



A LIFE FANTASTIC

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OPEN ON:

IPAD SCREEN: featuring the fresh face of JANE, 40's. Her simple chic style and beauty appear effortless. But it's not. It's calculated as all things in Jane's life are.

She looks directly at us, flashing a bright smile as though she's selling us chewing gum or wrinkle cream, but no--

JANE
Hi, Wylie. Wylie-Bear.

The screen FREEZES as she presses PAUSE. Begins again.

JANE (CONT'D)
Hi, Wylie. It's me. Mom.

Pause. Jane looks away. As she starts over, We track through:

INT. JANE'S OFFICE - DAY

Stark white Modern, minimalist space. The monochrome decor interrupted by several BRIGHT PRINTS showcasing the cookbooks of: *Green Guru*, *Jane Skye*; *Green & Clean Eating*.

JANE (O.C.)
Wylie. When you were little...
before you were born actually, I
started -- I created a sound track
of your life.

We find FRAMED PHOTOS of her son Wylie, tucked into all of the perfect nooks:

- Newborn Wylie, cradled by a flawless looking Jane.

JANE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I kept a file with a song per year
that encompassed that time.

- Wylie, 3, in the grass, a look of wonderment as he studies a BUTTERFLY in his hand.

JANE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I was going to surprise you with
this compilation on your eighteenth
birthday...

- Wylie, 5, in a tux, and GLITTER SHOES, dancing with Jane and his nanny, EMANUELA.

We finally land on Jane at her desk. iPad propped up. She forces another smile.

JANE (CONT'D)
Circumstances changed that plan.
So, I'm giving it to you early...

The LOW BATTERY indicator flashes on the screen.

JANE (CONT'D)
(muttering)
Emanuela...

She searches for a charger in her desk. Nada.

MUSIC fades in as Jane gets up and --

A SUPER QUICK FLASH of IPAD FOOTAGE -- Wylie's infant mouth babbling, Wylie's eyes smiling, Wylie's nail polished hands dancing. These small moments that make or break us depending on whether we're on the winning or losing side of things.

INT. WYLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

A mixture of craft and glitz. Dolls, Barbie's dream house, and an impressive shoe collection suggest this is not a typical boy's room.

GIGGLES emerge from the bottom bunk where a sheet hangs creating a fort.

Jane enters on a mission.

JANE
Wylie-Emanuela do you have my
charger?

WYLIE, 9, adorable and effeminate, pokes his head out, revealing a half-painted face.

WYLIE
The Queen has beckoned!

Jane searches Wylie's desk. Her eye CATCHES ON -- a handmade advent-like calendar entitled, *Mom*. A count-down of 90 days.

WYLIE (CONT'D)
And she requests her magical
serpent coil! Princesa, whatever
shall we do?

EMANUELA, 28, Latina, boho-funky, emerges from the tent. It's clear, she isn't just his nanny, she's his best-friend.

EMANUELA
We shall put on a feast of
children's feet--

Wylie MOCK SCREAMS in horror as she tackles him with tickles.

They continue to play as Jane surreptitiously opens up the last square on the calendar, "90." There is a sad face and "Mom's last day" written.

Jane carefully tucks the calendar away on the desk, glancing toward the fort.

JANE
We have the ballet tonight with
Khalil and Dan. So make sure
you're both cleaned up.

WYLIE
Whaatttt?

Jane spots the charger inside a glass container of glittery rocks.

JANE
Why is my charger with your wishing
rocks?

She fishes it out.

WYLIE
I thought it was going to be just
the three of us?

JANE
No. It's the big fun bunch.

WYLIE
Why do we keep having these weird
dates with them?

JANE
They're not dates. They're our
friends.

WYLIE
Your friends, mom.

EMANUELA
They're snobby. They act as though
I'm not there.

WYLIE
Yeah. They don't like Emanuela.

JANE

That's not-- why do you think that?

WYLIE

I don't think it. I just feel it.

Jane walks over to Wylie and kisses his head.

JANE

They're good people. Just like
you.

Wylie studies his mom. Attempting to read between the lines.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

ON Jane, she stares at the BALLET PERFORMANCE with an empty expression.

Wylie watches intently, his eyes welled with tears. He looks to his mom but she is somewhere else.

He turns to Emanuela who is moved as well. She grabs his hand and squeezes it. He squeezes back.

INT. THEATRE - LOBBY

Intermission. Jane holds court with KHALIL 30's, and DAN 40's.

JANE

(grabbing Dan's face)
With that adorable mug of yours?
The ratings can't be that bad.

DAN

Oh. It's bad. Early morning shows
are going to be extinct.

KHALIL

Ugh. Just stop. Stop with the
negativity.
(to Jane)
This is what he does.

ANGLE ON WYLIE

He wears a brightly colored ascot, skinny pants, bracelets and sparkle oxfords. Somehow it all goes together brilliantly. Nearby, he and Emanuela practice ballet moves.

EMANUELA DAN
Arabesque! Come on, Wylie I know you have it in you.

WYLIE KHALIL
Now you arabesque.

EMANUELA DAN
Jete!

WYLIE DAN
The costumes are rad.

DAN KHALIL (CONT'D)
Your ascot is rad.

WYLIE DAN
Thanks. Emanuela and I made it.

Jane looks at Wylie closely for a beat.

JANE WYLIE
Emanuela, did you forget to take Wylie to get his haircut?

WYLIE JANE
She didn't forget. She just uh...

EMANUELA JANE
I couldn't find the car keys.

JANE WYLIE
They're always in the same place. Mason jar by the stove.

EMANUELA JANE
I know, I know. I had them and then the yarn creation exploded--

JANE WYLIE
The yarn what?

DAN
(sotto)
Nanny of the year.

Khalil discreetly elbows him in the ribs.

JANE
Well, maybe Dan and Khalil can take
you to get a haircut tomorrow.

A little too upbeat:

KHALIL
I can hook you up with something
fresh.

JANE
Yeah, and you can all grab lunch
after.

Wylie looks at Jane and then Khalil and Dan. This is weird.

WYLIE
I like my hair. I mean, it's not a
thing. I don't need it to be
fresh. But, thanks.
(to Emanuela)
Race you to the bathrooms!

She starts off ahead of him. He laughs, following her.

WYLIE (CONT'D)
No fair, cheater!

When it's clear Wylie is out of earshot:

KHALIL
You haven't talked to him yet.

JANE
I will. At the right time.

Dan and Khalil exchange a look.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY

Jane watches as Wylie plays with a few GIRLS. He grabs his satchel and a poster-board and runs toward Jane, giving her a bear hug.

WYLIE
Is everything okay?

JANE

Yes, sweetie. Of course.

WYLIE

Where's Emanuela?

JANE

She's taking care of all of those parking tickets she's ignored for months.

WYLIE

Oh. And you're feeling okay?

Together they walk toward the parking lot.

JANE

I'm fine, honey.

WYLIE

Mom. What's up with Khalil and Dan?

JANE

What do you mean?

He shrugs.

JANE (CONT'D)

We'll talk about it in the car.

This makes Wylie noticeably anxious. There *is* something weird going on.

WYLIE

In the car?

JANE

(switching gears)

How was your presentation?

Wylie holds up his poster-board featuring a bedazzled title: *Fashion Through Out The Ages*. An impressive lay out of fabric swatches, and sketches of women's wear from the 1700's to present.

WYLIE

(making fun of Khalil)

It was fresh. Super fresh.

JANE

Did the kids like it?

WYLIE

Mostly.

JANE

Cameron?

WYLIE

Ehhh. He called me the "f" word.

Jane stops mid-stride.

JANE

Not cool. I'll have a meeting with the principal. Schedule another sensitivity training for the kids. Maybe book a speaker from GLAAD--

WYLIE

Mom, Mom! No, I didn't finish. He called me the other "f" word --
FABUUUUULOUS!

Jane looks at him. Can't help but smile at her son's ability to turn bad into good.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jane and Wylie enter. Wylie is agitated. Jane is cool headed. It's how she deals.

WYLIE

That just doesn't make any sense!
I don't want to live with them.
Mom, I don't want to.

JANE

Honey, we've talked about this.

WYLIE

No, we didn't. We never talked about this.

Jane grabs green ingredients from the fridge, lines them up by the blender. Begins washing and chopping.

JANE

Dr. Landry said--

WYLIE

No! Dr. Landry never said you would choose parents for me. Or guardians? I don't even know... what do I call them?

Jane crouches to meet Wylie's gaze.

JANE

I know this is hard. It will take time, but you can call them whatever feels right.

WYLIE

I'm not gonna call them anything because this is wrong. Mom, It's wrong. You should have asked me. What about what I want?

JANE

Should we work this out with your therapist?

WYLIE

No! I want to talk to you about it now. You can't keep on hiding things from me. I'm not a little kid.

JANE

Honey. Khalil and Dan are the best fit. I've known them both for a long time.

WYLIE

But, how? How do you know they're the best? You can't know that.

Jane blends the smoothie to buy time to think an answer...

JANE

Honey, they share our values.

WYLIE

But you don't know my values. *I* don't know my values.

JANE

They're educated, progressive, financially secure, cultured, and... I know this is hard, Wylie. But, it's what we have to do. One sleep-over a week. Okay?

WYLIE

No, not okay. Why can't Emanuel be my guardian? That makes more sense.

JANE

Because... for a million reasons.

WYLIE

Give me one.

JANE

She's too young... maybe she
doesn't want to be a single mom...

WYLIE

You wanted to be a single mom.

This hits Jane. She covers well.

JANE

And... Emanuela can barely take
care of herself.

Emanuela enters, ear buds in, jamming to some tunes, she
hands a pharmacy bag to Jane.

WYLIE

This is so not right. I should
have a voice in this!

EMANUELA

(removing buds)

What's up with Wy?

WYLIE

What's up? I'll tell you what's up
-- Mom is going to make me live
with Khalil and Dan after she dies!

Wylie races out of the room. Jane takes a breath. Emanuela
looks stricken.

EMANUELA

Wait... what? What's he talking
about? You're dying?

JANE

Emanuela, you knew that.

Emanuela becomes increasingly upset, she begins to cry.

EMANUELA

No, I didn't know that. Oh my God,
Jane. Oh my God.

JANE

But, Em, you drove me to my appointments, bought my meds... I thought we talked about this.

Wylie pokes his head through the doorway, secretly observing.

EMANUELA

No we did not talk about this. I thought you were just a little sick. You don't look sick. How could you not tell me?

Emanuela erupts into sobs. Wylie runs in and puts his arm around Emanuela, comforts her.

JANE

I'm sorry. I really thought I told you.

WYLIE

(in Spanish, to Emanuela)
She has stage four pancreatic cancer. They caught it too late.

EMANUELA

(in Spanish)
How long did you know?

WYLIE

(in Spanish)
A while.
(nuzzles into her)
It's going to be okay. It's going to be okay...

Off Jane loaded with so many conflicting emotions.

INT. KHALIL AND DAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Modern, cold architecture with polished concrete floors. Decked out with expensive art and all of the latest gadgets.

Jane and a subdued Wylie follow Dan and Khalil toward a bedroom.

DAN

And, your room is in here.

KHALIL

It has an en suite bathroom.

Wylie doesn't know what he means. Offers a weak smile. They walk into --

INT. KHALIL AND DAN'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Clean lines. Minimalist. It would make for a great feature in an architectural magazine, but not as a child's bedroom.

Wylie looks around. He appears so small and out of place.

DAN

What do you think?

He moves toward the platform bed and sits on it. Doesn't make eye contact.

WYLIE

It's cool.

JANE

It will look different, Wy. With your things, of course.

Wylie nods. Jane moves toward the large window.

JANE (CONT'D)

Look, a view of the pool.

Wylie looks over.

WYLIE

Why is it so skinny?

KHALIL

It's a lap pool. To swim laps. Do you like to swim?

Wylie shrugs.

INT. KHALIL AND DAN'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - DAY

Wylie sits on a slim modern couch, wireless headphones on, watching a movie on a flat screen.

THROUGH the large glass slider Jane sits with Khalil and Dan around a gas fire pit.

EXT. KHALIL AND DAN'S HOUSE - YARD - DAY

A flustered Khalil and Dan appear to be tap dancing around a bomb they just dropped on Jane.

KHALIL

Oh, no, no, no. You misunderstood us.

DAN

We're not backing out. Of course not, we just want to know who your number two was in case...

KHALIL

It doesn't work out.

JANE

It has to work out. There is no number two.

DAN

What about your parents?

JANE

The Southern Baptists? Really? They would destroy him.

KHALIL

Right. Okay... well, we just need to be clear on certain...

KHALIL (CONT'D)

Details.

JANE

What details?

KHALIL/DAN

Emanuela.

JANE

You're not adopting her. I don't see what the issue is.

DAN

Their relationship is kind of, they're very --

KHALIL

Attached.

DAN

Intertwined.

KHALIL

Don't you think it would be healthy for Wylie to individuate from his nanny?

Jane stares at them for a beat.

JANE

I need him to be able to somehow survive this shitty hand he's been dealt. If that means leaning on the one other person who gets him, who happens to be his nanny, then so be it.

DAN

The thing is, I mean that's fine and all, I hear you -- we -- hear you.

KHALIL

We are prepared to bring in one child, but not two.

DAN

Wherever he goes, she goes. Our lifestyle isn't equipped for that.

JANE

So you want me to find a way to remove Emanuela from Wylie's life?

KHALIL

No, we're not saying *that*, but maybe just encourage a different sorta relationship-

DAN

Yes. That's exactly what we're saying. Sorry. We can't have her bouncing around our house. I mean, could you imagine?

Jane takes this in, Khalil, Dan, the museum-like quality of the home. How dick-ish her friends suddenly seem.

JANE

No. I guess I cannot.

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

The sterility of the room is over-powering despite efforts of pastel colors, impressionistic prints, and wooden fixtures.

Jane speaks with Palliative Care Director, DR. VIJAY. She holds a clipboard. Her forced warmth grates on Jane.

JANE

Absolutely no one but hospital staff. I want to be drugged up, pain-free and oblivious. No one needs to see my wasting away days.

DR. VIJAY

No visitors at all? What about your family and loved ones?

JANE

No family. No friends. No well-wishers. Just a shit ton of opiates.

DR. VIJAY

It says here, you have a son, wouldn't he--

JANE

My son doesn't deserve to see what happens. I don't want to do that to him.

DR. VIJAY

Have you had a conversation about these desires with your community?

JANE

Community? No.

DR. VIJAY

People change their mind as things... progress. Having a support system is vital during your final phase.

JANE

Look, I'm here to sign documents. I don't need pseudo-spiritual guidance or a lecture on how to die properly. My wishes are clear.

Dr. Vijay hands her papers while making intensely concerned eye contact.

DR. VIJAY

Here's my card. Call me anytime you'd like to make amendments to your advanced care plan.

INT. WYLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wylie sleeps on the bottom bunk while Emanuela is on top, texting. She hangs her head over to check on Wylie and then ninja's her way down.

WYLIE

You going to see one of your dudes?

EMANUELA

Maybe.

WYLIE

Is it a Tinder one or a Cupid one?

EMANUELA

A new one.

WYLIE

A new "artist" that still lives
with his parents?

Emanuela jokingly punches Wylie.

EMANUELA

Hey! No. He's a tech guy... who
still lives with his parents.

WYLIE

Could you sing me a song? Before
you leave?

Emanuela pauses. And then positions herself by Wylie.

EMANUELA

Song roulette?

WYLIE

Yeah!

