

Of Color

by

Susan Griffith

and

Emily Cooper

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5102 Durham/Chapel Hill Blvd. #207

Durham, North Carolina 27707

OF COLOR

INT. LIVING ROOM - 1960

A four-year-old child colors in a coloring book, using only the black and white and grey crayons.

EXT, BURLINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA - 1999

A teenage summer employee polishes a merry-go-round pig, tomatoes thrive on plants crawling with ladybugs, and the clouds in the blue sky reflect upon a lake of swimmers. Flowers climb up shabby trellises of a colorful apartment house, formerly a motel, with outside walkways, like in old television police shows.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT, SEEN NOW IN BLACK AND WHITE - DAY OR NIGHT, IT'S NOT CLEAR

The room is messy, but more remarkably is devoid of artistic arrangement or attention. A soap opera of the past, *The Edge of Night*, plays.

BO sprawls on the sofa before the TV, listless. She reaches for the clock and pulls it to her face, checking the time. The over-size flashing numbers read 12:00.

BO

Oh, shit. What time is it?

She wipes away sleep-drool and eye crust as she digs under the sofa pillows. She finds her cell phone, flips it open, peers at it. She searches the coffee table clutter for her glasses. No luck. She presses to call a number.

BO (cont'd)

Oh, sorry! I was trying to call the Time of Day. No, not you I wanted. Oh, thanks.

She sets the clock for 7:00. Stares at it. She calls same number again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BO (cont'd)  
AM or PM? Well, fuck you, too.

She drops the phone and searches her area again. Finds and clicks the remote control. Slowly gets up. Shuffles to the window, she raises the shade. Some light enters the room and she jumps back and shields her eyes. The television flickers. And flickers.

BO (cont'd)  
(still listlessly angry)  
Is it goddamn time to get up, or is it time to go to sleep? I mean goddamn time to go to fucking sleep!

The window is open slightly and a PASSER BY on the breezeway, mutters something unintelligible.

BO (cont'd)  
Oh, shit on you; Is it night or morning?

Below her on the street, which is not far from the building, a bicycle passes by. The Today Show appears in black and white as the bicycle rider, a HOMELESS PERSON with bags on his bike, looks up at her. He stops the bicycle. He can hear her last word.

HOMELESS PERSON  
Good morning to you, citizen of this planet.

Bo looks at the man, almost interested.

HOMELESS PERSON (cont'd)  
I greet you, as spokesperson for Creechnon.

As he speaks his face gains color, a faint spot of color in a black and white scene. At the same time the television picture gains a little color and seems louder. Bo turns away from him and reaches for the remote.

BO  
Too damn light, is this fucking summer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A CAT hops on her windowsill and its rather pleasant meow precedes the grey face turning toward Bo, who turns away before the cat opens blue eyes.

BO (cont'd)  
Don't even think I will feed you. But I  
will eat you rather than cook. Anything.

Bo walks wearily to the kitchen. We hear sighs and finally a can opener. The cat perks up its ears.

Bo reenters the living room, with a can of corn and a dirty metal spoon. She licks the spoon and then uses it to eat from the can.

EXT. STREET OF BURLINGTON, NC - DAY - LATER

Bo drives her old car hurriedly through a colorless nondescript neighborhood. She passes the homeless person leaning on his bike; he looks at her. Bo does not return the look; looks away.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY - LATER

Bo enters the building. A MAN holds the heavy door for her; she does not notice or respond.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/ELEVATOR - DAY - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Bo passes stores ("Memories, Limited" and "Shades of Gray: Sunglass Emporium") and a restaurant, "Eating, Inc." on her hurried stride to the elevator, where angry PASSENGERS tightly crowd her. The BABY of a harried MOTHER looks up at her and touches her clothes and smiles. Bo is oblivious.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/ENTRANCE TO BO'S DEPARTMENT- DAY - LATER

Bo enters and, without any obvious reaction, strides past co-workers' smiles.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/BO'S DEPARTMENT - DAY - IMMEDIATELY  
AFTER

Bo drops herself down in her desk chair, with a thud unexpected for someone her size. She stuffs her bag in a desk drawer, looks at the untidy pile of work to do and sighs. Sighs loudly. Then she goes right to work, really concentrating on her papers. There is no computer on her desk. She looks around the top of the desk for something.

BO

Oh, no, where is it. Where is my calculator. Oh, no.

WORKER AT NEXT DESK

Like it's your baby or something! Here it is. I just borrowed it for a minute.

BO

(frowning but not particularly responding to the worker as she takes the calculator)

Yeah, I really like. I really need it. I can count on it.

WORKER AT NEXT DESK

That's funny.

(seeing no reaction)

You know, count on it. Calculator. You can count on it.

BO

(ignoring or not getting the joke)

Yeah, it's the only one that always works for me.

WORKER AT NEXT DESK

You know, the rest of us use computers and computers have built-in calculators.

BO

(continuing, as if she had not been interrupted)

The only thing that always works for me, if you want to know the truth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WORKER AT NEXT DESK  
(seeing the earnestness of Bo,  
good-naturedly accepting her,  
but teasing a little)  
Okay, I won't use it again. It's okay.

A bit of color comes into her face, but Bo looks away, maybe not seeing it.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/BO'S DEPARTMENT - DAY - LATER

Miserable Bo looks up at the clock: 3:27.

BO  
Ninety-three.

A woman, WANDA, passing by, looks at Bo.

WANDA  
Pardon me, Bo.

BO  
That's okay; you weren't in my way.

WANDA  
No, I mean, what did you say? Whadja say?

BO  
I just said you weren't in my way; never mind.

WANDA  
No, did you say "93"? Is that your class, 1993, cause that's my year, graduation from college.

BO  
No, uh, 93 minutes. Til time to go home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WANDA

Oh. Yeah. Well, when did you graduate?.  
Oh, never mind, that's one of those age  
questions. And you're obviously much  
old..., I mean. I mean I thought for a  
minute we might be. But I guess not.

Unable or unwilling to respond, Bo looks at her stack of  
work.

WANDA (cont'd)

Me, too, gotta keep on working.  
(looking at the clock)  
Still got 92.  
(as the clock changes)  
91.

Wanda walks off.

Bo looks up, for only a second, at Wanda's back. She blinks  
as she notices the aqua of Wanda's belt, but then closes her  
eyes, rubbing her eyelids.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Bo is writing in her journal. As is her custom, she speaks  
aloud the words she writes, under a heading "Things that  
are/were good today".

BO

Numbers line up. Sensibly.  
(looks up)  
And words do. Sometimes. But fuck the  
job. But I can't quit...  
(looking up, wondering what she  
thinks next)  
and lose my benefits.

Bo pulls out a company benefits booklet and becomes immersed  
in its tables about retirement.

BO (cont'd)

(aloud, looking up)  
What are my benefits? Insurance.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BO (CONT'D)

(pause)

Money. To pay the bills. When I'm older.  
Cause my fucking medical insurance kept  
me alive.

(lying down on the bed)

Why?

EXT. BO'S APARTMENT BUILDING/ MAILBOX AREA, IN DOWNSTAIRS  
BREEZEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Bo is taking her mail from her mailbox. Her neighbor, JET, is  
taking his mail from his mailbox. He stares at a lingerie  
catalogue, then at its mailing label.

JET

B. O. That's funny, guess they think I  
smell bad. Need this catalogue cause it's  
the closest I'll get to ladies'  
underwear. B. O. Peoples. No, whew, I'm  
J. E.

(covering his mouth to blur his  
last name)

Tickle.

Bo looks up, startled.

JET (cont'd)

Oh, sorry, ma'am, just trying to be a  
little funny, a very little, I see, just  
wanted to be friendly, actually, sorry  
about the B. O. thing. and the underwear  
thing. Gee, I'm just kinda no good in  
public.

BO

That's me. B. O.

JET

No. I mean. Of course not. I mean, maybe  
you're a little sweaty, from carrying  
those groceries and walking. But no. I  
mean you smell...fine.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BO

(actually smiling the faintest  
of pink smiles for only an  
instance)

No, I'm B. O. And this coat does smell a  
little funny, from the cleaners, I guess.  
I mean that's my letter. It's supposed to  
be Bo Peoples, I never changed it with  
the first catalogue and now they all send  
then to me. B. O. Peoples.

(noticing him looking more  
focused on her)

Oh, I never wear the underwear. I mean I  
do wear underwear. Oh, I'll just take the  
catalogue. Not to order any, of course.  
Goodbye.

Bo walks off towards the elevator. Jet looks after her. As Bo  
steps into the elevator, parts of the catalogue are clearly  
in color.

JET

(calling after her as the  
elevator door closes)

You're kidding about your name, right.  
Not really Bo Peep - les?

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bo sits eating from a can of beets. She reaches for the  
lingerie catalogue. She starts to smile, very faintly pink,  
but then looks at the bra ads and frowns.

She throws down the catalogue and wearily picks up the remote  
and turns on the television, flipping through the channels,  
all shows in black and white, until she gets to a Jerry  
Seinfeld rerun, having passed the laughter of the sound track  
of Fresh Prince of Bel Air. When the Seinfeld show gets  
funny, Bo changes the channel to The Simpsons, in black and  
white on her TV set, and settles into the episode in which  
Marge's sister decides to turn down a marriage proposal and  
stay with her middle-aged twin.!

The cat looks in the window. The setting sun shines in and  
makes a beautiful orange image on the wall behind Bo. The sun  
shines into her eyes and she walks to the window and pulls  
down the shade.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/ MEETING ROOM - DAY

Bo sits at a table with others, all dressed in accountant-looking attire, men and women, almost identical. At the table a SUPERVISOR (JON CLEESE) is typing on a laptop, his writings appearing immediately on a large screen.

SUPERVISOR

Okay, the economy is good, you can see here the correlation between the market and the interest rates.

Bo looks interestedly at the figures, copying them on her pad with a pencil.

SUPERVISOR (cont'd)

I've also done some charts of the correlation of the interest rates and the length of hem. You women are not showing the optimism of Women's Wear Daily or Ally McBeal with respect to futures. With your skirts. It's a joke, never mind. More money matters, today.

Bo doesn't catch the humor, looks at her watch, gets up, almost tripping over her own very long hem.

BO

(noticing the look of the supervisor.)

Oh, excuse me.

SUPERVISOR

So my jokes are so bad today?

BO

No, I mean yes, I mean I have to go, to the doctor. Appointment.

SUPERVISOR

Make you sick, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BO  
(flat but firm, sort of)  
That's kinda personal; it's just an  
appointment, okay.

The group looks after her, like "what's her problem". Through the closing door, the room is seen gaining color when Bo leaves, the black and white going with her.

INT. DOCTOR TITIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Bo is sitting on the examining table and a female doctor, DR. TITIAN, is standing with a medical folder, speaking to her.

DOCTOR TITIAN  
Well, the lumps are going to keep coming back. So far they are benign, but it must be anxiety-provoking wondering each time. And with your family history. What is it?  
(looking in folder)  
Mother, aunt, another aunt, grandmother.

BO  
And I had male relatives, too.

Doctor Titian looks blankly at Bo, then continues.

DOCTOR TITIAN  
...all dying from breast cancer. The chances are not good. I mean that you won't get it, too. You certainly could have them removed, now and cut down on the worry and constant retests. But, it's up to you, It's never a certainty you'll get it. and we can catch it early.

