

LADY BIRD

written by
Greta Gerwig

"Anybody who talks about California hedonism has never spent a Christmas in Sacramento."

- Joan Didion

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.
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.

INT. IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY. DAY.

Close on a cast. In very small letters is written "fuck you, mom." The cast belongs to Lady Bird. She follows along with the mass.

CREDITS run over this joint liturgy between Immaculate Heart of Mary (girls school) and Xavier (boys school) and beginning of the year activities.

A sea of catholic girls' school uniforms in bleachers during candidate speeches.

CANDIDATE

(finishing her speech)

A Vote for Amanda is a vote for boys. Boys and healthy vending machines because no one wants a muffin with that many calories.

Lady Bird waits her turn to make her speech, and makes eye contact with Julie in the crowd, a sweet, chubby 17 year old. Her best friend.

5 classrooms, 5 syllabi, 5 "beginning of senior year" speeches from the teachers. A few teachers are nuns.

SISTER SARAH-JOAN

There are the classics: St. Augustine, of course, and Aquinas. My favorite, Kierkegaard - wait until you hear his love story - it will make you swoon.

Back in the church, Lady Bird looks intently at an image of Jesus. The priest gives his homily.

PRIEST

We're afraid we won't get into the college of our choice, we're afraid we won't be loved, we won't be liked, we won't succeed.

Everyone takes communion. Lady Bird approaches and crosses her arms so she just gets a blessing, not real communion, she's not Catholic. Lady Bird watches the boys get communion. It's somehow sexy, opening their mouths to receive the wafer.

SISTER SARAH-JOAN (V.O.)

Some of the students were disturbed by your posters.

INT. VICE-PRINCIPAL SISTER SARAH-JOAN'S OFFICE. DAY.

Sister Sarah-Joan, in a traditional habit, holds up some of Lady Bird's campaign materials.

LADY BIRD
It's just a bird head on a lady
body or vice versa.

SISTER SARAH-JOAN
I think it's a little upsetting...

Reveal of the poster: Lady Bird's head on a bird body.
Another shows her Catholic-uniformed body with a bird head.

LADY BIRD
It's my tradition to run for
office. Don't worry, I won't win.

SISTER SARAH-JOAN
That's not what I'm worried about.

LADY BIRD
(worried)
This won't mess with my
scholarship, will it?

SISTER SARAH-JOAN
No, you're okay there.
(trying to be helpful)
You have a performative streak, I
think.

LADY BIRD
I think that too.

SISTER SARAH-JOAN
Maybe you'd enjoy theatre arts...
They are having auditions for the
fall musical.

LADY BIRD
Do we have that here?

SISTER SARAH-JOAN
It's a collaborative effort with
the men at Xavier.

LADY BIRD
How am I a senior and not know we
have that?

SISTER SARAH-JOAN
Perhaps you haven't always been an
active part of this community.

SISTER SARAH-JOAN
They do a fall musical and a spring
play and from what I hear it's a
real blast.

LADY BIRD
What I'd really like is to be on
Math Olympiad.

SISTER SARAH-JOAN
(gently)
But math isn't something that you
are terribly strong in?

LADY BIRD
That we know of YET.

CLOSE ON A LIST.

Sign ups for auditions for the fall musical. A hand reaches
up and takes the pen attached and writes, in all caps:

CHRISTINE "LADY BIRD" MCPHERSON

And then another hand reaches up and writes:

JULIANNE "JULIE" PICKETT

LADY BIRD (O.S.)
"Julie" doesn't need to be in
quotes.

JULIE (O.S.)
But it's not my real name.

Reveal Julie and Lady Bird debating this:

LADY BIRD
It's not the same thing.

JULIE
(shaking her head)
I'm not sure you're right...

there will be blood

Written by
Paul Thomas Anderson

Based on "Oil!" by
Upton Sinclair

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

Pink 7.25.06
Blue 5.18.06
White (Numbered) 2.20.06

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1 OVER EXTERIOR SHOT OF HUGE MOUNTAINS IN THE B.G., PURE DESERT IN THE F.G. MUSIC BUILDS FROM SMALL TO LOUD, VIOLENT CRESCENDO, THEN OUT. 1

TITLE: There Will Be Blood

2 EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT — DAY — 1898 2

CAMERA looks up a steep trail. Half the frame filled with a hill in close distance, the other half is sky...over the top of the hill we see a prospector's pick come up and then down...up and then down...up and then down...

ANGLE. BEHIND THE MAN WITH THE PICK.

DANIEL C. PLAINVIEW (late 30's here) is, with pick and ax, in the middle of the day, in 110 degree heat in New Mexico, searching for SILVER.

He has a shaft about fifteen feet deep at this point. Nearby is a MULE and a CART. He digs and digs and digs.

FRONT ANGLE. CU. DANIEL'S FACE.
He continues.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. DESERT — EVENING. 3

The MULE is pulling a cart filled with his prospector's supplies. He walks beside, across the very rough desert terrain. HOLD.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. MINE SHAFT — ANOTHER DAY. 4

He's back at it again. The SHAFT IS NOW TWENTY FEET DEEP.