Wylie grabs her phone and presses shuffle. He presses PLAY. Kid Cudi's, "Pursuit of Happiness" plays for a beat. He stops it.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

Pursuit of Happiness. Kid Cudi.

Emanuela takes a breath and then sings a very languid, beautiful, slow version of the song.

EMANUELA

*If I fall if I die know I lived it
to the fullest, If I fall if I die
know I lived and missed some
bullets. I'm on the pursuit of
happiness and I know everything
that shine ain't always gonna be
gold...*

She has an incredible voice. Chilling. Wylie fades off to sleep, a smile on his face.

INT. JANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

From the spread of coffee cups, empty dishes, note pads, it's clear Jane hasn't moved from her desk all night. Blue tooth head set on, she jots notes on a sheet.

Emanuela stands in the door frame, knocks on the wall.

EMANUELA

I'm heading out. Wonder boy is asleep.

JANE

Okay. Thanks, Emanuela.

Emanuela pauses, surveying the scene.

EMANUELA

Can I, is there anything I can do?

JANE

Nope. I'm good.

She walks to Jane's desk, starts looking at her things. It's what Emanuela does.

EMANUELA

Have you been calling people all night?

JANE

Calls, texts, e-mails, i-chat. A long process of elimination. I didn't realize how many unreliable friends I had.

EMANUELA

Well. It's LA. Everyone's a little selfish. You're a little selfish.

Jane looks up from her screen.

JANE
I'm not selfish. Why would you
think I'm selfish?

EMANUELA
I just mean, it's different here.

Emanuela leans over, reading a SPREAD SHEET, almost knocking a cup of coffee over.

JANE
Emanuela... can I have some space,
here?

Emanuela grabs the spread sheet.

EMANUELA
What about all of these names? All
of the one's in the "yes" column?

JANE
It's complicated.
(beat)
None of those people live in LA.

EMANUELA
So? What's wrong with Wylie living
somewhere else?

JANE
I need to vet out the families. I
haven't seen some of those people
in ages.

Emanuela's cell DINGS. As Emanuela makes for the door...

EMANUELA
Well, you gotta figure something
out 'cuz if you don't he's just
gonna end up with your parents.

JANE
I will never let that happen.

Emanuela shrugs. Jane thinks for a moment. She looks back at the spread sheet.

JANE (CONT'D)
What do you think about going on a
road trip?

EMANUELA

Me and Wylie?

JANE

No. The three of us.

EMANUELA

I think that's rad. But you? On the road?

JANE

I can handle it.

EMANUELA

You can only stand being in a car for as long as a venti latte lasts you.

JANE

I guess we'll drink a lot of lattes.

Off Emanuela looking at Jane, unsure.

INT. WYLIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jane crouches by Wylie's bedside. She rubs his head.

JANE

I love you, son.

He stirs. Blinks his eyes.

WYLIE

(muttering)

I love you, mama.

This is clearly an exchange they do all of the time.

JANE

We're going to do this together, okay? You were right. You deserve to have a say.

WYLIE

Huh?

JANE

We're going to meet some old friends of mine, really good people who want to take care of you.

WYLIE

And, I can make the choice?

JANE

Yes, together we can -- but we're driving cross country so you gotta get up, and get ready--

Wylie's eyes BULGE.

WYLIE

Wait, wait, wait -- For real!?!?

Jane nods. He jumps up.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

And, you're coming too?

JANE

Of course I'm coming.

WYLIE

O.M.GEEEEEE. I'm going to put together an insane road trip wardrobe. This is the best thing ever, Mom!

He grabs her and gives her a huge hug.

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - DAY

Jane, iPad in hand, methodically re-counts the luggage and large cooler that is neatly lined up by her HYBRID SUV.

ANGLE ON EMANUELA

She leans against the front steps. Still in her PJS and serious bedhead. A backpack by her side. Not quite awake.

Wylie comes BURSTING through the front door in his road trip ensemble -- Lily Pulitzer skinny palm tree pants, a billowy pink tee, a scarf tied on his neck, a fedora.

JANE

Wylie, is that my shirt?

WYLIE

Yeah. I wanted to dress like the smile I feel inside.

How can Jane argue with that? He does a cute dance routine down the stairs.

WYLIE (CONT'D)
It works, right? It totally says
adventure. But, with a glamour
twist of course.

JANE
(carefully)
You might want to tone it down for
the road.

WYLIE
What do you mean?

JANE
Not everywhere is like LA.

Wylie still doesn't get it.

JANE (CONT'D)
Emanuela, are you going to get
ready?

EMANUELA
I am ready.

PRE-LAP:

JANE
We've got three definites lined up.

INT. HYBRID - SUV - DAY

Standstill traffic. Jane, at the wheel, passes out LAMINATED SCHEDULES to Wylie and Emanuela who are in the back.

JANE
And two alternate families, just in
case.

EMANUELA
Sounds like you're organizing a
baseball team.

JANE
I also e-mailed you both a copy of
the itinerary.

WYLIE
I have an e-mail address?

JANE
I set it up for you when you were
born. It's your name, at gmail.

WYLIE
(playful)
Radical, mom. Radical.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - DAY

The HYBRID SUV inches through the morning slog. And then it breaks free, leaving Los Angeles.

Wylie and Emanuela put their hands out their windows, feeling the air rush through their fingers.

EXT. REST AREA - DAY

Quaint in the middle of nowhere. Picnic tables. A wooden structure that houses rest rooms and vending machines.

Families mill about. Jane walks briskly toward the rest room. Emanuela and Wylie amble toward the picnic tables. Many people stare at Wylie's outfit.

EMANUELA
Check it out! Do you see that bird's nest?

Emanuela darts toward the tree.

A KID, 10 approaches Wylie.

KID
Are you a fairy or are you a fruit?

Wylie looks at the kid.

WYLIE
I don't believe in labels. They're not healthy.

KID
Well, where I come from, we kick the sweat outta freaks like you.

The kid moves closer to Wylie. Attempting to intimidate him. But instead, Wylie holds his ground and his innocence.

WYLIE
Why?

KID
Because... because we don't like weirdos.

WYLIE

Why? Weirdos make life more interesting.

KID

No they don't.

WYLIE

Well, maybe someday you'll get it.

Wylie shrugs and runs toward Emanuela. Through an unfortunate amount of practice, he has learned how bullies sniff out fear and sadness and he's become adept at hiding both.

KID

(yelling after him)

I betcha your dad is a fruit too!

OFF Wylie processing this last insult.

INT. REST AREA - REST ROOM - DAY

Jane stands by the sink, popping pills from her designer pill organizer. A TEEN watches her, curious. There are A LOT.

JANE

Vitamins. They're really important for your health.

The teen nods politely.

EXT. REST AREA - DAY

Wylie and Emanuela marvel over the nest. Careful not to disturb it, he takes a few pictures.

WYLIE

What's a spirit animal?

EMANUELA

An animal that has special meaning to you, a connection. Birds always remind me of my dad.

WYLIE

Because he's a spirit now?

EMANUELA

My dad used to say I learned to sing from them.

(MORE)

EMANUELA (CONT'D)
They would perch by my window and
chirp at me when I was a baby. My
family used to call me Little Bird.

Wylie studies the nest, so much running through his mind.

WYLIE
How did you deal with it, Emanuela?
Losing your dad?

EMANUELA
Music. Music is how I always deal.

WYLIE
(in Spanish)
Do they still call you Little Bird?

EMANUELA
Not so much.

WYLIE
(in Spanish)
Why not?

EMANUELA
I guess I grew up.

She messes with his hair.

INT./EXT. HYBRID - SUV - DAY

Jane sits in the front. Wylie comes racing in like a rocket.

WYLIE
Ma! I got the best idea EVER!

Emanuela climbs in with a can of soda.

JANE
Oh, no. No drinking or eating in
the car. Only water and lattes.

WYLIE
But, mom. You're the only one who
drinks lattes.

JANE
We eat when we stop. That's the
rule. What's your idea, Wylie?

Emanuela steps out of the car and chugs her soda. Draping
himself over the front seat:

WYLIE

Oh my god, oh my god, okay. What about my biological dad, mom?

JANE

What about him?

WYLIE

Let's find him!

JANE

That's... honey, we can't do that. He was a sperm donor. The information is confidential.

WYLIE

Yeah, I know. But, everyone gets a cancer wish. And, I mean, I don't want to take yours away from you, but maybe part of your wish could be to find out who he is. And we can meet him.

Wylie smiles brightly. A smile that could break your heart.

JANE

I don't think so, Wylie.

WYLIE

I mean, I'm not saying like, he would want to be my dad or anything. But, we share the same DNA. So, maybe we would just kinda click, you know?

JANE

I'm really sorry, Wylie. That's just not a possibility.

WYLIE

Mom. You always tell me anything is possible.

JANE

Well. Not this.

Wylie slumps back into his seat.

INT. HYBRID - SUV - LATER - DAY

Wylie and Emanuela are in the back, belting out 80's tunes, dancing. Having a blast.

WYLIE

Come on, Mom! Join for the chorus!
Shake your booty in the seat!

She doesn't respond. Wylie notices that she has ear buds in. He looks at Emanuela and shrugs.

INT. HYBRID - SUV - LATER - DUSK

Jane concentrates on the road, sans ear buds. Suddenly:

EMANUELA

Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Stop the car!

Jane, startled, swerves and slows toward the shoulder.

JANE

What's wrong?

EMANUELA

Look!

Emanuela points to a mama deer on the side of the road with a few calves.

JANE

Emanuela... we've got a schedule.

WYLIE

Mom! If we don't do anything they will die! We have to do something. We have to!

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Emanuela, Wylie, and Jane shoo the deer so they run toward the hills, away from the road.

Wylie glances up at the incredible starlit sky. He focuses on a star. Squeezes his eyes shut. Makes a silent wish.

INT. HYBRID - SUV - NIGHT

Jane, fighting exhaustion at the wheel.

Emanuela CHEWS GUM. Suddenly it falls out of her mouth and lands on the seat.

Wylie and Emanuela look at each other, covering their mouths. They try to scrape it off, while holding back laughter.

INT. HYBRID - SUV - LATER

Emanuela's head leans against the window. Her eyes go WIDE.

EMANUELA

Check out that moon! I've never seen anything like that!

WYLIE

Awwwww, cool... it's like a painting! Ma, can we stop? Can we? I wanna take a picture.

JANE

Guys, we can't do this. I'm not going to make it if we stop every time we see something interesting or beautiful. It's not that kind of trip. I'm sorry, kids. We have a time limit.

Wylie presses his face against the window. Watching the moon race alongside him.

EXT. HOTEL - COLLEGE TOWN - BOULDER, CO

The SUV pulls up to the VALET. Inside, Wylie sleeps. Jane and Emanuela quietly pull luggage from the car.

Emanuela offers to help Jane with a large suitcase.

JANE

I'm fine, I'm fine.

Emanuela backs off. But watches Jane to make sure.

JANE (CONT'D)

I'm not there yet. Okay. I'm not an invalid. By the time I get to a point where I can't carry my own crap, I'll be out of sight. So, you can stop worrying about me.

Emanuela glances in the car. Wylie is still asleep.

EMANUELA

Jane, is there anything you want to do? Before you, you know... it's too late.

Jane is annoyed.

JANE

No. It's fine. It's all really fine.

EMANUELA

When my dad passed away, it was sudden. I wished we could have had one last party, or trip or anything.

JANE

Well, that's not me. I've taken care of what I've needed to take care of.

Wylie tumbles out of the car, waking up. He looks around.

WYLIE

Air feels different here. Smells like trees and earth.

JANE

This is my college town.

Wylie, Jane and Emanuela head for the entrance.

WYLIE

(doing a dance)

Campus tour! Campus tour!

JANE

Maybe. I'm doing a book signing at the local shop. So, if we can fit it in.

WYLIE

Whattttt? But, it's not on the itinerary.

JANE

I e-mailed you both an addendum.

WYLIE

We don't have time for that, mom. It's not that kind of a trip. Don't we have a schedule?

Jane feels uncomfortable hearing him regurgitate her words.

INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

ON a display of Jane's books and several large poster boards announcing her appearance.

Jane, in her element, behind a table, signs books, engages her fans. This is where she shines -- in the small moments of surface adoration, she draws people in, making them feel like she is the best friend they always wanted.

ANGLE ON WYLIE

Between bookshelves, crouched in hiding. Emanuela POUNCES into frame. He YELPS. And then, RUNS away from her.

BACK ON JANE

A bright smile as she chats with a PATRON.

JANE

Totally! The mint-orange smoothie is my morning crack, basically.

PATRON

It seriously helped me kick my coffee habit. I feel like a thousand times younger.

Jane opens her book to sign.

JANE

Awww, that makes me so happy to hear! What's your name?

PATRON

Gigi, G, I, G--

Suddenly Jane's face BLANCHES. She gets up quickly.

JANE

I'm sorry. I gotta. I just need to uh, do something.

Jane makes a bee-line toward the maze of towering book shelves. Emanuela watches, amused, curious.

JANE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Fuck, fuck, fuck...

She grabs a large book, and buries herself in it when--

MALE VOICE

Well, well, well, if it ain't Janie
Worthington, come to grace us with
her bright, shining presence...

Reveal LEVI, 40's, attractive in that roughed up don't-even-gotta-try way. Probably has a shadow of a beard too.

JANE

Actually, it's Jane Skye, now.

LEVI

Ohhhh, right. Like it says on your
books. You got hitched, did ya?
Well, shit. Some of us gotta grow
up, I guess.

EMANUELA

No. She changed her name for
marketing purposes.

Jane looks at Emanuela like, where did you come from? Levi can't take his eyes off of Jane.

LEVI

Huh. Is that right? No ring, no
man, no problemo.
(to Emanuela)
Sorry, I'm Levi. Levi Jones.
Janie and I go wayyyyy back.

She shakes his hand. Sizing him up.

EMANUELA

Emanuela. I take care of Wylie.

LEVI

Wylie? Who's Wylie? You gotta
dog? You hate animals.

EMANUELA

Guess you go a little too far back.

LEVI

What are you doing here anyway,
sunshine?

JANE

I'm on a book tour.

EMANUELA

She's dying from cancer and trying
to find her son a home.

Jane glares at Emanuela. Levi looks like he's been kicked in the gut.

JANE
Thank you, Emanuela.

LEVI
Seriously? Jane?

JANE
It's not a big deal, okay.

LEVI
What? Not a big deal?
(letting it land)
Shit...

JANE
Look. I'm not that girl. I don't need pity. I've come to terms and all of that. We really gotta -- It was nice seeing you, Levi.

Jane walks away. Levi follows her.

LEVI
Janie. You can't just do that. I mean, come on. Let me at least... buy you a drink, or lunch, or a ticket to Cabo.

He puts his hand on her shoulder. His touch floods her with a sense memory she can't fight.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Please. My shack has the best BBQ in the state.

JANE
You own a restaurant?

LEVI
I don't own nothing, and nothing owns me.
(beat)
I manage from time to time in between various adventures.

Wylie pops in, out of no where.

WYLIE
Did you say BBQ? Oh my god, mom,
pleeeeease.
(MORE)

WYLIE (CONT'D)
If I have one more tofu-cup, my gut
is going to bust open and cry.

LEVI
Tofu what? Duuuude... I'll fix you
up something that will blow your
mind.

Off Wylie's shining smile.

INT. EFFIE'S BBQ & SPORTS GRILLE - DAY

Jane, Levi, Emanuela, and Wylie sit in a booth. Everyone is covered in BBQ sauce except for Jane.

