

SORRY, BABY

Written by

Eva Victor

OVER BLACK:

The CRUNCH of a car driving on a snowy road. Then the words:

**THE YEAR WITH THE BABY**

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Winter. Snow falls onto a pitched roof a cottage. Gold light emanates from inside. The street is dark, the sky near black. Some stars.

A car heads towards the...

INT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

From inside, AGNES (late 20s) spots the car approaching.

AGNES

AHHH!!!!

She grabs a weathered hiking boot and shoves it on her foot.

Outside, the car parks. LYDIE (late 20s) emerges from it.

LYDIE

Fuck. Fuck, it's so fucking cold.

Agnes flies outside in her untied boots.

AGNES

HI!!!!!!

LYDIE

Hi!!! Oh my god, you can see my breath--

AGNES

You made it!!!!

LYDIE

Yes I did!!

AGNES

I missed you.

LYDIE

I missed you.

Agnes wraps Lydie in a hug. They head for the car's trunk.

LYDIE (CONT'D)  
It's fucking freezing, I always  
forget how fucking cold it is here--

AGNES  
It's cold yeah--

LYDIE  
I seriously can't believe you still  
live here.

AGNES  
You say that every time--

Lydie grabs her bag, it's heavy.

LYDIE  
I can't feel my hands--

AGNES  
Let me take that--

LYDIE  
It's heavy though--

AGNES  
Yeah, fuck. Did you bring me  
presents?

They waddle inside, each carrying an end of the suitcase.

LYDIE  
No, I brought eighteen pairs of  
socks.

AGNES  
I have socks--

LYDIE  
But your feet are huge, babe.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Agnes and Lydie sit on the couch under blankets in socks.  
They sip on something warm. OLGA, Agnes' cat, sits nearby.

AGNES  
It's like,  
(imitating a man fucking)  
"Uh, uh, uh, you like that, you  
like that."

LYDIE

Like, "uh, uh, yeah, that's my  
dick, and it can go inside of your  
body!"

AGNES

"That's *my* dick!"

LYDIE

"You like my *dick*?"

AGNES

"I have a dick, say it back to  
me!!"

LYDIE

"REMIND ME I HAVE A DICK WHILE I  
FUCK YOU WITH MY DICK!!"

AGNES

...

LYDIE

... So are you seeing anyone?

AGNES

No. No, I am not.

They sip.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Agnes, Olga, the cat, and Lydie sleep soundly, cuddled on the  
couch. Snow falls.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

The sky is blue, Lydie's car is coated in snow.

LYDIE (O.S.)

(croaking)

Coffee...

AGNES (O.S.)

Mhm...

EXT. FROZEN-OVER LAKE - DAY

Agnes and Lydie walk through a sparse forest in big coats.

AGNES

So... are you gonna let me read it?

LYDIE

Yeah but it's not done, it's not even a proper draft.

AGNES

But it's a draft.

LYDIE

It's definitely a draft.

AGNES

Is it still about gay New York stuff?

LYDIE

Yeah but now it's like dark and like psychological, but also funny?

AGNES

I will need to read that...

They arrive at the frozen-over lake. Under their feet, frozen rocks wait for summer.

They spot a FATHER and his SON put on ice skates on the shore. They wave, Lydie and Agnes wave back.

LYDIE

Why do people go out to the middle?

AGNES

You're worried they'll fall in?

LYDIE

Yeah, but then every time I'm actually on the ice I think, well I could never fall in. Ice is sturdy. But THAT'S why people fall in, is cause they think it's solid but it's really not.

AGNES

You should have been a chemist, you are so smart.

LYDIE

No, chemistry is like, molecules, Agnes.

AGNES

It's interesting we got through all of grad school and have absolutely no idea what chemistry is.

LYDIE

That's because we went for literature, which is mainly reading, and getting high, and then talking about what we read while still being high.

EXT. FROZEN-OVER LAKE - DAY

Lydie and Agnes lie on the shore, on a blanket.

AGNES

I wish you lived here.

LYDIE

Yeah.

AGNES

Or closer, at least.

LYDIE

I wish you lived closer to me, too.

AGNES

I like it here, though.

LYDIE

Are you sure?

AGNES

Why?

LYDIE

It's a lot. Right? To still be here.

AGNES

It's a lot to be wherever.

LYDIE

That's true. School was like...

AGNES

I mean school was...

LYDIE

Right...

AGNES

Exactly.

Agnes grabs Lydie's hand and holds it close.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Do you miss me? Even though you're married?

LYDIE

Yes, I miss you even though I'm married.

AGNES

"Married."

LYDIE

I know. Grown-up.

AGNES

So grown-up. *Married.*

LYDIE

I know. Like, "Hello! I'm married!!!"

AGNES

"Hey! I'm bound in a legal marriage!!!"

LYDIE

"Hey, you, you over there, I've wed and now I'm in a marriage that the state knows about!!"

The father and son look over.

LYDIE (CONT'D)

SORRY!!

AGNES

SORRY, BUT SHE'S MARRIED!!!!

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Agnes cooks a rice thing. Olga, the cat, stares at Lydie.

LYDIE

You know they say that if you die your cat will, like, eat you. Your corpse. Eat your corpse.

AGNES  
Who says that?

LYDIE  
I think it's like common knowledge  
actually.

OLGA  
...

AGNES  
I guess there could be worse  
things. You know? Than my cat  
eating me if I die here alone.

LYDIE  
I literally can't imagine that many  
things that are worse.

AGNES  
At least he knows me. It'd probably  
be more a gesture of love than  
anything.

Lydie stares at Olga, Olga stares back.

INT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

*12 Angry Men* plays. Lydie watches, Agnes sleeps, her legs in  
Lydie's lap.

JUROR 7 (O.C.)  
*Well, what do we do now?*

JUROR 8 (O.C.)  
*You're alone.*

JUROR 3 (O.C.)  
*I don't care whether I'm alone or  
not. It's my right.*

JUROR 8 (O.C.)  
*It's your right.*

Lydie moves Agnes' legs, gets up and mutes the movie.

She peruses Agnes' desk: the stacks of unmarked and marked  
papers, a syllabus, with red ink edits scratched onto it. A  
battered copy of Nabokov's *Lolita* lays open, face down on the  
desk, crumpled post-its stick out of it.



She picks it up, skims it, sees a particularly revolting passage she remembers from her first and only read of the book. She grimaces.

LYDIE

Ew.

A LOUD KNOCK at the door interrupts her. Lydie tosses the book aside, done with the pervert who wrote it. Another LOUD KNOCK sounds as Lydie arrives at the door. She swings it open and finds GAVIN (30s, bumbling, trying).

GAVIN

Oh.

LYDIE

Hi.

GAVIN

Hi.

LYDIE

Can I help you?

GAVIN

Uh. No. Sorry. Do I have the wrong house??

He checks.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

No. This is the right house. Is this really the right house?? Yep. This is the house. Weird.

LYDIE

Are you here for Agnes?

GAVIN

Yes...

Agnes appears behind Lydie.

AGNES

Gavin.

GAVIN

Agnes.

LYDIE

Lydie.

GAVIN  
Ohhhh! You're LYDIE!! Oh, my god.  
Okay. Sorry. My mistake. This is  
*the weekend*. Sorry.

AGNES  
No problem. Gavin is my neighbor.  
You actually live *there*.

She points to the house across the street.

GAVIN  
Ohhhh. Okay. Yes. I live *there*.  
Oops.

AGNES  
No problem. Sweet dreams, Gavin.  
God bless your lost soul...

GAVIN  
Nice to meet you, Lydie.

LYDIE  
You too.

Agnes closes the door.

LYDIE (CONT'D)  
He's cute.

AGNES  
Who?

LYDIE  
You're fucking him.

AGNES  
No, I'm not.

LYDIE  
You're fucking your neighbor.

AGNES  
No.

LYDIE  
You're fucking your neighbor named  
Gavin.

AGNES  
You are!

LYDIE  
Well *I'm* not.

EXT. AGNES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The wind whips.

Through the window, Agnes, Olga and Lydie sleep in Agnes' bed. The window's panes of glass are almost completely covered in taped up sheets of paper, except two holes where pages have been removed. Like a puzzle missing two pieces.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The next day. Agnes and Lydie brush their teeth. Lydie spits.

LYDIE

Agnes.

AGNES

Mhm.

LYDIE

I have to tell you something.

AGNES

Mm-kay.

LYDIE

It's about my body.

AGNES

(through toothpaste "your  
body is perfect")  
Uhh-re badee ib porbect.

LYDIE

Thank you. No. That's not what I mean.

AGNES

Mm-kay.

LYDIE

I have a baby in me.

AGNES

WHAT????

Toothpaste splatters out.

AGNES (CONT'D)

You do???

LYDIE

Yes.

AGNES  
Right now???

LYDIE  
Yes!!

AGNES  
LYDIE!! Oh my god, your body is a miracle. Are you scared?

LYDIE  
Yes.

AGNES  
But are you glad??

LYDIE  
Yes. It's good. I wanted it obviously. We did like a million rounds of this shit.

AGNES  
You *did* want it!! LYDIE!!! Are you going to name it Agnes??

LYDIE  
I-- I don't know.

AGNES  
Okay... But try and think about it.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Agnes and Lydie, bundled up, walk down the snowy driveway. They look like little ants.

AGNES  
So it was good sperm then...

LYDIE  
Yeah, thank god for that random tall white guy's good sperm. And he kinda looks like Fran!

AGNES  
Yeah he does. He's hot. Maybe I should have his baby too!! Then they can be brothers or whatever.

LYDIE  
I think he's pretty hard to track down...

AGNES  
I mean, we have his picture...

INT. SANDY PETE SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

A no-frills sandwich shop with a big sign that reads **Sandy Pete**. Agnes and Lydie wait in line.

AGNES  
Thank god it worked.

LYDIE  
The in vitro stuff?

AGNES  
Yeah.

LYDIE  
I know.

AGNES  
Cause you were really sad there for a sec.

LYDIE  
... I was extremely depressed and on a million hormones...

AGNES  
No, right. Sorry. Wait, sorry.

LYDIE  
Not just sad...

AGNES  
Right. I don't know why I said it like that. That was rude. I'm so happy you're going to have the baby you want to have. You're a perfect genius and I'm obsessed with you.

LYDIE  
Okay, okay, thank you...  
(re: sandwiches)  
Which one are you getting?

AGNES  
Number four. It's got olives in it.

LYDIE  
Ew.

AGNES

No, that's what I thought at first,  
but--

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

AGNES.

The voice belongs to PETE (60s, no-nonsense, heart of gold),  
the owner of the shop.

AGNES

Hi, Pete.

PETE

Agnes. There you are, sheesh, I'm  
glad to see you, I was worried  
about you.

AGNES

No, I'm fine, Pete. Thanks, though.  
I've been busy with teaching stuff.

PETE

Oh, that's good then. That sounds  
good. That you're busy. But you  
know there's always a sandwich here  
for you when you want it.

AGNES

Thanks, Pete.

PETE

I honestly thought you died. Was  
gonna send someone to check on you,  
you know, to make sure you hadn't,  
you know, whatever, blown your  
brains out, but didn't want to send  
my son because if you were dead I  
wouldn't want Hank to see you like  
that, cause the trauma of seeing  
something like that, you know, that  
can really stick with a person for  
a long time-

AGNES

I'm okay, I didn't do anything, so.

PETE

Alright. You want a sandwich?

AGNES

Yes. Two. Lydie's here.

PETE

Oh!! Good! Your friend is here.  
Okay, that's good. It's good for  
her to have you around, you know  
how the winter can be. People want  
to die more often in the winter.  
She tell you about my sandwiches?

LYDIE

Best ones she's ever had!!

PETE

That's what I like to hear!  
Alright, you two want the spicy  
one? The one you like? With the  
squash in it?

AGNES

Yes, please.

PETE

Be right out.

AGNES

Oh, Pete, she's pregnant!!

PETE

You are??

LYDIE

I am!

AGNES

So can you make her a normal  
sandwich and then, what, like a  
mini sandwich on the side for the  
baby??

LYDIE

Just one normal size is good.

PETE

Fifteen minutes.

Agnes reaches for her wallet.

PETE (CONT'D)

Oh, no. No, you're not paying.

AGNES

Pete.

PETE

Listen, you don't pay here. It goes both ways, for instance, if I wanted to come take a fancy college class, I bet you wouldn't charge me.

