

WOMAN'S WORK

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EXT. MARCY'S HOUSE - OFFICE -- DAY

MARCY (32), hair up in a messy bun, sits at a computer desk, wearing a bathrobe, and types at a computer.

A cigarette dangles from her lips. Ashes fall into her keyboard, as she mouths the words while she's typing.

Elevated sound from a television O.S., distract her.

MARCY

Keep it down in there, you two!

Marcy snubs out the cigarette in an ashtray, grabs her coffee and gulps it down, all the while keeps her eyes on the computer screen.

Ding.

She scrolls with the mouse.

Click.

The television sound gets even louder and then sudden silence.

DUSTIN (35) wearing a suit and tie, enters with a stack of papers, slaps them on the desk in front of Marcy.

DUSTIN

You're smoking again, Marcy! Why?

MARCY

Stress, Dustin. Stress.

Dustin waves his hands to clear the smoke, opens all the windows and turns on a fan.

Marcy glares at him, looks over the huge stack of papers, frowns.

DUSTIN

I need this data captured and sent to my office by noon. Think you can handle it?

Marcy looks up at him, shocked.

MARCY

There's no way I can get through all...

DUSTIN

You have to cover my ass again, babe. If the proposal isn't in on time, we'll lose the client. I'm swamped. Have a lunch appointment and a meeting.

Dustin checks his watch.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Oh, the living room is out of control, smells like something died in there and they're getting hungry.

MARCY

Dustin, I can't...

He kisses Marcy's cheek, waves as he leaves.

DUSTIN (O.S.)

I'll be home by seven for dinner, don't burn it this time.

Marcy scrolls through the pile of papers.

She pulls herself away from the desk with her coffee cup in hand.

INT. MARCY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Marcy rushes in, past LEO (85) who sits in a wheelchair. She pulls up her nose.

She helps Susie (83) as she slides half way out of an easy chair, sound asleep.

MARCY

Grandma?

Marcy shakes her several times. Her eyes pop open.

SUSIE

Oh, hi, Debbie!

Marcy clutches her chest.

MARCY

Marcy.

SUSIE

Huh?

MARCY

Forget it.

Susie cackles, pulls herself upright into the chair, gazes off.

SUSIE

My Grandson should have married  
that Debbie. Lovely girl.

Marcy rolls her eyes.

She pushes Leo down the hall to the bedroom, makes a face.

MARCY

What the hell have you been eating,  
grandpa?

Susie hits the remote for the television, turns it up full blast. It's in Spanish.

Susie picks up her crochet hook, yarn and works her new scarf looking thing, that's about five feet long.

MOMENTS LATER

Marcy returns with Leo, parks him in front of the T.V and holds her ears.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Where's the remote?

Susie looks up at Marcy, confused.

Marcy mimes hitting buttons aimed at the television.

MARCY (CONT'D)

You know, the remote!

Susie shakes her head. Marcy rushes over, finds the plug and pulls it.

Silence.

Leo grins.

SUSIE

Lunch time?

LEO

Damn tootin', haven't had anything  
to eat since yesterday.

Marcy rolls her eyes.

MARCY

You ate breakfast this morning,  
don't you remember?

SUSIE

My game show's coming on. Don't  
want to miss it.

Marcy searches for the remote, finds it under Susie. She  
plugs the TV back in, turns it to a random game show.

INT. MARCY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

Marcy fixes sandwiches, and glasses of milk, puts them on a  
tray. The TV sounds goes back up to full blast O.S.

Marcy leans back against a counter, grimaces.

MARCY

Oh, Lord, forgive me for what I'm  
about to do.

INT. MARCY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Marcy places the tray of food at a small table.

She turns the TV way down.

Susie sleeps with her hands still holding the crocheting, her  
mouth hanging wide open.

Marcy wheels Leo up to the table.

She shakes Susie awake, assists her up, using the walker to  
the chair at the table side.

INT. MARCY'S HOUSE - OFFICE -- DAY

Marcy types on the computer from the stack of papers on her  
desk.

The TV sound goes full blast again O.S.

Marcy clicks the mouse, hits the send button. She rushes out  
of the room.

INT. MARCY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Marcy stirs a pot at the stove, a portable phone to her ear.

MARCY  
(Into the phone)  
No, I'm sorry. He's not here right  
now...

Dustin rushes in, slaps his mail on the counter.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
Oh, wait..

Marcy holds out the phone to Dustin. He whispers while he  
takes the phone.

DUSTIN  
What happened?

Marcy whispers back.

MARCY  
What?

DUSTIN  
Who is it?

Marcy shrugs.

Dustin answers the call, listens.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
Hello?... No, I'm not interested  
at this time.

Dustin hangs up the phone and glares over at Marcy.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)  
You sent the application documents  
for assisted living center for  
Grandma and Grandpa and I trusted  
you and just forwarded it to the  
client.

MARCY  
Oh my. Honest mistake. I'm so  
sorry. I guess between...

DUSTIN  
It's too late. I can't ever trust  
you to do anything anymore.

Marcy thinks a moment, shakes her head, confused.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Never mind! From now on, I'll just  
do all the work myself!

Dustin throws up his hands, storms out.

Marcy lets out a long sigh of relief, calls after Dustin.

MARCY  
(under her breath)  
Finally. Thank God.

Marcy smiles, tastes the food from the stove.