

Liars (A to E)

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SILVERLAKE, LOS ANGELES, PRESENT DAY

INT.APARTMENT, DAY

In a bedroom that is small, with 40's fixtures, BACALL, who is small, with 40's fixtures (dark brows, wavy hair), is trying on outfits. She has sad eyes and a luminous smile, and is currently wearing a bunny girl costume that highlights her Golden Age of Hollywood figure. There are floral patterned, vintage cake stands and cake containers everywhere, in every corner of this ground floor apartment. Her best friend, ELISHIA, twenty-one to Bacall's twenty-nine, and incapable of disguising her cleavage or her thought process, gasps.

ELISHIA

Wow.

BACALL

Okay, wait, though.

With the bunny girl outfit still on, she steps into a plush rabbit suit, with a head and ears, only her face sticking out.

BACALL

Can you zip me?

Elishia zips her and then collapses on the bed in hysterics.

ELISHIA

Wear it!

BACALL

I shouldn't wear that?

She points on the bed to a purple T-shirt dress.

BACALL

Because we haven't seen each other in a month and that has much easier access. Obviously, I won't wear underwear with it.

ELISHIA

No, this is the one.

BACALL

Yeah. I always thought it would be funny to wear a bunny girl costume underneath a plush rabbit suit. What's the post-feminist perspective?

ELISHIA
Subversive yet soft to the touch.

BACALL
I think it will make him laugh.

Her phone buzzes. As she answers, her engagement ring catches the sunlight.

INT.BEDROOM/INT. AIRPORT

Matching sad eyes and luminous smile to Bacall's, MARK, mid thirties, is carrying a guitar through Heathrow airport, sporting black finger-less gloves on his hands. He has long, skinny limbs, a great voice and terrible tattoos.

MARK
I'm getting on the plane, now,
baby.

Camera pulls back and we see he is being snapped by paparazzi as he walks through security.

INT.BEDROOM

BACALL
(whispers to Elishia) Unzip me.

INT.AIRPORT

MARK
Oh my God, I can't wait to see you.
It's... I swear to fucking Christ
it's the only thing that's got me
through this tour: the thought of
being with you again. I'm just
dyin' to get home to you so we can
get on with our life together, you
know?

Her heart soars.

BACALL
I know. Anything special you want
baked for your return? Carrot cake?
Or tiramisu? I've got a lot of
stock to use up.

She steps out of her outfit and into a large Young Frankenstein T-shirt she picks up off the floor.

MARK

Carrot cake. I'm going to have you knocked up by January, by the way. February at the latest.

BACALL

So you keep saying.

MARK

Yep. I mean it. How fucking cool is our kid going to be?

BACALL

Cool.

He laughs.

MARK

What are you wearing?

She looks down at her Young Frankenstein shirt.

BACALL

Nothing.

MARK

Good. Stay like that. I'll see you in a few hours, okay?

BACALL

Yup.

MARK

I love you.

BACALL

I love you too.

EXT. APARTMENT

Bacall sends Elishia off, holding a book, at her front door.

BACALL

Your parents happy you finished the book?

ELISHIA

So-so. It doesn't have a publisher. And they still wish I hadn't wasted the time trying to break into comedy.

BACALL

But you were so good. They never
came to see you.

ELISHIA

I'm a serious author now.

We see a shot of the book's title page: '**My First Book of Feminism**' by **Elishia Bennett (Ages 10 and up)**. The cover art should be (non-deliberately) comical.

ELISHIA

A nine year old in Brazil is
pregnant with twins. I'm wondering
if I should make the target age
younger. You think it would help?

BACALL

Help the pregnant nine year old?

ELISHIA

Help sell it to a publisher? Going
younger works with everything else.
Why wouldn't it work with feminism?

BACALL

Don't tell that to a woman turning
thirty.

ELISHIA

So I'll see you for your birthday
and otherwise you'll be lost in
Loveland.

BACALL

Not lost. We know our way
instinctively.

ELISHIA

Ugh!!

BACALL

Let me be a hopeless romantic. He's
been on tour forever. It's the
first time I'll have seen him since
the bakery went under.

ELISHIA

You guys are gonna hibernate.

BACALL

We are. He's coming back in time to
vote.

(MORE)

But after ~~BACALL~~, ~~you can't~~, we're not leaving the house for a long time.

EXT.APARTMENT, EVENING

On the wall outside her apartment building (oblivious to the stares of passers by, so happy is she) Bacall is sitting in her plush bunny costume, awaiting her beloved's arrival. Despite her ears, she has the regal posture of Penelope watching the ocean for Odysseus.

EXT.APARTMENT, EVENING

Mark pulls up in his un-rock star truck, steps out. Doesn't smile, despite her get-up. The plane ride seems to have broken him.

Bacall throws herself into his arms. To her bafflement, he kisses her without tongue and un-peels her.

MARK
We need to talk.

She pulls back and looks at him properly. He skin is grey and his whole body is shaking. He looks like he's about to faint.

BACALL
Of course. Come inside.

She slips her furry hand into his and leads him up to her apartment.

INT.APARTMENT, EVENING

They're in her bedroom, on her bed and she's waiting for him to speak. The cake tins that surround them don't help the apparent gravity of the situation, nor does her costume.

MARK
I think I need space.

She is so confused, she's reacts like a zombie.

BACALL
Okay. Are you going to road trip up the coast with your cousin?

She unzips the bunny costume.

MARK

No. I mean, I don't need "some" space...I need all the space.

She pulls the costume aside, steps out in her now mournful bunny girl get-up.

MARK

Oh, Christ, you look gorgeous.

BACALL

Thank you.

He looks into her eyes, starts to cry. It makes her cry.

MARK

I think I have to be alone. I don't think I can be in a relationship any more.

She twists her engagement ring.

BACALL

I don't understand.

MARK

I just *can't* do it. I thought that I could...with you, even though I never managed it before. Because I love you so dearly. But I *can't*. I *can't*.

BACALL

All the things you kept saying, about wanting us to be a family...

MARK

I thought if I said them enough times, I could make them true.

He looks down at his finger-less gloves.

MARK

It didn't work.

EXT. APARTMENT, EVENING

He is leaving. She is about to let him, but first asks:

BACALL

When did you realize?

MARK

That I loved you? Before I even
kissed you.

BACALL

No. When did you realize that you
can't be in a relationship?

MARK

On the plane. First quiet time I've
had to think in seven weeks.

She nods.

MARK

Will you call someone? *I don't want
you to be alone.*

BACALL

Yeah. Sure.

INT.BEDROOM, NIGHT

When Elishia arrives, toting Philosophy text books from
college, Bacall is a puddle on the bed.

ELISHIA

What happened?

BACALL

I don't know.

She looks at the pillow with the indentation of Mark's head.
Elishia sees her fix on it.

BACALL

Please leave it there.

ELISHIA

NO. This is not the Holy Turin
Break-Up Shroud? No.

Elishia picks up the pillow.

ELISHIA

Ready?

BACALL

I'm not.

ELISHIA

Tough.

Elishia violently shakes it out.

INT.CAR, DAY TIME, NOVEMBER 4TH

Bacall is crying as she pulls up at her polling station.

EXT.VOTING STATION

There are long lines of excited people. Entire families, moms, kids and grandparents.

INT.VOTING BOOTH

Bacall is still quietly crying. The tears smear the ballot sheet.

BACALL

Shit.

She steps out, looking for help.

BACALL

Can I have a new one? I think I invalidated this. One of my tear ducts just voted for Pat Buchanan.

INT. ELECTION NIGHT PARTY, LOS FELIZ

With a large screen TV on in the background, a hopping, multi-racial coalition of young people in 'That One' T-shirts, are watching the results come in. The night is already swinging their way and Elishia is drunk on joy. And also alcohol. Looking around the pan-ethnic group, Elishia trills:

ELISHIA

I have black friends! I have black friends! I win a prize because I have lots of black friends!

As another state swings for Obama, their friend, Mario, whose party it is, says:

MARIO

I'm never going to have hear about Sarah Palin again!

ELISHIA

Or The First Dude!

MARIO
See you, Todd!

ELISHIA
Don't forget your parka, Todd!

INT. KITCHEN

Hiding from the happy throng, Bacall is icing a cake. The word she is icing is killing her:

'HOPE'

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY, NIGHT

It's 8 PM and Obama is now the clear winner. Elation, dancing, multiple plays of the amazing reggae song "Barack Obama" by Coco Tea.

Suddenly Mario hushes the room.

MARIO
Hey, hey, everybody! Attention
everybody!

They look round.

MARIO
The neighbours came up and asked me
to turn off the music now.

Ohhhh.

MARIO
I said...NO!

Woooh!

Cue Coco Tea for the millionth time.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY, NIGHT

McCain gives his concession speech whilst Sarah Palin stands beside him, Armani clad.

ELISHIA

She's a disgrace to womankind and I
hope she rots in hell. But, when
she does, I also hope she'll leave
me all of her jackets.

MCCAIN

"The American people have spoken,
and they have spoken clearly..."

Bacall has her fingers over her eyes.

BACALL

I can't look. He's like a sad-faced
sock puppet. He looks like a
manifestation of my soul.

She checks her phone to see if Mark has texted. Nothing.

ELISHIA

Have some of your cake.

Bacall, transfixed by that frosted word, 'HOPE', shakes her head.

ELISHIA

Come on. Obama cake has no
calories.

BACALL

There's fudge, cream and chocolate,
but it has no calories?

ELISHIA

No. (she looks at her like she's
five). *It's Obama cake.*

Bacall shakes her head. Elishia's really a bit worse for wear, now.

ELISHIA

Bacall! EAT THE HOPE!

Genuinely quite frightened, Bacall puts a fork in it.

MARIO

Quiet! Quiet!

The Obama family are now walking towards the podium, as the assembled watchers, in Chicago and at home, shriek.

OBAMA

Hello Chicago!

Bacall creeps forward to watch. She can't help it. People in the audience and around her are all gently tear-y.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY

OBAMA

I would not be standing here without the unyielding support of my rock of sixteen years, the love of my life, Michelle Obama.

Bacall instantly starts to weep, her finger on her lips. The camera cuts to Jesse Jackson in the Chicago audience, who has the exact same expression as Bacall: tears streaming, two index fingers held to trembling lips. Mario looks between Bacall and Jesse.

MARIO

Yo, is Jesse Jackson lost in the moment, or did Mark Friday fuck him and leave him, too?

Though Elishia shoves him, Bacall hears, and dissolves into huge gulping sobs. This sobers Elishia.

ELISHIA

Honey?

BACALL

I want to go. I want to get my stuff back from Mark's. Now.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE, NIGHT

There's an infinity pool, a home cinema, a four poster bed, a gym, a sauna.

Elishia has her back as Bacall collects her various things.

BACALL

He's waiting at his cousin's to give me space.

Taking her clothes down from the closet and out from drawers, she pauses at a huge Buddha statue with garlands round its neck.

BACALL

He still likes *him*. That's good.

She's in the walk in closet, pulling down her dresses. There are overflowing boxes addressed to Mark that he's never bothered to unpack, full of denim from Juicy Couture and Helmut Lang.

BACALL

You know what his problem is?

Elishia looks around the closet.

ELISHIA

He has too many pairs of free jeans?

BACALL

...yeah.

It's not what she was going to say, but it will do.

She takes off her engagement ring and places it as an offering in front of Buddha.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM

She notices 'No Direction Home', Scorsese's Bob Dylan documentary, is on the coffee table, as they walk through the living room. Bacall picks it up.

BACALL

I gave him that. He can't watch that without me.

She hovers at it, apparently unwilling to put it down.

ELISHIA

Well you can't take it back.

BACALL

He never saw it until I brought it over. I want him to stop liking it now.

ELISHIA

Bacall.

BACALL

I'm the one who loves Dylan. Why does he have to like it so much?

ELISHIA

Because you knew that he would,
because you know him to his core,
which is why you gave it to him,
which is why he broke up with you.

BACALL

Because I know him to his core?

ELISHIA

Yeah, yeah. Either that or he just
got bored of you.

She stares at Elishia with death stare.

ELISHIA

You like the first one better,
right?

BACALL

Yeah.

ELISHIA

Yeah. Come on.

INT.BACALL'S ROOM, NIGHT

Alone with the night, she has a shot of whisky.

INT.BACALL'S BEDROOM, EARLY MORNING

The TV is on in the background, non-stop footage of post-victory elated voters: joy, joy and more joy.

She turns it off. Frowns at the sunlight. She's been up all night. She lays in bed, thinks. Leans over and has another shot.

Then she gets up.

EXT.MARK'S HOUSE, EARLY MORNING

In pajama bottoms and no top, he opens the door. Squints at her. She's wobbling a little.

BACALL

I thought...hey. Sorry, did I wake you?

MARK

Yeah, what's up?

