

# ROSIE

CUT TO MAIN TITLES

~~OVER BLACK:~~

~~SOPHIA'S VOICE~~

~~Adulthood is where dreams go to die.~~

~~CHYRON: FALL 2006~~

~~FADE IN:~~

# START

EXT. THE PANHANDLE - MORNING

TIGHT ON: Sophia, staring straight ahead.

SOPHIA

Grow up, get a job, become a drone.  
That's it. Then it's over.

(building in anger)

Society just wants to put everyone  
in a box. Well guess what, society?  
There is no box. Not from where I'm  
sitting. 'Cause like, I mean if I  
felt that the rest of my life would  
be spent as a mindless cog in a  
machine, I swear I'd just get a...

(searching for it)

Giant tattoo across my face that  
said... "Fuck this."

She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, and...

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I just need a way to grow old  
without turning into some boring  
adult.

A lady, ROSIE, leans in, right next to Sophia's face.

ROSIE

Want to know what I think?

Startled, Sophia opens her eyes and turns to her. WIDEN TO  
REVEAL: The two ladies, sitting on a park bench. Sophia wears  
a vintage jumpsuit with a denim jacket.

SOPHIA

(meekly)

Oh, no. I'm all good. I was talking  
to myself.

ROSIE

Then consider this some free advice. Everything you're saying is stupid.

SOPHIA

Nuh-uh. Conformity is prison. And the tattoo is more of a metaphor --

ROSIE

No, the stupid part is you whining about how awful growing up is.

SOPHIA

I'm not whining. These are very carefully cultivated thoughts --

Rosie SLAPS Sophia across the face! Sophia gasps.

ROSIE

That's your wake-up call.

SOPHIA

You old school slapped me!

ROSIE

Your generation is so fucked up --

SOPHIA

Right in the face!

ROSIE

You don't like it, go tell the blogosphere.

SOPHIA

Alright, I get it. You think I'm some spoiled brat who's never had it hard because I didn't walk a mile to school --

ROSIE

Neither did I! I drove. How old do you think I am?

SOPHIA

I tried it their way. I did college for a year. Total bust. P.S. Everything you ever want to learn you can just look up online. I mean, I know how to open champagne with a sword! Now I'm broke.

(MORE)

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I'm about to get evicted from my hell-hole apartment with ancient plumbing that leaked and ruined this kickass Persian rug I found--

Rosie slaps her again.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Goddammit!

As Rosie gathers herself to go,

ROSIE

My life's too short for this shit.

SOPHIA

You know I'm right. I bet you were cool and fun once and then you needed money so you got pushed into the cage of adulthood. All because you couldn't afford toilet paper. Well toilet paper should be free!

Rosie takes Sophia in.

ROSIE

How old are you anyway?

SOPHIA

Twenty-three.

ROSIE

Huh.

SOPHIA

Huh what?

ROSIE

Hard to believe that you're the future. Thank god I'll be dead.

A beat. Then, Sophia smiles.

SOPHIA

I like you, old lady.

END

~~EXT. SIDEWALK - THE BLIND CAT - LATER~~

~~Sophia walks down the sidewalk, texting and looking great in high-waisted red flare pants and a halter top. She approaches ROCCO, a thin, reedy bouncer standing outside The Blind Cat. Indie music is heard through the door. A blackboard reads, "TONIGHT: ANIMATED DISCUSSION."~~

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Sent from my iPhone  
Can I go at 3:00 or 4:00?  
I will never make it  
OHON  
I have a big seminar I teach starting at 5:30  
I have a time crunch  
Just got this