AGNES

I would probably have to charge you.

PETE

Alright, well. You're lucky I don't want to do that, then.

EXT. SNOWY PEBBLED BEACH - DAY

Agnes and Lydie sit, eating their sandwiches.

AGNES

Can I touch it?

LYDIE

Sure.

Agnes touches Lydie's stomach through her jacket.

AGNES

I don't really feel anything.

LYDIE

Yeah, it's not, like, a baby yet.

AGNES

How old is it?

LYDIE

Ten weeks.

AGNES

Oh. So probably really small.

LYDIE

Yeah.

AGNES

What, like a mouse, maybe?

LYDIE

Is my baby the size of a mouse?

AGNES

Yeah.



LYDIE  
How big is a mouse??

Agnes makes a circle with her fingers.

LYDIE (CONT'D)  
Yeah, smaller than that.

AGNES  
Wow, smaller than a mouse.

LYDIE  
Don't tell people tonight about...

She points to her uterus.

AGNES  
Don't worry I never tell secrets.  
Unless I really feel it is a secret  
I want to tell.

LYDIE  
That's not that reassuring, babe.

AGNES  
I don't want to go.

LYDIE  
Natasha will rip my head off if I  
don't go. I don't know. She's rude.  
Tonally.

AGNES  
Yes, she has a very rude tone.

LYDIE  
Definitely a very rude tone.

AGNES  
...

LYDIE  
...

AGNES  
Are you afraid?

LYDIE  
Yeah.

AGNES  
For the pain?

LYDIE

Uh. Yeah. For the pain. And also because it's a person, you know. I want to make a good person.

AGNES

You're gonna make a good person.

LYDIE

... It's going to hurt so bad.

AGNES

Oh my god it seems like it hurts so bad.

LYDIE

Don't say that!!

AGNES

Sorry!! I bet it will feel good, actually... I won't tell people about your little mouse.

LYDIE

It's a baby. Just... Not a mouse. A baby.

INT. NATASHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A candlelit table. Agnes, Lydie, NATASHA (smart, wants you to know it), LOGAN (anxious, happy), and DEVIN (boring, confident) eat.

DEVIN

But they hadn't put the down-payment on it, yada yada yada, doesn't matter, short story is-- we got the house, but we had to pay like, significantly more than we wanted to.

LOGAN

But you bought a house!!

NATASHA

Yeah, that's huge.

LYDIE

Go Devin!

DEVIN

Yeah, it is a big deal. And it's a big house actually!

LOGAN

Right!

NATASHA

Do you like this house? My house?

LOGAN

Oh. Yeah. I do. The wood... On the... Yeah.

AGNES

What are you going to put in it?

DEVIN

In my house? Oh, uh, probably like our couch, our bed, Benny's parents' dresser.

AGNES

All your stuff.

DEVIN

Yeah.

AGNES

That makes sense.

LYDIE

You're like a full-fledged adult!

NATASHA

We all are!

LOGAN

It's been so long since we've... I mean, you guys, hi...

DEVIN

Is it three years? Since we graduated??

LOGAN

Oh my god, three years--

AGNES

Four, I think.

LYDIE

Four years??

NATASHA

Time really does fly.

DEVIN  
Time definitely flies.

NATASHA  
Not for me, or Agnes, probably.  
Since we're still here. Still at  
the school.  
(to Agnes)  
You're still in your same house.  
But time flies for the three of you  
who left, probably.  
(to Lydie)  
New York!!

LYDIE  
Oh. Yeah! New York!

NATASHA  
Mhm... Wow. Good for you!

AGNES  
And she has a one bedroom there.  
Not just a studio which would still  
be really impressive.

LYDIE  
Thank you, yeah. No, it's good.  
It's a trip being back here, I  
drove by campus on my way to Agnes  
and my heart started racing when I  
saw the library--

LOGAN  
THE LIBRARY, LYDIE, NO--

LYDIE  
I have like, deeply-engrained  
stress.

DEVIN  
Yeah, some late nights...

LYDIE  
One time I lost my student card and  
the librarian didn't believe I went  
there so I had to climb in through  
the bathroom window--

LOGAN  
That librarian was such a meanie!!

LYDIE  
So rude!!!

LOGAN

She made me cry like seven times.

NATASHA

Once, in a private room on the third floor, I almost paper-cut my face open with my copy of *Little Dorrit* just so I could go to the hospital and get a night of sleep. I didn't do it. But.

DEVIN

I genuinely feel like I worked on that thesis for a decade.

LOGAN

I have nightmares where my thesis is all blank pages and then I eat the pages.

LYDIE

That is so sad!!!

LOGAN

It is really sad, yeah!

NATASHA

Agnes, was it really that easy for you?

DEVIN

It's not Agnes' fault that Decker liked her best.

Agnes looks up upon hearing that name.

NATASHA

No, it's not her fault. But it pissed me off.

Lydie's hand appears in Agnes' lap, grabbing Agnes' hand, holding it tight.

LYDIE

(trying to move on)  
Natasha, what's in this fish?

NATASHA

Fish.

DEVIN

So how is it, you two, being the teachers now!!

NATASHA

That makes it sound hot, but it's not really like that. I'm still part-time, but I think I'm gonna teach a class next semester. If they make me full-time. Which, they haven't said is going to happen, but it could.

LOGAN

Yeah, it could.

NATASHA

No, it will.

LOGAN

No, yes, it will!

DEVIN

How's Wilkinson??

NATASHA

She died. Last year.

DEVIN

Fuck. That sucks.

LOGAN

She was so scary!!

DEVIN

No, she wasn't. She was just old and you interpret that as scary but that's our society isn't it...

LOGAN

No, it's not because she was old, it's because I'm afraid of everything, especially like, some types of smart women.

NATASHA

We have news in the English department. Agnes?

Beads of sweat fall from Agnes' hairline.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Agnes has big news.

AGNES

Bathroom. Sorry.

Agnes goes.

NATASHA

Agnes is a full-time teacher now.  
Took Wilkinson's spot.

LYDIE

Filled the spot.

DEVIN

Agnes?? Wow!

LOGAN

That's so amazing.

DEVIN

She's so quiet about that stuff.

NATASHA

I would have sent out a huge email  
to everyone I've ever known,  
especially my ex.

LOGAN

Agnes is super young to be full-  
time faculty, right...

NATASHA

Youngest one in fifty years. That  
bitch, I'm kidding.

LYDIE

There's a bone.

NATASHA

What?

LYDIE

In the fish.

NATASHA

Oh.

LYDIE

There's a bone, in the fish you  
made for dinner.

NATASHA

Sorry.

LYDIE

That's okay. Just. Next time you  
might want to debone it a little  
better. If you're going to serve it  
to people.

NATASHA

The place I bought the fish did it,  
not me.

LYDIE

Okay. Well. Just be careful. Going  
forward.

NATASHA

Okay.

LYDIE

Okay.

NATASHA

... Okay.

LYDIE

..... Okay.

INT. NATASHA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Agnes tries to breathe. She is on the verge of a panic  
attack. She turns on the faucet to cover the heaving.

She sweats. Her body gags again.

INT. LYDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lydie sleeps, Olga sleeps against Lydie's stomach. Agnes  
comes in, slips under the covers, and joins Lydie in bed.

By the door sit Agnes' boots. Snow turned to dirty water  
drips off them.

INT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lydie and Agnes read over coffee/tea.

LYDIE

You leave the house, right?

AGNES

What? Yes, I leave the house. I go  
to work, I have a job, Lydie.

LYDIE

Are you still in the same office?

AGNES

Yes.



LYDIE

I thought you were going to ask them to switch.

AGNES

I didn't want to have to explain why-- why it's weird for me to be in that office.

LYDIE

You should just tell them there's mold or something.

AGNES

Maybe.

LYDIE

Do you want me to call them and tell them there's like a dead animal in the wall?

AGNES

You are an angel from heaven, but no. I just. It's like, I just got the job... I don't even know if I should have the job.

LYDIE

Agnes.

AGNES

No, I know, I just-- I am not going to complain about my office which is technically huge and there's a lot of light and I can see why he liked it.

LYDIE

...

AGNES

Anyways, yes, I leave the house.

Olga looks at Lydie, "Agnes does not leave the house."

LYDIE

Agnes. Don't die.

AGNES

I'm not going to die... If I was going to kill myself, I would have done it like, last year. Or the year before. Or, like, definitely the year before.

LYDIE

AGNES!!!

AGNES

No. No, I'm fine. And obviously,  
let me return the sentiment, don't  
die.

Agnes kneels by Lydie's feet.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Lydie. You are having a little  
baby.

LYDIE

I knowwwwww.

AGNES

You are going to take such good  
care of your little baby. I won't  
die.

LYDIE

Please don't die.

AGNES

No, *you* please don't die.

Agnes puts her hands on Lydie's uterus.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Hello. I'm Agnes. I'm your mommy.  
(whispering to baby)  
Lydie and Fran may tell you  
otherwise, but heed my words, I am  
your mommy.

LYDIE

Agnes.

AGNES

No. Okay.  
(whispering to baby)  
I'm Agnes. I'm not your mommy.  
(whispering quieter)  
I am your mommy.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

A clear sky as Lydie's car trunk slams shut.

AGNES

Don't go.

LYDIE  
I'll see you soon.

AGNES  
When.

LYDIE  
Come to New York! We have an extra  
bed!

AGNES  
Tell Fran I hate them.

LYDIE  
No.

AGNES  
I don't hate them.

LYDIE  
I know.

Lydie gets into her car. Agnes squats outside the car and motions Lydie to roll down the window. She rolls it down.

AGNES  
Come soon. Not because of, like--  
not because I'm going to kill  
myself. Just come soon. For fun.

LYDIE  
I'm just six and a half hours away.  
Six if you drive too fast. But  
don't do that.

AGNES  
Okay. Maybe I can hold the bucket  
while you throw up.

LYDIE  
What?

AGNES  
Cause the baby.

LYDIE  
Oh.

AGNES  
Babies make people throw up.

LYDIE  
No, babies make you throw up.

AGNES  
You should have the baby here!!

LYDIE  
I'll probably have it in New York.

AGNES  
Right... Where you live...

LYDIE  
It's crazy you haven't seen our apartment...

AGNES  
I know, I'm sorry, I'll come...

LYDIE  
I know New York is on your "don't go there" list.

AGNES  
No, no, I'll try...

LYDIE  
At least come when it's born. It will be fun and weird and I'll be scared and I want you in the room.

AGNES  
You think I'm waiting outside the room? Please. Fran can wait outside the room.

LYDIE  
Fran will be in the room.

AGNES  
Of course. And you come back too. Just... don't wait so long to come back.

LYDIE  
Okay.

Lydie drives off, waving. A cloud moves over Agnes' house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hail attacks the roof as Agnes sleeps on a stack of half-graded papers. Olga bites Agnes' face, waking her.

Was Olga trying to eat Agnes? Did Olga think Agnes was dead?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Agnes heads to bed. As she passes the front door, she checks the doorknob. Good, it's locked.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Agnes crawls into bed...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Agnes is back at the door. She unlocks it, then re-locks it, then tries the doorknob. Good. Definitely locked. She leaves, we stay on the door, then...

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

The CHIRPS of Maine in springtime. Then:

**THE YEAR WITH THE BAD THING**

EXT. AGNES' COTTAGE - DUSK

Four years earlier. The same cottage.

INT. AGNES' COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Agnes and Lydie sit at the kitchen table, typing furiously. After some time, Lydie lets out a loud sigh.

LYDIE  
AHHGHGHHGH.

AGNES  
What's happening?

LYDIE  
SCHOOL SUCKS. I HATE SCHOOL. MY  
BRAIN IS LIKE OPEN WIRES. I THINK I  
AM GOING TO DIE.

AGNES  
...

LYDIE  
Oh my god... I just realized no one  
cares about Ted Hughes.

AGNES

Everyone cares about Ted Hughes.

LYDIE

I can't believe I've spent two years writing about a guy, I don't even fuck guys with my eyes open anymore. I close my eyes and imagine women.

AGNES

...

LYDIE

...

AGNES

Do you want to talk about it...

LYDIE

Talk about what?

AGNES

... Nothing...

LYDIE

...

EXT. ENGLISH BUILDING - DAY

PROFESSOR DECKER (50s) walks from his car to the building. He drops his briefcase, oops, picks it up, makes it to the door.