Wylie is wrapped up in Levi's story telling. Emanuela holds a careful, cool watchful eye on Levi.

LEVI
So, we had been walking around for hours and hours, it was crazy-hot Indian Summer hot, I swear to God. And your mom, you know, alls she got are her flip-flops and pretty little toes, and they are blistered as Fuuu--

(re: Jane/Wylie)
Fudge buckets. They are *beat up*. We just lost track of time. This is before cell phones. We don't have a wallet. But, your mom, see... she's got the brains. Has the most genius idea --

WYLIE
Hitch hike like in the movies?

LEVI
Noooooo, man. Your mom is way classier than that.

JANE
Yeah, Wylie. That's not safe. You know that, right?

WYLIE
Yeah, yeah, just go on with the story.

LEVI
She marches into a pizza shop.
Orders a pizza to be delivered to
our dorm.

(MORE)

LEVI (CONT'D)
And asks the delivery guy if we can
catch a ride. Brilliant, right?

WYLIE
You rode in the pizza car?

LEVI
Well, no. They wouldn't let us go.
Something about liability bull
crap.

WYLIE
So, what'd you do?

LEVI
The only sensible thing. Carried
your mom on my back for two miles
until we got back to the dorm.

Emanuela can't stand it. So done with Levi.

EMANUELA
(to self)
Oh, God.

WYLIE
No wayyyyy.

LEVI
Way.

WYLIE
Wait. How long ago were you guys
engaged?

Levi and Jane exchange a look. Who should answer?

LEVI
Thirteen years ago. JANE
A long time ago.

Wylie quickly does the math on his hand. Darn it. Levi's
not his dad.

WYLIE (CONT'D)
Tell us another story!!

LEVI
Oh, well there's the one when we
drove to Mexico --

JANE
No. Enough. Let's move onto
something else.

EMANUELA

Yeah, please.

LEVI

Alright, alright. How about this?

He pulls our a roll of quarters, motions to the arcade games.

LEVI (CONT'D)

Have at it.

Wylie grabs them, jumps up excited. Emanuela follows him, but eyes Levi. She does not like him.

JANE

(re: BBQ)

This is your recipe.

LEVI

Indeed it is.

JANE

It's gotten better over time.

LEVI

Many things get better over time.

He winks. And then --

LEVI (CONT'D)

Jane. Let me come with you on this trip. As back up.

JANE

What? Levi...

LEVI

First stop is Telluride?

JANE

Yeah...? Oh, right. I got it. A free ride.

Levi is noticeably insulted.

LEVI

Noooooooo. That's not it. I've got mad slope skills. I can teach your kid how to handle the pow.

JANE

Uh, yeah. That's not going to happen.

Levi cocks his head.

LEVI

Oh, Jane. It's our song. It's a sign...

JANE

We don't have a song.

As The Talking Heads, "This Must be the Place" plays, Levi pulls Jane out of the booth.

LEVI

(singing)

*Heyyyy I got plenty of time... you
got light in your eyes... Never for
money, always for love...*

Jane shakes her head but enjoys being twirled and dipped as Levi states his case.

LEVI (CONT'D)

Look. Thing is. My friend's dad had your cancer and you know, he was good until he wasn't. Boom. It hit him.

ANGLE ON

Wylie watching his mom dancing. His face lights up. He loves to see her this way.

LEVI (CONT'D)

I know you love to fly your Lil Miss Independence flag like a champ, but come on. If something happens. You don't want your kid to have to deal.

JANE

I've got Emanuela. I've got a cell phone. I've got a plan.

LEVI

She's a grown kid. I mean, look, it takes one to know one, right? Janie-pie. Just, let me do the right thing.

Off Levi's infectious half-smile. As if he's already won the battle.

EXT. HYBRID SUV - DAY

Jane leans into the car, gathering various pieces of trash, water bottles, etc. in mid-convo with Emanuela.

EMANUELA

What?!? He's going to totally wreck our vibe! He's so schmarmy. He's like one of those bros, you know? Ugh. I vote no.

JANE

Sorry, there isn't a vote on this one.

EMANUELA

How come you never mentioned him before? Huh?

JANE

Because, it was a long time ago. And--

EMANUELA

Lemme guess, he screwed you over?

Jane doesn't respond.

EMANUELA (CONT'D)

He just wants to get into your pants.

JANE

Emanuela.

EMANUELA

Jane.

JANE

I'm sure he's got plenty of eager women in his rotation. And, I am definitely not one of them.

Levi appears with Wylie on his shoulders, and a total bro-travel bag slung on his shoulder.

EMANUELA

(sotto)

Yeah, we'll see.

WYLIE

Emanuela! Take a photo!

EMANUELA
My batteries are low.

INT. HYBRID - SUV - DAY

Levi is at the wheel. Jane rests her head on the window. He looks at her, smiles. Feels like the good guy.

Levi starts singing to himself. Rapping his hands on the steering wheel. A song akin to "Sweet Home Alabama."

Emanuela can't stand it.

EMANUELA
That's not how it goes. You are so out of tune. It's insulting to Lynrd Skynrd.

LEVI
Oh, yeah? Can you do it better?

Wylie smiles big. He nudges Emanuela.

Emanuela BELTS OUT a few lines. It's absolutely stunning. And she knows it.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Well, where in the hell did that come from?

Jane stirs awake.

WYLIE
She's gonna be famous some day.
She came to the states because a record company wanted to sign her, right, Em?

LEVI
Is that so?

EMANUELA
Yeah, what did you think? Just because I'm Latina I only do domestic work?

LEVI
What happened with the record company?

Emanuela looks away. It's a sore spot for her. Wylie knows this so...

WYLIE

Okay. I made personal score card sheets so we can all rate the families.

Wylie passes out the sheets.

JANE

That's clever, Wylie.

He passes TWO up front. Emanuela notices.

EMANUELA

Why are you giving him a vote? He doesn't know you.

WYLIE

Fun for everyone.

LEVI

What's the scoring system, Wy?

Emanuela simmers at Levi's use of his nickname.

WYLIE

Well, I'm working on it. I listed a few things that mom's mentioned before, educated, has money--

JANE

Financially secure, Wylie.

LEVI

Is there a difference?

WYLIE

(reading from ipad)
Our first family is your college bestie, mom? Becca and her husband, Jon.

LEVI

Oh, good ol' Becca Beef Squirt!
What the hell is she doing in a ski town?

Levi chuckles. Jane shoots him a look.

LEVI (CONT'D)

Sorry. She just, you know, was short and beefy... and that was...

EMANUELA

A really un-cool, dick nickname for
her?

LEVI

Ahhhh, it was a joke. We were all
having fun.

WYLIE

Can I see a picture?

Jane eyes Levi as if to say: *See what you did?*

JANE

It's on the iPad in the road trip
folder.

ON the photo. She is in fact a short, round, mousy woman.

WYLIE

Stats?

JANE

She's an anthropology professor at
Brown. But she's taking a hiatus
to write one of her academic papers
in Telluride.

WYLIE

Is she... fun?

JANE

She's a very passionate teacher.
Super bright, responsible,
caring...

WYLIE

Boring?

JANE

Wylie.

WYLIE

JK mom.

Wylie glances at Emanuela and they both quietly make a big
"X" mark on their voting card.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - TELLURIDE, COLORADO - DAY

The SUV makes it way up the winding pass. The green and
brown landscape gives way to patches of snow and ice.

EXT. TELLURIDE TOWN - DAY

An old mining community turned ski town. Colorful VICTORIAN homes dot the quaint streets. The massive mountain offers a dramatic view from almost every angle of town.

Our crew approaches one of the VICTORIAN homes, LOUD hip-hop music blasts from within.

WYLIE
What's that smell?

JANE
Maybe I got the address wrong.

LEVI
That would be grade-A ganja.

WYLIE
What's ganja?

JANE
It's nothing. It's an herb. It's--

EMANUELA
Legal here.

JANE
Something we'll talk about later.

EMANUELA
The whole town smells like it.

Levi rings the bell. A beat. Music goes off.

The door swings open and all JAWS DROP as they are greeted by a very different BECCA, 40's. Petite, tight body, newly done breasts, a Hollywood Housewife kind of outfit.

JANE
Becca?

LEVI
Holy. Me. Oh. My...

BECCA
Jane!!

Becca pulls Jane into a big hug. Levi can't take his eyes off Becca, who clearly has been hitting the bong.

JANE
Becca, you look so...

BECCA

I know, I know. I'll catch you up
on *the metamorphosis* as my
colleagues have so endearingly
labeled it. You look the same!
Healthy.

It wasn't meant to, but this stings Jane.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Come on in, come on in...

INT. BECCA'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The typical ski shack rental that hasn't been updated in
decades but offers a nostalgic kind of comfort.

Becca extends her hand to Wylie, who doesn't know what hit
him.

BECCA

You must be the progeny. It's a
pleasure to meet you, Wylie Jameson
Skye.

(extends hand)

And, Emanuela Ortega.

(to Jane)

I did my homework.

WYLIE

I like your earrings.

BECCA

(leaning in)

I recently discovered on-line
shopping. It's quite efficient.

(and then)

Levi? Are you two...

JANE

No, no. He's just along for...

LEVI

Wherever the wild road may take us.

JANE

Support. Where's Jon?

BECCA

Oh, we're on hiatus too. Exploring
different lifestyles.

JANE
When did that happen?

BECCA
Few years ago.

BYRON, 22, traipses through in the b.g., half-dressed in snowboarding gear. Inexplicably he is shirtless.

JANE
You have roommates?

BECCA
When the need arises.

Byron heads to the door and gives Becca a pat on the butt.

BYRON
See ya, babe.

He nods to the rest of our gang and is out.

BECCA
So, how about a tour of my humble habitat?

Jane's mind is spinning.

JANE
Bathroom? Where's a bathroom?

BECCA
Oh, just down the right, that way.

Jane grabs Levi and makes a bee-line.

INT. BECCA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A tight airport-like bathroom. Jane pulls Levi in with her. Whispering:

JANE
What the fuck?!? I mean, what the fuck!?!?

Levi is so entertained by all of this.

LEVI
Right? That's some serious body swap, Freaky Friday shit going on back there.

Jane begins to breath fast. Nearing a panic attack.

JANE
This isn't a joke.
(breathing rate increases)
I don't know what happened to the
Becca I knew, but this isn't good.
We need an escape plan.

She sits down on the ground. Beginning to hyperventilate.

LEVI
Jane?

JANE
We can't stay here. We gotta go.

Jane tries to get up, but can't. Levi sits on the ground, their knees touching, he grabs her face.

LEVI
Janie. Look at me. Follow my
breathing. Sloooooow. Okay?

She nods. Attempts to take in a slow breath.

LEVI (CONT'D)
It's all gonna be alright. Say it
with me...

JANE
It's....

Not really working. She takes in more breaths.

LEVI
I promise you, your sweet little
Becca Beef Squirt still resides in
that newly tight and tan bod of
hers. She's gonna be a fine
parent.

JANE
I need... my emergency... Xanax.

LEVI
Okay, Okay. I gotcha. Whatever I
can do.

She points to her purse. Levi quickly fishes out a PILL BOTTLE. He pulls out the ONE PILL, it FALLS from his hand, BOUNCES off the sink and lands in the toilet.

INT. BECCA'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Becca stands with Wylie and Emanuela in a small, bare bones bedroom.

BECCA

If you should choose to live with
me, this would be your room.

EMANUELA

Can he paint the walls or decorate
it?

BECCA

Of course. Paint, hang pictures,
new furniture. I'm a huge
proponent of self-expression in all
forms.

Emanuela's phone RINGS. She looks at it. Silences it.

WYLIE

Your mom again?

Emanuela pulls the curtains. Looks out the window.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

Don't you think you should call her
back?

EMANUELA

I will. I try to average a call a
week.

WYLIE

(correcting)

Bi-weekly.

BECCA

Emanuela, there's a room for you
too.

Emanuela is caught off guard. She and Wylie follow Becca
into...

INT. BECCA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY/SECOND BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pieces of Byron's temporary stay can be found in here --
boots, caps, boxers.

BECCA

This will all be cleared out.

EMANUELA

Oh, Okay.

BECCA

I don't know what the arrangement is, but you're welcome to stay with us.

Emanuela is uncomfortable. Is this what she wants?

WYLIE

Awesome! We share a wall. We can create a secret knocking code.

BECCA

I'm going to check on your mom. Feel free to explore the house.

Becca heads out, while Wylie studies Emanuela for a beat.

WYLIE

What do you think?

EMANUELA

It doesn't matter what I think, it's up to you bud--

Emanuela's phone DINGS with a text. She sighs, reading it.

WYLIE

Just call her.

EMANUELA

I've run out of spin.

WYLIE

What do you mean?

EMANUELA

Nothing. She's just always hoping I've got good news.

WYLIE

About your music?

EMANUELA

No matter how many years go by, she doesn't give up...

INT. BECCA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane is in worse condition. Sweating, now full-on hyperventilating. Becca and Levi are squished in there.

Becca hands her a CANDY CHEW.

BECCA
Take this. It's the closest thing
to an anxiolytic--

LEVI
Anxio-what?

BECCA
Xanax. But, better.

JANE
What... is... it?

BECCA
It's an edible.

JANE
Pot?!?

BECCA
You used to smoke all of the time
in college.

JANE
I'm a mother... Wylie needs...

LEVI
Wylie needs you to not be freaking
out. It's the best we can do. If
anything goes wrong, I'll take you
to the ER.

JANE
Promise?

He nods. She takes the candy and eats it.

ON JANE -- LATER

Seated. A dopey, happy grin.

JANE (CONT'D)
This is so nice. It's like a
bubble bath without the water.
Becca, you were right.
(and then)
Wait, are we moving? Why are we
moving?

Jane laughs as we reveal we are:

INT. GONDOLA - DAY

Jane sits between Wylie and Levi. Opposite her are Becca and a SKIER who is amused by Jane.

WYLIE

Mom. You wanted to take a ride to see the mountain. Remember?

Jane shrugs and smiles. Content with it all.

BECCA

It's the medicine, Wylie.

LEVI

She'll return to her type-A persona soon enough. You should really enjoy it, kid while it lasts.

JANE

If I'm type-A, then you're type-Z, Levi. Zippity-Z.

LEVI

Okay, cowgirl.

Wylie snaps photos with his phone.

WYLIE

Look! A bunch of moguls! Levi, do you ski moguls?

LEVI

Sure do. Maybe you will too, someday.

WYLIE

They make such beautiful patterns. It's like snow art.

Or maybe not.

JANE

Where's Emanuela?

WYLIE

She's afraid of heights.

JANE

Oh. I don't think she likes snow either.

For seemingly no reason at all, Jane grabs Levi's hand. He glances at her, smiles, as she gazes out the window.

INT. BECCA HOUSE - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Jane, in a cute wintery get-up grabs her jacket. Becca primped herself in the mirror. Wylie approaches in PJ's.

WYLIE
Why can't I go with you?

JANE
It's a book party, you'll be bored.

WYLIE
No, I won't. I don't believe in
boredom.

BECCA
A bunch of my crunchy old academic
goons gathering to talk about your
mom's books. Is that really how
you want to spend your night?

WYLIE
They're going to talk about
recipes?

BECCA
Something like that.

JANE
Besides, you need to be in bed in
an hour.

WYLIE
I think I liked it better when you
took that medicine.

Wylie walks off as Levi, dressed as though he's going on a date, runs up to them.

