

PIZZA GIRL

Written by

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Super Frog  
Light And Fixture

INT. FORD FESTIVA - NIGHT

PIZZA GIRL drives down a Los Angeles street, one hand on the wheel, the other on her belly.

She is 18, half Korean, pregnant.

No music playing from the radio.

There doesn't seem to be a destination. No turns being taken.

She rubs her belly, looks down at it.

PIZZA GIRL

Her name was Jenny Hauser and every  
Wednesday, I put pickles on her  
pizza.

CUT TO:

EXT. CUSTOMER'S HOME - DAY

Pizza Girl stands in front of a man's doorway.

She's wearing a green and orange polo shirt, holding a box of pizza, **less pregnant** than when we first saw her.

The man is large, mid 30s, counting out change from a jar. There are food stains on the front of his shirt, a Cheeto poking out of his beard.

MAN

Shit. I lost count.

PIZZA GIRL

We take credit card.

MAN

Nah, just give me a sec.

The man begins counting again. Pizza Girl stares down at her shoes.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A beat-up red 97' Ford Festiva cruises down the street.

This isn't the LA we're used to seeing on screen--no picturesque beach, Hollywood sign, or well-lit Silverlake cafe--this is just a regular neighborhood.

Dirty sidewalks, strip mall, gas station, strip mall, a palm tree here and there, people milling around, waiting for the bus, doing the best that they can.

INT. FORD FESTIVA - CONTINUOUS

Windows rolled down, music on full blast, it's a beautiful summer day.

Pizza Girl sits expressionless behind the wheel.

She stops at a red light.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD FESTIVA - DAY - FLASHBACK

Pizza Girl is driving, but not alone.

DAD, 39, is in the passenger seat. He flicks cigarette ash on her when she nearly crashes into the car in front of them, sips from a red thermos.

**These flashbacks should play hard and fast.** No one can control when memories hit, certainly not Pizza Girl. Her past is weighing her down and we want the audience to feel as she does by the appearance of these memories--startled, off balance, shaken by their force and vibrance, frustrated how easily she conjure them.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD FESTIVA - DAY - PRESENT

A car honks at Pizza Girl. The light is green.

MONTAGE

Pizza Girl delivering to multiple homes.

- A guy in a suit.

SUITED GUY

Jesus, took you long enough. Do you have change for a hundred?

- A woman in a tank-top, underwear, screaming at her screaming kids.

PANTSLESS WOMAN

Shut the fuck up or I will eat all  
this pizza myself.

- A dude in a backwards snapback.

SNAPBACK DUDE

I'm gonna need way more ranch.

- An old man holding back a barking pitbull.

- A trio of guys with PBRs, creepy smiles.

- A woman who looks normal until she smiles, all her teeth  
missing or rotten.

- Knocking, locks clicking open, bills being pulled from  
wallets, change from pockets, boxes handed over, that final  
door slam, lock clicking back in place.

END MONTAGE

EXT. EDDIE'S - EARLY EVENING

Pizza Girl stands outside of **EDDIE'S** with DARRYL, 25, Black,  
same uniform as hers.

They lean against the storefront, not looking at each other.  
Each are sipping from XL soda cups.

Pizza Girl's phone rings. The name **BILLY** on the screen. She  
ignores the call.

DARRYL

Do you think I should quit?

PIZZA GIRL

Yeah. Definitely.

DARRYL

A boy can dream.

Pizza Girl's phone rings again. This time **MOM**. She ignores  
it.

**Throughout the film, Pizza Girl's phone will often ring and  
light up with calls from either BILLY or MOM and often, she  
will ignore them.**

PIZZA GIRL

Darryl?

DARRYL

Yeah?

PIZZA GIRL

What would you do? If you quit?

DARRYL

I don't know. That's why I don't quit.

Darryl throws his half full cup towards a trash can, misses.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

You doing anything tonight?

PIZZA GIRL

Nothing. You?

DARRYL

Nothing.

Pizza Girl crunches on a piece of ice. Darryl pulls out his phone.

EXT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - EVENING

Pizza Girl sits in her car, parked outside her house.

She leans back against the headrest, makes no moves to get out.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - LATER

Pizza Girl walks inside.

She hasn't even closed the door before MOM and BILLY are standing in front of her.

Mom, 35, Korean, still in her K-MART vest, hugs her first.

MOM

Hey, honey.

She kisses both her cheeks, feels Pizza Girl's head with the back of her hand.

MOM (CONT'D)

You feel a little hot. Are you okay? Billy, does she feel hot to you?

Billy, 18, tall, broad shouldered, handsome in a corn-fed, All-American kind of way, puts the back of his hand to Pizza Girl's forehead.

BILLY

I don't know, maybe a little. I'll grab an ice pack just in case.

He kisses Pizza Girl, then bends down, kisses her belly.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Missed you two today.

He kisses her belly once more and stands back up.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Come on, sit down. I made dinner.

MOM

I taught him how to make *pajeon*.  
The baby can have Billy's hair, but  
he's going to have our tastebuds.

Smiling, clearly adoring of Pizza Girl and her unborn baby, Billy and Mom both put a hand on Pizza Girl's lower back, guide her towards the dinner table.

There is something both wholesome and deeply unsettling about this image, this odd trio. It's clear that Pizza Girl is uncomfortable with **the intensity of their attention, the strength of their devotion.**

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - LATER

Pizza Girl sits on her bed, watching Billy undress.

BILLY

You checking me out?

PIZZA GIRL

Yeah. You're beautiful.

Billy smiles, walks over to her, kisses her deeply.

She kisses him back just as deeply, **maybe too deeply**, too desperate for feeling.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - LATER

Pizza Girl lays in bed, wide awake. Billy is sound asleep and cuddled against her.

She flips on her side, strokes his face.

PIZZA GIRL

Billy.

He doesn't move.

PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)

Billy.

Still nothing.

PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)

It's getting hard for me to tell  
the days apart.

His mouth opens, a snore comes out.

Pizza Girl quietly crawls out of bed.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - NIGHT

Pizza Girl stands in the kitchen, staring at the table.

CUT TO:

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - DAY - FLASHBACK

Still in the kitchen, but like a switch flipped, it's day,  
the light painfully bright.

No sound:

Mom and Dad are standing and facing each other, an inch  
apart.

They almost seem like they could be statues, wax figures,  
until Mom's hand moves touch Dad's face. Before she can, he  
flinches, storms out of the kitchen, the screen door, and  
into the backyard.

There is a shed in the corner.

He walks straight towards it--**it's clear this isn't the first  
time he's done this**--opens the door, slams it behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIZZA GIRL'S BACKYARD - NIGHT - PRESENT

Pizza Girl is standing outside the shed, staring at it.

Large, wooden, almost menacing--she looks small beside it.

She grips the shed's handle, but doesn't pull. The conflict is clear on Pizza Girl's face--**she wants to not want to go inside.**

She twists the handle, goes inside.

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

An old armchair, a small TV, a mini fridge.

Empty beer cans and cigarette butts cover most of the floor.

A pile of old newspapers and a foam football in the corner.

Pizza Girl grabs a beer from the fridge, plops in the armchair, flips on the TV.

An infomercial plays.

Pizza Girl leans back into the chair, opens the beer, and drinks deeply, **just as her father once did.**

She closes her eyes.

Finally, she looks looks at peace, without a complex thought in her head, comfortable in her own skin.

CUT TO:

INT. SHED - EARLY MORNING

Pizza Girl jolts awake. A beer in one hand, foam football in other.

She looks at her watch: **5:52 AM**

PIZZA GIRL

Shit.

She throws away the can and the football, turns off the TV--still infomercials--and jumps out the chair, runs out the shed.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl runs to the sliding door, trips once, goes inside.



INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl slips her shoes off, drops them at the front door, and tiptoes through the house.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S BATHROOM

Pizza Girl brushes her teeth, splashes water on her face, slaps her cheeks a couple times.

She smells her armpit, grabs a can of Febreze, and sprays.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM

Pizza Girl slips into bed, pulls Billy's arms around her.

She closes her eyes.

A moment later, the alarm is blaring: **6:00 AM**

Billy yawns and gets out of bed.

BILLY  
Sleep well?

PIZZA GIRL  
Yup. Real well.

Pizza Girl's eyes are still closed.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S - DAY

Pizza Girl's eyes open.

The clock on the wall reads **3:33 PM**. There are no customers.

A day like all the others she's been living.

Pizza Girl sits on top of a table, listening to her Walkman and turning paper napkins into birds and stars.

The front door is propped open. Darryl paces outside, in and out of frame, yelling into his cell.

DARRYL  
On our first date you told me that even the word, 'pussy,' made you feel like you needed a shower.

KIM, 29, sunglasses indoors, long acrylic nails, walks out of the bathroom.

She nods to Darryl.

KIM

Who's providing today's entertainment? Boyfriend, mom, or Bank of America?

PIZZA GIRL

Boyfriend. Sounds like he cheated again. This time with a woman.

Kim laughs.

KIM

Darryl needs to dump that fool Carl yesterday, but I'll give that motherfucker credit--he sure does keep shit interesting.

Kim grabs a pack of cigarettes from off the counter.

KIM (CONT'D)

I'm taking a smoke break. You in?

Pizza Girl points to her belly.

KIM (CONT'D)

Ah, right. You're no fun anymore.

Kim waves and goes through the double doors into the kitchen.

EXT. EDDIE'S - CONTINUOUS

Darryl presses his forehead against the Eddie's storefront window.

DARRYL

You know you've ruined Walgreens for me, right? I'm going to have to drive ten extra minutes now and go to the CVS to get my Twizzlers.

INT. EDDIE'S - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl turns up the volume on her Walkman, lays down on the table.

She is surrounded by paper napkin birds and stars.

The phone rings.

Pizza Girl sits up, looks towards Darryl, who is still outside, pacing.

DARRYL

Oh, God. Tell me you wore a condom.

The phone rings again and Pizza Girl gets up and walks to the counter, answers it.

PIZZA GIRL

Eddie's.

JENNY (O.S.)

Is this Eddie's?

PIZZA GIRL

Yeah, that's what I said.

JENNY (O.S.)

Then this is exactly the right number. You're the only person who can help me.

Pizza Girl stands up a little straighter. These words have sparked something in her.

PIZZA GIRL

Okay, what can I do?

JENNY (O.S.)

I need a large pepperoni and pickles pizza or my son will not eat.

PIZZA GIRL

I'm sorry, we don't have pickles as a topping.

JENNY (O.S.)

I know you don't. Nowhere out here does. You're the sixth place I've called.

PIZZA GIRL

Then, what're you asking?

JENNY (O.S.)

We just moved here a month ago and my son, Adam, hates Los Angeles.

(MORE)

JENNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He misses North Dakota, his friends, he doesn't get along with his new baseball coach. He's on a hunger strike.

Pizza Girl is leaning against the counter, the phone's cord wrapped around her.

PIZZA GIRL

I'm sorry. I still don't understand how I can help with all this.

JENNY (O.S.)

There was this pizza place back home that used to make the best pepperoni-and-pickles pizza. I just thought maybe if I could get him that pizza, something that reminded him of home, this silly hunger strike could end and maybe he could start to love Los Angeles.

A pause.

JENNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It just feels like I've been failing a lot lately.

CUT TO:

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Pizza Girl walks into a dark room, the only light coming from the TV.

Her dad is lying facedown on the floor. Empty beer cans are scattered around him.

She walks slowly towards him, flips him over, feels his pulse. He burps in her face.

EXT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - NIGHT - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl is smoking a cigarette on the roof of her home.

Below, a car pulls into front yard. Inside is her Mom. She cuts the engine, but doesn't get out of the car.

Pizza Girl watches as her Mom sits in the car, not making any move to get out, just staring blankly ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S - DAY - PRESENT

Pizza Girl's grip on the phone is tight.

JENNY (O.S.)  
Hello? Are you still there?

PIZZA GIRL  
What's your address? There's a  
super market not far from here.  
Pickles are cheap.

INT. EDDIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE UP ON:

Pickles being chopped. The knife-work is sloppy, uneven  
chunks.

ZOOM OUT TO:

The three COOKS watching skeptically.

PIZZA GIRL  
It's okay. I'm just helping this  
lady out.

Silence.

PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)  
Her kid isn't eating.

Silence.

PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)  
Can you guys get me a large  
pepperoni and cheese?

The cooks look at each other, shrug, and begin pulling out  
dough, spreading sauce and cheese and meat.

Pizza Girl sprinkles the pickles unevenly across the surface.  
For the first time, we see her **smile**. There is confidence and  
purpose to her movements.

INT. EDDIE'S - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl exits the kitchen. Darryl is behind the register,  
pouring Bacardi into a soda cup. His eyes are red and puffy.

PIZZA GIRL  
Any calls?

DARRYL

Just one. Midway through, the guy decided he wanted Chinese and hung up.

PIZZA GIRL

Cool. Just one while you were-- cool.