INT. GRAD STUDENT CLASSROOM - DAY

Logan, Devin, Natasha, Lydie and Agnes sit around a big table. Lydie naps on her hand.

The door to the classroom opens, Decker rushes in.

DECKER

Alright. Did we do it?

Agnes leafs through her pages, yes, she finished.

LOGAN

Barely. Haha.

DECKER

Devin?

DEVIN

I did it. I'm so sorry, I don't procrastinate so this wasn't a whole thing for me.

DECKER

That's okay. Good for you, Devin. Keep showing off, it will get you places.

He smiles at Agnes, then sees Lydie sleeping.

DECKER (CONT'D)

Lydie.

LYDIE

I'm Lydie. Mhm.

DECKER

Did you finish?

LYDIE

You know what, here's the thing. Don't be mad, I did finish it, but I do feel it is my responsibility to let you know, the last page is mainly, uh...

She checks the last page.

LYDIE (CONT'D)

Yep, it is a copy pasted excerpt of *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*, which I actually did not write.

DECKER

Yeats or Didion?

LYDIE

Didion. Always... Didion...

DECKER

Hey, you know what, I'm supposed to be your mentor-helper-whatever. I'm just here to make sure it's happening.

NATASHA

I did mine.

DECKER

Okay, good. Great, Natasha...  
Lydie, can you finish it by  
Wednesday? Get me your draft minus  
the Joan then?

LYDIE

Mhm. Again, so sorry.

NATASHA

Are you going to read mine?

DECKER

Uh. Yep. That's my job.

NATASHA

Are you going to ask Agnes if she  
did hers?

DECKER

Of course. Agnes, how'd yours go?

AGNES

Fine. I did it.

DECKER

Great. Can't wait to read.

NATASHA

... You're going to read mine too  
though, right?

INT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lydie types. Agnes sits on the couch with her legs up against  
the wall. She reads Sontag's essay *On style*.

LYDIE

Why am I STILL WORKING ON THIS????

AGNES

Because you didn't finish it. No  
offense.

LYDIE

Stop bragging.

AGNES

I am not bragging.

LYDIE

Your legs are up on the wall.



AGNES

So?

LYDIE

If I had finished, I'd also put my legs up on the wall, but I haven't yet, so I can't put my legs up on the wall.

AGNES

Okay, I'll take them down.

LYDIE

Thank you...

Agnes' phone CHIMES abruptly. Agnes looks: a text message from **Decker**. She opens it.

It's a photo of a page of her thesis. Three sentences are underlined in red. Then, a text appears under the photo: **This is extraordinary.**

Agnes smiles. Lydie's clacking turns into a slow clap on the keyboard. Agnes leans her head back to face Lydie.

AGNES

What.

LYDIE

You should fuck him.

AGNES

I don't want to fuck him.

LYDIE

Really?

AGNES

Yes.

LYDIE

Okay, well if you don't want to fuck him, definitely don't fuck him.

AGNES

I won't.

Agnes goes back to her book.

LYDIE

I think he wants to fuck you.

Agnes leans her head back again.

AGNES  
Really?

LYDIE  
Yes.

AGNES  
Well, that sucks.

LYDIE  
Why?

AGNES  
... Do you think that's why he's  
telling me I'm smart?

LYDIE  
No. He's telling you you're smart  
because you are very smart.

AGNES  
Okay.

LYDIE  
What would you say if he asked to  
fuck you?

AGNES  
I would say no. I would be upset if  
he asked.

LYDIE  
I get that.

AGNES  
I would say, "no, but thank you."

INT. DECKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Decker takes notes on some typed up pages. A photo of a young  
boy nearby. A KNOCK on the door.

DECKER  
Come on in.

It's Agnes.

AGNES  
Hi.

DECKER  
Agnes, hi.

AGNES  
Thanks for meeting with me.

DECKER  
Thanks for meeting with *me*.

She sits, he sets his pages aside.

AGNES  
Are you working on something?

DECKER  
It's my-- Ah, kill me. No, not really.

AGNES  
Well, now you have to tell me.

DECKER  
Why?

AGNES  
Because now I know too much.

DECKER  
Ha. Uh-- Okay. Yeah. It's-- I'm writing a book.

AGNES  
A book!

DECKER  
A book.

AGNES  
A long book?

DECKER  
Medium.

AGNES  
Good.

DECKER  
Why?

AGNES  
Long is like, okay, we get it.

DECKER  
Right. Short is like--

AGNES  
Why did you even write a book?

DECKER

Ha. Right. I will say, even though  
it is medium--

AGNES

The perfect length--

DECKER

Yes-- It is horrible. And every  
time I look at it, I want to kill  
myself.

AGNES

There actually have to be books  
like that, so you can distinguish  
which books are really the good  
books.

DECKER

Yes, I am doing a public service by  
writing a shit book.

AGNES

Exactly. It is actually the most  
selfless act of all, to make  
something bad.

DECKER

Hm. Explain that please.

AGNES

Well.. Making something good is  
easy. Making something bad, that  
takes sacrifice, the separation of  
the ego from the self, guts,  
courage.

Decker laughs.

DECKER

Thank you, Agnes.

AGNES

You feel better?

DECKER

No.

AGNES

Okay. If it helps at all, I like  
your first novel.

(MORE)

AGNES (CONT'D)

I liked how fucked up it was, and how it made me feel like there's a reason, even if I can't see it, that I'm alive, and it didn't feel like fiction, which I think is a compliment, in this case, and I think about it all the time when I'm doing other things, like eating ice cream or looking out the window.

DECKER

...

AGNES

...

DECKER

Thank you.

AGNES

Thank you.

DECKER

Whew. Okay. Enough about me. I read your thesis.

AGNES

You read it really fast.

DECKER

Yes, well, I frankly, I couldn't put it down.

AGNES

Oh. What, someone glue your hands to it?

DECKER

What?

AGNES

No.

DECKER

Oh.

AGNES

Sorry.

DECKER

Ha. No, okay. Yeah, so this whole section, page, uh, fourteen through, seventeen, I find to be absolutely, just, extraordinary--

A BUZZ from Decker's phone interrupts him.

DECKER (CONT'D)

Oh. Sorry.

He checks it.

DECKER (CONT'D)

Shit.

AGNES

You okay?

DECKER

Yes. Sorry. It's--

He types something.

DECKER (CONT'D)

It's my kid.

AGNES

Oh. You have a kid?

DECKER

I have a kid.

AGNES

Congratulations.

DECKER

He's eight. He's a dick.

Agnes laughs.

DECKER (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I have to--

He types something else.

DECKER (CONT'D)

My ex is-- she's a prosecutor which--

AGNES

Wow, the law.

DECKER  
Yes, my ex-wife loves the law.  
Shocking that our marriage didn't  
turn out well.

Another BUZZ from his phone.

DECKER (CONT'D)  
Fuck- alright, I have to, she's in  
court, my kid is sick and I have to-

AGNES  
No problem.

DECKER  
Okay. I have to go. Fuck. Sorry.  
Fuck.

AGNES  
It's really okay.

DECKER  
You should have my full attention  
and frankly, this paper deserves  
that. Uh, do you-- are you okay  
rescheduling for later?

AGNES  
Yeah. That's fine.

DECKER  
I'll text you. Sorry. I gotta run,  
but just, close the door, when you  
leave.

AGNES  
Oh, I'll leave now. That's weird if  
I stay.

DECKER  
You should look at that, I just got  
it, first edition *To The*  
*Lighthouse*, over there.

AGNES  
Oh. Wow. Okay. Thanks.

DECKER  
Yeah. Alright.

Decker grabs his jacket and leaves.

AGNES  
I hope he feels better!

Decker's face appears in the doorway.

DECKER  
What? Sorry?

AGNES  
Oh. No. Go. I said, I hope-- No.

DECKER  
Okay.

He leaves again. Agnes walks to the shelf. She looks at *To The Lighthouse*. When his footsteps are gone, she leafs through the set-aside pages of Decker's book. She reads...

EXT. ENGLISH BUILDING - EARLY EVENING

Agnes parks and walks into the...

INT. ENGLISH BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

WILKINSON (intense, no bullshit) teaches a class.

WILKINSON  
And here again, in perhaps  
Morrison's most jarring use of  
"flight", we are asked to reckon  
with the idea that taking his life,  
taking flight from his corporeal  
form is perhaps, for Milkman, a  
transcendence, not a tragedy.

As Agnes passes, the lesson fades out behind her...

WILKINSON (V.O.)  
Milkman feels he is returning to  
the ancestral home, the home that  
is not necessarily contained within  
the confines of the body...

Agnes arrives at the door that reads **Preston Decker**. She  
KNOCKS. She waits. She knocks again. Nothing.

She pulls out her phone, sees something on it, and furrows  
her brow. She heads back down the hall outside...

EXT. ENGLISH BUILDING - EARLY EVENING

Down the street, past the English Department, towards a  
residential block. We walk with Agnes, who arrives at...



EXT. DECKER'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

She checks her phone. Yep, this is it. She KNOCKS-- oops, there's a bell. She rings it.

The door swings open, there stands Decker.

DECKER

Agnes!

AGNES

Hi.

DECKER

Great, okay. Thanks for meeting last minute, sorry, this is my house. I hope that's okay--

AGNES

Yeah. Uh. Yeah. No problem.

DECKER

Don't worry, my kid's at my ex-wife's--

AGNES

All good.

She walks in.

DECKER

Do you mind taking off your boots?

AGNES

Oh. Yeah. Duh. Sorry.

DECKER

Don't be sorry.

AGNES

Do you have my paper or--

DECKER

Oh, yep, I have your paper right here, come on in. You can sit there--

The door shuts. We stay on the door...

EXT. DECKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We are still on the closed door...

Then, Agnes SHOVES it open. Agnes CLUTCHES her marked-up thesis in one hand and GRABS her boots with the other. She SHUTS the door behind her, still in her socks.

She's frozen for a moment. What the fuck just happened.

Then, she SITS on his steps, robotically, pulls on one boot, then the other. She looks around. Empty. Where is everyone?

With her laces loose and flying, Agnes heads back down the street and returns to the...

EXT. ENGLISH BUILDING - NIGHT

Students are leaving class, that means it's 7? She passes a group of students, a YOUNG GUY sees her dangling laces.

YOUNG GUY  
Your shoes are untied.

Agnes knows that.

AGNES  
Thanks.

She gets into her car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Agnes looks at herself in the rear-view. She's flushed. Is this the way her face has always looked?

She clicks on her seatbelt. As she does, she notices the button of her pants is dangling. She studies the button. When did that happen?

Abandoning that, she turns her car on, backs out, prompting a LOUD BANG-- She JUMPS, and turns, to see WILKINSON furiously shouting at her.

WILKINSON  
(through rearview window)  
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU'LL  
KILL SOMEONE.

AGNES  
Fuck. I'm sorry. SORRY, PROFESSOR  
WILKINSON!

WILKINSON  
YOU ALMOST RAN OVER MY FOOT.

Agnes turns off her car as WILKINSON stomps down the street.

WILKINSON (CONT'D)  
(to no one)  
My feet barely work as it is, take  
away one, there's no point in  
having another one...

Agnes turns on the car again, makes sure both sides are clear, and backs out.

We drive with her. Lamp post light illuminates her face.

She arrives at her...

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Agnes holds her thesis in one hand, her pants up in the other.

Through the window, Lydie arrives from another room.

LYDIE  
Okayyyyyy, I've been waiting with  
literal bated breath, how was it--

Upon seeing Agnes' face, she drops this.

LYDIE (CONT'D)  
Agnes. Are you okay? What  
happened??

AGNES  
I don't know.

LYDIE  
...

AGNES  
My pants are broken.

Lydie looks down.

LYDIE  
Your pants are broken.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Agnes sits in the bathtub, with her knees tucked into her chest. Lydie sits on the toilet, focused.

AGNES

And then we started kissing and I thought, we're kissing, I was thinking we're kissing the whole time, like in the bad way, where you aren't having a good time and it's just like, someone's mouth.

LYDIE

Mhm.

AGNES

And then I said I don't think I'm really ready to be kissing, I just got out of a thing, which is something I made up--

LYDIE

You're allowed to lie about that.

