

Mom moves closer to his sister. She sees something curious about her daughter.

ELAINE

Wait. You've been kissing.

ANITA

(too quickly)

No I haven't.

ELAINE

(peering at her lips)

Yes... yes, you have...

ANITA

No I haven't.

ELAINE

Yes you have. I can tell.

ANITA

(boldly)

You can't tell.

Mom steps closer and examines the lips even more carefully. To her, everything is a quest for knowledge.

ELAINE

Not only can I *tell*, I know who it is.

It's Darryl.

Anita is stunned silent. She turns slightly to look at herself in a hall mirror, searching for clues, implicating herself immediately.

ELAINE (cont'd)

And what have you got under your coat?

This is the booty Anita didn't want to give up. Mom picks at the corner of an album cover now visible under her jacket. She withdraws the album. It's Simon and Garfunkel's *Bookends*.

ANITA

(busted)

It's unfair that we can't listen to our music!

ELAINE

(weary of the issue)

Honey, it's all about drugs and promiscuous sex.

ANITA

Simon and Garfunkel is poetry!

ELAINE

Yes it's poetry. It's the poetry of drugs and *promiscuous sex*. Look at the picture on the cover...

CLOSE ON BOOKENDS ALBUM COVER

Mom's fingers at the edges. We examine the insolent faces on Richard Avedon's classic album cover. Even Simon and Garfunkle look guilty under her scholarly inspection.

ELAINE (cont'd)

... honey, they're on *pot*.

ANITA

First it was butter, then sugar and white flour.

(beat)

Bacon. Eggs, bologna, rock and roll, motorcycles.

Nearby, William squirms as he watches the gently escalating conversation. Anita glances at her brother. He silently urges her to downshift. She can't.

ANITA (cont'd)

Then it was celebrating Christmas on a day in September When you knew it wouldn't be "commercialized."

ELAINE

That was an experiment. But I understand -

ANITA

What else are you going to ban?

ELAINE

Honey, you want to rebel against knowledge.

ELAINE (cont'd)

I'm trying to give you the Cliff's Notes on how to live in this world.

ANITA

(simple and direct)

We're like nobody else I know.

These are the words that sting Mom most.

ELAINE

I'm a teacher. Why can't I teach my own kids?

(pats chest)

Use me.

ANITA

Darryl says you use knowledge to keep me down. He says I'm a "yes" person and you're trying to raise us in a "no" environment!

ELAINE

(immediately, can't help

it)

Well, clearly, "no" is a word Darryl doesn't hear much.

Anita gasps. Ever the peacemaker, William weighs in. Nearby is a poster - "No More War."

WILLIAM

Mom --

ELAINE

Everything I say is wrong.

ANITA

I can't live here! I hate you! *Even William hates you!*

WILLIAM

I don't hate her.

ANITA

(to William)

You don't even know the truth!

William looks vaguely confused.

ELAINE

Sweetheart, don't be a drama queen.

Anita takes a breath and then out of her mouth comes the strangled-sounding words of a kid swearing at her parent for the first time.

ANITA

Feck you! All of you!

ELAINE

Hey!

Anita runs down the hall to her room. Elaine turns to William, relating to him more as a fellow parent than a child.

ELAINE (cont'd)

Well, there it is. Your sister using the "f" word.

WILLIAM

I think she said "*feck*."

ELAINE

(sputtering)

What's the difference?

WILLIAM

(encouraging)

Well. The letter "u"...

Shot moves in on the kid, as we hear the opening strains of The Moody Blues' "Nights in White Satin."

7 INT. SCHOOL DANCE/GYMNASIUM BATHROOM -- NIGHT

7

Music continues. Shot moves along a row of very mature-looking male teenagers, examining themselves in the bathroom mirror.