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I Spit on Your Agony!

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A Thesis
Presented to
the Faculty of the Humanities and Teacher Education Division
Pepperdine University

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Fine Arts

by
DeAnn M. SanVal

April 2020

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This thesis, written by

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Under the guidance of faculty committee and approved by its members, has been submitted to and accepted by the graduate faculty in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

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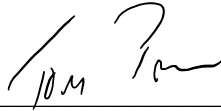
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Though the catastrophe had been brutal, Zorba was still able to come up with something good to say—he always did: “Everything’s fine,” said Zorba, “We shall live a thousand years Boss; we’ve hearts of steel.”

Today, April 14, 2020, marks the completion of this thesis and a dream realized. It is proof that with God all things are possible! In the midst of unprecedented times, in the midst of the trials of life, heartache, sickness, a global pandemic, and death, God remains GOD. His love transcends everything.

To my children: Jordan, Summer, Christian, and Cameron Steele. To my grandchildren: Kainoa, Ace, and Ryder Steele—You are proof that God loves me. Think on good things, seek first His Kingdom, and know that in our weakness, He is made strong.

I thank my parents whose lives testify to the power of a focused, determined will. To my father, Daniel Valdez who bulldozed the barriers of the barrios in East Los Angeles, realizing his dream as number one contender of the world, and to my mother, Dolores Sanchez, the most beautiful and talented artist I know, thank you. Thank you for allowing me the space to discover what brings me joy, and for believing in me.

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I thank my aunts and uncles on both sides of my family whose lives inspire me, and whose love has watered the gardens of my soul. To my aunt, Ret. Lt. Colonel Carmen Sanders first for your gift of love and laughter, for being a light in my life, for having the intestinal fortitude it takes to care for those who suffer under the most treacherous circumstances while yourself living through the danger and devastation of war. You are my real-life heroine. To my uncle Bill for the sound of your laugh, for your letters and cards made of cut outs from junk mail, for never giving up hope and encouraging me, even as cancer was eating you away, you said, “DeAnn, I still have stories to write!” To my uncle Danny Sanchez, aunt Irene “Mart” Guerrero for your love and kindness. To my uncle Robert “Bobby” Sanchez—When I drive through the East LA interchange and see those Golden Arches, I think, “They may have taken our home, but uncle Bobby put us back on the map.” To my uncle Chris Sanchez—home is safely under the wings of our Most High God. To my aunt Hilda Sanchez, you are a beautiful flower, your children are your heritage!! To my “Tia Josie” You love with joy that bubbles over, I love you with all of my heart. To my uncle David Valdez. Thank you for caring for me at my lowest—it helped me to reach my greatest heights. A special acknowledgement to my uncle Reverend Richard Matas. Thank you for showing all who knew you what it is to love the broken, the outcasts. On April 12, 2020, Easter Sunday, our Lord brought you home. Covid 19 was powerless in its harassing. God already had other plans for you, “BUT GOD will redeem me from the realm of the dead; he will surely take me to himself”(Ps. 49:15 *NIV*). Dance on streets of gold, Uncle Richard. Sing a Hallelujah!!

Finally, I thank Pepperdine for the opportunity to realize my dream. To Dr. Leslie Kreiner, thank you for your commitment to the MFA Writng for Screen and Television, for your encouragement, and for your friendship. To Tom Provost, Richard Blascucci, Chris Cluess, Andy Guerdat, and Silvia Kratzer, you are my “A” team. Each and every class were a gift! To Leslie Seah, thank you for guiding me through this Pepperdine experience and thesis “For such a time as this!” But mostly for sharing your heart and deep insight—for sending prayers literally around the world for me and my family. God’s great favor upon you and all of my Pepperdine family.

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I. Introduction: “I spit on your agony!” – Alexis Zorba

In 1983, I wrote my first critique for Nikos Kazantzakis’ *Zorba The Greek* (1946). I was not an AP student. I was a dyslexic, troubled teen whose main resources for survival were my library card and books I found at garage sales and second-hand stores, but I begged the English AP teacher to accept me into his class. The prompt read: “Some critics maintain that the novel should end where the movie ends with wild dancing on the beach after the cable collapses. If the novel ends in chapter 25, what dimension of meaning would be omitted?” As I read the prompt, I pictured the passion and freedom and joy Zorba (played by Anthony Quinn) expresses. He rips off his jacket and starts into his aboriginal dance; the contrast between the unshaven Zorba and Basil in his pressed white suit dancing in the sand, surrounded by the vastness and the power of the windblown ocean and sunlight. I had grown up on this movie; I was moved by this kind of spirited freedom. I knew exactly what I would write:

Though the catastrophe had been brutal, Zorba was still able to come up with something good to say—he always did: “Everything’s fine,” said Zorba, “We shall live a thousand years Boss; we’ve hearts of steel.”

Within a few moments Zorba had the Boss up and dancing. The intellectual in the Boss met the soul in Zorba. They used every bit of energy they possessed to express all the vital emotions of their lives. They fell to the ground. Arm in arm they slept. If the story had ended with this touching scene, neither would have gone on to fulfill his needs.

Zorba knew that with his knowledge of life and personal experiences, he could tell the Boss and possibly show him what he’d learned. But he also knew that each man has his

own life to live, and that each man reaches his own philosophy by gaining knowledge through his own experiences. It was necessary that the Boss go out on his own.

Kazantzakis wrote into the character Zorba what it is to be a cultural leader. It is to take what you have and make something with it. It is to share that something with others, and to help those others to find their passion, their healing, their *joy*. Filmmakers bring people into the agora, to share, to learn, to dance, to grow. We are cultural leaders in this way.

Zorba is a raw, real, unforgettable character, the force that drives the story. Actor Anthony Quinn, writer-director Michael Cacoyannis, and cinematographer Walter Lassally (who won an Oscar for the film) pull me so close to Zorba that the smell of his sweat fills every corner of my mind; the rumble of his voice and the power of his laughter shake something inside me. I am in his world, moved by his passions, his desire to make people (me) feel good. His character is so strong that when he leaves Basil, Basil tries to recreate the feeling he has when he is with Zorba, drinking and playing music. We *see* him arc, loose, carefree; he gets the courage to finally go see the Widow who, with his arrival, also allows herself to feel. Zorba's passion creates passion and growth in others. This is what I aspire to do as a writer.

Stephen King said, "You must tell the truth if your dialogue is to have resonance and realism. If you are not truthful, you are being cowardly and dishonest." Our job, King said, is to "give our characters a place to grow." In this he observes there is a "redemptive power in writing." I find this notion of creative truth leading to growth and ultimately to redemption to be a powerful, divine gift. King believes that stories are to be discovered as characters find themselves navigating difficult circumstances, and that our job as writers is to allow the

character to be a free and able force that drives story (King 163–87). I had just turned seventeen when I wrote my critique of Zorba, and I had already come to understand this, that stories serve to “grow” us and that we all speak our own language. Zorba’s was dance. I closed my essay with this thought:

Zorba’s special gift was to speak in dance. When the Boss learned this wonderful language of Zorba’s, the communication gap had diminished. The two souls met, and no longer would they have to struggle to explain the emotions they had imprisoned. It is easy to accept this goal as an end to the story, but actually, their discovery was the gateway to a new way of loving and living.

How beautiful is that, not having to struggle to explain imprisoned emotions? What a friendship! Filmmaking is a gateway to discover new ways of loving and living.

When we write from a place of intrinsic truth, being fearless and forthright and true to the unique, divine person God made us to be, we are catching up, as Whitman wrote, “the heartbeat of life.” There are “qualities,” he said, “latent forces—in all men that need to be shaken up into life: that is the function of the writer.” It is also the quality of a leader—one who spits at mediocrity while she blazes through the forest, torch of truth in hand. As a storyteller, I hope to offer a focused stream of light and healing truth, to shake some “qualities in men” and “reveal to them the infinite possibilities of their own souls” (Whitman 149).

There is a painful and powerful scene in Act I of Ingmar Bergman’s film *Fanny & Alexander* that altogether describes what storytelling as a cultural leader is for me. Here, Oscar

Ekdahl, Alexander's father and theater owner, gives a speech on Christmas Eve to his community of plebian actors:

My only talent, if you can call it that, in my case, is that I love this little world... inside the thick walls of this playhouse... And I'm fond of the people who work in this little world. Outside is the big world, and sometimes the little world succeeds in reflecting the big world so that we understand it better. Or perhaps we give the people who come here a chance to forget for a while... for a few short moments... for a few short moments... the harsh world outside.

Oscar can barely get the words out. The pain and anguish on his face fills the entire frame and reveals the subtext: I believe Bergman is saying, "This work, all of this, blesses my soul to the core." Oscar is a storyteller and a leader—he has offered his little playhouse to the community and we see the joy it brings to everyone. Above all, this scene shows us what it brings to Oscar: a better understanding of the world.

Upon Bergman's passing, critic Mike LaSalle wrote, "His pursuit of truth was unyielding and lifelong...He would not yield to any facile attempt to define it...His fascination was, as he put it, 'the wholeness inside every human being,' and his subjects were love, death, God, lust, emotional alienation, and cruelty..." (La Salle). I share Bergman's fascination with the "wholeness" inside of us, the thing we spend our entire lives and every bit of our resources trying to pull out of ourselves. The story for me is in the discovery of this "wholeness," and the gifts that emerge out of that process of discovery. I am inspired by the creativity that is conceived of

this desire to be whole, by filmmakers whose work is, as psychoanalyst Barbara Young notes, born of the “soil of suffering” (Young ch.2).

There is a scene in *Zorba*, during the funeral of the young boy who commits suicide for love of the Widow, where the men trap and kill her. In shock and confusion, Zorba says to Basil, “Why do the young die? Why does anybody die, tell me?” Basil answers, “I don’t know.” Zorba grabs his arm and asks, “What the hell’s the use of all your damn books? If they don’t tell you that, what the hell do they tell you?” Basil says, “They tell me about the agony of men who can’t answer questions like yours.” Zorba stands up and gets in Basil’s face: “I spit on their agony!” The subtext is this: *Do not tell me you agonize over life, if you have not lived it.*

II. Steinbeck’s *East of Eden*: Tear the Roof Off

In *Journal of a Novel*—John Steinbeck’s editor suggested he complete before he began each day’s work on *East of Eden*—Steinbeck writes:

I will tell them one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest story of all—the story of good and evil, of strength and weakness, of love and hate, of beauty and ugliness. I shall try to demonstrate to them how those doubles are inseparable—how neither can exist without the other and how out of their groupings, creativeness is born. (4)

Steinbeck dedicated *East of Eden* to his two sons. He wanted them to know the truth about their family, where they came from and who they were. The 1955 adaptation is not considered director Elia Kazan’s greatest work. At the time of its release, legendary critic Bosley Crowther of the New York Times gave the film a merciless review, saying Kazan paid more attention to the

scenery (which juxtaposes warmth, serenity, and a sense of hope with the chill and torment of rejection and destruction) than the characters, who were not “sufficiently well established to give point to the anguish through which they go.” Yet, I will never forget Cal Trask’s anguish as he tries and fails to win his father Adam’s love, even as James Dean “scuffs and pouts and swallows his words like Brando used to do” (*NYT* 10 March 1955). Cal knows that he must find a way out of this brokenness if even for the smallest relic of love.

I liken Cal’s emotional drive to those of the men in Mark 2, who “made an opening in the roof above Jesus by digging through” to lower in the sick man (Mark 2:4*NIV*). Cal has to fight his own demons, the shame and guilt of being the “bad one” who steals his brother Aaron’s fiancée Abra, who beats him down in front of the whole town and watches him go off to war sad, angry, and broken. Cal is a young man with as much conviction and passion and faith as those who believed Jesus had the power to heal; he tears the roof off to get to the heart of everyone he loves. He tears the roof off to get to his healing. Though the story is largely based around the relationship he has with his father Adam—who cannot just love Cal, who must also beat and grind him down—and his brother Aaron, “the good son,” Cal is also haunted by the absence of his mother Kate whom he finds running a brothel and subsequently the town, and he pursues her with relentless will. When he does finally get to speak to her face to face, it is to ask her for money to help his father—whom she hates. He mentions Aaron and she asks, “What’s he like? He look like you?... Is he like me?” Cal answers, “No, he’s good.” Dean’s “acting” injects a hint of humor, something in the wicked and stunning boyish smile, something only Dean and his divine, unique self could pull off.

Cal knows there is something inherently “bad” in himself, but he also knows it is not because of anything that has been put on him—it is because he is human, born a sinner. Cal shows us what it is to double down on love, what it is to forgive. If Cal can find redemption in a mother who left him to “serve” other men (whom she does not love but in some way needs), and a father who projects all of his own failures onto his son, if he can find something redeemable in them, he will find something loveable in himself. Cal shows us that “love bears... hopes... endures all” (1 Cor. 13 *NKJV*)—that “love covers all” (Prov. 10:12 *NKJV*).

Steinbeck believed that writers of literature write not for the critic, but for themselves. At his Nobel Prize banquet, he said, “Literature was not promulgated by a pale and emasculated critical priesthood singing their litanies in empty churches—nor is it a game for the cloistered elect, the tinhorn mendicants of low-calorie despair” (Stockholm, 10 December 1962). He is saying that if you have not fallen down in the dirt, you do not know what dirt tastes like, and you can neither write about it, nor criticize what is written about it. The message to the writer is simple: *write your convictions*. Write for you as much as you write for those who know the smell and taste of soil between tongue and teeth. Steinbeck and Kazan shared many years of friendship, and they also shared this conviction. Kazan was inspired by those who used their wounds as a catalyst for their success. In his memoir, *A Life*, he writes:

But this I have noticed about people with mysterious gifts: In many cases, a wound has been inflicted early in life, which impels the person to strive harder or makes him or her extra-sensitive... These are our heroes, those who have overcome what the rest of the race yields to with self-pity and many excuses... Their precious gifts, for which they paid in

pain, have made me successful when I was successful. I've relied on their talent; it's the essence of what I've needed most from the race. (Kazan 69)

Kazan had known the taste of dirt. Of his father's relationship with Kazan, Tom Steinbeck said, "They had one thing in common...I remember I had asked him many years ago, I said, 'What is the purpose of being a writer?' My father said, 'To reconnect humans to their own humanity. Their memory of compassion, their memory of pain, their memory of things...they forget'" (*East of Eden* Disk 2). There is healing power in *sharing* the weakness of our mind and the pain in our heart; there is freedom in telling the stories that are most difficult to tell.

III. Bergman: Saved by His Genius and Creeping into The Womb

Barbara Young, in her psychoanalytical biography *The Persona of Ingmar Bergman*, writes, "Bergman was saved by the creative imperative of his genius to express itself against all odds." Young is discussing Bergman's decision not to drive his car off the edge of a serpentine highway on his way to his hotel. He was on the verge of killing himself when he got an idea. "So I went away to Switzerland and had two alternatives—write *Smiles of a Summer Night* or kill myself" (ch. 1).

Sawdust and Tinsel (1953–54) was Bergman's coming out as a man of many pains, convictions, desires. Biographer John Lahr observes, "he finally has the Esmerelda of his childhood dreams in Anne...the circus was a metaphor for his life being something of a circus...chaotic yet controlled...characterized by the need to amuse and entertain... daring infused with transitory sexuality; and a place where artistry can find fulfillment only in taking

down the tents and moving on to the next performance” (ch. 7). The film depicts the great pain of shame and guilt and the need for a maternal comfort he had not known with his own mother—yet he did feel at Malmo (where he lived and worked for seven years) amongst his friends.

Young observes, “In a dream we see reflected a fantasy Bergman may well have had as a child: that the only comfort and safety could be found if he could disappear into his mother’s womb.”

In the scene Frost tells Albert:

I dreamed Alma came to me and said: ‘Poor Frost, you look tired and sad. Wouldn’t you like to rest awhile?’ ‘Yes,’ I said. ‘I’ll make you small like a little unborn child . . . You can climb into my womb and sleep in peace...’ So, I did as she said and crept into her womb, and I slept there so soundly and peacefully, rocked to sleep as if in a cradle. Then I got smaller and smaller, until at last, I was just a tiny seed and then I was gone. (ch. 7)

Bergman dramatizes his notion that “Hell together is better than hell alone” as Albert and Anne walk along the road keeping a little distance from each other (ch. 1). As Young observes, “He must have been truly joyful when he had brought this deeply distressing, thought-provoking masterpiece to completion.” But the joy was short lived as the critics were ruthless, one even calling *Tinsel* “vomit.” Lahr observes Bergman was “acting out his anxieties” with *Tinsel*, but for Bergman anxiety was “my life’s most favorable companion, inherited from both my parents, placed in the very center of my identity—my demon and my friend spurring me on” (ch.1). The very demons that haunted him were also those that motivated his desire to climb out of the pit of despair, to press on and seek out the joy he found in creating. Young concludes that *Tinsel* was Bergman’s “greatest masterpiece and perhaps the greatest sound film in Sweden up to that time”

(ch. 1). Had Bergman kept his focus on the reviews, he would have never moved forward to achieve the extent of his personal and professional success.

The most distinctive quality in Bergman's films are his characters; their oddities and their awkwardness. They are in this way both disarming and charming—even the villains. In his article on the *Lived Experience of the Absence of God in Faithless and Saraband*, Thomas Hibbs observes the way in which Bergman: “portrays an absence in the very bodies of his characters, in the ways they struggle to perceive and communicate the dislocation and suffering, the inexplicable longings and seemingly imminent madness that is characteristic of life in advanced modern civilization.” Of his own work Bergman said, “The people in my films are exactly like myself—creatures of instinct, of rather poor intellectual capacity, who at best only think while they’re talking. Mostly their body, with a little hollow for the soul (*Bergman on Bergman* 11). Hibbs continues with this most poignant observation, “Of course, the ability to mark or name the absence means that one is still haunted by a presence. Here Bergman may have anticipated in art some of the insights of contemporary philosophers who have wrestled with Nietzschean nihilism and discovered *not darkness but light*” (Hibbs).

Bergman saw the light in the darkness. Working with his cinematographer Sven Nykvist, together they pioneered the art of using light to achieve “emotional impact,” infusing natural light as often as they could to illuminate truth in character and scene (Bergman Official website *About Nykvist*). For their work on *Cries and Whispers*, Nykvist won the first of his two Oscars (the second was for *Fanny and Alexander*). In his interview with director Marie Nyreod, Bergman said of the work he did on *Cries*, “the creativity was comforting and soothing.” This may be the single most valuable technical aspect of Bergman's films—the use of light as the tool

that holds us captive to the emotional drive of his characters. Long lingering closeups, faces both good and evil lit and shaped for depth and impact: This is done at heightened levels in *Persona*, the making of which Bergman said, “virtually saved my life” (*Bergman Island*). In this way, Bergman is the visual puppet-master as Alexander is in *Fanny and Alexander*, the god of his own creations.

I used to sit under the dining room table listening to the sunlight... the cathedral bells went ding-dong and the sunlight moved about and sounded in a special way. On the wall, a large picture of Venice. As the sunlight moved across the picture, the water in the canal began to flow, the pigeons flew up from square, people talked and gesticulated (Young ch. 3).

Listening to the sunlight. This streaming through the window and falling onto our tiny hands as infants may be the “first moment of transcendence” in our lives (ch. 3). Bergman found his power and his peace in filmmaking as he was able to shape light around faces to explore the emotions he wanted to keep for himself. This part of the work may have been the most kinesthetic healing aspect of his art: “When we work, we always make contact. That’s the only thing that matters. Contact to the writer, to the actor, to the viewer. . .”(ch. 5).

Bergman defeated his inner demons by recreating his relationship with his mother over and over again. Young chronicles Bergman’s life, films, writings, and interviews to unveil the healing process. His fascination with light, faces, fear, humiliation, and silence, evident in every one of his films, stems from his earliest memories of sitting on his mother’s lap as she fed him. It was the closeness of her face, he recalled, but also the cruelty. She would push him away,

rejecting his caresses, and made him dress like a girl for wetting the bed at night (Young ch. 3). We see this humiliation played out as taunting and extreme shame and fear in the opening scenes of *Tinsel* and in *Hour of the Wolf*. Shame is the thing that makes people run, the thing that causes us to not want to face our fears—but something brave and primal in Bergman caused him to use this shame as a catalyst to his creativity.

There is a scene in *Fanny and Alexander* where Alexander's mother holds him and rocks him after finding his beaten body locked in the attic by her second husband, The Bishop. The scene is evocative of Sandro Botticelli's *Lamentation of Christ* (c.1490), from the soft stroke of Mary's hands on her son Jesus' face, to the way she holds him to her bosom, her face against his. In this scene, unlike the infamous lingering close ups in *Persona*, Bergman pulls back and we are gazing at a downward angle—as if from heaven—at Emilie, Alexander's mother. She sits next to him, gathers him up into her arms and rocks him. Alexander (a proxy for Bergman) is safe, whole; thus the frame captures the whole of mother and son. Is it possible that the expressions of pain and emotion we find in Bergman's work are in some way a representation of the Cross? Is Bergman making space for the viewer to leave her pain, fears, shame, brokenness, and find solace and healing—just as Bergman himself found it in the process of creating and re-creating? I believe with this later film he had created a mother he could love and forgive.

Bergman would eventually come to terms with the monster he was both in his personal and professional life. Young writes that in creating the dark films, Bergman was able to “live through the terror of losing control of his murderous impulses or of going insane” (ch. 1). Ultimately, he found joy through the process of his creative work. He expressed this in a line he wrote early on in his career for the film *To Joy*, a film about a conductor who struggles with his

music as much as Bergman struggled with his filmmaking. In the final scene, the conductor says, “This is not the joy expressed in laughter, this is the joy that says, ‘I’m happy.’ What I mean is, a joy so great, so special, that it is beyond pain and boundless despair. It is a joy beyond all understanding” (ch. 7). Only God can take a tortured, homicidal, suicidal soul, raise him above the enemies of his mind and heart, and give him a joy that is beyond anything comprehensible. Steinbeck also understood the kind of joy one finds in creating:

[I]t is interesting to think what paper and pencil and the wriggling words are. They are nothing but the trigger into joy—the shout of beauty—the cacajada of the pure bliss of creation. And often the words do not even parallel the feeling except sometimes in intensity. Thus, a man full of a bursting joy may write with force and vehemence of some sad picture there is only the *effectiveness to prove* how great and beautiful was his feeling. (Steinbeck 10)

Joy is God’s mercy on us. Joy heals (Isa. 49:13). Joy lifts us above our enemies (Ps. 27:6). Joy breaks out in singing (Ps. 27:6); it is the “effectiveness to prove” being evident in the joy of creating and the creation itself. Though Bergman knew his work kept him alive, he admitted struggling with a “tormented and joyless relationship with God.” Faith, and lack of faith, he said, “punishment, grace and rejection, all were real to me, all were imperative. My prayers stank of anguish, entreaty, trust loathing and despair. God spoke, God said nothing. Do not turn from me Thy face” (Young ch. 6). Bergman ends his statement with a prayer out of Psalm 27 which speaks of fear, protection, dwelling with the Lord, mercy, and change. The joy Bergman felt in creating was divine Joy, a gift (Gal. 5:22). His life’s work is in itself a canon documenting his

wrestling with God, leading him through the dark tunnels of despair to find joy in his writing and filmmaking.

IV. Ludwig Lewisohn: “All sound creative art is rooted in a ghetto.”

Jewish scholar and activist Ludwig Lewisohn believed that “all sound creative art is rooted in a ghetto” (Melnick 12). Lewisohn grew up a poor Jew in South Carolina at the turn of the 19th Century during Jim Crow. Though he reached staggering success through his teachings and philosophy, he struggled his entire life to maintain a sense of grounding, belonging—to express himself in a world in which he felt altogether foreign. I believe he is saying that sociopolitical struggle, war, famine, disease, and the fight for human rights knit people together. New villages form, which bring new forms of expression—art, music, poetry, and literature. Writing this at the height of his career, Lewisohn found that the ghetto would always remain within him: “I am still necessarily functioning as the product of that smaller ghetto which, in fact, I had never left, which no one can leave, but only pretend to leave” (Melnick 12). Lewisohn found also that taking root in that place of despair is not an option: “Life among us is ugly and mean and, above all things, false in its assumptions and measures. Somehow, we must break these shackles and flee and emerge into some beyond of sanity, of a closer contact with reality, of nature and of truth” (14). He asserted that art is at the very least an answer to the most vital of all questions: “All literature, all art is in its final and ultimate depth an answer to the question: *What shall we do to be saved?* All poems, novels, plays are inherently philosophies, cosmogonies, moral universes” (Lewisohn 179).

We shall write to be saved.

At the end of his life, Ludwig Lewisohn affirmed, “Man is only half himself...the other half is his expression” (Melnick 11). In his extraordinary book, *The Creative Life*, Lewisohn supports his thesis: “Art is expression; the creative will is an experiencing will. A unique and incomparable personality has its unique and incomparable contact with the sum of things. Poetry, music, philosophy are the record of that. Without it, they would not be.” In essence, art is protected as truth by our “first-hand experience” (16–21). Lewisohn felt there is an intrinsic purpose and a responsibility to the gift of creativity: “The greatest art has always sought to *lessen the evils* that are under the sun. But I am only I and this city is only this city and the great choices being taken from me I have a little choice left. If that little choice is indeed all I have I do not hesitate”(21). He believed that art “must be both concrete and universal. It speaks for one, but its voice must reach mankind”(100). *We* must reach mankind.

I believe Truth in art transcends the boundaries of the heart and mind; it is the manifested soulful extension of the creator. Its distinct power is that it rests in subjectivity. What we create sits firm, grounded, protected, and defended in the intention of *our* creator in that we are all “uniquely and wonderfully made” (Ps. 139 *NKJV*), each with our own gifts and talents, each with a story no one else can tell. We have inherent to our being something to offer that no other person on the planet has ever or will ever be capable of—we are each born with a unique, divine purpose. We are born with the innate ability to shine in a way that no one else can. In this way, art is rooted in the divine and defends itself. Standing on this absolute truth, we as artists can be free from fear of men’s faces, free of self-sabotaging doubt, free from the voices in our heads that scream, “You idiot! No one cares!” Standing on the absolute truth that we are made to live a

purposeful life as unique, divine creatives, we are simply to move fully and freely in who we are—the courage to write what we *need* to say is built into us.

One of my favorite authors, the highly revered and equally controversial “heretic” Saint Teresa de Avila, wrote, “The important thing is not to think much, but to love. And so, do that which best stirs you to love. Love is no great delight, but desire to please God” (*Interior Castle* 70). Writing is as cathartic as it is creative. Very simply, writing stirs me to love more and better. How then can we not create with the intent of lessening the evils of the world? Both revered and condemned for being physically overtaken by the Holy Spirit, St. Teresa wrote of her shame and her fear, and also her self-possessed need to write:

I was . . . ashamed to go to my confessor . . . for fear he might laugh at me and say: “What a Saint Paul she is, with her heavenly visions! Quite a Saint Jerome!” Blessed be Thou, Lord, who hast made me so incompetent and unprofitable! I only wish I could write with both hands so as not to forget one thing while I am saying another. From foolish notions may God deliver us. (St. Teresa de Avila 6)

This is courage. To be afraid, and to write it anyway—with both hands if necessary!

V. Conclusion: Where to Go From Here

In closing, I must give credit to the healing I have received through my academic studies here at Pepperdine. Herein I have found a joy in the work, and there is only the “effectiveness to prove” how great and beautiful is this feeling. Part of being a dyslexic writer is

that I often take the long road to get to the short answer—but what a journey it has been! With the writing of this thesis, I have come to learn there are treasures, experience, life in art we have yet to unpack, all pointing to this glorious Truth—*divine, creative healing*. This discovery has ignited in me a desire to teach a class which centers on creative healing and purposeful writing with cultural impact. I would like to explore writers whose great works serve this end. My vision is to analyze and study screenplays and film along with biographies, interviews, and other works that speak directly to the creative process and the healing it generates.

Finally, I will write that epic drama, or possibly an epic dramedy. Or perhaps I'll create something altogether undefinable and yet remarkable. In celebration, I'll dance about in my sweats and tie dye t-shirt like Zorba waving my script—my flag of joy and hope. With scripts in hand, I will embark on this newfound desire to write *and* to teach. I will spit on the agony of my fear, knock on a few doors, tear off a few roofs.

This thesis being my first pitch.

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YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE

Written by
DeAnn SanVal

Original Pilot

demisanval@yahoo.com

OVER BLACK WE HEAR:

JT (O.S.)
Of course I love you. I love almost
everything about you...

CLOSE ON JT STEELEMAN, 38, hip, unshaven, disturbingly
attractive.

He stops and starts over, this time with a different tonal
inflection.

JT (CONT'D)
Of course I love you, babe. Go with
"babe," it's more personal.

He tries again.

JT (CONT'D)
Of course I love you, babe. I love
almost everything about you-- God,
I sound like a dickhead. Who wrote
this crap? He doesn't love her.
(to his scene partner)
Sorry, it's not you, you're
perfect.

