

Title: Crystal Like

Genre: Romantic Comedy

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1 INT. LOLA AND GREG'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, DAY 1

LOLA (23) slips a Nirvana t-shirt over her head.

She is wearing a plaid skirt. Her pregnant stomach bulges over the top.

The bedroom is cozily cluttered. There are quirky band posters all over the wall, clothes on the ground, and a rustic green lamp in the corner.

She slips on one mustard yellow knee sock, and then the other.

She leaves the room.

2 INT. LOLA AND GREG'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE, DAY 2

Lola runs down the carpeted stairs and grabs a hoodie from the old wooden coat hanger.

She puts it on.

She laces up her combat boots.

She grabs a sticky note from a small table beside her and scribbles on it.

She sticks a note on the front door with a drawing of a taco that reads "Just gone to get some munchies for dinner. Be back soon."

She opens the door and leaves.

3 EXT. STREET, DAY 3

Lola walks through an old neighbourhood on a sunny fall day. Birds are chirping.

She is obnoxiously chomping on a piece of gum.

The houses look out of place.

MONTAGE - EXT. STREET, DAY

(CONTINUED)

1. Lola walks past a blue sign that reads "Welcome to Crystal Lake; Population: 60 000"
2. Lola walks past a pale green house, squinting at the sun.
3. Lola walks past a pale pink house, pulling the gum from her clenched teeth with her thumb and forefinger.
4. Lola walks past a pale purple house, kicking a rock.

BACK TO SCENE

Lola and KIMMY (22) walk toward each other from opposite sides of the street, looking down.

Lola has one hand resting on her pregnant belly.

Kimmy, an artistically unkempt reject, is dressed in tight, ripped jeans and a rugged, burgundy hoodie.

Kimmy looks up, squinting at the sun. She smirks.

They reach each other in front of a pale yellow house. Lola looks shocked. She stands there silently for a moment.

LOLA

K-Kimmy?!

KIMMY

It's been a whole summer.

LOLA

Yeah.

KIMMY

You grew a whole baby since then.

LOLA

Yeah.

Kimmy smirks again.

KIMMY

Gross.

Lola looks at her foot. She kicks the rock from earlier far away. They awkwardly stand in silence.

KIMMY

Can I feel it?

(CONTINUED)

LOLA  
Uh, yeah. Yeah, sure.

Looking down, Kimmy places her hand on Lola's stomach for a moment.

Kimmy looks up.

KIMMY  
It's big.

LOLA  
I know.

KIMMY  
I hope it's not a fat one. You know, like that kid from the Goonie's.

LOLA  
That's not gonna happen, Kimmy.

KIMMY  
You don't know that. That could be one big egg you're hatching, chica.

They stand in silence.

Lola scratches her neck.

LOLA  
When'd you get back?

KIMMY  
I don't know, a few days ago?

LOLA  
Why?

KIMMY  
The flight was cheap-cheap.

LOLA  
No. I mean why'd you come back?

Kimmy laughs.

KIMMY  
I'd prefer not to answer that in my fragile state.

Lola rolls her eyes. They both pause.

LOLA  
Sorry I just didn't know you were  
coming home.

They pause again.

KIMMY  
Where's Gregggy? Cleaning up your  
morning barf?

LOLA  
Ew, Slim-Kims. That's gross.

KIMMY  
(Laughing)  
What? That's what happened when mum  
got preggers. She hacked a nasty  
vom at least once every few hours.

LOLA  
I hate that word.

KIMMY  
Vom?

LOLA  
Preggers.

KIMMY  
Well, I hate to break it to ya,  
Mama bird, but that's what you are.

Lola pulls at her skirt.

LOLA  
This is weird.

KIMMY  
No it's not. It's not weird. It's  
only weird cause you want it to be  
weird. It's not weird.

They stand in silence.

Lola looks at here feet.

LOLA  
Look, Kim, I should go. Greg gets  
cranky when all he does is watch  
Oprah reruns all day and I-

Lola pauses and looks up. She reaches to push Kimmy's hair  
behind her ear.

LOLA

I don't know, I guess I miss you.

Kimmy jumps back.

KIMMY

Jesus.

Kimmy scratches her neck.