LEVI
Hey, Janie. Is it okay if I borrow
your ride for tonight?

Jane is caught off guard.

JANE
Oh. Sure. Where are you going?

She rifles through her purse.

LEVI
You know me. Wanderer at heart.
Got a friend on every road I
travel.

She hands him the keys:

JANE

Right. I mean, of course you don't have to hang out with the kids tonight. You didn't come along to baby-sit.

He kisses her on the cheek and runs out the door.

JANE (CONT'D)

Friend on every road? More like girl in every port.

BECCA

Well, Levi is Levi.

JANE

Hey, Becca?
(quietly)
Can I have another one of those candies?

BECCA

Are you sure?

JANE

Yeah. I'm sure.

Becca fishes the container from her purse.

BECCA

Know what, keep the bottle.
Consider it a welcome gift.

Jane pockets the bottle and they go out the door.

EXT. TELLURIDE VILLAGE - NIGHT

Becca and Jane walk through the snow covered sidewalks, in mid-convo.

BECCA

....you want Wylie in a home where he is raised to be comfortable with his sexual expression whatever that may be.

They walk toward another VICTORIAN ski shack.

JANE

Well, it's pretty clear that Wylie
won't be hetero.

BECCA

You truly never know. Sexuality
isn't so black and white. It's a
spectrum.

Jane is uncomfortable with this statement. She needs labels.
She needs to know who her son is, before she goes.

JANE

Becca. What... what happened?

Becca laughs.

BECCA

You mean all this?

Waves her hand over her body.

JANE

Uh. Yeah.

BECCA

Gosh, where do I start? How do you
put so many years into a few
sentences?

JANE

Well... you're the smart one.

BECCA

Exactly!

JANE

What?

BECCA

So much of my M.O. was what was
told to me. Good girl, smart girl.
It was how I got places, for the
most part. But, you know, you get
to a certain age and suddenly you
realize your tax receipts have had
zero variance for decades. Like I
was living on auto-pilot. Like I
was living someone else's version
of myself.

They walk onto the porch of a victorian home.

JANE

I never knew you felt like that.

BECCA

But you are a bit of the same, no?
All of us drawn to you, like
fireflies to the light.

Jane smiles at this compliment.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Always admired from afar, but
somewhat untouchable. Like a
stunning Grecian statue.

Jane's smile fades. Something about this is so true and so
sad. Becca opens the door and they walk into-

INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

A warm gathering of MIDDLE AGED ACADEMICS and SKI BUMS
sitting on floor cushions, each other's laps, draped over the
arms of a couches. Jane's BOOKS are on display by a BUFFET.

A BONG is passed around as though it's a bottle of wine.

JANE

(re buffet)

Are those all my recipes?

Becca gives her arm a squeeze.

BECCA

It's your legacy.

Jane bristles at the word. The BONG comes their way. Jane
takes a BIG HIT. Byron approaches.

BYRON

You hit that, girrrrrl.

Jane laughs in a stoned haze.

JANE

I used to be so fun. Right, Becca?

But Becca isn't there. Byron moves in real close to Jane.

BYRON

I bet you still are.

Jane smiles, likes the attention.

BYRON (CONT'D)
Do you ski?

JANE
No. I used to, a little, but it's
been forever.

BYRON
Lucky for me. I'm a ski
instructor. I can teach you some
tricks.

JANE
Oh, I'm not here for long. That
would've been great, though.

BYRON
It's all gonna turn to slush soon
anyway, but next season -- you ask
for me, and I'll show you what it's
all about. Deal?

She pauses for a moment. She's not high enough to forget
that she won't be here next season.

JANE
Yeah, deal.

She eyes the bong.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING AREA - LATER

A smoky haze hangs over the room. Everyone's looser,
messier.

A stoned Becca approaches a GUY with ski goggles on his head.

BECCA
Have you seen Jane?

SKI GOGGLES
Who's that?

BECCA
The statuesque author of the Green
and Clean series.

SKI GOGGLES
Who? What?

Becca points to one of the cookbooks.

BECCA
Her.

SKI GOGGLES
Naw, dude. But if you find her,
let me know. She's alllllright.

Becca surveys the room. Gets lost in a platter of munchies.

ANGLE ON

Jane's CUTE BOOTIES from underneath the buffet table. We go under the table to find --

Jane laying on Byron, in a deep, deep, conversation.

JANE
(breathing him in)
I miss that man smell.

BYRON
Come on. You must have a line of guys waiting.

JANE
No, no, no. I'm a guy repellent.
(of Byron's look)
It's true, men are intimidated by my success.

BYRON
Well, I'm not.

He kisses her neck crazy-like. She giggles.

JANE
Do you think Becca will be mad?

BYRON
About what?

JANE
Aren't you two dating or something?

BYRON
Becca's into all sorts of crazy shit. She's not territorial or anything like that. Trust me.

JANE
It feels like I've got wings on my back. Maybe we can fly away?

Jane laughs and laughs.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

ON Jane's make-up smeared face. She squints her eyes awake. Looks around. Confused.

Realizes she's on a bed. Between two bodies. Oh, they're naked. One of them is Becca. The other, Byron. She reluctantly looks at herself. She's naked too. WTF.

She slowly slides out of bed. Grabs whatever clothes she can find. And RUNS out the door.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jane in a FUCHSIA pajama top and fuzzy leggings waits nervously. Freezing.

Levi pulls up in the SUV with a shit-eating grin. Reaches over and opens the door for her.

LEVI

Wow.

Jane climbs in.

INT. HYBRID - SUV - CONTINUOUS

LEVI

The Queen of clean ain't so pure
this rough morning!

JANE

Don't. Just do what you do best
and get us the hell out of here.

LEVI

Not a problem, boss!

The wheels screech as the SUV shoots out of the driveway.

INT. BECCA'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - MORNING

Jane carefully wakes Wylie and Emanuela up, while Levi gathers all of their stuff in the background.

WYLIE

What? What's going on?

EMANUELA

The sun is barely up, man.

JANE
We gotta go. Now.

Off Wylie and Emanuela fumbling out of bed, confused.

EXT. BECCA'S HOUSE - MORNING

The car PEELS out of the driveway and onto the road.

INT. HYBRID - SUV - MORNING

Wylie is in the back with Emanuela. Jane at the wheel. Levi, still with that grin, in the front.

WYLIE
Did you even say goodbye? I don't
get it. What happened?

JANE
Nothing happened. We just need to
get back on track.

Wylie pulls out his score card.

WYLIE
So, I guess Becca is a no?

JANE
We have other options.

WYLIE
Sperm donor! Sperm Donor!

LEVI
Huh?

EMANUELA
His biological father.

LEVI
Ohhhh. So you did it that way?
(to Wylie)
You're lucky, kid. Your mom
probably chose top pedigree spooge
for you.

WYLIE
What?--

EMANUELA
--Ew. You are so disgusting.

JANE
--Levi please.

LEVI
Come, on. It's a technical term.

Wylie suddenly notices his mom's outfit.

WYLIE
Mom, what are you wearing?

LEVI
There's so many sides of Jane we
have yet to see.

JANE
I spilled some food on me at the
book party.

LEVI
I bet you did, Janie. That must
have been one delicious meal y'all
had.

Jane wants to punch him. Instead she drives faster.

EXT. REST STOP - LATER

The SUV pulls to a stop. Jane jumps out and runs to the rest room. Levi follows her.

Wylie watches concerned. Emanuela slips her earbud into his ear. Tries to get him to dance with her.

INT. REST ROOM - DAY

Jane runs into a stall and throws up. Levi holds her hair. A WOMAN stares at him, shooting a disapproving look.

LEVI
She's dying okay? I need to make
sure she's gonna be okay.

The Woman hurries out of the rest room, red-faced. Jane wipes her mouth. She's pale, sweating.

JANE
It's just a hangover. It's not the
cancer.

She tries to stand up, but a huge wave of vertigo overcomes her. Levi makes her sit. He grabs a bottle of water from his back pocket, gives it to her.

JANE (CONT'D)
Can you promise me something?

LEVI
Anything.

JANE
I know your deal. I know that eventually this gallant cowboy act is going to fade and you're going to jump ship.

LEVI
No. That's not my deal, Jane.
That's not my deal.

JANE
And, I'm fine with it. But, Wylye really likes you. Please, give him a heads up before you ghost. Don't just disappear on him. Okay?

LEVI
Come on, Janie. That's not me.

JANE
I know your deal.

Jane slowly stands up. Levi attempts to help her, she pushes him away.

JANE (CONT'D)
I'm fine.

INT. HYBRID - SUV - DAY

Emanuela is at the wheel. Jane is in the front, perspiring heavily, folded into herself.

Levi attempts to teach Wylye poker in the back. Emanuela's erratic driving causes the cards to slide around.

LEVI
Hey, Emanuela, you think you can try and avoid the pot-holes?

EMANUELA
Hey, you think you can try and not be a tool?

LEVI

(sotto)

Okay, I'll have to teach you the gentleman's game when we're not being driven on Mr. Toad's Wild Ride.

WYLIE

Alllll right! Score cards everyone!

Wylie passes out paper.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

Our next family lives in a tree house, so you know, be prepared.

EMANUELA

Well, that rocks.

JANE

It's not what you think. It's an architectural home. It was featured in magazines and blogs.

LEVI

Well, heck, if it's been in magazines...

WYLIE

Their names are Aisha and Nigel.

(re: ipad)

Wow. Power couple. Is she a model?

JANE

No. We worked together years ago in publishing. We were actually pregnant at the same time.

ON a photo of a very attractive fit, yogini, Aisha and her equal, ex-athlete, Nigel.

LEVI

What the fuck kinda name is Nigel?

(off Jane)

I mean, fudge.

WYLIE

How many kids do they have?

JANE

Three.

WYLIE
Yikes.

Levi checks out the photo.

LEVI
Pretty? She is Fiiiiiiiiine, I
mean capitol F, fine.

JANE
She's taken, Levi.

LEVI
Hey, just 'cuz she's on a diet
don't mean I don't get to look at
the dessert tray. Hooo-ahh! Get
it? See what I did there?

WYLIE
Wait, wait, wait... So, if you were
pregnant before you moved, that
means that the sperm donor isn't
from LA?

A beat.

JANE
Right.

WYLIE
Where then?

Car is silent. Even Emanuela is listening closely.

WYLIE (CONT'D)
Mom, where's the sperm from?

JANE
Honey, does it really matter?

WYLIE
(duh)
Yeah.

JANE
New York.

LEVI
Ha! New Fuu- flippin' York. What
are we talking, Park Avenue elite?--

JANE
Levi, stop.

LEVI

Ivy league educated? CEO? Or, no - - med student! I bet you chose a tall, athletic, MD with a 4.0 Average.

JANE

Stop it! Stop. It. My choices are *not* up for discussion. Not in this car, and certainly not with *you*, Levi.

EMANUELA

Told you we shouldn't have let him come. He's not one of us.

LEVI

Well, I've never been one of anything so...

EMANUELA

You make your bed, you lie in it.

LEVI

That you do.

OFF Levi, stoic, owning it.

EXT. AISHA'S TREE HOUSE - DAY

A stunning architectural home built into the trees by a lake. Our crew approach the stairs. Wylie is dazzled.

WYLIE

I didn't know places like this existed.

INT. AISHA'S TREE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A rich hippie's paradise, re-purposed wood, large picture windows, a loft, hand-made furniture, tribal accents, etc.

AISHA, 40's, in high-end yoga clothes and NIGEL, 40's, and their FOUR KIDS ages 3-12, greet everyone with over-flowing warmth. A big cacophony of hugs, and intros and laughter.

Aisha crouches down when she sees Wylie.

AISHA

Oh, my gosh! Look at you little man!

(MORE)

AISHA (CONT'D)
You still have those incredibly
soulful eyes. Not your mom's, no.

Jane tenses at Aisha's comment. Wylie is intrigued.
SAMSARA, 9, approaches Wylie, gleeful.

SAMSARA
We were in our mom's bellies, the
same time!

WYLIE
Cool. I'm Wylie.

SAMSARA
I'm Samsara. And that's Bhodi--

She points to a TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY.

SAMSARA (CONT'D)
And Naji is the one hiding behind
my dad.

They both giggle.

ANGLE ON EMANUELA

She and Nigel speak in her native tongue. Nigel's Spanish is
decent for a Brit.

NIGEL
(in Spanish)
Jalisco? I know Jalisco.

EMANUELA
(in Spanish)
You do? Have you been?

NIGEL
(in Spanish)
I played soccer as a teen around
there. Beautiful town. You miss
it?

EMANUELA
(in Spanish)
Sometimes. You miss the U.K.?

NIGEL
(in English)
All of the time. But hey...
this isn't so bad, either.

ANGLE ON AISHA

She gets to Jane, there is a tension both attempt to hide.

AISHA
Jane... it's...

JANE
I know. It's been a long time.

AISHA
It has.

They exchange an awkward hug. Jane noticing the kids:

JANE
Is that? Did you have a fourth?

AISHA
We sure did, this is Axel.

Aisha swoops him up. Jane plays with his cheeks.

JANE
Hi, Axel. What a cutie!

INT. AISHA'S TREE HOUSE - DINING/LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Post dinner. The ADULTS and KIDS are around the table, drinking wine, finishing bits of dessert. Except for Jane who naps nearby on a Moroccan day bed.

LEVI
I know jack about wine... but this is damn tasty.

AISHA
The kids helped make it.

WYLIE
What? Really? How?

SAMSARA
We went to a local vineyard and got to pick the grapes, crush them, ferment them, and then bottle it all up!

WYLIE
Soooooooo cool!! I wanna crush grapes!

Naji climbs all over Nigel.

NIGEL

We'll put that on the list, then.

(To Bodhi)

Can you store that in your
brilliant noggin, Bodes?

BODHI

Already done. And done.

AISHA

We try to make everything into a
learning opportunity. But fun.
You know, so there's a sense of
understanding of how our world
works.

EMANUELA

I love that. That's kind of how my
parents did it too.

NIGEL

On the farm?

Emanuela nods and smiles as she gets up.

EMANUELA

Where's the rest room?

BODHI

(pointing)

Just that way.

LEVI

(sotto to Wylie)

Dude, this is a slam dunk!

Wylie smiles at him. Nigel rises with an empty bottle.

NIGEL

I'm going to get some
reinforcements...

INT. AISHA'S TREE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nigel stares at the pantry, holding a bottle of wine,
waiting. He hears the bathroom door open and he --

SWINGS AROUND, grabs Emanuela, presses her against the wall
as he kisses her. Eyes AFLAME, she shoves him off of her.

EMANUELA

(loud whisper)

What the hell, man?!?

NIGEL

You were giving me the signal...

EMANUELA

Signal? You're married!

NIGEL

Your naivete is adorable... and
those jeans, christ, what it does
for your body.

He plays with a strand of her hair, she pushes his hand away.

EMANUELA

Let me be clear. My clothing, my
body, your attraction toward me,
and your delusional ability to mis-
read "signals" gives you absolutely
no right to assault me--

NIGEL

Whoa, whoa, assault? Come on
darling-

EMANUELA

I'm not finished. If you so much
as look at me sideways for the rest
of the stay I will for sure, bruise
more than your ego, report you, and
press charges. Got it?

NIGEL

All I did was--

Emanuel pulls out her cell phone.

EMANUELA

You wanna test me? Go ahead. See
what happens.

Nigel backs away, shaking his head. We notice a FIGURE in
the hall, it quickly moves away.