His hands are folded across his chest, not so much in anger, more in fear of what might happen if they touched each other.

BACALL

I thought I'd just come by and get my blow jobs back.

MARK

Eh?

BACALL

Before it gets too late. I just thought, you know, "I'm in the area, I'll stop by Mark's and get back my blow-jobs."

MARK

What? Have you been drinking?
You've been drinking! You don't drink.

BACALL

No, I didn't. Not until you drove me to it.

MARK

Bacall...

BACALL

I'll just hang out here while you get them.

MARK

You're being mental.

BACALL

I gave them to you because we were in love! Then you left me! Now give them back!

CUT TO:

SIX WEEKS LATER

INT. APARTMENT

Bacall is at the top of a ladder, painting her living room. Pepto-Bismol pink, with red wash over it.

Elishia, is looking up, appalled.

BACALL

I'm trying to cheer myself up. You know, get out of this funk.

ELISHIA

Like, "My heart hurts. It would make things better if I lived inside a lung"?

BACALL

Yes. Like that.

ELISHIA

I don't care for it.

BACALL

It needs my Shephard Fairey paintings.

ELISHIA

Him?

She points at a print of the famous Obama 'HOPE' poster, hanging on one of the walls.

BACALL

Yeah. He did that. I own two of his paintings from eight years ago. Neil has them. He never gave them back after we broke up. He never even came to Mom's funeral the next year. Prick!

She thinks.

BACALL

Yeah. Eight years ago. I know because Neil and I met at a viewing party the night Bush was first elected.

She qualifies this.

BACALL

Sort of elected.

Flashback:

EXT. SNOW COVERED NEW YORK CITY, 2000

INT. DOWNTOWN PARTY

Bacall, young and with pink hair, is watching the election results come in. Things don't look to be going how the room wants.

BACALL

If Bush gets in, I'm throwing my shoes out the window.

They keep watching, waiting for results until she falls asleep. A male hand gently shakes her awake.

BACALL

What?! Who won?

MALE VOICE

Nobody.

BACALL

Somebody has to win.

MALE VOICE

Nobody's won. It's too close to call.

She jumps off the bed and takes off her shoe. Goes to the window and throws it as far as she can.

Almost instantly:

BACALL

I wish I hadn't done that.

CUT BACK TO:

Present day:

INT. APARTMENT

BACALL

The distress of waiting for those results made me extremely impulsive. Not only did I get together with Neil, who I never would have gone for normally, but I spent everything I had earned since culinary school.

INT.ART GALLERY

Portraits of Public Enemy's Flava Flav and Chuck D, both by Shephard Fairey, hang on the wall of a small, downtown art show.

BACALL
I'll take them both.

GALLERISTA
Are you a big Public Enemy fan?

BACALL
(cheerful) Not especially.

She writes out a check for \$2000.

The artist watches her in surprise.

SHEPHARD FAIREY
Thank you. Wow.

CUT TO:

Present day

INT.HOME

BACALL
Neil! What a jerk. Those paintings would look great there. Or by the door.

ELISHIA
Hey, I want to do another round of mail to publishers before the post office closes. You okay?

BACALL
Yup.

INT.HOME

As soon as she's gone, Bacall starts to weep again.

Reaching for a high spot whilst sobbing, she tumbles off the ladder.

INT.EMERGENCY ROOM

Bacall is delirious with pain killers.

NURSE
It's broken pretty badly.

BACALL
(just coming to) My heart?

NURSE
No, dear. Your nose.

INT.HOSPITAL

Elishia is in a corner with the nurse.

ELISHIA
She doesn't have health insurance.

NURSE
Who does?

ELISHIA
Not her. She owns her own bakery.

NURSE
Yum-o!

ELISHIA
It was foreclosed last month. I
worked there.

NURSE
Oh.

The nurse looks at her paperwork.

NURSE
Her emergency contact number is
Mark Friday.

ELISHIA
Um. That's out of date.

NURSE
Mark Friday, like the musician?

ELISHIA
Like the musician.

NURSE

Oh, *I don't like him.* He looks
dirty!

ELISHIA

Yes. Yes, he does.

INT.HOSPITAL

She gets off the phone.

BACALL

What did he say?

ELISHIA

Mark says that he would...prefer to
support you from a distance.

BACALL

What does that even mean?

ELISHIA

I guess it means...um, if you had
an annual charity telethon drive,
he would make a large anonymous
donation?

BACALL

He knows I don't have insurance.

ELISHIA

He knows.

BACALL

He doesn't want to help with the
bill?

ELISHIA

He does not want to help. He
doesn't think it will help to
clarify the separation.

BACALL

You know he's worth, like...

ELISHIA

I know. He doesn't want to pay.

Bacall nods her head.

BACALL

He knows I have no family. Six weeks ago he wanted me to have his children, what's his..Ow! Ow!

ELISHIA

Quiet down there, lady.

BACALL

It hurts so bad.

She is talking about two separate things. Elishia sits on the end of her bed. It's hard for a younger woman to try and emotionally comfort an older woman, and they both know it.

ELISHIA

I don't know what to say to make you feel better.

BACALL

Please try.

ELISHIA

Well.

She digs deep into herself for the right thing to say.

ELISHIA

His finger-less gloves are both an affectation and an affliction.

BACALL

Thank you.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA

Elishia has the final bill in front of her and Bacall, dressed, and with a cast on her nose and two black eyes, is too frightened to look.

BACALL

I can't. Just tell me. Is it more than 5000?

Elishia points her finger upwards.

BACALL

More than 10,000?

She points her finger upwards.

BACALL

How much?

ELISHIA

You want me to tell you?

BACALL

How much?

ELISHIA

Eighteen thousand.

EXT. STREET

Bacall discharged, they are walking past rows of Obama HOPE posters.

BACALL

My Shepard Fairey paintings have to be worth so much more now because of Obama winning.

ELISHIA

And?

BACALL

I can sell those and cover the bill. I've got to get them back.

ELISHIA

That's a great idea. You need a lawyer?

BACALL

No. I can't afford a lawyer. I'm just going to go to New York and get them.

She looks at her.

BACALL

Neil lives in Brooklyn still. You said you wanted to go to D.C for the inauguration. You could distribute your book along the way. No-one relies on conventional publishing anymore. We'll drive from here to the east coast and push your books the whole way. You'll create word of mouth.

ELISHIA

So a publisher will hear about the buzz and buy it.

BACALL

Exactly. Swing over to New York to get my paintings and be down in DC by January 3rd. I mean, technically, we could probably do the trip in fourteen hours. But let's stretch it out for ten days. See the country. Get the book out there.

Elishia looks unconvinced.

BACALL

Come on, you've finished school.

ELISHIA

Yeah.

BACALL

You don't need to be in LA because you've decided not to try and break into comedy anymore.

ELISHIA

No more.

BACALL

You don't have a boyfriend.

ELISHIA

Don't want one.

BACALL

And you don't have a job right now 'cos I took that from you with my bad financial planning.

ELISHIA

It wasn't your fault it closed...

BACALL

We got nothing but time.

She thinks.

BACALL

Time and debts.

Elishia still looks uncertain.

BACALL

The pre-adolescent feminists need
you. Come with me!

EXT. BACALL'S APARTMENT

It's a sunny day and the rental car is loaded up with boxes of books. They just have rucksacks of clothes. She looks at her apartment as she revs the car, stalling as she speaks:

BACALL

The nights I told Mark we should be apart last summer, to maintain some semblance of independence, he'd drive over at 2 or 3 in the morning, just to watch me sleep. Through that window. He admitted that right before he went off on this tour.

Should Elishia say this or not? Fuck it.

ELISHIA

Maybe, next time, instead of picking someone who watches you through the window while you sleep...maybe next time you should pick someone who just shows up when they're supposed to.

Bacall says nothing, still stalling.

INT.DINER, OUTSKIRTS OF L.A

BACALL

Now. Since we're bothering to do this, I went ahead and made a list of all of my exes and what each of them owes me. This is the list of what I'm going to get back from each of them. They're all stops along the way.

ELISHIA

Why bother?

BACALL

I'm gonna turn thirty before we get to D.C. I want my shit back.

Elishia reads it.

ELISHIA

You've had lovers everywhere. What are you, a pirate?

BACALL

A buccaneer. A pioneer. I spent most of my twenties running hither and thither.

ELISHIA

And yon.

BACALL

And also yon. What do you think?

Elishia spreads out a map.

ELISHIA

It's the "yon" that pushes it into post-feminist territory. This is doable. It doesn't make a lot of sense to curl over there and curve back on ourselves. But we can do it.

BACALL

What if we fly from Louisiana up to Ohio? I have enough air miles for that part. I can cover both of us.

ELISHIA

Okay, wait, but first we could take the 101 up to...wait. When we get to here we could take the 90 to the 11. But after that we'd have to...

BACALL

You don't have to tell me how. Can, we, can you just get us there?

Elishia folds up the map.

ELISHIA

I am really glad I'm not your boyfriend.

Bacall takes back her list.

BACALL

Yeah, well, so are they.

ELISHIA

I think you're going to have a hard time getting some of these returned. I mean, the second guy?

BACALL

I know.

ELISHIA

What are you thinking?

BACALL

I'm going to try. Really, it's this one I've lost the most sleep over.

She points at a name on the list.

BACALL

We don't talk. I just don't like him having it.

ELISHIA

So we'll start there.

BACALL

It's been bothering me for years.

Flashback:

A swirl of pink hair, a flash of alabaster skin. The sound of heavy breathing. The unmistakable whir of an old fashioned Polaroid camera as flash whites out the screen.

When the picture comes back, we're in:

EXT.BARSTOW

Dry brush and desert shrubs.

INT.CAR

Elishia is in the passenger seat, reading Us Weekly. Tipping peanut M and Ms into her mouth as she drives, Bacall quotes 'Fear and Loathing In Las Vegas':

BACALL

We were somewhere around Barstow on the edge of the desert when the drugs began to take hold...

CUT TO:

EXT.LAS VEGAS

A sign for a Bette Midler show.

BACALL
Bette!

ELISHIA
No!

BACALL
But..Bette.

ELISHIA
No Bette for you, fatty.

BACALL
That's meaner than the thing you
said at the rest stop, and that was
the meanest thing I ever heard.

ELISHIA
Jesus Christ, you're annoying!

BACALL
Should have thought of that before
you went on a ten day road trip
with me.

CUT TO:

EXT.CAR

Arizona's beautiful scenery flashes by in the heat, as we
hear the V.O of Bacall writing a letter:

BACALL V.O
Dear President Obama,

I am writing to complain, in the strongest possible terms, about what I have come to interpret as your failure to consider the feelings of people who might currently be experiencing a broken heart. Whilst I am glad to hear that Michelle is your best friend of sixteen years and that you would be nothing without her, your complete lack of tact in parading your adoration of your wife is causing considerable pain to me and many like me. In addition, why are you so good looking? This only makes things harder as we are forced to imagine an attractive couples happy home life, as opposed to the relative joy brought to one another by two homely people.

I know it is said that Kennedy was our most handsome President but, in my opinion, he was a good man with too many teeth. Your elegant bone structure is making my recovery harder. In conclusion, I cannot help wishing your children were slightly less adorable. Every time I see Malia or Sasha in a bold fashion choice, my heart dies a little more. I had been promised kids by my fiance - parentheses, asshole, close parentheses - and even though the names he'd picked were retarded - Steinbeck if it was a boy, Chevrolet if it was a girl - they would have been very attractive children. Like yours.

Hoping this issue will be dealt with sooner, rather than later.

Kind regards,

Bacall Loomis.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Elishia is reading the written letter.

ELISHIA
You can't send this.

BACALL
I wasn't actually going to mail it.

Beat.

BACALL
I was going to hand deliver it.
Since we're driving all the way to
D.C.

ELISHIA
We'll be arrested.

BACALL
No we won't. It's a new era. He
wants to listen to his people. He
said so.

BACALL
Okay, you're right.

Elishia takes it and folds it into the glove compartment.

Beat.

BACALL

Maybe I should address it to
Michelle. She's a woman. She'll get
it.

ELISHIA

No, I mean Barack's definitely
sensitive and evolved enough to get
these things...

Opening the glove compartment, Bacall grabs the letter back,
adds to it with biro.

BACALL

Sensitive and evolved. *Not helping
me.*

EXT.PHOENIX, AZ

As they get into town, Elishia puts a tick against the first
name on the list Bacall made.

BACALL

What's the post-feminist
perspective?

ELISHIA

There's diverse opinion.

BACALL

I mean, everyone has a porno
picture in their past, right?

ELISHIA

I don't think so. Not everybody
does. I don't.

BACALL

Look, he was older than me, I was
trying to keep up. You know, I
trusted him. I just admired him so
much. He's a human rights lawyer.
It was just one Polaroid. We were
totally in love.

ELISHIA

What were you doing here?

