

GABI SEEMS DIFFERENT

Written by

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INT. RED MERCEDES / EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

The blue sky is endless, cloudless. Yellow sand toasts in the heat of the afternoon.

On a sparsely inhabited two lane highway, a SMALL RED MERCEDES speeds along. It's miniscule compared to the few EIGHTEEN WHEELER TRUCKS it passes.

Driving the car is a YOUNG WOMAN in a spaghetti strap top, hair blowing in the wind. We only see her from behind, but we can hear she's listening to AVRIL LAVIGNE'S "Complicated."

That song still fucks.

WE MOVE BACK from the HIGHWAY. The CARS and TRUCKS become small. But "Complicated" stays with us. THE RED MERCEDES looks triumphant and free on the open road.

Until, from far off, we hear a TRUCK'S HORN BLARING.

And in an instant, the RED MERCEDES FLIPS OFF THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY.

"Complicated" ENDS.

THE MERCEDES VISIBLY CRUSHES AND CRUNCHES as it FLIPS OVER, and lands UPSIDE DOWN. Far from the road. Dust and sand swirl all around it. TRUCKS continue to ZOOM by on the narrow highway. The cloud of dust around the WRECKAGE begins to settle as FLAME erupts in the car.

BLACK SMOKE billows out of it. But the RED MERCEDES, and ANYONE inside it, is entirely STILL.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - GABI'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chyron: **FOUR YEARS LATER.**

A plush, neutral-toned bedroom. Silk sheets. Thick cushions. A beautiful mirrored vanity.

As we move through the space, we hear the voice of a RADIO HOST, a woman's voice - polished and slick.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)
*If you're just tuning in, you're
going to want to stay in. Today we
have an incredibly special guest on
the show. Gabi Orvan - or just
Gabi, as we've known her since her
teen years...*

We move towards a CLOSED DOOR on the side of the room into -

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - GABI'S BATHROOM - DAY

Where we find **GABI**, 29, in a silk robe, sitting on the edge of the tub. Her hair is up in curlers. Her skin is flawless, even without make up. Her legs have been waxed and oiled into perfection.

But when we come around to her left side we see a LONG SCAR running along the side of her ear. Even alone in the room, her hand instinctively floats up to it, and she moves her curlers to cover it.

She arranges her hair to hide the scar often.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)
*It's difficult to keep track of
 the Grammys, the VMAs, the platinum
 albums. Hell, she even snuck in an
 Academy Award nod for her
 performance on the soundtrack of
 "Sometimes I Never" -*

GABI's eyes are wide and open, observant. Always. Like the world she's looking at *just happens* to have appeared - and could disappear, in turn, at any moment.

GABI leans into her computer screen, much closer than she needs to lean. Hunching her back, like a GLAMOROUS GARGOYLE.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)
*Top of the chart singles. Over the
 top performances. A purported
 thousand sit-ups a day. That's the
 Gabi we knew.*

GABI is scrolling through her computer - though we don't yet see what she's looking at.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)
*Until four years ago, it all came
 to a halt.*

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RADIO STATION - RECEPTION - INTERCUT - DAY

GABI stands to the side of a STUNNING LOBBY.

The floors are shiny black, the walls dark and mirrored. GABI glances at her reflection. She's in white silk - small and singular. Out of place.

LEX (O.S.)
 (across the room)
 Great. Twenty-eighth floor?

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - GABI'S BATHROOM - INTERCUT - DAY

GABI stares at her computer screen, rapt. And now we see what she's looking at.

A FILE OF OLD VIDEOS on her computer. Home videos. Not HD.

GABI clicks and opens one of them:

*It's of a CONFIDENT **PRETEEN GIRL** SINGING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AT A RODEO. The PRETEEN GIRL is beaming as she hits the last note. So proud. APPLAUSE from the STANDS.*

INT. RADIO STATION - RECEPTION - INTERCUT - DAY

Back in the shiny black lobby, HEELS CLICK.

A HAND lands gently on GABI's back - and we meet: **LEX**, 40s.

GABI'S MOM.

LEX is a presence. Her eyes move like a hawk's, catching any movement in the room. But the source of her guardedness is always clear: GABI.

LEX is GABI's sovereign protector.

Beyond this, LEX has a layer of protection around herself - one so strong that she appears to have kept time at bay. Her face is lineless. Hair: blonde. Cleavage: abundant. Jeans: tight. GABI looks visibly relieved to be near her.

LEX
Let's go do it, baby.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)
Our headlines were once flooded with Gabi's legal battle with a deranged stalker, who broke onto Gabi's compound and stole an alleged forty-three pairs of thirty dollar a pop Hanky Panky thongs - according to police reports. But that was just the beginning of the turmoil.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - GABI'S BATHROOM - INTERCUT - DAY

GABI closes the RODEO VIDEO and clicks ANOTHER.

*It's of the **PRETEEN GIRL** practicing a DANCE ROUTINE in front of the mirror.*

She makes missteps on the choreography but LAUGHS IT OFF. She's sure of herself, having fun.

INT. RADIO STATION - ELEVATOR - INTERCUT - DAY

LEX and GABI take the elevator upstairs. GABI glances over at her mom. LEX can see it in her peripheral vision.

LEX smiles. She pulls a pretty white sweater out of her shoulder bag. She hands it over to GABI.

LEX
You might get cold in there.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)
The world woke on April 24, 2016 to hear that... Gabi had been in a devastating car crash. One that would leave her in a coma for months.

GABI looks at the sweater but doesn't take it.

GABI
Why would I be cold?

LEX
Well it's a radio station and all, so they probably are gonna have it pretty cold.

GABI stares for a moment.

GABI
Do you not think I'm wearing the right thing -

LEX
Those places just really crank up the AC, remember? And -

GABI
Mom?

LEX
Yeah, baby?

GABI pauses for a moment, unsure. Nervous.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)
For the last four years, Gabi has been in recovery. Many believed she planned to leave the industry for good after cutting ties with her label.

GABI
What if this is a bad idea?

LEX
It's not.

GABI
Okay. But what if I mess it up?

LEX
You won't.

*RADIO HOST (O.S.)
But now... Gabi is breaking her
silence.*

GABI
(increasingly anxious)
What if I breathe too loud into the
microphone and everyone listening
to the radio just hears me
breathing like some weird out of
breath girl?

LEX looks at her. She can't help a tiny smile coming out.

LEX
Did that ever happen before?

GABI
I don't think so.

LEX
Because it doesn't happen.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - GABI'S BATHROOM - INTERCUT - DAY

GABI opens another VIDEO FILE. She's staring at her screen intently, like someone studying footage. Looking for something.

In this VIDEO: *the PRETEEN GIRL has gotten a bit older. She's now a **TEEN**.*

*The TEEN gets up on a small stage at a MALL and waves to the SCATTERED AUDIENCE. She also turns and gives a little wave to the side. To a **FAMILY: a DAUGHTER, MOTHER, and FATHER.** They wave back, giddy.*

GABI rewinds. She plays back the wave to the FAMILY.

Then she plays it back again.

INT. RADIO STATION - ELEVATOR - INTERCUT - DAY

LEX leans over and gives GABI a kiss on the cheek.

*RADIO HOST (O.S.)
She's ready to get back to the
commotion again.*

GABI
What if I'm not as good as I was
before? And everyone notices?

*RADIO HOST (O.S.)
There's a new Gabi in town. And
you're about to hear from her
yourselves!*

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - GABI'S BATHROOM - INTERCUT - DAY

In the VIDEO: *THE TEEN* sidles up to a microphone -

*TEEN (ON VIDEO)
Hi I'm Gabi Orvan, and here's a
little song -*

INT. RADIO STATION - ELEVATOR - INTERCUT - DAY

LEX turns to get out of the elevator.

LEX
You show people what you want them
to see, baby. Everything else is
just yours.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION - RECORDING ROOM - DAY

The ON AIR light is RED.

GABI, nervous, sits across a table from **RADIO HOST** - who does not just have a face for radio. She is beautiful, polished, glossy, and beyond comfortable in her own skin. Her confidence is almost over-powering.

Behind a SOUND-PROOFED WALL with a GLASS WINDOW is LEX, watching everything.

RADIO HOST
We can't believe how lucky we are
to have Gabi on our little program.
(aside, fast)
*Tiny, right? Thanks California for
making us NUMBER ONE for the sixth
year running.*
(back to normal)
Gabi's got her first show in four
years coming up this week.
(MORE)

RADIO HOST (CONT'D)
It's a small, but landmark public performance.

(turning to GABI)
Gabi, as soon as that sale for tickets went on - it was over! *Sold Out. Done!* What did that feel like? To see the public's response to your return?

GABI looks shrunken by the pressure of the interview, but when she opens her mouth to speak, words comes out like a politician's. Diplomatic, humble, and smooth.

GABI
I feel really lucky. Even though I haven't been on tour in so long, it's been the fans who kept me going.

RADIO HOST
Well there were a lot of vigils for you, a lot of prayers, lot of well wishers. All over the world. And you guys, you should see her now. She's got a new lease on life. Even a new look.

We can see GABI doesn't love this *new look* comment. RADIO HOST keeps eyes glued to GABI - a steady, glossy smile on.

RADIO HOST (CONT'D)
Tell us a little bit about what the last four years have been like for you, Gabi. There's only so much tabloids and press releases can tell us.

GABI
Well it's been a lot of healing. A lot of hard work. A lot of trying to find myself again.

RADIO HOST
And what do you mean by that?
Finding yourself again.

GABI
You know, I had a lot of injuries. Honestly, when I woke up after the crash, I didn't even know who I was.

RADIO HOST
You know I heard about that. Just no idea?

GABI
(with a shy smile)
Basically no idea.

RADIO HOST
That's gotta be a trip. You wake up
and have no clue you're this *huge*
celebrity. When did you find out?
You see your face on the side of a
bus?

GABI smiles, kind of confused.

GABI
I mean, I found out I guess how
anyone would.
(how?)
People told me.

RADIO HOST squints her eyes at GABI.

RADIO HOST
Which people?

GABI
Well, my mom especially. She was
amazing. And then it was just a lot
of... physical therapy. And *therapy*
therapy. Watching *hours* of home
videos. And eventually, things
started to come back.

GABI glances over at LEX behind the glass, who is trying to
conceal her nerves. LEX doesn't like being separated by this
wall from her daughter.

RADIO HOST
And now that things are back, are
you writing again? Working with any
of your old collaborators? Or are
you going in a different direction?

GABI squirms, but she has an answer prepared for this.

GABI
Right now what matters most is
reconnecting with the community. As
far as new stuff... we'll have to
wait and see.

RADIO HOST
Got it.
(to the mic)
(MORE)

RADIO HOST (CONT'D)
Now even if you can't make it to
Gabi's upcoming show in LA, you're
gonna get a chance to chat with
her. We're taking questions from
listeners here starting now -

RADIO HOST taps a flashing button and smiles big.

RADIO HOST (CONT'D)
Caller Number One, you are on with
Gabi.

An excited, almost breathless **CALLER #1** comes on the line.

CALLER #1 (V.O.)
Gabi, I love you so much, I just
wanted you to know I am so happy
you're okay and showing people what
it's like to be a fighter. I was in
an ATV crash and still have neck
pain - and I just think you're
amazing for coming back, we've
missed you so much.

GABI
Thank you. I feel stronger than
I've felt in a long time and I
can't wait to see you out there.

CALLER #1
You're amazing, thank you!

RADIO HOST hangs up the call. GABI glances back at LEX behind
the glass - who gives an encouraging smile.

RADIO HOST
Let's see who else we've got.

RADIO HOST clicks another flashing red button.

RADIO HOST (CONT'D)
You're on with Gabi.

CALLER #2 has a sweet, soft voice.

CALLER #2 (V.O.)
Hi Gabi.

GABI
Hey there.

CALLER #2 (V.O.)
I'm so excited I'm getting to talk
to you.

GABI
Well me too.

A little beat. GABI is patient. RADIO HOST is not.

RADIO HOST
You got a question, hon?

CALLER #2 (V.O.)
Gabi, you've always had the most
amazing skin. What's your secret?

GABI's surprised at this, almost embarrassed.

GABI
Oh god, you know I don't know. I
try to drink a lot of water. But
believe me I've had plenty of bad
break outs.

CALLER #2 laughs.

CALLER #2 (V.O.)
Water. Okay got it. There's one
other thing.

GABI
Yeah?

RADIO CALLER #2 (V.O.)
Well, I just wanted to say. I went
through a really hard time when I
was in tenth grade. My sister died.

GABI's face twitches a bit. She doesn't respond.

RADIO HOST
So sorry to hear that.

CALLER #2
I know you went through that too.
With your sister.

GABI nods, listening.

CALLER #2 (CONT'D)
And I wanted to know... How did
you..? Get through it?

GABI clears her throat.

GABI
I'm sorry.
(then)
I think it's just time. Time can
fix a lot. That's how it's been for
me. I'm sorry though. I wish water
could be the trick for that too.

CALLER #2 (V.O.)
Yeah, that'd be good.

GABI nods, not thinking that CALLER #2 can't see her. RADIO HOST keeps it neutral -

RADIO HOST
Thanks so much, Caller - and good luck. I think we've got time for one more.

RADIO HOST hangs up the call and clicks the new blinking light abruptly.

RADIO HOST (CONT'D)
Hey there, you're on with Gabi.

RADIO HOST gives GABI an encouraging nod. GABI tries to perk up and sound cheerful, but the call has clearly dampened her.

GABI
Hey there. Thanks for calling in.

There's some STATIC over the line for a moment. Then a VOICE comes on. **CALLER #3** is an OLDER MAN, with a gruff voice. It's surprising after the previous callers.

CALLER #3 (V.O.)
Phoning in.

GABI
Right, thanks for phoning.

CALLER #3 (V.O.)
Phoning it in.

GABI looks at RADIO HOST, confused.

RADIO HOST
What's that now, bud?

CALLER #3 (V.O.)
You're not even trying.

GABI
(hesitating)
Sorry, I -

CALLER #3 (V.O.)
This isn't Gabi.

Now GABI looks back to LEX, who watches with confusion and concern. RADIO HOST has a gleam in her eye. She loves this weirdness for her show. And we can tell she's getting pleasure out of GABI's discomfort.

RADIO HOST
You're not Gabi. This is Gabi right
here across from me in the studio.

We hear the breath of CALLER #3. GABI sits up, listening to it. Almost like she can recognize it.

RADIO HOST (CONT'D)
 Caller? Or should I call you *Not Gabi*? Was there something you wanted to ask while you've got the real Gabi?

CALLER #3 (V.O.)
 Well.
 (then, hard)
She's not Gabi.

We hear the click as he HANGS UP.

RADIO HOST shrugs with a smile at GABI. A light flashes red, and RADIO HOST clicks it, but we move in on GABI - *uneasy*.

INT. LEX'S CAR - DAY

LEX drives, GABI sits beside her with a BIG BOUQUET OF FLOWERS laid across her lap that she picks at. LEX tries to encourage her.

LEX
 You were so gracious, so sweet, so cool and collected. Really, baby.

GABI
 She asked a lot about my *new look*. I think she was staring at my ear -

GABI puts her hand up to her left ear, covered by her hair.

LEX
 (reflexive, instant)
 You can't see it. At all. And you had headphones on.

GABI nods. Okay.

LEX (CONT'D)
 You're just wearing your hair different these days, baby.

GABI
 Yeah.

LEX
 It's been growing back so healthy.

GABI

Yeah.

GABI (CONT'D)

(hesitantly)

What about that caller guy?
I thought they screened -

LEX

(talking over her)

You know it's just like your
Nana always used to say.

*
*

GABI

No -

But LEX talks louder than GABI.

LEX

She always said after the chemo was
the best her hair ever looked. She
said she was like a new person.

GABI shakes her head and sighs.

GABI

Yeah she did say that a lot.

LEX

I think she liked to find the
positive in a situation.

(then)

Too bad your father didn't get any
of that.

GABI

Mom -

LEX

Well, I never saw any positivity at
the hospital when - in fact, I
don't recall seeing him in any way
while you were lying there -

LEX takes a sharp breath, catching herself.

LEX (CONT'D)

Sorry.

GABI

It's okay.

LEX throws a look at GABI, seeing she's still bothered. LEX
tries to reassure her.

LEX

The station probably has people
they pay to ask questions and stir
up drama. I mean, what exactly was
that guy trying to say? That you're
an impersonator?

GABI

Maybe.

LEX

So next stop Hollywood Boulevard?
You can set up next to the Captain
Jack Sparrows.

It's LEX's way of trying to lighten things up, but GABI is still puzzled.

LEX (CONT'D)

What is it?

GABI

No, I just... I guess maybe it's
more that...

Now GABI turns to look at LEX. Trying to find the words to say what's really bothering her.

GABI (CONT'D)

I wasn't expecting anyone to ask
about Evie. Were you?

Silence. There's a flash of real anguish on LEX's face. She reaches across to GABI and takes her hand, but looks straight ahead, away from her daughter.

GABI watches her mom - and guilt overcomes her.

GABI (CONT'D)

Sorry.
(then, an offering)
You know, it was pretty cold in
there.

LEX nods.

GABI (CONT'D)

I'm glad we brought a sweater.

LEX

Yeah. Radio stations really crank
up the AC.

