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Cross Words: A Feature-Length Screenplay

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CROSS WORDS

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INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

A woman lies in bed, dark hair obscuring her face. She stirs with a groan and checks the time on the clock by the bed.

WOMAN

Shit.

She leaps out of the bed, leaving behind a sleeping man and starts throwing clothes on.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

The same woman emerges from an apartment building and walks quickly down the street. We follow behind her, never seeing her face.

She stops at a crosswalk, tapping her foot impatiently as she waits for the light to change. The walk light stays red, but she looks both ways and is about to cross anyway, when a car comes squealing around the corner and passes within feet of her. The woman jumps back and gesticulates angrily.

WOMAN

Yo, watch out!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

DAVID COHEN, a sickly, middle-aged man lies in a hospital bed. His breathing is labored and his eyes are closed. He shakily clutches the hand of someone standing by his bedside.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C.

The woman weaves through a crowd of people on the sidewalk, passes a sign for the Metro and boards an escalator heading underground. She stands on her tip toes, trying to see if her way is clear, then starts squeezing her way past people who are just standing there.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

CATHERINE CLARKE-COHEN, a polished woman in her mid-fifties is holding David's hand. She gently strokes his forehead then looks up at a monitor nearby when it starts beeping ominously.

INT. METRO CAR

The woman sits on the Metro train, her head resting against the window. The train gives a lurch, making her head bounce and slam into the glass. She groans and rubs her temple.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

The monitor continues beeping. A bustle of doctors and nurses rush into the room and surround the hospital bed. Catherine is pushed aside and she hovers helplessly in the background.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - STREET

The beeping from the hospital room continues as the woman bounds up the top steps of the Metro escalator, rounds a corner, and enters a bookstore with a jingle of a bell.

The beeps become one long beep.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Catherine puts a shaky hand to her mouth as the doctors and nurses leave the bedside. They exit the room one by one, some of them putting a hand on her shoulder as they pass by. Catherine gives one short sob as the beep drones on.

MOVIE TITLE: CROSS WORDS

INT. BOOKSTORE - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

The beeping cuts out as we finally see the face of the dark-haired woman: BLAIR COHEN, a 25-year-old with an intense gaze who somehow makes her bookstore-issue polo shirt look fashionable. She stands behind a bookstore counter with an expression of extreme incredulity on her face.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Um, miss? Did you hear me?

Blair just stares at the CUSTOMER across from her, an earnest but flighty looking middle-aged woman.

BLAIR

Oh, I *heard* you.

The customer looks around in confusion.

CUSTOMER

So is that something you have?

Blair leans over to rest her chin on her hands, examining the woman as if she were a particularly puzzling work of modern art.

BLAIR

Just let me make sure I have this straight. You want to know if we sell "printed out versions of ebooks".

CUSTOMER

Yes.

Blair's phone buzzes on the counter. The caller ID says MOM. She presses "Ignore" then returns her attention to the customer.

BLAIR

Do you know where you are right now?

CUSTOMER

...Georgetown?

BLAIR

You are in a bookstore. A place where they sell books. These sturdy little things full of pages with words on them. Also known as "printed out ebooks".

CUSTOMER

But I meant--

BLAIR

So yes, we do have books at our bookstore. Anything else I can do for you?

CUSTOMER

I'll just find someone else...

BLAIR

Good idea.

Blair waves as the customer walks away.

Blair sits down on the stool behind the counter and grabs a paperback that she had lying open nearby.

Her phone buzzes again. Mom again. She ignores it again.

Blair starts reading her book but she is interrupted almost immediately.

PATTY

Blair, we need to talk.

PATTY, wearing the same uniform polo as Blair but with a name tag that says "MANAGER" on it, is standing in front of the counter now with a stern look on her face.

Blair sighs and puts down her book.

INT. BOOKSTORE - MANAGER'S OFFICE - A MINUTE LATER

Blair follows Patty into her office and they sit down across from each other, desk between them. Blair settles comfortably into her chair; Patty is more stiff.

PATTY

I'm just going to be straight with you, Blair. We're letting you go.

Blair's jaw drops and she blinks in confusion for a moment.

BLAIR

Is this about the ebook dipshit?
I'll go apologize right now--

PATTY

This isn't about the ebook d--this isn't about any particular customer.

BLAIR

Then what is it about?

PATTY

You really have no idea?

Blair shakes her head.

PATTY (CONT'D)

It's about your rudeness, your laziness, your superior demeanor, and your general lack of respect for your coworkers, our customers, and myself.

BLAIR

You've got to be kidding me.

PATTY

Is this really all news to you?

BLAIR

No--yes--I don't know! But how can you *fire* me? I graduated from Harvard Law School, I'm the freaking Barack Obama of this bookstore. I'm wildly overqualified-

PATTY

Well, maybe that's just the problem.

BLAIR

You think so?

Patty stands up, walks over to the door, and opens it.

PATTY

I'm gonna need you to change out of your polo.

Blair stands up and starts pulling her shirt off.

BLAIR

Just take the damn thing now. Fuckin' polyester gives me a rash anyway.

She pulls the shirt over her head, leaving her in just her bra. She holds the shirt out to Patty. Patty doesn't take it; she just gapes at Blair.

PATTY

This is extremely inappropriate.

Blair shrugs and then tosses the shirt to her.

BLAIR

What do I care, I don't work here anymore.

Blair walks out of the office.

INT. BOOKSTORE - CONTINUOUS

Blair storms through the bookstore, still shirtless. A mother with a young daughter stares at her and then shields her daughter's eyes.

BLAIR

It's ok, I'm a really famous author.

Blair reaches a door marked "EMPLOYEES ONLY" and barges in.

INT. BOOKSTORE - EMPLOYEE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

She enters a room that is half-kitchen, half-locker room. One wall is lined with storage cubbies. Blair sits on a bench facing one of the cubbies and grabs a shirt out of it.

She starts putting it on when her phone vibrates once again. Blair groans.

BLAIR

Can't she take a hint...

With one arm through the shirt, she wiggles around to get her phone out of her butt pocket. This time the caller ID reads "Dad". She answers immediately.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Dad! How are you feeling?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Catherine is still sitting next to the hospital bed. Her eyes are red.

CATHERINE

Blair, it's your mother. Your father's gone.

Her voice catches a bit on the word "gone".

INT. BOOKSTORE - EMPLOYEE LOUNGE

Blair's face falls. She stops trying to put the shirt on and her arms slump down, still caught in the sleeves. A couple tears leak out.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

Are you there, dear?

BLAIR

Yeah, I'm--

Blair pauses and pulls her shirt on the rest of the way. She wipes away the couple of stray tears.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I'm here. What do I--what should I do?

CATHERINE

You don't have to do anything,
Blair. Minnie is going to pick you
up from your place tonight at--

BLAIR

You called Minnie first?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Catherine closes her eyes in frustration.

CATHERINE

No, Blair. I called you first--
twice, if you recall--and you
didn't pick up until I called from
your father's phone.

BLAIR (O.S.)

Oh. Right.

SOPHIE COHEN, Blair's seventeen-year-old sister, enters the
room sniffing and sits by her mother, nestling herself under
her arm. Catherine pats her on the head.

CATHERINE

Anyway. Be ready for your sister at
eight o' clock--

BLAIR (O.S.)

I can just take the Metro...

CATHERINE

Don't be silly, you're not going to
lug a suitcase with a week's worth
of clothing onto the subway.

BLAIR (O.S.)

A week??

CATHERINE

Yes, that's how long the shiva is.

BLAIR (O.S.)

How long the *what* is?

CATHERINE

The shiva, your father wanted us to
sit shiva for him.

(beat)

It's a Jewish mourning ritual.
Google it. Will you be able to take
off work?

INT. BOOKSTORE - EMPLOYEE LOUNGE

BLAIR

Yeah, that shouldn't be an issue.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

Lovely. I've got to call Rabbi Adam to make arrangements, but I'll see you tonight. Don't forget: eight o' clock.

BLAIR

Right. Eight o' clock.

Blair stares ahead, watery eyed, unsure of how to proceed.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Catherine bites her lip and takes a deep breath.

CATHERINE

How--how have you been?

INT. BOOKSTORE - EMPLOYEE LOUNGE

Blair closes her eyes and scoffs.

BLAIR

I'm not doing this now, Mom.

Blair hangs up the phone.

INT. METRO CAR

Blair sits on the subway almost in a daze, rocking back and forth slightly with the movement of the train.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

Blair approaches the door to her apartment, key in hand. She pauses when she sees a note stuck to the door. In scrawling handwriting it reads: "I had fun last night (and this morning), guessing you did too. Let's do it again soon. --J". A smile flashes across Blair's face for a moment, before she tears the note off the door and crumples it.

She unlocks the door and takes a couple of tentative steps inside.

INT. BLAIR AND LAURA'S APARTMENT - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

BLAIR

Laura?

No answer. Blair closes the door behind her quietly.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Laur, you home?

Still no answer, as Blair cautiously makes her way down the hallway, peeks into the kitchen and finds it empty.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Thank god.

INT. BLAIR AND LAURA'S APARTMENT - BLAIR'S BEDROOM

Blair's bedroom is cozy but sparsely decorated. It's most prominent feature is a big brass double bed

Blair pulls a suitcase out from under her bed, then sits down on the edge of her mattress and puts her face in her hands. She sits like this for a moment and her shoulders start to shake up and down and it seems like she's crying, but it quickly becomes clear that she's actually laughing.

BLAIR

I can't believe that bitch *fired* me.

Blair shakes her head in disbelief then gets up and starts throwing clothes into the suitcase.

INT. BLAIR AND LAURA'S APARTMENT

Blair rolls her suitcase to the front door, then stops and looks around. She walks back to the kitchen and grabs a piece of paper and scribbles a note on it: "L-- My Dad died. Going home for the week. --B". She drops the note on the breakfast table and turns around only to be startled to find a curly-maned young woman staring at her from the doorway.

BLAIR

Jeez, Laura, you scared the shit out of me.

(beat)

I thought you weren't home.

Laura eyes Blair suspiciously then fully enters the kitchen. She opens the refrigerator.

LAURA

I was napping.

She pulls out a bottle of orange juice and pours herself a glass. She takes a sip.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Long day at work.

Laura sits down at the breakfast table. Blair's eyes flick to the note she left there; Laura doesn't notice it yet. Blair starts backing out of the kitchen.

BLAIR

Yeah? Yeah, me too. Well, I'm headed out, enjoy your orange ju--

LAURA

Can I ask you one quick thing before you go?

Blair freezes in the doorway.

BLAIR

(innocently)
What's up?

LAURA

You know as well as I do that our walls are *awfully* thin...

Blair grimaces, thinking she knows where this is going.

LAURA (CONT'D)

And I could have sworn I heard you say something about--no, that can't be right.

Blair rolls her eyes in exasperation and sits down at the table with Laura.

BLAIR

Just fucking say it, Laur.

LAURA

Did you get fired?

BLAIR

Yes. I got fired. You happy?

LAURA

No, not particularly. Not given the fact that you already owe me the last two months' rent--

BLAIR
Month and a half.

LAURA
Whatever. Month and a half's rent.
Late.

Laura takes the last swig of her orange juice. She stands up and walks over to the sink to wash it out.

LAURA (CONT'D)
There's no easy way to say this,
Blair, so I'm just going to be up
front with you. I've found someone
who wants to move into your room.
Someone with a job. Who can pay the
rent.

Blair gapes at Laura.

BLAIR
You're kicking me out? With no
warning?

Laura turns off the faucet and puts her clean glass on the drying rack. She faces Blair and gives her a sugary fake smile.

LAURA
Oh, of course not! This *is* your
warning. I'll give you a week to
get the money together if you want
to stay--

She checks her watch.

LAURA (CONT'D)
So you have til next Tuesday.

Blair smiles back at her bitterly. She grabs her note off the table and stands up.

BLAIR
I'll get *right* on that, Laur. Oh,
by the way, my dad died today!

She shoves the note at Laura and walks out of the kitchen. Laura looks down at the note in confusion.

INT. BLAIR AND LAURA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Blair yells back over her shoulder.

BLAIR

Maybe we'll both get lucky and my
mom will kick the bucket too! Then
I'll have plenty of rent money!

Blair grabs her suitcase from by the door and storms out.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Blair stands under the awning of the apartment building's entrance, her suitcase next to her. She is breathing heavily, gradually losing steam from her argument with Laura. She checks her watch: 7:58pm. She pulls her coat tighter around her and watches her breath make clouds in the cold air.

WESTON (O.S.)

You need all that just for dinner?

Blair turns to see WESTON JONES, a tall, handsome, clean cut young man wearing a well-fitted suit, walking towards her.

BLAIR

Oh, fuck. Weston, I totally forgot
we had plans. Something came up and
I have to go home for a few days.

WESTON

Everything okay?

Blair considers Weston for a moment before answering.

BLAIR

Yeah, yeah. Just some family stuff.
Not a big deal

A white minivan pulls up to the curb in front of them.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

And, that's my ride. Gotta go.

Weston starts to lean in to kiss her, but Blair dodges it as she grabs her suitcase. She starts walking towards the car.

WESTON

I'll call you?

Blair waves without turning around.

BLAIR

Sure.

She throws her suitcase into the trunk and then hops into the passenger seat.

INT./EXT. MINNIE'S VAN

MINNIE MARTIN-COHEN, Blair's older sister, is driving the car. She has the same dark hair as Blair but her's is pulled back with a bandana, tied in a jaunty bow on top.

MINNIE

Who was *that*?

BLAIR

Just a... friend. From law school.

MINNIE

Uh huh. A friend who clearly wants to jump your bones.

Blair twists around to look in the backseat, where two-year-old ABBY MARTIN-COHEN is playing contentedly in her carseat.

BLAIR

Minnie. Your two-year-old daughter is in the backseat.

Minnie shrugs.

MINNIE

I figure I've got about six months left of being able to ask you about the new guy you're screwing in front of her and I'm sure as hell gonna take advantage of it.

BLAIR

I'm not screwing him ye--we've just been seeing each other for a few weeks. We're taking it slow.

MINNIE

You're taking things slow?!

Blair smacks Minnie on the arm.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm driving!

BLAIR

Why are we even talking about this? Jesus, our dad died today.

Minnie glances over at Blair and puts a comforting hand on her shoulder.

MINNIE

I know, sis. But we've known this day was coming for almost a year now. I feel like we lost him weeks ago, don't you?

BLAIR

I guess. I don't know.

MINNIE

I wonder how Mom is taking it.

Blair scoffs.

BLAIR

Same way she takes everything. Quickly and with a handful of Pepcid AC before she has to get back to work.

Minnie frowns.

MINNIE

You're always so hard on her.

BLAIR

Because she was hard on me.

Blair stares at her, challenging her to disagree, but Minnie just stares solemnly at the road.

MINNIE

Be nice to her.

Blair stares out the window as they cross the Potomac River, leaving behind the streets of DC for the Virginia suburbs.

EXT. CULDESAC - NIGHT

The white mini van pulls to a stop in front of a large colonial house.

Blair lugs her suitcase out of the trunk while Minnie gathers Abby from the backseat.

Blair reaches the front door and is about to knock, but Sophie opens it before she gets a chance.

SOPHIE

Shh!

Sophie comes outside and closes the door behind her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Mom just fell asleep at the kitchen table and she hasn't slept in days so I don't wanna wake her... I'll let you guys in around back.

Sophie leads the way around the side of the house, through a white picket gate and past a row of bushes.

MINNIE

How are you doing, Soph?

SOPHIE

I'm... I don't know. It's whatever.

Minnie strokes Sophie's hair; Sophie just stares ahead.

They reach the back door and Sophie fiddles with the lock.

BLAIR

So when is someone going to explain this shiva bullshit to me?

MINNIE

Blair! Sophie is here...

Blair stares at Minnie incredulously.

BLAIR

You don't care what I say in front of your two-year-old but I can't say bullshit in front of our seventeen-year-old sister?

MINNIE

I just--she needs all the good examples she can get!

BLAIR

She grew up in a house with Dad. Pretty sure she's heard the word bullshit before.

Sophie holds the door open for her sisters.

SOPHIE

It's true. At least twice a meal and a hell of a lot more than that on Sundays when the Redskins play.

They all trail inside.

INT. COHEN HOME - SUN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter a sun room full of fake plants and wicker furniture. Blair plunks her suitcase on the ground, flops into an armchair, and puts her feet up.

SOPHIE

I'm going to bed. Don't wake Mom.

Sophie slips out of the room. Minnie bounces Abby on her hip.

MINNIE

I should get this girl to bed, too. Elijah took her to the park this morning and she is all worn out.

(to Abby)

Aren't you, baby? Did you have so much fun with Daddy?

BLAIR

Where is your husband anyway?

MINNIE

He had a couple things to get settled at work before being out for the week, so he's meeting us at the service tomorrow. Poor guy, I'm sure he's just thrilled to be spending a week in the house with his mother-in-law.

BLAIR

Oh, give me a break. Mom is fucking in love with Elijah.

MINNIE

I know. I think that's what freaks him out so much.

Blair chuckles. Minnie leans over and kisses Blair on the side of her head.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Night, sis.

BLAIR

Night. Goodnight, Abby!

Minnie waves Abby's little hand up and down. Abby gurgles sleepily and then they both leave.

Blair curls herself up in the armchair, staring out at the backyard. She yawns, eyes drooping, and drifts off to sleep.

INT. COHEN HOME - SUN ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

CATHERINE (O.S.)
Blair Rachel, wake up!

Catherine shakes Blair's shoulder roughly. Blair stirs a bit but doesn't really wake up.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Blair. It is nine forty five. Your father's funeral is in forty five minutes and if we aren't out that door in ten, so help me...

Blair moans and opens one eye.

BLAIR
Alright, alright, I'm awake. Though I don't know what the rush is, it's not like they'd start without you.

Catherine glares at Blair, then kneels down on the floor and opens Blair's suitcase.

CATHERINE
Why on earth did you choose to sleep out here of all places?

BLAIR
I didn't *choose* to, I just fell asleep.