BACALL

Passed through on tour.

ELISHIA

Huh?

BACALL

There was two weeks I was singing
back up with Ladysmith Black
Mambazo.

So many questions. Where to begin.

ELISHIA

But you can't sing.

BACALL

I know. It was weird. I just fell
into it.

They get to his law offices, sweating a little in the heat.
Bacall goes in whilst Elishia waits in the car. She comes
back out, looking shell shocked.

EXT.LAW OFFICES

ELISHIA

So?

BACALL

He doesn't work there anymore.

ELISHIA

So where's the new office?

BACALL

He has a home office.

ELISHIA

A human rights lawyer who works
from home?

BACALL

Well...no.

CUT TO:

INT.ED'S HOUSE

A wall hung with framed pictures of porno after porno (we
don't see, just we get the idea, from the reactions on Bacall
and Elishia's faces).

These are being proudly displayed by ED, not tall, very buff, perfectly good looking, super clean cut.

ED

So three years ago, I just thought:
I want to seize the moment. I'm
going to start doing what I
actually care about.

ELISHIA

You didn't actually care about
human rights?

He hems and haws.

ED

I have to be honest: my heart
wasn't really in it. You know:
"Ooh, so and so doesn't want to die
by lethal injection" and "So and so
at least wants to understand his
Miranda rights before he's bitten
by German Shepherds". It just
seemed like a lot of work.

He looks over at Bacall, who still has the cast on her nose.

ED

You know, I have a friend whose
interested in broken bones.

BACALL

A surgeon?

ED

Ha, that's funny! No, I mean
sexually...interested. Get a good
price for certain photos
with...that...on.

The doorbell rings. Ed goes out of the room to accept a package.

ELISHIA

Ugh!

BACALL

He was younger and less creepy when
we dated. Okay, where would it be?

ELISHIA

There are filing cabinets here.

We see one of the cabinets and the drawers marked: "The Disappeared", "DNA switch" etc.

Elishia is at the other cabinet.

ELISHIA

I think this is the one you're looking for. Okay, it's by category. 'Asian Eyelid Fetish'. 'Puerto Rican Toe Fucking'.

Gagging, Bacall sees a file marked 'Punk Rock Chicks'. She flicks through it until she sees a flash of bright pink hair.

Ed walks back in.

ED

Hey. What are you guys doing?

He's always hopeful things will devolve into a photo-shoot. One senses this carries him at the gym, at the supermarket, through the library.

BACALL

I was getting my Polaroid back.

He looks at it.

ED

That's you?

BACALL

Yes. That is me.

ED

Woah! I forgot about that. I can use that. That'd sell to Amateur Magazine for a couple hundred.

BACALL

I'm taking it with me.

He steps back politely.

ED

Did you sign a release? I'm sorry Bacall, but that's standard with my shoots.

BACALL

No, I didn't sign a release. We were *in love*.

(MORE)

We had just BACALL (cont'd) from a sit in
at City Hall that morning.

Ed looks baffled.

ED
In love, in love, in love.

BACALL
(outraged) It's not a sub-genre!

ED
(Dismissive) No. It wouldn't work.

He looks at the Polaroid again.

ED
Let me think about it.

She snatches it away.

BACALL
No!

He raises his eyebrows.

ED
You're just hurt that I forgot
about it. That I haven't spent the
last six years whacking off to it.

BACALL
No. I'm hurt that I was put in that
position.

ED
In *that* position?

She ignores his double entendre.

BACALL
In the position of being exploited
like this, by an older boyfriend,
who then keeps the picture in a
filing cabinet next to Puerto Rican
Toe Fucking!

ED
Well...I mean...why else would you
have a twenty-three year old
girlfriend? You know? It wasn't for
the conversation.

BACALL
GOD you're a prick!

ED
(primly affronted) I don't think I want you in my place of work.

BACALL
I don't want to be in your place of work.

She adds as she storms out.

BACALL
And I really don't want to be in your past.

INT.CAR

Bacall is driving. Fast. Furious.

ELISHIA
They say that pornography makes men hate women. But equally, it really makes women hate men.

Bacall looks over to see Elishia putting a magazine in the glove compartment.

BACALL
What's that?

ELISHIA
It was in his mail. I picked it up on the way out. It's too crazy. I couldn't resist.

She shows her the title. It's a porn magazine called 'Suck It Or Leave!'

BACALL
Oh my God!

ELISHIA
Do you think there are any pictures of people leaving?

Bacall doesn't answer. They drive in silence for a spell.

ELISHIA
Are all your ex boyfriends raging
assholes?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MARK'S HOUSE

Bacall is wearing a cat costume. Mark is in his pajama bottoms, no top and finger-less gloves. They are spooning in front of the television, eating red velvet cake whilst watching 'Key Largo'. He absentmindedly strokes her cat ears.

Cut back to the car, present day:

INT.CAR

BACALL
No.

Elishia turns on the car radio. With perfect timing, the D.J introduces a song by Mark.

BACALL
Turn it off. I can't listen to him.

ELISHIA
Is that...is that passion in his voice? Or does he sound like a trust fund kid whose daddy just confiscated his credit card?

BACALL
Stop it!

She waits.

ELISHIA
Mark Friday looks like the best looking guy who works at Starbucks, who wants to be a rock star, but can't because he isn't any good.

BACALL
I'm hurting, here!

ELISHIA
Why do we even have relationships, anyway?

Bacall looks at the cars behind in the side mirror.

BACALL

My dad once gave me a book of poetry by Art Garfunkel.

ELISHIA

Oh dear.

BACALL

It really illuminated for me the importance of being part of a partnership.

CUT BACK TO:

FLASHBACK:

INT. MARK'S BATHROOM

MARK

BACAAAAAALL!!!

She comes running up the stairs, dashing from room to room.

BACALL

What is it?

He points into the toilet. She looks down. We don't see in there.

MARK

If you eat red velvet cake, the next day you do a red velvet shite.

She puts her arms around him from behind. He kisses her shoulder.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CAR

Bacall zones out of her memory and back into the present. Blinking:

BACALL

I think, having rescued me from Puerto Rican Toe Fucking, now would be an opportune moment to try and sell feminism to pre-teens.

INT.BOOK STORE

As Bacall hangs back in the cook book section, Elishia is taking a rather dubious store manager through her book. He's audibly gasping as she flicks through the pages.

ELISHIA

I chose the illustrator from scores who wanted to work on this. It's important, with a project like this, to have really honest depictions...of body parts. Don't you think?

BOOK STORE MANAGER

What is that?

She points to a verbal description beneath it, that we haven't time to read.

He slams the book shut, just missing her fingers.

ELISHIA

Well, uh, I leave it with you.

INT.HOSPITAL ROOM, EDGE OF NEW MEXICO

Bacall has the cast on her nose removed and is left with two black eyes.

Elishia, eating a Kit-Kat, is looking dejected.

BACALL

That town was too conservative. It's not a good representation of how the stores will be as we get further along.

Elishia doesn't want to talk about it. As the nurse swabs off the traces off glue, Bacall keeps looking at her nose in the mirror.

ELISHIA

Will you stop? It looks exactly the same. Why do you care so much? Whose next?

BACALL

Patrick - the poet, who got religion.

(MORE)

Must be working (cont'd) he was awarded a place at the New Mexico writer's workshop. Just moved here for it a few months ago.

ELISHIA

Him? And you're trying to make him give you back...

Elishia takes out the sheet of paper with the list on it, checks Patrick.

ELISHIA

You're not going to get it back off him. No way.

BACALL

Gonna try.

EXT. SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

As they pull beside him in their car, the man Bacall knows as Patrick is walking along the side of the road. He is an Orthodox Jew, with pais, tallis, a yalmulke and an enormous beard. They're warm just in their T-shirts.

BACALL

Patrick? Patrick?

She sighs.

BACALL

Moishe?

He answers automatically, in *the thickest Dublin accent you have ever heard on screen*:

MOISHE

Shabbat shalom.

He looks at her.

MOISHE

Bacall Loomis, as I live and breathe. What are you doing here? What happened to your eye?

BACALL

Huh?

She has to reacquaint herself with his accent.

MOISHE

What...happened...to...your...eye?

BACALL

I broke my nose.

MOISHE

Ow. You look less Jewish now. More Roman.

BACALL

Can we give you a ride?

MOISHE

No, darlin', I've to walk. It's the sabbath.

BACALL

Your real name is Patrick O'Reilly.

MOISHE

So it is. Like Muhammad Ali, I tink of dat as my slave name.

She huffs and gets out of the car making a "five minutes" sign at Elishia.

She walks alongside Moishe.

BACALL

I'm here because I'm on this road trip to Obama's inauguration and I'm stopping at all my ex-boyfriends, getting something back from each of them.

MOISHE

Ah, deadly! Fecking poetry, that is. And what did you want from me?

She stops walking. Faces him.

BACALL

I want my religion back. It's mine. And you can't have it.

MOISHE

You never fecking used it!

BACALL

But I might have wanted to.

MOISHE

Why can't both of us have it?

BACALL

Why did it have to be such an extreme? Couldn't you just have gone from being Irish to, I don't know, Welsh?

MOISHE

The Welsh? They're not as good as the Irish. But it's nice that they keep trying. Seriously, darlin', I'm still Irish. Thru and thru. I'm just not a Catholic anymore.

BACALL

Look, isn't your Mom upset?

MOISHE

No, me Mam is just so happy I'm not wit' you any more, I can do whatever I like.

BACALL

Was she anti-Semitic?

MOISHE

What? No! God, no. She just didn't like you.

BACALL

Why??

MOISHE

She said you were stuck up.

BACALL

Was I?

MOISHE

A little bit. A bit. It suited you grand. You weighed a bit more then. It was very cute. I was gutted when you left.

BACALL

When you started being busy every Friday night, I assumed you were seeing a new girl.

MOISHE

On my father's grave, I was at
fecking shabbat dinner. You didn't
want to come!

BACALL

I didn't believe you.

MOISHE

It'd be a boring fecking lie!

BACALL

It's actually pretty interesting.
Why did you do it? Because you
loved me so much?

MOISHE

Oh I don't know...I was young and
there were...big...beards. It went
from there. And, yeah, I missed ya.

BACALL

But you'd already headed that way,
before we broke up.

MOISHE

But I already knew I was losing ya.
Listen. You brought me to it. And
I'll always be grateful to you for
that.

BACALL

But...you were, really good at
being Irish Catholic. It's the main
reason I was attracted to you.

MOISHE

Really? Ah, that's sweet. Come to
sabbath services with me.
Synagogue's just up there. We have
live music. It's a right craic!

BACALL

No tanks. I mean, thanks. So how's
the poetry going?

MOISHE

Ah, ya know, melancholy paeans to a
lost way of life. Didn't have to
change at all.

She smiles.

MOISHE

Well, it was good to see your punim.

BACALL

Yours too.

She starts to crack up.

BACALL

I'm sorry. That's just..not a Jewish face you have.

He puts his hand in hers.

MOISHE

It's a Hebrew heart though, angel.

BACALL

Okay. Okay. I'm not going to take your heart from you. I know what that feels like.

MOISHE

Here. I want you to have this.
Guard you on your travels, Dorothy.

He gives her a star of David from around his neck. With his mane of facial hair, he does look straight out of 'Wizard of Oz'.

BACALL

Thank you, Cowardly Hassid

She tucks it under her T-shirt.

INT.CAR

Elishia is driving now.

ELISHIA

Did you get what you wanted from Feargal O'Finklestein?

BACALL

No. But I got this.

ELISHIA

Pretty.

Bacall holds it to the light, surprised at how much she likes it.

BACALL
Yeah. It is. Kind of.

INT.BOOK STORE, SANTA FE

Elishia is trying again, this time in a hipper Santa Fe book store with a turquoise wearing man. As he flicks through it:

BOOK STORE MANAGER 2
The language is a little harsh
don't you think?

ELISHIA
Oprah said "va-jay-jay" on her
show.

BOOK STORE MANAGER
She did?

ELISHIA
She did, and it's a start. But I
want to use the correct
terminology. Life doesn't have time
for va-jay-jays. I don't want my
genitals to sound like a Motown
group whose best songs were stolen
by Gladys Knight.

She looks hopeful as the manager keeps flicking through.

INT.CAR

ELISHIA
That was a good one, actually. He
took ten copies.

BACALL
You didn't give him much choice.

ELISHIA
Exactly. Next?

BACALL
You didn't know Martin, did you?

ELISHIA
I didn't meet him.

BACALL

Yeah, it's when I was here, working
as a housekeeper for Terrence
Malick.

Elishia makes a "What the hell?" face at her.

BACALL

I just fell into it.

She sighs.

BACALL

I'm not a great housekeeper.

ELISHIA

I know.

BACALL

I used Windex on this roll of film
and, accidentally ruined an hour of
a movie he'd been working on for a
decade.