LEX gives GABI's hand a squeeze. Grateful to her daughter for giving her the little win.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

GABI and LEX walk into the beautiful MID-CENTURY house in the HILLS. GABI awkwardly holds the bouquet of flowers, as LEX looks through the mail in her hands, discarding most. Until she gets to ONE PIECE that clearly AFFECTS her. GABI sees.

GABI
What is it?

LEX shakes her head and smiles up at GABI.

LEX
It's all good.

She tucks the mail under her arm and gives GABI a kiss.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Later.

GABI stands by the GRAND PIANO, singing one of her SONGS: "DOUBLE DOWN". She works with **SINGING COACH**, who plays the piano. The song is CLEARLY POP but to the piano, it's stripped bare and really pretty. GABI is really, really good.

From the doorway, LEX watches. She looks at peace, proud of her daughter. The song is going really well - until GABI and SINGING COACH approach a note that GABI doesn't QUITE REACH.

SINGING COACH
And there...
(singing the note)
There, there, meet me here, meet me
here!

GABI reaches for the note - and doesn't get there.

SINGING COACH (CONT'D)
Mhmm. It's just that pesky F. Flat.

GABI
Why'd I put it in if I can't even
reach it?

GABI, frustrated, tries again, sliding up from a lower note. But it doesn't work.

GABI (CONT'D)
Can we try again?

SINGING COACH starts to play the song again.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Hours later.

It's dark now, but GABI paces by the piano. She's still practicing singing the song. LEX comes down the stairs and sees GABI working in the near dark.

She switches a light on and comes towards GABI.

LEX
You're allowed to rest, you know.

LEX sits down on the piano bench.

LEX (CONT'D)
I know it's a lot. Getting back out
there. We've gotten to be little
hermits the last few years.

GABI smiles at this, amused. LEX sees the smile.

LEX (CONT'D)
What?

GABI
Hermits.
(off LEX)
Hermit crabs. The only pet we were
ever allowed to have.

This nearly melts LEX - it's a touching memory to her.

LEX
Cape Cod.

GABI
I remember that. Digging in the
sand. Building houses for them.
Thinking we were saving them.

LEX
You built them really nice houses.

GABI smiles, but it's sad.

GABI
I think they only lived for about a
day once we took them home. They
would've been better left alone.

LEX
(dead pan)
Well that's why you weren't allowed
to have a dog.

GABI can't help a smile spreading at LEX's jab. LEX smiles
back, with a little nudge. Then she moves forward, careful.

LEX (CONT'D)
We could stay hermit crabs, you
know. We don't have to go back to
it all.

GABI looks up at her mom, with more determination than we've
seen. She seems sure of herself for a moment.

GABI
I want to start my life again.

LEX
Good, baby. I think you're ready.

GABI
Just -
She stops herself.

LEX
What?

GABI
I wish I could remember more. How
to do this.

LEX
I know. But I'm here. I can
remember for you.
(then, really inquiring)
I know your headaches have mostly
eased up. But... have you been
feeling again like you're
forgetting things? New things?

GABI
I don't think so. Just -

LEX
Just from before the crash.
(off GABI's nod)
It'll keep coming back. Things will
come back. Hey, like the hermit
crabs. You remember them. We'll
keep filling in.

GABI nods and sits down next to LEX, wanting to believe it's
true. She touches the keys of the piano lightly.

LEX (CONT'D)
It's a perfectly natural side
effect of the trauma.

GABI doesn't respond. LEX looks at GABI's hands on the white
keys of the piano.

LEX (CONT'D)
That too. That'll come back too.

GABI holds down a note on the piano. She hums the note. Then
keeps humming. A few simple notes.

A little tune.

It's simple and sweet. LEX listens, trying to place it.

LEX (CONT'D)
What's that?

GABI pulls her finger off the key.

GABI
I'm not sure. It's been stuck in my
head. You don't recognize it?

LEX shakes her head, no.

LEX
But it's pretty, baby.

INT. PRIVATE GYM - DAY

The next day. GABI and LEX work out with a PERSONAL TRAINER. PEOPLE all around eye them. They recognize GABI.

EXT. PRIVATE GYM - DAY

GABI and LEX walk to their car. A FITNESS GIRL comes up to them in the parking lot.

FITNESS GIRL
I'm so sorry. Seriously. But, do
you think I could get a photo?

GABI smiles.

GABI
Sure.

GABI and the FITNESS GIRL pose for a selfie together. GABI moves her hair to block her scar. LEX hands her a pair of sunglasses and she puts them on.

FITNESS GIRL
Ugh thank you. I literally got my
assistant to get up at four AM to
get me tickets to your show. I'm so
excited.

LEX
We can't wait to see you there.

LEX leads GABI away.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

GABI practices with SINGING COACH. The doorbell rings - and SINGING COACH and GABI stop working at the sound of it. But LEX swoops in from the kitchen - waving them back to work.

LEX
You keep at it.

SINGING COACH starts playing the piano again.

SINGING COACH
Okay let's try humming through that
verse one more time.

GABI hums along as LEX opens the door. We see CLEARLY:

A POLICEMAN. LEX steps outside to speak to him.

GABI keeps singing, but her EYES ARE GLUED TO THE DOOR. After a moment, LEX comes back inside. GABI stops singing.

GABI
Everything okay?

LEX smiles warmly at her. Giving nothing away.

LEX
Perfect.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Later. The singing lesson is over. GABI, anxious, comes into the kitchen to find LEX.

GABI
Who was at the door before?

LEX
It was nobody.

GABI
Who's nobody?

LEX
Baby, there's some stuff you can
let me handle. Okay?

LEX is wound up a little tight. And her tone is very different than the night before. More LEX as a MANAGER, less as a doting mother. But GABI doesn't budge. She stares.

LEX (CONT'D)
Okay. You want to know?
(with a sigh)
It's been eighteen months.

GABI knows immediately what LEX is saying. Even if we don't.

LEX (CONT'D)
Parole is up. I got a letter a few days ago. The police came to check in, to make sure we knew.

GABI is shaken, worried by the news.

GABI
Why didn't you tell me before?

LEX
Because you're safe here, honey. And I didn't want to pile on.

GABI
Are we sure our address isn't out again...? Could someone get in? Or - is all that going to happen again?

LEX
(stern reassurance)
No. Okay? No. You need to let me handle this stuff. You focus on you. On performing.

GABI takes it in.

LEX (CONT'D)
I'm not going to let anyone near you. Ever. Okay?

GABI
Okay.

LEX gives a little final smile, pleased GABI is subdued.

LEX
Good, baby.

LEX is ready to change the subject.

LEX (CONT'D)
How about I get started on some dinner?

GABI looks to her.

GABI
Yeah.

LEX
Yeah? There's some salmon I can throw on -

GABI
Could we go out?

LEX is surprised by this.

GABI (CONT'D)
I think I want Mexican.

We can see on LEX's face that this is not a usual suggestion from GABI.

LEX
(thrown)
Mexican?

GABI
Yeah, what was that place we used
to go? With those big leather
booths? There's the back area? It's
in Hollywood, I think.

GABI reaches for her laptop and starts looking stuff up. LEX watches, confused. GABI scrolls, looking for the place...

CUT TO:

INT. EL MITOTE - NIGHT

GABI and LEX sit in a big red leather booth, a bowl of salsa and a giant basket of chips between them. The restaurant is kitschy in the absolute best way. Low-hanging pendant lights, murals on the walls.

GABI munches on the chips. LEX peruses the menu, very skeptical. It's new and unwelcome to her.

At the booth NEXT TO THEM, a **COUPLE** whispers. The **WOMAN** turns her head to look at GABI, trying to look sly. Then quickly turns back. The **MAN** smiles like, "See?"

GABI sees them and shrinks into herself.

INT. EL MITOTE - BATHROOM STALL - NIGHT

GABI finishes peeing, gets up, and gets a head rush.

INT. EL MITOTE - BATHROOM SINKS - NIGHT

GABI washes her hands at a row of sinks and dries them. She reaches into her purse and pulls out a chapstick.

But when she looks up to put it on, she's not there. After the initial shock, she realizes there's no mirror at the sinks. We REALIZE that her part of the bathroom is only HALF OF THE BATHROOM. There are two identical sides, with two rows of sinks in the middle facing each other. GABI is standing on one side of a perfectly mirrored room.

She smiles. It's a pleasantly disorienting feeling. She walks around the row of sinks to the other side - just to confirm the sensation. Then puts her chapstick away.

INT. EL MITOTE - NIGHT

GABI walks back to her table, but gets stuck behind a WAITER putting TWO GIGANTIC MARGARITAS down on a table. She waits patiently, when a FLASH goes off. An **EMBARRASSED WOMAN** standing nearby shoves her phone in her bag and walks quickly away from GABI. A clandestine CELEBRITY PHOTO OPP gone wrong.

GABI is left feeling exposed and awkward. She looks over to the nearest booth and almost like an AUTOMATIC REFLEX, she SPURTS OUT -

GABI

Julie?

GABI is staring at **JULIE**, 30, long dark hair, no make-up, in a comfy sweater and a leather jacket.

JULIE is sharp, quick. But with a directness about her that can be either completely amazing or totally hurtful. The kind of person who would actually tell you if a dress looked bad on you. Even if you didn't ask.

JULIE's eyes move up to GABI at the sound of her name. At the sight of GABI, there's a shift to JULIE. Tiny, but JULIE's eyes go DARK and her jaw LOCKS. Almost like for a split second she's sick to her stomach.

JULIE sits next to a BEAUTIFUL BLONDE, but in this moment, her eyes are entirely glued to GABI. She seems entirely lost for words. GABI tries again.

GABI (CONT'D)

Julie.

JULIE snaps to action. She plasters a smile on, but there's something behind it. Something that's not a smile.

JULIE

Gabi. I - for a second, I didn't recognize you.

JULIE can see GABI is a little stung by this.

JULIE (CONT'D)

You look healthy.

Almost as though JULIE is just remembering the BEAUTIFUL BLONDE next to her, she turns and shifts towards her.

JULIE (CONT'D)

This is Nya.

NYA smiles at **GABI**.

NYA
I'm a big fan. Really good to meet
you.

GABI
Oh thanks. You too. Good to meet
you too.
(to **JULIE**)
You know, I've been - I feel like -
(awkward, trying)
How - or, what've you been up to?

JULIE is unmistakably guarded.

JULIE
Same, really. Writing. Recording.

GABI
That's great.

JULIE just nods. She's not giving **GABI** anything to work with,
even though **GABI** is clearly trying. Resigned -

GABI (CONT'D)
Sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt
your dinner.

NYA
(jumping in, sweet)
That's totally fine. This is kind
of amazing you guys running into
each other, right?

GABI is grateful for **NYA**'s good manners.

GABI
Yeah, it is.
(then, friendly)
Julie wrote all my best songs, you
know.

NYA smiles and nudges **JULIE** intimately.

NYA
She's kinda talented.

GABI
(agreeing)
I'd still be singing Rodeos in
Tucson if it weren't for her.

Now **JULIE** looks up.

GABI (CONT'D)
(a little emboldened)
You know, I was actually just
watching a few old videos. I think
I found the first time I sang
"Double Down."

NYA
God, you guys go back forever. I'd
love to know what high school Julie
was like.

But JULIE shakes her head.

JULIE
Just me with a worse haircut.

There's something about her tone that's final. And with that,
JULIE leans back and puts her arm around NYA's waist, pulling
her in. It's brief - and small - but a flash in GABI's eyes
tells us unmistakably that seeing this little gesture of
intimacy... It stings.

GABI
I'll stop... hovering. Sorry. It
was good to see you.
(to NYA)
It was really nice to meet you.

NYA
(with a warm smile)
You too.

GABI turns to go, then turns back, awkward.

GABI
The enchiladas are really good.

JULIE doesn't skip a beat.

JULIE
They're the best.

GABI nods.

GABI
See you around.

GABI heads off, walking back through the dark restaurant to
her booth with LEX. LEX finishes signing the check and grabs
her bag to scoot out. But when she looks at GABI she sees her
daughter's in a different mood.

LEX
Good?

INT. LEX'S CAR - NIGHT

Quiet as the car moves smoothly up into the Hollywood Hills.
LEX glances at GABI.

LEX
She was just a few tables over?

GABI nods.

LEX (CONT'D)
How weird.

GABI nods again.

GABI
I think she was the one who used to
take me there. To that restaurant.
But I'm not totally sure...

LEX takes GABI's hand in hers.

LEX
People grow apart all the time,
honey.

GABI looks out the window. We're on GABI's face as the lights
in the hills bounce back at her.

LEX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And I bet it was Julie that took
you there. The food was gross.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - GABI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Later that night.

GABI lies in bed with her computer on her stomach. She types
her name into Google.

Gabi Orvan

And a ton of suggestions come up:

Gabi Orvan... 2020

... songs
... net worth
... boyfriend
... stalker
... sister

... car crash

And -

... dead

But she doesn't click any.

Instead, she reopens that file of VIDEOS.

She clicks on one:

*It's a video from a LOW RENT BATTLE OF THE BANDS. TEEN GABI sings on stage and next to her, there's a SULKY LOOKING GUITAR PLATER. It's **TEEN JULIE**.*

And with the sound on, we recognize an early version of "Double Down".

GABI watches the video, a little bit of peace coming over her at the sight of it.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

The next day.

SINGING COACH and GABI work on "Double Down" again. GABI goes for that same HIGH NOTE -

But it comes out totally flat. GABI stops singing, abruptly.

GABI
I can't do this.

SINGING COACH nods, agreeing. Plainly.

SINGING COACH
It's too high for you.

GABI braces herself to be told how absolutely shit she is. But SINGING COACH just smiles and plays a few notes.

SINGING COACH (CONT'D)
So fuck it.

GABI smiles at this unexpected turn.

SINGING COACH (CONT'D)
How about...

SINGING COACH plays back the same part of the song. But ends on an unexpected C Sharp instead of the F. Lower. Easier. But it still sounds pretty good.

SINGING COACH (CONT'D)
Wanna try?

GABI sings along to the piano. Again, really strong. She ends on the new note. SINGING COACH smiles, proud of how good it sounds. GABI looks relieved. But -

GABI
Can I do that? Just change it?

SINGING COACH laughs as she shuts the music book.

SINGING COACH
It's your song, you sing it how you want to sing it.

But GABI doesn't look convinced. SINGING COACH sighs -

SINGING COACH (CONT'D)
Singing is so painfully about our heads. You know how much our minds can sabotage us? How much they can trick us? Make us think we can't reach a note? Make us think we don't know how to do it? Half of singing is just not letting those thoughts win.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - GABI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

GABI stands in front of the full-length mirror in her room, studying herself with cold objectivity. She plasters on a big, fake smile - and practices.

GABI
Thanks so much, LA!

In the silence of her bedroom, it's weird. Flat.

GABI (CONT'D)
I missed you LA!
(then)
Thank you for the -

She looks at herself, dissatisfied.

GABI (CONT'D)
(defeated)
Yeah.

GABI looks into the mirror and something catches her eye. A little imperfection in the glass. She sees there is a barely perceptible PLASTIC COVERING still stuck to it. She peels it off the big, full-length mirror. The glass below is shiny.

But GABI still looks dissatisfied with what she sees. She picks up her PHONE and looks for a name.

JULIE.

She stares at it a moment. Hesitates. Then calls.

It rings. And JULIE picks up. It's LOUD on the line.

GABI (CONT'D)
Hey - hello?

JULIE (O.S.)
Gabi?

GABI
Yeah -

The phone HANGS UP. GABI sits, confused. But a moment later, **JULIE** calls. Now it's quiet on her end. But JULIE is rushed -

JULIE (O.S.)
What's going on?

GABI
Oh, hey. Just calling to say hi.

There's silence for a beat. GABI bites her lip. Thinking.

GABI (CONT'D)
I wanted to ask you something.
(then)
It's about Double Down. The song.

JULIE (O.S.)
I know the song.

GABI
I know. Sorry.

JULIE waits again.

GABI (CONT'D)
I was wondering if you would mind
if I changed something in it? Just
for now. Just change a few notes.

JULIE (O.S.)
Why would I mind that? What? You
can do whatever you want with it.

GABI
Okay. Cool.

JULIE (O.S.)
Okay, is that it?

GABI
Well. I was also wondering. Are you
busy tomorrow?

JULIE (O.S.)
What?

GABI
I don't know if you're busy.

JULIE (O.S.)
Yeah.

GABI is visibly disappointed. But tries to sound cheerful.

GABI
Right. Yeah, that makes sense.
Tomorrow is soon. It's like one
day's notice. Less, really. Sorry.
Sorry I should have called earlier.

JULIE (O.S.)
It's fine.

GABI
I'm sorry.

JULIE (O.S.)
It's fine.

GABI tries to be conversational. It doesn't work.

GABI
So like... It was so good to see
you the other night. And -
(voice tightening)
Nera seems really nice.

JULIE
(correcting)
Nya.

GABI
Oh, sorry, it was loud in there.

JULIE (O.S.)
Look I think I need to go back
inside though.

GABI
Yeah. Of course. Yes.

JULIE (O.S.)
Okay.

But before JULIE can hang up -

GABI
It's just, it's my first show back tomorrow. I haven't performed since the whole - since the accident - and, so. Yeah, it's the first show.

Silence.

GABI (CONT'D)
Do you think I can do it?

JULIE (O.S.)
Do I think you can... medically?