CATHERINE
Are you overtired? Do you need to see Dr. Parsons?

BLAIR
Oh my god, Mom, no! I just had a bit of a taxing day yesterday what with Dad dying and me getting f-- Minnie!

Blair uses Minnie's entrance to change the subject: her sister walks into the room holding two cups of coffee.

Blair smiles gratefully as Minnie hands her one of the mugs and she takes a long sip.

MINNIE
Mom, what are you doing?

Blair and Minnie both look over to see that Catherine has scattered the contents of Blair's suitcase around her on the floor.

BLAIR

Mom!

CATHERINE

Do you own *anything* that doesn't look like a witch's costume?

BLAIR

Are you seriously suggesting that I brought *too much* black for a funeral?

CATHERINE

But there are different kinds of blacks, dear. Chic black, preppy black, business black--

She holds up a drapey black top.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

These are all just so--witchy!

Blair scrambles out of the chair as quickly as she can without spilling her coffee. She snatches the top out of her mom's hands and points at the door.

BLAIR

Get out.

Catherine holds up her hands in surrender and gets up off the floor.

CATHERINE

Okay, I'm going.

Catherine is out the door before she peeks back in.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You are going to brush your hair, though, yes?

BLAIR

MOM.

Catherine retreats and Blair buries her face in the shirt she's holding with a groan. She lifts her face to glare at Minnie.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Now do you see why not speaking to her was simpler?

Minnie bumps shoulders with Blair.

MINNIE

You can't give her the silent
treatment forever, Blair.

Minnie turns to leave the sunroom.

BLAIR

(under her breath)
Why not?

EXT. COHEN HOME

Catherine holds the front door open as the family trails out of the house. First Minnie, carrying Abby. Sophie follows behind her, arms crossed and shoulders hunched over. She slides into the car as Minnie fastens Abby into her carseat.

Catherine looks in the doorway only to lean back out of the way as Blair rushes past her. Blair is wearing the "witchy" black top. Catherine purses her lips.

Catherine closes the front door and joins the rest of the family in the mini van.

EXT. SYNAGOGUE - 10:15AM

The white mini van pulls up in a roundabout in front of a modern looking stone building with a sign that reads, "Adat Shalom" in English and Hebrew. Two shallow, man-made ponds frame the entryway.

The whole Cohen family spills out of the mini van: Catherine steps carefully out of the passenger seat, smoothing her skirt; Blair and Sophie emerge from the back.

Minnie totters around from the driver's side in her high heels and gets Abby out of her seat. She hands her to Blair.

Minnie gets back in the car and drives off while the rest of them head inside.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - ENTRANCE HALL

The sunny entrance hall is bustling with mourners. When the family enters, a few people separate themselves from the group to greet Catherine or Sophie, while Blair hangs back.

Abby makes a noise and Blair bounces her anxiously against her hip. She watches as Catherine hugs a woman around her age, as a bearded man in his early thirties wearing a tallit pats Sophie on her back.

The man looks up and catches Blair watching them; Blair puts her head down and starts walking away, but he smiles and approaches her.

RABBI ADAM
Blair, it's been ages.

Blair abandons any hope of escape and smiles politely.

BLAIR
Hey, Rabbi Adam.

RABBI ADAM
So sorry about your dad. David was such a beloved member of this community.

BLAIR
Yeah, uh. Yup. Thanks.

They stew in awkward silence for a moment, Blair looking at anything except Rabbi Adam, while he smiles at her serenely.

RABBI ADAM
Is this your daughter?

Blair snaps her gaze right on Rabbi Adam, affronted.

BLAIR
God, no! I mean, erm... no.
(beat)
...This is Abby, Minnie's daughter.

RABBI ADAM
Well, aren't you the doting aunt.

Blair forces another smile and then sees Minnie coming in the door, along with her husband ELIJAH MARTIN-COHEN, a handsome curly-haired man in his early 40s.

BLAIR
Oh thank g--

Blair glances at Rabbi Adam.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
--goodness...

Minnie reaches them and greets Rabbi Adam with a kiss on the cheek. Rabbi Adam checks his watch as Minnie takes Abby off Blair's hands.

RABBI ADAM
We should probably get started--

He looks up to walk into the sanctuary with Minnie and Blair, but Blair is already walking away. Minnie gives him an apologetic look. Rabbi Adam shrugs.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - SANCTUARY

Rabbi Adam is standing at the bimah, speaking to the gathered mourners. He moves his arms expressively as he speaks, but we don't hear what he's saying. Catherine, Elijah, Minnie (with Abby on her lap), Blair, and Sophie sit in order in the front row. A significant crowd of mourners fills the seats behind them.

Catherine sniffles quietly; she wipes a tear off her cheek and then grabs Elijah's hand. Elijah looks down at their clasped hands then looks over at Minnie fearfully. Minnie smiles apologetically at him and kisses him on the cheek.

Blair rolls her eyes at this display of affection and turns to Sophie, shaking her head, but stops when she sees Sophie. Blair's younger sister is curled up in her chair, hugging her knees to her chest, tears streaming down her face.

Blair bites her lip then tentatively puts her arm around Sophie's shoulder. Sophie leans into Blair, nestling her face into her shoulder.

The entire group rises to their feet at Rabbi Adam's behest in order to begin reciting the Mourner's Kaddish.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - SANCTUARY - A BIT LATER

The service is over and everyone is filing out of the sanctuary. Catherine slips out quickly, but Blair and the rest of the family are stuck behind the crowd.

BLAIR

Who are all these people? I didn't know Dad had so many friends.

Sophie squeezes past Blair and jumps into the arms of a girl about her age with porcelain skin and a strawberry blond pixie cut. The girl hugs her back tightly.

MINNIE

Oh, you know, volunteering around the congregation, racquetball, that rare coins club... he got to know a lot of people.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Minnie and Blair finally make their way into the entrance hall, stopping every second or two to smile politely at someone offering their condolences.

BLAIR
...Dad played racquetball?

MINNIE
How did you not kn--

Blair spies someone in the crowd that makes her eyes bug out.

BLAIR
What the fuck is *he* doing here?

Minnie looks in the direction Blair is staring, confused.

MINNIE
Huh? Who?

BLAIR
Don't worry about it.

Blair slips into the crowd, leaving Minnie behind. Elijah (carrying Abby) joins Minnie, putting his arm around her, and together they watch Blair.

ELIJAH
What's up with her?

MINNIE
I have no idea.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - ENTRANCE HALL - A MINUTE LATER

Blair walks up to a man with his back turned to her and she taps him on the shoulder.

JACK KUBELSKY, a man of average height, average attractiveness, and above-average amounts of scruff, turns around and grins at Blair.

JACK
Hey, Blair! I was just chatting
with your cousin Rita--

Jack gestures to RITA, a pointy-faced woman about Blair's age with lank hair.

JACK (CONT'D)

--and she was telling me about the time you--

BLAIR

About the time at Girl Scout camp when I peed in the middle of the talent show?

Both Rita and Jack's faces fall at Blair's blasé reaction.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Yes, it's true, and yes, I still came in first place. Bye Rita. Get new stories.

Rita walks away, offended, and Blair rounds on Jack.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

Jack shrugs.

JACK

It's your dad's funeral, I'm here to express my condolences.

BLAIR

Yeah, no shit, that's what you do at a funeral. But I mean, how did you even hear about my dad?

JACK

Your dear roommate Laura took it upon herself to inform me.

BLAIR

Oh god, is she here too...

Blair stands on her toes and looks around the room. Jack ignores her question.

JACK

She seems to be under the impression that since you stay at my place four nights a week, I must be your boyfriend or something...

BLAIR

...which you're not...

JACK

Believe me, I am well aware of that fact. You've made it very clear.

They stare each other down for a long moment, Blair glaring and breathing heavily, Jack just smiling down at her.

BLAIR

I have to go. Stop talking to my family.

Blair turns on her heel and walks out the front door.

EXT. SYNAGOGUE - CONTINUOUS

Blair squints at the bright midday sun. She squats down next to the rocky pond to the right of the entryway and flicks at the water with her fingers. A little girl comes out the door and stops when she sees Blair.

LITTLE GIRL

My mommy says you're not supposed to touch the water.

BLAIR

You can tell your mommy that my dad died yesterday, so I'm gonna do whatever the fuck I want.

The little girl gives a whimper and runs back inside, right as Sophie comes out, followed by the girl she was hugging earlier.

Sophie looks back and watches as the little girl attaches herself to her mother's leg, sobbing.

SOPHIE

How many people have you made cry today?

Blair picks up a rock from the bottom of the pond and tosses it a few feet away from her.

BLAIR

She's the first that I know of, but the day is still young.

SOPHIE

You remember my friend, Clem.

Blair cranes her neck around and nods at CLEM.

BLAIR

Clem. Clemson. Clementine.

Clem gives a cool wave.

CLEM

Yo. Sorry about your dad and stuff.
He was a cool dude.

Blair smiles gratefully at Clem.

BLAIR

He was a cool dude.

SOPHIE

So Min and Elijah are bringing the
car around to take us all to the
cemetery... you seen Mom?

Blair thinks for a moment then shakes her head.

BLAIR

Not since the service ended.

SOPHIE

Weird. I wonder where she snuck off
to.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - CLASSROOM

Catherine peers in through the window in the door of a dark Hebrew school classroom. Finding it empty, she tries the handle and goes inside, locking the door behind her.

The walls are covered with education posters featuring cartoon Hebrew letters. Catherine slides herself into one of the many desks and plops her purse in front of her.

She pulls out a plastic bag with a small amount of marijuana in it and some rolling paper. She dumps the last of the pot onto a paper and expertly rolls herself a joint.

She pulls a lighter from her purse and flicks it a few times before finally getting a flame and lighting her joint. She takes a deep drag, closing her eyes and leaning back in the desk chair. She stays like that for a moment then opens her eyes and releases the smoke slowly.

EXT. SYNAGOGUE - PARKING LOT

Minnie struggles to fasten Abby into her car seat while Elijah adjusts the driver's seat.

MINNIE

She's getting too big for this
thing.

Minnie clicks the car seat closed.

ELIJAH

We're gonna be needing another one soon anyway.

Minnie gets into the passenger seat and smiles at Elijah.

MINNIE

Don't count your eggs before they fertilize.

Elijah plants a kiss on Minnie's hand, then starts the car.

EXT. SYNAGOGUE

The mini van pulls up in front of the synagogue again, where Blair, Sophie, and Clem are all sitting in a row. They hop up when the van comes to a stop and Minnie leans out the window.

MINNIE

Where's Mom?

Catherine comes out of the synagogue, munching on a bagel.

CATHERINE

Right here!

She stops right next to Blair and holds out the bagel.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Want a bite?

Blair looks Catherine up and down, eyes narrowed. Then she turns on her heel and climbs into the mini van.

INT./EXT. MINNIE'S VAN

Blair, Sophie, and Clem are squeezed into the back row; Catherine is in the middle row, next to Abby in her car seat; Elijah is driving with Minnie next to him.

Blair stares out the window as the car zooms past storefronts and onto a highway. A car cuts Elijah off and he leans on his horn while swerving out of the way. Abby starts crying.

ELIJAH

Whoops, sorry guys.

Catherine, who is seated behind Elijah, reaches forward and rubs his shoulders.

CATHERINE

It's okay, Elijah. That's just fine.

Elijah squirms away from her grip; Catherine grabs at the air where his shoulders used to be for a moment before giving up and leaning back in her seat, smiling peacefully. Abby is still crying.

BLAIR

Min, could you possibly get your kid to shut up?

Minnie stares at Elijah, exasperated, and he places a comforting hand on her arm.

MINNIE

(mumbled)

Now I remember why we never ask you to babysit...

BLAIR

Excuse me?

Minnie stares intently out the front windshield.

MINNIE

I said that's why we never ask you to babysit! Because you wouldn't know what to do with a baby if it shit in the toilet and all you had to do was flush!

CATHERINE

Girls...

Minnie and Blair pay their mother no attention.

BLAIR

Well maybe you should pop out another kid then so Abby has a younger sibling to teach her how to use a toilet, you never did thank me for teaching you--

Minnie whips around in her seat to look at Blair.

MINNIE

I knew perfectly well how to use a toilet I just--

Minnie falls silent as she and Blair realize that Abby isn't the only one crying anymore: Sophie is quietly sniffling while tears stream down her face. Clem is glaring back and forth at Blair and Minnie.

Minnie faces forward again and fumbles through a bag at her feet. She pulls out a plastic container of baby crackers and hands it back to Catherine.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Mom, can you feed her a few of these? Usually does the trick.

Catherine stares at the plastic jar for a moment as if confused as to how and when it got into her hands. She blinks a few times, looks up at Minnie who is still looking back at her, then figures out what's going on. She unscrews the lid, pours a few small puffy crackers into her hand and holds them out to Abby.

Abby looks at them, her cry diminishing to a whimper. She grabs at the crackers and stuffs them in her mouth.

Catherine looks at the bottle and then pops a cracker into her own mouth. She thinks for a moment then nods approvingly.

Elijah takes an exit off the highway, onto a road well shaded by trees.

EXT. CEMETERY

Elijah stands outside of a mausoleum at the top of a small hill. He is alone except for Abby in his arms. He bounces her up and down, holding her close to keep her warm from the slight breeze that is blowing.

INT. MAUSOLEUM

The rest of the family is packed closely together in a dark but tidy mausoleum. Sophie shudders as she looks around; Clem tucks an arm through Sophie's and gives a comforting squeeze.

They crowd around as an elderly mustached man opens the slot prepared for David's remains. He looks up expectantly and Minnie hands the urn to Catherine who totters over and places it in the open compartment.

They all stare at the simple urn, sitting in the square stone compartment. Sophie blinks, watery eyed. Minnie is crying too and she puts an arm around her mother's shoulder. Blair stares intently at the urn.

The cemetery worker clears his throat.

CEMETERY WORKER
Anybody like to say a few words
before I close 'er up?

No one moves to speak at first. Blair looks to her sisters, then her mother, but none of them seem eager to step up.

BLAIR
Yeah. Yeah I have a couple things
I'd like to say.

She takes a couple of steps closer to David's urn, touching it for a moment, then dropping her hand to her side, where she clenches it into a fist.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Bye, Dad. I probably don't need to
say how much I'll miss you.

Blair starts crying; her voice cracks but she keeps talking.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
I told you enough times when you
were still alive: when you dropped
me off at my first day of
kindergarten, in the letters I
wrote you from summer camp, for two
years while you lay in that
hospital bed.

Blair is sobbing now. Sophie tentatively reaches out to take her hand but Blair pulls away.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
But I'm gonna keep saying it. I'll
say it over and over again because
it'll be true, for a long, long
time.

Catherine puts a hand on Blair's shoulder.

CATHERINE
Oh, Blair...

Blair jerks away from her mother's touch.

BLAIR
I don't want your sympathy!

Blair whips around and stares down her mother, fury in her eyes.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

You're the one who talked him into this! As if being dead were better than...than trying something, anything else. You sucked the fight out of him.

Blair pauses and takes a few deep breaths, while Catherine stares back, her face a mixture of shock and defiance.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Dad is dead because of you.

Blair turns and storms out of the mausoleum.

EXT. CEMETERY

Blair sits off by herself near some headstones. Minnie approaches her and sits down in the grass next to her.

BLAIR

I'm sorry I told your baby to shut up even though she was being really annoying.

MINNIE

I'm sorry I said you'd be a shitty babysitter even though it's true.

They sit in silence for a moment. Blair picks at the grass in front of her; Minnie bites her nails. Blair snorts.

BLAIR

I really would be a fucking terrible babysitter.

Minnie gives a half smile and nods.

MINNIE

Remember when Sophie was six and you had her watch Boogie Nights?

BLAIR

I thought it was a musical...

They sit in silence for a moment. Blair looks over her shoulder and sees the rest of the family emerging from the mausoleum.

Catherine wanders off a few steps and stares off into the distance. Sophie stops just outside the door and puts her face in her hands, crying again. Elijah and Clem both try to comfort her.

Blair turns back around and looks at the ground.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Sophie's taking this pretty hard.

Minnie glances over her shoulder at the family then looks back at Blair, eyebrow raised.

MINNIE
Sophie seems to be handling
everything quite well.

Blair looks up at Minnie, challenging her.

BLAIR
Did I say a single word that wasn't
true?

Minnie shrugs.

MINNIE
Some truths are debatable.

Blair narrows her eyes at Minnie.

BLAIR
You're only a year older than me.
Who told you you get to act so
wise?

Minnie primps her hair dramatically.

MINNIE
Comes naturally with being a
mother, I suppose.

Blair shoves her playfully in the shoulder.

BLAIR
Fuck off.

She jerks her head towards their mother.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
We both know that's not true.

Minnie gives Blair a warning look.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
(mumbled)
Right, right, playing nice.

Minnie stands up, brushes grass off her clothes and hands,
then reaches a hand out to help Blair up.

Blair takes it, and they walk over to the rest of the family, Blair resting her head on Minnie's shoulder.

EXT. CULDESAC - EARLY EVENING

Minnie's mini van pulls into the driveway at the family home. The culdesac is full of cars.

BLAIR (O.S.)
Um... why are all these people here?

MINNIE (O.S.)
For the shiva minyan, of course.

The family spills out of the car. Sophie heads straight inside, Clem close on her heels. Elijah goes to get Abby out of her car seat. Minnie walks around to the truck and Blair follows her.

BLAIR
Maybe it's time for someone to actually explain this whole shiva deal to me.

Minnie grabs a duffel bag from the truck and unloads it onto Blair.

MINNIE
Do you seriously remember nothing from Torah school?

Minnie grabs another bag and closes the trunk. The sisters walk towards the front door.

BLAIR
I mean I vaguely remember a unit on mourning rituals in like sixth grade, but I think at the time I was more concerned with--

MINNIE
Sneaking off to make out with Aaron Firman?

BLAIR
Precisely. And our dear mother, lapsed Catholic that she is, certainly didn't fill in the gaps in my Jewish upbringing.