BO  
What do you mean, remove the benign lumps? I thought they wouldn't hurt me?

DOCTOR TITIAN  
No, not the lumps, they can stay. I meant the breasts, remove them, you don't have a real need for them, do you?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR TITIAN (CONT'D)

(looking at Bo's medical folder, serious but joking, too, as Bo is probably past child-bearing years)

It says here you don't intend to have children,

(still reading the chart, seeing her age as 48 and continuing, relieved,

intending this to be a joke)

so you won't just be breast-feeding anybody else's kids, I presume.

Bo looks at her blankly.

DOCTOR TITIAN (cont'd)

Well, the breasts can go. If you want.

(putting up the folder and perfunctorily leaving the room)

Well, you decide and let me know.

BO

Oh, doctor.

DOCTOR TITIAN

Yes, questions?

BO

Yes, one. Is your name, Tit-i-an (pronounced Tit-ee-un), I mean, related to your interest in...in...?

DOCTOR TITIAN

Well, I did want to be a painter, and I have, to be honest, always enjoyed having the same name as the famous painter. You know him?

BO

Know who.

DOCTOR TITIAN

The painter Titian (pronounced Tishun).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BO  
Oh, sure. But isn't he dead?

DOCTOR TITIAN  
(looking at Bo strangely)  
Yes.

BO  
Never mind. Oh, I don't mean to be rude.

DOCTOR TITIAN  
Well, let me know how we'll proceed.

The doctor leaves the room.

Bo is alone in the room. She dresses, putting on her executive-type blouse, but then pulling it down, as if low-cut, then looking at herself in the mirror that extends to just below her breasts. She stands and stares at her reflection.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - LATER

Bo writes in her journal, lying on her bed strewn with newspapers, magazines, food cans that clearly are permanent features. Over her shoulder we see what she writes.

BO  
(speaking her words as begins  
to write on a new page)  
Really no reason to go on. This breast  
cancer thing, all... Everything.

Bo closes the journal and lies down; she reaches to turn off the light on the bedside table.

She bolts upright, well, bolts as depressed people do, and turns on the light, reaches for the journal and writes again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BO (cont'd)  
(writing as she speaks)  
I must find out about my company's burial  
benefits.

She closes and puts down the journal and turns out the light  
again. Her eyes are open as she lies in the dark.

The doorbell rings. Bo has nodded off an unknown period of  
time. Bo can't decide whether to get up. Then she does, and  
goes to the door in her tattered, oversized T-shirt.

She peers through the peephole.

BO (cont'd)  
Oh. Jet.

She opens the door, which seems to not even be locked.

JET  
Did you say 'shit'?

BO  
Did something bad happen?

JET  
I don't know.  
(indicating her clothing)  
Were you in a fight?

BO  
No.

She stares at him.

BO (cont'd)  
Were you?

JET  
Were you? Were I? I mean was I what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BO  
Were you in a fight?

JET  
No.

BO  
Is there an emergency?

JET  
Not that I know of. Lets start over.  
(formally)  
Would you.  
(looking behind here and seeing  
the opened cans)  
Oh, I see you've. Dined already.  
(pausing, then)  
Want to eat some more?

BO  
I don't know.

JET  
You don't know.

BO  
I mean, what time is?

JET  
7:30

BO  
Oh, I've gotta get to work.

She begins to hurriedly shut the door.

JET  
Oh, you work nights, too? How, um,  
dreary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BO

No, no,  
(shaking her sleepy head, then  
sadly speaking)  
Morning.

JET

Oh, you're in mourning. I'm so sorry.  
That explains the dark apartment. And  
your sadness.

BO

No, it doesn't.

JET

No it doesn't?

BO

Okay, what did you want?. You've got more  
of my mail? Look I really don't care  
about it. And my breasts may go soon.

JET

Well, don't they all.

Bo looks at him - and at his breasts - strangely.

JET (cont'd)

(indicating passersby, frowning  
at him, passing on the  
breezeway)  
Can't get into much detail here.

BO

So.

JET

Go to the ice cream store. Please. And I  
need to get cat food.

BO

I don't eat that. Yet. You want me to go  
shop for you?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

JET

No. Just come. To the ice cream store.  
With me.

Without thinking, Bo starts to leave the apartment as she is dressed. Jet looks at her and then shrugs. He removes his tie and his sweater as they walk, dropping them over the doorknob of his apartment. He messes up his hair and pulls out his shirt a bit.

INT. ICE CREAM STORE - LATER

Bo and Jet are holding ice cream cones and licking them, as Jet pays for them.

ICE CREAM STORE CLERK

That'll be four ninety-three.

BO

No.

JET

It's okay. I'll pay for both of us.

BO

(loudly)

No.

JET

Well, okay; so that'll be for me, too.

BO

No, she has the tax wrong.  
(noticing the expressions of  
the ice cream clerk and Jet)  
Never mind.

She walks to a booth and Jet follows. They sit eating the ice cream cones, facing each other across the booth.

JET

So, you LIKED math in high school.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BO  
(flatly)  
How'd ya know?

JET  
Just a guess.

They both lick their cones for awhile.

JET (cont'd)  
(wanting something to say)  
No, you know. The bill.

BO  
Which bill? Like Clinton? I'm not too  
political.

JET  
That's why you knew how much the tax  
should be. Not from not being political.  
From being mathematical.

BO  
Yeah; I used to like math, numbers.  
Really it's a lot a more complicated.

JET  
Well, 6 percent seems kinda up-front.

BO  
No. Things are complicated.

JET  
What things? Most things aren't.

BO  
What do you know, Mr. Professor Super Jet  
the know-it-all?

JET  
Oh, how you talk! You said 'Jet' before,  
didn't you, not 'shit'. Thanks for the  
name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BO

Huh?

JET

Not that name, though I'm called that a lot. Like in stores, when I ask for help and the clerk looks at me, "Huh?"

He demonstrates. Bo eats silently.

JET (cont'd)

My name, James Edward Tickle. I always hated the first two, James and Edward - too boring, even when I used both together, like my mother did: "James Edward, come here, right this minute!" Like when she wanted me to do something for her.

Bo is scarcely interested.

JET (cont'd)

Like put a piece in a puzzle.

Still no reaction from Bo.

JET ( (cont'd)

Or put on her lipstick for her.

Still no reaction from Bo.

JET (cont'd)

Or call for an elephant to be delivered.

Bo gives up; then restarts

JET (cont'd)

But the last name really was a problem: "Tickle". People tickled me. Just try to laugh when people are making fun of you. So I decided to make fun of myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BO  
And starting tickling yourself?

JET  
No. I can't do that.

BO  
Me either.

They munch.

BO (cont'd)  
Wait. Your last name is 'Tickle" - that's  
funny. I thought you said "Tigger", like  
in Winnie the Pooh.  
(continuing to lick her ice  
cream cone)  
James Edward Tigger, J-E-T.

Jet smiles as he licks his cone. Then he holds it in his  
mouth and sticks out his hands as if he is a kid playing jet  
plane. Bo has been looking to the side and starts talking  
before noticing what he is doing.

BO (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I like letters too. Kinda.

She looks back at Jet and sees his actions.

BO (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Guess I used to anyway. Are you fucking  
making fun of me?

JET  
(dropping his arms)  
I like that too.

BO  
Holding out your arms with an ice cream  
cone stuck in your mouth?  
(thinking it through and trying  
to be nice)  
Oh. Letter. You like letters, too. You  
like the letter 'T'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JET  
No, not letters.

BO  
No. Oh, jet planes.

JET  
'Tigger'.

BO  
Teacher. You teach jet planes?

JET  
No. I like Tigger, like you do, I like  
Tigger, too.

BO  
No, it's "and Tigger too", in the books.

JET  
Yeah.

The eat their ice cream cones awhile more.

JET (cont'd)  
To be more accurate, I meant 'yes'.

Bo looks up from her ice cream cone at him. They lick the  
cones for awhile more.

BO  
But I meant my math.. usually I do more  
complicated math than that. I mean it's  
my job. Accounting. And investments.  
That's what I meant about complicated.

They eat their ice cream silently for a while.

BO (cont'd)  
And you're wrong. Everything is  
complicated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JET

Okay, like you find it complicated to  
(indicating her attire)  
dress right?

BO

(oblivious to his intent)  
Well, no, I just wear the same thing  
every day to work, or another shade of  
the same thing, and it works fine.

They eat quietly. A fly buzzes around their ice cream cones and Bo looks up. She sees herself in the mirrored wall surface beside their booth. She shrieks.

JET

And you like to shriek, in an  
uncomplicated way?

BO

No, I just am one way at work and look a  
certain way. And one way at home. Like  
this.

(looking around)  
Luckily I don't have any friends to worry  
about. You know, seeing me.

JET

(questioning)  
And I'm not a friend?

Bo doesn't know what to say.

A man walks by, looks down at them, and stops. It is Bo's supervisor from work.

SUPERVISOR

(stopping at her booth)  
Well, hello, Ms. Peoples,  
(noting her short "skirt")  
From your attire, futures are promising I  
see.

BO

Hello. Yes. No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SUPERVISOR

Okay, well. See you tomorrow, I expect.

He walks off.

BO

I never know what to say to people.

JET

He seems nice, your co-worker.

BO

My boss. He's kinda...

BO (cont'd)

too loose.

JET

uptight.

The two look at each other, puzzled. They both shake their heads, however.

BO

See how different we are.

JET (cont'd)

We're very much alike.

JET (cont'd)

What's this about you think everything's so simple. Just wear the same clothes, make no decisions.

BO

I thought I said everything was complicated. Now I don't know.

JET

Now, I don't know either.

BO

I'm sorry for messing you up. I hate to cause pain, really. I kinda know how a lot of pain feels.

JET

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

BO

Yes, I do. I think I do.

JET

No. No - I mean you didn't hurt me. You just gave me a  
 (searching for something to say)  
 chance to, uh, order some more ice cream. What kind you want? Something like blueberry rhubarb?

His face carries some color, as he smiles rather sweetly at Bo.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bo comes into the apartment and notices her answering machine message light is blinking. She pushes the playback button.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Yes, this is Miss Print  
 (pause)  
 from Central Community College. You left a message on the question line and someone took it down and left it for me..yes, let me see, yes,  
 (clearly reading from a script)  
 I believe we do have a class in your line of work or interest. That would be.  
 (long beat)  
 Would be. Dying 3, the advanced course. You may register by phone. By telephone. By calling 555-7222, that is 555, 'R' for register and CCC for Central Community College. You will be given instructions; have your credit card ready. Thank you for your interest in Central Community College. Good-bye. Oh, I forgot.  
 (back to the script)  
 Classes are filling quickly and start May 3rd. Please call right away. Thank you for your interest in Central community College. Good-bye.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BO

Dying 3, huh, for those hard-to-get-rid-of lives, I guess.

Bo stands and looks toward the kitchen. She is clearly tired.

BO (cont'd)

Oh, well, I'll call now. Could die in my sleep tonight and then I'd miss it.

INT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

A teacher, MISS CAKE, stands before a dozen or so students seated in desks. The class has been going on for a while.