GABI
The doctors said I'm doing well and my mom thinks it's a good -

JULIE (O.S.)
I think they probably know best.

GABI
But I think you also know best.

Beat.

JULIE (O.S.)
You'll do great.
(then)
It's you.

GABI
Yeah.

JULIE (O.S.)
Okay.

GABI
Okay. Thanks. Thank you.

Another beat. Then, curiosity getting the better of her -

JULIE (O.S.)
What are you changing in Double Down?

GABI can't help take her interest as encouragement, but she's also embarrassed.

GABI
Oh just, a note. It's just been a little hard to get to.

JULIE (O.S.)
That F in the chorus?

GABI nods. JULIE acknowledges with a huff.

GABI
What?

JULIE (O.S.)
Nothing.

GABI
No, what?

JULIE (O.S.)
No, it's a hard note. I get it.

GABI
But it was never hard for me
before. That's what you're
thinking.

A pause.

JULIE (O.S.)
Yeah.

GABI takes it in. That's what's been weighing on her too.

JULIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You'll do great. You always do.
(then)
I've gotta go.

GABI
Okay.

But JULIE doesn't hang up. They stay on the line. GABI can
feel JULIE there.

It's the most intimate moment of the call. They both breathe.

A smile flickers on GABI's face, just knowing JULIE is there -
that neither of them is hanging up.

GABI lies down with the phone to her ear. The comfort it's
bringing her is obvious. She looks supported, relaxed - as
though someone were really there holding her, arms wrapped
around her tight.

GABI's eyes start to close, when JULIE speaks -

JULIE (O.S.)
I'm sorry.

The phone hangs up. GABI's eyes open. She lies still for a
moment, but she's interrupted by the sound of HARD FOOTSTEPS
and her mom's FLUSTERED VOICE passing by her bedroom door -

LEX (O.S.)
... No, please. Reasonably, there
is a way to work this out, I...

But her voice FADES AWAY as she passes the door.

GABI sits up. Concerned. Curious.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

GABI snakes around the corner of the Hallway, towards LEX's room, where the door is cracked. She looks through at LEX on the phone -

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - LEX'S ROOM - NIGHT

LEX bites her thumbnail, phone to her ear, STRESSED.

LEX
 (into the phone)
 And that payment was good to the
 end of the month.
 (listening)
 No, it was transferred to the lower
 interest account after the deferred
 payment. There are going to be big
 advances coming after this week and
 that's what I've been saying -

But LEX stops herself, STARTLED, as she sees GABI lurking in the doorway. Quickly, LEX covers. Adjusting her expression.

A false calm.

She tilts the phone away from her mouth and pulls a face like she's talking to *someone crazy*.

LEX (CONT'D)
 (into the phone, with a
 new casual tone)
 Can you give me one second?

She hits MUTE on the call and walks towards GABI.

LEX (CONT'D)
 What're you still doing up, baby?
 You should be asleep.

GABI
 I'm just not tired yet.

LEX nods and walks over to her side table. She pulls out a BOTTLE, snaps a TABLET in half, and brings it over to GABI.

LEX
 Just a half. You've gotta get a
 good night sleep tonight, baby.
 It's a big day tomorrow.

GABI takes the pill in her palm. But LEX keeps her eyes on GABI until she swallows it. LEX smiles and gives her a kiss.

LEX (CONT'D)
Goodnight, baby.

GABI gives LEX a little smile.

GABI (PRELAP)
Ha - Ha - Ha - *Ha!*

INT. CONCERT VENUE - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

STAGE HANDS buzz around, PAs talk into WALKIES.

GABI does vocal warm-ups with SINGING COACH. LEX stands with them, texting, glancing up at GABI intermittently. Keeping watch on her.

IT'S THE NIGHT OF GABI'S CONCERT.

And the show is clearly coming up soon. NERVOUS JITTERS are everywhere. Lots of energy and excitement. It feels BIG.

GABI is in HEAVY STAGE MAKE UP and a TIGHT, somewhat sexy outfit. It doesn't look *quite* right.

A round of CHEERS from the UNSEEN AUDIENCE beyond the curtain. GABI and SINGING COACH exchange jittery smiles. LEX looks up from her phone.

LEX
I'm gonna run up front and see how
we're doing.

GABI gives LEX a nervous little smile.

LEX (CONT'D)
Back in two secs.

She heads off. And GABI turns to SINGING COACH.

GABI
You know, I actually thought no one
was gonna come.

SINGING COACH smiles at this sweet, modest thought.

GABI (CONT'D)
It's just... All those people knew
Gabi. Me. Then. And now...

GABI cranes her neck towards the sound of the CROWD and absentmindedly starts SINGING a little TUNE under her breath, patting her thighs to the beat. It's THAT SAME LITTLE TUNE she was humming with LEX earlier. The one she couldn't place.

SINGING COACH notices.

SINGING COACH
That's pretty, is it one of yours?

GABI didn't even notice she was singing.

GABI
Oh, no. I don't know actually. It's
just been stuck in my head.
(with a smile)
It's sort of been driving me crazy.
I can't place it.

GABI lets out a self-deprecating laugh.

GABI (CONT'D)
Just another thing I can't place.

SINGING COACH looks at GABI with admiration. This girl's been through a fucking crazy amount to get here.

SINGING COACH
You know it's amazing to everyone
how hard you've worked. How far
you've come. When we met... Well,
you sound incredible now.

GABI
Yeah. Thank you. I guess that's
right?
(then, suddenly)
You know I was in a coma? For
like... months?

Now SINGING COACH is taken aback. But she goes with it.

SINGING COACH
I remember. Your mom told me.

GABI
Induced. Because of the swelling in
my brain.

SINGING COACH
Thank god for modern medicine.

GABI smiles at this thought.

GABI
I also broke my jaw. And fractured
my skull. And my ear got cut off.
They rebuilt it.

GABI's hand instinctively, lightly, reaches up to her ear,
where hair covers the left side.

GABI (CONT'D)
And a bunch of my teeth got knocked
out.

SINGING COACH is clearly unsettled. She tries to nod along,
in praise of modern medicine. But it's getting weird. CREW
still walks around them, oblivious to the subject matter of
their conversation.

GABI (CONT'D)
My mom found a really good dentist.

SINGING COACH
They look real.

GABI
Thanks.
(but)
Sometimes I suddenly get this panic
like *woah where are my teeth!* I
think before the accident I always
knew there would be teeth there if
I opened my mouth. But I guess it's
hard to remember a feeling?

SINGING COACH takes it in.

SINGING COACH
You know, it's all this stuff that
makes you *stronger*, not weaker.

GABI
People keep saying that. I mostly
just feel pretty exhausted though.

SINGING COACH thinks for a second. Then takes on a new tone.
Matter-of-fact. Powerful.

SINGING COACH
Hey, Gabi. You don't have to
compete with that other girl. That
other Gabi, from before. You *don't*.

This snaps GABI back to SINGING COACH. It's like SINGING
COACH was reading her mind.

SINGING COACH (CONT'D)
You're you. It's your show, it's
your voice.

SINGING COACH speaks with a lot of conviction and it's
bolstering GABI. Without thinking, GABI pulls SINGING COACH
into a hug. They separate warmly. GABI smiles and rolls her
eyes at herself.

GABI

Sorry. Thank you. Really. It means a lot to have someone to talk to. I mean... I didn't mean to just talk to you about my missing teeth for like an hour. But... thank you.

SINGING COACH smiles and waves it off. She relaxes a bit.

SINGING COACH

Fuck what you think other people think. And just be you. You're gonna kill it.

GABI smiles, believing her. SINGING COACH smiles back. A little cheeky look comes over her.

SINGING COACH (CONT'D)

And plus, no matter *how* you do out there.

(almost laughing)

It's great for a dead girl.

Beat.

..... What?

GABI

What?

SINGING COACH

(blank)

What?

GABI

What do you mean? Dead for a good girl?

SINGING COACH

GABI (CONT'D)

No -
(then)
Oh -

I mean -
(correcting herself)
Good for a dead girl.

*

SINGING COACH

Oh sorry, it was just a joke - I thought it was obvious.

GABI

What do you mean?

SINGING COACH

(awkward rambling)

It's just that like, internet thing? I was kidding. You know, because of like... you versus old you... It's just that... joke thing about you.

GABI
 What though?
 (then)
 I don't Google myself.

Now SINGING COACH really starts to get uncomfortable.

SINGING COACH
 It's that whole... conspiracy
 theory? It's dumb.

GABI
Which?

SINGING COACH's eyes dart around, like she's looking for someone to save her. She didn't mean to get into this. Around them, the sound of the AUDIENCE FILLING THE VENUE is growing.

SINGING COACH
 That you're...

GABI
 That I'm what?

A LIGHT is SHUT OFF BACKSTAGE as the CREW moves around, even faster now. The change startles SINGING COACH, but GABI is focused SOLELY on SINGING COACH's words.

SINGING COACH
 That you're dead.

They stare at each other in SILENCE.

SINGING COACH (CONT'D)
 (trying to clarify)
That you're actually dead.

It obviously doesn't help.

It makes no sense to us. But something on GABI's face tells us: it means something to her.

LIGHTS and SHADOWS cast around in the backstage area as STAGEHANDS make their way bustling about. Purple stage light seeps through the curtains. But in all the flashing lights and shifting shadows - GABI IS STILL.

SINGING COACH (CONT'D)
 It's obviously - it's just a joke.

OUT OF THE SHADOWS - we see LEX approach.

GABI doesn't know she's there yet. She looks like she's trying to figure something out. SINGING COACH's words are playing over and over in her head.

"That you're dead."

But GABI's reverie is interrupted as LEX places a hand around her waist.

LEX
Ready baby?

INSTANTANEOUSLY - a SMILE appears on GABI's face. SINGING COACH just looks between them, confused. Alarmed.

GABI just puts an even bigger smile on.

GABI
Totally.

LEX leads GABI away from SINGING COACH, who's left looking guilty and entirely... BEWILDERED.

INT. CONCERT VENUE - STAGE - NIGHT

Moments later.

LOUD CHEERS come from an AUDIENCE that we can barely see in the harsh spotlight shining directly at us on STAGE.

But there are signs held up and can make out words:

WE MISS YOU GABI

GABI SURVIVOR

GABI 4 LIFE

The applause SWELLS and it's time -

GABI WALKS OUT ONTO THE STAGE.

She looks beautiful. LIKE A TRUE POP STAR.

As she heads towards the mic, the CROWD'S APPLAUSE GROWS EVEN GREATER. It's amazing. They are so excited to see her.

GABI looks back at her BAND and gives them a little nod - they start the opening CHORDS of "Double Down". GABI looks out into the audience. The BAND makes its way towards the moment where GABI sings her first line, BUT INSTEAD OF SINGING -

GABI
Thank you so much, LA! You guys are
the best!

As she finishes speaking, we hear a HARSH EXHALING BREATH in the microphone from GABI. It's weirdly loud.

The BAND keeps playing. They loop back around to the beginning of the song.

But again as they approach her cue... SHE DOESN'T SING.

The GUITARIST, now really showing his confusion, leads the BAND back and replays the entry to GABI's first verse.

And this time, GABI COMES BELTING IN. It's GREAT. She sings the first lines - poppy, fun, and energetic.

She even dances a little. Hips swinging, head rocking. It's really solid. She gets through the verse and hits the chorus with MASSIVE APPLAUSE FROM THE CROWD.

But JUST AS THEY APPROACH THE DIFFICULT SECTION -

SHE STOPS SINGING.

The BAND keeps playing, moving into the next verse. But GABI is... FROZEN.

She wears a big, bewildered smile - like she doesn't know how she found herself standing up on stage. Like it's a JOKE someone is playing on her. The BAND just keeps playing.

Like a deer in headlights, GABI blinks into the crowd.

On a sign: **GABI LIVES!**

And as the BAND plays behind her, a compulsive and INSANE LAUGHTER erupts from her. It's isn't joyful, it's more in the vein of someone VOMITING EVERYWHERE.

And she cannot stop.

The CROWD laughs too at first. This is SO WEIRD. But then... it keeps going. GABI KEEPS LAUGHING. Hysterically. And it becomes less funny and more... *freaky*.

A few AUDIENCE MEMBERS try to CHEER her out of it - but then that fades. And we're left with her LAUGHTER. A painful quiet from the audience as GABI's eyes scan the tops of their heads - barely seeing them. UNTIL -

GABI turns and walks off the stage. Little WAVES of NERVOUS, UNCONTROLLABLE laughter still coming out of her.

There is an empty noisiness left with the AUDIENCE and the BAND until we -

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK CAR - NIGHT

COMPLETE QUIET.

GABI stares out the window, all her make up still on. LEX sits next to her, looking out her own window. Fingers just brushing her own lips.

In disbelief.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

GABI and LEX walk inside. Neither of them turns lights on. LEX starts to walk upstairs. GABI stops.

GABI
I've never done that before.

LEX turns around and looks at her, shaking her head.

LEX
No.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - GABI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LATER. GABI lies in bed, in the same clothes, the same make up. She's lit by her computer screen -

Scouring a FACEBOOK PAGE. It's called "R.I.P. GABI"

GABI clicks a VIDEO. It's of a **GIRL WITH PINK CHEEKS** passionately speaking into a webcam.

GIRL WITH PINK CHEEKS
Everyone knows, on April 24, 2016,
Gabi Orvan was in a car crash.
Official reports say she left the
hospital months later. But how
could she have left... if on that
day... the REAL Gabi Orvan... was
killed.

The screen goes black and in pink lettering we see:

R.I.P. GABI ORVAN

October 11, 1990 - April 24, 2016.

GIRL WITH PINK CHEEKS continues.

GIRL WITH PINK CHEEKS (CONT'D)
It doesn't take a forensic
scientist to see that the "Gabi"
who paparazzi have caught glimpses
of in the past few months is very
clearly NOT Gabi Orvan. And we need
to look at that VERY closely. We're
going to look at the clearly
constructed face.
(MORE)

GIRL WITH PINK CHEEKS (CONT'D)
We're going to look at how Gabi's family has covered up her death for YEARS. We're going to look at why. We're looking at the EMPIRE OF GABI and why one MOMAGER would risk it all just to keep the cash flowing in -

GABI pauses it, OVERWHELMED. She takes a beat. Then starts to look through the comments.

You were an angel and you needed your wings.

Clearly a diff person.

Did she have a twin sister or something?

Ur rotting in hell for ur music.

Now that they replaced her with a double, can they at least make her sing in tune?

wat about her fucked up chin?

Looks like she had a miscarriage.

GABI looks around the page - her face unreadable.

She finds on the page the BUTTONS to: **MESSAGE** or **REPORT** the PAGE. She hovers over them - CONSIDERING.

But then her mouse goes elsewhere...

To a PHOTO GALLERY on the page. She hesitates.

And then... CLICKS.

For the FIRST TIME - we see the FULL-FLEDGED POP STAR THAT WAS: GABI BEFORE THE CRASH.

(We'll call pre-crash GABI **OLD GABI**.)

OLD GABI is ELEGANT, CONFIDENT, SHINY. She's GLAMMED UP in every photo. Her confidence alone DISTINGUISHES HER UNDOUBTEDLY from the GABI before us.

But more than confidence... there are physical differences. BIG ONES. In the photos, OLD GABI seems all symmetry and graceful lines. But the GABI we see looking at her laptop is not so even. *Not so perfect.*

In fact, if you squint, GABI and OLD GABI could be completely different people.

And. If you don't squint...

They could be completely different people.

GABI stops at a SELFIE of OLD GABI. OLD GABI has her tongue out (still looking crazy beautiful) and she's wearing a BRIGHT PINK cast. It makes GABI pause for a moment. Then she keeps clicking.

GABI goes through photo after photo of OLD GABI. Hungrily.
UNABLE TO STOP NOW THAT SHE'S STARTED.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The next morning.

GABI still has her make up on from the night before. It's stage make up, built to last. She walks into the kitchen and finds LEX, chipper, making a smoothie.

LEX
'Morning, honey.

GABI is immediately thrown by LEX's cheerfulness.

LEX (CONT'D)
(casual)
You sleep good?

LEX turns the BLENDER on - it's LOUD. When it's done, she grabs two glasses.

GABI
I need to talk to you.

LEX
Okay, babe. What's up?

GABI breathes, trying to bolster herself. Then lets it out.

GABI
I can't pretend that I can do this.
Because I can't.

LEX
Do what?

LEX's tone is extremely bizarre and off-putting - for us and GABI. She's acting as if the disaster of last night just -

Didn't happen at all.

GABI
I don't *remember* how to do this. I
don't remember ever doing it.

LEX
I told you. I'm here. To help you -

GABI
No. It's like I'm trying to fit
myself into some... uniform. That
doesn't belong to me. And it
doesn't fit.

This gets LEX's attention. She looks up, a hint of concern.

GABI (CONT'D)
I think... I need to figure out who
I am. Who I really am. I think we
both just wanted to move on from
the crash and rush into -

LEX
Rush? We did a lot of things.
Rushing was not one of them.

GABI
I need to go back and -

Now LEX gets stern. Really stern.

LEX
No. I'm sorry. I'm sorry but,
frankly, you are not the clearest
judge of what is best for you. You
need to live your life and get back
to the real world. Not squirrel
away to dwell on... all that stuff.

GABI
The crash.

LEX
(now openly frustrated)
What *about* the crash? You were in a
car crash. You nearly died. But you
didn't. You lived. So now you have
to live.

