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Polly

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A Screenplay

Presented to

The Faculty of the School of Film & Television,
Loyola Marymount University of Los Angeles, California

In Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Fine Arts

~~Lovegood~~ POLLY msc

By


Mel Bloomer


This feature length screenplay written by

Mel Bloomer


under the guidance of a faculty committee
from the School of Film & Television at
Loyola Marymount University, and approved
by the members of the committee, has been
presented to and accepted by the Graduate
School in partial fulfillment of the thesis
requirements for the degree of Master of
Fine Arts in Screenwriting.

Advanced Screenplay Project Committee:


Committee Chair: SCWR 690


Committee Member: SCWR 691


Director of Graduate Screenwriting


Dean, School of Film & Television

Date 5-9-19

POLLY

"Pilot"

One-Hour Drama Series

Written by

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INT. ART STUDIO - ST. AMBROSE UNIVERSITY, IOWA - DAY

A NUDE MALE MODEL, 20's, Roman God, holds a pose atop a platform. COLLEGE STUDENTS surround, capturing his likeness on paper with varying degrees of interest and ability.

One works with a fervor that eludes the others --

Eyes darting, hand flying, POLLY COLEPEPPER, 22, a polite nonconformist, androgynous a la Patti Smith, conjures a form with charcoal.

But not the Model's.

POLLY'S DRAWING is of a woman. Lush hair, hourglass figure, voluptuous breasts. Lovingly observed and emotively rendered.

PHONE ALARM announces the end of class.

Model drops his pose, pulls on a robe. Behind him, Polly's secret subject --

Professor ODA EINHORN, early 40's, stunning despite tired eyes, steps into view.

ODA

Good work, everyone. See you next week.

Students pack up, file out posthaste. But Polly lingers, applying the finishing touches.

STUDENTS

Thanks, Professor; Enjoy your weekend [ETC.]

The last Student exits. Oda shuts the door, removes the pin from her hair, shakes out her gorgeous locks.

Polly's SNEAKER SQUEAKS.

Oda whips around, sees Polly at her easel. She smiles, as if secretly expecting this, and approaches.

ODA

Hey, you.

Polly flips to another drawing before Oda is any the wiser.

ODA (CONT'D)

How'd it go today?

Polly defers to her decoy:

A photorealistic rendering of the Male Model completed prior-- anatomically accurate, technically proficient; but stiff, emotionless.

Oda leans over Polly's shoulder to get a closer look -- so close, her breath makes the hair on Polly's neck stand on end. Polly wishes this moment could last forever.

ODA (CONT'D)
Flawless...
(tinge of disappointment)
Like a statue.

Oda pulls away. Polly turns, eager for feedback.

Oda sighs, debating the best course of action.

She slips the charcoal from Polly's hand.

ODA (CONT'D)
May I?

Polly nods.

ODA (CONT'D)
I'm a bit rusty, but--

Oda softens Polly's existing lines with her thumb, applying the charcoal loosely and instinctively on top.

ODA (CONT'D)
(drawing)
You need to look past the ideal.

Polly narrows in on Oda's hand, arm, throat, lips, eyes... utterly oblivious to the lesson.

ODA (CONT'D)
(drawing)
We all hide one secret or another.
It's your job to expose it. No
flinching, no apologies.

Finally dropping in a heavy shadow that evokes a solemn mood, Oda abandons the charcoal, steps back.

Polly looks from canvas to Oda, overcome with admiration.

POLLY
'Rusty,' huh?

Oda flashes a coy smile, retreats to her desk.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Have you seen the Alyssa Monks show
at the Figge yet?

ODA
No. No, I haven't. Because this --
Slamming her hand on a stack of paperwork.

ODA (CONT'D)
-- tenure bullshit is taking over
my life.

POLLY
I was thinking, maybe--
Oda's phone RINGS. She checks the caller-ID, picks up.

ODA
(on phone)
Hi, honey.
She holds up her pointer finger - signaling Polly to wait.

ODA (CONT'D)
Of course I didn't--
(checks her watch)
I know.
(frustrated)
I know...
(reassuring)
I'm leaving now.
She hangs up.

ODA (CONT'D)
Sorry.
And grabs her briefcase.

ODA (CONT'D)
(hopeful)
Walk me out?

EXT. ART STUDIO - ST. AMBROSE UNIVERSITY, IOWA - DAY
Polly escorts Oda toward her car.

POLLY
Everything alright?
Oda fumbles her keys, drops them.

Polly retrieves them, offers them back with a face full of concern.

ODA
Just another faculty soirée I'd
sacrifice a kidney to skip.

POLLY
Play hooky and we can see the
Alyssa Monks show.

ODA
I'd love to. But my hooky days are
behind me, I'm afraid. Besides, you
must have better ways to spend a
Friday night than with me.

POLLY
Shit, you're right -- I have a keg
stand scheduled for ten.

Oda chuckles, recognizing her sarcasm.

ODA
You're going to miss your keg stand
days before you know it.

Oda unlocks her hybrid car.

Polly beats her to it, opens the door and bows dramatically
low.

POLLY
Your chariot, madame.

Oda snorts at the sweeping romantic gesture.

Polly straightens her spine, instantly self-conscious.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Sorry, I don't know what that was.

Oda smiles.

ODA
See you next week?

Polly nods. Oda pats Polly's cheek, slips inside her car.

ODA (CONT'D)
Have a good night, Polly.

POLLY
You too, Professor.

Oda pulls away.

Polly stays put until her car disappears from sight. She SIGHS, shoulders slumping. Removes a MARIJUANA VAPE from her pocket, tokes, doubles-back to the Studio.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - ST. AMBROSE UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Two LACROSSE TEAMMATES (male) haul a keg off a TRUCK FLATBED.

INT. POLLY/NICOLE'S DORM ROOM - ST. AMBROSE - NIGHT

Polly hits a bowl at her desk, laptop open. Exhaling a cloud of smoke, she types "Oda Einhorn" into Google and hits enter.

NICOLE (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Polly slams her laptop shut, turns to face her roommate:

NICOLE, "NICO," 22, a carpe-diem level partier.

Nicole removes a BOX OF CONDOMS from her bag, stashes them in her night stand.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
You were Googling him again,
weren't you?

POLLY
No.

Nicole is not convinced.

POLLY (CONT'D)
I was about to--

Mimes rubbing one out.

NICOLE
Well, that's encouraging...
(beat)
But wait -- you really don't know?

Polly has no idea what she's talking about.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Please don't make me regret this.

Nicole opens Instagram on her phone, shows Polly:

ENGAGEMENT PHOTO Of WILL HAMILTON (late 30's, conventionally handsome) and LISA CHARLES (20's, pearl necklace.)

Polly suppresses any reaction.

POLLY
Huh. He cut his hair.

And pushes the phone away.

NICOLE
That's it?

POLLY
I'm happy for him.

Nicole doesn't buy it.

POLLY (CONT'D)
I'm serious.

NICOLE
I know, you're
(air quotes)
'Over it.'
(beat)
It's gotta hurt a little bit
though, right?

Sneaking a flask out of her pocket.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Maybe baby needs a little
anesthetic?

POLLY
What are you doing?

NICOLE
Giving you motivation to get wasted
with me tonight.

Nicole tosses Polly the flask.

POLLY
Fascinating strategy --

Polly tosses it back.

POLLY (CONT'D)
-- but I'm gonna pass.

Nicole fixes her makeup in the mirror. Polly opens her sketchbook, observing Nicole from her reflection.

NICOLE

Garrett tweeted he's going to the lacrosse party, so I need you there to, you know - feel him out for me.

Polly ignores her, eyes on her drawing.

