

ANDREA SIDES

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

GREG, 29, manicured, well-dressed, and wearing the same ENGAGEMENT RING as Andrea, sits opposite DONNA, 45. We finally put a face to the voices. She's wearing a RED-HILLARY-CLINTON-DRESS.

DONNA

Nice of you to finally join us, honey. Greg was just telling me that you had a short story accepted into a magazine.

Andrea gives Greg a look of annoyance.

DONNA

Don't be mad at Greg, he's just keeping me up to date in your life since we don't ever talk.

ANDREA

We talk everyday.

DONNA

That's not enough for me. I'm your mother. I wanna know what's going on in your life.

ANDREA

It's not really a magazine. More of... a blog, but yeah. It's a really well-know writing blog. I guess technically it's my first piece of writing to be published.

DONNA

I mean, would you consider a blog being published?

ANDREA

Wow.

DONNA

Oh stop. You know I think you're the best writer in the entire world. But maybe you should try taking a break? Have a kid, or two... or three.

ANDREA

Oh my God.

She looks to Greg.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREA

Please, say something.

GREG

(stumbling)

I... I would... I would love a kid.
You know that I've always wanted
children someday.

DONNA

And I'm not getting any younger.

ANDREA

I can't take care of a kid. I can't
even take care of myself. I just
became able to legally by alcohol.

GREG

I'm just saying that I'll always
take care of you. You don't need to
write... stories.

ANDREA

This might come as a surprise to
both of you, but I like writing. I
think I'm my generation's Virginia
Wolfe.

GREG

Virginia Wolfe killed herself.

ANDREA

Where did Grandma go?

DONNA

She's in her room, sleeping.

ANDREA

Mom, it's 3pm. Is she dead? Am I
gonna go into my Grandma's room and
find her hanging?

DONNA

Andrea!

Andrea gets up and exits kitchen.