Minnie holds the door open for Blair and looks back at Catherine, who is putzing around the flower beds by the front of the house.

MINNIE
Coming in, Mom?

Catherine glances up, wide eyed.

CATHERINE
Hmm? Oh, I'll be right in, don't wait for me.

Minnie smiles and goes inside.

INT. COHEN HOME - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

The front hall of the home is elegant and old-fashioned. An oriental rug leads from the front door to a sturdy wooden staircase straight ahead of them. Minnie and Blair head for the stairs.

BLAIR
So. The shiva.

They pass scores of family photos on the wall as they climb the stairs.

MINNIE
Right. So basically what happens is, the direct relations of the... the deceased gather in one home for seven days--

BLAIR
Sounds awesome already.

MINNIE
A group of friends and neighbors gathers every evening for a prayer service...

BLAIR
Who are all these "friends" you guys keep talking about?

They reach the upstairs landing.

INT. COHEN HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MINNIE

They're the people who are downstairs cooking your dinner. It's traditional that meals be provided for the mourners.

Blair nods approvingly.

BLAIR

Maybe this won't be so bad after all.

They stop outside a door and Blair drops the bag she was carrying.

MINNIE

Don't get too excited. It also means--

Minnie ticks the items off on her fingers.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

--no bathing, no sex, no leaving the house... oh, and no looking in mirrors. I meant to have Elijah cover those up, I'll remind him now...

Minnie trails off in thought as Blair gapes at her in disbelief.

BLAIR

I can't... leave? At all?

Minnie rolls her eyes and pats Blair on the cheek.

MINNIE

Try not to murder any of us.

Minnie opens the door to her room, scoops up her bags, goes in and closes the door behind her.

Blair stares at Minnie's closed door for a long moment. She flops her head back and gives an exasperated sigh.

She looks to her right and then shuffles that way up the hall. She reaches the door next to Minnie's; there's a sign on the door that says "Blair's Room" written in crayon and a drawing of a cat below it. She puts her hand on the knob.

She opens the door slowly, bracing herself almost as if she's expecting a booby trap to go off.

She relaxes a tad once the door is fully open, but she doesn't enter quite yet. She just stares into the room.

BLAIR
(under her breath)
Jesus.

She walks in.

INT. COHEN HOME - BLAIR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blair enters a room bedecked in the evidence of her upbringing: an array of sports participation trophies, various framed award certificates, a massive collection of keychains hanging across the window.

Blair nearly trips on her suitcase; someone has moved it to her room for her. She kneels on the floor and opens it but finds it empty.

BLAIR
What the...

She goes to her dresser and opens one of the drawers: it's full of her clothes. She looks at them for a moment, then starts removing the piles of clothing and throwing them back into her suitcase.

When she's finished, she pushes the suitcase against the wall and stares around the room. She runs her hand along the shelf of a bookcase, packed to the gills with books and knick knacks. Her fingers leave a trail in the dust.

She reaches the window and the chain of keychains adorning it. She looks more closely at a few of them--souvenirs from vacations: Mount Rushmore, the Tower of London, Buenos Aires.

Blair flops on her back on her neatly made bed and stares at the ceiling.

INT. COHEN HOME - VARIOUS ROOMS

Elijah carefully drapes pieces of black fabric over all the mirrors in the Cohen home: one in Minnie's bedroom, in the bathrooms, on the wall of the stairwell.

INT. COHEN HOME - KITCHEN

Catherine hovers in the corner of the kitchen while various neighbors putter around preparing a meal. She watches them exit, carrying food into the dining room.

Once they are gone, she crosses the kitchen and reaches up to open a high, out of the way cabinet.

ANITA (O.S.)
Catherine, don't you dare!

Catherine jumps away from the cabinet, looking incredibly guilty. She looks to see ANITA, a round, motherly looking woman, giving her a scolding eye.

ANITA (CONT'D)
This dinner is under control and
you are not to lift a finger.

Catherine looks confused, then relieved.

CATHERINE
Right, of course. I wouldn't dare.

Anita picks up another dish of food from the counter and carries it away.

Catherine stands frozen until Anita is gone, then leaps into action. She pulls a stool out from a corner and positions it below the cabinet she was reaching for. She freezes again for a moment, watching the doorway and listening carefully. When she is convinced the coast is clear, she steps up onto the stool, opens the cabinet, and pulls out a tin box.

She gets down from the stool and opens the box. She pushes some papers and a pack of rolling papers aside, but she's not finding what she's looking for.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Oh no, no...

Catherine dumps the entire contents of the box on the counter, but there's nothing else in there.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
No...

She drops the box onto the counter with a clang and slumps against the wall. She runs her fingers through her hair anxiously.

INT. COHEN HOME - LIVING ROOM

A darkly furnished room with wood paneled walls and a large fireplace. A few fat couches have been pushed towards the walls to make room for a few rows of folding chairs.

Rabbi Adam stands near the fireplace, flipping through a prayer book. About a dozen people mill about the room, talking quietly in small groups. Minnie and Elijah sit close together on one of the couches; Catherine is perched straight-backed on a folding chair near the rabbi.

Minnie looks up when Blair enters through the double doors and closes them behind her.

MINNIE

Is Sophie coming down?

Blair shakes her head. She sits on the couch with Minnie. Minnie catches Rabbi Adam's eye and nods.

RABBI ADAM

Right! Everyone, please, take a seat and we'll begin.

Everyone else finds their way to a folding chair. Anita sits next to Catherine and clutches her hand. Blair looks around and is surprised to see Weston sit down near her. Weston smiles and nods at her. Blair waves tentatively. From a few seats away from Weston, someone else waves, thinking she's waving at them: it's Jack. Blair's eyes bug out and she smiles tightly at him, then faces Rabbi Adam.

INT. COHEN HOME - SOPHIE'S BEDROOM

The drone of the Mourner's Kaddish is audible all the way up in Sophie's bedroom, a small room whose defining feature is a large window overlooking their backyard. The window takes up almost the whole back wall and has a window seat at its base. Sophie sits in it, cradled against the wall. Clem watches her from her perch on Sophie's bed.

Sophie is throwing a tennis ball off the wall in front of her, over and over again. She catches it every time, never missing even as her throws get harder and angrier.

Clem watches her patiently. She flinches at one particularly violent bounce of the tennis ball, but otherwise doesn't express any judgement of Sophie's behavior.

Sophie stops throwing the ball to listen as the Mourner's Kaddish draws to a close downstairs. She closes her eyes after the final "amen" and plunks her head back against the wall.

SOPHIE

I have to tell them.

Sophie looks at Clem for a reaction. Clem doesn't give her much of one: she just thinks for a moment then nods solemnly.

CLEM

Okay.

Sophie tosses the tennis ball into the air once (without looking at it).

SOPHIE

Okay.

She tosses the tennis ball to Clem, gets up, and walks to the door. She has the knob in her hand, when she turns back.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

...How do I tell them?

Clem grimaces and shrugs. She tosses the ball back to Sophie. Sophie tosses it back and forth between her hands, thinking.

INT. COHEN HOME - DINING ROOM

Minnie and Elijah are standing close together in the Cohens' formal dining room. A long table behind them is covered in a buffet of food and small groups of mourners come in and out, filling their plates.

Minnie and Elijah speak conspiratorially.

MINNIE

You know it's not *technically* allowed, Eli, not during the shiva...

Elijah is about to respond when a mourner comes over to greet them. They both put on their best "host" faces and Minnie kisses her on the cheek.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Thanks so much for coming.

When the lady walks over to the food table, Elijah gets serious again.

ELIJAH

I know we're not supposed to, but no one would know...

MINNIE

Yes, but--

ELIJAH

And you are ovulating...

MINNIE

I know, but--

ELIJAH

And you said last week that if it takes too much longer then the baby will be a Cancer and "we can't have that"--

MINNIE

I know what I said! I just... I...

Elijah looks down at her with an eyebrow raised, smiling. Minnie sighs and smiles back.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

I'll see what I can do.

Elijah pulls her into his side and kisses her hair.

Blair rushes into the dining room and interrupts their moment.

BLAIR

Min. I need your help.

Blair glances back towards the doorway anxiously.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

You know the, uh, friend you saw outside my apartment building last night?

MINNIE

Yeah, the friend you're not having sex with.

BLAIR

No! Well--yes. Whatever. His name is Weston. I need you to distract him.

MINNIE

And what am I distracting him from exactly?

Blair avoids Minnie's gaze and scratches her head.

BLAIR

...From a friend named Jack who is
also here, who I *am* having sex
with?

Minnie's jaw drops, impressed at the scandal of it. Blair
smiles, half guiltily, half defiantly--until a voice
interjects from behind her.

WESTON

Seriously?

Blair's face slips into an expression of complete horror. She
turns around to see Weston just inside the doorway, holding
an empty plate, and staring at Blair. He looks extremely
confused and quite hurt.

ELIJAH

Oh. Snap.

Minnie jabs her elbow into her husband's ribcage.

Blair takes a couple steps towards Weston.

BLAIR

Weston, I... I didn't know--

Weston stares at her, waiting, hoping that she'll have a
reasonable explanation for what he heard. Blair's mouth moves
wordlessly for a moment, hand gesturing emptily, until she
can think of nothing to say but the truth.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I didn't mean for you to hear that.

Weston nods his head and then goes to put his used plate on a
side table with the other dirty ones. Blair follows him.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Wes, I--

WESTON

You didn't tell me when your dad
died, you're sleeping with another
guy...

He adds his plate to the pile with a clatter then turns to
face Blair.

WESTON (CONT'D)

Something is giving me the
impressions that you're not very
serious about this relationship.

BLAIR
No, Wes, look, I--Jack was just a
mistake.

JACK (O.S.)
Have you been talking to my mother?

Blair turns around, hardly surprised that of course Jack had to walk into the dining room at just that moment to refill his plate.

JACK (CONT'D)
Because I get that one from her a
lot.

Blair rolls her eyes and starts trying to herd Jack out of the room.

BLAIR
Jack, if you could just give us a
minute--

Weston puts a hand on Blair's shoulder and stops her.

WESTON
Hold on, you mean this is him?

Blair looks at Weston suspiciously.

BLAIR
Yes, but--

Weston gently but firmly moves Blair aside and looks Jack up and down, seemingly unimpressed with what he sees. Weston stands a good six inches taller than Jack, but Jack doesn't appear the least bit intimidated; in fact, he seems rather amused.

WESTON
So, that's what one looks like.

Jack is thrown by this comment.

JACK
What one *what* looks like?

WESTON
The type of guy who sleeps with
another man's girlfriend. I've
never seen one in real life before.

JACK
Oh yeah? Well listen, *bro*--

WESTON
I think you should go.

Jack gives a snort of a laugh at Weston.

JACK
And what gives you the right to
kick me out of someone else's home?

Weston takes a step towards Jack.

WESTON
Because I think it would be highly
inappropriate for me to punch you
in front of a rabbi.

BLAIR
Weston!

Jack just shakes in head in amusement at Weston's bravado.

JACK
Where did you find this guy, Blair?
A John Hughes movie?

BLAIR
Jack...

JACK
Because this has got to be a joke.

Weston puts his arm around Blair's shoulder.

WESTON
I assure you, I am entirely serious
about Blair.

Blair forces a smile for Weston's benefit but she's clearly uncertain. Jack watches her, still amused, almost chuckling.

Weston turns back towards Jack.

WESTON (CONT'D)
You got that?

Blair glares at Jack and jerks her head towards the door.
Jack laughs.

JACK
Yeah, I got it, *dude*.

Jack raises an eyebrow at Blair and then leaves the room.
Blair frowns slightly as he departs.

Weston turns back towards Blair, victoriously, but frowns when he registers Blair's odd expression.

WESTON
You alright?

Blair blinks at him and then scrambles for an explanation.

BLAIR
What? Yeah, I'm--I'm okay. Just...
you know. My dad.

Blair blinks some more as if she's about to start crying. Weston puts a comforting hand on her shoulder.

WESTON
Do you want me to stay with you
tonight?

Blair pulls away from him in surprise.

BLAIR
No. Nope nope nope.

Weston recoils from Blair's emphatic response and Blair tries to recover.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
I just mean it's not allowed!
During the shiva!

She gestures towards Minnie and Elijah who are sitting next to each other watching the proceedings while eating off a shared plate.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Even those two are sleeping in
separate beds and they're married!

They both look up in surprise at suddenly being participants instead of just the audience. Weston looks at them curiously. Minnie quickly chews the piece of celery sticking out of her mouth and smiles at him. Elijah waves a piece of pita bread.

WESTON
Right, of course. I'll come by
later this week then?

BLAIR
Yeah, for sure.

Weston pulls Blair towards him and kisses her tenderly on the lips. He pulls away and smiles at her.

WESTON

See ya.

He walks out of the dining room. Minnie and Elijah wait until he's gone and then start whooping and wolf whistling. Blair shoots them a glare and then walks out.

INT. COHEN HOME - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Blair storms through the front hall, passing her mother and Rabbi Adam. Catherine takes a coat out of the closet and hands it to Rabbi Adam.

CATHERINE

So, uh, tomorrow night then I guess. Same time?

Adam puts his coat on.

RABBI ADAM

Yes ma'am. Let me know if you need anything before then.

CATHERINE

Thanks so much. For everything.

Rabbi Adam nods graciously and then turns to open the door.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Wait!

Sophie dashes into the hall; Catherine and Adam turn to look at her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Can I talk to you?

CATHERINE

Of course, dear, I was just seeing the rabbi out but I'll be right--

SOPHIE

No, I want to talk to Rabbi Adam.

Catherine glances at Rabbi Adam, confused and expecting him to be as well, but he just nods and smiles at Sophie.

RABBI ADAM

Of course.

Sophie turns and walks out of the room. Rabbi Adam follows her. Catherine, somewhat baffled, watches them both leave.

INT. COHEN HOME - BLAIR'S BEDROOM

Blair lies on her bed, staring at the ceiling. She sighs and curls up on her side. A small bookshelf near her bed holds a row of dusty books: *Harry Potter*, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, a complete set of Jane Austen books. Blair picks up the copy of *Sense and Sensibility*. She flips to a spot somewhere in the middle of the book and starts reading with a smile.

She turns the page and then there is a knock at the door. Blair closes her eyes.

BLAIR

Who is it?

The door opens and Minnie comes inside, dressed for bed. Blair relaxes when she sees who it is. Minnie flops on the bed next to Blair.

MINNIE

You're reading that *again*?

BLAIR

Do come in.

Minnie rests her head on Blair's shoulder so she can see the book too. They sit silently for a moment. Blair turns the page.

MINNIE

I was always a *Pride and Prejudice* girl, myself.

BLAIR

Of course you were. It's easy to love Darcy. See, I always wanted Marianne to end up with Willoughby...

Minnie sits up in surprise.

MINNIE

Willoughby? He's such a little shit!

BLAIR

But he's the man she always imagined for herself! Giving up on that for a cranky, old man? I don't buy that as a happy ending.

Minnie stares at Blair in disbelief for a moment and then laughs.

MINNIE
(teasing)
So is Weston your Willoughby?

BLAIR
I don't know! Maybe!

MINNIE
Because if I recall, Marianne could
hardly keep her hands off Wills,
but that sounds more like you and
Jack...

Blair slams the book closed and glares at Minnie.

BLAIR
Why are you so worried about my
love life? Don't you have a husband
to not have sex with?

Minnie laughs and rolls out of the bed. She taps on the cover
of the book.

MINNIE
Give Colonel Brandon another look.

Minnie leaves. Blair puts the book on her nightstand. She
lies there for a few seconds, staring at it, then picks it
back up, flipping to a page near the end.

EXT. COHEN HOME - NEXT MORNING

Early morning sun shines over the Cohen family home. All is
calm and still but for the typical sounds of a morning in the
suburbs--birds chirping, a car driving by--until the front
door cracks open.

Catherine pokes her nose outside, peering back and forth
guiltily. She takes one step outside but then a car rumbles
by, sending her scurrying back inside. She peeks out again
once the car has passed and then dashes outside, closing the
door behind her.

She cuts directly to her right, walking across her, then her
neighbor's perfectly manicured lawns and knocks sharply on
her next door neighbor's front door.

She wait anxiously, checking over her shoulder, and tapping
her foot. She is about to knock again when the door opens,
revealing EVELYN MORRIS, a 70-something woman dressed like an
aging hippie. She seems surprised to find Catherine on her
doorstep.

EVELYN
Hello, neighbor!

Catherine puts on her idea of a casual smile.

CATHERINE
Hi, Evelyn!

Evelyn stares at Catherine, waiting for her to explain why exactly she's appeared on her doorstep. Catherine's smile falters and she checks over her shoulder one last time.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Can I--can I come in?

Evelyn steps aside to let Catherine pass.

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE

The house is structurally similar to the Cohen home, but the decor could hardly be more different: exotic tapestries cover the walls, potted plants nestle in every corner, and a curtain of wooden beads adorns the doorway to the kitchen. Evelyn pushes them aside naturally; Catherine clatters through them uncomfortably.

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Evelyn bustles around the stove while Catherine gazes around the kitchen in some combination of amazement and confusion. Every inch of the walls is covered in a collage of newspapers. Catherine flops into a chair, somewhat dazed, and takes her coat off.

CATHERINE
Your walls are... unique.

Evelyn turns around holding a teapot and smiles.

EVELYN
Just a little craft project I dove into when Henry passed.

She lifts the teapot.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Chai?

Catherine shakes her head, still distracted.

CATHERINE
No, thank you.

Evelyn pours herself a cup and then sits down across from Catherine.

EVELYN

So what can I do for you?

Catherine snaps out of her daze and looks at Evelyn. She remembers what she's there for and blushes.

CATHERINE

Well, um. I was wondering--hoping I could purchase some marijuana from you.

Evelyn is surprised but politely doesn't let it show too much. She clears her throat.

EVELYN

You want me to get you some weed?

CATHERINE

Yes.

Evelyn hesitates, pondering how best to phrase her response.

EVELYN

Do you think, perhaps, that now's not the time to try something like that? You just lost your husband, dear--

Catherine laughs sadly.