Nicole puckers her lips, blows herself a kiss of approval.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Besides, what kind of friend would I be if I let you stay here wallowing in this my-ex-lover-got-engaged angst?

POLLY

I'm fine.

NICOLE

For now, maybe. But I'm not going through the trouble of bringing Garrett back here only to get cock-blocked by one of your depressive--

Polly SLAMS down her pencil and holds up her SKETCH: of Nicole walking out the door alone.

POLLY

(re: sketch)

I call it, 'No Means No.'

NICOLE

One hour -- my final offer.

Polly inserts earbuds and maxes the volume.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Polly!

She ignores her, returns to her sketch pad.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Fuck. Fine.

Nicole pulls on her coat, exits.

EXT. DORMITORY - ST. AMBROSE UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Nicole lights a cigarette as she crosses the quiet street. A sports car speeds past her.

INT./EXT. ELIAV'S SPORTS CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Oda (formfitting formal dress) stares out the passenger window while her husband ELIAV EINHORN (50's, broad shoulders, piercing eyes, tailored suit) shoots her concerned looks.

ELIAV
I think it went well.
(no response)
Could have gone worse.

ODA
I mistook Dean Shoester's dog for a rat.

ELIAV
I told you not to have that last drink.

ODA
I was medicating. All that ass-kissing made me nauseous.

ELIAV
We all have to do it. You just have to think of it like acting.

ODA
And what role were you rehearsing with Betsy Homewrecker?

Eliav looks at Oda, clueless.

ODA (CONT'D)
Betsy Hilleberg - Physics Department...
(condescending)
Really, Eliav.

ELIAV
Oh, come on. She's harmless.

ODA
She eye-fucked you the entire night.

ELIAV
She did?

Oda guffaws.

ODA

I'm surprised she didn't climb in
your lap.

Eliav laughs, amused. Oda smacks his arm, annoyed.

ELIAV

What do you want me to say? I hate
that other women still find me
attractive?

ODA

(offended)

Nice.

ELIAV

I didn't mean it like that.

ODA

I'm a big girl, Eliav. I can handle
your dalliances.

ELIAV

What's gotten into you tonight?

ODA

If you need to get her out of your
system, mazel tov. All I ask, is
you not wave it under my nose.

Eliav shakes his head, hopeless. Turns the wheel.

EXT. CAMPUS - ST. AMBROSE UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

DRUNK STUDENTS announce their intoxication to the world.

INT. POLLY/NICOLE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Polly sprawls on the floor, bowl in one hand, lighter in the
other. Her cellphone sits atop her desk, luring her. She
resists the temptation for a moment, then jumps to her feet.

EXT. EINHORN HOUSE - DAVENPORT, IOWA - NIGHT

A charming craftsman home with a red picket fence that
screams 'artists' residence.' Eliav's sports car sits beside
Oda's hybrid.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Eliav tosses his keys onto the table, removes his coat.

Oda beelines to the --

KITCHEN

She pours herself a glass of wine.

Eliav leans in the door frame, admiring her.

ELIAV

God. You are so sexy.

Oda cuts her eyes at him, carries her wine out of the room.

INT. POLLY/NICOLE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Polly paces like a caged animal, cellphone in hand.

POLLY

(bargaining)

Two seconds.

She plants her feet and opens WILL'S ENGAGEMENT PHOTO. The seconds pass... She keeps looking.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Aw, fuck me.

And sinks to the floor.

INT. EINHORN HOME - ODA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Paint-stained surfaces indicating a once-thriving creative space are now overrun with boxes and files.

A sheet-covered easel collects dust in the corner.

Oda works at her antique desk. Laptop open, glass of wine within arm's reach.

Eliav approaches with one thing on his mind. He swoops down, kissing her neck and shoulders.

ODA

(discouraging)

Eliav--

He lowers the zipper of her dress, devouring her newly exposed skin along the way.

ODA (CONT'D)

I have to finish this by Monday.

He spins her chair around, kneels, spreads her legs.

Oda drops her head back, body responding involuntarily.

Eliav lifts her onto the desk, unbuckles his pants.

Oda slides backward, juts an arm out to brace herself and--

Knocks over her wine glass, drenching her keyboard.

ODA (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She pushes Eliav away and leaps off the desk.

ODA (CONT'D)

No, no, no!

Eliav plucks tissues from a nearby box. Oda snatches them. Frantically blotting as the SCREEN turns black.

ODA (CONT'D)

Shit!

ELIAV

It's OK. That's what the cloud's for.

Oda rubs her temples.

Eliav wraps his arms around her, goes in for a kiss.

Oda ducks him, heads for the door.

ELIAV (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

ODA

I can't work here now, can I?

Eliav crashes into the chair, frustrated.

EXT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

DRUNK BOY and DRUNK GIRL makeout against the brick wall.

A window opens on the top floor. Polly's phone careens out of it - SMASHING by their feet.

Drunk Girl SCREAMS, startled.

INT. POLLY/NICOLE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Polly shuts the window, a self-satisfied look on her face.
She grabs her coat, portfolio and keys.

EXT. LACROSSE PARTY - NIGHT

Like a scene out of Animal House but with cellphones.
Polly speeds by on her bike, portfolio over her shoulder.

EXT. ART STUDIO - NIGHT

Polly locks her bike to the rack. Punches a code into the
studio door, steps inside the --

INT. ART STUDIO - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

-- activating the motion-censor lights.

She sets up at an easel, inserts her earbuds and lets it rip,
conjuring an image from her imagination, as if in a trance.

In no time, a female takes form - her pose sultry, but her
eyes sad. Once again, bearing an uncanny resemblance to--

Oda squeezes Polly's shoulder.

Polly jumps, spooked. She turns, rips out her earbuds.

ODA
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to
frighten you.

POLLY
What are you doing here?

Polly steps backward to block her easel.

ODA
My laptop went on the fritz and --

She peeks around Polly.

ODA (CONT'D)
What are you working on so
feverishly?

Polly stands her ground.

ODA (CONT'D)
(amused)
Come on, let me see.

Polly moves aside, head bowed in defeat.

Oda steps forward to take a closer look.

Polly watches her with bated breath.

ODA (CONT'D)
Well, well...

She looks from drawing to Polly in disbelief.

ODA (CONT'D)
(impressed)
Polly, this is--

She glides her hand over Polly's lines, losing herself.

ODA (CONT'D)
(eyes on drawing)
There's no doubt how you feel about
her, is there.
(eyes on Polly)
Is she your... lover?

POLLY
(fast)
No.

ODA
But you'd like her to be.

Polly wills her to drop it.

ODA (CONT'D)
(reassuring)
It's alright. We all experiment in
college.

POLLY
(flustered)
No -- it's not -- she's just... a
fantasy.

Oda returns her eyes to the drawing.

ODA
But she's so vivid. There's no
doubt you must --

Oda eyes flicker with recognition. She turns, face stern.

Polly knows instantly the gigs up. She leaps toward her easel, TEARS the drawing from the pad, rips it in two.

ODA (CONT'D)
(horrificed)
What are you doing?

Oda snatches the pieces from Polly's hands.

ODA (CONT'D)
I ever see you do that again and I
will fail you. Do you understand?

POLLY
Fuck.
(reeling)
I'm --

ODA
No, I'm sorry. I...

They stand there for an painfully long moment, each at a loss for words. Oda hoists up the strap of her briefcase.

ODA (CONT'D)
This really can wait til morning.

Polly's mouth opens but nothing comes out.

ODA (CONT'D)
So, I'm going to go.

Oda pivots towards the door, turns back - the drawing still in her hands.

ODA (CONT'D)
Do you mind if I hang onto this?

