

SISTERS

Written by

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INT. GREEN SCREEN TAVERN - DAY

CECELIA JAMES (late 20s -- a talented comedian who masks insecurity with a "too cool for school" attitude) stands on the stage, talking into a microphone. There are three PEOPLE in the audience (two older drunk men and one businessman who's on his phone).

CECELIA

Something I learned this week: you can be a born-again virgin and *still* fit two tampons in your coochie at once.

Pause for laughter. There is none. No one is paying attention.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

I haven't had sex in three years. I should be tighter than a Chinese finger trap.

Cecelia gestures to OLD DRUNK #1. His head is slumped and he's not responding.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

Have you ever played with a Chinese finger trap, sir? You know, that game where you put your fingers into a woven tube and then can't get them out?

(nothing)

Never? Okay, well, that's what I want my vagina to be like. Instead, it's like a magician pulling scarves out of his sleeve - just one mystery tampon after another. Who knows what else is up there? Maybe that guy who ghosted me six months ago didn't really ghost me - maybe he's just stuck in my cavernous vagina.

(beat - nothing)

You guys have been great, I'm --

Cecelia eyes the crowd.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

Actually, you've been fucking awful. Sir, I think you may have pissed yourself.

Cecelia points to OLD DRUNK #2.

(MORE)

CECELIA (CONT'D)  
 Pro tip: avoid wearing pants with a  
 bladder full of Jameson.

Cecelia eyes the BUSINESSMAN (40s -- pretentious suit).

CECELIA (CONT'D)  
 And you with the phone -- your  
 "1960s housewives masturbating"  
 porn can wait. Go home.

Cecelia does a big fake smile and wave.

CECELIA (CONT'D)  
 Thank you, I'm Cecelia James.

Cecelia walks offstage toward...

INT. GREEN SCREEN TAVERN - BAR - DAY

EBONIE ("E") RAY (30s -- Cecelia's best friend and aspiring  
 business partner - straight shooting and career-driven) tends  
 bar. She claps slowly as Cecelia comes behind the bar.

E  
 Another enlightened feminist crowd  
 SLAYED by up-and-comer Cecelia  
 James.

Cecelia pours herself a shot.

CECELIA  
 You know I only do this mic because  
 you work here, right?

Cecelia's phone BUZZES.

CLOSE ON: the phone. It reads, "Missed Call from Layla  
 James."

Cecelia ignores the call.

E  
 You mean it's not for the crowd?  
 For real, though, that was a good  
 set. Just the wrong audience.

CECELIA  
 You call that an audience? When we  
 open our own club, I'm initiating a  
 no-audience policy.

E  
That's a great business model.  
Spending money to make...nothing.

CECELIA  
Isn't that the motto of my life?

Cecelia takes her shot.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - STREETS - NIGHT

Dark, quiet streets. Cecelia parks her car and gets out. A MAN bikes by wearing nothing but a beret and a thong.

MAN  
I MET JESUS.

Cecelia watches, calmly - unaffected.

CECELIA  
(under her breath)  
Lucky you.

Cecelia's phone BUZZES.

CLOSE ON: phone. It reads, "Call from Layla James."

CECELIA (CONT'D)  
Last thing I need.

Cecelia ignores the call and walks off.

INT. CECELIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRS - DAY

Dingy, cold, dark. Cecelia climbs the stairs. Her neighbor, JEFF SIMPSON (40s -- crusty bathrobe, tube socks - gross) stands by her door.

CECELIA  
Jeff, you don't have to creepily  
greet me every time I come home.

JEFF  
I wanted to see your face when you  
saw this notice.

Cecelia sees the notice on her door.

CLOSE ON: the notice. It reads, "Eviction Notice."

Jeff snaps a photo with his disposable camera. A FLASH goes off. Cecelia whips her head around.

CECELIA  
Fuck off, Jeff.

Jeff slowly backs away, maintaining direct, intense eye contact with Cecelia. It's fucking weird.

Cecelia sighs. Grabs the notice off the door and heads inside.

INT. CECELIA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

WIDE SHOT of the tiny apartment.

Posters on the walls - Steve Martin, George Carlin, Eddie Murphy, Carol Burnett.

Joan Rivers' coffee table book is on the coffee table.

Cecelia throws her stuff down on the kitchen table and goes to look in the fridge - empty, except for beer and a pack of shredded cheese. She takes the beer and sits at the table.

She pulls a notepad and pen out of her bag and starts writing.

CLOSE ON: the notebook - pages and pages of scribbled jokes.

Cecelia writes - crosses out some words, adds others.

CUT TO:

INT. CECELIA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Cecelia's asleep, face-down on the notebook.

Her phone DINGS. She startles and checks her texts.

SUPERIMPOSED: a text from LAYLA JAMES. It reads, "Nana's dead."