MISS CAKE

I'm glad to have had such a great turnout for this overview class. Before we go further, let me say I'm glad to see some familiar faces from other classes. I think I actually know everyone, cause I've been around this community college a long time. Let's see, there's (each nods) Agnes and Betty and Fred and Ted (great to see you still together) and Marybeth and Hilary and Jacques and Susannah.

Bo enters the class late.

MISS CAKE (cont'd)

I bet you forgot about Daylight Savings Time. Spring forward, remember. I don't believe we've met. I'm Mrs. Cake, call me Patty, and you are.

BO

I'm Bo. Bo Peeples.

MISS CAKE

Bo, oh, like Bo Peep!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BO  
 (inaudibly)  
 More than you know. Oh.  
 (sort of inaudibly)  
 Not a good choice for a place to die.

MISS CAKE  
 You said "oh"; that rhymes with Bo.

BO  
 I know.

MISS CAKE  
 And so  
 (loud emphasis on 'so')  
 does that. Well, enough frivolity. Let's  
 fill you in on the basics of the course.

Bo raises her hand.

MISS CAKE (cont'd)  
 Yes?

BO  
 Oh, can you not call me 'Bo Peep'. Just a  
 personal thing.

MISS CAKE  
 Sure. No problem. Since we have a few  
 more minutes, those who didn't get to can  
 tell us what they want from this class.  
 Do you want to start.  
 (triumphantly finding what she  
 thinks is the correct way to  
 address Bo)  
 Miss Peep?

Bo starts to correct her, then shrugs, "what the heck?" and  
 answers seriously.

BO  
 I would like to learn ways of dying that  
 aren't too painful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MISS CAKE

Well, I don't like anything hard either.  
(laughing)  
Let's hear some others.

WOMAN

I would like to learn how to die with  
more color.

BO

I like that, I think.

ANOTHER WOMAN

I'd like to die the way they did in Early  
American times, using berries and  
vegetables and such.

Bo again looks interested.

MISS CAKE

And now we will learn those things, and  
more, but the time is up and they need  
the room, so I'll hand out this pamphlet  
I put together so you can take it home  
and start reading it before next time.

Bo takes the booklet and starts to leave quickly without  
opening it. But she has noticed the name on the cover,  
"Dyeing". Bo can't resist.

BO

Uh, Miss Cake. Patty. Correct spelling is  
just very important to me. It's 'd-y-i-n-  
g'.

MISS CAKE

Is that the way now? Well, that's okay  
with me. Thank you, uh, uh, Bo, uh, you.  
I'll change it next time.

Bo looks startled and almost smiles, short-lived. No one else  
responds. Bo leaves the room.

INT . BO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bo is getting into bed. She has her journal to write on, and a pen. She starts to get into bed, and then remembers the class and goes to her pocket book to get the pamphlet, with a plain cover. She settles into her bed, first writing in her journal.

BO  
 (speaking the words she is writing)  
 I think this class will help. Miss Cake seems so upbeat, too up for me, but she should be, I guess. Clearly dying is an appropriate way to end a life.  
 (looking up, not writing)  
 Now, that's almost a funny line.  
 (returning to writing while speaking her written words aloud)  
 Well, of course it is, everyone dies, but ending it when a person wants to seems appropriate to me. This course can teach me how.

Bo takes out the pamphlet and opens it.

BO (cont'd)  
 (reading aloud from the pamphlet)  
 Dyeing is an art. It requires patience, technique, and emotion.

Bo reaches into the bedside table's drawer and takes out an underliner. She underlines the words above, the only ones on page one, then picks up a pen to cross out the 'e' in dyeing. She pauses to ponder the words and appreciate them. Then she turns the page.

BO (cont'd)  
 (reading aloud)  
 Dyeing can produce beautiful results. Or it can be disastrous.

Bo nods, pleased, but again crosses out the 'e'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BO (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 (reading aloud)  
 We can help you learn the difference.  
 (looking up, not reading)  
 First effort? I want to be successful  
 right away.  
 (reading aloud)  
 Then you must prepare a dye bath that is  
 exciting to your eye. The time for  
 immersion is of great importance as well.  
 (not reading)  
 Immersion! I don't want to swim to death!  
 (reading aloud)  
 Following are recipes for dye baths, with  
 color results noted. Your experience may  
 vary.  
 (not reading)  
 I don't want to pick the color my corpse  
 will be. NO color for me.

Bo reads ahead in the pamphlet, silently. Then she speaks  
 aloud slowly and carefully, enunciating each word. Furious.

BO (cont'd)  
 It's a damn fucking book about tinting  
 cloth. It's about dyeing. WITH an 'e'.

Bo almost laughs, only somewhat almost. She hurls the booklet  
 across the room. It hits her front door. Then she throws her  
 socks, then her other clothes, then her shoes and then the  
 books on her bed and then the empty cans. They all thunk  
 against her door.

The doorbell rings. She stomps to the door and flings it  
 open, standing in her life's debris, screaming as she does.

BO (cont'd)  
 Go ahead and kill me, whoever is here to  
 do that.

JET  
 Well, okay -- if you're into that. What's  
 the noise? Did somebody get here before  
 me, to start the killing? Shucks, I  
 always miss the good parts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BO

No, I spent my last \$50 of Discover card fake money to sign up for a fucking class on dying.

JET

Well, actually that's what I hoped you were offering. Fucking and dying. Well actually fucking and killing it seemed you were offering. I'm not sure I'm sold on the dying part.

BO

And the damn class is about dyeing.  
(sobbing, more sobbing)

JET

Well, isn't that good? Dying.

BO

Dyeing cloth. And don't call me Bo Peep, you. You. Tickle person!

Bo slams the door in his face.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bo is calling on the telephone.

BO

Look, I'm sorry. Come over and I'll open up a surprise can of vegetables for you.

Bo removes labels from a few cans. The apartment door opens and Jet comes in.

JET

Hey, why don't you lock your door? Men could come in.

BO

I don't want to turn away a murderer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jet looks at her.

JET  
So, I get to choose from one of these  
silvery cylinders.

BO  
That sounds good.

JET  
Is that a compliment? I can't believe it.

Bo almost smiles.

JET (cont'd)  
Actually I am a writer -- well, I'm in  
advertising.

BO  
Thus, the shirt.  
(indicating his white dress  
shirt)  
But you're always laughing - why? It's  
like you. You.

JET  
Don't want to face the truth?

BO  
Maybe, kinda. And I see it too much - the  
truth. And I can't forget it.

JET  
My parents are both from Jamaica.

BO  
Really? How interesting, you, you  
Rapsallion.

JET  
Rastafarian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BO

Bless you.

JET

No, it's Rastafarian.

(long beats of silence)

Actually, one was from Jamaica and one was from Jamaica, New York, USA. She's the Caucasian - my mom. So I'm half cool and half...something else.

BO

Why are you here?

JET

I've wondered that myself. You're kinda plain - and not too friendly. I think it's the cuisine.

Bo is not amused.

BO

No, Mr. Jet Set, why are you living here in Burlington?

JET

Because I got a job here in advertising.

(several beats of silence)

No, that's what I always say. Actually it's the arts program at Central.

BO

The Central Intelligence Agency? I just knew you were too snoopy. What the hell do they want with me?

JET

Probably the food.

(chuckling)

No, the arts program at Central - North Carolina Central University - in Durham.

(several beats of silence)

Actually it seems like you should be in it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

BO

In the arts program you mean?

JET

Yeah.

BO

To get made more beautiful through the art of cosmetology?

JET

(laughing)

No. It makes more sense when I give the answer I give people if the first one isn't enough.

BO

See - all those levels of response to people. Complicated, huh?

JET

(ignoring her comment)

I work at an advertising agency, but the real answer to why I'm here is the particular program at Central -- the Performing Arts program.

BO

You perform art - like a moving statue?

JET

I'm in the comedy program, might get a masters in performance, but it's stand-up.

BO

I know it must be on the up-and-up; you in that white shirt and all.

JET

No, stand-up comedy. You know, "On the way here today I met a girl, a funny girl, and she said to me 'why are you here?' and I answered. 'Why are you here?'"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BO  
And what did she say?

JET  
No, why are you here? In Burlington.

BO  
To find out about my father. He was from  
Burlington. My mother met my father here.  
Well, in Chapel Hill. She came to UNC and  
met my father when he was --

JET  
I know, fell in love with her professor.

BO  
--when he was washing her dorm room  
window.

JET  
They make professors do that? Not at  
Central, they don't.

BO  
(ignoring his comment)  
She looked up and saw him and then  
married him.

JET  
Not like they say. Things aren't slow in  
the South, I guess.

BO  
No, well, yes, a lot faster than I  
expected. No, some time passed but then  
they married and then he died and then  
she died.

JET  
(shocked)  
I am so, so, so.

BO  
Don't say something funny.

JET (cont'd)  
sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Jet's face takes on some color. Bo looks at him softly for a short beat. Then she gets up.

BO  
Gotta go to bed. Get some sleep. Another  
day at work coming. Now, leave.

JET  
(saluting)  
Yes, ma'am.

He walks to the door, looking back softly at her back and closing the door gently behind him as he leaves the apartment.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bo eats as usual straight from cans. She is across the table from Jet, who gobbles a Big Mac and then happily licks the wrapper.

BO  
So, Mom came to live with Aunt Florence  
when my father died, and then she died  
soon after, of breast cancer, and then a  
couple of years later she died.

JET  
She died twice?

BO  
(giving Jet a warning  
expression)  
No, then Aunt Flo died, and I lived with  
Aunt Monica, and she died a couple of  
years ago.

JET  
Mo?

BO  
Don't know if I can tell you any more.  
Too hard to talk so much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JET  
No, didn't you call Aunt Monica "Mo"?

BO  
(deadpan)  
Why? Of course not, she was very serious  
and had lots of rules and did actuarial  
tables.

JET  
No, I meant Flo and Bo and Mo.

BO  
(not wanting to get the joke)  
Oh.

JET  
So Monica was the mean one. Did she die  
of breast cancer, too?

BO  
No, and she wasn't mean. Just correct.  
And anyway she didn't die from breast  
cancer. Had it, but didn't die from it.  
(long beat, then seriously)  
She was shot. By a nun. It's a long  
story.

Jet is overcome by laughter.

JET  
You're making all this up, aren't you?

Bo gets angry.

BO  
You're always making fun of me.

JET  
You're so depressed, you don't know  
you're hilarious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BO

Well, Mr. double-dip Jamaican dumb ass man YOU are so fucking hilarious you don't even know you're depressed!

JET

That is so smart - and so funny!

BO

(angry)

Leave. Now.

He realizes she is serious and that he must leave, and he does. When he is gone, Bo stares at the door. Then she locks the door behind him.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Bo is on the telephone.

BO

This is Bo Peoples. I can't be in today. I'll be in when I can. Goodbye.

(putting down the phone,  
relieved)

Thank the lord for voice mail.

(choosing non-religious and non-  
emotional words instead, if  
she can figure out how to do  
it)

Thank heavens. Thanks. I'm glad. I admire the inventor of answering services.

Bo walks to her bed and lies down to go back to sleep.

BO (cont'd)

And the inventor of the bed.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

There is a knock at the door. Bo is lying in bed, eyes open. She ignores the knock. The telephone rings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bo gets up and goes to the living room, where she turns up the volume on her answering machine.