AGNES

And then he said that's okay we can just sit on the couch and watch a movie and so he started playing something, it was animated, which I thought was weird, but then I remembered he has a kid, so that made it less weird, and then he started touching my pants and I was kind of moving his hand--

LYDIE

Mhm.

AGNES

Like away--

LYDIE

Mhm.

AGNES

But he kept moving it back, to my pants. And then he started putting his hand down my pants, like between the pants and my underwear--

LYDIE

Mhm.

AGNES

And I was kind of squirming my body, like, he was, his fingers were really strong and hard, like in the bad way, like it was too hard, but maybe it would have felt good if I wanted his fingers to be doing that--

LYDIE

But you didn't want that--

AGNES

No, I didn't, and then I pulled his hand out because it didn't feel good and actually hurt kinda--

LYDIE

Mhm.

AGNES

And then I started kissing him instead because I thought, well, if we have to do something then I'd rather it be kissing than his fingers down there--

LYDIE

Mhm.

AGNES

And then, I don't remember.

Lydie stares at Agnes as Agnes thinks. A moment goes by.

AGNES (CONT'D)

And then, at some point, his hand was back in my pants, but under my underwear now, and I was trying to move it away again.

LYDIE

That's a lot of times that you were moving it away.

AGNES

Yeah, that's what I kept thinking, like, one more time and he won't move it back, because it's so obvious I'm moving it away, but he kept moving it back--

LYDIE

Mhm.

AGNES

And then he was pulling down my pants, trying to pull them down, but they have a button, and so he was pulling, pulling, and I was pulling them back up, and then they were halfway down and I felt something go in, like in me, and my spine got cold, and then I reached down to feel it and it was-- his-- it was his, you know, and then I jumped up. And pulled my pants up and sat on the side of the couch. I don't know how long. And I looked at his face once. And it was like, scared.

LYDIE

His face was scared?

AGNES

Yes.

LYDIE

Ew.

AGNES

Yeah, and then I just walked out kinda slowly, and got my boots. And then drove home and now I'm here.

LYDIE

It sounds like...

Agnes can't meet her eyes.

LYDIE (CONT'D)

That's. That is... That is the thing.

Lydie walks over to her naked friend and wraps her in a hug.

LYDIE (CONT'D)

I am really, really sorry.

Agnes rests her chin on Lydie's shoulder.

INT. LYDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lydie looks through her dresser. Agnes, in a big tee, lies on Lydie's bed. Lydie pulls out a pair of sweatpants.

LYDIE

These?

AGNES

They're too small, the seam goes up  
my vagina.

LYDIE

Okay, that's because they're mine.  
But that's okay--

She pulls out another pair.

LYDIE (CONT'D)

These?

AGNES

Yes, I love those.

Lydie grabs a big pair of socks.

LYDIE

And these?

AGNES

Yes.

LYDIE

Do you want me to put the  
sweatpants on your legs?

AGNES

No, I'm okay.

LYDIE

Or the socks on your feet?

AGNES

I can put the socks on my feet, I  
think.

LYDIE

You sure? Sometimes it's nice when  
someone puts them on for you.

AGNES

... Okay. You can put them on.

LYDIE

Okay, sit down. Legs up.

Agnes shoots her legs into the air. Lydie threads Agnes' legs  
through the sweatpants.

LYDIE (CONT'D)  
Such long legs.

AGNES  
Yeah.

LYDIE  
Like a spider.

AGNES  
Thank you. :)

LYDIE  
You're welcome. Butt in air.

Agnes obeys. Lydie pulls the sweatpants over Agnes' butt.

LYDIE (CONT'D)  
Good.

INT. LYDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lydie shouts from the kitchen as Agnes, head on the pillow, stares out at nothing.

LYDIE (O.S.)  
WHAT KIND OF ICE CREAM AGAIN?

AGNES  
Chocolate.

INT. LYDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They eat ice cream in bed.

AGNES  
Should I go to the doctor?

LYDIE  
Yeah. We can go tomorrow.

AGNES  
...

LYDIE  
Do you want to tell someone?

AGNES  
Who?

LYDIE  
I don't know, the school?



AGNES

Do you just email... Who do you email...

LYDIE

I don't know... Do you want me to kill him?

AGNES

I'll think about it and let you know.

INT. LYDIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Light hits Agnes' face, her eyes flutter open. She, quietly, as to not wake a sleeping Lydie, wanders to the...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Agnes grabs the coffee beans. Almost empty.

She grabs her wallet and jacket and heads for the door. She stops, seeing her boots from last night.

She stares at them. They stare back.

She picks them up, throws them into a paper bag, then throws the bag into a closet. She slides on her significantly less-waterproof sneakers, and leaves.

EXT. THE MAIN STREET - DAY

Agnes' sneakers crunch on the gravel, otherwise, it's very quiet. It must be early, she thinks.

She sees something on the path ahead. About eight feet away sits a KITTEN, only a few months old, sitting, staring at Agnes.

This is baby Olga. The kitten cocks it's head to the side.

AGNES

Hi.

KITTEN

...

AGNES

Okay. I'm going to get coffee...

KITTEN

...

AGNES

Nice to meet you.

Agnes walks around the cat, down the block.

A loud truck, one of the cement grinding ones, rumbles by, breaking the silence of the morning.

The driver who gives her a "hello" nod, she gives one back. The truck suddenly BUMPS something, Agnes looks, scared for the kitten.

But it was just a piece of broken tire-- On the sidewalk, her kitten sits, still in tact, still staring at her.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Oh. Good. Okay. Hi. I thought the truck ran over you and squashed you like a pancake.

Agnes squats down, and holds her hand out towards the kitten. The kitten runs to her, and pushes its head into her hand.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Well. Fuck. That is-- really nice-- Hi-- Okay. I guess-- yep, I love you.

KITTEN

...

AGNES

Do you want to come get coffee?

The kitten rubs against Agnes' leg. She picks it up.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Just so you know, I am not ready to be a mother. But you can obviously come.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Agnes, with a bag of coffee in hand and her kitten tucked into her jacket, picks up a can of cat food.

AGNES

Salmon. That sounds good.

She holds it to the kitten's nose. The kitten doesn't care.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
Alright. You're picky. An excellent quality.

She picks up another.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
Tuna?

She holds it to its nose.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
Maybe you're just smelling the metal. There's tuna inside.

KITTEN  
...

AGNES  
Okay, one of each.

She heads towards the checkout where she spots a man walking to the register, it's DECKER.

Agnes ducks back into the aisle.

GROCERY STORE CLERK  
Hi, sir. Is this all for you today?

THE MAN SHE THOUGHT WAS DECKER  
Yep. Thanks.

Agnes, hearing a voice that doesn't sound like Decker's, turns towards the man. It's not Decker.

The fake Decker gives her a plain smile, and leaves.

Agnes tucks the kitten's head into her jacket, and drops her cans and coffee beans on the counter.

GROCERY STORE CLERK  
Hi, there. Is this everything for you today?

AGNES  
Yeah. Thanks.

The kitten lets out a loud MEOW. The Clerk notices.

GROCERY STORE CLERK  
Did you bring a cat into the grocery store?

AGNES

No.

The kitten pops its head out.

GROCERY STORE CLERK

Yes you did.

AGNES

What?

GROCERY STORE CLERK

... You lied...

AGNES

... No.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Agnes walks in on Lydie eating toast.

LYDIE

We're out of coffee.

AGNES

Here.

She hands Lydie the coffee.

AGNES (CONT'D)

I got a cat.

Agnes holds up the baby cat.

AGNES (CONT'D)

...

LYDIE

You know what, whatever you need.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Agnes, in a gown, sits on the patient chair. Lydie rolls around on the swivel chair.

AGNES

I never know if I'm supposed to get fully naked.

LYDIE

In the gown?

AGNES

Yeah.

LYDIE

Are you fully naked right now?

AGNES

Yes.

LYDIE

Oh, dude, I don't think you're supposed to--

The DOCTOR comes in.

DOCTOR

Hi. Nice to meet you. I'm Doctor Evans. You're Agnes?

AGNES

Yeah. Hi.

DOCTOR

You were sexually assaulted?

AGNES

Uh. Yeah.

DOCTOR

Do you feel safe now?

AGNES

Sorry, before we-- I just want you to know that I'm fully naked.

DOCTOR

What?

AGNES

Under the robe. Is that okay?

DOCTOR

Yeah. That's fine. Sorry do you mind--

The doctor signals he needs Lydie's chair.

LYDIE

Oh. Yeah.

The doctor sits. Lydie joins Agnes on the patient chair.

DOCTOR

So when did this happen?

AGNES

The thing?

DOCTOR

The assault.

AGNES

Last night. Last evening. Yesterday evening.

DOCTOR

And have you showered?

AGNES

I took a bath.

DOCTOR

So it's usually best to go to the emergency room right after something like this happens.

AGNES

Oh. Okay. I'll definitely keep that in mind for next time.

The doctor gives Agnes a look.

DOCTOR

That's when we would use a sexual assault forensic evidence kit.

LYDIE

Okay, but also I think you need to tonally shift a little bit away from the tone you're taking right now. I think we're gonna need a tonal shift.

AGNES

I just want to make sure he didn't give me anything, like, vaginally, or, yeah.

DOCTOR

Did your attacker ejaculate in you?

AGNES

Uhh... I wouldn't call him my attacker.

DOCTOR

...

AGNES  
It wasn't like, BAHHHH!

DOCTOR  
But you were raped.

LYDIE  
Woah!

AGNES  
Yes. And well-put, might I add.

DOCTOR  
I know this is hard to talk about.

LYDIE  
It doesn't feel that you know that.

DOCTOR  
These questions are protocol.

LYDIE  
You're asking them in a freaky way.

DOCTOR  
Calm down ma'am, I'm just--

LYDIE/AGNES  
I'm calm./She's calm. Finish your questions.

DOCTOR  
Did he ejaculate in you?

LYDIE  
Horrible word.

AGNES  
No. The actual, like, him being inside me part wasn't that long. It was like...

Agnes counts to two in her head.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
That long.

DOCTOR  
Okay. So we'll do a blood test, to check you for pregnancy and sexually transmitted infections. And then we'll do a cervix culture.

LYDIE

Yum.

DOCTOR

Excuse me?

AGNES

She said yum.

A DING sounds from Lydie's phone. The doctor's head whips around, he's annoyed.

LYDIE

...

Lydie reads something on it. Her eyes widen.

DOCTOR

I'll be right back and we can get started.

The doctor leaves.

LYDIE

Agnes.

AGNES

Yeah.

LYDIE

He's... He's leaving.

AGNES

Who?

LYDIE

Decker's transferring. He's taking a job in New York. Upstate. He's leaving.

AGNES

Fuck.

LYDIE

What the fuck... Is that good?

AGNES

No. Maybe. I don't know.

LYDIE

That's so weird. Did he mention anything?



AGNES

No. And his desk yesterday was...  
It was like, really cluttered. He  
wasn't packed or anything.

LYDIE

He's running.

AGNES

...

LYDIE

Fuck.

AGNES

...

INT. AGNES' ROOM - NIGHT

Agnes shows Olga the litter box.

AGNES

This is where you shit.

She points to the food bowl.

AGNES (CONT'D)

This is where you eat.

She points to the water bowl.

AGNES (CONT'D)

And this is water. Obviously.

KITTEN

...

INT. AGNES' ROOM - NIGHT

Agnes lies in bed, she can't sleep. Baby Olga sleeps on the  
pillow next to her. She pets its little face. Wind hits her  
window. She looks out at the darkness.

INT. COTTAGE DOORWAY - NIGHT

Agnes checks the lock. It's unlocked. She locks it, then  
pulls on it to check.

INT. AGNES' ROOM - NIGHT

She slinks back under the covers, and shuts her eyes tight. Shit, she has to pee.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Agnes flashes on the lights, ouch, so bright. She sits, pees. Suddenly, she feels she is being watched. She looks out the narrow bathroom window.

EXT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Through trees and their swaying branches, we see Agnes' face PEER through the bright narrow window. A wind WHIPS.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Agnes wipes quickly and turns out the light.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Agnes grabs a towel and drapes it over the window. It falls, too heavy.

She leaves the towel on the floor, spotting her marked-up thesis. She rips off the first page, grabs a piece of tape and secures the paper to the window, writing face out. That's a curtain?

EXT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Agnes keeps taping up paper, until all the glass she can reach is covered. She inspects her work. This will do. Olga watches on, confused.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lydie sits next to Agnes as she types into the computer.