POLLY
Knock yourself out.

Oda nods, exits.

Polly crumples to the floor, mortified.

INT./EXT. ODA'S SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Oda holds the two pieces of Polly's drawing together and looks back at the studio, spellbound.

EXT. CAMPUS - ST. AMBROSE UNIVERSITY - DAY

Trees show the first signs of spring.

STUDENTS overcompensate for the change in season by wearing shorts and flip flops, soaking up the last of the day's sun.

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

Class in session; a nude FEMALE MODEL on the pedestal.

But Polly's easel is empty. Oda lingers on it, face sullen.

INT. POLLY/NICOLE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Polly lies in bed, catatonic.

NICOLE

Polly? It's after four.

Nicole shakes her arm.

Polly GROANS.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You slept through class. Again.

POLLY

I don't feel well.

NICOLE

You'd feel better if you got out of this room.

Polly pulls the covers over her head.

POLLY

Maybe later.

Nicole rips off Polly's bedspread, crinkles her nose.

NICOLE

Jesus - you reek.

She grabs Polly's arm. Polly resists. Struggle ensues.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Neither of us is getting laid until you take a shower. So, up and fucking Adam.

She yanks Polly out of bed.

INT. COMMUNAL BATHROOM - DORMITORY - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights, pale-green tile. Nicole scrutinizes her pores in a mirror. The shower runs O.S.

NICOLE

Look, I know you think Will was the
love of your life or whatever--

She pops a zit, cringes.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

But how well-adjusted can a guy who
slept with his boss's eighteen-year-
old daughter really be?

POLLY (O.S.)

Nico--

NICOLE

I know, 'it wasn't like that' but
c'mon, I mean - it kinda was.

POLLY (O.S.)

This isn't about Will.

NICOLE

Alright, fine. I'll shut up.
(beat)
Wait - what?

Polly shuts the water and steps out of the shower, wrapping herself in a towel.

POLLY

There's someone else.

NICOLE

Polly! That's epic news! Why didn't
you tell me?

POLLY

(resigned)
Because it's never going to happen.

NICOLE

Not if you don't snap out of this
pity party, it won't.

Polly cuts her eyes at the floor, depressed.

WHAM! Nicole slaps her across the face. Polly clutches her cheek, in shock.

POLLY
What the hell?!

NICOLE
Enough of this pathetic shit. Since
when are you such a fucking pussy?

Polly examines her wound in the mirror - face swelling.

POLLY
Fuck you.

NICOLE
No, fuck you. I want the old Polly
back. That bad ass wouldn't waste
time fishing for pep talks. She'd
be out there closing the deal.

POLLY
And what if *she's* off the market?

NICOLE
All's fair in love, baby. You know
that better than me.

Polly takes this to heart. She stands tall, anger subsiding.

POLLY
Thanks, Nico.

NICOLE
You're welcome.
(re-processing)
'She' - did you say 'she?'

Polly smiles, coy.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Who is she?

Polly debates disclosing the truth.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Tell me.

But keeps her mouth shut and walks out.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Oh, no you don't... Polly!

Nicole gives chase.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - ELIAV'S STUDY - DAY

Wood-panelled walls, leather furniture, a custom-built cabinet storing an impressive LP collection on the far wall.

Eliav taps a pencil against a blueprint on his drafting table, distracted.

He opens his computer, pulls up BETSY HILLEBERG'S (40s) FACEBOOK PAGE and scrolls through her

PICTURES

- At the ZOO with her NIECES and NEPHEWS
- On the COUCH with her CAT
- At a BLAKE SHELTON CONCERT
- Wearing a MAGA HAT

Eliav cringes, closes the tab, pushes away from his desk.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - ODA'S STUDIO - DAY

Oda stares at Polly's drawing inside her desk drawer.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

ELIAV
Got a sec?

ODA
Yep!

Oda shuts the drawer. Eliav enters, but keeps a distance.

ELIAV
I was thinking about getting out of town next weekend.

Oda clacks on her keyboard.

ELIAV (CONT'D)
Maybe visit Daniel in Chicago a few nights. Let you get some work done.

ODA
You boys have fun.

Eliav nods, disappointed by her disinterest.

ELIAV

Will you have time to run to the
store before tomorrow or should I?

ODA

For...?

ELIAV

My T A's - dinner?

Oda groans, hangs her head.

ELIAV (CONT'D)

(not surprised)

And you forgot.

ODA

I don't know if I can stomach them.
Can we reschedule?

ELIAV

I know they're not much fun but
they work hard for me. I owe them.

Oda sighs. Then it dawns on her:

ODA

Come to think of it, I may owe a
student of my own.

ELIAV

Anyone I know?

ODA

Polly Colepepper?

Eliav shrugs, unfamiliar.

ELIAV

What happened?

ODA

Nothing 'happened.' Just a small
misunderstanding. But this might be
a good opportunity to smooth the
waters. Would you mind?

ELIAV

(indifferent)

The more the merrier.

ODA

I'll see if she's free.

Eliav nods, exits.

Oda drums her fingernails on her desk, lost in thought.

INT. ART STUDIO - ST. AMBROSE UNIVERSITY - DAY

Class in full swing. Polly back behind her easel - this time drawing the intended MODEL and with far less enthusiasm.

ODA (O.S.)
Good to have you back.

Polly turns, met by a smiling Oda.

ODA (CONT'D)
It's so unlike you to miss class. I was worried.

POLLY
(lying, badly)
Stomach flu. Really, really nasty.

Oda steps closer.

ODA
(lowering her voice)
I thought you might be avoiding me because of the other night.

POLLY
(matching volume)
What? Oh, that? No.

They continue in emphatic whispers, drawing incrementally closer in order to hear one another.

ODA
Still, I feel I need to apologize.

POLLY
If anyone should, it's me.

ODA
I'm the one who intruded and -- and threatened you -- I mean, my god... I'm so embarrassed.

POLLY
Don't be.

ODA

It's important to me that you feel comfortable continuing to work together. You're just too damn good.

Polly nods, barely containing her elation.

POLLY

Of course.

ODA

Good. One more thing.

(timid)

Do you... have plans tonight?

POLLY

Me? Never. Why?

NOSY STUDENT notices Polly and Oda's intimacy, elbows NEARBY STUDENT. Nearby Student looks up, rolls eyes, shakes head.

INT. POLLY/NICOLE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Polly fixes her hair in the mirror, perky.

Nicole and GARRET, 21, loud vintage clothes that overcompensate for a dull personality, stumble inside, making out.

POLLY

Hey!

Nicole pulls her lips away from Garrett's. Polly beams, a revived pep in her step.

NICOLE

Hey, Polly...

Garrett suctions his mouth to Nicole's neck.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(eyeing the bed)

Garrett and I were just--

POLLY

(cheery)

No problem, I'm on my way out.

NICOLE

(confused)

Out?

Polly nods enthusiastically, slips on her coat.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
(ecstatic)
With her?!

Polly offers two thumbs up, slides out the door.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
That's my girl!

Nicole and Garrett fall into bed.

EXT. EINHORN HOUSE - NIGHT

CHESTER (28, conceited) and ANGELA (26, kiss-ass) traverse the walkway.

Polly locks her bike to the fence, climbs onto the porch behind them, carrying a bottle of wine.

Angela rings the bell. The door opens.

CHESTER
Professor!

Chester and Angela step inside.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Polly slips in unnoticed, marvels at the decor: crown moldings, hardwood floors, original artwork on every surface.

ELIAV
Chester, Angela. Thanks for coming.

Eliav and Chester shake hands.

ANGELA
Thanks for having us, Eliav.