INT. AISHA'S TREE HOUSE - DINING/LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Aisha and Levi clear the table. The kids play nearby.
Emanuel enters, jacked up.

ANGLE ON WYLIE

As he JUMPS off an INDOOR SWING.

WYLIE

Wanna have your mind blown?

KIDS

Yeah/Sure/What?

WYLIE

Emanuela? Can we show them song roulette?

EMANUELA

Not now, Wy.

KIDS/WYLIE

Pleasssse!!!

WYLIE

Just one song, that's all.

EMANUELA

I'm really not feeling it.

Nigel strolls in, approaches Aisha and kisses her on the head.

NIGEL

I'm going for a night jog.

AISHA

Okay, honey.

(to Naji)

Naji, my love, please don't sit on the Buddha statue.

Wylie holds Emanuela's phone, taps the screen.

WYLIE

You know you can't resist a tune.

It's your magic. I'm shuffling...

and BAM --

We suddenly hear Emanuela's STUNNING VOICE singing. Emanuela turns CRIMSON as she moves toward him.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

Is this your own music?

EMANUELA

Turn it off!

WYLIE

But... this is awesome. This is what'll make you big time--

She grabs the phone and shuts it off.

EMANUELA

When I say *no*, I mean it! I'm not
your puppet, Wylie!

Emanuela RUNS outside. Wylie watches. Stunned. He's about to go for her when Aisha approaches.

AISHA

Hey, how about you all take Wylie
on the ice cream trail.

The kids jump up and CHEER, excited.

WYLIE

But... Emanuela...

AISHA

Emanuela is a grown up. She can
take care of herself.

KIDS

(chanting)

Ice cream trail! Ice cream trail!

WYLIE

What's the ice cream trail?

AISHA

You'll just have to find out!

Wylie matches the kids enthusiasm with a bright smile.

EXT. AISHA'S TREE HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Emanuela sits, staring at the lake. Levi approaches, sits next to her. She ignores him.

LEVI

Well, shit. Tough day. Huh?

EMANUELA

What do you care?

LEVI

I saw what happened. With Nigel.

Emanuela didn't expect that.

EMANUELA

Awesome. I'm sure it was
entertaining.

LEVI

I was gonna intervene, but you owned that little limey.
Impressive. I mean, really.

EMANUELA

Yeah, well, the music industry was great training ground on how to deal with entitled pervs like him.

LEVI

Oh, so that's it. Was trying to figure it out.

EMANUELA

Figure what out?

LEVI

How someone like you, with crazy talent, isn't just going for it.

EMANUELA

Oh, God, here it comes -- You should, you know, you really, really should, you're so this and you're so that... That's what they all say when they hear me sing.

LEVI

Sounds like you're getting a load of compliments.

EMANUELA

Compliments can be a jail sentence.

LEVI

Always work for me.

EMANUELA

That's 'cuz you're full of shit, Levi.

LEVI

Well, tell me this -- how long have you been nannying and how long have you been singing?

EMANUELA

That's the thing. Everyone just thinks the helpless nanny needs a life lesson, because who *really* wants to be a nanny anyway? What a terrific underachievement for *such a talent*.

(MORE)

EMANUELA (CONT'D)
Maybe I love nannying, maybe I do
want to take care of other people's
children for the rest of my life,
what's wrong with that?

LEVI
Nothing is wrong with that, nothing
at all. I've lived my life the
same, actually, kinda. Easy job,
easy days, a whole lotta freedom.
More than most.

Levi reaches into a cooler and pulls out TWO BOTTLES. Pops
one open with his key chain. Offers other to Emanuela, she
takes it with an impish smile.

LEVI (CONT'D)
No wife, no kid, no hard earned
snazzy title. A life, fantastic.
If you've got nothing, no one can
take anything away from you, know
what I'm saying?

EMANUELA
(can't help it)
Freedom's just another word for --

LEVI/EMANUELA
Nothing left to lose...

Levi takes a swig from the bottle as Emanuela continues
singing and then --

LEVI
(spitting it up)
What in the hell?

EMANUELA
Oh, that's kombucha.

LEVI
Kom-what? It tastes like my nuts.

EMANUELA
You know what your nuts taste like?

Levi shrugs. Emanuela rises, tips her bottle toward him.

EMANUELA (CONT'D)
Well, cheers to a life of freedom.
A life, fantastic.

LEVI

Oh, yeah, *that*. Didn't get to finish. Well, turns out that kind of living becomes its own little jail sentence as you say. Maybe I *am* full of shit, but maybe also, people tell you, *you should* because they wish they coulda and they didn't. That's all. People trying to pass on their mess-ups so that you don't have to.

INT. AISHA'S TREE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jane, up from her nap, agitated, grills Aisha.

JANE

He's only nine. He shouldn't be in the woods alone at night! He's never been in the woods alone!

Jane searches for shoes. Can't find any. Pacing.

AISHA

Jane, he's with the kids. Bodhi's twelve. They know where they're going. It's really okay.

JANE

No! It's not okay! You should have woken me up. You should have asked me.

AISHA

Let's just sit. Take a breath, this isn't healthy--

JANE

Which direction did they go in?

AISHA

Jane, please. Just take a moment--

JANE

WHICH direction.

Aisha gives in and points. Jane RUNS out of the tree house as though this is life or death.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

ON Bare feet as they scramble over rocks, moss -- branches slap Jane's face.

JANE
Wylieeeee!! Wylieeee!

She looks around -- she can't find her son. She runs FASTER.

JANE (CONT'D)
Wylieeeee!

And then -- a bunch of LITTLE LIGHTS. All of the kids with flash lights in tow, are laughing, totally fine. The ICE CREAM SHOP is in plain view a few feet away.

All of the kids STARE at Jane. Wylie is both embarrassed and concerned. Jane runs to him. Hugs him tightly.

WYLIE
Mom?

JANE
I thought -- I didn't know where you were. I got scared.

Wylie looks at the other kids.

WYLIE
Do you want me to walk back with you? I don't have to go.

Jane realizes she's overreacted. She gathers herself.

JANE
No, no. It's fine. I'm fine. You guys, you go ahead. Enjoy your ice cream.

WYLIE
You sure?

JANE
Yeah. Go ahead. I love you, son.

WYLIE
I love you, mama.

He looks at her for a beat, and then continues on with the other kids. Jane watches.

INT. AISHA'S TREE HOUSE - MORNING

Aisha and Nigel are setting up for a yoga class with the family. Candles are lit, yoga mats lined up, new age music.

Jane, drinking coffee, shuffles over, pale and tired looking.

AISHA

This is part of the family routine.
Sometimes kids are all in,
sometimes not. We don't force it.

Jane nods. Aisha notices Jane's demeanor.

AISHA (CONT'D)

Are you sure you want to join us?

JANE

Yeah. Just, feeling a little stiff
this morning.

It's clear it's more than that.

AISHA

Nigel, let's do a yin class. All-
levels.

Nigel nods.

LEVI

Yes. Please. Do whatever's going
to make me not look like a fool.

Reveal Levi in sweats and a tee.

EMANUELA

That will be a challenge.

ON Emanuela. Yoga pants, tank, hair up. She somehow looks more womanly, different. Levi notices. Tries to hide it. But, Jane caught it.

Nigel sits in the front and avoids Emanuela's eye-line.

NIGEL

None of the kiddos?

Aisha glances up toward the loft, sounds of Happy CHATTER.

AISHA

I think they're in love with their
new brother.

Ouch. Maybe this was too much. Jane flushes red as she sits on a mat next to Aisha.

AISHA (CONT'D)
I shouldn't have said that.

JANE
It's okay. Don't worry about it.

But it's really not. Jane is starting to feel reality close in on her.

NIGEL
Let's start in an easy cross-legged position. Breath in... and out...

As Nigel leads the class, ANGLE ON THE KIDS

Upstairs in the loft, overlooking the yoga class, Wylie, Samsara, Naji and Bodhi play cards in a hand-made tee-pee.

Axel toddles toward them, carrying Jane's IPAD.

BODHI
Whatcha got there, Axel?

WYLIE
Is that my mom's?

Samsara grabs it. ON the screen: Jane's message to Wylie.

SAMSARA
It's a video of her.

Wylie watches for a second. Turns it off.

WYLIE
I don't think we should watch.

SAMSARA
Could be fun, though.

WYLIE
Nah. My mom likes to keep certain things private.

SAMSARA
Should we tell her?

Wylie shrugs.

WYLIE
Maybe we should hide it? And put it back in her purse later.

SAMSARA
I can help you find a good spot!

BODHI
I don't know if we should do that.
It breaks our family vow of
honesty.

BACK ON the yoga class --

Everyone is in pigeon, except for Levi who is tangled up.
Nigel tries to help him. Levi gives him the evil eye.

JANE
(quietly)
You and Nigel should do a book
series. Like a couple's take on
yoga.

AISHA
Nah. We're good with the DVD's and
merch.

JANE
I can hook you up with my
publisher.

AISHA
That's a little ironic.

JANE
What?

AISHA
Nothing.

JANE
Oh, God. You'll never let it go.
Will you?

AISHA
Let it go? You bogarted my idea
for the green food series. You
never gave me *anything* for it. Not
even an apology.

JANE
Oh, like you're suffering.

AISHA
That's not the point.

JANE

It was *our* idea and you gave up on it.

AISHA

That's the story you tell yourself.

JANE

What was all of that hippie talk about not owning intellectual property, sharing with the world?

Nigel approaches and attempts to quiet them down.

NIGEL

Let's stay focused on our breath, Aisha, Jane.

AISHA

Nigel -- don't.

(to Jane)

I never said anything like that.

ANGLE ON Wylie, and kids, listening intently from above.

JANE

You're lying, Aisha.

AISHA

I'm the liar? Oh, I'm the liar? Are you that delusional?!? You lie so much you end up drinking your own trippy-ass Kool-Aid. You know what lies do? They *create cancer*.

NIGEL

Aisha, my love. Come on.

AISHA

I can't play this juvenile game of pretend anymore! Jane, you lied about everything from your finances to imaginary sperm donors and you want us all to slap on a smile and pat you on the back. I'm not going to do it, anymore.

Cold silence. Jane gets up. Filled with fire.

JANE

I told you that in confidence.

Jane walks away. Levi and Emanuela exchange an *oh shit* look.

EXT./INT. HYBRID - SUV - DAY

Silence in the car as they pull away. Aisha and her entire brood are lined up, waving as the car drives off. It's awkward. It's painful. It's confusing as hell for Wylie.

Jane, looking pale and weak, is at the wheel. Levi in the front, Wylie and Emanuela in the back.

WYLIE

Mom. What did Aisha mean about the sperm donor?

JANE

She didn't mean anything. We're just... it's an old fight. I mean, I did the *right* thing, the book series was never going to happen. She ditched the idea to pursue a thousand other offers. I was passionate about it, I wanted to bring something good to the world. I didn't do anything wrong.

A beat. No one knows what to say.

WYLIE

Okay, Mom.

LEVI

Jane, it's not a big deal. We all trip up a little.

JANE

But, I *didn't*. I wanted to see a project through. There's nothing dubious about that.

EMANUELA

My sister, Teresa used to write poems. And there was this one time, I used one of her poems as a song for a school performance. I thought she would be happy. But, because, I didn't ask, well, she was really mad. For days, she wouldn't talk to me. So, maybe, you know, it's just cuz you didn't give Aisha a heads up?

Jane doesn't say anything. Can't admit her faults. So Wylie attempts to lighten the mood:

WYLIE

They're a cool family. I really liked them.

JANE

Of course you did. Everyone loves Aisha.

EMANUELA

They were okay.

WYLIE

You didn't like them?

EMANUELA

Things aren't always what they appear to be. That's all. Anyway, fill us in on the deets of your big first kiss--

WYLIE

Emanuela!

EMANUELA

I didn't know it was a secret, dude.

JANE

What?

WYLIE

It was nothing. Just on the lips. It was really nothing, mom.

JANE

Wylie, you're nine. Bodhi is way too old to be involving you in those kinds of things... God, he's almost a teen.

WYLIE

Bodhi? It wasn't Bodhi.

JANE

Who was it?

WYLIE

Samsara.

A beat.

JANE

Samsara? The girl?

WYLIE

Yeah.

Jane looks at Levi.

LEVI

Don't look at me. I had nothing to do with it.

JANE

Yeah you did. You're pushing your hetero-normative agenda and lifestyle by all of your... chauvinistic comments. He's trying to emulate you. I want him to be who he is. Not what society wants him to be!

The car screeches as Jane pulls to the side of the road and gets out --

JANE (CONT'D)

I need some air.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Jane walks down the empty road. Levi and Wylie start after her. Jane puts up her hand, as if to say, give me space. Emanuela grabs Levi.

EMANUELA

Just, let her be... for a moment.

Levi pauses. Watches Jane become smaller as she walks off.

WYLIE

Is she mad at me?

EMANUELA

No. She's not mad at you. It's just her way of dealing right now.

WYLIE

Levi?

LEVI

Yeah, kid.

WYLIE

What do you think Aisha meant about the imaginary sperm donor?

Levi looks at Emanuela.

LEVI
I have no clue.

WYLIE
Do you... do you think my mom lied
to me? About my dad?

LEVI
I.... think your mom is trying to
do the best she can.

WYLIE
Is there any way, any tiny
possibility, even the tiniest
little bit of a possibility that
you're my dad?

Levi's face softens. He crouches down.

LEVI
I wish I could of had that honor.
But no, it's not me.

Wylie looks away, thinking. Emanuela studies Levi, touched
by his handling of this.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Alright. Should we get her?

All load into the car.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Jane walking listlessly on the side of the road. Looking
into the great big nothing. The SUV approaches.

INT./EXT. HYBRID - SUV - CONTINUOUS

Levi reaches over, opens the door.

LEVI
Everything, good?

JANE
Yup. We're going to my parents
house.

LEVI
What? You sure about that?

JANE
I need some documents signed.

WYLIE

Are they gonna adopt me?

JANE

Absolutely not. It's purely for financial matters. This is the way we deal. We show up. We smile. We don't provoke. A simple, swift, efficient visit.

LEVI

As you wish, Captain.

All eyes on her as she climbs into the car.

EXT. THE WORTHINGTON HOUSE - NIGHT

An imposing colonial home built in the 1800's. THROUGH the orange glow of the windows we push in to see:

INT. WORTHINGTON HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

CATHERINE WORTHINGTON 60's, Martha Stewart in appearance and demeanor, studies Jane for a bit. Notices her frailty, the sickness beginning to show.

She pulls her daughter into a hug that lasts a beat longer than Jane is used to.

CATHERINE

Oh, Jane. You shouldn't wear black, honey. It makes you look so pale.

ANGLE ON EMANUELA

She stands off to the side and leans into Levi, conspiring.

EMANUELA

(sotto)

Yes, Catherine. That's what it is. The shirt. Not the cancer, but the shirt.

Levi stifles a laugh.

Jane forces a smile and moves onto her father -- WILL WORTHINGTON, 60's. All man. Stands stiffly, nods his head in greeting.

JANE

Hi, Dad.

WILL
Jane.

Catherine sees Levi, brightens. Levi gives her a big hug.

CATHERINE
Levi! What a sweet surprise!

LEVI
You haven't aged a day, Cat.
What's the secret, huh?

CATHERINE
It's all in the genes. And
bourbon.

She winks.

LEVI
Do you know Emanuela, Cat?

Levi pulls Emanuela into the fold.

CATHERINE
Of course. Nice to see you, dear.

Catherine sees Wylie. Her heart bursts. She grabs him.