Pizza Girl picks up a mop and starts aimlessly spreading water around.

When Darryl turns away, she pulls a scrap of paper out of her pocket.

It reads: **JENNY HAUSER, 1422 W. 180th Street**

DARRYL

Order up!

INT. FORD FESTIVA - DAY

Pizza Girl is driving, stops at a light.

EXT. JENNY'S STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A neighborhood nicer than Pizza Girl's. Clean sidewalks, green lawns, newer cars.

Pizza Girl pulls outside Jenny's house.

**It's different than the rest.** More run-down than her neighbors, in need of a paint job, old newspapers scattered on a yellowing lawn.

Pizza Girl gets out of the car, pizza box in hand.

She walks to the front door, hesitates before she knocks.

The door swings open. Pizza Girl opens her mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDDIE'S - NIGHT

Pizza Girl's mouth hangs open. She seems disoriented.

Darryl stands next to her, similarly out of it.

They are orange under the glow of streetlights.

DARRYL  
You doing anything tonight?

PIZZA GIRL  
Nothing. You?

DARRYL  
Nothing.

Darryl takes a sip from his drink.

DARRYL (CONT'D)  
I should've known something weird was going on with Carl. Last week, out of the blue, he tells me that he no longer likes ketchup. That motherfucker used to put ketchup on everything, would steal packets from restaurants, keep them in his wallet, just in case. Did that shit happen over night? Like all of a sudden he just hates the taste of ketchup?

Pizza Girl's phone lights up. **BILLY**. She ignores it.

Darryl pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

DARRYL (CONT'D)  
(looking at her stomach)  
Oh shit, do you mind?

PIZZA GIRL  
Nah.

Darryl lights up, inhales, exhales.

DARRYL  
I don't want to go home.

PIZZA GIRL  
Yeah.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

The Ford Festiva is parked off to the side.

Pizza Girl is standing on a freeway overpass, holding the chainlink fence, watching the cars whoosh by below.

It sounds a little like the ocean.

CUT TO:

EXT. JENNY'S HOME - DAY - EARLIER

Pizza Girl where we left her earlier--knocking on Jenny's front door, pizza in hand.

The door swings open and there is JENNY HAUSER, 38.

Shapeless jeans, wrinkled oversize shirt with a stain on the collar, blank eyes--depression in mom form--the only youthful thing about her is her ponytail, long and flowing.

CLOSE on **Jenny's ponytail.**

Pizza Girl is fixated on it, watching Jenny anxiously hold it, wrap and unwrap it around her fingers.

JENNY

Jesus Christ. Your uniforms are truly terrible.

PIZZA GIRL

I know.

JENNY

Green and orange. Like Kermit the Frog fucked a pumpkin.

PIZZA GIRL

The Hulk ate a bunch of Doritos and took a shit.

Jenny laughs.

JENNY

Truly though, thank you for this. I can't believe you actually came.

PIZZA GIRL

It's no big deal.

Pizza Girl tries to hand her the box.

JENNY

Oh! I have to pay you! And tip you! I absolutely have to tip you. Hold on, my wallet is lying around somewhere.

Jenny disappears into the house.

Pizza Girl stays where she is for a beat, then walks into the house after her.



INT. JENNY'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

A beautiful home--an intricate rug, shoes lined up evenly on both sides, a table topped with a vase of flowers, a crystal chandelier.

Pizza Girl walks further into the house. The living room is the opposite--**complete chaos**.

Clothes cover every inch of the floor. On the couch, there is an empty bag of Hot Cheetos, a half-eaten salad, a tub of cream cheese,

A table crowded with magazines and paper plates covered in pools of paint.

Seven chairs circling the room, easels for paintings.

The paintings are bad, rudimentary.

JENNY (O.S.)

Yikes, hi.

Pizza Girls turns around to see Jenny, a few twenties in hand.

JENNY (CONT'D)

So, I guess now you think I'm really crazy. Let me explain.

She points to the floor.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Old t-shirts to catch any paint that I spill.

She points to the couch.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I actually attempted a healthy lunch, but my mouth got bored. Have you ever tried dipping Hot Cheetos in cream cheese?

She gestures to the paintings.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Now, the paintings. What do you think?

PIZZA GIRL

Oh. Well.

JENNY

It's okay, you don't have to worry. This isn't a hobby of mine. I have no secret burning desire to become a painter. I was just in my son Adam's room earlier and I realized he had no decorations on his wall and I thought I'd try and make some for him, brighten the space a little.

PIZZA GIRL

I like that one turtle. His head is weird and dented. Like he got hit with something hard.

JENNY

Yeah? Thanks. Turtles are Adam's favorite animal. He wants to go to Hawaii so he can swim with them.

PIZZA GIRL

I should probably get back to--

Pizza Girl stops mid-sentence.

PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Pizza Girl runs to the nearest door. It's not a bathroom, but a closet. She grabs a boot and pukes into it.

Jenny is instantly by her side.

PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)

Fuck, I'm so sorry.

JENNY

Don't apologize. Are you okay? What can I do?

PIZZA GIRL

I'm fine, I'm just--

JENNY

You're pregnant. Wow, you're pregnant, aren't you? No wonder you're doing this favor for me. This is just proof you're going to be a good mom. Congratulations.

PIZZA GIRL

Yeah. I am. Thanks.

Pizza Girl gets to her feet.

JENNY  
You're not excited.

Silence.

PIZZA GIRL  
No, I'm not excited.

Jenny stares at Pizza girl and after a moment, smiles.

JENNY  
Good.

PIZZA GIRL  
Good?

JENNY  
Good.

Jenny grabs the turtle painting, hands it to Pizza Girl.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
For the baby. Boy or girl, everyone  
likes turtles.

Jenny reaches for her wallet, pulls out another twenty and presses the bills into Pizza Girl's palm. **It's an inappropriate amount of money for a single pizza.**

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Here's money for the pizza and a  
little extra for you, my savior.

They walk to the front door and Jenny pulls Pizza Girl into a hug.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Take care, Pizza Girl.

She shuts the door. Pizza Girl stays standing in front of it.

Confusion, but mostly **longing**--she wishes she could open up the door and go back inside.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - NIGHT - PRESENT

Pizza Girl lays in bed next to Billy, sound asleep.

She tosses and turns, stares at Billy, strokes his face.

## PIZZA GIRL

Billy. Billy. All shades of blue  
make my chest warm.

No reply. She quietly gets out of bed.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

Pizza Girl back in the shed.

**We're getting the sense that like her father, this is a  
pretty consistent part of her routine.**

She grabs a beer from the fridge, plops in the armchair,  
flips on the TV.

INT. SHED - LATER

Pizza Girl gets up for another beer. She drinks half of it  
and remembers something, leaves the shed.

INT. SHED - LATER

Pizza Girl enters the shed again, holding the turtle painting  
Jenny gave to her.

She leans the painting against the wall by the TV, sits back  
down and drinks.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Fluorescent lights. One section flickers on and off.

DR. OLDMAN (O.C.)

At twelve weeks, the baby is the  
size of a plum.

Pizza Girl is in stirrups. Above her is DR. OLDMAN, 65, kind  
eyes, beard and hair white.

PIZZA GIRL

Like what type of plum? And how  
ripe is it?

Dr. Oldman laughs, rubs gel onto her exposed belly.

DR. OLDMAN

You're a funny girl.

He rubs the transducer against her belly.

DR. OLDMAN (CONT'D)

Your dad was funny too. God, that man once made me laugh so hard I fell off the barstool I was sitting on.

Dr. Oldman is getting choked up. Pizza Girl is clearly uncomfortable by this display--sweat is starting to drip down her temples, the pace of her breathing increasing.

DR. OLDMAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, I just still can't believe he's gone.

Dr. Oldman clears his throat, smiles down at Pizza Girl.

DR. OLDMAN (CONT'D)

You know, I have five daughters myself. They're all named after famous mountain ranges.

Everything he says seems to make Pizza Girl feel worse, sweat more. She closes her eyes.

DR. OLDMAN (CONT'D)

Hey, now, there's no reason to be scared. This is happy day. Let's go take a closer view of this baby.

He moves the transducer over her belly.

DR. OLDMAN (CONT'D)

There we go. Open your eyes, see for yourself.

Pizza Girl opens her eyes. On the screen is the grainy image of her child.

DR. OLDMAN (CONT'D)

Everything looks great. Your baby is healthy, has toes and everything. Would you like to know the sex?

PIZZA GIRL

No.

DR. OLDMAN

It's breathtaking, isn't it? The creation of life?

Pizza Girl squints at the screen.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

Pizza Girl steps outside holding an armful of pamphlets, her baby's ultrasound photo.

She walks to a trash can, tosses all of it.

She is halfway to her car when she stops, runs back, fishes out the ultrasound photo and shoves it into her back pocket.

INT. FORD FESTIVA - DAY

Pizza Girl slides into the driver seat, grabs the steering wheel, burns her hands, punches the steering wheel--one loud honk.

She leans back against her seat, closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD FESTIVA - DAY - FLASHBACK

**Pizza Girl's Dad in the same position she's in**--behind the wheel, leaned back, eyes closed, trying to be somewhere, someone, else.

He opens his eyes, reaches under the seat, pulls out a bottle of whiskey.

He hesitates only a second before drinking.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD FESTIVA - DAY - PRESENT

Pizza Girl is drinking from the same bottle.

She wipes her mouth, puts it back in its place under the seat.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Pizza Girl walking on the sidewalk, shoes untied.

Phone rings--**MOM**. Ignores it, keeps walking.

INT. EDDIE'S PIZZA SHOP - DAY

Pizza Girl walks into the shop, sweaty and disheveled. Darryl is behind the counter.

DARRYL

You better clean up before Peter sees you. You know he's been extra bitchass ever since we dropped to a 'B' rating.

Pizza Girl shrugs.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Someone called asking for you. Some lady.

PIZZA GIRL

A woman? What woman?

Darryl picks up a scrap of paper, hands it to her.

The paper reads: **You're amazing. Come today at 4:30 PM. Same order. Jenny.**

DARRYL

So? What's all that about? Customers don't like you, much less use any word close to 'amazing' to describe you.

PIZZA GIRL

I'm likable and amazing, thank you.

Pizza Girl stuffs the note into her pocket and heads to the bathroom.

INT. EDDIE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl squirts pink soap into her hands and scrubs her face and arms, washes. She looks in the mirror, combs her hair with her fingers, tucks and untucks her polo.

MONTAGE

Pizza Girl delivering to multiple homes.

- A nursing home having a Bingo birthday party

OLD MAN

Young lady, would you like a slice of birthday cake?

- Two roommates in their underwear holding Xbox controllers
- A couple at a bar, drunk and arguing over a bag of Doritos

DRUNK WOMAN

You just love watching me fail.

- A lady so large that she can't get up from her couch, her door wide open

LARGE LADY

Come in, you don't have to take  
your shoes off, just give it here.

- A guy in a crematorium

CREMATORIUM GUY

I like to get high and burn bodies.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. FORD FESTIVA - DAY

Pizza Girl is parked in front of Jenny's home. She watches the clock in anticipation.

**4:29 PM**

The second after it turns to **4:30 PM**, she is getting out of the car.

EXT. JENNY'S HOME - DAY

Pizza Girl knocks on the door.

It's opened not by Jenny, but by ADAM HAUSER, 8, a boy in a dirt stained baseball uniform. He is too solemn looking for his age.

They stand silently, staring at each other, until Jenny slides into view, nearly falling over.

JENNY

I forgot how slippery these floors  
get when you're wearing socks.

She hugs Pizza Girl. Pizza Girl closes her eyes, inhales. Unlike with Mom and Billy, this is touch that soothes her.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I see you've met the most beautiful  
boy in the world.

(MORE)



JENNY (CONT'D)

I swear, he's not usually this dirty. He just got home from practice. Adam, say hi.

Adam remains silent and staring.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Adam, can you thank this nice lady for the pizza? Remember how good it was last week?

ADAM

It was okay.

JENNY

So, how're you doing? You look a little more worn out than the last time I saw you.

PIZZA GIRL

I'm doing fine.

ADAM

She doesn't look fine.

PIZZA GIRL

I'm fine.

JENNY

Adam, remember what we talked about?

ADAM

I was just being honest.

Jenny looks back to Pizza Girl.

JENNY

What're you doing tomorrow night?

PIZZA GIRL

I don't know yet, but probably nothing.

JENNY

Well, if Adam's right and you are anything less than fine, there's a support group that meets every Thursday at 8:30 pm, at that little church between the hardware store and the doughnut shop. It's for expecting and current moms.

PIZZA GIRL

Yeah, I know that church. Meetings like that aren't really my thing though.

JENNY

Oh, please, you have to come. I go every week and I just can't connect with any of these women. I need a friend.

Jenny grabs Pizza Girl's hand and Adam's.

Pizza Girl looks at their hands, at Adam. Adam looks at her and nods slightly.

PIZZA GIRL

Okay, I'll be there.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

Pizza Girl ignores a call from **BILLY**.