He hears something outside the SHAFT in between swings of the pick...

He listens...waits...continues with the work...but turns back and climbs up out of the SHAFT..

ANGLE, MOUTH OF THE SHAFT.
He climbs out and looks;

4A His MULE has dropped dead in the heat. It is out like a light, 4A
turned over on it's side, the CART has fallen over with it...

He walks over, inspects, wipes his sweat off, takes a break for
a minute and then goes back in the shaft.

CUT TO:

5 INT. SHAFT. LATER. 5

CU. PICK into earth once again.

CU. DANIEL. He sees something in the earth here.

HIS POV — IN THE ROCK. The clear tracing, glistening vein of a
SLIVER ORE CHAMBER.

HOLD ON HIS FACE. AND THE CAMERA EXAMINES CLOSELY THESE MINERALS
IN THE ROCK. PLAY OUT FULL.

6 OUTSIDE THE SHAFT, LATER. 6
He unleashes the dead mule from the CART. and begins to LOAD IN
MASSIVE CHUNKS OF ROCK, LEADED WITH SILVER ORE INTO THE CART.

He catches his breath. He wipes his face and he goes back into
the SHAFT — but as he starts back down — somewhere between
passing out and tripping -- he plunges — loosing all his
balance, twists around and HEADS FEET FIRST STRAIGHT DOWN THE

6A SHAFT WITH NO HOLD — AND LANDS AT THE BOTTOM — 6A

BOTH HIS ANKLES SNAP TOWARDS EACH OTHER.

HOLD. He passes out.

7 CU. DANIEL. 7
maybe a few moments later and he has come to...he looks up to the
top of SHAFT and sees the light —

So...over the course of however long it takes, he pulls himself up
and out of the MINE SHAFT.

ANGLE, MOUTH OF THE SHAFT.

he arrives at the opening...He puts himself on his back and
rests...HOLD.

7A As he opens his eyes, he notices that the CART — from the weight 7A
of SILVER ORE — it has tipped forward...and in doing so, has
dropped his CANTEEN OF WATER that had been strapped safely to
the cart —

water dribbles out in a pool of mud where the canteen sits.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. DESERT. DAY

8

DANIEL is pushing the cart with the upper half of his body...then he drags himself to catch up with the cart — he does this over and over and over and over again across the desert floor —

CAMERA BEHIND HIM. Way off, in the distance, about a mile, is the trace of a small town —

CUT TO:

9 INT. SILVER ASSAY OFFICE/LEASE OFFICE - DAY.

9

DANIEL, laying on his back on the floor of the office. CU's of watching the assay process and tallying up the value of the silver...He will sell this lease and move on...

CUT TO:

10 EXT. SOMEWHERE IN CALIFORNIA. DAY — A FEW YEARS LATER — 1902

10

DANIEL is working again in a large field with some MEN. There is: CANBURY (30s) an OLDER MAN (50s) and a YOUNG MAN (around 15) and a mining acquaintance: H.B. AILMAN (30s) and nearby, kept in the shade in a small bassinet, is a ONE YEAR OLD BABY, Ailman's son (H.W.)

They are again, with pick and ax, digging a well.

They have a rope to a Horse and have connected the rope to a pulley to raise and lower buckets into and out of the muck.

They shovel the muddy dirt into buckets, load the contents onto a cart, which they take by a MULE to another area and dump.

11 CAMERA LOOKS DOWN INIDE THE WELL.

11

They are at SIXTY FEET. Inside the well is DANIEL and AILMAN. Under their feet is oil soaked SHALE...it is emitting considerable quantities of gas and crackling like heated popcorn.

The FUMES are CHOKING. They have RAGS TO THEIR FACES.

After a few moments, DANIEL PASSES STRAIGHT OUT. AILMAN SMACKS HIM, SMACKS HIM. WAKES HIM.

CUT TO:

12 CU. NEWSPAPER CLIPPING. 12
 It shows the picture of an old, very crude derrick in
 Pennsylvania.

WIDER, THAT MOMENT.

DANIEL, AILMAN, CANBURY all stand over the picture, pointing
 to it, getting to the bottom of how it works. quick scene
 discussing exactly what would be needed to build such a rig.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. DRILLING SITE -- DAY 13

This crew of men has erected a very CRUDE TWENTY FOOT TALL
 DERRICK. They have fashioned a drill by attaching a cross
 shaped bit to a three inch rod. They've got a pump, driven
 by horsepower.

DANIEL operates the drill that's essentially a 20ft eucalyptus
 tree. The large apparatus drives deep into the ground -- the
 first hit is very successful.

He brings the drill back up for a second attempt.

WIDE ANGLE.

DANIEL drives the 300 pound apparatus down -- it breaks loose
 from his hands -- SLIPS COMPLETELY FROM HIS GRASP -- AND PLUMMETS
 -- He is left holding nothing..

he just watches it fall down the hole.

CUT TO:

14 INT. HOLE. -- THAT MOMENT 14

THE DRILL/LOG COMES FALLING DOWN, STRAIGHT AT CAMERA. IT FALLS,
 STRAIGHT DOWN THE HOLE AND SPLINTERS APART.