PULL BACK to reveal JT running lines with a framed poster of
Catherine Zeta-Jones in Zorro.

TAMIKA, 25, an assistant with a clipboard, sticks her head
out of a hallway door.

TAMIKA
JT Steeleleman?

He flashes his best leading man smile.

INT. CASTING AGENCY ROOM - DAY

GLORIA CARROL, 51, petite, upscale London grunge, sits in a
director's chair. In her lap are two cell phones and an iPad.

A CAMERA WOMAN stands behind a video camera.

Tamika and JT walk in. He takes in the room.

Gloria yawns, hands Tamika her empty coffee cup - her eyes
run the length of JT toe to head.

GLORIA
JT. You're looking fit.
(to Tamika)
Two shots, babe.

JT
Thank you, Gloria. Nice to
see you again.

GLORIA
(to Tamika)
None of that soy crap.
(to JT)
Ready?

He pulls at his cuffs, stands taller.

JT
Rock and roll.

GLORIA
In three... two...
(dryly)
Don't you love me?

Tamika scurries toward her, trying not to spill.

JT
Of, of course I love you, babe--

GLORIA

Cut!

He stops abruptly, not understanding.

GLORIA
Is that Armani or Klein?

JT points to his perfectly fitted blue shirt.

JT
Honestly, I have no idea.

Tamika hustles over to JT.

TAMIKA
Do you mind?

He scrunches down awkwardly to meet Tamika's petite height.
Tamika checks the tag.

TAMIKA
Armani.

GLORIA
Get a picture.

Tamika stands back--SNAP! She shoots him a quick smile and walks back to her spot.

Masking irritation, JT straightens his shirt collar and takes his place.

GLORIA
Good choice.

JT focusses on Gloria. He's ready.

JT
Thank you.

Gloria meets his glare with a fake bitch smile.

GLORIA
In three, two...

She's dripping wet.

GLORIA
Don't you love me?

He's on fire.

JT
Of course I love you. I love almost everything about you... I love that you are passionate and driven.

Gloria glances down to answer a text, then back to JT, forced to meet his passion.

He's nailing it.

JT
I mean, look at all that you've accomplished with your life... It's, it's the stuff I don't love about you that's in the way. And, I can't even pinpoint it exactly. I know it's the little things that are supposed to matter, but it's all the little things I hate that are killing it for me. Right now I can only think of one thing and it's so stupid I can't even say it.

Gloria motions Tamika back. Tamika rushes to her.

GLORIA
More sugar.

JT
(purposely drowning out
Gloria)
Okay, I'm saying it... I hate
the way you can't, for the
life of you, make the same
cup of coffee twice. It's
either too strong or too
weak, too much creamer or too
little. I'm a simple guy--
all I want is a fucking good
cup of coffee in the morning
so that when I go out there
and deal with the idiots of
the world at least I've had a
decent goddamn cup of
coffee!!

Gloria's phone buzzes.

GLORIA
Gloria.

JT finishes his last line.

JT
Shit, now you're crying...
It's me, I know it is. I'm an
idiot.

GLORIA
Les, hi. I'm on it as we
speak. Yes, they're all
coming in today-- all rugged,
sexy, losers.

JT stands there, still reeling from the scene.

GLORIA
Fine. Do you run, JT?

JT
Excuse me?

GLORIA
I need to see your legs.

She runs her finger along the e-mail on her iPad.

GLORIA
And ass, I need to see your ass.

JT laughs at the abruptness and the absurdity.

GLORIA
This guy's a runner and he has
three love scenes. I need to see
the whole package.

JT
The whole package.

GLORIA
For god's sake, drop your pants.

His eyes move from Tamika who's hiding behind her folder, to the camera woman who's blowing bubbles with her gum, to Gloria's death stare.

She SNAPS HER FINGERS.

GLORIA
Today, please.

He pulls at his buckle, drops his pants to reveal the whole package.

Gloria's eyes go huge.

The camera woman chuckles.

Tamika covers her eyes, peeks again.

GLORIA
Okay, I didn't need to see that!
Turn around.

JT covers himself, curses under his breath.

GLORIA
Tamika, send the file to Les. We're done.

JT bends over to pull up his pants up. Gloria does a spit take.

GLORIA
Tamika!

Tamika scurries toward JT.

TAMIKA
I have to bring in the next guy

JT
Right.

He tucks in his shirt as if he's just done the deed right.

JT
(to Tamika)
That never happened.

They stop at the water cooler. JT grabs a cup.

TAMIKA

I see that all day long, it's no big deal, really.

JT chuckles to himself.

TAMIKA

No, no, I mean, you are such a big deal, huge. As in--

JT

It's okay. Really, it's okay.

TAMIKA

Geeze, I'm dumb... Anyway, I loved you as Crazy Jackson in *Hippieville*. I was like 15 and you had that goatie thing goin' on. I had such a mad crush on you.

JT

Obviously you've gotten help since then.

TAMIKA

That was so your Oscar.

JT

Thanks, could you tell her that?

In the b.g., Gloria downs a couple pills.

INT. AGENCY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Walking by the Catherine Zeta-Jones poster.

JT

(overly dramatic)
I needed you in there.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

JT goes straight for a stall.

We see JT's pants drop around his ankles.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Of course I love you. I love almost
everything about you... I love that
you are passionate and driven...

We hear papers shuffle.

JT (O.S.)
He doesn't love her.

We pull back to reveal a second pair of feet in the next
stall with his pants around his ankles too. Script pages
fall, a roll of toilet paper rolls out.

MAN'S VOICE
Woah, I thought I was alone.

JT (O.S.)
You don't believe this guy, do you?

MAN'S VOICE
Yeah?? I mean, I kind of have to.

JT
Wrong!!

JT passes a roll of TP under the stall.

MAN'S VOICE
Thanks.

JT
You just need to believe in your
package.

MAN'S VOICE
My package?

JT
That's it man.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - DAY

JT'S PHONE BUZZES.

INTERCUT JEFF/WAXING SALON

Jeff lays back in a white leather chair. A TECHNICIAN rips a
big piece of wax paper off his chest.

He winces.

JT
That woman is a freak.

JEFF
Ahhh! Oh, God! What?!

JT pulls the phone away from his ear.

The technician rips off another big piece of wax.

JEFF
(to technician)
Mother of God!
(to JT)
You'll be fine, you're a
professional-- OUCH!

JT looks at his phone.

JT
Jeff!! Why do you call me when
you're doing that?

Jeff squeaks out...

JEFF
So you'll know you're not the only
one suffering for a good cause.

Jeff sits up. The technician spritzes Evian on his chest and face.

JEFF
How do you feel about it?

JT
Like I was molested by a middle
aged Xanax popping power player.

The technician pours Jeff a glass of iced cucumber water.

JEFF
Suck it up. This is what you've
been waiting for.

Jeff rubs ice on his chest.

JEFF
Gloria doesn't waste her time with
amateurs.

JT
I've been auditioning for her for
ten years.

JEFF
Exactly, she likes you. She's
trying to find the right fit.

JT
When I'll be limping through her
door with a cane.

JEFF
Stop. You still have it. Trust me,
you have it.

JT
Says my gay agent... I'm running
out of steam, Jeff.

JT hits "END"

Still walking he comes upon JOSE THE HOTDOG VENDOR as he
loads a hotdog with the works. MEXICAN MUSIC PLAYS from a
little TRANSISTOR RADIO. Jose dances a Cha-Cha as he works.

JOSE smiles from ear to ear, hands it to JT.

JT waves the aroma in towards his face, inhales deep... Pure
ecstasy.

A WOMAN in a business suit walking by stops to observe.

JOSE
Bueno, amigo? Liste?

JT nods, waves in the next dog.

Jose delivers a chilli-cheese dog loaded with onions-- he
circles it under his nose.

JT's eyes roll back in his head.

JT
Oooooohhh, that's good.

A GUY jogging by stops to observe.

JOSE
Mas?

JT
No mas! No mas!!

JT recovers, gives Jose a five and hands the hot dogs to the
two bystanders.

JT

Enjoy.

They look at him like he's crazy, but take the dogs.

JT

Gracias, Jose!

JT does Jose's Cha-Cha.

JOSE

Anytime, amigo.

JT starts down the street.

JOSE

Oye, amigo!

JT turns.

JOSE

When you eat the dog, you live...
Vive!

Jose punches his fist into the air.

JT punches his fist into the air.

JT

(to himself)

When you eat the dog, you live?...

(to Jose)

That's deep Amigo!!

The new owner of the hotdog walks by taking a huge bite of the chilli dog. JT sees it in slow motion.

He comes up on a vintage Corvette, jumps in, blasts the radio and drives off.

INT. CAR/HOUSE - DAY

JT pulls into his driveway, MUSIC BLARING.

Sitting there on the cement is every personal item he owns: A bike, a TV with gaming equipment, a guitar, a snowboard, racks of clothing, shoes, a framed Deadpool poster, etc.

He turns off the RADIO and stares.

A NOSEY NEIGHBOR clips at perfectly manicured bushes.

JT walks up to the door and finds a note: "Goodbye, asshole."

An arrow points below the note to a pair of lacy panties duct taped to the door: "Not mine, too big."

JT pounds on the door. No answer.

He walks over to the pile of his stuff.

JT
What the hell am I supposed to do
with all this?
(he yells toward the
window)
Kayla, come on? Let's talk about
this!

The front door cracks open and ALEXANDER THE GREAT, a little scruffy dog, runs out toward JT. A sign pinned to his collar. JT reads it. "Happy 38th Birthday"

A WINDOW OPENS ABOVE HIM.

A gaming bean-bag chair flies out the window and hits JT in the head.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

JT puts the last of his things into a small U-Haul that is now attached to the back of his Corvette. It's stuffed to the last inch of space and won't close.

Alexander sits in the car window.

The Nosey Neighbor continues to water his lawn and stare.

A neighborhood BOY, 10, rides by on a bike, stops to watch JT struggle.

JT
Hey, come here-- you like video
gaming? I got all this stuff and I
can't take it all...

BOY
Right, dude. Like I'm actually
going to go inside your trailer so
you can kill me, chop me into
little pieces and put me into in
your freezer.

The Boy rides away.

BOY
Get a life sicko!!

JT throws his hands up in the air, realizes something...
Checks his watch.

JT
What day is it?

He kicks everything in, shuts the door.

EXT./INT. CAR/MAGNOLIA MANOR GARDEN - DAY

JT sits in his car for a moment, trailer attached, Alexander in the front seat. Through the windshield, we see a perfectly manicured lawn. Willow trees line the walkway.

JT
We just gotta get through this, and
we can go throw down some Tecates.
What do you think, huh? You and me--
we'll run into some walls?

EXT. MAGNOLIA MANOR REST HOME - DAY

NURSE MONA sits next to JUDITH, 68, thin, silver hair, in a wheelchair, a tray of green beans in front of her. Judith snaps the ends off the beans, puts them into a bowl.

NURSE MONA
Well look here, we have two
visitors today.

Judith looks up at JT, squints, smiles.

JT
Looks like you're making your
famous green-bean casserole.

JUDITH
Are you here for dinner, dear?

JT
I can't stay too long, today...

Judith nods, reaches down to offer Alex a green-bean.

JT
You look great, Mom.

She tries to place him back in her memory.

JUDITH
I'm sorry, I know this is odd--
(self-conscious laugh)
I've forgotten your name.

JT
It's JT, but "dear" is good too.

INT. JUDITH'S ROOM - DAY

JT and Judith sit on a small, elegant couch looking at a photo album. Alexander snoozes on a rug.

JT points at a photo of a man holding a cocktail and a toddler next to a pool.

JT
Dad loved his after dinner drink.

JUDITH
Two limes. I cut limes everyday at lunch.

JT
Yes, you did.

Judith looks closer at the picture.

JUDITH
That little boy loved the pool.

She looks at JT.

JUDITH
She gave us that baby boy, you know. The angel at St. Monica's church house.

JT looks at the two year old in the picture wearing a plastic floating tube. The handwriting on the photo says: "Jeremiah Taylor, 1978"

JT
Someone gave you this baby?

Judith nods.

JUDITH
She had to. All the girls had to give their babies away.

Not sure he's hearing her right, he points at the picture.

JT

An angel gave you this baby here in the picture?

Judith nods. She looks directly into JT's eyes.

JUDITH

Wrapped in a blue blanket.

JT searches her eyes for a connection... Something.

JT

What did you do with him?

JUDITH

We loved him... A lot.

JT studies the photo.

JT

The angel, did she have a name?

Judith purses her lips, trying even harder to remember.

JUDITH

Marjorie, just like my mother... It was a sign from God.

She has a revelation.

JUDITH

There was a... The baby came with instructions.

JT takes both of Judith's hands.

JUDITH

She tried not to cry, when she handed that sweet little boy to me.

JT

Did you keep the letter she wrote, the baby's mother?

JUDITH

Frank told me not to, but I did.

She gets up, walks to the window.

JUDITH

But I don't have anything anymore. Franks gone, my house... And that baby... It's all gone.

She chokes up. JT walks over to her, puts his arm around her.

JT
I'm right here, Mom.

He makes her look at him. He holds the picture up next to his face.

JT
This little guy grew up and here he is, right here with you.

She looks from him to the picture and back.

JUDITH
That's you?

JT smiles.

JT
You see the dimples? And the cowlick? We're the same guy. Him and me.

Judith looks surprised.

JUDITH
Really? Oh how wonderful! That is...

Seeing that she's still confused, JT swallows his emotion.

JUDITH
When I tucked him in at night we had a little game... I would say, I want you to stay three forever. And he would say--

JT
But Mom, I have to grow up.

JUDITH
Yes, that's what he would say. He would hold my face in his hands and say.

JT
But Mom, I have to grow up.

JUDITH
But Mom, I have to grow up.

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL BAR - NIGHT

JT sits at a dark table taking swigs of a cold beer with his friend, PETER, 36, slightly pudgy, premature balding.

Peter stuffs a loaded nacho in his mouth.

JT downs his beer, flags the WAITRESS for two more.

PETER
It's called fuckshit.

JT
What?!

PETER
When all hell is breaking loose
around you and you have no control
over it, it's called fuckshit.
Think about it. Is there any better
way to describe your day?

JT
I'm trying not to use expletives.

PETER
You're in the industry, not even
possible.

The WAITRESS walks by, grabs the two empty bottles, gives JT
a sweet smile.

PETER
God I hate you.

JT
Perfect. You can head up the
Jeremiah Taylor haters club.
There's a long wait list.

PETER
You didn't see that?

JT
See what?

PETER
The smile she gave you. That was an
"invitation" smile.

JT
It's her job to smile.

PETER

Man, you really got screwed today.

JT

Do you know my mother was an author and a teacher, and the smartest woman I've ever known, and now she doesn't know what year it is?

JT leans back in his chair.

JT

She doesn't know I'm her son.

PETER

That sucks... Really... But hey, it's your birthday, and the odds are you're getting laid tonight if you at least make eye contact with the waitress.

JT

Do you realize how sick you are? You want her, but you want me to have her because you're afraid of getting turned down.

PETER

She wants you.

JT

Really, she wants a homeless, aging actor who sabotages relationships and is now floating around in an abyss of total identity loss?

PETER

Yes, that's exactly what she wants.

JT takes a celery stick and a carrot stick, makes them talk to each other.

JT

(celery to carrot)

Hi, I don't know who I am and have nothing to offer you, want a date?

Peter throws his hands up.

PETER

You're JT Steeleman, Oscar fucking nominated actor slash heartbreaker.

The waitress drops two beers off. She smiles at JT.

PETER
She did it again.

Peter watches her as she walks away.

JT
I just can't figure out why my life
is sucking all to hell. By 38 I
should be married and have two buff
gold statues blinding the crap out
of everyone who walks into my giant
private office. I should have a
couple ankle biters begging me to
watch Toy Story Eight with them.

TWO WOMEN walk by, eye JT and smile at him.

PETER
Yeah, and it must suck to have
beautiful women hate you. For once
I'd love to have a woman love me so
much she hates me...

Peter's gaze follows the girls.

JT
Are you listening to me?! I
believed something that wasn't true
my whole life... So really,
nothing has been real up until now.

Peter shakes his head.

PETER
You know what you gotta do? You
gotta get in touch with your inner
man. Who you were truly meant to
be. Who cares how you got here.
You're here, right now. And right
now, the waitress with the abundant
upper heart area is throwing you
bait. You could go home with her
and cry in her soft... arms all
night long... So, if I were you...
I'd go fishing.

Peter makes fish reeling motions.

JT
Get in touch with my inner man?
That's deep.

PETER

I know, I freak myself out. It's like a sixth sense.

JT

An angel at the church house? I don't know, she could be making this up, and isn't even aware she's doing it.

Peter throws his hands up.

PETER

Is this why we're here? To talk about your problems on your birthday?

JT spots a couple across the way with a new baby. The father makes airplane noises and motions as he tries to feed his son applesauce.

JT picks up a carrot, drops it back in the dish.

JT

I have to find out. I have to try to find my birth mother; it's the only way I'm gonna have any peace.

PETER

Thank God for answers! Can we have some fun now?!

The waitress stops by with two more beers. JT looks up, switches gears.

JT

My friend here thinks you're smiling at me.

WAITRESS

I am.

Peter watches the exchange in hopeful awe.

JT

My life's a mess.

WAITRESS

Okay.

She smiles again and walks away.

JT hands Peter a napkin with some writing.

PETER

Bro, she gave you her number?! I knew it, women dig that emotional, Joaquin Phoenix train wreck shit. Trust me, now that you're all jacked up, you're life's gonna get so good.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN PETER'S BOAT - DAY

The sun pierces through a cracked blind. Alexander licks JT's face till he wakes. He groans, rolls and pulls the covers over his head, then

TRIPOLI BLASTS! It's Peter with his KAZOO.

PETER

Bro, it's perfect weather for a run.

JT sits up shirtless, revealing he's in bed with the waitress.

PETER

Right on...

JT grabs a pillow and barrels it at Peter.

MOMENTS LATER

JT helps the Waitress gather pieces of her clothing, her bag etc.

JT

Sorry to rush you, I've got an appointment in...

He looks for his watch. Can't find it.

WAITRESS

Don't lie to me.

JT turns at the scary tone. It's Fatal Attraction Two.

WAITRESS

I know who you are...

JT

Oh, god. Look, I'm just a regular
guy I'm not the celebri--

WAITRESS

You're one of those guys who thinks
women are just objects put on the
planet for you to play with. That
we're just another toy in your
chest.

JT stares at her part in shock and part terror.

JT

I had a good time with you, yes.
But I--

She walks toward him.

He backs up.

WAITRESS

--You're all the same with your
wants and your needs. It's always
all about YOU!

JT jumps.

JT

Can I call you?

WAITRESS

Really?

JT nods.

WAITRESS

You like me?

He'll say anything to get her the hell away from him.

JT

You're a very unique woman.

WAITRESS

Right? I mean, I'm a good person
inside. I just needed to find the
right man... One who can fully
appreciate my heart... I'll call
you later?

JT smiles and hands her her keys. She kisses him wild, all
over his face.

He doesn't move a muscle except for the same forced smile.

PETER'S BOAT DECK - DAY

Still in his Calvin's, he starts out of the boat. Peter and Alexander follow.

JT

This is never happening again.

PETER

What, fun? You're never having fun again?

JT

Reckless abandon - idiotic, brainlessness!

OUTSIDE

JT pulls a duffle bag out of his car, digs around for some jogger pants - gets his shoes stuck in his pants putting them on.

JT

Fuck - Fuck - Fucskhit - Fuck!

STORAGE UNIT - DAY

SCREAMING HEAVY METAL BLASTS from a BOOM BOX. JT takes the framed poster of *Deadpool* out of the trailer and leans it up against a wall. He takes one last look at his toys, slides the metal door shut.

INT. BANK - DAY

JT stands at the entrance to a safety deposit room, a BANKER leads him to the desired location.

JT

Thank you.

He sits at a mahogany table, goes through envelopes of paperwork. Nothing. Ready to give up, he lifts a small jewelry box, opens it to reveal several pieces of jewelry laying on a blue piece of velvet.

Something clicks in JT's brain. He lifts the tray of jewelry out and lifts the blue velvet. In the corner are the initials, "M.M."

Underneath the swatch of velvet is a letter: "Dear new Mummy, This baby is a gift from heaven. Please love him as your very own as he is now yours. If I could have kept him I would have, but it wasn't safe. I love him so much I have to do this. If you would just let me know once in a while that he's okay, I'm leaving the address to my Godmother, Candice Millikan. She's helping me with all of this. Her address is 357 N. Barrington. Los Angeles. God bless you, M.M.

Taped to the bottom of the page is a tiny, faded picture of a young girl holding a baby.

CUT TO:

EXT. 357 N. BARRINGTON

JT and Alexander sit in his car staring at a modern condominium complex.

CUT TO:

REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

JT approaches KENDYL, 27, designer everything, paces along side a desk splayed with contracts.

KENDYL

The deal is scheduled to close in three days. I need those documents signed by 5pm.

She sees JT, gives him a surprised look.

KENDYL

Fine.

She hangs up.

KENDYL

Well look what the cat coughed up.

JT

I need your help.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Kendyl drops a load of paper on her desk in front of JT.

KENDYL
That's all the owners of 357
Barington in the last 38 years.
Have at it.

JT
I owe you.

Kendyl studies him, unshaven, scruffy hair.

KENDYL
It wasn't all you, Kayla can be a
super bitch. It runs in the family.

JT
She's better off.

KENDYL
Go on, get out of here.

JT starts toward the door.

KENDYL
JT.

He turns.

KENDYL
Good luck.

He gives her a thankful nod.

KENDYL
And get a haircut.

EXT. COFFEE BEAN ON SUNSET - DAY

JT sits at a table, reads line by line through pages of
listings. Tired, he goes inside for a refill.

INSIDE

Through window he sees all of his pages blow away.

He runs out through the doors.

OUTSIDE

JT
Really?!

He tries to retrieve the pages, half of which have blown into
the street. Cars run over them.

A rastafarian type guy picks up a few pages, hands them to him.

JT

Thanks man.

Defeated, he goes back to his table.

The BARISTA sets a glass of coffee in front of him.

BARISTA

That sucks. Maybe sit inside next time.

JT

Good idea.

JT sits with his dirty pages, gets back to his search, and zeros in on the name, "Candice Millikan, Brookings, Oregon."

He types her name into his search browser. No Candice Millikan. He keeps scrolling when he sees, "Marjorie Millikan, Life of a Wildflower" Brookings Oregon. "Best Selling author..."

JT

M. M.

INT. AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

Jeff leans back in his chair staring across his desk. JT stares back... After an awkward beat...

JEFF

I don't understand.

JT

I'm not playing a middle aged Dad with a porn addiction.

JEFF

This is a real life story.

He picks up the script.

JEFF

There's Oscar buzz already.

JT

The guy's not a hero, Jeff. He's a sickness.

JEFF

It speaks to a whole world of marginalized men and women. His character arc is off the scale. You'll finally be able to show your range.

Jeff's phone rings, he looks at the name.

JEFF

This is your call.

He picks up.

JEFF

Gloria, you guys ready to move? Uh huh, yep. You got it... Just one thing. Make sure the tape catches fire or something, I'm sure JT will appreciate that.

JT shakes his head in disgust.

JEFF

She wants you. She said to keep up with the running and she's sending the contract over now.

JT

I'm done, Jeff. This isn't fun anymore.

Jeff refuses to hear it. He leans in.

JEFF

Are you on drugs? This is it, JT. The part. In fact, you have two solid offers on the table. Don't be an idiot.

JT

I can't do it. Tell her thank you, and I appreciate it, and sorry we wasted her time. You know what to say... I'll be out of town for a while, I don't know how long.

Jeff tries to keep his composure, but fury bubbles over.

JEFF

This, JT, is a business partnership. I work my ass off for free until you stick a part.

It's been 13 years since you've
landed anything solid, and now
you're gonna quit? Right now?!

JT stands, walks toward the door.

JT
There's a whole sea of "artists"
out there dying to be something
they're not. You'll hook into one
of them. You'll be fine.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - DAY

JT pays Jose for a loaded up dog - it's spilling over with
extras.

He takes it from Jose as though he's holding a delicate piece
of blown glass. He brings it to his nose, takes in the aroma,
then takes a slow, savory bite.

Jose drops his head in reverence and weeps.

WIPE TO:

It's the last bite. Jose turns up the MEXICAN MUSIC, pretends
to shoot pistols into the air, YELPS A MEXICAN YELP!!

JT picks Jose up, hugs him tight.

JT
Te quiero mucho, hombre. Vive!

JOSE
Vive!

Jose gives him a high five. As JT leaves, Jose wipes a tear
with his apron.

EXT. HWY 101 NORTH - DAY

MUSIC CUE: "American Girl" by Tom Petty.

JT'S Corvette takes the turns on the California Coast.
Breathtaking views of cliffs and ocean.

INT. JT'S CAR - DAY

JT takes a sip of his Big Gulp and BELTS OUT

JT
 She had one little promise she was
 going to keep... Oh yeah, all
 right, take it easy baby, make it
 last all night... She was an
 American Girl...

It starts raining through the sun.

JT
 Look at that! It's sun showers!
 That is freaking beautiful. Isn't
 it? Come on, you know that's
 beautiful.

Alexander stares out the window.

They pass a sign that reads: "Oregon 196 miles"

INT./EXT. JT'S CAR - NIGHT

It's pouring rain.

JT pulls into a mini-mart gas station.

JT
 (to Alex)
 Wait here, crap-junk-food on the
 way.

INT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

JT grabs a couple Red Bulls, two Snickers Bars, and some beef
 jerky.

At the counter a BIG GUY is glued to a zombie show on a small
 TV.

JT
 Excuse me?

Startled, Big Guy jumps.

BIG GUY
 These movies are so fake.

He rings up JT's items.

JT
 Dead dudes that never die... pretty
 scary.

BIG GUY
You know what I'd do? I'd build a
giant zombie blender and make soup
outta them fuckers.

JT looks out the window - Alexander waits, paws on the glass.

JT
That would probably do it.

BIG GUY
Right? They should be paying me to
write these shows.

JT heads toward the door.

JT
Do it man, they need more guys like
you in Hollywood.

SMASH! He collides with PAISLEY SOMMERS, 33, jeans, boots,
and dripping wet.

For a millisecond, all life on the planet ceases to exist.

PAISLEY
Whoa there!

They're face to face.

JT
I'm sorry. Really sorry.

PAISLEY
I'm fine.

She maneuvers around JT and into the store.

PAISLEY
(to Big Guy)
Hey Cal, I hope you made fresh
coffee. I'm running on empty.

She holds up a thermos.

INT. JT'S CAR - NIGHT

Rain dumps, the night dark as death.

JT breaks off a piece of jerky for Alexander.

JT
When we get to Brookings, we order
steak.

THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

JT swipes the window.

JT
These wipers are dust.

He can barely see the road.

WOOSH! The car hits a flooded dip, the car swerves. JT gets control, shakes off the scare.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

JT pulls into a motel, rain pours. He and Alexander run inside.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

JT walks out of the bathroom wearing a dry T-shirt and sweats, drying his hair with a towel. A wet Alexander lays across his pillows.

JT
Really?

JT moves Alexander to the foot of the bed.

JT
Drive eighteen hours straight and I
have to sleep with wet dog.

He gets comfortable on the bed with his iPad, types in "Marjorie Millikan, Brookings Oregon." A flyer pops up: "Marjorie Millikan *Life of a Wildflower* reading and signing 7pm The Daily Brew Cafe."

INT. BROOKINGS BOOKS - DAY

JT peruses through the aisles, runs his hand along the M's till he finds Millikan, Marjorie. *Life of A Wildflower* is showcased.

DISSOLVE TO:

BROOKINGS BOOKS CASHIER

JT takes a credit card out of his wallet to pay.

CASHIER CHRIS, sporting dreads and a nose-ring, scans for the price.

CASHIER CHRIS

You know she lives here, right? In
a dumpy cottage on Beach Canyon
Road.

JT

Yeah, I was planning to--

Cashier Chris' eyes roll back.

CASHIER CHRIS

She's so deep, I almost can't even
read her... She just gets people,
man. Like, she really gets why
we're all the fuck here, you know?
Like I didn't really know who I was
till I read Millikan.

JT

Really...

CASHIER CHRIS

Oh, yeah. I was way out there, a
wandering soul with no real sense
of who or where I was... Not until
Wildflower. Now look at me, I'm me.

JT

You're you.

CASHIER CHRIS

You're gonna be you too.

JT

I'm gonna be me?

CASHIER CHRIS

Dude, you're gonna be so you, you
won't believe it.

JT takes the book.

JT

That's cool.

CASHIER CHRIS

Right?? Peace, breh.

JT
Peace... That's so deep.

CASHIER CHRIS
Right??

Cashier Chris puts on his headphones and dances.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

JT reads *Wildflower* in bed. Alex lays curled at his feet.
Three Chinese Take-Out containers sit beside him.

