

Scene 7

[Peyton wakes up. She gets ready, wanting to pay careful attention to her looks, but lacking the energy, moving slow. She's quiet, trying not to wake Travis, but she makes a careless noise and he stirs. She stops. She realizes what's wrong. She goes to the bathroom and throws up. When she's done, she cleans herself up, thinking very hard about what just happened.]

She's avoiding looking at the painting. Finally, she makes eye contact with it. It's a challenge, a staring contest. Peyton wins.

With renewed confidence, she marches out to the dining room, just as Stephanie enters in a very stylish outdoor outfit—big glasses, big hat, maternity sundress, stuff like that. She wanders around the room as she talks, readying herself, fixing her hair under the hat, finding keys, messing with her purse, etc.

The Oscar has moved. It's in the center of the room.]

STEPHANIE:

We've got quite a few stops to make, so first stop simply has to be Sweet Laurel for some lattes. Their menu is so clean, so fresh, all these ingredients that are so good for you, it's like taking a multivitamin. One trip and you're hooked. If I don't get their keto golden latte at least once a week, I simply cannot continue. *[Peyton doesn't respond, just stares at her. Stephanie notices Peyton's look but tries not to.]* Then over to the farmer's market near Melrose and a quick stop at Whole Foods to pick up a couple spices I need, and then maybe we'll swing by this little vintage store I want us to just take a peek in. They have all these little trinkets that seem right up Travis's alley. They have some good records from time to time, and I heard he has a turntable he just adores. I suggested Raymond take him but I don't know where they'll find the time.

PEYTON:

Where are the guys?

STEPHANIE:

Shopping for suits, I believe, then getting lunch.

PEYTON:

Suits?

STEPHANIE:

Has Travis not filled you in? That boy lives in his head, I swear.

PEYTON:

Um.

STEPHANIE:

For February. [*Peyton just stares at her.*] The Academy Awards. Announced today. He got four nominations.

PEYTON:

So they're not here?

STEPHANIE:

No... they went out just after breakfast. Is everything alright?

PEYTON:

You look amazing.

[It's less of a compliment, more of an accusation.]

STEPHANIE:

You're so sweet.

PEYTON:

It's the truth.

STEPHANIE:

I like to look nice when I go out.

PEYTON:

Don't you think people will recognize you?

STEPHANIE:

As what?

PEYTON:

Famous?

STEPHANIE:

You really are sweet.

PEYTON:

You don't think you're famous?

STEPHANIE:

They won't recognize me that way, dear. They'll recognize me as married to famous. When that's what you're recognized for, you have to look good.

[Her answer surprises herself a little.]

STEPHANIE:

Did you hear that? What a mood I'm in! I need a pick-me-up. Maybe we should stop by Anthropologie... take a peek at some dresses for the Awards? Let's take off.

PEYTON:

Yes. Let's. Take off.

STEPHANIE:

You might need a little sunscreen. Who knows where we'll have to park.

PEYTON:

Are you driving your own car?

STEPHANIE:

Did you want to drive? I'm perfectly fine with it, I remember living in New York, I was dying to get behind the wheel once in a while. So freeing.

PEYTON:

I think we should leave.

STEPHANIE:

Yes, I'd like to. What's wrong?

PEYTON:

Stephanie. I think we should leave. Like both of us. Right now. Together. Leave this house. Leave Los Angeles.

STEPHANIE:

And go where?

PEYTON:

I didn't think that through.

STEPHANIE:

This is the problem you have, Peyton, dear. You are such an incredibly bright young woman, but you make these moves like you can't see two feet in front of you when I know that can't possibly be the case. You're a sought-after young woman, a public figure, a beautiful girl with talent and perspective and you do these things... you tweet about masturbating. You leave parties alone in the middle of an unfamiliar city in a rental car. And now you're here, on the other side of the country, for a man you moved in with on a whim. We can leave here and go where? What am I going to do on my own with just a car?

PEYTON:

You can, well, you have money, right?

STEPHANIE:

It isn't mine.

PEYTON:

I have money. You can come with me to the city and you can start teaching again.

STEPHANIE:

I can't. You know why.

PEYTON:

Or you can—

STEPHANIE:

Your albums make you money, right?

PEYTON:

Yes, but not as much as Travis. The tours make some, too.

STEPHANIE:

Listen to me, right now. Do not stop making music. Do not stop selling those albums. Do not stop going on tour. If you take one piece of advice from me, let this be it.

PEYTON:

You've already helped me so much—

STEPHANIE:

If you don't listen to what I'm saying to you right now, everything I've told you about the nonprofit will be useless.

PEYTON:

I just want to help you.

STEPHANIE:

I've been helped enough.

PEYTON:

I just want you to be happy.

STEPHANIE:

I am happy. I chose to be happy.

[Peyton is deflated. The conversation is over. Stephanie starts to lead her out of the dining room. She stops in front of the bird and the egg.]

STEPHANIE:

I want you to take this when you leave.

PEYTON:

Stephanie, I can't,

STEPHANIE:

I mean it. I won't take no for an answer.

PEYTON:

No fucking way, I can't just TAKE ART FROM YOUR HOUSE.

STEPHANIE:

Peyton, you haven't taken your eyes off it since you got here. Raymond hates it. He says the sunlight reflects off of it and blinds him every time he walks in here during the day. We don't even know who made it, we got it at some craft fair, it probably cost twenty dollars. I'll bet you a latte you see ten more just like it at the market today. Let's go before it gets too hot.

[Stephanie leads them out. Peyton avoids looking at the sculpture.]

