

ODD FELLOWS

Written By Shelby Walters

INT. CLARA'S CAR - SUNRISE

CLARA WHITCHER, (17), a short white girl with long brunette hair that she tends to hide behind, sits behind the wheel of her car. She is wearing all black.

Her car is not running and all of the lights are off. The sun is just beginning to rise, casting a dark blue hue in the sky.

She takes a deep breath in, on her exhale she opens her car door and bursts out of it. She leaves the car door wide open in the middle of the desolate street.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME LAWN IN OLCOTT

Clara sprints across the street onto a large lawn in front of a small house. She stops directly in front of the sign, it reads:

RICKY DONAVAN FOR NY 26TH DISTRICT
REPRESENTATIVE. RIGHT IS RIGHT!

Clara plucks the sign out of the yard and sprints back to her car. She slides in and shuts the door quickly.

INT. CLARA'S CAR

She throws the sign into the back seat on top of multiple others of the same sign, all of them with dirt or grass on them in some way. She shoves the key into the ignition. The car roars to life and she starts to drive down the street without turning her headlights on.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL ROAD

Clara's car shuts off after a short trip down the road. She bursts out of her car again running onto the lawn next door. She plucks another sign out of the yard and sprints back to her car and gets in.

Her car zooms away down the desolate road.

EXT. OLCOTT - CONTINUOUS

Clara drives through her town. No one is on the streets as she drives. The sun is now above the horizon and we see it over Lake Ontario as Clara drives past.

Clara passes a multitude of small one story houses that line the lake on the far edge of the town. Their sidings faded of color, weathered by the sun and lake water.

Fisherman have started to get ready for the day and some have already set out onto the lake. One fisherman putting a tackle box into his truck waves to Clara as she passes. She waves back.

EXT. CLARA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Clara pulls into a small stone driveway. Her house is small, one story, white with grey shutters. It's simple like the town she lives in, and the mom she lives with.

Clara steps out of the car and opens the back door. She pulls the signs out of the car and turns to the end of the driveway where her garbage bin is overflowing.

She sighs, and chucks the signs back in her car, locks her car and heads inside.

INT. KITCHEN

The kitchen is BRIGHT. It is painted a pale blue color with plenty of windows to bring in light. There is a white counter lining the far wall. There is a kitchen island in the middle of the room with three white stools propped up under the counter ledge.

Clara steps into the kitchen now wearing a blazer and dress pants. She looks put together, unlike her mom who stands near the kitchen sink.

Clara pours herself a bowl of cereal and sits down at the kitchen island.

JULIA, 45, Clara's mother, a short women with dark short curly hair, bloodshot weary eyes, stands on the other side of to the island with a cup of coffee in her hand.

JULIA

You were up early this morning.

CLARA

You're up too.

Julia laughs and peaks out the kitchen window at Clara's car.

JULIA

You can't change everyone's opinions. And if you want to, you don't have to do it at the break of dawn.

CLARA

The man's a racist, and his signs are ugly.

JULIA
That is true but I'm pretty sure
what you are doing is a crime.

CLARA
Well then I'll deal with it when
they catch me.

Clara winks. Julia sips her coffee as Clara slurps the milk
in her cereal. Julia lets out a big yawn.

CLARA
Why so tired?

JULIA
I just couldn't sleep.

CLARA
Have you heard back from anywhere?

JULIA
It's only been a couple days.

CLARA
Mom it's almost June.

Julia looks to a calendar hanging on the side of the fridge
that reads April.

JULIA
I must have lost track of time, I'll
call some places back today.

Clara lets her spoon clatter into her bowl as she stands up
and makes her way around the counter. She places her empty
bowl in the sink and turns back to Julia.

CLARA
That's a good plan for the day.

JULIA
You're not doing this just because
of me, right?

CLARA
Don't be silly. It's about time I
get a real job.

JULIA
Goodluck.

Clara gives her a little squeeze then grabs her keys and
heads out the front door.

Julia chugs the rest of her coffee, and sighs as she sets it in the sink.

EXT. LAKESIDE HIGH SCHOOL

Clara stands outside her high school where about a dozen and a half tables are set up advertising jobs and colleges on the front yard of the school.

Clara observes, a tad disappointed. Everyone's dressed casually, wearing the standard jeans and a t-shirt for September in Olcott. Clara looks down at her blazer then takes a hough and starts surveying the jobs.

The first one she comes to is advertising the nearest community college. Two unamused college students sit behind the table. Clara nods her head to them and moves on.

The next table she arrives at is promoting an internship at a cow farm. Two men in cowboy hats nod their head to her as she walks past. She gives them a small salute and they just stare at her. She hurries off.

She walks by a few more colleges advertising rolling admission and online schooling when she comes to one that says: **Odd Fellows**.

She giggles a little to herself when she sees the sign but then takes a look at the smaller print that reads: **Assisted Living Center**.

Her eyes widen.

KATIE, A short lady in her mid 50's, with fizzy yellow hair and giant eyes, beams at Clara. She is wearing a white medical coat with hot pink scrubs underneath.

KATIE

Hi, my name's Katie! I am the Supervisor at Olcott's Odd Fellows.

CLARA

Clara. Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

KATIE

That's quite the blazer. Don't see many people looking this stylish out here.

CLARA

Thanks, I feel a tad overdressed.

KATIE

Perhaps everyone else is just underdressed.

CLARA

Can't expect too much from this town.

KATIE

Tell me about it, I used to have faith in this town. Now it's just half fisherman, and half farmers. Yuck, too much mud for me.

CLARA

Isn't that just what this town has always been though?

Katie giggles a little, she gives Clara a once over.

KATIE (CONT'D)

You don't seem like someone interested in farming are you?

Clara gives a small smile and shakes her head.

CLARA

No. No dirt or manure for me. However the wellbeing of the older generations does strike my interest. Are you guys currently hiring?

Clara starts fidgeting with the edge of her blazer. Katie gestures to the two seats that are behind her.

KATIE

There would be no point in having a booth at a job fair if we weren't! Come sit and chat!

Clara takes a seat next to Katie.

KATIE

So I'm assuming you live in town?

CLARA

Yeah, right up Old Coomer.

KATIE

Oh nice my aunt lives on the end of Old Coomer, the Mckee end.

CLARA

I live more towards Hess.

KATIE

Oh by the old bar?!

Clara nods, they share an awkward moment. Clara fidgets more with her sleeve.

KATIE (CONT'D)

So Clara, are you currently employed?

Clara stops fidgeting with her sleeve and sits up a bit taller.

CLARA

I guess there would be no point in going to a job fair if I was.

Katie stares blankly at her for a moment then laughs, Clara joins in.

KATIE

Fantastic, so what do you wanna know about the place?

CLARA

Are there any open positions that have close interactions with the residents?

KATIE

Oh don't worry there are interactions with the residents in every position! Is that something you are interested in?

CLARA

Well honestly, I'm interested in anything at the moment.

KATIE

That's perfect, we are looking for a girl like you. Clean cut, clean face, light and young.

Clara nods her head smiling.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Would you be able to come in for an interview tomorrow? Say 9AM?

Katie grabs a pamphlet off the table and circles the address on it. She writes her own name, then the name SAM and a 9AM next to it.

CLARA

9AM tomorrow sounds perfect.

A teenage boy wearing a flannel and jeans walks up to the booth and picks up a pamphlet and starts flipping through it.

KATIE

Well Clara, it was nice meeting you.
I will see you tomorrow morning?

CLARA

9AM sharp.

Katie hands Clara the pamphlet and they both stand up. Katie shakes Clara's hand again. Clara walks around the edge of the table and looks towards the rest of the tables set up at the job fair.

She turns away from them and starts walking back to her car away from the fair. Doing a little happy dance as she goes.

EXT. ODD FELLOWS - MORNING

Clara stands outside a wide door with a large cross on it. She is wearing black dress pants and a white button up. She paces back and forth a little in front of the door. She turns observing the parking lot behind her, checking to see if anyone else is coming up the sidewalk.

No one is around. She sighs and peers through the small window in the door and knocks on it with three quick raps.

KATIE (O.S.)

You'll need a code.

Clara jumps and turns around to find Katie standing directly behind her in bright blue scrubs with clouds on them. They look quite pajama like.

CLARA

Oh, I didn't know.

KATIE

Don't be silly, of course you
didn't. You don't work here. Yet.

Clara gives a small smile and watches as Katie punches numbers into a keypad above the door handle on the door.

CLARA

I didn't know Odd Fellows had any
religious affiliations tied to it.

KATIE

Oh no, we don't. But most of our residents and employees are religious in some way. Most are christian, some catholic. The cross brings the residents comfort so we have a few hanging throughout the center.

CLARA

That's considerate of you.

KATIE

Oh we try to be considerate of everyone who enters through these doors.

Katie tries pushing the door open with one hand and it doesn't budge. She gives the door a nudge with her shoulder and it shoots open and Katie props it open for Clara to step through.

KATIE

Sorry about that. This building is quite old, some things in this place take a little elbow grease to get working.

They walk through the door into

INT. MAIN DINING ROOM

The main dining room is set up with two rows of long tables stretching down the middle. A few round tables sit around the edge of the dining room but no one sits at them.

Instead, 20 RESIDENTS, all with different levels of graying hair sit quietly next to each other eating fruit cups and oatmeal.

Some WORKERS stand watch at the edge of the dining room observing the residents as they eat and chatting amongst themselves.

One resident, ELEANOR, 87, a very small lady in a wheelchair with hair white as snow peers up towards Clara and Katie. She gives them a slow wave as they pass the table.

KATIE

They'll open up more with time.

Katie guides Clara through the dining room and to a small lobby painted a warm brown. With a small glass door in the middle of the furthest wall that with the words "Odd Fellow's Welcomes You Warmly" on it.

INT. ODD FELLOW'S LOBBY

In the middle of the lobby sits a large dark oak desk with a brown leather chair. On either side of the desk is a door. One is labeled as the Medicine Technicians Office and one labeled with Katie's name reading "RCA Advisor" below it.

Off to the right corner of the front doors there are two floral patterned upholstered chairs with a coffee table sitting in between them. Next to one of the chairs sits a large copier machine.

Oil portraits are hung up evenly across the lobby. Each with a gold plaque beneath mentioning who the portraits are of and what they did to better the life at Odd Fellows.

Behind the front desk sits MAGGIE, 50s, always dressed in bright colors, but not the brightest bulb in the box.

MAGGIE

Goodmorning Katie!

KATIE

Goodmorning Maggie, this is Clara.
She's interviewing today.

MAGGIE

Well that's great! Oh a fresh new
face!

Maggie reaches into the desk drawer and pulls out a sticker.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

This is the only thing I can offer
to bring you luck. They're leftover
from St. Patrick's Day.

Clara looks down at the sticker, it's a little four leaf clover. She laughs.

CLARA

Thank you, I hope it does bring me
luck.

KATIE

You're something else Mags.

Katie giggles and walks over to the door with her name on it. Katie turns to Clara with her office door wide open light beaming through the open door.

A clicking of heels can be heard making their way down the dining room towards the lobby. Clara turns to see a tall

women, SAM, the administrator with prominent laugh lines, walking towards them.

Sam flashes a smile at Clara as she stops a few feet in front of her, towering over her. Sam extends her hand out towards Clara.

SAM

I'm Sam, the head administrator here
at Odd Fellows.

CLARA

Clara. It's very nice to meet you.

Katie taps her foot impatiently.

KATIE

Clara? Are you ready?

Clara beams at them and walks into Katie's office. Sam follows and Katie shuts the door behind the two of them.

INT. KATIE'S OFFICE

Katie sits behind a long dark oak wood desk in a brown leather chair. Her desk is littered with paper but she has Clara's resume and application sitting right in front of her.

Clara sits across from Katie in a plush green chair. Her hair dangles in front of her face just a tad too much.

Sam is sitting in an identical one right next to Clara. Only a small side table with a photo of Katie and her daughter on it separate them. Sam has a legal pad on her lap and is writing down things infrequently as she and Katie interview Clara.

SAM

I'm glad you seem very enthusiastic
about all of this. But we still have
a few more questions.

KATIE

Now really we are looking for
someone we can trust. In the past we
have had to deal with some people
who weren't so trustworthy. Even
still we have to have our doubts
about certain employees-

Sam puts her hand out to stop Katie from speaking too much.

SAM

Clara if you saw someone doing something wrong... what would you do?

Clara turns to Sam and tucks a piece of hair behind her ear, revealing more of her face and a smile.

CLARA
I would tell them to stop, and do whatever it is the proper way.

KATIE
What if you don't know the proper way?

Clara turns back to Katie, frowning.

CLARA
How would I know they were doing it wrong then?

Katie giggles when she says this, and Sam gives her a stern look.

KATIE
No one has ever come back with an answer like that. But I guess that's true, you wouldn't know.

SAM (TO KATIE)
You would come ask one of us for help. Or report to us if you saw something that was a violation of sorts.

KATIE
We are your friends, we are here to help you with anything you need.

CLARA
Thank you. That's very comforting.

Katie ruffles through some papers and clears her throat.

KATIE
Why aren't you in school?

Clara's head drops and she gulps. But she picks it back up quickly.

CLARA
I graduated High School in May, I was planning on going to school

until about a month ago, but right now is just not the right time.

SAM

That's okay not everyone knows exactly what they want to do right away. And not everyone has the means to do what they want when they want.

Clara nods her head unwilling to speak more on the subject.

KATIE

You seem like a very put together young lady Clara. I think you would make an excellent addition to our team here at Odd Fellows.

CLARA

Thank you.

SAM

However, Katie is not at liberty to make decisions on this matter.

Clara gulps as her eyes dart between Katie and Sam.

SAM

But I do I agree with her. Clara congratulations you've got the job.

KATIE

Look at you already teasing her! I love it.

SAM

Oh I know you do.

Sam turns to Clara and puts her hand over her mouth to whisper to Clara.

SAM (CONT'D)

Katie was the BIGGEST gossip in high school. And probably the most dramatic drama queen of her class.

Clara giggles and stands up. She reaches her hand across Katie's messy desk and gives her a handshake before turning around to Sam to do the same.

CLARA

Thank you. I am very appreciative of this, I don't- Ah thank you.

