

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roommates LUCY and CAM sprawl out on the couches in their eclectic college apartment. Incense burns on the table beside crystals and tarot cards. Lucy ashes a cigarette. They are deep in conversation.

CAM
I know- OH do you know who I saw today. I can't believe I forgot to tell you.

LUCY
Who?

CAM
Blake.

LUCY
No. NOT the Blake.

They laugh.

CAM
Yea your Blake with the beanie baby.

LUCY
Do not say 'your' and 'Blake' together.

CAM
Remember-

Cam has trouble finishing her sentence through her laughing.

CAM (CONT'D)
The pregnancy scare. With. Blake.

LUCY
Imagine.

CAM
Imagine your kids.

LUCY
Well I'm not having kids. If you have kids you inevitably fuck them up.

CAM
No Lu, come on. You will want kids one day.

LUCY

No, no, no, no, no.

CAM

You will, shit changes. However you feel now you won't feel in a few years. Hate to break it to you.

LUCY

You're wrong, in the most loving respectful way you are incorrect.

Lucy laughs.

CAM

Just open your heart Lu.

PAIGE walks in and drops her coat on the ground.

LUCY

Ah the Ed major is home, come settle something for us. Do you want?

Lucy offers Paige a cigarette.

PAIGE

Sure.

They touch the cigarette heads to light them.

START

LUCY

Okay here's my thought; everything that is fucked up about us is from our parents right? Like think of anything wrong with you that you hate or other people hate and it's probably because your Mom made you insecure or your Dad was ignorant or some shit.

PAIGE

Okay...

LUCY

So how is it fair for us, the *mothers of the future* to bring another person into this world so that they can sit around in a circle like this and talk shit about us. Most people fucking hate their parents. I hate my *Dad*. Genuinely, deep down, I *hate* him.

Lucy pauses for a second.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Like I don't want that, you
probably don't want that, Cam
definitely doesn't want that. But
Cam and the rest of the fucking
world continue to want to procreate
right?

Cam lights up a bundle of sage and waves it in the air.

PAIGE

Yea I feel you Lucy but I think
that just happens ya know. Like one
day you just stop hating the idea
of kids, just like how one day you
just start liking the taste of
coffee. No child likes the taste of
coffee. Shit changes and you just
don't realize.

Lucy huffs.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

I think I'll raise good kids. I
think all of us will raise good
kids.

LUCY

You think I will raise good kids?

PAIGE

I think the bond with your baby
will be more than anything you've
ever felt... It's almost like a
strong drug. Like having something
mean more to you than anything else
in the whole world.

(pause)

Like I want that feeling.

LUCY

So it all comes down to biology
right?

PAIGE

No, I meant it's like you have this
person that's yours and only yours.

LUCY

So it's an ownership thing?

PAIGE

Jesus fucking CHRIST Lucy not everything has to stem back to your anti-capitalist, utopian socialism, Bolshevik, please *fuck* me Bernie extremism. We get it you're *opinionated*.

Paige does jazz hands.

LUCY

Why do you have to do that? Not everything needs to be a fight Paige, it's just a conversation. We are conversing, exchanging ideas and thoughts. No one is coming at you.

PAIGE

Righhhtttt.

LUCY

What?

PAIGE

As if it isn't your life's goal to get everyone's attention.

LUCY

I'm a Leo.

PAIGE

YOU'RE A LEO.

CAM

Lucy.

LUCY

What? I'm a Leo. I'm sorry if that comes off as hostile or attention seeking or whatever.

PAIGE

So ridiculous. Stop blaming your volatile insecurity on fucking astrology.

LUCY

Stop blaming your martyr syndrome on my extroverted personality.

Paige moves away from Lucy. They are silent.

PAIGE

You know what Lucy I take it back.
You would make a shit Mom and fuck
them up just as bad as your parents
did to you.

LUCY

Fuck you Paige.

END

Lucy walks away. Paige and Cam sit in silence.

INT. LUCY'S ROOM - LATER

Lucy lies on her bed and oscillates a crystal pendulum. She looks at the candles by her window. She paces around her room and stops by the mirror. She removes her top and pushes out her belly to look pregnant. She rubs her stomach and admires her figure. Lucy dances her way around her room and finds herself in front of an old teddy bear. She touches it. It feels good. Lucy's door creaks open. Paige stands in the doorway. They don't speak.

INT./EXT. CAR - LATER

Paige drives in the cool night air. The lights pass in a beautiful blur of color and flashing. Lucy sits in the passenger seat and rolls down her window. She leans her head outside and feels the cold on her cheeks. Paige watches her and rolls down her window.

PAIGE

FUCK YOU.

Paige screams out the window the loudest her lungs allow.
Lucy laughs.

LUCY

FUCK YOU.

They both laugh.

PAIGE

I FUCKING HATE YOU.

Lucy laughs hysterically. She hold Paige's hand and enjoys the air again.