WYLIE
Hi, Gramma.

CATHERINE
Look at you. You look just like
your mama when she was your age.

WYLIE
I do?

Catherine nods, studying her grandson. Love is there, no
doubt, but also --

CATHERINE
(re: his outfit)
Aren't you a little too old to be
playing dress up, sweetie?

JANE
Mother.

CATHERINE
I've got something to show you,
Wylie. Come with Grandmother.

Wylie looks to Jane. She nods and they walk away.

WILL

We uh... got beds set up for everyone for the night.

(to Jane)

I presume you and Levi are in separate rooms?

JANE

Yes. Of course.

Off Jane, embarrassed by the slight dig from her father.

INT. WORTHINGTON HOUSE - HALLWAY/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine leads Wylie toward a bedroom.

CATHERINE

We set something up just for you.

WYLIE

Is there a space for Emanuela?
She's usually my bunk mate.

CATHERINE

Well, not for tonight, dear.
She'll have her own room.

She leads Wylie into...

INT. WORTHINGTON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Decorated in nautical theme. Large letters on the wall spell out Wylie's name. Boat-shaped bed. It's clear this room isn't just for the night, it's set up for permanency.

CATHERINE

There's a brand new computer, too.

Wylie walks over to the desk. He's confused.

WYLIE

Thank you.

CATHERINE

Anything that you need, you just ask. Okay?

WYLIE

Okay.

INT. WORTHINGTON HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

The couch is opened up to a bed, and there is an air mattress on the floor. Emanuela and Levi stand awkwardly by Will.

WILL

It's the best we can do. We're not used to having an encampment at the house.

Emanuela and Levi exchange a look.

LEVI

Well, it's alright. I'll take the floor.

WILL

Of course you will, Levi. I coulda put you in the garage, but Catherine wasn't for it.

LEVI

Well. That's mighty kind.

WILL

And, I expect you'll behave yourself, Levi.

LEVI

With all due respect, sir, I'm not a child.

WILL

Are you kidding? Wylie's less of a child than you are.

Will exits. Emanuela looks at him wide-eyed, laughing.

EMANUELA

Oh my God. What did you do to him?!?

LEVI

Walked out on his daughter.

EMANUELA

Oh. Right.
(beat)

Is that why you're doing this?

LEVI

You don't always get a second chance. I'm not going to fuck it up. Not this time.

(MORE)

LEVI (CONT'D)

It's something crazy that she's let
me back in. So, yeah, I'm gonna do
all I can to make it right.

Levi throws his bag on the floor, sits against the wall.

EMANUELA

Why'd you wait so long? I mean, if
that's how you feel, why didn't you
try sooner?

LEVI

Oh, god did I try. Letters, and
flowers, and gifts, and e-mails.
But, with Jane, when she's done
she's done. There's no going back.
It's like she's got a switch she
can just turn on and off like that.

EMANUELA

I can see that. When stuff gets
real, she just... pretends it's all
the same.

Emanuela begins to cry into her hands.

EMANUELA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. This is all
just... she doesn't talk about it.
I feel like I'm not going to get a
chance to say goodbye, because she
like, she won't admit she's dying.
I have no idea what's going to
happen. With Wylie, with me...
it's such a mess.

Levi sits next to her, puts his arms around her. She falls
into his shoulder and begins to sob hungrily. He let's her
have this moment for a beat.

LEVI

Well, you can't control what Jane
does, but you can think about you.

EMANUELA

(wiping tears)

Huh?

LEVI

If you had what Jane had, and if
you were gonna die, what would you
wanna be doing? Free pass.

EMANUELA

You know the answer, everyone knows
the answer.

LEVI

So, say it.

EMANUELA

Music.

LEVI

Be more specific.

EMANUELA

I don't know. I just know, music
somehow, someway. Don't know what,
don't know where my place is.

LEVI

Make a guess, this is a game, no
wrong answers.

A beat. Emanuela weighs her thoughts.

EMANUELA

Sometimes I think about this old
conservatory in Mexico.
Conservatorio de Las Rosas. It was
the first music school built in my
country. It's got crazy history,
crazy talented instructors.

LEVI

Well, shit. That sounds awesome.
Bam. There's your answer.

EMANUELA

It's too close to home.

LEVI

So?

EMANUELA

Ehh... I already messed up once and
if it happens again. I don't want
to be that close to home.

LEVI

Well, no one does. But sometimes
you gotta face those ghosts. We
all do eventually.

INT. WORTHINGTON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A table set in the old formal southern style. Silver, linen table cloth, napkins, china, taper candles. The whole deal.

Will sits at the head. An empty chair by his side as Catherine rushes around doing finishing touches.

Jane, Wylie, Emanuela, and Levi are all seated. Tension can be felt in the awkward silence.

LEVI

Can I give you a hand, Cat?

CATHERINE

No, no, I'm fine.

LEVI

Alright. How's business these days, Will?

WILL

You got a mind for business, now?

Catherine shoots Will a look, he shifts.

WILL (CONT'D)

It's fine. Strong. But since that scumbag Edgar--

CATHERINE

William.

WILL

Edgar left with half of my clients. It's been a slow build.

CATHERINE

It was a decade ago. You don't have to hold a grudge. Forgive, forget, move on. Okay. Let's have grace, shall we?

Catherine reaches for Will's hand, everyone follows suit.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Bless us, O Lord, and these your gifts, which we are about to receive from your bounty. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

WILL

Amen.

The rest mutter a few weak "Amens."

EMANUELA
I would like to say a blessing in Spanish.

CATHERINE
Oh. Of course. That would be pleasant.

Emanuela throws Wylie a quick smile like: *watch me.*

EMANUELA
(in Spanish)
Heavenly father, I really don't like it when gringos treat me like the help. I hope this food gives them indigestion and gassy poops.

ON Wylie. As he tries so hard not to laugh.

EMANUELA (CONT'D)
Except for the dude next to me.
And his mom. His mom deserves more than this. Amen.

WYLIE
AMEN!

CATHERINE/WILL/LEVI
Amen.

Catherine carves a slice of roast and serves it to Jane.

CATHERINE
Our guest of honor.

JANE
Oh, I'm not eating red meat now.

CATHERINE
But, this is your favorite recipe.

JANE
Fifteen years ago.

CATHERINE
Why didn't you tell me? I would have cooked you something else.

JANE
It's not a big deal. I'll have the salad.

Catherine is clearly upset.

LEVI
I'll eat her portion. I'm hungrier
than a wild wolf!

Levi grabs the plate before anything else can be said.

Plates are passed around as Catherine serves everyone.

CATHERINE
Jane, and her eating fads. Changes
all of the time. Remember when you
were a teen? And you took the
truck out?

JANE
Yes, Mom.

CATHERINE
(to everyone)
She didn't even have her license!
But she drove herself down to her
daddy's office to picket 'cuz of
animal cruelty, this and that.

JANE
Mom, please.

CATHERINE
Oh, it was a hoot. A hoot until
the sheriff caught up to her. Your
dad, just about lost all of his
hair when he saw you took the
truck. I think it was Edgar of all
people who spilled the beans.

To Catherine it's a lighthearted moment, but we can assume by Jane's glower, her version is much darker and heavier.

JANE
How many times are you going to
tell that story? Is that all you
remember of my childhood?

Jane has to hold herself back from saying more. But it's clear she's champing at the bit to lay it all out.

CATHERINE
So, how's the road trip going?

JANE
Fine.

WYLIE

Awesome!

CATHERINE

Is that so? What's been your favorite part so far, Wylie?

WYLIE

The tree house-house.

CATHERINE

Sounds fun. Was that an amusement park?

WYLIE

No. It's a family I might live with. They were my favorite so far.

Catherine looks to Will and then quickly to Jane.

CATHERINE

Excuse me? I don't think I heard right. A family you might live with?

JANE

Yes, mother. Our arrangement in LA fell through, so, we've been meeting with other families.

WILL

What are you talking about, other families?

CATHERINE

But, he's going to live with us.

JANE

Why in any world would you assume that?

CATHERINE

Because we are his family, that's why.

JANE

Our definitions of family are vastly different.

WILL

Family is family. You're being idiotic, Jane. Isn't it hard enough on the boy already?

Levi attempts to de-escalate --

LEVI

Okay! Wow. This roast is really something, don'tcha think so, Wy--

JANE

Hard enough? I'll tell you what's hard. Hard is growing up in an environment where every single feeling, thought, choice you make is judged, ridiculed, challenged. He will never have the freedom to be who he is. You will destroy him like you destroyed me. And there is no way in hell that I will let you bring upon that torture to my son. A pirate fucking bedroom--

WILL

Enough.

JANE

Do you even know who your grandson is?

CATHERINE

Well, you turned out okay, Jane. Whatever "torture" you endured must not have been that bad.

Emanuela and Levi exchange a look. What should they do?

JANE

Really? You think *this* (waves hand over herself) Is okay? I've never been married, I've struggled my entire career to barely make it on the page, I'm practically in debt, I don't have any real friends, and I'm dying at 42. What is okay about that?

CATHERINE

Oh, sure, blame us for your choices! You have built a life trying to prove you can do it all on your own. And, bravo, you've done it. Had a baby on your own, career on your own, and now you're going to die alone.

A stunned silence.

JANE

I would rather die alone than have
you and him sitting on your high-
fucking-horse telling me how I
could have been better.

WILL

It's simple, then. You think
you're too good for us, I'm not
signing those papers. Wylie's out
of the will.

Jane looks as though she's been slapped.

WILL (CONT'D)

Oh, what? Does that change things?
The way I was raised, blood is
blood. You take care of your own.
No matter what.

JANE

Is that how you were raised,
father? No matter what? What if
your blood, your grandson shares
blood with Edgar Wells?

WILL

What are you talking about?

JANE

Figure it out.

Will's face turns into a purple-red rage as he puts it together.

WILL

Get out.

Jane is shocked at her confession, at her father's boiling rage.

WILL (CONT'D)

GET THE HELL OUT OF MY HOUSE! I
NEVER WANT TO SEE YOUR FACE EVER
AGAIN!

But this is her freedom. And her pain. She slowly rises.

We PULL OUT through the picture window and see through the orange glow a now EMPTY dining room except for Will who stares straight ahead stone cold. And Catherine who sobs into her hands.

Continuing pulling back and PUSH into another window of--

INT. HISTORIC VICTORIAN B&B - NIGHT

Our sad crew, Jane, Levi, Wylie and Emanuela shuffle up the stairs led by an INN KEEPER.

INT. HISTORIC VICTORIAN B&B - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jane sits on a bed forlorn. Levi washes up in the bathroom. Wylie enters in PJ's. He grabs her forehead and leans it into his.

WYLIE

Mom. Mom. I got an idea.

She looks at him. Puts her palm on his cheek.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

Dance it out. Okay?

She offers a half smile. Wylie backs away, holding a finger up, as he puts music on.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

I know you don't wanna, but you gotta.

He BLASTS The Talking Heads THIS MUST BE THE PLACE, grabs his mom's arms, swings them.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

Pick me up and turn me around...

Levi comes out, tooth brush in mouth, surveying the scene. And then he jumps right in -- grabs Jane, dips her --

LEVI

*And you're standing here beside me.
I love the passing of time.*

Emanuela comes in.

EMANUELA

What the... Why didn't you tell me?

She grabs Wylie, everyone moves, shaking out the bad night, the bad everything, singing the chorus. Jane is into it now, stomping her feet, angrily belting out the lyrics --

And there's a knock on the door.

All eyes widen. Jane turns off the music, as they all fall into a pile on the bed, laughing. Levi catches Jane's eye. God he loves her. God he misses what never was.

INT. HISTORIC VICTORIAN B&B - BEDROOM - LATER

Just Jane and Levi now. Side by side, both stare up at the ceiling. He grabs her hand.

LEVI
Let's pretend we're snow angels.

JANE
Okay.

They move their arms and legs against the sheets as though they're in the snow.

She rolls onto her side, Levi does the same, their foreheads hit. They kiss.

Slowly. The white sheets bleed into frame, moving, in and out, like waves of a quiet ocean. We see a Levi's hand on Jane's bare back. His lips on her neck.

Outside the window -- indigo night blends into an early morning sky and we find --

Jane awake. It's possible she hasn't slept. Levi stirs. Reaches for her. Smiles when he sees her.

JANE (CONT'D)
I need to tell Wylie.

LEVI
Tell him what?

JANE
About his father.

LEVI
Okay.

A beat.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Jane.

JANE
Yeah?

LEVI
You know, I won't let you die alone.

She doesn't look at him.

JANE

But, that's what I want, Levi. I want to be alone. My mom was right.

He pushes her hair away from her face.

LEVI

You know when I saw that flyer, said you were going to be in town... it was like time stopped for a second. All over again.

JANE

(quietly)

You came and found me.

He nods.

JANE (CONT'D)

I should have known. You don't hang out at bookstores.

LEVI

Sure don't. And then, there you were... oh, man, flash of light, flash of something else. And, for a second I thought... shit, I got another chance. I saw what it could be. It was like it happened for a reason, you stumbled into my life again for a reason.

Jane looks away. Not wanting to feel these words.

JANE

But, then, you realized there was really no reason at all. Life isn't like that. Reasonable.

LEVI

Couldn't disagree more. This has been my best thing. Even if only for this now, it's something to me. It really is.

He kisses her forehead and leans in.

LEVI (CONT'D)

Remember what we used to say we were gonna do?

She fights a smile. He whispers something into her ear. Her smile grows. For a moment we see what they once were.

INT. HISTORIC VICTORIAN B&B - WYLIE'S ROOM - MORNING

Jane lies on Wylie's bed, in her robe. She looks weak. Wylie is sitting next to her, in pajamas.

WYLIE
He's coming here. To meet me?

JANE
Yes. I'm going to tell you the truth, Wylie. Okay?

WYLIE
Okay.
(beat)
But, why did you lie, Mom?

JANE
I thought it was better that you didn't know.

WYLIE
Because he's grandpa's old business partner?

JANE
No, because I did something... I shouldn't have.

WYLIE
What?

A beat as Jane braces herself.

JANE
I had a relationship with a married man. He already had a family. That's something you should never do, Wylie. But I did it. I made a mistake.

WYLIE
Why? Why did you do that?

JANE
I don't know. I was sad. Sometimes when we're sad we make bad choices. And he made me feel not sad for a moment.

WYLIE
My dad?

JANE

Yes. Edgar.

(beat)

But, it wasn't so bad, because I
got you. And that has been
everything to me.

She squeezes his arm, pushes down a sob that's been hovering at the surface. She can't look at him.

And then -- Emanuela BURSTS through the door. Her hair wet, towel barely wrapped around her body. Cell phone in hand.

EMANUELA

My baby sister's getting married!!

WYLIE

You mean, Teresa? What? When?

EMANUELA

I don't know. It's, well, I think
it may be a shotgun wedding.
That's why my mom's been hounding
me!

Emanuela giggles. Over-joyed. Levi pops his head in.

LEVI

What's all the screaming about?
Did I hear something about a gun?

He notices Emanuela, tries not to stare at her bare skin. She sees him looking at her *in that way*. Both avert their eyes quickly. Jane sees all of this.

JANE

That's really great news, Emanuela.

Levi notices Jane seems more fatigued than usual.

LEVI

Hey, Janie. Want me to take the
kid out for a bit?

WYLIE

Yeah!

LEVI

Maybe we can go to a shooting
range, movie, the park--

WYLIE

Or shopping!!

Wylie jumps off the bed, excited.

