

FIGURE IT OUT

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - TINDER APT. - DAY

DELLA, 21, wakes up in a bed next to her Tinder date from the night before. He is fast asleep.

She checks the time on her phone and we see there is a missed call from CLEM from 12:15 A.M. the night before.

She's wearing a big men's t-shirt that she found on his floor and her underwear that says Saturday on the butt.

INT. BATHROOM - TINDER APT. - DAY

Della sits on the toilet and pees. She tries calling Clem back.

CLEM (V.O.)
 (voicemail message)
 "Hi this is Clementine! Leave me a message!"

DELLA
 Hey Clemmy...sorry I missed your call last night, I went on a tinder date and—
 (whispers)
 —I slept over...call me. love you, bye.

Della looks around to find toilet paper. There isn't any, so she uses the cardboard part of the roll and throws it away.

INT. BEDROOM - TINDER APT. - DAY

Della is trying to collect her things without waking the boy she slept with. She successfully puts on her jeans and shoes from the night before.

Just as she's feeling cocky about her stealth, her phone rings, ringer on full blast.

She quickly stops it, but it rings again. The boy tussles, still asleep. She grabs her purse and jean jacket and heads out, still wearing his t shirt.

EXT. FRONT STEPS - TINDER APT. - DAY

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Della is walking down the front steps of the apartment building. Mom calls again. Della answers.

DELLA
Hey mom sorry I was in the middle
of something, what's up?

Beat. Della stops walking and her face turns white.

DELLA
Is she okay? Where is she?

Della sits down on one of the stairs.

DELLA
Fuck.

Della takes a deep breath.

DELLA
See you soon... Okay, okay—I love
you, bye.

Della hangs up the phone. She is stuck, trying to process the news she just heard.

EXT. CURB - CLEM'S APT. - DAY

Della is sitting on a curb outside of CLEM's apartment. She's wearing the same clothes from before.

MOM, 50s, gets out of her Uber with a suitcase and a full tote bag hanging on her shoulder. She is in a sweater/pant set and reading glasses. Perfectly stylish crisis clothing.

MOM
(to Driver)
Thanks, have a good day!

Mom goes up to the driver window and motions. The driver rolls their window down.

MOM
Hey, you've got this okay...You're
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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MOM (CONT'D)

strong.

Mom puts her hand on top of the Uber drivers hand.

UBER DRIVER

Okay. Thank you.

DELLA

Jesus, Mom, c'mon.

Mom looks over at Della and begins walking towards her.

MOM

You deserve five stars Sandra!

Mom hugs Della.

DELLA

Hi—

MOM

God she had a beautiful life story.
She is a single mom, and—

DELLA

Mom.

MOM

You're right, let's stay focused.
God you look beautiful... did you
brush your hair?

Della unlocks the door and they walk into the building.

INT. STAIRCASE - CLEM'S APT. - DAY

Della and Mom are walking up the stairs.

DELLA

Okay, so I say when we get in
there, I can pack up her stuff
because I know where she keeps it
and what she likes to wear, and you
can stay in the kitchen and empty
out her—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Della unlocks the door, Mom steps in front.

MOM

Honey, I made a checklist on my way here. Six pairs of panties, three pairs of pants, two sports bras—

Mom enters Clem's room, Della follows. There are piles of clothes strewn about her floor.

The calendar above her desk is empty, and the plants on her dresser are all dead.

Half-finished and crumpled up drawings lie on her desk. There are blank canvasses in the corner.

Della turns on some lights, opens a blind, and cracks a window.

Mom is looking around at the place and touching everything.

MOM

This isn't her. She isn't like this.

Della picks up a pile of dirty clothes and puts it in a hamper.

MOM

How long has it been like this?

DELLA

I don't know...she's been coming to my place mostly.

Mom goes over to Clem's desk and looks at all of her unfinished art projects and empty canvasses. She picks up a portrait of their childhood home, which has been scribbled over in dark pen.

She holds it for a moment before placing it back flat on the desk, face down.

MOM

When is the last time you saw her?

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CONTINUED:

DELLA

Well I saw her on Thursday but she called me last night... I was on a date so I missed her call.

MOM

I was wondering where you got that interesting shirt.

Della looks down and grabs the bottom corners of the shirt.

DELLA

It's fun, look it's a—

MOM

You missed her call for a Tinder date?

INT. HALLWAY - CLEM'S APT. - DAY

Della leaves the bedroom and walks down a hallway to the kitchen. There are lights on in the bathroom, and an empty pill bottle is laying on the floor. Della doesn't notice.

DELLA

I feel guilty enough.

INT. BEDROOM - CLEM'S APT. - DAY

MOM

I flew here as soon as I knew, I would've gone if I could've.

Mom walks into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CLEM'S APT. - DAY

DELLA

I'm not her mom. You are. I am twenty years old.