LEX stares GABI down. She's stronger than GABI is. But GABI
still tries.

GABI
I -

LEX
I'm not going to *let* you crumple up
and quit. And if that means telling
you that you don't have a choice,
then so be it.

GABI doesn't know how to respond - LEX has her genuinely
intimidated. GABI looks to the floor.

GABI
I think I maybe just need a
break...

Now LEX softens again. Back to MOM MODE. She pours the smoothie that's been sitting in the blender into the two glasses. She passes one of the glasses to GABI.

LEX
We can figure out something
relaxing to do later.

GABI
I think maybe more though...

LEX
Well, baby, you've got a voice
lesson, so we'll figure it out
after.

GABI's thrown immediately - *what?*

I - GABI What? LEX (CONT'D)

GABI
I can't do a voice lesson.

LEX
Of course you can.

GABI
But after last night -

LEX
You know what comes after last
night, baby?

She gives GABI a smile. It's FINAL.

LEX (CONT'D)
Everything else in our lives.

The door bell rings.

LEX (CONT'D)
That's her.

LEX walks out of the kitchen to get the door. GABI wavers for a second, confused. But she gathers herself and follows LEX -

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

The door swings the door open and **NEW SINGING COACH** smiles at LEX - and GABI, hovering behind her.

NEW SINGING COACH looks a *lot* like SINGING COACH.

NEW SINGING COACH
Hi, sorry I'm a few minutes early.

NEW SINGING COACH catches the eye of the bewildered GABI.

NEW SINGING COACH (CONT'D)
So great to meet you, Gabi.

LEX
Can we get you anything?

NEW SINGING COACH turns to LEX.

NEW SINGING COACH
Oh, a water would actually be
great, thank you.

LEX
Fab.

LEX heads out of the Foyer, leaving GABI and NEW SINGING COACH together. They look at each other for a moment. Silent. GABI gives a polite nod then follows LEX into the kitchen.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

LEX fills up a glass of water as GABI comes in.

GABI
Who..?

LEX
I thought it might be time for
something new.
(then, a statement of
fact)
You agree a change will be good.

GABI is stunned. LEX cuts a slice of lemon and puts it into the glass of water for NEW SINGING COACH.

GABI takes the glass, unsure for a moment. Then goes.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

GABI practices with NEW SINGING COACH. Her voice is really shaky. They do breathing exercises.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

That night.

The lights are all off. GABI sits at the piano, but she's not practicing. LEX comes downstairs and sees her.

LEX
You liked her, right?

GABI nods. LEX walks over to GABI at the piano bench, standing over her.

LEX (CONT'D)
Honey. No one is forcing you to do anything.
(then, but)
This is all a part of your getting healthy again. Finding your normal. Getting back to you.

GABI looks up at LEX, imploring. Almost begging.

GABI
But it's *not me*.

LEX
I'm gonna need you to stop saying that, honey. It's not good for your confidence.

LEX pulls her up from the bench, gently. Holding her hand and walking her across the room. She lands with GABI in front of a tall mirror by the door. LEX places GABI in front of it and STANDS BEHIND HER, resting her chin on GABI's shoulder. She meets GABI's eyes in the reflection.

LEX (CONT'D)
Look at that girl. She's so strong. She's worked so hard. She has so much life left in front of her.

GABI nods. LEX's tone takes on a tiny hint of edge.

LEX (CONT'D)
And there's so much I need to protect her from. Because there's so much that's so scary out there. But I'm not going to let her stop just because she's afraid.
(then, almost stern)
I'm not going to let her get in her own way.

We see LEX's hand tighten around GABI's arm. She reaches down GABI's arm and finds her PHONE in her hand. Without resistance from GABI, SHE TAKES IT.

LEX (CONT'D)
I'm gonna hold onto this I think.
Remember, too much screen might
give you some more of those nasty
headaches?

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - GABI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Later that night.

GABI and LEX lie in GABI's bed watching a movie on GABI's computer. It's dark in the room, just the light of the computer. GABI looks dazed. LEX watches the movie peacefully.

LATER -

LEX sleeps in GABI's bed, the computer beside her, dark now.
GABI walks out of the room -

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - LEX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

GABI comes into her mom's incredibly neat bedroom.
Carefully... she starts looking through LEX's stuff. Looking
for something.

Her phone? Maybe. *Anything.*

She's trying to stay quiet but she works herself up into a
frenzy. She pulls drawers, looks through LEX's bag. LEX's
bedside tables. LEX's make up drawers. She even pulls towels
out of cabinets.

Until, she opens a drawer and finds -

LETTERS. Piles and piles of letters.

FROM BANKS.

**Overdraft. Past Due. Credit Decrease. Debt Collection. Past
Due. Past Due. Overdraft. Default on Loan.**

Past Due.

GABI looks through them, shocked. But her mind is turning.
Something is shifting.

INT. ORVAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's dark, quiet. GABI finds the HOUSE PHONE on the kitchen
counter. She DIALS A NUMBER off her bright computer screen.

GABI
(in a whisper)
Hi. I need to order a car.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS STREET - NIGHT

It's the middle of the night. But the sky in LA is ORANGE with pollution and street lights.

GABI walks quickly, looking behind her, back to the HOUSE. Nervous as she goes. Her stage make up still on.

As she walks, she hums, anxious and jittery. It's THAT SAME TUNE. The one she can't place.

HEADLIGHTS of a car flash at her as it turns a corner. For a moment, these lights are even brighter than the lights were on stage. The DRIVER rolls down the window.

DRIVER

For Gabi?

GABI winces into his lights, shielding her eyes. She walks towards the car.

EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A bungalow on the East Side of LA. GABI walks up to the front door and KNOCKS.

JULIE comes to the door. When she sees GABI standing there, her face FALLS. GABI doesn't know exactly what to say. The silence goes on a beat too long. From inside we hear NYA's voice -

NYA (O.S.)

All good, Jules?

JULIE blinks.

GABI

Can we go somewhere?

JULIE keeps staring.

GABI (CONT'D)

I need your help.

CUT TO:

INT. LA DINER - NIGHT

JULIE and GABI sit at a brightly lit diner. A LATE NIGHT CROWD around them.

GABI

Thank you again. For paying the driver.

JULIE
Why didn't you just take an Uber?

GABI
She took my phone.

JULIE stares, in disbelief.

GABI (CONT'D)
Yeah. I mean she's done it before.

JULIE
Jesus.

GABI shrugs, trying to downplay her worry. It's an evasive move. And JULIE knows it.

GABI
She can be hard to deal with.

To JULIE this is the most obvious statement in the world.

JULIE
Yeah. Your mom is fucking batshit.

GABI's shoulders tense up, in another little shrug.

GABI
I was thinking maybe I should talk
to my dad. I was hoping maybe you
might be able to take me... bring
me...

JULIE
Take you where?
(then, realizing)
What? To your dad's?

GABI
Yeah.

JULIE
(come on)
Gabi.

GABI
What?

They stare at each other.

GABI (CONT'D)
You're the only person I have.

JULIE is struck by this. Confused by it.

GABI (CONT'D)
Or... used to have. Everyone is gone. It's just my mom. It's just me and her. After the crash, everyone else who was there... disappeared.

JULIE
Disappeared?

GABI shrugs again.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Is that what you think happened?
Everyone disappeared?

GABI
That is what happened. People just didn't know how to act around me. I get it. I get that it's hard to be around someone who doesn't even know what their first name is. But... yeah.

JULIE doesn't know what to do with this thought - clearly her mind is turning.

JULIE
I can't take you to your dad's. I can't just drop my life so you can run away from your mom.
(then, seriously)
Gabi. You know I have not heard from you. In *four* years.

GABI nods, retreating back into herself. And JULIE's eyes snap to GABI's plate, noticing GABI's just been pushing her food around.

JULIE (CONT'D)
You're not eating your potatoes.

GABI
They have rosemary on them.

JULIE
You don't like rosemary?

GABI
It tastes like soap.

A FLICKER of something across JULIE's face.

EXT. EAST SIDE LA - STREET - NIGHT

JULIE and GABI walk on a quiet, dark block. JULIE holds a to-go box from the diner. It's silent between them. But it's a strangely easy silence. They turn a corner and as they do -

GABI FREEZES.

She sees an SUV parked on the street outside JULIE's house. JULIE turns to GABI -

JULIE
Gabi, come on -

But GABI grabs hold of JULIE's wrist. JULIE looks down at where GABI is touching her. Like it hurts.

GABI
That's her.

JULIE looks up to where GABI is looking.

GABI's right. It's LEX. Waiting in a car with the lights off.
It's fucking creepy.

GABI is visibly tense, almost scared. JULIE is freaked too.

JULIE
What is she doing?

GABI can't take her eyes off the SUV.

GABI
She's waiting for me.

JULIE looks between GABI and the PARKED CAR. She's trying to puzzle out what to do...

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S CAR - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

LATER.

JULIE and GABI drive down a DARK HIGHWAY. They're clearly out of LA.

Desert on either side of them.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

JULIE gets out of the driver's seat. GABI gets out of the passenger's. JULIE pulls out her wallet to fill her tank.

GABI looks embarrassed.

GABI
I'm sorry.

JULIE
It's fine. I think you can get me
back.

GABI nods. But -

GABI
I don't have a bank account.

GABI shakes her head, no.

JULIE
Who has your money?
(then, off GABI)
She does? Seriously, all of it?

GABI
It's court ordered.

JULIE
But -

GABI shrugs, helpless. JULIE's mind turns.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Well, *shit*. Because of the
conservance... atorship.

GABI
Conservatorship.

JULIE
(turning away, frustrated)
We're about to cross state lines.
Oh fuck, I don't wanna end up in
family court.

GABI
I think it would be real court.

GABI thinks a moment.

GABI (CONT'D)
But I don't know actually.

JULIE
Great.

The tank fills. JULIE passes GABI her water bottle, annoyed.

JULIE (CONT'D)
You should have some water.

GABI

I'm okay.

JULIE rolls her eyes.

JULIE

Jesus Christ. Would you please have some water? You ambushed me, I think you're making me break the law, the least you can do is have some water instead of just standing there like some deranged, dead-eyed, dehydrated pop star.

Gabi looks at JULIE. Then at the water. A little smile escapes her. She takes the bottle from JULIE.

INT. JULIE'S CAR / EXT. PHOENIX CUL DE SAC - DAWN

The next morning.

JULIE and GABI sit PARKED in the car on a QUIET CUL DE SAC. Purple morning light hits the bare, rocky mountains in the distance - just NORTH OF PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

Even with the cookie cutter Phoenix houses in the foreground, it's beautiful. GABI looks out at the mountains. She's exhausted, like she's going to nod off. But more than that... she looks almost at peace. With JULIE. Away from LEX.

GABI

Do you ever wish you could go back to being a kid? We could go back?

JULIE

I thought you didn't remember being a kid.

GABI smiles a little, looking out the window.

GABI

I don't. But I know it happened with you.

JULIE looks at GABI as GABI's eyes close.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S CAR / EXT. PHOENIX CUL DE SAC - DAY

HOURS LATER -

Everything looks COMPLETELY DIFFERENT. BRIGHT BLINDING WHITE LIGHT. The mountains are WASHED OUT WHITE and ORANGE in the harsh light of day.

GABI's eyes fly open and she sits up, disoriented.

JULIE is awake next to her. They look at each other.

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE - DAY

GABI and JULIE stand on the DOORSTEP of a SWEET HOUSE at the center of the cul de sac.

From somewhere behind the house, VOICES and SPLASHING WATER fill the air.

GABI straightens her shirt. And reaches for the doorbell. It buzzes. FOOTSTEPS. And...

STEP MOM OPENS the DOOR. She's cute, tidy looking. She also looks... a lot like LEX. Her eyes move from GABI to JULIE and back again.

STEP MOM
(confused, not pleased)
Gabi!

EXT. DAD'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

STEP MOM leads JULIE and GABI through a sliding glass door out onto an IMMACULATE GREEN LAWN with a GLISTENING POOL.

STEP MOM
So he's... I've just got a few
things inside I've got to...

STEP MOM goes without finishing her excuse for leaving.

JULIE
Forgot about her charm.

GABI smiles.

JULIE (CONT'D)
When's the last time you saw them?

GABI
Last year? No. It must have been...
two years ago? I'm not sure
exactly.

JULIE is clearly surprised by this.

GABI and JULIE look out towards the POOL, on the other side of the long lawn. A sturdy, handsome man, **DAD**, 50s, plays with a **LITTLE GIRL**, 6, in a blue bathing suit. The sun is behind GABI and JULIE - DAD and LITTLE GIRL don't see them.

DAD

This time, tea party on the bottom.

LITTLE GIRL nods enthusiastically. Both DAD and LITTLE GIRL let all the breath out of their lungs.

DAD (CONT'D)

(pushing air out)

All the way out or we'll float up.

They duck under water, sinking to the bottom of the pool. We see their squiggly forms from above. It's quiet now that DAD and LITTLE GIRL are under water.

JULIE

Where's the oth -

But she's interrupted as SOMEONE PUSHES THEM BOTH FROM BEHIND. Running from the house straight towards the pool is **SECOND LITTLE GIRL, 6.**

SECOND LITTLE GIRL

(yelling, not looking back
at GABI and JULIE)

Sorry!

SECOND LITTLE GIRL, in a pink bathing suit, CANON BALLS into the pool - DAD, LITTLE GIRL and SECOND LITTLE GIRL all come up for air. The LITTLE GIRLS splash in the pool and DAD watches them. His back still turned to JULIE and GABI, not knowing they're there.

JULIE

Don't you wanna...?

She gestures over to the pool. But GABI doesn't move. JULIE gets it. GABI doesn't want to interrupt them.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(not a compliment)

It looks exactly the same.

GABI doesn't respond.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(skeptical)

You want to stay here?

GABI clearly isn't sure. JULIE stares out at the adorable family pool party happening. But she's not impressed.

JULIE (CONT'D)

How old are those girls now? I feel like they were just born.

GABI

I think three?

And now JULIE turns to GABI. She can't help laughing.

JULIE
Three? Gabi, they're not three.

GABI
Okay so how old are they?

JULIE
I don't know. Like, twelve? Or...

Now GABI laughs - and JULIE can't help smiling again too. It's a moment of just *getting along*. Something we haven't really seen between the two of them. But they fall into it easily once it begins.

GABI
You don't have any idea.

JULIE shrugs a little smile. But their moment is broken as -
SECOND LITTLE GIRL turns and points at GABI and JULIE.

SECOND LITTLE GIRL
Who're *they*?

From the pool, IT'S HARD TO MAKE OUT GABI AND JULIE with the sun behind them. DAD looks up at them, blocking his eyes from the light - squinting.

A FEW MINUTES LATER -

GABI sits with her feet in the pool. JULIE very much still wearing her shoes, sitting on a deck chair.

The LITTLE GIRLS play on their side of the pool, whispering instructions, carrying out a game we don't understand.

DAD cleans up TOYS and generally doesn't stop moving. HE DOESN'T LOOK AT GABI.

DAD
Well you look really great, really,
really great, Gabs.

He remembers JULIE is there.

DAD (CONT'D)
Oh, and you too, Julie. You look
great.

JULIE
I've gained some weight since I
last saw you.

DAD is thrown by this, but again, GABI smiles. JULIE is just trying to make DAD squirm.

DAD
I've been saying to the girls that
it'd be great to get the three of
you together, they love your music,
you know. Really, they idolize you
as a big sister.

GABI, who is starting to look objectively like absolute shit -
lips cracking, foundation splitting - looks down at the
LITTLE GIRLS who are paying her absolutely no attention.

DAD (CONT'D)
They're shy.

GABI
I'm sorry for coming unannounced.

DAD
Oh please, oh please, please.
You're welcome anytime.
(to JULIE)
And... you too Julie. You both are.
(back to GABI)
I know you just don't get to
Phoenix much these days.
(then)
But actually, you know, the girls
were telling me you're having a
concert. Maybe we could come up for
that.

GABI almost corrects him. But doesn't. JULIE clocks it.

GABI
Sure.

DAD
Good. So should we go inside and -

GABI
There was actually something I
wanted to ask you.

DAD
Oh?

He sits down in a pool chair. There's an awkward distance
between them so he moves onto the ground to be eye level with
GABI. He leans an arm against the pool chair, uncomfortable.

He looks over at JULIE. Almost like - *Am I in trouble?*

GABI
Lately, or - for a while now... I
have felt a little weird.

JULIE butts in.

JULIE
She means aside from the traumatic
brain injury.

GABI
Right.

DAD
Right.

GABI
Right. So I'm just trying to figure
some things out about what
happened. After the crash.

DAD nods. Confused.

GABI (CONT'D)
Were you there? At the hospital
afterwards?

He clears his throat and throws a guilty sort of look towards
JULIE. Like he thinks she's JUDGING HIM.

DAD
Oh. Um, well, you know, I was in
Dallas. But I got on a flight as
soon as your mom called me.

GABI
Had she already... do you know...
did you see me?

DAD glances towards the LITTLE GIRLS. He doesn't want them to
hear any of this. But they're not listening.

DAD
No. I didn't see you until the next
day. You were in surgery.

GABI
So she was the only one - Mom? Who
saw me? Right after the crash? Who
told the doctors I was me?