AGNES  
Should I add a photo.

LYDIE  
Of what?

AGNES  
Like, a photo of the pants? The  
button?

LYDIE  
Oh. Yeah. Okay. Sure.

AGNES  
Will you read that over?

Agnes heads to her bedroom. Lydie reads Agnes' report.

AGNES (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It fucking sucks cause I really  
liked these pants, too.

Lydie reads. Agnes returns. Lydie wraps Agnes in a hug.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
I'm okay.

LYDIE  
I know that, sometimes a hug is for  
me.

EXT. ADMIN. BUILDING - DAY

Agnes walks toward the door, passing TWO UNDERGRAD GUYS  
eating Sandy Pete sandwiches on the steps of the building.

INT. ADMIN. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

Agnes approaches the receptionist.

AGNES  
Hi. I'm --

ELIZABETH and CLAIRE, two corporate women, intercept her.

ELIZABETH  
Agnes?

AGNES  
Yep.

ELIZABETH  
Hi. I'm Elizabeth. This is Claire.

CLAIRE  
Hi, Agnes. I'm Claire.

AGNES

Hi.

ELIZABETH

Do you mind coming back with us?

They lead her to a...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth shuts the door. Around the table are a dozen empty chairs.

AGNES

Where should I sit?

ELIZABETH

Wherever you want.

Agnes sits down near the window. Claire and Elizabeth counter.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Well. First of all, we wanted to thank you for coming here.

CLAIRE

Yes. We take matters like the one you raised very seriously.

Claire and Elizabeth nod, signaling, "We really mean that."

ELIZABETH

We really mean that.

CLAIRE

We really mean that. Yeah.

AGNES

Well, that's good.

ELIZABETH

So. Uh. If you don't mind, will you, tell us in your own words, what happened?

AGNES

Now?

CLAIRE

If that's okay.

AGNES

Uh.

Agnes looks out the window, and spots the two undergrad guys.

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

Yeah. Okay. So... Uh.

EXT. ADMIN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

WILLIE and SAM, the undergrad guys, eat their sandwiches.

WILLIE

You're from Oregon, right?

SAM

Yeah.

WILLIE

Do you, like, miss it ever?

SAM

What do you mean?

WILLIE

Like, your family, or whatever?

SAM

Uh. Not really... Actually uh, yeah. Kinda.

WILLIE

Yeah. Same.

SAM

Whatever... It's, like, okay to miss your parents sometimes.

WILLIE

Yeah, dude, definitely. Like, they raised you.

SAM

Yeah.

WILLIE

...

SAM

Is this a panini, do you think?

WILLIE

What?

SAM  
Is this a panini?

WILLIE  
I think it's a sandwich.

SAM  
But it's hot.

WILLIE  
Yeah. Maybe. It could be a panini.

SAM  
What makes something a panini?

WILLIE  
It's hot.

SAM  
No.

WILLIE  
No, it's that it's pressed down on.

SAM  
What?

WILLIE  
In a machine.

SAM  
Oh.

WILLIE  
It's basically two pieces of metal  
that get really hot and then you  
put the sandwich in and you press  
it down, like, a clamshell, or a  
uh, I don't know, yeah, like a  
clam.

SAM  
Like a clamp?

WILLIE  
Yes, exactly.

SAM  
Oh, cool.

WILLIE  
That's how they get it so hot.

SAM  
Cheese is good that way.

WILLIE  
Yeah, definitely.

SAM  
Do you have one of those?

WILLIE  
What?

SAM  
The machines?

WILLIE  
No. That'd be cool.

SAM  
Definitely.

WILLIE  
My mom has one I think.

SAM  
Nice.

WILLIE  
...

SAM  
It's really good.

WILLIE  
The sandwich?

SAM  
Mhm.

WILLIE  
Yeah.

SAM  
No one really talks enough about  
pesto.

WILLIE  
Yeah. It's like pine nuts?

SAM  
And other stuff.

WILLIE  
Nice.

SAM  
Garlic.

WILLIE  
Nice.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Elizabeth and Claire stare at Agnes, concerned.

ELIZABETH  
We are so sorry to hear this  
happened to you.

CLAIRE  
We're taking this really seriously.

AGNES  
Has anyone else ever reported  
anything about him?

CLAIRE  
No.

ELIZABETH  
No.

AGNES  
Okay.

ELIZABETH  
Is there anything we can do for you  
right now?

AGNES  
You mean like... water?

ELIZABETH  
Do you want some water?

AGNES  
No.

ELIZABETH  
... If you wanted water, we could  
get you water.

AGNES  
No.

CLAIRE  
...



ELIZABETH

...

AGNES

Are you going to do anything?

ELIZABETH

Well, we *would* begin an investigation. But, as you may have heard, he sent in his resignation letter yesterday at...

She consults a paper in front of her.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Four eighteen pm.

AGNES

Okay.

CLAIRE

And you reported this today at eight forty two am.

AGNES

Okay.

ELIZABETH

Unfortunately he is no longer under our employ, so we can't take the measures we'd usually take, such as letting him go, suspending him, or anything of that nature.

CLAIRE

These things are really hard, and the University is unfortunately unable to take any kind of responsibility.

AGNES

But he was my advisor.

CLAIRE

Former advisor.

AGNES

... What about the people in upstate New York?

CLAIRE

What people in upstate New York?

AGNES

He's going to work at a school in upstate New York, what about those people.

ELIZABETH

You have the option of going to the police station and reporting it there, and then you can issue an arrest warrant.

AGNES

I don't want to arrest him. He has a kid.

ELIZABETH

Mm...

CLAIRE

What do you want?

AGNES

Someone to handle it.

CLAIRE

We know what you're going through. We are women.

AGNES

What?

CLAIRE

We are women.

Claire nods, letting that land.

ELIZABETH

Do you feel safe in your home?

AGNES

I got a cat.

CLAIRE

Okay!

ELIZABETH

We want to make sure you have someone to talk to.

CLAIRE

Yes, through our outside legal team, we can set you up with a therapist if you want to talk to someone.

AGNES

Okay. Yeah. I'll do that.

ELIZABETH

And that therapist would keep us updated with how you're doing.

AGNES

Why?

ELIZABETH

So that we understand what you're going through.

CLAIRE

And we're happy to be able to offer you five free sessions, covered by the University!

AGNES

Five?

CLAIRE

Five, yes. Or less, if that feels like too much.

AGNES

I was thinking therapy for, like, the rest of my life, type of thing.

CLAIRE

That is... That's unfortunately not really on the table, in terms of what the University can offer.

AGNES

Unless I do one session every twenty years.

ELIZABETH

It unfortunately doesn't work like that.

CLAIRE

You know what, maybe it does. We can check!

EXT. ADMIN. BUILDING - DAY

Agnes passes the now-empty spot where the boys ate. She feels eyes on her through the window.

Ahead of her, she sees DECKER, he's turned away. She stops. He turns, Agnes realizes it was just another man who looks like Decker.

EXT. COLLEGE STREET - DAY

Across the street, Natasha spots Agnes.

NATASHA  
Agnes!!

AGNES  
No.

NATASHA  
Hi.

AGNES  
Hi.

NATASHA  
It's Natasha.

AGNES  
Yes. Hi.

NATASHA  
How are you???

AGNES  
I'm... I'm bad, Natasha.

NATASHA  
Oh, that sucks. I know some days  
can be really hard.

AGNES  
Really insightful, thank you.

NATASHA  
Of course.

AGNES  
Okay, have a nice afternoon--

NATASHA  
Wait. Are you coming tonight?

AGNES  
Coming where?

NATASHA

To the party. It's a party. We're having a goodbye party.

AGNES

Are you leaving the program?

NATASHA

No. For Preston.

AGNES

I-- Sorry, I can't tonight.

She walks around Natasha.

NATASHA

What, you can only meet with Decker in private?

AGNES

...

NATASHA

You're not better than anyone just because you're the only one that got an A in the course.

AGNES

What the fuck are you talking about?

NATASHA

Decker told me. You're the only one that got an A. He told me it was no use trying to fight him on it, it came down to the "integrity" of the "thesis papers".

AGNES

...

NATASHA

I for one think I deserved an A.

AGNES

I think Lydie deserved an A.

NATASHA

Honestly, Agnes, I think we both know the A was going to either you or me.

AGNES

Why?

NATASHA

We were always just like-- I mean, obviously everyone in our class is super smart and well-spoken.

AGNES

Goodbye, Natasha.

NATASHA

Tell Lydie, too.

AGNES

Tell Lydie what?

NATASHA

About tonight. We're setting up at seven, then Logan and Devin will get him from his office at, like, eight. And then they're going to bring him to my house and we'll drink and have fun and stuff.

AGNES

I'm not coming.

NATASHA

You know, you're the only two who didn't RSVP. We're the only women in our year. We're supposed to stick together and be supportive and like, lift each other up... onto stuff...

AGNES

Natasha. I'm-- I can't do this. I feel like I'm going to faint, and I feel sick, and I can't continue this conversation, and I'm sorry but I just. Don't be alone with him.

NATASHA

Who? Decker?

AGNES

Don't let him drink and don't be alone with him.

Agnes continues down the block.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Why does everyone think being a woman makes it okay to be evil...

INT. AGNES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Agnes watches Olga paw at the taped-up thesis papers.

AGNES  
Olga. Stop. Olga. No.

She checks the time: 7:22 pm.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
I'm going out to get chocolate!!

LYDIE (O.S.)  
Yum. Do you want me to come?

AGNES  
I'm okay. Be back soon. Love you.

LYDIE (O.S.)  
Love you.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Agnes passes a man on his porch. This is GAVIN, she doesn't know him yet.

GAVIN  
Hi.

AGNES  
Hi.

Agnes turns back.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
You're my neighbor, right?

GAVIN  
Uh, oh yeah, I live here.

AGNES  
What's your name?

GAVIN  
Oh. Uh- Ga- Gavin.

AGNES  
Gavin. Nice to meet you.

GAVIN  
You too.

AGNES

I'm Agnes.

GAVIN

Lamb of God.

AGNES

What?

GAVIN

No. Nothing. All good. And how are you this fine evening?

AGNES

I'm okay. I was-- Do you have any like, stuff that makes a fire?

GAVIN

Oh! Matches?

AGNES

No, like the liquid? Is that a thing?

GAVIN

Oh. Lighter fluid!

AGNES

Yes. Do you have that?

GAVIN

Uh. Yeah. Why do you need it?

AGNES

My friends, we're trying to make, like, um, hot dogs.

GAVIN

Oh. A hot dog sounds good.

AGNES

Yeah. Oh, sorry, we only bought two hot dogs. So.

GAVIN

No problem, I have dinner plans with my mother. That's not true. I'm sorry, I just wanted to close myself off to the possibility of being rejected.

AGNES

No problem.



GAVIN  
I'll get the lighter fluid.

AGNES  
Okay, thanks.

GAVIN  
Do you wanna come inside while I  
look?

AGNES  
Uh. No. Sorry. I-- Can I wait out  
here?

GAVIN  
Yeah, definitely. Be back soon.

Agnes waits. Gavin emerges holding lighter fluid.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
This should do the trick.

AGNES  
Great. Thanks.

She walks down the street, then turns back.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
So what exactly... Do I just pour  
this on the thing I want to be on  
fire?

GAVIN  
On the barbecue?

AGNES  
Yes..

GAVIN  
Uh. Yeah. I mean, don't put too much  
of it in there.

AGNES  
Okay.

GAVIN  
Do you want my help?

AGNES  
No. I'm okay. Thanks...

GAVIN  
... Gavin.

AGNES

What?

GAVIN

I'm Gavin.

AGNES

Gavin. Yes. Definitely. Thanks.

Agnes walks down the street, away from her house.

GAVIN

DON'T YOU LIVE OVER THERE?

AGNES

Oh. Yes. Ha. Oops.

Gavin watches as Agnes head back.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Lydie reads *Giovanni's Room* on the couch. She's enrapt, and it's making her horny.

LYDIE

Woof.....

She squirms a little on the couch, eyes glued to the page.

Agnes returns sooner than expected. Agnes puts the lighter fluid down on the coffee table.

LYDIE (CONT'D)

Why do you have that?

AGNES

I got it from the neighbor.

LYDIE

Why?

AGNES

It's definitely not a good or normal train of thought.

LYDIE

That's okay.