KIMMY

Sorry. I mean, you...you look great, Lo. I'm happy for you. I really am. But, you know. You're with Greg and I mean, look at you, you've got a goddamn baby inside you! Just - I just want to be your friend, okay?

Lola looks down and nods.

LOLA

I know.

Kimmy smiles.

KIMMY

Anyway, you better get going. Greg's probably already on episode 8. Plus, I was on my way to meet my mom for a cup-a-joe.

(Kimmy chuckles)

See you around, Lola Cabana.

LOLA

Yeah. Yeah, maybe. I mean, I hope so. I mean, if you want.

Lola and Kimmy stand there for a moment, and then continue in opposite directions.

Lola looks back at Kimmy and trips on the sidewalk in front of her, but regains her balance and pretends it didn't happen.

4

INT. LOLA AND GREG'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE, EVENING

4

GREG (23) is sitting on a floral couch in his courier uniform: tight, beige short-shorts, a short-sleeve collared beige shirt, and a beige baseball cap.

He has a "Hungry Man"-type meal sitting on top of his lap. His legs are pushed tightly together and he leans over it awkwardly.

(CONTINUED)

He is watching Oprah reruns.

Lola comes in the front door with six grocery bags in her hands. She drops them.

Greg jumps up to greet her, spilling his meal all over the floor.

GREG

Lo-lo-lo your boat! You're back!

Lola glares at Greg.

GREG

Right, right. No nick names, got it.

Greg stands awkwardly in front of LOLA and gives her a kiss on the cheek.

Lola picks up the groceries again.

They walk toward the kitchen.

GREG

What'd ya get?

LOLA

Mostly just stuff for dinner.  
Tacos.

GREG

A real fiesta.

Greg pretends to salsa.

LOLA

(Sarcastically)

Did you get the piñata?

GREG

Yep.

Greg pretends to pull a piñata out of his back pocket and hang it from the ceiling.

Lola places the groceries on the counter. She turns toward Greg.

LOLA

Do I look okay?

GREG

What? Why?

LOLA

I just, I don't know. Is my belly too big? Are we gonna have a Goonie's kid?

GREG

A Goonie's kid?

LOLA

Yeah, you know. A fat one. Are we gonna have a fat baby?

GREG

No, Lola. We're not gonna have a fat baby.

LOLA

But my feet are swollen.

GREG

Your feet are swollen?

LOLA

My feet are swollen.

GREG

Is that normal?

Lola shrugs.

LOLA

I don't know. Whatever, I'm hungry. I want a taco the size of Texas.

Greg starts taking out the ingredients as LOLA puts the rest of the groceries away.

GREG

(Grating cheese)

So, I heard Kim's back.

Lola drops an apple. She pauses and then regains her composure.

She chuckles.

LOLA

Pack the bags, Greg, let's get outta here!

(CONTINUED)

GREG

I heard she's been back for a few days now.

LOLA

You get the toothbrushes, I'll pack some spaghetti for the road.

GREG

Come on, Lo.

(Beat)

I heard she's staying for good this time.

Lola pauses.

She walks over to greg.

LOLA

Look, Greg, you have nothing to worry about.

Lola kisses Greg on the forehead.

GREG

But last time-

LOLA

This isn't last time. I mean, I even got you a cactus for Christmas like you wanted. And I gots your baby inside-a-me. I'm your baby mama. Just you wait till this little sucker gets borned.

GREG

Lo-

LOLA

I love you. Trust me. Plus you always smell like those green slushies at the corner store.

Lola nudges Greg.

Greg sighs.

GREG

I guess. Yeah. Yeah, okay.

Greg stands there awkwardly, and then continues grating the cheese.

5 INT. LOLA AND GREG'S HOUSE, BATHROOM, MORNING 5

Lola stands in front of the mirror wearing a tacky button up pyjama set.

She is brushing her teeth.

She stares at herself for a while in contemplation.

She spits.

She lifts her shirt, holding it with her teeth so that her pregnant belly is showing.

Using her eyeliner, she draws a face on her stomach.

She squeezes her stomach while looking in the mirror to make it look like it's talking.

LOLA

(In a baby voice)

Don't worry, mom, I'm not a big baby. I'm a cool baby. A normal tot. An extraordinarily regularly sized infant.