EXT. LIVINGSTON ELKS CLUB - DAY

Cold, small-town vibes. Cecelia wears an all-black outfit that's more punk rock than funeral (think fishnet gloves with the fingers cut off, à la Madonna), and a black choker.

She stands in the alley next to the entrance. She adjusts the shoulder strap on her bag, which is held together with tape.

CECELIA

(on the phone)

I know I'm overdue but I had a family emergency.

(beat, adjusting bag)

A different one from last time.

(beat)

Yes, my dog is fine.

(beat)

Yes I actually have a dog. And yes her anal glands did explode. Jeff is a liar.

CLOSE ON: Cecelia's fingers, which are crossed.

Cecelia's shoulder strap breaks and her purse falls. Everything scatters (pack of cigarettes, wallet, gum, condoms).

CECELIA (CONT'D)

I'll get you the money.

Cecelia hangs up in a huff and starts picking up her stuff.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

Fucking karma.

OFF Cecelia, picking up her things.

INT. LIVINGSTON ELKS CLUB - RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

LAYLA JAMES (mid-20s -- a young, uptight woman who cares for everyone in life but herself) stands at a podium.

LAYLA

(clearing her throat,  
stalling)

Many of you know Nana asked for a "death party" instead of a funeral.

Wide shot of the room - balloons, a dance floor, a disco ball. Lots of elderly people standing around the perimeter. It's cheesy and cheap.

Cecelia bursts through the doors. Everyone turns to look.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Just in time. My sister, Cecelia, would like to say a few words.

Cecelia throws her stuff down in the corner. She pulls a crumpled piece of paper out of her pocket as she walks to the podium. She and Layla barely make eye contact as they pass each other.

Cecelia stands at the podium and reads from the paper.

CECELIA

Hi everyone. Thank you for coming.  
Especially you, Ed.

(looks up)

I'm sure you had to miss an  
important Fox news special for  
this.

Pan to ED (ancient, can barely function), who sits quietly in a corner.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

(nervous)

Um...my nana was...she...

Cecelia's hands shake as folds the paper back up and puts it in her pocket.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

(more confident)

My nana raised me and Layla after  
our mom died. She made us grilled  
cheese sandwiches with apple slices  
and steaming hot chocolate. She let  
us watch *Jerry Springer* when we  
were home sick from school. She had  
a running joke with the mailman  
where she'd say, "If you can't hear  
it...I'll turn it up."

Cecelia moves her middle fingers from a downward position to two fuck-you middle fingers.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

Guess you had to be there for  
that...She could be tough, and we  
didn't always see eye-to-  
eye...okay, we never saw eye-to-  
eye. But she loved us and I loved  
her.

Cecelia chokes up - a lot of raw emotion.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

I hope she knows that.

Cecelia steps away from the mic and Layla takes it - puts on a cheery "hostess" façade.

LAYLA

As Nana used to say: nothing can't be fixed by a stiff Chardonnay and a good dance. So...fly to the moon...

MUSIC UP AND  
OUT: "FLY ME TO  
THE MOON" BY  
FRANK SINATRA

LAYLA (CONT'D)

...and cheers to Nana.

Applause.

INT. LIVINGSTON ELKS CLUB - RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Cecelia stands at the bar. The BARTENDER (miserable looking) hands her a glass of chardonnay.

Layla approaches.

LAYLA

Can't say I'm surprised the bar was your first stop.

CECELIA

You literally just told everyone to go drink for Nana.

LAYLA

Well these people could use a drink. They're *grieving*.

Wide shot: a room of elderly people who don't look to be doing much of anything.

CECELIA

And I'm not?

LAYLA

You look like you just drunkenly wandered out of Billy Idol's dressing room.

Cecelia looks down at her outfit.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
 Anyway, I have no idea what you're  
 up to. It's been three years.

The bartender hands Cecelia another glass of chardonnay.  
 Cecelia hands it to Layla, who's reluctant.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
 I have too much to do.

CECELIA  
 Take the wine, Layla.

Layla takes it.

They look at each other. There's sadness and longing - a lot  
 of history, here.

CECELIA (CONT'D)  
 To Nana.

LAYLA  
 To Nana.

They cheers.

INT. LIVINGSTON ELKS CLUB - RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Cecelia talks to SHEILA STEIN (70s -- everybody's nosy  
 grandmother). Cecelia shoves food into her mouth through  
 words.

SHEILA  
 Hungry?

CECELIA  
 Fucking starving.

Sheila gasps.

CECELIA (CONT'D)  
 I mean..."a tad famished, yes."

SHEILA  
 I know you've been so busy with  
 "the comedy." Probably hard to find  
 time to eat.

CECELIA  
 (mouth full)  
 It does keep me pretty busy.

SHEILA  
And how incredible that you're on a  
television program.

CECELIA  
A what?

A chunk of ham falls from Cecelia's mouth and onto her plate.  
She wipes her mouth and sheepishly smiles.