Angela goes in for a hug -- a burst of affection Chester doesn't appreciate.

ELIAV
Of course, our pleasure.

Eliav's eyes finally land on Polly.

ELIAV (CONT'D)
And who's this?

Polly gets lost in his piercing gaze.

ODA (O.S.)
She's one of mine. Remember?

Oda (gorgeous) swoops in, stealing the room.

Polly snaps to, offers Eliav her hand.

POLLY
Polly.

They shake.

ELIAV
Eliav.

Oda kisses Polly's cheek. Polly lingers on her contact.

ODA
(to Polly)
You brought wine, how sweet.

She slips the bottle from Polly's hands.

Eliav's eyes dart between them - their connection palpable.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A family-style spread of classic homemade Greek dishes. Eliav and Oda sit at opposite ends of the candlelit table. Chester, Angela on one side, Polly on the other.

CHESTER
You have to admit, the internet is
irrefutably democratic.

ELIAV
I know my wife agrees with you. But
I mourn for your generation.
Process, product, they no longer
matter. Self-promotion of a curated
personality is now the way to
achieve notoriety.

Chester shakes his head in disagreement.

ELIAV (CONT'D)
I'll give you, Chester, that
architects retain some relative
integrity. That is, if we had any
to begin with... But only because
mass culture overlooks us.

Polly wrinkles her face, taking issue.

POLLY
But what about--

ANGELA
(steam-rolls)
I completely agree, Eliav.

Oda uses her hand to mock their blabbing.

Polly stifles laughter.

Oda scoots her chair beside Polly's. Eliav, Chester and Angela's conversation fades to an inaudible hum.

ODA
(sotto, so only Polly can hear)
I should have warned you, those two are borderline insufferable. Not that Eliav is any better, when he knows he has a captive audience.

POLLY
(matching volume)
This is nothing compared to dinner at my house.
(not wanting to elaborate)
Besides, anything's worth this amazing meal. What's this called again?

Polly sinks her teeth into a flaky pastry crust.

ODA
Spanakopita. You like it?

Polly nods enthusiastically, mouth full.

ODA (CONT'D)
My grandmother's recipe. I lived with her on Paros for a few years before I got my Masters.

POLLY
I'm dying to go to Greece.

ODA
Oh, you should. It's the most sensuous place in the world.

Eliav tunes out Chester and Angela as his eyes narrow in on Oda and Polly.

Time slows to a crawl as he hones in on every subtlety of their body language: smoldering eye contact, insuppressible smiles, Oda's hand on Polly's forearm.

Eliav takes this in with fascination.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Polly washes her hands. Checks her teeth in the mirror, shuts off the water and dries her hands on a towel.

A silk robe hangs on the door. Polly admires the delicate fabric and, unable to resist, lifts it to her nose.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Oda picks at dessert, bored stiff.

ELIAV

How do you reconcile with a world
in which every tween with an iPhone
is considered an artist?

CHESTER

Of course technology's preeminence
is problematic, but--

ANGELA

Let Eliav finish, Chester.

ELIAV

If discipline and process lose all
value what sense is there in either
of you investing the time and money
to study your trade?

Oda gets up, hearing all she can stand.

ODA

Excuse me.

Eliav's eyes follow her out of the room.

CHESTER

I never knew you were such a cynic,
Professor.

ANGELA

I think Eliav has a real point.

CHESTER

Oh shut up, Angela.

Angela's jaw drops. Eliav checks his wristwatch.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Oda crests the stairs, finds Polly hypnotized by a--
PAINTING of a WOMAN reaching out for her FEMALE LOVER.

ODA
There you are.

Oda joins her side.

POLLY
(re: woman in painting)
Is that--

Oda nods.

ODA
In another lifetime, before Eliav
and I were married.

Polly's eyes remain glued to the canvas. Oda steals peeks at
her from her periphery.

ODA (CONT'D)
What are you thinking?

POLLY
How I wish I could distill a single
moment with that eloquence.

ODA
I think we both know you can. When
you have the right subject.

Polly stiffens.

ODA (CONT'D)
It's been a long time since I've
inspired such moving work.

Polly faces Oda with trepidation.

POLLY
You knew?

ODA
Of course I did.

POLLY
And you're not -- upset?

ODA
I was a little, at first. But how
can I be when it's everything I've
been asking of you?

Polly looks at the floor, embarrassed.

ODA (CONT'D)
Not to mention, incredibly
flattering.

Oda lifts Polly's chin until their eyes meet -- communicating
what cannot be said aloud.

ELIAV (O.S.)
Oda?

Oda drops her hand, about-faces.

ODA
Yeah, hon?

ELIAV (O.S.)
Our other guests are leaving.

ODA
OK!
(sotto, to Polly)
To be continued?

Polly nods. Oda squeezes her hand. Polly steals a last glance
at the painting, follows Oda down the stairs.

EXT. EINHORN HOUSE - NIGHT

Eliav hangs out the door, waving.

ELIAV
Get home safe!

Angela stomps ahead of Chester, fuming.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (CONT'D)

Oda and Polly stand side by side. Polly's pinky finger
stretches toward Oda's when--

Eliav shuts the door. Faces them, relieved.

ELIAV
Jesus, they're so high-strung.

He wiggles his arms, shaking off their energy.

ELIAV (CONT'D)
I gotta get high -
(to Polly)
Do you get high?

ODA
Eliav!

ELIAV
What? We're all adults here.

Polly's eyes flicker to Oda's for permission.

POLLY
I'd never say anything, if that's
what you're worried about.

Oda sighs, considering the consequences.

ODA
Fine. But I'm not bearing witness
to it.

Polly gulps, regretful.

ELIAV
Then Polly and I will have a chance
to get acquainted.
(to Polly)
You don't mind if I steal you away,
do you?

POLLY
(lying)
No, of course not.

Polly looks back at Oda as Eliav ushers her toward --

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - ELIAV'S STUDY - NIGHT

Polly twists up a joint with precision and ease. Eliav
watches her keenly.

ELIAV
Polly, Polly, Polly... you're a
studio major, I gather?

She nods, crosses her fingers.

POLLY
Graduating in May.

ELIAV

Any plans?

POLLY

Find work wherever I can,
preferably far away from here.

Eliav removes a lighter from his pocket, sparks the joint
between Polly's lips.

POLLY (CONT'D)

(inhaling)

Thanks.

ELIAV

Do you have a girlfriend?

Polly's expression reads surprise.

ELIAV (CONT'D)

Or boyfriend. I didn't mean to
presume.

POLLY

I was in a long-term relationship
with a man... but that ended.

ELIAV

Not well, it sounds.

POLLY

Does it ever?

ELIAV

Mind if I asked what happened?

POLLY

Turned out we wanted different
things.

ELIAV

And what didn't you want?

She looks him square in the eye.

POLLY

(wary)

I kinda feel like I'm being
interrogated here.

ELIAV

Forgive my curiosity. You and Oda
seem so close, I'm just trying
to... catch up.

Polly gets off the couch, surveys the room.

POLLY
He wanted a traditional life --
marriage, kids, house in the burbs.

ELIAV
(sarcastic)
What a monster.

POLLY
Not that there's anything wrong
with that. It's just not for me.

ELIAV
What is it you want, then?

POLLY
Honestly?

Eliav nods, urging.

POLLY (CONT'D)
I really want to check out your
record collection.

Eliav laughs.

ELIAV
Go ahead, but you won't find any
Lady Gaga in there.

POLLY
(burned)
Ouch.

Polly runs her hand over Eliav's meticulously organized LPs.
Removes Patti Smith's *Easter* from its sleeve, places it on
the turntable and drops the arm.

Eliav narrows the distance between them, intrigued.