Lola stops squeezing her stomach and looks down at it.

Lola looks up into the mirror.

She leaves the bathroom.

6 INT. LOLA AND GREG'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, MORNING 6

Lola walks in and opens the closet door.

She looks both ways and then digs in the closet looking for something. After some time, Lola takes out a box labelled "LOLA'S" and opens it.

She pulls out different objects one at a time and looks at them each:

A couple photo booth series of KIMMY and LOLA making silly faces, kissing, laughing, etc.

A small engraved metal box filled with joints that reads "Weed be good together".

A pizza box that reads "Will you go out with me or is this too cheesy?"

Lastly, Lola pulls out an old burgundy sweater that has a hole in the sleeve.

(CONTINUED)

She picks up the sweater, places it in her lap, and puts everything else back in the box, shoving the box in the closet.

She is turning it over in her hands as Greg peaks his head in the door.

GREG

Look,

Shaken, Lola anxiously throws the sweater back in the closet and stands.

GREG

Oh. I-I was...I was just gonna see if you wanted an omelette.

LOLA

Uh, yeah, sure. Yes please. With feta.

Greg turns to walk away, turns back as though he is going to say something, and turns to walk away again.

Greg looks at Lola.

GREG

Um, Lo?

Lola looks up.

LOLA

Yeah?

GREG

What was that?

LOLA

What do you mean?

GREG

Um, W-What'd you just shove in the closet?

Lola pauses.

LOLA

(Chuckling)

Uh, I was - I was gonna surprise you and put on my old server outfit. You know, cause it's where we met and I know you were worried about Kimmy, and I thought it would

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LOLA (cont'd)  
be cute if we just had a fun night  
to ourselves or something like we  
used to.

Greg walks over to Lola and hugs her from behind.

GREG  
Oh. Sorry. Sorry, Lo. I guess I'm  
just a little on edge.

LOLA  
No, no. It's okay.  
(She ruffles his hair)  
Meet you downstairs in twenty? I  
just gotta get ready.

Greg blushes and walks toward the door.

GREG  
Yeah. Yeah, of course. Take your  
time.

Greg looks back one more time, a little distraught, and then leaves.

Lola closes the door.

She pulls the sweater back out and plops down on the bed with the sweater on her chest.

Lying on her back, Lola kicks one foot anxiously as one leg rests atop the other. She is biting her nails.

She pulls out her phone and unlocks it.

She opens Kimmy's contact info and her thumb hovers over the dial button. Lola goes to press it and then stops.

She puts the phone down on her bed.

She bites her nails some more.

She picks up the phone again and hits dial.

The phone rings four times. Lola goes to hang up, but Kimmy answers and so she quickly places the phone to her ear.

KIMMY (O.S.)  
Well, well, well. If it isn't the  
famous Lola-Land.

Lola whispers quietly enough that GREG can't hear.

LOLA  
Kim Burton.

KIMMY (O.S.)  
Why are you whispering?

LOLA  
No reason.

KIMMY (O.S.)  
How's it floating?

LOLA  
I'm afloat. I found your sweater.

KIMMY (O.S.)  
My sweater?

LOLA  
You know, the burgundy one. The one  
with the gaping hole in the sleeve.

KIMMY (O.S.)  
Ah yes, my cavernous sweater. It's  
been my dream to one day reunite  
with that beautiful hunk of fabric.

LOLA  
Wow, dream big.

KIMMY (O.S.)  
You know me.

LOLA  
I'll bring it to the diner  
tomorrow.

KIMMY (O.S.)  
Barf. World's worst french toast.

LOLA  
Meet me at 12:15.

KIMMY (O.S.)  
Yeah, okay.

LOLA  
Okay.

Lola hangs up.

She gets up and paces for a moment. She walks to the closet,  
holding the sweater.

(CONTINUED)

She stands in front of the closet for a moment, holding the sweater out in front of her.

She sniffs the sweater and stuffs it in the bottom of the closet.

After a moment, she pulls out a mustard yellow server outfit with a white apron and puts it on.

7

INT. LOLA AND GREG'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, LUNCH

7

Lola is sprawled on the couch, still in her tacky PJ set. A bowl of cereal is lying on her chest.

She is flipping through the channels, and lands on a cartoon. She shoves a bite of cereal in her mouth.

