

ALLISON

12.

LARIN

I don't bullshit you, my dear.

They grab their food-

LARIN (CONT'D)

My next patient's not till 4 and I need a Brazilian. Want to come uptown?

JEAN

Cause that's so fun? I have a 2 o'clock. I should head back. Especially after this morning.

LARIN

Where's that rebellious spirit?

Larin smiles, turning the corner, leaving Jean standing alone. A TAXI cutting really close to her on the sidewalk.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - LATER

A TEENAGER, 19, sits in the roomy chair, her leg shaking. Eyes close together, straggly hair. This is ALLISON.

ALLISON

Your office is so corporate.

JEAN

Thank you?

ALLISON

I would think you'd want to make it feel warm or something.

JEAN

On the phone you said it was urgent-

ALLISON

Well, my friend Drew said her mom came to you. And you were like a miracle worker.

Jean nods, keeping her tone serious.

JEAN

I'm not a miracle worker. Therapy is a serious commitment, which begins with communication. So let's start with, why are you here?

Casting

Avg Kaufman

Start →

GYASSY

Pg 1/4

ALLISON

It's kind of a brutal story. Are you sure you can take it?

Jean sits up, concealing any discomfort.

JEAN

I'm listening.

ALLISON

I don't want to offend you. You seem quite... conservative.

JEAN

This is a safe space, Allison.

ALLISON

Well, listen, I'm not like a druggie or anything. I'm a smart kid. Okay?

JEAN

Allison... I'm not judging-

ALLISON

So I got into Fordham, okay? And I'm studying like history, and I met this guy, Alistair from Berlin. Anyway, long story but I got into pills. Just for work or whatever, but then it kinda got out of hand.

Her leg still shakes. Jean notices, on edge.

JEAN

What kind of pills?

ALLISON

First, adderall. Just shit to help me concentrate. And it worked like magic. But then other stuff. Anyway, problem was that shit is expensive. Real pricey. And my mom works really hard to make tuition. She's a receptionist at this healthcare company. I don't qualify for financial aid because my dad has issues with the IRS, another dysfunctional story from a fucked up girl, but anyway point is, I took the check and used it for drugs.

Jean tries to hide her judgement, keeping a straight face.

JEAN
And what happened?

ALLISON
What do you think?

Jean slides forward, waiting-

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I had to drop out, and now I don't
know what to do.

JEAN
Have you told your mom?

ALLISON
That's the thing. No.

JEAN
But you want to-

ALLISON
That's why I'm here.

Jean considers.

JEAN
We can work on it. It takes time.

ALLISON
No. It can't. Cause if this all
isn't a fucking nightmare already,
she just got the results of a CT
scan and turns out she has lung
cancer.

(breaking down)
So now I'm just the biggest
disappointment in the world and
that's how she'll remember me.

Allison looks down, turning her eyes to conceal her tears.

JEAN
I'm really sorry to hear that.

ALLISON
Why? You just met me.

JEAN
No one should suffer. If you'd let
me, I'd like to help.

ALLISON

Well I'm not exactly rolling in it
so can't shell out therapy dollars.

JEAN

I have a sliding scale. We'll work
something out.

Allison stares out the window at the small patch of sunlight.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Can I ask, what made you keep
going... with the drugs?

ALLISON

The fucking high, man. That
feeling. Without it, shit's gray.
Doesn't matter. You know what I
mean? It's like you've never felt a
single thing walking around this
fucking place til it goes through
your body. I'd probably do it all
again, knowing everything too. It
was beyond my control. Have you
ever felt that?

END-

ON Jean, fascinated, the wheels turning.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - GRAND CENTRAL- LATER

The sun sets behind the skyscrapers. Jean's cell phone
pressed tightly to her ear.

JEAN

Can you see if he'll be home in
time for dinner? No, don't bother
him. Tell him I'll pick something
up and grab Dolly. Thanks, Candace.

At the crosswalk, the light turns yellow. Jean runs across.

Jean looks into the supermarket. MOTHERS obsessing over
avocados. A CRYING TODDLER. She stands for a moment, NEW
YORKERS rushing by her, reeking of routine. Her face changes,
resolve building. On second thought she turns around-

EXT. RABBIT HOLE CAFE - WEST VILLAGE, NEW YORK CITY - LATER

Jean peers in through the window, spying a different FEMALE
BARISTA at the coffee machine. Her eyes scan the space,
expectantly. Full of anticipation, she steps inside-