LEVI
Yeah, or that.

EXT. HISTORIC VICTORIAN B&B - BACK PORCH - DAY

Jane sits on large rocking chair, iPhone in hand, next to a teary-eyed Emanuela. Bird song surrounds them.

JANE
You're going. It's your sister's wedding.

Jane taps a few things into her phone.

JANE (CONT'D)
Ticket has already been purchased.

EMANUELA
Jane.

JANE
Emanuela.

Jane puts her hand on Emanuela's knee. A moment of understanding between them.

Levi and a pumped up Wylie BURST onto the porch, holding shopping bags. Wylie wears a blanket like a cape.

JANE (CONT'D)
That was fast. What did you guys get?

LEVI
Well, your son, he's got an eye.
Knows what he wants. Are we ready
for the unveiling?

Emanuela claps her hands and stomps her feet.

EMANUELA
Yeah! Yeah! Let's see!

Wylie, dramatically flings off the blanket to reveal -- a very Levi-like outfit -- dark jeans, a Longhorn belt buckle, a casual tee.

Jane's face falls.

WYLIE
Oh! And the finishing touch!

Wylie reaches into the bag and pulls out a TRUCKER HAT. He looks adorable, but it's so average-boy.

JANE

You picked this outfit, Wylie?

WYLIE

Yeah. I wanted to go for a more local look. Something different when I meet my dad.

Jane looks at Levi.

LEVI

I swear to God, I had nothing to do with it. I mean, check out those kicks.

Wylie does a quick tap dance showing off BRIGHT FUCHSIA cowboy boots with rhinestone accents.

WYLIE

You don't like it?

JANE

No. It's great. I just want you to be you.

WYLIE

Well, yeah. Today I'm feeling this.

JANE

Okay.

Jane smiles weakly.

EXT. HISTORIC VICTORIAN B&B - BACK PORCH - LATER

Wylie, still in his new outfit, rocks on the chair. Levi and Emanuela play a lazy game of horse shoes on the lawn.

WYLIE

Did he always know about me?

JANE

Yes.

(beat)

He's not like us, honey. When you meet him. Just know, he's not like us.

WYLIE
What's he like?

JANE
Conservative. Opinionated.

WYLIE
Oh. Like grandpa.

JANE
Yeah. Like grandpa.

MALE VOICE
William and I got as much in common
as a tadpole and a cheetah do.

Reveal: EDGAR, 60's, a shadow of cowboy hides behind his meat-lover's belly, and expensive seersucker suit.

Jane stands up. Doesn't know whether to shake his hand or hug. They compromise with a weird in-between gesture.

JANE
You found us.

EDGAR
It wasn't rocket surgery.

He laughs at his own joke. And then noticing Wylie...

EDGAR (CONT'D)
(puts out his hand)
You must be Wyatt.

WYLIE
Wylie.

EDGAR
Oh, right, Wylie. Like the coyote?

Wylie doesn't get it.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
You've never seen that show? I
guess it's before your time.

WYLIE
How old are you?

Edgar is taken aback and then cracks up. Grabs his belly.

EDGAR
Right to the point, huh? I admire
that. You've got courage.
(MORE)

EDGAR (CONT'D)
That's good, son. That's a good
thing. I'll be 62 in September.
How do you like that?

WYLIE
I'm nine.

EDGAR
That's a fun age. Catching fish,
climbing trees, chasing bugs.

JANE
I'm so sorry... I just... I'm going
to go to the bathroom.

She gets up, wobbly. Levi rushes over.

LEVI
You okay?

JANE
I'm, yeah.
(re: Wylie)
I'll be back, sweetie. You guys
are good?

Wylie nods. Edgar smiles like a politician.

INT. HISTORIC VICTORIAN B&B - BATHROOM - DAY

Jane hangs over the toilet. Drenched in sweat. Her body
trembling. Breathing heavily.

She stands up. But needs to sit again. She buries her head
in her knees.

JANE
Shit, shit, shit. Not now. God,
please. Not now. I'll do
anything. Just not now.

She quickly lunges for the toilet as she wretches.

EXT. HISTORIC VICTORIAN B&B - PORCH

Wylie is warming up to Edgar as he shows him photos on his
phone.

EDGAR
That's our dog, Colt. She makes
sure the chicks don't run amok.
(MORE)

EDGAR (CONT'D)
Oh, and that there is sunset over
our dock.

WYLIE
Can I see pictures of your other
kids?

EDGAR
Uhh.... You know what, maybe some
time later.

WYLIE
Okay.

EDGAR
We got some catching up to do,
don't we?

WYLIE
We sure do.

EDGAR
What is it you like, Wylie? What
makes you tick?

Wylie's face shines he breaks out of his semi-shy stature,
throws open his arms --

WYLIE
Fashion!

EDGAR
What?

Suddenly Edgar notices Wylie's pink boots and pieces together
the whole picture along with his nail polish...

EDGAR (CONT'D)
(studying him)
Are you one of those queer kids?

This hits Wylie like a bullet. He tries to maintain his
stature.

WYLIE
I don't... I don't believe in
labels.

EDGAR
Well, don't matter what you
believe, because it's what you are.
Awww, shit. How did I not... this
ain't right. You are not right,
boy.

Edgar starts to walk away, all befuddled.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
I don't know what your mama done,
but I'll tell you, I'm not going to
lay claim to any fairy in my
bloodline.

And then suddenly --

LEVI
What did you call him?

EDGAR
Kid is queer as a queen! What's it
to you?

Levi lunges for Edgar, who stops him like a linebacker. The two continue to fight as....

INT. HISTORIC VICTORIAN B&B - DAY

Jane shuffles through the rooms, toward the back porch. She hears SHOUTING. Jane's feet pick up pace as she enters --

EXT. HISTORIC VICTORIAN B&B - BACK PORCH

Levi is on top of Edgar, his fists pummeling into his face. Edgar attempts to fight him off. Blood, saliva, torn clothes -- an all out brawl.

Wylie and Emanuela stand by, watching in awe.

LEVI
You don't call a kid that! What
the heck is wrong with you?

EDGAR
You're nuts! Get off of me!

JANE
What the hell is going on?

EDGAR
Your boyfriend is gonna get sued up
the wazoo! That's what.

And BAM Levi clocks him in the jaw. Edgar gets the look of the devil in him and SLAMS his fist into Levi's eye. Levi CRASHES to the ground.

Jane buries her hands in her face.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
That ain't no seed of mine, I'll
tell you that much.

Edgar stomps off. Levi lifts his aching head.

LEVI
Sorry, Jane.

Off the crew standing in a shocked silence.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Levi fills the tank. He has a black eye. Jane is in the front seat, on her iPad, window rolled down.

LEVI
Hey, Janie.

JANE
Yeah?

LEVI
I wanna take him.

JANE
Huh? Take him where?

LEVI
I wanna be Wylie's dad.

JANE
What--Levi? Are you insane?

LEVI
I thought long and hard about it.
Makes alotta sense.

JANE
(shaking her head)
Oh, Levi... no, it doesn't.

LEVI
Janie, hear me out. You know when
you're trying to screw on the top
of a pickle jar, and the grooves
don't quite match up, so you gotta
keep working it? Well, that's how
my life has always felt. Just not
on the right path. And... and, I'm
with you and him, and it's like
I've found that thing--

JANE

Levi. Don't do this. Not now.
It's not going to happen.

LEVI

Just, let me give it a shot.

Jane opens up the car door, and comes at him, all fire. iPad in hand.

JANE

Give it a shot? This isn't a game of paint-ball. And, what -- you think because you've spent a few days with us on the road you're ready to become a parent? What the hell, Levi? This is what you do. You, you get dazzled by the image, a fantasy. Parenting is not a fantasy. It's tedious and mundane and heartbreaking. And when reality hits you, when you see how it's not just card games and shopping sprees, what then? You have the freedom to jump onto the next adventure. Wylie doesn't. Wake up, Levi. You're not a parent. It's not who you are. And for God's sake please do not share this scheme of yours with Wylie.

LEVI

Scheme? Jesus, Jane. You're so stuck in the past. I'm trying to do a good thing--

JANE

Stop trying to do the good thing.

LEVI

Well, it's too late. I already talked to him about it.

JANE

Whoa. Whoa. You -- you what? Please, for God's sake please tell me you *did not* talk to *my son* about this.

LEVI

Yeah, I mean, I wanted to run it by Wylie first.

JANE

He is a *child*. You don't do this!
You don't make choices for someone
else's child!

LEVI

It's his life, too.

Jane is fuming.

JANE

This has *nothing* to do with Wylie.
This is all about you and *your* need
to be loved, it's never enough.
You need a god damn fan club, not a
child. And certain as fuck, not *my*
child.

LEVI

Life isn't perfect, Jane. I'm not
perfect Jane, but I care about that
kid. And shit happens sometimes,
life is messed up sometimes but--

JANE

No! Shit *does not* happen. Not to
me, not in my life. I've made sure
of it. Every decision I've made is
so that shit doesn't happen. I
mean for *fucks sake* I'm the organic
queen and I'm dying of cancer.
What the fuck?!? No, shit does not
happen. Not to me.

But of course it does and it did to Jane. This is the real
pain she's running from. Levi attempts to comfort her,
putting a hand on her--

LEVI

Jane--

JANE

Get away from me!

She pushes him away. As she does the iPad goes FLYING.
Lands with a THUD. CRACKED. She runs to it.

JANE (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no. Oh my God, no.

LEVI

Oh, shit.

JANE
Get out of my face, Levi.

Emanuela and Wylie approach, with treats from the store.

WYLIE
Mom, what's wrong?

EMANUELA
(re: iPad)
You didn't back it up?

JANE
No. I didn't. There was something
for Wylie on here. Oh my God.
It's gone.

LEVI
Let me just--

JANE
No. You. Stay away. Emanuela,
Wylie in the car.

WYLIE
But, Mom--

JANE
Now.

They listen. Jane makes for the car, cradling the trashed iPad.

LEVI
Don't do this, Jane. Come on.

She gets in the car, and peels out. Levi fruitlessly chases after the car, yelling something, but he's left in the dust.

INT. HYBRID - SUV - CONTINUOUS

Jane, accelerates. Sweat beading around her scalp. Wylie, distraught, confused, next to Emanuela who is in shock.

WYLIE
Mom? What's happening? Why are we
leaving him?

JANE
Levi's no longer a part of this
trip.

EMANUELA

Jane, come on. Let's maybe think about this.

WYLIE

But, mom... but, does this mean, you're not going to let him adopt me?

JANE

Wylie. He's not capable. He shouldn't have even mentioned the idea to you.

WYLIE

Yes he is capable. Mom? We have to go back and get him! We can't just leave him! I want him to be my dad! Mom!

JANE

I'm sorry, Wylie, but it's just how we--

Wylie BANGS on the window, attempting to open the car door. Jane has never seen him like this.

WYLIE

You can't do this! You can't do this!!

Jane pulls over to the side of the road. As soon as the car stops, Wylie opens the door and RUNS out. Jane goes after him. But she is weak and the tall grass soon consumes him.

Jane keeps going, seeing glimpses of his hair, hand, legs pumping against the dirt. She pushes herself to gain on him until --

She SMASHES into him and they tumble into the mud. Both a mess. Wylie's face is wet with tears, dirt, and saliva.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

I don't want to be alone. I don't want to die alone!

JANE

Wylie, honey, you're not going to be alone--

WYLIE

YES I AM! You made me not have a dad my whole life and now you took Levi away from me too!

(MORE)

WYLIE (CONT'D)
Emanuela is going to Mexico.
There's no one left, ma, there's no
one.

She leans into her son, closely.

JANE
I always make it work, Wylie. I
will make this work too. I
promise.

Wylie erupts into convulsive sobs, pushes her away.

WYLIE
You can't promise! You're dying!
You won't even say it. Emanuela's
too much like a kid, Levi breaks
rules, you hate Aisha, I don't even
know what happened with Becca... no
one is good enough for you.

JANE
Wylie, look at me. We will find a
home.

Jane tries to put her arm around her son, but he pushes her off.

WYLIE
No we won't! I'm different and
that scares people. And I'm scared
too. I just wish you never had me!

He erupts into humongous sobs. Jane doesn't know what to do.
She's crestfallen, numb.

INT. HYBRID - SUV - DAY

A sad silence permeates the car. Emanuela drives. Jane is
in the passenger seat. In and out of sleep.

JANE
Where are we? How far are we?

EMANUELA
Close to Texas.

JANE
Emanuela. The airport. Your
sister.

EMANUELA
Jane. I can't.

Jane looks defeated. She feels like she's screwed it all up.

JANE
We're not so far from Jalisco.

EMANUELA
We gotta get you home.

JANE
We could make it to Mexico in less
than a day.

Emanuela does a double-take.

EMANUELA
No. No way. We can't do that.

JANE
Wylie? It's your call. Mexico or
LA?

Wylie looks at his mom, surprised. And then resumes his scowl.

WYLIE
I don't care. It doesn't matter.

JANE
We're going to Mexico.

Jane smiles at Emanuela.

EMANUELA
Jane, I can't do that. I'm sorry.
You're too sick.

JANE
It's my cancer wish. I get a
cancer wish, right? I want to go
to Mexico. I want you to see your
sister get married. I don't want
to... I don't want to die knowing
that I'm a primo asshole.

EMANUELA
Jane...

JANE
I want to do something right.
Something...
(a beat)
I love you, son.

But, this time Wylie doesn't answer. Still angry with her.

EXT. THE ROAD - DAY/NIGHT/DAY

A wide shot of the SUV driving though Texas Highways, and then the BORDER, and then small Mexican farm villages.

As the landscape changes, Wylie's expression does too. He's in awe and excited -- they are really doing this. He looks to his mom for a beat and smiles without her seeing him.

EXT. ORTEGA FARM - JALISCO, MEXICO - DAY

The SUV pulls into a dirt drive way. Several white stucco cottages line the land. Rows and rows of GRAIN. It's a gorgeous landscape.

MARIA ORTEGA, 50's, TERESA ORTEGA, 24, and ABUELITA 70's, run toward the car. All smiles.

INT./EXT HYBRID - SUV - CONTINUOUS

Emanuela has an apprehensive expression. It's been so long. But as soon as her eyes meet her family's -- she jumps out of the car and runs into their arms. Lots of tears, embraces.

From now on all italicized dialogue is in Spanish.

MARIA

*Oh, my baby! My darling little
bird!*

EMANUELA

(to Teresa)
You're really getting married?

TERESA

Can you believe it?

EMANUELA

You're making me look bad!

Jane comes out of the car. She is visibly weak and gaunt. Abuelita immediately, rushes to her side, offering a support.

ABUELITA

*Come with me, come with me. You
need rest.*

MARIA

(to Jane)
*Thank you. Thank you for taking
good care of our daughter.*

JANE
She's taken good care of us.

Abuelita ushers Jane toward the cottages. She resists, looking back at Wylie. But then, feels too tired to fight it and allows Abuelita to take her.

Wylie watches. Maria gives him a giant hug and a kiss.

MARIA
Que Lindo! Look at this boy. Are you hungry?

Wylie nods.

MARIA (CONT'D)
We're making fajitas, corn tortillas, garlic soup, salsa...

She continues on as we float through the ranch and go to:

INT. ORTEGA HOME - ABUELITA'S ROOM - DAY

Simple, white stucco walls. A wooden cross. Basic hand-carved bed frame that looks as though it's been passed down for generations. This is where Jane sleeps, peacefully.