CATHERINE

I appreciate your concern, but I've smoked before. David had a prescription--for the pain, near the end--and we did it together.

EVELYN

I had no idea.

CATHERINE

Unfortunately, our "stash", as you say, seems to have run dry.

Evelyn takes a long sip of her tea as she looks at Catherine appraisingly.

EVELYN

I don't have anything on hand right now, but I can rustle something up and bring it by tomorrow?

CATHERINE

Could you? I don't know how I'd get through this week without it...

Evelyn lays a comforting hand on one of Catherine's. Catherine squeezes her hand and then stands up, taking a few steps around the kitchen, examining the walls. She stops and runs her hand along some of the newspapers.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for never coming by after Henry's accident. I--I read about it, in the paper. I should have sent a card or some food or--

EVELYN

Please, don't worry about it. I'm sure you were busy at work.

Catherine turns back to face Evelyn.

CATHERINE

Yes, I suppose I probably was.

Catherine picks up her coat from the chair she was in and seems about to leave, but then she takes a deep breath and speaks.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I envy you, you know. A quick, decisive death... leaves behind far fewer complications.

Evelyn raises an eyebrow and takes a long sip of her tea.

EVELYN

Losing someone is never simple, dear. No matter how clean the break is.

Catherine stares at her for a moment then nods and puts on her coat.

CATHERINE

No, no I suppose not. I imagine Blair would have found a way to make this my fault no matter how her father died.

Catherine hugs her coat around her and leaves.

INT. COHEN HOME - BLAIR'S BEDROOM

Blair sits on the edge of her bed, pulling her socks on, when her phone buzzes. She picks it up to read a text from Laura:

"any progress on the rent money?"

Blair groans and tosses her phone aside without answering.

She looks over at her dresser, covered in various knick knacks and jewelry boxes. A pink ceramic piggy bank catches her eye.

She crosses the room, picks it up, and shakes it. The jangle of coins is somewhat promising.

She plops the pig on her bed and then looks around the room again. She grabs one of her many sports trophies off the shelf and faces her bed.

She grips the trophy by the figurine and, bracing herself, brings the stone base down forcefully onto the piggy bank. Instead of smashing it to pieces, the base of the trophy just pops apart from the figurine. Blair looks at the plastic figurine left in her hand and then tosses it on the bed with a groan of frustration.

She picks up the piggy bank and holds it over her head as if to smash it on the floor and then freezes. Abashed, she puts the bank back on the bed and unscrews the plug in its belly.

She dumps out the contents of the bank onto her bed: a respectable pile of coins spills out, but mixed in are buttons, bottle caps, and a few bobby pins.

Blair sits on the bed and starts counting.

BLAIR

One... one-fifty... one sixty...

She picks up one of the bottle caps and stops.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

What am I doing...

She starts scooping the coins back into the piggy bank, but she stops when she comes across some sort of unusual coin. She picks it up and gets the gleam of an idea in her eye.

INT. COHEN HOME - DAVID'S STUDY

Blair slips into a cozy, wood-paneled office and closes the door behind her. She leans against the door and looks around.

A large family portrait hangs from one wall, taken at least five years ago--everyone looks younger, Sophie most noticeably.

Blair crosses the room and sits down behind the desk. A frame with three windows in it sits on the desk: pictures of Blair and Minnie in graduation caps fill the first two holes, the third is empty. Blair shuffles absentmindedly through the papers strewn across the desk: a copy of the *New Yorker*, a grocery list, a half finished crossword puzzle.

Blair picks up the puzzle, running her fingertips along the filled in squares. Her lip quivers for an instant before she bites it down. She folds up the puzzle and pockets it.

She pushes the rest of the papers back into a pile and causes something to flutter to the floor. She reaches down to pick it up and cocks her head at it: it's a single rolling paper. She frowns and tosses it into the trash.

Footsteps in the hallway make Blair snap to attention.

MINNIE (O.S.)

Blair?

Blair sits frozen until she hears the footsteps depart. As soon as Minnie seems to be gone, Blair pulls open the bottom drawer of her father's desk and pulls out a leathery binder. She opens it and flips through page after page of coins. She slaps it closed again and scurries out of the room.

INT. COHEN HOME - SOPHIE'S BEDROOM

Sophie sits at her desk, pen hanging out of her mouth, head thrown back in exasperation. She brushes her bangs out of her eyes, sits back up and stares at the blank piece of paper in front of her. She writes slowly and deliberately, "Dear Mom,". She pauses again, and looks over at a newspaper clipping placed carefully nearby: the obituary of David Cohen. Sophie takes up the pen more confidently and starts writing quickly. There's sharp knock at the door, and she closes her eyes.

SOPHIE

What?

Minnie opens the door and pokes her head in.

MINNIE

Mom wants us all in the sun room.
She's got some... project planned.

Sophie stares at the ceiling and sighs.

SOPHIE
I'll be right down.

Minnie closes the door and Sophie tosses her pen onto her desk. She shoves the piece of paper away from her in disgust. It reads, "I don't know quite how to say this, but I know I have to."

INT. COHEN HOME - SUN ROOM

Catherine sits kneeling primly on the carpeted floor with a rainbow of scrapbooking paper fanned out in front of her. She reaches into a cardboard box next to her and pulls out a couple glue sticks and a pair of scissors, placing them carefully next to the paper. She then picks up the box and tips it over: a mountain of photographs comes spilling out.

Blair comes into the room, freezing in the doorway when she sees what her mom has set up; Minnie and Sophie crash into her from behind, peering around to see what's going on.

Catherine looks up at their arrival and smiles welcomingly.

CATHERINE
Girls! Come, sit.

Minnie and Sophie slide past Blair and settle onto the floor. Minnie runs her hand across the many papers; Sophie picks up a pile of photographs and flips through them.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I thought we could each make a couple of pages with just some-- some favorite memories of your dad.

She pauses to wipe a tear from the corner of her eye and take a deep breath.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
And then we could put it out at the shiva tonight, for everyone to look at.

Minnie rubs Catherine's back tenderly.

MINNIE
That's a lovely idea, Mom.

Sophie nods in agreement, still staring at the photos. Minnie looks over at Blair, still frozen in the doorway, and gives her a look.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Don't you think so, Blair?

Blair looks at Minnie in disbelief and seems to be on the verge of an outburst but instead she purses her lips and joins the rest of them on the carpet.

BLAIR

Yeah, super lovely. I had no idea you had such an interest in crafting, Mom.

Catherine either misses or chooses to ignore Blair's sarcastic tone.

CATHERINE

Oh, well, I had to find some way to pass the long hours at the hospital and I found scrapbooking to be quite cathartic. I think it's the scissors.

She absentmindedly snips at the air with the scissors and all three girls recoil.

INT. COHEN HOME - SUN ROOM - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Three completed scrapbook pages sit in a row. The first is impeccably made, featuring a wedding picture framed tastefully in lace. The second has an elaborate collage covering the page, primarily made up of pictures of David and Sophie. The third reads "Grandpa David" across the top and has a picture of a grinning David holding an infant Abby, with Minnie watching from a nearby hospital bed.

Catherine, Minnie, and Sophie all gaze proudly down at their creations, and then they look over at Blair. She's sitting nearby, trying to place a piece of border onto her page but it gets stuck to her finger. She shakes her hand in the air, trying to get it unglued.

Catherine gathers the three finished pages and smiles encouragingly at Blair.

CATHERINE

I'm going to go put these in the front hall and make sure everything's ready for tonight's service.

Blair stops shaking her hand and just rips the paper off of it. She picks at the dried glue it left behind on her finger.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Blair, just bring your page out
when--if you finish.

Blair grunts. Catherine leaves and Minnie follows her. Sophie
kneels down beside Blair and looks at her mostly empty page.

SOPHIE

I like what you're doing here with
the negative space. Really captures
the essence of you and Dad's
relationship.

BLAIR

Oh, shut up.

(beat)

It's just... none of the pictures
seemed right.

She picks up a stack from nearby and flips through them.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

They're all from vacations and
birthdays and graduations--they're
not real life. Where are the
pictures of him packing my lunch
every morning? Or meeting me at the
bus stop every afternoon? Where are
those memories?

Sophie takes the pile of photos from Blair hands and silently
flips through them. She pulls one picture out and hands it
back to Blair.

SOPHIE

What about this one?

It's a photograph of David and Blair squeezed together on a
couch, Blair's chin resting on her dad's shoulder, both of
them staring at a folded newspaper. David is holding a pen.
Blair smiles.

BLAIR

Bingo.

Blair glues the photo to one side of her page. Sophie points
to the empty side.

SOPHIE

What are you gonna put there?

Blair reaches into her pocket and pulls out the half-finished
crossword puzzle.

BLAIR

This.

She lays the puzzle in its place, smoothing it out and making sure it fits, then she picks it back up again and examines it closely.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

But first I have to finish it.

SOPHIE

One last crossword together. Very poetic.

Blair nods, reading over the clues.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Don't fuck it up.

INT. COHEN HOME - LIVING ROOM

Rabbi Adam stands in front of the gathered mourners and closes his prayer book. The group is smaller than the previous evening but still respectable.

RABBI ADAM

Thank you all. Again, there will be some light refreshments up the hall. You've done a mitzvah by being here.

The mourners get up and there is a murmur of hushed conversation and a clatter of folding chairs being moved aside.

Rabbi Adam walks over to Sophie, who is standing alone in a corner of the room. She's watching as her mother receives a neighbor's condolences and she seems upset. Rabbi Adam puts a hand on her back and she looks up at him.

RABBI ADAM (CONT'D)

Any progress?

Sophie shakes her head.

SOPHIE

I tried to write her a letter, but I couldn't--I just don't know how to make her understand.

RABBI ADAM

What makes you so sure she'll be uncomfortable with it?

Sophie scowls and rubs the toe of her sneaker into the carpet.

SOPHIE

I know just what she'll think--that I'm just a stupid teenager going through a stupid phase. She'll want us to end things immediately.

Catherine looks away from the person she's talking to for a moment and notices Sophie and Rabbi Adam together. She frowns slightly and excuses herself, then makes her way towards them.

RABBI ADAM

We'll find a way for you to tell her. You don't have to figure this out by yourself.

CATHERINE

Figure what out by herself?

Rabbi Adam nearly jumps at Catherine's voice and responds nervously.

RABBI ADAM

Oh, nothing, just... just life. You know, life without one's parents-- PARENT. Life without ONE of one's parents...

Catherine puts a protective arm around Sophie's shoulder.

CATHERINE

So kind of you to take an interest. How's your wife, Rabbi? I thought she might join you one of these nights.

Rabbi Adam seems confused by the abrupt change of subject but pleased to be on safer conversational ground.

RABBI ADAM

Chaia? Oh she's just fine, I'm sure she'd love to be here for you but she's in Israel for the month. Her grandmother's hundredth birthday is on the 20th.

CATHERINE

How lovely. Such a long full life.

Sophie scoffs, squirms out from Catherine's arm, and slips away.

INT. COHEN HOME - BLAIR'S BEDROOM

Blair is sitting in front of her laptop, with her father's coin collection open next to her. She scrolls through a page of eBay search results showing various rare coins. She looks over at the binder of coins, pulls one out of its slot and reads the label. Back on the computer, she finds the worth of the coin she's looking at: a disappointing 25 dollars. She frowns, puts it back and pulls out another one.

Minnie comes into the room without knocking.

MINNIE
Everything okay?

Blair slams her laptop shut and scrambles to close the binder.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
You disappeared awfully quickly
after the service I just wanted to
make sure you're alright--

BLAIR
Fine! I'm fine!

Minnie notices the binder clutched in Blair's arms and her nervous expression.

MINNIE
What are you doing with Dad's coin
collection?

Blair looks down at the binder in her arms as if surprised to find it there, then studiously avoids Minnie's gaze.

BLAIR
This? Oh, nothing I was just... you
know, um, looking into...

Blair runs out of places to look besides Minnie's face and fesses up.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
...selling it.

Blair cringes guiltily under Minnie's gaze for a long moment, then Minnie shrugs.

MINNIE

I guess this is when I'm supposed to feel oh-so-betrayed that you would try and sell our barely-cold-in-the-ground father's most prized possession behind our backs, but I really don't care about that. It's a bunch of old coins.

Blair raises her eyebrows, surprised but relieved.

BLAIR

Oh, well--

MINNIE

What I am curious about is why on earth you need the money.

Blair frowns again but doesn't even bother to try and come up with a lie this time.

BLAIR

Oh. Right. I got fired.

Minnie's jaw drops and she sits down on the end of Blair's bed.

MINNIE

You got *fired*? From the bookstore?

Blair nods, avoiding Minnie's gaze again.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Why?

BLAIR

Boss said I was overqualified.

Minnie narrows her eyes.

MINNIE

But that's not a reason to fire someone...

BLAIR

There may have been some mention of my attitude--

MINNIE

Ahhh. Of course.

Blair shoots her a glare.

BLAIR
Of course?

MINNIE
Oh don't act like this comes as surprise to you. You know you have a tendency to come across as a bit... superior. Not to mention aggressive.

BLAIR
Well maybe I just am superior and aggressive!

Minnie raises an eyebrow then shakes her head.

MINNIE
Are things that dire? You don't have anything saved away?

Blair hoists herself out of her desk chair and flops back on the bed next to Minnie.

BLAIR
There's not much leftover after loan payments and rent. The retail business isn't exactly a goldmine.

MINNIE
I know you probably don't want to hear this--but have you thought about moving back home for a bit?

Blair groans loudly.

BLAIR
In five days, I may not have a choice. Laura is kicking me out unless I can come up with \$1000 by Monday.

Minnie nods thoughtfully.

MINNIE
Ah. Well.

Blair sits up and glares at Minnie.

BLAIR
That's it?

MINNIE
Oh. Um, I mean... that bitch?

BLAIR

Better.

MINNIE

Have you thought about applying to some jobs at law firms? I'm sure they pay better anyway and--

Blair laughs cruelly.

BLAIR

A Harvard law school graduate applying for a job at a law firm-- what a revolutionary idea! I can't believe I never thought of that! I should have come to you sooner!

Minnie rolls her eyes, gets up from the bed, and walks to the door. She opens it and looks back at Blair.

MINNIE

I can see why you got fired.

She closes the door behind her. Blair stares daggers after her sister, shaking her head. She groans and flops back onto her bed. She rolls onto her stomach and there is a crinkle of paper.

She sits up just enough to pull the crossword puzzle out of her shirt pocket. She looks it over.

BLAIR

Eight-letter word for "Bothersome person"... "sister" is too short.

She grabs a pen off her nightstand and fills in the missing letters to spell the word "NUISANCE."

INT. COHEN HOME

Minnie breezes down the stairs grumpily, Abby on her hip.

MINNIE

Your auntie Blair can be such a little bi--bingo bango... well, she can drive you crazy, can't she?

Abby gurgles and rests her head on her mother's shoulder, as they reach the bottom of the stairs.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Yes, baby, let's get you some milk and then we'll go right to bed--

Minnie turns down the hallway towards the kitchen when there's a knock on the front door behind her. She turns back, hoists Abby up higher on her waist and opens the door.

Jack is standing outside, holding a plate in his hand.

JACK
Hey there, I--

Minnie just starts laughing, almost manically.

MINNIE
Of course you're back! The lovely
Blair Cohen is just too fucking--

She glances at Abby.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
--freaking irresistible.

Jack regards Minnie warily.

JACK
I'm not here to get in the middle
of anything, I just wanted to--

MINNIE
Bup bup bup! I don't want to hear
it! Blair is upstairs, second door
on the left. I want nothing to do
with this.

She turns on her heel and heads for the kitchen, leaving the front door open behind her and a baffled Jack standing on the stoop.

Jack peers in the doorway, seemingly reluctant to enter. He looks around outside and then down at the plate in his hand. He shrugs and goes inside.

INT. COHEN HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jack reaches Blair's door. He smiles at the sign on the door and then knocks. There's no answer.

He waits a moment, looking nervously up and down the hallway, then knocks again, slightly louder.

JACK
(under his breath)
This was stupid.

He starts for the stairs when Sophie pokes her head out from a doorway up the hall.

SOPHIE

Just go in, she's probably got her headphones on.

Jack looks at Sophie in surprise, his eyes flicking to Blair's door.

JACK

Nah, it's cool... I don't think I should...

Sophie rolls her eyes and comes out of her room. She throws open the door to Blair's room and yells into it.

SOPHIE

YO BLAIR, THERE'S SOME DUDE HERE TO SEE YOU.

Sophie immediately walks back into her room, slamming her door shut behind her, leaving Jack standing frozen in Blair's doorway with Blair sitting up in her bed, staring at him in surprise.

INT. COHEN HOME - BLAIR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blair pushes one ear of her large headphones off her ear.

BLAIR

What are you doing here?

Jack hovers in the doorway, looking as if he wants to run.

JACK

I just--

He looks down at the plate in his hand and regains a semblance of his usual confidence.

JACK (CONT'D)

I wanted to return your plate.

BLAIR

...My plate?

Jack takes a couple of steps into the bedroom.

JACK

Yeah, your plate. Last night when you and your friend--Ken was it?

BLAIR

Weston.

JACK

Really? Could've sworn his name was Ken.

BLAIR

Nope.

JACK

Well anyway--last night when it became clear that my presence had become... undesirable, I had been on my way for a second helping of kugel, plate in hand. In my haste to comply with your wishes--namely that I leave and never come back--seems I forgot to leave my plate.

Jack takes another step into the room and looks over Blair's bookshelf. He waves the plate in the air over his shoulder.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hence my current disregard for the "never come back" part of your instructions.

Jack runs his finger along the spines of her books and then picks up one of the trophies on the shelf to read it.

JACK (CONT'D)

"Sportmanship Award"? That doesn't sound like you--

He turns around to find that Blair has left her bed and is standing mere inches away from him.

BLAIR

So give me the plate.

JACK

What?

Blair moves even closer to him; he backs away, smiling, until he bumps up against the dresser behind him.

BLAIR

If that's the only reason you came here, give me the plate and be on your way.