JET'S VOICE ON ANSWERING  
MACHINE

I'm sorry. Anyway I was glad to be of service. You can thank me for that.

BO

(knocking the answering machine to the floor as she yanks up the phone receiver to speak directly with Jet)

What do you mean, service? You laughed at me!

As she talks the answering machine tape slides across the room and slides under her refrigerator.

JET

I know. But you got really mad at me, didn't you? So, after that, that "cleansing anger", don't you feel lots better? Dr. Pepper says that anger makes you feel better. Less depressed.

BO

You're giving me advice from a soft drink? I can't believe I'm talking to you.

JET

No. no. no. I mean Dr. Pepper's my therapist. Really. Patsy Pepper. Really.

BO

Oh.

There is a pause.

BO (cont'd)

So I'm SUPPOSED to get mad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JET

Yes. Well, feel mad. It helps.

BO

Well, I'm way past that. I used up all my anger already.

JET

(seeing the cat)

Hey, Morris's heading to your apartment.

BO

Oh, no, no company.

(muttering to herself as she goes to look out the peephole)

Who in the devil is Morris? The landlord?

Through the peephole Bo sees Jet. She opens the door to him, well, sort of flings it open as well as it can be flung, with debris around it.

BO (cont'd)

I did not invite you over. Why did you say 'Morris'? Do not lie to me. I cannot stand liars.

Jet looks at her. Bo speaks into the phone.

BO (cont'd)

Well, I have to go now. My murderer is here.

Jet walks to the window and opens it. Bo stares as the cat comes in through the window and Jet rubs him. The cat and Jet both take on some color, as the setting sun shines in. Bo rubs her eyes, then looks away.

JET

What a good kitty. I can see you visit Bo, too. Bet she gives you some good, good, well some good good beets and peas.

(looking at Bo's non-accepting face)

Well, I guess we should leave now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As Jet walks out the door he speaks loudly to the cat.

JET (cont'd)

You've always been 'Morris' to me, but  
now I'll call you Mo.

BO

(hearing him and  
slamming her apartment  
door closed, looking at  
it and then starting to  
lock it)

Out!

JET (cont'd)

(continuing to talk to  
the cat)  
The people most important to  
you have names like yours,  
Mo.

Bo replays through her head what she has heard him say. She drops her hand from the door lock and leaves it unlocked.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Bo stands in line at the check-out, looking despondent as usual. She is buying peas, beets, and corn. JIM, an older man, watches her from a bench at the front of the store, facing the customers in the check-out line.

As Bo exits the store, a woman in an electric wheelchair, ELIZABETH, comes in. Bo does not notice Elisabeth's warm smile up at her.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bo is writing in her journal.

BO

(aloud, while writing the words  
in the journal)

I guess he's just the same as Bret was.  
Not worth it. And he thinks he's funny.  
No, he thinks life's funny, and it's not!  
And he's not very nice. And he isn't.

(chewing her pen and pondering)  
dependable.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Bo looks up.

BO (cont'd)  
(out loud to herself, not  
writing)  
Maybe that's why he has a therapist. Dr.  
Dr. Dr. Pepper.

Bo does not laugh. She looks around and thinks, then returns her attention to her journal writing.

BO (cont'd)  
(speaking the words as she  
writes in the journal)  
I plan things and I do them. I expect  
them to happen. The things I myself plan  
I can control. Other people are not  
dependable.

EXT. BURLINGTON STREET - LATER

When Bo stops for the light, the homeless man is standing near the line of cars, holding a sign: "Will work for food". He looks at her and recognizes her. She looks back and she sees him but looks away, as she drives somberly along. He in fact is seen to have a flower to hand her but she does not see it.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Bo is in the canned vegetable aisle looking for the canned goods she always buys. Jim is there, too, on the bench, and he speaks to her.

JIM  
Here, take some of mine; they're out;  
didn't get a shipment or something. I'll  
probably just have beer and pretzels  
anyway. This is sort of for show. When  
people come over. Or even when they see  
me shopping, actually.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bo doesn't know what to do, but takes the corn and peas he offers. The man wanders off. Bo looks after him, puzzled at how he knew what she was looking for.

EXT. BURLINGTON STREET - LATER

Bo drives past a sign that says "University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill 15 miles". She pauses at the traffic light. The light turns to green. Other drivers honk at her. She is oblivious. Then she puts on her turn signal and turns the direction the sign has indicated.

EXT. DAVIS LIBRARY OF UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA - NIGHT

Bo drives up to the library and parks. She stares at her shopping bag as she closes the car door.

BO  
(as if an advertisement)  
No worry about perishables. Buy only  
canned goods. Perishables. Hmm.  
Perishable, like me.

Bo starts to lock the door.

BO (cont'd)  
And no need to lock the door. Nobody  
wants to take canned goods.  
(pause)  
No insurance necessary.

She walks toward the library without locking the car.

INT. DAVIS LIBRARY/LOBBY - NIGHT

Bo walks into the large catalogue lobby. She finds the computers used to locate books and sits down to begin her search. We can see the computer screen as she scrolls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMPUTER SCREEN  
Suicide. History. Methods. Theory. Let's  
see methods.

Bo jots down some information from the computer screen, then gets up to go to the book area.

INT. DAVIS LIBRARY/STACKS - NEXT

Bo finds the suicide books area of the library and sits on the floor, pulling the books down to the floor where she piles them up and looks through them. She spends quite a long time doing this and writing notes on her pad.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bo is sitting at her table writing in her journal.

BO  
(aloud as she writes the words  
in her journal)  
The best way for me would be to fall from  
a high place...a very high place. To  
avoid injury.

Bo almost laughs. She strikes out "avoid injury" and writes "insure death rather than serious". She pauses. She knocks over an unattractive generic soft drink can, apparently empty. She leaves the room; then returns with an opened can of beets, from which she slurps the liquid. She begins to sit back down but misses the chair and falls to the floor, beet juice everywhere.

Bo starts to laugh, and then makes herself calm down and stop laughing to check out her body for damage. She returns to writing in her journal, but can't help herself, and laughs, sort of; then she laughs aloud; then breaks into great huge laughs, very loud.

There is a loud knock on the door, then more knocks. Giggling, Bo goes to the door. She sees Jet through the peephole. Composing herself, she opens the door. Jet comes in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JET  
(seriously concerned)  
What was that awful sound? I heard it in  
my apartment. Are you okay?

BO  
I fell on the floor, missed my chair.

JET  
No, it was a loud, hacking sound. Is  
there an animal in here?

He looks frantically through the apartment. When he is in the  
bedroom, Bo starts to laugh again. He comes running back to  
the living room.

JET (cont'd)  
Are you all right? What is it?

Jet sees it is Bo laughing and he laughs too. The two laugh  
together, until Bo starts to sob and Jet holds her, both on  
the floor.

After a long while lying on the floor, Bo sees the beet juice  
spill and rolls over it with her shorts to absorb the juice,  
drawing Jet's attention.

Jet takes a small pad of paper and a small pencil from his  
pants pocket. Bo looks at him.

JET (cont'd)  
Note to self. Encourage lighter shades of  
vegetables. Number two: Encourage use of  
furniture.

Bo looks at him and then starts to laugh, because she can't  
stop herself. The room becomes an Easter basket of color.

EXT. BO'S APARTMENT BUILDING/UPSTAIRS BREEZEWAY - DAY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bo walks by Jet's apartment door carrying a can of beets. She reaches down and puts them next to the door, with a note saying "My last can. Off to buy light-colored foods." She walks on.

Bo turns back to look as she hears a door opening, a half-smile on her face. Her expression becomes wooden again as she sees a nice-looking, kind of EXECUTIVE-LOOKING WOMAN leaving Jet's apartment. The woman carries an open beer bottle in her hand.

EXECUTIVE-LOOKING WOMAN  
 (calling back to Jet through  
 the open door)  
 James, somebody's left some trash at the  
 door. Can't you move up to a better  
 apartment - a complex with a pool -  
 civilization?

She kicks the can of beets out of the way so it rolls to the edge of the breezeway and then falls to the grass below, the note fluttering in the wind and landing in a mud puddle

EXECUTIVE-LOOKING WOMAN  
 (cont'd)  
 See you at work.

Bo walks to her car in the parking lot with leaden feet.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Bo is in the check-out line, her cart containing only canned peas, beets, and corn, 6 cans of each. There are groceries on the conveyor belt but no customer with them. Bo looks questioningly at the CHECKOUT CLERK.

CHECKOUT CLERK  
 It'll be a minute. She'll be right back.

Bo says nothing. Shrugs. She turns to the side to look at the magazines and impulse-purchase items there, a cleaning product catching her eye. She begins to reach for it, but then doesn't take it. ELIZABETH, in her wheelchair, rides up behind her and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZABETH

One more item - sorry to keep you waiting, miss.

Elizabeth adds a jar of caviar to the items on the counter and the checkout clerk completes the tabulation. As she waits, she looks at Bo's purchases and then back at Bo.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

Either you're having a lot of people over or you have a lot of children.

BO

(startled that the woman would speak to her)

Oh. Oh, no, I really don't like people - or children.

ELIZABETH

I guess I shouldn't be so nosy. I am so sorry. I am one of those bothersome people I'm afraid. Probably was a bothersome child once as well.

Bo looks after Elizabeth as she motors in the wheelchair out of the store. On the back of her wheelchair is a sticker: "Call 'Wheels' (919 555-3357) for wheelchair rentals; the extra 'e' is for easy payment plans."

Bo stares after her.

INT. DR. PEACE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bo is sitting in a living room chair across from a woman, DR. PEACE, who sits stilly, her hands in her lap.

BO

So you've been with the Hemlock Society a long time. I guess you were drawn to it by your name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. PEACE

I beg your pardon; my name is Bertha.  
That seems...

BO

No, that certainly doesn't seem to fit.  
Taking one's life. Not a name like birth.

DR. PEACE

It's Bertha. With an 'a'.

BO

Yes, I know. I'm sorry, I meant "Dr.  
Peace'.

DR. PEACE

Yes, that's me.

BO

No, I mean the name is suggestive. Peace.

DR. PEACE

Oh. I see. Like a piece. Of something.

BO

Do you have a list of doctors who do it?

DR. PEACE

Most doctors do it, my dear, and quite a  
few with young ones like you. Perhaps you  
know my ex-husband, he might have married  
some of your friends.

BO

Oh, dear, no. I mean do you have a list  
of doctors who assist. With death. With  
suicide.

DR. PEACE

Oh, yes, it's a short list, but here it  
is. But you need to see a psychologist  
before you can even discuss that business  
with one of our doctors. Here's a list of  
psychologists, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bo takes the papers and shakes hands and departs.

BO  
(speaking as she reads the  
list)  
I recognize one of these names. My  
frien.... my... Someone I know. Goes to  
her.

Bo looks up, but Dr. Peace has walked off, uninterested in  
what Bo has to say.

INT. DR. PEPPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bo and the psychologist, DR. PEPPER, are both sitting on  
chairs, Dr. Pepper comfortably, her feet up on a hassock, Bo  
somewhat awkwardly upright.

DR. PEPPER  
Bo, you can tell me why you're thinking  
about dying. You're ill?

BO  
I. No. I will die from breast cancer.  
Everyone in my family does.

DR. PEPPER  
And what stage is your breast cancer?

