

Effy Mitchell. Script Breakdown. Lady Bird, first scene.

INT. MOTEL. CALIFORNIA. EARLY MORNING.

One of those anonymous trucker motels along-side I-5 through central California. It's late summer, 2002. Two women sleep together in a bed. Christine, aka Lady Bird, 17 years old. Her Mom, Marion, the age of Lady Bird's Mom. A modern-day romantic Mary Cassatt rip-off painting of motherhood.

LADY BIRD (V.O.)

Do you think I look like I'm from Sacramento?

CUT TO:

Now they're awake. Lady Bird stares at her re. Marion makes the bed.

MARION

You are from Sacramento.

LADY BIRD

(re: making the bed)

You don't have to do that.

MARION

Well it's nice to make things neat and clean.

Marion is making hospital corners. Lady Bird sits on the just made bed. Marion sits beside her, moves the hair out of Lady Bird's eyes.

MARION (CONT'D)

Ready to go home?

LADY BIRD

Ready.

INT. 1994 TOYOTA COROLLA. CALIFORNIA. DAY.

The last sentences of The Grapes of Wrath.

AUDIOBOOK

"Her hand moved behind his head and supported it. Her fingers moved gently in his hair. She looked up and across the barn, and her lips came together and smiled mysteriously." You have been listening to 'The Grapes of Wrath' by John Steinbeck. If you...

(pause)

Lady Bird *ejects the tape*, returns it to the case from the public library. They are both crying.

LADY BIRD  
(looking on the back)  
Our college trip took 21 hours and  
5 minutes.

They laugh and then wipe their tears. It's a nice moment - they both had the same emotion. Lady Bird immediately starts *looking for a good song on the radio*.

MARION  
(turning it off)  
Hey, you know, let's just  
*sit with what we heard?*

LADY BIRD  
(bristling)  
Are you serious?

MARION  
We don't need to be constantly  
entertaining ourselves, do we?

Lady Bird stares out the window, now sullen. Then:

LADY BIRD  
I wish I could live through  
something.

MARION  
Aren't you?

LADY BIRD  
Nope. The only exciting thing about  
2002 is that it's a palindrome.

MARION  
Ok fine, yours is the worst life  
of all, you win.

LADY BIRD  
Oh so now you're mad? Because  
I wanted to listen to music?

MARION  
It's just that you're  
being ridiculous, you have  
a *great* life.

LADY BIRD  
I'm sorry I'm not *perfect*.

MARION  
Nobody is asking you to be perfect!  
Just *considerate* would do.

LADY BIRD  
(really picking a fight)

I don't even want to go to school  
in this state anyway, I hate  
California. I want to go to the  
East Coast.

MARION

Your Dad and I will barely be  
able to afford in-state tuition.

LADY BIRD

There are loans, scholarships!

MARION

Your brother, your very smart  
brother, can't even find a job --

LADY BIRD

He and Shelly work. They have jobs.

MARION

THEY BAG AT THE GROCERY STORE.  
That is not a career and they went  
to BERKELEY.

MARION

Your father's company is laying people off right and left,  
did you know that? No of course not because you don't care  
about anyone but yourself.

MARION

Immaculate Heart is already a  
luxury.

LADY BIRD

Immaculate FART. You wanted that,  
not me!

MARION

Miguel saw someone knifed in  
front of him at Sac High, is that  
what you want? You're telling me  
that you want to see someone  
knifed right in front of you?

LADY BIRD

He barely saw that. I want to go  
where culture is, like New York.

MARION

How in the world did I  
raise such a SNOB?

LADY BIRD

Or at least Connecticut or  
New Hampshire. Where  
writers live in the woods.

MARION

You couldn't get into those  
schools anyway.

LADY BIRD

MOM!

MARION

You can't even pass your *driver's*  
*test*.

LADY BIRD

Because you wouldn't let me  
practice enough!

MARION

The way you work, the way you  
don't work, you're not even *worth*  
state tuition, Christine.

LADY BIRD

MY NAME IS LADY BIRD!

MARION (CONT'D)

Well actually, it's not, and  
it's ridiculous. Your name  
is Christine.

LADY BIRD

CALL ME LADY BIRD LIKE YOU SAID YOU  
WOULD!

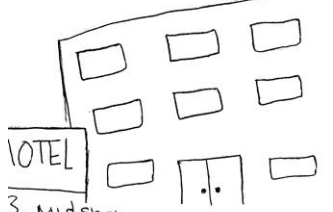
MARION

You should just go to City  
College, with your work ethic.  
City College and then to jail then  
back to City College. Maybe you'd  
learn how to pull yourself up and  
not expect everyone to do  
everything for you...

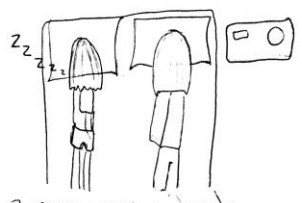
They slow for a stop light and Lady Bird dramatically  
opens the door and rolls out of the car. Marion screams.



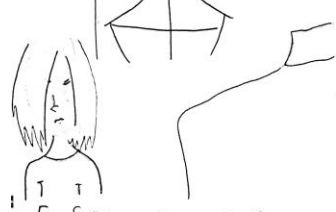
Exterior shot of motel



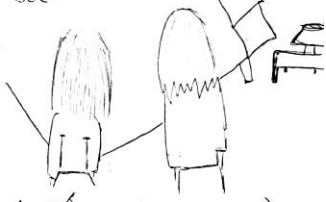
2. Overhead shot of them asleep



3. Midshot of ladybird



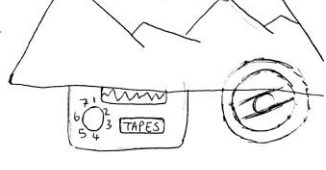
4. 2 shot, mother makes bed.



5. Exterior shot of car



6. Close up of ejecting tape



7. Two shot in car



8. Shot of ladybird leaning out of window



9. Shot ladybird waving hands out of the car door