JT
"She rocked herself to sleep,
clutching the blankets around her
until the pain was no more..."

JT stares at the ceiling. Beside him is an almost empty bag
of Oreo cookies. He puts a cookie in his mouth; he's so full
he can barely chew it.

He runs to the bathroom, kneels in front of the porcelain
god.

EXT. THE DAILY BREW - DAY

JT pulls up to the coffee house, Alexander sits on the seat
next to him.

JT
I'll be in and out of here. Just, I
don't know... Sleep or something.

Alexander rests his head on the seat, resolved to wait.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

JT scans the room... Several people mill around conversing
and holding small plates of cheese and crackers, wine
glasses.

The tables all look full.

A familiar looking woman hands him a flyer.

PAISLEY
(laughing)
You look a little lost.

JT takes the flyer and stares at her for a beat.

JT
The Mini-Mart.

PAISLEY
Excuse me?

JT
Last night at the Mini-Mart. You
were there getting coffee.

A light goes on.

PAISLEY
The linebacker!

JT
Nothing like a bad first
impression.

PAISLEY
It's memorable anyway... I'm
Paisley

JT
JT.

PAISLEY
JT from L.A., find a seat. We're
about to start.

He's floored by her beauty.

JT
What gave me away.

We land on his psychedelic Nike's.

JT
Right.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The HOST, holding a mic, stands next to two over-stuffed
chairs.

HOST
May I have all of your attention,
please... It is with great pleasure
that we have the honor of indulging
in a reading from our beloved and
extraordinarily talented, Ms.
Marjorie Millikin.

The CROWD CLAPS.

MARJORIE, 57, silver hair, modern hippie-ish, steps out of the crowd, She holds a copy of her book, *Life of A Wildflower*.

MARJORIE

I wrote this short story a few years back, as I was coming out of a very sad time in my life. It was the first time I could sleep and eat and breathe with anything that resembled peace... I wanted to write something hopeful and sound.

Paisley sits at JT's table

DISSOLVE TO:

Marjorie reads...

MARJORIE

Walking through the leaf scattered street, with the wind blowing lightly at his back, he knew that he would never look back. He would keep walking toward the future knowing, believing that no matter what dragons threatened to breathe fire onto his path, he would keep walking, keep fighting, keep striving. Nothing could stop him now...

Marjorie closes her book.

APPLAUSE

Moved, JT takes a deep breath.

Paisley wipes a tear from the corner of her eye.

PAISLEY

I could listen to her all day and night.

JT sits back in his chair staring at Marjorie.

JT

Excuse me?

PAISLEY

Her words are so... calming.

Just then...

BROOKE BEALS, 34, glides toward JT's table, stands in front of Paisley.

BROOKE
Nice turnout, Ms. Sommers.

PAISLEY
Brooke... I'm just glad she came.

JT looks at her like, "Why?"

PAISLEY
She doesn't do public appearances.

BROOKE
It's kind of a landmark day for Brookings... You going to introduce me to your friend?

Paisley turns to JT.

PAISLEY
JT is here visiting.

JT stands.

BROOKE
Sounds scandalous.

Before JT can react or respond...

BROOKE
And fun... Anyway, would your friend like to meet the guest of honor?

JT
I'm fine, really.

He goes to sit down, but Brooke hooks arms with him and begins to walk.

He looks to Paisley for help. They make their way through a crowd of chatty people. They stop at a table where Marjorie signs a book and hands it to Cashier Chris.

He sees JT.

CASHIER CHRIS
Dude, bro...

That's all he can muster up in his altered state.

BROOKE
Marjorie my love.

Marjorie scribbles her signature, looks up.

JT is now face to face with her. She looks at him, then smiles at Paisley.

BROOKE
Darling, you must meet Paisley's
adorable friend JT who's visiting
from...

L.A. JT

BROOKE
Yes, Los Angeles...

Marjorie takes a long beat to study him.

MARJORIE
Handsome one you have here,
Paisley.

PAISLEY	JT
Oh no, it's not... We just met.	It's not like that.

He changes the subject quickly.

JT
Your work is incredible, so raw and honest. Really, really excellent.

He stares at her as if in a trance.

She smiles.

MARJORIE
I'm glad you enjoy it.

She points at a line of people waiting for her.

JT
Yes, very much so.

He moves aside.

JT

It's strange how I find a bit of
myself in each one of your stories.

There's a suspended beat, a split second when they exchange a knowing look. Then it's gone.

Marjorie signs a book.

MARJORIE
(to woman in line)
Thank you.

JT watches her chat with admirers.

BROOKE
(to Paisley)
Keep this one close to you.

She runs her hand along his muscular shoulder and scurries off.

PAISLEY
You're really moved by her.

JT catches himself staring at Marjorie, shakes it off.

DISSOLVE TO:

RESTROOM HALLWAY - LATER

JT walks out of the men's room as Marjorie walks toward the women's. They stop short of bumping into each other.

She gives him a friendly smile and moves quickly past him before he can say anything.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DAILY BREW

Paisley hugs Marjorie.

PAISLEY
You did great... I'm proud of you.

Marjorie squeezes her hand.

MARJORIE
See you on Sunday?

PAISLEY
Mimosas or Bloody Marys?

MARJORIE
Surprise me.

JT walks up, sees they're having an intimate moment, stands by until Marjorie exits the cafe.

Paisley turns, sees JT. She goes to say something when JT blows past her toward the door.

EXT. THE DAILY BREW - CONTINUOUS

Marjorie hurries through the rain toward an old Jeep Wagoneer. JT jogs toward her to catch up just as she opens the door to get in.

JT
Ms. Millikan?

She doesn't hear him, gets in and closes the door, starts the car.

JT KNOCKS on the WINDOW; Marjorie sees him. Slightly annoyed, she cranks the window down a couple inches.

JT freezes for a beat, rain soaks through his clothing.

JT
I was hoping maybe we could talk
sometime... I have some questions--
about--

MARJORIE
--I'm sorry... I really just want
to get home.

Marjorie puts the car in reverse.

JT
Wait!

He starts to pull the swatch of blue velvet with the initials "M.M." out of his pocket, but he can't do it.

Marjorie squints, irritated, she tries to make out what he's doing.

He waves her off.

JT
Nothing... I'm sorry... It was nice
to meet you.

She offers a weak smile and backs out of the dirt driveway leaving JT in the rain and mud.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

JT walks Alexander on the beach. The chilly wind has him shielding his face. He holds his cell in front of him.

JT
No really, I'm barfing in my mouth.

INTERCUT FACE TIME PETER'S BOAT

Peter lays on a chaise sun bathing. We see his face and butt cheeks in the b.g.

PETER
Well... Is it her?

JT
Pretty sure.

PETER
You didn't ask her? Bro Bro, you gotta take the situation by the cahones. Man up with it.

Peter stands up, we see his bare chest and almost his...

JT looks away from the screen.

JT
Geezus Pete!

PETER
We got one shot at this Jay, we're on live, man. It's not a dress rehearsal. There's no second take.

JT throws a ball for Alexander to fetch.

CUT TO:

THE DAILY BREW - DAY

JT walks through the door, Alexander stares at him through the glass.

Paisley pulls a dozen hot muffins out of the oven, places them on a cooling rack.

JT
I'll have one of those...

Paisley jumps, turns.

JT
...and a cup of coffee, please.

PAISLEY
You scared the bageebeez out of me!

JT
The bageebeez?

PAISLEY
My grandmother's word.

There's a scratch at the door. Paisley sees Alexander tied to a bench outside.

JT
My mutt.

PAISLEY
It's freezing out there!!

She runs out, quickly unties him, cuddles him to her chest and brings him in.

PAISLEY
How about some warm milk and a cookie, huh?

She goes to a low cupboard and pulls out a jar of doggie treats.

JT
Just what I need, a spoiled mutt.

PAISLEY
(to Alexander)
Well then you came to the right place.

She gives him a treat.

PAISLEY
I love puppies...

JT
You must have one of your own.

She scruffs Alexander behind the ears.

PAISLEY
I lost my Casanova a month ago.
Cancer.

JT

I'm sorry.

She picks Alexander up, puts him in her sweater.

PAISLEY

I miss him a lot.

Alexander looks at her with big brown eyes. Paisley pours JT a cup of coffee, places it in front of him.

PAISLEY

Cream?

JT

Black.

She smiles. Still holding Alexander, she takes a muffin out of the tray, places it on a saucer, puts it in front of JT.

PAISLEY

You left in such a hurry last night.

JT sips his coffee, reflects.

JT

You noticed.

PAISLEY

It's my job to know who comes and goes through here.

He smiles thoughtfully for a beat. A switch flips.

JT

How well do you know Marjorie?

She's surprised by the question.

PAISLEY

We're friends... and business partners.

JT raises an eyebrow.

PAISLEY

Why do you ask?

JT

Curious.

Paisley leans on the counter.

PAISLEY
What else, give it up.

JT
I feel a connection with her work.

PAISLEY
The deeply introspective actor.

JT
You're not supposed to know about that.

PAISLEY
Aren't I? You're kind of the poster boy for the bad boy you wanna fix and love.

He takes a generous bite of the muffin.

JT
Wrong guy.

She studies him for a beat.

He pushes his empty cup forward.

JT
That is good coffee.

EXT./INT. CORVETTE BEACH CANYON ROAD

JT and Alexander drive along a windy road through Redwoods. Homes are sparsely scattered. At the end of the road, he spots a very modest cottage with a small barn off to the side.

JT
Bingo.

EXT. MARJORIE'S RANCH HOME - DAY

JT and Alexander sit parked in front of the cozy looking cottage.

JT
I got this, right?

Alexander slumps down on the seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARJORIE'S PORCH - CONTINUOUS

With a copy of *Wildflower* in his hand, JT KNOCKS on the DOOR... No answer. He tries again... No answer.

INTERCUT INSIDE, Marjorie peers through a curtain, sees JT. Her left hand begins to shake unsteadily.

JT KNOCKS again... No answer.

Just as he's about to leave, he sees the curtain move slightly.

Inside, Marjorie sees him hesitate. She opens the door.

JT
Ms. Millikan? Hi... I met you at
the reading last night. JT
Steeleman?

Marjorie holds her arm to stop the shaking. She notices the book in his hand.

MARJORIE
Some would consider this stalking.

He laughs nervously.

MARJORIE
Which is a serious violation of
personal space and privacy.

JT
I don't mean to--

MARJORIE
What do you mean to do?

JT begins to fold, backs up a few steps.

JT
Nothing. Sorry to have bothered
you.

Marjorie goes to close the door, but they both have a turn of heart.

JT
No, you know what? I came
here for a reason, a good
reason and--

MARJORIE
You can't just show up here
at my home and say nothing.

Beat.

JT
My whole life is shit... That's why
I came up here.

MARJORIE
And you think I can fix your shit
life?

JT
I know it's crazy, but yeah I think
you can help me figure it all out.

Marjorie's hand begins to shake again. A familiar thump beats
in her chest.

MARJORIE
Live and accept. Some things work
out, some don't. That's my advice.

She goes to shut the door.

JT is dumfounded, then righteous anger rises.

JT
Wait a minute. Do you have any idea
what I gave up to get here? To find
you?

MARJORIE
Do you know what I gave up to get
here?

She shuts the door.

INT. JT'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

JT lays on the bed reading, *Monkeys and Mirrors* by Marjorie
Millikan. A stack of Millikan books sits on the night stand.

Alexander sleeps at his feet.

There's a KNOCK at the door. JT digs through his pockets for
money, opens the door to

PAISLEY
Am I disturbing anything?

Inside she sees Alex sleeping on a pile of dirty clothes. The
room is littered with beer bottles, coffee cups, and fast
food containers.

JT
You wouldn't happen to be traveling
with a pizza would you?

Paisley looks around.

PAISLEY
Just me here with an invite.

JT
An invite.

PAISLEY
To brunch with Marjorie and I.

JT
Interesting... Does she know about
this invite?

PAISLEY
Sort of. I just told her I had
someone I wanted her to meet.

Just then, the PIZZA DELIVERY MAN pulls up to the curb behind
Paisley.

JT
Thanks, but I'm heading back to LA--
You like pizza?

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

JT and Paisley sit on the bed eating pizza; JT at the head,
Paisley at the foot rubbing Alexander's belly.

PAISLEY
I'm not surprised by her reaction.

JT
Really?

PAISLEY
Marjorie is a very insightful
person, and she's an amazing
writer. But she keeps to herself...
She has a lot of respect here in
Brookings, but I'm not sure if she
has many or any close friends.

JT
Other than you.
(beat)
I make a mean quiche.

PAISLEY
Really? Why am I so surprised?

JT crosses his eyes.

JT
My good looks throw you off.
Paisley throws Alexander's ball at him.
He tackles and tickles her.

PAISLEY
I'm gonna pee. I-- ohmygod.
Face to face she looks at JT with big eyes.

JT
You didn't.

PAISLEY
Back off slowly or you die.
JT moves away. She gets up, puts the pizza box in front of her, backs up toward the door.

PAISLEY
Sunday, 11am.

JT
You gonna be okay, there?

PAISLEY
Yup, fine.

She opens the door and lets herself out backwards.

JT looks at Alexander.

JT
Did that just happen?

INT. PAISLEY'S PATIO - DAY

JT sets a perfect Quiche on a beautifully set table.
Alexander snoozes under the table.

Paisley hands JT a glass of iced tea.

PAISLEY
She's not coming.

Disappointment shows on JT's face.

JT.
Did you tell her it was me?

PAISLEY
I might have mentioned you... She
just said she didn't feel well.

JT switches gears.

JT
I'm starved.

He cuts into the quiche, plates it for her.

PAISLEY
I know what it feels like...
Rejection.

JT
Can we not talk about it?

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

JT and Paisley talk, laugh, deep conversation.

PAISLEY
We, Marjorie and I, do a Christmas
event every year for homeless
mothers and children... We have
that in common... the event.

JT
I can see that.

PAISLEY
Yeah, so we spend most of the year
planning it. We try to make it
magical.

JT pushes envy away.

JT
Childhood should be magical.

PAISLEY
You could help us this year.

JT
I'm not that guy.

PAISLEY
I bet you are.

EXT. MARJORIE'S BARN - DAY

Marjorie sweeps a dusty corner, coughs.

JT carries *Wildflower* under his arm.

JT (O.S.)
Does *Wildflower* ever forgive
herself?

Marjorie jumps, startled. She prepares herself for round two.

He opens to a marked page in the book.

JT
(reading)
"Dropping the rope in a tug of war
with your soul is the first step to
forgiveness." It doesn't say who
she's forgiving.

Marjorie cringes at her own words.

MARJORIE
It's just a story. You know about
stories... They're contrived.

She swipes at some cobwebs up high.

JT
I don't buy that.

MARJORIE
I was afraid.

He's taken aback.

JT
Of what?

MARJORIE
Of everything.

He holds up her book.

JT

Bullshit-- no one who is fearful
writes a book like this.

MARJORIE

I write fiction, made up stories.
That's all it is.

JT

We, you and me, we have a story. It
started thirty-eight years ago, but
we're only halfway through ACT TWO.
We have conflict and we have
stakes. Bam! We have a story.
That's where we are... ACT TWO.

MARJORIE

You're an indignant shit, aren't
you?

JT

Sometimes, yes.

MARJORIE

I gave you life. Wasn't that
enough?

Dejected, JT is speechless.

MARJORIE

Maybe I don't want the mess.

Her arm begins to shake uncontrollably. She turns toward the
house.

JT

It's not natural for a mother to
push her child away. You know
that?! It's not natural.

INSIDE - Marjorie breaks. She struggles to keep from
bursting out into a hard cry.

OUTSIDE - JT hears a LOUD CRASH coming from inside.

He goes to the door, but it's locked. He pounds on it several
times. Through a window he sees Marjorie is on the floor
unconscious. He grabs a gardening tool off the porch, breaks
in through the window.

INSIDE - Marjorie lays still. A wig lays awkwardly misplaced
on her head.

JT kneels at her side, tries to wake her. Nothing.

INT. ER - DAY

JT and Paisley stand on either side of Marjorie's bed. She's hooked up to a heart monitor and I.V.

DR. ISKARIAN walks in.

DR. ISKARIAN
You're family of Ms. Millikan's?

Paisley and JT glance at each other.

JT
How is she?

DR. ISKARIAN
Her results show that she has
aplastic anemia. Her red blood
cells are low. She's very ill.

Paisley puts her hand on JT's shoulder.

DR. ISKARIAN
She's having an allergic reaction
to a new treatment we started...
Your mother's condition is the
result of her body fighting the
chemo and radiation treatments.

JT
Chemo?

He looks to Paisley for help understanding.

DR. ISKARIAN
I'm sorry, I thought you knew...
She received treatment for a growth
in her spine. She's in remission
now, but she's going to need a bone
marrow transplant... She needs a
donor who's a perfect match.

JT
I'm a match.

He turns to Paisley, back to the doctor.

JT
A perfect match.

INT. LAB ROOM

JT sits in a chair while a NURSE draws his blood. Paisley stands beside him.

PAISLEY
You could have just told me from
the beginning.

JT deliberately looks away from the needle.

JT
It wasn't your business. And
besides, she doesn't want me in her
life. Are we done yet?

NURSE
Just three more vials.

JT goes white, his knee shakes.

Paisley hesitates, then places her hand on his back.

PAISLEY
Breathe, focus on something
peaceful, beautiful like a sunset
over the ocean.

He looks directly into her blue-green eyes.

JT
Maui.

PAISLEY
Yes, Maui.

JT
The water is the color of your
eyes...

She pushes away a blushing smile.

JT
Have you been?

PAISLEY
Not yet.

JT
Then how do you know?

PAISLEY
I've heard, seen pictures.

JT

The water... It's like 75 degrees
and you can see the bottom no
matter how far out you are... It's
green everywhere you look. Green
and blue...

JT drops his head, but Paisley lifts his chin, forcing his
eyes to meet hers again.

PAISLEY

Stay focused.

JT

I'll have to take you sometime.

PAISLEY

Are you asking me out on a date?

JT passes out.

INT. JT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

JT sits straight up in a bed. His PHONE BUZZZES.

INTERCUT PETER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Peter is in a headstand on a yoga mat against the wall.
Candles are lit all over the room.

PETER

It's all about getting your Chi in
alignment. I'm telling you, I'm so
zenned out, a bear could drop a log
right here in my living room and
I'd be like, "hey, what up?"

JT's phone DINGS! He opens the pic.

JT

Don't send that to anyone you want
to impress.

PETER

Can't-- I'm on a ninety day sex
fast. And, I'm on this raw food and
lemon water diet. You should see
the stuff coming out of me.

JT cringes.

JT
I'm about to give bone marrow to
Marjorie.

Peter comes down from his headstand.

PETER
Say again?

JT
It's all happening so fast. She's a
famous author and she doesn't want
me in her life and now I'm giving
her bone marrow.

PETER
Life is so much more disturbing
than all that made up Hollywood
shit... Man, I hate hospitals, the
green walls, the smell of urine and
disinfectant.

He shakes in disgust.

PETER
If you get nervous or panicky, do
this.. Breathe in through your nose
and out through your mouth.

Peter exaggerates the motion.

PETER
Inhale all that is good, nurturing,
peaceful... Exhale all that is
contaminating your sense of
homeostasis and fucking up your
mojo.

A nurse walks in, sticks a thermometer in JT's mouth.

JT
(mumbling)
Thanks, I'll try that.

LATER

A NURSE rolls JT into his room on a gurney. A groggy JT opens
his eyes for a beat, then falls back to sleep.

THE NEXT MORNING

He opens his eyes to Peter sitting across from him wearing John Lennon shades.

PETER

What's up, butter cup.

JT MOANS as he tries to get up.

JT

What the hell are you doing here?

PETER

I figured I oughta come see you in case you decide to croak, we could have one last rip together.

JT

I think I'm gonna puke.

Peter moves a bucket in front of him.

PETER

Just in case, but I got you, Buddy.

He takes a joint out of a gold cigarette case, lined up with marijuana cigarettes, lights it up and passes it to JT.

JT

Are you out of your mind?

PETER

It's medicinal, knock that rot-gut right out of you.

JT

You're gonna get me kicked out of here.

PETER

Are you kidding? You're saving someone's life. They should have you mainlined to this instead of all that crap.

He points to all the tubes and machines.

JT takes a hit. Just then a NURSE walks into the smoke filled room. She opens her mouth to speak, when she realizes what's going on.

NURSE

Oh, good. You're fine.

She leaves.

PETER
I love Oregon.

INT. MARJORIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Peter rolls JT into the room. Marjorie is hooked up to twice as many machines. JT's heart drops.

JT
Oh, man.

PETER
I'm gonna find some shitty coffee.

He pats JT on the back and leaves the room. JT is fixed on Marjorie.

JT
It's not ACT THREE yet...

INT. HALLWAY/MARJORIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Peter pushes JT out of Marjorie's room and almost runs Paisley over. He peers over his John Lennon glasses.

PAISLEY
JT?

PETER
Do you ever not have game?

JT
(to paisley)
Peter.

PAISLEY
Peter, the sunbathing, yoga junkie,
you're his wing-man, Peter?

PETER
That would be me.

PAISLEY
Nice to meet you.

She offers her hand.

PETER
Really a pleasure.

He holds it a beat too long. JT elbows him.

JT
She's still out.

PAISLEY
I know, I came to see you.

Peter turns the wheelchair handles to Paisley.

PETER
I'm gonna go look for some bacteria
infested snacks.

JT
You do that.

Peter exits down the hallway.

PAISLEY
I wanted to talk with you about
possibly staying with me until you
recover.

JT
Move in, so soon?

Paisley gives him a smirk.

PAISLEY
You're gonna need time to recover.
You can't just sit in that little
room ordering junk food.

JT
Are you kidding, it's like a man-
cave away from a man-cave. I just
need a gaming set up and I'm good.

Peter walks back toward them munching on a candy bar.

PAISLEY
I told Marjorie I'd help her when
she gets home too... Think on it.

PETER
How long do you think it takes for
peanut butter to go bad?

PAISLEY
I'll leave you two to it.

She makes way for Peter to take the wheelchair and starts
down the hallway.

PAISLEY

Let me know tomorrow, so I can have things ready?

JT

I'll think about it.

Paisley turns back, smiles.

PETER

Great backside view, and that smile all at the same time. It's like a Coca-Cola commercial.

JT

If I could beat your ass right now, I would.

PETER

Testy, huh? Don't like me near your woman?

JT

She's not my woman.

PETER

What-eee-ver.

Peter turns the wheelchair toward JT's room

JT

She wants me to move in with her.

PETER

Ohmyfuck, I hate you so much! I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!!

FADE OUT.

THE END

EPISODE TWO PREVIEW

EXT. SUPER MARKET - DAY

A thin layer of snow lines the trees and ground.

JT pushes a shopping cart toward Paisley's truck. He has his cell phone up to his ear.

Paisley walks beside him with Alexander who wears a thick red and green sweater and snow cap.

JT coughs horrendously.

PAISLEY

I could have done this.

JT snaps at her.

JT

You haven't stopped doing stuff for me. I'm not one of your homeless charity case.

PAISLEY

(hurt)

I never thought that.

JT puts the groceries in the truck.

PAISLEY

What's going on with you?

JT

I don't know. This whole thing is wrong. This was supposed to be a no brainer, I drive up, meet her, we get to know each other. Boom, done.

PAISLEY

You're afraid, now that you're getting closer to her.

JT stops loading groceries, looks at Paisley with absolute fear and anger.

JT

I'm not afraid... I'm terrified.
The woman who I thought was my
mother doesn't know me, and the
woman who gave birth to me might be
dying... And now you're waiting on
me hand and foot like a lost child.

Paisley loses it.

PAISLEY

Do you even know why I do what I
do?

JT keeps walking, doesn't want the lecture.

PAISLEY

I help homeless people because my
mother was a heroin addict. I grew
up in a rotted out basement
listening to her and her junkie
lovers fighting and screwing while
I hid in the corner crying.

They stop, JT reaches out to her, she pushes his arm back.

PAISLEY

I left when I was thirteen, got a
job taking care of a mean old woman
whose family couldn't deal with
her. She berated me constantly, but
I had a room and a bed and clean
sheets.

(beat)

When she died, she left me some
money, enough to get my life
started right.

JT wipes a tear from the corner of her eye.

JT

I'm sorry--

PAISLEY

I'm not. Not at all. I learned
early on what truly matters in this
life. It was a gift, really. I
wouldn't change anything.

JT

That's bullshit.

PAISLEY

You are an asshole.

JT

Maybe I am, but if I could I would
go back and rip those sons of
bitches' heads off and get you and
your mother out of that hell hole.

PAISLEY

You would?

JT

Yes, I would.

I LOVE YOUR HATE

Written by

DeAnn SanVal

Original Pilot

FADE IN:

INT. NICOLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

MUSIC CUE: "Love Has No Pride" by Linda Ronstadt

Stark, modern, sparse. Early morning sun pushes through the blinds. In the corner...

NICOLE, 43, Farm fresh face and still fit, if it weren't for the dark baggy circles, sits at her desk in a blank daze.

On the monitor, the layout of a greeting card. She pops a Gummy Bear into her mouth. Nearby is an almost empty tumbler of OJ.

Nothing, she has nothing.

She squints at the clock on the screen, reaches for her reading glasses; it reads "5:27".

She types: "Your love is..."

The words "Y o u r L o v e I s" wave in and out until they disappear into her screen, then suddenly appear normal. Am I drunk or just crazy? She leans back in her chair, stares at the ceiling.

NICOLE

I can't.

She turns to a framed picture of her receiving an award with a giant greeting card behind her. Next to it a wedding photo.

Her eyes well up as she edits her poem.

NICOLE

Your love is... toxic and you are
the fucking devil.

THE SOUND OF A CAR PULLING IN THE DRIVEWAY.

She jumps up, pulls the blinds apart.

I'm a wreck! She fixes her hair, ties her robe, quickly grabs a tube of hand creme and rubs it all over her legs, her neck, checks her backside in a mirror - Nothing sags yet, thank God!

NICOLE

I'm good, I'm fine.

She runs through the house into the...

KITCHEN

Fast as lightning, she pours herself a glass of juice with a hu-mun-go splash of vodka just in time for...

The KITCHEN DOOR OPENS behind her, she takes a deep breath and turns with an "I'm peaceful AF" smile.

It's PARKER, 48, poster boy for Men's Fitness. He shouldn't look this steady and perfect at this hour, but he does. He holds an empty overnight bag in his hand.

Nicole studies him for a beat.

NICOLE
(quietly, trying not to wake
anyone)
Be nice if you called first.

He takes in her sleepless mess with obvious pity and a reluctant hint of lust, moves past her toward what was their bedroom and is now Nicole's.

She follows him down the hall and into...

INT. NICOLE'S BEDROOM

Parker goes into the closet and opens his safe, empties it into his bag.

Nicole stands a few feet away watching. She wills herself to keep still through the dead silence.

But she just can't.

NICOLE
It would help if you could leave us
with something to buffer the
financial strain this decision of
yours has caused us.

He makes no effort to engage.

PARKER
You and your Dad will be fine.

NICOLE
We have responsibilities, you and
I.

PARKER
You have responsibilities.

He walks toward the door and through the house.

She follows, hurries to catch up with his quick step.

HALLWAY

NICOLE

This is easy for you, isn't it?

He keeps walking.

PARKER

I'm not doing this, Nicole.

He walks into what was his office, opens a drawer with a key, grabs an arm full of files and stuffs them into his bag.

He leaves his house key on the desk.

Her eyes fix on them for a beat - This is it, he's done.

He walks out into the...

HALLWAY

toward the

FRONT DOOR

Nicole follows closely behind.

NICOLE

Can I ask you one thing?

He keeps walking

OUTSIDE

NICOLE

Why her?

Parker moves toward his car in silence.

NICOLE

Can you just answer that?

He goes to put his bag in the trunk, fumbles with his keys, drops them, picks them up, looks her straight in the eye.

PARKER

She listens to me.

He opens the trunk, puts his bag in.

Nicole tries to restrain herself from losing it... but she can't.

NICOLE
Listens to what? What do you talk
about with her?? The gym? Your car?
Your feet for fuck's sake? She's
your pedicurist!!

He moves more quickly.

NICOLE
I have two degrees!!

She blocks him with her body. He moves around her.

Nicole rips off her robe, her top, her pajama shorts.

NICOLE
You don't even see me, do you?

She's completely naked and screaming.

NICOLE
I'm an interesting person!!

Nicole throws her clothes at him.

Parker gets into the car, turns it on.

She pounds on the window.

NICOLE
Your bubble is gonna pop one day,
Parker!! POP!! POOF!! Buh bye
Parker world!!

He turns on the car and starts to back out.

NICOLE
Then what are you gonna do?!

He stares ahead - She backs off the car.

NICOLE
You're an emotionally constipated
little shit!! And you're short!!

He gets out of the driveway and tears off.

She stands there for a beat, watches his car disappear.

NICOLE
I can't believe I settled for
short.