AGNES

I think I was gonna go light Decker's office on fire.

LYDIE

...

AGNES

...

LYDIE

Okay.

AGNES

...

LYDIE

Do you still want to?

AGNES

I don't know.

Lydie stands abruptly.

LYDIE

I'll do it.

AGNES

That's really nice but no.

LYDIE

Seriously, if you really want someone to light his office on fire, but you don't want to do it yourself, I will do it.

AGNES

No, I don't even want him to die.

LYDIE

Well, I do.

AGNES

No. I don't want him to die.

Lydie sits back down.

LYDIE

If you change your mind...

AGNES

Thank you.

LYDIE

We can also burn something smaller. Like his hair or his pens or something.

AGNES  
I'll think about it.

LYDIE  
Okay.

AGNES  
I think we have to make hot dogs.

LYDIE  
Why?

AGNES  
I told the neighbor-- It's like-- a  
whole big lie-- I'm stuck in a lie.

Lydie jumps up.

LYDIE  
I'll make hot dogs.

AGNES  
Sorry...

LYDIE  
No, I was gonna kill a man so this  
is, like, way easier. How do you  
make hot dogs?? What even is a hot  
dog?

Agnes leaves to go help.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

The SHUFFLE of papers and the CREAKING of wood in a small  
courthouse. Then:

### **THE YEAR WITH THE QUESTIONS**

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The next year. Summer. The rows are packed with sixty other  
potential jurors. And Agnes is one of them. She taps her  
sneakers together, nervously. The CLERK (60s) leans into her  
microphone.

CLERK  
So. Thank you. For being here. And  
completing your summons.  
(MORE)

CLERK (CONT'D)

For those of you who haven't done this, and don't know what to expect, please come up and get a questionnaire, fill that out, and return it to us completed.

People shuffle towards the front of the room.

CLERK (CONT'D)

We have little pencils. If you need a little pencil.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Agnes scratches in the first few questionnaire answers.

Name: **Agnes Ward**

Age: **28**

Gender: She hesitates on this one. She lightly checks the **F**, barely. Then she circles **the space in between the F and the M**. Then draws **an arrow** pointing from the F to the space.

Are you married? **No**

Are you in a relationship? **No**

She hesitates, then adds, **I have a very important best friendship though.**

She looks around self-consciously, then crosses out that last part.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The CLERK approaches her microphone, prompting Agnes to check her Juror number again: 47.

PERSON

Juror 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 12, 25, 26, 30, 32, 39, 42, 43, and 59, you are dismissed. Thank you, you can go.

The dismissed jurors make their way out of the courthouse.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Agnes and eleven other potential jurors sit in the box. ELEANOR WINSTON (40s), the prosecutor, stands at the podium.

ELEANOR

And do you think, Mrs. Fuller,  
based on that definition, that you  
understand the meaning of "beyond a  
reasonable doubt"?

ANDREA FULLER (70s) nods.

ANDREA

Yes.

ELEANOR

That for you to be convinced beyond  
"a *shadow* of a doubt", you must  
have been there, and seen the crime  
with your own eyes.

ANDREA

Yes, I understand.

ELEANOR

Thank you, Mrs. Fuller.

Agnes claps. Everyone looks at her. She stops immediately.

AGNES

... So sorry.

ELEANOR

That's fine. And do the rest of you  
feel you can accept and apply that  
idea, "beyond a reasonable doubt",  
to this case?

ALL JURORS

Yes. / Mhm. / Yeah.

Eleanor turns to her next paper.

ELEANOR

How many of you have children?

Three people raise their hands. Eleanor consults her sheet.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Woguard. You raised your hand.

HECTOR WOGUARD (40s) sits in the front row.

HECTOR

Yes.

ELEANOR

You have a child?

HECTOR  
Two. Two kids, yep.

ELEANOR  
What are their ages?

HECTOR  
Ten and... uh, Soph just turned four.

ELEANOR  
Are you proud to be a dad, Mr. Woguard?

HECTOR  
Hands down the best part of my day, coming home to those two... Oh, and my wife, too.

ELEANOR  
Have you ever left either of your children unattended, Mr. Woguard?

HECTOR  
With no babysitter or anything?

ELEANOR  
No babysitter.

HECTOR  
Uh. No. Can't even do a crossword in the park while she's playing. Get too nervous she'll fall off the monkey thingy, break her arm.

ELEANOR  
I have a nine year old and I feel the same way.

Agnes looks up. A nine year old. Decker has a nine year old.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Say you and your child were in the park and she was on the monkey bars, and you turned your back for a few minutes, and then she ran over to you with a broken arm, what would you think happened?

HECTOR  
That she fell off the monkey bars and broke her arm.

ELEANOR

Great. Yes, so that's an example of circumstantial evidence. That's what you can reasonably infer, based on the facts you have. Does this make sense, Mr. Woguard?

HECTOR

Yes.

ELEANOR

And, if instead, there had been another child there who came and told you he saw your daughter fall off the monkey bars, that would be direct testimony. Because someone witnessed it. Does everyone understand that difference, between circumstantial evidence and direct testimony?

ALL JURORS

Mhm. / Yes, I do. / Yeah.

ELEANOR

Michael Benton, the defendant in this case, is charged with the offense of manslaughter. The law defines that as the unlawful killing of another person without premeditation or so-called "malice aforethought". Does this make sense to you, Mrs. Dover?

TRACEY DOVER (70s) sits up.

TRACEY

Yes.

ELEANOR

Can each of you hold me to the burden of proving the defendant is guilty of manslaughter beyond a reasonable doubt, and to that burden only?

ALL JURORS

Mhm. / Yes. / Yes, ma'am.

ELEANOR

Good.

Eleanor turns to her next page.



INT. COURTHOUSE BACK ROOM - DAY

Andrea Fuller and Tracey Dover eat Sandy Pete-wrapped sandwiches. Other potential jurors eat in the background.

ANDREA  
I heard... don't tell anyone  
this...

TRACEY  
Never.

ANDREA  
I heard that he was drunk.

TRACEY  
The guy?

ANDREA  
The defendant.

TRACEY  
Oh, gosh.

ANDREA  
Intoxicated to the point of very  
drunk.

TRACEY  
Oh wow.

ANDREA  
And he took a call, he was talking  
on the phone to someone, I don't  
know who--

TRACEY  
Oh, gosh.

ANDREA  
And wasn't watching the kid--

TRACEY  
Oh, dear.

ANDREA  
The kid was three, only three--

TRACEY  
Oh, gosh.

ANDREA

The kid was playing on the ice, but the dad wasn't watching cause he was drunk and on the phone--

TRACEY

That'll happen when you're on the phone.

ANDREA

Hours go by.

TRACEY

They just fly by.

ANDREA

And the kid fell through the ice, a hole in the ice.

TRACEY

In February??

ANDREA

Last February was a cold winter.

TRACEY

That's right, it was.

ANDREA

Mhm.

TRACEY

Did you hear anything else?

ANDREA

I heard that no one knows how long the kid was really down there for before the dad realized what had happened.

TRACEY

Oh, dear.

ANDREA

Sad.

TRACEY

So sad. Very sad.

ANDREA

Oh, that's good.

TRACEY

What's good?

ANDREA  
The slaw.

TRACEY  
Oh, I'll grab some.

ANDREA  
Have a bite of mine.

TRACEY  
Oh, wow, that's good slaw.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Summer rain now falls on the windows.

ELEANOR  
Have any of you ever been victims  
of a crime?

KEVIN FABER (30s) raises his hand, as does Agnes, who then  
puts it down immediately. ELEANOR looks at her paper.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Mr. Faber. What was the crime?

FABER  
I was robbed. At gunpoint.

ELEANOR  
Do you have reason to believe that  
experience would make you unable to  
serve as an impartial juror on this  
trial?

FABER  
No.

Eleanor looks at her paper.

ELEANOR  
Ms. Ward.

Agnes stands.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
You can stay seated.

Agnes sits.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Did you raise your hand?

AGNES

What?

ELEANOR

When I asked who has been a victim of a crime, did you raise your hand?

AGNES

Oh-- No. I realized I shouldn't share it, so.

ELEANOR

You're unable to share the crime?

Agnes leans into the mic.

AGNES

Um.... It is, frankly, my worst nightmare to have to tell this whole room of strangers about the thing that happened to me. So that is the, uh, reasoning as to why I did not decide to continue having my hand raised. Thank you.

JUDGE

...

ELEANOR

Do you think the crime would make you unable to serve as an impartial juror on this case?

AGNES

That's a really good question. And one I have been thinking about...

ELEANOR

Have you come to any conclusions?

AGNES

I think-- I would be better not being on the jury and maybe would do better fulfilling a different civic role.

ELEANOR

And what kind of civic role do you have in mind?

AGNES

So, thank you for asking, I am actually a professor. Part-time.  
(MORE)

AGNES (CONT'D)

Hopefully soon full-time. Which is, teaching is, uh, important work. I think it's important. I, uh, I work at Fairport.

Eleanor's eyes flash with recognition.

JUDGE

Some would say that a teacher makes an ideal juror.

AGNES

Well, some would say anything.

JUDGE

Excuse me?

AGNES

Sustained.

JUDGE

No.

AGNES

Absolutely not, no.

The Judge reads from Agnes' questionnaire.

JUDGE

On your questionnaire you wrote--

AGNES

Oh, I didn't know we'd be reading those out loud--

JUDGE

"How would your friends describe you?" Smart, crossed out, then the word "Tall".

AGNES

...

ELEANOR

If the crime you were a victim of makes you biased, we will dismiss you.

AGNES

Can I get in trouble for telling you?

ELEANOR  
Why would you get in trouble if you  
were the victim?

AGNES  
I don't know. The law makes no  
sense. In my opinion.

JUDGE  
...

AGNES  
I haven't said it out loud,  
actually, before.

ELEANOR  
That's okay. Did you go to the  
police?

AGNES  
No, all I had was a button, also I  
don't want him to go to jail.

ELEANOR  
And why is that?

AGNES  
Well. He has a kid.

Eleanor swallows.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
I want him to stop being someone  
who does that, and if he went to  
jail, he'd just be a guy who does  
that, who is now in jail.

ELEANOR  
Your honor, may I approach the  
bench?

The Judge nods. Eleanor whispers something to the Judge.

JUDGE  
Agnes Ward, you are excused.

AGNES  
Oh. Okay. Sorry. I'm sorry.

JUDGE  
Clerk, you may call the next juror.

Agnes makes her way out, wiping sweat from her face. She  
leaves, the Clerk leans into her mic.

CLERK  
 Okay. Juror 4 will now be... Rex  
 Haberman. Rex... there he is.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

The SOUNDS of a bed moving.

**THE YEAR WITH THE GOOD SANDWICH**

INT. AGNES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The next year. Fall. Gavin makes love? to Agnes. She looks at the ceiling. Then her dresser. She wishes Lydie was here.

He finishes, exhausted. He lies on her, breathing. She itches her nose.

AGNES

...

GAVIN

Did you have a good time?

AGNES

What?

GAVIN

Did you like the sex we just had?

AGNES

Oh, mhm.

GAVIN

Okay good. Thank you.

AGNES

Oh. Thank you, too.

INT. GRAD STUDENT CLASSROOM - DAY

Agnes sits in an empty classroom, the same classroom we met Decker in. WALTER (70s) goes to close the door.

AGNES

Can you leave it open, please?

WALTER

Of course.

He sits, too.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Agnes, we've gotten incredibly positive feedback from the students in your discussion section about your part-time contribution to this University. From current faculty, former faculty, it's just, all. glowing.

AGNES

Oh, former faculty...

WALTER

Yes. You've been called... Let's see... "Helpful" "supportive" "extraordinary".

AGNES

...

WALTER

We know there's been talk about the open spot here, since the unfortunate passing of Professor Wilkinson.

AGNES

Yes, I'm so sorry about that.

WALTER

A true loss, yes, and ever since Preston left, we haven't, well, we wanted to find the right fit for the program. And we are thrilled to finally offer you a full-time teaching position here at Fairport.

AGNES

Really??

WALTER

Yes. Yes, the department voted unanimously.

AGNES

Oh, wow. I accept!!



WALTER

Terrific. You'll teach our introductory course *The 20th Century Novel*, which, you've led a few times and you'll also create your own elective-- we would love for you to consider teaching a course on the art of the short story, since we all read your thesis and frankly found that fascinating.