INT. LIVINGSTON ELKS CLUB - RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Cecelia talks to GENE MCCORMICK (80s -- uses a cane, kind of  
a flirt).

GENE  
I've asked Layla how I can tune in  
but she explained it's on one of  
those "screamer sites."

CECELIA  
Streamer sites...

Gene touches his hearing aid.

GENE  
WHAT'S THAT, DEAR??

CECELIA  
(raising her voice)  
Streamers. They're called  
streamers.

GENE  
HUH??

CECELIA  
Nice cock.

Gene smiles - he didn't hear a word of that.

INT. LIVINGSTON ELKS CLUB - RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Cecelia's pushed into a corner by ROSE MILLER (90s -- dirty  
old grandma).

ROSE  
Is it a porn show? You can tell me.

OFF Rose, looking like a pirate hungry for treasure.

INT. LIVINGSTON ELKS CLUB - RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Cecelia rushes up to Layla, who tidies the buffet table.

CECELIA  
(accusatory)  
Who told people I'm on T.V.??

LAYLA  
Shh, lower your voice. Isn't that  
what you want?

CECELIA  
I mean, eventually...I'm actually  
in-talks with a reality show  
producer about being on a  
competition show...

LAYLA  
(sarcastic)  
"In talks." Sounds promising.

CECELIA  
It is, but I don't need to defend  
myself to you. Why did you lie to  
everyone?

LAYLA  
I didn't...Nana did.

CECELIA  
Nana??

LAYLA  
You left ten years ago. People used  
to ask about you a lot and Nana  
didn't know what to say. And I  
wasn't about to show her your  
topless Facebook photos.

CECELIA  
Those photos were art pieces and  
were crucial in boosting my social  
media presence.

Cecelia absentmindedly shoves her hand into the bowl of  
pretzels Layla's trying to pick up from the table.

LAYLA  
She made up a tiny white lie about  
your comedy career and then told  
everyone. I didn't have the heart  
to tell her her loose granddaughter  
left home to goof off.

CECELIA  
That's fucking rich. You have no  
idea what I do.

Layla pries Cecelia's hand open to take out the pretzels.

LAYLA  
These are for the *guests*.

Layla throws the pretzels back into the bowl as Cecelia  
scowls.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
I have to go pay the caterers and  
clean up.

CECELIA  
Can I get the keys to the house,  
then?

LAYLA  
You're staying?

CECELIA  
I just flew across the country, my  
armpits reek, and I have to take a  
giant shit. Of course I'm staying.

LAYLA  
You're so vulgar.

Layla hands over the keys. Cecelia starts to exit.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
Don't let Lucifer get out.

Cecelia throws her hand in the air as if to say, "whatever."

INT. NANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecelia enters. She looks around and takes a deep breath -  
it's home, in so many ways.

Nana's cat, LUCIFER (hairless), walks by and hisses.

CECELIA  
Still a cunt.

Lucifer exits.

INT. NANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Small, lived-in. Lots of outdated photos of family.

Pan to see: photos of Cecelia and Layla and Nana together.

CLOSE ON: A photo of CATHERINE JAMES (Layla and Cecelia's mom -- young, pretty, smiling) with her arms wrapped around Cecelia and Layla.

Cecelia notices the bar cart and opens the bottle of scotch. She sniffs it. Gags at the smell but shrugs and pours herself a glass.

She sits down on the couch and props her feet up on the table. Admires them.

CECELIA

Looking good tonight, ladies.

She takes out her phone and snaps a photo of her feet.

SUPERIMPOSED: Cecelia texts the foot photo to a random number and writes, "Happy Friday."

SUPERIMPOSED: a CashApp payment of \$75.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

Nice.

Cecelia sips her scotch and relaxes.

INT. JAY SANDS LAW OFFICES - NIGHT

A low-level, small town law office. Layla knocks as she enters the office of JAY SANDS (mid-50s -- scattered guy).

Jay stands when he sees Layla.

JAY

Thanks for stopping by.

LAYLA

Your voicemail said it was urgent.

JAY

Did it? I can't remember.

LAYLA

I'm assuming it's about my nana?

JAY  
Oh, yes. That was it. Please, sit  
down.

Layla sits.

JAY (CONT'D)  
There's no easy way to say  
this...but your nana left you  
everything.  
(beat)  
Ha, that actually was pretty easy  
to say.

LAYLA  
*Everything?*

JAY  
The house, the car...the cat.

LAYLA  
What about Cecelia?

JAY  
Nothing. I figure this might ruffle  
some feathers...

LAYLA  
None that haven't already been  
ruffled.

JAY  
Your Nana also left you this.

Jay slides Layla an envelope that says "Layla."

OFF Layla, in awe.

INT. NANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Layla enters the house and hears "My Way" by Frank Sinatra  
blasting and Cecelia scream-singing.