Jack looks down at Blair, holding the plate and the trophy out of reach. She looks back at him, serious and challenging, but with a glint of something else in her eye.

JACK

I didn't say that was the *only* reason I came here...

One corner of Blair's mouth curls into a smile.

BLAIR

Get the door.

Jack grins.

JACK

With pleasure.

He hands both the plate and the trophy to Blair, slips past her, and pushes the door shut.

INT. COHEN HOME - MINNIE'S BEDROOM

Minnie is kneeling on her bed with her ear to the wall. She narrows her eyes in concentration, listening intently.

The door to her bedroom opens and Elijah enters. Minnie starts and rearranges herself into a less suspicious position. She smiles innocently up at Elijah.

MINNIE

She asleep?

Elijah tugs his tie off and starts to unbutton his shirt.

ELIJAH

Yep. I only had to read Knuffle Bunny six times tonight instead of seven!

MINNIE

You're a superhero.

Elijah strips down to his boxers and crawls into bed next to Minnie. He kisses her cheek and then starts trailing kisses down her neck and onto her collarbone. Minnie smiles contentedly and runs her fingers through Elijah's hair.

Elijah rolls on top of Minnie and kisses her. He pulls away and looks down at her lovingly.

ELIJAH

You look so beautiful when you're pregnant. I can't wait to see you like that again.

He leans down to kiss her again, but Minnie only reciprocates halfheartedly--her eyes stay open and she seems distracted. She turns her head aside to avoid his next kiss and he sits up.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

MINNIE

I just--we're not supposed to...

Elijah smiles and takes Minnie's hands.

ELIJAH

I know you're not a big rule breaker, love, but if we want to keep this baby on schedule, we're gonna have to at least bend a couple this week...

He leans down to kiss her but she dodges him once again. She turns onto her side, and Elijah slides off from on top of her so her back is to him. He frowns at her turned shoulder, confused.

MINNIE

I'm just really tired tonight, Eli.

ELIJAH

Sure. No problem.

Elijah stares at her back for a moment, then kisses her shoulder and turns off the bedside light.

EXT. COHEN HOME - MORNING

A paper boy rides by on his bicycle and throws a newspaper onto the Cohens' lawn. Next door, Evelyn comes out her front door, crosses her driveway, and walks up the Cohens' front steps. She knocks and waits.

INT. COHEN HOME - KITCHEN

Catherine is standing in the kitchen wearing a bathrobe, watching closely as drops of coffee drip from the coffee maker into the pot below. There are bags under her eyes.

She leans on the counter resting her head in her hand, and her eyes start to droop. She is about to doze off when Sophie's voice starts her awake.

SOPHIE

Mom?

Catherine stands up straight and instinctively runs a hand through her hair to smooth it out. She turns to see Sophie entering the kitchen with Evelyn on her heels.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Mrs. Morris from next door is here to see you?

There is panic in Catherine's eyes for a brief moment and then she speaks in an overly rehearsed manner.

CATHERINE

Ah, yes! Evelyn, how kind of you to come by. What a nice *surprise*.

EVELYN

It's my pleasure.

Sophie narrows her eyes briefly at her mother's odd behavior then turns to get a box of cereal out of a cabinet. Catherine watches Sophie anxiously as she pours the cereal into a bowl. Sophie opens the fridge, grabs the milk, and starts pouring it into her bowl.

SOPHIE

Oh, I meant to ask: do you know what time Rabbi Adam is getting here tonight? For the shiva minyan?

Sophie's question distracts Catherine from her nervousness momentarily.

CATHERINE

Hm? Oh, Rabbi Adam isn't coming tonight, he had a conflict. Rabbi George will be leading the service instead.

Sophie seems disappointed.

SOPHIE

Oh.

CATHERINE

I thought you'd have known already, you and Rabbi Adam have seemed so close lately.

Sophie blushes and shrugs as she puts the milk away. She picks up her cereal and scurries out of the kitchen.

SOPHIE

Yeah. Sorta. Whatever.

Catherine furrows her brow at Sophie's departure. Evelyn clears her throat politely and Catherine jumps.

CATHERINE

Right, yes! You're here to--yes.

Evelyn smiles patiently at Catherine then reaches into her purse. She pulls out a white envelope and hands it to Catherine. Catherine opens it: inside is a plastic bag full of weed.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You're a lifesaver. How much do I--

Evelyn shakes her head.

EVELYN

This one's on me.

CATHERINE

You don't have to do that.

EVELYN

Think of it as a symbol of my condolences.

Catherine smirks.

CATHERINE

"In lieu of flowers, please send cannabis"?

EVELYN

If only.

The sound of a baby crying reaches the kitchen and seems to be approaching. Catherine's eyes bug out and she opens the nearest cabinet and tosses the envelope of weed inside it, just instants before Minnie enters the kitchen with a crying Abby in her arms.

Minnie bounces Abby in her arms and tries to soothe her.

MINNIE

Yes, I know you're hungry, baby.
Yes, you are. Let's get you some
oatmeal, why don't we. Oh, morning,
Mom!

CATHERINE

Morning, dear! You remember Mrs. Morris from next door, she just stopped by to, erm...

Catherine looks around the room and her eyes land on the coffee maker. She grabs the pot.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

To get some coffee!

She grabs a mug and starts to pour a cup.

EVELYN

Actually I don't drink coffee--

Catherine puts the mug in Evelyn's hands anyway.

CATHERINE

--in other people's homes, yes I remember. Weird little habit you have, isn't it? Oh but we all have our quirks!

Catherine herds Evelyn out of the kitchen.

EVELYN

But your mug...

CATHERINE

Keep it!

Evelyn shakes her head and walks out.

Minnie watches this display out of the corner of her eye as she stirs oatmeal mix in a bowl. Catherine watches her apprehensively, expecting her to question her obvious evasion tactics.

MINNIE

Is Blair up yet?

Relieved, Catherine shakes her head.

CATHERINE

Not that I know of.

INT. COHEN HOME - BLAIR'S BEDROOM

Blair, still in bed, sleepily opens her eyes. She lies there blinking for a moment, then a thought occurs to her. She rolls over quickly and comes face to face with Jack, who is lying there smiling at her. She grins.

BLAIR
Morning, creep.

JACK
Good morning.

Jack leans in and kisses her passionately. They separate and rest their heads on their pillows and gaze at each other.

JACK (CONT'D)
I've never gotten to say that to you before, you know. Usually you steal away in the middle of the night.

Blair rolls her eyes but snuggles closer to him.

BLAIR
Well, I couldn't very well steal away from my own bed.

Jack shrugs.

JACK
Honestly, it wouldn't have surprised me.

Blair looks away, her smile fading slightly.

JACK (CONT'D)
But instead I get a first-hand look at the Blair Cohen morning routine!

Jack hops out of the bed and pulls open the blinds. Blair groans and pulls the covers over her head.

BLAIR
First step: sleep for another hour.

JACK
Fine, I'll get started without you.

Jack sits down on the edge of Blair's side of the bed and looks at the stuff on Blair's night stand. Blair peeks an eye out.

JACK (CONT'D)
If I were Blair... I would wake up and...

Jack picks up the copy of Sense and Sensibility.

JACK (CONT'D)
Read a romance novel? Is this one
of those dirty ones?

Blair sits up and tries to reach for the book but Jack holds
it out of her reach.

BLAIR
It's not a *romance novel*, it's Jane
Austen--

Jack flips through the pages of the book and a scrap of paper--
the crossword puzzle--falls out and onto the floor.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Don't lose that!

Blair flies out of bed and onto her knees; she reaches under
the bed and retrieves the crossword from where it landed. She
stands up, smoothing out the piece of paper, then looks up
and notices Jack staring at her, taken aback.

JACK
Is that a... winning lottery
ticket?

BLAIR
No, it's nothing.

Blair starts to put the crossword away in the drawer of her
night stand, but then she reconsiders Jack and sits down on
the bed next to him.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
It's just--my dad and I used to do
crossword puzzles together. We made
a pretty good pair, filling in each
other's gaps in knowledge or
whatever. He started this one
before he...

Blair trails off, looking down at the puzzle.

JACK
And you're going to finish it.

Blair smiles and nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's really cool.

Jack looks down at the puzzle carefully.

JACK (CONT'D)
29 down, "impress a design on
leather" is "tool".

BLAIR
Nice.

Blair grabs a pen and fills it in.

JACK
Speaking of tools, how's that
boyfriend of yours?

Blair freezes and smirks at Jack.

BLAIR
Subtle, Jack. Really, great segue.

JACK
What are you doing with that guy,
Blair?

Blair sighs and leans back against her headboard hugging her
knees to her chest. She thinks for a moment.

BLAIR
When you were little, what did you
want to be when you grew up?

JACK
What does that--

BLAIR
There's a point to this, I promise.

JACK
I wanted to be a basketball player.

BLAIR
And when you realized that wasn't
going to happen--

JACK
Woah, I haven't ruled it out quite
yet...

Blair rolls her eyes.

BLAIR
Wasn't there a piece of you that
wanted at least one part of your
life to turn out the way you
imagined it?

Blair hops out of the bed and starts pacing around the room.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I've wanted to be a lawyer ever since I was old enough to play dress up in my mom's pant suits. But then when... when my dad got sick, it made me... question my role models. And the idea of being a lawyer--like *her*-- was not so appealing anymore.

Blair stops pacing and faces Jack.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Weston was the one part of the plan I could stick to--the kind, successful, handsome boyfriend.

(beat)

God, it sounds so fucking stupid when I say it out loud.

JACK

Only parts of it.

Blair sits back down next to him. He takes her hand.

BLAIR

Does it ever bother you? Feeling like everyone around you has their life together while you're still... figuring things out?

Jack leans away from Blair and narrows his eyes at her.

JACK

What do you mean?

BLAIR

I don't know, I just kind of thought we were in the same boat. I just got fired from a bookstore, you sit around your apartment and paint toy cars.

JACK

I run an antique toy restoration business. I'm highly sought after.

Blair laughs.

BLAIR

But that's not like... what you really want to do, is it? For the rest of your life?

Jack looks at Blair as if seeing her for the first time. After a long moment, he shakes his head and stands up.

JACK

I should go.

BLAIR

What?

Blair is sitting on Jack's shirt; he pulls it out from under her and puts it on.

JACK

This was a mistake. I shouldn't have even come here.

Blair furrows her brow at his words.

BLAIR

(quietly)

I liked having you here.

Jack finds his jacket in a corner on the floor and picks it up.

JACK

And how am I supposed to feel about that, Blair? You like having me around but you're dating another guy? Just because he has a job where he gets to wear a suit and a fifty dollar haircut?

Blair gets up from the bed.

BLAIR

You don't get to tell me how to live my life.

JACK

Believe me, I am well aware you don't give two shits what I think. But I do get to choose how to live my own life.

Jack pulls his jacket on and stares down at Blair for one long moment, then shakes his head.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'll see you around Blair.

Jack opens the door and leaves. Blair stands frozen for a moment then runs to the door. She leans into the hallway and shouts after.

BLAIR
Actually, you won't "see me around"
at all because my roommate is
kicking me out! ...And he's gone.

Blair slams her door closed again leans back against it, eyes closed. She bangs the back of her head against the door softly.

INT. COHEN HOME - KITCHEN

Catherine and Minnie stand side by side at the sink, Catherine washing dishes and Minnie drying them. Catherine glances over at Minnie every few seconds but Minnie is focused intently on drying the plate in her hands. Catherine picks up another plate to scrub but then drops it suddenly, splashing sudsy water on both of them.

CATHERINE
I think your sister is having an
affair with the rabbi.

Minnie wipes some suds off of her cheek and gapes at her mother.

MINNIE
What?

CATHERINE
I know it sounds crazy, but I don't
know what else it could be...
They've been having all these
private conversations, they're
definitely hiding something--

Minnie blinks, still processing what she's hearing.

MINNIE
You think *Blair* is sleeping with
Rabbi Adam.

CATHERINE
Wh-Blair? God, no, I'm talking
about Sophie.

Minnie widens her eyes and then laughs. She stops after a moment when she sees her mother's expression.

MINNIE

Oh my god, you're serious, aren't you?

CATHERINE

Why would I joke about something like this?

Minnie walks away from the sink, drying her hands on a towel and shaking her head.

MINNIE

(under her breath)
Because Blair's love life *is* a joke...

She turns back towards her mother.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

But really? Sophie?

Catherine shakes her head sadly.

CATHERINE

I hope I'm wrong.

INT. COHEN HOME - BLAIR'S BEDROOM

Blair lies in her bed, staring at the ceiling. She is upset but fighting hard not to show it. She picks at a stray thread on her bedspread anxiously.

Her phone buzzes on her nightstand. Blair leaps to check it, but she groans in disappointment when Weston's name appears on the screen. She turns it face down and curls up on her side hugging her pillow.

Sophie peeks in the door and sees the state Blair is in. She joins her in her bed, nestling her head against Blair's shoulder. Blair closes her eyes and smiles at her sister's tenderness.

BLAIR

Don't bother with boys, Soph, okay?
They're not worth the brain power.

Sophie laughs nervously, but hugs her sister.

SOPHIE

I'll make sure to steer clear.

EXT. COHEN HOME - NIGHT

Shiva attendees file out of the house and into their various waiting cars. Catherine stands on the stoop, seeing them off.

INT. COHEN HOME - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Blair approaches the door to her father's study, holding his coin collection in her arms. When she reaches the door, she sees that it is partially open and she hears sounds coming from inside.

She looks inside and sees Clem sitting cross legged on the floor and Sophie lying with her head resting in Clem's lap. They are both staring at an old TV set up in a cabinet.

Blair pushes open the door the rest of the way and goes inside.

INT. COHEN HOME - DAVID'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Sophie and Clem look up when Blair enters; Clem looks back at the TV but Sophie looks at the binder in Blair's arms.

SOPHIE

What's that?

Blair's gaze is affixed on the TV screen. She looks down at the binder distractedly.

BLAIR

Oh, I was just putting this back.

She drops the binder on the desk, her eyes barely leaving the television. She sits down on the floor next to Clem, hugging her knees to her chest.

On the TV is an old home video of a birthday party. A four-year-old Sophie sits behind a birthday cake that's nearly bigger than her, while teenage Minnie sits beside. 12-year-old Blair is jumping up and down in front of the camera, trying to grab it.

YOUNG BLAIR

C'mon, Dad! Lemme hold it!

An arm reaches out from behind the camera and ruffles young Blair's hair with a chuckle.

DAVID (O.S.)

Okay, okay! Just stop bouncing around!

Blair's eyes don't leave the screen as she answers.

BLAIR

Because you weren't there. You were commuting to New York that whole month for the Albertson trial.

Sophie turns around to glare at Blair.

SOPHIE

Who remembers fourth birthdays anyway?

BLAIR

Moms, traditionally.

Blair gets up and glances at Catherine, but she is still transfixed by the television. Blair rolls her eyes and leaves.

INT. COHEN HOME - BLAIR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blair is in bed, trying but failing to sleep. She stares at the empty other half of her bed. Her phone buzzes on the nightstand and she reaches for it eagerly but her face falls. On the screen is a text message from Weston Jones reading "Goodnight beautiful :)". Blair puts the phone down and lays on her back for a moment. Then she reaches for the phone again.

She scrolls through her contacts and clicks to open a text message window to "Jack Next Door". Her thumbs hover over the keyboard for a moment before she turns the phone screen off, puts it back on her, and rolls over to go to sleep.

EXT. COHEN HOME - AFTERNOON

Anita emerges from the house to the right of the Cohens' holding two large bags of groceries. She crosses their driveway and reaches their front door.

She tries to free a hand to knock on the door but nearly drops one of the bags of groceries. She gives in and places one of them on the ground and knocks.

INT. COHEN HOME - KITCHEN

Sophie, hair mussed and clad in pajamas, leads Anita into the kitchen carrying one of the grocery bags. She places the bag on the counter and turns back towards Anita.

SOPHIE
Do you need anything?

Anita smiles cheerfully.

ANITA
All set, dearie!

Sophie starts to shuffle out of the kitchen when Anita remembers something.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Oh! Actually, do you have any dried basil? I'm making lasagna!

Sophie turns back and gestures towards one of the cabinets sleepily.

SOPHIE
Try in there? That's where Dad kept his stash of spices.

Anita nods in understanding and Sophie leaves.

INT. COHEN HOME - SUN ROOM

Catherine and Evelyn are curled up in a pair of wicker armchairs, sipping on mugs of tea.

EVELYN
You're lucky to have all your girls so close by, I wish I was so lucky with my two boys.

CATHERINE
Yes, it's nice.
(beat)
Though I don't flatter myself that I'm the reason they stuck around.

EVELYN
I'm sure you do yourself too little credit.

Catherine shrugs and stares at her tea.

CATHERINE
David was an amazing father. I was a damn good breadwinner. But that won't win me any Mother of the Year awards.

EVELYN

Maybe this year's your year!

Catherine laughs and leans her head back on the back of chair.

CATHERINE

Stranger things have happened, I suppose.

INT. COHEN HOME - KITCHEN

Anita is working busily in the kitchen, preparing lasagna. She has a layer of pasta laid out in the pan and she pours the sauce over it carefully.

She puts the can down on the counter and wipes her hands on her apron. She looks around and then reaches for the cabinet Sophie pointed out earlier.

She picks up a few spice containers, reading their labels then putting them back.

ANITA

(muttered)

Where is that basil...

She reaches into the cabinet one more time and pulls out a white envelope. She peeks into it curiously.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Ah! Perfect.

She pulls out the baggie of marijuana and sprinkles it liberally onto the lasagna. Eventually she just turns the bag upside down and shakes out the last dregs.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Just enough.

Anita puts the bag in the trash and starts placing the next layer of noodles.

INT. COHEN HOME - BLAIR'S BEDROOM

Blair is kneeling on the floor next to a large cardboard box. She writes the word "SELL" on one of its sides with a thick black marker.

She opens her closet and starts tossing various clothing items into the box. She reaches up onto a shelf in the closet and removes some purses and shoeboxes.