INT. BATHROOM - CLEM'S APT. - DAY

Mom sees the bathroom light on and opens the door. Seeing the pill bottle on the ground, she picks it up and quickly throws it away, trying to be inconspicuous.

INT. HALLWAY - CLEM'S APT. - DAY

DELLA

I have been there for her every
time before.

Della turns to go towards the bathroom.

MOM

Hey, go do the kitchen, I'll do the
bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN - CLEM'S APT. - DAY

Della starts cleaning dishes, gradually washing faster and
faster.

INT. BATHROOM - CLEM'S APT. - DAY

Mom starts wiping things down in the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN - CLEM'S APT. - DAY

While watching out to see if her mom is going to say
something, Della scrubs the pan vigorously.

When she's done, she slams it onto the table. She stomps
loudly by the bathroom and goes back into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CLEM'S APT. - DAY

Della is looking through Clem's closet for a duffle bag.

Mom enters and begins making the bed. As her Mom looks at
herself in the mirror, Della rolls her eyes.

DELLA

Why did you put on makeup for this?

MOM

I want to be taken seriously, I
don't want to be the Hot Mess Mom,
with the daughter whose...

DELLA

Listen to yourself, Mom. All you

(CONTINUED)

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care about is what other people think of you.

MOM

That is not true in the slightest, Della.

Mom's phone rings.

MOM (CONT'D)

It's Anna.

DELLA

Don't answer it, we're in the middle of a fi—

MOM

She'll keep calling if I don't.

DELLA

Does she know about Clem?

Mom shushes Della and answers.

MOM

Hey Anna.

We can hear loud crying from the other line on the phone.

ANNA (V.O.)

I am just heartbroken for you.

Anna blows her nose over the phone.

MOM

Thank you, Anna. She is going to be okay.

ANNA

She is just such a sweet girl, I can't imagine her doing such a horrible thing.

Della fakes a smile and sarcastically touches her heart, looking at Mom.

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MOM

I know, it's hard to think about.

ANNA

How many did she take?

Della mouths "What the fuck?"

MOM

Uh, hey, Anna, Della's with me...

Della shakes her head angrily, mouthing "No I'm not."

MOM (CONT'D)

...and I just don't really wanna talk about it right now... I'm sorry.

ANNA (V.O.)

Oh my God, hi, honey.

Mom puts the phone on speaker.

ANNA (V.O., CONT'D)

You are so strong! And we are here for you both.

DELLA

Thanks, Anna.

Della rolls her eyes and fake bangs her head against the wall.

ANNA

Oh, hey, girls, I gotta go, Stacy is meeting me for lunch and she's lost, I'll call right back after.

MOM

Oh, no, you're too sweet, that's okay, bye!

Mom hangs up the phone.

DELLA

She is unbelievable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM

She means well...

Mom raises her eyebrows and tilts her head.

MOM (CONT'D)

Most of the time.

Della goes back to packing in the closet. As she is digging through clothes, a tiny origami boat falls out of one of Clem's jacket pockets.

Della picks it up and smiles. She brings it over to her mom.

DELLA

Look.

MOM

When she was eight she used to put one of those on my bed every day so I would have it to play with before I went to bed.

Della puts her arm around her mom.

DELLA

She refused to teach me how to make them when I was little, and I was so jealous of her... She'd just say, *Oh, you'll figure it out*, and then give me one.

Della sets down the boat on Clem's dresser. And goes back to the closet to finish packing.

DELLA (CONT'D)

Is this bag good?

MOM

What?

Mom turns her head to the closet.

DELLA

This duffle bag—zippers are fine, right?

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CONTINUED:

MOM

Their rules on what she's allowed to have are ridiculous. No drawstrings or elastic waistbands? What the hell is that about? What is she gonna do? Let the girl have her damn Gap sweatpants.

(beat)

Hey, I know you've been there for her... a lot. I am sorry about what I said.

DELLA

It's okay. This isn't any of our best day.

Della turns around to face her mom.

MOM

I am just scared. And it feels like the only sense of control I can get is by making my checklists and doing my makeup and trying to keep going and do anything to take my mind off of the fact that my baby is in pain and that I didn't even realize it.

Mom sits back down on the bed and Della sits next to her.

DELLA

Woah.

MOM

What?

DELLA

I've never heard you admit fear before.

MOM

I know, I'm sorry.

Mom puts her head into her hands.

DELLA

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

What? No, don't be sorry. I'd much prefer an *I'm scared* to a *Della, you're a piece of shit and you should've been there.*

MOM

I didn't say that.

DELLA

That's what it felt like, kinda.

Mom hugs Della, holding on for a long time.

MOM

I love you. And we're gonna figure it out. I am really sorry, Del.

DELLA

I love you too, Mama... Let's go so we aren't late to visiting hours.

Mom opens the door to go and Della quickly runs back to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CLEM'S APT. - DAY

Della grabs the little boat and puts it in Clem's bag. She shuts the door.

END