Layla walks into the...

INT. NANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cecelia dance-spins with her eyes closed.

CECELIA

*I ate it up / and spit it out. The  
record shows / I took the blows /  
and did it...*

Layla turns off the music. Cecelia whips her head around.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

That was the best part!

LAYLA

I can't listen to music right now.

CECELIA

(slurring)  
Fucking buzzkill.

Cecelia falls back onto the couch and grabs her drink.

LAYLA

That scotch hasn't seen the light  
of day since Prohibition.

Cecelia takes a defiant sip.

CECELIA

You haven't seen the light of day  
since Prohibition.

LAYLA

I'm sure that joke's a crowd-  
pleaser.

Layla sits on the couch.

Beat.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

I need to talk to you.

CECELIA

No...is Nana...dead??

LAYLA

Not the time.

CECELIA

Oh right. You only send death  
notices via text message.

Cecelia lights a cigarette. Layla grabs it from her and  
throws it in the garbage.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

Hey!

LAYLA

Nana left me the estate.

CECELIA

Everything?

LAYLA

Everything.

Beat.

Cecelia gags.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Cecelia gags again before running to the bathroom and throwing up.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Don't get it on the white towels!

Lucifer purrs.

INT. NANA'S HOUSE - NANA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Layla sits on Nana's floor and rifles through old photographs. She stops at one of her and Cecelia with Nana and Catherine, smiling on a beach.

She flips the photo over and reads the annotation.

CLOSE ON: the photo - "Me, mom, and girls. Martha's Vineyard, Summer 2000."

Layla brushes Catherine's face. A tear falls onto the photo.

At the first sign of emotion, Layla packs up the photos, puts them back under the bed, stands and brushes herself off and exits.

INT. NANA'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Cecelia's phone RINGS. She wakes up from a deep sleep. Hungover. Cotton mouth. Eyes barely open.

CECELIA

Hello?

SPLIT SCREEN: on the left is Cecelia, on the right is E in her apartment.

E

Remember that venue we looked at last month that we decided against because we thought there'd been three murders there and we were like "ew, bad karma, moving on"?

CECELIA

Yeah?

E

Well there was only one death and it was an old ass man who'd had a heart attack when a stripper gave him a hand job. So it was a "natural death," really.

CECELIA

Wow.

Cecelia slowly gets up (t-shirt and underwear) and wanders around the room. She puts a hand on her head - headache.

E

And I got them to bring the price down so the place is ours.

CECELIA

You really think this is our best option?

E

Bitch, we've been looking at clubs for months. I'm tired and I'm annoyed and I want this dream to start so I can quit my fucking job. Plus, I can't keep eating soup to save money. I'm hungry as shit.

Cecelia checks out her ass in the mirror - grabs her butt and lifts it.

CECELIA

And I want to quit being a waitress with a foot fetish side gig, but --

E

You said you almost have your half of the money, right? Plus, aren't you getting some inheritance?

CECELIA

Yeah, I mean...I think I'll have enough...

E

You promised me we'd do this, right?

CECELIA

Yes.

Cecelia opens a jewelry box - pearls, fake earrings.

E

And I'm your best friend who's been there for you through thick and thin?

CECELIA

Ye--

E

And who didn't judge you when you were "vegan-curious" for a month. And who lets you wear fanny packs to the club even though they're the ugliest thing on God's green Earth. And who says, "Yeah girl, you've got this" every time you drunkenly ask if you should sing "My Heart Will Go On" at karaoke, even though we all know you sound like a monkey taking a cucumber up the ass.

Cecelia looks at herself in the mirror on the wall and tries on some costume earrings.

CECELIA

You should've been a lawyer. You've made your case.

E

I should've been President, and yet...So we'll do it. Just get me your half.

(beat)

How are things there, by the way?

CECELIA

They're fine. I can't wait to--

E notices something off-screen.

E

Oh I know that nasty ass squirrel  
isn't trying to break through my  
screen again. I've gotta go.

END SPLIT-SCREEN.

Cecelia takes the pearls from the jewelry box - she fingers  
them in her hand before slipping them into her bag.

She looks up at herself in the mirror.

CECELIA

What're you looking at?

OFF Cecelia, looking at her reflection.

INT. NANA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Cecelia (messy hair, t-shirt and sweats) walks into the  
kitchen and sees Layla (fully-dressed, coiffed) making eggs.

LAYLA

Coffee's in the pot. Eggs are  
coming up.

CECELIA

(overly cheerful)

Thank you. Sounds Delicious.

Cecelia looks for mugs. She slams cabinet doors. Is she mad  
or...?

LAYLA

I know you're mad...

CECELIA

I'm not mad. Why would I be mad?

LAYLA

Because Nana raised you too and in  
giving all of her money to me, she  
made a point about you being an  
absent grandchild...