She opens the shoeboxes, glances at the shoes inside, then places those in the "sell" box too.

She gives the closet a final once-over and, satisfied that she's gotten all she can from it, closes the door.

She turns toward her bookcase and bites her lip. She runs her fingers along the spines of the books and tentatively pulls a couple of titles out but ends up putting them all back after looking at them for a moment.

She notices the plate Jack brought back yesterday and the trophy he had been playing with, both sitting on the top of her dresser. She frowns at them then crosses the room and grabs her phone off of her nightstand.

She pokes at the screen a couple of times and then holds the phone up to her ear, looking determined. She waits a moment or two for an answer.

BLAIR

Hi, Wes... I'm good. I was wondering if you wanted to come over for dinner... It's just the family tonight, and...and I want you to be there.

She crosses the room while he answers, grabs the plate off of her dresser and drops it into the box.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Great. I'll see you tonight.

INT. COHEN HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Anita puts the lasagna in the oven and sets a timer. Catherine enters the kitchen just as she's finishing.

CATHERINE

Do you need any help, Anita?

ANITA

Just finished up! Salad's in the fridge, all you have to do is take the lasagna out of the oven in 25 minutes.

Anita gathers up the rest of her things.

CATHERINE

You've been too kind.

ANITA

Nonsense! I know you'd do the same
for me.

Anita gives Catherine a peck on the cheek.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Have a lovely meal with your
family.

Anita leaves the kitchen. Catherine crouches down to peek at the lasagna in the oven. She stands back up and leans back against the refrigerator and closes her eyes. She rubs her forehead for a moment then her eyes snap open. She checks her watch.

She goes to the spice cabinet, opens the door, and reaches inside. Then she pulls her hand back sharply as her eyes widen. She reaches back into the cabinet and starts pushing the various bottles aside.

CATHERINE

No, no, no.

She starts taking bottles out of the cabinet frantically, but she is losing hope that her stash of weed is anywhere to be found.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit, shit, shit.

She takes a step backwards and puts her hands over her mouth. She stares at the now nearly empty cabinet.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT. COHEN HOME - FRONT HALL - EVENING

The doorbell rings and Blair comes bounding down the stairs.

BLAIR

I got it!

She screeches to a halt then pauses, smoothing out her shirt and combing her fingers through her hair quickly. She takes a deep breath and then opens the door just as the doorbell rings again.

Weston is on the stoop in a suit and holding a bouquet of flowers.

WESTON
Ah, there you are!

Blair smiles up at him.

BLAIR
Here I am.

Weston leans down and kisses Blair on the cheek. She waves him inside and closes the door behind him. He holds up the flowers.

WESTON
I brought these...

BLAIR
They're beautiful.

WESTON
...for your mother.

Blair falters momentarily but then recovers.

BLAIR
Right, of course. She'll really appreciate that. Come on, let's find them a vase.

INT. COHEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Blair and Weston sit together on a couch, companionably if not quite cozily. The flowers sit in a vase on a coffee table in front of them. Blair listens while Weston speaks, genuinely interested.

WESTON
...and that's when I realized they could have avoided the whole mess by filing the suit...

WESTON (CONT'D)
...in forma pauperis...

BLAIR
In forma pauperis.

WESTON (CONT'D)
...in the first place. Exactly.

Blair chuckles appreciatively.

WESTON (CONT'D)
You were always so good at this stuff.

Blair's laugh peters out and she looks down at her hands.

BLAIR

Yeah, well, I'm good at Guitar Hero too, but that doesn't mean I'm cut out to be a rock star.

Weston looks at Blair, confused.

WESTON

Not cut out for it? Blair, you--

Weston hesitates, then blurts it out.

WESTON (CONT'D)

I'm probably not supposed to know this but I have a buddy over at Sheinhardt and Leibowitz... He told me that two months ago you were supposed to come in for a final round interview until you called the night before and withdrew your application.

Blair blinks a few times in surprise and then leans over to fiddle with the arrangement of the flowers in the vase.

BLAIR

It was a bit of a tough time if you recall... My dad was *dying*.

WESTON

You're right, of course. All I'm saying is you'll get a job at a great firm--whenever you're ready, I mean.

BLAIR

(softly)

Maybe that's not what I want anymore.

WESTON

What are you talking about?

BLAIR

(louder)

That's not what I want for myself. Not anymore.

Weston looks at her confused and taken aback. Blair avoids his gaze. They sit silently for a long moment.

WESTON

What *do* you want then?

Blair plays with a coaster on the coffee table. She slides it back and forth, spins it on its edge, flips it over. It's unclear whether she's thinking about Weston's question or just ignoring him.

She finally looks up to meet his gaze. She looks at him thoughtfully, evaluating him. And just when it seems she might be about to speak, her mother walks in.

CATHERINE

Blair, could you help your sisters set the table? Oh, hello!

Catherine notices Weston for the first time. Both he and Blair jump up from the couch.

BLAIR

Mom, this is Weston, my--we went to law school together.

Catherine crosses the room and shakes Weston's hand.

CATHERINE

Lovely to meet you. What firm are you with?

WESTON

I'm in the DA's office actually.

CATHERINE

Ah, my competition! I'm a partner at Clarke-Kahn and Associates.

WESTON

Of course. It's an honor to meet you, ma'am, Blair's always spoken so admiringly of your career.

Catherine looks over at Blair in pleasant surprise but Blair only catches her eye for a moment before looking away.

BLAIR

I'll go help with the table--

WESTON

No, let me!

BLAIR

I don't mind--

WESTON

You relax. I'll take care of it.

Weston squeezes Blair's shoulder then exits into the hallway, leaving Blair alone with her mother.

CATHERINE

He seems nice.

BLAIR

He is.

CATHERINE

Perhaps a tad too... buttoned-up.
For you I mean.

BLAIR

I thought you liked buttoned-up!

Catherine shrugs.

CATHERINE

You seem to forget that I was
married to your father.

Catherine turns to leave but then stops in the doorway and looks back.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

And though I know you aren't my
biggest fan right now, the fact
remains that he chose to be married
to me. And for the most part he
seemed to be quite happy with that
decision.

Catherine's voice cracks near the end of her speech; she is smiling but her eyes are watery. Blair can only meet her eyes for a moment before looking down at the floor.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Dinner in 10!

Catherine leaves.

INT. COHEN HOME - DINING ROOM

The whole family, plus Clem and Weston sit around the dining room table. Most of their plates are loaded up with salad and lasagna already. Minnie is trying to spoon applesauce into Abby's mouth.

Blair serves herself a large slice of lasagna and then starts to serve some to Weston.

WESTON

Oh, none for me, thanks.

Blair looks at his plate, covered in salad.

BLAIR

...You're just eating salad?

WESTON

I'm on this new training diet, it's called paleo. Basically, I can only eat foods that a caveman would have been able to acquire.

Blair raises a skeptical eyebrow and looks pointedly at his salad.

BLAIR

Cavemen had Thousand Island dressing?

Weston looks down at his plate and blushes.

WESTON

Well maybe I'm bending the rules a little bit.

Weston winks at her, then points at the tray of lasagna.

WESTON (CONT'D)

They definitely didn't have pasta, though.

Blair shrugs.

BLAIR

More for me.

INT. COHEN HOME - DINING ROOM - LATER

Sophie uses her finger to wipe the last of the sauce out of the lasagna pan. She puts her finger in her mouth and licks it off, leaning back in chair with satisfaction. Clem is beside her, looking equally satiated.

CLEM

That lasagna was...incredible.

Around the table, everyone else is finishing off the last of their lasagna. Blair lifts her glass.

BLAIR

Cheers to Anita. She may be bossy but she knows her way around a kitchen.

CATHERINE

Blair Rachel, she is not--

Blair looks at her mother with a playful smirk and an eyebrow raised.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Ok, she is a bit... overpowering. But she made us this wonderful meal so we shouldn't--

Catherine puts her hand to her forehead and sways noticeably. Minnie puts a hand on her shoulder, concerned.

MINNIE

What's wrong?

CATHERINE

Is anyone else feeling a bit... weird?

BLAIR

What do you mean weird?

SOPHIE

Like barfy weird? Oh my god Mom, are you gonna barf?

CLEM

(whispered)

The heavenly pasta has turned on us...

Catherine waves her hands and shakes her head.

CATHERINE

No, no, no, not barfy weird. More like...

Catherine's eyes bug out.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

More like...

Catherine leaps out of her chair and power walks across the dining room.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Oh no. Oh no, oh no.

Everyone watches her leave in confusion.

INT. COHEN HOME - KITCHEN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Catherine rushes into the kitchen and goes straight for the garbage can. She crouches over it, pulling out empty pasta boxes and lettuce bags until she finds what she's looking for: the white envelope and empty plastic bag, with just a few small leaves of marijuana left in it.

Catherine plops down onto the floor and stares at the empty bag in her hands.

CATHERINE

Oh dear.

INT. COHEN HOME - HALLWAY

Catherine stands just outside the door to the dining room, bracing herself. She takes a few deep breaths then enters.

INT. COHEN HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine surveys the room: in the few minutes that she was gone, the scene in the dining room has changed entirely. Everyone but Weston (and Abby) is high off of copious amounts of weed-laced lasagna.

Minnie and Elijah are huddled together, pointing at Weston and giggling manically. Clem and Sophie are facing each other with their hands raised and palms pressed together, swirling them around in circles. Weston continues telling a story to Blair and she is nodding as she listens but her attention is focused entirely on picking all the croutons out of the salad bowl in front of her and eating them.

WESTON

--and then I told my supervisor that I couldn't possibly handle another case unless they were planning on putting extra hours in the day and...

Catherine grabs Blair by the forearm and pulls her out of her chair.

CATHERINE

Come with me.

Blair groans but follows obediently, only resisting long enough to grab one last crouton and stuff it in her mouth.

INT. COHEN HOME - SUN ROOM

Still holding on to her arm, Catherine pulls Blair into the sun room.

BLAIR
What are we doing?

Catherine crosses the room and turns on a lamp.

CATHERINE
I need to tell you something, okay?

She turns around and Blair is crouched on the floor closely examining a house plant.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Blair. Blair, I need to tell you something.

Blair slowly turns away from the plant and looks up at her mom.

BLAIR
Why me?

Catherine flops into one of the chairs.

CATHERINE
Because you already hate me.

Blair goes back to playing with the plant, picking at one of the leaves, tearing off little pieces.

BLAIR
I don't hate you, Mom. I just like... needed *someone* to hate, you know?

Catherine watches Blair for a long moment, wanting to say something but not able to figure out what, in her current state of mind.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
What were you gonna tell me?

CATHERINE
Someone baked weed into the lasagna. My weed. At least a half ounce.

Blair whips her head around to face Catherine. She stares at her in shock, eyes wide, then she starts laughing. Catherine watches her, confused at first, then joins in nervously.

Blair takes a few calming breaths and looks at Catherine in amazement.

BLAIR

My perfect lawyer mother is secretly a pothead.

CATHERINE

I am not a pothead! I just smoke... pot... a lot.

Blair raises an eyebrow.

BLAIR

You're a big fucking hypocrite is what you are.

CATHERINE

A hypocrite.

BLAIR

Mhm. You put up this whole front of having this perfect life and you make everyone around you feel like a failure if they aren't as perfect as you. But you were sneaking around toking up this whole time.

CATHERINE

Well, I wouldn't say the whole time, it only started--do you really feel like that?

BLAIR

Like what?

CATHERINE

Like a failure.

BLAIR

No shit, I do.

Blair looks up at her mother again to see that she is genuinely baffled by this accusation.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

What effect did you *think* the constant stream of job listings in my inbox would have on me?

CATHERINE

I just want to help you--

Blair clambers off the floor and starts pacing around.

BLAIR

Reach my potential. I know. But sometimes it's nice to hear that I'm not some... some oaf if I just use part of my potential for a while.

CATHERINE

But I don't think you're an oaf. I don't think I've ever even said the word "oaf" out loud before...

Blair stops pacing.

BLAIR

That's not the fucking point, Mom! The point is my dad just died and he was one of the few people in my life who didn't make me feel like a complete disappointment.

Blair is breathing heavily and on the verge of tears; Catherine stares back emotionally. She chooses her next words carefully.

CATHERINE

I know I haven't been the most... mother-y mother.

She takes a deep breath and takes a step closer to Blair.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

But I want to do better. Starting with making sure you know that I have never, ever thought you were a disappointment. If I push too hard sometimes... Well I just want so much for you. I want you do everything and be everything you deserve.

Blair holds her mother's gaze and a few tears stream down her cheek.

BLAIR

You can't expect me to be everything right away.

Catherine looks down.

CATHERINE

I know. And I'm sorry.

Blair hesitates for an instant, then wraps her mother in a hug.

BLAIR
Thanks, Mom.

Catherine is too surprised for a moment to hug back, but she gathers herself quickly.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Now we just need a couple thousand
more tender moments like this to
make up for all the years we
missed.

Catherine chuckles.

CATHERINE
Maybe someday we'll even have one
when we aren't both high as kites.

Blair laughs heartily. Catherine smiles at her then glances at the doorway then back at Blair.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Should we tell the rest of them?

Blair leans way to her side to look out the doorway and up the hallway.

BLAIR
No... no, I think we should hide.

CATHERINE
Yes! Definitely. We should
definitely hide.

They both scramble to their feet and Blair takes Catherine's hand. They approach the doorway and peer out into the hall.

BLAIR
I know the perfect place. But we'll
have to be super, super quiet.

Blair and Catherine make eye contact, then immediately fall into another fit of giggles.

INT. COHEN HOME - DINING ROOM

Weston's eyes flick nervously around the room at his companions. Minnie and Elijah are singing a heartfelt but tone deaf verse of Twinkle Twinkle Little Star to Abby, who is giggling away.

Weston stares at his Blackberry. He pretends to be reading emails until he hears a clatter up plates and snaps his head up.

Sophie has her hands hovering around the base of a precariously tall stack of plates while Clem is trying to carefully place yet another dish at the top of the pile.

SOPHIE

I think it's too tall, Clem... I think it's too tall.

CLEM

Shh, babe, it's fine. It's not too tall.

SOPHIE

I think it's too tall.

Right as Weston gets up from his seat, Blair and Catherine pass the open dining room door, giggling and shushing each other in a useless attempt to be sneaky. Weston takes a step towards the doorway but looks back and eyes the stack of plates nervously.

WESTON

I think she might be right...

CLEM

Silence, Suit-Man! We're clearing the table!

Weston rounds the table and grabs half the stack of plates before Clem can add to the pile.

WESTON

I'll just take these to the kitchen...

Clem shrugs and puts her plate down on the table. Sophie glares at him.

SOPHIE

We were just trying to help.

Weston forces a smile and then leaves with the stack of plates. Sophie and Clem sit back down.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

This is the longest freaking dinner of my life. We've been here for like 10 hours.

CLEM

Definitely at least ten to twenty hours.

SOPHIE

I just want it to be tomorrow already, so I can see Rabbi Adam.

Minnie, at the end of the table, perks up at the mention of the rabbi and listens carefully.

INT. COHEN HOME - KITCHEN

Weston places the pile of plates on the kitchen counter. He glances around, hesitates for a moment, then goes into the hallway.

INT. COHEN HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Weston peers into the doorways he passes.

WESTON

Blair?

He reaches the front door and is about to go up the stairs when he hears a giggle and notices that the front door isn't completely closed. He opens it and steps outside.

EXT. COHEN HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Weston stands on the stoop and looks around. At first he doesn't see anything but then the bushes to the right of the door rustle. Blair and Catherine are lying on their backs behind the bushes.

BLAIR

Do you think he sees us?

Catherine flicks her eyeballs towards Weston and makes eye contact with him.

CATHERINE

Yeah, I think so.

BLAIR

Shit.

Blair cranes her neck back to look at Weston upside-down. She stares at him for a moment, eyes narrowed and taking deep breaths. Then she lifts her arm into the air and points at him.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

You. I need to talk to you.

WESTON

Sure.

Blair flips onto her stomach, getting her sleeve caught in the bush in the process. She scrambles to her knees and pushes the bush away from her, trying to get unstuck. Weston leaves the stoop and reaches to try and help her but she swats him away.

BLAIR

I got this. I'm cool.

She manages to detach herself from the bush and get on her feet. She faces Weston.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I'm gonna do this as best as I can considering I'm high as balls right now. And I'm pretty sure I have some leaves in my hair.

Sure enough, she does, and she reaches up and removes a couple.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

You're a super nice guy, Weston, and you're smart and you have pretty nice hair--

WESTON

Thanks!

BLAIR

Just let me talk. Your hair has good volume, it always looks really healthy. I actually wanna touch it pretty bad right now but I think that would send the wrong message.

WESTON

What message are you trying to send?

BLAIR

That I don't think we should be dating anymore. It, like, doesn't even really make sense. I find you kind of boring to be honest and I'm sure you think I'm weird and kind of a bitch so it's really for the best...

WESTON

I don't think either of those things.

Blair stares at Weston in disbelief and then laughs.

BLAIR

Well, now I can't date you because you're clearly pretty dumb. Because I am weird and I am kind of a bitch.

Blair crouches down and grabs her mom's hand; Catherine has dozed off.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

C'mon, momma, let's go inside.

Blair helps Catherine up from behind the bush and, holding hands, they walk back to the house.

Blair turns around in the doorway to look back at Weston. She gives a half smile and a little wave and then closes the door.

Weston just stands in the lawn staring at the front door. He reaches a hand up and touches his hair.

INT. COHEN HOME - FRONT HALL

Catherine yawns.

CATHERINE

I think it's time for me to go to bed.

Blair sways awkwardly nearby, nodding.

BLAIR

Yeah, yeah, me too.

They watch each other hesitantly for a moment, before Blair gives Catherine a quick but firm hug, before she can talk herself out of it.

CATHERINE

Night, Mom.

Blair gives Catherine a quick smile, then scurries away up the stairs.

INT. COHEN HOME - MINNIE'S BEDROOM

Minnie and Elijah are lying in bed gazing into each other's faces. The room is lit only by the nightstand on Elijah's side of the bed.