Greg enters the living room from upstairs in his courier outfit.

LOLA

Work already? Well, I guess the early bird gets the worm, am I right?

GREG

It's 12:30, Lo.

LOLA

Right, right.

GREG

I'll see you at dinner? Want me to pick up from Hogstown??

LOLA

You know me too well, Greggy.  
(She looks to her stomach)  
This baby's been hankering for some pulled pork, haven't you?

Greg walks over and kisses her stomach.

LOLA

Ew, your such a dad.

Greg smiles and kisses Lola.

GREG

I'll see you after work, little piggy sandwich in hand!

LOLA  
 (Laughing)  
 Only if you never call it that  
 again!

GREG  
 (As he starts leaving through  
 the door)  
 What? Sorry! I can't hear you! I'm  
 on my way out the door! I'll get  
 you that little piggy sandwich you  
 asked for!

Greg shuts the door before Lola can respond.

Lola jumps up off the couch and runs upstairs.

8 INT. LOLA AND GREG'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, LUNCH 8

Lola sifts through the closet and grabs a plaid shirt and high waisted mom jeans. She slips it over her head, forgetting to take off her pyjamas first.

She fumbles around, trying to get the pyjamas off from underneath her clothes.

After some times, she gets it off and grabs Kimmy's burgundy sweater from the bottom of the closet. She runs out of the room.

9 INT. LOLA AND GREG'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE, LUNCH 9

Lola runs into the entrance and grabs her sweater off the coat rack. She is not wearing shoes. She runs out the door and closes it behind her.

After a moment, the door opens again and she runs back inside. She slips on a pair of white sneakers and runs out the door again.

10 EXT. DINER, LUNCH 10

Kimmy is standing outside of a 50's style diner, wearing an old, second hand sweater and black jeans. She pulls out her phone to check the time and looks around. She sits on the curb.

MONTAGE - EXT. STREET, DAY

1. Lola runs past a blue sign that reads "Welcome to Crystal Lake; Population: 60 000"

2. Lola runs past a pale green house, squinting at the sun.

(CONTINUED)

3. Lola walks runs past a pale pink house. She drops the sweater and continues running for a moment. She turns back, grabs the sweater, and continues running again.

4. Lola runs past a pale purple house.

BACK TO SCENE

Kimmy is still sitting on the curb, and as she looks up, Lola comes running up to her.

Lola lies down on the sidewalk, panting.

LOLA

R-r...

(Panting)

Roll up the kim.

Kimmy laughs.

KIMMY

Slow Lo.

LOLA

That's what they call me.

Kimmy stands up and reaches her hand out for Lola.

KIMMY

Come on.

Lola looks at Kimmy's hand for a moment, and then grabs it.

Kimmy yanks on her hand hard, and Lola jolts up, almost falling over

They both laugh. They stop and stand there looking at each other in silence for a moment. Lola blushes.

KIMMY

Excuse me, can I finally be reunited with my beautiful, cavernous sweater?

LOLA

Not until you buy me lunch.

Lola turns and runs into the diner.

Kimmy smiles and walks in after her.

11 INT. DINER, LUNCH

11

The diner is full of old, burgundy booths with checkered tables. The waiters and waitresses are on roller blades.

Kimmy and Lola sit at a booth across from each other, each looking at a pale pink menu.

Lola holds her menu in front of her, and from behind it, her eyes look up at Kimmy as she watches her read the menu.

After a moment, Kimmy looks up and closes the menu.

KIMMY

What are you gonna get?

LOLA

French toast.

KIMMY

NO. WORLD'S WORST FRENCH TOAST.

LOLA

It's not the world's worst french toast.

Kimmy pretends to gag.

Just at that moment, their WAITER (30) roller blades over to them. He is lanky with scraggly hair, wearing oversized glasses and a 1950's style uniform.

Kimmy quickly tries to pretend she wasn't doing anything.

Lola laughs.

WAITER

What can I get for ya?

LOLA

I'll have a root beer float and the french toast please.

KIMMY

NO. WORLD'S WORST FRENCH TOAST.

The waiter looks at Kimmy, unphased.

WAITER

What'll it be then?

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

We'll get two breakfast specials  
please...