KATIE

Well we are thankful to have found someone who seems so dedicated.

SAM

Katie, I have to run and do a video conference during lunch, so I am going to head up and tell reception to forward my calls to you.

KATIE

(lightheartedly)

Ugh, fine. Fine! Just abuse me like you did all of high school.

Sam lets out a laugh and opens the door to Katie's office.

SAM

Just remember who got you this job.

Katie rolls her eyes at Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)

Clara, it was a pleasure meeting you and I look forward to working with you.

CLARA

Thank you, me too.

Sam walks out of Katie's office. Katie begins to fumble through the papers on her desk.

KATIE

Didn't I just have that paper out when Sam was in here?

CLARA

I'm not sure.

KATIE

I swear I'm not always this messy. Oh yes ha- found it!

Katie shoves the piece of paper into a bright yellow folder and hands it across her desk to Clara. Clara accepts it from her standing up.

There's a knock at Katie's door. It pops open and DESTINY, 19, a tall muscular black girl with bright makeup and a kind smile, stands in the doorway.

DESTINY

Katie, Scalzo refuses to get up and change his pants.

KATIE
Are they soiled?

DESTINY
Yes, they have been, I've been
arguing with him for an hour.

KATIE
You shouldn't be starting
arguments with the residents,
Destiny.

DESTINY
Maybe that was the wrong word-

KATIE
I'll go talk to him.

Katie stands up and grabs some candy from a dish on her desk.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Destiny, your shift is over right?
Could actually show Clara the way
out?

Katie turns to Clara with an apologetic look on her face.

KATIE (CONT'D)
I apologize to leave you like this
but I really should go take care of
this. Everything, including your
schedule for the week and my
personal number, should be in there.

Clara nods and smiles and Katie gives her a thumbs up and she
walks briskly out of the room as if about to go save
someone's life.

Destiny gives a small eye roll before beaming at Clara.

DESTINY
I'm Destiny. What did ya get hired
for?

CLARA
I'm Clara, and receptionist.

DESTINY
Oh my god, amazing. I am SO sick of
having only Maggie to talk to
everyday. She's pretty fun, but a
lil dumb.

Destiny turns out of Katie's office. Clara follows her.

INT. ODD FELLOWS HALLS - CONTINUOUS

Clara and Destiny walk through the light brown painted halls of Odd Fellows.

DESTINY
So are you excited?

CLARA
I'd say so, everyone here seems pretty chill.

DESTINY
Yeah it can be pretty chill here at times. Other times not so much... but don't let that scare you.

The girls take a right at the end of the hall. GEORGE, 19, a tall slim Latino boy with short hair, is sitting in one of the window seats in the hallway.

Destiny stops in front of George.

DESTINY
George, you're not going to say hi to the new girl?

GEORGE
I didn't know she got hired. Congrats!

CLARA
Thanks! What do you do here?

GEORGE
I'm Odd Fellows one and only Housekeeper.

George stands up from his seat and stretches.

DESTINY
Did you need a ride?

GEORGE
Actually yeah, Jen dropped me off last night. Man I hate the night shift.

Destiny starts down the hallway again with George and Clara following. The three of them pass through a heavy door into the time clock room.

GEORGE

Is your car the white one in the lot?

CLARA
Yeah it is how'd you know?

GEORGE
It was the only new one in the lot. My old car was a dodge. Does it run well?

DESTINY
George don't bombard the girl yet.

Destiny goes to the time clock and starts punching in numbers. George follows suit.

CLARA
It gets me where I am going, and that's all that matters.

DESTINY
By the end of your time here George will have convinced you to buy a sports car.

GEORGE
Hey to each their own, I just like my cars fast. Not that a dodge neon isn't fast. They get pretty good pickup.

The three of them step outside into the employee parking lot.

EXT. ODD FELLOWS PARKING LOT

Clara makes her way to her car.

CLARA
Have a good day guys!

George and Destiny split off and head towards Destiny's car while waving.

INT. CLARA'S CAR

Clara gets in her car and puts her key in the ignition but when she turns it nothing happens. She tries again the engine sputters and turns off. She steps out of her car and opens her hood.

INT. DESTINY'S CAR

George spots Clara getting out of her car again as Destiny start pulling out of the parking lot.

GEROGE
Wait Destiny stop!

DESTINY
Okay what the fuck- do not scream in my ear like that ever again.

GEROGE
Looks like the newbie might need some help.

Destiny stops her car and looks at Clara who looks confused while looking at her engine. Destiny puts her car in park in front of Clara's car and they both hop out.

EXT. ODD FELLOW'S PARKING LOT

George and Destiny walk over to Clara.

GEORGE
(mockingly)
It gets me where I'm going and that's all that matters.

Clara laughs and scratches her head.

CLARA
I checked the oil, it seems fine. I think it's the battery.

GEORGE
You have jumper cables?

CLARA
Yeah in the back seat.

They make their way to the back of Clara's car where all the posters she stole still lay.

GEORGE
Big Ricky Donovan fan?

CLARA
Actually the opposite. I might have taken those.

DESTINY
From lawns?

Clara nods her head at Destiny and George grins up at her laughing, suddenly very cheerful.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

Hey, you're cooler than you seem.

GEORGE

Although I better never catch you stealing from me.

Clara giggles bashfully. George grabs the jumper cables and pops open Destiny's hood. He begins to hook them up.

CLARA

Never.

DESTINY

What do you do with the posters?

George hops in Destiny's car and starts it.

CLARA

I usually throw them away in a public dumpster.

DESTINY

Oh that's no fun.

George rolls down Destiny's window and pokes his head out.

GEORGE

Clara start your car.

Clara hops in her car and turns her key in the ignition. It roars to life. She keeps it running as she steps out of her car.

George turns off Destiny's car and begins unclipping the cables and wrapping them up neatly.

CLARA

Hey thanks.

GEORGE

I'd let that run for a solid ten minutes.

CLARA

Got it.

DESTINY

Have you ever thought about burning them?

Clara and George turn to Destiny confused then peer down to the posters.

EXT. LAKE ONTARIO - SUNSET

Clara, George and Destiny all sit on driftwood around a small hole in the sand on the beach. Inside the hole burns the signs from the back of Clara's car.

They all have slushies in their hands, and George is roasting a sausage over top of the fire.

CLARA

This is much more satisfying than throwing them in the trash.

GEORGE

You can always trust Destiny to come up with the fun but slightly dangerous idea.

CLARA

How long have you guys been working at Odd Fellows?

DESTINY

Almost two years now.

GEORGE

About three years, I started the second I could get a job so I could get a car the second I got my license. And just... kept working.

CLARA

So it's bearable? I won't want to die everyday there?

Destiny and George laugh together.

GEORGE

You know, you never can say.

DESTINY

But you're the first person they have hired in a while so we won't let you quit anytime soon.

CLARA

Oh so now I'm a hostage?

GEORGE

We are all hostages under capitalism.

The three of them laugh.

DESTINY

Why did you want to work at Odd Fellow?

CLARA

Well, I was supposed to be at school right now for psychology. But my mom lost her job, hasn't gotten a new one all summer, so I decided to try and jump in my field a different way.

GEORGE

Oh well you're in luck, Odd Fellows is wayyyy easier than college. I too chose Odd Fellows over school, and I don't mind life at all.

DESTINY

Why psychology?

CLARA

My grandma had dementia, and it was scary but also fascinating. It's just weird how our bodies disintegrate every moment we are alive and our brain just stops being able to cope and... I don't know it's just cool to me.

GEORGE

Well it sounds like you're the perfect fit for Odd Fellows.

INT. CLARA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Clara and Julia sit at the dinner table with big bowls of spaghetti in front of them. Clara's plate is almost finished while Julia's plate still has a lot of spaghetti in it. Julia has a wine glass sitting next to her plate.

JULIA

Sounds like you'll never be home.

CLARA

I mean I kind of plan on taking all the hours they are willing to give me.

JULIA

But what about time for your friends?

CLARA

Everyone's at school already. It's not like I'll be there every single day.

JULIA

What if they ask you to work everyday?

Clara looks up at her mom warily as she finishes her spaghetti.

CLARA

That won't happen, there's another receptionist there too.

JULIA

I just feel like I won't ever see you.

CLARA

You're seeing me right now aren't you?

Julia laughs and shakes her head. She takes a sip from her wine glass.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Plus, I still want to convert those VHS's to DVD so we can watch them.

JULIA

You don't really want to watch those...

CLARA

Yes I do. Don't you? It was your mom.

JULIA

I know you loved her, I did too but you won't learn anything from those tapes. They're just... sad.

CLARA

Come on they are memories, and we *could* learn from them.

JULIA

You won't learn ANYTHING from them missy. My Mother is not a research project!

Clara jumps a little in response to her moms outburst but doesn't respond.

Julia stands and collects her plate without taking another bite. She collect's Clara's plate from her as well.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Mom, I got it.

JULIA

No that's alright.

Julia nods her head at Clara and heads out of the dining room and into the kitchen. Julia returns with a plate in her hand.

The plate holds two cupcakes on it. On one cupcake in icing reads the word "Con" and on the other cupcake reads the words "Gratz."

Clara beams up at her mom and starts giggling.

JULIA

It's the least I could do.

CLARA

Awe, thank you Mom.

Julia sits down in the chair right next to Clara and they both bite into a cupcake. Clara gets some on her face and laughs and wipes it off licking it.

JULIA

I don't want to watch the tapes.

CLARA

That's fine you don't have too.

They eat their cupcakes in silence.

INT. ODD FELLOWS LOBBY - MORNING

Clara sits in a dark blue blouse next to Maggie behind the reception desk of Odd Fellows. There is a small lunch box in front of Clara on the desk.

Maggie has her bright blonde hair pulled back into a tight bun, and wears thick reading glasses that make her eyes huge.

A disorganized pile of mail sits in front of both of them. Maggie holds a giant black marker in her hand and starts scribbling out most of the information on the letter.

Then she takes her pen and writes down a new delivery address on the letter in front of her, squinting at the computer screen as she copies the address.

MAGGIE

You basically want to cover EVERYTHING except the stamp. And then I like to add a little "please" in front of the "forward to" because it probably makes the mail carrier want to do their job better.

CLARA
Manners are always good.

MAGGIE
I agree.

Maggie hands her a black marker. Clara scribbles out the information on a letter in front of her.

MAGGIE
Okay, now who is that one for?

CLARA
Bill Capaletti.

MAGGIE
Okay so he's still a resident here but he isn't allowed to have his mail, other than personal letters. He likes to throw it all down the toilet and clog the pipes.

Maggie points to something on the computer screen as Clara moves the mouse.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
So what we click on this thingy...

Maggie grabs a computer mouse next to her and starts scrolling through an excel spreadsheet on the computer in front of them. She stops when she gets to Bill Capaletti.

Clara looks at the screen and starts writing a new address on the letter as Maggie pushes her glasses up her face more. She squints her eyes at the screen.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Alright, so it looks like 463 no not 3, it's a G? No that couldn't be right. Oh 8!

CLARA
Don't worry, I already got it.

Destiny walks over to the medicine cart, which is perched next to the side of the reception desk.

DESTINY

She's a speedy one isn't she Maggie.

MAGGIE

She sure is. It's got to be from all that time you young people spend on your phones.

Clara continues to sort through letters, scribbling out names and writing down new addresses for them to be forwarded too.

DESTINY

Could just be our eyes are better.

Destiny winks at Maggie who shakes her head with a grin, then continues to forward mail as well.

DESTINY

Clara! George and I are going to order wings from the new bar. You want anything?

CLARA

I brought my lunch today.

DESTINY

Damn. That's fine! You're still going to sit with us right?

CLARA

Yeah, sure!

Katie steps out of her office.

MAGGIE

Wait I can still sit with you guys too right?

DESTINY

Of course Maggie, how else would we plan our take over of Odd Fellows?

KATIE

Well no med tech, and no receptionists are going to take over my position.

Katie gives Clara a little pat on the shoulder and Clara smiles up at her after putting the last letter into the box to be delivered.

KATIE (CONT'D)

You got mail done before lunch?

MAGGIE

She's a speedy one!

KATIE

Speaking of lunch, Clara did you want to join me in my office today for lunch? I would love to get to know you a little better.

CLARA

Actually Destiny, Maggie and I were talking about sitting together at lunch. You're more than welcome to join us.

KATIE

Oh I prefer to eat in my office. But that's wonderful you're getting to know the staff. I hope they don't steal you away from me for good though!

Katie lets out a sharp cackle. A large grandfather clock in the corner by the entrance begins to ring.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to go grab my food.

Katie exits the lobby and heads towards the dining room. Destiny grabs Clara's lunch box and beckons for her to follow.

INT. ODD FELLOWS DINING ROOM

The dining room hums with chatter of workers and residents. Clara sits next to Destiny. Across from them sit George and Maggie.

Destiny and George messily eat wings dripping in hot sauce while Clara eats a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, and Maggie eats a Kale salad.

CLARA

How long is lunch?

DESTINY

However long it takes you to eat.

CLARA

What?

GEORGE

It's half an hour. For some, 45 minutes.

George glares at Destiny and she shrugs.

DESTINY

I like to take my time. It helps me digest.

GEORGE

Clara, I noticed you have some rust on the passenger side of your car. I know a lot of people don't look at the passenger side of their car but you should get that checked out.

DESTINY

No one likes when you bash their car.

GEORGE

I'm not bashing it!

MAGGIE

If you have a crush on the girl, I would not go about telling her how to live her life.

Destiny laughs and covers her hand with her mouth. George blushes. George starts stammering for something to say.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Geez! I'm just messing with you kid. If any of you have a crush on each other already I would be concerned.

Destiny keeps laughing. Clara giggles to ease some of the tension.

CLARA

I have noticed the rust, my mom said it was nothing to worry about though.

GEORGE

I'm sure it isn't, but I could fix it if you wanted.

STEVE, a white man in his late 30's with a purposefully bald head, wearing a dirty neon green shirt, walks over to the table and stands behind Destiny. He taps her on her right shoulder then quickly dodges to the left.

Destiny turns to the right then all the way around to see Steve.

DESTINY

God Steve, you're so annoying.

STEVE
You love it. Is anyone sitting
there?

