

High On Etsy Ep 3

By

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EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - MORNING

Similar to episode 1, the sun is bright overhead. Someone MOWS their lawn.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Lou sits at the table and Mary gives her a plate of hot French toast.

LOU

Thanks.

MARY

You're welcome.

Mary sits down across from Lou with a plate for herself. They eat in silence.

LOU

Could you give me a ride to town? I thought I would see if the city council still needs someone to do their sound.

MARY

Of course.  
(Truce.)

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - AFTER BREAKFAST

Lou and Mary get into their car.

INT. CAR

Mary starts the car.

POV LOU

MARY

I've invited Guy over for dinner tonight. And it's probably best if you don't mention anything about the smoking. Marijuana, that is.

LOU

You don't think a cop would enjoy hearing about your evening Bacchanalia?

MARY

Lou...

(CONTINUED)

LOU

It's legal now, you don't have to hide it. Fine, okay, I'll leave you two alone tonight. Good?

EXT. TOWN HALL

Mary hands Lou a ziploc with a sandwich. It's already leaking what looks like soy sauce. Lou gets out of the car.

LOU

Thanks mom. See ya later.

Lou walks past Reuben, who glowers suspiciously at her, trimming hedges and wearing a Parks and Rec shirt, into the building.

INT. TOWN HALL - RECEPTION DESK

BECKY, the receptionist, a woman with long gray hair and a flowery shirt, sits at the desk. Lou digs in her bag for her résumé and hits the squishy sandwich bag. She pulls them both out and tosses the sandwich in the trash.

LOU

Hi, my mom is a caseworker here and she told me you need someone to do sound for the city council meetings?

BECKY

Oh, you must be Mary's daughter. Is that your résumé? I don't see any references here.

LOU

Oh, did you need...references for this?

BECKY

We may be a small town, kiddo, but we have our standards.

LOU

Um, can I use your computer? I can look up their contact info.

Lou sits in the receptionist's chair and logs into her email.

CLOSEUP ON INBOX

(CONTINUED)

There's an email from Gia. How did she find Lou's email address? No one is looking over her shoulder, and she's curious. She opens it.

"You really shouldn't list your email address AND your real address online, you know.

I saw you in the business section in the library yesterday, and I thought I'd give you a heads up. If you're thinking of starting your own grass business in town, there are some well-established dealers that probably wouldn't like it.

Hell, they're probably afraid you'll take all their business with your fancy new degree and that twinkle in your eye ;)

Gia"

BECKY

Did you want to print anything?

LOU

I'll just write them on the back of my résumé if that's okay.

BECKY

Suit yourself.

Lou types out a quick response to Gia.

"Fancy a pint at Kelly's? I'll be there at 7 and would love to pick your brain.

BECKY

I don't have all day, kiddo.

Lou quickly shuts the Gmail tab.

LOU

You got it.

INT. KELLY'S PUB - BATHROOM

Lou looks at herself in the mirror, pulling at her clothes and hair. She's wearing the turquoise earrings again. Without going home to change before meeting Gia, she feels self-conscious. Muted urban JAZZ plays.

INT. KELLY'S PUB - HALLWAY INTO THE BAR

Lou strides down the hallway back toward the bar. There sits Gia, looking phenomenal under the low light.

                  LOU  
Hi.

                  GIA  
Hi.

                  LOU  
I see you've already got something  
to drink.

                  GIA  
For you, too.

Gia slides a glass of wine toward Lou as she settles on the bar stool.

                  LOU  
My mom's on a date with that police  
officer right now.

                  GIA  
A date, eh?

CLOSEUP ON LOU BLUSHING

                  GIA  
I hope you didn't mind my  
pseudo-threatening email. I know  
the out-of-the-blue thing is weird.

                  LOU  
No no, don't worry about it. We've  
all stalked on Google.

                  GIA  
I just wanted to let you know  
what's already going on here, so  
you don't get yourself in trouble.

                  LOU  
We're a small town but we have our  
standards, right?

                  GIA  
(appraising Lou's physique)  
Something like that.

Lou reaches into her bag for her notebook.

(CONTINUED)

LOU  
So is it like Fight Club, or can I  
ask you a few questions? Off the  
record.  
(Flirting)

GIA  
What do you want to know?

CLOSEUP ON WINE STAINED NOTEBOOK

with scribbles, diagrams, and caricatures. Hours later. Both  
women are LAUGHING and the JAZZ MUSIC is frenetic.

Gia's hand rests on Lou's thigh.

GIA  
Witty line, something about Lou's  
earrings.

LOU  
Response

GIA  
Do you need a ride home?

LOU  
Shit, yes. Do you mind?

GIA  
Not at all.

Gia and Lou leave the bar together.

INT. GIA'S CAR - LATE NIGHT

Soft indie rock MUSIC fills the car. Gia pulls up at Lou's  
house behind Guy's truck. The shadows of Mary and Guy move  
behind the curtained window.

LOU  
Well, thank you. I had no idea  
there was so much I *didn't* want to  
know about my old elementary school  
teachers/neighbors Mrs. Hopkins.

GIA  
Anytime.  
(Trying to stay in the  
romantic mood)

(CONTINUED)

LOU

(Being awkward because of the  
romantic mood)

You're like a proper Harriet the  
Spy. Meets Benedict Arnold.

GIA

Well, if you need anything else,  
you know where to find me.

They have a moment. TAP TAP. Guy taps on Lou's window and  
gestures between their cars.

GUY

Can you ladies move your car?

Lou gets out and shuts the door. Gia backs up and waves, and  
Lou waves back and goes to the door.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lou enters the house. The water is RUNNING, 1940s JAZZ  
plays, and Mary is doing the dishes. A bouquet of fresh  
dahlias sits on the counter.

MARY

Oh, you startled me!

LOU

Looks like you had a good time.

MARY

(Hesitant)

Yes! I mean, he's a little  
strait-laced but he's very sweet.  
He even brought flowers. What did  
you get up to today?

Lou sits at the table and butters herself a piece of bread  
from the loaf on the table. The salt and pepper shakers are  
clearly from Etsy. Lou eyes them.

LOU

These are cute. Not much. Gave my  
résumé to Becky at town hall.

MARY

Is that a wine stain on your shirt?  
(It is)

LOU

Nah, probably just some of that  
Bragg's amino acid stuff from the  
sandwich you gave me.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

I just love you, Lou. Stains or no stains.

LOU

I know mom, I love you too.

Lou gets up to go to bed.

MARY

Good night.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lou brushes her teeth in front of the mirror. She's flushed. She spits. Takes out her earrings, the ones that Gia complimented. Grins at her reflection. Things are looking up.

END