A clay pitcher of water by her side. Abuelita, soaks a cloth, and sprinkles dried herbs on it. She waves the cloth under Jane's nose and then places it on her head.

We follow the happy sounds of CHATTER into...

INT. ORTEGA HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Rustic, exposed beams. Stucco walls. Colorful pottery and dishes. Steam and fire come from the ancient gas stove. Chopped vegetables. A beautiful kind of chaos.

Wylie sits on the counter, chopping up garlic. Maria and Emanuela tend to mixing beans, rolling dough, etc. There is a faded FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH, of a man in his 40's, above the sink.

MARIA
Emanuela, this kitchen has missed you, this land has missed you, we have missed you.
(she tastes the beans)
Roberto, I can't remember, is it three chilies or four?
(a beat)
(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)

Ah! Yes, thank you. Right as always.

EMANUELA

I've missed you too, mama.

MARIA

Ha! Is that so? Then why wait until a wedding to come and see us, tell us that much.

(a beat)

Oh, is that it, Roberto?

EMANUELA

Mom, don't.

WYLIE

Who's Roberto?

Maria points to the framed photo.

EMANUELA

My dad.

WYLIE

Oh. And you talk to him? He can hear you?

EMANUELA

She likes to believe that.

MARIA

Emanuela, I speak English too.

(to Wylie)

Yes, yes he does.

(a beat)

Okay, Okay, Roberto. I heard you! I'll ask her.

(to Emanuela)

What's been troubling you, little bird?

EMANUELA

Nothing, Mama. Nothing at all.

MARIA

Are you still singing?

EMANUELA

The beans need more chilies. Of course I'm still -- I mean, I guess, not professionally though. I don't know. Can we not talk about this?

Maria takes the chilies out of Emanuela's hands.

MARIA

No, more chilies. Too overpowering, your papa says. Does it still bring you joy... to sing?

EMANUELA

Mom. Please.

Emanuela busies herself with a dish. Maria puts her arm around her.

MARIA

Or, is it something else you want?

EMANUELA

*There's nothing...
(begins to tear up)
You always ask about my singing!*

MARIA

But, I thought you liked to talk about it.

EMANUELA

Look, I messed it up. I had my one chance, and it's passed and I feel so guilty, okay? Is that what you want to hear? I feel so damn guilty that you used your savings, and your prayers, and I left you and Teresa, only a few years after Papa died, and I didn't make it happen. I've failed you both. Is this what you've waited to hear?

Maria brings her hand to her cheek, sweetly.

MARIA

My sweet daughter, it's not good to hold onto pain like that. I wanted to hear your truth. Oh, and... papa says he's not mad, you needn't feel guilty at all. Guilt is such a silly waste of time and energy.

EMANUELA

No he didn't, Mama, he's not saying that.

WYLIE

Yeah, he is! I think I heard him too! He's not mad. He loves you!

MARIA

*Ah, you have the gift, little boy,
do you?*

EMANUELA

You both are crazy.

MARIA

*And he says to stop dating boys who
still live with their parents.*

Emanuela bursts out laughing. Wylie stares wide-eyed, looks at the photo, thinking about the after-life...

INT. ORTEGA HOME - ABUELITA'S ROOM - BATHROOM

Jane carefully bathes herself in a claw foot tub. Dried Lavender floats in the water. She picks up a sprig and smells it.

She glances at the MIRROR. Sees her hallowed face, dark circles around her eyes. She quickly looks away.

INT. ORTEGA HOME - ABUELITA'S ROOM - LATER

Abuelita helps Jane into a wheel chair. Hands her a hat.

ABUELITA

*The air will be good for you, now.
Healing for the spirit.*

Jane is lethargic, her body beginning to break down but she attempts to use hand gestures to communicate with Abuelita.

JANE

You have a beautiful home. Truly, it's so beautiful. I've never seen anything like it.

Abuelita smiles.

EXT. ORTEGA FARM - JALISCO, MEXICO

Jane sits in her chair underneath a tree. A view of the rolling hills in the distance, the crops.

Abuelita guides Jane out of the chair.

ABUELITA

A little walking. It will give you some peace. You want to move some of that old energy.

Jane steadies herself, leaning a little on Abuelita.

JANE

Abuelita, I'm going to die here. Aren't I?

Abuelita smiles and pats her hand. Maybe because Jane knows she can't understand her, she feels a freedom in her ability to speak her mind.

JANE (CONT'D)

I'm so tired. I'm so tired of trying to make it all fit. I'm just so tired.

ABUELITA

This is where my son was buried. Roberto.

JANE

Roberto... Emanuela's father? Padre, Emanuela?

Abuelita smiles and nods.

ABUELITA

He had a heart condition. I like to believe it's because his heart was so big and with each loving word and gesture and thought it grew to a magnitude that his body could no longer hold so it expanded and emerged with the ether. And now, he can be with us all, the blessed and the cursed, the wicked and the pious, infusing us with love when we need it.

JANE

That's tough to out-live a son. Well, it's also tough to leave a son.

Jane begins to cry into her hands. Covering her face. Abuelita comforts her, pats her on the back.

JANE (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do. I've done it all wrong, I think.
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

All of my life I've spent trying to be a better parent, but I'm not a good mother, I'm not really a good mother, I want for Wylie what I want, not what he wants. I want him to be free and expressive and safe and all of these things that I think are good, but I've never asked him what he wants. Oh, my God, I've failed him.

(she sobs into her hands)
I've failed him. I haven't found a home. I haven't done the right thing. I don't know what the right thing is anymore.

ABUELITA

I asked Roberto to be with you. He will usher you to the other side, when it's time. He's a good man, Roberto.

Jane looks at the landscape. Really takes it in. Feels a sense of relief after that release. Abuelita leads Jane back into the wheelchair. Jane looks at Abuelita.

JANE

Abuelita, thank you.

ABUELITA

De nada.

And the two head back toward the cottages.

EXT. ORTEGA FARM - JALISCO, MEXICO

Brightly colored banners, paper lanterns, table clothes, are being set up as Maria, Emanuela, and Abuelita rush about, readying for the wedding.

We notice a FIGURE in the window -- push through to:

INT. ORTEGA HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Wylie sits on the sink, watching the beautiful chaos outside. He looks up at Roberto's photo.

WYLIE

Roberto. Will you take care of my mom for me?

Wylie pauses as if he's listening.

WYLIE (CONT'D)
I want to stay here. I want to
live here, Roberto.

Wylie smiles, jumps off the sink and runs off. REVEAL: Jane standing by the entryway, leaning on the wall for support. She's heard everything.

EXT. ORTEGA FARM - JALISCO, MEXICO - NIGHT

Stringed lights, a gorgeous starlit sky, provide a magical backdrop for a wedding reception that is in full swing.

Dancing, and eating, and drinking. Teresa in a wedding gown, does the rounds with her HUSBAND.

Wylie, dressed in borrowed clothes, dances with Emanuela and a bunch of YOUNG KIDS.

INT. ORTEGA HOME - ABUELITA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane, gaunt, propped up in bed takes in the sounds of celebration. And then--

MALE VOICE
Hey. Janie.

Jane turns and sees Levi walking toward her. She covers her face, embarrassed.

JANE
Levi. What are you doing here? I
don't have make up.

Levi sits gently on the bed. Pulls her hands away.

LEVI
You don't need to do that, come on.
I've seen you worse. All of those
gin-soaked mornings...

JANE
What are you doing here?

He looks at her.

LEVI
I made a promise.

She looks away.

JANE
Levi, I'm sorry...

He puts his finger to her lips. Trying not to become too emotional. It's hard to see someone this close to death.

LEVI
Shhhh... I know you are. I am too.
In another life... you know, me and
you. But, we've got this one, so
let's just, let it all be.

JANE
Okay.

LEVI
I brought someone with me.

He motions and Catherine enters. Jane is shocked.

JANE
Mom?

CATHERINE
Hi, honey.

Catherine's eyes fill with tears. She can't hold back, she runs to the bed and grabs her daughter.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, I'm just so sorry,
I'm so sorry.

Levi gets up and quietly exits.

JANE
I can't believe you flew to Mexico.

CATHERINE
I'm here. I'm going to stay here,
as long as you don't mind. You're
father... he just...

JANE
It's okay mom, it's okay.

CATHERINE
How are you feeling?

Jane looks away for a beat.

JANE

Really... odd. It feels like a big event is about to happen, a holiday. And it is. I am going to die.

EXT. ORTEGA FARM - JALISCO, MEXICO

Wylie dances with Emanuela when suddenly his EYES BULGE -- he breaks away and LEAPS into Levi's arms.

WYLIE

You're back! You're back!

Levi hugs him. Choked up by how much love Wylie has.

INT. ORTEGA HOME - ABUELITA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Catherine now lays next to her daughter. Holds her hand.

JANE

I don't know what to do. He wants to live here.

CATHERINE

Here? As in Mexico? With the Ortegas?

Jane nods.

JANE

I heard him talking to Roberto about it--

CATHERINE

Roberto? Who's that?

JANE

Emanuela's dead father. I know, it's weird. But, I feel like I can feel his presence too, actually.

CATHERINE

Oh. Well, does he answer Wylie back?

Jane laughs at the whole absurdity of it all, Catherine begins to as well.

JANE

I wish he did.

CATHERINE

Well. Maybe Wylie has the answer, maybe you don't need to have the answer this time. You've done enough already. You've raised an incredible, happy boy.

Jane looks at her mom curiously, she's never heard her talk like this. She leans into her mom's chest, like a little girl.

INT. ORTEGA HOME - ABUELITA'S ROOM - MORNING

Jane's lies in bed, hoarse breathing. Catherine holds her hand. Levi is on the other side of her, his hand resting on her arm.

JANE

(panicked)

I don't want to be in here. I want to be outside, can I be outside?

She tries to lift herself up. Levi gently stops her.

LEVI

Whatever you want, Janie. We can make that happen, right?

He looks to Catherine and she nods her head.

CATHERINE

Yes, of course.

EXT. ORTEGA FARM - JALISCO, MEXICO

Levi, Catherine, Emanuela, Maria, and Abuelita carry a mattress, pillows, blankets, paper lanterns from the wedding, etc.

They set it beneath the tree where Roberto is buried.

EXT. ORTEGA FARM - JALISCO, MEXICO - MOMENT LATER

Jane is carried up the hill in a make shift stretcher, by Levi, Catherine, Maria, and some other HELPERS.

JANE'S POV: The hands that carry her, the moving earth beneath her, the sky, Wylie's floppy hair, his sideways glance toward his mom, and his sweet smile.

EXT. ORTEGA FARM - JALISCO, MEXICO - LATER

Jane rests underneath the tree. Wylie is snuggled with her. She rubs his face, looks into his eyes.

WYLIE

I think I know my values now, mom.

Jane's speech is belabored. But this moment is so important to her. She wants to make it last.

JANE

You do?

WYLIE

Yeah. I didn't before but... this whole trip, making the lists and meeting people...

JANE

Tell them to me. I would love to hear.

WYLIE

Well... I don't have a word for this but I like being around people who believe in good things. Who are good to all people. Who do the right thing, cuz it's the right thing to do, not because someone told them or anything like that.

JANE

It's a feeling more than a word. Isn't it?

Wylie smiles.

WYLIE

Uh-huh. Yeah, it is and that's kind of like my other one too... I value people that are really loving, like you can feel it kind of love, not just words, but with hugs and cuddles.

Jane snuggles into him, smiling.

JANE

That's a good one too.

WYLIE

And... I value people who help make a place have a lot of laughter, and cooking, playing, dancing, and being together.

JANE

Community?

WYLIE

Yeah, that. And then, together all of us can make a life fantastic.

Jane looks at him curiously.

JANE

How do you know that? That phrase?

Wylie's unsure if he should tell her.

JANE (CONT'D)

Did you watch the video on my iPad before it broke?

Wylie shakes his head. Jane is confused.

WYLIE

No. Levi said it to me. A while ago. He said that if he were my dad, we could build a life fantastic together. And we talked about how...

This is all Jane needed to hear. She knows now what she needed to know. She kisses him on the cheek.

JANE

(quietly)

Levi and I used to say that to each other. We were going to build a life fantastic.

EXT. ORTEGA FARM - JALISCO, MEXICO

As the sun sets, flickering lights march up the hill toward Jane and Wylie. Emanuela, Levi, Catherine, Abuelita, all hold a candles.

Wylie snuggles in closer to his mom. Her breathing is shallow, hoarse and slowing down. It's clear this is it. Tears fall down their faces.

WYLIE

I love you, mama.

JANE

I love you, son.

Abuelita gathers everyone into a circle around Jane's bed. Jane looks at all of the faces filled with love surrounding her. She looks to Emanuela.

JANE (CONT'D)

Emanuela, will you sing?

EMANUELA

Yes, of course. What would you like?

JANE

Anything.

Emanuela thinks a moment, smiles...

EMANUELA

Home is where I want to be, pick me up and turn me around. I feel numb, born with a weak heart, I guess we must be having fun... Home is where I want to be but I guess I'm already there...

Emanuela's stunning and languid version of The Talking Heads, "This Must be the Place" continues... Jane looks up, she grabs Levi's hand, she grab's Wylie's hand and places them together.

She closes her eyes. The song continues as we float above, the flickering lights of the candle casting a beautiful circle around her, all fades to white and we see the lost IPAD FOOTAGE of Jane's life fantastic:

- Jane messy crying as she holds NEWBORN WYLIE for the first time. Way before that pristine photo was taken.

- Jane holding INFANT WYLIE as she dances with him in their bare empty new home, time blends as baby Wylie grows into a toddler, a boy, the home becomes more lived in, and they're still dancing, we see his eyes smile, we see his polished nails, we see the joy and love in both of their faces...

THE LUMINEERS VERSION OF THIS MUST BE THE PLACE OVERLAPS Emanuela as the images blend into BARE FEET moving to the BEAT of the racing guitar riff on a floor --

INT. ORTEGA HOME - KITCHEN - MONTHS LATER

Reveal Wylie dancing his pain and sadness out with Levi who lip syncs using a spoon as a mic --

Levi twirls him toward Maria who chops, but breaks for a moment to dance with him, and then with mad skills he moves to Abuelita, who stops washing dishes to join Wylie's dance, we push through a SIDE WINDOW --

EXT. ORTEGA HOME - DRIVE WAY

Emanuela steps out of a car, luggage in hand. She looks vibrant, a shine about her. She pauses as she watches the dancing through the window. A soft smile.

INT. ORTEGA HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Emanuela RUSHES into the dance party, swoops Wylie up and spins him around.

WYLIE
Emanuela!!!

Maria, Abuelita, and Levi all greet Emanuela with hugs.

EMANUELA
*I'm happy to see that everyone is
still dancing.*

WYLIE
*How's the Conservatorio de las
Rosas? When can I visit?*

EMANUELA
*Oh my God, it's better than
anything I could have imagined...*

She notices Levi, blank-faced. He doesn't understand much Spanish yet. She switches to English.

EMANUELA (CONT'D)
You can feel the history, the
centuries of music in the stone
walls and under the archways. It's
really something magical.

LEVI
You found your place.

EMANUELA
I did.

Wylie smiles, makes his way to the dishes, picking up where Abuelita stopped. A FRAMED PHOTO of Jane is now right next to Roberto.

WYLIE
(quiet)
I love you, Mama.

He pauses as if he hears a response and then he looks up --

TWO birds land on the window sill, they chirp at Wylie. And then we follow them through the window as they take flight, move up the hill, and to the tree where Jane now rests with Roberto.

THE END.