BO  
No.

DR. PEPPER  
No?

BO  
No. No stage. No breast cancer that I am  
aware of.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DR. PEPPER

Bo, I hardly ever use personality tests. They seem to only confirm what I already know about a person. But will you look at a few pictures and tell me what you see?

BO

(half listening)

Sure, I mean I guess so. Now, what, you have some pictures that you don't know. What they are? I can try, but artwork doesn't mean much to me, either.

DR. PEPPER

(stifling a guffaw)

No, that's okay. I mean. Well, just look at these and tell me what you see.

The psychologist shows Bo a picture from the Rorschach inkblot series. It is a black and white picture.

DR. PEPPER (cont'd)

Tell me what this looks like to you, Bo?

BO

Sure. I see an animal that may be hungry. No, it's just sitting.

DR. PEPPER

Fine, now this one. What do you see?

The picture shown has some color on it.

BO

I don't know.

(looking away)

I don't really see anything.

DR. PEPPER

See, Bo, you didn't deal with that picture, because of the color. Color is like emotion. Feelings. You don't want to acknowledge them. It makes people depressed to feel nothing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. PEPPER (CONT'D)

Like you have avoided emotional urges, or constricted them, to avoid tension and conflict. And if you are unfeeling, and don't see the color in things, you won't run into as many frustrating experiences. Does that make sense to you?

(looking at Bo, her face taking on color)

My dear?

BO

(looking away from the color, but nodding)

Yes.

DR. PEPPER

(noticing the clock)

Why don't you return and we'll work on things together.

Bo nods again.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bo is sitting, staring unseeing at the television. The phone rings, startling her. She starts to answer it, then lets the answering machine answer, and she can hear the message, rather faint.

VOICE ON PHONE

I'm calling for Ms. B. Peeples. It's about some matters concerning her aunt, Monica White.

Bo picks up the phone.

BO

Yes, this is B. I mean Bo Peeples. It's about my aunt; she passed away. She's not here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE ON PHONE

Oh, I know. We're an insurance company, and we are calling concerning her life insurance policy. Can you come down to our office and talk to us?

BO

Well. Okay. Yes, Wednesday at 3.

Bo sees some color outside her window.

BO (cont'd)

She left me some money? I can get.

(looking around her apartment)

I can get. I can get.

(noting her beet stained floor)

Better floors. No, paper towels.

Bo laughs, sort of, and too quickly stops.

BO (cont'd)

I'll. I'll. I'll buy happiness.

Bo goes to the phone. She dials and waits for the voice mail.

BO (cont'd)

Yes, um, this is Bo Peeples. Please tell Dr. Pepper that I won't be keeping my appointment Friday. Thank you.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT BUILDING/UPSTAIRS BREEZEWAY - DAY

Bo passes Jet's door and knocks once. Jet opens the door.

JET

(having been asleep)

Hey, yeah.

BO

Hello, yes, you mean. I may be rich; see you later, asshole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JET  
Yeah. Yes, ma'am, you did say  
"alligator", right?

Bo walks off, faster than before.

EXT. GROCERY STORE GLASS FRONT

Bo stops her strident walk and backs up to look in the window at what has caught her eye: paper towels - generous, fluffy expensive ones. She does the YES! Arm sign and then walks on.

INT. INSURANCE BUILDING/RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Bo comes bounding, somewhat, given her usual depression, into the insurance office and speaks to a woman at the front desk, the RECEPTIONIST.

BO  
I need to see someone about an insurance matter.

RECEPTIONIST  
And.

BO  
Oh, um, oh, yeah. May I PLEASE see someone about an insurance matter.

RECEPTIONIST  
No.

BO  
No? I can't see anyone.

RECEPTIONIST  
No. I meant EVERYONE is here to speak about an insurance matter. Of course you are here to speak about an insurance mater. Now, do you have a referral number?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BO

Yes, it's.

(taking a paper from her bag)

456787654.

(pauses for air)

56434567. Whew!

RECEPTIONIST

That's the prefix.

BO

The prefix?

RECEPTIONIST

Everyone has that number. What's after it, the number in words.

BO

There's not a number in words. It just says "None".

RECEPTIONIST

That's 9, the computer man does that.

BO

Does what?

RECEPTIONIST

Puts "none" for nine. Dear, be glad you didn't get sex.

BO

That makes me realize. Maybe I am glad of that. How did you know?

RECEPTIONIST

No, I mean he puts SEX for six. The computer man.

BO

(covering up her admission about sex)

Oh. And actually I did get some.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, if it says "some" that means "sum", s  
- u - m, that's what you have?

BO

No, none.

RECEPTIONIST

So you're 9. I meant Sum means 45.

BO

45?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, the sum of  $9+8+7+6+5+4+3+2+1$ . You  
know, 45, so you have a four and a five.  
That means. Oh, I can't remember.

BO

Oh.

RECEPTIONIST

(brightening)

Actually Oh means you have to come back  
on a Monday. But you have None, right?

BO

No, I have a number.

(looking at her paper)

Right, oh. Yeah. None.

RECEPTIONIST

You will need to see Clerque. down the  
hall and go in the second door on the  
left.

Bo walks down the hall and enters a door.

INT. INSURANCE BUILDING/MS. CLERQUE'S OFFICE - SOON AFTER

Bo enters the office and waits a long while until the person  
at the desk, MS. CLERQUE, looks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MS. CLERQUE

Yes.

BO

Are you the clerk?

The clerk points to the sign on her desk: Insurance Assistant.

BO (cont'd)

I need to speak to the clerk, she said.

MS. CLERQUE

Return and ask her which clerk you should see. Here's a paper to write it down. So you'll remember.

Ms. Clerque pointedly returns to her work. She works for a period of time as we watch.

Bo reenters Ms. Clerque's office.

BO

She says it is you.

Ms. Clerque takes out another sign: "Ms. Clerque, Insurance Assistant".

MS. CLERQUE

At your service. Your case number please. Please have a seat.

BO

How can I have a seat? Why do we say that?

MS. CLERQUE

I want you to be comfortable.

BO

I mean, wouldn't please sit down make more sense. Oh, never mind; I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bo sits down in a chair at the front of Ms. Clerque's desk.

MS. CLERQUE

Maybe not.

Ms. Clerque looks at some papers for awhile

MS. CLERQUE (cont'd)

So, we distributed the money from your aunt's policy.

BO

You distributed the money. I haven't received it. Oh, dear, sometimes I don't get my mail, maybe Jet returned it, thinking it was sent to him.

MS. CLERQUE

Oh, no, I am sorry. We distributed the money directly to *the beneficiary*. We did not have to go through the executor, that would be you, of course. What we need from you is the last payment on the policy; we have a provision that we will forgive the last, well actually several payments here. The person is probably thinking of other things, like, well death, I guess.

(giggles, then composes herself)

Well, the predeceased is generally ill and

BO

(loudly)

The predeceased? And she wasn't ill, but definitely thinking of other things, not the important ones, like don't make a nun angry.

MS. CLERQUE

Yes, dear, aren't we all forgetful of that.

(reading from her papers)

so those last payments are due from the estate.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

BO  
There is no estate.

MS. CLERQUE  
Well, the amount is small.

BO  
(trying to be calm)  
Oh, good. Okay, then. Now, who is the  
beneficiary, not the church, I suspect?

MS. CLERQUE  
A man important to your aunt - an  
associate, I presume, of whom she felt  
highly.

BO  
How can you feel highly about someone.

MS. CLERQUE  
Should I say she felt high?

Bo ignores the comment.

BO  
Who is this man?

MS. CLERQUE  
A Mr. Fays.  
(looking at her papers)  
Yes, a Patrick Fays.

Bo looks puzzled.

BO  
Who?

MS. CLERQUE  
Okay, let me try again, she left the  
million dollars to a Patrick Fayze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BO

Patrick Fayze from Spa Clear. The worker from Spa Clear, for God's sake?

MS. CLERQUE

We try to be accepting of those from developing nations. I'm sure immigrating from Spaclear is a difficult thing, and it is hard to adapt to our culture, as I am sure your aunt knew, in making this gift to.

BO

No, the man from Spa Clear, the company that cleaned her spa, the pool man. The man who peaked in her windows all the time. The spa man. For. For. God's sake!

Bo sits, shocked.

BO (cont'd)

(calming down)

You were kidding about the money, right.

MS. CLERQUE

Well, I was exaggerating.

BO

(relieved)

Sure.

(smiling a little)

I knew it.

MS. CLERQUE

Actually more like nine hundred fifty thousand dollars, due to type of death, the shooting by the nun, I guess, her policy was increased by a factor of. Let me see.

BO

Spare me the numbers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MS. CLERQUE  
(cheerily)  
Lots tell me that. But I myself just love math. Some people, well, most people just don't appreciate it as I do.

Bo gets up to leave.

MS. CLERQUE (cont'd)  
Well, there is one more thing.

BO  
She did leave me something, a smaller policy, perhaps?

MS. CLERQUE  
Well, there is the money.

Bo perks up, a little.

MS. CLERQUE (cont'd)  
The money you owe me...us.

BO  
How much goddamned money do I have to pay you? Not much, you say, well I have some cash with me, forget the groceries, forget the answering machine tape.

MS. CLERQUE  
Well, I mean a lot to me but not much compared with the magnitude of the policy. If you can just write us a check for twelve hundred and 81 dollars.

BO  
(in shock)  
I'll give you my MasterCard number.

MS. CLERQUE  
(after transaction is taken care of by phone, Bo not really listening)  
Okay, now I'll need thirteen sixty-seven.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BO  
One thousand three hundred sixty-seven  
what?

MS. CLERQUE  
Oh, dollars.

BO  
One thousand three hundred sixty-seven  
dollars more?

MS. CLERQUE  
No, only thirteen dollars and sixty-seven  
cents more, you silly. Your credit card  
went over the limit. By thirteen dollars.

BO  
and sixty-seven cents. Right.

Bo takes out her last ten and five dollar bills and gives  
them to the woman.

MS. CLERQUE  
I'll go look for some change.

BO  
No, just keep it. No, please send it to  
Mr. Fayze. Thank you.

Bo leaves the room.

MS. CLERQUE  
(as Bo is leaving and closing  
the door firmly behind her)  
Have a nice day, dear. I'm sorry about  
your loved one. And one more thing -  
perhaps if you cleaned up your language a  
little you might find somebody to leave  
you some money, hun.

INT. INSURANCE BUILDING/HALL - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Bo stands in the hall staring at the closed door to Ms. Clerque's office. She looks around for something to throw at the door. She flings her pocketbook at the door, and, made of fabric, it makes hardly any noise at all.

She hears a snicker and, looking around, sees a man in a Spa Clear shirt waiting in a nearby chair in the reception area adjoining the hall.

INT. INSURANCE BUILDING/RECEPTION AREA - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Bo walks over to the man who has giggled, and sees "Patrick" sewed on his shirt.

INT. INSURANCE BUILDING/MS. CLERQUE'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Ms. Clerque is seen in her office combing her hair, arranging her clothing, putting on lipstick, and spraying on perfume. She gets up and walks from her office.

INT. INSURANCE BUILDING/RECEPTION AREA - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Ms. Clerque enters the waiting room.