Cecelia takes a deep breath, smiles, and turns around.

CECELIA

You took care of Nana after I left.  
You deserve it.

Cecelia grabs a mug from the cabinet. It reads: "Livingston  
Bingo Champ 2015."

LAYLA  
You can't use that cup. It's mine.

CECELIA  
You play bingo?

LAYLA  
I'm the reigning champ.

CECELIA  
Are you a virgin?

Layla ignores this as she puts two plates of food on the table. They start eating in silence.

LAYLA  
I know I was hard on you yesterday.

CECELIA  
Were you? I didn't notice.

LAYLA  
I was tired and stressed from everything.

CECELIA  
Forcing the elderly to dance must be exhausting.

LAYLA  
I'm trying to apologize and all you can do is attack me.

CECELIA  
I attack you because you resent me for leaving and sometimes I just can't fucking deal with it.

LAYLA  
That came out of nowhere.

CECELIA  
Not really. It's like, the central tenet of our relationship issues...

Beat.

CECELIA (CONT'D)  
What're you going to do now? All alone in this house.

LAYLA  
I still have Lucifer.

CECELIA  
 Fuck that bitch.

Lucifer sits in the corner and hisses.

LAYLA  
 I've been volunteering at the  
 Livingston Old Age Home. Maybe I'll  
 up my hours there.

Cecelia chokes.

CECELIA  
 (laying it on thick)  
 What?? You - a young woman with  
 life to live - spending your time  
 with a bunch of sand bags on their  
 way out? What ever happened to your  
 dream of owning a motel or a  
 campsite or whatever?

LAYLA  
 First of all, they've lived long  
 lives. They deserve to be well-  
 cared for.

CECELIA  
 I've also lived a long life and you  
 don't see me getting babysat.

LAYLA  
 And second of all, my *bed and  
 breakfast* dreams were sidelined  
 when I decided to care for  
 Nana...something no one else wanted  
 to do.  
 (beat)  
 Not everyone hates this place as  
 much as you do.

CECELIA  
 Well they should.

Cecelia pushes her plate away.

CECELIA (CONT'D)  
 My flight leaves in six hours. What  
 can we do for fun that won't make  
 me wish I were dead?

CUT TO:

EXT. LIVINGSTON BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Establishing shot. Run-down, small, and smelly-looking.

INT. LIVINGSTON BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Cecelia and Layla stand in front of the lanes. OLD PEOPLE bowl - they're so slow, it looks like they're bowling in slow-motion.

To the right of the bowling lanes are some FARMERS playing indoor shuffleboard.

CECELIA

Is there anyone in this town under sixty-five?

LAYLA

Not since Middle-Aged Steve left.

CECELIA

Ha.

Layla's serious.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

Bar?

INT. LIVINGSTON BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Cecelia comes back carrying a giant vat of soda.

CECELIA

When I said I wanted to do something fun, I meant get drunk.

LAYLA

I have to volunteer at the home in an hour. We could play a quick round?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

- Cecelia slurps her soda - bored - while Layla intensely throws the ball.

- Cecelia flirts with a YOUNG BOY (13 -- emo vibes).

- Cecelia shoves chicken strips and fries - bored - into her mouth while Layla does a very complex bowling move (AKA doing a cartwheel and then bowling a strike).

- OLD LADIES high-five Layla and Cecelia rolls her eyes.

- Cecelia writes jokes in her notebook while Layla cheers at her own score.

BACK TO:

INT. LIVINGSTON BOWLING ALLEY - BATHROOM - STALL - DAY

Cecelia sits on the toilet. Her phone BUZZES. She takes it out of her pants pocket.

SUPERIMPOSED: six missed called from "Devil who Robs Me Monthly" and a text from E. It's a GIF of Beyoncé flipping her hair, with the caption, "Dreams don't work unless you do!"

Cecelia sighs, stands, flushes.

INT. LIVINGSTON BOWLING ALLEY - BATHROOM - DAY

Cecelia dries her hands. Her phone BUZZES. She looks at it.

SUPERIMPOSED: an email from USA BANK. It reads, "OVERDRAFT ALERT."

Cecelia logs into her bank account to find...

CLOSE ON: phone. It reads "BALANCE: -\$600."

Cecelia closes her eyes. She opens them and looks at herself in the mirror.

CECELIA

What're you looking at?

OFF Cecelia alone in the mirror.

INT. LIVINGSTON BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Cecelia bursts out of the bathrooms and heads to Layla, who's trying to win a stuffed animal at the claw machine.

CECELIA

I think you should move to L.A.

LAYLA  
 (still focused on the  
 game)  
 Now that's a funny joke.

CECELIA  
 I'm not joking. If you stay in  
 Livingston any longer, you're going  
 to win another Bingo championship.

LAYLA  
 Not this year. Eugene has been  
 working on his game.

CECELIA  
 You need to build a life for  
 yourself that's separate from the  
 one you had here with Nana.