MUSIC CUE: "Love Is A Rose" - Linda Ronstadt

Nicole picks up her clothes and covers her privates.

ON THE SIDEWALK

An OLDER COUPLE stand motionless. The wife holds a scruffy dog in one arm, covers her husband's eyes with the other. He pushes it away.

Oblivious to it all, Nicole heads toward the house.

NICOLE
I'm fine!! I'm good.

She looks up to see HATTIE, 25, standing in the doorway holding a Mexican blanket.

HATTIE
Good morning Mr. and Mrs. Sanchez!

Mr. and Mrs. Sanchez hurry along speechless.

Hattie wraps the blanket around Nicole's shoulders.

NICOLE
You weren't supposed to see that.

Still reeling, Nicole moves breathless to the...

KITCHEN

Where ZEKE, 22, man-bun, pours a gigantic bowl of cereal.

ZEKE
The whole block saw that.

HATTIE
She owned herself, her body and all
the space around her. Like a queen
in all her resplendent glory.

NICOLE
Are you high? It's six a.m.

She seriously wants to know if she's high.

The smell of the coffee makes Nicole nauseous. She heads for the sink and hurls.

Hattie holds Nicole's hair back as she retches, tries not to retch herself.

HATTIE

You are way waaay out of his league, Mom.

She motions to Zeke to get a joint. Zeke opens a nearby drawer.

ZEKE

Stratospheres beyond that creep.

CAROL, 70's, feisty, bursts in through the KITCHEN DOOR.

CAROL

Where is she? Nicole?

She sees Nicole retching.

CAROL

Nicole honey... Oh, sweetie...

Nicole looks up, but isn't sure she's done.

Carol rubs her back.

CAROL

Now look here. Before you start thinking that you've shamelessly bared your soul out there, you need to know something.

ZEKE

She bared more than her soul.

Nicole takes a break to breathe.

Zeke offers her a lit joint, she hesitates to push it away.

NICOLE

You guys!

She retches into the sink again.

Hattie takes the joint, hits on it, blows it in Nicole's direction.

HATTIE

You gotta eat when you drink...
eeew Gummy Bears.

She offers the joint to Carol who takes it, wafts it toward herself, then puts it out somewhere.

Nicole rinses her face. Sick, and drunk, and sad...

NICOLE
I've failed at everything. Look at
us, we all need rehab and
psychotherapy...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!!

Everyone freezes.

NICOLE
...as soon as I get out of jail.

Hattie walks boldly toward the

LIVING ROOM

Nicole runs into the

LAUNDRY ROOM

Carol follows her.

INTERCUT - FOYER

Hattie peeks through the curtains, it's OFFICER DAVE ORTEGA,
young, nerdy, crush-worthy. She grabs a pencil out of a
nearby desk, twists her wild mane into a neat bun, opens the
door.

LAUNDRY ROOM

CAROL
(to Nicole)
Do you know how brilliant you are?
The last thing that man is gonna
have in his head is your tits
bouncing in his face like a pair of
happy puppies. He'll never be able
to un-see that!!

Nicole grabs a sweatshirt out of the dryer.

Carol follows Nicole back into the

KITCHEN

ZEKE
Mom, you're a trailblazer and an
inspiration.

Nicole shudders at the thought of it all.

CAROL

She is!! You are, Nic. The best part is that you went down standing up. You turned and marched that outstanding ass right back into the house with your chin up.

Dread is all over Nicole's face.

CAROL

Don't you dare look back. Do you hear me. Do not look back.

PORCH

HATTIE

Hey, Dave-- Officer Dave.

He has to regroup from the hot mess that she is.

OFFICER DAVE

We had a call-- a few calls that there might be a-- that you all might need some help here?

Hattie looks around... Crickets.

HATTIE

I think we're good.

Officer Dave looks her in the eye.

OFFICER DAVE

So, no one here needs help?

Hattie chuckles.

HATTIE

We all need a little help, don't we?

OFFICER DAVE

Your Mom's okay?

Hattie yells.

HATTIE

MOM!!

There's an awkward beat as they both wait.

Nicole steps into the doorway, joins Hattie.

NICOLE

Hi.

OFFICER DAVE

Mrs. Grayson-- everything okay here?

He sees she's fully dressed.

NICOLE

Just a regular old day.

OFFICER DAVE

(lowers his voice)

Look, I'm gonna be honest. If you ran outside in my neighborhood and ripped off your clothes in a passionate rage, I'd be perfectly okay with it. But Mrs. Sanchez next door has a pacemaker, and Mr. Sanchez is recovering from a stroke.

HATTIE

We gotcha Dave-- Officer, I mean. We're good. Promise.

He reluctantly backs off the step.

OFFICER DAVE

Okay.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

ZEKE

It pays to date cops.

Hattie smirks as she takes a bite of toast.

Nicole looks up from checking her phone messages to find her Dad, JACK, 77, standing in the doorway in his robe, an adult diaper, and tennis shoes with no socks.

NICOLE

Dad! Please tell me he didn't see... Zeke, help Gramps to the restroom.

Zeke stops mid cereal bite, disturbed.

ZEKE
He's wearing a diaper.

Nicole submits to the insanity and exhaustion.

Jack's eyes stay fixed on Nicole. He slams his fist into the other palm like, "take that, and that" (a gesture to Nicole to keep fighting).

CAROL
That's right, Jack. I told her the
same thing.
(to Nicole)
The guy just needs a good ole
fashioned ass-whoopin'?

Carol pours herself a cup of coffee.

Nicole squeezes her headache, gives Carol a side look.

CAROL
Just sayin'... I could have one of
the boys down at the car-wash...
You know... handle him.

Everyone looks at Carol.

CAROL
Just a little scare.

INT. "HARTFUL LOVE NOTES" OFFICE - DAY

KEN HART, a middle aged suit, clicks on the "Your Love is..." note card we previously saw on Nicole's computer.

Nicole covers a yawn, opens her eyes wider.

He reads...

KEN
Your love is like a heat wave,
burning in my heart, a silent
inferno, I should have known from
the start?

Nicole waits, half hopeful.

KEN
This is it? This is what you have?

She shrugs, smiles.

KEN

Besides a possible lawsuit from the Carol King camp, this sounds angry.

Nicole fumbles to explain.

NICOLE

It's just a little writer's block thing-y.

KEN

Writer's block? These are greeting cards, Nicole. My eighty-year-old mother can write these, but I gave the work to you because... you said you need it.

She takes the hit, sits up straight.

NICOLE

It's Linda Ronstadt. Heat wave?
(singing)
Could this be the devil in me, or
is this the way love's supposed to
be... It's like a heat wave,
burning in my heart.

Ken straightens his already neat desk to precise perfection.

KEN

You have a week, Nicole. I want the
"Your Love Is" series on my desk in
one week.

EXT. KEN HART'S OFFICE - DAY

Nicole puts on her sunglasses, struts down the hall.

NICOLE

Carol King? Get your divas
straight, buddy.

EXT./INT. MAIN ST. CAFE - DAY

Nicole pops a couple of aspirin and guzzles water like a dehydrated camel.

AUDREY, 45, wrinkle terminator and "Fountain of Youth" seeker, pops a handful of vitamins.

NICOLE

What do those do?

AUDREY

They cleanse your intestinal tract.

Nicole sticks her hand out, "Gimme some of that."

AUDREY

What's your plan?

Nicole squints at the menu.

NICOLE

What he said... Move on and stop wasting both of our time... Come up with 10 "Your Love Is" cards in a week or lose my job.

Audrey's phone DINGS!

AUDREY

Good plan. Just need to re-organize your life a bit... And lie. Everyone lies to get ahead.

She puts on her reading glasses, squints at her phone.

AUDREY

(answers text out loud)
Pool party sounds amazing...

She shoots Nicole a sly look and jabs at the phone.

AUDREY

(out loud)
Audrey plus one.

NICOLE

That's not happening.

AUDREY

(gangster)
Don't chase, replace..

NICOLE

I'm folding at a pair of ex-
psychopaths and a couple stray
Peter Pans.

AUDREY

It's a numbers game, babe. Your King of Hearts is out there waiting to open his mind and heart and all that he is to you, his Queen - the bold and brave, gummy bear gorging, early morning streaker.

Nicole smirks at Audrey's attempt to encourage her.

NICOLE

She's ten years younger than me.

Nicole looks out, sees a HAPPY COUPLE walk by laughing, talking.

AUDREY

I'm sorry he did this to you again.
Will you have to sell the house?

NICOLE

It's all in mine and Dad's name. He
made sure he could walk away hands
free.

AUDREY

How are the kids?

Nicole chokes back regret, sits up, takes her menu.

NICOLE

What time's the party?

INT. POOL HOUSE/BAR - NIGHT

MONTAGE

Nicole leans up against a counter, sips a martini. People mill about the room, drinking, talking, picking at flaxseed falafels.

Audrey delivers a STUNNING BLOND to Nicole.

NICOLE

Firefighter?

She downs her drink, grabs another from a passing SERVER.

NICOLE

Sounds like a lot of spaghetti and
basketball.

FIREFIGHTER

Well, yeah.

NICOLE

And affairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

Audrey delivers a PRINCE HARRY TYPE to a tipsy Nicole.

NICOLE
Travel Blogger?
Interesting... You know, laser
removal will take that fuzzy hairy
stuff right off your fingers.

The Prince Harry looks at his hands, then at her and walks away.

Audrey pushes through the drunks and pot smokers, dragging behind her, KAVIKA, a tall, stunning slab of a man. She sets him in front of a now very inebriated Nicole.

AUDREY
Nic, Kavika, Kavika, Nic... His
house, his party.
(to Kavika)
Be careful, she's a man eater.
(to Nicole)
Be nice.

She disappears back into the crowd.

NICOLE
I only bite when necessary.

Kavika smiles.

NICOLE
She's on a mission to find a guy
who will love me till my teeth are
falling into my gazpacho.

KAVIKA
You don't look like you need help
with that.

NICOLE
Really? Because my husband, my
soon to be ex-husband--

Kavika carefully lifts the strap of Nicole's dress and places it back up on her shoulder.

NICOLE
--says I need help.

KAVIKA
Is he short, drives a sports car,
and pops virility vitamins before
he works out?

NICOLE
You know him?

Kavika laughs.

KAVIKA
Audrey filled me in, and from what
I can see, he needs help.

NICOLE
You guys, it's like your eyeballs
are directly attached to your
testicles and from there the
connection meanders up to your...

She fixes her eyes on his...

NICOLE
Chest and eventually just fizzles
out.

Kavika backs up, leans up against the counter.

KAVIKA
I think a woman's brain is sexy.

Nicole LAUGHS OUT LOUD.

NICOLE
If that isn't a line of--

KAVIKA
Seriously, if we can't talk till
the sun comes up, it's just not
gonna work.

EXT. POOL-SIDE - SUNRISE

The party is over, everyone is gone. Kavika is sprawled out
on a chaise lounge, Nicole rubs his huge bicep.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Nicole sits on the floor next to him dozing in and out of
consciousness, her hand on his bicep. It's obvious no one got
lucky.

NICOLE
And then he sent a text that he
wasn't coming back. That was it.

Kavika SNORES. He's completely out.

Suddenly horrified and ashamed, Nicole picks up her bag and shoes and tip-toes away.

NICOLE
I need help.

MUSIC CUE: "Tracks Of My Tears" - Linda Ronstadt.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Nicole picks through the "hanging" laundry and quick changes out of her sexy cocktail dress.

Hattie walks in sleepy eyed to grab some clothes.

HATTIE
Did you have sex?

NICOLE
(startled)
Ohmygod!

HATTIE
Just asking.

As she's shimmying into jeans, Nicole's CELL RINGS!

It's, "KEN HART."

NICOLE
Ken, hi... Yes...Great, I'm really good.

She sniffs her pits.

Hattie holds up three fingers...

HATTIE
(whisper)
Carol's coming at three for Gramps.

NICOLE
I'm totally on it. I've got three of the ten cards in the bag... Yup, real heart squeezers...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

She opens the refrigerator, grabs a Vitamin Water.

Zeke sits at the kitchen counter writing furiously in a notebook.

NICOLE
 (into the phone)
 Full presentation? Sure... Piece of
 cake, it's practically a wrap.

She puts her phone down on the counter as Ken continues to
 talk.

ZEKE
 You don't have any done, do you?

NICOLE
 I have stuff simmering inside...
 It's coming, I can feel it.

ZEKE
 Sounds like a BM.

Nicole takes a sip of her sports drink, ponders this.

NICOLE
 Yeah, maybe.

She picks the phone back up, Ken is still talking.

NICOLE
 Yes, I'll be in touch.

Carol and Jack walk in wearing robes.

NICOLE
 God, no. Please.

She puts her hands over her ears and shuts her eyes.

CAROL	NICOLE
Dad had a nice little sponge bath and now were gonna have--	La la la la la. I have stuff to do. I'm leaving.

CAROL
 ... some breakfast.

ZEKE
 There's burnt french toast on the
 stove.

CAROL
 Lovely, we'll have a bite while
 your Mom goes out and finds her
 soul.

EXT. FUNKY BUILDING - DAY

SUPER: DAY ONE: "MY MILKSHAKE BRINGS ALL THE EMOTIONALLY DYSFUNCTIONAL NARCISSISTS TO THE YARD.""

Nicole stares at a lone Lavender door.

Her cell RINGS! "AMIGA"

She paces the sidewalk.

INTERCUT

INT. GYM - DAY

She's on the Pec machine with barely any weight on it, her phone on speaker stuffed in her sports bra.

AUDREY

So... how did it go with Kavika?

NICOLE

Sorry to disappoint.

AUDREY

Such a waste, he was guaranteed to lick every single one of your wounds.

Audrey cocks an eyebrow at a NOSEY PATRON waiting for the machine.

AUDREY

You're having a Gorilla Coffee without me, aren't you?

Nicole looks at her cup of Gorilla Coffee.

NICOLE

I would never do that!

AUDREY

Have you heard from Satan?

NICOLE

Stop asking me that. He's not calling. Ever.

AUDREY

Just wondering if he's found his soul yet.

NICOLE

What is all this about lost souls?
It's just a break up with a lousy
guy. It's nothing I can't get
through.

AUDREY

Where are you?

Nicole glances at the Lavender door.

NICOLE

I'm at the Salon getting a
Pedicure.

She takes a sip of her coffee.

AUDREY

You had a pedicure yesterday.

NICOLE

Can I call you back? It's my turn.

INT. LAVENDER ROOM - DAY

Butterflies everywhere, hanging from the ceiling, on the
stained glass windows, on top of cupcakes, in the salad.

Nicole pours a crap load of sugar into her coffee as she
takes in the room. SEVERAL PEOPLE sit in a circle on the
floor. There's something cold and detached about this group,
and yet there is symbiosis. No one is talking, but they are
all communicating something...

A MAN holding a half eaten butterfly cookie smiles and nudges
her to take a seat in the circle.

Nicole picks a spot between the cookie eating man and someone
sitting cross legged in Lotus, hands in prayer position.

Across the room is BRIDGET, 39, purpley hair. She wears a
Butterfly T-shirt with something she can't all the way make
out.

She sees Nicole, waves her in then hits a small GONG.

The SOUND REVERBERATES for several seconds. Everyone closes
their eyes and takes in deep cleansing breaths.

Nicole peeks uncomfortably around the circle through one eye.

BRIDGET
May our transformations orient us
in new directions and to new levels
of effectiveness.

EVERYONE
Freedom through transformation.

Everyone lifts their heads as if out of a trance.

BRIDGET
Nice... Today we welcome?

All eyes on Nicole. She eeks out her name.

NICOLE
Nicole.

EVERYONE
We acknowledge you Sister Nicole.

She wants to dart out of this creepy cult.

NICOLE
Thank you, um... It's nice to be
acknowledged?

BRIDGET
We're big on validation. It may
take you a while, but you will come
to enjoy it.

Nicole chuckles nervously.

BRIDGET
Since this is your first day with
us here at The Lavender Room, we
have a welcome gift.

Bridget digs around in a funky tie-dyed bag and holds up a
tie-dyed Butterfly T-shirt, like the one she's wearing, with
the words: "FUCK EM' - TRANSFORM!!"

NICOLE
That's so... special.

STEPHIE, 33, Botox and boobs, holds a box of tissues, raises
her hand.

BRIDGET
Stephie.

Stephie sits up straight, adjusts her clothing, swipes her
hair back, then...

STEPHIE
 (to Nicole)
 The only way to stop a narc from
 hurting you...

She can barely get the words out.

STEPHIE
 ...is to have no contact.

Nicole blurts out a laugh, then contains herself. Eyeballs
 shift to her.

NICOLE
 Sorry. I'm okay. Just a nervous
 thing I do.

Stephie continues...

STEPHIE
 Today is day 23... I wrote a poem.

Bridget nods, *go ahead*.

Stephie takes a slip of paper out of her pocket.

STEPHIE
 (stilted)
 We both loved you.
 You spoke ugly rejection through
 your silence.
 I buried you alive and laughed
 while you screamed to death and
 choked on dirt.

Nicole busts out into uncontrollable hysterical laughter. She
 has everyone's attention now.

NICOLE
 I don't know why I find that so...

She can't stop laughing.

VINCENT, 46, distinguished euro-centric, stands.

VINCENT
 Bravo!! Bravo!! "Life is a comedy
 to those who think, a tragedy to
 those who feel."

He pulls his hands to his heart.

VINCENT

ne puis-je savoir si j'aime, ou si
je haïs?

(English subtitles)

Can I not know if I like or if I
hate.

JASMINE, 57, silvering hair, glasses, English accent,
fidgets with a tiny knitting project.

JASMINE

(to Nicole)

Even when they're gone, they're not
gone... Everywhere you look, you
see the shitty prick.

She puts her knitting on her lap.

JASMINE

You see the "fuk-wad" in the
smallest most insignificant things,
like in a tube of toothpaste.
You'll see how he would just grip
the tube and squeeze it and leave
it on the counter mangled and
dented the way a child would,
exactly the way he would leave
you...

Nicole shifts in her seat.

JASMINE

And you'll want to call him and
tell him how you hope and pray he
suffers the pain

She stabs at the air with her knitting needle.

JASMINE

of a thousand horrible deaths every
day of his pathetic life.

Vincent jumps in.

VINCENT

(to Nicole)

But you can't. Because in your
heart and in your head, the abuser
is dead. You have to make him or
her dead. You have to bury them
alive.

He gestures toward Stephie and her glossed over emotionless
face.

NICOLE
Oh, believe me. I'm done.

Everyone looks at her with deep empathy.

NICOLE
Really... I'm fine.

CHARLES the butterfly cookie eating guy, offers her a cookie.

EXT. LAVENDER ROOM - DAY

The sun shines too bright. Nicole looks around, lost, aimless. What do I do now? She wanders down the street eating her cookie and finds herself meandering into a...

EXT./INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

An ATTENDANT walking by with a stack of books pauses.

ATTENDANT
May I help you find something?

NICOLE
Just... passing time, thanks.

ATTENDANT
If you need any help--

NICOLE
--I'll ask.

ATTENDANT
Sure. Okay...

Nicole ends up at the "Self Help" section. She looks around to see if she's free to peruse the "Narcissist/Codependent" shelf.

She pulls out a book. On the cover sits a grown man in a diaper with a binky in his mouth holding a teddy bear. The Title reads: "You Can Do Better."

She pulls another out, it reads, "Ditch The Deadbeat."

IN A SHORT BIT

Nicole sits on the floor surrounded by books, weeping. The Attendant sets a cup of tea and a box of tissue down next to her.

Nicole looks at her, tears streaming all down her face, bless you.

AT THE CASHIER DESK

The Attendant bags a stack of books... She runs around the counter, gives Nicole a hug.

EXT./INT. FOYER - DAY

Nicole walks into a quiet house and into the...

FOYER

She sees Carol knocked out on a Lazy Boy with a trashy gossip magazine. Jack is knocked out in another chair.

Carol wakes, motions that she's leaving.

NICOLE
(quietly)
Thank you.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

She sets down her bag, glances at her computer, turns away.
Not today.

She gets up and moves around the room, not knowing what to do with herself. She takes a slinky thing out of the closet, puts it up against her.

She folds it in half, falls to the floor with the deepest of pain.

LATER

She wakes on the floor, hair in her mascara streaked face.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Still a mess, Nicole pours sloppy margaritas while Audrey soaks in the sun on a chaise beside her.

NICOLE
I don't want to end up a screaming
pink vagina head.

AUDREY

What?

NICOLE

I don't want to end up a man-hater,
like the women who compare periods
to erections and want to blow up
the White House.

AUDREY

Yeah, that's not sexy.

Nicole hands a margarita to Audrey.

NICOLE

There's all this stuff, memories
attached to things. He had such
good taste.

AUDREY

He did have good taste... Do you
think he was gay?

NICOLE

He left me for another woman.

Hearing herself say this hits her in her gut.

AUDREY

It could be a cover. Maybe deep
down inside he hates women because
he wants to be one. And so this
whole cheating thing is a masque, a
distraction for what's really
tormenting him inside.

NICOLE

You watch too much reality TV.

She walks across the patio to...

INT. BUNGALOW - DAY

It's a workout room slash man-cave. A fake statue of David
sits in the corner.

OUTSIDE

Nicole pushes the statue of David into the unfinished pool
making a big CRASH!

Audrey jumps up from her sleep.

NICOLE
Are you helping me?

She walks into the..

POOL BUNGALOW/MAN-CAVE

Nicole begins to dismantle his kingdom. Audrey follows.

AUDREY
The dam has broken... You're gonna
do the whole healthy, "I'm gonna
come out stronger" grieving thing,
aren't you?

NICOLE
(breathless)
I just need every single thing that
reminds me of him out of this
house.

AUDREY
I don't know, Nic. I don't know if
I can do this.

Nicole continues to pile stuff up.

Audrey sits on a Thigh Master and pumps away.

AUDREY
Fine... You're at the "Anger"
stage. Camp there for a while then
move straight into "Acceptance."
The "Bargaining" and "Depression"
stages are humiliating and self
defeating.

NICOLE
But I'm so good at humiliation and
beating myself up for other
people's crimes.

Straining to push her thighs together.

AUDREY
Can I keep this?

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks around the room disoriented.

NICOLE
It's okay Dad. Everything's fine.

She leads him back to his chair. Audrey puts his Fedora back on his head, places a cereal box in his lap.

Nicole puts a DVD in a player, hits "RESUME" - It's "HAIRSPRAY".

NICOLE
Your favorite, Dad.

Jack is already glued to the TV.

MONTAGE:

BATHROOM - She digs through cupboards, dumping stuff into a Hefty bag.

DINING ROOM - A Van Gogh print, "Almond Branches in Bloom" is a hard one... Audrey pries it out of Nicole's arms.

BUNGALOW - They drag out a couple of super heavy dumbbells, and 45lb. plates.

Back and forth through the house they go until they ends up at the Wine Rack. She holds up an uber expensive bottle of imported wine.

NICOLE
Good timing.

Audrey cracks it open and takes swigs.

FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack is still fixed on the TV.

BEDROOM

Nicole fixes her gaze on the wall mounted TV. Anger wells up.

She pulls a chair over to the wall and struggles to pull the TV down. She literally hangs from the TV.

Audrey exhausted and fully drunk falls into a chair.

NICOLE
We couldn't watch regular TV. We had to watch Cupcake Wars and the Science Channel.

AUDREY
Oh, Honey. I'm, sorry.

NICOLE
He made me watch fucking mold grow.

CRASH!

AUDREY
Just breathe, okay?

Nic pulls herself out from under the TV, kicks it away from her.

NICOLE
I hate him for this!!

AUDREY
Channing Tatum and thick chocolate brownies do it for me, but now you have no TV. No TV, no Channing Tatum.

The DOOR BELL RINGS!

NICOLE
Of course, someone's here to barge in on my breakdown!!

AUDREY
Don't you dare open that door without lipstick!!

EXT. PORCH - DAY

A GUY in jeans and a Polo Shirt rings the door bell again when

NICOLE (O.S.)
I'm coming!!

INSIDE Nicole sways toward the door.

PORCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS

It's MATEO, the contractor who built the pool/memory coffin. His affectionate smile doesn't penetrate Nicole's "WTF do you want" mood.

He searches his paperwork for a name.

GUY
Mrs. Grayson?

MATEO
I thought maybe I had the wrong
day.

She looks like she just went ten rounds with a Baboon. But
with bright pink lips.

NICOLE
For what exactly?

MATEO
To finish your pool?

NICOLE
HA! You definitely have the wrong
day.

He's for sure in love.

MATEO
We have you on the schedule for
today.

Mateo turns his phone to face her. She squints and reads.

NICOLE
Hmph

MATEO
I have a crew ready to go, but we
can reschedule. Are you sure you're
okay?

She looks over his shoulder at TWO GUYS who are helping
Audrey put the Thigh Master and the Van Gogh into her SUV.

NICOLE
I have new plans for the pool.

INT. NICOLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The TWO GUYS carry Nicole's bed out...

EXT. POOL - DAY

Nicole, Mateo and the Two Guys stand at the edge of the pool
staring down at the bed, the gym equipment, and three fourths
of the household.

MATEO
You're sure you want to do this?

NICOLE
Keep going.

EXT. POOL - DAY

BEEP BEEP BEEP!!

Mateo backs a dump truck full of dirt up to the pool. Nicole stands nearby with a lump in her throat.

Mateo starts to work the gears, then...

MATEO
(over the noise)
Jump in!

NICOLE
What?

MATEO
I just thought you might wan--

She struggles up on his side (the only available way to get in) and climbs over him.

Jack shuffles out to see what's all the commotion.

Audrey shows up just in time for--

MATEO
When I say "go", move this shift
in. It will tilt the box.

Adrenaline threatens to bust open her veins.

NICOLE
Go.

Mateo maneuvers a few controls.

The ENGINE REVS. A series of BEEPS and SOUNDS.

MATEO
Okay, now!

Nicole pushes the lever and the box tilts down. Dirt falls, the bed and stuff disappear...

Audrey freezes in disbelief.

AUDREY

Wow.

Jack waves his box of cereal in the air like he just won the World Championship title.

Nicole bangs the dash and lays her head back in a final display of relief.

INT. NICOLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nicole puts a pillow case on a throw pillow, sets it on a single blow up bed. A stack of recovery books in arm's reach. Her untouched desk remains in the corner of the large, empty room.

She picks up a butterfly napkin from The Lavender Room and tacks it onto the wall with the sole of a sexy shoe.

HATTIE (O.S.)

I love the shit out of this room.

Nicole turns.

NICOLE

I had sort of an epiphany today and this is the result.

She opens her arms to the bare space.

HATTIE

I never liked him.

NICOLE

I didn't know that.

HATTIE

I just wanted you to be happy.

Nicole nods, studies her daughter for a beat. She chokes back emotion, but it's too much to contain.

NICOLE

That's all I ever wanted for you and Zeke, but I can't seem to get it right.

HATTIE

If he didn't want you, Mom, he didn't want love... I ordered pizza.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

There's practically nothing left in the kitchen.

An open pizza box sits in the center of the small table and everyone with their various chairs cram around it.

Hattie sits in a grungy hand painted garage sale desk chair with the words "I SHIT ON MEDIOCRITY" painted on it.

Zeke rotates in a Magis Spin chair (look it up, you need this image) while he eats.

Nicole sits in a Pilates chair fully enjoying her cheesy slice.

Jack sits in a cheap fold up beach chair, his face level with the card table. He struggles to cut his pizza with a fork.

Hattie politely takes the fork from him, chucks it across the room into the sink like a ninja knife thrower, and puts the pizza in his hand.

EXT. POOL - NIGHT

Nicole and Zeke lay on the heap of dirt that was once the pool, looking up at the dark night.

Nicole wipes a tear.

NICOLE

They just come out... I think I'm done, but nope, there's more... Maybe I am crazy. All this is crazy, right?

ZEKE

Maybe you're badass.

NICOLE

Bad as in a bad-mamma-jamma?

ZEKE

See? Who else relates everything to classic seventies music.

NICOLE

So you don't think I'm cray-cray?

ZEKE

I think you're half court swish in double overtime kind of crazy.

Everything stops for half a second
then swoosh!! It's in, we win by a
hail Mary!!

Nicole and Zeke CHEER LIKE A CROWD OF SPECTATORS!!

NICOLE

I was so proud of you that day...
You were pouting, remember? You had
your back facing the court because
the coach took you out.

ZEKE

You told me to turn around and keep
my head in the game. As soon as I
did, coach called me back in...
Thanks, by the way.

NICOLE

For what?

ZEKE

For telling me to get my head back
in the game.

They reflect in the silence for a beat.

NICOLE

How's your novel coming?

ZEKE

I'm letting my characters stretch
and breathe.

NICOLE

You're stuck too.

ZEKE

Pretty much.

Hattie walks up.

ZEKE

Pull up some dirt.

She lays down next to Nicole, they stare into the sky.

HATTIE

What are we staring at?

ZEKE

You have to be very still and
focus.

