

AMANDA and LILY are sitting on the couch, watching a black-and- white noir movie on an unseen television. They're passing a bowl of frozen blueberries back and forth.

AMANDA  
That's a fake tear.

LILY  
Maybe.

AMANDA  
Definitely.

LILY  
That might just be the way he  
cries.

AMANDA  
Nobody cries like that.  
Completely neutral face with a  
blob of saline rolling down his  
cheek.

LILY  
Maybe everyone cried that way in  
1945.

Silence.

AMANDA  
No; because see, that's good  
crying.

LILY  
Yeah.

AMANDA  
She's killing it.

LILY  
I'm impressed.

AMANDA  
I think it might be real.

AMANDA  
No.

LILY

It's a thing. Method acting.  
They trick themselves into  
thinking this stuff is really  
happening to them.

AMANDA

They hadn't invented that. She's  
just using the technique.

LILY

What's the technique.

AMANDA

You know. The technique.

LILY isn't sure what she's talking about. She turns back  
to the screen.

LILY

Maybe they're truly real tears.  
Maybe she fell in love with her  
co-star, and they were  
conducting a torrid love affair  
between takes. Maybe this is the  
last day of shooting, and she  
knows she's heading home to her  
loveless 1940s marriage as soon  
as -

LILY stops because she turns and sees that AMANDA is full-  
on weeping, silently: tears streaming, her face a  
contorted mask of grief. AMANDA stops on a dime.

AMANDA

The technique.

LILY

Wow.

AMANDA

Yeah.

LILY

You can just do that on cue?

AMANDA

Oh yeah.

LILY

Nice.

AMANDA

Years of practice.

LILY

I guess so.  
Could you teach me?

AMANDA  
Sure. Now?

LILY  
Yeah.

AMANDA  
Ok.

She sits up and readies herself. LILY does the same.

AMANDA  
Well it's pretty simple once you  
get the hang of it, but there's  
some trial-and-error involved.

LILY  
Uh huh.

AMANDA  
You just have to learn all the  
like automatic neurological  
processes that get triggered.  
OK?

LILY  
Ok.

AMANDA  
Then you just, like, manually  
generate each one. It feeds back  
into your brain, and then the  
tears come naturally.

LILY  
...

AMANDA  
You following?

LILY  
Yeah, yeah, I'm - Sort of.

AMANDA  
It's probably easiest to start  
with the throat. You kinda  
constrict right here -

She demonstrates. A key turns in the lock, off. MARK  
enters. As before, he stops suddenly, surprised to see  
AMANDA. He's pissed.

LILY  
Hi Mark.

AMANDA  
Hey Mark.

MARK  
(to Lily)  
Where's your mom?

LILY  
At some work party thing.

MARK  
What work party thing.

LILY  
I don't know, some work party  
thing.

AMANDA  
I didn't know your mom works.

LILY  
She's on the board of something.  
It's a board work party thing.

MARK  
Lily, come talk to me upstairs,  
please.

LILY  
Sure, maybe next commercial  
break?

MARK  
How about now.

LILY  
I don't want to leave Amanda  
alone.

MARK  
Amanda will be fine alone.

LILY  
She doesn't like being alone,  
though.

AMANDA  
I'm quite afraid of the dark.

MARK  
(to Lily)  
We were gonna talk. Before you  
invited her over again.

LILY  
Oh that's right. Sorry; I  
forgot.

MARK  
How late you gonna be here,  
Amanda?

AMANDA

My mom's gonna pick me up at midnight.

MARK

That's awful late for us. How about Lily gives you a ride home now?

LILY

I don't think I should be alone in a car with Amanda.

AMANDA

I agree.

LILY

Multiple teens in one car; that's an accident waiting to happen.

AMANDA

It's bad, yeah.

LILY

We're always turning the radio up super loud...

AMANDA

Texting.

LILY

Texting while driving.

AMANDA

So dangerous. I can't believe we do that.

LILY

Super dangerous. We might end up driving just / about anywhere...

MARK

Call your mom, Amanda. Ask her to pick you up now.

AMANDA

She's busy right now.

MARK

What's she busy / with.

AMANDA

Chemotherapy.

Beat. The girls turn back to the TV and watch in silence. MARK just stares at LILY.

LILY

Do you need something? You're  
distracting us from the movie.

MARK

I'm gonna speak with your mother  
about this.

LILY

Awesome. Night Mark!

AMANDA

Night Mark!