(Kimmy squints her eyes to  
look at the waiters name tag)

Ian.

The waiter looks at Lola questioningly.

LOLA

(Smirking)

Yeah, sure, whatever.

The waiter looks confused, grabs their menus, and roller  
blades away.

KIMMY

You'll thank me later.

LOLA

Will I?

KIMMY

Excuse me, do you think that I  
forgot that your lactose  
intolerant, Mr. Edgar Allen Lo?

LOLA

(Deadpan)

Whipped cream is my weakness.

12

EXT. DINER, AFTERNOON

12

Kimmy and Lola walk out the front door of the diner,  
laughing, looking at the ground. Their shoulders push  
against each other as they walk.

KIMMY

And then we were so high we both  
forgot our wallets at the hotel,  
remember? And our poor food was  
left to wallow alone, humanless on  
the table behind as we ran for our  
lives.

LOLA

Oh my lanta I totally forgot about  
that. We were such delinquents,  
Kim.

KIMMY

Yeah, but it was a pretty rad time  
back then.

(CONTINUED)

Lola looks up at Kimmy, looking at her left cheek.

Kimmy looks at her, their noses only centimetres apart.

LOLA

We could do it again, you know.

KIMMY

Um, you cheated on me, Tiger Woods, remember?

Lola looks away quickly.

LOLA

Jesus, Kim, not that.

Lola pulls out a joint and lights it. She kicks at the ground.

LOLA

I meant this.

Lola walks away swiftly and sits on the curb in front of the restaurant. She places her elbows on her knees and rests her chin on her hands.

KIMMY

Sheet. Lo-

Kimmy walks over and sits beside Lola.

KIMMY

Look, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. I was just getting carried away, ya know?

Lola looks away.

LOLA

Whatever.

KIMMY

You know how I get, Lo, and I'm sure Tiger Woods is a pretty swell guy and all, just like you're a pretty swell gal and all and-

LOLA

So are you, but that was a real shit thing to say, Kim. That was real shit.

KIMMY

Shit, I'm sorry, Lo-nut.

Kimmy reaches for the joint.

Lola hands it to her without looking up.

Kimmy takes a hit and exhales.

KIMMY

I didn't mean it, I swear. It seems like you've really changed - like you've really grown up. And as much as I love to shit on him, Greg's a pretty cool dude and I think he makes you really happy and that's great.

Kimmy passes Lola the joint.

Lola takes a hit, and exhales, closing her eyes.

LOLA

Yeah. Yeah, I guess.

Kimmy nudges Lola with her shoulder.

KIMMY (CTD.)

Your not the same gal that stuffed all those stanky sardines in Charlotte Costello's little yellow Volkswagen, are you?

Lola laughs.

LOLA

I forgot about that

Kimmy stands and grabs Lola's hand, pulling her up.

KIMMY

Come on, let's go get one of those booger coloured slushies you've come to know and love like the weird chick you are.

LOLA

Yeah, I could go for a slush.

They walk through the parking lot toward the street, passing the joint between them.

13

EXT. CRYSTAL LAKE SIGN, AFTERNOON

13

Kimmy and Lola sit, leaning against the back of the Crystal Lake sign, as they sip on their bright green slushies.

Lola is pulling grass out of the ground and putting it into a pile.

Kimmy is taking a hit of another joint.

LOLA

So, are you going to finally tell me why you're back or what?

Kimmy sighs and lies onto her back on the grass.

KIMMY

Look at me, my poor, frail body can't even take the weight of that question.

She hands Lola the joint. Lola takes a hit.

LOLA

Come on, Kim, you're gonna have to tell me eventually.

KIMMY

I don't know, it just wasn't really my thing.

LOLA

What do you mean, how could Montreal not be your thing? You've wanted to live in a big city since you were just a wee tot.

She hands Kimmy the joint. Kimmy takes a hit.

KIMMY

Yeah, I thought that. I don't know I just don't think I'm the same person I was back then, ya know?

LOLA

Yeah. Yeah, I get that.

They sit in silence. Kimmy watches the clouds. She hands Lola the joint.

KIMMY

That one looks like Abraham Lincoln if Abraham Lincoln was a hipster.

(CONTINUED)

LOLA  
(Taking hit)  
What?