ELISHIA

Why the hell would you clean a roll
of film?

BACALL

I was trying to be meticulous. I
just thought I should wipe down
everything.

ELISHIA

Why did it end with Martin? Did you
wipe him down with Windex?

BACALL

He was kind of a jerk.

ELISHIA

He broke up with you?

BACALL

No. I broke up with him.

ELISHIA

Because he was a jerk?

BACALL

Mmm, he was, but that's not exactly
the real reason I left him.

She looks at her lap.

BACALL

This is something I'm really not
proud of.

Elishia's face says "Yeah?"

BACALL

He's too good looking.

ELISHIA

Really.

BACALL

He's a personal trainer - that's
how we met, at the gym - and he is
so freaking beautiful. Incredible
blue eyes. And his body - I
couldn't relax during sex. I'd look
up at him, and...it's just no fun
to feel less pretty than your
boyfriend. He had these wall to
floor mirrors in his apartment, not
just the bedroom. It was crazy.

ELISHIA

So he could watch you during sex?

BACALL

So he could watch *himself* during
sex. And when he made toast. I'm
not gonna flatter myself. I mean, I
was cute, I got attention. But this
guy is an adonis. On the inside,
not so much going for him. And not
that great in bed, either. Never
had to try because girls are just
so dazzled by his body.

ELISHIA

Wait, what are we getting from him?

BACALL

He kept my mother's recipe for
kugel, just to spite me. I cooked
it for him every sunday. He'd be
working out, and whilst I was
getting it ready, it's like I was
alone with my mom. It was sort of
my meditation after she died.

(MORE)

I have my ~~BACALL (cont'd)~~ ~~recipes~~ and my mom's recipes. The kugel was a good one.

ELISHIA

Aren't there other recipes for kugel?

BACALL

They aren't my mother's. They don't have the secret ingredients.

ELISHIA

Which are?

BACALL

That's the thing. I'm so good at keeping secrets, I forget them entirely. I've been trying to remember that for five years.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE, AUSTIN, TEXAS

With cardigans over their T-shirts now, they buzz the intercom.

MARTIN

Yeah?

BACALL

Martin, it's Bacall. And my friend Elishia. You ready for us?

The door buzzes. They go up the stairs.

BACALL

God, this is just the same as I remember it. That was there. This was here. Wow, still here from two years ago.

A fat man with very blue eyes opens the door.

MARTIN

Hi, Bacall.

BACALL

Hi.

A beat, as she waits for him to introduce himself. He just stares at her. It suddenly dawns on her:

BACALL

Martin?

His voice is monotone and unfriendly.

MARTIN

Yes. You wanted to see me.

BACALL

Martin.

MARTIN

Yes. Hi. How are you. Good to see you. What's going on?

BACALL

We're doing a road trip...

He waits. She looks at him. He admires his blue eyes in the ceiling to floor mirrors.

BACALL

Everything in here is exactly the same as it's always been. It hasn't changed at all.

Except him. It's overwhelming. She's trying not to say anything. But it's like she has Tourettes.

BACALL

Are you hungry?

MARTIN

No. I ate.

BACALL

I'm hungry.

MARTIN

There's a diner down the street.

BACALL

You don't have anything here?

MARTIN

Not really. I'm kinda busy, so...

BACALL

Well...

The phone rings.

MARK
Excuse me.

As he leaves the room, she runs into the kitchen, opens the fridge.

Rows and rows and rows of kugel. Kugel to the max. Nothing but kugel.

She goes through the cupboards looking for the box containing all the recipes.

BACALL
Distract him.

INT.LIVING ROOM

Elishia leans against the wall, flaunting her cleavage at Martin.

ELISHIA
You must get hit on a lot?

MARTIN
Quite a lot.

He's still looking at himself in the mirror, though. Without looking away from himself he asks:

MARTIN
Why? You want some?

INT.KITCHEN

BACALL
Score!

Recognizing her mom's handwriting, Bacall finds the recipe card, puts it in her pocket.

She goes into the living room.

INT.LIVING ROOM

Martin drags his eyes away from himself.

BACALL
I just wanted to see you and now that I'm seeing you, I feel overwhelmed.

Monotone:

MARTIN
I could have told you that would happen.

EXT.AUSTIN

They are both sort of shell shocked as they walk, fast and faster.

BACALL
I...don't think he knows. Is that possible?

ELISHIA
It's admirable. The most hideous man in the world looks in the mirror and sees a God and the most beautiful woman looks and sees a pig.

BACALL
That would have happened anyway, wouldn't it? I mean, we all age.

ELISHIA
I don't know. He seems pretty happy with himself.

BACALL
Memory is an interesting thing.

She pulls the recipe out of her pocket.

BACALL
I'm scared of this, now.

EXT.TEXAS

They're in a motel, enjoying the TV

ELISHIA
I want to hit the road by 6 a.m.
We'll be in New Orleans by your birthday.

As they're talking, the Grammy nominations are being announced on screen.

"In a surprising upset, Mark Friday is nominated for song of the year."

Both their heads whip around.

ELISHIA

What?

BACALL

What?

The TV show then plays a clip of the video for 'Movin' On Up' which is really by Primal Scream but for the purposes of this story is a Grammy nominated song by Mark Friday.

BACALL

Wow. That's amazing. That record didn't sell well. How cool to get the recognition.

She's working really hard to sound happy for him.

BACALL

Do I send a text to congratulate him?

ELISHIA

What were you raised to do?

BACALL

My parents would have said congratulate him.

ELISHIA

So that's what you do. You haven't changed.

She looks at the TV again.

ELISHIA

He looks like he drives a crane.

INT.MOTEL, NIGHT

As Elishia reads magazines, Bacall checks her bank statement and goes through the hospital bill.

BACALL

I'm fucking thirty tomorrow.

She looks over, but Elishia is asleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW ORLEANS, EVENING

They drive through the city, seeing both the elegance and beauty of the buildings and the remaining devastation.

BACALL

It's interesting to be here for my thirtieth birthday since, I too, feel ruined.

Elishia isn't listening.

ELISHIA

Look.

A sign above a bar says 'Amateur Karaoke Night \$500!'

ELISHIA

I'm gonna win that.

BACALL

I won't go into a karaoke bar. It's against my...I'm against it.

ELISHIA

Me too. Let's go in.

INT.KARAOKE BAR, NEW ORLEANS

Elishia's already drunk and hassling the man with the karaoke clipboard:

ELISHIA

Sign me up! Sign me up! I drove all the way from Los Angeles just to be here tonight for your contest!

Meanwhile, poor Bacall is being hit on by a positively strange old guy in a cravat.

LARS

I want you to come and live with me in Monte Carlo.

BACALL

Oh.

LARS

You must never mention me to the
Duchess of York.

BACALL

Okay.

She gets away from him, sliding up to the bar against TOM, late twenties, a skinny, long lashed, very adorable African-American man with the best smile ever.

BACALL

Don't mention him to the Duchess of York.

TOM

Too late.

ANNOUNCER

Elishia? Elishia?

Bacall yells:

BACALL

You're up.

But Elishia, chatting to a cute guy, is distracted.

BACALL

How much does the winner get again?

ANNOUNCER

Five hundred.

Bacall has a spur of the moment thing.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. ELECTION NIGHT PARTY 2000, NYC

Bacall throws her shoe out of the window and down into the snow.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KARAOKE BAR

She goes over to the DJ. Too late, Elishia sees her do it.

BACALL

Do you have...

She whispers to him.

Across the room:

ELISHIA
No. Please no.

But yes.

Bacall hoists herself onto the stage. As the thrashing guitar of the Grammy nominated 'Movin' On Up' by Mark Friday starts up, she looks out at the audience.

And sings it subversively, tenderly, as a Patsy Cline torch song, sometimes only able to speak-sing, tears streaming silently down her face. She is lit beautifully up on that stage. It is a "moment".

INT.CLUB

As she's counting out the winner's cash, Tom reappears.

TOM
Hey. I prefer your version. You have a lovely voice. Really heart felt.

How little he knows.

BACALL
Thanks.

She looks up.

BACALL
(she jokes) I'm very shy. I'm Bacall.

TOM
Like Lauren Bacall?

BACALL
Yes, but far shyer.

TOM
What do you do? When you're not doing that.

BACALL
I don't do that.

TOM

So...

BACALL

I'm a caterer. My specialty is baking. I opened a cupcake shop last year. I figured, you know, the recession, so much money fear, people want comfort food from their childhood.

TOM

Awesome! Where is it?

BACALL

Um, it closed last year. It was on Fairfax. Turns out a recession isn't the best time to start a new business.

TOM

No.

BACALL

What do you do?

TOM

I recently graduated Harvard Business school.

BACALL

You're not from here?

TOM

My family is here, which is why I'm here for the weekend. But I live and work in D.C.

BACALL

What? We're going there for the inauguration. We're on our way right now.

TOM

That's awesome. Maybe we can meet up.

BACALL

As a Harvard educated black man, are you getting a romantic bump in the wake of Obama's election?

TOM

It's hard to measure. As a Harvard educated black man, I was fairly popular in the first place. But I have thought about it.

BACALL

It's where my mind went when I saw you. Obama. What do you do?

TOM

I work for Obama.

BACALL

What?

TOM

Yeah. I work for his Chief Strategist. I really shouldn't be here so close to inauguration, but I hadn't had a day off in a year.

BACALL

It's my 30th birthday. In case you're wondering how old I am. Thirty.

TOM

Let me buy you a beer.

BACALL

And my fiance dumped me the night before the election.

TOM

Let me buy you a shot.

They do the shots.

TOM

My friends dragged me in here, by the way.

BACALL

My friend dragged me in here. Oh look, our friends are friends. This is my drunk friend's demented book. We've been trying to start a revolution.

He looks at it.

TOM

Wow.

She smiles over at Elishia who is on a table shouting:

ELISHIA

Hey everybody! Look at me!

Cut back to Bacall and Tom:

BACALL

She's actually really smart. (She pulls a book out of her purse)
Here, take one.

Cut back to Elishia who is asking her crush:

ELISHIA

If you were a My Little Pony would you want to have a pink tail and a rainbow on your ass or a unicorn horn and a shamrock?

Cut back to Tom and Elishia:

He folds the book away.

TOM

Since you're going to be in D.C., if you want, I can probably get you into the pre-inaugural ball, you know, the MTV one for the young folk.

BACALL

The night before?

TOM

Yes. I can get you tickets, if you want.

She blinks.

BACALL

Are you...are you my Magical Black Man?

TOM

Eh?

BACALL

In movies, when a white person is lost there's sometimes a Magical Black Man, you know like in The Shawshank Redemption and The Green Mile.

TOM

Are you on death row?

BACALL

No, I'm just going across the country from ex-boyfriend to ex-boyfriend, trying to get my stuff back.

CUT TO:

INT. KARAOKE BAR

Elishia leaves the hot dude to barrel up to Bacall.

BACALL

He works for Obama! He can get us tickets for the MTV ball the night before inauguration! Mark will totally be there, you know that, right?

ELISHIA

Screw Mark! You should totally f that dude!

BACALL

Really?

ELISHIA

Of course!

EXT.KARAOKE BAR

Elishia teeters off with her guy.

INT.ELISHIA'S ROOM, NIGHT

Amazing sex, all over the place.

INT.TOM'S ROOM, NIGHT

Bacall and Tom are kissing gently. He opens his eyes and sees she's looking out the window at the moon whilst they kiss.

TOM

Can you close your eyes when I kiss you?

She pulls away, flustered. Thinks about it.

BACALL

No.

She smiles so as not to cry.

BACALL

My heart's just...my heart's just closed.

She brings her hand down in front of her chest like a guillotine.

TOM

It's okay. I understand. Would you like me to go?

BACALL

Can you stay? Please? I turn thirty in six minutes. I don't want to do it alone.

He strokes her hair, the moon watching through the window, whilst she cries and cries.

INT.MOTEL ROOM

Bacall creeps back into their room and finds Elishia asleep with her guy. Curiously, Elishia is under the covers, but the guy is sleeping over the covers.

INT.CAR

Elishia is slumped in the passenger seat, waiting, dark glasses on top of a terrible expression.

ELISHIA

So did you have hot sex?

BACALL

Yes. It was just like the sex scene in Thelma and Louise. Um, but with weeping. And without sex.

ELISHIA

Oh, man.

BACALL

So, thanks for that.

Elishia tips up her glasses as she remembers what night it was.

ELISHIA

Mark didn't call?

BACALL

No.

ELISHIA

No text?

Bacall shakes her head.

BACALL

I just, I mean, to be fair to him, I suppose it's always an ex-girlfriend's birthday somewhere. If you started, where would you stop? It's like how you're not supposed to feed Gremlins after midnight. It's always after midnight, isn't it? So maybe you've got to just not feed them.

Elishia waits to make sure she's done.