Steve points to the empty chair next to Clara.

CLARA
No. Go ahead.

STEVE
You're the new girl right?

DESTINY
Well, have you ever seen her here
before?

STEVE
Geez you're lippy today.

Destiny sticks her tongue out at Steve and he returns it playfully. Steve sits down in the chair next to Clara and sets a plate of liver and onions down in front of him.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Welcome. I'm the guy everyone runs
to when they have a problem around
here.

MAGGIE
He means he's the janitor.

George and Destiny chuckle, Steve glares at them.

STEVE
Maintenance man, actually.

CLARA
It's nice to meet you.

STEVE
Man, this girl is polite as hell.
Destiny you should take some tips
from her.

Destiny rolls her eyes and turns to George.

DESTINY
George, what time did you want to
head out on Friday?

GEORGE
It starts at 5PM, wanna meet there?

DESTINY
That could work.

Destiny turns to ask Clara a question but Steve interrupts.

STEVE
What are you kids up to now?

DESTINY
Just a little event in George's town
outside the fire hall Friday night.

STEVE
You guys are ridiculous. You're over
in Middle Port right?

GEORGE
Yeah. What's it to you?

STEVE
I'm with the times. But clearly you
guys aren't if you're going to the
rally.

CLARA
Rally?

GEORGE
It's not a rally.

STEVE
Fine, protest.

DESTINY
It's not that either, it's a
peaceful demonstration.

STEVE
Call it whatever you want, but it's
still not going to change anything.
Protests are a waste of time,
especially the peaceful ones. You
can't change what's already
happened.

GEORGE
But you can try to prevent it from
happening again.

George and Steve exchange a glance. Steve looks away a tad
bit ashamed.

CLARA
What's it for?

DESTINY

It's in response to the Charlie Heers shooting, and well all the other ones too. George's aunt actually put it together. It's just a way to spread peace and positivity.

STEVE

A poor attempt at one.

DESTINY

Steve shut up man! You just don't care because it doesn't affect you!

STEVE

It's not a problem around here.

CLARA

Steve, I know we just met but I am going to have to disagree with you on that one.

STEVE

Wow, you're drinking the koolaid too?

Destiny shoves herself away from the table and stands up in a flurry.

DESTINY

Steve you need to grow up. If you can't see a problem then you're the problem.

STEVE

Or you're creating problems where there aren't any so you can feel special.

Clara's mouth drops but she quickly closes it. Destiny glares at Steve before storming off.

GEORGE

Not cool man.

George stands up, grabs his plate and Destiny's plate and throw them in the trash before taking off after Destiny.

Clara awkwardly takes loud bite of her apple.

STEVE

Are you going to go?

Clara nods.

CLARA

Uh, yeah.

Clara stands up from the table as well, throwing her food away.

STEVE

I meant to the rally not from the table!

Clara continues walking.

INT. LOBBY

Destiny and George are sitting in the two lounge chairs in the lobby of Odd Fellows.

CLARA

You alright?

They turn to Clara.

DESTINY

Yeah, Steve just pisses me off. He's a good guy but-

GEORGE

He like to push her buttons, because he knows he can.

CLARA

It seems like he doesn't have the best morals.

Destiny scoffs loudly.

GEORGE

They are better than some people here.

CLARA

It doesn't excuse them, but the residents grew up in a different time, a different world.

GEORGE

I don't mean the residents.

Clara rubs her shoulder uncomfortably.

CLARA

You said the demonstration was in
Middle Port?

DESTINY

5PM, on Friday. In front of the fire
hall.

GEORGE

Did you want to come? We could use a
sign stealing gal there.

Katie and Maggie step through Katie's office door. They are
laughing but stop when they see the three of them sitting out
in the lobby.

KATIE

It's one guys. Isn't there work you
should be doing?

CLARA

Sorry, I just didn't know where
Maggie was.

KATIE

Oh, I don't mean you. I was talking
to these goons.

DESTINY

Yeah, yeah. I was just waiting for
Bob to finish his food, but he's
probably done now.

Destiny stands up and stretches, she leans to peer into the
dining room.

GEORGE

I'll help you get him up and to his
walker.

Maggie walks over to the reception desk and sits down.

MAGGIE

Dear, did you want to learn how to
print the lunch and dinner menus?

KATIE

Oh she will be great at that!

Clara gives a small smile and approaches her chair behind the
desk. George stands up and gives her a little tap on the
shoulder.

GEORGE

I'll bring you a flier tomorrow.

George doesn't let her respond. He walks off after Destiny.

EXT. MIDDLEPORT FIREHALL - EVENING

Clara steps onto the sidewalk of a main street to see a crowd of 40 or so people stand outside with the fire hall. Some holds signs while others just stand conversing with their friends.

Clara walks through the crowd searching for her friends. A quiet voice can be heard coming from a speaker in the middle of a crowd.

Destiny and George stand right in the middle of the crowd. Clara walks over to them and notices that George is holding a microphone hooked up to a small speaker, and he is the one speaking. She is now close enough to hear.

GEORGE

And that's why it is so important that we keep speaking up. I don't know about you but I am tired. Tired of the stereotyping, tired of hearing of my friends not getting an opportunity they deserved, tired of hearing stories of those who have died simply because of their race.

Destiny spots Clara and Clara steps up to her. Destiny is holding two posters, one reads "CHARLIE HEERS SHOULD HAVE LIVED 50 MORE YEARS" and the other reads, "NO LIVES MATTER UNTIL BLACK LIVES MATTER". She hands one to Clara.

GEORGE

I am proud that our town can get together and take a stand against all this hate and systematic racism, even if it is not as prevalent here as in the next city over and in other places in this country. I am glad we can join in with the other people around the world speaking up. Thank you for coming out today everyone.

The crowd claps and slowly turns back out towards the road holding their signs and conversing amongst themselves.

CLARA

Look at you George fighting for peace.

GEORGE

The least I can do is talk.

DESTINY

Yeah and you never shut up.

CLARA

Well then it's good he's using his words for good.

GEORGE

It doesn't feel like this will do much.

CLARA

There's no harm in trying. Who knows who might have a deep conversation with themselves in their car after driving past all these signs.

GEROGE

I hope some of the people we work with pass by then.

CLARA

Everyone but Steve seems pretty harmless.

DESTINY

I'm surprised you came.

CLARA

I've always wanted to do something like this, but I was never invited.

GEORGE

You don't have to be invited into spreading equality.

Clara looks down bashful.

CLARA

You're right.

GEORGE

Don't take that in a bad way. It's good that you're here now.

DESTINY

And isn't it so nice. Look at all the love.

Some people at the edge of the crowd start chanting, "No lives matter until black lives matter." The three join in. Some cars honk as they pass by and people cheer and wave. From the other end of the crowd some people start singing "Why Can't We Be Friends" By War.

The chant and the song line up and everyone sings and chants peacefully.

EXT. TED'S BAR - NIGHT

Clara, Destiny and George all sit in a booth drinking milkshakes in Ted's Bar. They all have their posters sitting next to them.

GEORGE

What kind of bar doesn't have onion rings?

DESTINY

Yeah, the last owner had such a good menu.

CLARA

Yeah, except not good enough to stay the owner I guess.

GEORGE

Not a fan of Ted's are we?

CLARA

I was just a big fan of the last bar. So was my mom.

George sighs and nods his head a little, resting his lips around his milkshake straw. He speaks through his teeth as he slurps.

GEORGE

Alcoholic?

DESTINY

George!

CLARA

No she just worked here.

DESTINY

Oh! Was she our server tonight?

GEORGE

She said "worked". Past tense.

Destiny sticks her tongue out at George.

CLARA

No. The new owners just came in with their own team.

GEORGE

Oof, poor mom.

DESTINY

So the dick who bought this place is why you resorted to Odd Fellows?

CLARA

Yeah pretty much. But I don't mind it.

DESTINY

That's why I started too. I'm working right now because my mom can't. She broke her back a few summers ago can't stand for longer than an hour and can't sit upright for long either. I don't mind the job though, old people are great... I guess.

Clara gives Destiny a warm smile, and it is returned. George snorts.

GEORGE

Ha! You sure like Bob!

DESTINY

Bob doesn't count, Bob's a different breed.

CLARA

Was Bob the one screaming at the TV today about world war 2 during lunch?

DESTINY

Exactly my point!

A WAITRESS, 34, tall and very pale, walks over to the table. She sets down a check book and leaves the table.

GEORGE

Bob's not a different breed. Just a WW2 enthusiast.

DESTINY

Ah, yeah not a different breed, just a nazi, much better.

The three of them start shuffling through their wallets. They all place cash in the check book and close it putting it at the end of the table.

CLARA

Sounds like we should have been protesting over here than in Middleport.

DESTINY

Every town in Western New York needs a good Black Lives Matters protest.

GEORGE

Steve needs his own personal protest.

DESTINY

Don't even get me started on Steve.

Clara looks down at her sign, a grin grows on her face.

CLARA

I think I know a way we can send a message.

EXT. ODD FELLOWS - NIGHT

Clara, Destiny and George all stand on the front lawn of Odd Fellows. A Full moon glows against their hair. Clara stands in the middle of the two and slightly in front.

Odd Fellows is completely dark except for one dim lamp on the porch. None of the residents are awake.

The three all have their signs in their hands displaying their messages. Clara starts walking forward towards the porch of Odd Fellows. Destiny grabs her shoulder.

DESTINY

Are you sure this is a good idea?

CLARA

I don't see what could go wrong. Worst case scenario someone throws out the signs.

DESTINY

Worst case scenario we get fired!

CLARA

How will they know it was us?

GEORGE

Cameras!

CLARA

Have you seen any cameras in the building? Because I haven't.

Clara starts walking around the edge of Odd Fellows looking for cameras. Destiny and George follow behind slowly, but keeping their distance.

DESTINY

No offense, but you've only worked here three days.

CLARA

Then why did you guys agree to come with me?

GEORGE

It feels important.

CLARA

If it feels important, that's because it is.

Clara makes her way back to the front of Odd Fellows, She scans her eyes once more on the outside of the building.

CLARA (CONT'D)

This is a residential home. I think it's illegal to have cameras in or on this building. Breach of privacy and all that.

GEORGE

Plus, it's posters.

CLARA

Exactly. Paper.

DESTINY

Who is working right now? What if they see us?

GEORGE

I think Johnson and Alexis. They usually just hole up in the Parlor on the south end.

Clara steps up the four steps to the porch. She turns around propping her poster on the railing of the porch. The sign is easily visible from the road. Clara bounds down the steps and peers up at her poster.

CLARA

Perfect.

Destiny hesitantly makes her way up the porch. She props her poster in between the frame of the window on the front door to Odd Fellows.

George props his poster onto the other railing of the porch.

The two step off of the porch and join Clara. Looking at all the signs.

GEORGE

I love it.

INT. ODD FELLOWS - MORNING

Clara walks through the employee entrance to Odd Fellows and is immediately greeted by Destiny.

CLARA

Woah! Good morning.

DESTINY

The worst has happened.

CLARA

What?

Clara punches into the time clock.

INT. ODD FELLOWS - CONTINUOUS

Clara walks through the halls of Odd Fellows with Destiny right by her side.

DESTINY

The posters are gone.

CLARA

Already?

DESTINY

What if someone saw us put them up?

CLARA

Anyone who came in this morning
could have taken them down.

DESTINY

Or someone who saw us put them up
last night.

The girls round the corner into the lobby of Odd Fellows. Katie's office door is open. Destiny glances at it suspiciously.

Clara sets her bag on the hook behind the reception desk and sits down. Destiny leans over the front of the desk with her head in her hands thinking.

CLARA

Even if they did, what's the worst they can do? It's just paper.

DESTINY

Controversial paper.

CLARA

That's sad.

Katie appears from the door of her office holding a big box of letters and a folder.

KATIE

Clara I need you to send out a memo for all the residents families and workers today.

Katie plops the box down on Clara's desk.

KATIE

I already stuffed the letters, but they all need stamps. Then could you place them in the mailbox dear?

CLARA

Of course.

Clara opens the desk drawer to grab the stamps. She starts putting them on letters.

KATIE

And Destiny, could you pass out some meds this morning at some point?

DESTINY

I just got here.

KATIE

So did Clara. She's already doing work.

Katie walks off with her manila folder.

Destiny pushes off the front desk and pulls some keys out of her pocket. She heads to the door adjacent Katie's office and starting unlocking it. She walks in, and walks back out with the Medicine Cart.

George bursts in through the front doors to Odd Fellows. He glances around the room quickly, spotting only Destiny and Clara.

Destiny is flipping through a giant book and checking through medicines in the drawer of her cart.

GEORGE
Where'd they go?

DESTINY
Someone took them!

GEORGE
Already?!

Destiny shuts her drawers and book and peers over to George.

DESTINY
My bets are on Steve. He hates when people have a voice.

GEORGE
God, does anyone support change in this town?

Clara continue to put stamps on letters.

GEORGE
What's that?

CLARA
Memos I guess.

George shuffles through the unopened letter until he finds one with his address on it. He tears it open and starts reading.

GEORGE
On the morning of September 13th, 2020, vandalism was found upon the front porch of Odd Fellows.

CLARA
Vandalism?

Destiny walks over to George and takes the memo

DESTINY
Fuck.

CLARA
It's not like we destroyed property.

GEORGE
We can't let anyone know this was us.

Katie walks back into the lobby silently.

KATIE

Who is us?

All three peer to Katie, who seemed to have silently materialized behind George. Katie peers down at the memo in his hand.

CLARA

Katie, I am almost out of stamps, do we have more anywhere?

Katie turns to Clara and George and Destiny mouth "thank you" to Clara.

KATIE

Yeah, I have a supply cabinet in my office. I'll show you.

KATIE

(To George and Destiny)
Shouldn't you two be attending to residents?

George and Destiny nod and turn down the hall. Destiny pulling her med cart behind her.

Clara stands up to follow Katie into her office.

INT. KATIE'S OFFICE

KATIE

Do you know what those two were talking about out there?

CLARA

I wasn't really paying attention. I try not to eavesdrop.

KATIE

Well that's gracious of you. A shame for me though.

CLARA

Stamps?

Katie walks around her desk and sits down in her giant chair.

