

BLACK

HAZEL (V.O. WHISPERS)
OK, you got this. You can do this.
Just...relax...breathe in...

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

We see HAZEL (27, wearing days old makeup, eyes slightly red and puffy like she has been crying recently) up close. Her eyes are closed, sternly trying to concentrate. Her eyes dart around under her lids. She takes a deep breath and holds it...

BLACK

Suddenly we see what HAZEL is thinking of in her mind:

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. APARTMENT - BED - NIGHT

HAZEL lays next to MAL (28, messily pretty). A color changing light bulb is on casting the room in constant changing blue, green, magenta, red. The walls are covered with pictures of the couple.

MAL tenderly brushed her hand around HAZEL's face.

MAL
Do you think dinosaurs really had
tender moments like this with their
partners?

HAZEL bursts out laughing.

HAZEL
You've been watching The Land
Before Time Again haven't you.

MAL
It's a cinematic masterpiece. You
wouldn't understand.

HAZEL
I wouldn't, would I? Come here-

HAZEL does T-Rex arms and climbs over MAL to get closer to her face.

WOMAN (O.S.)
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING???

HAZEL lets out a roar and kisses Mal.

MAL
Ok, maybe you do understand.

WOMAN (O.S.)
You're not turning the wheel right!

END FLASHBACK

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

HAZEL opens her eyes in anger, looking around her room for the source of the woman's voice. She realizes it is coming from the street outside her window.

WOMAN (O.S.)
You motherfucker this is a brand new car I knew I shouldn't have let you drive. You're thirty fucking eight how do you not know how to parallel park!? You're an embarrassment to evolution.

Meanwhile, HAZEL fidgets uncomfortably, trying to get back to her meditation. We still see her close up, her eyes dart back and forth, trying to become restful again.

MAN (O.S.)
Stop yelling at me I can't concentrate when you're yelling!!!

HAZEL (WHISPERS TO HERSELF)
That makes two of us.

HAZEL grudgingly recenters herself. She takes a deep breath in, closes her eyes and the screen goes black. The yelling outside fades to the background.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

The kitchen is filled with cookbooks, a large, filled spicerack, fancy knifeblock--it is clear someone here loves to cook. MAL is patiently teaching HAZEL how to make crepes. The counters are full of batter, it is clear HAZEL is very frustrated.

MAL

No babe that's still not right, it has to be spread way thinner that.

HAZEL

In a second *I'll* be spread thinner than that...

Hazel forces a long exhale and bulges her eyes

...I don't know why you're bothering to teach me this, can't you just make them so we can get on with our day?

MAL

I made crepes all the time growing up I just wanted to share that with you, I thought it would be fun!

MAL tries to reassuringly rub HAZEL's arm, HAZEL pulls away slightly.

HAZEL

I'm sorry, it's just, so much and you know I am not a coo-

MAL

You always say everything is *too much*...I just wish you'd believe in yourself more, ya know, let loose a little bit? C'mon Haze, this is ridiculous-- it's a crepe not a demon from hell.

HAZEL (JOKINGLY)

True.....but crepes are French, and everyone knows the French are demons from hell. I mean all those unnecessary vowels and silent letters? Mal, they invented mayonnaise. That's truly demonic.

MAL pauses, glaring at Hazel, then gives a small chuckle and cheeky smile.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Truly. I'll be French for today, oui? Please, show me again how to crepe

MAL

With pleasure mon cherie.