Hattie searches the dark sky.

HATTIE
What am I focusing on.

ZEKE
Come on, Hat. It's right in front
of you.

NICOLE
It's so perfect.

HATTIE
What are you seeing?

ZEKE
The splendor of nothingness.

INT. NICOLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nicole sets a cup of tea down on her make-shift night stand, lights a candle, fluffs her crap pillow and funky spare comforter, and settles in to read, "People of The Lie" by M.Scott Peck, M.D.

NICOLE
(reading intro aloud)
Handle with care. This is a
dangerous book?

She settles in and begins to read...

SMOKE!!

She hears a SCREAM!

She struggles to get off the air mattress, rushes down the...

HALLWAY and into the...

FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The fire sprinklers spray water everywhere and the front door is open.

Hattie shields a stack of books and photos in her arms. She yanks down a curtain still sparkling with live fire.

Nicole takes the curtain, stomps it out.

A smoking pipe lays on the burnt carpet near the burnt curtains.

SIRENS!!

Something EXPLODES!!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jack shuffles down the street in his robe, diaper, and tennis shoes, no socks.

FIRE TRUCKS and SIRENS fly by him.

EXT. NICOLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nicole, Hattie, and Zeke are scurried away as FIREFIGHTERS work. Nicole is frantic, a POLICE OFFICER tries to calm her.

She pushes past him calling out frantically for Jack.

NICOLE

Dad!!

EXT. CAROL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nicole runs up the driveway just as Carol is walking out in her robe to see what the commotion is.

NICOLE

Dad's not with you?

CAROL

What's going on?

Nicole turns and runs back toward the street, stops a police car. A FEMALE OFFICER gets out.

NICOLE

You have to help me.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Jack leans over an ice cream freezer, picks out an ice cream sandwich. He walks over to the counter. The CLERK recognizes him.

CLERK

Hey Champ.

Jack checks his robe for his wallet. There is none.

It's obvious he's wandering.

CLERK
It's on me tonight, Champ.

Jack focuses on unwrapping his ice cream.

CLERK
Hey, Champ, why don't you hang with me?

He points to a little TV on the counter, offers Jack his stool.

ON THE SCREEN - CHICO AND THE MAN - JOSE FELICIANO - "Light My Fire"

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Hattie squints as she scours the streets in the dark. Zeke looks out the passenger window.

ZEKE
You're swerving. Just focus on the road, I'll look for him.

HATTIE
Maybe you could get your license and you can drive next time our house is on fire and we lose Gramps.

They come up on the liquor store, pass right by it.

ZEKE
Maybe you could try not to get us arrested for reckless endangerment of humans.

He's the white knuckler of white knucklers.

HATTIE
Driving's not scary, Zeke. You just stay in your lane and you're gold.

ZEKE
I don't trust other drivers.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Nicole sits with her face in her hands, Carol by her side.

NICOLE
I can't do it. I can't just put him
in a home.

Carol pats Nicole's back.

CAROL
He's just misplaced himself.

A POLICE OFFICER gets up from behind the desk and walks over to Nicole and Carol.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A police car rolls up with Jack in the back seat.

EXT. NICOLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Firefighters wrap up hoses and get ready to leave. A FIREMAN approaches Nicole.

Carol helps Jack out of the car and walks him toward her home a few doors down.

FIREMAN
Fire's all the way out, but you'll
have to find somewhere to stay
tonight.

INT. CAROL'S LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM

Jack is knocked out on the couch. Carol covers him with a blanket. She walks into the...

DINING ROOM

Where Nicole and Audrey sit at a small table. Carol whisks by.

CAROL
Hold your secrets girls, Momma's
got a remedy.

Nicole looks defeated.

NICOLE
It was good of you to come.

AUDREY

I couldn't sleep and thought, hell,
why not just go over to Nic's and
cry over her shitty life.

Carol runs back in with Fireball and tumblers.

THREE SHOTS LATER

NICOLE

I should have been knitting in the
LazyBoy with Dad, or writing my
Your Love Is cards.

Audrey picks a pistachio nut out of a bowl, pries it open.

AUDREY

If you ever find me knitting in a
LazyBoy, I need you to kill me
immediately.

She puts out her pinky for a promise.

NICOLE

I'll feed you red pills and Ginger
Ale and we'll snuggle till you
croak.

AUDREY

(In her best Boston accent)
Abby Donovan is my fuckin' hero!!
When she's sitting out in the back
of the bar with Terry smoking the
hell out of her last cigarette all
skinny and bald.

NICOLE

But she would have lived if she had
just had the operation.

AUDREY

It was about her dignity.

Out of left field...

CAROL

Love is a set up.

Audrey and Nicole turn to her like - "What?"

Audrey pours another round, lifts her shot glass.

AUDREY
 (Abby's Boston accent)
 Love is a fuckin' set up.

Nicole and Carol lift their shot glasses.

NICOLE
 Love is a set up!

CAROL
 Love is a mother fuckin' set
 up!

The three of them laugh hysterically at their drunkenness.

NICOLE
 I always thought you had the
 perfect marriage.

CAROL
 Ed was a sadist.

NICOLE
 Really? Ed was mean?

CAROL
 And stealth... I didn't know what
 was happening to me. It felt like
 everything in and about me was
 being ripped out and torn apart.
 Eventually I became so numb, I felt
 nothing. After a time, he just did
 his thing and I did mine. And then
 he died and it was over.

NICOLE
 That's so sad.

AUDREY
 And look at you now, Carol. You're
 spirited and happy with the
 sweetest man who ever lived as a
 companion.

They all look over at Jack passed out on the couch. Nicole
 laughs through her tears.

Carol smiles with affection.

NICOLE
 You're good to him.

CAROL
 What you see is what you get with
 Jack. There's just love minus the
 bullshit.

They ponder this for a beat.

CAROL

And he can still... You know...

Nicole and Audrey look at each other: "Oh no she diin't!!"

They all loose it.

CAROL

Jack's been my neighbor for fifty-three years. He's a good man.

She looks at Nicole seriously.

CAROL

He wouldn't give up on your Mom. He did everything he could to help her.

An awkward somberness fills the air. Nicole's face turns cold.

CAROL

I'm sorry honey, I didn't mean--

Nicole waves it off.

CAROL

She was sick. She--

NICOLE

She was damaged? Broken? I spent most of my life making excuses for her.

AUDREY

I knew it. You don't have Daddy issues. You have Mommy Fucking Dearest issues. Me, I'm the one with the Daddy issues. Daddy don't leave, Daddy, that hurts, Daddy don't, please, don't...

Nicole and Carol are shocked, saddened.

NICOLE

Audrey--

Audrey pulls it together.

AUDREY

I read somewhere that female animals kill their babies for practical reasons, like they just don't have the resources to raise them. Then they eat them for nourishment and so no predators will come around for the carcass.

NICOLE

That's so...

She can't wrap her drunk head around all that.

AUDREY

But the males... they kill for control and power.

CAROL

I don't see the difference.

Nicole picks up her shot glass, pours a shot, lifts it up. Carol and Audrey lift their glasses.

NICOLE

To survivors of the animal kingdom and to...

She struggles to stand straight. A wobbly Audrey and Carol try to help her stand. They all fall in their hysterics.

Laughing and crying on the floor.

INT. CAROL'S LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM - DAY

Nicole, Audrey, Hattie, and Zeke are sprawled out all over the living room with blankets and pillows. Jack sits at the dining room table eating biscuits and gravy.

Carol walks in with two Bloody Marys, stands above Nicole and Audrey, nudges them with her foot.

EXT. NICOLE'S BURNT HOUSE - DAY

Nicole, holding her Bloody Mary, Audrey, Carol, Jack, Hattie and Zeke stand in front of the burnt house.

AUDREY

(to Nicole)

Still got that - eh-hem - adorable contractor's number?

Nicole looks at Audrey like, "Don't you ever stop?"

INT. NICOLE'S FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Mateo walks through the room, surveys the damage. He walks through to the...

KITCHEN where it looks like a meteor hit.

Nicole waits for him to say something.

NICOLE
What do you think?

MATEO
I think you need to rebuild.

NICOLE
The whole house?

MATEO
I'd say roughly half. This room is an extension of the original, but it's butted up against the kitchen and that room over there.

INT. NICOLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

One wall is burnt through pretty bad.

Mateo glances over Nicole's pathetic little blow up bed and stack of recovery books.

NICOLE
I haven't had time to--

MATEO
They make those in Queen.

Nicole flushes at his easiness...

He pounds on a wall. It caves in.

MATEO
I'll put an estimate together. In the meantime, start picking out colors.

DAY CARE/INT. CAR - GREY/DRIZZLY MORNING

Nicole and Jack stare at the entrance.

NICOLE
What do you think, Dad?

Jack turns away.

NICOLE
If you don't, you'll have to hang
out with me, and I can say with all
certainty I'm struggling to be a
good human today.

Jack shifts in his seat.

NICOLE
Seriously, Dad, you're gonna pull a
power trip on me today of all days?

She leans her head back in defeat.

NICOLE
I can't do this, Dad. I wasn't made
to do this.

JACK
(he searches his brain,
forces the word out)
Okay.

Jack fiddles and fumbles to open the car door and struggles
to get out. Determined to get away from Nicole, he shuffles
toward the facility.

NICOLE
Shit.

Nicole gets out of the car and follows him.

INT. SENIOR DAY CARE

Nicole signs papers and gives them to William.

In the b.g. Jack sits at a table. A CARETAKER encourages him
to help her with a puzzle, but Jack isn't having it.

WILLIAM
He's gonna be fine.

Nicole pushes down the threat of sadness.

INT. NICOLE'S CAR - DAY

Nicole drives... somewhere, anywhere... Tears stream so that she can barely see.

CELL PHONE RINGS ON BLUE TOOTH - "Ken Hart"

She hits REJECT.

THE LAVENDER ROOM - DAY

On a schoolhouse chalk board are the words, "Who are you?"

BRIDGET (O.S.)

When we know who we are, when we're operating from our most authentic self, we naturally move forward into the life that facilitates our greatest need.

Nicole sits in the quiet circle, pale, unmoved.

BRIDGET

Our goal is to articulate the answer to this vital question, Who are you? This is essential to our healing and our growth. Given this-

NICOLE

(panicky meltdown, blurts out)

I don't know anymore. This isn't me. I don't know this angry, depressed, unmotivated person who's life is a catastrophe and who sits at the stop sign waiting for the light to turn green so I can move. A light that's never going to turn green because it's not a light, it's a stop sign!

JASMINE

Halle-fukin-lujah!!

Vincent points at Nicole with exuberance.

VINCENT

It's a stop sign. We wait for the coast is clear, then we take off in the direction we want to go, when we want to go, how we want to go. We don't wait for magic little light to turn green.

We don't wait for some asshole to yell at us to go!!

It's an "aha" moment in the room.

JASMINE

Bullshit. She has PTSD from the mangy scoundrel.

She looks directly at Nicole.

JASMINE

You're a trainwreck because that's what loving a rotten, selfish, psychopathic demon devil does. And if it could it would have you jumping off a cliff into the sea.

Charles, the cookie eater, dunks a biscotti into his coffee.

STEPHIE

It's not their fault, they're damaged people.

Jasmine fake spits into the air.

BRIDGET

That's right, Stephie, they are damaged, and it's not our job to fix them... We have enough work to do on ourselves.

Stephie nods in agreement.

Bridget takes a deep and dramatic breath. She turns to Nicole.

BRIDGET

Healing is a process... It's more than just getting over someone.

Nicole gets up and paces the room, holds out her hand to show that it's shaking.

NICOLE

How did I let him do this to me?

Nicole breaks.

NICOLE

I feel everything... All of it.

Bridget takes Nicole's hands and lifts them up palms together with hers. She slowly separates so that it's just Nicole's hands in the air.

BRIDGET
Sister, you are loved.

Bridget looks to the others. One by one, they get up and make a circle around Nicole and put their hands up, palms out so that everyone's palms are touching.

EVERYONE
You are loved, you are love, you
are light. You are loved, you are
love, you are light. You are light
at the center of love...
(softer)
You are loved, you are love, you
are light. You are light at the
center of love.

BRIDGET
Imagine yourself safe, happy,
whole... Where are you?

INSERT - Nicole wrapped in the arms of a sexy hunk...

NICOLE (V.O.)
(in Abby Donovan's voice)
You neva learn, do ya?

She shakes that image away to make room for...

INSERT - Nicole zip lining through the Amazon.

NICOLE (V.O.)
(Abby Donovan)
Are you kidding? You'd shit yaself.

INSERT - Nicole's hand, steady... a butterfly backlit with rays of warm sunlight sits on her finger. In the far depth is what looks like trees and flowers. Nicole's bare toes walk on soft vibrant green grass...

NICOLE
(Abby Donovan)
Now we're talkin'.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Nicole pushes a cart briskly through the paint isle, loads it with cans of colorful paint and various brushes. Audrey scopes out prospective mates.

NICOLE

Did you know that narcissistic personality disorder is a maldevelopment of the brain?

AUDREY

You mean like, brain damage?

NICOLE

More like the brain is mal-programmed when people are exposed to trauma.

Audrey smiles at a handsome guy shopping light fixtures.

NICOLE

Something is set into motion and it basically jacks up your personality for the rest of your life.

Audrey nudges Nicole to check him out.

Nicole pushes past his perfect everything.

NICOLE

Sociopaths have smaller brains and somehow their ability to process emotion is compromised so they have attachment issues etcetera etcetera... And this I found very interesting, they're big risk takers. They don't think about consequences.

AUDREY

Like STD's and bankruptcy?

Nicole picks up a plant and adds it to her cart.

NICOLE

Exactly!! They act on impulse, and most of them are addicts of some sort. I mean, it explains everything... the disconnecting, the control issues, the obsessive porn and dating sites.

Audrey yawns.

NICOLE

Right?! That's exactly how I feel.

She picks up a book, "The Butterfly Garden."

NICOLE
What do you think about a Butterfly
Garden?

AUDREY
I think that would be really
beautiful and nurturing.

NICOLE
Yeah, me too.

She tosses the book into the basket.

Nicole gets in line at the cashier.

An impatient, GRIMY GUY with a toilet plunger and a snake
stares at Nicole's loaded cart.

Audrey smiles at him, begins unloading the cart. Nicole
helps.

A CLERK scans her goods.

NICOLE
In a weird way, I have more peace
knowing all of this.

AUDREY
That his abuse is excusable because
he has a small brain, or that
you're a saint for loving him?

NICOLE
Something like that. I know it all
sounds absurd.

Nicole inserts her card to pay.

The Clerk smiles.

CLERK
Do you have another card? Says
declined.

NICOLE
What do you mean?

Grimy Guy smirks.

CLERK
It's probably a glitch, but you
should call your bank.

Audrey hands him a card, glares at Grimy Guy.

AUDREY
This guys got shit to take care of,
let's go.

EXT. HOME DEPOT/FOOD CART - DAY

Audrey splits a hamburger in half, hands it to Nicole, they push the cart toward the car.

AUDREY
Your tiny brained ex has big balls
cancelling your cards.

NICOLE
Thanks for saving the day.

Audrey yanks Nicole behind a car, pulls the cart in too.

It's Parkerr with her. They're laughing and totally into each other.

Nicole can't breathe. She can't move. A CAR HONKS! Wants to park where they're hiding.

They jump, hurry and push the cart behind another car. They peer at Parker and "her."

NICOLE
She's young and thin and beautiful.

AUDREY
But she's not you. He won't figure
it out till it's too late. That's
how it works. Little fucker. I hope
he has a small pecker and they
spend all their time trying to find
it.

AT NICOLE'S CAR

Audrey helps Nicole unload the basket into the car.

AUDREY
See you tonight. Casa de burnt down
house?

NICOLE
Maybe bring those brownies.

MUSIC CUE: "I'd Rather Go Blind" by Beth Hart/Billy Holiday cover.

INT. NICOLE'S CAR - DAY

Blinding tears as she drives home.

Her CELL RINGS THROUGH BLUE TOOTH - "ZEKE"

She chokes back the tears.

NICOLE

Hey babe.

ZEKE

We're having a movie night at Carol's. I got Die Hard.

NICOLE

(teary)

That's beautiful, honey.

ZEKE

Beautiful? It's about a hostile take over, a bloody fight to save the world.

NICOLE

(Holding back emotion)

It's a love story.

ZEKE

If you say so, I thought Gramps would like it.

NICOLE

Gramps!! I forgot!

INTERCUT

INT. CAR - DAY

Zeke drives while Jack sits shotgun with Zeke's sunglasses on. "Blueberry Hill" - Fats Domino plays on the radio.

ZEKE

Carol and I got Gramps.

Carol holds Jack's hand through the back seat.

CAROL

Turn on your signal, you got a right turn coming up.

BACK TO SCENE

Nicole's PHONE RINGS: "Ken Hart." She let's it ring, then...

NICOLE

(to Zeke)

Be safe, babe. Gotta go. See you at home.

She answers Ken's call.

NICOLE

(to Ken)

Ken, hey. I've been meaning to call you. I was thinking maybe you should get your grandma to write the "Your Love Is" cards. Because.

(belts out the lyrics)

I'm all out of love, I'm so lost without you. I know you were right, believing for so long. I'm all out of love, what am I without you. I can't be too late to say that I was so wrong.

INT. NICOLE'S FOYER - NIGHT

Nicole uses a flashlight to navigate through the house. She flips a switch, but no electricity.

INT. NICOLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nicole lights a few candles.

She lays out a tarp, butts it up against the wall to protect the floor. She sets up a row of paint, opens the cans to reveal several bright colors. She chooses a paint brush from a stack and squares up with a blank wall.

She pushes some buttons on her phone, and blue tooth surround sound blasts: *I'd Rather Go Blind* - Etta James

She picks a brush and a can of paint, stands back and takes in her wall/canvas for a beat.

Etta James belts out - "Something told me it was over when I saw you with that girl and you all were talking..."

She takes the can of teal blue and throws it at the wall.

Breakthrough!!

She SQUEALS with something that sounds powerful and free.
She takes another shade of blue and throws it at the wall.
More SHOUTS of delight!!
She goes to pick up another can of paint, turns toward the wall to throw it when...
Mateo stands in the doorway.
She pulls the can to her chest. Paint spills over her...

NICOLE
Shit...

MATEO
I left my phone here, heard the music and...

NICOLE
I was just... Testing some colors.

MATEO
I see that.

She straightens her back, pushes hair out of her face with a paint drenched hand.

NICOLE
I'm loving the blues... reminds me of the ocean.

He takes in the wall.

MATEO
I agree...

NICOLE
I'm thinking cool colors throughout.

MATEO
Can't go wrong with cool.

Nicole sets the can down, wipes her hands on her jeans.

NICOLE
You have a keen ability to show up right smack in the middle of my most crucial, soul defining moments?

Mateo LAUGHS, moves toward her.

NICOLE

Nope. You stay right there. You look entirely too dangerous to be any closer to me than that.

Mateo stops.

MATEO

Your window is open and letting in the rain.

Embarrassed, Nicole puts her hand on her forehead. She looks up at him with a new handprint on her face.

He tries not to notice, but he can't stop smiling.

NICOLE

What?

He moves closer.

MATEO

Just trust me for a second.

He takes her by the hips, pushes her back until she is up against the wall... they're eye to eye. He takes both of her hands up over her head so that her arms make a "Y" - he spreads her fingers.

MATEO

Don't move.

Are you kidding, I can't even breathe.

He takes a paint brush handle and carves out the line of her body, up and around each curve, each angle.

Nicole flushes, laughs nervously.

NICOLE

This feels very personal.

MATEO

It is.

He finishes the outline.

MATEO

Okay.

He pulls her toward him and away from the wall.

She prepares herself for a kiss, when Mateo turns her around.

The outline of Nicole raising her hands in total abandoned freedom stance takes her breath away.

NICOLE
That's amazing.

MATEO
It's just the beginning.

MUSIC CUE: "Weight of The World" by Marc Broussard

He picks up a paint brush and a can of paint, hands it to her, then picks up a brush and a can for himself.

INSERT - a brush, a stroke, sweat, a look, a laugh, a swig of water, then...

Mateo's sweaty shirt falls to the ground.

NICOLE (O.S.)
You're amazing at this.

MATEO (O.S.)
You're pretty damn good yourself.

NICOLE
It's exactly how I'd imagined it would be.

MATEO
We're a pretty good team.

OPEN UP TO - Nicole and Mateo standing in front of the mural. It's the image of Nicole's body, like an angel, no face, no details. More like a Spirit standing in a garden of light and flowers and butterflies. Rays of sunlight shine through the blue sky (the original colors she splashed in anguish). It's truly a spectacular sight.

She backs up, slips on a paint brush. She grabs onto Mateo for stability, and takes him down for the fall.

A-a-and she's on top of him.

Game over, he has to kiss her.

AUDREY (O.S.)
Nic? Where are you? I need a bottle opener!

Audrey stands in the doorway.

AUDREY

Oh thank God, it's about damn time!
Go on kiss her the way she was
always meant... would you look at
this masterpiece!!

Nicole jumps off of Mateo. He grabs his shirt.

NICOLE

She has no filter.

MATEO

(to Audrey)
Chicago?

AUDREY

He's good... This is the kind of
man you need in your life, Nic.

Nicole is too stunned to form any words

FADE OUT.

THE END

NEW MONEY

Written by

DeAnn SanVal

Original Pilot (animated)
WGAe#1301466

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. QUIET CREEK ROAD - DAY

Aerial view of Quiet Creek, Kansas.

MUSIC CUE: "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" by Ennio Morricone

We see a tiny desolate town, two lanes and a splatter of small houses along either side. A lone dog wanders. Tumbleweed blows.

As we get closer, we see a small diner and structure with a sign that reads: "Quiet Creek Gas/Mini-Mart/Sheriff Station/City Hall." That's it. That's Quiet Creek.

EXT. PAPADOPOULOS DINER - DAY

KID BAKER, 25, a white rapster wearing a hoodie that says, "Dreams are for real-- Tupac Shakur" wears bulky headphones, holds a paint can in each hand and one in his back pocket. He dances as he puts the final touch on the "s" in "Papadope's."

He stands back to admire his work, sings the words to Biggy's "Juicy."

KID

"If you don't know, now you know,
ni--"

CHRIS PAPADOPOULOS, 48, dark, Greek eyes and a hefty belly, waddles around from behind the sign.

We see the sign is written in graffiti letters with swirls and stars etc.

Kid partially takes off his headphones and hears...

CHRIS

What the hell is this crap?!

Kid keeps dancing.

KID

It's modern art, man.

CHRIS

Papadope's?!

KID
(loud over his music)
Dope, right?

Chris wipes his brow with a worn handkerchief. He lights a cigarette.

CHRIS
We're fine Greek cuisine, not a
mary-ju-ana shop!

NICK PAPADOPOULOS, 50, dark, Greek eyes and a hefty belly, waddles out of the diner.

Nick looks at the finished sign. He does an elaborate fist bump with Kid.

NICK
Ahh, Kid, you make our sign
crackin' like we packin' the best
Greek food in Kansas.

CHRIS
You lika this?!

Nick slaps Chris affectionately, holds his face.

NICK
I lika it, I lova it!!
(to Kid)
My poor brother, he never have good
taste. You know, I always want to
make this place like one of those
Planet Hollywood.

KID
Right on, brutha.

Just then, BEAU BAKER, 25, Kid's (black) fraternal twin pulls up in a camouflage, off road pick-up truck flying the American Flag.

BEAU
Kid, you tagged the diner sign?

CHRIS
We're trying to fix the place up a
little. Now it looks, how you say?
Ghettotofabulous.

Nick pulls two bucks out of his wallet, hands it to Beau.

NICK

Papadopoulos brothers are in for
the Big Powerball. We win, we tear
down and make Planet Kansas.

BEAU

Okay, I think I got everyone's
money.

Beau pulls a sharpie out of his back pocket and writes "The
Papadope's \$2" on the inside of his arm underneath a list of
names that reads: "The Krazenbergs \$2, The Normals \$2, Me &
Kid \$2"

Beau and Kid get in the car.

CHRIS

Come back! We make party for KJ
Krazenberg and win lottery.

Kid throws the peace sign to Nick. Nick folds his arms in
front of his chest like a gangster-- shoots him a peace sign.

EXT. QUIET CREEK ROAD/INT. TRUCK - DAY

We see Beau and Kid in Beau's truck take off in a big dust
cloud. They drive a bit down the road through the desolate
town. They stop at the Gas Station/Mini-Mart/Sheriff
Station/City Hall.

INT. MINI-MART - DAY

Beau and Kid stand at the counter with a package of beef
jerky, some licorice, and a six-pack of Red Bull. Beau grabs
a can of chewing tobacco.

Kid DINGS A METAL BELL on the counter.

BARB (O.S.)

I'm coming, I'm coming!

BARB SMYTH(64), thin, a Marilyn Monroe wannabe with bright
pink lipstick in her teeth, walks carrying her pet pig, BABY.
She takes off her "City Hall" name tag, puts on a "QC Mini-
Mart" ball cap.

BARB

Look here, it's my Baker Boys.

KID

Barbie from the block, what it be?

She flutters her lashes, rings up the items.

BARB
This it for you?

BEAU
Nope, we'll take a ten dollar Power-
ball ticket. And we'll have our
lucky number combination again,
please.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bunch of one
dollar bills, lays it on the counter.

In walks SHERIFF PAYTON SMYTH, 62, big chest, skinny legs,
with a permanent "What smells like shit?" look on his face.

BARB
Wouldn't that be something, you
boys winning a billion dollars?!

Barb counts the money.

SHERIFF SMYTH
What's this about a billion
dollars?

KID
Powerball, Chief. The big drawing
is today.

BARB
Woopsi! You're two dollars short.

Beau looks at his arm with all the money donors.

BEAU
Crap.

BARB
The whole town's in on this ticket?

KID
My brother's a community organizer.

Barb leans in.

BARB
Can I get in?

She pulls two dollars out of her bra.

Sheriff Smyth snatches it out of her hand.

SHERIFF SMYTH

It's a scam. It all goes to the government to support lazy people.

He looks at Beau who's scratching his stomach, and Kid who chews on a super long string of licorice.

SHERIFF SMYTH

Besides, the odds are a trillion to one. Only a fool would waste their money on that.

Beau looks at Barb.

BEAU

Sorry, Ma'am.

He hands her two more dollars.

Barb hands Beau the Powerball ticket and looks at Sheriff Smyth: "You're an idiot."

Beau and Kid start toward the door.

BARB

(to Sheriff Smyth)

You better pray those boys don't win.

BABY SQUEALS at him.

INT. KRAZENBERG'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

KJ KRAZENBERG , 16, chubby, nerdy, sits on the couch playing "Call of Duty." He's totally oblivious to what's going on around him. He yells into the headset.

KJ

Die!!

KELLI KRAZENBERG, 43, yoga pants, latte sipping Mom, sips coffee in the open living/dining room while KACEY, 23, and KIERA, 19, decorate a birthday cake for KJ.

KELLI

Sixteen is such an important birthday. I really want to make this special for KJ.

KACEY

The cake's done, but it looks kinda plain.

Kelli looks at the triple layer chocolate cake with no decorations.

KELLI
Hmmm... I got it! I know exactly
what to put on that!!

She walks over to the built in bookshelf, opens a drawer labeled, "Jewish Tchotchke Stuff."

KACEY
Oh, no. MOM. No.

KIERA
What?

KACEY
Mom's getting into the Jew drawer.

KELLI
It's pronounced Jewish, Kacey. Jews
are from Israel.

Kelli digs through the stuffed drawer and pulls out various Jewish ornaments, examining them one at a time. She holds up a mezuzah.

KELLI
Here's a nice decoration.

KACEY
What's that?

KELLI
I think it's some sort of
spiritual, prayer thing. Here, put
it on the cake.

She holds up the Mezuzah (a prayer box for the door frame).

KIERA
Mom, all that stuff is sacred. You
can't just do whatever with it!

KELLI
Of course we can, we're liberals.

She continues to dig.

KELLI
Oh, wait, here! Perfect, candle
holders!!

She pulls out two menorahs.

INT. NORMAL'S HOME/BASEMENT - DAY

BILL NORMAL, 38, Birkenstocks and beads, walks through rows of marijuana plants petting their leaves. MOZART PLAYS in the b.g.

He leans over to speak to a plant.

BILL

That's right, stretch your arms upward, feel the warmth and safety of your loving home. Grow tall and strong amongst your brothers and sisters.

MAX NORMAL, 14, brainy prep, follows Bill with his iPad. He punches in data.

MAX

What did you name this one?

BILL

Jamaican Ass Kicker.

MAX

Dad, you can't name it that. Our customers are cancer patients.

BILL

Exactly, we're kicking cancer's ass.

MAX

You got a point there.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

INTERCUT LIVING ROOM:

LAURA NORMAL, 36, a Mrs. Hobby Lobby, opens the door. It's KEVIN KRAZENBERG, 49, GQ in a suit, he holds a menorah.