She looks up and across the street under the orange glow of a streetlamp is **Jenny Hauser**.

Jenny smiles.

Pizza Girl blinks and she's gone.

There is an air of uneasiness--not only that Jenny is the center of Pizza Girl's fantasy, but that this fantasy is leaking out of her head into her real life.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - NIGHT

Pizza Girl stands by the fridge, eating cold chicken and scooping peanut butter straight from the jar with her fingers.

Billy and Mom are sitting on the couch, looking down at the ultrasound photo. They smile and stare in awe at the photo. Pizza Girl watches them, clearly uncomfortable with their fixation.

Pizza Girl drops the peanut butter jar and chicken onto the floor, runs past them to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl is throwing up into the blue of the toilet water.

Billy and Mom are quickly behind her. Mom holds her hair back, Billy's hands knead her shoulders.

MOM

Let it out, baby.

BILLY

It's all good. This is natural.

Pizza Girl finishes puking. Billy tries to hand her a toilet paper to wipe her mouth, but she ignores him, uses the back of her hand.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pizza Girl stares at Billy laying next to her. He's reading a book on the history of Oklahoma City.

PIZZA GIRL

Do you remember that video game you used to talk about?

BILLY

Which game?

PIZZA GIRL

The one you wanted to create. The Helpful Sheep.

Billy smiles.

BILLY

Perhaps my greatest idea ever.

PIZZA GIRL

Explain it to me again.

BILLY

So okay, it's very simple. It's exactly what the title promises. You're a sheep that provides people with everything they want and need, but hate asking for--free, unsolicited help.

PIZZA GIRL

What kind of help?

Billy is sitting up now, animated.

BILLY

Any kind. You can help a guy open a jar of pickles, give his lunch a salty crunch. You can clean an old lady's toilet bowl. A little girl is the only one of her friends who doesn't know how to ride her bike--BOOM! You're helping her get off her training wheels and not feel left out. The sheep accepts no payment for these services, just hugs.

Pizza Girl kisses Billy.

PIZZA GIRL

See? This is why you have to go to college.

BILLY

Wait, what?

PIZZA GIRL

Billy, you have so many awesome ideas. Like think about how much better the world would be if after a long day of work, people could play Helpful Sheep.

BILLY

We've talked about this. Being a full time student wouldn't allow me to work as many hours. Not to mention all the time my courseload would take away from time with the baby.

PIZZA GIRL

And I'm telling you, it's okay. You don't have to give up on your dreams just because I'm pregnant.

BILLY

That's the thing though, I don't feel like I'm giving up on any of my dreams. You, our baby, our family--that's my dream now.

Billy kisses Pizza Girl. It takes her a moment before she can close her eyes, ease into the kiss.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - LATER

Pizza Girl and Billy are fucking.

Billy finishes and rolls over onto his back.

BILLY  
You didn't? Did you?

PIZZA GIRL  
No, but it's okay.

BILLY  
Lay back. Let me take care of you.

Billy begins kissing a trail down Pizza Girl's body.

She squirms, annoyed that Billy didn't listen to her. After a few long seconds, she closes her eyes, tries to relax.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNY'S HOME - DAY - FANTASY

No sound.

Jenny is standing in the center of the living room surrounded by the seven chair paintings, **staring straight into the camera.**

The Hot Cheetos, cream cheese, salad still sits on the couch.

She smiles.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Pizza Girl's eyes snap open, gasps.

BILLY  
You like that?

PIZZA GIRL  
Yes.

She closes her eyes again.

INT. JENNY'S HOME - DAY - FANTASY

CLOSE UP:

Jenny's face, still staring into the camera.

JENNY  
Thank you so much.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Pizza Girl finishes. Billy crawls back up next to her, collapses beside her.

BILLY  
That was incredible.

PIZZA GIRL  
Yeah. Incredible.

Billy snuggles into her shoulder and she stares up at the ceiling, a little dazed, very confused.

INT. SHED - LATER

Pizza Girl is back in her Dad's shed, beer in hand, infomercial on TV.

She finishes the can, drops it to the floor, slides her hand down her pants, closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

Pizza Girl opens her eyes. The sounds of the TV infomercial have been replaced with the sounds of meat sizzling on a hot grill top.

She's standing next to Darryl in front of a taco stand. He hands the TACO GUY five slices of pizza wrapped in napkins. Taco guy hands back six tacos.

They sit on the curb and eat.

PIZZA GIRL  
We should be nicer to Willie. I hate how he looks whenever we leave for lunch together. We should at least bring him something back.

DARRYL

I know, I know. It's just his neon green adult braces, the constant singing of showtunes, he just makes me feel like I'm in high school again.

PIZZA GIRL

What? You weren't popular in high school?

DARRYL

I was a fat Black homo in band. What do you think?

PIZZA GIRL

I didn't know you played an instrument.

DARRYL

Yup. Trumpet.

Pizza Girl crumples her napkin into a paper ball.

PIZZA GIRL

So, you knew you were gay back then?

DARRYL

I tried not to think much about it. Looking back though, it was obvious.

PIZZA GIRL

How was it obvious?

DARRYL

It's hard to explain. It's like I found and still find girls attractive, but only boys can ruin my life.

Darryl pulls a bottle of rum and an empty, crumpled water from his pants, pours the rum into the water bottles, takes a deep swig.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

I used to fill notebooks with the name of the boy who sat next to me in Woodshop.

PIZZA GIRL

What was his name?

DARRYL

Jeremy Durant. He had a chin dimple and the smoothest hands. Made these beautiful oak steps so that his little dog, a Frenchie named Beyonce, could get onto his bed all by herself.

PIZZA GIRL

Wow. Now I have a crush on him.

DARRYL

Don't. Once I filled a couple notebooks with his name, I convinced myself that he felt the same way and that I needed to tell him. Predictably, it went terribly. He told the whole school that trumpets weren't the only things I blew.

PIZZA GIRL

I'm sorry.

DARRYL

Don't be. He's a fool and I still think he's gay. Like, his dog's name was Beyonce.

PIZZA GIRL

But how did you know? Like how did you even know Jeremy was someone you could like?

DARRYL

Why dudes? I don't know. Nature, nurture, who the fuck cares. The outcome is the same. Why Jeremy? Another question with another answer I'm not sure of. It doesn't seem like we get to choose who we like. I wish we could.

Darryl takes another drink from his bottle. Pizza Girl watches a drop of rum slide down its side.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm being a downer. Tell me about your boyfriend. Billy, right? I remember he dropped by once, just to say hey. He'll be a good daddy.

PIZZA GIRL

He's the best.



Darryl reaches towards Pizza Girl's belly.

DARRYL  
Can I touch?

Pizza Girl grabs the water bottle from Darryl's hand and takes a swig.

PIZZA GIRL  
No.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Pizza Girl is delivering to a random house.

She knocks on the door and it's answered by KIYANA, 18, an old classmate of Pizza Girl's.

Kiyana doesn't immediately recognize Pizza Girl.

KIYANA  
You're like twenty minutes late.

PIZZA GIRL  
We don't give guarantees on delivery time.

KIYANA  
I mean, there's like this expectation that pizza shouldn't take more than an hour to get to you.

Pizza Girl shrugs.

KIYANA (CONT'D)  
Wait, do I know you from somewhere?

PIZZA GIRL  
Yeah, we went to high school--

KIYANA  
Oh, shit! You're Billy's girlfriend. God, I love Billy.

Kiyana eyes her belly.

KIYANA (CONT'D)  
You keep at it, girl. Work, work, work, save up that money, you'll be on to bigger and better things, on to college in no time.

## PIZZA GIRL

I actually had this job before I was pregnant. I didn't apply to college.

Kiyana smiles weakly, takes the box from Pizza Girl. Teenage pregnancy she can handle. This ambitionless, aimless girl-- she cannot.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Pizza Girl parks across the street from the church.

She steps out of her car and stands in front of it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Pizza Girl standing in the same place, but a little over a year ago, **not pregnant**.

She is smoking a cigarette.

Billy walks up, tries to smile at Pizza Girl, but she doesn't notice him.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

People sitting on fold-out chairs in a circle. A table with coffee and donuts. The whiteboard by the door reads: **COPING WITH GRIEF AND LOSS OF A LOVED ONE.**

Pizza Girl is sitting next to a woman crying into her hands.

## CRYING WOMAN

I can't sleep unless I wrap one of his t-shirts around my head. I'm running out shirts that still smell like him.

A man next to her pats her consolingly on the shoulder.

Pizza Girl looks away, makes eye contact with Billy who is sitting across from her.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Pizza Girl stands outside on the curb. Billy walks down the church steps, stands next to her.

INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - NIGHT

Pizza Girl and Billy sit across from each other. Billy is eating a cone quickly, messy.

BILLY

English. Freshman year. You sat in the back left corner.

PIZZA GIRL

Yeah, I know. I'm just surprised you know that.

BILLY

I remember wishing you'd raise your hand more. Whenever you did say something, it stuck with me. I'd think about it into the next period.

Billy finishes his cone, wipes his hands on his pants.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I used to come here with my parents a lot. We'd sit at this table.

PIZZA GIRL

That sounds nice.

BILLY

It was. Do you have memories like that with your dad? Moments you can't stop replaying in your head.

PIZZA GIRL

Not really. I don't think much about him.

Silence.

BILLY

I'm sorry. I don't know why I said that thing about me and my parents coming here.

PIZZA GIRL

You don't have to be sorry. You miss them.

BILLY

That's the thing though--I don't really.

For the first time, Billy isn't looking at Pizza Girl, and for the first time, she's really looking at him, intrigued.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Things haven't been that different since they died. I never saw them much. They always seemed to love each other more than me, were always going on romantic dates or taking trips together. The house has always been quiet. When we came here and got ice cream, they'd mostly just talk to each other.

Billy is ripping up the napkin in front of him.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I just see the people in those meetings, sobbing, talking about all the beauty that their lost loved ones brought to their life, and I'm so damn jealous. I want to feel as badly as they do, but I just don't.

The napkin is completely shredded, a pile of white.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. That was fucked up.

This brutally honest speech, the messy, naked vulnerability of it--**Billy's brokenness is on full display and Pizza Girl is drawn to it.** She reaches across the table and grabs his hands.

PIZZA GIRL

Do you want to come back to my place?

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

The same basement Pizza Girl once sat in. Same donuts and cheap coffee. This time, filled with moms and pregnant women. Pizza Girl sits across the circle from Jenny, not Billy.

MONTAGE

Different women in the circle speaking, one after another.

WOMAN #1

I have a new baby, an old beagle,  
and a boyfriend who's bad at wiping-  
-there's shit everywhere.

WOMAN #2

I hate the way everyone talks to me  
at work now. They just ask endless  
questions about Sam. It's like they  
forgot that I used to ride a Harley  
and host poker night.

WOMAN #3

Just because I have blue hair  
doesn't mean I'm going to be a bad  
mother.

END MONTAGE

Pizza Girl's hands are clenched tightly together. She is  
looking at the ground.

WOMAN #4

Does anyone hear phantom crying?

The woman in the circle blink, shrug, stare blankly.

WOMAN #4 (CONT'D)

So, like I'll be chopping carrots,  
or going through the mail, taking a  
shower, and then, all of a sudden,  
I hear Daisy crying.

Woman #4 is gripping a styrofoam cup, shaking slightly.

WOMAN #4 (CONT'D)

The worst is when I'm running an  
errand, or at work, anywhere where  
Daisy isn't. Because while  
logically, my brain can understand  
that the crying isn't real, my  
heart can't. I hear Daisy crying,  
real or not, and my heart rate  
won't return to normal until I have  
her back in my arms again.

The room is silent. A few beats until WOMAN #5 starts  
clapping, loudly.

WOMAN #5

Thank you, Melissa. Thank you so  
much for sharing.

The rest of the room joins in. Pizza Girl looks up from the ground for the first time and makes eye contact with Jenny. They keep staring, neither clapping.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Some of the women are in mini circles chatting. Pizza Girl is looking for Jenny, but doesn't see her.

Pizza Girl is about to give up when she hears a horn honk, turns to see Jenny leaning out of an SUV.

JENNY

Hey, girl. You need a ride home?

Pizza Girl looks over at her own parked car.

PIZZA GIRL

Yeah, a ride would be nice.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Jenny and Pizza Girl sit across from each other in a booth. They're an odd pair--**a pregnant half-Korean teenager and a nearing middle-aged white suburban housewife.**

JENNY

I'm going to tell you what my dad always used to say to me at diners: Don't look at the menu.

Pizza Girl drops the menu.

PIZZA GIRL

Why not?

JENNY

Because whatever you want, they probably have it. Diners are pretty much all the same. Just conjure an image of your deepest desire and then ask for it.

PIZZA GIRL

Your dad sounds like a cool guy.

JENNY

He is. How about yours?

PIZZA GIRL

Dead.

The WAITER approaches the table.

JENNY

Patty melt, fries, big side of ranch.

PIZZA GIRL

Eggs and hashbrowns.

The waiter leaves.

JENNY

See? You didn't need a menu to know what you wanted.

A few beats of silence. Jenny reaches across the table, grabs Pizza Girl's hands.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm really sorry about your dad.

PIZZA GIRL

It's okay. I really don't want to talk about it.

Jenny lets go of her hands.

JENNY

Okay, what do you want to talk about?

PIZZA GIRL

That's the first time anyone's asked me that in--I don't know, I don't know the last time someone asked me that. Like okay--

JENNY

Wait, hold that thought. First, I have to know--what did you think of the meeting?

PIZZA GIRL

Oh, I don't know. It was fine.

JENNY

Come on, you can do better than that.

PIZZA GIRL

Okay. It was hard to sit through. It hurt to be there.

(MORE)

PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)

There didn't seem to be a right thing to say to anyone.

JENNY

It's the clapping that gets me, the forced support. I just want someone to finish talking and instead of clapping, say, 'Wow, Melissa. That really fucking sucks.'

PIZZA GIRL

I liked what you said in the meeting. Bismarck sounds like a nice place. I wish I grew up somewhere like there.

The waiter drops off the food.

JENNY

I didn't grow up in Bismarck.

PIZZA GIRL

But you said in the meeting?

JENNY

Yeah, that was a lie.

PIZZA GIRL

Where did you grow up then?

JENNY

Actually, not far from here. I went to high school around the corner. My first kiss was on the bridge over the 110 freeway.

PIZZA GIRL

Why wouldn't you say that then? Have you ever even lived in North Dakota?

JENNY

Of course I have. I went to college at NDSU and lived in Bismarck after Adam was born.

PIZZA GIRL

Why not just say that then? What's the point of lying? Why go to those meetings at all?

JENNY

I'm a piece of shit. I know I'm a piece of shit.



PIZZA GIRL

I didn't say that.

JENNY

I know. You're too nice.

Jenny plays with the top of her sandwich.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Growing up in this city, I always felt small. So, I left the first chance I got. I went to NDSU for college, thinking maybe if I was somewhere weird and faraway I would feel better. At first, it worked. I liked the flatness and telling my classmates I was from Los Angeles, it sounded so exotic. At parties, people were always re-filling my cup and asking me endless questions about this, that, whatever.

PIZZA GIRL

You said 'At first.' What happened?

JENNY

Nothing crazy or dramatic, just what always seemed to happen. I got bored. I had the same thoughts I was having in Los Angeles--I am wasting my life. One of the guys I was sleeping with was from New York City and I got to thinking that maybe it wasn't the city that had been killing me, but the wrong city. I moved with him to New York that summer and never went back to school.

PIZZA GIRL

I've always wanted to go to New York. My dad lived there for a little and played in a band.

JENNY

I wasn't in New York long. Met another guy, moved to Miami. Then, on my own again, headed to Austin, then D.C. when I thought I wanted to be in politics, Portland, San Francisco, Las Vegas, Flagstaff, a brief month in Dublin, back to New York, Bismarck, and now here, Los Angeles again.

PIZZA GIRL

Why not just say that, then? That's all so much more interesting.

JENNY

Listing those places doesn't make me feel worldly or fascinating. I guess I just like the idea of me being some doe-eyed Midwestern girl moving to the big city for the first time more than the reality. Because the reality is that I've been to so many places and not a single one has saved me. And I need Los Angeles to save me. I need this place to work this time.

EXT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - NIGHT

Pizza Girl gets Jenny to stop in front of a house that isn't hers, but a few doors down, bigger with a nicer exterior.

Jenny hugs her tightly.

JENNY

Thank you. I really needed that.  
See you soon?

PIZZA GIRL

See you soon.

Pizza Girl gets out of the car, waves until the SUV has turned the corner.

PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)

(out loud, to herself)  
See you soon.

She begins walking towards her actual house.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - DAY

Pizza Girl still walking, but now it's daylight, like a switch has been flipped on.

Instead of her house, she's walking towards Jenny's, pickle pizza in hand.

EXT. JENNY'S HOME - DAY

Pizza Girl knocks on Jenny's door, bouncing on her feet.

Jenny opens the door and Pizza Girl lights up.

MONTAGE

Pizza Girl on Wednesdays.

- Leaping out of bed each morning right as her alarm clock goes off
- Masturbating in the shower
- Kissing Mom and Billy on the cheek, quickly running out the door
- At Eddie's, chugging Hawaiian Punch
- The phone ringing
- Brushing her teeth in the bathroom, red foam and spit into the sink
- Driving
- Finally, in front of Jenny's door, three knocks
- Jenny answering the door

JENNY

I have so much to tell you.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I cracked an egg and got a double yolk this morning, a good omen.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Look out how long this gray hair is.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Adam can't stop fighting with the principle about the cost of vending machine snacks.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I found two bags on the side of the road stuffed with trophies all with the name 'Charlie Wilson.' Who is that?

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

And why was that the day that his family decided they no longer could look at his accomplishments anymore?

JENNY (CONT'D)

I just want to cannonball into a swimming pool right now.

END MONTAGE

EXT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - DAY

Pizza Girl sitting on the front steps of her house.

It's the first time we've seen her in anything other than her work uniform.

MONTAGE

Pizza Girl bored on her day off.

- Laying in bed
- Pacing her room
- Walking down the stairs
- Pacing the living room
- Opening the fridge, closing the fridge
- Outside in the backyard, staring at her Dad's shed
- Walking back up the stairs
- Flopping back on her bed

END MONTAGE

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Billy puts his hand on Pizza Girl's shoulder and she jumps.

Outside the window, it's the street again.

PIZZA GIRL

Jesus fucking Christ.

BILLY

Whoa, sorry. I didn't mean to scare you.

PIZZA GIRL

Well, you did.

BILLY

I said your name like five times.

PIZZA GIRL

Sorry.

Billy pulls her in for a hug and she submits, breathes him in deep, but she doesn't look as comforted as when Jenny hugged her.

BILLY

It's okay. What'd you do with your day off?

Pizza Girl opens her mouth, closes it.

EXT. EDDIE'S - NIGHT

**CLOSE UP:** A bulging black garbage bag bursts open.

We see Pizza Girl holding the ripped bag, bottles rolling along the concrete, food waste in a messy heap on her shoes.

She sighs.

INT. EDDIE'S - NIGHT

Pizza Girl's phone lights up--**MOM**. She ignores it.

Kim walks out of the bathroom, still wearing her sunglasses.

KIM

Every time I pee it burns.

MONTAGE

Pizza Girl on night deliveries.

- A man with six chihuahuas, all standing in an unmoving row behind him

- A woman in scrubs with a large blood coffee stain on her pants

- Three girls in braces dressed in their mom's clothes, heels
- A grandma type who tips with a single dime
- Two dudes in sombreros, offering an icy PBR
- A motel room, a guy answering in just a robe, a pair of woman's legs peeking out from the bed behind him.
- Knocking, locks clicking open, bills being pulled from wallets, change from pockets, boxes handed over, that final door slam, lock clicking back in place.

END MONTAGE

INT. FORD FESTIVA - NIGHT

Pizza Girl is driving back home. All the windows in her car are down, she looks relaxed.

Then, she looks down at her hands on the steering wheel.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD FESTIVA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Hands on the steering wheel. But it's not Pizza Girl driving, it's her Dad.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD FESTIVA - NIGHT - PRESENT

Pizza Girl's grip on the steering wheel tightens. She looks away.

Abruptly, Pizza Girl pulls a U-turn.

EXT. JENNY'S STREET - NIGHT

Pizza Girl is parked across the street from Jenny's house.

She puts the key in the ignition when the lights in the kitchen flip on.

Jenny walks into view. She is wearing a large, oversized long sleeve, no pants. She sucks on the collar of her shirt.

Pizza Girl watches as Jenny opens the fridge, stares into for a beat, then begins taking out all its contents.

When all of its contents are out, Jenny begins putting everything back in.

There's something about this lonely, tragic scene that connects with Pizza Girl.

Pizza Girl's phone rings, startling her.

**BILLY** on the screen. She ignores the call, starts the car, drives away.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - NIGHT

Billy is walking to the front door. Pizza Girl and Mom are following behind him.

BILLY

I don't have to go to this thing,  
you know.

PIZZA GIRL

No, you have to go. Semi is your  
best friend at work and he'll be  
bummed if you don't come to his  
bachelor party.

BILLY

I promise I'll be home by midnight.

PIZZA GIRL

You really don't have to.

Billy kisses both Pizza Girl's and Mom's cheek, walks out the door with a wave.

The door clicks behind him.

Pizza Girl and Mom stare at the door. **This is the first time they've been alone together in a long time.**

PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)

So.

Mom suddenly reaches towards Pizza Girl. She flinches.

Mom grabs a strand of her hair.

MOM

You have a lot of split ends.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl sits on the floor, her back against the bath tub rim. Mom is crouching behind her in the tub, cutting hair.

MOM

There. All done.

Pizza Girl gets up and tries to leave the bathroom, but Mom stops her.

MOM (CONT'D)

Wait, look in the mirror. See how much better you look.

Pizza Girl looks in the mirror, expressionless.

MOM (CONT'D)

Much better. I couldn't have asked for a more beautiful daughter.

Pizza Girl keeps her eyes on her reflection.

PIZZA GIRL

Mom, I don't feel good. I haven't felt good for a really long time.

MOM

Oh, honey.

She turns Pizza Girl around to look at her, strokes her face.

MOM (CONT'D)

Are you having stomach pains? Or just body aches in general? Pregnancy is so rough on the body.

PIZZA GIRL

No, I'm fine. I mean--

Mom moves her hands from Pizza Girl's face to her belly.

MOM

Do you want some tea? Dad used to make me tea at night during the pregnancy whenever I was feeling sick.

Pizza Girl moves Mom's hands away.

PIZZA GIRL

Really? Dad did that?



MOM

Yup. He even bought me a bunch of different varieties so I wouldn't get bored with any of them. He'd bring me a steaming cup in bed and tell me to close my eyes, see if I could guess the flavor.

PIZZA GIRL

I have a hard time picturing that.

MOM

He loved you so much, before you were even born.

Pizza Girl turns around and stares in the mirror again.

MOM (CONT'D)

Or is it something else? What can I do?

PIZZA GIRL

No, it's nothing. Tea actually sounds nice.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - LATER

Pizza Girl watches the driveway and the clock. It turns to **11:59 PM.**

Right on schedule, Billy's car pulls into the driveway. It's apparent that his punctuality annoys Pizza Girl.

Pizza Girl runs to bed, pretends to be asleep.

Billy walks into the room, pulls off his clothes, cuddles into Pizza Girl.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - LATER

The clock reads **2:23 AM.**

Pizza Girl checks to make sure Billy is sleeping, gets out of bed.

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl is drinking a beer, staring at the TV.

It's playing a memory.

**ZOOM IN.**

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY - FLASHBACK

This is the only memory where we will need a different actress for the 13 year old version of Pizza Girl.

Pizza Girl, 13, rushes out to where her Dad is parked, gets in the Ford Festiva.

PIZZA GIRL

What's wrong? Is it Mom? What's going on?

DAD

Calm down. All is well.

PIZZA GIRL

My teacher said you called the front office and that there was an emergency.

DAD

Yeah, I lied.

Dad takes a swig from a red thermos. His eyes are glassy, his speech is slurred.

PIZZA GIRL

I have a test tomorrow. How am I going to know what--

DAD

Oh, fuck your test.

He bangs his fists on the steering wheel.

DAD (CONT'D)

I realized something today. You're twelve and you've never been to Disneyland. How is that possible? We live an hour away. You loved Mickey and Minnie Mouse when you were little. But not Donald Duck. You don't like Donald.

PIZZA GIRL

I'm thirteen.

INT. FORD FESTIVA - DAY - FLASHBACK

Dad drives him and Pizza Girl down the highway. He's driving fast, swerving, honking.

Suddenly, his eyes begin to droop. Dad looks over at Pizza Girl.

DAD  
I need my bed.

The car begins to decelerate. Dad falls asleep behind the wheel.

Pizza Girl puts her hands on the steering wheel and gets them to the shoulder.

She gets out of the car and goes to the driver's side, helps Dad out of the car, and into the passenger seat.

Pizza Girl gets into the driver's seat, starts driving home. She is a good driver and there is something deeply sad about this--she shouldn't even know how to drive, shouldn't have to be her dad's designated driver.

EXT. BURGER KING PARKING LOT - LATER - FLASHBACK

Pizza Girl is in the drive thru lane. Dad is asleep.

She pulls up to the window.

PIZZA GIRL  
Hey, can I get three Whoppers and four large fries.

BURGER KING EMPLOYEE  
That'll be \$20.12.

Pizza Girl reaches into her dad's pocket, fishes out bills, hands them through the window.

PIZZA GIRL  
Keep the change.

The Employee looks skeptically at the crumpled bills.

EXT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Pizza Girl parks the car in the driveway. She gets out of the car, takes the fast food, leaves Dad in the car, fast asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. SHED - NIGHT - PRESENT

Pizza Girl drains her beer, hops out of the chair, and runs out of the shed.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl bursts into the room, shakes Billy from sleep.

Billy wakes with a start.

BILLY

What's wrong? Is it the baby?

Pizza Girl kisses him.

PIZZA GIRL

Nothing's wrong. I just wanted to tell you that once the baby's born, we're taking him to Disneyland. Like every year we're going to bring him at least once and takes lots of pictures--physical proof, so he'll never forget.

There's a look in her eyes that's not dissimilar from the way her Dad once looked at fourteen year old her.

INT. EDDIE'S - DAY

Pizza Girl is pacing the shop, glancing from the clock to the phone.

The phone rings and Darryl picks up.

DARRYL

Eddie's.

Pizza Girl is behind him, looking over his shoulder as he scribbles an order down. **Not Jenny's**. She walks away.

Darryl hangs up.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Dude, what gives?

PIZZA GIRL

What do you mean?

DARRYL

Why are you on my ass? And you're jumpy. It's tiring me out.

PIZZA GIRL  
It's Wednesday today, right?

DARRYL  
Yeah, so?

MONTAGE

- The phones keep ringing, no calls from Jenny
- Pizza Girl getting more and more agitated
- Delivering to a guy with face tattoos

FACE TATTOO GUY  
Damn, girl. Who pissed in your  
Cheerios?

- Delivering to a woman with large glasses

GLASSES WOMAN  
You need to get right with God.  
That dark cloud surrounding you  
will kill you.

- Delivering to a mom type.

MOM TYPE  
This is not what I ordered. This  
pizza has no sauce or cheese, just  
veggies. What's the point?

END MONTAGE

EXT. EDDIE'S PARKING LOT - DAY

Pizza Girl is walking to her car, no calls from Jenny.

INT. FORD FESTIVA - CONTINUOUS

She's driving home, tapping the steering wheel nervously.

She makes a left turn.

EXT. JENNY'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl pulls up to Jenny's house and sees Jenny and Adam  
in the driveway.

Jenny is trying to drag Adam into the house, but he is  
resisting. Hard.

They are both crying.

Pizza Girl parks her car and runs towards them.

ADAM  
You can't do this again.

JENNY  
Honey, you need to calm down.

Adam stops crying once he sees Pizza Girl approach. Jenny let's go of his arm.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
What're you--

PIZZA GIRL  
You didn't order a pizza. I was worried something was wrong.

JENNY  
Nothing's wrong.

PIZZA GIRL  
Sorry. I'll go.

Jenny reaches out and grab's Pizza Girl's hand.

JENNY  
Wait. I'm sorry. I'm not mad at you. I could use your help actually.

PIZZA GIRL  
What do you need? I can do anything.

JENNY  
Could you watch Adam for a bit? I won't be gone long. I just need--

ADAM  
No. I won't stay with her. You can't leave again.

Jenny crouches down to Adam's eye level.

JENNY  
I'm not leaving leaving. I'll just be gone for a little while. You won't even notice I'm gone.

ADAM  
I notice.

Pizza Girl puts her hand on Adam's shoulder.

PIZZA GIRL

I'll watch him. Go. Do whatever you have to do.

JENNY

Thank you so much. You're a life saver.

Jenny pulls a key from her pocket, a wad of cash.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Here's the house key, just in case. Some money for takeout. My cell phone number is on the fridge if there are any emergencies.

She gives one more hug to Adam and a squeeze to Pizza Girl's hands before she's hopping in her car, backing out of the driveway.

She doesn't look back as she drives away.

Adam tugs on Pizza Girl's sleeve until she looks his way.

ADAM

What do we do now?

INT. ADAM'S ROOM - DAY

Adam shoves stuffed animals in Pizza Girl's face.

ADAM

Mr. Fuzzmister.

Another one.

ADAM (CONT'D)

King Cotton Candy.

Another one.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Eric.

PIZZA GIRL

He's very handsome.

ADAM

Eric is a girl.

PIZZA GIRL

Right.

Pizza Girl gestures to the piles of other stuffed animals.

PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)

Who're all these guys?

ADAM

They're not important.

Adam stands up and takes Pizza Girl's hand.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Come on.

INT. JENNY'S HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Adam leads Pizza Girl through the house, talking non-stop.

ADAM

This is the hallway I tripped once.  
This is the wall I drew on and Mom  
yelled at me. I like the color  
green and I want to grow up and own  
a store that sells tiny plants in  
large pots.

They reach the living room, cleaner now than the first time  
Pizza Girl saw it.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Okay. I want to be alone now.

Adam walks out of the sliding door into the backyard.

Pizza Girl rolls onto her back.

A rhythmic thumping begins.

Pizza Girl sits up, walks slowly towards the sliding door.

EXT. JENNY'S BACKYARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The backyard is small and mostly dirt.

An empty pool with sludge and a couple Hot Cheetos bags at  
the bottom. A stack of green squares of grass in one corner.  
A BBQ collecting dust in another. Adam is throwing a baseball  
against the back wall of the house--THUMP.

These aren't casual throws--Adam is using all his force.



PIZZA GIRL

Hey. Do you have a glove? We could play catch?

ADAM

I don't want to play catch.

THUMP.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You don't have to be here. This isn't the first time I've been home alone.

Pizza Girl watches him throw a few more.

Her phone rings. She doesn't even take it out of her pocket to see who is calling. It buzzes.

She pulls out her phone, opens it. A text from Billy reads: **Where are you?**

Another text from Mom--**Call us. We are worried.**

Pizza Girl sees a bucket of baseballs by the sliding door.

She walks, shoves her phone back in her pocket, and grabs a ball.

She walks back over to Adam and begins to throw.

THUMP.

Pizza Girl's phone rings and rings and rings as she throws.

**BILLY. MOM. BILLY. MOM.**

Her phone stops ringing and Pizza Girl pulls it out, throws it against the wall.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Let's go inside. I'm ready for dinner.

INT. JENNY'S HOME - NIGHT

A family photo. Professionally shot. Jenny, Adam, and JIM, 40, Jenny's unseen husband.

Pizza Girl stares closely at the photo, at Jim.

Adam enters the living room with a plate--untoasted bread, roast beef, broccoli, an apple with the sticker still on, a Twinkie.

ADAM  
Every food group.

He holds it out to Pizza Girl.

INT. JENNY'S HOME - LATER

Pizza Girl and Adam sit on the couch watching TV.

PIZZA GIRL  
What's your dad like?

Adam is clicking the remote rapidly, channel flipping.

ADAM  
He's fine.

PIZZA GIRL  
Where is he now?

ADAM  
At work. He has an office in this big building downtown. There's a fish tank behind his desk and he let me name every single fish in it.

PIZZA GIRL  
What're the names of the fish?

ADAM  
I can't remember. I only went to his office once.

PIZZA GIRL  
My dad was an asshole too. He died a little over a year ago.

Adam stops clicking the remote.

ADAM  
I'm sorry.

PIZZA GIRL  
You don't have to be sorry. He didn't die sad. He died stupid.

Pizza Girl laughs.

## PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)

An old lady found him by the railroad while she was out walking her Rottweiler. The sun had just come up. He had been dead for hours. Finally, he had downed more booze than his body could handle. Like seriously, don't be sad. It wasn't a surprise. For as long as I can remember, he was drunk. I don't think I ever talked to him truly sober. He'd sit at the breakfast table pouring whiskey into his cornflakes.

Silence. Only the sounds of the TV.

## PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)

There was this one weird thing though. When they found him, he was holding a little toy car. I spent weeks thinking about that car, wondering why he had it and what he was planning on doing with it. I sometimes thought that maybe he picked it up for me. When I was a little kid, we'd take my Hot Wheels to the top of this hill and watch them cruise down. Maybe he saw that car and remembered that time and was feeling sentimental. But then I remember who he was and I know he probably just saw a shiny thing on the sidewalk after he'd taken a drink and tripped, picked it up as an afterthought.

Pizza Girl picks up the bread from her plate, just holds it.

## ADAM

Do you want to keep flipping through channels?

## PIZZA GIRL

Sure.

Adam picks up the remote, hands it to Pizza Girl.

## INT. JENNY'S HOME - LATER

The TV is still on. Adam is sleeping, his head in Pizza Girl's lap. Her fingers run through his hair, over and over. **She seems truly relaxed, at home.**

Pizza Girl turns off the TV, picks Adam up, and carries him upstairs.

INT. ADAM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl tucks Adam into bed.

She smiles and strokes his hair one last time--natural, maternal.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl closes Adam's door, looks to the door at the end of the hall.

She walks towards it, goes inside.

INT. JENNY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nondescript room. King Bed, unmade. Clothes on the ground.

Pizza Girl picks up a long sleeve shirt, one that Jenny has worn before. There are teeth holes in the collar.

CUT TO:

EXT. JENNY'S HOME - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jenny standing in her doorway wearing the holey, long sleeve shirt.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNY'S ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Pizza Girl is sucking on the collar of the long sleeve shirt, her mouth where Jenny's mouth once was.

She sucks on the collar.

Headlights flash through the room. Pizza Girl goes to the window, sees Jenny get out of her car.

INT. JENNY'S HOME - NIGHT

Jenny enters the house and Pizza Girl is there waiting.

JENNY  
Shit. You scared me.

PIZZA GIRL  
He's in bed. We ate and watched TV.  
He's a good kid.

JENNY  
He really is.

INT. JENNY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pizza Girl and Jenny sit on the couch.

Jenny drinks straight from the bottle of whiskey. Pizza Girl watches intently--Jenny's lips around the bottle, the amber liquid, the movement of her throat as she swallows.

JENNY  
You must think I'm the worst mom.

PIZZA GIRL  
I don't think that.

JENNY  
Well, I do. Ask me where I was tonight.

PIZZA GIRL  
Where were you tonight?

JENNY  
Drove around for a bit, wound up at the movies.

Pizza Girl frowns, opens, closes her mouth.

PIZZA GIRL  
What movie did you go to see?

Jenny laughs, spits up a little whiskey.

JENNY  
That's what you have to ask me?  
That's what you gathered from that statement?

PIZZA GIRL  
Is there something else you want me to ask you?

JENNY

I don't know, what about, 'How do you sleep at night?' 'When exactly did you become a selfish bitch,' or better yet, 'What type of mother leaves her child with a complete stranger for hours?'

PIZZA GIRL

A stranger. Is that all you think of me?

JENNY

Fuck. No. Come on, that's not what I meant. I was shitting on me, not you. You're the best.

Jenny scoots closer to Pizza Girl, takes her hand.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Did I ever tell you what I wanted to be when I grew up?

PIZZA GIRL

No. Tell me.

Pizza Girl squeezes Jenny's hand.

JENNY

I wanted to be a farmer by day and a rock star by night.

PIZZA GIRL

What does that even mean?

JENNY

I liked cows and pigs and roosters and I wanted to play an electric guitar and be loved by millions.

PIZZA GIRL

That's awesome.

Jenny stops smiling, takes a drink.

JENNY

Well, it is and it isn't. That was the last time I had a serious idea about what I wanted to be when I grew up. And I didn't even try that hard to make any of it happen. The closest I ever got to a farm was through the window of a car on a road trip.

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

I took three guitar lessons and quit because it didn't come naturally to me and I liked playing soccer better.

PIZZA GIRL

You were just a kid.

JENNY

Exactly! The last time I truly thought about my future and the mark I wanted to leave behind, I was eight years old. Just pathetic. That's how old Adam is, you know.

PIZZA GIRL

I didn't know that. He somehow seems both older and younger.

JENNY

Yup, eight years old.

It's quiet for a moment and then Jenny is gripping Pizza Girl's hands harder, silently crying.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Every day, I am so afraid for him.

PIZZA GIRL

Why? What's wrong?

JENNY

The other day, I was shouting at my husband for leaving all the towels wet after showering and then Adam came up to me later and said, 'Mom, one day I'm going to invent a towel that dries in less than ten seconds. I mean, what the fuck? Ten seconds? He's so sweet and bold, he doesn't even pick a realistic timeline--skips minutes, goes straight to seconds.

Jenny takes a long pull.

JENNY (CONT'D)

How's he going to feel when he realizes that those ideas will only ever live in his head? My head's a mess. Everywhere I go, I seem to find a way to trap myself. Too many thoughts, memories.

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

A rose will never just be a rose--I can't look at anything and not think of something else.

Jenny let's go of Pizza Girl's hands.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You don't get it yet, but you will. Soon, you'll have your own beautiful boy or girl who will look at you with their perfect little face and you'll feel love and hope and mostly, you'll feel the weight of everything that's ever happened to you and everything that will ever happen to them and you will want to run.

A buzzing sound.

Pizza Girl jumps and Jenny digs around in her pocket, pulls out her phone.