ELIAV
Patti Smith, huh?

POLLY
My parents did one thing right.

ELIAV
I thought we all rejected what our
parents like.

POLLY
Mostly.

They lock eyes. Eliav attempts to pass the joint, drops it.

POLLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

ELIAV

My fault.

They both kneel down to retrieve it - their hands touching in process, igniting an electric current between them.

Eliav clears his throat, stands, offers Polly a hand, helps her to her feet.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oda finishes her glass of wine, foot tapping impatiently.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - ELIAV'S STUDY - NIGHT (CONT'D)

Eliav and Polly lean against the record cabinet, side by side. Eliav admires Polly's joint up-close.

ELIAV

I've been rolling these since
before you were born, and I gotta
tell ya--

(holding in a hit)

This is one feautiful bucking
joint.

They crack up, hopelessly stoned.

ELIAV (CONT'D)

It's nice having a toking buddy.

POLLY

Why not Oda?

Eliav cringes, shakes his head.

ELIAV

Don't tell her I told you this, but
pot makes her very - how should I
put this... amorous?

POLLY

I see.

ELIAV

Scarily, so.

Polly tucks this knowledge away for a rainy day.

ELIAV (CONT'D)
Occasionally I smoke with my son,
when he comes to visit.

Polly coughs uncontrollably.

POLLY
You have a son?

Oda throws the door open, waving away a plume of smoke.

ODA
Don't let me interrupt.

ELIAV
Hey, hon.

He extinguishes the joint in an ashtray.

ELIAV (CONT'D)
Come, join us.

Oda stands her ground.

ODA
I think I'm going to head to bed.

ELIAV
You sure?

ODA
I'll just walk Polly out first.
(eyes on Polly)
If she's ready.

ELIAV
I don't mind locking up.
(to Polly)
If you want to finish the A-side.

Polly's eyes dart from Oda to Eliav, unsure how to respond.

ODA
Then I guess I'll say good night.

Her eyes darken, pained at being robbed of a private goodbye.

ODA (CONT'D)
You two behave yourselves.

Eliav re-lights the joint.

ELIAV
Night, honey.

Oda closes the door - her departure like a punch to Polly's gut. Eliav offers Polly the joint.

POLLY
Actually, I should go.

ELIAV
Oh?

POLLY
But thanks for the tokes and everything. It was fun.

ELIAV
Maybe we'll see you again sometime.

POLLY
You never know, right?

She bounds out the door. Eliav stubs out the joint.

EXT. EINHORN PORCH - NIGHT

Oda and Polly stand toe-to-toe beneath the porch light.

ODA
I hope Eliav wasn't too... Eliav.

POLLY
He's pretty alright, actually.

ODA
You sound surprised.

POLLY
No. It's nice to put a face to the name, that's all.

ODA
You won't start drawing him now, will you?

Polly shakes her head, slowly reveals crossed fingers.

Oda smacks her, playfully - like she would Eliav.

Polly rubs the spot, exaggerating the pain to egg Oda on.

ODA (CONT'D)
Wimp.

Polly drops the act, smiling. Oda smiles back. They hold eye contact for what feels like minutes.

POLLY

Guess I better get going.

Polly exhales warm air into her cupped hands.

Oda rubs the sleeves of her jacket, warming.

ODA

You sure I can't give you a lift?

POLLY

Thanks, but--

She points to her bike. Oda nods.

ODA

(now or never)

Well...

Oda opens her arms wide. Polly steps into them.

The guise of platonic hug fades quickly. Each tightening their grip incrementally - nuzzling closer and closer until they're fused together.

Oda's lips part, releasing a tiny WHIMPER in Polly's ear. Polly jolts, pulling away before Oda knows what hit her.

POLLY

Good night!

She flees down the steps.

ODA

Polly--

She turns back.

ODA (CONT'D)

If you have any more sketches like the ones we've been talking about, I'd love to see them.

POLLY

I think I can wrestle up a few.

ODA

Sometime next week?

Polly nods. Oda smiles.

ODA (CONT'D)
I'll look forward to it.

Polly climbs aboard her bike. Pedals off on a cloud.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Oda steps inside, shuts the door, rests her head against it, eyes closed.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oda enters on a cloud, sees Eliav on the edge of the bed, and slams down to earth. She opens her closet, undresses in front of the full-length mirror, slips on a silk negligee.

ODA
You two seemed to hit it off.

Eliav stands to face her, strips down to his boxers.

ELIAV
Be careful with her, Oda.

ODA
What does that mean?

ELIAV
Your last review is two months away. I'd hate to see you do anything to jeopardize that.

Eliav removes the decorative pillows from his side of the bed, turns down the bedspread. Oda mirrors him, fuming.

ODA
You better be really high.

ELIAV
You can't deny she has feelings for you.

They climb into bed. Oda remains upright, annoyed.

ODA
Being a teacher is like being a therapist - you know as well as I do, crushes come with the territory. That's why some of us exercise self-restraint.

ELIAV

Frankly, I wasn't seeing a hell of a lot of self-restraint. And if Chester and Angela's heads hadn't been so far up my ass they would have noticed, too.

Oda SIGHS, her denial thinning.

ODA

I don't know what it is about her. She's just so talented.

ELIAV

And attractive.

ODA

If you saw the kind of work she's capable of...

(eyes narrowing)

Did you say 'attractive'?

ELIAV

Is she not?

Oda studies him, spots his tell, GASPS.

ODA

You want to fuck her.

ELIAV

(full denial)

What?

Oda stares at him until he folds.

ELIAV (CONT'D)

Fine, under different circumstances...

ODA

You'd fuck a twenty-two year old--

ELIAV

Like you wouldn't?

Oda fluffs her pillow.

ODA

I'm old enough to be her mother.

ELIAV

I'm older than you.

ODA
(back on topic)
She has so much potential. I just
want to help her realize it.

ELIAV
I said something similar to Rachel
about you, you know. Before we
started up.

ODA
Please, you and I knew what we
wanted the moment we met.

ELIAV
Maybe so, but Rach and I had just
had Max - I wasn't about to do
anything to rock the boat.

Oda laughs at him - calling his bluff. Eliav remains serious.

ELIAV (CONT'D)
Remember that night I rode the C
with you all the way to Lafayette?

Oda nods.

ELIAV (CONT'D)
I walked you to your door, you
invited me in, and I told you I
couldn't because--

ODA
Max was sick.

Eliav nods.

ELIAV
He wasn't. But I panicked, because
I knew if we were alone, there'd be
no turning back for me. After that
I avoided you like the plague.

ODA
I tracked you down eventually.

ELIAV
And I blew up my life.

Oda lays her head on his chest. He strokes her hair.

She pulls Eliav into a kiss. And another. And another.

Oda straddles Eliav. He lays his hands on her hips, surprised by the initiation.

ELIAV (CONT'D)
Contact high?

ODA
Maybe.

She slips her negligee over her head and dives down for more.

INT. DORMITORY BATHROOM - NIGHT (FANTASY)

Polly stands beneath the running water. The curtain pulls open. In steps Oda, naked.

POLLY
What are you--

Oda kisses her, pulls her close. Polly caresses her breasts, teases her nipples, first with her fingers, then her tongue.

Polly's lips rejoin Oda's. She backs her against the tile. Pelvises locked together, undulating rhythmically. Eliav steps beneath the water, presses his body to Polly's back, kissing her neck and shoulders as she brings Oda to orgasm.

INT. POLLY/NICOLE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Polly shoots upright in a sweat - eyes open, GASPING.

POLLY
Fuck.

Nicole sips a mug of coffee, cross-legged on her bed.