KATIE

You know, I'm really glad we hired you. You're just nice and quiet and do your work as your told.

CLARA

Why thanks.

KATIE

We really took a chance hiring someone so young, but I'm so glad it worked out.

CLARA

Yeah, me too. Stamps?

KATIE

Oh yes! The big grey cabinet, top right. Clara you said you weren't going to school right now, but if you were what would you want to study?

Clara goes to the cabinet and starts rifling through it.

CLARA

Psychology. Maybe like geriatrics or something.

KATIE

Oh really? That's so good... you know... your name came up in a conversation I was having the other day. My cousin used to work down at the old bar she said she knew your mom.

CLARA

Yeah my mom used to work there.

KATIE

My cousin has been having trouble finding work since she was let go from there. How is your mom doing?

Clara finds the stamps and pulls them out. She turns back to Katie who has a giant schedule book out in front of her.

CLARA

Um... She's doing fine. I guess. But thanks for the stamps. I'm going to go finish the letters.

KATIE

Wait, Clara! Before you leave... Did you want to pick up more hours? Unfortunately one of our housekeepers needs some time off work.

CLARA

I thought we only had one housekeeper?

KATIE

It would get you closer to the residents than in your current position, which of course you would also keep. Maybe start you on the geriatrics field. Could get you more hours if you were looking for that.

CLARA

Wait really? More hours would be great.

KATIE

Great, the job is really easy. It's basically just making sure everything is okay around the home. Checking up on residents every now and then and all that. I think you'd enjoy it.

CLARA

I'm always willing to help out.

KATIE

Amazing. Let's keep it on the down low though, because you are so new you would technically need more training days. But you're so put together I bet you would catch on after just one.

CLARA

Oh. Okay. Yeah that's fine!

KATIE

Great, I'll have your housekeeping schedule for you at the end of the day.

Katie crosses something out in her schedule book and starts typing away on her computer.

Clara smiles and steps out of her office with her stamps.

INT. ODD FELLOWS CHEMICAL CLOSET

Katie and Clara stand in front of a a large assortment of chemicals and cleaning supplies. There is a dirty mop bucket on the floor with a hose in it. Lists are pinned all over the walls of the closet. Most covered in unreadable handwriting.

KATIE

You just need to make sure, that you don't use the tough bleach on the sinks, only the toilets. Oh! And never leave the hose for the mop on. You would think that's common sense but you would be surprised.

CLARA

Don't flood the place, got it.

KATIE

This really is such a big help. And once you've finished your daily chores you can help Allison with activities for the residents.

CLARA

How do I know my chores?

Katie points to the lists hung around the walls. They are all very long and full of random chores like "wash rags" and "vacuum upstairs offices." She points to one that says Friday.

KATIE

That's today's list. If you need to get the vacuum from the electrical closet, the keys are in my office behind the door. I gotta hop on a webinar with Sam.

Katie walks briskly down the hall her coat blowing out behind her. Clara looks over the Friday list, sighs and grabs the hose and starts filling the mop bucket.

INT. ODD FELLOWS DINING ROOM

Clara is mopping the floor of the dining room a swiftly. Destiny who is passing the dining room stops in her tracks when she spots Clara.

DESTINY

What the hell did you spill? And did you spill it everywhere?

Clara jumps turning to Destiny who walks closer to her.

CLARA

This is a mop.

DESTINY

Yeah, why? Did someone pee or something?

CLARA

Oh no, it's just one of my chores.

DESTINY

Since when did the receptionist have to mop the dining room?

CLARA

Receptionists don't. Katie asked me to help out with housekeeping.

DESTINY

Really? Damn. Katie really likes you.

CLARA

Does she? She told me I could be working with the residents. But so far it just seems like cleaning.

DESTINY

Anyone who offers you money likes you.

CLARA

Well, I do need the money.

INT. ODD FELLOWS - CONTINUOUS

Clara plops her mop into the bucket and starts wheeling it back to the supply closet. Destiny follows her to the closet. Clara goes to open it but it's locked.

CLARA

I think Katie has the key.

DESTINY

Oof, that's rough. Katie's up with Sam in a webinar. Guess you get to just hang out for a bit.

CLARA

Wait, they're in her office behind the door.

Clara begins walking down the hall towards the lobby. Destiny follows her amused.

INT. KATIE'S OFFICE

Clara walks into the office and begins to shut the door to get behind it.

DESTINY

Hey!

CLARA

Oops!

Clara turns and stares at a disorganized wall rack of keys.

DESTINY

Do you know which ones?

CLARA

No clue.

Clara starts pulling off keys and looking at them.

CLARA (CONT'D)

They're labeled.

Clara starts looking for the the keys while Destiny walks around the office spying on stuff. Clara grabs a pair of keys on a purple key ring labeled "housekeeping."

CLARA

I think these will work.

Clara turns around to spot the signs they had put on the porch sitting on the floor of Katie's office. She picks them up waving them in the air.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Hey look what I found.

DESTINY

That's no surprise, after the memos.

Destiny walks around to Katie's desk and start flipping through the schedule book on her desk.

CLARA

Are you allowed to do that?

DESTINY

Yeah, I'm just checking the schedule. I thought George was working today.

KATIE (O.S.)

Excuse me?

Clara peers around the door to see Katie standing in between the frame. Clara drops the signs in her hand. She steps forward quickly dangling the keys in the air.

CLARA

I needed the keys.

DESTINY

Did you do next weeks schedule yet?

KATIE

Guys this is unprofessional. Well, Clara, you did need keys but Destiny why are you behind my desk?

Destiny shuts the schedule book and steps out from behind Katie's desk.

CLARA

I'm sorry, I just thought-

KATIE

You're fine, just get back to work guys.

Katie sighs, Clara and Destiny exit the office quickly.

EXT. LAKE ONTARIO - SUNSET

Clara, George and Destiny sit on a driftwood log on the shore of a short beach, with two piers jutting out in each direction. They stare out at the lake. George is trying to skip rocks while seated.

DESTINY

Do you think there are monsters out there?

Clara and George squint at the water gleaming with light from the sun setting.

CLARA

Probably nothing more dangerous than the monsters up here.

DESTINY

True, my mom and sister always look like monsters in the morning.

Clara gives Destiny a playful nudge.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

Hey, you've never seen them with bed head. It's justified.

The three continue to stare out at the lake. George throws a rock and it sinks into the water by the shore. He gives out a small grunt.

CLARA
You've been awfully quiet today.

DESTINY
Yeah. Are you missing a car show to be here with us or something?

GEORGE
No.

CLARA
Why the long face?

GEORGE
Nothing is wrong with my face.

DESTINY
Did someone piss you off at work? I can put some milk of magnesia in their coffee if you want.

GEORGE
No I didn't work today.

DESTINY
Yeah why is that?

GEORGE
Katie told me yesterday at work that I could have today off.

DESTINY
Ugh! Why don't I ever get random days off.

CLARA
Well did you at least enjoy the day off?

GEORGE
No. I enjoy money.

George throws another rock. It skips a few times before sinking. He sits up taller on the rock and skips another.

CLARA
One day off couldn't hurt.

GEORGE
Yeah, I guess I could have taken advantage of it more.

DESTINY
Is that why you're so...

Destiny crosses her arms and makes a pouty face.

GEORGE

Hey! I am not pouting like that!
It's more like this.

George returns to the posture he was in before and glumly skips a rock. The girls laugh and George smiles at them. The sun sets completely behind the lake.

Clara grabs a rock and skips it across the lake.

GEORGE

You're really good at that!

CLARA

Well I did grow up on this lake.
Been skipping since I've been
walking.

DESTINY

Do you guys want to spend the night
at my house? We can all carpool to
work together tomorrow.

GEORGE

Sure, I got nothing planned for the
night.

CLARA

I should actually get home, my mom
like when I'm home for dinner.

DESTINY

It's like 8pm.

CLARA

Dinner is usually whenever I get
home.

INT. CLARA'S HOME - EVENING

Clara steps into her house. Light beams into the hallway from the living room and kitchen. A TV can be heard with quiet voices playing in the background. Clara hangs up her keys and steps into the kitchen.

INT. CLARA'S KITCHEN

Julia stands in the kitchen by the sink. She is draining pasta into a colander.

CLARA

Hey mom.

Julia jumps and turns around to Clara holding the pasta. Her glasses are all steamy.

JULIA
You scared me.

CLARA
Sorry.

Clara sits down at the counter and her mom dumps the pasta into a pot of sauce. Voice can still be heard coming from the television in the other room.

CLARA
What are you watching?

JULIA
I converted some of those VHS's to DVD like you showed me.

CLARA
Wait really? Did it work smoothly?

Clara stands up from the counter and makes her way to

INT. LIVING ROOM

Clara steps into her living room. The only light coming from the television which shows a 5 year old Clara and a younger Julia on the screen.

The camera on the TV starts shaking as it gets handed to Julia and pans around to show, RUTH, Clara's grandmother, 60's, on the screen. Ruth picks up the young Clara and they start singing a song.

Clara sits down on the small loveseat in the living room and watches the home video play.

Julia walks into the living room from the kitchen with a glass of wine and a bowl of pasta. She hands the bowl to Clara and turns on the lamp next to Clara before taking a seat next to her on the couch.

JULIA
I only felt comfortable converting the older tapes. Nothing after the diagnosis.

Clara takes a bite of her pasta and nods, still watching the home video.

CLARA

That's so sweet of you, anything exciting happen in this one so far?

JULIA

No. The first five minutes are just Grandma and Grandpa trying to figure out how to work the thing.

CLARA

See, wasn't this a good decision?

JULIA

When treated as a home video, and not a research project. It's ok.

Clara takes a couple bites of her food instead of responding.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I saw that memo that you came home with. What was the vandalism?

CLARA

George, Destiny and I left our posters there after the protest.

JULIA

Oh so *you're* the vandal?

Clara peers to Julia weary. Julia smiles a little.

JULIA (CONT'D)

You and your goddamn posters.

They laugh.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Just, don't get fired.

INT. ODD FELLOWS

Clara walks through the halls of Odd Fellows in scrub pants and a plain black t-shirt. She jingles keys in her hand and unlocks the chemical closet. When she opens it up George is inside, he yells as the door opens. Clara yells back in fright.

CLARA

George what are you doing in there?

GEORGE

Working. What are you doing in here?

CLARA

Working...

GEORGE
Wait- what? You're not reception?

CLARA
Well... Well maybe I am, I don't know. I guess I can go check the schedule.

GEORGE
I'll come with.

INT. ODD FELLOWS LOBBY

George and Clara stand at the reception desk flipping through a book on the desk. They flip to the housekeeping schedule and see Clara's name written in the bottom with 8-2P written under Friday.

George's 8-2p is crossed out on the schedule under Thursday and Friday.

CLARA
That's weird.

KATIE (O.S.)
George actually I'm glad you're here!

George and Clara turn to find Katie heading up the hallway towards the lobby.

KATIE
I just found out I have a ton of stuff to do today. I was going to train Clara a little more, but since you are here you can do it.

GEORGE
I didn't know Clara was training for housekeeping.

KATIE
Yeah! She's great at it, did you see the floor yesterday?

GEORGE
No I wasn't-

KATIE
Well you should, spotless.

GEORGE

Do we need more housekeepers?

KATIE

The more the merrier!

Katie grabs the schedule book off the reception desk and heads into her office, making a point to shut the door behind her.

CLARA

How many housekeepers are there?

GEORGE

Just me. Sometimes Destiny covers for me.

Maggie walks in through the front doors of Odd Fellows.

MAGGIE

George, honey, I thought Katie had you take me off the schedule for today?

GEORGE

Was anyone going to tell me this?

MAGGIE

I thought Katie called you, my mistake. Maybe she had actually asked me to call you.

Maggie makes her way around the desk and sits in the chair. She hops in her seat a few times before settling in. Then she starts looking around the computer screen for something.

CLARA

The power button is on the part on the ground.

Maggie looks towards the ground and presses the power button on the computer next to her.

MAGGIE

Oh duh, thank you!

GEORGE

Well, at least we get to work together today.

MAGGIE

Oh why do you two always get all the fun?

INT. ODD FELLOWS BATHROOM

George sits on the side of a bathtub in one of the bathroom's of Odd Fellows, while Clara scrubs a toilet.

It's awkwardly quiet, only the scrubbing of the toilet is heard. Clara stops. Puts the brush in a bucket and flushes the toilet. She sits down on the ground.

GEORGE

You really trust these floors?

CLARA

Why are you being so quiet?

GEORGE

I'm just training you.

CLARA

Well that was the last toilet of the last bathroom. What's next?

GEORGE

We have lunch in ten, we can just chill here.

Clara puts the toilet bowl cleaner into the bucket.

GEORGE

Do you think it's because of the posters?

CLARA

No one saw us.

Clara picks up a steel polish cleaner in a can and sprays it on the toilet handle. She wipes it off with a rag.

GEORGE

Well who is she going to assume put those up?

CLARA

She just told me she knew I could use the hours, and that the current housekeeper couldn't work as much.

GEORGE

Seriously?!

CLARA

I'll her I won't do housekeeping anymore.

GEORGE

No you don't have to do that.

Someone knocks on the bathroom door. Clara bolts up off the floor and George stands as well.

DESTINY

I've knocked on every damn bathroom
in this place.

Clara leans forward and opens the door.

DESTINY

Have you been hiding in here all
day?

GEORGE

No. Just the past 5 minutes.

CLARA

I didn't even know you were working
today.

DESTINY

Katie gave me this weird list of
dumb tasks the RCA's have to do now
and I've been doing them all
morning.

George and Clara exchange a look.

DESTINY

Guys come on, I'm starving.

The two grab the cleaning supplies and step out of the bathroom.

INT. HALLWAY

George walks in front of Destiny and Clara. Destiny nudges Clara with her shoulder.

DESTINY

(whispering)

What was going on in there?

Clara turns to Destiny. Destiny winks at her.

CLARA

(whispering)

Trust me it's not at all what you
think.

INT. ODD FELLOW'S BASEMENT

The three sit on along the tops of the washers and dryers in the basement eating bags of chips.

CLARA
We should go to HR.

GEORGE
That wouldn't work. Sam would never do anything to hurt Katie's career, she made Katie's career.