DAD nods, not getting what she's driving at but also not
caring to get it. JULIE is listening intently too.

DAD
Well, yes. She was. And say what
you will about your mom...
(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)
but - I don't know that I could
have done it. She rose to it. She
did.
(then, solemn)
And it was the worst day of all of
our lives.

GABI
What about after surgery? You saw
me then?

He nods.

GABI (CONT'D)
How did I look?

DAD looks down at the ground.

DAD
Well, you looked...

GABI
What?

JULIE has a sympathetic flash towards DAD, who is floundering
badly. He's clearly back in that moment - and it's painful.

JULIE
Gabi...

DAD
(flustered)
You didn't look. You were covered
in blood and bandages. They'd
shaved your head. You were swollen.
You were missing an ear for God's
sake. You were broken. What is this
about?

GABI
I'm just trying to figure out -

GABI throws a hesitant look to JULIE.

GABI (CONT'D)
Do you think there is any chance -
if it was just Mom there - that
there might have been a mistake?

DAD and JULIE both look at her, totally confused.

GABI (CONT'D)
Just a mistake, and maybe I -

DAD
You...?

GABI

If bodies were misidentified at the hospital in the crash. Just a mix up. And it turned out I wasn't actually... Gabi. I was someone else completely who they just *thought* was Gabi. It happens you know. People get the wrong blood type in transfusions. People have the wrong kidney taken out. Hospitals mix things up. They mix people up. And like you said, I was wrecked. So if it was *just* Mom who was there to say I was me, then -

JULIE

Wait, Gabi -

But GABI ignores her.

GABI

(more casual than it deserves)

I mean it's possible, I could *really* be anyone -

DAD looks down, shaking his head. He looks up, face wracked with emotion. And he brings GABI to a total halt -

DAD

You're upset with me.

Suddenly the dynamic SHIFTS. GABI is thrown at DAD's sudden GRIEF and REMORSE. So is JULIE.

DAD (CONT'D)

I should have stayed with you in recovery. I know your mom didn't want me there, she told me I was complicating things, that I was making it harder. And after everything... well. But - I'm a grown up too. I should have stayed.

There's a silence now that no one knows how to break.

DAD (CONT'D)

Does she know you're here?

GABI shakes her head, no. She looks at him. Like a kid again.

GABI

Please don't tell her.

DAD looks extremely uncomfortable with this request. GABI looks out at the LITTLE GIRLS still playing in the pool.

GABI (CONT'D)
They seem really happy.

DAD looks out at them too. They bring him a little peace.

DAD
They are.

GABI studies him.

GABI
You're acting like you're a really
good dad.

DAD doesn't take his eyes off the LITTLE GIRLS.

DAD
People changing doesn't mean
they're acting, Gabi.

INT. DAD'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

STEP MOM, DAD, LITTLE GIRL, SECOND LITTLE GIRL, JULIE, and GABI sit around the dining table, eating a really wholesome lunch. The LITTLE GIRLS *ramble* without pause.

But GABI and JULIE eat in silence.

HALF AN HOUR LATER -

GABI and JULIE sit at the cleared table. We can hear DAD and STEP MOM in the next room doing dishes.

GABI can feel JULIE's skeptical eyes on her.

GABI
What?

JULIE
(are you kidding?)
What?

GABI pushes her chair away from the table and gets up. She doesn't want to talk. She walks towards -

INT. DAD'S HOUSE - HALLYWAY - DAY

A dark hallway. Even though it's sunny out, there's barely any natural light in here. The light that comes in shines from under the BEDROOM DOORS.

It's quiet back here. JULIE comes up next to GABI.

JULIE
Gabi, come on.

JULIE looks at GABI's face. She sees the uncertainty on it.

GABI is looking at the doors, trying to figure something out. JULIE gets it. She points to the second door.

GABI walks to it and pushes the door open. We see inside: A HOME GYM. JULIE comes up behind GABI, looking in. JULIE is muted now. Even if there aren't clear memories here for GABI, there obviously are for JULIE. Being at the house is bringing back a lot.

GABI looks at JULIE, seeing it all play on her face. But JULIE doesn't want to be studied. She clears her throat - and points to the right side of the room, instructional.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Your bed.

JULIE points to the left side of the room.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Her bed.

JULIE looks back to GABI, who nods. Now JULIE speaks softly.

JULIE (CONT'D)
You really don't remember living here?

GABI isn't sure. We can see it on her face. She's mixed up.

GABI turns around in the doorway to face JULIE. Their faces are close, both cast in shadow in the dark of the hallway.

GABI
I don't know.

GABI is looking at her with a longing that we can't quite understand. Like she's yearning for her past. For her memories. For her friend. Or something more.

JULIE stares back into GABI's eyes. Taking her in. Almost like she's searching for something in the details of GABI's face. The two of them just look at each other in the quiet.

Still. It's so intimate and quiet we almost feel like intruders watching them.

But beyond just that - there's a tension building in the space between them. JULIE makes a micro-movement, her lips parting - maybe to say something, but before she can -

The LITTLE GIRLS appear from the LIGHT END of the hallway. The real intruders.

SECOND LITTLE GIRL
You're not supposed to go in
Mommy's sweat room.

LITTLE GIRL
Why are you in there?

JULIE's softness VANISHES at the sight of them. She clearly
has no patience or soft spot for children.

JULIE
We're not in there, we're in the
hallway.

The LITTLE GIRLS feel her resistance and turn to GABI.

LITTLE GIRL
Will you give us a concert?

SECOND LITTLE GIRL
I'll do back up. Or I can be the
main one and you can be *my* back up.

GABI
Maybe later.

LITTLE GIRL
Are you sleeping over?

But before GABI answers, the LITTLE GIRL points at JULIE.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
Where is *she* gonna sleep?

JULIE
I'm not staying.

GABI looks to JULIE.

GABI
Julie, you're not gonna drive back
to LA tonight.

The LITTLE GIRLS are relentless. They move at their own speed
and ask their own questions, no matter JULIE and GABI's
answers.

LITTLE GIRL
Is that your real ear?

SECOND LITTLE GIRL
I thought it fell off.

GABI's hand flies up. She covers her ear with her hair.

LITTLE GIRL
Can you still hear stuff?

SECOND LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
Ew.

*
*

JULIE
(to GABI)
I can just find a hotel tonight.

GABI
(to JULIE)
That doesn't make any sense.

The LITTLE GIRLS keep barreling ahead on questions.

LITTLE GIRL
Is it true you still have to live
with your mom even though you're a
grown up?

GABI
(to JULIE)
Wait, stop.

JULIE
Stop what? I'm not doing anything.

GABI
Julie -

JULIE
Gabi, I came, right? But I can't
stay. I can't be here.

GABI
I just need a little longer, to...

The LITTLE GIRLS are getting to JULIE and she's losing her
patience. She's harsh with GABI.

JULIE
To what? You're not being straight
with me.

LITTLE GIRL
So you do have to live with your
mom?

GABI
(to shut her up)
Yeah. Sort of.
(to JULIE)
What do you mean? How am I not
being straight?

JULIE
What were you saying to your dad?
What was that about?

SECOND LITTLE GIRL
That's really weird about how you
live with your mom because you're
so old.

GABI
I don't know! I don't know. I am
trying to figure things out.

JULIE
But what kind of things?

GABI
Who I *am*!

JULIE
You're *Gabi*, Gabi! You -

SECOND LITTLE GIRL
Daddy says *you have to go back to
the hospital.*

GABI and JULIE both STOP.

THEY TURN SLOWLY TO THE LITTLE GIRLS.

The LITTLE GIRLS are satisfied they finally have the
attention they've been wanting.

LITTLE GIRL
That's what Daddy said.

	GABI	JULIE	*
What?		Stop <i>saying</i> that.	*

SECOND LITTLE GIRL
That's what he told Aunt Lex.

	GABI	JULIE	*
What?		What, when?	*

The LITTLE GIRLS have a little aside.

LITTLE GIRL
Lex is not *our aunt*.

SECOND LITTLE GIRL
She's not?

LITTLE GIRL
(pointing at GABI)
No, she's just *her* mom.

SECOND LITTLE GIRL
So she's our Step ... Mom?

LITTLE GIRL
 No. Wait...
 (then, thinking hard)
Maybe.

JULIE interrupts -

JULIE
 (harsh)
 What did you say?

Both LITTLE GIRLS give JULIE a look like "You are very rude and we are not cooperating with you."

GABI
 What did you say?

SECOND LITTLE GIRL
 (officious)
 My dad -

LITTLE GIRL
 Our dad -

SECOND LITTLE GIRL
 Said to our mom that your mom said
 she's gonna take you to the
 hospital.

GABI looks like she's been hit by a ton of bricks. She pushes out of the dark hallway and back towards -

INT. DAD'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - SAME

The CLOSED DOOR to the kitchen. GABI can hear STEP MOM speaking, but can't make out the words. The LITTLE GIRLS have trailed her in. JULIE is behind them.

SECOND LITTLE GIRL
 Your mom is probably gonna be here
 any second.

LITTLE GIRL
 How long is the flight from LA,
 Daddy said it's *really* short.

SECOND LITTLE GIRL
 It's like fifteen minutes.

LITTLE GIRL
 Is it that short, how come you
 never visit?

GABI looks at JULIE with panic.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
Is she gonna bring us anything?

GABI can't register anything they're saying. LITTLE GIRL comes up to GABI, holding an iPhone.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
Just wondering, is this you? It
doesn't really look like you.

The phone is playing A VIDEO OF OLD GABI PERFORMING a super sexy and elaborate concert. JULIE, almost as edgy as GABI now, LOOKS AT THE VIDEO - then to GABI. Even in the chaos of the moment, something FLASHES on JULIE's face when she sees the video.

It's true. It doesn't really look like her.

But GABI just pushes it away. She tries to listen in on the kitchen. It's really frustrating as the CONCERT VIDEO PLAYS, WATER RUNS, DISHES CLANK - DAD and STEP MOM's voices are unintelligible.

GABI grabs a SERVING DISH left on the table. With the dish, SHE WALKS INTO -

INT. DAD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

STEP MOM and DAD immediately STOP SPEAKING. JULIE trails in.

DAD
Hi muffin.

Muffin comes out weird, like "*Muffindd??*" He's uncomfortable.

GABI
Did you call her?

DAD
Call who?

GABI gives a blank look. DAD is a terrible fucking liar. STEP MOM responds to the look on GABI's face -

STEP MOM
Gabi, your father is just worried -

GABI
(to DAD, ignoring her)
Did you?

DAD
I think you might be going through
some things that need more than we
can really take on.
(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)
And it's so nice you have your
friend, but it's probably more than
Julie can -

GABI
You don't even know who you're
sending away.

STEP MOM looks to DAD, confused. *What is GABI talking about?*

GABI (CONT'D)
Do you really not see it? You can't
recognize your own daughter?

GABI points back at the LITTLE GIRLS spying in the doorway.

GABI (CONT'D)
Can you tell *them* apart?

DAD
Gabi -

GABI
I don't think you know me at all.

It deflates him. He looks at her, open, acknowledging.

DAD
I know. I don't.

It lands heavy in the room. GABI looks from DAD to the dish
in her hands. Simply releasing her grip, GABI DROPS IT on the
ground and it SHATTERS. STEP MOM and DAD are STARTLED.

DAD (CONT'D)
Jesus!

STEP MOM and DAD rush towards the broken pieces.

STEP MOM
(actually)
Gabi, what is wrong with you?

The LITTLE GIRLS run into the kitchen. DAD holds a firm hand
up to them, stopping their entrance.

DAD
Stop! Stop right there! No bare
feet in here!

DAD and STEP MOM bend over to pick up pieces of the plate.
GABI watches them scramble for a moment.

Then she walks out.

JULIE waits a beat. She watches this family scrambling to clean up the broken pieces of ceramic. Even in the scuffle, they look so normal just the four of them.

But GABI doesn't fit in here.

EXT. PHOENIX CUL DE SAC - DAY

GABI walks out into the driveway, taking a breath of air. Like she was suffocating inside.

She scans the street, just trying to think. When she spots A CAR across the street.

It has California plates.

We can't see who's in it, but GABI starts to walk towards it. As she does... the car FLIES INTO REVERSE. AND DRIVES OFF AROUND THE CORNER.

Like it was spotted by its mark.

But just then - JULIE comes out, finding GABI standing in the middle of the street, staring off in the direction of the car. GABI looks... crazy.

JULIE
Gabi, you look crazy.

GABI nods, resigned. She knows how she looks.

JULIE (CONT'D)
But your mom's still worse.

She unlocks her car.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Come on.

INT. JULIE'S CAR - DAY

JULIE drives down a PHOENIX STREET. GABI is twitchy next to her, looking back behind them. PARANOID. JULIE pulls off to the side of the road.

JULIE
Tell me what's going on.

GABI is silent.

JULIE (CONT'D)
This isn't about not wanting to sing.

GABI
I can't sing.

They both stare straight ahead.

JULIE
(getting irritated)
Tell me why you had me drive you
all the way to fucking Phoenix. I
don't even come home for Christmas
anymore. I don't want to be here. I
need to go home, Nya is freaking
out and...
(taking a breath)
I saw what it's like with them. I
don't think you want to be here
either. So what is it? Why?

Looking at GABI, JULIE can't help soften. She looks so lost.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Why did we come here?

GABI looks at JULIE, totally raw.

GABI
I thought if I asked, he might tell
me. I thought he might know.

JULIE
Know what?

GABI
I think...

But she doesn't finish. She hasn't yet fully said out loud
what she wants to. Even if she's heard other people say it.

JULIE
Gabi.

The sound of her name makes GABI snap to attention.

GABI
No. See that's it exactly.

JULIE
What is?

GABI shifts to face JULIE in the car.

GABI
That I'm not Gabi.

JULIE stares.

GABI (CONT'D)
I think Gabi is dead.

JULIE is blank.

JULIE
What is this?

GABI
What's what?

JULIE
This. What you're doing.

GABI
I'm not doing anything, I'm just telling you. You asked. So I'm trying to tell you.

JULIE
That you're dead.

GABI
Yeah.

Now JULIE shifts to fully face GABI, trying to feel this out.

JULIE
You're dead. So, you're what... a zombie...? I mean you look like shit, but not that shit.

GABI
No. This isn't like *iZombie* or whatever, I mean that -

JULIE stops her.

JULIE
Wait. *iZombie*??

Without missing a beat -

GABI
I was alone in the hospital for a long time. I watched a lot of TV.

GABI resumes.

GABI (CONT'D)
I mean that *Gabi* died.

JULIE
Okay, sorry, so - you're dead and this is... Heaven?

JULIE indicates her car.

JULIE (CONT'D)

This is Heaven?

(then)

Doesn't it kind of fuckin' smell
weird in here to be Heaven?

GABI

You just need to use a deodorizer
in your shoes.

JULIE

I know.

GABI

The smell is something you could do
something about.

JULIE

I *know*.

JULIE looks away, annoyed. Almost like it's a fight they've
had before. But neither of them take notice of that.

GABI

It's not Heaven. *We're* not dead.

JULIE

Oh, good.

GABI

Only she is.

It sits for a moment.

GABI (CONT'D)

Julie. *I'm. Not. Me.*

(then)

I'm not *Gabi*. *Gabi is dead.*

JULIE SWINGS the car door open and GETS OUT.

EXT. PHOENIX - SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

GABI follows JULIE out of the car. She tries to smile at
JULIE, but it's just weird - in her cracked stage make up.
JULIE looks more than annoyed now, she's creeped out.

JULIE

Stop.

GABI

Gabi died.

JULIE

Gabi didn't - you - *stop*.

GABI

She didn't survive the crash. I'm sorry, I -

JULIE

You have one bad show and you come to me after years of *nothing* with... *this*?

(then, getting emotional)

Gabi, I haven't heard from you - I didn't... I tried. I tried for years to be there for you. After everything with the crash, after... Evie. But at a certain point - I am a person too. And it's not always just about you. I lost someone too. And then the person I thought I could turn to... I don't hear from you for years - and then, this is...

But GABI cuts her off. She matches JULIE's strength for the first time -

GABI

I woke up from a coma covered in bandages and casts, at a hospital. I had no idea where I was. I had no idea who I was. Someone gave me a name and I took it. And someone told me a way to be and I was it. I spent months learning how to walk again. And months looking at photos, watching home videos, watching performances. Learning how to be a person again. Learning exactly *which* person to be. But you see it. Right? Look at me. I'm not *Gabi*. Gabi was... she was... something. I could be anyone.

It's the first time we've heard it fully from her perspective. And the truth is... it's not *that* crazy. JULIE feels it too. But all she can say is -

JULIE

Anyone.

GABI continues -

GABI

Anyone who was injured badly enough on that day, at that hospital... could have been swapped out -

Now JULIE puts her hands up. No. The details of GABI's theory are genuinely insane.

JULIE

You believe that Gabi really died the day of the crash. And instead of admitting her death, your mom found a *random injured woman* and convinced that *random injured woman* that she was Gabi? And that *random injured woman* is you?

GABI

(yes)

They rebuilt my face. Surgeons rebuilt my face. I'm an approximation. Jaw line, nose, cheek bones. Constructed from a face made of crushed bone. Whoever I was before was gone. I was a blank canvas. They could make me into Gabi.

JULIE

And where is the real Gabi?

GABI

In a grave. Somewhere. With someone else's name on it.