NICOLE
Sure sounded like a good one.

Polly catches her breath.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Mystery crush strike again?

Polly collapses back to the mattress, reeling.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Oda (dressed for work) sips a cup of coffee, flipping through the paper.

Eliav (suit, briefcase) sneaks up behind her, plants his lips on her neck. She smiles, turns in for a kiss. He squeezes her ass. She smacks his hand away, smiling.

ODA
Have a good day.

ELIAV
You too.

He heads for the door. Oda returns her eyes to her paper. Eliav pauses in the doorway, turns back, guilt-stricken.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Eliav unlocks his phone, heads out the door.

INT. ELIAV'S OFFICE - ST. AMBROSE UNIVERSITY - DAY

Eliav overlooks a floor-plan on parchment paper. Angela sits across from him, taking notes.

KNOCK KNOCK.

ELIAV
Yes?

BETSY HILLEBERG (recognizable from her Facebook) enters, distressed.

BETSY
I'm sorry to barge in like this.

ELIAV
No, that's--
(to Angela)
Would you mind, giving us a minute?

Angela nods, walks out. Betsy shuts the door behind her, holds up her phone.

BETSY
I just got your text and I'm...
well, surprised.

ELIAV
I'm sorry, Betsy. It's just not a
good time for me.

BETSY
There's nothing I can say to change
your mind? Nothing I can... do?

Eliav smiles, his resolve untested.

ELIAV
No, I'm afraid not.

BETSY
Maybe another weekend, then.

ELIAV
I... don't think so.

Betsy glares.

ELIAV (CONT'D)
(softening the blow)
But maybe we can grab a coffee
sometime?

BETSY
Whose idea was this anyway?

ELIAV
You're right. It was my mistake
from the start.

Betsy scoffs, humiliated.

ELIAV (CONT'D)
If it makes you feel any better, I
don't think we're very compatible.

BETSY
(sharp)
Yeah? And why's that?

ELIAV
Your Facebook?

Betsy's jaws drops.

ELIAV (CONT'D)
I mean, how could you vote for that
buffoon?

BETSY
Go fuck yourself.

She storms out, SLAMMING the door behind her.

KNOCK KNOCK.

ELIAV
What?!

Angela cracks the door, pokes her head in.

ANGELA
Me again...
(eyes darting)
...Everything OK?

Eliav straightens his tie, waves her inside.

EXT. CAMPUS - ST. AMBROSE UNIVERSITY - DAY

Polly pedals her bike, portfolio over her shoulder.

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

Oda works at her desk, the studio otherwise empty.

Polly enters, barely containing her excitement.

POLLY
Hey.

ODA
I wasn't expecting you today.

POLLY
I know.

She off-loads her portfolio.

POLLY (CONT'D)
But I thought I'd bring these by,
in case you had some time.

Polly removes a handful of gorgeous drawings - all inspired by Oda. Oda resists the urge to pore over them.

ODA
I have a class coming in at one.

POLLY
Oh. Well, I can come back later.

ODA
Today's pretty booked up, actually.

POLLY
Sure, of course.

Oda returns to her work.

Polly slides the drawings back into her portfolio, slings it, but can't walk away.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Is everything OK?

ODA
Everything's great.

POLLY
I had a really nice time the other night.

ODA
I'm glad.

STUDENTS trickle in for class. Oda diverts her attention to them, stands.

ODA (CONT'D)
See you Friday, okay?

Polly nods. Oda offers a thin smile, moves to greet the incoming Students. Polly pushes out the door, crestfallen.

EXT. ART STUDIO - DAY

Polly unlocks her bike from the rack, attempts to wheel it out but can't - a neighboring pedal hooked in her spoke. She yanks it with all her might, freeing it. Climbs aboard and pedals off as fast as her legs will allow.

INT. POLLY/NICOLE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Nicole enters. Polly's lips wrapped around her flask.

NICOLE
What's... up?

POLLY
Let's go out tonight.

NICOLE
It's Monday.

POLLY
Monday-fun-day.

NICOLE
That's Sunday.

POLLY
Potato, tomato. Let's get wrecked.

NICOLE
But I was gonna go to the library
to study...

Polly stares in disbelief.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Just kidding!

Nicole grabs the flask.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - ELIAV'S STUDY - NIGHT

Eliav exhales a cloud of smoke on the couch, head tilted toward the ceiling. He looks at Polly's joint, contemplative.

The front door SHUTS O.S. He stubs out the joint, pulls himself off the couch.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Oda sifts through a pile of mail. Eliav pauses in the doorway, face sullen.

ODA
You're home early.

Eliav embraces her like a child, buries his face in her hair. Oda comforts him, sensing something off.

ODA (CONT'D)
What's going on?

He holds her tighter.

ODA (CONT'D)
Eliav--?

ELIAV
I cancelled my trip.

Oda pulls away.

ODA
What? How come?

He brings a hand to his brow. Oda steels herself.

INT. OFF-CAMPUS HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Crowded with STUDENTS mingling, drinking, hooking-up.

Polly drinks from a red solo cup, maneuvering through the crowd like a ghost, observes:

- FRAT BRO #1 and FRAT BRO #2 race to shotgun beers in order to win the affection of onlooking PRETTY GIRL.

- JOCK "accidentally" spills a beer on BIG BREASTED GIRL's shirt, and takes his off - encouraging an exchange.

- Nicole and Garrett make out fiercely against the wall, obliviously bumping into BYSTANDERS.

Polly posts herself in a corner, sips her beer, feeling an outsider. She scans the room, locks eyes with CUTE GUY, 20, tattoos peeking from under his shirt sleeves.

Polly cuts her eyes toward the floor, slowly returns them to his. He holds her gaze, smiling, friendly. Polly smiles back.

INT. CUTE GUY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Cute Guy and Polly makeout on his bed.

Polly fixates on a PULP FICTION POSTER tacked to the ceiling: UMA THERMAN's sultry gaze staring back. Cute Guy oblivious.

CUTE GUY
You like that, huh?
(no response needed)
You're so fucking hot.

Cute Guy slips off his shirt, unzips his pants.

CUTE GUY (CONT'D)
You cool having sex?

POLLY
(distracted)
Hmm?

CUTE GUY
Sex?

POLLY
Yeah. Let's do it.

CUTE GUY
Cool.

He grabs a condom off his night stand, tears it open with his teeth, slides it on. Pulls off Polly's pants with much effort and no assistance - all the while, Polly's eyes on Uma.

CUTE GUY (CONT'D)
You a Tarantino fan?

POLLY
Not really.

Cute Guy wrinkles his face, disgusted.

CUTE GUY
(belittling)
Okay...

POLLY
Does that offend you or something?

CUTE GUY
No, it's just - Kill Bill? Jackie Brown? Django?

Polly shrugs.

CUTE GUY (CONT'D)
(dismissive)
Some people wouldn't know good art
if it sat on their face.

He leans in for a kiss. Polly pushes him off.

POLLY
I'm gonna go.

CUTE GUY
Seriously?

POLLY
Yep.

She climbs off the bed, retrieves her pants. He follows, confused.

CUTE GUY
Because of what I said?

POLLY
Does it matter?

Polly heads for the door. Cute Guy leaps in front of it, blocking her.

POLLY (CONT'D)
(impatient)
Please move.

CUTE GUY
Just hang on a sec.

He reaches out a hand. Polly flinches, threatened.

POLLY
Get the FUCK out of my way. NOW.

CUTE GUY
OK!

Cute Guy jumps out of her way.

CUTE GUY (CONT'D)
Jesus.

Polly jets out the door.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eliav and Oda lie on the bed, clothed. Oda wipes away a silent tear. Eliav reaches out for her hand.