KIMMY  
That cloud. It looks like Abraham  
Lincoln if Abraham Lincoln was a  
hipster.

Lola takes one more hit and puts the joint out on the ground  
beside her.

She lies down beside Kimmy.

LOLA  
(Hesitantly sings to the tune  
of "You're a Mean One, Mr.  
Grinch")  
You're a weird one, ... Mr. Kimch?

Kimmy looks at Lola.

KIMMY  
Not your best.

Lola looks at Kimmy so their faces are almost touching.

LOLA  
(Smiling)  
Whatever.

They look at each other for a moment.

Lola sits up abruptly

LOLA  
Sheet, what time is it?

KIMMY  
I don't know, 4?

LOLA  
(Grabbing her sweater and bag)  
I gotta go. Greg's getting us  
dinner

She stands abruptly and looks at Kimmy.

KIMMY  
See ya, Lo-down.

LOLA

Yeah. Bye, Brothers Kim.

They smile.

Lola runs toward the street.

14 INT. LOLA AND GREG'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE, EVENING 14

Lola runs in the door, panting, and slams it behind her. She stands for a second, leaning against the door, holding her pregnant belly.

She shoves her sweater on the coathanger and takes off her shoes.

15 INT. LOLA AND GREG'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, EVENING 15

Lola plops onto the couch and turns on the TV.

She sniffs her shirt. She sits up.

LOLA

Shit. Shit shit shit  
(She moves to stand)  
sh-

Greg opens the door.

Lola quickly lies back down.

LOLA

Greggy!

16 INT. LOLA AND GREG'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE, EVENING 16

Greg closes the door and hangs up his coat. He smiles.

GREG

Hey, Lo.

He sits to take off his black boots. His short, beige, courier shorts ride up. He fumbles with the laces.

GREG

Um, how was your day?

17

INT. LOLA AND GREG'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, EVENING

17

LOLA

Good, yeah. It was good. A grand  
old time, really.

Greg enters the living room, holding two plastic bags. Lola  
sits up.

GREG

What'd you do?

LOLA

Oh, mostly just sat around. Just  
sittin. You know that baby's got me  
tired and what not.

Greg sits on the lounge chair beside the couch.

GREG

I mean that's what happens when our  
moms get pregnant.

LOLA

(Laughs)

So I've heard.

GREG

I got you something.

Greg gets up to move to the couch.

Lola scoots away slightly from where Greg sits.

LOLA

Pulled pork?!

GREG

No...

Lola narrows her eyes.

LOLA

A little piggy sandwich?

GREG

No...well, yes. But no...

Greg scoots closer.

Lola scoots away to the edge of the couch.

(CONTINUED)

LOLA  
(Putting up her hands)  
That's it, I surrender!

Greg scoots closer.

Lola goes to move and realizes she has no more room.

Greg leans over the plastic bag and pulls out a box.

GREG  
(Awkwardly handing Lola the  
box)  
Here.

LOLA  
(Hesitantly taking the box)  
Thank you?

GREG  
Um. O-open it.

Lola looks at Greg.

Greg nods frantically.

Lola opens the box and pulls out a tiny pair of white running shoes.

LOLA  
Oh my god look at these little nuggets I can't! Take them away! Take them away for me or I'm gonna have to eat em!

GREG  
Oh, do you? I shouldn't have-I'm sorry. I should've asked you first, I-

LOLA  
No they're perfect, they're just too dang cute if you don't get them away from me I'm gonna have to carry them in my pocket everywhere I go!

Greg looks up.

GREG  
R-really?

LOLA  
(Leaning in to kiss him)  
Yeah, of course

Greg starts to lean in, too. Suddenly, Greg stops and lingers in the air. Their lips are just a few hairs away, so close they are almost touching.

Greg sniffs the air.

GREG  
What's that smell?

LOLA  
(Pulling away slightly)  
What do you mean?

GREG  
(Leaning closer)  
That smell. What is it?

Lola tries to shift farther away from Greg.

LOLA  
I don't know, maybe the pork is bad.

Greg shifts closer, closing the distance.

GREG  
I don't think so.

Greg starts sniffing Lola's hair.

LOLA  
What are you, a werewolf or something?

Greg sniffs more. He leans away and shifts to the other side of the couch.