CLARA
It couldn't hurt to try though.

GEORGE
Not only do I believe it would hurt, I also think walking into Sam's office saying I'm getting less hours wouldn't get anything other than "Oh I'm sorry honey, at least you have a job, some people aren't as lucky" and then a pat on the back.

DESTINY
You're basically in the running for a constructive dismissal.

GEORGE
It's just one day off.

DESTINY
Two now. Well kinda.

GEORGE
Clara needs the hours just as much as either of us.

CLARA
I have another job here though.

Clara nervously munches on some chips.

DESTINY
I wish we could just leave this town.

GEORGE
You know I really should hide in the basement more.

DESTINY
George do you not care?

GEORGE
I do, just there's worst things that could be happening.

CLARA

Doesn't mean you can't stand up for yourself.

DESTINY

You're one to talk. It's not like it would ever happen to you. You were literally offered George's job, while he still has it.

GEORGE

Don't make her feel bad, she didn't know.

Clara crumples up her chip bag and jumps off the washer. She throws the bag out and turns back to Destiny and George.

CLARA

This is bullshit. We have to do something.

GEORGE

What do you plan on doing? You started two weeks ago.

CLARA

I'll go to HR.

George and Destiny exchange a look.

GEORGE

And tell them your co-worker isn't getting enough hours? That won't do anything.

DESTINY

What is something that *will* do something?

CLARA

Well... what about a peaceful protest like the one you put together in your town.

GEORGE

You think that would work? We got into this mess with the signs.

CLARA

Maybe that's how we get out of it. Maybe we just describe it as something they would want to go too. We could do it down by the lake. Make it a picnic of some sorts and

have people speak like you and
Destiny.

GEORGE

That's not half bad. Trick them into
being progressive, maybe even trick
some people into being kind.

DESTINY

You think a protest will get
George's job back?

GEORGE

Shut up, I still have a job.

DESTINY

Yeah at the moment.

CLARA

It could stop it from happening to
someone else. What's happening here
isn't normal.

DESTINY

I would say it is kind of normal for
this town.

CLARA

And that's sad! That's a horrible
mindset! Don't you want change?

GEORGE

Yes.

DESTINY

Yeah.

CLARA

Then let's make some change.

INT. CLARA'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Clara, George and Destiny all sit in Clara's blue living
room. They sit with random loose leaf paper spread in front
of them along with poster boards and some markers.

Julia walks in with a glass, spots the kids and turns around
and heads back out.

DESTINY

Your mom seems... quiet.

CLARA

Yeah. She wasn't always. But she in nowadays.

DESTINY

I know you guys have been having a rough time, but she seems okay.

Clara nods and sighs, she continues to make her posters.

GEORGE

Isn't every middle aged person sad though. Isn't that just what life does? Make you bitter.

CLARA

Yeah. I mean look at the people we work with.

DESTINY

You two are such debby downers.

Destiny dumps a big pile of glitter onto the poster she is working on.

CLARA

That poster most definitely is not.

DESTINY

Thanks, you can never go wrong with something sparkly. The human eye is attracted to sparkles.

GEORGE

Is that so?

DESTINY

Yeah, cuz water sparkles and we need it to survive.

They work silently for a moment then Destiny pipes up again.

DESTINY

I wish they hadn't soiled the phrase like that.

CLARA

What phrase?

GEORGE

Soil? Is this the 17 hundreds?

DESTINY

No George. The phrase "All Lives Matter."

GEORGE

Okay look who the debby downer is now.

DESTINY

Because they do... everyone's life does matter and that phrase seems inclusive enough, but...

CLARA

When the people whose lives already mattered to the world say it, it loses it meaning.

DESTINY

I want so badly to tell everyone at this protest that life can be just as good as the next no matter what they look like. It would be so simple using that term, but I can't! Because people like Steve ruined it.

GEORGE

It's just words. Just write something else that basically says the same thing but wasn't ruined by boomers who love capitalism more than their spouses.

George goes back to painting his poster intently.

CLARA

Words could start a war George.

GEORGE

Since when were you a poet?

CLARA

I guess since a few BLM posters caused enough ruckus for a whole memo to be sent out to workers of Odd Fellows. I mean... Those were just three little words and it caused at least one fit.

George looks up from his poster with a small, slightly mischievous smile on his face. He starts cutting up tinier piece of paper for posters.

INT. ODD FELLOWS - CONTINUOUS

Clara and Destiny step into Odd Fellows from the employee entrance. As they walk through the halls of Odd Fellows they start to notice something off but can't tell what.

DESTINY

Did they paint in here or something?

CLARA

Right? Or maybe they moved the picture frames around? For the Western Themed Lunch today?

Destiny and Clara peer over to a picture frame to their left. Where once was a portrait of the first owners of the building is a small piece of paper that says "All Lives can't matter until Black Lives Matter."

The two girls turn to each other pointing at each other.

CLARA

Did you do this?

Destiny shakes her head no.

DESTINY

You?

Clara shakes her head no.

CLARA AND DESTINY

George.

Clara and Destiny walk through the halls of Odd Fellow to the lobby. Looking for George as they walk. As they walk past residents rooms they notice more BLM posters plastered all over the home.

When they get to the lobby Katie is standing at the reception desks with one of the posters in her hand talking to Steve. Destiny and Clara stop in their tracks.

KATIE

I'll have reception call all the employees to figure out who it might be.

STEVE

Well I think we can narrow it down a little, based on the context clues of the posters.

KATIE

George doesn't work today.

STEVE

Again? Don't you think he will catch on soon enough?

KATIE

Even if he does what can he do? He is clearly trying to get himself fired.

Clara furrows her eyebrows and Destiny, but the two stay silent, eavesdropping.

STEVE

You have other minorities here too. What about Destiny?

DESTINY

I don't know what you're talking about Steve, I literally walked in a second ago with Clara.

Katie and Steve whip around to where the two girls stand. Steve looks a tad ashamed whilst Katie just looks angry.

KATIE

Clara! Are you reception today?

CLARA

I sure am.

KATIE

I'm going to have you call all the employees today to try and find who put these posters up everywhere.

CLARA

Why?

Destiny widens her eyes while Katie looks taken aback.

KATIE

Because this is vandalism.

CLARA

Oh I didn't realize property was destroyed.

Clara starts making her way over to the reception desk.

KATIE

Well it wasn't. But it is the principle. And this is a private residency, we can't have outside matters plastered all over the home.

CLARA

There's a religious cross on almost every wall in here.

DESTINY

Those posters are trying to relay positive changes, that frankly really need to happen in this place.

Katie glares at Destiny then to Clara.

KATIE

Clara, don't make any calls yet. I will write you a script. You will be taking notes on every call you make. Steve, clean up.

Katie makes her way into her office slamming her door shut.

STEVE

I think you two were just put at the top of her hit list.

DESTINY

Well she shouldn't throw a fit over people trying to teach her that it is the bare minimum to respect other living human beings, even if they don't look like her.

STEVE

Well, goodluck with that.

Steve starts to make his way out of the lobby. Destiny turns back to Clara with wide eyes.

DESTINY

Since when? Since when do YOU- like YOU, Clara, say more than "yes, Katie, I'll get right on that Katie."

CLARA

I guess since today.

INT. ODD FELLOWS LOBBY

Clara sits at the reception desk with a loose leaf of paper in front of her. It has an almost unreadable scrawl along it. There is another sheet of paper next to it where she is jotting down responses to her phone calls.

She is sitting with the desk phone to her ear.

CLARA

Yes posters, put up sometime in between 3PM and 7AM this morning... They said things like BLM... No no,

I don't see anything wrong with saying that either...

Clara waits a moment listening to the other end of the phone.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Thank you anyways. I'll let her know. Who? Oh. Katie... Yup. Okay, well thank you.

Clara hangs up the phone and crosses out a name and phone number on a different sheet in front of her. Katie steps out of her office.

KATIE

How are the calls going?

CLARA

Everyone was either home, or here and saw nothing.

KATIE

Well, who is next?

Clara looks down at the page. It reads DUENO, GEORGE.

CLARA

Mercedes is next.

KATIE

Oh. Well she was here last night in the South Wing, why don't you skip her and keep going?

CLARA

You got it.

Katie walks out of the lobby.

Clara picks up the phone and dials George's number. It sends her to voicemail. She calls his number again. Voicemail again.

She unlocks the desk drawer pulling out her personal cell phone. She dials George's number and holds her phone up to her ear. He answers on the first ring, he's quite chipper.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I don't think I've ever gotten a call from you this early in the morning. This is a new level of friendship.

CLARA

You're in big trouble.

GEORGE
I know. Destiny told me.

CLARA
Already? Wow she's fast.

GEORGE
Destiny is the queen of gossip.

CLARA
Sure hope there's not any rumors
flying around about me.

GEORGE
There isn't, everyone likes you. But
that's it, it's just rumors. It's
not like I am going to confess, I
didn't damage anything, and there's
no cameras. No one even saw me, I
made sure of it.

Clara pulls the phone back from her ear and looks at it to
make sure she called the right person.

CLARA
Is this the same George I was
talking to a week ago?

GEORGE
I did nothing wrong, there's no
reason my hours should get cut
short. I thought that's what you
wanted too? Are you really trying to
stop this now? Really Clara? You
don't really get a say this isn't
really your problem is it?

CLARA
You can't have change if you lose
your job.

GEORGE
So be it. At least I tried.

Katie and Steve walk back into the Lobby of Odd Fellows.

CLARA
Don't do anything else stupid. I
gotta go. You were home all night
last night, wallowing or something.

Clara hangs up her phone and crosses out a random name on the sheet in front of her.

KATIE

Get a hold of George yet? Or Sammy
the one who works in the kitchen.
The really tall one, dark as night,
with the deep voice?

CLARA

Yeah, George was home all night.
Wishes us luck on the hunt. I
haven't called Sammy yet.

Katie nods her head and the two walk into her office. Leaving the door slightly ajar.

Sam walks into the lobby and places a pile of papers on the receptionist desk.

SAM

Clara, have I ever told you how much
I like your style?

CLARA

How many copies do you need of each?

Sam lets out a chuckle as she separates sheets into piles.

SAM

You already know me so well. Each
pile only needs three copies.

Sam spots the sheets on the reception desk.

SAM

What are those? Ignore whatever
silly tasks Katie has you doing for
the moment.

CLARA

Do you want all the copies paired
together or separate?

SAM

Find some folders, put one copy of
each in them.

CLARA

You got it.

Sam turns to leave but then stops.

SAM

Also I meant it.

CLARA
Sorry, you lost me.

SAM
About your style. I like it.

Clara looks down at her black blouse and pants. Sam is also wearing a black blouse and pants. She chuckles a little.

CLARA
Thanks, Sam.

Sam exits the lobby. Clara grabs the first pile and walks over to the copy machine that sits right outside Katie's office door. She puts the first sheet in and presses 3 on the machine. She grabs the other piles of papers and starts mindlessly copying them and setting them into piles.

A sudden laugh from Steve in Katie's office catches Clara's attention and she begins to eavesdrop.

INT. KATIE'S OFFICE

Katie sits behind her desk across from Steve sitting in a plush chair. Steve is lounging with his legs out mindlessly scrolling through his phone and conversing with Katie.

STEVE
Those rags weren't even washed. I swear he forgot to add the soap.

KATIE
Well it's a good thing we have Clara for that now.

STEVE
Why don't you just hire a whole new housekeeper?

KATIE
Because I have no grounds to get rid of George.

STEVE
The signs aren't enough?

KATIE
Nothing's enough without evidence. Ugh, I just don't like the kid. He's so lazy, why doesn't he find a job he likes? Perhaps the fields.

STEVE

What about his lack of work ethic,
that's gotta be enough right?

KATIE

I'm pretty sure you can fire them
for poor work but I think only in
the first 90 days.

INT. ODD FELLOWS LOBBY

Clara makes a confused face and finishes up copying papers.
She stands there listening. She aligns the pages by tapping
them on the copier loudly.

INT. KATIE'S OFFICE

STEVE

Damn. I'm sure it says somewhere in
the rule book you can fire them if
they suck.

KATIE

I just wish he was some nice white
college boy with actual work ethic,
like my sweet Henry. But we took a
chance on hiring him and ended up
with some lazy spic who didn't even
have enough work ethic to finish
high school like the rest of 'em in
this town. Only work ethic he seems
to have is on this radical nonsense.
You know I hired Clara in hopes she
would be fine replacing him, I
didn't think they'd become friends!

EXT. ODD FELLOW'S LOBBY

Clara stands at the copy machine.

Clara's eyes widen then furrow. She stomps over to Katie's
half propped open door and knocks on it loudly. Steve and
Katie jump as they turn toward Clara.

INT. KATIE'S OFFICE

CLARA

Katie! Would you happen to have
folders?

KATIE

I have some right here.

Katie opens a drawer of her desk and starts to mill around in it. Clara turns to glare at Steve.

CLARA
What's up Steve?

STEVE
Not much. How's the witch hunt going?

CLARA
Called everyone and there's no leads. What a shame. Guess it'll always be a mystery.

Katie pops her head up holding some folders.

KATIE
None at all?

STEVE
I've been telling you, we need cameras in this place.

CLARA
Isn't that illegal?

KATIE
So is vandalism.

Clara turns to Katie and takes the folders from her.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Thank you for the folders.

INT. ODD FELLOW'S LOBBY

Clara walks out of Katie's office and right into Destiny.

CLARA
Ooof- what the- What? Were you eavesdropping?

DESTINY
Of course I was. Do you know me?

Clara sets down the folders on her desk and starts sorting papers into them.

DESTINY
Why are you being so quiet?

CLARA

Aren't I always quiet? I am a receptionist at an assisted living center. That's like, our persona.

Destiny shrugs and leans across the desk.

DESTINY
What were you doing in there?

CLARA
I just needed folders.

DESTINY
Why is Steve in there?

CLARA
When have you ever seen Steve actually doing work?

DESTINY
True. So they didn't say anything about me?

CLARA
No. Not about you.

Clara shuts the last folder and peaks up at Destiny.

DESTINY
Who? George? What about?

CLARA
They were just complaining about how he can't do his job.