MS. CLERQUE

Mr. Fayze. Oh, Mr. Fayze, your appointment is with me, Ms. Clerque. Oh, that's Miss Clerque. But you can call me Caitlin.

She extends her hand to Mr. Fayze.

Bo is so furious she feels she cannot contain herself but there is nothing to do. She stands and shows her fury and also shows her efforts to turn unfeeling again, so that by the time she exits the building she is her old closed-off, emotionless self. Simultaneously with the change in Bo's emotions, the scene is totally black and white.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bo is on the telephone.

BO

Yes, I would like to have it delivered as soon as possible. No, I don't know how long? When is the expected demise or recovery? Oh, I only need it one day. Okay, fine. Yes, electric. Yes, an electric chair. Fine.

INT. DR. ENDER'S OFFICE BUILDING/WAITING ROOM - DAY

Bo, sitting in a wheelchair, is at the counter of the doctor's office, speaking to the MEDICAL ASSISTANT.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

And you want to know about what.  
(seeming to speak very loudly  
so close to the full waiting  
room)  
Assisted Living, for an elderly relative?

BO

No, assisted dying.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

You want to talk about assisted dying? The hospice? We're not a hospice but we can refer you. There's a very nice one a few blocks from here. I've referred a number of people there;  
(giggling)  
guess you can't get their recommendations now, though. They aren't around to recommend, I guess. Where does that word 'hospice' come from?  
(noticing Bo's exasperated expression)  
One minute, please.  
(looking up)  
I'm acting like you have all the time in the world -  
(giggling)  
Which I guess you don't.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEDICAL ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
 (shrugging)  
 Sorry. Unfortunate word usage.

She looks again through her papers.

BO  
 Is the doctor in? May I speak with him.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT  
 We do have an opening in about fifteen minutes; we have a cancellation. You're a lucky lady.  
 (winces)  
 Well, sorry, unfortunate word use again. Shall I tell him its about...?

BO  
 No, yes. Fine, just put me down on his schedule. Thank you.

Bo sits in the waiting room in the wheelchair for a while. She picks up a magazine to read. On the cover are some beautiful hot air balloons, in black and white to her.

A patient exits the back office and limps past her wheelchair, his leg in a cast. He sneezes near Bo.

PATIENT  
 I flew; hope that's not what happened to you.

BO  
 No, I don't have the 'flu.

PATIENT  
 No, I said I flew.

The patient sneezes again, broadly, on Bo.

BO  
 Oh, I see, the 'flu. Fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PATIENT

I flew. In an airplane.  
 (indicating hot air balloons on  
 cover of Bo's magazine)  
 Should have been in one of them. Nobody  
 gets hurt in them.

Bo looks down at the hot air balloons on the cover of the  
 magazine.

BO

Miss, do you have some of that anti-  
 bacterial stuff. For this sneeze on me.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

No, but we should have that, shouldn't  
 we.

(laughing)

A person could catch a cold here and die!  
 (catching herself)

Oh, sorry.

(giggling)

Inappropriate words again.

The medical assistant notices a red indicator light has come  
 on near her area.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT (cont'd)

Oh, next patient.

(referring to sign in sheet)

That would be B. O. P. E. E. P. L. E. S.

(calling loudly as if she  
 doesn't remember who Bo is,  
 sitting next to the window of  
 cubicle)

B. O. Peeples.

(more loudly)

B. O. Peeples!

(aside to Bo)

He probably left.

(louder)

B. O. Peeples!

BO

That's me.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

She starts to get up, then gasps and pretends it was a seizure and falls back down into her wheelchair.

BO (cont'd)  
You never truly accept it.

And she operates the wheelchair very, very poorly so it enters the doorway banging into both sides of the doorway alternately, as she swears.

INT. DOCTOR ENDER'S OFFICE/CONSULTING ROOM - SOON AFTER

Bo sits on the examining table, her foot at an odd angle, so as to appear useless. The DOCTOR ENDER enters.

DR. ENDER  
Hello, Ms. Bo. I'm Dr. Ender.

BO  
Your name.

DR. ENDER  
My name? Oh, it's Dr. Ender. E-N-D-E-R.

BO  
Oh, never mind.

DR. ENDER  
You wish to go?

BO  
Oh, no. I have led a life of pain due to an inability to walk or run, and I want help dying.

DR. ENDER  
Oh, since birth?

BO  
Here comes the Bertha joke, right? Oh, no, well yes, no not since birth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. ENDER  
Oh, what happened?

BO  
Well, after I was in the Olympics I had a bad accident and couldn't walk or run and it was bad and...

DR. ENDER  
What sport?

BO  
I don't really like sports. Well, football, used to.

DR. ENDER  
They have football for women. In the Olympics?

BO  
No, I was a swimmer. And a runner. And walker, that funny walking where you hold your arms funny and walk kinda strange.

DR. ENDER  
What a life!

BO  
Well, now it's not so hot, so I need some pills to take home to die.

DR. ENDER  
You want to change the color. Of the medication?

Bo looks back blankly.

DR. ENDER (cont'd)  
Never mind. That was about, using dye. To make your pills look more colorful. Or something. Not what you're talking about. Right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BO

No, I'm tired of living like this; I can't walk, and of course can't swim or run or even roll, really.

There is a loud sound: a smoke alarm.

DR. ENDER

Oh, dear, the smoke alarm; last year there was a terrible fire and the elevators are so slow.

Bo gets up and runs from the office, quickly, knocking down items and people as she flees, leaving the office door wedged open by an overturned waiting room chair.

DR. ENDER'S OFFICE BUILDING/HALL - NEXT

The Medical Assistant sticks her head out of the office door and yells toward Bo.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

Ms. Ms. The B.O. lady. You forgot your chair. Your wheelchair.

Bo looks back, not sure whether to run or go get the chair.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT (cont'd)

And by the way, it's a false alarm, I was heating lunch. And, you know, the smoke, cooked that mother to death.

(stopping, giggling a little)

Oh, oh, inappropriate word usage again.

Bo goes back to get the wheelchair and walks out pushing it. When she gets to the hallway, she sits in it and uses its motor to go down the hall, first slowly and then more quickly, a very angry look on her face.

EXT. BURLINGTON STREET - SOON AFTER

Bo drives her wheelchair slowly and despondently past the homeless person, who looks up at her and shakes his head to indicate pity.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bo is writing in her journal as she speaks aloud what she is writing.

BO  
It's not that I want to live.

She looks up, sort of thinking.

BO (cont'd)  
I don't want to live. I just don't want  
to burn up -- or die from smoke  
inhalation.

She looks up again.

BO (cont'd)  
And now I guess assisted suicide is out.  
What can I do? I'll think about the  
falling thing.

Bo closes the journal.

EXT. BURLINGTON STREET - DAY - LATER

Bo walks down the street to work, stepping in a big mud puddle.

BO  
Oh, shit.

She stands and stares and the brown spots on her skirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BO (cont'd)  
I am just too, too, too something to go  
home and change. I do not care!

She stomps off to work.

INT. OFFICE/BO'S DEPARTMENT - DAY - LATER

Bo enters her office. Wanda looks at her.

WANDA  
That is so cool. And so brave of you.

BO  
(looking up, questioningly)  
Huh?

WANDA  
To be the first to try that casual dress  
Friday thing we finally have. Never knew  
you'd be the first.

The supervisor voice is heard.

SUPERVISOR  
Wanda!

WANDA  
Let me know later who the designer is.

Bo goes to sit at her desk. She stares at the spots on her skirt. She opens her desk drawer and selects a black marker. Then she scribbles the name of the supposed designer near her hem: "M. Uddy". The spots are clearly brown and not black, thus of some color in the black and white room.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Bo is standing checking out in front of Elizabeth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZABETH  
(sighing)  
Oh, dear.

BO  
What's wrong? Are you all right?

ELIZABETH  
Oh, yes, dear, I was just thinking you're just in a rut. I ate the same thing over and over when my Rose and I broke up.  
(laughing)  
For me it was limas and pintos and... And the beets, like you. Yours is so much more colorful, the combination, I mean, green and yellow and red, that's nice.

BO  
Well, I guess so; I never really notice the colors.

ELIZABETH  
Rose loved color. A painter. Then, after the breakup, it was like the color left. My, my. my.

BO  
I'm sorry you lost your, your, lover.

ELIZABETH  
Yes, it was very hard, to lose my Rose.

BO  
I guess it's hard to lose people, at first. Was Rose beautiful?

ELIZABETH  
Oh, very much so. Tall and dark and.

Bo looks at a tall, dark woman at the next check-out buying wine and cheese and fruit.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)  
...good looking, with a little beard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bo looks surprised, unsure how to react. She notices the stubble around the mouth of the OLDER WOMAN GROCERY STORE EMPLOYEE.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)  
and large hands and.  
(giggling a little)  
Well, I guess to me Rose was the perfect man.

BO  
(sort of almost giggling)  
Oh, I thought Rose was a woman.

ELIZABETH  
No, my dear, never so fortunate as to be lesbian - gay in spirit perhaps, but not lesbian, though women can be so much easier to love.

BO  
Oh, I am so sorry for laughing. No, I mean I am so sorry for the death. My father died. And so did my mother. My father was named Roosevelt, kinda like your...your...husband.

Elizabeth has paid for her few groceries and the two walk out together, turning in the same direction as they exit the store. They walk silently; the night is falling - a black and white scene with color within Elizabeth. They pass a bench.

ELIZABETH  
Will you sit with me, for a while? If you don't have a reason to go yet.

She sees that Bo is going to say 'no'.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)  
(nodding toward the groceries)  
If you can't wait to eat. I have pastries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BO

(hesitating, then assenting)  
Oh, I don't eat those things. Bad for you, you know. Cholesterol kills.

(thinking she has offended the woman)

Oh, I mean they're good for *you*, just not good for me. I mean, I mean okay. I mean, thank you, certainly. Sorry about my manners, I've been indoors alone a lot lately.

They sit on the bench and share the pastries, which Bo seems to find unexpectedly delicious and the pastries gain some color, as do the crumbs on her face and clothing as she eats hungrily.

ELIZABETH

Now, your dad was Roosevelt and my man was Rose. Kinda nice sounds to both names, don't you think?

BO

Your husband, did he? I mean did he die recently?

ELIZABETH

Oh, you mean Rose, don't you. No, he did die but it was a long time ago. And we were never married, and I loved him so very much.

BO

I'm sorry. Did he leave you for another woman? Oh, never mind. I am sorry.

ELIZABETH

Well, yes. And no. As it always is. We loved each other but it would have never worked. To marry. We were too different; we just wanted life to run in different ways. I know he married a woman he got along better with. Anyway, Rose was the greatest love of my life. One day we sat here and we saw a rainbow and we smiled at each other, not a kiss, but a very passionate moment, more passionate than had we kissed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

And he said - my Rose said, - 'This moment will live, forever, in my heart, and after I'm gone.'

BO

Oh, my, how wonderful.

ELIZABETH

And it did. Live on after his death. And I have lived on after his death, too, and I must go now.

(smiling, patting Bo gently)  
To get my beauty sleep.

The two women gather their things to continue their trips home.

BO

Thank you. Um. For the pastry, I mean.

Elizabeth smiles at Bo and the two depart.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY - ANOTHER TIME

Bo is sitting talking with Elizabeth.