GREG  
You smoked weed.

LOLA  
What? No.

GREG  
Yes you did, I smell it.

Lola looks confused.

LOLA

OH. You know what? I totally forgot but earlier in the day the baby just started yelling at me "I want green slushie, I want green slushie!" And after about twenty minutes, I just couldn't handle it anymore! So I go to the corner store, right? And I get myself a green slushie and when I walked past the sign, you know how the kids are. They all go back there and they smoke a lil ganja and when I walked by ho-LY did it smell. I'm telling you it was crazy it almost felt like I smoked it, it was so strong.

Greg stands up.

GREG

I c-can't believe you.

LOLA

What?

GREG

Stop! Stop acting like I-I'm dumb or something.

Lola stands up and moves toward Greg.

LOLA

What? Dumb? I don't think your dumb Greggy!

GREG

I know that was where you and Kimmy used to go. A few months ago I was looking for my old Rolling Stones shirt, the one you wanted me to throw out or whatever, and I found the box, Lo. But I thought it was nothing, you know? Like-like maybe you just wanted to be friends one day and didn't want to get rid of it all or something, you know? UGH I'm so STUPID.

Lola looks down and grabs her left forearm with her right arm.

(CONTINUED)

LOLA

I-I'm sorry.

Greg moves to walk away.

Lola follows him.

LOLA

I just wanted to give her her sweater back and I thought maybe if we chilled a little or something she, and you, could see there was nothing there and I don't know maybe I thought we could all be friends again like we were before that night, you know?

Greg turns around.

GREG

Before that night? Before that night you were with *her*, Lo. That's why you broke up, remember? Because she found us at the diner holding hands. Does it mean that little to you?

LOLA

No. NO. That's not what I mean, Greggy. I just want to be able to all be friends again.

GREG

I wasn't your friend I was just some dorky guy you guys dragged along to concerts when you needed a ride. I'm not stupid.

LOLA

That's not true, you were our best friend.

GREG

OUR?!

Greg turns and begins stomping up the stairs.

LOLA

Wait! Greg! GREG. (Beat) Greg leg!

Greg pauses.

LOLA (CTD.)

Greg's list! An arm and a Greg!  
Break a Greg! The Golden Greg!  
Scrambled Greg! Fried Greg!

Greg turns around.

LOLA (CTD.)

See? It means nothing.  
(Walks up to the stairs)  
The nicknames, the weed, the  
sweater, the box,  
(Walks up a few steps to meet  
Greg)  
it means nothing to me anymore.  
(She goes on her toes and  
kisses Greg's forehead)  
I just want to see if we can be  
friends again. I promise.

Greg pauses, thinking.

GREG

I need to know.

LOLA

Need to know what?

GREG

I need to know when you're seeing  
her. What you're doing. When you're  
going. When you'll be back. I need  
to know.

LOLA

Okay, Detective Greggy.

Greg turns to go back up the stairs.

LOLA

NO.  
(Lola grabs his hand)  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Look, I get  
it. I do. This is hard. And I can  
do that. Whatever you need.

GREG

Thanks Lo.

He sighs and kisses her on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

LOLA  
(Ruffling his hair)  
Anything for my little Greg the  
Egg. (Beat) Want to come watch some  
Oprah reruns with me and eat a  
Little Piggy Sandwich  
(Lola pokes Greg's nose)  
TM.

Greg looks around the room.

GREG  
I, uh...maybe in a little. I...I  
think I'm just gonna go have a nap  
or something

LOLA  
Oh. Yeah, yeah okay of course. Take  
whatever time you need. Get your  
beauty rest. Eat some ice cream.  
Watch some reruns. Play a game of  
virtual Go Fish.

Lola looks around the room. After a moment she hugs Greg  
with force.

LOLA (CTD.)  
I love you.

Greg pauses for a moment and then hugs her back.

GREG  
I love you, too.

Greg turns and climbs the stairs. He shuts the door from off  
screen.

Lola stands there for a moment, watching the staircase.

She turns, returns to the couch, and sits directly in the  
centre with one hand on either side of her, holding a lot of  
her weight.

She pulls out her phone and looks at it for a moment.

She shoves it back in her pocket and lies down.

