

# UNTITLED SCREENPLAY

by

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20TH CENTURY WOMEN - JAIME & JULIE ROLE PLAY

Interior Jaime's bedroom. Julie is in the bed, tucked in as if she's been sleeping. The lights are dim. Jaime enters. Julie sits up.

JULIE

Where were you?

JAIME

Went to the Starwood. Saw a show, you know, in LA. Had a lot of fun.

He kicks off his shoes.

JULIE

Are you drunk?

Jaime leans in to kiss her.

JULIE

Don't.

There's a moment, but she starts to look upset.

JAIME

What's wrong?

JULIE

Tim Trammer came inside me.

He turns away from her.

JAIME

I don't wanna hear this shit.

JULIE

We broke into that old pool at the rec center. Got loaded. Fucked around. And me and Tim ended up in his mom's Maverick.

JAIME

Fuck.

He turns back towards her and moves closer.

JAIME

What are you gonna do?

He lays down. Julie does the same, pulling the covers back over herself.

JULIE

It'll be fine.

She closes her eyes for a while, as if she's asleep. Jaime looks at her. After a few moments, she opens them and rolls onto her side to face him.

JULIE

Your mom asked me to, like, help raise you.

JAIME

Yeah, I know. She was raised in the depression. Everyone helped raise everyone. You know, the whole neighborhood raised the kids. Sorry.

Julie smiles, but she's holding back tears.

JULIE

Can we do therapy?

JAIME

Jesus, I don't want to do therapy right now.

Julie props herself up on one elbow so she's looking straight at him.

JULIE

Let's just role play.

JAIME

Please, no.

JULIE

I'll be your mom, and you can tell her what you want to tell her. Just do it.

JAIME

I don't want to talk to my mom right now.

JULIE

What would you say to her?

Jaime props himself up on his elbows so he's on the same level as her.

JAIME

Okay. I don't need your help, mom. I've got it. I'm okay.