

~~JULIE: ...~~

~~CHRISTINE: Please come with me.~~

~~JULIE: ...~~

~~CHRISTINE: I'm not ditching these tickets.~~

~~JULIE: ...~~

~~CHRISTINE: I'm not ditching, I'm not rescheduling, this is what we do, we honor our Moms this way, we've done it for years. This isn't about me, this is about our Moms, we do this together. You can write in the hotel, please come.~~

~~JULIE: No.~~

~~Silence. CHRISTINE enters the kitchen.~~

~~CHRISTINE: (holding back tears) Press, if Mark is looking for me, just tell him I went to the bathroom, okay?~~

~~PRECY: Okay.~~

~~CHRISTINE exits.~~

~~PRECY: Too much swearing, eh! It's Sunday. I am religious. I don't care that you swear. Just not around me and not on a Sunday.~~

~~JULIE: Yep. I apologize. Sorry.~~

~~PRECY: You can do whatever you want. Just no swearing.~~

~~JULIE: Okay.~~

~~PRECY: You promise? I need to go home and cook.~~

~~JULIE: Yep.~~

~~PRECY enters the kitchen. She puts five wine glasses and cutlery on a tray.~~

~~JULIE closes her laptop and stands. LAWRENCE enters.~~

LAWRENCE: Are they outside?

JULIE: Nope.

LAWRENCE: (*calling*) All right you two I'm ready to go! (*to JULIE*) You got the whole place to yourself.

JULIE: Thanks. (*beat*) I'm feeling like I want to quit this.

LAWRENCE: ...

JULIE: Like... I can't write this.

LAWRENCE: Sweetheart, you're a writer. You have an agent. You can do this.

JULIE: You got me that agent.

LAWRENCE: And?

JULIE: And I feel like crap because I didn't get it by myself. And I feel like crap for Mark too.

LAWRENCE: Mmmhm.

JULIE: Ughh Mark and Christine make me feel like I'm back in university! I shouldn't have to explain why a film about a Black Woman... Like, everywhere I turn, I have to explain why Black Women overcoming the odds is worth watching, or worth writing about.

PRECY enters and sets the table.

JULIE: You know what? No. It wasn't even like that. *No one would believe that a Black Woman from Jamaica could be a doctor during the seventies. That Mom should be a nurse.*

LAWRENCE: You're not in university, Love.

JULIE: As if we should never write about the past.

LAWRENCE: And what did you do?

JULIE: What?

LAWRENCE: What did you do?

JULIE: I wrote it.

LAWRENCE: And?

JULIE: My class loved it.

LAWRENCE: And?

JULIE: I don't know. I passed the class?

LAWRENCE: And?

JULIE: I fought for my grade. I keep fighting and fighting, Dad. Am I going to fight for my entire life? When do I just get to live?

LAWRENCE: Hard when the past creeps up on you.

JULIE: Yes!

LAWRENCE: Hard thing to let go of.

JULIE: Yeah.

LAWRENCE: Yeah.

They share a moment of silence. They simply "be" together.

JULIE: The notes I got... the notes I got... he basically said that I'm not Black enough to write this movie.

Pause.

LAWRENCE: Your agent said that? Well, that's impossible. Completely false. Untrue. *(beat)* Do whatever you have to do to write this... keep doing the research you need... find the voice... find her voice and write it down. You have the whole afternoon, do what you need to do and then eat with us tonight.

JULIE: Fine.

LAWRENCE: You can do this, Julie. *(he gives her a warm hug)* You do everything.

JULIE: Fine.

LAWRENCE: Help me get your brother into a new firm.

JULIE: Fine. Yes. *(snarky)* I'll help you get my brother into one of the most prestigious firms in Toronto.

LAWRENCE: Excellent. Thank you. You're going to finish this.

He kisses her on the cheek. LAWRENCE walks towards the hall closet and pulls out three biking helmets.

LAWRENCE: *(calling)* Hurry up you two! *(to JULIE)* I gotta find you a main squeeze.

JULIE: Don't say main squeeze.

LAWRENCE: A shorty. A girlfriend. A boo.

JULIE: Yeah no don't say any of those things.

LAWRENCE: A bae. A boo. A main squeeze.

END **JULIE:** Please stop!

LAWRENCE laughs.