ELISHIA

No. It's not like that. There's a lot about this break up that I don't understand - that's okay, it's not my job to. But, actually, I cannot get past his failure to wish you well on your thirtieth birthday. Sorry. Wherever he was, whatever he was doing, he was too cowardly or just didn't care. It was a failure of decency, and a failure of basic humanity.

She pulls her dark glasses back down.

ELISHIA
I had to say that.

As they drive to the airport, Bacall stares out into broken New Orleans, the boarded up houses left to rot, the ghosts of people left to drown.

BACALL
When I came in, you were sleeping under the covers, but Tom's friend was asleep over them.

ELISHIA
Of course. I never let guys sleep under the covers.

INT. AIRPORT, NEW ORLEANS

They are reading crappy magazines in the departures lounge. Suddenly Mark's face is looking at her from one of the pages. An older African-American lady in a fabulous hat, whose been reading over Bacall's shoulder, blurts:

HAT WOMAN
Ooh, Mark Friday. He looks like he smells bad!

Not batting an eyelash:

BACALL
Heard that one.

HAT WOMAN
I read that he likes to...

BACALL
That one too.

Elishia leaps in to change the subject:

ELISHIA
If you like dirty things, you'll love 'My First Book of Feminism'. You have grandchildren?

The woman flicks through.

HAT WOMAN
Ooh! Look at that! I lost my books when Katrina hit. I'll take this.

BACALL

Did you lose anything else in
Katrina?

Hat woman looks at her, perfectly pleasant:

HAT WOMAN

Everything! My house survived the
water, thank God. But not the
looters. Didn't find that out until
I got the bus back from
Mississippi.

She smiles.

HAT WOMAN

I bused out of here again a few
months ago when they said the new
hurricane was coming through. Some
of my neighbours wouldn't leave.

ELISHIA

Even after losing everything you
owned, then making it home and
rebuilding, you still got on a bus
and rode the bus out all over again
when they told you to?

She turns to her.

HAT WOMAN

Of course I did.

She shrugs her shoulders.

HAT WOMAN

Ain't nobody got time for all that
drownin'.

Elishia and Bacall look at each other in amazement. As they
leave her she's looking at the book and laughing merrily
away.

INT. PLANE

They sit at the back of the plane, still flummoxed by her can
do spirit.

ELISHIA

The only way Katrina could have been worse was if it was Jews that had to get out of the way, instead of African-Americans.

BACALL

Can you imagine the kvetching? That would not have worked out well.

INT. PLANE

As snacks are being served, Bacall is going through her list.

ELISHIA

The next one is?

BACALL

The next one is the fuckface who has my dog. You know, the ass who works as a tour guide at the Rock n Roll Hall of Fame museum they opened in Cleveland.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEVELAND, ROCK AND ROLL HALL OF FAME MUSEUM

The spectacular I.M.Pei designed glass building, looms before them like a cross between a greenhouse and a Transformer.

INT. ROCK AND ROLL HALL OF FAME MUSEUM

Enormous portraits of Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin.

They tag alongside a group of tourists as the guide intones:

GUIDE

Every year, the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame welcomes visitors from fifty states and over a hundred countries...

Bacall takes him aside.

BACALL

Hi. Um, I'm looking for Jeff Wisby?

The guide doesn't answer, poker faced.

BACALL

Smoked a lot? Always had a cute
little poodle with him?

GUIDE

He doesn't just smoke now.

He looks at her.

GUIDE

Jeff doesn't work here anymore.

BACALL

Really? He loved this job.

The guide considers whether or not to share the following information:

GUIDE

He loved it too much. The lifestyle
really got to him. He just went to
the dark side.

EXT. HOUSE, CLEVELAND

As they pull up at an address she has scribbled, they look doubtful. Not a good neighborhood. Not a good looking home. Sketchy as all fuck.

ELISHIA

He'll never give you that dog back.
People go to court for that.

As Bacall creeps up the over-grown yard, a dog comes lolling towards her.

BACALL

Sonny!

As he gets closer she sees something isn't right with him, his gait is off. He gets closer still. *He only has three legs.*

BACALL

What the fuck?

INT. HOUSE, CLEVELAND

She pushes open the door of the house. It's dark and smelly. There's a sheet being used as a curtain. Guitars everywhere. The dishes are stacked high in the sink.

There are a couple of half naked females who look like 70's Led Zep groupies, sprawled out on a mattress.

She realizes that Jeff is on the sofa, staring straight ahead, off his head, Jim Morrison hair and leather pants, a mirror lined with coke in front of him, a crack pipe on the coffee table.

BACALL

Hello, Jeff.

JEFF

Hey.

He squints at her, trying to place her.

BACALL

Bacall.

JEFF

Of course. Yeah, I knew it was Bacall or Monroe or some shit.

BACALL

We dated for a year!

JEFF

Ummmm...did you used to be black?

BACALL

No. I was always white. We got this dog together.

JEFF

I remember, I remember. Did you used to have really long nails, so long they curved over themselves like the head of a violin?

BACALL

No. (beat) You know Sonny our dog?

JEFF

Yeah?

BACALL

You know how many legs he had when we got him?

JEFF

Like, four or some shit?

BACALL

How many does he have now?

Sonny dances before them.

JEFF
Like, three?

BACALL
Mmm, what happened?

She picks up Sonny.

JEFF
Oh.

He thinks.

JEFF
He was hot by a car.

BACALL
He overheated?

JEFF
I mean he was "hit" by a car.

BACALL
Okay. I'm taking him now.

JEFF
No, don't.

Jeff doesn't get up, because he can't.

INT.CAR

BACALL
That was easy.

She turns to Sonny.

BACALL
Hola.

He dog-smiles at her.

BACALL
Wow. What a waste. Jeff was really hot.

(under her breath)

ELISHIA
Hot, like crack cocaine.

INT.BOOK STORE, CLEVELAND

Bacall watches as Elishia takes an older, female manager through the book. She has long grey hair with fancy chopsticks tucked in it.

BOOK STORE MANAGER 3
How marvellous to have such clear
language and illustrations.

The manager points at one:

BOOK STORE MANAGER 3
Yes, it's a beautiful flower.

Elishia pulls the book back from her.

ELISHIA
No. *It's disgusting.* They should
know that early on. Be realists
about their bodies.

CUT TO:

INT.CAR RENTAL

Having witnessed Elishia's self-destruction in the face of actual interest, Bacall is cross:

BACALL
Girls don't need to hear that about
their bodies. Why don't you say it
about men instead?

ELISHIA
Because everyone *knows* that penises
are repulsive. That's just a given.

BACALL
So why do you put them inside you?

ELISHIA
So I won't have to look at them!
Obviously.

As if feeding off their discord, the car splutters and coughs.

BACALL
Christ's sake!

She rattles the stick shift.

BACALL
I'm doing my best here, but this car is not going to last much longer. I don't think we'll even make it to the car rental and I don't have triple A anymore.

ELISHIA
Me neither. Ah, we're screwed.

A thought occurs:

BACALL
Not necessarily. There's someone else who has something of mine.

ELISHIA
Not on the list?

BACALL
A foot note.

EXT.GARAGE, CLEVELAND

Bacall is pushing Elishia in the car the last few metres.

BACALL
I betcha it's still here.

ELISHIA
Eh?

BACALL
Tell it to you straight: I brought my bike in to be fixed a couple years back. The mechanic seduced me.

She sees Elishia's expression.

BACALL
They seduced me. Anyway. It didn't work out too well and I left town post haste.

ELISHIA
They probably sold it.

INT.GARAGE

There's no-one there, or so it seems.

BACALL

Nobody in their right mind would
sell this bike. It's a collector's
item.

She looks round the back as Elishia holds Sonny.

ELISHIA

All the more reason...

BACALL

That's mine!

A beautiful Ducati. She kicks it, revs it up. It still works.

At the sound of the engine, a mechanic suddenly slides out
from where they've been working under a Chevy, like Bruce
Springsteen in the video for 'I'm On Fire'.

This is Bacall's mechanic. Denims and flannel. Covered in
grime. Unbelievably gorgeous. A *female*. The most beautiful
boy-girl, sullen and loping, dirty brown hair chopped at the
jaw and falling in her eyes.

MIA

Well, fuck me!

Bacall still quakes a little in her presence. Anybody would -
man, woman, gay, straight.

BACALL

Nice to see you, Mia.

MIA

Nice? NICE? We never did nice, you
and me. Don't start now.

BACALL

Okay, I won't. I've come back for
my bike.

Mia laughs.

BACALL

Seriously.

MIA

Nu-uh, toots.

BACALL
Let me have my bike.

Mia boomerangingly addresses Elishia, whose melting a little herself.

MIA
This girl...this girl told me she loved me!

BACALL
(shame faced) I did love you. In the moment.

MIA
Oh, in the moment was it? See, I remember it being in the back of a 57 Chevy.

BACALL
Old Chevy's make you *feel things*.

She turns to Elishia for support. Mia lolllops closer to her.

BACALL
Old Chevy's make you feel things, right?

ELISHIA
No.

Mia leans in as if to kiss Bacall, stopping just short of her lips, and staying there. She puts her hand on Bacall's boob. Looks up at her in disgust.

MIA
You don't have a gay bone in your body.

Bacall looks down at Mia's hand.

BACALL
I didn't realize the "gay bone" was located in the breast.

Bacall leaps onto her Ducati.

As she revs it, Mia yells:

MIA
Dilettante straight girl! You were just another time waster. Tourist!

BACALL

I'm sorry you feel that way. I
really enjoyed it.

She jump starts the bike and zooms up to Elishia, who is holding Sonny.

BACALL

Get on!

ELISHIA

Hell no!

BACALL

Get on!

EXT.BRIDGE

They're both wearing helmets now. All of this takes place as yelling, in order that they can hear each other.

ELISHIA

Jesus, all that resentment from a
one night stand?

BACALL

Yup.

She thinks.

BACALL

A three night stand. I don't know.
It might have been a week.

ELISHIA

You met her when you brought your
bike in?

BACALL

Yeah. (beat) And she was my
boyfriend's sister.

ELISHIA

Huh?

BACALL

Jeff. That's Jeff's sister. Jeff
from the Rock and Roll Museum.

ELISHIA

Jeff the burn out? Jeff you got
your dog with??

BACALL

C'mon it's not so weird. You're attracted to the brother why wouldn't you be attracted to the sister? It's all the same genes. You know, the mom was really beautiful as I recall.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN

The Ducati is in the hold with people's luggage.

Across the aisle from them, a very attractive, polished, late thirties woman is talking extremely loud into a cell phone.

BOOK EDITOR

I told him we're making the deal in trade paperback because he may think it brings him greater literary prestige but hardcover just won't sell for him.

Elishia's ears prick up.

BOOK EDITOR

I've been his editor for ten years and it's the college kids who buy his books. They don't want to pay for hardcover.

When she ends her call, Elishia totters towards her, her confidence somewhat subdued in the face of a real industry player. She stands before her until the woman looks up.

ELISHIA

You're a book editor.

BOOK EDITOR

How could you know that?!

ELISHIA

We heard you. You were loud.

BOOK EDITOR

Oh.

The woman looks down at her blackberry. Elishia looks vulnerable.

ELISHIA

I write books. I wrote a book. I'm looking for a publisher.

She hands her book across to the woman, waits for her to take it. She doesn't take it, so Elishia puts it down in front of her. Then sulks back to her seat, somewhat mortified.

ELISHIA
Bitch.

Elishia and Bacall are opposite each other in the carriage.

ELISHIA
And you.

BACALL
What did I do?

ELISHIA
You didn't give me the full picture. No wonder Mia hates you. No wonder Jeff ended up a crack addict and Martin ate himself into a frenzy and Ed drifted into pornography. You left everybody. That's why Mark has spun you so bad. He's the first one to leave you.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN CAR, EVE

Elishia is asleep, her words haunting Bacall who is wide awake, as they arrive in New Jersey.

EXT. STREET, NEW JERSEY

They're walking Sonny. The weather has morphed, as they've travelled the country, from warm, to sweater weather, to cold to *fucking freezing*. And the mood is frostier between the girls. Elishia is eating a doughnut.

ELISHIA
I can't believe we had to come to Dirty Jersey for you to get this. Like you really need it.

BACALL
I do! It's a hundred bucks on Ebay.

ELISHIA
And it's important to you because?

BACALL

He didn't give it back and I miss it. I wake up in the night, sometimes, missing it.

Elishia finishes the last of the doughnut and instantly says:

ELISHIA

Ugh. I feel fat.

BACALL

You always say you're fat. Your 'First Book of Feminism' is really *your* first book of feminism. You want to help girls figure out who they are because you're trying to figure out who you are. Which is right, at twenty-one.

ELISHIA

You're reading too much into it. I'm just saying I feel fat.

BACALL

So stop eating doughnuts.