Scene 8

PEYTON [VOICEOVER]:

Hey it's Peyton. Leave a message

VERONICA:

I just remembered something. I know I sound a little breathless. Yeah I just came from therapy. But I don't think I just remembered this there. Anyway. You wanted to know more about why I left that party early. At first I was like "How the fuck should I know. Why does it matter?" then I remembered. I kept getting given these drinks by someone or other, some waiter or some bartender kept handing me drinks I didn't order, and saying someone sent them to me. And it was Travis who sent them. I forget how I found out. Maybe I didn't. Maybe I knew? I don't know, then he got me a Lyft back to our hotel. He said he was gonna get you one later. It made sense at the time.

Anyway, speaking of too much Travis in your face... just kidding. I'm seriously just kidding. Congrats are in order. You know I think Travis is—whatever, but like—four Oscar noms? That's pretty rad, dude. I guess. What are you gonna wear?

[PEYTON enters the guest room, looking like she got a little sun. Maybe she has a shopping bag and an empty drink cup with her, a couple things like that. She looks great. Very California.]

TRAVIS was waiting for her. He's walking around in a new suit, maybe looking in a mirror, maybe just walking around, trying to feel like he belongs in it. It doesn't work. He plops down into the bed.]

PEYTON:

New suit.

TRAVIS:

I hate ties.

PEYTON:

You look good.

TRAVIS:

I wanna die. Did you and Steph have fun today?

[As they talk, she packs her suitcase.]

PEYTON:
Yes.

TRAVIS:
Where did you go?

PEYTON:
Lots of places.

TRAVIS:
Getting a head start on packing?

PEYTON:
I'm leaving in a couple hours.

TRAVIS [*amused*]:
No you're not.

PEYTON:
We're working on our fourth album and we need to start ASAP. It needs to come out before the end of the year.

TRAVIS:
Why?

PEYTON:
So it can qualify for the Grammys.

TRAVIS:
Your next album is going to win a Grammy.

PEYTON:
Is that funny to you?

TRAVIS:
Nope. It's just a statement of fact.

PEYTON:
You're going to win an Oscar.

TRAVIS:
I hate suits. I hate ties.

PEYTON:
I don't know how long I'll be gone for. Making the album will probably be a couple months.

TRAVIS:
In New York, I take it.

PEYTON:

Yeah. And then we'll do a tour. I don't know exactly when or for how long. But I want it to start soon. And I want it to go long.

TRAVIS:

I want the same things.

PEYTON:

No, you don't.

TRAVIS:

I want the best for you.

PEYTON:

The best thing for me is that I have to leave you.

TRAVIS:

I'll be waiting.

PEYTON:

Travis, it's not just while the house is being remodeled. It's for a while. Maybe. A long while. I think I should leave for. Ever.

TRAVIS:

For. Ever.

PEYTON:

Yeah, forever.

TRAVIS:

Is this because I'm doing the new Star Trek movie?

PEYTON:

It'll be an entire year.

TRAVIS:

It'll be right here in L.A., almost the whole time, only one month, max, in Australia--

PEYTON:

I don't want to be here in L.A. making coffee for you and waiting around for you to finish filming in space so you can start filming the next project, also in space.

TRAVIS:

I'm not doing space shit forever, you know that.

PEYTON:

The space part isn't the point.

TRAVIS:

What's the point, exactly? I give you everything you would ever want? More money than you could ever spend?

[He gets out of bed and comes toward her. It's meant to be a power move, but he's holding his hand away from her awkwardly.]

PEYTON:

What's wrong with your hand?

TRAVIS:

You know.

PEYTON:

Not that same wound from the door?

[She reaches for his hand, which he gives up with very little fight. She looks at the wound, then has to try not to look again. It's leaking. There's something really wrong with it.]

PEYTON:

Travis, that's so infected. You need a doctor for that.

[She gets closer to him, reaching to tend to the wound.]

TRAVIS:

You always know what I need.

PEYTON:

You need a doctor.

[She steps away. Gives him that look—"That's not funny." He laughs.]

Is she infuriated? Is she scared for him? Does she want to laugh too? She can't decide, so she kisses him. They kiss for a moment. It's not passionate so much as it's desperate. They fall onto the bed, fighting for who's on top. She wins. They continue for a moment, but then she tries to get up. He holds her back down. It's a threat, and they both know it. It's just for a second before he comes to his senses and lets her go. But the damage is done. She gets up and

leaves him lying on the bed, bleeding from his hand. At some point, his blood got on her dress. She ignores it.

Peyton dials a number on her phone.]

TRAVIS:

Who are you calling?

PEYTON:

Hello? V.?

TRAVIS:

Oh fuck off.

PEYTON:

I'm leaving this house. I'm holding the phone for someone to listen. You were right.

[This last line motivates him to get up. Peyton rushes to get away from him. Veronica's voice is faint—we're not meant to hear it, and Travis certainly isn't, but she's frantic, so we can hear her say:]

VERONICA:

I swear if that fucking perv lays one hand on you I'm gonna fly to L.A. and kick his ass

TRAVIS:

You could have called anyone. And it had to be her.

PEYTON:

It has to be her.

TRAVIS:

You've only got two bags here. What are you gonna do with all your shit that's at my place?

[If this influences her to stop and think, it's very brief.]

TRAVIS:

Why are you acting like I'm some kind of villain? You came to me first, remember? Who are you gonna go to the next time some guy comes after you? I was just trying to protect you. I'm always just trying to protect you.

[She takes her bags and leaves the room. Just as she is about to make her way out of