

• ME : EARL : THE DYING GIRL •

GREG SCENE # 1

15.

~~SENSE
RACHEL THERE'S A MODEST LITTLE
MOUSE HERE TO SEE YOU.~~

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

GREG and RACHEL are observing each other from opposite sides of her doorway. He is anxious; she is guarded.

START



GREG
Rachel-1-1-1.

RACHEL
Greg, what are you doing here.

GREG
Uh... So the doctor really recommends a strong dosage of Greg-itor. He thinks you should start taking it immediately.

RACHEL
You already used that joke.

GREG
No, because last time it was about Greg-acil, which, if you recall, comes in convenient gel-tab form--

RACHEL
Look. I don't want you hanging out with me. I don't need your stupid pity. I'm fine. You can just go.

GREG
No no no. You've got it all wrong. I'm not here because I pity you.

I'm here because my mom...
(realizing that this is worse)
...is, uh... making me.

Hmmmm.

RACHEL
That's actually worse.

GREG
(beginning to panic)
I know. Look. Uh. I know.

1/5

RACHEL
Just leave, okay? Honestly. I'm fine.

GREG
(desperately)
Rachel. Please listen to me.
(he gathers himself)
My mom is going to turn my life into a living hell if I don't hang out with you. I can't overstate how annoying she's being about this.
Rachel.

He realizes he has to beg.

GREG (CONT'D)
Look. I understand that I'm not doing you a favor here. What I'm asking is for you to do me a favor.

RACHEL
You want a favor from me?

GREG
Yes. Please. Let me hang out with you for one day. I can tell my mom we hung out. Then we'll both be out of each other's lives. Deal?

Rachel considers this with narrowed eyes.

RACHEL
Deal.

GREG
Word.

RACHEL
What are you doing now.

Greg looks down at his hands. He is going for a fist pound.

GREG
I think I'm going for a fist pound.

Rachel grudgingly touches his fist with her limp half-closed hand. They enter her room.

It's a girly room--the bed is covered in pillows, the walls are thick with magazine cutouts of actors. But it's also somewhat dark and cavelike, and there's not a lot of pink.

They sit down.

2/5

Neither of them says anything.

JUMP CUT TO:

Super: **EIGHT MINUTES LATER**

They are still on the bed, in slightly different positions.

RACHEL

So. Here we are. Hanging out with each other.

GREG

Yeah.

Silence.

RACHEL

It's really everything I ever hoped it would be.

GREG

(indicating bed)

So, uh. Lot of pillows in here. How many pillows is that?

RACHEL

I don't know.

GREG

I wish I had that many pillows.

RACHEL

So ask your parents for some.

GREG

No, uh... they'd be suspicious or something.

RACHEL

That you'd sleep all the time?

GREG

They'd probably assume that I was going to masturbate all over them.

A long beat. It's not immediately clear that Rachel is about to have a huge snorting laugh attack.

RACHEL

That is *disgusting*.

GREG

That's my parents. They're gross.

3/5

RACHEL

They won't get you pillows because they'd think you'd masturbbBB

Rachel snorts when she laughs. She now is having difficulty talking because she is snorting so hard.

GREG

Yeah. They have some really gross ideas about me. But it's also their fault for getting sexy pillows.

Rachel is on the floor. Greg is examining one of her pillows.

GREG (CONT'D)

This is a nice pillow. This pillow reminds me of Francesca. Francesca was a pillow we eventually had to give away, because I just got too aroused. It was a bad scene.

Rachel is now begging Greg to stop.

GREG (CONT'D)

I used to call Francesca the dirtiest names. I used to say, "You slutty pillow, you're so filthy. You slut. Stop *toying with my emotions*."--okay okay I'll stop.

Rachel tries to get her breath as Greg shuts up.

GREG (CONT'D)

That was a monster laugh.

RACHEL

Yeah.

Beat.

GREG

The thing with monster laughs is, there's like a huge silence afterward.

RACHEL

Yeah, I dunno. It's okay to just be quiet for a while.

GREG

Cool. Yeah.

(beat)

Yeah, this is cool.

4/5

Greg's cell phone buzzes.

GREG (CONT'D)
 (reading text message)
 Oh man. I have to go. I'm really
 sorry.

RACHEL
 It's okay. Who was that?

GREG
 Uh... That was Earl.

RACHEL
 Who's Earl?

/ END

CUT TO
 FLASHBACK:

INT. MCCARTHY'S OFFICE - FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL - LUNCHTIME

We're back to the first day of school, where GREG was eating
 lunch in a teacher's office with a DIMINUTIVE BLACK KID.

That's who EARL is.

GREG (V.O.)
 You may remember Earl from twenty
 minutes ago. He was the kid I was
 eating lunch with.

EARL
 Titties.

He continues to eat his lunch, looking pissed.

GREG (V.O.)
 Earl's my friend. Actually he's
 more like my coworker.

SNAPSHOT of GREG AND EARL IN KINDERGARTEN. Greg is a little
 chubster. Earl is scowling like a vampire.

GREG (V.O.)
 We've been classmates since
 kindergarten.

EXT. IN FRONT OF EARL'S HOUSE - ONE DAY MANY YEARS AGO

Earl lives in a ramshackle house with gutters falling off.

5/5