

High On Etsy Ep 1

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. CATCH-UP NONPROFIT OFFICE - SUMMER - MID-MORNING

Establishing Shot: A mother with a beach bag and two little girls in swimsuits and towels walk by. It's mid-August and high heat.

INT. CATCH-UP NONPROFIT OFFICE - SAME TIME

LOU, 22, in a fashionable cardigan, turquoise earrings, and an owl ring pokes her head into a cubicle where DARLA, a sniffing but attractive late 20s woman sits.

LOU

Hey, Darla. I made you some soup.
It's vegan.
(Offering a tupperware)

DARLA

(Through a stuffy nose and
red-rimmed eyes)
Oh my god, Lou, I would kiss you if
I didn't have the plague. Thank you
so much.

Lou blushes.

LOU

I hope you feel better.

She darts out of Darla's cubicle awkwardly and endearingly. Darla watches her go fondly.

INT. CATCH-UP NONPROFIT OFFICE - LOU'S CUBICLE - SAME TIME

Lou plops into her chair, giddy with the success of her gift. Open on her computer screen are several windows: Twitter, Facebook, Pinterest, and Vine. Not personal accounts, but the company's. She pins something from Etsy and smiles to herself. She loves her job.

BOSS

(Pity-filled. He's about to
fire her.)
Hey, Lou. Do you have a minute?

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - ONE MONTH LATER - 11:23 AM

Establishing Shot: A quaint Pacific Northwest house with a plywood windmill in the yard. The sun is bright and chilly overhead. Leaves litter the ground. A bald eagle SHRIEKS and lands atop a telephone pole. A neighbor MOWS his lawn.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - LOU'S ROOM - SAME TIME

LOU sits in bed, in the dark, with her laptop. An old plate and two old glasses sit on the table. She's clearly been in bed for days. MOWING sounds continue outside.

CLOSE ON Lou's hand with the owl ring and laptop trackpad.

Laptop shows the time as 11:23 AM. She CLICKS between tabs, Pinning a fancy fall dress and adding a CHUNKY NECKLACE, OMBRÉ WOVEN SCARF and SHELL CUFFLINKS to Favorites on Etsy.

A PING announces a new email. It's a job posting from her mother.

ON SCREEN: "Hi lovey, Saw this on the job board at work today and thought you'd be interested. Hope you're having a good day. Love you! xoxo

FWD: Sound Operator, City Council of Freeland..."

She HUFFS and CLICKS back to Facebook. We see photos of Lou's friends (including co-worker and Winny) smiling at NYC parties and a sidebar ad for a local cannabis dispensary.

CLICK back to Pinterest. Pins a gourmet sandwich with a longing look.

Lou closes the laptop. And rips the covers back.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

POV REFRIGERATOR

LOU opens the door and peers into the fridge. The light does nothing for her complexion or her old sweatshirt. She CLINKS jars around but takes nothing.

She closes the door with a THUD.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - LOU'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Covers flip back over LOU as she resettles in bed with a power bar and a laptop full of gourmet sandwiches.

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE

TRACK the sun slowly sinking in the sky.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - LOU'S ROOM - 5:17 PM

Still in bed, Lou is now glued to a YouTube video of people making street food in Asia (dumplings, rice flour wrappers).

The front door of the house CLICKS open and shut. Lou is still focused on her video.

MARY, Lou's mother and a funky woman in her 50s, enters.

MARY

Did you have a good day, hon?

LOU

Mmhm.

MARY

How about dinner at the Bistro in a little bit?

LOU

(Sighs and stretches)

EXT. BISTRO - DECK - EVENING

MARY and LOU arrive at a table near the LIVE JAZZ MUSIC with REUBEN, 23, playing bass. Lou winces at the sound and cheerful environment like a vampire in the sunlight.

Reuben's dad, GUY, sits at the next table. He scooches his chair in to make room for Mary to pass and shoots her a smile. She smiles back and sits.

MARY

Isn't this nice? Smell that autumn air. Oh, honey, you've got a little...something...