ELIJAH

Eyes are the craziest things.
Like... you can see them... but you
can also see *with* them.

Minnie giggles.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

I'm watching you see me right now.
I'm seeing it happen. That's
insane.

Minnie puts her hands over Elijah's eyes.

MINNIE

Now who KNOWS what you're seeing.
Only your eyes know.

Elijah wriggles away from Minnie's hand and stares at the ceiling.

ELIJAH

I haven't been this high... God,
since college probably.

MINNIE

Yeah?

Elijah looks over at Minnie again with a devilish smirk.

ELIJAH

You know what I used to like to do
when I was high...

MINNIE

What?

Elijah puts his hand next to Minnie's head and props himself up so his face is hovering over hers. He is about to lean in to kiss her when the door to the bedroom bursts open.

BLAIR

SLEEPOVER!!!

Blair, clutching her own pillow to her chest, comes flying into the room and she launches herself onto the bed, right next to Minnie. Elijah leans against the headboard on Minnie's other side and they both look at Blair in confusion.

Blair lays her head down on her pillow and closes her eyes.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I'm mad tired, you guys. I'm about to pass the fuck out right now.

Elijah and Minnie exchange glances.

ELIJAH

Wouldn't you be more comfortable in your own bed?

Blair opens one eye and pouts.

BLAIR

It's so lonely in there by myself. Please, can't I just hang out with you guys tonight?

Minnie strokes Blair's hair comfortingly.

MINNIE

Of course, sis, we don't mind at all. Do we, Elijah?

Elijah watches the sisters for a moment then sighs.

ELIJAH

No, of course not. We don't mind at all.

He then reaches over and turns off the lamp.

INT. COHEN HOME - MINNIE'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Early morning light streams into Minnie's bedroom. Blair stirs and finds her face nuzzled up against the back of Minnie's head. She smiles and sits up, brushing Minnie's hair away from her face but starts when she realizes there is a hairy, man's arm clutching at her waist.

She peers over Minnie and sees Elijah fast asleep on her other side; his arm is draped across Minnie but his hand overshoot and landed on Blair. Blair grabs his wrist which hangs limply and she drops it back onto Minnie.

Blair gets out of the bed but Minnie stirs at the disturbance and opens her eyes blearily.

MINNIE

(sleepily)

Leaving so soon, hot stuff?

Blair kneels down next to the bed and puts her face near Minnie's.

BLAIR
Minnie, do you know what day it is?

MINNIE
Saturday?

Blair puts her hands on Minnie's cheeks and squeezes them together.

BLAIR
It is Shabbat! The holiest of the seven otherwise identical days of the week.

Minnie sighs in understanding.

MINNIE
And the day when shiva rules are off and you can finally escape your horribly annoying family.

BLAIR
Exactly!

Minnie grunts and rolls over so her back is to Blair.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
No, no, no, not to the family part! Just the rules being off part, I just--I have a couple things I need to go do.

Minnie turns back over and looks at her skeptically.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
I would love nothing more than to be trapped in a house with my beautiful older sister for eternity.

MINNIE
Much better.

BLAIR
Drive me to the Metro?

MINNIE
I thought the sabbath was a day of rest.

Blair grabs Minnie's arm and drags her out of the bed.

BLAIR

But we'll never *really* know what
God intended will we? So you might
as well do your sister this favor,
I'm sure God won't mind.

INT./EXT. MINNIE'S VAN - MORNING

Minnie sits behind the steering wheel, driving her mini van through the suburban streets. Blair is staring at the window, taking in the familiar sights of her neighborhood. Minnie glances over at Blair.

MINNIE

You going to see your boyfriend?

BLAIR

I don't have one at the moment.

Minnie raises an eyebrow but doesn't comment. She stops at a red light and looks over at Blair again. Blair pulls an envelope out of her bag and counts the money inside of it.

MINNIE

You going to see your friend who's
a boy?

Blair hesitates and looks over at Minnie.

BLAIR

I don't think I have one of those
right now, either.

Minnie raises both eyebrows. Blair shrugs and puts the envelope back in her bag. Minnie puts a hand on her shoulder and squeezes.

EXT. METRO STATION

The white mini van pulls up next to the escalator down to the Metro. Blair hops out of the car. She pauses briefly to zip up her coat and adjust the strap of her bag, then she boards the escalator.

INT. METRO CAR

Blair is sitting in a window seat with the crossword puzzle out resting on the back of a book; she is chewing on the end of her pen.

The train pulls to a stop at a station and amongst the passengers boarding is a young father with his baby daughter strapped to his chest. He sits down next to Blair.

Blair glances over at them, then looks back down at her puzzle with a heavy sigh.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

Blair walks down the hall of her apartment building. She looks at the closed door to Jack's apartment as she passes it but she doesn't stop.

She reaches her own apartment door, unlocks it, and goes inside.

INT. BLAIR AND LAURA'S APARTMENT

Blair closes the door behind her quietly.

BLAIR

Laura?

She waits a moment for an answer and looks relieved when there isn't one.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Laura?

She takes a few more steps inside and peers into the kitchen, finding it empty. She reaches into her bag and pulls out the envelope of money and places it on the breakfast table. The envelope reads "(Some) Rent Money".

She goes back into the hall and straight to her bedroom.

INT. BLAIR AND LAURA'S APARTMENT - BLAIR'S BEDROOM

Blair freezes just inside the doorway. Her room has been completely dismantled: posters removed from the walls, books from the shelves, knick knacks from on top of the dresser. Her mattress is bare and a stack of cardboard boxes is piled next to the bed.

BLAIR

What the...

Blair opens her closet: it's empty. Every drawer in her dresser is empty, too. Blair sits on the edge of the mattress, about to tear open one of the boxes but on top of it she finds a note. It reads:

"Blair--

Sorry to do things like this, but it didn't seem like you were making any progress on the rent money and I found someone--someone with a job--who can move in this week. Please have your things gone by Tuesday.

--Laura"

Blair's hand holding the note flops limply onto the mattress. She stares straight ahead in shock.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

That bitch...

INT. COHEN HOME - MINNIE'S BEDROOM

Minnie holds the black cloth that was covering her mirror out of the way and stares at herself as she brushes her hair. She puts the brush down and pulls her hair away from her face and turns her head from side to side, examining the various angles. She leans into the mirror and pulls at the skin on her forehead, smoothing out invisible wrinkles.

Elijah opens the door and comes in.

ELIJAH

I was wondering where you ran off to, your mother's looking for you.

Minnie keeps looking in the mirror, examining a strand of her hair.

MINNIE

Eli. Eli. Is this a grey hair? Please tell me this isn't a grey hair.

Elijah crosses the room, taken aback by Minnie's question.

ELIJAH

Min, you're only twenty-six, I seriously doubt you have a grey hair...

Minnie turns to face Elijah, dropping the cloth back into place over the mirror but still holding a strand of hair.

MINNIE

I'm almost twenty-seven. And stress can cause grey hairs and god knows I've been pretty stressed lately...

Elijah puts his hand around Minnie's wrist and looks at the hair carefully. He shrugs.

ELIJAH

I don't know what color this hair is, but if it is grey, it's the prettiest grey hair I've ever seen.

Minnie rolls her eyes but smiles at Elijah, who leans in for a peck on the lips. They smile lovingly at each other and Elijah goes in for a slower, deeper kiss.

Minnie reciprocates, putting her hands on Elijah's cheeks, but when Elijah starts pulling up the back of her shirt, she pulls away and slithers out of his embrace. She laughs nervously.

MINNIE

Right, well, didn't you say my mom was looking for me? I'd better go see what she wants--

Minnie starts for the door but Elijah grabs her hand and spins her back around to face him.

ELIJAH

Minnie, what is going on with you?

MINNIE

Going on? Nothing's going on, just the normal things that go on...

ELIJAH

Minnie. Two weeks ago you were all about... basal body temperature and insisting that I wear loose pants. Now you hardly let me touch you.

Minnie bites her lip and then sits down on the end of her bed.

MINNIE

This is gonna sound so dumb.

Elijah sits down next to her.

ELIJAH

Try me.

Minnie looks over at Elijah, takes a deep breath, and then blurts it out.

MINNIE

Seeing Blair getting chased after and fought over by two young, hot guys and all the drama and the intrigue... well, it made me jealous. That she's not even two years younger than me but she's off having scandalous affairs, while I'm having baby making sex with my husband between diaper changes.

ELIJAH

What are you saying?

Minnie gets off the bed and starts towards the door.

MINNIE

I'm saying I feel *old*, Elijah. I feel old and boring and undesirable. It sounds stupid, believe me, I know. And...

She trails off and looks at Elijah nervously.

ELIJAH

And what?

Minnie closes her eyes.

MINNIE

(quickly)

And I know it was my idea in the first place but I really don't think I'm ready for another baby yet.

Minnie opens her eyes. Elijah seems surprised and confused, but she doesn't wait for him to say anything. She opens the door and steps into the hallway.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

So... yeah. We can talk about this later. Or never. Either one. I'm gonna go see what Mom wants.

Elijah watches her leave with a thoughtful frown on his face.

INT. COHEN HOME - KITCHEN

Catherine is in the kitchen, scrubbing the remains of the weed-laced lasagna from the pan. She rinses the soap off and places the pan in the dishwasher. She grabs a dish towel to dry off her hands, pausing to gently adjust her wedding ring.

MINNIE

Morning, Mama.

Minnie kisses Catherine on the cheek and then sits down at the kitchen table, takes a banana from a bowl of fruit, and starts peeling it.

CATHERINE

Morning, dear.

MINNIE

Eli said you were looking for me?

Catherine blinks for a few moments in confusion and then remembers what she wanted.

CATHERINE

Ah, right. Did Sophie tell you if she was going somewhere? She's not in the house.

Minnie takes a bite of her banana and shakes her head.

MINNIE

Nope, I haven't seen her all morning, she's probably just--

Minnie freezes, mid-sentence and mid-bite. Catherine sits down across from her at the table.

CATHERINE

What? She's probably just what?

Minnie cringes guiltily.

MINNIE

I may have overheard her tell Clem last night that she had plans to meet Rabbi Adam at the Starbucks on Wilson...

Catherine drops Minnie's hands and leans back in her chair.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

...And that she "couldn't wait" to see him.

Minnie bites her lip, waiting for her mother's reaction. Catherine sits still and unseeing for a moment then snaps her gaze onto Minnie's.

CATHERINE

We have to go.

MINNIE

What? Go where? There?! And what do you mean "we"?

Catherine is already up from the table and starting to leave the kitchen.

CATHERINE

Go get your keys, you're driving.

She glances back at Minnie quickly.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

And maybe put a bra on.

Minnie looks down at herself and then back up towards her mother, who is already halfway down the hall.

MINNIE

(muttered)

Yes ma'am...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

Blair hoists one last cardboard box onto the top of a pile of boxes sitting outside her apartment door, then closes the door behind her.

She leans against the pile of boxes, catching her breath, then looks up the hallway. She furrows her brow in thought for a moment, then she grabs one of the smaller boxes and carries it under her arm to Jack's door. She knocks.

She nervously waits a couple of seconds, then turns to walk away right as the door opens.

Jack looks only slightly surprised to see her and not particularly happy about it.

JACK

Blair.

Blair forces a cheerful smile.

BLAIR

Hey, Jack. I know we're not on the best of terms right now, but my lovely roommate Laura just kicked me out of our apartment and I was wondering--hoping you might let me leave a few of my boxes here? Just until I can find a way to move them?

Jack stares at Blair blankly. Blair waits for him to respond and then continues rambling.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Just because I can't really carry all these on the Metro by myself and even if I could I don't think they'd appreciate me taking up all the seats with my boxes...

Blair trails off as she sees Jack shake his head in amazement at her.

JACK

You really have no social skills whatsoever, do you?

BLAIR

Excuse me?

Jack leans against his doorframe and crosses his arm, still studying Blair.

JACK

There's this perception that physical attractiveness is somehow correlated with social competence, but that is *really* not the case.

Blair hoists her box up higher on her hip and cocks her head at Jack.

BLAIR

What does that have to do with--?

Jack laughs and rolls his eyes.

JACK

You're a prime example. I thought I made it pretty clear on Thursday that I don't think we should have anything to do with each other. What possessed you to come here asking to use my apartment as your own personal storage unit?

BLAIR

I was just asking.

JACK

That's not something a well-adjusted person would do.

BLAIR

Well I never claimed to be well-adjusted!

Jack and Blair just stare daggers at each other for a long moment, before Blair breaks the silence.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I broke up with Weston.

Jack looks down at the floor.

JACK

Good for you.

BLAIR

I thought you'd be happy.

JACK

Is that why you broke up with him? Because you thought it would make *me* happy?

BLAIR

No--partly--I don't know!

Jack gives a short chuckle.

JACK

I think maybe that's something you should figure out.

Jack looks up the hall at Blair's pile of boxes.

JACK (CONT'D)

If you need some help with your boxes...

Blair looks up at him hopefully.

JACK (CONT'D)

...I'm sure the doorman would be happy to help.

Blair's face falls and Jack steps back into his apartment and closes the door in her face.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Minnie's mini van pulls into a parking space near a Starbucks. Catherine has her face pressed to the glass, peering at the seating outside of the coffee shop.

Minnie walks around the car to the sidewalk and Catherine hops out after her. They start walking towards the shop.

MINNIE

Do you see her?

CATHERINE

No... I don't think so--ohmygod there they are.

Catherine grabs Minnie and pulls her down behind a hedge. Minnie wriggles out of Catherine's grasp.

MINNIE

Jeez, Mom, chill out.

Minnie sits up a bit to look over the hedge. Sophie and Rabbi Adam are sitting together at a table, a cup of coffee in front of each of them. They are speaking, but are too far away to be heard.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

They're just drinking coffee, it seems completely innocent.

Catherine peers over the hedge as well.

CATHERINE

Yes, yes, I suppose it does.

MINNIE

See, I told you so--

Minnie falls silent as Rabbi Adam reaches across the table to hold Sophie's hand. He squeezes it tightly and she smiles at him.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Oh.

Catherine gives a small strangled cry and Minnie covers her mother's mouth in alarm and pulls them both back down behind the hedge.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

They'll hear us!

Catherine holds both her hands to her cheeks and stares wide eyed at Minnie.

CATHERINE

This is my fault. I've been an absent mother and now my little girl is sleeping with the rabbi.

MINNIE

Don't be ridiculous, Mom, we don't know... well, we don't *know* they're having sex.

Catherine scoffs dismissively and shakes her head. Then she stops and her eyes drift back in the direction of Sophie and Rabbi Adam.

CATHERINE

I have to stop them.

Catherine makes to stand up but Minnie pulls her back once again.

MINNIE

No. Nope. Not here, not now.

CATHERINE

Then when? How?

Minnie bites her lip.

MINNIE

I don't know.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

Blair sits on top of one of her boxes under the awning outside of her apartment building. The rest of her boxes are in a pile right next to her. Rain falls steadily outside of the shelter of the awning. She has her chin cradled in her hands, elbows resting on her knees.

She stands up when she sees a white mini van pulling up to the curb in front of her. She picks up a box and walks towards it, ducking her head down when she crosses out from under the awning and into the rain.

Catherine hops out of the passenger seat and opens the trunk. She takes the box out of Blair's arms and places it in the trunk.

Blair goes back to get another box and Catherine follows her. Blair eyes her mother nervously as she picks up a box to hand to her; she doesn't let go right away when Catherine takes a hold of it.

BLAIR

Aren't you going to say anything?
About the fact that I got fired?
That I'm pretty much broke and
definitely homeless?

Catherine smiles gently and lovingly at Blair.

CATHERINE

Not today.

Blair lets go of the box and Catherine carries it to the trunk of the car. Blair watches her with a bemused expression that slowly turns into a small smile.

EXT. MEMORIAL BRIDGE

The white van crosses the bridge from DC back into Virginia.

INT. COHEN HOME - DINING ROOM

The whole family is once again gathered around the dining room table. Silverware clatters as they eat, but no one is speaking. Blair seems despondent; Minnie and Elijah are distracted; Catherine is eyeing Sophie edgily and Sophie is completely oblivious. Finally, Catherine drops her fork with a clatter and looks right at Sophie.

CATHERINE

How long?

Minnie puts her hands over her face.

MINNIE

Oh god, Mom.

Sophie looks around in confusion.

SOPHIE

What?

CATHERINE

How long have you been sleeping
with the rabbi?

Sophie's jaw drops; Blair almost chokes on her bite of food; Elijah continues to look around baffled, while Minnie peeks out from behind her hands to see Sophie's reaction.

SOPHIE

Is this some kind of joke? Um, zero
long. I have been sleeping with the
rabbi for zero days, zero hours,
and zero minutes.

Catherine just shakes her head sadly at Sophie.

CATHERINE

We saw you today dear. At the coffee shop. Don't tell me nothing is going on with you two.

SOPHIE

You saw me at the...

Sophie trails off, mouthing the rest of her sentence ("coffee shop.") silently. She puts a hand to her mouth.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

BLAIR

So it's true?!

SOPHIE

No, it's not true!

Sophie rubs her forehead and then stands up at her seat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

This isn't exactly how I wanted to do this. Actually, that's *why* I've been spending so much time with Rabbi Adam this week... he was helping me figure out how to go about this whole thing. But I guess the best way was always to just say it.

Sophie pauses and takes a deep breath.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I'm gay.

Catherine, Minnie, and Blair all seem surprised, though to varying degrees. Elijah seems more confused than surprised. Sophie waits a moment to see if any of them are going to say anything and then starts chattering to fill the tense silence.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I couldn't stand that Dad had died not knowing, not understanding who I am completely and I knew that I had to tell you all but I was scared and I didn't know how--

ELIJAH

Wait, wait, wait.

Elijah waves his hands in the air, still looking extremely baffled. Everyone turns to look at him.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)
You're saying they didn't know??

Sophie shrugs and gestures towards her mother and sisters.

SOPHIE
I mean...

They're all shaking their heads, still somewhat in shock. Elijah is still struggling to understand.