HOLD.

14A ANGLE, DANIEL, UP AT THE TOP. 14A
 looking down after it, then back up at the rig they've built.
 He looks to Ailman.

CUT TO:

15 INT. HOLE.

15

AILMAN has DESCENDED INTO THE DARK HOLE. DANIEL and the rest are up top. AILMAN wears a RUBBER RAIN SLICKER. MUD EVERYWHERE.

DANIEL COACHES FROM ABOVE.

IN THE WELL, AILMAN, HALF PASSING OUT, AND HANGING FROM A PULLEY DEVICE, WRESTLES THE DRILL FREE BY KICKING IT WITH HIS FEET OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN -- IT EVENTUALLY BREAKS FREE AND CAN BE BROUGHT UP.

15A MOMENTS LATER, AT THE TOP.

15A

AILMAN AND THE DRILL PIECE ARE PULLED TO THE TOP.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. HOLE. DAY.

16

with DANIEL. It's all been re-constructed. They are drilling. drilling. ON ONE BLOW -- they HIT SOMETHING VERY HARD. SOLID.

THEY CAN'T BUDGE THE DRILL FOR A MINUTE. THEN THEY GET IT.

THEY PULL THE RIG UP AND OUT.

CU. THE DRILL LOG.

it lands on the ground. It's ABSOLUTELY SOAKED in OIL measuring up about 10ft on the large WOOD DRILL PIECE. DANIEL enters FRAME, on his side...gets down and looks at it.

His breathing gets heavier and heavier and a little crazy. HOLD.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. DRILLING SITE. DAYS LATER.

17

This scene shows how they are taking the oil, dumping it into a reservoir they've built, then taking that and putting it into whatever they've got: cans, containers, barrels, bottles, etc. etc.

AILMAN works while holding the one-year-old H.W. in his arms.

CUT TO:

18 INT. SHAFT.

18

DANIEL and AILMAN are in the shaft, working something. They are moving in and out of consciousness, but are somehow driving forward, fixing a part of the drill. OIL and MUD are pooled underneath them.

DANIEL hears something. looks up.

ANGLE, THE TIMBER SUPPORTS THAT SURROUND THE WELL. something has come loose...

CU. DANIEL.
he looks at AILMAN.

CU. TIMBER
a very large, sharp piece, like an icicle, cracks in the support and comes flying STRAIGHT AT CAMERA.

DANIEL AND AILMAN. TWO SHOT.
THE PIECE COMES FLYING DOWN LIKE A DAGGER AND GOES STRAIGHT INTO THE TOP OF AILMAN'S HEAD, BLOOD PUSHES FROM HIS MOUTH AND EYES AND SPRAYS DANIEL.

HOLD, CU. ON DANIEL. in a state of shock.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. DRILLING SITE. DAY

19

DANIEL looks at the BABY, HW, in the basket...HOLD. He picks him up and walks around with him, holding onto him awkwardly...He puts him back in the basket, looks around...looks back at this baby H.W...

CUT TO:

20 INT. FLOP HOUSE. NIGHT

20

The young baby H.W. is CRYING at the top of it's lungs, laying in the bed next to DANIEL who is out cold. Everyone else is asleep in this flophouse.

Daniel wakes up, takes some WHISKEY from his bag, pours it on his FINGER and puts it in the baby's mouth. He sips some himself...baby H.W. cries and cries and cries...

ANGLE, LATER.

DANIEL carries the baby H.W. to a corner of the flophouse where a MOTHER and FATHER and THREE CHILDREN are sleeping.

...The MOTHER gently takes out her breast and puts the baby H.W. to it, calming and quieting the child.

Daniel falls back asleep sitting on the floor.

CUT TO:

21 INT. TRAIN. MOVING. DAY.

21

CAMERA holds on DANIEL sleeping. The baby, H.W. is in the seat next to him, awake and looking about.

CAMERA moves in CLOSE ON THEM BOTH. HOLD.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

22 CU. DANIEL CALDECOT PLAINVIEW. (D.C. PLAINVIEW) — 1908

22

A few (six) years later. He is dressed well now. slight show of some wealth. overcoat, haircut, clean shaven, etc. We see nothing but him as he speaks;

DANIEL

Ladies and Gentlemen, I've traveled over half our state to get here this evening. I couldn't get away sooner because my new well was coming in at Coyote Hills and I had to see about it. That well is now flowing at two thousand barrels and it's paying me an income of five thousand dollars a week. I have two others drilling and I have sixteen producing at Antelope. So — Ladies and Gentlemen — if I say I'm an oil man, you will agree.

(beat)

You have a great chance here — but bear in mind: you can loose it all if you're not careful. Out of all men that beg for a chance to drill your lots, maybe one in twenty will be oil men; the rest will be speculators — men trying to get between you and the oil men — to get some of the money that ought by rights come to you. Even if you find one that has money, and means to drill, he'll maybe know nothing about drilling and he'll have to hire out the job on contract — and then you're depending on a contractor that's tryin' to rush the job through — so he can get another contract just as quick as he can. This is way that this works.