LAYLA  
 Why do you suddenly care so much  
 about me?

Layla heads for the exit. Cecelia follows.

CECELIA  
 Maybe it's all of this soda. Or  
 delayed grief.

LAYLA  
 Or my inheritance?

They exit to...

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Layla and Cecelia stand out front.

CECELIA  
 What?? Of course not. I literally  
 forgot you even got the money...I  
 just...I took a long dump in that  
 bathroom and I had time to think.  
 And I realized you're my only  
 family, now. And...I don't  
 know...it just kind of made  
 me...sad.

Layla softens.

CECELIA (CONT'D)  
 I moved to start a new life. Not  
 because I hated you.  
 (MORE)

CECELIA (CONT'D)

You can move out of Nana's house  
and start fresh. Just think about  
it, okay?

A taxi pulls up.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

I told you to call me an Uber.

LAYLA

I don't know what that is.

CECELIA

(shocked)

Come to L.A.

OFF Cecelia, getting in the taxi and pulling away.

INT. THE LIVINGSTON OLD AGE HOME - DAY

Layla sits on a couch in the meeting room, next to RONALD STEVENS (an old ass man). He snores.

Layla reads the Livingston Daily Press.

CLOSE ON: the headline. It reads, "MIDDLE AGED STEVE SPOTTED AT LOCAL WATERING HOLE."

Ronald startles awake.

RONALD

KILL THE BASTARDS!

Layla doesn't even blink.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD PAWN SHOP - DAY

Establishing shot - seedy building, jewels in the window.

INT. HOLLYWOOD PAWN SHOP - DAY

LEWIS LANG (middle-aged, bald nerd) holds Nana's pearls in his hands, inspecting it.

LEWIS

I can give you \$200.

CECELIA

Only \$200? This is an heirloom.

Lewis looks blankly and blinks.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

Fine.

OFF Cecelia, taking the cash.

EXT. ROCCO'S WEHO - DAY

Classic West Hollywood Sunday Funday brunch scene. Gay men and lesbians drinking mimosas while music blasts. Cecelia and DUSTY ROSE (30s -- male, Cecelia's good friend -- a trust fund baby who's never really had a job) sit at a giant table, just the two of them.

CECELIA

Who else is coming?

Dusty looks down at his phone.

DUSTY

Cosmo, Octavius, Keane, Jeremy One, Jeremy Two, and Bob.

CECELIA

So...no straight men?

DUSTY

You continue to make the mistake of hanging out with me while still desiring straight dick.

CECELIA

What's the difference between Jeremy One and Jeremy Two, again?

DUSTY

Jeremy One is a bottom and Jeremy Two is a top.

CECELIA

How can I tell that by looking at them?

DUSTY

Trust me, you can.

A WAITER (male -- incredibly fit, in Speedo bottoms) brings two mimosas.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Bless you.

Dusty and the waiter stare at each other for a prolonged few seconds. The waiter winks and exits.

DUSTY (CONT'D)  
(to Cecelia)  
I just made him mentally come.

Dusty and Cecelia cheers.

DUSTY (CONT'D)  
Did you hear anything from that  
producer you met at that party who  
did coke off your stomach and then  
gave you his card?

CECELIA  
He didn't do coke off my stomach...

DUSTY  
Oh, that must've been me.

Dusty looks around and waves to a group of cute MEN in the  
corner.

CECELIA  
My agent sent him my standup reel  
and I have a meeting next week.

DUSTY  
Well spank my ass and call me  
Dusty. That's incredible.

Dusty motions to the waiter and points at his drink for a  
refill.

DUSTY (CONT'D)  
Another?

CECELIA  
You know it.

Cecelia pulls out a wad of cash and shows it to Dusty.

DUSTY  
She a rich bitch.

CECELIA  
There's a big-time producer who  
comes here on Sundays. Maybe I'll  
get drunk enough to introduce  
myself.

Dusty winks as COSMO, OCTAVIUS, KEANE, JEREMY ONE, JEREMY  
TWO, and BOB arrive and sit at the table.

INT. NANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Layla sips Bailey's Liqueur straight from the bottle. She eyes the envelope from Nana, which is next to her on the couch.

CUT TO:

INT. NANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Layla sits on the couch and reads the letter.

LAYLA (V.O.)

...I'm leaving you this money because I know you'll do the right thing with it. Life is long but it goes by quickly. Go on an adventure. Go find out what you love and care about. Go find your sister. You're each other's family now. That's what I want for you, Layla, and that's what your mother would have wanted.

Layla looks up, tears on her face.

LAYLA

Well fuck.

OFF Layla, covering her mouth - she can't believe she swore.

INT. GREEN SCREEN TAVERN - NIGHT

Cecelia walks off stage and heads for E at the bar.

E

Which other mics did you hit tonight?