ELISHIA

You don't understand. You have a perfect body.

BACALL

So if you had my body you could have had my life that you judge so hard. These men you disapprove of, they were just Kit-Kats, right? Eaten round the edges. They're junk food.

She's upset herself now.

BACALL

I don't know what I was thinking.

ELISHIA

You weren't. You were just consuming.

INT. HEALTH FOOD STORE

A man hands them each a green vegetable smoothie.

ELISHIA

Thank you.

BACALL

Thanks.

On their way out of the health food store, they pass a freezer of fake meat: Tofurkey and Un-Chicken.

BACALL

I thought Mark was a real meal.
Like I had to cook him,

ELISHIA

You had to cook your boyfriend?

BACALL

Cook the relationship. Braise it and preheat the over, watch to make sure it didn't burn, and gently garnish it and then when it was all ready, he threw it in the trash so he could have the peanut butter sandwich he'd been craving all along.

Elishia points at the 'Un-Chicken'.

ELISHIA

You were in an un-relationship.

Even though she started it, now Bacall is really pissed off.

BACALL

It's easy to be funny and cynical about love when you haven't ever tried. You make the men you fuck sleep over the covers. You put penises inside you so you don't have to look at them. What do you know about love?

They leave the store.

EXT. NEW JERSEY

The conversation continues...

ELISHIA

I don't know. (beat) I take my joy and pain from my girlfriends.

She pulls up her hood.

ELISHIA
And I don't have many good female
friends. They think I'm weird.

Bacall softens.

BACALL
You are.

ELISHIA
You think I'll ever find my path?

BACALL
Yeah. This is it. You're on it.

They look out at Dirty Jersey stretching before them.

ELISHIA
Why the hell were you dating
someone in New Jersey.

BACALL
I answered a Craigslist ad for this
woman who wanted models for 50's
Cheesecake art. I just fell into
it.

INT.DRIVE IN THEATRE, NEW JERSEY

BILL is kind of out of shape, but not fat. He has glasses, but they're actually good on him. His face is sort of smushy, but his eyes are pretty. He's the guy you could see yourself having a rather decent life with.

He and Bacall are in his car, watching a movie on the huge drive in screen, whilst couples in other cars make out. The movie sound comes through their car radio. The film is 'To Have And Have Not' starring, of course, Lauren Bacall.

BACALL
I'm so relieved you still own this
place. I was afraid it might have
gone under.

BILL
(nonchalant) It probably will.

BACALL
You seeing anyone?

BILL
I was. Total sweetheart but she bored the shit out of me. I guess, after you, I was looking to get as far away as possible from "interesting".

They have an ease and rapport she hasn't had with anyone else on the trip.

INT. BOOKSHOP

Elishia is pitching her book whilst being chatted up by the young, adorable book store manager. There's a sweetness to her in this meeting. She's blushing!

ELISHIA
So we've been driving across the country, stoking word of mouth.

BOOK STORE MANAGER 4
I did hear word of mouth about it.
I heard really bad things.

She laughs.

ELISHIA
AWESOME. That is exactly what I hoped would happen when I set out on this trip.

BOOK STORE MANAGER 4
Really?

ELISHIA
No.

Her cell rings.

ELISHIA
Excuse me.

Whatever the person on the other end is saying, it causes her jaw to drop.

ELISHIA
You read it? That fast? Oh. I'm just...surprised.
(MORE)

No, of course, ~~ELISHIA~~ according to New York. I'll be there.

She hangs up and looks at the boy.

ELISHIA

A publisher just called me back. She's a total bitch who I met on the Amtrak train. But she read my book and she wants me to come in and see her next week.

EXT.DRIVE IN

They're still in the car, watching the movie.

BILL

I heard you were dating Mark Friday.

BACALL

How did you know that?

BILL

Saw it in my girlfriend's tabloid. That guy is awful. His music is sonic torture.

BACALL

No it's not!

BILL

Those pictures from Abu Ghraib, of Sergeant Lyndie England, with the dogs and the human pyramid? You know, where she's pointing at the prisoner's genitals? Mark's music is off camera.

BACALL

Fuck you!

BILL

"Mr. Mark Friday will now play a medley of his hit!" Seriously, that is the luckiest guy on earth.

BACALL

Don't talk about him like that.

BILL

I heard that he likes to..

BACALL

BILL! Not appropriate.

BILL

Did you fall in love with him?

BACALL

He was very kind to me. Very kind.

BILL

Which is why you're on some crazy road trip, because he didn't fuck you up.

BACALL

He was the best boyfriend I've ever had. In the relationship.

BILL

I wasn't that good but I was great when it ended.

BACALL

Yeah.

BILL

It's the ease out that counts.

BACALL

You can't have everything.

BILL

You and I were what I like to call the "curtain call" relationship. It's over - no wait, they're back. Keep clapping. We were like the Springsteen of relationships.

He pauses.

BILL

Huge social conscience and stamina.

He sighs.

BILL

It all got lost in the squalor of good intentions.

Then starts to sing Springsteen:

BILL

"Hey little girl, is your daddy home, did he go away and leave you in your home..."

BACALL

Why would it say "home" twice in one sentence? That's not how it goes. What was it really?

BILL

Bacall. As Lee Harvey Oswald said to the police: "You're a cop. You figure it out".

She resumes watching the movie, her namesake fifty feet high. Just when she's getting into it:

BILL

By the way, did you know that Mathew McConaughey is the voice of meat?

BACALL

What?

BILL

He is. Whenever you see an advert for the American meat council, that's his voice-over.

She frowns and tries to concentrate on the film again.

BILL

So who are you hitting up next?

BACALL

Neil. In New York. The one before you. He started this. I just want my Shepard Fairey paintings back.

BILL

How did it end?

BACALL

Totally fine, so I don't get why he's been such an ass about this. Never returned a call or E-mail, ever. Ah, the guy was just so direction-less, you know?

BILL

How did you leave him?

Bacall looks at her shoes.

BACALL
By German Chocolate cake.

Flashback:

INT. LOFT, BROOKLYN, EVENING

Bacall is in a freezing cold, patchy old half renovated loft, frosting a cake. She looks at the framed 'happy couple' photos of her and Neil as the clock ticks. He's late. And she just isn't feeling it. Impulsively, she wipes off the 'Happy Anniversary' she'd been writing in frosting and replaces it with 'It's over'.

Flash forward:

INT. DRIVE IN CINEMA

BILL
How did he take it?

BACALL
Fine. I mean. Yeah. We just didn't speak again.

They watch the movie some more. Bill is looking over at the other couples.

BILL
Wanna make out?

BACALL
Sure.

They make out, kissing and slithering. He takes her top off. Then they stop at exactly the same time, just not into it.

BACALL
Nope.

BILL
No, it's weird right? It's like kissing my Aunt Tilly.

BACALL
Ugh. You're such a great guy and yet you always say the wrong thing.

BILL
I'm the Joe Biden d'amour.

BACALL
Exactly.

She pulls her sweater on. He helps her with it.

EXT.HOTEL

As he drops her at the door he says

BILL
Good luck, sweetheart.

He kisses the top of her head.

BILL
You look great.

BACALL
Thanks.

BILL
Hey. You almost forgot...

BACALL
Shit! Thank you!

He hands her a battered VHS copy of The Dark Crystal.

BILL
It won't be as good as you
remember.

EXT.BRIDGE

Bacall, Elishia and Sonny arrive in Manhattan on the Ducati. That skyline unfolding before them....What Truman Capote called "The only real city city".

INT.MOTEL 6, NEW YORK

Sonny is snuggling on the bed with Elishia. As Bacall goes towards the television with her VHS of The Dark Crystal, an advert for meat flashes on.

BACALL

Did you know that Mathew McConaghey
is the voice of meat? Hey. There's
nowhere to watch the video!

ELISHIA

Of course there's nowhere to watch
the video. Nobody has VHS. I don't
know what you were thinking.

The ad ends and her heart lurches as she sees Mark being
interviewed on the Late Night sofa. He is wearing a hat with
his finger-less gloves and has sort of a neckerchief
situation going on. Elishia is delighted.

ELISHIA

Dude! He looks like he's in a Dexys
Midnight Runners tribute band.
That's amazing!

BACALL

Stop.

ELISHIA

Come *on* Eileen.

BACALL

Can you not...

Elishia shuts up.

For a minute. Then says as fast as she can:

ELISHIA

Too-rye-aye.

..before biting her lip.

ELISHIA

That's all I'm saying.

She shrugs.

ELISHIA

I'm compelled. It's a compulsion

BACALL

Turn it off.

Bacall goes into the bathroom with Sonny and slams the door.

INT.MOTEL 6, NIGHT

Bacall looks across Central Park at a very grand hotel on the other side, as Elishia sleeps.

EXT.CENTRAL PARK, NIGHT

She runs through Central Park with Sonny, fast as she can, as fast as her layers will allow.

EXT.FANCY HOTEL, MIDNIGHT.

Bacall and Sonny look up at it. It's such a beautiful hotel.

INT.FANCY HOTEL, MIDNIGHT

The desk clerk sits up straight as Bacall, holding Sonny, tentatively enters.

DESK CLERK

Well, hello!

BACALL

You remember me?

DESK CLERK

Of course Miss Loomis! And how is
Mr.Friday?

BACALL

He's kind of a narcissistic prick.

Catches herself.

BACALL

No. That's not fair. He's...No, he
just doesn't want to be with me
anymore. It's unrelated to his
being a narcissist.

DESK CLERK

Um. Are you staying with us?

BACALL

I'm at a Motel 6.

DESK CLERK

I see.

God, she and Sonny look pathetic.

BACALL
I'm just curious: is room 60 open?

DESK CLERK
Yes. It has been for a while now.
So few people can afford that room
in the current economic climate.

She smiles, starts to walk out with sad, three legged Sonny.

The desk clerk looks out after her. We see below his desk he has a copy of a trash magazine, with a story about her and Mark's break up. He tucks it away.

DESK CLERK
Miss Loomis...

CUT TO:

INT.ROOM 60, NIGHT

Bacall is luxuriating in room 60, leaping about like she's in 'Home Alone'.

INT.MOTEL 6, NIGHT

A bleary eyed Elishia answers the ringing phone.

BACALL
Wake up!

INT.ROOM 60, NIGHT

Elishia walks around the incredible suite.

ELISHIA
Did you fuck here?

BACALL
Yup.

ELISHIA
Here?

BACALL
Uh-huh.

ELISHIA

The shower?

She nods.

ELISHIA

What's this?

BACALL

A sort of walk in closet? Yes, yes
there.

ELISHIA

Well, it was never going to last.
Too much sex.

BACALL

We were never in the same room. Of
course we were all over each other.

ELISHIA

How much time did you actually
spend together?

BACALL

Just under a year.

ELISHIA

No, I mean, actually in the same
room.

BACALL

Oh. I don't know.

CUT TO:

INT.BATHROOM

Bacall sits in the incredible tub, with a notebook, working
it out. The result shocks her.

BACALL

Damn.

CUT TO:

EXT.CEMETERY, UPSTATE

In a Jewish cemetery on the outskirts of the city, Bacall
lays with her head against her mother's grave, cradling Sonny
at her chest.

ELISHIA
When were you last here?

She sits up.

BACALL
A year ago. With Mark. He wanted to
"meet" her.

Looking at Sonny as he stands up on his three legs:

BACALL
I think sometimes you love
something more for what it's
suffered. A dog or a cat or a
person. Or a city. But sometimes
you feel contempt. How does it
flip? What causes the shift?

ELISHIA
I don't know.

BACALL
Do you blame someone for shifting
from loving you more for it, to
that contempt?

ELISHIA
It's a million dollar question.

BACALL
And all I need is eighteen
thousand.

She stands up.

BACALL
Time to get my paintings.

EXT.WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN

They are staking out the loft, and from across the street
they can see, through the window, the paintings hanging just
as she left them.

BACALL
Fucker still has them up! In the
same place!

ELISHIA

How petty.

BACALL

Are you ready?

ELISHIA

Yes, you crazy bitch.

INT. LOFT, WILLIAMSBURG

A frazzled, sweet looking woman answers the ringing door bell. Bacall and Elishia stand on the other side.

BACALL

Hey. Are you Neil's wife?

WIFE

(nervous) Yes.

BACALL

I'm Bacall. His ex. I'm here to get my paintings. Those.

She walks in, and straight towards the far wall.

WIFE

No, wait.

After the long, strange trip, Bacall is itching for a fight.

BACALL

What? They're mine.

WIFE

Look, he'll be home any minute...

But Bacall and Elishia are unhooking the paintings. Bacall calls, rudely, over her shoulder:

BACALL

So is he still working construction?

WIFE

He owns his own construction business. Look, I really think...

Neil walks in. He is carrying two adorable children, one on each arm. He is super cute, a puppy whose expression turns hangdog when he sees Bacall.