Something flickers again across JULIE's face. Doubt. Uncertainty. Pain. But what comes out is a hard line -

JULIE

I think your dad was right, Gabi. I think you're more fucked up than any of us knows how to handle.

GABI acknowledges it, doesn't try to fight. But she deflates.

GABI

Okay.

JULIE looks like she wants to shake GABI's shoulders in frustration. But she doesn't. Instead she just leans against the hood of her car. GABI looks back at her. Imploring.

GABI (CONT'D)

Something is missing.

JULIE

Well. Yeah. I mean, you have...
(yelling, suddenly!)
Serious head trauma, Gabi!

GABI shakes her head.

GABI

There are things I remember. Or I think I remember.

(MORE)

GABI (CONT'D)

Us, playing in your backyard as kids. I think I remember it. But, I don't know. I may have just filled it in. I saw a thousand photos of us as kids, photos of us writing songs, then photos of us from when we first got to LA. But how come the only clothes I can remember are the ones we're wearing in the photos?

(then, again)

I just know something is missing.

JULIE

But you don't know what it is.

GABI

No. But...

JULIE

What?

GABI

I know we were supposed to be best friends.

GABI lets out a sad little smile.

GABI (CONT'D)

And I know I'm homesick for it. Whatever it is. I can feel it in the pit of my stomach. I'm homesick for it.

JULIE thinks for a moment. Then shakes her head. *Annoyed. Or, something else. Furious. Seething.*

JULIE

I think about that fucking crash every day.

GABI's caught off guard by this.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I told you not to drive that weekend.

GABI is stunned by this. A new piece of information.

JULIE (CONT'D)

You were already all freaked out because of your arm, and Jesus, you are such a bad driver anyway -

GABI

What about my arm?

JULIE
What?

GABI
What about -

JULIE
Your broken arm.

GABI has no idea what she's talking about.

GABI
What broken arm?

JULIE shakes her head, impatient. She opens her phone and scrolls for a minute. Then she pulls up a photo.

It's of OLD GABI WEARING A BRIGHT PINK CAST. And next to her, with a sharpie, is JULIE.

JULIE
You wouldn't let me draw a dick on it.

A smile creeps out of GABI. JULIE sees it.

JULIE (CONT'D)
And then a week later.

GABI
This was a week before the crash?

JULIE
Yeah.

GABI puts her bag down, mind racing.

CUT TO:

INT. RED MERCEDES / EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

We're back on the highway BEFORE THE CRASH. Only this time, we see a little bit more.

We are still behind the YOUNG WOMAN in a spaghetti strap top.

By now we know this is OLD GABI.

OLD GABI's hair blows in the wind of her open window. But now, we see her hand catching the breeze out the window too. Her fingers dance along to "COMPLICATED" by Avril Lavigne - and those fingers sprout out of a BRIGHT PINK CAST.

*On the cast, "**JULIE WAS HERE**" is scrawled in Sharpie.*

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX - SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Back with JULIE and GABI.

JULIE
What?

GABI	JULIE (CONT'D)	*
So when Gabi was brought into the hospital -	- when you were brought into the hospital -	

GABI speaks as JULIE corrects.

GABI	JULIE (CONT'D)	*
The real Gabi already had a broken arm.You already had a broken arm.	*

GABI
The *real Gabi* had a broken arm. If I'm *really* Gabi, it'll say I had a broken arm in my medical reports. And if I'm not...

JULIE looks dumbstruck again. Each time GABI goes back to the theory, JULIE can't help be shocked.

GABI (CONT'D)
I have to go to Banner U Hospital. It's where -

JULIE
I know what it is.

GABI
I have to find out what happened after the crash.

GABI stares at JULIE, pleading.

GABI (CONT'D)
You've already come this far. Come with me.

JULIE
You mean... drive you.

GABI
Julie, what if I'm right. What if I'm not her? What if she actually died?

JULIE
What if what if? What if what? What then? What happens?

GABI

Well. Then... you don't have to
hate Gabi anymore.

The paradoxical reasoning of this is strangely affecting.
JULIE speaks, careful, controlled. She feels herself on
unsteady ground.

JULIE

Tell me the truth. If you *aren't*
Gabi. Who exactly is it that you
think you are?

GABI

That's what I'm trying to find out.

INT. BANNER U HOSPITAL - HEALTH INFORMATION MANAGEMENT - DAY

GABI and JULIE fill out a form across from a tired looking
ADMINISTRATOR sitting at a desk piled with papers. GABI tilts
the clipboard towards JULIE, looking for approval. JULIE
checks over GABI's work. And nods.

GABI gets up to hand the form to the Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR

I.D.?

GABI pulls out her drivers' license. Administrator looks
between GABI and the photo a few times.

GABI

It's an old photo.

ADMINISTRATOR stands up with the I.D. and paperwork.

ADMINISTRATOR

And it's expired.

GABI

Oh, sorry. Is that...

ADMINISTRATOR

It's fine. You're not driving.
Identity doesn't just void itself.

She gathers some papers.

ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get this copied. And then
you're set.

GABI

Okay, great.

ADMINISTRATOR walks into the back room. GABI turns to JULIE.

GABI (CONT'D)

Thank you for coming with me.

But JULIE isn't looking at her. In fact. We see in this moment clearly that since their last conversation:

Something has shifted in JULIE.

It's as if - as GABI has been bolstered, JULIE has taken on a piece of GABI's restraint and shyness. JULIE keeps her eyes mostly down, avoiding eye contact with her.

ADMINISTRATOR comes back.

ADMINISTRATOR

We'll notify you when the records are ready. Around thirty business days.

What? GABI

What? JULIE

*
*

GABI

Well... Wait is there anything you can give us? From that day? Is there anything like... A list. A roster? Of people who got brought into the hospital that day? April 24, 2016?

ADMINISTRATOR

So now you want someone else's hospital records?

ADMINISTRATOR is *not* having it. They're at a dead end.

INT. BANNER U HOSPITAL - BATHROOM - DAY

GABI washes her face at a sink. Scrubbing her stage make up off. As this scene starts, her make up looks worse than ever, smudged all over from the water. But as it goes on, the make up comes all the way off.

JULIE leans against the tile wall. Eyes to the ground. Only throwing the occasional glance in GABI's direction.

JULIE

What now?

GABI scrubs her face. She's frustrated.

GABI

I don't know. I know you don't believe me. So I'm sorry. That you're here, dealing with this.

(MORE)

GABI (CONT'D)
(then)
I know it's not *your* problem.

JULIE doesn't respond. GABI looks up at JULIE. She has soap and water all over her face.

GABI (CONT'D)
That's kind of the thing though.

JULIE
What is the thing?

GABI smiles. Soap still all over her face.

GABI
Like I'm living someone else's problem. Like this isn't really all about me. I'm some side character. Or not even. I'm someone who passes through a room and interrupts a conversation. It's all... someone else's.

JULIE doesn't respond. But she nods.

GABI (CONT'D)
What? Does that sound crazy too?

JULIE
No. It's just... it feels like the first not crazy thing you've said to me all day.
(then)
That's what it's like.

GABI
What do you mean?

JULIE
Gabi, I lost... everything I cared about that day.

This is the most open JULIE has been with her - and GABI stares. Not knowing what to say. Some of the soap bleeds into her eye and she leans into the sink to scrub more.

JULIE sees she's stinging. She grabs a paper towel and hands it to GABI to wipe her eye. It's a small gesture, but it's caring. Personal.

GABI goes on with uncertainty -

GABI
But you're okay. I listen to everything you write. You have your life. And -
(MORE)

GABI (CONT'D)
(with that tightness
again)
You have Nya.

JULIE shakes her head. Like all of that is *literally nothing*.

JULIE
It's stuff. It's good stuff. It's
just...
(then)
Not my story. My story was
everything before the crash. So.
Yeah. I know what you mean.

GABI finishes wiping water from her face and looks to JULIE.
Her face clean and bare for the first time.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Thank you for washing that off.

GABI
It was clearly bothering you.

INT. BANNER U HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - DAY

JULIE and GABI ride an elevator in silence with an ORDERLY.
The elevator doors open and the ORDERLY gets out on his
floor. JULIE taps her foot, impatient. Ready to get out of
the hospital. But GABI stops the elevator doors from closing.

JULIE
This isn't the ground floor, Gabi.

But GABI gets out. Reluctantly, JULIE follows.

INT. BANNER U HOSPITAL - CRITICAL CARE UNIT - DAY

Even by the elevators, we can feel this is a quiet floor.
GABI looks around like she's trying to figure something out.
JULIE is ILL AT EASE.

GABI
This is where I woke up.

GABI sits down on a linoleum bench. JULIE sits next to her.
She hesitates for a second, then asks a question -

JULIE
You haven't told me why.

GABI
Why what?

JULIE
 Why - if the *real* Gabi died - your
 mom would say she didn't.

It's not accepting the theory - but it's the least resistant
 to it that JULIE has been. She's *engaging* it.

GABI
 Money. Gabi is an empire.

JULIE
 But, exactly. There was enough
 money to last three lifetimes, so -

GABI
 The bank accounts are empty. There
 were no savings. Everything is
 debt. Everything is credit.
 Everything is waiting for me to
 finally perform and start it all
 going again.

It seems impossible to JULIE, but GABI is calm, sure. JULIE
 starts to speak again when -

	JULIE	CLAUDIA (O.S.)	
Gabi -		Gabi?	

*
 *

They both look up, STARTLED, to find **CLAUDIA**, 50s, a nurse -
 vibrant and warm - absolutely BEAMING down at her.

CLAUDIA lets out a SCREAM of delight, so happy to see GABI.
 She lifts GABI up from the linoleum bench and spins her
 around. Then pulls her into a tight hug.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
 Oh Gabi, Gabi, Gabi, Gabi.

She pushes GABI out and looks at her.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
 Look at you. Look at you. You're so
 beautiful.

GABI has recognized this woman immediately.

GABI
 (truly happy to see her)
 Claudia.

CLAUDIA
What are you doing here, miss?
 Shouldn't you be off being a *super*
star dancing around in some kind of
 belly something showing it all off?

GABI
I'm just taking a little break.

CLAUDIA
You know, you deserve it whatever
you want. But the people miss you,
honey. We want Gabi on the radio.

CLAUDIA fully clocks JULIE now. Her eyes widen.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Oh, Julie. *Julie!*

CLAUDIA grabs JULIE's hands and pulls her up from the bench too. Another enormous hug. CLAUDIA basically engulfs JULIE. Then she turns to GABI.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
This is a friend. A true friend.

GABI
You know each other?

CLAUDIA lets out a big laugh, but JULIE is embarrassed.

CLAUDIA
Couldn't get rid of the girl.
Couldn't. She didn't let a day go
by without coming to see you.

GABI is stunned. JULIE tries to shrug it off.

JULIE
You were basically a mummy.

CLAUDIA
She was a little source of God's
light. Plus she always brought
candy, ugh, I'm still hooked on
those peanut butter cups.
(turning to JULIE)
But you know, Julie, I found some
with stevia, they taste almost like
the real thing.

JULIE
I've tried those. They taste weird
to me.

CLAUDIA shrugs and laughs. She's so happy to see the two girls. GABI's still staring at JULIE, and JULIE's uncomfortable with it.

GABI
I didn't know you came.

JULIE
Yeah.

GABI
Why don't I remember that?

JULIE
Once you were out of the coma, your
mom stopped letting visitors come.

GABI looks almost heartbroken.

GABI
She never told me. She didn't tell
me you came.

JULIE tries to shake off the sentimentality.

JULIE
Fuck me, I feel like Ryan Gosling.

GABI looks at her, blank. Not getting the *Notebook* reference.

JULIE (CONT'D)
(eyes rolling at GABI)
Jesus Christ.
(then, appalled)
But *iZombie??*

CLAUDIA lets out a big laugh at JULIE's acerbity. Then she
goes stern, suddenly.

CLAUDIA
Okay now. Why are you two here, go
on tell me. We like people to leave
this floor here and *not* come back.

GABI looks away from JULIE, to CLAUDIA. Business-like.

GABI
Claudia, honestly... I'm trying to
figure out what happened when I got
brought in. That day.

CLAUDIA's shakes her head, somber.

CLAUDIA
It was a terrible day.

GABI seizes the opportunity.

GABI
Do you remember - when I came in,
did I have a cast on? A bright pink
cast?

CLAUDIA shakes her head, thinking.

CLAUDIA
No. No pink cast.

GABI glances at JULIE but JULIE ignores it, frustrated. This doesn't prove anything to her. CLAUDIA catches the exchange. She goes on, looking to JULIE -

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
I remember exactly what she looked like coming in. So small and young compared to how we knew her. She was always this big gigantic *woman figure* on stage and then lying there it was like looking at a little child.

GABI and JULIE both take it in.

GABI
(to JULIE)
And no cast.

CLAUDIA
But EMTs and trauma unit take things like that off. They might have been worried about swelling. Who knows. Your records would have that information though.

Right. Those records GABI can't get. CLAUDIA looks between JULIE and GABI, knowing she's missing something.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Why? What about a cast?

GABI
I'm trying to...

She's sick of beating around the question. She blurts it out.

GABI (CONT'D)
Was there anyone else brought in that day who I could have been mixed up with?

And instead of the confusion that GABI has been met with all along - CLAUDIA is CRYSTAL CLEAR on this question.

CLAUDIA
Oh, I see.

CLAUDIA gives GABI a little conciliatory nod, but she turns wistful quickly.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Yes a cast would have been helpful.

GABI is STUNNED by her immediate understanding.

GABI
What do you mean?

CLAUDIA
I guess your mom must have told you
about that confusion.

It hangs in the air. What?

GABI
Told me about what confusion?

CLAUDIA looks sad. But GABI is rapt.

CLAUDIA
Well. You know, we had to mark you
as two Jane Does.

It hangs in the air.

Two Jane Does.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Until your mother arrived. There
was no way to know who was who. All
we had to go on was the most recent
phone call on one of the phones. It
was unlocked, thank God. So we
could get your mother. You were so
similar. So, so alike. And both so
broken.

GABI doesn't know what to say. For the first time, SOMEONE IS
CONFIRMING HER BELIEF. And she looks sick over it.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Just... One of you had a shot of
pulling through. And one of you was
already gone.

CLAUDIA's eyes filled with pity looking at GABI. JULIE grows
increasingly fidgety, anxious, looking between them.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
But once your mother got here, *she*
knew. She knew right away it was
you. She could see through the
blood and the swelling. She said
she could hear it in your
heartbeat. That faint heartbeat.
That you were you. And who better
to trust? A mother knows her
daughter.

GABI
Who was the other body?

Now for the first time, CLAUDIA is stuck. JULIE looks nervously at CLAUDIA. Like she's afraid of what is coming.

CLAUDIA
Darling, what?

GABI
Who was it?

CLAUDIA looks to JULIE, for help. But JULIE has no help to give. Again - she looks almost like she's going to be sick.

CLAUDIA
It was your sister, Gabi.

GABI is completely lost. JULIE looks at her. Waiting for recognition. But it doesn't come.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Your sister. Evie.
(then)
She died in the crash.

And we can see on GABI's face...

SHE HAS NO IDEA WHAT CLAUDIA IS TALKING ABOUT.

INT. BANNER U HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - DAY

GABI and JULIE are both silent as the elevator descends.

Dazed.

Exhausted.

A loud *DING!* and -

CUT TO:

INT. RED MERCEDES / EXT. HIGHWAY, DESERT - DAY

We're back on the highway before the crash.

We see the PINK CAST hanging out the window, fingers dancing in the wind. Scrawled on it is "JULIE WAS HERE". But so is...

"TESTIE EVIE TOO". It's nerdy as shit.

SUDDENLY, next to OLD GABI - AN ARM shoots over from the passenger seat and hits NEXT SONG on the stereo.

"Complicated" turns off.

We turn and find: **EVIE**.

We'll call her **OLD EVIE** too. She's been there the whole time, we just haven't seen her. **OLD EVIE** turns on a song. It's "Double Down" by **GABI**. **OLD EVIE** laughs. **OLD GABI** turns, smiling.

OLD GABI

No.

Seeing them together - an indisputable truth arises: they are extremely similar looking. The same actor could [and does] play both of them.

GABI could be EITHER OF THEM.

BACK TO:

INT. BANNER U HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

GABI and **JULIE** walk down a hall. **GABI** looks light-headed.

GABI

I need to sit.

JULIE nods, she puts her hand on the small of **GABI**'s back and leads her into -

INT. BANNER U HOSPITAL - CHAPEL - DAY

A small room with pews set up, facing stained glass windows. The glass gives the room a reddish glow.

The chaos and bright light of the hospital are gone without a trace once the door shuts behind **GABI** and **JULIE**.

In the quiet of the chapel, **JULIE** notices her hand on **GABI**'s back. She pulls it away. Quickly. Like **GABI**'s back was white hot. **GABI** sits. **JULIE** looks at her.

JULIE

You had to know.

GABI looks up to her. An imperceptible shake of her head. No. *She didn't know.*

JULIE (CONT'D)

How?

GABI

I knew she was gone. But... when I see the crash in my head, I just... I'm alone.

JULIE
I just don't get that.

GABI turns to JULIE.

GABI turns to face up to JULIE, who stands above her.

GABI
Can I tell you? How you have to
build a memory?

JULIE nods.