CECELIA

All of them. Still working on the Chinese finger trap bit.

E hands Cecelia a beer. Cecelia takes a big swig.

E

I don't mean to pry...

CECELIA

Since when?

E

(ignoring)  
 What's happening with the  
 inheritance stuff? How much we  
 talkin', here?

CECELIA

Well...I'm not sure yet...but...

The door to the club opens. In walks...Layla, carrying a  
 suitcase and a case with Lucifer inside. She looks exhausted.  
 She looks up and sees Cecelia - they lock eyes again, like at  
 the funeral. Cecelia looks like she sees a ghost.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

Well slap my ass and call me Dusty.

Layla shrugs.

INT. CECELIA'S APARTMENT - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Cecelia and Layla walk up to the apartment door. Jeff stands  
 in front of it.

JEFF

I didn't know you had friends.

CECELIA

This is my sister, Layla. Layla,  
 this is my in-house stalker.

JEFF

Jeff. The name is Jeff.

CECELIA

Can you move?

Jeff grins.

JEFF

I sure can.

There's another EVICTION NOTCIE on the front door.

Cecelia quickly grabs the notice.

LAYLA

Is everything alright?

JEFF

Your sister's a poor little whore.

CECELIA  
 FUCK OFF, JEFF.  
 (to Layla)  
 Ignore him.

Cecelia pulls Layla into...

INT. CECELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Messier than when we last saw it. Looks like a college kid lives here - mismatched furniture, clothes on the floor, a couch that looks like it used to live on the sidewalk.

CECELIA  
 This is it. Home sweet home.

LAYLA  
 It's...cute.

CECELIA  
 I fucking hate that word. It's what people say when they don't know what else to say.

LAYLA  
 I don't know what else to say.

CECELIA  
 How about, "Hey, Cecelia, I like what you've done with the place, considering you've put all of your resources toward achieving a nearly impossible dream."

LAYLA  
 I'll try that next time you show me something that looks like a fraternity home.

Cecelia continues the tour...

INT. CECELIA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dingy. Fluorescent lighting on dirty white tile.

CECELIA  
 Here's the bathroom. The sink doesn't drain very quickly so I recommend brushing your teeth in the tub. Unless it's Tuesday.

LAYLA  
What's wrong with Tuesday?

CECELIA  
We don't have water on Tuesdays.  
Not sure why. Just a quirk of this  
place.

Layla peeks inside the tub and shudders.

Cecelia shuts the light and moves to...

INT. LAYLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cecelia turns on the light. A bare, carpeted room - one dresser and full of clutter.

CECELIA  
This is your room. Robbie left some  
shit when they moved out, but I  
tried to shove it in the corner for  
you.

Layla peeks into the room - stacks of Playboy magazines in the corner, a salt lamp, and an Indigo Girls poster.

LAYLA  
He didn't want any of this stuff?

CECELIA  
*They* didn't, no.

LAYLA  
Who else was living here?

CECELIA  
(under her breath)  
Jesus.

Layla moves to unzip Lucifer from his case.

CECELIA (CONT'D)  
I have an air mattress for you, one  
sec.

Cecelia exits.

Layla looks around at the bare walls. She heads to the dresser and runs her finger along its surface - dust.

She moves to the window and peeks out - city view. SIRENS.

Cecelia returns with the air mattress and starts plugging it in.

CECELIA (CONT'D)  
What was the final straw for you leaving?

LAYLA  
I...I thought about what you said.

CECELIA  
Which part?

LAYLA  
All of it. And I realized Livingston worked for me because Nana was there. And now that she's not, it doesn't have to be my forever home. Plus...like you said. You're all I've got.

CECELIA  
This is unusually warm behavior coming from you.

LAYLA  
Must be the jet lag.

Layla smiles.

INT. CECELIA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cecelia brushes her teeth when her phone RINGS. She wipes her mouth and answers it.

SPLIT-SCREEN: on the left is DOMINIC RICE (40s -- classic nonsense, bullshitting agent). Cecelia's on the right.

DOMINIC  
C-C. News. You didn't get that reality show.

CECELIA  
Oh.

DOMINIC  
They wanted someone cleaner. Less edgy.

CECELIA  
I thought you said my stuff was right for the job?

DOMINIC

You know these shows. One minute they're up, the next they're down.

CECELIA

I don't really understand...

DOMINIC

Look, I've gotta head to a thing, but we'll touch base later.

END SPLIT-SCREEN.

Cecelia stares at herself in the mirror.

CECELIA

Mother. Fucker.

Beat.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

Mother fucking fuck fuck fuck fuck  
FUCKER.

Cecelia punches the air. She lets out a silent scream.

EXT. ROCCO'S - DAY

Another bustling brunch scene. Layla sits between Cecelia and E. Dusty sits across from them. Layla looks so out of place.