BO

I came to live in this town because I had nowhere to go and I thought I might find my father here. Maybe he didn't really die. Maybe he left me and Mom. She never talked about that. And maybe. I dunno. And I don't know whether that would be better. Or worse.

Bo sits, looking down, as a beautiful horse and carriage pass by. Elizabeth watches the horse and carriage, a great big smile on her face.

ELIZABETH

I noticed you were quiet, too. Do horses do that to you, too? So magnificent!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BO  
I didn't even see it.

ELIZABETH  
My dear, you miss so much.

Bo looks at Elizabeth and cannot deny the color there.

BO  
I miss things that used to be - or maybe  
that never were.

ELIZABETH  
I don't mean that kind of missing,  
wishing you had something different. I  
mean missing what's here now, not seeing,  
not recognizing. Choosing to do the other  
kind of missing instead.

Bo may not be listening.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)  
If you're here to find your father - or  
his essence if he's not living, you need  
to look - to see what's around you.

BO  
I don't see things because I already know  
what's around me. My apartment. And the  
room where I work.

ELIZABETH  
Maybe you don't know how to see things.

Bo might not be paying attention.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)  
I need to go home now. I am getting  
tired.

BO  
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Elisabeth starts walking away. Not turning around, she speaks.

ELIZABETH

Good night, sweet Bo, my sweet Bo.

Bo gets up and begins to walk off. She looks back. Elisabeth's whole body is in color.

BO

Well, um, see ya.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bo is watching television, another 70's show. She has the journal in her lap, the first time in the living room.

BO

(Bo reading aloud)

I watch television my father would have watched. I live where he might have lived. But who he was isn't the things he was exposed to. It's the way he saw things, the way he chose to see things, I think.

On TV comes a commercial for a local ice cream shop. Over a still photograph of people sitting at booths to eat their ice cream cone, there is an audio track.

FEMALE VOICE OVER

No, I just am one way at work and look a certain way. And one way at home. Like this.

(looking around)

Luckily I don't have any friends to worry about. You know, seeing me.

MALE VOICE OVER

(questioning)

And I'm not a friend?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER VOICE OVER

Good ice cream. Come in grungy, or not.

Bo recognizes that the voices are hers and Jet's. She is in shock, staring at the TV. And staring at the TV.

Until there is a knock at the door. Aroused, she throws a can of vegetables at the door. And then another. And another. The knocking stops. She goes to the door and flings it open. No one is there.

BO

Good!

She slams the door. She opens the door. Still no one. She slams the door again.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bo is on her bed writing in her journal.

BO

I can fall out of a window. Yes!

She writes in the journal.

BO (cont'd)

No, I can't hurt ... whatever the name is of that fucking old lady. That nice old lady. That nice fucking old lady. Shit! She'll hear about it and think she could have prevented it and then she'll feel - sappy, sappy - bad. Besides I have never, ever liked heights.

A commercial comes on television.

COMMERCIAL AUDIO

...balloon rides. Part of the proceeds during the next month will go to benefit the county hospice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BO

People must fall from hot air balloons.  
Sure, they do. All the time, I bet. I can  
die and be part of raising money for  
people who are dying at the same time.  
That is logic. I think. And I'll overcome  
my fear of heights, or not, and then die.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bo is looking through a box of mementos. There is what appears to be a dull, greyish bracelet in the box. She takes out the bracelet and slips it around her wrist. She takes out a black and white photograph of a Christmas tree. She looks at the photograph for awhile. She starts to cry. Then she reaches in and takes out a nursery rhyme book.

BO

Oh, I never knew anyone read nursery  
rhymes to me.

She looks through the book, obviously worn, with some crayon marks on some pages as well. She comes to the "Little Bo Peep" nursery rhyme, that starts on a right-hand page.

BO (cont'd)

(reading)

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep. And  
doesn't know where to find them.

Bo does not realize the rhyme continues on the back of the page. She closes the book and lies on the floor, staring silently at nothing.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Bo is at the park, not in beautiful color but in black and white. She sits leaning against a tree. She looks around at the others who all seem happy and connected with other people. She has the nursery rhyme book with her.

Bo sits and tears out the pages one by one, starting from the back of the book and letting them fly in the breeze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gets as far as the Little Bo Peep story and tears out the right hand page after a sigh. She lets it fly, watching it, tears streaming down her face.

Then she rubs her face on her sweater so she does not notice the park maintenance man approaching, looking angry, carrying a page of her book and muttering about littering. When he approaches Bo, however, he sees the tears streaming down her face. He gets close to her and, rather than reprimanding her, hands her the book page he has in his hand, the Bo Peep page. As he hands it to her, the end of the rhyme is on top and he reads it aloud.

MAINTENANCE MAN

Here you are ma'am; you lost parts of your book. "Leave them alone and they'll come home, dragging their tails behind them." I guess I'm the tail; the page led me here, I guess.

He looks at Bo, wanting a response, but he doesn't see one.

MAINTENANCE MAN (cont'd)

Have a good day, ma'am.

He walks away and then turns back.

MAINTENANCE MAN (cont'd)

I'm sorry you've got trouble, ma'am.

His face is in color. Bo's eyes widen. Then she looks away.

INT. BO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bo is lying in her bed, thinking and looking at the torn nursery rhyme book.

BO

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep, And doesn't know where to find them. Leave them alone and they'll come home dragging their tails behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then she gets up and leaves the room, returning with some Scotch tape. She tapes the page into the nursery rhyme book, and some color is seen coming into the picture.

BO (cont'd)  
But it takes so long.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT - LATER

Bo goes to the kitchen and, after pausing dejectedly while looking at her canned goods, chooses a can of peas, then goes to sit at her table. She stares at the peas, then gets up and goes to the kitchen again, returning with a bowl into which she dumps the can of peas. Again she sits and stares at the bowl of peas.

She goes to the kitchen and returns with a packet of ketchup which she squirts on top of the peas. She can see the red color.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT - LATER

Bo is watching television, a '70's comedy show. She watches a while, the picture isn't very good. She hits the television, very hard. It falls to the floor, sideways, with no picture, though there is flickering. Bo lies on the floor to see the screen. It comes on - and is in color. Bo is shocked. She watches but very soon turns off the television.

INT. BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO STORE

Bo marches into a Blockbuster video store and looks and looks for a video to rent. Then she marches to the manager's desk.

BO  
I need a black and white movie.

She drums here fingers on the desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BO (cont'd)  
With rain in it.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Bo plays her movie on her VCR. The movie is wrong - it is in color and has funny scenes; she starts to laugh but then turns it off. The title of the movie can be seen on the box: Black Men Reign.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Bo is takes a shower in the dark. She finds herself smelling the soap, eyes closed. She opens her eyes and sees the pink bar of soap in her hand and begins to cry, her tears merging with the shower water.

BO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Bo lies on the sofa. Mo the cat is eating some canned corn on the window sill - some color present.

The telephone rings. Bo reaches toward the answering machine and turns up the volume.

JIM  
(on answering machine)  
Yes, Ms. Peeples, this is High on Life calling. You inquired about reserving a time to go up.

Bo picks up the receiver, interrupting the caller.

BO  
Hello, Mr. Life. This is Bo Peeples. I want to go up in a balloon. This weekend.

JIM  
Actually it is Jim.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BO

I was calling about hot air, not about working out.

JIM

Oh, not that kind of gym. My name is Jim. And I AM full of hot air.

Bo does not even recognize that she should feign amusement.

BO

I want to go up this weekend. What do I do to make myself ready?

JIM

Oh, this is one kind of flying, if you will, that you don't have to prepare for. Just go ahead and jump.

BO

Oh, do other people jump out - I mean do people jump?

JIM

Just jump on this opportunity, just go ahead and do it. A guy in advertising told me to say that. I can sign you up for Saturday at 2 p.m. Will that be okay? Now, I need that credit card number.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bo writes a note, speaking aloud.

BO

So this is me, well jettisoning you, I guess. Please feel free to use my well-stocked pantry. Enjoy your new friend.

She pauses and then writes more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BO (cont'd)

And feed Mo more. I've been feeding him a little so without me he will want more from you.

EXT. BALLOON FESTIVAL - DAY

Bo is surprised to find lots of balloons at the field, where a sign announces a Festival. All is in black and white to her. She walks toward a sign for balloons for hire, where a man stands, with no balloon nearby.

BO

Uh. Do you know which is the balloon for hire?

BALLOONIST

It's the yellow and blue one over there.

BO

With these shades, it's hard to tell.

BALLOONIST

That one, with the operator.

Bo walks up to the operator. Jim. He looks surprised, then hits his head with his hand, like oh, I remember. He is in somewhat of a hurry to get the balloon off the ground. Jim and Bo get into his balloon, the flame making whooshing noises that keep them from talking. The balloon rises above the town and drifts along with the numerous other balloons all filling and taking off at about the same time.

JIM

I'd forgotten about the festival.

Bo sort of looks toward him, disinterested.

JIM (cont'd)

I mean when I booked the ride, I forgot this was the big weekend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bo looks a little startled that he knows it's her big weekend.

BO  
You know it's my big weekend?

JIM  
Well, I guess so. Especially having your first balloon ride on a day of festival. Usually cost you more.

BO  
My last.

JIM  
Your last dollar?  
(laughs)  
Well, maybe not that much.

BO  
My last ride.

But Jim is busy with the balloon and doesn't hear her.

Bo sits on the floor of the basket, paying no attention to the surrounding activity. She looks despondent. Jim pays no attention, concentrating on the workings of the balloon.

After a time, Bo stands up with a shrug. She goes determinedly to the edge of the balloon and prepares to heave herself over the side.

JIM  
Oh, Rainbow, be careful!

He lunges for her and enfolds her in his arms.

JIM (cont'd)  
Little lady, you seem so tired. But I knew you couldn't hardly resist looking around below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BO

(correcting him)

You knew I could hardly resist looking around below.

JIM

Now I know for sure. I could tell you were related to him, when I first saw you. I see now: you have his ears.

BO

My name is Bo Peeples, and no one calls me Rainbow. And these ears have always been my own.

JIM

Of course you're not obviously the same as he was, to most people. Different skin tone. Somehow you can't talk about color of skin any more - just color of hair and eyes. I mean here he was. The most beautiful color, and it's like I can't talk about it. Color -- oh, my, look at those balloons!

Bo looks around and sees only black and white.

BO

So, who are you talking about?

JIM

Your daddy. I see him in you. So clearly.

BO

My daddy? You knew my father?

JIM

Your daddy was really beautiful to see. I'm not a gay man, but I saw myself what your mother saw in him. Your daddy's skin was deep and dark -- the most beautiful skin you ever saw. I guess we usually say black for beautiful skin like that, but he was a purple rose to me. I thought his name was perfect, Roosevelt, Rose, a beautiful purple rose of a man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JIM (CONT'D)

I reckon I loved him for his beauty as well as his friendship. He said I had the second best job after his two jobs. Helping people see color. He painted houses the most beautiful colors.

BO

I thought my daddy washed windows.

JIM

Well, he did that too, gratis. He would say. So they could see the beauty outside.

BO

(looking around at the two  
other balloons in flight)

Are we supposed to be trying to get there first in this race thing?

JIM

Yeah, that's how race sounds to me, too. Race, as if we're in a race to get there first.