GABI (CONT'D)
So it starts with a story. A story
that you're apparently in. And once
you hear it enough times, you know
it so well it's like you were
there. Because you were. It becomes
real again.

(telling a story)
You're on the beach. Your family
goes every year. The tide is out so
you can't really go in beyond
sitting in the still water and
getting your butt wet. But it's
hot. It smells like seaweed. There
are little bugs jumping out of the
sand. And a hermit crab inching
across your purple towel. Because
you put it there. Your mom's
holding a bottle of that bright
green Coppertone Color Block
sunscreen. Your dad's reading one
of her trashy magazines, pretending
it's his only option. It's all
super clear, because you've talked
about it enough, you've talked
about being there - it's actually
become real. Hard and shiny and
real. And you remember picking up
the hermit crab again and again,
putting it at the edge of your
towel, watching it walk slowly back
across. It's yours. It's clear.

JULIE nods, slowly.

JULIE
Cape Cod.
(then)
You used to go every year.

GABI nods again.

GABI
And then one day, you see a photo
of that day.
(MORE)

GABI (CONT'D)
 It's of that day you now remember
 perfectly. And there you are.
 There's your mom. There's your dad.
 There's your hermit crab. You can
 see it right there on the towel,
 trying to get away.

JULIE listens. Anticipating.

GABI (CONT'D)
 And then... there she is.

GABI almost smiles. It's like she's talking about astronomers
 finding a new star.

GABI (CONT'D)
 This person. This whole other
 person. Sitting right there, her
 shoulder against your shoulder,
 taking up half your faded towel.
 Staring at your hermit crab. Or
 maybe it was her hermit crab the
 whole time. You realize everything
 you remembered is wrong. You
 actually didn't remember anything -
 because you didn't remember her.
 And it's not about the beach
 anymore, it's just about knowing
 you got it all wrong. Knowing more
 has to be missing. And that missing
 stuff is so important that without
 it...

(but she doesn't know how
 to finish)
 It's been so much... it's been much
 easier to just be alone with the
 hermit crab.

JULIE
 So you didn't forget everything.
 You just forgot her?

GABI
 No that's the thing, Julie. I
 didn't forget her.

JULIE
 But you just said...

GABI
 No. Julie.
 (then)
I am her.

It lands HEAVY. GABI is still.

GABI (CONT'D)

Do you know why my mom wouldn't let you in to see me? Because she was terrified. For this to work, for me to be Gabi - everyone had to be gone. Coaches, record label, choreographers, you - gone. Because no matter how much I learned, how hard I worked at it... I'm not really Gabi. And my mom - she was too afraid they would be able to see it. That you would be able to see it.

JULIE looks up at GABI. For the first time, we see JULIE truly letting emotions get the better of her.

JULIE

I get you feel guilty. I get that. Evie died and you didn't. Maybe you want to give her some kind of second chance at life. I don't know. But there are other people... Other people who lost her too. And I can't...

But she starts to waver and can't get the words out. Her voice starts to break.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I can't.

GABI

You can't what?

JULIE

I can't... *un-bury her.*

JULIE shakes her head, tears in her eyes. We see now fully that JULIE's denial is more than that she *doesn't* believe GABI. It's that she won't let herself believe GABI.

JULIE sits down on the pew. A few feet from GABI. They sit separately like that for a moment - both looking spent. Until... GABI starts to say something under her breath. JULIE turns to her. Trying to hear.

But we realize, she's not *saying* anything.

She's singing.

It's that same tune again. **The same little tune.**

The one that's been stuck in GABI's head. It's just *da-da-das*. Incredibly quiet. Barely more than breath.

And now suddenly... JULIE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S STARING AT A GHOST. GABI keeps going but JULIE looks APPALLED -

JULIE (CONT'D)
Why are you doing this?

GABI
It's why I came to you. It's why...
I think it's why you'll barely even
look at me.

JULIE wipes a tear away from her face.

GABI (CONT'D)
I saw it on your face. At El
Mitote. You knew who I was. It just
took me until now to get it.

JULIE shakes her head, hard. In absolute denial of this. When she looks up to GABI, she has that same look from before. Like she's *seething* mad. But tears rim her eyes.

JULIE
That song wasn't for you. It wasn't
for anyone else.

GABI can't get out more than a whisper.

GABI
You wrote it for me.

JULIE shakes her head again.

JULIE
No, I didn't.
(then)
I wrote it for *her*.

For EVIE. That *little tune* was EVIE'S TUNE.

We see on GABI's face that she *knows this*. Carefully, GABI inches towards JULIE on the pew. Her hand moves just slightly across the linoleum bench. It comes within an inch of JULIE's hand. JULIE stares at it.

She looks up at GABI. Like she's begging her not to come an inch closer - like she's begging her to stay away. But GABI doesn't stay away. She reaches her finger tip forward, just to the edge of JULIE's. She just barely brushes it. Gently. There is something in GABI's eyes that says all she wants is to touch JULIE, to be closer to her. But -

JULIE BOLTS UP. Again, like GABI is white hot. Like even a sliver of physical contact with GABI is too much to take -

JULIE (CONT'D)
 This isn't fair. I already did
 this. I've already done this. And
 now you're just *fucking* with me.

GABI
 I'm not.

JULIE
 Is this because we didn't tell
 you??

GABI
 What?

JULIE
 It was just *one* thing... that
 wasn't about you. It was just ours.
 You *always* had to know *everything* -
 And...

GABI
 I know.

JULIE
 No you don't! You don't know, Gabi!

GABI
 I'm not -

JULIE
 Stop! Stop!

GABI rises to her heat, she stands up too, *pissed*.

GABI
 You stop! Can't you accept for one
 second that when you lost me, I
 lost you too??? That I woke up one
 day and didn't have you anymore??
 And I learned how to sing and I
 learned how to dance and I learned
 how to be this *person*, but all I
 really knew was that I wanted *you*?

They're both exasperated. Both spent.

GABI (CONT'D)
 Yeah.

GABI's mouth is dry. She can only speak quietly when she
 starts again.

GABI (CONT'D)
 Julie... I *need* someone. *Someone*.
 Just *one person*. To be honest with
 me.

(MORE)

GABI (CONT'D)
 I need *someone* to say to me that I
 am not insane. I need someone to
help me. I need someone to believe
 me. I need you to tell me you know
 who I am.

JULIE just looks down at her feet.

JULIE
 I can't.

We stay on JULIE. There are tears streaming down her cheeks
 but she doesn't wipe them away now. It's quiet.

Until we hear the sound of a DOOR, swishing gently. JULIE
 looks up -

And GABI is gone.

INT. BANNER UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - NURSE'S STATION - DAY

GABI stands at a quiet Nurse's Station. A NURSE hands her a
 telephone.

NURSE
 You just dial six-zero to get out.

GABI nods.

GABI
 Thanks.

GABI dials. She waits as the line rings. And then a *click* -

GABI (CONT'D)
 Hi. I know... you're here. Can we
 meet?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOT SPRING DINER - SUNSET

The parking lot of a DUSTY ROADSIDE DINER. Although it's
 really less a PARKING LOT and more a PATCH OF DIRT.

GABI waits, fidgety - standing a few feet away from a very
 annoyed **CAB DRIVER**, who leans against his BEAT UP CAB,
 smoking a cigarette and glaring at GABI.

GABI feels his eyes. She looks over, awkward and apologetic.
 CAB DRIVER flicks the tip of his cigarette at her.

CAB DRIVER
 My meter's still on.

GABI nods.

GABI

I know.

Just then, GABI looks up, towards the ROAD and we hear the sound of a CAR approaching. An SUV.

The sun is behind the SUV and it KICKS UP DUST as it comes.

GABI (CONT'D)

This is her. It won't take long. If you can wait?

CAB DRIVER gives her a grumpy shrug, but GABI's gaze is elsewhere. She shields her eyes from the sun with her hand.

We have no idea who's driving. But we've seen GABI in this position a few times. Meek, tense, drawn inwards. We can't help assuming it's LEX driving towards her.

But as the car pulls up and parks - SOMEONE ELSE steps out.

And we REVEAL: **THE GIRL WITH PINK CHEEKS.**

From the FACEBOOK CONSPIRACY VIDEOS.

THE GIRL WITH PINK CHEEKS stands backlit by the sun and the bright road, staring at GABI. Silence between them. UNTIL -

CAB DRIVER

It's already fifty-three bucks, that's without tip.

INT. HOT SPRING DINER - NIGHT

Inside the rundown diner.

There's some BUSTLING from the kitchen. But other than that, just a table with **TWO TEENAGERS** finishing sodas and fries.

HEATHER - The Girl With Pink Cheeks - 30s, long hair, shifty eyes - sits across from GABI. She has a plate of fries in front of her and looks up at GABI in starts.

And there's something in her glances. Something in the way she SIGHS as she dips her french fries in the ketchup. It's the unmistakable appearance of... DISAPPOINTMENT.

And the mood between them is... really fucking awkward.

GABI

Thanks. For meeting me.

HEATHER shrugs.

GABI (CONT'D)
I was worried at first you weren't
going to respond to my messages.

HEATHER
I try to get back to people.

GABI
Right, yeah.

HEATHER
I get a lot of messages so I try to
be democratic about it.

GABI
So there are a lot of people...
who...

HEATHER
Yes. Well, not a lot. But, some.

GABI
I think maybe one of them called in
when I did a radio interview -

HEATHER looks up at GABI.

HEATHER
That was me.

GABI's confused.

GABI
No, sorry, I mean - there was a man
who -

HEATHER
I know who you mean.

HEATHER pulls out her phone. She brings an APP up. It's a
CELEBRITY VOICE CHANGER.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
You can choose anyone's voice
really. *Justin Timberlake...*
Obama... Gabi.

HEATHER speaks into the phone -

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Thanks for meeting me.

She hits a button and the phone PLAYS THE WORDS BACK. IN A
DIFFERENT VOICE.

GABI PHONE VOICE
Thanks for meeting me.

It sounds a LOT like GABI's voice. It's creepy.

HEATHER
It's pretty easy to fool people
these days. People are so asleep.

It looks like GABI may speak again when the TWO TEENAGERS
from the other table approach GABI and HEATHER.

GIRL TEENAGER
Um, are you Gabi?

GABI looks up at them. HEATHER does too - with an icy gaze.

BOY TEENAGER
You totally are.
(then)
She used to be obsessed with you.
Obsessed.

GIRL TEENAGER
(to BOY)
Stop, you were too.
(to GABI)
He was obsessed too. Do you...
sorry but, could we get a photo?

GABI hesitates. GIRL TEENAGER turns to HEATHER.

GIRL TEENAGER (CONT'D)
Will you take it?

HEATHER takes the camera, with a sneer. GABI obeys the
COUPLE's wishes. HEATHER takes the photo. Not a good one.

GIRL TEENAGER (CONT'D)
Thank you so much.

The two start to walk away as GABI sits back down with
HEATHER. As the TEENAGERS leave, we overhear them -

GIRL TEENAGER (CONT'D)
(low voice, to BOY)
In person I'm prettier than her?

BOY TEENAGER
Yeah, no shit, babe.

The bell on the door JINGLES as the TEENAGERS leave. GABI and
HEATHER are alone now. There's something intense in HEATHER's
gaze. She picks up a french fry, dips it in ketchup.

HEATHER
Did you ever have to go to Sunday
school?

GABI starts to answer but HEATHER waves it off.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
No. I know you didn't. I did. Or I
got to go. Better than home.

GABI
Right.

HEATHER looks off.

HEATHER
I think there's a lot in the Bible
that's really good. *Really* good.
And then there's a lot that is such
a mind screw.

She puts her fry in her mouth.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
When I first heard -

She CHOKES on her fry. GABI, alarmed, pushes water towards her, but HEATHER waves it off, COUGHING WILDLY. Tears in her eyes. She stands up and walks the length of the restaurant. Coughing. She opens the door and steps OUT OF THE DINER briefly. We hear the coughing from outside. Then it stops.

GABI has no idea what to do. TIRED WAITRESS approaches GABI.

TIRED WAITRESS
Kitchen's closed. That gonna be it?

GABI nods and TIRED WAITRESS heads to the back. She switches some LIGHTS OFF - DARKENING the back of the restaurant. There's a distinct change in the atmosphere.

HEATHER walks back in to the darkened space. And we see on GABI's face - SHE IS NERVOUS. HEATHER sits back down.

HEATHER
So, Sunday School.

HEATHER leans in.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
One of those stories... that never
made sense to me. Jacob and Esau.
You know it? The mom likes Jacob
more than Esau. But the dad likes
Esau more than Jacob. And the dad
is going to leave everything to
Esau. The land, his blessing,
everything. And so when the dad is
dying and sick... the mom dresses
Jacob up to trick the dad into
thinking he's Esau. So Jacob can
get the blessing.
(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 She puts Jacob in a hairy shirt,
 because Esau is hairy. And she
 makes Jacob smell bad, because Esau
 smells bad. And stuff like that.
 And the dad *buys it*. He believes
 it. And he gives Jacob the blessing
 instead of Esau.

GABI
 Okay.

HEATHER
 I hated that story. It just
 undermined things. The dad was only
 like, fifty. And, sure, maybe it's
 easier to believe than God's son
 rising from the dead - but the way
 I see it, that stuff's *supposed* to
 be magic. This was just... some
 kind of prank.

Now HEATHER looks kind of pissed -

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 It just *cheapened* everything.

GABI tenses at HEATHER's tone. HEATHER shakes her head.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 I just remembered the dad was like
 two hundred years old actually. I
 don't know, there are a lot of
 holes in that story.

GABI shifts in her seat, not knowing how to contribute.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 But it doesn't matter. Because it
 turned out... the Jacob and Esau
 thing wasn't bullcrap at all.

HEATHER stares at GABI with laser focus.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 But it was still *cheap*.

GABI meets her eye now. She gets what HEATHER is driving at.
 HEATHER looks at GABI with CLEAR DISTASTE.

GABI is the one who's cheap in HEATHER's eyes.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 I *prayed* that I would meet Gabi.
 Meet her. Watch her as she met me.
 Get to know her as she got to know
 me. I mean, I went to prison for
 it. *Prison*.

GABI shifts in her seat. And we understand. HEATHER isn't just the GIRL WITH PINK CHEEKS.

HEATHER is: GABI'S STALKER.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
For a few pairs of underwear.

GABI
It wasn't just about the underwear.

HEATHER
(snapping)
What would you know about it?

HEATHER laughs a mean little laugh. She spits with disdain as she speaks to GABI now. And we start to feel something new in HEATHER. Something distinctly vicious.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Answered prayers, right? God's laughing at my prayers. It's some kind of joke to him. Another cheap prank. I'll never get to meet Gabi.

GABI
I know.

HEATHER
Of course you know.

GABI bites her lip. But then something erupts from it. A smile. HEATHER hates this smile. It's OFFENSIVE, WRONG.

GABI
You really know too.

HEATHER
You think it's funny?

GABI
No, it's not that. You are just the only person who -

But HEATHER is furious.

HEATHER
She was the only person who I ever - I felt it. Before I even heard about the crash, I felt it. Lying on my cot, in that cell - that cell was the only thing that could have kept me from sprouting wings and *flying* to her. It was like I couldn't breathe. And then like an *electrocution*. I knew she was gone. I *felt* it.

(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 (then)
 I died that day too.

This is the first *full fucking crazy* HEATHER has really gone. And GABI can't conceal her feelings - her eyes are wide, and she is clearly freaked out by HEATHER's instability. HEATHER sees the look in GABI's eyes.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 You always looked like her.

This catches GABI off guard. HEATHER sees it too.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 Enough to fool people. Even before.
 But you were always... so much
 less.

GABI doesn't know what to say. And HEATHER can see her struggling. She likes the feeling of GABI back on her heels. HEATHER likes to be in control.

GABI
 I... I'm know you're upset, I -

HEATHER
 (then, mocking, dripping
 with disdain)
Evie.

It startles GABI.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 (still mocking)
Evie knows I'm upset.

The voice she uses is shrill. It's unsettling. HEATHER shakes her head again.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 Why did you even come here?

GABI
 I wanted the truth.

HEATHER nods, knowingly - then looks back to GABI, her mean smile creeping back.

HEATHER
 You know about the other body,
 don't you? The body they pretended
 was hers. The body buried in *your*
 grave.

But the words are followed by the SCREECH of GABI's chair against the ground as she LURCHES her chair away.

It's too much for her. It doesn't feel how she thought it would. Instead - it's terrifying. HEATHER stays put, staring. That vicious look in her eye. GABI gets up from the table.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
She was so full of life, I don't
know how anything could hurt her
more than you. When you're so...

HEATHER looks GABI up and down. Cold and calculating.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
She looked beautiful in anything.

GABI
I should go. The driver's waiting
for me.

GABI walks quickly away from HEATHER, through the darkened, emptied-out restaurant. She wants to get away as quickly as she can - knowing she's made a huge mistake coming here.

Behind her, HEATHER stands up slowly. She puts cash down on the table. She's calm. Eerily calm.

The BELL of the restaurant door *DINGS* as GABI pushes out into the night. HEATHER walks slowly towards the door, following her out.

EXT. DUSTY ROADSIDE DINER - NIGHT

The lot is dark now. Empty save for HEATHER's CAR.

The CAB DRIVER is gone.

HEATHER walks out. She smiles at the sight of GABI all alone.

HEATHER
I sent him back.
(then)
I can drive you.

