE VOICE
Izzy?

She turns and sees Greg Benson, her professor, in jogging clothes; really short shorts.

IZZY
Oh, hi. What are you up to?

GREG
Oh, you know. Just going for a light run.

(CONTINUED)

IZZY

Oh.

She can't stop glancing at his shorts.

GREG

Were you writing?

IZZY

Oh. Yeah.

GREG

... We missed you in class last week.

IZZY

You noticed... Thanks.

GREG

What?

IZZY

Uh ... I think I missed an important deadline. Sorry about that.

GREG

That's OK.

IZZY

It is?

GREG

I mean, I'll have to take some points off. But you're still welcome to bring something in to workshop, if you like.

IZZY

That's good.

He looks her up and down.

GREG

Are you alright?

IZZY

Yeah. Just tired... I think.

GREG

Well ... I'll see you in class, I hope.

(CONTINUED)

IZZY

Yeah. See you then.

He keeps jogging. Izzy watches him go.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Izzy on her bed wearing a long blue shirt. She sits with her legs tucked up, stares at nothing with sallow eyes. Then she leans over and opens her manuscript. Places it on the bed before her. Stares at it.

INT. CLASSROOM

Back in class. Izzy reads her writing in front of the class. She's wearing the same shirt and expression she wore to bed, looks pale. Takes her time with the delivery.

IZZY

What happened to you, Reaper Man.
... Creeper Man. Love of my Life
disguised as Death. You and your
cold blue stare that seared me deep
till I wanted to give up living ...
Damn you. Thanks to you life's a
nightmare, a never ending death
wish, a sad sullen lullaby with no
refrain ... Why don't you love me
enough to let me die already? Get
it over with. Or kill me slowly
with your silent disdain.

It doesn't quite land. Kind of a pitiful moment.

No one says a word.

Izzy catches a glimpse of Ursula. She looks like she's holding back laughter.

GREG

Izzy?

She turns to Greg.

GREG

(continuing)

You wanna have a word after class?

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTER CLASS

Greg talks to Izzy. The room has emptied out.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

So here's the card of Doctor Rosenberg. I know a lot of students have done well with this guy. I also saw him for a while. He helped me stopped doing drugs, for a while. So he knows what he's doing.

IZZY

(taking card)

Thanks.

GREG

Take care, Izzy.

He gives her a concerned grimace and pats her on the back. Izzy comes out in the hallway, where Ursula stands waiting.

URSULA

What was that about?

IZZY

Oh, he just recommended a therapist. After my workshop today I think he thought I was gonna kill myself.

URSULA

Oh... You aren't right?

IZZY

Naw.

Greg comes out of the classroom and sees the two girls.

GREG

Oh, hi Ursula. Are you two... friends?

Izzy glances at Ursula.

URSULA

Yeah.

GREG

Cool ... How's the book coming?

Izzy looks confused.

URSULA

Oh -- Good! Thanks for asking.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

I'm glad.

He grins at her, raises his eyebrows. A tame smile.

GREG

(continuing)

See you girls next week.

IZZY

Bye.

He walks away.

IZZY

(continuing)

... You're writing a book?

URSULA

No. I just told him that during his office hours to impress him.

IZZY

Oh. Did it work?

URSULA

Naw ... I think he's just intimidated.

Izzy beams. They start walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

Young people waiting in line for a student production.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

LENNY comes in his Reaper costume; a bit more put together this time. He gives a monologue in sullen silence.

JOCASTA

Believe me, O Eteocles my son, Old
age is not by wretchedness alone
Attended: more discreetly than rash
youth Experience speaks. Why dost
thou woo ambition, That most
malignant goddess? O forbear! For
she's a foe to justice, and hath
entered Full many a mansion, many a
prosperous city, Nor left them till

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOCASTA (cont'd)
in ruin she involves All those who
harbour her: yet this is she On
whom thou doat'st.

Meanwhile we see Izzy's face in the audience, seated next to Ursula. She tilts her head.

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

Lenny comes out of the theater, no longer in costume, still with some residue of his stage make-up.

SELMA
I had no idea it was supposed to be
a comedy.

LENNY
It's not.

She hugs him. Ursula stands nearby.

URSULA
Good job Lenny.

LENNY
Thanks for coming.

They hug too.

Lenny takes a look around. Izzy's standing off to the side, smoking a cigarette.

IZZY
Hi. You were good.

LENNY
OK. I mean, thanks.

Selma watches from aside.

Lenny turns to her.

LENNY
What are you doing now?

SELMA
Ursula and I are going to get
dinner in the Meatpacking District.
You're welcome to come. Both of
you.

A good long pause. He looks Izzy up and down, disdainfully.

(CONTINUED)

LENNY

I think I'm gonna call it a night.
(looks at foot) I'm kind of in a
lot of pain.

Izzy looks disappointed.

LENNY

Well. It was nice meeting you.

Izzy nods.

Lenny turns and heads the other way.

Behind her, Selma and Ursula walk toward the subway. She turns away and walks with them. Behind them, Lenny limps away...

Izzy walks toward Ursula and Selma. They have already walked a long ways. They don't look back.

Then Izzy slows down and stops in the middle of the street. She takes a good long glance at the camera: a pained look, blended with rage. Then she steps into the street.

A taxicab heads straight toward her, honks.

Izzy doesn't step out of the way.

CUT TO:

Black. Silence.

End Credits Begin.

Then Music: I'll Be Seeing You (Take 3, Commodore Recordings)

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