DAHLIA, 23, pink hair, piercings, knits beanies on the couch.

LAURA

Hi, Kevin. So nice to see you.

KEVIN

Hi, Laura. Kelli sent me over to borrow some candles to fit this thing. It's for KJ's birthday party.

Laura looks at the menorah a little strangely.

LAURA

Of course, come in. I'll get them
for you. It might take a minute.

Dahlia looks up at Kevin expressionless. Kevin waves
awkwardly.

They walk through the house to the kitchen. Boxes marked,
"Pinecones," and "Laura's lovely Scents" take up every
available space so it's a maze to get there.

IN THE ADJOINING KITCHEN a pot of flowers and oils brew.
Every counter is filled with jars of potpourri.

Kevin sniffs the air.

KEVIN

It always smells so good in here.

LAURA

Oh good, that means I'm doing my
job right.

INTERCUT BASEMENT:

Bill lights up a pipe, blows smoke toward the ceiling vent.

BACK TO SCENE:

Smoke comes out of the kitchen ceiling vent and swirls around
Kevin's head.

KEVIN

I can't quite put my finger on that
scent, but it gives me such a
peaceful feeling.

Laura hands Kevin the candles and a jar of potpourri.

LAURA

Here's something extra for Kelli.
We'll see you at the party. Can't
wait!

Kevin's eyes are droopy and bloodshot. He giggles.

KEVIN

Thank you, Laura. You're beautiful.
Bye, bye.

INT. PAPADOPOULOS DINER/BAR - DAY - INTERCUTS:

Balloons fill the diner. A banner that says, "Happy 16th Birthday, KJ!!" Hangs from the ceiling behind KJ who sits at the head of the table. The Krazenbergs and The Normals surround him.

AT THE BAR, Beau and Kid sit in front of a TV. Chris adjusts the bunny ears and the reception finally comes in. The ANNOUNCER stands ready to call off the Powerball numbers.

Beau and Kid together hold the Powerball ticket. The announcer begins to read the numbers.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
The first three numbers are...
Nine, four, and six!!

Beau and Kid start to get excited. They pull the ticket back and forth towards themselves to get a closer look.

BACK AT THE TABLE, Nick brings out KJ's cake. Two menorahs sit atop the cake, candles lit.

NICK BELTS OUT "Happy Birthday" in Greek. Chris hurries and jumps in. Everyone CLAPS to the happy jingle.

KJ waves his hands as if he's conducting the Greek Birthday song.

BACK AT THE BAR, The Announcer continues to read.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Zero, One...

Beau sweats, Kid has crazy eyes.

BACK AT THE TABLE, everyone breaks into the traditional "Happy Birthday" song.

AT THE BAR.

BEAU
QUIET!!

ZOOM ON TV screen.

ANNOUNCER
And the winning last number is...
ssssseven!

Beau and Kid each pull the ticket so hard it tears!! Kid holds the number "7" up.

KID
(squeaks it out)
We won.

It hits Beau.

BEAU
We're rich.

They stare at each other in shock.

NICK
Let me see that ticket.

He takes the two halves from Beau and Kid and puts the two pieces together. The numbers read, "946017." He looks up at the screen, the same numbers flash on the screen.

NICK
(crying)
Beau, he's right. We, all of us
here, all of you beautiful people
are rich.

Everyone looks around at each other in shock.

EXT. QUIET CREEK ROAD/INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Sheriff Smyth reads the *Quiet Creek Post* and eats a jelly doughnut. The front page reads, "KJ Krazenberg Turns 16!!" A picture of KJ with a wide smile making a double peace sign.

He shakes his head, turns the page. There's only one page. He takes a huge bite out of his jelly doughnut.

RADIO STATIC, THEN...

BARB (O.S.)
Base to patrol one. What's your
twenty?

Sheriff curses to himself. Jelly spills out of his mouth.

SHERIFF SMYTH
(chewing, trying to
swallow)
Yeah, Barb. What do you need?

BARB
A concerned resident reports shouts
and screaming coming from the
vicinity of the diner.

Suspect party is said to be that
which concerned resident was not
invited to... And what are you
eating?

Sheriff throws the jelly doughnut out the window.

SHERIFF SMYTH

Geezus.

He turns on the flashing red and blues and makes a skidding U-
speeding down the highway toward the diner.

INT. PAPADOPOULOS DINER/BAR - DAY

Sheriff Smyth walks into a full blown celebration; GREEK
MUSIC and dancing, birthday horns.

Kid holds a spoon up to Nick's face.

KID

Tell the world what it feels like
to be a billionaire.

NICK

I love America. America the
greatest country in entire world!

Sheriff looks like he's going to faint. Beau slaps him on the
back.

BEAU

Imagine that. Two bucks.

Sheriff throws up his Jelly doughnuts.

LATER:

Beau, Kid, Chris and Nick, The Krazenbergs, and the Normals
sit at the table wiped out from all the celebrating.

Max punches away at his iPad.

MAX

Okay, I've done some research. The
odds of us turning into complete
losers because we're rich are
extremely high. I suggest we have a
game plan.

Exhausted, KJ lifts his head off the table.

KJ

We're already losers. My birthday party got ruined. I've never had a good birthday party. Ever.

KELLI

Oh, honey, it's okay, we're rich now. We can do anything we want. We'll make it up to you.

MAX

Back to the plan. I suggest we tell no one that we won a billion dollars, and we don't do anything to bring attention to Quiet Creek.

He looks around the room. Everyone considers this. They all nod and agree.

LAURA

I mean, we all live here because we love it exactly how it is, Right? Money shouldn't change that.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. QUIET CREEK ROAD - DAY

AERIAL VIEW of Quiet Creek Road. FOUR HUGE MANSIONS built around one little house with a patrol car parked in the driveway.

BAKER RANCH HOME - Big piece of crap country house.

NORMAL JUNGLE HOME - Jungle Tree House with ACRES of Marijuana plants.

PAPADOPOULOS PARTHENON MANSION - Recreation of The Parthenon; Greek statues surround it with a HUGE Beach/Pool.

KRAZENBERG CASTLE MANSION - A moat surrounds the castle, and the worlds craziest ROLLER COASTER crosses over and back around Sheriff and Barb Smyth's tiny little house and Gas Station/Mini-Mart/Sheriff's Station/City Hall.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SMYTH'S HOME - DAY

Sheriff Smyth sits on the couch hung over with an ice pack on his head. The house shakes. OFF SCREEN WE HEAR SCREAMING AND LAUGHTER.

Barb paces across the shabbyish living room in psychedelic 80's thong, work-out gear and matching headband. Baby follows her in a spandex suit.

Through the window we see the whole neighborhood SCREAMING as they loop upside down on a roller-coaster. They pass by the opposite window.

BARB

You're not my Daddy, you're an
idiot!! My Daddy would have bought
that \$2 ticket!!

BABY SQUEALS.

INT. KRAZENBERG'S CASTLE MANSION/ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

"CALL OF DUTY" BLASTS on a gigantic screen. Bigger than life terrorists and army men fight it out. Heads roll, blood splatters everywhere.

KJ comes barreling down a slide into the indoor pool making a HUGE SPLASH! He picks up his waterproof remote control and shoots away.

Kacey gets out of the pool, puts on a pair of protective glasses and steps into an open sun-tanning bed.

Kelli and Kevin walk in wearing tennis outfits and carrying racquets.

Kelli gives a two finger WHISTLE!

KELLI
(yelling over the gunfire)
KJ, can you turn off the war!!

He doesn't hear her.

She finds the remote and clicks on a video. RABBI SMILEY, 83, beard, thick Hebrew accent introduces himself on the gigantic screen.

RABBI SMILEY
Mazel tov, KJ.

KJ tries to fix his game. It doesn't work.

RABBI SMILEY
Rabbi Smiley here from Israel. Your parents have asked me to come and instruct you in your Bar Mitzvah.

KJ looks at Kevin and Kelli who are smiling at him.

RABBI SMILEY
Don't worry, it's never too late to learn the traditional prayers and celebrate your transition into manhood...

KJ does a double back flip off a lips and tongue shaped diving board. He flies through the air in front of Rabbi Smiley's face.

He pops out of the water.

KJ
You're killing me!

KACEY
KJ, don't you see that Mom and Dad want to do something nice for you now that we can finally afford to be real Jews?

Kevin looks like maybe he was just insulted.

KELLI
Jewish, Kacey.
(to KJ)
He's flying in today, Dear.

KJ does a running belly flop.

EXT. BAKER'S RANCH HOME - DAY

Beau cleans one of several rifles on the wrap around porch of a HUGE rickety house. The big shabby porch leans to one side just like their older, smaller version.

The entire house SHAKES in RHYTHMIC VIBRATION. He spits out some chew and looks through his binoculars as though he's keeping watch over the town.

INTERCUT:

INT. BAKER'S RANCH HOME/KID'S MUSIC STUDIO

Kid sits at a mixing table in a dark room. TUPAC & BIGGY HOLOGRAMS sit on a black leather couch bopping to the MUSIC.

BACK TO PORCH

Kevin Krazenberg walks up the dusty driveway toward the porch. TWO SHOTS fire off. He jumps!

BEAU
Ha! Just like new.

Kevin sees Beau, holds his heart, gulps.

KEVIN
Thank God Beau, it's just you. I thought the crazies finally made it to Quiet Creek.

BEAU
Naw, and if they do, I got my money safe.

He leans in.

BEAU
Burried it all under a pile of dynamite and horse manure. Ain't gonna be pretty if anyone tries to get at it.

Kevin looks around the crappy yard.

KEVIN
I'll make sure I walk around the droppings... Is Kid here? He's working on some music for KJ's Bar Mitzvah.

BEAU

He's in his studio. Just don't touch anything. The house is rigged.

Kevin looks at him fearfully.

He walks up to the stoop, holds onto the faulty railing as the house continues to vibrate.

BACK TO MUSIC STUDIO

Kevin walks into the studio. Kid mixes music like a mad man.

KID

Yo Kevy, whasss up, bro?! Pull up a couch, I'll be done with KJ's party mix in a minute.

Kevin sits between Tupac and Biggy. Strobe lights flash around the room. TWO HOLOGRAM DANCERS come out and dance.

KEVIN

I know you, you're Two-Pak.

Tupac nods at him. Kevin turns to Biggy.

KEVIN

And you're The Notorious B.I.G.

He leans in toward him.

KEVIN

You wouldn't believe this but, I have every one of your songs on my playlist...

(rapping Biggy)

"Livin life without fear, puttin' five carrots in my baby girl ear." That's poetry, I tell ya.

Kid continues to mix a BEAT. Kevin turns to Tupac.

KEVIN

Two-Pak. You gave us a foreshadowing of real social change, and the first black President.

Tupac stares at him.

KEVIN

It's too bad you didn't live to see that. Well, anyway. I voted for him.

EXT. BAKER'S RANCH HOME/PORCH - DAY

Beau looks through his binoculars. He spots Sheriff Smyth in his patrol car looking through his binoculars at the Normal's home.

INT. SHERIFF SMYTH'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Sheriff Smyth stakes out the Normal's "Jungle Tree House"/Cannabis Farm. He sees two pairs of legs through thick rows of plants.

EXT. NORMAL'S JUNGLE HOME/CANNABIS FIELD - DAY

Bill and Max walk through rows and rows of marijuana plants. Max types on his iPad.

Bill wears a shirt that says, "Cannabis For Cancer And Anything Else That Ails You." He pets the leaves of a maturing tree.

INTERCUT BUSHES

Sheriff Smyth sneaks around the Normal property, getting closer to Bill and Max. He seems to have no idea he's standing between two large marijuana trees.

He spots them.

BILL

Oh what it is to grow out in your natural habitat, the sun kissing your face and caressing your limbs. Yes, that's it; let the elements of the universe make love to you my sweets.

MAX

Looks like the Brain Blaster crop should be ready for harvest in a month.

Bill takes a clipping and inhales deeply.

BILL

Son, you and your father are on the verge of altering the world through herbagenics. Our work will go down in history not only for bringing forth the antidote to the evils of cancer, but for bringing the universe into a state of perfect homeostasis.

MAX

Isn't that's a bit grandiose, Dad?

BILL

Not at all. If you want to succeed, you have to think big, global. Take Old McDonald for instance, he started out with just one little farm and now look at him, the Golden Arches expand waistlines all over the world.

Max looks at him like, "Are you serious?"

MAX

I think it'd be wise to cut back on testing the inventory, Dad.

Sheriff Smyth hears a rustle in the foliage. He turns and is suddenly face to face with Beau Baker who is dressed in full camouflage with his rifle drawn.

Before he can scream, Beau grabs him and covers his mouth.

EXT. PAPADOPOULOS' PARTHENON MANSION/POOL - DAY

AERIAL SHOT of the Parthenon exterior. We ZOOM DOWN to the mansion, then UP THE STAIRS between Greek statues and THROUGH the wide open interior to the OPEN DOORS leading to a beach/pool.

OUTSIDE, sand surrounds blue/green waters with palm trees, neon palm trees. Suddenly we're at a Caesar's Palace version of Greece. In the middle of the pool, a fountain shaped like a Vegas Show-girl spouts champagne from her tassles and feathered hat.

Chris and Nick, wearing sunglasses and thick gold chains, FLOAT ACROSS THE FRAME in swan shaped floats. They hold their flutes out as they pass beneath the champagne fountain.

NICK

For KJ Bar Mitzvah, we make special Greek Jewish menu. Gourmet, Hollywood style. You never know what's in it, but make party in your mouth.

CHRIS

Okay, Nick. Whatever you say is good.

Chris rubs on more suntan oil.

NICK

I think Baba Ganoush Falafels for appetizers, and Salmon Gyros.

CHRIS

Nick, you make everyone sick!

NICK

Brother, no worry. We put feta cheese on everything-- it taste Greek.

Two voluptuous women pop out of the water and kiss Chris and Nick on the cheek and hang onto their floats.

CHRIS

You were right brother. Rich man the baller shot caller.

INT. KRAZENBERG'S CASTLE MANSION/DINING ROOM - EVENING

Rabbi Smiley, in all black Hasidic garb and long beard, sits at the head of a very long 15th Century table. Candle sconces light the room - it's eerily romantic.

KJ sits at the far opposite end of the table. Kevin, Kelli, Kiera, and Kacey sit opposite each other. Bowls of matzo soup and crackers sit in front of each.

Rabbi Smiley finishes up a long prayer in Hebrew to bless the meal.

RABBI SMILEY

Ba-ruch a-tah A-do-nai E-lo-hei-nu
Me-lech Ha-o-lam,
bo-rei mi-nei m'zo-not.

KJ
 (to Kiera)
 If he doesn't stop in five seconds,
 kill me.

RABBI SMILEY
 KJ, your parents have done good to
 invite me here. The Proverbs say
 that the instruction of a wise man
 is the spring of life, to turn away
 from the snares of evil.

KJ looks at him with a long face.

RABBI SMILEY
 I trust, KJ, that you are studying
 your sacred prayers. It's very
 important that you understand the
 promise you are making to God to
 uphold the virtues of manhood.

Rabbi Smiley turns to Kevin and Kelli.

RABBI SMILEY
 I understand that you are a little
 behind with the Jewish traditions,
 but you did give KJ circumcision,
 correct?

Kelli looks at Kevin in shock.

KJ
 What's circum vision? Is it like
 google glasses?

KIERA
 I think it's when they take your
 boy parts and--

KEVIN
 --YES! Of course he is
 circumcised!!
 (to Kelli)
 What does he think we are,
 barbarians?

KELLI
 KJ is nice and tidied up, Rabbi.

Satisfied, Rabbi takes a sip of his matzo ball soup.

KJ
 WHY ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT MY
 JONATHAN?!

KACEY
You named it Jonathan?!

Rabbi Smiley chokes on a matzo ball. He flails his hands signaling to his throat.

KACEY
He can't breathe!

Kelli gets up and gives him the Heimlich maneuver. A piece of matzo flies out.

KJ
Cool!!

Rabbi Smiley puts on his hat and goes into what sounds like Hebrew cursing. Then...

RABBI SMILEY
The proverbs say, "From the fruit of a man's mouth he will eat good, but the desire of the treacherous is violence."

He walks toward the door.

RABBI SMILEY
Shalom.

Everyone looks at each other.

KEVIN
Did he just put a curse on us?

WIPE TO:

EXT./INT. KRAZENBERG'S CASTLE MANSION - DAY

RABBI FUNKENSTEIN, 28, gorgeous and fashion hip, crosses a moat in a small boat. She steps out and onto the landing. Before her are two huge wooden doors. She pulls a velvet cord.

INSIDE, organs and bells chime something dark and loud.

KELLI (O.S.)
KJ! Get the door, your new Rabbi is here!!

KJ rubs his face and messes his hair like he's going to lose it completely then opens the door.

Before him stands Rabbi Funkenstein youthful and glowing.
KJ's blushes, HE SEES HEARTS surrounding her face.

RABBI FUNKENSTEIN
Hi! You must be KJ.

KJ
Uh huh.

RABBI FUNKENSTEIN
I'm Rabbi Funkenstein. Your parents
hired me to officiate your Bar
Mitzvah?

KJ
I love my parents.

CUT TO:

INT. KRAZENBERG'S CASTLE MANSION/DANCE STUDIO - DAY

Rabbi Funkenstein is dressed in yoga pants and jazz shoes. KJ wears a wife beater, bike shorts and a bandana. They stand in front of a mirror with their hands in a prayer position. The Rabbi finishes off a prayer of strength in Hebrew. Candles sit atop elaborate pedestals.

RABBI FUNKENSTEIN
Chazak Chazak venit-chazek!

KJ looks at her like, "Whatever you say, beautiful."

RABBI FUNKENSTEIN
Okay, great! So what we're going to
do is loosen up your soul by
freeing your body of any and all
unnecessary tension.

She points a remote toward a built in stereo system and
JEWISH KLESMER MUSIC BLASTS.

RABBI FUNKENSTEIN
Just let your body move freely. Do
what feels right.

KJ stretches up toward the sky, alternating jazz hands as
though he is climbing a high wall.

RABBI FUNKENSTEIN
You see, Bar Mitzvah is not only
about committing your life to godly
manhood, but it's also about
defining yourself as an individual.

Rabbi Funkenstein bends over and puts her head through her legs. She continues in this contorted position.

KJ tries to follow and does a somersault.

RABBI FUNKENSTEIN

What I hope we can accomplish for you is an atmosphere in which you can express yourself freely and fearlessly through poetry, interpretive dance, and anything creative you would like to share.

Rabbi Funkenstein stretches her leg up over her head.

RABBI FUNKENSTEIN

This exercise will help you find your inner man.

Sweating now, KJ tries to lift his leg up and falls.

Rabbi Funkenstein grabs her workout bag to leave.

RABBI FUNKENSTEIN

Excellent work, KJ. See you tomorrow.

KJ is laid out on the floor.

KJ

I am now a man.

INT. SMYTH'S KITCHEN - DAY

Barb stands at the kitchen counter staring out the window in a semi-catatonic state. She sips a Martini, a bottle of cheap Vodka on the counter beside her.

WE SEE Barb's POV looking through the kitchen window, the Papadopoulos Parthenon Mansion and the Krazenberg's Castle.

Sheriff Smyth walks in.

SHERIFF SMYTH

Whew! Long day, starving. What's on the menu?

Barb walks to the oven and takes out a steaming hot plate of roast beef and potatoes, places it in front of the Sheriff.

SHERIFF SMYTH

Wow! This is a King's meal!

Sheriff digs in.

BARB
I'm leaving you, Payton.

Sheriff is in roast beef heaven.

SHERIFF SMYTH
Mmm, where you off to? If you're going into town, pick up some ice cream? I have a hankering for Neapolitan.

Barb takes a big swig of the Vodka bottle for courage.

BARB
Do you know we've been married for thirty-six years?

Sheriff continues to gorge.

SHERIFF SMYTH
You really outdid yourself, Doll.

BARB
And somewhere along the way I lost myself, Payton. I woke up today and I thought, "Who are you, Barbara Smyth?" And you know what?
(laughing hysterically at herself)
I have no idea...

She recovers, then turns to face her husband.

BARB
But, I've decided I need to take full responsibility for this identity crisis... Looking back I realize that I willingly handed my girl power over to you. All these years we've been married I let you make all the decisions for both of us. It was naive of me, I know, but I had this fantasy that you would be my Humphrey Bogart and I your Lauren Bacall...

ON Sheriff Smyth looking pudgy and dumbfounded.

BARB
We were going to travel and see the world together...
But now look at us...

You're Barney Fife and I'm Peg
Bundy living in a one horse town
under a freaking roller coaster,
for God's sake!

THE HOUSE SHAKES.

INTERCUT EXT. ROLLER COASTER - KJ and Kevin Krazenberg and
the Papadopoulos brothers SCREAM as they ride the ROLLER
COASTER over the Smyth's house.

BACK TO SCENE

Sheriff holds his plate down, scrapes the last morsel as THE
HOUSE CONTINUES TO SHAKE.

BARB

Today, I take the first step on a
quest to discover my true self.
Goodbye, Payton.

SHERIFF SMYTH

If you remember, get some chocolate
syrup too. Love you, Doll.

Barb picks up a suitcase and walks out the door. Baby follows
her.

WIPE TO:

INT. SMYTH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sheriff Smyth sits in front of the TV eating a frozen dinner.

WE SEE a man walking on the beach at sunset SINGING, "I can't
live if living is without you..." He looks over at a photo of
he and Barb in their younger years.

Sheriff drops his face in the tray and sobs.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. PLANET KANSAS - DAY

Chris and Nick stand in front of the remodel of their diner in tuxedos. A HUGE drape covers the sign and building.

Beau and Kid stand by holding onto ropes, ready for the big reveal. Beau is in a tux with the sleeves cut off and a bandana around his head, his rifle strapped to his back. Kid is in full rapper bling.

Nick rubs his hands together.

NICK

This is gonna be good!

A RED CARPET leads to the entrance. Two limos pull up.

A driver opens the door to the first limo. Out step Laura and Dahlia Normal.

A driver opens the door to the second limo. Kevin, Kelly, Kiera, Kacey, and KJ step out of the first Limo. The girls wear award show gowns, Kevin and KJ in suits.

Dahlia walks up to KJ and Kevin and hands them two Rastafari colored yamukas.

DAHLIA

I made these for your ceremony.

Kevin looks at his.

KEVIN

Wow, that's, uh, nice of you,
Dahlia.

KJ

Sweet!!

DAHLIA

My therapist says being a giver
helps me not to hate people.

Everyone gathers in front of the covered diner.

ON NICK/CHRIS

NICK

Chris and I are very thankful to you our friends to come celebrate on this special day. We open our new and improved diner to you and to KJ's Bar Mitzvah. We hope--

A limo pulls up.

CHRIS

We have customers so soon?

Everyone turns.

The driver opens the door to the limo and out steps Barb Smyth dressed in a sleeveless gown and thick red lipstick.

KID

Barbie Barbarina lookin' fly.

BARB

I caught a lift with some friends.

OUT STEPS THE CAST FROM 90210-- Tori Spelling, Shannon Doherty, and Jason Priestly (now in their late 40's).

Kelli recognizes them instantly.

KELLI

Ohmygod! I could die right now.

TORI SPELLING

We heard there was a red carpet event. Where's the press and the paparazzi?

Everyone there for the Bar Mitzvah looks at each other.

NICK

Paparazzi? We make Bar Mitzvah.

SHANNON DOHERTY

I knew it! Another busted red carpet event.

JASON PRIESTLY

Is it a cash bar?

Kelly takes Tori's arm.

KELLI

Come, stay and enjoy! It would be really great to have a Jewish celebrity in attendance. Plus, I loved Melrose Place.

The cast stares at her.

NICK

Good, good. We have unknown celebrities for party... EVERYONE STAND BACK!! And now for the new best Greek food in the middle of USA. I present to you... PLANET KANSAS!!

Beau and Kid pull the giant cover down and reveal a big yellow and brown sparkling sign the shape of Kansas that reads, "Planet Kansas." It sits atop a bigger version of the same crappy diner.

Everyone claps.

Kelli goes to hug Tori.

KELLI

I'm so glad you could make it.

She pulls out her phone to take a selfie with Tori, Shannon and Jason.

KELLI

So how's Heather Lockliar doing? I loved her as Amanda, but woah, slow down on the botox, sister!

The three look at her like she's crazy.

EXT. BILL'S CANNABIS FIELD - DAY

Bill gives JEFF and BRUCE from the Cannabis for Cancer Society a tour of the crops. Bill wears a t-shirt that reads, "Yes We Cannabis."

As they walk through rows of marijuana trees, Max follows.

BILL

I've arranged for private air transportation; you should get the first shipment in two weeks.

The men nod as they take a hit off a joint.

JEFF
Excellent. Smooth, yet
profoundly...
(he chokes)
Potent.

He passes the joint to BRUCE.

BRUCE
Mmmm, yes...
(he chokes)
We're setting up clinics all over
Colorado which will serve as
alternative medical treatment...

He stops to watch a cloud float by.

BRUCE
Does that look like a saxophone to
you?

Bill, Max, and Jeff look up.

JEFF
Naw, man. That looks like an
elephant spouting water.

MAX
You've got the water part correct.
That is a nimbostratus cloud.

They both look at him like zombies.

MAX
Also known as a rain cloud.

BILL
So as you were saying? About the
clinics?

BRUCE
Right, the clinics... We're gonna
kick ass all over cancer.

BILL
Exactly what I wanted to hear. Let
me show you the Columbian Cancer
Killers, right this way.

He points Jeff and Bruce down a long row of trees.

Without knowing, BRUCE drops the joint and WE SEE A SMALL
FLAME SPARK ON THE GROUND.

EXT./INT. PLANET KANSAS - DAY

All the guests walk into Planet Kansas.

INSIDE, the guests walk through a maze of what looks exactly like the dusty quiet town outside. It's a highway with tumbleweed, an old tractor, a lone dog. WIND whistles about the room, a rock waterfall and creek runs through the landscape-- until we get to the front doors of the ORIGINAL DINER and Kid Baker's sign that reads, "Papadope's" at the entrance.

All the guests walk in and WE ARE INSIDE THE ORIGINAL DINER.

The Krazenberg family finds their table. A WAITER delivers plates of Greek Jewish food.

Kevin looks down at his plate. It looks like a big blob of vomit sprinkled with feta cheese. He turns to Kelli.

KEVIN

Do I have to?

KELLI

Man up, Kevin.

Chris Papadopoulos walks by, Kevin shoves a bite in his mouth. Surprised he likes it!

Rabbi Funkenstein takes the mic at the front of the room.

RABBI FUNKENSTEIN

And now the moment we have all been waiting for... Tonight we gather to celebrate along with KJ his crossing over from boyhood into manhood. In lieu of the traditional prayers, KJ has chosen to perform for you an interpretive dance which he feels best expresses his innermost feelings.

The house lights go out, a single SPOTLIGHT remains at the center of the stage. SMOKE fills the frame.

KJ RISES ON A PLATFORM, he's dressed in a gold, Tom Jones shirt, bell bottom slacks, and Dahliah's Rastafarian yamaka.

His name lights up on a video grid behind him, fireworks spurt out behind it.

KJ

I would like to dedicate this song
to Rabbi Funkenstein, who inspires
me and makes me feel like a real
man.

The MUSIC STARTS, DISCO BALLS come down from the ceiling,
STROBE LIGHTS FLASH and a half dozen DANCERS in tiny silver
costumes fill the room.

KJ SINGS to "You Can Do It. Put Ya Back Into It" by Ice Cube.

It's a twerk fest.

CLOSE ON Kevin and Kelli in shock. Kiera and Kacey clap and
scream.

KIERA

Whoopwhoop!!

KACEY

We love you, KJ!

ON TORI SPELLING AND SHANNON DOHERTY - As they dance, Shannon
tweaks her back and bends over in pain.

SHANNON DOHERTY

I knew this was a bad idea.

ON NICK who thinks she's twerking, comes up behind her moving
his hips and fakes a spank on her back side.

NICK

Now this is a party!!

ON CHRIS as he pours champagne in everyone's glasses, and
dances a Greek jig.

ON DJ KID BAKER who spins and scratches at a turn table.

ON JASON PRIESTLY downing liquor.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILL'S CANNABIS FIELD - DAY

Bill shakes hands with Jeff and Bruce

BILL

Nice doing business with you.

Max looks at his watch.

MAX

(to Bill)

KJ's Bar Mitzvah started fifteen
minutes ago, we'd better head out.

They all walk away from the field.

Behind them FLAMES GROW BIGGER AND BIGGER; the men are totally unaware.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF SMYTH'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Sheriff Smyth holds a bottle in his shaky hand.

SHERIFF SMYTH
(weepy)
I didn't mean for all this to
happen.

PULL BACK It's a bottle of "BOOZE FARMS." He chugs it down.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILL'S CANNABIS FIELD - DAY

WIDE of the fields on fire, the flames are out of control. A HUGE SMOKE CLOUD wafts away from the Normal's property.

