

ANGIE

11.

SIDES - Untitled Macon Blair Project
ROLE: Angie
DATE: Feb 17, 2016
simon max hill casting

--and now they're BOTH CRYING, a perfect storm of CRYING.

RUTH
The fuck kinda book is this?

~~INT. HALLWAY - ANGIE'S HOUSE - A BIT LATER~~

~~Abrupt silence as ANGIE HUFF (40) slides out of JANA'S
BEDROOM, pulling the door closed behind her and looking at--~~

INT. KITCHEN AREA - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ruth, spent and red-eyed but composed now, drooping in
contrition as she sees Angie returning--

START

RUTH
I'm sorry.

--who gestures *no problem* (even though we can see that it was
kind of a problem) and waves her to the couch.

ANGIE
She's fine. Don't worry.

RUTH
I'm so sorry.

Ruth sits, preoccupied and distressed, as Angie packs a BOWL--

ANGIE
A fucked-up thing happened to you.
You're allowed to be upset.

--which she is *just about* to hit when--

RUTH
It's not that.

And so Angie lowers the bowl, sensing an impending deluge.

ANGIE
What uh...what is it?

RUTH
Patient died today. I was in the
room. She was there and then...she
wasn't.

Angie passes the bowl and Ruth hits it, deep-deep-deep.

ANGIE
Oh. She was special, huh?

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Ruth holds the hit, thinking hard.

RUTH
(a burp of smoke)
No. She sucked.

ANGIE
Oh.

RUTH
This old...shithead...

ANGIE
Uh huh.

RUTH
...bat...

ANGIE
Yeah.

Angie takes the bowl back, hits it herself, settling in for--

RUTH
(a dreamy stream)
But it just kinda clicked. *It doesn't matter.* They'll roll her into a cooker and then she'll be smoke. Just carbon and stuff. My grandma Sally--that was her silver they took--she was a war nurse. She literally breathed life into people who'd been exploded. Spent her retirement bringing dinner to shut-ins, folks with cancer...

(Angie exhales a long patient jet of smoke.)

RUTH (CONT'D)
...and then she had a stroke and was just carbon and stuff, too. Exactly the same. And now I'm the only one left who remembers any of that and pretty soon I'll be carbon and stuff, too...so none of it matters. You could be a saint, you could be awful, whatever, it's like none of it happened.

Angie eyes Ruth in concern (and a splash of exasperation.)

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ANGIE^{13.}

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ANGIE

First of all, not pretty soon. Not for a long time. And it *does* matter. She *did* happen.

RUTH

We have to pretend that or we'll go crazy. But everything is dying, at all times. Everyone. Us. Even Jana, right now. The minute she was born she started dying--

ANGIE

Jesus *Christ*--

RUTH

The planet's coming apart. You got that, right?

ANGIE

(*'I'ma have another hit'*)
Right, right--

RUTH

All the bees? And the gorillas are almost gone, too. Something like ten gorillas left.

ANGIE

It's more than that.

RUTH

Twenty? Tops? Look at how people treat each other, the, the, the *taking*. The fucking *taking*, y'know? The cruelty and the taking and the, the, *'Mine, mine, fuck you, mine.'*

ANGIE

You're gonna make yourself sick.
(choosing her words now)
You've got it better than a lot of people. You have to see that. You're healthy. You got a job. You got a house.

But Ruth is wholly committed to the despair...

RUTH

I see it. Everyone is an asshole.

ANGIE

No, not everyone--

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ANGIE 14.

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RUTH

Yes. Everyone. And dildos.

ANGIE

That's not true.

RUTH

It *is* true. And fuckfaces.

ANGIE

Ruthie--

RUTH

I mean, not you. And Dan's okay. And kids are fine unless they're, like, real little shit-kids and I think lot of them just come like that now. Assholes and fuckfaces and so what? It's all just a sneeze. It's nothing. Y'know? It's just chemistry and math. So what.

On Angie: *what do I say to that?* A little helplessly...

ANGIE

Sweetie....c'mon.

Ruth looks at her SHAKING HAND. She makes a fist to stop it.

RUTH

(barely audible)
Sometimes I feel like I'm underneath a whirlpool...and it's like I can't even breathe.

KEYS at the door precede DAN HUFF (40s) lumbering obliviously in. A harried car salesman, he clocks the gloomy vibe--

DAN

Internet date?

ANGIE

Ruth's house got robbed.

--and without pausing he continues to THE KITCHEN AREA.

DAN

Whaaat? That's terrible...

Where he pointedly opens a window, giving Angie a look about the pot smoke: come on. She gives him one back: not now.

END

Ruth starts to CRY again. Angie pats her. Dan sighs at all this and concentrates on his leftover ham sandwich. *Chomp*.

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