

Sweet Tooth

By

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INT. AMY & BETH'S APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

It's pitch black in the apartment; the lock turns over as AMY (25), opens the door and pushes into the entryway. She wrestles off her shoes, kicking them aside, and drops her keys into the dish on top of the shoe rack. She's about to move on when she notices the empty plastic container beside the dish. She picks it up, turns it over in her hands, then looks out into the dark apartment, looking worried.

AMY
(calling)
Beth? ...Beth, are you home?

Amy moves into the apartment, flicking a switch to turn on the lights. The living room suddenly comes into view; there are containers of sweets on every available surface, collecting in a self-destruction spiral around BETH (26), who sits on the couch with a half-eaten cake in her lap.

Amy drops her shoulder bag.

AMY (CONT.)
...babe.

Beth looks up, distraught.

BETH
Hi.

AMY
Hi?

BETH
I got fired.

AMY
Oh.

Amy takes a moment to process this.

AMY (CONT.)
...oh, fuck.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. AMY & BETH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: 10 PM.

(CONTINUED)

Amy and Beth are both sitting on the couch now. Beth is very invested in continuing to eat her cake, which she does carefully and methodically with a plastic knife and fork. Amy is almost fully-limp on her side of the couch.

AMY
You got fired?

Beth hums an affirmative, refusing to talk with her mouth full. After she swallows:

BETH
Yes.

AMY
Okay.

BETH
We need to figure out what to do.
Rent is due on Friday.

AMY
What's today?

BETH
Wednesday.

AMY
...fuck.

BETH
Yeah.

AMY
Wait why'd they fire you? ...is
this about...y'know, the thing? Cuz
you only did that once.

BETH
I know.

AMY
And you caught it and everything.

BETH
I know.

AMY
...I need a beer. I'm gonna get a
beer.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY & BETH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: 11 PM.

An hour has passed. The TV is on, and Amy is on her third beer. Beth finishes her cake and sets it aside. They both stare blankly ahead.

AMY
You want a beer?

BETH
No, thank you.

Awkward silence.

AMY
...y'sure?

Beth doesn't answer. More awkward silence filled by the low, impersonal murmurs of the television.

Beth reaches for a box of cookies. Amy slaps her wrist, and she stops. After a while:

BETH
Do we have wine.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY & BETH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: 12 AM.

Yet another hour later, Beth has a bottle of red wine in one hand and a cookie in the other. She's a little flushed from the alcohol, gesturing with her wine bottle. The box of cookies is open in her lap. Amy is sitting on the other end of the couch, turned towards her.

BETH
She just looks straight at me-- she looks straight at me, Amy, and she says, "I just don't feel like you're suitably responsible for this position." I'm like, bitch, I have been watching your kids for four years!

AMY
I mean like... on and off, right?

(CONTINUED)

BETH

Only because I took that break to
write my thesis, hello!

She takes a deep swig from the wine. The cookies spill off
her lap and she swear a little, but Amy helps her tidy them
up, quickly sweeping them back into their container.

BETH (CONT.)

Thank you.

(Beat.)

I'm just... mad. I am a lot of
things, but irresponsible is not
one of them. And... I get it, okay,
I was working for her, but Stacy's
supposed to be my friend. Or my
mom's friend, at least, I can't
believe she'd do this to me.

AMY

Okay, yeah, I get it and-- like,
first, hear me out and hear that I
get it? But like... this person
literally watched you drop a baby.

BETH

(Outraged.)

Wh, oh my God, that was one time!

AMY

Yeah. I know. I just... y'know.

BETH

I caught it before it hit the
ground even! It wasn't even her
kid!

AMY

Yeah, okay, y'see, you're calling
the baby "it"? Also?

BETH

You called it "it" just a second
ago!

AMY

Yeah, but I'm not a nanny so...
it's different.

BETH

It wasn't about the stupid baby!

(CONTINUED)

AMY

Okay, well then, I just don't
really even understand how it came
up at all.

BETH

(about-face; she clams up)
It doesn't matter how it came up.

AMY

...babe, you're not irresponsible,
you're like... the most responsible
person I've ever met.

(Beat.)

Although. I mean. Y'know. Rent's
due Friday. You just got fired, and
our entire apartment is filled with
cake. But... I mean. Y'know.

BETH

Fuck off, Amy.

AMY

(realizing she's being a dick)
...okay. Yeah, sorry. I'll shut up.

Terse silence. Amy sips her beer, obnoxiously loud.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY & BETH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: 1 AM.

Amy and Beth are both on their computers. The room is
silent. The cookie container is empty, stacked on top of the
empty cake container, and Beth is onto a box of madeleines,
almost through the bottle of wine. Amy's on her sixth beer.

After any thirty seconds of silence, Amy speaks.

AMY

(fairly drunk)
Okay, what about if you got a job
at a bakery?

BETH

(sullenly)
I am *eating* a bakery.

(CONTINUED)

AMY
Yeah, so I'm thinking like... You
find a way to give back. Somehow.

BETH
(turning to look directly at
her)
Fuck you, Amy.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. AMY & BETH'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

BETH (O.S.)
(vomiting into the toilet)

TITLE CARD: 2 AM.

AMY (O.S.)
Okay, babe. Alright. Let it out.

Beth is curled up next to the toilet, head pressed to her
knees. Amy runs a washcloth under water in the sink, rings
it out, and comes over.

AMY (CONT.)
Okay. Here we go.

She slowly coaxes Beth's knees away from her face. She
gently cleans her mouth and her cheeks.