ODA
I'm fine.

Oda gets off the bed, smooths out her dress.

ODA (CONT'D)
It's just easier for me not to know.

She sits at her vanity, fixes her makeup in the mirror.

ELIAV
I'm sorry.

ODA
What for? You're allowed to do as you please.

ELIAV
What if I don't want to be allowed anymore? What if I want a regular marriage - a closed marriage.

ODA
Monogamy?

ELIAV

Yes.

Oda laughs to keep from crying.

ELIAV (CONT'D)

Why can't we try?

ODA

It's not who we are.

ELIAV

Then why do we both feel like shit right now?

ODA

Because you had to confess.

ELIAV

For feeling guilty - which was one of the main things this arrangement was supposed to eliminate.

ODA

It's not perfect. But it's easier for me than getting my heart broken every time you slip up.

Eliav SIGHS.

ODA (CONT'D)

What time is it?

Oda checks her wristwatch, stressed.

ODA (CONT'D)

I have so much work to do.

Stands.

ELIAV

Should I make some dinner?

ODA

I'm not hungry.

Eliav joins her side, desperate to ease her pain.

ELIAV

Is there anything I can do?

Oda considers.

ODA

I think you should go away this weekend.

ELIAV

You're not suggesting with her?

ODA

With her, without her. Either way, I don't think I want you here for a few days.

ELIAV

I'll stay with Daniel. Come back Monday.

Oda nods, exits.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - ODA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Oda stares at her open laptop, mind elsewhere. She opens her drawer. Polly's drawing peeks out at her. She looks into her charcoal rendered eyes, reflecting back a deep sadness.

EXT. CAMPUS - ST. AMBROSE UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Polly walk-of-shames briskly across a quiet grassy quad.

INT. POLLY/NICOLE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Polly walks in on Nicole and Garrett fucking. They pay her no mind. Polly grabs her portfolio, eyes down, exits.

EXT. ART STUDIO - NIGHT

Polly locks her bike to the RACK as Oda exits her car.

They arrive at the door almost simultaneously.

ODA

Hey.

POLLY

Hey.

Oda smiles, back to her old self.

ODA

After you.

Oda holds open the door as Polly slips inside.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, CHICAGO - DAY

Eliav shivers on the curb, duffel in hand. A JEEP pulls up, rolls down the passenger window.

DANIEL
Need a lift?

INT./EXT. JEEP - DAY (MOVING) (CONT'D)

Eliav slides into the passenger's and embraces his oldest friend, DANIEL (50s, a lonely bachelor with kind eyes.)

ELIAV
It's good to see you.

Daniel smiles in agreement, puts the car in gear.

DANIEL
So...
(peers at Eliav)
...What'd you do this time?

Eliav SIGHS guiltily.

INT./EXT. ODA'S SPORTS CAR - DAVENPORT, IOWA - DAY (MOVING)

Oda and Polly make their way downtown, winter light flickering off the Mississippi River, winding adjacent.

Oda drives, her attention on the road. Polly studies Oda's hands from the passenger's: polished nails, slender fingers, tiny imperfections that betray years of heavy use.

The windows steadily fog up. Oda lowers the heat, undoes her seatbelt, attempts to wriggle out of her coat.

ODA
Give me a hand, will you?

Polly grabs hold of her sleeve, Oda slips her arm out.

ODA (CONT'D)
Thanks.

Oda pats Polly's leg with her perfectly imperfect hand, returns it to the wheel.

INT. CAFE - DOWNTOWN DAVENPORT, IOWA - DAY

An intimate two-top overlooking the Mississippi. Oda flips through Polly's drawings of her. Polly looks on anxiously.

ODA
We need to get you working with oils. I have some I'm not using. I'll bring them in.

POLLY
OK. That would be great. Thank you.

Oda nods for a long time, wrestling with what to say.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Is that it?

ODA
Are there other subjects you render with this much...
(clears throat)
Passion?

POLLY
Just my ex, Will.

Oda sifts through the drawings.

ODA
I don't see any of him here.

POLLY
That's because I destroyed them.

Oda fumes.

POLLY (CONT'D)
I know, I shouldn't have. It got too painful having them around.

ODA
Pain can be very useful in your work.

POLLY
I prefer pleasure.

Oda swallows, her throat suddenly dry, sips glass of water. She looks back down at Polly's DRAWING of: her naked breasts.

ODA
I could use a real drink. Would you like a drink?

Oda flags the WAITER (20's).

INT. CRAFT BEER BAR - CHICAGO, IL - DAY

Eliav drinks a pint beside Daniel. The establishment bustling with MILLENNIAL HIPSTERS.

ELIAV

It's like the more I feel I'm not
enough for her, the more she's
convinced she's not enough for me.

Daniel eyes an ATTRACTIVE GIRL, half his age, down the bar.

ELIAV (CONT'D)

She's seemed disinterested for so
long, I actually thought having an
affair was the prudent thing to do.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL greets her equally attractive BOYFRIEND.

ELIAV (CONT'D)

What the fuck is wrong with me?

Daniel flags the BARTENDER, gestures for another round.

DANIEL

I've known every one of your
girlfriends since we were in
braces. Don't get me wrong, Rachel
is a hell of a woman, and you have
Max to show for that. But not one
of them understood you the way Oda
does.

ELIAV

I don't know, Daniel. This time
something tells me she's fed up.

Bartender exchanges their glasses for fresh ones.

ELIAV (CONT'D)

(morose)

Maybe she should be.

Eliav chugs.

DANIEL

Want my advice?

Eliav looks up from his beer, eager.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
If I know Oda, and I do, she wants
to feel seen.

ELIAV
I do see her. She's magnificent.

DANIEL
Funny way of showing it, hiding out
here, getting shit-faced with me.

ELIAV
She told me to leave, Daniel.

DANIEL
Because she was protecting herself,
Eliav. You gotta man the fuck up.

ELIAV
(pleading)
Tell me what to do.

Daniel SIGHS heavily, claps Eliav on the back.

INT. CAFE - DOWNTOWN DAVENPORT, IOWA - DAY (LATER)

Waiter removes two empty champagne flutes, replaces them with
fresh mimosas.

ODA
(tipsy)
Thank you.

Waiter nods, retreats. Oda sips, mustering courage.

ODA (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something?

Polly's eyes urge her to.

ODA (CONT'D)
How long have you been drawing--

POLLY
(brazen)
You?

Oda nods. Polly smiles.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Few months, maybe longer. There are
still a few things I'm trying to
get right.

(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)
(eyes on them)
Your hands, for example.

Oda looks at her hands, self-conscious.

POLLY (CONT'D)
You don't know what I'd give for
two minutes with them.

Oda laughs, nervous.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Sorry, that must have sounded
strange.

Polly cuts her eyes.

POLLY (CONT'D)
It's challenging not being allowed
to study your subject directly.

Oda hesitates, then lays her hands flat on the tablecloth.

Polly looks up, searching Oda's eyes for permission. Oda barely nods. Polly leans down, takes a closer look.

Unable to resist, she cradles Oda's hand in hers. Turning it this way and that, absorbing its dimensions, almost scientifically.

She runs her thumb along Oda's skin - anatomical study giving way to sensual exploration.

Oda's breath quickens, chest rapidly rising and falling. Polly interlocks her fingers with Oda's.

They lock eyes. Smouldering.

Waiter approaches.

Oda jolts, retracting her hand.

WAITER
Can I get you ladies anything else?

ODA
(too fast)
Just the check, thanks.

EXT. CITY STREET - DOWNTOWN DAVENPORT, IOWA - DAY

Oda and Polly walk side by side toward Oda's car. Oda wobbles in her heel, steadies herself against Polly.