NEIL
What's going on?

Elishia is in "I got my friend's back" mode.

ELISHIA
We're getting her paintings.

Bacall attempts a hello to the children, reaching out a hand.

BACALL
Hey there, guys...

NEIL
Don't touch them!

He places them in the arms of his wife. He is Paul Rudd like, so adorable, you can't be mad at him for having kept her things.

NEIL
Can you give us time alone?

EXT. HALLWAY

Elishia and the wife look at each other as Elishia holds Sonny and the wife holds the kids.

ELISHIA
Hey.

WIFE
Hello.

ELISHIA
Did you know that Mathew
McConaughey is the voice of meat?

(beat)

WIFE
Yeah. I knew.

INT.NEIL'S LOFT

Bacall and Neil are facing off, her hands across her chest, his hands on his hips.

BACALL

So you got married.

NEIL

Yup.

BACALL

And you had kids.

NEIL

Uh-huh.

BACALL

I thought you were probably gay.

NEIL

All ex-girlfriends are crazy and
all ex-boyfriends are probably gay.
(beat) Why would you do this now?

BACALL

I've been trying to get them back
from you since we broke up!

NEIL

You broke my heart.

BACALL

I did?

NEIL

How do you think I felt? You left
me out of nowhere because I was
late coming home on our
anniversary.

BACALL

You were direction-less. I just
didn't think we were going
anywhere. I broke your heart?

NEIL

I bought you an engagement ring.
That's why I was late. I had a big
plan. I was holding...balloons.

BACALL
The helium kind?

He nods. Her face falls.

BACALL
When I didn't hear from you again
after I left...

NEIL
I couldn't *speak*.

BACALL
...I thought you were just
depressed about Bush's re-election.

NEIL
I was depressed about Bush's re-
election. I was also depressed
because my girlfriend fucking left
me by cake frosting after three and
a half years!

BACALL
Hey. You got successful.

NEIL
Yes. It was after our break-up. The
pain made me extremely focused.

EXT. LOFT

Bacall comes barrelling out of the loft and down the stairs
as Elishia and Sonny struggle to keep up.

ELISHIA
Where are they?

BACALL
I can't take them.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP

Bacall sells her Ducati. Counting the money:

BACALL
This'll do.

ELISHIA
It doesn't cover your hospital
bill. Not even half.

BACALL
It's a start.

But you can see she's riven with anxiety.

EXT. STREET, NEW YORK

They are all three - Bacall, Elishia, Sonny - slouched against the cold as they walk, all beaten into a kind of submission. Passing a TV in a Radio Shack window, an entertainment program blares "The Grammys tonight!"

A light bulb goes off in Bacall's head.

CUT TO:

INT. BETTING OFFICE

Bacall lays out the cash she made from selling her bike and instructs the teller:

BACALL
'Song of the Year'. Put everything
on Mark Friday.

ELISHIA
You're crazy.

She looks at her with cloudy eyes.

BACALL
I have nothing to lose. I already
lost everything on him.

INT. TERRIBLE MOTEL

Suddenly terrified, Bacall has her fingers in her ears and her eyes squeezed shut as Elishia and Sonny watch The Grammys.

We don't see who wins the category. We only see Elishia pull Bacall's fingers out of her ears and pry her eyelids open.

ELISHIA
You're an idiot.

BACALL
Shit! Shit! Shit! That was
everything I had.

(beat)

ELISHIA

And now you have ten times as much.

BACALL

He won?

Elishia nods.

BACALL

Then why am I an idiot?

ELISHIA

Because you want to be. Let's go
celebrate.

INT.NIGHTCLUB

As Talking Heads 'Burnin' Down The House' blares to a packed room, they dance like motherfuckers, totally for themselves, shrieking:

ELISHIA

Thank you Mark! Thank you sonic
torture man!

BACALL

Thank you, traitorous fuck! Thank
you undeserving cunt! Thank you
thank you, thank you!

They are lost in the moment, desired by every man in the club, envied by every woman, happy to be themselves.

EXT.NIGHTCLUB, 4 AM

As they run for a taxi, Bacall breaks a heel and doesn't care.

INT. 24 HOUR DINER, 4 AM

Every other straggler in the diner looks terribly sad. Not them. They drink coffee, eat pancakes and eggs, dressed in their dancing duds. A thought occurs to Elishia as she holds a fork of pancake in front of her mouth.

ELISHIA

How did you know he would win?

Bacall holds her own fork of eggs mid air.

BACALL

Because the moon was full. And the award is the exact color of his piss.

Elishia, tipsy, cracks up laughing. But Bacall looks past her at the moon, and you know she is dead serious. She rattles her heel-less stiletto.

INT.HOTEL

Bacall, who has spent another sleepless night, prods a slumbering pile of sheets that passes as Elishia.

BACALL

You're meeting with the book editor today. It's in an hour.

Elishia sits bolt upright.

ELISHIA

Crapzilla!

INT.PUBLISHING HOUSE

Elishia, having pulled herself together, walks past rows and rows of books by acclaimed authors. The editor's office is huge. As gorgeously groomed as before, she steps up, perky as she was grumpy the last time they met. She extends a hand to Elishia.

BOOK EDITOR

Carlotta Valdes. Nice to meet properly. I feel it's proper now I've read your work.

ELISHIA

I'm just so amazed that you actually read it.

BOOK EDITOR

Are you kidding? I couldn't stop. This is one of the funniest things I've read in years.

ELISHIA

What?

BOOK EDITOR

With some tweaks I think it can be even funnier. I'm very excited. Your humour is completely original, Elishia. And I think I could do very well with your book. Get you in The Onion. Book you on Jon Stewart.

ELISHIA

I don't quite understand. I wrote a book about post-feminism for pre-teens.

BOOK EDITOR

The satire is whip-smart, just completely hilarious and spot on.

INT.CAR

A luxurious rental car, Sonny stretched out in the back. They are quiet now, as they follow the signs for D.C, sobered by their success in having actually raised the funds.

ELISHIA

This is insane. I *gave up* writing comedy.

BACALL

Except you didn't.

ELISHIA

I didn't mean to.

BACALL

You can't help it. You're just funny. Whether you try or not.

ELISHIA

But it's not what I wanted to do anymore. I didn't have any success writing comedy.

BACALL

Except for now, you're having success writing comedy.

ELISHIA

Shit! I feel like I've been having an affair with myself behind my own back.

BACALL

Hot. P.S: you should take the contract.

ELISHIA

I feel insulted. I gotta think about it.

In her peripheral vision, Bacall sees a poster on a derelict building.

BACALL

Dylan's playing in Philly tonight!
We have to go.

ELISHIA

What?

BACALL

Yes! We can make it, we can make it! I want to see Bobby play, it's been years. I'll buy tickets off a scalper, I have the money. I bet you we can get back stage too!

ELISHIA

Aw, c'mon, I wanna get to D.C.
You're gonna make us late and then I'm going to kill you.

BACALL

Don't be dramatic.

ELISHIA

Bacall. Unless we're there to personally witness it, Barack can't get sworn in, thus forfeiting his Presidency, which will remain with Bush in perpetuity.

Bacall isn't listening, head in Dylan-ville:

BACALL

We can get back stage, I bet we can! And then I can tell Bob Dylan how Mark ripped off his chord change from 'Ballad Of a Thin Man'. He totally did!

She's quite self-righteous now, to mask her mania:

BACALL

...and Bob should know.

ELISHIA

I'm so mad at you right now. I wish
I'd done this trip alone.
Seriously, Bacall. Seriously, fuck
you.

CUT TO:

INT.CAR, LATE

Something has rendered her completely silent. Shocked, even. They both look straight ahead at the road as they leave Philadelphia. Finally, Elishia, who is driving, breaks the silence.

ELISHIA

Did you just tell on your ex to Bob Dylan?

BACALL

Yeah. Yeah, I did.

ELISHIA

I thought that you did.

They keep driving. Bacall is deep in thought.

BACALL

He liked me. I could have had him.

ELISHIA

I saw that.

BACALL

It was a technical pull.

ELISHIA

No question.

They keep driving.

BACALL

I think we should go back and I should have sex with Bob Dylan. You know: to spite Mark.

ELISHIA

I get that. It's reasonable.

Beat. She pulls the car into a vicious U-turn.

CUT TO:

INT.CAR

ELISHIA

It had to happen. You had to break
the spell by sleeping with someone.

BACALL

It's true.

ELISHIA

I just knew it would either be Bob
Dylan or Leonard Cohen.

BACALL

Yeah, I kind of knew it, too.

She looks in the rear view mirror at Sonny, snoring
contentedly.

ELISHIA

Do you feel better?

BACALL

Yes, actually. I do. Will we make
it in time for the ball?

ELISHIA

We gotta motor now, Cinders.

She coaxes the car into full throttle.

ELISHIA

(yelling to Bacall above the
engine's roar) They didn't tell you
this would end with an inauguration
action sequence.

EXT. D.C

Arriving into D.C is as climactic as it ought to be. The camera shows us the throngs of excited people, the enormous police presence; we see the National Mall, the Washington Monument, the National Shrine, the Jefferson Memorial and, right when we truly have a sense of the incredible place and even more amazing occasion we cut to a close up of:

a T-shirt with a super blinged out, ghetto picture of the whole Obama family being admired by Bacall, who is eating green apple sour candy.

ELISHIA

That's, like, super Sears photo studio style but with an embellished, bedazzled crest. That is ugly.

BACALL

All of it selling like hot cakes.

ELISHIA

Say "hot cakes" again. I am so freezing. And I dropped my gloves in New Jersey.

BACALL

But it's the ideal place to drop gloves.

ELISHIA

Of course. But now I'm unhappy. My fingers are frigid with malaise.

EXT.UNION STATION, D.C

They're on foot, just two of two million gathered people, people spontaneously weeping, hugging, singing.

Outside Union Station a mega sketchy dude is selling a box of gloves, which Elishia examines gingerly.

SKETCHY DUDE

Ten bucks.

ELISHIA

Dude, that is a huge box you are trying to get rid of. I'll give you five bucks.

SKETCHY DUDE

But they're *thinsulate*.

ELISHIA

Five bucks is the highest I'll go.

Claps his hands together.

SKETCHY DUDE

Sounds good to me.

Elishia puts them on.

CUT TO:

EXT.D.C

As they inch - literally inch - through the crowd of people:

ELISHIA

Woah! I am wearing glove shaped
brillo pads. I never knew gloves
could hurt. What are these?

She looks inside for a label. It says 'Thinsulatto'.

ELISHIA

I got had!

INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL, EVE

Dressed in black tie, both Elishia and Bacall look incredibly beautiful. Passing through security as they enter the pre-inaugural ball, the tickets are indeed waiting under Bacall's name, as Tom promised.

She takes them with a heavy heart.

ELISHIA

We're going to this thing to have
fun and to try and see Tom. Not
because you're hoping Mark's gonna
be here. Okay?

BACALL

He's gonna be here. He gave so much
money to the campaign.

ELISHIA

It doesn't matter. You don't care.
You ignore him if you see him.

INT. PRE-INAUGURAL BALL

Bacall and Elishia enter, looking around them, wide eyed at the glitz. Spotting Obama's speechwriter, Bacall whispers:

BACALL

Jon Favreau.

ELISHIA

Jon Favreau who was in 'Rudy'? When Sean Astin wanted to play football for Notre Dame but he couldn't because he was the same exact size and shape as a football?

BACALL

No. Jon Favreau the super hot twenty-six year old Jew who helped get Obama elected.

ELISHIA

Jon Favreau the director of...

BACALL

STOP IT. I'm concentrating.

ELISHIA

Don't look for Mark. Stop looking for Mark.

Elishia sees him. Shit! How to distract Bacall?

ELISHIA

La la la.

But Bacall's seen him, now. He's in a booth, surrounded by admirers. Her heart is going to beat out of her chest.

Before Elishia can stop her, she's over there and, literally squishing someone aside.

BACALL

Hey.

MARK

Hey! You're in D.C!

He looks at her like they're neighbours gossiping over the garden fence, like there's never been a morning's break in their conversation, and that is has never run deeper than chit chat.

Okay. So she's here. And he's here. He looks great in a tux and she looks great in a floor length gown. Now what?

BACALL

You won a Grammy.

MARK

I did.

BACALL

It doesn't mean anything, though.

MARK

What are you talking about? It means everything!

He's joking, self-deprecating. She remembers this about him.

BACALL

You're very charming.

He searches her eyes to see if he's being mocked. She looks down and sees they're holding hands.

BACALL

How did that happen?

MARK

I'm not sure.

BACALL

Don't let go.

He doesn't.

Just then a beautiful woman comes over.

WOMAN

I'm so sorry, I didn't realize you had a girlfriend, Mark, or I wouldn't have hit on you so hard.

MARK

Oh, no, it's...