AMY (CONT.) (CONT.)
We're just havin' a bad day. That's
all. It's just one bad day. We'll
be alright.

When she's done, she kisses her forehead, then sits down
beside her. After a moment, Beth reaches over to take her
hand.

BETH
(quietly)
Sorry.

Amy squeezes her hand, bumps their shoulders.

AMY
Hey. It happens.

Beth's quiet for a while.

(CONTINUED)

BETH

I needed to. I just... I needed to.

AMY

Hey. I get it. It's one day at a time with this stuff, okay?
Tomorrow's gonna be better.

They sit there, side-by-side, hand-in-hand. The sink is dripping, slowly. Beth sniffles once, then leans her head on Amy's shoulder.

AMY (CONT.)

Hey.

(Beat.)

The thing with Stacy. Was... I mean was it about us? Was it about this?

Amy gestures between them to make it clear what "this" means. Beth sniffles.

BETH

...yes.

AMY

Okay. ...alright. Yeah, I... Okay.
That makes more sense.

BETH

...it's different for me. I know how it is for you, but... It just is. It's just different.

AMY

I know.

BETH

What she said... It's poison, the stuff people say. It's fucking poisonous, and it was in me. I just needed to get it out.

They sit there for a long time.

INT. AMY & BETH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: 3 AM.

Beth lies with her head on Amy's chest, scrolling through Craigslist on her laptop. Amy's resting with her chin on the top of Beth's head, dozing off.

(CONTINUED)

BETH
I could sell one of my organs.

AMY
(not opening her eyes)
I like your organs.

BETH
I could sell my eggs.

AMY
Like those too.

BETH
I could be a camgirl. But I don't
have a very good camera.

AMY
It's not about the camera. It's
about what's on the camera.

Beth tilts her head up and pecks Amy on the chin, then
returns to scrolling.

BETH
Hooters has an opening.

AMY
No, go back up one. Go back. That
one.

BETH
I can't work at a library.

AMY
Yeah you could.

BETH
No, I can't. See? I don't meet the
minimum requirements.

AMY
Don't meet the minimum requirements
to work at Hooters, either.

Beth socks her in the stomach.

AMY (CONT.)
Ow!

BETH
Think anybody wants *your* organs?
Here, let's look.

(CONTINUED)

AMY
Babe, noooo...

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. AMY & BETH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Amy wakes up to the sound of dishes being done in the kitchen. She groans, hungover, and scrubs the sleep from her eyes.

INT. AMY & BETH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Amy wanders into the kitchen, hair going in every direction. Beth's cleaning the kitchen in a skirt and cardigan, fully made up and looking completely put together.

AMY
Hi.

BETH
Hi.

Beth kisses her 'good morning,' and Amy goes over to the pot on the counter to get them coffee.

AMY
You got an interview.

BETH
Yeah, in about an hour. I'm going to head out in a second. Do you want me to grab breakfast on my way back?

Amy looks at the pastry boxes organized on the counter.

AMY
Nah, it's okay. I think you've got me covered.

She brings Beth her coffee. Beth kisses her cheek and takes it, grabbing her bag. Amy stops her with a hand on her wrist.

AMY (CONT.)
Hey. It's tomorrow, today.

Beth pauses, not looking totally ready to have this conversation.

(CONTINUED)

BETH
Yeah. Yes. It is.

AMY
You okay?

BETH
I'm not great.

AMY
Yeah, I know. Me neither. But, hey, listen -- you're hot, you're wonderful, I love you. We're gonna figure this out.

BETH
I'm going to figure this out.

AMY
Well, yeah. I know. You're the responsible one. I figured.

Beth pauses, takes a breath.

AMY (CONT.)
Hey. What?

BETH
I just-- It's nothing.

AMY
What?

BETH
What if I don't get it?

AMY
You'll get it.

BETH
What if I don't?

AMY
Then you don't. Whatever. There'll be other interviews, you'll get something else eventually. I'll call my parents, see what they can do. We'll see if our landlady will accept cake instead of rent. We'll do something.

(CONTINUED)

BETH

What if she kicks us out?

AMY

Then she kicks us out, whatever.
We'll find somewhere else.

BETH

What if we can't?

AMY

Then we'll crash with our friends,
or with my parents, or we'll buy a
van and live there. We'll go
somewhere. We'll do something.
We'll be okay.

BETH

How do you know?

AMY

Cuz we're together. We're us.
You're responsible and I'm... I
don't know, cute? I guess. We'll be
fine.

BETH

We're not fine right now.

AMY

Yeah, well, this is right now.
There'll be a time that's not right
now that's fine, and it'll get
here, and we'll just keep moving
until it does. It's gonna be okay.

Beth looks conflicted. After a moment, she darts forward and
kisses Amy, pressing close. They part for a second.

BETH

...you are.

AMY

I'm what?

BETH

Cute.

They kiss again, slowly. When Beth draws back, she looks a
little more okay than she did before. Amy tucks her hair
behind her ear and Beth smiles a little, pressing her cheek
into her hand.

(CONTINUED)

BETH

You're going to make me late.

AMY

Yeah, I know. Go. Kick ass.

Beth hovers there for a second, searching Amy's face for the answers to her own life. She seems to find something that satisfies her. She leans in, kisses the tip of Amy's nose, and then her lips, quick but tender. She picks up her bag again and walks out of the kitchen.

BETH (O.S.)

I love you.

AMY

Love you, too.

Beth opens the front door and closes it behind her. Amy listens to her lock up and hurry down the front steps. She and the towers of cake linger in the kitchen, wondering what to do next.