

(Name of Project)

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RUTH and CLAIRE watch "The Nutty Professor" on TV. CLAIRE is doubled over in laughter. RUTH is sitting there, not enjoying

Ruth: This is an entire movie about expelling gas.

Claire: I think that's why people like it.

Ruth: I don't want to watch this.

Claire: Good, because neither do I.

Ruth: (shutting it off) Claire, look. I know you probably think I'm old and stupid.

Claire: No, Mom, I don't.

Ruth: But I love you just as much as I ever did, and I'm worried about you, and I don't know how to help.

Claire: I don't need help! Why is everyone acting like I'm in the Trenchcoat Mafia?

Ruth: You stole a foot! A human foot!

Claire: OK, you wanna know why? Because some guy who totally scammed me into going out with him because I thought he actually cared about me--he told the entire school that I have webbed toes, and then when I confronted him about it, he showed entirely no remorse, so when I saw Nate drop the foot on the floor, I just grabbed it, just to get back at that piece of crap, OK? It wasn't premeditated. I'm not searching for my next victim. I'm not body collector.

Ruth: You let some strange guy see your feet?!

Claire: Oh, No, I'm sorry, I cannot have this conversation with you.

And I'm really sorry, but I don't think we're ever gonna have one of these touchy-feely mother-daughter relationships like you see on TV and the movies, because, you know why? They don't exist!

(She gets up to leave)

Ruth: Claire? I had an affair. (beings to become tearful) For the last two years, I was seeing someone. Your father never knew about it, at least I hope he didn't. And I called it off after he died. It's not something I'm proud of.

Claire: Why are you telling me this?

Ruth: Because it's the truth, and whatever relationship you and I have, I want it to be honest, even if you hate me.

Claire: Mom, I don't hate you.

(off of her mom's expression)

I remember going to the movies on Monday nights. But I'm 17 years old now, and I have my own life, and there are things I have to figure out on my own, and that's, like, normal.

And I know stealing a foot is weird, but, hello, living in a house where a foot is available to be stolen is weird.

I've gotta get to school.