WE SEE the SMOKE CLOUD overtake Sheriff Smyth's car.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUIET CREEK ROAD - DAY

AERIAL - A SMOKE CLOUD wafts toward Planet Kansas.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANET KANSAS - DAY

WE SEE that CANNABIS SMOKE HAS FILLED THE ROOM. It comes in through the open air ceiling.

Smoke swirls around their dancing faces.

BEAU BAKER has an extra large draft beer spilling foam everywhere. He grabs one of the DANCERS and two steps with her.

BEAU
So are you from around here?

KELLI and KEVIN

KELLI
Isn't this nice? Chris and Nick put
in an open ceiling so we can enjoy
the stars... Look, you can see the
Star of David.

She points to a bright star which actually does look like the
Star of David.

Kevin leans in close to Kelli.

KEVIN
It's a perfect evening.

SMOKE SWIRLS AROUND THEIR HEADS.

BARB SMYTH and DAHLIA

Barb downs a glass of champagne, talking with Dahlia Normal.

BARB
So I left him. Took Baby and just
left.

DAHLIA
And now you are free from the
bondage of stupidity. Cheers!

They toast.

Tori Spelling walks by munching a celery stick looking hungry
and manic. Barb stops her.

BARB
You know, I was wondering... You
wouldn't by chance know of any
rich, handsome, available men-- I'm
single and, "looking."

She pats her hair.

TORI SPELLING
Hold that thought, I need to slit
my wrist.

Dahlia taps her mother Laura's shoulder.

She points to Bill and Max who have just showed up.

A CLOUD OF SMOKE FOLLOWS THEM THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR.

DAHLIA
(to Laura Normal)
Better late than never.

A CLOUD OF SMOKE WAFTS OVER KJ'S HEAD.

He takes the mic.

KJ
Excuse me! Cut the music! I have
something to say!!

Suddenly it's quiet. Everyone focusses in on KJ.

KJ
Thank you. Mom, Dad, I know you
really wanted a traditional Bar
Mitzvah, and I resisted you all the
way. But suddenly I am overtaken by
a strong urge to...

He puts his head down. Then begins to PRAY IN HEBREW.

KJ
Ba-ruch a-tah A-do-nai Eh-lo-hay-nu
meh-lech ha-o-lahm, a-sher ba-char
ba-nu mi-kol ha-a-meem, v'na-tahn
la-nu et Torah-toh. Ba-ruch a-tah A-
do-nai, no-tayn ha-Torah.

Kelly and Kevin look at each other in shock. Rabbi
Funkenstein stands up and raises her hands to the sky.

RABBI FUNKENSTEIN
It's a miracle from God!

ON MAX

MAX
No, I believe...
(he sniffs the air)
It's a contact high.

BACK TO KELLI AND KEVIN - Kelli dabs tears from her eyes.
Kevin puts his arm around her.

KEVIN
We did good, Mom.

The entire room fills with smoke.

LOVE AT FIRST SITE

Written by

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Original Pilot
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. TRI-LATTE FITNESS ROOM - DAY

OPEN ON

FEET holding a pliet squat position. WE FOLLOW up her perfectly arched foot to calf, thigh, hips, glutes, hard core, extended arms, neck, jaw, lips. DELILAH, 36.

DELILAH

Five, four, three, two, one.

SIGHS OF RELIEF AND RELEASE.

A room full of fit women and two men (obviously dancers)release their position.

Delilah steps into everyone's view, puts her hands in a prayer position symbolizing the end of class.

DELILAH

Be kind to yourselves today.

A few people thank her as they leave class. The DANCER GUYS walk by. One gives her a fist bump.

DANCER GUY ONE

On point today!

DANCER GUY TWO

Dee Money!

A sweet older woman passes.

SWEET OLDER WOMAN

Best part of my day, Delilah.

INT. TRI-LATTE FITNESS CENTER/JUICE BAR - DAY

CARLY, 20's, hands Delilah a cold green drink.

CARLY

Waiting on our delivery, just about out of wheat grass and cinnamon.

DELILAH

Thanks, I'll check on the orders.

She goes to take a sip of her drink when her CELL RINGS.

INSERT - CALLER ID SCREEN

"MC PHEE, ADAM, 310 228-6455"

BACK TO SCENE

DELILAH

Warning, I have no caffeine in my
blood.

She walks to a window. It's a perfect beach day, the water
and sky match.

INTERCUT GOLF COURSE - DAY

ADAM

Good morning, beautiful! Today is
the day!!

He swings, hits one out.

ADAM

You are officially free to go out
and enjoy the rest of your life.

Delilah closes her eyes, not ready for this news.

DELILAH

God bless you, Adam. Only a lawyer
could make divorce sound as
spectacular as you do.

ADAM

Hold on, there's more. Maybe get
that espresso??

DELILAH

I'm fine, Adam. Nothing can be as
bad as being married to a self
absorbed Peter Pan who cares more
about the shade of white in his
teeth than the threat of a nuclear
holocaust, but try me.

ADAM

It's also your last day at Tri-
Latte Fitness.

A CUTE GIRL with a bouncy pony tail walks by, blows a kiss at
Delilah.

ADAM

I know it's your baby, Delilah, but
the business is Ken's now.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)
Just wash your hands of it and move on. As your friend and your attorney, that's my best advice.

DELILAH
I'm thinking Ocean Blue.

ADAM
Huh?

DELILAH
For my kitchen. It needs color, life. Maybe a splash of orange.

ADAM
Did you hear me Delilah? The Cafe and fitness studio you built is now Ken's.

DELILAH
Thanks for all your help, Adam. You're amazing. Hugs!!

She presses the end button, gazes out the window.

INT. FOYER - DAY

DING DONG!

ZEUS, her Grate Dane, WOOFs!

Delilah opens the door to find a man dressed in a blue jumpsuit wearing a hat that reads: "Mighty Man Movers."

She stares at the Logo with contempt.

MOVER
Hello, Ma'am. We're here to move a Mr. Ken Forester's furnishings.

MOMENTS LATER

Three buff moving men stand by. Delilah sits in a floral print chair, sips coffee, points at furniture, paintings, books, etc.

DELILAH
This chair... and this side table. This is all I want.

The movers stare bored at Delilah. They do this a lot.

DELILAH

Hang on.

She hands coffee to a Mover to hold, climbs up onto the coffee table, and attempts to take down a large Caravaggio painting of Narcissus gazing at his reflection when--

AN OBNOXIOUS CAR HORN SOUNDS!

A mover goes to take the painting for her, but first Delilah smashes it on the corner of the mantel below.

DELILAH

Oops!

THE CAR HORN SOUNDS AGAIN.

EXT. DELILAH'S CURBSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

CONSTANCE, 30's, a tree hugger in hiking boots, stands next to an old Jeep with a trailer attached. She holds a nervous Calico cat. Her left hand sports a huge sparkling diamond ring, a stark juxtaposition to her earthiness.

Delilah walks towards her and sees her eyes are puffy and swollen.

DELILAH

Constance, please don't tell me--

CONSTANCE

I had nowhere else to go...

Constance hands off MOO (her furry cat) to Delilah, sneezes repeatedly into her sweatshirt.

DELILAH

I don't get it.

CONSTANCE

He says I'm a psychopath.

DELILAH

No. I don't get why you have cats when you're allergic.

Moo jumps out of Delilah's arms and into the house.

The movers walk past with a leather couch.

CONSTANCE
Re-decorating?

DELILAH
Something like that.

CONSTANCE
Your divorce! Dee, I'm sorry. This
is a bad time. I'll go to a hotel.

DELILAH
Like hell you will.

CONSTANCE
You're such a good friend.

DELILAH
I know.

INT. DELILAH'S GARAGE - DAY

Delilah stacks boxes, crates of cat food, and baskets of
knitting yarn.

Constance struggles to balance a half dozen boxes and just
about loses the whole lot when...

JONATHAN, 39, walks into the garage just in time to grab the
three boxes that are about to fall from her arms.

Their faces are inches apart.

JONATHAN
Let me help with that.

CONSTANCE
Jonny!!

She drops the boxes and throws both arms around him for an
uncomfortably long beat.

Jonathan looks at Delilah with big eyes.

Delilah motions "break up" with her hands.

Jonathan choking gives the "okay" sign.

CONSTANCE
We have to catch up!! Stay right
here. I'll be back with some fresh
brewed Kombucha, it's nature's
laxative. You'll love it.

She runs out.

Just then, a black Porsche drives up. Delilah's sister BREANNE, 26, a Channel slash Prada parade, steps out of the car.

DELILAH
It just gets better and better.

INT. DELILAH'S KITCHEN - DAY

Breanne whips through the kitchen, pours herself some coffee, picks at some grapes.

Constance, carrying two jars of dirty water, nearly bumps into her on the way out.

CONSTANCE
Easy Breezie!!

BREANNE
Air kisses and what the hell is that?

CONSTANCE
Fifty million microorganisms.
(As she walks out the door.)

CONSTANCE
Helps reduce belly fat.

Delilah watches and waits for the grenades.

BREANNE
It's like a circus here. I see Ken got the leather couches and the collectable artwork.

Delilah pours herself a cup of coffee.

DELILAH
Just in the neighborhood, Bree?

BREANNE
Actually, yes. I sold a house on Georgia street. Can't tell you the selling price, but it was astronomical. Some people have very deep pockets.

DELILAH

And you came to wave your
commission check in my face?

BREANNE

I came to see how my big Sis was
doing since her latest horrible
divorce.

Delilah waits for the real blast.

BREANNE

I was hoping you'd have something
good to tell me, like you've been
on six interviews and offered three
executive positions. You know,
since you're about to join the
ranks of the unemployed and
husbandless.

DELILAH

How thoughtful of you... But, I'm
taking my time. Healing. You know
that thing you're supposed to do
when you experience a broken heart?

BREANNE

I wouldn't know... Anyway, I'm
sorry it didn't work out with Ken.
Except for the cheating thing, he
was practically perfect.

Delilah opens her mouth to say something, when...

GAVIN, 38, tall, handsome, knocks on the sliding glass door.

Breanne sees him and lights up. As she opens the door...

BREANNE

Look who's here, Dee, it's your
other ex-husband. The one I adore
the most.

Breanne sticks her cheek out for a kiss. Gavin obliges.

GAVIN

Bree, you look gorgeous as always.

BREANNE

(teasing)
Got plans tonight, Gav?

GAVIN

Just the park with this big guy.

Gavin razzes Zeus.

BREANNE

I was just telling Delilah she needs to get a J.O.B. I'm afraid the IRS is going to show up and haul her whole house away.

DELILAH

I'm fine. I've always been fine. I just need to... Think of a new business venture.

Gavin pets Zeus. He looks up at Delilah.

GAVIN

Dee always lands on her feet.

He winks at Delilah: "You'll be okay."

DELILAH

(to Breanne)

See? Now go on and sell another mansion or ten.

Breanne grabs her keys and heads towards the sparse living area.

BREANNE

Oh, I'm borrowing Mom's Cartier necklace. I'll be back tonight for a pre-dinner cocktail.

She looks around at what's left of the furniture.

BREANNE

God, what a mess.

Delilah bites her tongue as she watches Breanne leave.

She sets her coffee mug down. Gavin sees there's a good half cup left, picks it up and takes a big gulp.

GAVIN

Sorry you're having to go through this again, Dee...

Delilah focuses on Gavin as he drinks her coffee.

DELILAH

(re: coffee)

Isn't that cold?

GAVIN
Perfect.

INT. DELILAH'S HALLWAY - DAY

Constance, just up from a nap, makes her way towards the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN (LOFT STYLE) - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Delilah straightens books on the bookshelf, re-arranges what's left of the furniture. As she goes to put the last VASE in place...

Zeus scares Moo, who shoots into the room causing Delilah to trip, and...

The VASE falls out of Delilah's hand. CRASH!

Constance rushes into the room.

DELILAH
Fudgesicles in hell!!

Delilah holds her foot. Constance goes to her quickly.

Blood everywhere.

Delilah passes out.

Constance SLAPS her hard. SLAPS her again.

Delilah comes to.

CONSTANCE
You are a warrior. A wounded,
divorced, broke and bleeding
warrior. You'll be fine.

DELILAH
Yeah, I'm fine.

She passes out again.

LATER

Delilah wakes to find her foot with a massive ace bandage.

Constance picks up an over stuffed sub-sandwich. Delilah looks at her confused.

CONSTANCE
You were out for a while.

She picks up another plate, hands it to Delilah.

CONSTANCE
I figured all that fainting, you'd
be hungry too.

Delilah goes to take a bite when--

CONSTANCE
--Wait!

Constance takes a few hot peppers off her plate, stuffs them
into Delilah's sandwich.

DELILAH
I'm just so tired of screwing
things up... I can't keep a man,
I'm going nowhere with my life...
Even my sister thinks I'm a loser.

CONSTANCE
Oh no, no, no. You are not going to
measure your life against
Breanne's. Dee, she lives in her
own fantasy world chasing other
people's money and drinking their
champagne. You are kind, and
giving... All you've ever done is
help other people with their
screwed-up lives.

DELILAH
Great... I'm a codependent loser.

She waves her hand toward the bookshelf.

DELILAH
I probably have a book on it.

CONSTANCE
Yeah, well, burn it. What does
anyone really know about love?

EXT. DELILAH'S POOL - NIGHT

We land on a BBQ grill where fat sausages sizzle.

Burning in the coals are a few books. The top one reads:
"Peter and His Little Peter."

Delilah, Constance, and Breanne sit at a patio table and sip wine. Half the bottle is gone. Constance picks up a piece of stringy pizza loaded with the works and takes a huge bite.

Breanne walks into the scene dressed to the nines wearing a sparkling Cartier necklace.

CONSTANCE

Oh, yes, yes, mmmm, that's great.

BREANNE

Why thank you, Consti.

CONSTANCE

I meant the pizza. Dee, you outdid yourself.

Breanne looks horrified.

BREANNE

Do you two realize you're consuming enough calories to feed a small, starving nation?

Delilah cuts off a slab of pizza, plates it, and puts it in front of Breanne.

DELILAH

Dare you.

Breanne looks over the tantalizing feast.

BREANNE

Is it gluten free?

CONSTANCE

(lying)
And organic.

Constance lifts the stringy deliciousness into her mouth teasingly.

BREANNE

Maybe a tiny bite.

She goes to cut a small piece off with a fork and knife.

CONSTANCE

Uh, uh. Take it with both your hands and fill your whole mouth with it.

Breanne smirks: "I can do that."

Delilah pours her a glass of wine.

Breanne takes a healthy bite, savors it.

CONSTANCE
See, now don't you feel liberated?

BREANNE
It's a bit rebellious.

She takes another healthy bite.

Delilah and Constance CLAP!

Jonathan enters with a Chocolate Cream Pie.

DELILAH
Jonathan, perfect timing.

CONSTANCE
What is that deliciously sinful
thing you've got?

He sets the pie down and takes a lingering look at her.

JONATHAN
Chocolate Cream.

Constance takes her finger and swipes a bit of whipped-cream
off the edge of the plate.

CONSTANCE
Deadly.

JONATHAN
To balance the kombucha.

CONSTANCE
It's all about balance.

Breanne cuts in.

BREANNE
--Johnny, come, sit.

She pats the seat next to her and pushes the whole tray of
pizza towards him.

He beholds the gourmet feast, takes a slice.

JONATHAN
Are you trying to seduce me, Bree?

BREANNE
Unfortunately, I'm booked tonight.

Jonathan snaps his fingers: "Darn!"

DELILAH
(to Constance and Jonathan)
She has a "business meeting."

Constance gets up to grab a beer from the mini-bar.

CONSTANCE
Poor guy's gonna need an oxygen
tank.

Jonathan nods respectfully.

Constance jaunts back and hands Jonathan a cold beer.

JONATHAN
Gratzi.

He holds the beer up.

JONATHAN
To pizza, beer, and beautiful
women!

Delilah, Constance and Jonathan CLINK GLASSES.

Breanne stops at half-toast.

BREANNE
Jonathan! Did you just put women in
the same category as heartburn?

Jonathan opens his mouth to speak when Delilah rebuts.

DELILAH
He's saying women satisfy him.

With a mouth full of pizza, Jonathan nods in agreement.

BREANNE
He's saying we're entertainment.

DELILAH
Come on, Bree. Are we any better? I
mean, seriously? Do you of all
people want a guy who's so
brilliant --
(to Jonathan)
Not that you're not brilliant.
(to Breanne)
(MORE)

DELILAH (CONT'D)

-- and deep that he's in another intellectual stratosphere like Einstein or Freud, or Jung?

BREANNE

God, no. They were all crazy. At least two of them were suicidal and the other was in love with his mother.

Delilah gets up to plate the sausages. As she stands in front of the BBQ pit staring at the half burnt book and stabbing a sausage, a light goes on in her head.

Delilah turns around with the speared sausage still in her hand.

DELILAH

Look at us. We're all sitting around here, talented, attractive, and unattached. There's something seriously really wrong with this picture...

CONSTANCE

We're unlovable.

DELILAH

We are absolutely lovable. We've just been choosing the wrong people for ourselves.

BREANNE

Leave me out of that statistic, please.

Jonathan chuckles.

DELILAH

(to Constance)

I mean, I never would have chosen Brandon for you, and I'm sure you wouldn't have chosen Ken for me either.

Constance grabs the forked sausage from Delilah's hand and just as Constance is about to burry her teeth into the plump sausage--

DELILAH

A dating site!!

BREANNE

What?! Where did that come from?

DELILAH

No, a match making site. Something different, distinguished. I mean look at us, all of us here. There has to be more people just like us who are single and for no good reason.

BREANNE

Really, Delilah.

CONSTANCE

She'll do it.

DELILAH

(to Constance)

We'll do it.

Delilah turns to Jonathan.

DELILAH

And you will be our first client!!

Jonathan starts to laugh, then realizes Delilah is dead serious.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. MAIN ST. CAFE - DAY

Delilah and Constance sip coffee at a patio table. Happy lovers walk by hand in hand with baby carriages and cute puppies. A YOUNG COUPLE stops directly in front of them and kiss for a long beat.

Delilah and Constance sigh.

A COUPLE of love birds sit at a table beside them. They glance over and smile.

DELILAH

We have to take the gamble out of it.

Constance surveys her, confused.

CONSTANCE

What?

DELILAH

We need to carefully screen each and every applicant.

CONSTANCE

You mean weed out the liars, stalkers, and ax-murderers?

Delilah's wheels turn.

DELILAH

We'll hire a P.I. for that.

CONSTANCE

And a psychotherapist.

DELILAH

Definitely yes. Video interviews! Write that down.

CONSTANCE

A key word search. If you like thick mustaches, line dancing, and kale you search that and all your vegetarian cowboys come up.

DELILAH

That's an interesting mix.

Constance smirks, taps her phone screen. She tracks down the waiter and lifts her cup.

The couple at the next table over can't resist crashing their conversation.

THIRTY-SOMETHING GUY

We met online.

Delilah turns her interest to the happy lovers.

DELILAH

Really? That's fantastic! We're starting a new site. We match couples. It's called Belamore.

EXT. FARMERS MARKET - DAY

Constance and Delilah stroll through the Farmer's Market. FRESH FRUIT STANDS, ARTISTS BOOTHS, and LIVE MUSIC line the street. PEOPLE shop, mingle and eat.

CONSTANCE

Belamore?

Delilah stops at a fresh fruit stand, picks up a ripe mango, takes it to her nose, and inhales.

DELILAH

Means beautiful love. It's actually, l'amore bella, but I tweaked it a little.

CONSTANCE

(in an Italian accent)

Belamore!

A GORGEOUS ITALIAN MAN stands next to Delilah picking through tomatoes. He tosses a few in a basket, turns to her.

GORGEOUS ITALIAN MAN

Si parla Italian?

DELILAH

Who me?

(gushing)

I just like the way it sounds.

GORGEOUS ITALIAN MAN

Si, belamore... Love is beautiful,
however you say it.

Delilah is immobilized.

He pays MARISSA, a cute young cashier for his tomatoes, winks at Delilah, and walks off.

MARISSA

(to Delilah and Constance)

He could tell me I had dragon
breath in that accent and he could
get me to do anything.

CONSTANCE

No kidding... And Dee, you just
stood there like your tongue was
stapled to the roof of your mouth.

DELILAH

Italian men are lethal!

Constance rolls her eyes.

MARISSA

I'm Marissa.

She hands Constance a mozzarella cheese ball with a stab of basil.

CONSTANCE

Are you single, Marissa?

MARISSA

Sort of... My boyfriend says he
wants to take a break. So I don't
really know what we are.

CONSTANCE

Way single.

DELILAH

You're single.

DELILAH

And you're in luck. We're starting
a new dating site. No freaks, geeks
or stalkers. We're screening
everyone very carefully.

Constance pulls out her phone.

CONSTANCE
What's your email? We'll send you
info.

MARISSA
Mari-at-go-girl-dot-com, but he
can't be shorter than me... And
I'll take my chances with Italians.

Constance taps at the screen.

CONSTANCE
(to herself)
Hot and dan-ger-ous, okay.

EXT. FARMER'S MARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

Delilah and Constance walk towards their car.

DELILAH
Our fees will have to be twice what
the other sites charge. They don't
do background checks and personally
interview the clients.

Constance thinks about that for a beat.

CONSTANCE
They'll be saving in the long run.

DELILAH
How's that?

CONSTANCE
We're eliminating all the bad dates
they would have wasted money on.

They get into Delilah's car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

DELILAH
Exactly. We're doing what no other
site dares to do. We're like the
gladiators of internet dating.

They put on their sunglasses like W.I.B. (Women In Black).

Delilah starts the car, checks her mirrors.

As she backs out...

INT. CAR/EXT. FARMER'S MARKET PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

ANOTHER CAR backs out at the same time and CRASH! Delilah and Constance jolt forward.

EVA, 28, fit, artsy, professional, gets out of her car and quickly goes to where the cars have hit.

Delilah and Constance get out of their car.

EVA
Not again!

DELILAH
I'm sorry, I didn't see you. I
looked in my mirrors. Are you okay?

EVA
I'm fine. You two?

DELILAH
Just a little shaken up.

Delilah's bumper is hanging off.

EXT. FARMER'S MARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

Delilah, Constance, and Eva stand and watch as a tow-truck drives away with Delilah's car attached.

Jonathan drives up and gets out of his car.

JONATHAN
Exciting day!

CONSTANCE
Oh, it has been.

DELILAH
Johnny to the rescue again.

JONATHAN
I'll have to start packing my cape.

Jonathan gives Delilah a friendly shoulder rub.

Eva, still nervous, bites her nails.

EVA
(to Jonathan)
I feel so stupid.

DELILAH
I'm not worried about it. Stuff
happens. And I'm glad we had some
time to chat.

Delilah gives Eva a knowing smile.

Jonathan opens the doors to his car for Delilah and Constance.

DELILAH
I'll make sure to stop by your
studio this week.

Delilah and Constance get into the car.

Jonathan waves goodbye to Eva as he gets into the car. Eva waves, embarrassed.

Delilah and Constance look at each other.

DELILAH
(to Constance)
She's perfect.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is streamline white. A single white orchid sits on a side table.

A video camera is set up in front of an attractive DITZY WOMAN, 20's, she quick fixes her hair, postures herself, flashes a veneered smile. A SMALL WHITE DOG that resembles her sits on her lap.

Delilah stands behind the video camera.

Constance reads from a list of questions.

CONSTANCE
What do you find most attractive in
a man?

DITZY WOMAN
Oh, that's easy. I love a man who
takes care of business... A strong
man who makes me a priority. You
know what I'm talking about, right?

CONSTANCE
I think we know.

INT. MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

A YOUNG JAMES TAYLOR TYPE, 30's, sits on a stool beside a big sound board with a GUITAR in his lap. He STRUMS a few heart melting chords.

Constance reads from a list of questions. Delilah stands behind the video camera.

CONSTANCE

What do you find most attractive in
a woman?

He puts his hands on his guitar.

YOUNG JAMES TAYLOR TYPE

I like smiling eyes. It shows
sincerity, contentment... That she
enjoys life.

Constance turns briefly to Delilah: "Good answer."

INT. EVA'S ART STUDIO - DAY

Delilah sets up the tripod video camera.

Constance and Eva sit on stools facing each other. They're surrounded by several pieces of Eva's ART WORK.

CONSTANCE

So Eva, I have a few questions.
Just relax and look at me. Forget
the camera is on and be yourself.

EVA

Do I look okay?

CONSTANCE

Stunning.

EVA

Hang on!

Eva grabs a napkin from a nearby counter and scrubs her front teeth.

EVA

Ready.

Delilah flips the camera switch on.

CONSTANCE

What do you find most attractive in
a man?

Eva lights up and answers.

EVA
I like a casual and fun guy.
Someone I can be myself around...

FAST FORWARD THROUGH

An animated interview with Constance and Eva.

BACK TO SPEED

CONSTANCE
Last question. Would you say you
fall in love easily?

EVA
Well... I think you have to give a
relationship your all. Otherwise,
how will anyone ever know if it's
real... Or right?

Constance glances at Delilah, then back to Eva.

CONSTANCE
Excellent, you did great!

Delilah shuts off the camera.

EXT. EVA'S ART STUDIO - DAY

Delilah and Constance walk away from the studio.

CONSTANCE
Who's our next victim?

DELILAH
A Bel Air Banker.

Constance lights up.

INT. JONATHAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jonathan and MARC DYSON, 38, sip beers and watch the last few
minutes of an intense basketball game... DOOR BELL RINGS!

Jonathan gets up to answer the door, but still keeps one eye
on the game. He opens the door to find Delilah and Constance
holding platters of lasagna and salad.

MARC (O.S.)
Oh no!!

JONATHAN
(at the TV)
Yes!! Swish!!

JONATHAN
Ladies, come in.

Consumed by the game, he motions them inside.

DELILAH
(to Constance)
See, told you he wouldn't mind us
stopping by.

JONATHAN
Ohhh!

MARC
Game over!

CONSTANCE
Woohoo, I guess we won?!

JONATHAN
My man came through in the last
second! Here, let me get that.

Jonathan takes the platters from Delilah and Constance, sets
them on the dining table.

JONATHAN
(to Constance)
See, it's never too late to win the
game.

Marc gets up to join the others.

MARC
Got that right! And that smells so
good!!

JONATHAN
Marc, meet Delilah and Constance,
the reason I now have to jog five
miles every morning.

CONSTANCE
Don't blame me, I made the salad.

JONATHAN
And it looks bellissimo.

CONSTANCE
Don't tell me you're Italian?

Constance shoots a glance at Delilah.

JONATHAN
Yes, I am... Why?

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Delilah, Constance, Jonathan, and Marc sit around the dining table. Jonathan gets up to clear the dishes.

Constance smiles at him as he takes her plate and walks out of the room. Delilah catches the moment.

Marc refills Delilah's glass with wine.

MARC
(to Delilah)
So you really want to get all
tangled up in love?

DELILAH
(laughing)
Excuse me?

MARC
The match-making business?

DELILAH
I've snooped through some of the
more popular sites, and frankly, I
know we could do better.

MARC
I believe it. My only legal advice
would be to make sure you don't
cross any professional lines.

DELILAH
In what way?

MARC
To put it simply, you must not
under any circumstances date any of
your clients.

DELILAH
(laughing)
I would never think of doing that.

CONSTANCE
(teasing)
You wouldn't?

MARC

Huge conflict of interest, and a potential law suit.

Jonathan walks back into the room with three desert bowls filled with peach sorbet in his left hand, and one in his right.

He places a bowl in front of Delilah first, then proceeds around the table to the others.

DELILAH

You, are the devil.

CONSTANCE

He's getting you back for the lasagna.

JONATHAN

And the pizza.

DELILAH

You did way more damage with the chocolate cream pie.

JONATHAN

What do you say, Marc? Would you like to weigh in?

Jonathan sits back in his chair across from Constance.

MARC

I wasn't at the scene of the crime, but I'd say chocolate doesn't count; for some, it's considered a basic food group. I believe it's been proven to stimulate the brain.

Jonathan catches Constance's eye.

CONSTANCE

(to Delilah)

You did come up with the Belamore idea after the pie.

DELILAH

I did, didn't I... Speaking of...

(to Jonathan)

What did you think of Eva Dadrich?

JONATHAN

You mean the cute artist who can't drive? Uh, she looked good in a sundress?

DELILAH

Well, could you see yourself on a date with her?

Constance gives Jonathan a curious look.

JONATHAN

I don't even know her!

DELILAH

You'll get to know her, Johnny.
She's the perfect match for you.

JONATHAN

Oh, no, no, uh, uh, nope, no way!

Marc shrugs his shoulders. Delilah and Constance look defeated.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. DELILAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Delilah sits up in bed typing away at her computer.

Constance sits cross legged in pajamas, knitting a funky hat.

BRIDGET JONE'S DIARY plays on the TV.

CONSTANCE

Don't you get lonely in this big
old bed?

Delilah continues to type.

DELILAH

I was lonelier when Ken was here.