(Gestures to Lou's top)

POV MARY

Lou looks down and plucks at her shirt.

CLOSE ON large orange juice stain.

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO

Lou scratching at it.

The music stops and people CLAP. Lou gives up on the stain and CLAPS too.

MUSICIAN

Thank you. A ten minute break and we'll be back. Thanks.

Reuben sets down his instrument and walks purposefully toward the bar inside.

Mary looks pityingly and pointedly at Lou and the stain.

Lou rolls her eyes and rises to go to the bathroom.

INT. BISTRO - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

LOU exits the restroom shaking her wet hands. REUBEN'S RAISED VOICE is audible from the fire escape. Lou peers around the corner and sees black boots, fishnet stockings, a phenomenal ass, apron strings and a hand with a cigarette. It's GIA, a hostess, on break and talking with Reuben.

O.S. REUBEN

I thought the customer was always right?

O.S. GIA

I'm sorry.
(She's not)

O.S. REUBEN

Fuck you, Gia.

Reuben storms into the hallway, glaring at Lou.

LOU

Hey.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

CLOSE ON Gia's hand as she stubs out her lipstick-stained cigarette.

Gia appears at the open door and smirks at Lou.

LOU

Hey, uh, sorry.

(CONTINUED)

GIA
I remember you.

LOU
What?

GIA
Shop class. Your box was the best.

LOU
(Laughs)

Gia extends her hand and they shake.

GIA
Gia.

LOU
Lou.

GIA
Big night out on the town?
(Jerks her chin at the wet
spot on Lou's shirt)

LOU
Oh, God, I - just trying to get a
stain out. Since I lost my perfect
Millennial job as a social media
manager, my mother's convinced that
I spend all day smoking pot and
perusing Etsy.

GIA
Do you?

LOU
Maybe.

GIA
(Beckoning)
Come on.

INT. BISTRO - BEHIND THE BAR - SAME TIME

GIA and LOU stand behind the bar and observe customers. Gia points to the windows by the deck, where Reuben, Guy and Mary are visible.

GIA
Reuben wanted to buy from me, but
that...is a police officer. And his
father. Idiot.

(CONTINUED)

Gia points to another table.

ANGLE ON OLDER LESBIAN COUPLE

one wearing the ombré scarf from Lou's Etsy.

O.S. GIA
That's Maura and June, two of my
best customers.

ANGLE ON OLDER GENTLEMAN

wearing the shell cufflinks from Etsy.

O.S. GIA
David.

ANGLE ON VERY OLD WOMAN

wearing the chunky necklace from Etsy.

O.S. GIA
And Bertha.

BACK TO

Lou and Gia behind the bar. It's like Lou has been hit by lightning.

LOU
Shit.

Gia LAUGHS and turns around to fix a drink.

GIA
The older folks are much better
customers.

CLOSE ON Gia's hand as it settles on Lou's forearm.

Gia slides a glass of wine toward her.

GIA
On the house.

LOU
(Blushing)
Thank you.

EXT. BISTRO - DECK - EVENING

LOU pulls deeply from her wine as she approaches her table. The JAZZ MUSIC gets LOUDER as she gets closer. Guy and Mary are deep in CONVERSATION. Lou sits, distracted.

CAMERA DOES A 360 around the room, centered on Lou and her wine glass, picking up details of happy, LAUGHING, stylish older folks.

Fade in jumbled audio of Mary's VOICE as other sounds die out.

Gia catches Lou's eye and smiles at her from a few tables down. She pulls a package out of her apron pocket and lays it on the table of one of her customers.

GUY

So what is she up to nowadays?

MARY

Oh, she's very crafty. Isn't that right, Lou? Lou?

LOU

Yeah?

MARY

You remember Reuben's father, Guy. He was just asking what you're up to now that you're back in town.

CLOSE ON Guy's mustache

CLOSE ON vibrating bass guitar strings

CLOSE ON fishnet stockings

CLOSE ON Lou's wine glass

Cue MUSIC: Chopin nocturne opus 2 #9.

LOU

What's wrong with crafty?

FADE OUT.