She turns on an Oprah rerun and looks over the back of the  
couch up the stairs. After a moment, she turns back to the  
TV and curls up under a blanket.

## LOGLINE

Crystal Town is a dry Juno-esque comedy about a pregnant 23-year-old bisexual woman named Lola who is dating an awkward, lanky young man named Greg. At the beginning of the film, runs into her ex-girlfriend, Kimmy, who she was in love with, but cheated on with Greg. For the entirety of the film, Lola is trying to make Kimmy fall back in love with her without Greg finding out; in the end, Greg proposes and Lola says she needs to think about it, which crushes Greg. Then, Greg finds out that Lola hooked up with Kimmy, and leaves her, taking the baby with him. This devastates Lola, so she takes it out on Kimmy and they get in a fight. Just when it seems like Lola is going to end up alone, she makes up for it with Kimmy and it ends with them walking to a diner to go on a date.

## LOLA

Lola is a complex 23 year-old woman who loves band tees and weird posters. Although she has a big heart, when she was with Kimmy, although she was in love with her, she was young and immature, and cheated on her. She is a caring person, but can't recognize when she's manipulating the people around her for her own benefit.

## KIMMY

Kimmy is an "artistically unkempt" 22 year-old reject who broke up with Lola when Lola cheated on her with Greg. After that, Kimmy was so heartbroken that she left to live with her parents in Montreal for a year and a half. During that time, Lola got pregnant, and at the beginning of the film, Kimmy returns to Crystal Lake. Kimmy is a very quirky, outgoing character trying to get back into the way things were. She tries not to get back together with Lola because of what happened in the past, but is a self-destructive character.

## GREG

Greg is a 23 year-old man who is dating Lola and is the father of Lola's child; they got together after Lola cheated on Kimmy with him. Greg works in the day as a courier. Greg is a caring, supportive boyfriend, but sometimes he goes too far and becomes controlling and over-protective.

## REVISION NOTES

When revising, I would read one person's comments from class, and then read through the 10 page script line by line, changing, removing, and adding things based on that individual's advice. Once I finished that individual, I

(CONTINUED)

would move onto the next. Then, once I finished everyone's comments, I wrote through to the end of the first act, trying to keep all of the comments in mind. Once I finished that, I read through the comments again and then went through the script, revising as I read.

In my revision, I tried my best to reduce the amount of nicknames I used, as it had become distracting. So, I made it so that Lola refuses to call Greg any nicknames until they get into a fight, and won't let him call her any nicknames either. This made nicknames just a thing between Lola and Kimmy, so Lola only uses them to manipulate Greg when she's done something wrong. I tried to make all three of their voices more unique without losing the integrity of the unique language they all use. I'm a little worried that in this process I lost some of the unique dialogue that made the script as promising as it was, so if I had more time, I would create a detailed character sketch of each character and practice writing monologues in each of their voices, speaking them aloud until I found distinct differences in their dialogue that kept the same unique tone of the script. I also tried to reduce some of the quirky playfulness and quick dialogue between the characters because, as mentioned in class, it was taking away from the conflict of the script. If I had more time, I'd try to find a better balance between the quirky dialogue in the conflict, because I still feel like something is missing in that aspect.

I tried to heighten the stakes of the story by making it so that Lola didn't just cheat on Kimmy, but she cheated on Kimmy with Greg. Further, I tried to heighten the stakes by forcing Lola into more conflicts she couldn't escape, especially in the final scene with Greg. If I had more time, I'd play around with the scenes where Lola and Kimmy experience a conflict to address it more thoroughly, which would heighten the stakes by getting to the route of the conflict and building tension.

I also tried to make it more clear that Kimmy and Lola didn't meet on purpose in the first scene by adding a quick dialogue between Greg and Lola and having Kimmy reveal that she's on her way to meet her mom for coffee. Further, some of the written comments from my peers mentioned that Greg seemed like he didn't have a big enough character flaw, so I tried to make him seem controlling. This was most noticeable at the end of the first act when Greg and Lola are fighting, but if I had more time, I would try to develop this flaw earlier on in the piece.

I plan to continue revising and writing this script throughout the summer, ideally finishing a first draft of it in September. As I do that, I will keep these comments in mind and revise the script on a weekly basis.