(chuckling)

We need to just get pass this race thing. What's the point of racing anyway, when we can just lay back.

BO

"Lie back". And I didn't mean about race. Aren't we supposed to get this balloon somewhere first, or something?

JIM

Nah. This isn't a race actually. That just brings people out to see the balloons, that ad guy said. Your father, he did the same thing, corrected me, not about the balloon race, he just drifted along, like me. I mean the grammar thing. He knew his grammar

(pleased)

I was right, now, wasn't I? Your daddy - he was a great man, he made jewelry and he painted houses and he was happy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JIM (CONT'D)

Beautiful, big dark hands with wonderful creases in them, and he used them to be happy.

BO

Mom didn't talk about him much. Though she loved him, I think. Did he, did he, die? In prison or something?

JIM

No, child, he died painting houses.

BO

He fell?

JIM

I felt so bad for your mamma. She didn't think she'd live long either. She was more peach like me, I mean in skin color. Don't you think 'white' is such a strange way to be, like, what's the word, devoid of any color.

BO

Did he, my father, did he die from falling. I mean, I mean. Do you think he jumped?

JIM

Oh, my, no, he was very careful up high. He had a heart condition, you know, always knew he might die young. Your mother knew it, too - about herself and him, too, I guess.

The two are silent for a long while, Jim watching the sights in perpetual awe.

JIM (cont'd)

When she took you home I wondered what would happen to you. A great big dark skinned man like him; and she such a pale one, your mother. Your mother loved him, but she wanted him to have more ambition. She stayed with him until he died, though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Bo looks at her watch: 11:11.

BO

Okay. Heaven at eleven.

She begins to climb up on the edge of the basket, preparing to jump. Just then it begins to rain heavily and the rain washes down her sunglasses. She steps back. Jim slips on the floor of the balloon basket, and tries to grab hold of something, but can't. He slides to the side of the basket and his height makes it clear that he will topple over the side -- maybe onto the electric wire near the basket. However, Bo, her large handbag over her shoulder, has caught Jim's belt and pulls with all her strength, leaning back from him to counterbalance his weight. She grabs for her large handbag and it adds ballast. Jim leans back with all his might and falls back on Bo. She and Jim are relieved. Both of them! They lie on the bottom of the basket wet and happy. Above them a hot air balloon appears, in majestic colors. Then several more drift into their range of view as they float sweetly through the beautiful blue air with white clouds - and lots of beautiful hot air balloons.

BO (cont'd)

Momma gave away the colored lights and put only white lights on the tree.

After a while she continues.

BO (cont'd)

And I did a great job of not seeing color anywhere.

She slaps her forehead.

BO (cont'd)

No pictures of my father! I think it was supposed to help me move ahead.

After a while, Bo adds.

BO (cont'd)

I've been seeing the world in black and white, losing all the color.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

They now sit on the floor of the balloon, close together, and drift along very sweetly.

JIM

I've seen you at the store, and I saw you talk with the woman, the pretty one. She and your father really had something so I was kinda hoping you might be Rose's little Rainbow.

He pauses.

JIM (cont'd)

I think I love that woman.

BO

What woman? What woman do you love?

JIM

You know, in the chair. The one your dad loved.

Bo looks bewildered. She raises her arm and hand to shade her eyes from the sun.

Bo looks at the bracelet she wears and sees it is very colorful - and beautiful.

JIM (cont'd)

I can see your Dad's talent all over that one. He made me one, too. Jewelry, that was his second job, you know, making jewelry. He said that was a way to bring color to people who need it, he said. Like his washing windows for people whose house he was painting. So they could see the color again, he said.

Bo is pensive, but a different kind of pensive than before, more dreamy than assaulted.

JIM (cont'd)

I think that's how he met your momma; she needed him for that, to see the color.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (7)

BO

Who is the other woman, Jim?

JIM

The beautiful woman in the wheelchair -  
Elizabeth.

The balloon touches down. Jim works at taking down the balloon. A vehicle shows up to assist and take them back to the field. Bo is very quiet.

BO

Jim, I need to come back again. Next Saturday?

JIM

Sure.

EXT. BENCH - NIGHT

Bo sits, looking wonderingly at Elizabeth, pondering the enormity of knowing someone who loved her father.

BO

Elizabeth, I am so sorry my father broke your heart.

ELIZABETH

Oh, no, dear, you've got it wrong.

BO

(sounding disappointed)  
Oh, no, did I misunderstand? Your lover who left *wasn't* my father?

ELIZABETH

Oh, yes, indeed, one and the same. You're wrong about the heart thing, though: it ain't broke. Even now, it's the other parts, the heart's fine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

No, your father taught me about love and I taught him, I expect. I had a husband, then another one, when the first one left. The second died -- and both gave me such pleasure. And now I  
 (noticing Jim walking toward them and smiling at him)  
 ...guess I'm going to find me some more pleasure.

EXT. BENCH - DAY

All is colorful in the surrounds. Bo looks at Elizabeth.

BO

Oh, Elizabeth, you have such beautiful blue eyes.

ELIZABETH

You think I don't know that. I got it all, girl -- well, except tits  
 (breaking into guffaws)  
 They're only surprised when they see I ain't got no tits.

BO

(almost breaking into laughter)  
 I've got great ones, great tits, well, okay ones. I never cared about them 'til now and now they're going to get me killed, now that I.  
 (breaking into sobs)  
 want to live.

ELIZABETH

Oh, dear, now what do you mean, your tits have a contract out on your life? My dear, are you okay?  
 (feeling perplexed, then trying to make sense of the statement)  
 Oh, you mean you're always finding men are after you for your breasts, and the men are the dangerous...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BO

No, I mean my mother died of breast cancer, and I probably will, too.

ELIZABETH

Oh, my child, that's all it is.

BO

Have you no compassion? Shit! I mean, I think I need to go now.

Things look more greyish in color around them.

ELIZABETH

Of course I have compassion. But I've got something better - empathy. Just do what I did, get them lopped off!

BO

What are you talking about?

ELIZABETH

(sort of yelling)

Just get the mothers removed.

She abruptly draws up her blouse to show her chest, a lovely old lady chest devoid of breasts, any breasts at all.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

...like I did.

Bo is in shock.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

Get them removed, so you don't have to worry about them. They can do that now. Or wait til you have problems and then do it, big deal. It was really radical when I did it, not so much now. Heck, there ain't anything or anybody or any body part we gotta have to have a great big colorful life. I sure know that!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bo cries and hugs Elizabeth for a long time.

SERIES OF SHOTS - BO IS AT THE THERAPIST'S OFFICE, TALKING WITH DR. PEPPER, AND THE SCENES BECOME INCREASINGLY MORE COLORFUL

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

It is clearly day as a little more color is evident.

BO

So you know my story. What IS your story, dude?

JET

Well, I'm the child of a dark-skinned father who's a cool Jamaican and I'm not. I can't do reggae. And I'm the son of a great light-skinned writer and I'm not. I write commercials, for goodness sake.

BO

And you can't swear like either kind of Jamaican. But you're the funny man who knows things. And feels things underneath. And who helps. And I love you.

The two reach for one another's hands and look off into the distance.

BO (cont'd)

(starting to get up)

It's starting to sprinkle -- oh, no, and on such a sunny day.

JET

Wait, sit a while, it's only water.

A rainbow appears in the distant sky and both see it and silently watch it, while snuggling.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bo and Jet are together on the sofa watching color television, eating canned vegetables out of colorful bowls. There is an almost empty pot, so the vegetables may have been actually heated.

BO

I've always been jealous of those girls who are half white and half Black and are so gorgeous. Now I'm one of them, and I'm still jealous of them.

JET

Well, at least one of us mixed-race kids is gorgeous.

Bo reaches for her orange juice and pours it on his head. There is noisy horseplay, very colorful.

JET (cont'd)

You need my gorgeous genes for your children.

BO

Oh, Jet, that is so, so, stupidly and obnoxiously...romantic, you ass.

(after a pause)

We'll see about that.

EXT. PARK - DAY - 2014

Bo and Jet are in the park, leaning against a large tree. Bo is dressed in a colorful outfit.

She has a clearly flat chest that one of the children, the baby strokes.

A dirty child, SCARLET, a girl dressed in purple shirt, yellow shorts, and green hat, comes up to them. They frown, but it turns to smiles as they grab the child, clearly pleased with their own child.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another comes over, dressed in pink, blue, and red. That one, another girl, TANGERINE, wants a hug, too.

BO

Okay, time for you two, now. Oh, here come your brothers.

The two boys, JADE and SUNNY, dressed in multiple colors as well, run over to the others. The children vary in skin tone, being the children of two parents of mixed Black and white parent.

JET

Somebody sit on me; Mommy's lap isn't but so big.

BO

Now, let's tell a story. Oldest to youngest. Scarlet, you start; then Sunny; then Tangerine; then Jade. And Sky can listen in my tummy.

JET

Roy G. Biv. Guess it'll be Violet next.

SCARLET

Who's that guy, Roy G. Biv?

JET

It's the colors of the rainbow, Scarlet, in order. Each letter of the rainbow stands for one color, Roy G. Biv. R for.

SCARLET

Red! that's me, Scarlet, and I am the oldest. Always the oldest.

BO

And then Tangerine, you're orange; and Sunny, you're yellow; and then green, that's you, Jade; Sky is coming out next, for Indigo blue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She pats her stomach. The youngest child strokes Bo's flat chest.

JET

Then Violet, and we'll have the whole rainbow of kids. Sure hope that one's a girl; Violet's a hard name for a boy.

BO

If he's a boy he'll be Roosevelt, a purple Rose.

JADE

(to his mother, who isn't rally listening)  
And you're Rainbow, too, Mom, aren't you? Your name is really Rainbow, not just Bo, isn't it, isn't it? Mom, isn't it?

BO

(shocked)  
Jade! Oh, my! Jet, that's what my Daddy meant! I'm, not just Bo; I'm Rainbow!

JET

And I'm Jet black.

SUNNY

And jeté', Mom, that's a dance step.

TANGERINE

And there are jet planes, Mom.

JADE

And...huh....I dunno. But it's a great name, Mom.

BO

Jet stands for "Just Enough Tint"; the right amount of colorful for me.

THE END

Over Credits

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

A sign on an easel near him announced him: "Mr. Double-Dip Jamaican Dumb-Ass Man". Jet comes out in his business suit, looking very conservative.

JET

My parents are both Jamaican. My father'd be singing and drumming. All Jamaicans have steel drums. Though he was a physics teacher by day. He was tone deaf and couldn't dance. Now, my mom. She was from Jamaica, New York, and white as.... as.... You know. No color, I guess. But she wasn't colorless, at all. She could dance and play those steel drums. For home movies we'd show Dad playing and record her sound in later. Dad couldn't tell the difference. The dancing we couldn't do anything about. Aren't home movies strange? They can give you the wrong impression. Like the one person left out of the picture may have been the one who was the most important. Or someone's in the picture so that person seems like part of the family, too. You really get to know and love the tour guide at the museum when you've seen her picture with the family like 35 times. And the scenes of childhood that weren't the entire scene, like before the Easter chicks were dead and Grandpa was drunk. And the fat people we loved would be nowhere. They'd say they remembered the photos. Life is colorful and that is what makes it work. Work well. Were the photographs supposed to be for some fancy book or something?