

Scene 3 of 3

ACT TWOINT. THE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - LATER

CHELSEA HURRIEDLY PACKS AS CLAIRE LOOKS ON.

Start —>

CHELSEA

He wants to embark on this chapter with a "clean slate." This whole time, he was just using me for my female perspective on Garcilaso de la Vega's a-historicism. So obvious!

CLAIRE

Screw that guy, for real. He doesn't deserve you.

CHELSEA

I don't know what I'm going to do now. I just graduated, I have no money, no career and no place to live. I certainly can't show my face anywhere near the Cambridge Common. I'd be a pariah of the intelligentsia.

CLAIRE

Come on, you're nothing like a piranha.

(MORE)

11/15

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

They're sharp-toothed and vicious and impossible to get close to. (THEN)
Okay, maybe you're a little like a piranha--

CHELSEA ZIPS HER SUITCASE IN FRUSTRATION AND EXITS.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

--but in a good way!

CLAIRE FOLLOWS.

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

CHELSEA ENTERS AND PUTS HER SUITCASE BY THE DOOR WITH CLAIRE IN TOW.

CHELSEA STOPS, HER EMOTIONS WELLING.

CHELSEA

This is not how it's supposed be. It's just... not how it...

CHELSEA CHOKES UP.

CLAIRE

Hey, hey. I know. But, let's look at this as a blessing. You get rid of that douchebag Duane... (REALIZING)
...and you can move in with me.

CHELSEA

Claire, please don't--

CLAIRE

(MILE-A-MINUTE) Yeah, it'll be perfect.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We've barely even begun our SBFF bonding, and plus, I'm a master in post-breakup rituals. We can eat pizza, drink wine and watch "The Princess Diaries 2" on molly!

CHELSEA

Will you stop?! None of those things sound even remotely appealing, except the wine, which, knowing you, is probably just a juice-box you've mistaken for a Bordeaux.

CLAIRE

I'm just trying to be nice.

CHELSEA

Yeah, well it's easy to be nice when things go your way. You live in this alternate universe where everything is easy and everyone falls in love with you and vegans eat steak. Meanwhile, I've been toiling my whole life for every inch of my academic success.

JUST THEN, MOANING SOUNDS EMANATE FROM GRANT'S BEDROOM.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Is that?

CLAIRE

Grant having sex, yeah. And don't change the subject!

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's not my fault that I'm nice and people like me. Have you ever noticed how hard I work? I've had a job since I was sixteen, while Mom and Dad let you do whatever you wanted.

CHELSEA

I couldn't have a job in high school, the literary criticism debate team travelled!

THE MOANING NOISES GET LOUDER AND CRAZIER.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

(IMPRESSED) What is he doing in there?

CLAIRE

When you chose to stay with me, I thought, "Wow, Chelsea and I are finally going to connect."

CHELSEA

I didn't "choose" to stay with you, Claire. I tried everyone I knew in LA before calling you. This is the last place I want to be, as you people would say, "literally."

THIS HURTS CLAIRE DEEPLY. SHE LOOKS AT THE SHIRT STATION.

CLAIRE

Do you know why I wanted to make the puffy-paint shirts?

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's 'cause the last time we made these shirts was on my seventh birthday... it's my favorite memory of us together. The way it used to be. Before mom and Dad got divorced and before you started ignoring me. You probably don't even... as you people would say, "recall."

THIS HANGS.

CHELSEA

Claire, you don't understand--

CLAIRE

Don't tell me what I understand. You think I'm dumb but I'm not. Look around. I have a job and a place to live and a life that I love. (THEN)
What do you have?

← END

CLAIRE MOVES TOWARD THE DOOR, BUT JUST AS SHE'S ABOUT TO LEAVE, SHE RUNS OVER TO THE PUFFY-PAINT STATION.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Glitter is for SBFF's.

CLAIRE SLAMS HER FIST INTO THE STATION. GLITTER FLIES EVERYWHERE.

CLAIRE STORMS OUT, LEAVING CHELSEA ALONE.

AND THEN GRANT ENTERS, SHIRTLESS, WITH TWO GORGEOUS WOMEN, JANE AND TIFFANY (20'S), BOTH SWEATY AND CHUGGING GATORADES.

JANE

Wow. Thank you.