ODA

I don't know if I should drive just yet.

POLLY

I know how we can kill an hour.

INT. FIGGE ART MUSEUM - DOWNTOWN DAVENPORT, IOWA - DAY

Polly leads Oda into the ALYSSA MONKS EXHIBITION: large-scale oil paintings; mostly nudes, a majority female; marrying photo-realism and surrealism in exquisite harmony.

They gaze upon "Persistence" (2017). Oda's lips part, release a soft GASP, moved beyond words. She squeezes Polly's hand. Polly smiles. Oda lets go, steps closer - losing herself.

ODA

(enraptured)

My God...

(turning)

See what you could do with oil?

Polly nods. Oda returns her eyes to the painting. Polly's eyes linger on Oda. A dream fulfilled.

INT. FIGGE ART MUSEUM - DAY (SHORT TIME LATER)

Oda clocks Polly through the thinning crowd, joining her in front of "Garden" (2011).

ODA

Thanks for getting me here.

POLLY

Thank you for coming.

ODA

This makes me want to paint again.

Polly stares at Oda in disbelief.

ODA (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that.

POLLY

But I've seen your work--

ODA

The well ran dry a few years ago.

Oda turns toward Polly, their faces inches apart.

ODA (CONT'D)
We all need our muses, don't we?

Polly searches Oda's face, suddenly grabs Oda's forearm.

ODA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Polly leads her around the corner into a quiet--

CORRIDOR

--And backs her against the wall.

Polly rests her forehead against Oda's. They breathe heavily, weighing the inevitability of the next move. Their lips mere millimeters apart when--

APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS drive them apart.

Oda hides her face, Polly walks in a tight circle.

STUFFY MAN (60's) passes with furrowed brow.

INT./EXT. ODA'S SPORTS CAR - DAVENPORT, IA - DAY (MOVING)

Oda white-knuckles the wheel, eyes straight ahead, thinking. Polly tries desperately to read her expression, agonizing.

POLLY
Oda, I'm--

Oda holds up a prohibitive hand.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Sorry.

ODA
You know this can't--

POLLY
I know.

Polly drops her head, overwhelmed with regret. Oda, yearning to comfort, tortured by her own restraint, slams her hand against the wheel.

ODA
God dammit.

She turns the wheel, de-accelerating down an unpopulated

SIDE STREET

Oda pulls over, cuts the engine. Keeps her hands on the wheel, frozen in indecision.

POLLY

Do you want me to get out?

Oda unbuttons the top of her blouse, seizes Polly's hand and holds it against her bare, pounding chest.

Polly unbuckles herself, pulls Oda's face to hers.

ODA

Polly, wait--

They kiss, softly at first. Oda deepens it with urgency.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Polly sits on the edge of the bed while Oda shuts the door. Oda approaches her slowly, nervously.

Polly restrains her desire, heart racing.

Oda slips off her heels. Unbuttons her shirt and unzips her skirt, allowing both to fall to the ground.

Polly reciprocates, stripping down to her bra and panties.

Oda reaches behind her back, unclasps her bra.

Polly mirrors.

They lay eyes on each other fully for the first time. Polly finally able to put her imagination to rest, and Oda, mesmerized by a body so unlike what she's seen for years.

As if on cue, their lips meet like magnets. Kissing as they stumble back to the bed, collapsing on top.

Oda's mouth moves from Polly's neck to shoulders to breasts, her hand following a similar trail. Polly GASPS with each newly explored area. Just as Oda is about to slip her hand between Polly's legs--

POLLY

(nervous)

I should tell you something.

Oda catches her breath.

POLLY (CONT'D)

I've never done this before... with a woman.

ODA

We don't have to do anything you
don't want to.

POLLY

Are you kidding? No. I want to do
everything. I'm only telling you in
case I... suck.

ODA

I wouldn't worry about it.

POLLY

No?

ODA

No.

Oda's mouth travels slowly down Polly's body.

Polly's eyes shut, lips parting involuntarily.

She MOANS, back arching.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Polly and Oda lie naked in each other's arms, post-coitus.

Polly takes in Eliav's side of the room: his hung dry
cleaning; a worn, dog-eared copy of The Poetics of Space on
his night-stand; a WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH of he and Oda kissing.

Oda can sense she's far away.

ODA

(softly)

You OK?

Polly rolls toward her, rests her head on Oda's chest.

POLLY

What are we going to do?

Polly interlocks her fingers with Oda's, finally free to
study Oda's hand as she pleases.

Oda kisses her forehead.

ODA

Eliav and I have a certain
arrangement.

POLLY
(intrigued)
What kind of arrangement?

ODA
We're each allowed certain
indulgences, as long as we're
discreet.

Polly sits up, rejuvenated, eyes full of hope.

POLLY
You mean this is okay?

ODA
OK? I'm still twice your age, not
to mention--

POLLY
Don't be so provincial.

Oda' mouth gapes, awed by her audacity.

ODA
You little--

Polly kisses her. Again and again. Her hand makes its way
between Oda's legs, initiating round two.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, CHICAGO - NIGHT

Eliav shuts the door to Daniel's Jeep, duffel in hand. Newly
revived, a man on a mission.

ELIAV
I love you, man.

DANIEL
I love you too.
(beat)
Come visit sometime when your
marriage doesn't need saving.

ELIAV
Promise.

Eliav waves goodbye, disappears inside the terminal.

INT./EXT. JEEP - NIGHT (CONT'D)

Daniel pulls off the curb, eyes sad. Alone again.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Oda (robed) leans across the granite ISLAND admiring Polly (also robed) as she scans the contents of the fridge.

POLLY
I don't know what half of this
stuff is. But I can make a mean
grilled cheese.

Polly turns, seeking Oda's approval. Notices her staring.

POLLY (CONT'D)
(self-conscious)
What?

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - ODA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Oda throws the sheet off her easel, revealing a blank canvas.

Polly kisses her, playfully distracting her from setting up.

ODA
Cut it out.

Polly relents, smiling.

Oda unties Polly's robe. Polly tries to reciprocate.

Oda slaps her hand away, leads her to a chair, positions her, and adjusts the robe so that her flesh is discreetly visible.

Satisfied, Oda runs her fingers over Polly's facial features, admiringly, plants a kiss on Polly's lips and retreats to a shelf stocked with oil paints.

Polly waits, patiently, holding position as Oda mixes paints on a palette.

Oda steps behind her canvas, palette in hand, as her eyes take in the whole of Polly. She dips her brush in paint, applies brush to canvas.

EXT. EINHORN HOUSE - NIGHT

It's late. The house windows dark, indicating sleep.

Eliav retrieves his bag from the trunk of an idling TAXI.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Eliav traverses the dark hallway, passing the open door of
ODA'S STUDIO

Where, unnoticed, sits the moonlit portrait of Polly on Oda's
easel.

INT. EINHORN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A body stirs beneath the sheets as Eliav shuts the door,
tosses his duffel to the ground.

He fumbles as he undresses -- light so dim he can hardly see.

Eliav slips beneath the sheets, wraps himself around an
unfamiliar body. He retracts instantly, flips on the bedside
lamp, and lays eyes on:

Polly, naked. She blinks into the light, awakening.

POLLY

Eliav --

She sits up, quickly gathers the sheet to shield herself.

Oda (open robe) exits the bathroom, oblivious.

She locks eyes with Eliav, stops short, and holds his gaze,
waiting for him to speak.

Polly's eyes dart between them.

Eliav catches his breath.

ELIAV

Wow.

Eliav reveals the slightest smile.

ELIAV (CONT'D)

You two are so--

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT