

Becca
1,2

5.

She kneels beside her for a moment, looking at her sleeping -- then picks up a BLANKET and gently drapes it over her.

INT. JAIME'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Jaime has FALLEN ASLEEP in the chair opposite Becca. Sunlight SLANTS through the window -- and Jaime WAKES abruptly, DISORIENTED. She glances at her watch, JUMPS up and hastily starts stripping off her clothes, headed for the shower.

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Start -

Jaime grabs up DIRTY CLOTHES as she goes past Becca --

#1

JAIME
Becca! Wake up, we're going to be late.

Becca rolls over grouchily, burrowing under the blanket.

BECCA
I'll catch a ride with Jason.

JAIME
(unimpressed)
You'll catch a disease from Jason, more likely. You are not getting in a car with that kid.

Jaime STRIPS the blanket off Becca as she passes.

JAIME (CONT'D)
Breakfast ~~isn't that good~~, then we're leaving in ten.

Becca slithers off the couch, looks after Jaime resentfully.

INT. KITCHENETTE -- DAY

The cramped kitchenette. Jaime's at the sink, dishes are everywhere, but BECCA'S BREAKFAST is laid neatly on the tiny table: eggs, bacon, fruit, toast, milk, like an ad for the perfect BALANCED BREAKFAST.

Becca ignores it, grabs a POPTART and BLACK COFFEE.

Jaime is tossing the cooking pan in the sink as she hastily shrugs on a STARBUCK'S UNIFORM --

JAIME
(eyes the poptart)
That's not real food.

BECCA
Thank you, Rachael Ray.

Becca belts back the coffee like a shot.

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INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Jaime carries the bulging laundry bag as she and Becca clatter down the stairs, the door of one of the apartments opens --

-- and they almost COLLIDE with MRS. ARAKELIAN, their DOWNSTAIRS NEIGHBOR, a hardy-looking older EASTERN EUROPEAN, early 60's, wearing a NURSE'S UNIFORM.

MRS. ARAKELIAN

(Armenian accent)

~~You're going to be late again.~~

(as they hurry past)

Your stomach flu is better, no?

~~JAIME~~

~~I'm fine, thanks. That was really helpful.~~

MRS. ARAKELIAN

Come by later, I have something for you.

JAIME

No problem. See you!

BECCA

(under her breath)

Whatever she's bringing over this time, I'm not reading it, wearing it, applying it, or eating it, ok?

Jaime gives up, pulls the door open, herding Becca through.

EXT. CAR ON ROAD -- DAY

A truly tragic Ford Pinto hatchback, circa 1974, makes its way through the crowded, steep city streets.

INT. CAR ON ROAD -- DAY

Jaime drives, weaving through the narrow streets during rush hour. She GLANCES over at Becca -- and suddenly notices a BANDAGE peeking out from under the collar of Becca's shirt. *

JAIME

(sudden suspicion)

What's that?

Becca SCRUNCHES down in her seat a little. BUSTED.

JAIME (CONT'D)

Oh my god. You got another one, didn't you?

(off Becca's sullen silence)

We talked about this --

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BECCA

No. You talked, and I ignored you.

JAIME

You're fifteen. It's not even legal for you to get a tattoo, and now you have two --

BECCA

(quietly)

Three.

JAIME

-- and has it ever occurred to you ~~that someone who'll take a fake I.D. to put permanent ink in your skin might not necessarily~~

(doubletakes)

Three? You have three?

(sudden dread)

Where's the third one?

BECCA

Don't worry. You'll never see it.

EXT. PUBLIC SCHOOL -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Pinto SCREECHES to an uneven halt outside Becca's school.

INT. CAR -- OUTSIDE SCHOOL -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

JAIME

Rebecca Amanda Sommers, you had better not be telling me --

Becca JERKS her door open, then turns on Jaime with sudden, intense EMOTION --

BECCA

Don't do that, ok? Don't talk like her. You're not Mom.

Becca SLAMS the car door, heads into school without looking back. - stop *

Jaime runs her hand through her hair, frustrated -- then hastily glances at her watch, realizing how LATE it is.

JAIME

Goddammit.

EXT. STARBUCKS -- DAY

The one, the only. A LINE of patrons SNAKES out the door. We might notice a large, modern HOSPITAL across the street.

Jaime desperately tries to find a parking place-- between two SUV'S, she sees what looks like a space, starts turning --

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#2^{37.}

ACT FOUR

INT. CLOISTERS BAR -- STOREROOM -- NIGHT

Jaime, barefoot and still in the now-tattered remains of her HOSPITAL TANK AND PANTS, SNEAKS in through the exterior DELIVERY DOOR into the STOREROOM. There are a couple of banged-up LOCKERS in the corner. She opens one, pulls out a set of her SPARE CLOTHES.

INT. JAIME'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mrs. A. is in the kitchen, boiling something in a POT with an alarming amount of STEAM. She turns as Jaime BARRELS in --

START

MRS. ARAKELIAN
(a wide smile)
You're back early! We thought you call before you come back -- you had a good time with your boyfriend, yes? Such a nice young man, that one, to send me money for watching Rebecca -- I make him a sweater

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*

JAIME
(a little too intense)
Is Becca ok? Is everything all right?

MRS. ARAKELIAN
I don't let her pierce her nose.
(hugs her)
I am so glad you take some time for yourself --
She stops short, looking at Jaime piercingly.
MRS. ARAKELIAN (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Ah.
As strangely as she knew Jaime was pregnant, she now somehow knows she's NOT. Jaime tries to COVER.
JAIME
It was just -- you know, a false alarm. I wasn't really pregnant. It's fine.
Mrs. Arakelian looks at her sympathetically, but there's a hint of CONFUSION as well.
MRS. ARAKELIAN
Yes, this I can see.

The DOOR bangs open, BECCA enters -- STOPS SHORT seeing Jaime.

BECCA
Nice of you to drop by.

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MRS. ARAKELIAN
 (sighing)
 So, I go home, make the sweater.
 (ruffles Becca's hair)
 Behave, crazy girl.

She shuts the door behind her, Becca is already going into the kitchen, DROPPING her backpack on the floor.

~~Becca~~

JAIME

Look -- I'm sorry I didn't tell you
I was going --

BECCA

(opening the fridge)
Whatever. Do what you want.

JAIME

It wasn't on purpose --
(can't begin to explain)
-- things just got, kind of, out of hand --

Becca comes out from the kitchen, coke in hand.

BECCA

You know the thing that really gets
me? You think I'm actually going to
buy this. You take off without
telling me, someone else calls to
say you'll be gone --

She gives Jaime a piercing look.

BECCA (CONT'D)

You don't do stuff like that. I know
it, you know it. You never have.

JAIME

I'm sorry, Becca.

BECCA

You want me to respect you? I'm not
a kid anymore. Tell me the truth.
What the hell is going on?

A long beat -- Becca's OPEN for the first time, if Jaime
could just find the right thing to say. But the one thing
she can't do, is tell the truth.

JAIME

(finally)
I -- I won't leave you like that again.

Becca TENSES. Wrong answer. She pushes past Jaime.

BECCA

I've got homework to do.

5/6

- stop

She exits, closing her door. Jaime stands in the apartment, looking around like a STRANGER. It's familiar, it's home -- and right now, to her it feels like another PLANET.

EXT. STARBUCK'S -- MORNING

Jaime screeches the Pinto up to the Starbuck's -- late again. The parking lot is PACKED, no spaces in front.

She circles around BEHIND the shop. The few parking spaces here are TAKEN here as well -- but of course, the PORSCHE is parked across two spaces, right next to a TOW AWAY ZONE.

Jaime looks at her watch, getting more and more FRUSTRATED -- then stops the car, gets out, looks around. There's no one nearby, the back wall of the coffeeshop hiding her.

Jaime goes over to the Porsche, looks down at it for a moment -- then takes her right arm, reaches under the bumper, and LIFTS.

The front of the Porche RISES, Jaime lifting it as easily as if it were CARDBOARD. She looks down in disbelief, GRINS -- then PULLS the car out of the spaces, WHEELING it over to the TOW-AWAY ZONE and DROPPING it with a heavy THWUMPPP!

INT. STARBUCK'S -- MORNING

It's slow. Jaime is cleaning the machines, Maggie dealing with the register. Jaime works in a distracted, auto-pilot way, eyes straying to look the window at the hospital.

Jaime's phone BUZZES -- she glances at the CALLER ID: ERIC. She clicks it to voicemail, looks back at the hospital.

MAGGIE

He's called, like, ten times. In the last hour. Was it that bad?
(off Jaime's silence)
God, what did he do?

PORSCHE GUY (O.S.)

(impatiently)

Excuse me --

They turn to see PPG at the counter, EMPTY CUP in hand.

PORSCHE GUY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

-- I hate to interrupt Girls' Morning Out, but I thought you two actually worked here. Can I get some service?

Maggie rolls her eyes to Jaime, turns back to the counter.

MAGGIE

Of course, sir, what can I get you?

He holds up his cup, about to speak -- and Jaime INTERRUPTS:

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