ELIJAH
But I thought... I thought everyone knew! Isn't Clem your girlfriend?

MINNIE
Don't be silly, Eli--

Sophie smiles and blushes.

SOPHIE
Yeah. She is.

Elijah starts to look rather proud of himself.

ELIJAH
Right. Of course she is.

Sophie half-smiles at him and then looks at her sisters and mother hopefully. She bites her lip as none of them say anything.

SOPHIE
(tentatively)
Mom? Aren't you going to say anything?

Catherine blinks a few times and looks at Sophie.

CATHERINE
So you're definitely *not* having an affair with a married man?

SOPHIE
No.

Catherine absorbs this, then leaps out of her chair, runs to Sophie and throws her arms around her.

CATHERINE
Oh thank god.

Sophie pats her awkwardly on the back and looks at her sisters who are finally smiling back at her.

INT. COHEN HOME - MINNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Minnie is curled up in a chair reading a book. She glances up briefly when Elijah opens her bedroom door but looks right back down at her book.

MINNIE

I can't believe you knew about
Sophie and didn't tell me.

Elijah closes the door behind him. He doesn't answer.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Elijah?

Minnie looks up again to see Elijah striding purposefully towards her. Elijah pulls Minnie up from her seat and presses their lips together in a passionate kiss. It lasts for a couple of seconds, then they press their foreheads together, gazing into each others eyes and breathing heavily. Elijah raises an eyebrow. Minnie looks at the ground, embarrassed.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Elijah, I told you, I just haven't
been in the mood lately.

Elijah tilts her head back up to face him and fixes her with a penetrating gaze.

ELIJAH

Is there someone else?

MINNIE

Someone else?! Of course not--

Elijah pulls a fedora hat out from behind his back and places it on his head. He scowls and speaks with a valiant attempt at an exaggerated New Jersey accent.

ELIJAH

Don't be shy, toots. He already
knows all about us.

Minnie stares back at him, mouth agape. Fedora-Elijah leans in and starts kissing her neck.

MINNIE

Wh--what happened to my husband?

ELIJAH
Are you really thinking about your
husband right now?

MINNIE
I--

Minnie closes her eyes and stops arguing as Elijah reaches a particularly sensitive spot of her neck. Seconds later, however, Elijah leaps away from her and takes off the hat.

ELIJAH
Get away from my wife, you...
scamp!

Minnie giggles.

MINNIE
"Scamp"?

ELIJAH
Work with me, Min, I'm trying here.

Minnie smiles at him and then puts on a serious expression and speaks dramatically.

MINNIE
You don't understand, Elijah! I
love him!

Elijah puts the hat back on and jumps to Minnie's side, facing towards where he had just been standing.

ELIJAH
Yeah, buddy, so move along. You
heard the lady.

Hat off again, Elijah faces Minnie.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)
It's him or me, Minnie. Who's it
gonna be?

Minnie bites her lip and blinks innocently up at Elijah.

MINNIE
Well... I guess I'll have to try
you both out and see...

She hooks a finger into Elijah's collar and backs towards her bed, pulling him down with her as she flops backwards. Elijah sneaks the hat on as he positions himself on top of her.

ELIJAH
Me first, doll.

He kisses her without restraint and, finally, Minnie kisses back. Things escalate rather quickly and Minnie rolls them over so she's on top of Elijah. She pulls away from him and smiles down at him for a moment before her expression becomes slightly nervous.

MINNIE
Do you, um... do you have a condom?

Elijah smiles brightly at her.

ELIJAH
Yes, Min--

Elijah cuts himself--he'd forgotten to do his accent. He clears his throat.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)
I mean: Of course, toots. Got one right here.

He pulls a condom out of his back pocket.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)
Wouldn't want me knocking you up behind your husband's back, would we?

MINNIE
No, we wouldn't want that at all.

She leans down to start kissing Elijah and he rolls her over again, losing his hat in the process.

INT. COHEN HOME - DAVID'S STUDY - NEXT MORNING

Blair is leaning back in David's desk chair, feet propped up on the desk. She has the crossword puzzle resting against her legs and her brow is wrinkled in thought when suddenly her eyes go wide.

BLAIR
(loudly)
Moooom!

Blair sits up in the chair and waits, listening.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
(louder)
Mooom, can you come in here--

The door to the study opens and Catherine looks in expectantly.

CATHERINE

Yes?

BLAIR

Is "putsch" a word that means like... political coup or something?

Catherine narrows her eyes in thought for a moment and then nods.

CATHERINE

Yes, yes I believe it is.

BLAIR

You *believe* it is or you *know* it is.

Slightly affronted, Catherine raises an eyebrow.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Sorry, I just--I have to be sure.

Catherine relaxes and looks pensive for a moment.

CATHERINE

Well, considering I minored in German in college and that's where the word originates, yes, I'm sure.

Blair grins and hastily scribbles the last answer into the crossword puzzle. She holds it up to admire it and Catherine stands behind her seat to examine it as well.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

He would have been so proud of you, dear.

Blair scoffs.

BLAIR

Yes, I'm sure Dad would have been oh-so-proud that his homeless, unemployed, socially incompetent middle daughter managed to finish one measly crossword puzzle. In a week.

Catherine strokes Blair's hair but frowns slightly.

CATHERINE

He was always proud of you Blair,
even if he didn't say so. We both
are.

Blair glances up at her mother who leans over to kiss her on the side of her head. Catherine heads towards the door but stops before exiting.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

And you're not homeless, you know.

Blair watches her mom leave with a thoughtful look on her face. She comes to some conclusion and yanks open one of the desk drawers and rifles through it until she comes up with some paper and a pen. She hunches over the desk and starts writing.

INT. COHEN HOME - DINING ROOM

Elijah carefully arranges various dishes of food along the table, buffet-style. Minnie comes in leading Abby by the hand who is in turn holding a stack of napkins.

MINNIE

Can you hand those to Daddy?

Elijah squats down to Abby's level and holds his hands open expectantly; Abby proudly hands over the napkins. Elijah closes his hand around the napkins then scoops Abby into his arms and lifts her into the air.

ELIJAH

Thank you so much, Abby! You are so
helpful!

Elijah blows raspberries on Abby's belly between words; she squeals in delight.

Minnie watches the two of them lovingly. Elijah rests Abby on his hip and turns to Minnie. She looks guilty for a moment.

MINNIE

Are you--you're sure you're okay
with waiting?

Elijah kisses her.

ELIJAH

You two are all I need right now.

INT. COHEN HOME - DAVID'S STUDY

Blair sits hunched over David's desk, scribbling madly on the paper in front of her. She pauses briefly and bites the end of her pen, thinking hard, then continues writing. Catherine comes in and hands Blair a mug of tea. Blair glances up to give Catherine a grateful smile, then returns to the paper.

INT. COHEN HOME - SOPHIE'S BEDROOM

Sophie sits in her bed leaning against the headboard while Clem lies with her head resting in Sophie's lap. Sophie runs her fingers through Clem's hair. Clem sits up suddenly and surprises Sophie with a peck on lips. They grin at each other and then lay down on the bed nestled against one another.

INT. COHEN HOME - LIVING ROOM

Minnie and Elijah sit on the floor, cheering as Abby crawls towards them on the carpet. Minnie grabs the fedora hat from a side table and squishes it onto Elijah's head with a laugh. He kisses her on the cheek then scoops up Abby and sandwiches her in the middle of their hug.

INT. COHEN HOME - BLAIR'S BEDROOM

Blair is kneeling in front of her dressing with her suitcase open next to her. She removes a balled up shirt from the suitcase, carefully folds it, and places in a dresser drawer.

INT. COHEN HOME - SUN ROOM

Catherine reclines, eyes closed, in an arm chair as sun streams in the window and across her face. Evelyn is in the chair beside her taking a drag from a joint. Evelyn exhales slowly and rouses Catherine to pass her the joint. Catherine takes a hit as well and smiles contentedly.

INT. COHEN HOME - BLAIR'S BEDROOM

Blair sits on her bed with two sheets of lined paper, chock full of words, splayed out in front of her. She runs her fingers along the pages, looking over her work, then nods in satisfaction.

She then turns her attention to her phone which is laying on her bed next to the papers. She puts her hand on it, hesitates for a moment, then picks it up.

She clicks on Jack's name and quickly taps out a message-- "You should come to my dad's shiva tonight"--and sends it. Blair looks at the screen, grimaces, and then types a second message: "I mean I'd like it if you came. Please."

Blair stares at her phone, breathing deeply, then impulsively slams it shut in the drawer of her nightstand. She grabs her papers, scrambles off of her bed and out of the room.

INT. COHEN HOME - LIVING ROOM

A good crowd is gathered in the Cohen's living room for the last night of the shiva. The couches and chairs are arranged in rows once again and Rabbi Adam is standing in front of the group, leading them in a prayer.

Sophie looks away for a moment and catches her mother's eye. She nods her head in the rabbi's direction and mouths, "Really? Him?" with a skeptical eyebrow raised. Catherine tries to hide behind her hand with a grimace and mouths back, "Sorry..."

Blair is trying to sit still and pay attention but she keeps turning around to look at the door. She gives the crowd another once over but none of them are Jack.

Rabbi Adam finishes the prayer.

RABBI ADAM

On behalf of the Cohen family,
thank you all for coming tonight
and for the past week. I know your
support is cherished.

Blair takes one more hopeful glance at the door.

RABBI ADAM (CONT'D)

If you'd like to join us for a
light meal, the di--

BLAIR

Wait!

Blair stands up from her seat and all the eyes in the room turn on her.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I--I wanted to say... a few words.

Blair edges her way out of her row of chairs and walks to the front of the room. She pulls two folded pieces of paper out of her pocket.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I guess this is the type of thing that usually happens at the funeral, but... well, I wasn't ready a week ago so you guys get to suck it up and listen now!

Blair unfolds her papers and looks up once before starting. The living room door opens quietly and Jack slips into the room with an unreadable expression on his face. Blair smiles nervously then clears her throat.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I used to think there was only one way to be a good parent. That the good parent was the one who packed your lunch every day before school and tucked you into bed every night and told you every day how wonderful you were.

Blair pauses as her voice cracks slightly and takes a deep breath.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

It took me until recently to recognize how much you need the parent who tells you how wonderful you *could* be.

Blair looks right at Catherine.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

The one who... who makes the tough decisions. No matter how much it might make your more ornery daughters treat you like shit for a couple of months.

Catherine chuckles and shakes her head.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

The parent who forgives said daughter despite her inability to give an actual straightforward apology without speaking in the third person.

Blair looks down at her papers for a moment then around the room.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I had a whole bunch more sappy shit-
-stuff here that I was gonna say
but since I'm not sure who half of
you are, I'd rather not start
crying... so uh. Thanks. For being
such a wonderful, captive audience.

Blair looks out at the group, all of them still in their
seats and looking back at her.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Enjoy the grub!

Blair makes straight for the living room door, where Jack is
standing. She grabs his arm and starts pulling him out of the
room.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Can we talk?

Jack chuckles.

JACK

It seems you've already made that
decision for me.

INT. COHEN HOME - DAVID'S STUDY

Blair leads Jack into her father's study and closes the door
behind them.

Jack wanders over to the desk and finds the completed
crossword puzzle.

JACK

You finished it.

BLAIR

Yeah.

Blair watches Jack examine the puzzle. She is about to speak
when he finally meets her gaze.

JACK

I came here thinking you were gonna
make some big romantic gesture.

BLAIR

Oh, it's coming. I just wanted you
to see that so you'd feel bad about
rejecting me again, when I'm so
vulnerable.

Jack laughs and fixes Blair with an intense gaze.

JACK

Alright, then. Lay it on me.

Blair sits Jack down in the desk chair and then slides some papers out of the way so she can sit on the desk, facing him.

BLAIR

I didn't break up with Weston for you. I broke up with him for me.

(beat)

Did you know that was a real thing people do? I thought all the "I'm choosing myself" bullshit was made up by sappy sitcoms, but here I am--

JACK

Is this tangent relevant or--

BLAIR

Sorry! Sorry. What I'm trying to say is... Weston had many stellar qualities, but he didn't make me happy.

Blair looks Jack straight in the eye.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

You make me happy.

Jack starts to lean in towards Blair but she pushes him back down into his seat.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Uh uh, buddy. You wanted this, you get to sit through the whole thing. When I'm around you, I like myself more, even when you're criticizing me. You make me feel like my issues are worth working on, not worth hiding.

Blair takes a deep breath and continues.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

You're smart and independent and you think I'm funny for some reason. I like that you're only a little bit taller than me because it gives me an excuse not to wear heels if we go out.

Jack stands up and Blair doesn't stop him this time. He puts his hands on her hips and looks down at her.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

And I think it's really fucking cool that you have your own business. Even if it might be a while before I can say "antique toy restoration" with a straight face.

Blair smirks at Jack and then closes her eyes. Jack puts a hand on her cheek.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

And most of all, I'm really, really sorry. For... I don't even know, for jerking you around and not realizing how great you are and generally being a terrible person--

JACK

Blair.

Blair opens her eyes and looks at Jack nervously.

JACK (CONT'D)

You done?

BLAIR

...Yeah.

Jack leans in closer to Blair and they look into each other's eyes for a long moment.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Did I say the right thing for once?

JACK

Close enough.

Jack closes the distance between them and passionately fulfills her request. Blair wraps her arms around his neck and he tangles his fingers in her hair.

INT. COHEN HOME - BLAIR'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

The sun peeking in from the curtains slowly rouses Blair from her sleep. She opens her eyes and smiles down at the arm draped across her waist. She flips over.

BLAIR

Good morni--

She faces Jack and finds him still fast asleep. She pouts. She props herself up on her elbow and watches him sleep fondly for a brief moment, but then her eyes drift to the clock on her nightstand and she sighs with boredom.

Blair looks around shiftily. She gently nudges Jack in the shoulder, then scrambles to lie down and close her eyes again, as if she's still sleeping. She opens one eye: Jack is still fast asleep.

Blair frowns and pokes him in the chest a couple of times. He doesn't stir. Then Blair gets a devilish grin on her faces. She reaches one of her hands down under the covers between them.

Jack eyes bug open immediately and lock on Blair. She smiles innocently.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Oh, are you up?

JACK

(gruffly)

Well, you certainly made sure of that, didn't you?

Blair laughs as Jack rolls on top of her and kisses her on the mouth. They smile at each other and Jack brushes Blair's hair out of her face.

BLAIR

Do you have work to do today? Any tiny cars desperate for your able hands to spruce them up?

JACK

I do, but I think the tiny cars can wait...

Blair smiles but shakes her head.

BLAIR

No, you go work.

Jack flops back onto the bed next to her, disappointed.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that! I just think... well despite the fact that I've spent the last seven days waiting to get away from them, I really want to spend today with my family.

JACK
Of course.

The two of them get out of bed and start pulling on their close, catching each other's eyes every so often and smiling despite themselves. Once they are both dressed, Blair opens her bedroom door and looks up at Jack.

BLAIR
I'll probably be sick of my family again by dinnertime though, so if you wanted to go somewhere...

JACK
(jokingly)
My apartment?!

BLAIR
No, I meant--

JACK
Your apartment?

Blair rolls her eyes.

BLAIR
Dammit, Jack, I meant like we could go *out* somewhere!

JACK
You wanna go somewhere *public*? You naughty girl--

Blair punches Jack in the shoulder.

BLAIR
You dick, you know what I mean.

Jack grabs Blair's hand and tenderly kisses her palm, finally getting serious.

JACK
Blair Cohen, would like to get dinner with me?

BLAIR
It's a date.

INT. COHEN HOME - KITCHEN

Blair enters the kitchen and finds Catherine sitting at the breakfast table with a bowl of cereal and a newspaper.

Catherine looks up and nods in greeting when Blair enters, munching on her cereal.

Blair grabs a bowl for herself and opens the refrigerator.

BLAIR

Milk?

CATHERINE

Top shelf.

Blair finds the milk, sits down at the table with her mother, and starts pouring herself a bowl of cereal. She takes a bite right as Sophie comes in and starts rummaging in the fridge herself.

SOPHIE

Mom, I'm sleeping over at Clem's tonight, is that cool?

Catherine nearly chokes on her bite of cereal.

CATHERINE

No, it certainly isn't!

Sophie emerges from the fridge holding an apple.

SOPHIE

Mooooom, please? Dad would've--

CATHERINE

Said the same thing. Blair, did we ever let you sleep over at a boyfriend's house in high school?

BLAIR

I wouldn't say you *let* me...

CATHERINE

Not helping!

Blair grins, shrugs, and takes a bite of cereal. Sophie flops into one of the chairs and takes a mopey chomp out of her apple.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

No sleepovers with Clem. Isn't that what gay rights is all about? Being treated equally?

Sophie groans.

SOPHIE

Great. Thanks a lot, Ellen
Degeneres.

Elijah and Minnie bustle in, Elijah bouncing a screaming Abby on his hip.

ELIJAH

Shh, baby, shh. Mommy's getting you
some milk right now.

Minnie frantically pulls the refrigerator door open and scans the shelves.

MINNIE

Milk, where's the milk?

Blair picks the milk up off the breakfast table and waves it in the air.

BLAIR

Over here!

Minnie snatches the gallon out of Blair's hand and pour some into a sippy cup from the dishwasher. She starts picking up lids from the dishwasher racks, trying them on the cup. Abby is still crying.

MINNIE

Why do none of these lids fit?!

Sophie gets up to help Minnie while Blair and Catherine just shake their heads and continue eating their cereal. Catherine turns the page of her newspaper.

CATHERINE

Ah, you might want this.

Catherine pulls a sheet out from the paper and hands it across the table to Blair. It's the crossword puzzle.

BLAIR

Thanks, Mom.

Blair looks down at the puzzle again and realizes that some of the answers are already filled in.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Hey, you started without me!

Catherine shrugs.

CATHERINE

Guess you're gonna have to start
waking up earlier.

BLAIR

No fair!

Blair puts the puzzle back down on the table between them,
and they both lean over to look at it, pointing out various
clues, and together they start to figure it out.