DUSTY

Let's get the Eggs Bene-DICK, the Orgasmic Waffles, and the Sexy Sausage and split?

CECELIA

Can we also get the Cum Stix?

EBONIE

Oh I fucking love the Cum Stix.

LAYLA

(clearing throat)  
...Cum Stix?

DUSTY

They're giant dicks on a platter.

CECELIA

He's fucking with you. They're mozzarella sticks and they're fire.



DUSTY

Ladies! We have fresh L.A. meat in our midst. Let's show her some respect.

David looks up.

COSMO

So, are you an actor?

LAYLA

N--

JEREMY ONE

A writer?

LAYLA

N--

JEREMY TWO

A dancer?

OCTAVIUS

I know, she's in porn.

Before Layla can correct them, MADAME VELOUR (fabulous drag queen) arrives with a full vat of mimosas.

MADAME VELOUR

Whooooo's ready to get litty like a titty??

LAYLA

(whispering to Cecelia)  
It's not even noon.

CECELIA

They're mimosas, not tequila shots.  
Basically water.

MADAME VELOUR

(to the DJ)  
Hit it, sonny!

MUSIC UP AND  
OUT: "MY WAY"  
COVER BY MILEY  
CYRUS

Layla and Cecelia look at each other, eyes wide.

Madame Velour lip synchs and dances her way over.

MONTAGE:

- Madame Velour sits on Layla's lap. Layla's uncomfortable
- Cecelia drinks another mimosa
- Cecelia dances on a table
- Dusty grabs Layla's arms to stand and dance with him and Madame Velour and the other DRAG QUEENS
- Cecelia and the others take tequila shots
- Ebonie forces Layla to put dollar bills in Madame Velour's titties
- Layla picks up the tab while Cecelia drunkenly does The Worm

END MONTAGE

EXT. ROCCO'S - DAY

Cecelia and Ebonie stand outside of the restaurant, smoking. They're heavily tipsy.

EBONIE

Your sister just paid a small fortune for us to get hammeredddd.

CECELIA

She's got money.

EBONIE

So you rich now?

CECELIA

She probably is.

EBONIE

Did she get *everything*? How much??

CECELIA

I doubt much. Nana shopped at K-Mart.

Cecelia leans into E and whisper-slurs.

CECELIA (CONT'D)

Bottom line is, even if she got, like, twenty-grand...I can't fuck things up with her. We've got to get her to love L.A.

(MORE)

CECELIA (CONT'D)

Layla loves L.A., she wants to help with the club, we get her money, badda bing, badda boom.

EBONIE

What does she like? Fruit baskets? Massages? Pedicures? I will suck her toes everyday for a year if it means getting that money.

CECELIA

Why would you need to suck her toes?

EBONIE

I don't know. It just felt like the right thing to say.

E puts out her cigarette as Layla exits the club and joins them.

LAYLA

That bathroom was disgusting. I need a Rabies shot.

CECELIA

Speak of the Devil. We were just talking about you.

LAYLA

You were?

CECELIA

E was saying she thinks you're great and will really fit into the L.A. scene.

LAYLA

You do?

E

Pshhh yes. You're a James. You need a big stage. And you're so pretty. Have you considered modeling?

E takes Layla's arm and they walk off.

INT. CECELIA'S APARTMENT - CECELIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cecelia's in bed, hungover. Layla walks in with water and Advil. She hands them to Cecelia.

LAYLA

I didn't know you could have a hangover and then also a delayed hangover.

CECELIA

The world works in mysterious ways.

LAYLA

I had a nice time today.

CECELIA

Oh? Tell me more.

LAYLA

Your friends are...fun.

CECELIA

That's one word for them.

LAYLA

Thank you for not vomiting in the "Ubu."

CECELIA

You mean the Uber? Don't worry, I only dribbled a little bit on the seat.

LAYLA

That's disgusting.

Layla looks out the window.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

I've been thinking...I wish I'd made more of an effort to keep up with you. After you moved, I mean. I was hurt that you left me. It felt personal. But now I'm realizing we could've had a different relationship.

SNORING. Layla looks at Cecelia. She's out cold.

Layla smiles and stands.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Get some rest.

Layla exits.

INT. CECELIA'S APARTMENT - LAYLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Layla dusts her new bedroom. Her phone RINGS.

SPLIT SCREEN: Layla's on the left, Jay Sands is on the right. Jay sits in his office chair, chaotic as ever.

LAYLA

Hello?

JAY

Layla, hi. There's been...there's been a hiccup.

Layla stops dusting.

LAYLA

What kind of hiccup?

JAY

There's going to be a bit of a delay...

LAYLA

What kind of "hiccup," Jay??

JAY

The kind where your Nana was worth six-million dollars.

Layla gasps and drops her phone.

MUSIC UP AND  
OUT: "FLY ME TO  
THE MOON" BY  
FRANK SINATRA.

END OF EPISODE