AGNES

Oh...

WALTER

Or if there's another course you'd rather teach though--

AGNES

No. No, I just--I haven't looked at my thesis since I published it. But I will. I can, I can look through it and. I can create a syllabus for you to look at.

WALTER

Wonderful. We're thrilled to have you.

INT. AGNES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Agnes gets up from bed, leaving Olga alone. Over this scene, we hear the phone call.

LYDIE (V.O.)

Agnes?? I have to tell you something... I think I'm in love!!!!

AGNES (V.O.)

WHATTTT?

LYDIE (V.O.)

And super, super gay, by the way. Like even gay-er than we thought.

AGNES (V.O.)

Wowwwwwwww. With that person??

LYDIE (V.O.)

Fran. Yeahhhhh.

AGNES (V.O.)  
Are you so happy being gay and in  
love?????

LYDIE (V.O.)  
I am really, really happy being gay  
and in love :) You have to meet  
them...

AGNES (V.O.)  
Yeah. I do. You deserve to be in  
love all the time forever, Lydie.

LYDIE  
Thank you, Agnes.

AGNES  
Uh, soooo, okay, I got the job.

EXT. AGNES' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Outside the window, Agnes takes a piece of her thesis off the  
window. There's a faded marking "Excellent" on it, another  
says "Great".

LYDIE (V.O.)  
WHAT???

AGNES (V.O.)  
I got the full-time position.

LYDIE (V.O.)  
WHAAAAAAAAAAAA!!! AGNES!!!!

AGNES (V.O.)  
It's not as good as being in love,  
but...

LYDIE (V.O.)  
Yes it is!! This is good!!

She pulls down another page, it's page 17. She finds the red  
marker note she was looking for: "Extraordinary".

LYDIE (V.O.)  
Agnes!!!!

AGNES (V.O.)  
Yes. No. It's good.

LYDIE (V.O.)  
You really, really earned this,  
Agnes.

Agnes, in the dark, wonders if she has.

INT. DECKER'S OFFICE - DAY

SOPHIE (40s) walks Agnes to Decker's former office. The label with his name has been, for the most part, scraped off.

SOPHIE

This is your office! We'll get your name on the door soon...

Sophie opens the door, Agnes follows her in. It's really empty.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Let me know if there's anything you need, or if a lightbulb goes out, or something like that.

AGNES

Okay. Thanks, Sophie.

Sophie leaves. Agnes sits in the chair. She opens a drawer. Empty.

She scans some abandoned books. She picks up *Winter in Time* by Preston Decker. His sophomore novel.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Dumb thing to name a book.

She throws the book in a cabinet, closing the door quickly behind it.

INT. UNDERGRAD CLASSROOM - DAY

Agnes teaches *Lolita* to a room of sixteen students, including THOMAS, who reads a passage aloud.

THOMAS

"and it struck me, as my automaton knees went up and down, that I simply did not know a thing about my darling's mind and that quite possibly, behind the awful juvenile clichés, there was in her a garden and a twilight, and a palace gate - dim and adorable regions which happened to be lucidly and absolutely forbidden to me, in my polluted rags and miserable convulsions; for I--"

JEREMY  
Professor Ward.

AGNES  
Yes.

JEREMY  
I'm sorry but I personally found  
this book really disgusting.

AGNES  
Well, Jeremy, there is a world in  
which that is... a relief to hear.  
How did you find the writing  
itself?

JEREMY  
That's the thing is I felt pissed  
off because I really hated the  
stuff happening, but I really liked  
sort of the stuff he was saying. So  
I was pissed.

AGNES  
Was anyone else feeling that way,  
caught between the form, the  
presentation itself, and the  
content of that presentation--

THOMAS  
Uhhh... Professor? That lady is  
back. Looking through the little  
window thing on the door.

Agnes looks, it's Natasha. Upon being spotted, Natasha wipes  
a non-existent smudge off the window.

AGNES  
She is persistent... Much like, uh,  
Humbert's desire to... freeze  
Lolita in time...

JEREMY  
Nice...

INT. DECKER'S OFFICE, NOW AGNES' OFFICE - DAY

Agnes reads a student's paper. Natasha BURSTS in.

NATASHA  
So.

AGNES  
Hi.

NATASHA  
Here we are.

AGNES  
Okay.

NATASHA  
Lydie got engaged.

AGNES  
Yeah!

NATASHA  
When's the wedding?

AGNES  
Uh, in the summer!

NATASHA  
Do you like Fran?

AGNES  
Uh, yeah. Fran is nice. Reserved,  
kind of. Really tall.

NATASHA  
Like you.

AGNES  
I guess.

NATASHA  
She didn't invite me, you know. To  
the wedding.

AGNES  
It's a small thing.

NATASHA  
Did you tell her not to invite me?

AGNES  
No.

NATASHA  
I like gay people!

AGNES  
...

Natasha surveys the office dramatically.

NATASHA

Hm! Big!

AGNES

You've been here before.

NATASHA

HA HA!

AGNES

What is happening...

Natasha plops down in the chair facing Agnes.

NATASHA

You got the job.

AGNES

Yes.

NATASHA

I wanted the job.

AGNES

Okay...

NATASHA

... Do you feel bad at all?

AGNES

Yes, but for other reasons, not because of this.

NATASHA

I feel like-- Sorry, are you in the middle of something or??

Agnes puts down her pen.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

I feel like, you don't understand like... how... I really wanted the job.

AGNES

I do understand, I think. I'm sorry. It's just--I wanted the job too.

NATASHA

...

AGNES

...

NATASHA

Just because everything comes easy to you doesn't mean you have to take stuff from people who things don't come easy to.

AGNES

Things don't come easy to me.

NATASHA

Yes, they do. Everyone likes you. You're smart. You're hot.

AGNES

Thank you.

NATASHA

No. It's not like that.

AGNES

Okay.

NATASHA

Lydie likes you, Logan likes you, Devin likes you, Decker likes you.

AGNES

... Well, you don't like me.

NATASHA

(comforted)

That's true.

AGNES

I think, looking back at it, maybe Decker actually hated me.

NATASHA

HA. Yeah. Okay. You were his, like, chosen one. That's fucking insane to say that, that he doesn't like you.

AGNES

When you like someone, or I-- when you respect someone, you just-- some ways people treat you are one way, respectful and like you are a person, who lives and breathes and whose ideas you're interested in, who thinks for them self, and then some ways you treat people are another way and bad and not like that.

NATASHA

...

AGNES

...

NATASHA

What?

AGNES

I don't know.

NATASHA

Alright, well, I fucked him, and even then, he still didn't even take the time to give me in-person notes on my thesis.

AGNES

You fucked him?

NATASHA

Yeah.

FLASH TO INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Agnes' imagination: Decker FUCKS Natasha intensely, consensually, messily, drunkenly on red sheets. Natasha MOANS loudly, for no reason. It's violent and detached and loud.

INT. DECKER'S OFFICE, NOW AGNES' OFFICE - DAY

AGNES

Did you want that?

NATASHA

Want what?

AGNES

Was it on purpose?

NATASHA

Yes, it was on purpose.

AGNES

...

NATASHA

Oh shit.

AGNES

What?



NATASHA  
Are you jealous?

AGNES  
No. I'm not, Natasha.

NATASHA  
Okay. Well it seems like--

AGNES  
I was just making sure you wanted  
to fuck him, and that when you  
fucked him you decided to do that.

NATASHA  
Yeah, I mean, he's hot. I was  
drunk, and I think he was drunk,  
but yeah, we definitely had like,  
at least five-minute sex. It was  
just okay. I've had better.

INT. CAR - DAY

Agnes drives home. Sunset light shines in her eyes. Oh no,  
she can't breathe, it's a panic attack... She pulls off the  
road into the Sandy Pete's parking lot.

She jolts her car to stop. She leans over, heaving. She  
clenches her eyes shut, her eyes cry.

A KNOCK at the car window interrupts her.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
You can't park here, parking for  
Sandy Pete customers only--

Agnes looks up. It's Pete, but she hasn't met him yet.

PETE  
Oh, shit. Oh, shit. Sorry I yelled  
at you. Okay. No, it's okay. My kid  
Hank gets these breathing attacks  
too, real bad sometimes. He's an  
asshole. Not cause of this but for  
other reasons. Obsessed with guns.  
I keep telling him, just a piece of  
metal, he still likes them--

Agnes heaves.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Sorry, no, you're okay. It's okay.  
I work over there.

He points to the Sandy Pete sign.

PETE (CONT'D)  
I'm Pete! I know you're scared, but  
you're off the road, you're in your  
car, you're okay right now... I'm  
gonna breathe and then you breathe  
too, okay? Okay. In, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Agnes tries to join him.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Out, 2, 3, 4, 5. In, 2, 3, 4, 5.  
Out, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Agnes does a little better.

PETE (CONT'D)  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Out, 2, 3, 4, 5.  
I'll be honest, I don't really ever  
breathe like that. Feels good. How  
you doing?

Agnes breathes again, shakily.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Good job. What's your name?

Agnes tries to speak, she can't.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Is it Claire?

Agnes shakes her head.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Okay good. I hate that name. If  
you're gonna spend all the money  
and time on raising a kid, Claire?  
The best you can do? Oh! You want a  
sandwich?

EXT. SANDY PETE'S SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

Agnes and Pete eat sandwiches on a parking block.

PETE

I wanted to get tables here, so people weren't, you know, sitting on the ground, the sandwich is good, you shouldn't eat a good sandwich on the ground, where the pigeons shit, but they said, "You share the parking lot with the dump so you have to ask the guys at the dump," no fucking way I'm asking the guys at the dump. They're assholes. One of 'em does weight training, no one needs to know how to lift 250 pounds. For what? You need to carry a car in an emergency? I don't think so. If something's happening, like an avalanche or something, all you need to do is grab a can of beans, and that's like one pound.

AGNES

This is good.

PETE

Yeah, it's good. Of course it's good. You don't get to have a sandwich shop if you don't make a good sandwich.

AGNES

Spicy.

PETE

Calabrian chili. Expensive.

AGNES

Agnes.

PETE

Huh?

AGNES

Not Claire. Agnes.

PETE

Agnes?

AGNES

Yeah.

PETE

... Eh.

AGNES

Woah, you sound like the mean guys from the dump.

PETE

I resent that, the guys from the dump are assholes. I'm honest, not an asshole.

AGNES

You have a son?

PETE

He's an asshole. Hank.

AGNES

Hank is...

PETE

You don't have to tell me, trust me, I regret naming him that. Sounds too much like the word "Honk". You have kids?

AGNES

No.

PETE

You want em?

AGNES

I can't really imagine myself old.

PETE

You think I imagined myself like that? No, believe it or not I didn't think I'd end up looking like a yam with a mouth on it. But here we are. It'll happen to you, and you won't know what hit you.

AGNES

So you don't think it's, like, a secret sign from the devil that I'm going to die soon?

PETE

Agnes, listen-- Jeez, is that really a name, hard to believe--

AGNES

Agnes Ward. That's my name. It's my name, so--

PETE

Alright, alright. The devil isn't handing out secret signs left and right to Agnes Ward that she's going to die. I'm sorry but the devil has better things to worry about. War... Glaciers melting... In the... you know...

AGNES

Something pretty bad happened to me, so. That's probably why. I'm acting weird.

PETE

How bad?

AGNES

Uh... I guess really bad.

PETE

You don't think it's bad?

AGNES

No. I know it's bad, but mainly because whenever I tell anyone they look really scared for me. And then sometimes I feel bad when I think about it, because I remember moments of it, and I can feel, in my body, that it's really bad. But I also sometimes don't think about it. Which is weird. And I feel guilty when I don't think about it. I don't know.

PETE

Did it just happen? Is that why you were huffing and puffing--

AGNES

No. It was three, a little more than three years ago.

PETE

That's not that much time. It's a lot of time but not that much time, too.

AGNES

Yeah.

PETE

Are you okay, in your house?

AGNES

I have a cat.

PETE

That's good. People think cats don't have feelings like dogs but they do. But, if the cat doesn't work, and you need to take someone out, my son Hank has a gun--

AGNES

Okay. I'll let you know.

PETE

Do you want to tell me about it?

AGNES

Not really.

PETE

Okay.

AGNES

I don't know why I brought it up.

PETE

That's okay.

AGNES

...