CONSTANCE

That's so sad.

Delilah looks up from her computer.

DELILAH

What's sad is staring at the back
of the man you love, wiping away
silent tears.

Colin Firth and Rene Zellweger kiss on the TV screen.

The two women stop what they're doing and stare at the TV for
a beat. Their heads both tilt to the right.

CONSTANCE

I could stare at Colin Firth's back
for days... And I wouldn't be shy
about my wobbly bits... What did
you think of Marc tonight?

DELILAH

He seems like a nice man.

CONSTANCE

He's kind of sexy. For you, I mean.

DELILAH

I didn't notice.

LATER - Both Delilah and Constance begin to fall asleep.

CONSTANCE
Hey, Dee?

DELILAH
Hmmm?

CONSTANCE
I'll never leave you.

Constance pulls a night-mask down over her eyes.

Delilah stares out at a full moon.

DELILAH
Ditto.

She closes her eyes.

INT. DELILAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Delilah wakes up out of a dead sleep, the clock reads: "3:30 AM." She pushes Moo's furry bottom away from her face, shakes Constance, and opens her laptop.

DELILAH
A masquerade mixer!! We'll pair
people together at tables. We'll
have it right here by the pool.
They'll get to know each other
before they actually see each
other. And we'll make theme
parties. The Egyptian Escape,
Parisian Promises.

Delilah shakes Constance again. She barely moves.

DELILAH
Brilliant, right?

Constance mumbles something inaudible.

DELILAH
I knew you'd love it.

INT. BANK - DAY

Delilah sits at a banker's desk. She fidgets with a lock of her hair. Across from her sits a FEMALE BANKER.

FEMALE BANKER

(Midwest accent)

Okay, if you'll just sign here,
we'll cash out these CD's and you
can spend it however you like.

Delilah stares at the form and hesitates for a beat.

FEMALE BANKER

People always save for a rainy day.
Personally, I think you should
spend it while your heart's still
pumpin' and you can enjoy it.

Delilah scans her face, decides she can trust her.

DELILAH

You're right. Thank you.

She scribbles her name and smiles confidently.

INT. DELILAH'S DINING ROOM/OFFICE - DAY

Delilah types furiously at her laptop. The dining room table
is stacked with restaurant menus and party decorations.
Breanne runs her fingers across Delilah's pile.

DELILAH

Don't worry, I will... You can't
believe all the lonely people out
there. I thought my love life
sucked.

BREANNE

It does.

Delilah smirks.

CONSTANCE (O.S.)

Time out, Missy.

Delilah continues typing.

DELILAH

Can't. I've been answering mail all
day long. Since we've started
putting the word out, my Instamail
is on fire. We need a website ASAP.

CONSTANCE

Would you look at me?

Delilah turns to see Constance wearing an Ancient Egyptian dress and masque.

DELILAH

Ha! I love it!!

BREANNE

I don't recall getting an invitation.

DELILAH

Breanne. Would you like to help us with the party? Or did you need us to find a date for you?

BREANNE

Funny.

Delilah hands her a stack of menus.

DELILAH

Here, you can start now. We need a caterer for twenty five couples. I trust you'll figure out something exquisite. Something Middle Eastern.

BREANNE

Sure, why not.

Constance does a little belly dance move.

CONSTANCE

I love dressing up!!

INT./EXT. DELILAH'S FOYER - NIGHT

Delilah, dressed as Cleopatra, stands in front of a mirror hooking on an earring. The door bell RINGS!

She struggles to ZIP her dress as she goes to open the door.

Gavin stands outside with his hands casually in his pockets.

She opens the door. There is a pregnant beat as Gavin gawks at Delilah, her hand still on the zipper.

GAVIN

Wow.

Delilah smiles, her heart skipping a micro-beat.

DELILAH
Thanks for coming over last minute.
I realized I don't even know how to
turn on the torch lights. You
always did that.

He walks in.

GAVIN
I put them in... You wanted
romantic lighting.

She remembers.

Gavin sees that she can't get her dress zipped.

GAVIN
Need help with that too?

She turns to allow him to zip up her dress.

Goosebumps. She shakes it off.

DELILAH
(nervously)
Thanks again.

He's also taken by the moment.

GAVIN
How about those torches?

EXT. DELILAH'S POOL - NIGHT

Caterers put the finishing touches on candlelit tables,
decorated in exquisite, Egyptian decor.

Gavin lights the last torch. Delilah takes in the atmosphere.

DELILAH
It's perfect.

GAVIN
Someone's bound to fall in love.

DELILAH
I hope so.

GAVIN
Just turn off the main gas switch
when you're done and they should
all go out.

Constance and Breanne walk out towards the pool just as Gavin gives Delilah a quick kiss on the cheek. Delilah won't let herself be moved.

Constance pulls Breanne back.

DELILAH
You're coming back, right?

He gives her a thumbs up as he leaves. Delilah stands in a nostalgic moment.

Constance and Breanne walk towards Delilah.

CONSTANCE
(to Delilah)
Why did you ever let that one go?

EXT. DELILAH'S POOL - NIGHT

The night is alive with MASKED COUPLES seated at small intimate tables. SERVERS pour wine; a HARPIST, MANDOLIN, and FLUTIST play while a belly dancer floats and shimmers.

Delilah, Constance, and Breanne stand with goblets ready to make a toast. The musicians pause as Delilah TAPS HER GLASS and the couples turn to listen.

DELILAH
I'd like to welcome all of our lovely couples to our very first Belamore mixer... Constance and I are confident that we've matched each of you according to your most compatible traits, expectations, desires... We not only want for you to have a good time this evening, but to also use this time to get to know what makes your partner unique.

ACROSS THE POOL

Jonathan, in something Gladiator looking, meets Delilah's eye-line, waves at her: "I'm here..."

Delilah smiles back: "I knew you'd come."

Constance steps forward to speak.

CONSTANCE

For this reason, we have set just a few teensy rules... There is a two drink maximum. There may not be any kissing or public displays of affection. And for obvious reasons, you may not converse with anyone other than your partner. And you must keep your mask on.

She looks around to make sure everyone understands.

A few in the crowd chuckle.

Breanne rolls her eyes, then catches a glimpse of the Mandolinist. She smiles at him.

He smiles back at Breanne.

DELILAH

You may however dance after dinner, should you like. Also, you'll notice that there are two extra place settings. That'll make sense later in the evening... Now, if you'll look under your dessert plate, we have placed a warm up question for each of you. So, without further ado.

Delilah holds up her glass.

DELILAH

Here's to the beginning of the journey to finding that special someone. To Belamore!

Constance and Breanne hold up their glasses.

The couples hold up their glasses.

CONSTANCE

To Belamore!

BREANNE

(un-enthused)
To Belamore.

JONATHAN AND EVA'S TABLE

Servers place dinner plates in front of each of them.

JONATHAN
So we meet again.

EVA
(in a hushed tone)
I feel like we're cheating. We've
already met.

JONATHAN
In a parking lot with a tow-truck
and two crazed match-makers,
doesn't count... You look pretty
amazing.

Eva gushes.

Jonathan raises his glass.

JONATHAN
To getting to know each other.

CLINK!

ACROSS THE POOL

Delilah and Constance stand by a wine fountain sipping from
goblets. In their eye-line are Breanne, who flirts with the
Mandolinist, and Jonathan and Eva who laugh and enjoy
themselves.

DELILAH
Looks like we have at least one
success story for the evening...

Constance waves to Breanne, who laughs and takes another
glass from a nearby serving tray.

CONSTANCE
Breanne moves fast. And he's cute.

DELILAH
I meant Jonathan and Eva.

JONATHAN AND EVA chat and smile at each other.

CONSTANCE
(extra sweetly)
Oh, I hadn't noticed.

DELILAH
Constance, are you jealous?

Delilah waits for an answer. A SERVER walks by with a tray of skewers and grapes. Constance grabs a skewer.

BACK TO JONATHAN AND EVA

Eva has a small piece of paper in her hand.

Jonathan dips a pita chip into a creamy dip.

EVA

I can't believe I have to ask this question! But, I guess it does tell a lot about a man...

JONATHAN

It can't be that bad.

She takes a deep breath.

EVA

Boxers or briefs?

Jonathan chuckles to himself, glares over at Delilah and Constance.

ACROSS THE POOL - Constance turns away quickly.

BACK TO JONATHAN AND EVA.

JONATHAN

(smiling)

Boxer briefs... So there you go, that should give you deep insight into what kind of man I am.

Eva stares straight into his eyes.

EVA

(dead serious)

Oh, it does...

ACROSS THE POOL Constance chuckles. Delilah looks at her like she's crazy.

DELILAH

(to Constance)

What's so funny?

Delilah walks up to the mic.

DELILAH

Looks like this evening is off to a great start...

(MORE)

DELILAH (CONT'D)

But before you get too comfortable
with your match, we have a little
twist to the evenings events...
Breanne??

Breanne rings a little bell and a couple dozen people flood
the room.

DELILAH

No one knows you like your BFF.

Jaws all around the room drop as BFF's dressed in Togas take
a seat at their respective tables.

Gavin and a woman take a seat next to Jonathan and Eva.

Constance and Breanne, clearly surprised, shoot looks at
Delilah.

DELILAH

(to the girls)

Surprise, surprise, surprise.

BACK TO JONATHAN AND EVA

Gavin and SUMMER take seats at Jonathan and Eva's table.

GAVIN

I'm Gavin.

SUMMER, the bombshell sitting next to him, waves.

SUMMER

Summer.

Gavin turns his focus onto Jonathan and Eva who are still
clearly in shock.

GAVIN

Great party, huh?

A waiter delivers dinner. The Belly Dancer dances by and
around the table.

GAVIN

(to Eva)

I hear you're an artist?

SUMMER

She's amazing. Truly one of a kind.

Summer takes a piece of lobster dripping in butter into her
mouth.

Gavin and Jonathan down their wine.

LATER

Dinner has been cleared. Jonathan and Eva dance in the moonlight. Gavin and Summer have bonded over the meal. Several other couples dance and converse.

Delilah looks on, tries not to notice. Takes a second glance.

Breanne walks up with a devilish look on her face.

BREANNE

Keep your eye on that fire.

Delilah turns to Breanne unmoved.

BREANNE

Good turn out. Did you have to sell the farm to pay for it?

Delilah smiles.

DELILAH

As a matter of fact, we're way in the black. Our clients are all serious professionals with ample means

(beat)

And I cashed in a couple of CD's.

Just then, LIGHTNING, THUNDER, RAIN.

BREANNE

Delilah!! You can't spend money on baba ghanoush and belly dancers when you're in such a desperate situation!

Delilah goes to the mic. Everyone scrambles to cover themselves to leave.

DELILAH

(to Breanne)

Funny, you didn't complain when Mom passed and I put you through college...

Into the mic.

DELILAH

I'm sure the rain will let up. Uh,
be careful driving. We'll be in
touch.

Covers the mic, looks over at Breanne.

DELILAH

Can't you just trust me and support
me on this?

It's pouring down. They're both soaked.

BREANNE

I'm here, aren't I?

Gavin, Jonathan, Eva, and Summer run passed them.

EXT. DELILAH'S POOL - NIGHT

The party is over, the caterers pack the last of their
things. Constance and Delilah trudge toward the house, wet
and tired.

Delilah turns the main gas line off.

Constance hands Delilah a chocolate gold coin.

CONSTANCE

They say rain means lasting love.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Delilah and Constance float on rafts sipping mimosas. Delilah
splashes water on herself to cool off.

CONSTANCE

Only in California does it thunder
and lightning smack in the middle
of beach weather.

DELILAH

See, now aren't you glad you're not
in dreary Oregon, watching cows
sleep?

Constance applies suntan lotion.

CONSTANCE

I don't know what I was thinking.

DELILAH
I think you were willing to risk
everything for love.

CONSTANCE
No regrets... only lessons. And
anyway, look how it's working out.

Delilah smiles, her face in the sun.

DELILAH
Despite the rain, we got at least
ten e-mails that our clients want
second dates, including Eva and
Jonathan.

CONSTANCE
That's lovely.

Delilah looks over at Constance.

DELILAH
You seriously have a crush on him!

Before Constance can respond, Gavin walks in the side gate
with Zeus.

GAVIN
Ladies...

Startled and a little embarrassed, Delilah looks for
something to cover herself.

DELILAH
I'm starting to think you plan to
show up always and only when we're
half dressed.

Gavin flashes a smile.

GAVIN
Timing is everything.

Delilah gives him a sideways look, then turns her attention
towards Zeus who has found a shady spot to sit.

DELILAH
Hey baby... Did you have fun this
weekend?

Zeus' ears perk.

Constance holds up her empty drink.

CONSTANCE
Gavin, would you be a doll?

Gavin walks over to a nearby table and grabs a half full pitcher of Mimosa. He takes it over to fill Constance's drink.

GAVIN
The party was a hit.

DELILAH
It was, right?

GAVIN
Jonny seems to be happy. Rain and all.

Delilah raises a brow.

DELILAH
Really? Give it up.

As he walks back toward the gate, he picks up a ball and throws it into the pool right next to Delilah.

Zeus jumps in after it, causing a great big SPLASH!

Delilah gets soaked and almost falls off her float. She quickly throws a wet nerf-ball towards Gavin and misses.

GAVIN
Work on that aim, Dee!

Gavin leaves laughing.

Delilah shakes out her sunglasses and pushes her wet hair out of her face.

DELILAH
I will!!

CONSTANCE
You don't see it, do you?

DELILAH
See what?

CONSTANCE
He's still in love with you.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. DELILAH'S BATHROOM - DAY

Constance brushes her teeth at one of two sinks. As she brushes, she scratches her cheek with the ENORMOUS DIAMOND RING still on her hand.

CONSTANCE

OWA!

With the brush in her mouth, she pauses to look at the ring, then deliberately takes it off and sets it on the counter.

A sleepy Delilah walks in holding two cups of coffee and wearing a mud masque. Looking for a washcloth in the cupboard, she finds a bottle of Ken's cologne, her favorite. She takes it out.

DELILAH

Why is this still here.

Constance goes to rinse her mouth when she spots Jonathan through the window watering plants in his Calvins!!

She hits Delilah on the shoulder, grunts and points.

Delilah leans over Constance's shoulder, puts on her glasses, and gasps in surprise! She lets the cologne drop in the waste-basket with a CLONK!

INT. DELILAH'S DINING ROOM/OFFICE - DAY

Delilah sits at her make-shift table desk, browsing through files.

Constance walks into the room wearing shorts and a tube top. Around her waist is a green plastic wrap. She holds a tube of stuff and a cylinder of plastic.

DELILAH

What is that?

CONSTANCE

Herbal body wrap... It shrinks your fat. Here, stand up. I'll wrap you too.

DELILAH
I'm not doing that!

CONSTANCE
Come on, it'll melt cellulite while
you just sit there and be Little
Miss Match-maker.

DELILAH
Right.

CONSTANCE
What can it hurt? Come on, stand
up.

Delilah stands up and pulls her shirt up to her chest.
Constance rubs some slimy gunk on her, then wraps her up in
cellophane.

Delilah's CELL PHONE RINGS!

DELILAH
Oh, god.

She reaches out to the table and picks it up.

DELILAH
Hey, Gav. What?!

Her face goes blank. She pulls up her laptop, types. Reads.

DELILAH
"Los Angeles Match Makers charge
big money for sad, soggy social?"

She gets up, paces the floor.

DELILAH
How can they do this?

CONSTANCE
Who is they?

DELILAH
They. The they's that have nothing
better to do than to cause drama
and misery.

Just then Breanne walks in carrying her phone.

BREANNE
I hate to be the bearer of bad
news, but--

DELILAH

--That's yesterday's news. We're on
to our next party. What do you
girls think of Venus in Venice?

INT. KOREAN BBQ RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Eva sits behind a huge umbrella drink, three quarters of the
way gone, and she hasn't touched her food. Pink lipstick is
smudged on her front two teeth.

Jonathan sips at his beer, trying not to focus on her teeth.

EVA

I paint with my feet.

Jonathan's eyebrows rise. He tries not to laugh.

EVA

I love it. I love how the paint
feels between my toes. I put music
on and I dance on the canvas. It
totally frees up my soul.

She makes a big motion from her chest out to the sky.

JONATHAN

Impressive. And unique.

EVA

I created the technique. There's a
few who have tried to copy me, but
it's all crap.

Before he can respond, Eva looks deep into Jonathan's eyes.

EVA

I feel so comfortable with you.
I've never felt like this before...
It's like the whole universe is in
perfect alignment when we're
together.

Uncomfortable, Jonathan looks around for the waitress.

JONATHAN

You really seem more free spirited
tonight.

INT. KOREAN BBQ RESTAURANT - LATER

Eva is now sitting next to Jonathan. He is smashed into the corner of the booth. Eva touches his ear.

EVA
(a bit slurred)
Do you know you have perfect teeth?
It makes me want to...

She leans in to kiss Jonathan and spills her blue drink all over the table.

JONATHAN
What the!!

He picks the glass up and starts wiping up the mess.

EVA
(laughing)
Ha ha! See what you do to me?

Jonathan contains himself.

A WAITRESS walks up just in time to help with the clean up. She gives him a look: "I'm sorry."

INT. JONATHAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jonathan drives while Eva talks. She leans against the door with her hair hanging around her face.

EVA
I just love you. I love everything
about you.

Jonathan rolls his window down for some fresh air. He pulls the car to a stop at her condo. He shakes her.

JONATHAN
Eva?

She doesn't budge. He stares out at the night for a beat, rummages her purse for keys.

EXT. EVA'S CONDO - NIGHT

Jonathan carries Eva to her door.

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. DELILAH'S DINING ROOM/OFFICE - DAY

Delilah sits at her dining table typing away. Stacks and stacks of files cover most of the table. Pictures of new clients are scattered around.

Breanne walks into the room.

BREANNE

Mom's diamonds are back in their pathetic little box. Such a shame. They'd get more play time if they lived with me.

Delilah continues to type, keeping her focus on her work.

DELILAH

When I croak, they're all yours.

BREANNE

Great, I'll wear them with my orthopedic shoes and stretchy pants to your funeral.

DELILAH

Ha! I'm gonna live forever just to see that!

Breanne snoops through the photos and files on the table.

DELILAH

Ah, a, a... Those are highly confidential.

Breanne brings her hands back to herself. She glances over the messy desk.

BREANNE

You need an office...

Delilah looks up, her glasses resting low on her nose.

BREANNE

And I have one on Second and Main. I purchased it last summer.

(MORE)

BREANNE (CONT'D)

It's been under re-construction,
something to do with the old
building meeting new standards.
Anyway, it's ready. I want you to
take a look at it. I'll give you a
deal on the rent.

Delilah is shocked at Breanne's offer.

DELILAH

I don't know if I'm more surprised
at your generosity, or that you're
buying up prime real estate and I
haven't known about it.

Breanne starts to have a human emotion.

BREANNE

I'm just tired of coming here and
having nowhere to sit with all this
stuff laying around.

DELILAH

(extra politely)

I'd love to take a look at your
space, Breanne. Thank you.

Breanne looks around at the big empty room.

BREANNE

Could you look into getting some
furniture? I have a great
decorator.

Delilah looks at the empty room and concedes to its sad,
sparse state.

INT. JONATHAN'S RECEPTIONIST OFFICE - DAY

Jonathan walks into the reception area of his office carrying
his briefcase.

HELEN, a mature looking woman, types away at her desk. She
glances up at Jonathan looking like the cat who just ate the
canary.

JONATHAN

Good morning, Helen.

Helen pushes two pink slips with phone messages towards
Jonathan and goes back to her typing.

HELEN
(extra cheerful)
Good morning! A miss Eva Dandrich
has called three times... And there
was a delivery for you. It's on
your desk... Sort of.

Jonathan takes the messages and walks toward his office.

JONATHAN
(as he's walking away.)
Thank you, Helen.

INT. JONATHAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Leaning up against Jonathan's desk is a gigantic flat package
wrapped in brown paper.

JONATHAN
She didn't.

He tears at the brown paper revealing a wild psychedelic
painting. Taped to the frame is...

INSERT - CARD

In painted cursive, "You inspire me."

BACK TO SCENE

Jonathan looks back at the painting, then out the window. He
pulls his CELL PHONE out.

BREANNE'S OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Delilah, Constance and Breanne stand in an empty office space
on the top floor of an older five story building.

Delilah takes a turn around the room, stops at the bay window
for a beat, then faces Breanne.

DELILAH
I love it, Bree... But I don't
think we should commit to this so
early on.

Delilah's cell phone RINGS! She looks at the screen, then
hands it to Constance.

DELILAH
(to Constance)
Tell him we'll call him back.

Delilah paces the room again.

Constance takes the phone: "Jonathan."

Constance hits a button and answers.

CONSTANCE
(into the phone, teasing)
Belamore! Are you looking for love
or lust?

INTERCUT telephone conversation.

Jonathan paces in his office, the awful painting in view.

JONATHAN
I'm looking for the two match-
makers that set me up with psycho
Sally!!

Constance puts her hand over the receiver and mouths: "Damn!"
She goes back to the phone.

CONSTANCE
(into the phone)
Slow down, we'll take care of it.
Meet us for dinner, our place.
We'll make it up to you.

She focuses her attention back to Breanne and Delilah.

BREANNE
(to Delilah)
I'm giving you the first three
months free of charge, and cutting
the rent down... Consider it my
contribution to your general health
and welfare.

Delilah acknowledges the slight jab.

DELILAH
That's generous, but it still makes
me nervous... What if it doesn't --

Constance reaches into her purse and pulls out her engagement
ring. She hands it to Breanne.

CONSTANCE
We'll take it.

Delilah looks at her like she's lost her mind.

Breanne looks wide eyed at the huge diamond.

CONSTANCE
What's love worth if you don't take
a chance?

INT. DELILAH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Delilah pours a big batch of steaming hot fettuccine into a glass serving bowl. Constance opens a bottle of their best wine. JAZZY BLUES plays in the background.

The DOOR BELL RINGS!

Delilah and Constance look at each other: "Here goes!"

INT. DELILAH'S FOYER - NIGHT

Delilah opens the door to find Jonathan with Gavin standing behind him.

JONATHAN
I brought back up.

Delilah looks at him smiling through an apology.

DELILAH
Please, come into the groveling
den!

As Gavin passes.

GAVIN
(whispers to Delilah)
It'll be fine.

INT. DELILAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is half re-decorated in light and bright colors. A low round glass table sits in the center of the room. Dinner settings set, and ambiance in check. Big throw pillows on the floor mark seats.

Constance wears a casual smile and holds TWO GLASSES OF WINE. She hands one each to both Jonathan and Gavin.

CONSTANCE
(to both men)
Welcome!

GAVIN
(cheerful)
Why thank you, darlin'.

Jonathan looks at Constance with a half smile: "You're a beautiful brat" and takes the glass.

Delilah hurries into the room with the bowl of fettuccine and a platter of calamari. She sets them on the table.

DELILAH

I hope you guys don't mind we're sitting on the floor tonight. I'm working on getting this place back in shape...

GAVIN

I recall eating a few meals on this floor when we first moved in...

DELILAH

That's right, we did! You made steak and spaghetti and Zeus ran off with your steak!

They both laugh.

Gavin makes his way to the ground and motions Jonathan to sit too.

Delilah and Constance sit.

CONSTANCE

(a bit dreamy)

That's so romantic...

Gavin smiles affectionately at Delilah as she passes the fettuccine around the table.

DELILAH

So, Jonathan... It seems we have delivered unto you one poorly matched --

JONATHAN

Freak of nature..

Delilah nods in agreement.

Constance twirls her fettuccine, humbled and embarrassed.

DELILAH

(bravely apologetic)

I'll concede to that, uh, freak of nature, for which we owe you our sincerest eternal apologies and deepest regret...

(MORE)

DELILAH (CONT'D)

As an olive branch, we present the feast before you which we hope will begin the process of rebuilding your sorely injured faith in us.

Jonathan looks at Gavin.

JONATHAN

(to Gavin)

The woman paints with her feet...
Have you ever heard of such a thing?

Gavin desperately tries to keep a straight face.

GAVIN

(serious)

Dude, that's... Wow.

He scoops up some creamy dip with a piece of calamari.

Constance sucks her cheeks in, trying not to laugh.

DELILAH

(sincerely)

Really, Johnny... We spent time with her, and did a long interview. She has a successful gallery and... She was fun and easy going... We're so sorry.

JONATHAN

Next time screen for split personality disorder. It doesn't go well with alcohol.

He looks at Gavin.

JONATHAN

She told me she loved me, and I had to carry her into her house.

Gavin puts a big pile of fettuccine on his plate.

GAVIN

What a mess. That's a deal breaker right there...

(pointing at the pasta)

You better get in on this.

Constance takes Jonathan's plate and fills it with fettuccine and calamari. He takes the plate of food. The aroma awakens his weakness for good Italian food.

He takes a bite of the fettuccine and savors the rich flavor.
He glares at Delilah and Constance for a beat.

JONATHAN
This is good... I will say that.
But, the fate of our friendship
hangs entirely on the dessert.

DELILAH
(hopeful)
Tiramisu Cake?

Still chewing, Jonathan looks at Gavin.

CONSTANCE
With homemade whipped cream.

With his mouth full, Gavin's eyes go wide. He looks up to the heavens: "That's so good."

GAVIN
He forgives you... You do, don't
you, Johnny?

Delilah and Constance hold their breath in anticipation.

Jonathan's mouth is delightfully full. He swallows and lifts his glass for a toast.

JONATHAN
To good friends and good food!

DELILAH
Thank God!!

CONSTANCE
You just gotta know a man's
weakness...

INT. DELILAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gavin's holds up an empty glass and gets up.

GAVIN
Anyone else?

Delilah gets up.

DELILAH
I'll get it.

She walks towards Gavin and takes his glass. He follows her toward the kitchen.

Jonathan watches them leave, then looks at Constance.

JONATHAN
(to Constance)
So he abandons me...

CONSTANCE
That's so funny that you needed
back up.

Jonathan watches as Constance gets up to light a candle that's blown out. She is inches away from him. Candle light bounces off her tanned skin. She feels him looking at her and looks up to meet his eyes.

INT. DELILAH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Gavin opens a new bottle of wine.

DELILAH
Thanks for coming tonight. It
really helped having you here.

He looks at her with all the love he ever had for her.

GAVIN
I came because I believe in you,
Dee. You've been through a lot, and
I'm proud of you.

Gavin's response hits directly at the center of Delilah's heart. A single tear threatens at the corner of her eye.

Gavin wipes it away.

DELILAH
Thank you.

GAVIN
I wanted to let you know, I've
asked Eva's friend Summer out. We
really hit it off.

FADE OUT.

THE END

Max looks out the window. WE SEE A HUGE BLAZE coming from the Normal's Cannabis field.

MAX
(to Bill)
Dad, I believe the inventory is on
fire.

Bill looks out the window.

BILL
NOOOOOO!!

ON BEAU BAKER who sees the fire through the window.

BEAU
VOLUNTEER FIREMEN AND WOMEN
ASSEMBLE!!

CUT TO:

INT. PLANET KANSAS BAR - CONTINUOUS

Chris Papadopoulos presses a button on the bar wall; it flips around, a row of firefighter equipment hangs from hooks.

He hands out YELLOW JACKETS and GIANT WATER BAZOOKAS to MAX, BILL, LAURA, KID, CHRIS, NICK, KEVIN, AND BARB.

Everyone trips over each other trying to put on their jackets over gowns and tuxedos.

EXT. PLANET KANSAS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Smyth rolls up in his patrol car and tries to get out but is semi paralyzed.

The Volunteer Fire Crew stands by ready for battle.

SHERIFF SMYTH
Is everyone okay? There's a fire. A
big happy fire burning up over
there.

He points and falls.

The fire rolls in closer.

BACK TO VOLUNTEER FIREFIGHTERS - they stand in a row, bazooka water guns in hand.

Beau Baker walks back and forth in front of his crew.

BEAU

This is it. This is the moment of truth. This here fire is going to separate the men from the boys, and the women from... From--

MAX

Wait. The nimbostratus clouds!

He punches some info into his iPad.

MAX

According to the national weather bureau, a rainstorm should be breaking right about...

INTERCUT - BILL'S CANNABIS FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Rain clouds burst out onto the fire.

BACK TO SCENE

MAX

Now. Okay, you all may resume to the regular scheduled party.

INT. PLANET KANSAS - DAY

KJ stands at the mic and finishes his prayer totally unaware that anyone left to put out a fire.

KJ

Ba-ruch a-tah A-do-nai, no-tayn ha-Torah.

He comes out of his transcendental state, looks around the room. Everyone sits at their tables as if nothing has happened.

KJ

What happened? Where's the music?!

DJ Kid Baker goes back to the turn table. STROBE LIGHTS go on, Disco Balls turn. The song "Celebration" blasts. The 90210 gang starts a Soul Train line, everyone follows.

FREEZE ON EACH GUEST DANCING down the line.

OUT ON KJ.

SMASH TO BLACK