DESTINY
Are you KIDDING? They've just been moving from chair to chair all day just chatting!

Clara stands up in a rush and waves her hands around in a small panic, not knowing how to keep Destiny's voice down.

CLARA
Quit being so loud, they are literally ten feet away.

DESTINY
Who cares if they hear me?!

CLARA
I do!

Clara motions for Destiny to lean in more to hear her.

DESTINY

What did you hear?

CLARA

Katie was comparing George to her son. She said he was bad at his job because he's a high school dropout and....well then a slur.

DESTINY

What was it?

CLARA

Well I'm not going to say it!

DESTINY

You have to tell George- No we have to call HR.

CLARA

Slow down, George is already in hot water. We don't want to make it worse.

A grandfather clock on the far side of the lobby starts to ding.

DESTINY

How could this make it worse?

CLARA

I don't think George would like me going there on his behalf.

DESTINY

You're the one who heard it. You're the only one that can.

Clara puts her head in her hands and massages her temples. Sam walks in from the dining room hallway.

SAM

You girls coming to lunch?

Clara looks up and fixes her hair. Destiny mouths "Tell her!"

CLARA

We'll be out in a moment. Here are those folders.

Clara stands up and hands Sam the folders.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Actually Sam could I talk to you for a moment?

INT. SAM'S OFFICE

Clara sits across from Sam in her office and fidgets with her hands. She has beads of sweat forming on her face and looks everywhere around the room except for at Sam.

SAM

What is it that you wanted to bring to my attention today? I hope it's important if we are missing out on our Western Themed Dinner for it.

CLARA

It is. It's about something I heard two of the employees saying.

SAM

Is this about the signs?

CLARA

No it's not. Well kind of. I mean it is- but it isn't really. What I heard could have been said at anytime really, not just exclusively now.

SAM

Clara I am going to have to ask you to slow down. what was it again that you wanted to bring to my attention?

Clara bites her lips and looks Sam straight on, the frame fades into

EXT. ODD FELLOWS GAZEBO

Residents of Odd Fellows and employees scatter the lawn wearing miscellaneous cowboy gear.

Old western music playing while most of the residents sit around various picnic tables chatting amongst themselves or slowly eating hot dogs and hamburgers.

Destiny sits at a picnic table in the far corner with a cowboy hat on her head. Next to her is Maggie who is wearing a bandana around her neck. Both have dirty, empty plates in front of them.

MAGGIE

The rest of the gang didn't want to join in on the western festivities?

DESTINY

Just you and me on the adventure
today partner.

MAGGIE

I haven't seen them in a while, do
they still work here?

DESTINY

Barely.

MAGGIE

Someone's a rotten ranger today.

Destiny turns to Maggie excited.

DESTINY

Wanna hear something awful?

INT. SAM'S OFFICE

Clara is still fidgeting with her hands. Instead of looking
at Sam she stares at her palms.

CLARA

I don't want to get anyone in
trouble but I feel like it should be
said.

SAM

You are aware that nothing that is
said in this office will leave this
office correct?

CLARA

Yes. I know... I'm just-

SAM

If you do know anything about the
posters, even if you were involved-
If you can tell us who the other
people were, you won't be punished.

CLARA

This isn't about the posters!

SAM

I'm sorry but if this isn't about
the posters, then I don't really
have time for this at the moment.

EXT. ODD FELLOWS

Destiny and Maggie are huddled close together at their table. Maggie moves back from their huddle gasping.

MAGGIE

And Clara heard all of this?

DESTINY

Every last word.

MAGGIE

I never liked Steve.

DESTINY

Yeah he sucks, but I think the problem here is Katie. And the slurring and the straight up disrespect.

MAGGIE

Oh, give her a break. She's a hardworking woman, she had a little slip up. She's stressed, things like that happen.

DESTINY

It's not a slip up, it's flat out racism. It unnecessary and childish. If she has a problem with the way George acts she should talk to him herself. Not make excuses.

Destiny picks up her plate and Maggie's as well.

DESTINY

Are you done with this?

Maggie nods her head. Destiny turns to leaves Maggie with her thoughts.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE

Clara looks astonished as she talks to Sam.

SAM

You are always welcome to put a complaint in the letter box in the lobby. I will read it when I get the chance and we can discuss from there.

CLARA

Aren't we discussing now?

SAM

I thought you were just going to run something by me when you asked, not bring up something serious... or at least attempt to. Now isn't the most opportune time.

CLARA

I'm sorry I didn't realize.

Clara stands, rather abruptly. Sam looks at her a little concerned.

SAM

You don't have to leave if you have more to say.

CLARA

No that's okay. I know you are busy. We should both be getting to lunch.

EXT. ODD FELLOWS LAWN

Destiny walks through the picnic tables back to where her and Maggie were sitting. Maggie has left.

Destiny shrugs her shoulders and turns to leave but spots Maggie standing at the edge of the lawn with Katie. They are huddled together whispering things too each other.

Destiny mutters a curse word to herself then turns around to Bob, one of the residents.

DESTINY

Bob are you ready to head back in?

BOB

With a pretty cowgirl like you, always.

DESTINY

Bob, we've talked about this I'm way too old for you.

Destiny starts pushing Bob's wheelchair towards the ramp into Odd Fellows. As she is pushing him she passes Katie and Maggie they both glare at her. Destiny hurries past them.

INT. ODD FELLOWS LOBBY

Clara sits at the reception desk defeated. Destiny walks into the lobby quietly. She stop at the desk and waits for Clara to say something.

CLARA

I couldn't do it.

DESTINY

What? Uh oh. Oh no. What happened?

CLARA

I don't really know. I was nervous and she kept asking about the signs and saying how now isn't a good time. Even though I don't know why she would agree to talk it wasn't a good time.

Destiny just stares blankly at Clara not sure what to say. Clara leans back in her chair uncomfortable.

CLARA (CONT'D)

What's "oh no?"

DESTINY

I told Maggie about what Katie said, but then I saw her talking to Katie. And it didn't look good.

CLARA

No, no that's not good. What did you say?

Destiny sniffles a little.

DESTINY

I may have exaggerated a little bit. But I didn't think Maggie would go run and tell Katie.

CLARA

Exaggerated?

Destiny lets a couple tears fall down her face. Clara's eyes widen, she is not quite sure what to do. She frantically pulls some tissues out of the desk and slides them in front of Destiny.

CLARA

Destiny it's okay, are you okay?

Destiny lets out some more tears and pouts at Clara, she softly shakes her head no. Clara smiles a little at Destiny's pout. She gingerly touches Destiny's hand.

CLARA (CONT'D)

It's okay. This is what we wanted right?

Destiny stays quiet, she snuffles some more. She goes and sits down in one of the chairs in the lobby. The clock behind Clara chimes to let us know lunch is over.

People begin to file back into Odd Fellows. They all chat loudly about the lunch they just had. Many wear cowboy hats or swing little lassos around as they walk in.

Destiny and Clara watch in silence as Katie and Maggie walk in together. Katie turns to Clara and Destiny. She watches them for a moment. They stare back.

Instead of heading towards Katie's office though, they both head in the opposite direction towards Sam's office.

INT. ODD FELLOWS LOBBY - LATER

Clara is putting thing away into the desk as the clock chimes 3 o'clock. She slings her bag across her shoulder as she turns the computer screen off. She turns to Katie's office. The door is open and Katie is nowhere to be seen.

INT. ODD FELLOWS HALLS - CONTINUOUS

Clara walks through the halls slowly. She looks at the portraits hanging on the wall as she walks. She notices one of George's sticky notes that they missed. She goes to take it off the wall but leaves it up instead.

Destiny enters the hall and spots Clara. She walks over to her. The two walk out of Odd Fellow's in silence.

EXT. ODD. FELLOWS PARKING LOT

Clara and Destiny step out of Odd Fellows. They both look at each other for a moment before splitting off in separate directions to their cars.

INT. CLARA'S CAR

Clara is silent in her car as she drives. Focused on the road. When the car in front of her turns off the road she presses harder on the gas pedal.

She begins to look as if she's about to cry, but she keeps her eyes glued to the road.

EXT. BEACH ROAD

Clara's car pulls onto the beach in a hurry, she stops it with a jerk. She climbs out and quickly makes her way to the beach. Slumping down on a log when she gets there.

EXT. LAKE

Clara sits in the logs that usually Destiny, George and her sit upon. She angrily picks up a stone and throws it into the water. She picks up another rock and lets out a loud frustrated yell as she throws it.

A FISHERMAN she hadn't spotted wading in the water turns to her quickly.

FISHERMAN

Quiet! You'll scare the fish away!

Clara turns to her left with a jolt and waves to the fisherman.

CLARA

Sorry!

Clara slumps back down on the beach and begins to cry. She lays back and lets the tears fall. After a moment she sits back up shakes off and dries her tears. Her phone begins to vibrate she pulls it out from her pocket on her phone screen is a text message from her mom that reads: **Car?**

Clara stands up from the log with a hough. The fisherman gives her a look. She raises her hands a little and waves goodbye as she walks off the beach.

INT. CLARA'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Clara lies on her couch with a home video playing in front of her. The front door to the house opens and she sits up on the couch.

Julia walks into the living room, she looks surprised to see Clara there.

Julia plops down on the couch next to Clara and lays her head on her shoulder. Clara sniffs the air and sighs resting her head on her mothers.

CLARA

Where'd you leave the car?

JULIA

Jen's.

Clara continues to watch the home movie. Her mother appears on the screen with a young Clara, about 3. Her mother sings a nursery rhyme to her on the screen but young Clara isn't having it. Young Clara starts crying and tugs hard on her mother's hair.

Clara lets out a little giggle. Julia looks to the television.

JULIA

Why are you watching this? Turn it off.

CLARA

I had a rough day. I wanted to relax.

JULIA

You should have came out with us then.

CLARA

Mom..

Clara looks down at her mom who is falling asleep.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Let's get you to bed.

Clara turns back to the TV to see her grandmother holding her as a young child. Young Clara is still crying while her grandmother murmurs to her. We can hear Clara's mom from behind the video camera say; "Next time don't coddle her so much, she'll never learn if she's rewarded after bad behavior."

Clara lets that sink in for a second before grabbing the remote and shutting the TV off.

Clara helps her mother off the couch, and they head to bed.

EXT. LAKE ONTARIO - NIGHT

Destiny and George sit at the lake, where Clara sat just hour earlier. It is dark now on the beach. They have a small fire going but neither have food.

GEORGE

Damn I'm surprised she said anything at all.

DESTINY

But she didn't even say anything really. She needs to go back in there and tell Sam straight up that Katie is evil!

GEORGE

Well I am sure you said enough for the both of you today. I wouldn't doubt we all get pulled into the office tomorrow.

DESTINY

Do you think we will get fired?

GEORGE

I can't say. That'd be pretty shitty though.

DESTINY

Do you think maybe, maybe we will win?

GEORGE

What even is winning at this point? Being treated like a human being? If that's the case then I hope so.

The two stare at the dwindling fire as it begins to die out. Destiny leans her head on George's shoulder.

DESTINY

If anything at least we got people talking.

George nods his head in agreement.

GEORGE

Atleast we got people talking.

EXT. ODD FELLOWS - MORNING

Destiny and Clara both walk and stop in front of the doors to Odd Fellows. George follows a few seconds behind Destiny.

INT. ODD FELLOW'S HALLS - CONTINUOUS

Clara, George and Destiny all walk through Odd Fellow's halls solemnly next to each other sides. When they reach the lobby Sam is sitting at the reception desk. She turns to Clara.

SAM

Clara, if it is alright with you I would like to continue our conversation from yesterday.

Destiny and George both turn to Clara, eyes wide.

CLARA

I think that's an excellent idea.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE

Clara fidgets with her hands, she has beads of sweat forming on her face and looks everywhere around the room except for at Sam.

SAM

You do know you can trust me right?
That once again, nothing that is
said in this office will leave this
office correct?

CLARA

Yes.

SAM

And you are aware that giving me
false information could be
detrimental to your career, correct?

Clara gulps loudly then sits taller in her seat.

CLARA

Um, I do now.

Sam's glasses are pushed to the tip of her nose and she peers
down at the legal pad through them. She glances up to Clara.

SAM

Alright, so tell me about these
rumors I am hearing.

EXT. SAM'S OFFICE

George and Destiny both stand outside Sam's office door
trying to listen to Clara's conversation.

GEORGE

This is crazy. I feel like I should
be in there.

DESTINY

You're not a witness.

GEORGE

But I was the cause.

DESTINY

Ugh, I can barely hear anything. We
need a cup.

Destiny rushes away from the door.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE

CLARA

Yesterday I heard two employees
talking in what I would say was a
mean-spirited way. I know it wasn't
a direct attack, but...

SAM

But times have changed, some sayings, some words don't fly anymore.

CLARA

No they don't.

SAM

Clara, have you never been frustrated with someone?

CLARA

Yes. But my frustration has never affected someone else career wise.

Sam scribbles something down on her notepad.

SAM

Clara, you are a good employee, a great one, and you could have a future here, if you really wanted one. So why? Why are you doing this?

CLARA

Because that's what I was told to do in my orientation here. Because it's the right thing to do. Because it is not just some radical agenda to try and make people care about other people.

SAM

I understand where you are coming from but from what I have heard from other sources this doesn't affect you... don't let it affect your career.

CLARA

That doesn't mean I shouldn't care. You're the administrator shouldn't you care about ALL of your employees?

Sam nods her head. Sets down her pen and takes off her glasses.

SAM

Clara, you aren't the first to whisper rumors about Katie. And the whispers never lead to anything.

CLARA

People have brought this up before?

SAM

I promise I will listen to you, and I will write down a report for you if that is what you would like, but I can't fire her. Hearsay won't get far in the HR department anyways. That's the only reason You, Destiny and George haven't been brought in for a similar conversation about a different problem we have in the home right now.

CLARA

The last thing I want to do is get someone fired... But I also don't like seeing racists walking around making decisions that hurt my friends.

Clara looks away from Sam quickly to see a photo of her and Katie in hiking gear at the top of a mountain trail, sitting next to it a small stack of George's posters. She looks away quickly back towards Sam.