HEATHER walks a few steps closer to GABI. And as the door of the diner CLOSES BEHIND HER, the rest of the LIGHTS INSIDE GO OUT. Moments later: we hear a CLICK.

The door locking shut from the inside. GABI turns. She's scared. Plainly. And this time there's reason for it. She's all alone with HEATHER.

HEATHER keeps walking towards GABI. And GABI is... immobile.

HEATHER is the only one in control.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 Do you think she's watching us
 right now?
 (still walking)
 I think about it all the time. If
 she watches you. Singing her songs.

HEATHER is an arm's length from GABI.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 Wearing her clothes. Her *face*.

GABI
 I don't know.

HEATHER
 It has to be hard for you. Don't
 think I don't pity you.

GABI takes a step backwards, accidentally backing up against
 HEATHER's car.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 You could never be worthy of her.

GABI is sandwiched between HEATHER and her car now.

GABI
 I should get inside and call the
 cab company back...

HEATHER
 But I thought you wanted me to give
 you a ride? That's why you came to
 me, wasn't it? Because you have
 nowhere else to go?

This quiets GABI.

Because it rings true. No one believes her. Everyone thinks
 she's insane. *Is she even sure of who she really is?*

HEATHER reaches around GABI and pulls the passenger door open
 for GABI. GABI looks towards it.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 We'll drive slow, Evie.

HEATHER isn't touching her. She isn't forcing or threatening.
 What's terrifying is... GABI is looking at the door - torn.

She doesn't want to run anymore.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 You don't have anyone else.

An almost imperceptible nod from GABI. HEATHER nods with her. It looks for a moment like GABI is GOING TO GET INTO THE CAR WITH HER, WHEN -

HEADLIGHTS APPEAR ON THE DARK ROAD. AND A CAR COMES BARRELING TOWARDS HEATHER AND GABI.

And before HEATHER or GABI can move a muscle - stepping out of it in a FURY IS -

LEX.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR / EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

LEX drives her RENTAL CAR on a long desert highway. GABI sits beside her. It's quiet. Until -

GABI
How did you...

LEX
I looked on your computer. The messages between you and Heather. Where she asked to meet you.

GABI nods. Right.

LEX (CONT'D)
We don't have to talk about it. All I care about is that you're okay. That's all I care about.

GABI is silent... they drive on.

EXT. ORVAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A BLACK CAR pulls up outside of the house in LA. It's an Uber, back from the AIRPORT. GABI and LEX get out as the **UBER DRIVER** goes around to a pull a small suitcase out for LEX.

LEX
Thanks so much.

LEX starts to walk towards the house - her movement lighting up the MOTION-SENSOR SAFETY LIGHTS.

But GABI stops. She's not taking another step.

GABI
I know.

LEX turns around, realizing GABI is not right behind her. She finds her in cold white light.

GABI (CONT'D)

I know.

There's a moment of stillness between them. As terrified recognition starts to dawn on LEX's face...

CUT TO:

INT. UBER / EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

GABI rides in the back of an Uber. Alone.

The car winds through quiet streets until it stops at -

EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The bungalow has a single light on inside. GABI gets out of her Uber. She hesitates for a moment, then walks up to the door. And knocks.

Within seconds, JULIE appears in the doorway. Her eyes are pink-rimmed. She's been crying.

But she doesn't say anything. They look at each other, both as laid bare as we've seen them. And without warning -

JULIE pulls GABI into her arms.

It's the moment we haven't known we've been waiting for.

The moment that GABI's skin alone doesn't seem to burn JULIE at the touch of it. The moment that the tension and space between them finally melts away. It's the moment that JULIE and GABI both just let themselves fall into each other. JULIE folds into and around GABI's whole body. She's breathing into her hair, feeling the curves of her back, of her shoulders.

It's so deeply intimate and giving - nothing either of them has let anyone see before. JULIE laughs into GABI's neck.

JULIE

You're you, aren't you?

And the girl JULIE is holding laughs back. And in JULIE's arms everything about her feels different. She's not GABI anymore.

She's someone else.

She's **EVIE**.

EVIE laughs, muffled, half crying. Really touching and holding someone she loves. Getting to be *who she really is* for the first time since the crash.

She nods her head: Yes. Into JULIE's hair, into JULIE's neck - as they keep holding each other.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - JULIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JULIE and EVIE lie in bed under the covers staring at each other in the dark.

JULIE traces the lines of EVIE's face, taking every inch of her in. She holds onto EVIE's lip for a second, pulling it away from the gum. EVIE smiles. JULIE smiles back. JULIE looks almost high - so relaxed and comfortable. So in amazement of EVIE lying next to her.

EVIE
Tell me the truth.

JULIE
I'll tell you anything.

EVIE
When did you know?

JULIE bites her lip, thinking.

EVIE (CONT'D)
At El Mitote?

JULIE shakes her head. No. EVIE's surprised.

JULIE
I wished it before that. At the hospital, right after the crash. I knew it was wrong. We were lucky Gabi made it at all. And she was my oldest friend... but I wished every day that they'd take the bandages off and it would be you underneath.

JULIE smiles again.

JULIE (CONT'D)
And then I felt that again. At the diner. Your potatoes. Your soapy rosemary potatoes. You weird, perfect, strange girl. And I missed you so badly I wanted to flip the table into your face.

EVIE smiles. So does JULIE. EVIE moves her body towards JULIE's until their noses touch.

JULIE (CONT'D)
But it was your song. I didn't think I'd ever hear it again.

EVIE nods. A weight falls over them, just knowing how much they've both had to go through to find each other again. They fall into kissing. It's intense. They can't get enough of each other. Until JULIE pulls away.

JULIE (CONT'D)
What now?

EVIE
This for now.

But JULIE pulls further away, looking at EVIE.

JULIE
Out there though. What are we going to say?

Off the two of them lying in bed, facing one another, thinking about the confusion of the future, we -

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION - RECORDING ROOM - DAY

MONTHS LATER.

EVIE wears BIG HEADPHONES - at the RADIO STATION, sitting across from RADIO HOST, who's as glossy and shiny as ever.

Only this time, EVIE doesn't look so out of place. She doesn't look like a deer in headlights. She's comfortable, at ease. Smiling.

A TRACK is just finishing playing. And we recognize the tune. It's that same little tune. The one JULIE wrote for EVIE. The one that was stuck in her head all along.

But it's built out now, into a REAL SONG. Sung by EVIE. And it's really good. As it finishes -

RADIO HOST
I don't know about you guys, I've had this song on repeat for days. The latest track from her new album, that's *You're Mine*.

EVIE smiles.

EVIE
That's sweet, thanks so much.

RADIO HOST

It's out right now - produced by her longtime collaborator, Julie Meade - the *one and only Gabi* is back on the road with a show here in LA this week.

EVIE smiles big. And we have our answer about what she's decided to say: EVIE is staying GABI to the outside world.

But for the first time ever, it seems like it suits her.

As RADIO HOST lists details of the event, EVIE turns to give a little look to SOMEONE behind the glass.

We turn to find: JULIE. Standing right where LEX did last time we were here. JULIE's beaming, in her own low-key way. She can't take her eyes off EVIE.

RADIO HOST (CONT'D)

And you're feeling good about the show coming up, Gabi?

EVIE nods, warm.

EVIE

I've never felt better.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

JULIE and EVIE walk in the door, in good spirits. JULIE holds the awkwardly large arrangement of flowers from the Radio Station, just like GABI once did, as EVIE sifts through mail.

She frowns at one piece. JULIE sees.

JULIE

All good?

EVIE looks up and smiles, tucking the mail under her arm.

EVIE

Yep. Some stuff that got forwarded with the change of address.

JULIE leans in and kisses her.

JULIE

I like that my address is legally your address.

EVIE kisses her back.

EVIE

I like that too.

JULIE walks towards the bedroom.

JULIE
I'm gonna go for a quick run. We
can warm up when I'm back?

EVIE
Sounds good. Did you -

JULIE
Sprayed my shoes. Yes.

EVIE smiles jokily.

EVIE
Wow everyone's *learning*.

JULIE rolls her eyes.

JULIE
Stop thinking about my feet. Start
thinking about you. Big night
tonight.

JULIE leaves for the bedroom. And EVIE looks back at the PILE
OF MAIL in her hand, her face falling just slightly.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Later.

EVIE sits on the edge of the tub looking at the mail. She's
perched just how we found GABI when we met her. A glamorous
gargoyle in a silky robe, studying something in front of her.

And we see what it is. An ENVELOPE from BANNER UNIVERSITY
HOSPITAL. It's the MEDICAL RECORDS her and JULIE requested.

The medical records that could tell her about her broken arm.
The ones that could tell her if she was GABI or EVIE.

She starts to open the envelope and as she does, we -

INTERCUT:

EXT. ORVAN HOUSE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

We're back to MONTHS BEFORE. The night LEX and GABI got home
from Phoenix.

LEX rolls her rolly bag up towards the house, lighting up the
FRONT STEPS. But GABI just stares. Refusing to go further.

GABI
I *know*.

LEX looks at GABI's steely resolve. She shakes her head, her eyes filled with regret.

LEX
I know you probably hate me. I
deserve it. I should never have
pushed you the way I did. I thought
I was doing what was best.

INT. CONCERT VENUE - BACKSTAGE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

EVIE warms up, doing breathing exercises with JULIE. Working on her diaphragm. EVIE looks as much like a TRUE POP STAR as we've ever seen her.

All around them, the energy is buzzy and incredible.

It's the night of EVIE'S RETURN CONCERT. As GABI.

EXT. ORVAN HOUSE - FOYER - INTERCUT - NIGHT

GABI gathers her resolve. Ready to be straight with LEX.

GABI
I know Gabi is the one who died in
the crash.

LEX stares for a moment. She starts to look *sick*. Dizzy. GABI is sure -

GABI (CONT'D)
You lied to me. Again and again.

INT. CONCERT VENUE - BACKSTAGE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

JULIE watches EVIE warming up, encouragingly. Both of them look towards the CURTAIN as a SWELL OF APPLAUSE comes from the UNSEEN GATHERING AUDIENCE.

EXT. ORVAN HOUSE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

LEX looks at her daughter for a moment. And speaks.

LEX
I'm sorry.

GABI
It's all just... It's fake.

LEX
I'm so sorry.

INT. CONCERT VENUE - BACKSTAGE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

JULIE squeezes EVIE's hand. Encouraging. EVIE smiles.

EVIE
You think they'll believe me?

EXT. ORVAN HOUSE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

But GABI doesn't want to hear apologies.

GABI
You picked the daughter who could
keep your life the way it was. Even
if it wasn't the truth.

LEX searches for how to say what she needs to say.

LEX
Oh god.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - INTERCUT - NIGHT

Back to the bathroom and the MEDICAL RECORDS.

EVIE pulls out the papers from BANNER UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL. We don't see what they say, but her eyes scan, quickly.

Until they land somewhere - and stay.

EXT. ORVAN HOUSE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

GABI continues with LEX -

GABI
You've had us living this loop,
this lie, everyday. Everyday, you -

But now LEX doesn't let her finish.

LEX
Every day I have you. You are what
I have.

GABI is still.

LEX (CONT'D)
Gabi.

It's the first time we've heard LEX call her by her name.
GABI *bucks* at it. Her voice rises now, ACCUSATORY -

GABI
 You kept everyone away. And you let
 me believe I was alone in the
 crash. So I wouldn't ask questions.

LEX is stunned, with the same expression GABI had with
 HEATHER. Truly concerned. When she speaks, she tries to be as
 measured as possible -

LEX
 When you came out of the coma, you
 screamed until you were raw. Gabi,
 you begged me to keep people away.

INT. CONCERT VENUE - BACKSTAGE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

JULIE and EVIE still hold hands.

JULIE
 They'll love you more than ever.

EXT. ORVAN HOUSE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

GABI doesn't believe LEX.

GABI
 No.

LEX
 You knew Evie was in the crash. Of
 course you did. It was everywhere.
 There was no - there was no secret.
 There was just...

LEX is horrified.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - INTERCUT - DAY

EVIE puts the papers down on the counter. She breathes.
 Thinking hard about what she's read.

INT. CONCERT VENUE - BACKSTAGE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

EVIE shakes her head.

EVIE
 You know I won't be as good as she
 was.

JULIE
 You'll be you.

EXT. ORVAN HOUSE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

LEX chooses her words carefully.

LEX

I tried to build us a world we could survive in. I took down pictures. And I stopped saying her name. And I realized that on the days we didn't say her name, you didn't have headaches. And I could go to the grocery store without needing to sleep for three hours. It's what I thought we needed to build a new life. One that was just ours. I didn't know you wrote her out of the story when you rebuilt it, Gabi. I didn't get that.

GABI can't respond.

INT. CONCERT VENUE - BACKSTAGE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

EVIE nudges JULIE.

EVIE

And you'll still like me no matter what?

EXT. ORVAN HOUSE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

LEX continues, open and honest.

LEX

I didn't know this was the only way she could come out. I didn't know that. How could I know that?

LEX reaches into her bag. She pulls out GABI'S COMPUTER and puts it next to her on the PLANTER BED. GABI is obstinate.

GABI

That doesn't explain it all. It doesn't explain things.

LEX opens the laptop and pulls up the FILE OF OLD VIDEOS. She looks to GABI before clicking any.

LEX

Gabi, I think you loved her so much.

INT. CONCERT VENUE - BACKSTAGE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

JULIE smiles.

JULIE
Yeah you're kind of stuck with me.

EXT. ORVAN HOUSE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

LEX clicks one of the VIDEOS:

It's of TEEN GABI, rehearsing her choreography. But this time, TEEN GABI goes off screen for a moment and comes back, laughing. She's holding onto: TEEN EVIE.

TEEN GABI wiggles TEEN EVIE's arms, trying to get her to dance. TEEN EVIE just laughs, letting TEEN GABI make her a rag doll. Just two sisters being goofy. It's painfully sweet.

GABI watches. Her resolve still strong.

LEX
And you miss her.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - INTERCUT - DAY

EVIE puts the papers back inside their envelope. Her expression inscrutable.

INT. CONCERT VENUE - BACKSTAGE - INTERCUT - DAY

Another SWELL of APPLAUSE from the UNSEEN AUDIENCE. EVIE looks towards the curtain. JULIE lets go of her hand, with a nod. IT'S TIME.

EXT. ORVAN HOUSE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

LEX clicks ANOTHER VIDEO:

GABI and EVIE are older. GABI sits at her PIANO BENCH, noodling the keys. She's looking at EVIE, who's self-conscious, in a nearby chair.

GABI (ON VIDEO)
How does it go? Come on.

EVIE (ON VIDEO)
(smiling, embarrassed)
Stop.

GABI (ON VIDEO)
Come on.

INT. CONCERT VENUE - STAGE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

EVIE walks out on stage. The APPLAUSE is DEAFENING as she approaches the mic.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - INTERCUT - DAY

EVIE picks up a box of matches. And lights one.

INT. CONCERT VENUE - STAGE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

EVIE'S BAND starts to play the opening notes of a SONG -

EXT. ORVAN HOUSE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

GABI's eyes are glued to the video:

GABI looks into the camera, a big smile on. Teasing.

*GABI (ON VIDEO)
She's like a little wind up music
box. I've gotta record it so it can
be her ringtone.*

We know what the song is going to be before GABI hits the first key on the piano...

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - INTERCUT - DAY

EVIE looks up, still holding her match, and sees a small, old, framed photograph - hung above the sink sweetly.

It's of **CHILD EVIE** and **CHILD GABI**. On the beach in Cape Cod. Shoulder-to-shoulder, watching a HERMIT CRAB crawl across their towel. Grinning ear to ear, they look like twins.

EXT. ORVAN HOUSE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

GABI watches the video. Her face blank. Taking it in, as...

Sitting at the piano - GABI starts to play EVIE'S SONG.

"You're mine".

INT. CONCERT VENUE - STAGE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

And in tune with *GABI ON VIDEO*, EVIE'S BAND on stage starts to play along, the opening notes of "You're Mine" -

EXT. ORVAN HOUSE - INTERCUT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

GABI stares at the video, the truth playing out fully in front of her. Is it a truth she's known all along?

That EVIE and GABI *both* knew JULIE's song.

GABI ON VIDEO keeps playing the song, the UNMISTAKABLE notes as -

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - INTERCUT - DAY

EVIE picks up the ENVELOPE and carefully... LIGHTS IT ON FIRE. The smoke billows out the open window.

INT. CONCERT VENUE - STAGE - INTERCUT - NIGHT

EVIE sings along to the song, the tiniest bit shaky - but it evens out. Into confidence. Calm.

She approaches the chorus, one we haven't heard before. And -

CUT TO:

INT. RED MERCEDES / EXT. DESERT ROAD - FLASHBACK - DAY

OLD GABI clicks the radio, TURNING OFF "Double Down". She puts AVRIL LAVIGNE'S "Complicated" back on.

*OLD GABI
I'm sick of hearing me.*

OLD EVIE leans back, peaceful. Listening to the music. They don't have to talk. OLD GABI watches her for a second.

When, THE SOUND OF A HORN BLARES -

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT VENUE - STAGE - INTERCUT

EVIE BELTS OUT A HIGH NOTE. An F. She hits it crystal clear.

She closes her eyes and lets the sound of the CROWD'S CHEERS come over her.

Who the fuck is she.

THE END.