PETE

I don't have any, you know, psychiatrist wording or degree about it or anything, but if you ever need a sandwich, I am really good at those.

AGNES

Thanks.

PETE

Really.

AGNES

Okay.

PETE

I have so many sandwiches.

AGNES

Thanks.

They each take a bite.

PETE

You like the olive in there?

AGNES

Oh. Yeah, I guess.

PETE

You're not even paying attention to what you're eating-- Agnes, that's olive. Not that many people would think of putting olive in that kind of sandwich. That's why people come here.

INT. AGNES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Olga deposits something on the sheet while Agnes sleeps.

AGNES

Olga. Go to sleep.

Agnes opens her eyes, and sees a little mound on her bed.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Oh my god, Olga, did you shit in my bed???

She flips a lamp on only to discover it is not shit, but a HALF-DEAD BLOODY MOUSE on her bed.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Olga, what the fuck...

The mouse jolts its head. Its head is almost severed, but is holding on.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck-- if you wanted to kill it you should have just killed it--

Agnes pulls open her bedside table and grabs Decker's *Winter in Time*. Using her bedside glass of water, she slides the convulsing mouse onto the book. She looks at it.

AGNES (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

The mouse screams.

AGNES (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. But you're dying. I'm so sorry.

She runs to the closet and pulls out the paper bag with her boots in it. She lets her boots fall out and runs back to her dying mouse. She slides it inside the bag.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
(whispered)  
I'm sorry.

She holds up *Winter in Time*, and SLAMS it down on the paper bag. It's still... Then, a TWITCH.

Agnes SLAMS the book down again. The bag is still. She waits. It's over. Decker's picture, on the back of his book, is lightly coated in red.

OLGA  
...

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Agnes, sneakers on, runs towards Gavin's house, his lights are on.

AGNES  
GAVIN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Gavin appears at the door and swings it open.

GAVIN  
Agnes! Are you okay? Your face is  
all red--

Agnes faces him with her eyes full of tears.

AGNES  
Will you come fuck me?

INT. AGNES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gavin thrusts into Agnes, burying his face in a pillow next to her. She smells his hair. He moans.

Agnes pushes him off and mounts him. He FINISHES within seconds. She continues to THRUST against him aggressively.

After a few intense, hunched moments, she FINISHES, for the first time in a long time.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Agnes lies in the bathtub. Gavin walks in.



AGNES

Oh. Hey.

GAVIN

Can I pee?

AGNES

Oh. Yeah. Definitely.

Gavin considers standing to pee, then realizes Agnes' face is right there, so he sits to pee.

GAVIN

Can I get in?

AGNES

Oh. In the bath?

GAVIN

Yeah.

AGNES

Uh- Yeah. Sure.

Agnes tries to make space for him in the small bathtub. He holds his penis self-consciously.

AGNES (CONT'D)

You don't have to hide it.

GAVIN

I-- It's small right now.

AGNES

Men are so weird.

GAVIN

Thank you.

He sits down, they barely fit.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Ah. That's nice. Good temperature.

AGNES

Thanks.

GAVIN

I'm embarrassed I was hiding my dick.

AGNES

That's okay. I put my hair over my boobs.

GAVIN

Oh. Yeah.

They sit there for a bit.

AGNES

The bathtub is kinda small.

GAVIN

This bathtub? Noooo. No. It's good.

AGNES

...

GAVIN

What if I sat behind you?

AGNES

Why?

GAVIN

So I could, so it was like a hug.

AGNES

... Okay.

Gavin stands up, letting his penis breathe... so to speak...

AGNES (CONT'D)

Wait. Can I look at it?

GAVIN

My dick?

AGNES

Yeah.

Gavin turns towards her. Agnes stares at it.

AGNES (CONT'D)

I've never really seen one as soft as this.

GAVIN

Okay, that... I think, that just gave me nightmares for the next decade.

AGNES

No. I mean, you don't get to see them like this that much.

She looks.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
They're better like this.

GAVIN  
...

AGNES  
Okay. Done.

Gavin sits, and wraps her in a timid but real hug.

GAVIN  
Do you think you want the stuff  
that everyone has?

AGNES  
What do you mean?

GAVIN  
Like family or whatever, I don't  
know.

AGNES  
Do you want that stuff?

GAVIN  
With you?

AGNES  
No. No, I mean, okay, well, it was  
your question--

GAVIN  
Yeah. I want that stuff.

AGNES  
Nice.

GAVIN  
Do you?

AGNES  
Uh... Probably only to keep Lydie  
nearby... but I don't see it.

GAVIN  
See it where?

AGNES  
In my head. I don't see myself  
older or anything. Having a kid. I  
don't see myself.

GAVIN  
You'd be a great mom.

AGNES  
What? Why?

GAVIN  
You're very nice.

AGNES  
I'm not that nice...

GAVIN  
...

AGNES  
....

GAVIN  
People always say they don't want a  
kid, but then things change. What  
you want and stuff, I think it  
changes.

Agnes is sad, that's not what she meant. Behind her, Gavin  
sighs, enjoying the temperature.

AGNES  
Too cold.

GAVIN  
I think it's nice.

Agnes reaches for the faucet and twists it on.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

The RUMBLE of a car down a gravel road.

# **THE YEAR WITH THE BABY**

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

The present. Beginning of spring. Agnes, in her boots, waves  
as Lydie's car pulls up to the house.

AGNES  
HI!!!!!!

Lydie rushes out of her car.

LYDIE  
HI!!!!

AGNES  
I missed you!!!!

LYDIE  
I missed you, too!!

AGNES  
(whispered)  
Is the baby here??

LYDIE  
The baby is here!!

FRAN, Lydie's partner, gets out of the car.

FRAN  
Hi, Agnes!!

AGNES  
Hello, Fran!! Remember the...

Agnes mimes "birth".

FRAN  
Yeah.

AGNES  
Big day.

FRAN  
Definitely.

LYDIE  
You could have stayed after!!

AGNES  
Oh! I know! I know. I just, I had  
to get home, so. Sorry I left so  
fast.

LYDIE  
No! No. I was so happy you were  
there for the night even.

AGNES  
The drive was actually easy, I just  
closed my eyes the whole time.

LYDIE  
Don't tell me that. Are you glad  
you came??

AGNES

So so so so so so glad. And now I know what an exploding vagina looks like.

LYDIE

And I told you that you weren't going to run into anyone who lives upstate at a hospital in Brooklyn.

AGNES

And you were right!  
(whispered)  
So be honest, do you like her?

LYDIE

The baby?

AGNES

Yeah.

LYDIE

Yeah, I like my baby.

AGNES

Ok good. And you still like me right?

LYDIE

Yeah, Agnes, I love you both.

AGNES

Cool... And does she like the book?

LYDIE

You know what, I don't think she'll be ready to read Kafka for a few years but it's on her bookshelf.

AGNES

It's good for kids, it's a novella, so it's short, and it's about a bug, which, kids like bugs...

FRAN

Lydie, will you get the baby--

LYDIE

Oh, yep.

Lydie runs to the backseat and pulls out JANE, her baby.

AGNES

Wowww. She has more of a face now!

LYDIE  
She does. This is Jane.

AGNES  
Little freaky baby Janie!!

FRAN  
Not Janie. Jane.

Agnes fumbles into a slight curtsy.

AGNES  
Hello. Nice to see you.

Jane's bored face crinkles into a cry.

LYDIE  
Oo.

AGNES  
Hm....

LYDIE  
That's okay.

AGNES  
Alright.

Lydie pushes inside as Fran gets the bags from the trunk.

FRAN  
That happens a lot.

AGNES  
Really?

LYDIE  
Well, yeah. Kind of.

AGNES  
Is it my face?

FRAN  
...

LYDIE  
...

AGNES  
Hello? Is it my face?

LYDIE  
It's not *not* your face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Agnes, with Olga nearby, pours lots of coffee into a thermos.  
Lydie and Fran walk in, holding an annoyed Jane.

AGNES  
Lighthouse dayyyy!!

LYDIE  
Lighthouse day!!!!

AGNES  
Fran!

FRAN  
Mhm.

Fran deposits Jane in her crib.

AGNES  
Fran, lighthouse day!!!!

FRAN  
Lighthouse day...

AGNES  
Janie. Janie, lighthouse day!!!

JANE  
(not having it)  
...

FRAN  
She didn't sleep super well...

LYDIE  
We're so fucking tired honestly.

FRAN  
Yeah, I don't know if she's up for  
a big thing...

AGNES  
The baby?? She's just a baby, she  
can do whatever.

FRAN  
Not really but you guys go, I'll  
stay here.

AGNES  
Oh... really? Okay!...



FRAN  
Yeah, it's fine--

LYDIE  
But I wanted you to see it...

AGNES  
We can take a picture...?

FRAN  
All good, I'll see it another time.

AGNES  
... No. No, that's--... You two go.

FRAN  
No, no, someone's gotta watch Jane.

Agnes stands up straight, energy of receiving medal of honor.

AGNES  
... I'll do it.

LYDIE  
Really???

FRAN  
Uh, Jane is actually very particular--

AGNES  
I... will do it.

LYDIE  
Agnes!! Thank you!! Oh my god,  
Fran, we're free!!

FRAN  
Uh, I don't know--

AGNES  
No, Fran, the lighthouse is very romantic. So you should be alone.  
Make another baby or whatever.

LYDIE  
Yay!! Twenty minutes, that's it.

AGNES  
One question what if she kills me?

Fran, panicked, looks at Lydie.

LYDIE  
She's not going to kill you.

FRAN  
Don't drop her.

AGNES  
I won't drop her.

FRAN  
Okay...

LYDIE  
Okay!!

Lydie grabs the thermos, kisses Agnes on the cheek and leaves with Fran, who mumbles in protest. Agnes looks at Jane...

AGNES  
... Wait! Lydie!!

Lydie comes back in, alone this time.

AGNES (CONT'D)  
What do I say to her??

LYDIE  
Babe, you don't have to say anything. Twenty minutes.

Agnes looks out the window, as she did with the sandwich guys, and watches Lydie (and Fran) get smaller.

Lydie laughs at something Fran said, then reaches for Fran's hand. The couple glows, weightless without the baby, weightless without Agnes.

Then, Agnes looks at Jane. Jane stares back.

AGNES  
I'm not going to kill you.

JANE  
...

AGNES  
I wouldn't do that. I'm afraid to even pick you up, so. I'm not going to kill you. So you don't have to cry. Is what I mean.

JANE  
...

AGNES

Pretty weird you're going to be a person someday.

JANE

...

AGNES

No offense, but you look insane right now. Skin and just a small amount of hair. Don't worry. It won't be like that in a little.

Agnes goes to pick Jane up.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Is this okay, or...

Agnes picks her up, sits her down on her lap. Done with that.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Alright.

She puts Jane back in the crib. Jane's lip begins to tremble.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Okay. Fine. Okay, okay, don't do that freaky thing with your mouth.

She picks Jane up again, and studies her face.

AGNES (CONT'D)

You're so weird looking.

JANE

...

AGNES

When you're a grown up, you can tell me whatever. Seriously like, if you've had a thought and you're like "that's a bad thought" I've probably had that same thought but ten times worse. So. You can tell me, I'll never be scared by that.

JANE

...

AGNES

Whatever it is, like if someone does something bad to you. If someone says something scary. If you want to kill yourself.

(MORE)

AGNES (CONT'D)

With like a pencil, or a knife, or whatever. You can just tell me. Because I won't tell you you're scaring me. I'll just say, "Yeah I know, I think it's just like that sometimes."

JANE

...

AGNES

I'm sorry. That bad things are going to happen to you.

JANE

...

AGNES

I hope they don't. If I can ever stop anything from being bad, let me know. But sometimes bad stuff happens. That's why I feel bad for you. In a way.

JANE

...

AGNES

That you're alive and you don't know that yet.

JANE

...

AGNES

But let me know, if there's anything I can do. Like listen or get you a sandwich or something.

JANE

...

AGNES

It's weird cause you don't love me yet and I don't love you yet.

JANE

...

AGNES

I never wanted to have a little thing like you. I feel like maybe at one point I would have thought about it.

(MORE)

AGNES (CONT'D)

But I don't think it makes sense now. No offense, obviously.

JANE

...

AGNES

But I can still listen and not be scared. So that is good. Or, uh, that's something, at least.

Outside, a cloud goes by.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.