Jenny looks at the number on her screen, ignores the call, **just like Pizza Girl has done throughout the whole movie.**

She puts the phone back in her pocket. Pizza Girl grabs the back of her neck, pulls her in for a kiss.

It takes a moment, but Jenny kisses her back.

After a few beats, Pizza Girl abruptly pulls away from the kiss.

PIZZA GIRL

Holy shit.

JENNY

What?

Pizza Girl grabs Jenny's hand, puts it on her belly.

PIZZA GIRL

Do you feel that? Holy shit. Do you feel that?

Jenny blinks, suddenly looking more sober as she stares at her hand on Pizza Girl's belly.

JENNY

Is that--



PIZZA GIRL  
Holy shit, it's never kicked  
before. Wow.

Pizza Girl stares in wonder at her belly, then up at Jenny.

EXT. RANDOM HOME - DAY

A WITCHY WOMAN stands in the doorway, staring into the camera. Long-knotted hair, a bandage over her left eye, a t-shirt that reads: **THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE OMAHA.**

WITCHY WOMAN  
Be careful.

Pizza Girl is standing in front of her, box in hand.

PIZZA GIRL  
What?

WITCHY WOMAN  
Be careful.

Pizza Girl looks nervous.

PIZZA GIRL  
What--how do you--

WITCHY WOMAN  
Your shoes are untied.

The woman takes the pizza from her, pays, shuts the door.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - DAY

Pizza Girl holding the chainlink fence, trying to be soothed by the sound of the rushing cars below. It's not working.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNY'S HOME - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Silence. Jenny's hand on Pizza Girl's stomach.

Jenny's phone buzzes again. She jumps, removes her hand.

She ignores the call again, but doesn't put her hand back.

JENNY  
I think you should leave.

INT. FORD FESTIVA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Pizza Girl arrives back home. She takes a breath before getting out of the car.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

Pizza Girl enters the home and sees Billy and Mom asleep next to each other on the couch, shoulders touching.

Pizza Girl claps twice to wake them.

Their eyes widen when they see Pizza Girl in front of them.

MOM

Where have you been? Do you have any idea how worried we've been?

BILLY

Why weren't you answering our calls?

MOM

We almost called the cops.

BILLY

I was so nervous I color-coded our sock drawer and ate all of the Cheetos I bought for our Monday Movie Night--sorry.

Pizza Girl claps again.

PIZZA GIRL

You guys are driving me fucking insane.

CUT TO:

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - NIGHT - PRESENT

Pizza Girl comes home after her shift.

Mom is cooking dinner. Billy is reading on the couch.

They look up at Pizza Girl, then look away, go back to what they are doing.

Pizza Girl goes up the stairs to her room.

INT. EDDIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pizza Girl, Darryl, and WILLIE, 35, green braces, are folding boxes.

DARRYL  
Sixty-two. Where you at?

PIZZA GIRL  
Fifty-five.

WILLIE  
I'm at seventy-six.

Darryl rolls his eyes at Pizza Girl.

DARRYL  
So, Carl and I are really done this time.

Pizza Girl gives Darryl a look.

DARRYL (CONT'D)  
No, no, I really mean it this time.  
I just can't take it anymore.

PIZZA GIRL  
What can't you take anymore?

DARRYL  
Loving someone more than they love me.

They fold in silence for a few moments.

PIZZA GIRL  
Hey, Willie. Can you go up front and get me a big cup of Diet Coke? I'd go myself, but I'm really behind you guys on my boxes.

WILLIE  
But if I leave, I'll lose the contest.

DARRYL  
Willie, the box folding contest isn't a real contest. Like, we don't get anything if we win.

Willie fast walks out of the kitchen.

DARRYL (CONT'D)  
Nice one.

PIZZA GIRL

After work, I need you to come with me to a liquor store and buy me a couple cases of beer.

Darryl stopped folding.

DARRYL

I can't do that for you.

PIZZA GIRL

Oh, okay.

Willie runs back in, quickly hands the cup to Pizza Girl, a little spills on the ground.

It's silent as they all get back to folding.

WILLIE

Eighty-nine!

DARRYL

Shut the fuck up, Willie.

EXT. EDDIE'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Willie locks up the shop, waves goodbye to Pizza Girl and Darryl, walks to his car.

Pizza Girl and Darryl linger for a beat.

PIZZA GIRL

I'm envious of Willie sometimes. He care so fucking much.

DARRYL

Are you okay?

PIZZA GIRL

I'm fine. Why are you asking me that?

Darryl shrugs.

DARRYL

I'm just worried about you.

PIZZA GIRL

You don't have to worry about me. That beer thing--I was just kidding.

DARRYL

No. You weren't. And it's not only the beer thing. You just seem like you haven't really been here lately.

PIZZA GIRL

I' here all the time. I've never missed a shift.

DARRYL

I'm not talking about attendance. I'm just saying that even when you're here, even when you're doing something or talking, I feel like you're somewhere else.

PIZZA GIRL

I don't know what you mean.

DARRYL

I don't even know what you do when you're not here. Like you didn't even tell me when you were pregnant, you just came back from lunch one day with an armful of pregnancy tests, and then a few days later, you're asking me to cover your shift so you can go to the doctor.

Darryl puts his hand on Pizza Girl's shoulder.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

All I'm trying to say is, if you need someone to talk to, you can talk to me.

Pizza Girl shakes Darryl's hand off.

PIZZA GIRL

Darryl, I'm fine. Don't worry about me, worry about you. Carl's going to call you again and you're going to answer so you better prepare for that. Find a real friend to talk to about it with, not just some girl you work with.

Darryl shoves his hands in his pocket.

DARRYL

Wow, okay. Yeah, okay. Sorry I misinterpreted things. I'll see you whenever your next shift is.

Darryl turns away, walks to his car. Pizza Girl doesn't move.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - NIGHT

Pizza Girl walks into the house. The lights are off.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She walks into the kitchen, lights still off. She opens the fridge, drinks orange juice straight from the carton.

MOM (O.S.)

Hi.

Pizza Girl jumps, spilling orange juice down her shirt.

PIZZA GIRL

Shit fuck.

She turns around. Mom is sitting at the kitchen table.

PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)

Jesus, Mom. Why are you sitting in the dark?

MOM

Do you hate me?

PIZZA GIRL

Why would you think that?

MOM

It's hard not to think it with the way you've been acting. Please look me in the eye.

Pizza Girl looks her in the eye, just for a second.

PIZZA GIRL

I don't hate you.

MOM

Then why are you always trying to leave?

INT. SHED - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Pizza Girl sits in her dad's armchair.

She chugs the last of a beer, gets up and opens the fridge.

There are only two beers left.

INT. EDDIE'S - DAY - PRESENT

Pizza Girl is sitting on an empty table, Ipod on, making a giraffe out of straws.

Darryl stands in front of Pizza Girl, trying to get her attention. She doesn't notice him.

Darryl yanks her headphones out of her ears.

PIZZA GIRL  
What the fuck?

DARRYL  
That woman wants her pizza.

EXT. JENNY'S HOME - DAY

Pizza Girl nearly runs to her door, knocks aggressively.

She bounces on her feet, runs a hand through her hair, spits the gum she's chewing out onto the lawn.

The door flings open and Pizza Girl's face drops.

Jenny is standing before her, but her **ponytail is gone**. Her hair is now short, just above her chin.

PIZZA GIRL  
Your hair.

JENNY  
Do you like it?

Jenny smiles, twirls.

PIZZA GIRL  
Why did you do it?

Jenny stops smiling.

JENNY  
I don't know. I just wanted to. Why do you need a 'why'?

PIZZA GIRL

You don't, but there usually is one.

JENNY

I just wanted a change, that's all. And I figured, where we're moving, short hair might come in handy.

PIZZA GIRL

Moving? What do you mean, 'moving'?

JENNY

Oh, well, Jim is getting transferred to company headquarters in Bakersfield. We're leaving early tomorrow.

PIZZA GIRL

How is that possible? How can they just make you leave in one day?

JENNY

Well, the house is owned by the company--they could technically relocate us whenever they want. But they haven't just given us a day to move. We've known.

PIZZA GIRL

We. How long have we known?

JENNY

A little over two weeks.

Pizza Girl turns away, sinks down to the ground.

Jenny sits down beside her.

PIZZA GIRL

You can't leave.

JENNY

I don't really have a choice. Jim can't say no to this offer. It's a big opportunity for him.

PIZZA GIRL

What about you? What about Adam?



JENNY

Jim says we'll like Bakersfield.  
And I bet Adam will be happy to  
leave. Maybe he'll find a better  
baseball team there.

Pizza Girl grabs Jenny's hand.

PIZZA GIRL

But what about you? Do you want to  
go?

JENNY

Well.

She turns over Pizza Girl's hand, rubs her palm.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Sometimes, grown-ups have to do  
things they don't want to do.  
Unfortunately, I am a grown-up. I'm  
turning thirty-nine in December,  
you know.

PIZZA GIRL

You don't look thirty-nine.

JENNY

Liar.

PIZZA GIRL

Okay, I was lying.

Jenny laughs. She reaches to grab a strand of her hair,  
misses--it's shorter than she's used to.

PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)

You can't leave.

Jenny rips a corner off the pizza box.

JENNY

Do you have a pen?

Pizza Girl pulls one from her pocket. Jenny scribbles on the  
box scrap.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Write me a letter. Send me a  
picture of that baby once it's  
born.

Jenny hands the scrap to Pizza Girl, stands up.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Thanks for the pizza. Adam will be really happy to eat it one last time before we leave. Who knows if there will be a pizza girl in Bakersfield as lovely as you.

Pizza Girl stands up.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Take care, Pizza Girl.

She takes the pizza, hands Pizza Girl a wad of cash, closes the door behind her.

EXT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - DAY

Pizza Girl pulls crooked into the driveway, gets out.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl walks into the house, slowly starts walking up the stairs.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl is up the stairs.

She breathes deeply, walks to her room, pushes open the door.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In her room, there is Billy.

He is standing in front of a floor length mirror, both his hands wrapped around a gun, pointing it at his reflection.

They stare at each other a few beats.

Pizza Girl runs out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl runs into the bathroom, dry-heaves into the toilet.

Billy enters the bathroom, lays on the floor beside her.

She heaves a few more times before laying onto the floor next to him.

PIZZA GIRL

Billy, what the fuck is going on?

Billy just stares at her. After a moment, Pizza Girl gets up.

CUT TO:

EXT. RANDOM HOME YARD - DAY - FLASHBACK

Billy is digging a hole.

BILLY (V.O.)

I never know when the worries will start.

Billy is drenched in sweat.

BILLY(V.O.)

Sometimes I'll make it a few hours. Other times they hit him before I've even left the house.

EXT. RANDOM HOME YARD - DAY - FLASHBACK

Billy is mowing a lawn.

BILLY (V.O.)

Of course, every worry eventually circles back to the baby and you. Example: I'll be mowing lawns and sweating and I'll start worrying about global warming, which will lead me to thoughts about the melting of Arctic Ocean ice and the death of polar bears.

CUT TO:

IMAGES OF ICE MELTING, POLARS BEARS GROANING

BILLY (V.O.)

I'll try and switch my thoughts to something more pleasant, like Popsicles.

CUT TO:

IMAGES OF POPSICLES, PEOPLE LICKING THEM AND SMILING

BILLY (V.O.)

But then Popsicles make me think  
again of sweating, of global  
warming.

CUT TO:

IMAGES OF HEAT, WATER DRYING UP, LAWNS DYING, CITIES BURNING

BILLY (V.O.)

What if it eventually becomes so  
hot that every drop of water  
sprayed out of every sprinkler just  
evaporates instantly and then, lawn  
by lawn, entire cities start drying  
out until there was no grass, just  
patches of dirt, and no job for me  
to do, no way for me to earn money,  
and if I don't have money, I can't  
buy Popsicles, and what type of  
childhood will someone have if they  
didn't know the taste of cold,  
artificial cherry, orange, grape?

CUT TO:

IMAGES OF CARTOON POLAR BEARS

BILLY (V.O.)

One of my favorite books I read as  
a kid featured a baby polar bear,  
and even if I was able to afford  
that book, how could I tell my son  
that all the polar bears in the  
world are dead?

CUT TO:

EXT. RANDOM HOME YARD - DAY - FLASHBACK

Billy standing by the water cooler with Semi.

SEMI, 30, large as his name suggests, pulls out a joint.

SEMI

Sounds like you need a hit.

BILLY

I don't smoke.

Semi lights his joint, takes a puff.

SEMI

Okay, it sounds like what you're really worried about is providing for your kid and baby mama.

BILLY

Yeah, I guess.

SEMI

Whenever, I'm stressed about money, me and my cousins rob a convenience store or find some yuppie at an ATM to scare the shit out of. You should take one of my guns.

BILLY

I don't know.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Billy in front of a mirror, holding Semi's gun.

BILLY (V.O.)