EXT. SAM'S OFFICE DOOR

Destiny stands at the door with a cup pressed between her ear and the door. George sits in a chair off to the side of Sam's Office's door.

DESTINY

I don't hear much anymore.

GEORGE

Could you hear anything at all?

DESTINY

Not really. I think Sam's doing most the talking though.

George stands up and takes the cup from Destiny listening.

GEORGE

That's not good.

He takes his ear away from the cup and presses it to the door then removes it again.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

This doesn't help at all.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE

Sam leans across her desk slightly as she talks to Clara.

SAM

Then what are you trying to do?
Because it sounds like you are
trying to get Katie dismissed.

CLARA

I just want to see at the bare
minimum respect for the other human
beings here.

SAM

You don't think we are kind? Is this
about the posters we have been
seeing all these posters around our
property?

Sam picks up her pen again. Clara stops talking. Sweat begins
to drip down her forehead.

CLARA

No it has nothing to do with the
posters.

SAM

I brought you in here because it was
brought to my attention you are
spreading rumors around this home to
various employees about my dear
friend, and your employer, Katie. To
be completely honest we have never
experienced the amount of drama from
anyone like the drama that has
appeared since you were hired here.
It is not hard to see the timelines
line up. It would be much easier to
let the new hire, causing drama go,
than our beloved nursing supervisor
of 5 years.

CLARA

You would rather get the person
trying to spread a good message,
than the one being hateful?

SAM

Actions hold a lot more weight than
words.

Sam peers at Clara as if searching her soul. Clara gulps.

SAM (CONT'D)

Is there anything else you would like to report? Or just that you heard some mean spirited talk behind a closed door in private conversation?

Clara looks down at her hands and plays with a ring on her finger. Her eyes water and she closes them before she begins crying. She keeps her head in her lap when she speaks.

CLARA

I guess not.

SAM

Is there anything you want to report about the signs that we have been seeing around the home?

Clara's head snaps up at this.

CLARA

I think they are spreading a beautiful message. Thank you for your time Sam. I should get back to the desk.

Clara stands abruptly and swiftly leaves the office.

EXT. SAM'S OFFICE

Clara bursts out the door hitting Destiny and George as she does.

DESTINY

Hey!

CLARA

Guys not cool. So you heard everything?

GEORGE

Well we were trying, but that is the thickest door on planet earth.

DESTINY

What did you say? Is Katie going downnnnnn?

CLARA

Not exactly.

GEORGE

Wait then what did you tell her?

CLARA
Well.... nothing really.

DESTINY
What!? Clara again? Are you fucking kidding? What even happens when you're in there?

GEORGE
What exactly is nothing? What did Katie even say?

Clara looks to George and frowns.

CLARA
George, I know I owe you an explanation, but not here.

DESTINY
Clara what the fuck! I know you can easily walk away from all of this but we can't! So what the fuck? Are you on our side or not?

CLARA
You go in there and do it!

DESTINY
I can't! I didn't hear it and you won't tell me what you heard!

CLARA
Yeah isn't kinda crazy how you don't even know what was said. We wouldn't be in this mess if it wasn't for you and your loud mouth never being able to keep a secret!

Destiny gapes at Clara.

DESTINY
Something like this shouldn't be a secret. Thanks for nothing.

Destiny turns away from them and storms off. Clara turns to George.

CLARA
I'm sorry George. I wanted so desperately to go in there and tell the truth. I just-

GEORGE

You got scared. It's okay. I know you prefer to change the world in secret.

CLARA

I know it's just I wanted to do you justice and-

GEORGE

It's not your battle.

George shrugs and walks off in the direction Destiny went. Clara stands outside Sam's office all alone.

INT. ODD FELLOWS BASEMENT

Clara sits on one of the washers in the basement of the home eating a bag of Doritos. She crunches on the slowly staring at the vending machine across from her. She hears footsteps coming down the stairs and hops off the washer quickly deciding to lean against it instead.

Maggie enters the basement with a small yelp.

MAGGIE

Oh sweetie you scared me!

CLARA

You don't work today.

MAGGIE

No, I don't. Sam wanted to talk to me so I came in hoping there would be western leftovers, there wasn't.

Maggie walks over to the vending machine and puts a dollar in. She choose a granola bar. Clara goes back to sitting on top of the washer.

MAGGIE

Why are you eating down here alone? Do you always do this?

CLARA

No today's a special occasion.

MAGGIE

What's the occasion?

CLARA

Me being a coward.

MAGGIE

You mean you didn't tattle tale on Katie?

CLARA
Someone seemed to have got to me before it.

MAGGIE
You mean me.

Maggie walks over to the dryer next to Clara. She tries to hop on it but can't. She settles for leaning against it.

CLARA
Yes I mean you! I thought you were on our side! What happened?

MAGGIE
I just told Katie so she could stop being a bitch, if she doesn't know it's wrong she will never change.

Clara covers her mouth in surprise.

CLARA
Maggie!

MAGGIE
What! Katie needs to learn eventually that words hurt. Sometimes I think she spends too much time with the miserable dying folk that she's just gotta be miserable to everyone else.

CLARA
She came off as so kind when I first met her.

MAGGIE
Some people are just actors that never made it to the big screen.

CLARA
The world is her stage.

MAGGIE
Why didn't you tell on her?

CLARA
Because Sam is so intimidating! But I'm going to fix it, just you wait and see.

EXT. ODD FELLOWS

Clara and Maggie step out of the door to Odd Fellow's and into the parking lot. The sun is bright, and they can see George's truck pulling out of the lot along with Destiny just getting to her car.

Destiny turns to see Maggie and Clara and lets out a huge hough and she begins to walk faster.

MAGGIE

That cause of you?

CLARA

And you.

Maggie frowns, confused. Clara gives Maggie a playful nudge. Maggie smiles.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I should probably go try and sort this out.

Clara speeds up and catches up to Destiny who has just gotten to her car. She pulls the door open but Clara stops her.

CLARA

Destiny, stop you're clearly upset. Let's talk.

DESTINY

What's the point? There's nothing you can do now. You already screwed this up enough.

CLARA

I did?

DESTINY

Yeah, you came up with the idea for the posters. You came up with the idea to make even MORE posters and then when it came down to it dropped us like a hot plate.

CLARA

You're the one who told Maggie!

DESTINY

Well I didn't know she was going to tell anyone! Plus what does it matter if you had just told Sam the FIRST time it would have never mattered!

CLARA

Katie and Sam are best friends and you didn't think that would effect the situation at all? You weren't in that office.

DESTINY

I don't have the power to be in that office. But you'll never understand. Once again. Thank you for nothing.

Destiny sits down in her driver's seat and slams her door closed. Clara steps away from the car to let it zoom away, stunned.

Clara lets out a small scream then gets in her own vehicle.

INT. CLARA'S Living ROOM - NIGHT

Clara kneels in front of her television looking through the cabinet below it. She moves some movies out from the cabinet.

Julia walks in and watches her for a moment.

JULIA

Why are you breaking my cabinets?
And why do you keep coming home with sand caked on your work shoes.

Clara turns around startled.

CLARA

Oh nothing. I go to the beach to relax or calm down sometimes.

JULIA

Rough day?

EXT. LAKE ONTARIO - AN HOUR EARLIER - EVENING

Clara stands at the edge of the lake and chucks rocks in one after another screaming as she does. The fisherman who was there the night before is there again. Instead of telling her to be quiet this time, he gathers his gear and walks down the beach as far away from her as he can get.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

CLARA

Just a little rough. Do you know where that karaoke machine is?

JULIA

I think I sold it.

Clara goes back to looking in the cabinet. She comes back out empty handed. She takes the movies and puts them back in the cabinet then shuts it. She turns to her mom.

JULIA

Why?

CLARA

Work.

JULIA

I thought you were off tomorrow? And what is your job again? Are you a performer there?

Julia sits down on the couch and Clara giggles a little standing up.

CLARA

No, I messed up. I'm just trying to fix it.

JULIA

Through the power of song?

Clara laughs and sits down on the couch next to her mom.

CLARA

You know the friends I had over the other night?

JULIA

The car head and the loud girl?

CLARA

Yeah, well the car head got his hours cut and it's my fault and I'm trying to fix it. And Destiny... well she is really mad.

JULIA

Now how could you have messed things up that bad?

Julia rests her head on Clara's shoulder.

CLARA

I asked them to speak up. But then when it was my turn to speak up I totally flopped.

JULIA

What's your plan?

CLARA

I'm just going to tell the truth.
For real this time... Mom, How's the
job hunt going?

JULIA

It's.... going.

CLARA

If I lose mine, would you want to
step up?

Julia chuckles a little.

JULIA

Don't get ahead of yourself. You
know you are much more put together
than me. You're meant to have a
career. Me not so much.

CLARA

You could have a career here too.
And you should. You know I won't be
around to support you forever.

JULIA

I've been working on it.

CLARA

I know I know. Just... consider it.
Maybe it would be a good fit.

JULIA

You're not going to get fired. It
will all be fine. Just focus on
yourself and your friends. I've got
myself handled.

CLARA

Are you sure?

JULIA

Positive. Just focus on your
friends, and fixing that bridge.

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clara sits in her peach room. There's a poster of a brain on
the wall with a small picture of her grandparents next to it.

Below that is her desk where she sits with posters in front
of her. They all say different phrases. Some as simple as
"BLM" and some saying things like "If this makes you
uncomfortable, you are part of the problem."

Clara sits back in her desk chair and picks up her phone. She dials Destiny. It goes to voicemail.

CLARA

Hey Destiny, I was calling to see if you're working tomorrow.

Clara takes a moment and sighs before beginning again.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I also wanted to apologize for letting you down today. I know this is a problem that I could easily step away from with no consequences. But I promise after what happened today, I'll make it right. And hopefully you'll help me. I don't work tomorrow but I'll be at the home in the morning when Katie gets there. It's for something you don't want to miss.

Clara hangs up the phone.

INT. ODD FELLOWS - MORNING

It is early at the home, before most staff members arrive. Everything is quiet, only the night staff, Clara, and Destiny are there.

Clara and Destiny sit in the dining room right next to the karaoke machine Sam uses to say daily prayer before dinner. Destiny slaps an orange extension cord onto the cart the machine is on. She then crosses her arms and says nothing.

CLARA

I'm sorry. I've been trying to be even slightly mad at you at all this morning but I can't. I am sorry. I don't know what that was in the lot. I just. I was stressed, I *am* stressed and I know it's invalid-

DESTINY

It's not invalid. I know you're sorry, I can tell.

Destiny looks over the equipment in front of them. She places her hands on her hips.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

How come you couldn't just do this yesterday, in the office? Without the theatrics?

CLARA

This seemed like more fun, wouldn't you say so?

DESTINY

Also a more sure way to get fired or something.

CLARA

If they fire me for this, I simply don't want to work for them.

Clara stands up and starts wheeling the cart towards the lobby. Destiny follows a few steps behind.

DESTINY

I'm not sorry.

Clara is taken aback for a moment. She stops in the lobby near the front door. She nods and stares at Destiny blankly.

DESTINY

I don't regret what I said. I don't know if it made you kick your ass into gear and do this, if it did I guess that's kinda cool. But I was valid.

CLARA

I- uh- yeah. I know you were and still are.

DESTINY

That's it?

CLARA

I mean. I should have tried harder. I shouldn't have let fear get the best of me.

DESTINY

What did you even have to fear?

CLARA

I don't know, having to combat some crazy story other co-workers might have heard I guess?

Destiny stops herself and opens the front doors for Clara and Clara wheels out the karaoke machine to the front lawn of the home.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Sorry. That was harsh. I just, I don't know. I let my own struggles get the best of me, in a fight that was never about me. I was a pretty shitty ally.

DESTINY

Yeah you were... but actually, I do understand. A little. I shouldn't have spread rumors. I know that was wrong and I am sorry about that. I just. It's not fair to George.

CLARA

No. It's not fair to George. That's why I am doing this.

DESTINY

What time?

CLARA

9 o'clock. Right when Katie gets here.

DESTINY

Damn getting straight to it.

EXT. ODD FELLOWS ENTRANCE - LATER

Posters now line the front porch of Odd Fellows along with a few littering the karaoke cart.

Clara stands on the front porch and unplugs one extension cord and replaces it with another. When she does this a horribly loud feedback noise comes through the speaker of the machine. She runs over and shuts it off quickly.

CLARA

Well at least I know it works.

Clara looks at her watch, it's two minutes until 9 o'clock.

CLARA (CONT'D)

And just in time.

The front door to Odd Fellows opens. In front of Clara stands Destiny and Maggie. Once they step onto the porch Katie steps out from behind them.

KATIE

What on Earth is going on? What are these?

Katie looks at the posters covering the front porch, she starts reading one then immediately starts pulling them off the porch.

Destiny puts her hand out and stops her.

Clara turns on the karaoke machine blasting them all with horrible feedback sounds. Everyone stops and covers their ears. Clara clicks a button on the machine and the noise quiets.

More people begin to exit Odd Fellows through the front entrance to see what is happening.

KATIE

All of you, back inside, there is nothing to see here.

Clara puts the microphone to her mouth and begins to talk. Her voice booms towards Odd Fellows.

CLARA

No. Please, stay. The more the merrier.

KATIE

Clean all this up at once, and please come back into work, I will need to speak with you in my office.

CLARA

I'm not working today. But I would be happy to talk with you after I say what I have to say here.

Now Sam and George walk out the front entrance of the building. Sam takes a gander at all the posters and then at Clara. George's mouth drops as he takes in the scene.

KATIE

Sam, please help here. You know this is wrong.

SAM

Clara you really can't be doing this... Well actually, what is all of this?

CLARA

Why don't you read one of the posters next to you?

Sam steps down off the porch and begins to read a poster.

SAM

Tolerating racism is still racism.

Clara looks up to Destiny and George who are smiling at her. Destiny shoos her on.

CLARA

That- That's wonderful for you to mention Sam. And I completely agree. You know... I actually wanted to talk to you Sam. I think I made a mistake yesterday. I wasn't completely honest with you when I should have been. And I am here to make things right. Yesterday you asked me about some rumors going around Odd Fellows. But I want to let you know they aren't rumors at all.

SAM

Then this is something we can talk about in private.