WOMAN

There's such strong energy between you two! There's such love here!

He can rectify it all, the break up was just a terrible mistake, he can make it right now.

He looks at Bacall. He looks at the woman. And then he says:

MARK

There's nothing here. Nothing at all.

Bacall looks down and sees they are no longer holding hands.

She forces a smile. The woman walks away, wanting no part of whatever's about to go down.

Bacall turns to him and on him.

BACALL
How could you say that?!

MARK
What was I supposed to say?

BACALL
I think I'm going to vomit.

MARK
Metaphorically.

BACALL
Yes.

She looks at him.

BACALL
No.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S HOTEL ROOM

Mark, covered in green puke, is holding her hair for her as she heaves into the toilet of his five star hotel room.

MARK
This is the ideal plan to win me back.

She hurls again. He notices a patch behind him where she didn't make it in time.

MARK
What did you eat?

BACALL
Green apple sour candy. And then spinach dip.

She hurls again. He looks back at the mess behind him.

MARK
Bacall! You puked South America.

Camera flashes to the green puke in exactly the shape of South America.

MARK

You are definitely my most talented
ex-girlfriend.

BACALL

Don't say that word.

She gets her breath. Wipes her mouth.

BACALL

I've spent every day, since that
day, trying to understand why I'm
your ex.

MARK

There's nothing to figure out. I
told you: if I could be with
anyone, I would be with you.

They are sitting opposite each other on the cool tile floor.

BACALL

There was nobody else?

MARK

No!

He sighs.

MARK

When I said that I can't be in a
relationship, what I meant by that,
the subtext, if you will, is that *I*
can't be in a relationship.

BACALL

But...

He's really pleading his case now, as if in front of judge
and jury.

MARK

I haven't had a girlfriend in *ten*
years. I thought I'd broke the
pattern with you. But I haven't. I
left you because of me. I wasn't
expecting you when I walked into
your shop. *I just fell into it.*

This phrase, her phrase, chills her.

From the look on his face you can believe, in this moment,
that he is sadder than her.

MARK

But I am not fit for the job. Do you understand?

She doesn't answer. Straightens her dress.

BACALL

You didn't wish me well on my birthday.

MARK

Of course I wished you well. I thought about you all day.

BACALL

But how could I have known that?

MARK

Bacall. I love you to fucking pieces and I am sorry for the pain and confusion that I've caused you. But there's nothing else I can do. Except let you get on with your life.

He watches as her mind goes somewhere very far away. And when she comes back to land:

BACALL

I won't get back my blow-jobs. And I won't get back my worn underwear that you made me fedex you on tour. And I won't get the photos you took for me of my Grandfather's birthplace in Russia. And I won't get back the cakes I baked you...so many cakes. I won't get them back, will I?

This shatters his heart.

MARK

Do you really want your underwear back?

She thinks. She truly thinks about this. The answer surprises herself.

BACALL

No.

He smiles weakly at her as she leaves him where he is, still sat on the bathroom floor.

When she gets to the door, she turns around.

BACALL
Can I ask you one more thing?

MARK
Of course.

BACALL
Do you like to...?

An explosion of inauguration fireworks go off, and we don't hear the rest of the sentence. He looks mortified.

MARK
Jesus, why would you ask me that?
Now?

BACALL
I just heard that you liked it. So
I was wondering why you never tried
it with me?

MARK
It's alright, I suppose. I'm not
really that bothered, to be honest.
More into old fashioned missionary.

(beat)

BACALL
That's what I thought. Thanks. Bye.

She leaves.

He sits there, scratching his head.

EXT. MARK'S HOTEL ROOM

He opens the door.

MARK
Bacall!

She stops. Is he going to change his mind. Still, still, her heart leaps with hope. She turns around.

BACALL
Yes?

MARK

I did get you something for your
birthday.

He walks towards her, barefoot. He hands her a slip of paper.

MARK

I met him at the Grammys.

She looks at it. Because she doesn't say anything, he adds:

MARK

It's Bob Dylan's autograph.

BACALL

I see that.

She takes a deep breath.

BACALL

Thank you.

MARK

You're welcome.

INT.HOTEL

Lobby, outside the main party goings on.

In her beautiful ball-gown, she rests herself against a massive HOPE poster and puts her head in her hands. I want it to look as iconic as Audrey in her Givenchy dress, eating a Danish outside Tiffany's.

TOM

Bacall?

She looks up.

TOM

I was looking for you.

He kisses her on both cheeks.

TOM

I googled you.

BACALL

Great.

TOM

I know who your boyfriend was.

BACALL

Awesome.

TOM

He gave a lot of money to the campaign.

BACALL

I know. I was there.

She wonders whether to tell him...

BACALL

I ran into him tonight. It wasn't very nice.

TOM

I'm sorry. (beat). Listen, you tried. You know, you try until you can't.

She nods her head.

TOM

You took your perfect hopes and dreams and you put them into someone else's heart, pumping someone else's blood. It didn't cross your mind that harm would come to it, his blood lined in your dreams. But it did. And now you close yourself to love forever. Or...

He looks at her. Is she listening? Is she really listening?

TOM

...you take back your heart and just do it all again.

She's floored. All she can say is:

BACALL

Yeah.

He helps her to her feet.

TOM

How was your trip? How are your exes?

BACALL

They're different from how they were. One's a museum guide who succumbed to rock excess, one was this crazy Irishman and he became this crazy religious Jew, one was a human rights lawyer and he became a pornographer. One became a success, which he was not supposed to be. One kept everything exactly the same except he became...really fat. They all *changed so much*.

TOM

But if you don't ever change, if you pick one thing, decide on one thing and then stick to it no matter what...you're George Bush. Aren't you?

BACALL

You are blowing my mind.

He points at the Obama poster she's leaning against.

TOM

Well, it's a Magical Black Man theme night. Look, I have to be back at headquarters in seven minutes. I've got to go. If there were ever a time you could kiss me, with your eyes closed...would you let me know?

He hands her his card. It's like he's handing her HOPE.

INT.PRE-INAUGURAL BALL, WASHINGTON

They are back in the heaving throng. Elishia is pissed off at her for having gone off with Mark. She sees her glower.

BACALL

Don't tell me the post-feminist perspective on what just happened.

ELISHIA

Can I tell you the ass-hole perspective? You're making yourself look like an *ass-hole*. You have this great new guy trying to get your attention and your wasting yet more tears on this little pisher?

(MORE)

ELISHIA (cont'd) *You're too old for this!*

BACALL

You hit the nail on the head,
darling.

ELISHIA

What?

BACALL

Remember your last break up?

ELISHIA

Yeah. I was nineteen. It's why I
don't do relationships.

BACALL

So. It will be harder to get
through when you're twenty four.
And harder than that at twenty-
seven. And at thirty, you may feel
like you just can't do it at all.

Elishia looks a little stung, actually, so Bacall shows her
the Dylan autograph.

BACALL

How much do you think this is
worth?

ELISHIA

We'll check online when we get back
to the room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

In their pajamas now, Elishia is on the computer whilst
Bacall writes the check, in full, to the hospital.

ELISHIA

A Dylan autograph will get \$1000 on
Ebay.

BACALL

We need that gas money to get home.

ELISHIA

That'll cover most of it. With
motels, we probably need another
four hundred bucks.

Bacall goes into her bag. Pulls out the pornographic Polaroid of herself.

BACALL
I look amazing here.

She taps the Polaroid on the table a few times.

ELISHIA
No! Are you crazy?

BACALL
You can't actually tell that it's me. My tits don't look like that anymore. And I just...don't give a fuck.

Things change.

ELISHIA
You can't sell that. Don't you have any pride?

BACALL
Are you crazy? After the last two months? No. I don't have pride.

She loses it. Elishia puts her arm around her. Bacall gathers herself together, takes a few breaths, wipes away the tears.

ELISHIA
Hey. Your nose looks completely healed.

BACALL
Yeah. Sometimes it feels kind of good to have something tangible to recover from.

She puts the picture in an envelope.

BACALL
Sold.

EXT. WASHINGTON

Inspired by Bacall's action, Elishia is yelling into a phone as the masses engulf them.

ELISHIA

Yes, I know. Yes! We're here. I just wanted to tell you that, I'd like to take the deal. If it's still on offer.

She listens for a moment, nods.

ELISHIA

Terrific. I think I have some new material to add. I think I can make it funnier.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C., INAUGURATION DAY

It is jam packed and they are freezing as they stand, sardine packed, into the national mall. Bacall has Sonny strapped to her chest in a Baby Bjorn. Almost none of Elishia's face is visible, she's so tightly bundled up. Most of the people immediately around them are African-American and it seems like everyone's been standing there for a good while, making friends.

They all look up at the jumbotrons as the camera pans across various famous faces in the special seating section. Oprah! Hooray! Bono! Hooray! Mariah Carey and Nick Cannon! Huh?

And then...

Mark's face is enormous, in close up, across the jumbotron. His hair is long and flowing and he's wearing a large keffiyeh against the cold. It takes Bacall's breath away. Elishia sees and tries to distract her.

ELISHIA

He looks like the world's gayest terrorist.

Bacall stares at his face, 50 feet high.

BACALL

He looks like someone I loved. And he looks like someone who loved me. He looks like a man who promised me the world. And then let me down. Worse than I've ever been let down before.

When the camera blessedly moves off him and onto Quincy Jones, Bacall's face says "Leave it. Just leave it. Because I am going to fucking cry again". She gulps it back and forces a smile that somehow becomes a true smile.

BACALL

That's really all he looks like.

Elishia seems chastened for once and a lot goes between them without being said, as she takes Bacall's hand.

We hear the first notes of '**America**' by **Simon and Garfunkel**, which will keep playing through this final scene.

On the jumbotron behind them, the ascent of the Obama family to the world stage (depicted just in flashes of colour - Malia and Sasha's awesome winter coats, Michelle's citrus dress and flippy hair, Barack's ears) is marred as George Bush comes out of the White House.

ELISHIA

It's over.

BACALL

Yeah.

ELISHIA

You're free of him. You know that?

BACALL

I know.

Bush walks up the stairs of the waiting helicopter. As he does, a man by Bacall and Elishia yells out:

ANGRY MAN

I want my eight years back! I'm going to stand here UNTIL YOU GIVE ME BACK THE LAST EIGHT YEARS.

A jolly man says, almost thrilled by the stark truth:

JOLLY MAN

Ain't no getting those years back.
He fucked them up. And now they're gone. *Forever.*

The jolly man waits a beat as those around him shiver.

JOLLY MAN

Now, let's all do the electric slide!

Bacall breaks the silence.

BACALL

I don't know how to do that one.
But I'm willing to try.

EXT.WHITE HOUSE

As the helicopter containing Bush revs up, the crowd erupt into a spontaneous chant of:

"Na na na na! Na na na na! Hey hey hey! Goodbye!"

EXT.WHITE HOUSE

Bacall looks at Tom's business card and you feel pretty confident that she will call just as soon as she's ready. She looks around her. It occurs to her, really for the first time, that every single person here has loved and lost. And will again. Simon and Garfunkel are singing:

"Kathy I'm lost I said

(though I knew she was sleeping)

I'm empty and aching

And I don't know why"

Bacall looks up as the now ex-President, as if plucked out of the world stage by some celestial hand, is pulled back up into the sky. Sonny, strapped to her chest, looks up, too.

The sound cuts out as:

Bacall looks around at everybody's faces, trained upwards, hypnotized by his departure. The endless sea of bodies as far as she can see, and on each face, such catharsis, for everything that's ever been unfair in their lives, rectified, just for today. She's about to start crying. She knows it. We know it. But, instead

...she smiles.

And looks back up at the helicopter as it gets smaller and smaller, as if the eight years had all been nothing more than a bad dream.

When the screen goes black, the sound returns full volume as we hear real audio from inauguration day, of the crowd, chanting as one:

"Na na na na! Na na na na! Hey hey hey! GOODBYE!"

THE END

Credit sequence over the real version of 'Kiss Him Goodbye' by Steam.

For those who stay for the credits, a V.O midway:

BARACK V.O
Dear Bacall,
I received your letter of December 20th. First of all, let me thank you for your support. Both Michelle and I can assure you we wish you only the best in your romantic endeavours and appreciate your drawing this matter to our attention. In conclusion, Mark Friday's music blows and he looks like a 1930's hobo who lives in a haunted amusement park. I have to go now. Rahm Emanuel is sulking.
Sincerely,
Barack Obama

More credits...

And later:

In an unnamed city...

INT.LIVING ROOM, EVE

The last scene of The Dark Crystal flickers across a TV set. Behind them is the 50's cheesecake portrait of herself Bacall posed for in New Jersey.

Tom and Bacall, spooning together on the sofa, Sonny beside them, look at each other in amazement.

BACALL
That was not at all how I remembered it.

TOM
That...was amazing.