I didn't have to hold the gun long to know that I would never be able to rob anyone. But that day, I did find something else that was helpful. Holding the gun made me feel calm. The person staring back at me was a person I trusted, a man of action, a man that never started sentences with, 'Could I,' or 'Would I,' because he knew that yes, he could, and yes, he would. This man was someone that didn't cry in the shower every morning or pinch the insides of his thighs or dig his nails into his palms because he was so scared that he would never be able to make the love of his life and his unborn child happy.

Billy points the gun at his reflection.

CUT TO:

PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - DAY - PRESENT

Pizza Girl and Billy are lying down on the bed side by side.

PIZZA GIRL  
Why didn't you tell me any of this?

BILLY  
Why are you home from work right now? Your shift isn't over until 8:00 P.M.

PIZZA GIRL  
What does that have to do with anything?

Billy sits up.

BILLY  
It has everything to do with everything. You never talk to me anymore, so how could I possibly feel comfortable talking about anything with you? What chance would I have of getting through to you?

PIZZA GIRL  
What do you mean? We live together. We see each other all the time.

BILLY  
Yeah, exactly. And that's about it. We see each other all the time and that's about it. The little we do talk about is nothing. I mention, the baby, our baby, and you turn to stone.

Billy stands up, starts pacing, stops.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I'm so lonely.

Pizza Girl gets off the bed, sits on the floor.

Billy sits down next to her. He grabs her face between his hands.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Are we okay? I just want us to be okay.

PIZZA GIRL  
We're not okay.

Billy removes his hands, rests them on her knees.

BILLY  
What does that mean?

PIZZA GIRL  
Just that--we're not okay.

BILLY  
You said that already. Can you say more?

PIZZA GIRL  
I don't know what else to say.  
We're not okay.

Billy's grip tightens on her knees.

BILLY  
Please stop fucking saying that.

PIZZA GIRL  
Let go of me.

Billy stands up.

BILLY  
Okay, if we're not okay, you're the reason why.

PIZZA GIRL  
Fuck you.

BILLY  
Fuck me? No, fuck you.

It looks like Billy is going to hit her. Pizza Girl closes her eyes.

When she opens them, Billy is crying.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I love you. I love you so much and I'm so mad at you and I can't even tell you how mad I am at you. The other day I woke up and went into our bathroom and there was water all over the floor, you'd left the sink running. I went back into the room ready to fight about it, but when I opened the door, you were just sitting up in bed, looking out the window. I stood in the doorway for a full five minutes and you didn't even turn your head.

He cries harder into his hands.

BILLY (CONT'D)

What do you do in the shed at night?

PIZZA GIRL

I--I don't know what you're talking about.

BILLY

Do you think I'm stupid? Do you think I don't feel you get up in the middle of the night and come back hours later? I haven't said anything because I believe in privacy and I know your dad dying has been hard on you.

PIZZA GIRL

It hasn't been hard on me.

BILLY

Why don't you talk to me anymore? We used to talk all the time. We would just lie in bed holding each other and talking about days, stories from before we knew each other, everything we hoped we would do together. Do you remember that? I think about it all the time.

PIZZA GIRL

I do remember.

BILLY

I just miss you so much. I know you're going through a hard time, but so am I, I hate this. Have I done something to get us here. Tell me what I've done and I'll fix it.

PIZZA GIRL

You haven't done anything.

Pizza Girl goes to Billy, wipes the tears from his face, kisses him.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - NIGHT

Pizza Girl and Billy are in bed, wrapped around each other.

Billy's is asleep, but Pizza Girl is awake.



She gets up, pulls on a sweatshirt, walks towards the door.

BILLY

Do you have to go?

PIZZA GIRL

Yes.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Pizza Girl stands outside, pacing around.

MONTAGE

Pizza Girl asking people to buy her beer.

PERSON #1

I'll do it if you give me a handie  
in my car.

PERSON #2

Fuck no. Get your shit together.

PERSON #3 just looks at her in disgust.

PERSON #4

Yeah, okay.

END MONTAGE

EXT. LIQUOR STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Person #4 walks out of the store, hands Pizza Girl a thirty  
rack of beer, a handle of whiskey.

PIZZA GIRL

Thank you so much. My dad is having  
a bad day and--

PERSON #4

Hey, it's okay. You don't have to  
give me some bullshit story. I'm  
sure you've got your reasons.

Person #4 walks away. Pizza Girl left alone holding her  
booze, her self-loathing evident.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

Pizza Girl drinking beer, watching infomercials--the usual.

She finishes her beer, crushes the can, throws it on the floor, pulls out the cardboard the Jenny wrote on from her pocket.

She stares down at the address.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT- FLASHBACK

Pizza Girl is drunk, walking home from the house party.

She turns a corner, makes eye contact with Dad, across the street.

He waves, excited, runs over to her side of the street.

DAD

Hey, there. Looks like we had the same idea.

PIZZA GIRL

No, I had an idea. You're just too drunk to drive. I bet tomorrow we'll find your car in the middle of the park again.

Dad laughs.

DAD

I think the Dodgers have a real shot at the World Series this year.

PIZZA GIRL

The Dodgers were eliminated from playoff contention two weeks ago.

DAD

Ah, right. That sounds right.

PIZZA GIRL

Dad, why're you so fucked up all the time.

Pizza Girl trips, skins her knee on the pavement. There's the realization that she's drunk too, that she was on the path of becoming her father long ago, his death only accelerating the process.

Dad sits down next to her, pulls a flask out of his coat, and pours it onto her cut, blots it with his sleeve.

DAD

This is how they did it back in the Old West, before doctors and peroxide.

PIZZA GIRL

I don't even know what you actually smell like, you always just reek of booze and sweat.

Awkward silence. Dad takes a sip from his flask.

PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)

Have you ever even tried to quit?

DAD

I try to quit every morning before I get up.

Pizza Girl laughs.

DAD (CONT'D)

No, seriously. Every morning. Sometimes I make it days, weeks. I was sober the first year of your life, believe it or not. But some days, I don't even make it an hour. You know what I've learned, no matter how long I wait?

PIZZA GIRL

What?

DAD

That I'll never be someone that is effortlessly good. It'll always be hard work for me and I'm just not that strong. I think some people are born broken. I think about life as one big laundromat. Some people just have one little bag to do-- it'll only take them a quick cycle, but others, they have bags and bags, and it's just so much that it's overwhelming to even think about starting. Is there even enough laundry detergent to get everything clean?

PIZZA GIRL

People aren't born broken.

DAD

Well, if they're not, that's even scarier. Because if I wasn't born broken, I don't know when it happened. I can't look at any point and say, 'Aha! This is the moment!' Sometimes I think that you and Mom would be happier if I just moved to an island in the middle of nowhere.

Pizza Girl takes the flask, drinks. A pause.

PIZZA GIRL

That's not true.

Even she doesn't know if she's telling the truth.

CUT TO:

INT. SHED - NIGHT - PRESENT

Pizza Girl gets up, a look of determination on her face. The memory has spurred something in her. She grabs an armful of beer, the bottle of whiskey, walks out of the shed, purpose in her steps.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl tip-toes past a sleeping Billy and goes to the closet.

She pulls out Billy's backpack, and takes the gun from it. She stares at it in her hands, surprised by its weight, it's feel.

**A SNORE** from Billy makes her jump, nearly drop the gun. She looks over to him and once she's sure he's back asleep, she shoves the gun in the back of her pants.

INT. FORD FESTIVA - NIGHT

The car clock reads: **12:21 AM.**

Pizza Girl is driving. Billy's gun is in the passenger seat next to her on top of a Hoodie, a few beer cans.

A sign on the highway reads: **BAKERSFIELD: 30 MILES AWAY.**

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Pizza Girl starts gassing up her car. As the tank begins to fill, she leaves it and walks into the gas station store.

INT. GAS STATION STORE - CONTINUOUS

The shop is empty, the lighting fluorescent and sickly. One of the overhead lights is flickering--on, off, on, off. The GAS STATION EMPLOYEE behind the counter is sitting so still it's almost as if he's asleep, except his eyes are wide open, barely blinking.

Pizza Girl just stands for a beat, takes in the scene. It's a moment of hesitation, a moment of **how the fuck did I get to this point?**

She takes a breathe, walks down an aisle past the brightly colored bags of junk, pulls a Coke can from the fridge in the back. She turns around, walks back to the front the same way she came.

This scene should feel long. The audience should be squirming. Perhaps in the walk back to the front, the aisle looks slightly different--the colors of the snack bags even brighter, more garish, the overhead lighting flickering even faster.

She reaches the front of the store. Gas Station Employee just stares at her for a moment--his eyes wide and unblinking. His nametag reads BRAD and he looks like he could be an axe murderer, then he smiles, and looks even more like he could be an axe murderer.

BRAD

Howdy! And how are you this fine evening?

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl in a dingy bathroom, walls cracked and stained with God knows what.

She is dumping most of the Coke can into the sink, pulls the bottle of whiskey out of her hoodie pocket, pours it into the can.

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl walking back to her car holding her new Coke can tightly in front of her, almost like a weapon.

A police cruiser pulls up the pump next to her.

Pizza Girl panics, looks towards the case of beer and the gun in plain sight on her passenger seat. She quickly opens the driver door, puts down the Coke can, pulls off her hoodie, throws it on top of the gun and the beer.

She picks up the Coke can and takes the pump out of her car.

The police men are out of the car and walking towards the store.

POLICE MAN #1 sees Pizza Girl, walks over. There's a pause and for a moment, it looks like she is absolutely fucked.

POLICE MAN #1

It's late. You should get home.  
Lots of sickos out there.

PIZZA GIRL

Yes, Officer. Of course.

Pizza Girl takes a sip from her whiskey Coke can right in front of the cop--**she just can't help herself**--gets in the car.

INT. FORD FESTIVA - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl drives way, looking at the rearview mirror the entire time.

No blue and red lights flash behind her, she takes another drink from the Coke can.

INT. FORD FESTIVA - NIGHT

Pizza Girl parks outside of Jenny's new house. It's in a cookie-cutter neighborhood. The sameness of the houses, the glow of the evenly spaced streetlights, the emptiness of the sidewalk is eerie, adds to the horror movie feel.

Pizza Girl and her Festiva stand out, a disruption to this suburban calm.

She cuts the engine and pulls on her hoodie, holds the gun and strokes it a few times.

EXT. JENNY'S NEW HOME - NIGHT

Pizza Girl walks to the side of Jenny's house, Coke in hand, to the backyard, to the back door.

It's locked.

She brings her elbow back and breaks the back door's glass. The quickness with which she decides to do this is unsettling.

She reaches inside, unlocks the door.

INT. JENNY'S NEW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl tip-toes inside.

It's dark, unpacked boxes everywhere. They are in stacks of varying heights, a kind of forest. Pizza Girl walks slowly through the home, touching the boxes, taking in everything she can.

**It's the same feeling from the gas station scene. It's nerve-racking to watch Pizza Girl, to have no idea what she is about to do next.**

She heads towards the stairs, slips her shoes off, and begins walks up them.

INT. JENNY'S SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

First door she sees, she enters.

INT. JENNY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's bathroom. She turns the lights on, turns them off, stares at her reflection in the mirror. After a long beat, she leaves.

INT. JENNY'S SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl enters the next room.

INT. ADAM'S NEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

More unpacked boxes. All Adam's stuffed animals are on the floor. Adam is fast asleep.

Pizza Girl recognizes the stuffed animal named Eric.

She picks it up, tucks it into bed with Adam, strokes his hair, once, twice. There is care genuine care in her eyes.

But it's still a relief to see her leave the room.

INT. JENNY'S SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl drinks from the Coke can, walks to the door at the end of the hall.

She takes a breath, pushes it open.

INT. JENNY'S NEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is dark.

She walks past the unpacked boxes and towards the bed.

Jenny and her husband Jim are asleep. They are on opposite sides of the bed. A strip of moonlight splays across them.

Pizza Girl walks closer, moves to Jim's side of the bed. She pulls the gun from her hoodie pocket and aims it at him.

Jim snores a little. Pizza Girl's hand shakes, her finger on the trigger.

Then, Jenny rolls over, cuddles against Jim. He wraps his arms around her, tight.

Pizza Girl notices the shirt Jim is wearing has teeth marks in the collar, the one she sucked on.

Pizza Girl lowers the gun.

It's a moment of realization--Jenny loves Jim, Jim loves Jenny, **everything she thought she knew was wrong**. She's a lonely, drunk pregnant girl with a gun in the house of a woman she barely knows.

Pizza Girl drains the rest of the Coke can, tosses it on the ground.

INT. JENNY'S NEW KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pizza Girl is back downstairs, in the kitchen.

She pulls a bottle of wine from a box, breaks it neck against the counter, takes a pull.



INT. JENNY'S NEW LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pizza Girl sits on the couch, drinking from the broken wine bottle, the gun in the other hand. She leans her head back against the couch, closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Pizza Girl opens her eyes, is sitting in an examination room.