Some more residents and RCA's make their way out onto the porch.

CLARA

No, I don't think it is. You see for centuries people have had ways of covering things up that seemed inconvenient to combat. Ways of keeping the people they want in power even if they are undeserving of it.

Clara turns away from Sam and to the coworkers and residents lining the porch. Clara raises the volume slightly on the karaoke machine for the residents to be able to hear better.

CLARA (CONT'D)

A few weeks ago I attended a small gathering in the neighboring town to celebrate and appreciate the lives of those who aren't appreciated due to the color of their skin. On my way back home I decided to stop at work and continue the spread of this positive message. But some people didn't find it so positive. In fact I was personally asked to start a manhunt trying to find the culprit who might have put up these harmless signs.

Katie steps forward leaning over the railing of the porch towards Clara.

KATIE

That's because it was vandalism!

Destiny steps up and lightly grabs Katie's shoulders pulling her back a little.

DESTINY

Honey, I hate to break it to you. But you only think that because you're racist.

KATIE

How dare you speak to your employer that way! That type of behavior is worse than anything I could say behind closed doors.

DESTINY

So you are admitting fault? How can me calling you racist be worse than you *literally* being racist?

KATIE

I did absolutely nothing wrong, and if I did I would at least do it well enough that no one would be able to hear me!

Some of the residents gasp. Katie looks towards Sam for help.

CLARA

But unfortunately for you Katie, you didn't. You actually did the opposite of that. And that is no one's fault but your own. I mean the first thing you did when you saw these signs was command they be taken down. How are they hurting you?

DESTINY

Yeah! Look at these beautiful signs! Look at all the effort that was put into trying to make sure that everyone here is treated equally. Why are you so scared of equality Katie?

KATIE

Everyone here is being treated extremely equally.

GEORGE

Actually that's not true.

George steps out next to Katie. He goes to speak but then he stops. He turns to Clara who smiles and nods. George hops down the stairs to where Clara stands and take the microphone from her.

GEORGE

I think it is unfair to let Clara and Destiny to stand here and fight my own battle for me. Although I do thank you for using your voice Clara, since it seems to hold more value than mine.

SAM

George, if we have made you feel badly in anyways please, let's talk this out privately.

GEORGE

I have probably spent more time in this home than my own home for the past two years up until about three weeks ago. Then suddenly, for no reason at all, my work shifts were cut in half.

Sam turns to Katie, confused. Katie shrugs her shoulders.

JANE, one of the residents of the home sitting on the porch, rolls her wheelchair forward a bit.

JANE

So come back boy, I miss your piano lessons!

GEORGE

I know Jane, sadly it's not something I am in control of... And you might all be standing there wondering who here could possibly be racist? It's the 21st century, no one is racist anymore. That racism is only hate speech said directly to someone's face. That racism only appears in the hearts of few people in this country who have taken the lives of my brothers and sisters. But it's so much bigger than that. Racism is a complex system of social and political levers and pulleys set up generations and generations ago.

SAM

George, I am sure there is something we can do about this. There's no need for...

Sam gestures to the karaoke machine and the posters.

SAM (CONT'D)

All of this.

KATIE

Yeah. What is your point in all of this anyways? Other than waste our time?

Destiny gapes at Katie then starts to talk.

DESTINY

I think the point is that yes, racism looks like hate, looks like you and the things that come out of your mouth. Like calling a young man names because he spoke his mind. But it can also look like privilege, access, and ignorance. It is cut hours and it is dismissed questions. The point is it might not be your fault that America was built on racism, but it is your fault if you support it and continue it. The point is that racism is something that no one EVER needs to experience, yet when they do they aren't allowed to fight back. The second they want to make change it is shut down because it feels taboo to talk about.

JANE

You tell them girl!

Clara laughs along with Jane and Destiny.

GEORGE

Jane, this is why you're one of my favorites.

Jane gives winks George.

KATIE

No. I think the point of all this is to prove that you were the one to vandalize this beautiful home and

taint it with radical beliefs that we all already understand.

DESTINY

No, the point of all this is to call you out for cutting George's hours and handing them to Clara and then calling George a dumb spic for it.

Everything falls quiet for a moment. Katie looks around helpless. She looks to Sam.

KATIE

(quietly)

I- I did no such thing.

Katie lets out a harsh grunt and turns around walking back into Odd Fellows. Clara with a small sigh turns to Sam.

CLARA

Thank you Destiny. The other point of all of this is that the idea that "some people count more than others" was built into our country and until we exorcise it this will keep happening. But the only people who can exorcise that, are the ones unwilling to try. You would rather let Katie keep her job after disrespecting an employee because she counts more to you than George over here. And I am trying to show you that is not okay, and I don't understand why you ever thought it was.

Sam shakes her head, takes the microphone from Clara and shuts off the system.

SAM

That's it. Pack this up. And you guys, get back to work, now. George I'll speak with you later if that's alright?

George nods and hurries off into Odd Fellows. Helping push Jane back inside too.

SAM

Are you proud of this?

Clara nods her head yes.

SAM

You know I am going to have to write you up for this.

CLARA
Even though I'm not working today?

SAM
Especially so.

CLARA
I understand.

SAM
As much as Katie has her consequences, so do you. Just remember, you didn't have to do it.

Sam shakes her head and walks back into Odd Fellows.

INT. ODD FELLOWS LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Destiny and George are in the lobby alone. A clock ticks annoyingly on the wall.

George leans against the wall with his hands shoved in his scrub pockets.

Destiny sits in one of the chairs with her arms crossed and is bouncing her leg.

George looks up at the clock and bangs his hand on the desk.

GEORGE
What are they going to spend the whole day in there? It's two minutes to three. Didn't Sam say she wanted to talk to me too?

DESTINY
Sheesh calm down. If she doesn't have time to talk today, she'll talk to you tomorrow. Think of it as a blessing. It gives you more time to think.

Destiny stands and begins pacing a little bit.

GEORGE
What are you pacing about?

DESTINY
Do you think Clara still has her job here?

Katie's office door opens and the two peer towards it. Sam steps out, closing the door behind her. She smiles when she sees George and Destiny.

SAM

George, I'm so sorry we didn't get to talk today could we possibly have a conversation tomorrow?

GEORGE

Yeah, what time? I don't work tomorrow.

SAM

Actually, it looks like we need someone to do housekeeping tomorrow if you would like to pick up a shift?

The clock behind them strikes 3 o'clock and begins to ring.

GEORGE

Yeah I can come in tomorrow for housekeeping.

SAM

Great, I will see you both tomorrow then... Oh wait, will either one of you be seeing Clara tonight?

DESTINY

We aren't sure. Why?

SAM

If you do, please let her know she has tomorrow off.

Sam makes her way down the lobby hall before they can say anything else. Destiny grabs her bag and gives George a curious look before they head out.

EXT. ODD FELLOWS

George and Destiny walk to the parking lot of Odd Fellows.

GEORGE

Well, I didn't want this to happen.

DESTINY

She needs this as much as we do.

GEORGE

There has got to be a way.

DESTINY

After the stunt she pulled, I don't know.

A car horn beeps at Destiny and George, they jump. It's Clara.

CLARA

Milkshakes or the lake?

George and Destiny exchange a glance.

GEORGE

Why not both?

EXT. LAKE ONTARIO

Clara, Destiny and George sit with their milkshakes. They slurp slowly in silence as they stare at the water.

CLARA

My mom is going to be pissed.

DESTINY

It's just one day.

Clara turns to George.

GEORGE

Don't look at me like that. It is none of our faults that Katie is who she is.

CLARA

I should have never suggested putting the signs up.

GEORGE

Sooner or later something like this was bound to happen. She wouldn't learn without our help.

The three stare out at the setting sun.

DESTINY

At least we have a good sunset to enjoy tonight.

CLARA

If I get fired will you guys still watch the sunsets with me down here?

GEORGE

If you get fired I promise to watch every single sunset with you.

DESTINY

I do not promise anything. But if it's warm out and I am not working the morning shift, you can always drag me down here.

George gives Destiny a little shove.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

Hey I'm just being honest!

INT. ODD FELLOW'S LOBBY - A FEW DAYS LATER

Clara steps into the Odd Fellows Lobby. She is wearing a sleek black blazer with a black turtleneck underneath, along with black slacks.

Maggie sits at the reception desk and sits up a little taller when Clara walks in the room.

MAGGIE

Long time no see.

CLARA

I have a feeling it might be a little longer next time too.

MAGGIE

You're good to head up to Sam's office whenever.

A tight smile spreads across Clara's face as she makes her way to

INT. SAM'S OFFICE

Sam's office is gloomy. Rain patters on the window and the clouds cast a greenish hue over the room. Sam sits at her desk across from Katie.

Katie is solemn and there is an empty chair sitting next to her. Clara takes the seat.

SAM

I really don't like what I have to say in this office. Katie, you are one of the closest people to me and Clara you I had high hopes for you. But sadly today will be your last day here at Odd Fellows.

KATIE

You've got to be kidding me, I didn't even say what she's accusing me of.

CLARA

I understand.

KATIE

Yeah, well what you did, was well.. it was out there.

CLARA

I was just sticking up for my friend when you wouldn't listen.

SAM

Honestly, I don't know why I thought doing this at the same time was going to go well. Ladies, I need you both to work with me here and understand there is nothing you can do now.

Katie's mouth drops a little. She looks as though she is about to cry.

SAM

Katie you are being let go due to you withholding hours from an employee willing and ready to work without approval. Clara you are being let go due to your disruption of daily activities at the home and holding a protest on our property without our consent. I am going to need both of your name tags and any keys you might have.

Clara reaches in her blazer pocket and pulls out a small key ring and places it on Sam's desk. Katie sits still.

KATIE

Mine are all in the office.

SAM

That's fine, just make sure you don't go home with any. Do either of you have any questions or comments on the basis of your termination?

Katie stares at Sam in shock.

CLARA

I just want to thank you for giving me the opportunity to work here. I used to be too shy to stand up and do the right thing, but this job kind of yanked me out of that shell.

Sam awkwardly scratches her ear and Clara turns to Katie.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Katie. I hope you know I really like *really* never wanted any of this to happen. But I also don't understand how you couldn't see that eventually you would have to assume the consequences of your actions. You can't take your frustrations out with a racial slur, and you should always try communicating with someone before taking action against their will.

SAM

That's enough, she knows of her mistakes. You don't have to remind her.

KATIE

Thank you Sam. Clara, I spent all last night wondering what I could have possibly done to you to make you do this. And all I could come up with is that you are a passionate person. You are so passionate you don't care who it hurts as long as it is for the "right thing." And I wondered if there was anything different that I could do but there just wasn't. This was just what was bound to happen when you were around. I don't know where the world is going to take you, but I really hope it's not to another job with me.

CLARA

(to Sam)

You let her give that monologue but stopped me?

(to Katie)

I am so glad you took the time to sit down and think about this situation. And I am so thankful to have met you and had this opportunity, and was able to have

these conversations with you. I hope you leave here knowing words hurt, and you should think twice before you speak if the words coming out won't be nice. This isn't the 50s anymore and racism won't be tolerated.

(to Sam)

And Sam, I wish you the best to you and everyone else here at Odd Fellows.

Clara stands, and grabs her purse from the floor swinging it around her shoulder. She walks up to Sam who stands as she steps up. Clara shakes Sam's hand and turns to Katie.

Clara takes Katie's hand gingerly.

CLARA

Katie, I wish you luck on wherever the world takes you.

Clara begins to walk out of Sam's office. Katie begins talking with Sam quickly but quietly as she walks. When Clara gets to the door she stops and turns back to them. They both turn to her.

CLARA (CONT'D)

And Katie, that thing, that conclusion you were trying to come to last night? I think you got it wrong, I think I know the answer.

Beat. The two stare at Clara blankly.

CLARA

Don't be racist.

Clara walks out of the office.

EXT. LAKE ONTARIO - SUNSET

Clara, Destiny and George are the only ones on the beach. There is a small fire started in front of them. The fire is not built of wood but instead signs stolen from lawns. George is roasting a marshmallow over it.

GEORGE

Ya know, soon it's going to be too cold to do this.

DESTINY

Oh come on don't mention winter, I hate the cold.

CLARA

Ugh me too, and driving too and from
class is going to suck.

Destiny and George snap their head to Clara who is trying to
hide a grin. Destiny nudges George a little and starts
whispering to him.

DESTINY

(whispering)

Are we supposed to know about this
already?

GEORGE

(whispering)

I don't think so.... I don't
remember her mentioning it before.

CLARA

No. I have not mentioned it before.
I found out this week.

DESTINY

Ahh!

Destiny jumps up and runs around the fire to hug Clara who
lets out a hough of air.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

What are you going for? When? How
long? Where? How?!

Clara laughs and sits back down on her log next to Destiny.

CLARA

Nothing fancy, just Niagara
Community College for psychology at
the moment. They have rolling
admissions and I wrote them an essay
that must have caught their eye.

GEORGE

What was it about?

CLARA

Everything that happened at Odd
Fellows. I guess NCCC like the idea
of positive change.

DESTINY

Yeah, same with Odd Fellows ever
since Katie left.

GEORGE

How are you going to pay for it?

Destiny slaps George on the knee. He mouths "ow" to her.

CLARA

Well turns out NCCC was so pleased by my essay and the idea of taking a stand against racism that this first year is on them.

Destiny covers her mouth and lets out a little squeal.

GEORGE

Clara that's so exciting! You're still going to be like living here though right?

Clara nods and smiles to herself. She pulls a marshmallow out of the bag next to George. She grabs a driftwood stick, puts the marshmallow on it and starts roasting it.

CLARA

Yeah, I couldn't leave my mom, not just yet. I'll wait till she is settled at the new job before even trying mention moving. How is she doing anyways?

DESTINY

Oh she's great! So much quicker at everything than Maggie. Her and the new RCA Supervisor seem to be getting along too.

CLARA

How well?

GEORGE

Don't worry, you won't have a stepdad anytime soon.

CLARA

Thank god, I'll want to be moved out before that. But that won't be for a while. I'll need to get a job first.

DESTINY

Not at a nursing home though right?

They all giggle.

CLARA

No, I think I'll stay away from those, just for a little while.

The screen fades to black.

THE END.