PIZZA GIRL

Yeah, this headache I have is just killing me. Everything is blurry. I really think I need to go home.

NURSE, 55, stands in front of her, eyebrows raised. *Fucking lying ass high school kids.*

EXT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - DAY - FLASHBACK

Pizza Girl walks, a spring in her step, to her front door.

She opens it, walks inside.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

Pizza Girl closes the door behind her, sees Mom sitting on the couch, TV on, eating roast beef out of Tupperware.

PIZZA GIRL

Mom? What're you doing here? I thought you were working?

MOM

Shouldn't you be in school?

A beat later, Dad walks in, sees Pizza Girl and Mom, equally surprised.

MOM (CONT'D)

Honey, what're you doing home? Shouldn't you be at work?

DAD

I--Well. Why the fuck are you guys here? It's one in the afternoon.

They all look at each other for a moment, then burst out laughing--**everyone home and not where they should be.**

DAD (CONT'D)

God damn, I love the shit out of  
you two.

He plops on the couch, gestures for Pizza Girl to join.

She sits between Mom and Dad.

They eat roast beef and watch TV together, a happy family.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNY'S NEW LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

Pizza Girl stares at the gun in her hands, puts it in her mouth.

She takes it out, stares down at it.

She points it to the ceiling and pulls the trigger.

Nothing happens.

She opens the cartridge and sees that there are no bullets.

Pizza Girl throws her head back and laughs.

She closes her eyes.

When she opens them, her vision is blurry, and Jenny is standing in front of her, yelling, but there's no sound.

PIZZA GIRL

You're beautiful, even with short  
hair.

Pizza Girl closes her eyes again.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Pizza Girl opens her eyes. She's in a white bed in a room with painfully white walls. She looks peaceful for a moment, almost happy, then, she realizes where she is--a hospital. She looks down at the IV in her arm.

Billy and Mom rise from their chairs. They're in their PJs-- Mom in a robe, Billy in flannel pajama pants with hearts on them and a white t-shirt.

PIZZA GIRL  
Where--what happened?

BILLY  
That woman almost called the police. Her husband really wanted to, was horrified that a drunk pregnant girl he'd never seen before had brought a gun into his home--his home where his son slept.

Mom is crying into her hands.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
You're lucky the gun wasn't loaded and that that woman insisted you weren't dangerous, that you were just a girl who was in a bad situation, that you were having a hard time. But who is this woman and how the fuck does she know about your situation or the time you're having?

Pizza Girl looks out the window. It's facing a brick wall.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Who is this woman?

DR. CARROLL, 30, walks into the room.

DR. CARROLL  
Last night, you had a blood alcohol content of .17. Given your state, this is highly dangerous. Heavy drinking while pregnant can result in miscarriage or stillbirth, and there are a range of lifelong physical, behavioral, and intellectual disabilities your daughter could be born with.

PIZZA GIRL  
My what?

DR. CARROLL  
What?

PIZZA GIRL  
You said my daughter. You said my daughter.

DR. CARROLL

Yes. You are going to be having a baby girl.

Finally, Pizza Girl starts to cry.

**The thought is now unavoidable--she is going to be a mom, she is going to have a daughter.**

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Pizza Girl has a new job, new uniform--she's bagging groceries.

Her baby bump has grown significantly.

MONTAGE

- Checkstand #9
- Pizza Girl taking items, shoving them in bags
- Handing the bags to customers
- Repeating over and over, **"Have a nice day."**
- Staring up at the fluorescent lights

END MONTAGE

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Pizza Girl is bagging like normal when a jar of pickles rolls in front of her.

She looks up to the ceiling and begins to hum as she quickly picks it up, shoves it in with the other groceries, hands the bags away without looking.

MARINA, 22, cashier at checkstand #9, big hair, looks over to checkstand #10.

MARINA

Donnie needs to have stricter hiring standards.

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

Pizza Girl's head snaps up when she sees Darryl approach her checkstand with CARL, 30, his infamous lying cheating boyfriend.

Darryl reaches for a celebrity magazine. Carl takes it and puts it back.

CARL  
You don't need to waste money on things like that.

They put their groceries on the belt and pay.

Darryl reaches for the bags and stops, shocked to see Pizza Girl.

Carl reaches for the bags instead.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Pizza Girl ignores him, looks at Darryl.

PIZZA GIRL  
Hey.

DARRYL  
Hey.

CARL  
Do you guys know each other?

PIZZA GIRL  
We used to work together.

There's nothing else to say.

Darryl and Carl walk out of the store.

PIZZA GIRL (CONT'D)  
Bye.

Marina looks over to checkstand #10.

MARINA  
We really gotta talk to Donnie.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - NIGHT

Pizza Girl and Mom sit together on the couch, watching TV. Wheel of Fortune is on.

PIZZA GIRL  
I worry sometimes that I'm a lot like Dad.

MOM

You are.

Pizza Girl turns towards Mom, frowning. Mom doesn't turn to her.

MOM (CONT'D)

You're smart and have an eye for detail. Your dad was always pointing out things he noticed, things I never would've seen myself. Your sense of humor is similar too. Not a loud ha-ha in your face kind of a funny, but quiet, a little dark, honesty funny. It's why people liked him so much. Did you know he was friends with everybody in the neighborhood?

PIZZA GIRL

No, I never really saw him talking to anyone.

MOM

Well, he was. He was never anything other than himself--people can see stuff like that, appreciate it. You loved tangerines growing up. Your dad made sure to become friends with Steve, the guy who sells fruit by the highway, so he could get a discount and you'd never have to wonder if we had any.

PIZZA GIRL

I don't remember liking tangerines that much.

Mom reaches over, touches Pizza Girl's face.

MOM

You have his eyes. On first glance, brown, but if you look close, you can see how complex they are--light brown rimmed by a dark green, makes me think of moss growing on tree bark.

PIZZA GIRL

I meant the bad stuff.

MOM

He had his problems. There's no denying that.

(MORE)

MOM (CONT'D)

But none of that is your fault and nothing is decided. It's up to you to be more than him.

PIZZA GIRL

I hated how he treated you, how he stole so much of your life.

Silence.

MOM

This is not where I saw myself when I immigrated to America. I don't even remember anymore what I imagined on that plane ride from Seoul to Chicago, but I didn't imagine this.

PIZZA GIRL

I'm sorry.

Pizza Girl looks wounded, one of her great fears coming to the surface--things would be better without her. Before she can let it take her to a dark place, her mom grabs her hands, **the look on her face holding nothing but love.**

MOM

Don't be. I have more than I ever thought I would have.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S HOME - LATER

Pizza Girl is still on the couch, alone now.

Billy walks into the house, carrying a backpack.

PIZZA GIRL

Hey, how was class?

Billy just shrugs, goes upstairs. While her mom has forgiven her, clearly he hasn't.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - LATER

Pizza Girl and Billy laying in bed together.

Their backs are turned, as far away as they can be on one bed.

INT. PIZZA GIRL'S ROOM - DAY

The next morning.

Pizza Girl and Billy are cuddled together, close as possible.

They're both awake, but pretending not to be, enjoying each other's warmth.

The alarm goes off and they jerk apart, get out of bed, cold until the next time they get into bed.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Pizza Girl finishes her shift, waves bye to Marina. Time has passed, they're cool now.

MARINA

Hey girl, the Lakers are playing the Celtics tomorrow. Should be a good game. We should watch.

PIZZA GIRL

Absolutely.

They seem on the path to an actual friendship. Pizza Girl exits the grocery store.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Pizza Girl walks to her car.

Her key is in the door.

JENNY (O.S.)

Hey, Pizza Girl.

Pizza Girl waits a beat before she turns around.

Jenny is standing, holding grocery bags.

PIZZA GIRL

Why are you shopping here?

JENNY

I'm not. I called Eddie's first. I asked for you, but the guy who worked there said you left, got a new job. I had to threaten to talk to his manager for him to tell me where your new job was.



PIZZA GIRL  
Why do you have grocery bags then?

JENNY  
I was just hoping to run into you.  
I bought chicken nuggets and a jug  
of milk.

PIZZA GIRL  
Dino-shaped?

JENNY  
Just regular.

A WOMAN walks up unlocks the car between Pizza Girl and Jenny.

She gets in, drives away.

PIZZA GIRL  
Do you even know my real name?

JENNY  
I know your name.

PIZZA GIRL  
You've never called me by my real  
name.

JENNY  
I know your name.

PIZZA GIRL  
What is it then?

Jenny smiles softly, a little sadly.

JENNY  
Your name is Jane.

They stare at each other. It's a heavy moment--**their relationship wasn't the sun and the moon and the stars, but it wasn't bullshit either.**

JENNY (CONT'D)  
I'm pregnant too.

JANE  
Oh. Congratulations.

JENNY  
Thanks. Maybe I'll name it Jane if  
it's a girl.

JANE

My baby is going to be a girl too.  
Maybe I'll name it Jenny.

JENNY

That would be weird.

JANE

So would your daughter being named  
Jane.

They both laugh.

JENNY

Don't worry. We're probably naming  
it after Jim's mother, Margaret.

JANE

I don't know what my daughter is  
going to be named yet.

More silence.

JENNY

So, I have the best story about my  
new neighbor and her pet iguana.

JANE

Why are you here?

Jenny sighs.

JENNY

I don't know. I've just been  
feeling guilty, like it was my  
fault that you were in that  
position that night.

Jane stares at her.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - FANTASY

JANE

What exactly did I mean to you, how much of yourself did you reveal to me, do you still miss me sometimes like I miss you--missing that has no electricity, no lightning, or thunder, a missing like a hand digging into an empty chip bag searching for crumbs, any last salty bit, a missing more like mourning.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - REALITY

JANE

You don't owe me anything. It's okay, really. Just tell me about what you've been up to.

**Reality is better.** The answers to those questions wouldn't help Jane, wouldn't move her forward.

No sound as Jenny talks.

Jane is zoning out, just looking at her.

She's snapped out of it by her phone ringing. **BILLY.** For the first time, she picks it up immediately.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hey.

BILLY (O.C.)

Hey, if you're still at work, can you get some ground turkey and tater tots? Brussel sprouts too if they're on sale.

Jane looks at Jenny. Jenny smiles.

JANE

No, I've already left. How about I pick something up tonight and we eat with Mom. I saw a new Chinese-Italian-French fusion place opened up near us, and I don't know what that means, but I'm interested.

BILLY (O.C.)  
Yeah, okay. Sounds good.

Jane hangs up.

JANE  
I've got to go.

JENNY  
Me too.

JANE  
I guess I'll never see you again.

JENNY  
Maybe. Maybe not.

They both seem at peace with this.

JANE  
I like your hair this length.

JENNY  
I do too.

JANE  
Okay, bye.

JENNY  
Take care, Jane.

Jane watches her walk away for a beat, but doesn't wait to see her drive off. She turns away. She has her own home to get to.

INT. JANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jane awake in bed.

She untangles herself from Billy, gets up, and leaves the room.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

Jane collects all the beers in the fridge, carries them outside.

EXT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

She opens each beer and dumps them into the grass.

When she's finished, she grabs a lock from her pocket, puts it on the shed door.

It's a satisfying moment.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - DAY

Jane stands staring down at the cars speeding by below.

She is holding the key to the shed.

She throws it over the side of the freeway, smiles, proud, feeling free.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jane is outside the liquor store, asking people to buy her beer, the pride from earlier completely vanished.

A HOMELESS GUY, in a wheelchair and drinking a forty, agrees.

HOMELESS GUY

Just buy me two Big Macs and a large fries and we got a deal.

JANE

Do you want a soda with that?

HOMELESS GUY

Nah, I heard that if you leave a tooth in a glass of Coke for twenty four hours, it'll dissolve.

EXT. SHED - NIGHT

Jane knocks the lock off the shed with a hammer.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

Jane sits, drinks beer, watches TV. It's clear she's disgusted with herself, but she can't help herself.

EXT. SHED - NIGHT

She dumps the remaining beers into the grass.

**We get a distinct sense that this will be how the rest of her life goes--teetering the line, back and forth, trying desperately to be a good person.**

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jane leaves her shift, gets in the Festiva.

INT. FORD FESTIVA - NIGHT

Jane is parked outside the liquor store.

She can see the same homeless guy wheeling around outside.

**THUMP.**

Jane looks down at her belly, startled.

**THUMP.**

The baby is kicking, hard. Jane puts her hand on her belly.

**THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.**

Jane starts the car, pulls out of the liquor store parking lot.

INT. FORD FESTIVA - NIGHT

Jane drives down the street, one hand on the wheel, the other on her belly.

**The same scene that opened the movie.**

No music is on, she doesn't seem to have a destination.

She rubs her belly, looks down at it.

PIZZA GIRL

Her name was Jenny Hauser and every  
Wednesday, I put pickles on her  
pizza.

She is talking to her daughter.

There is still time for her to be better a parent than her father.

FADE TO BLACK.