

DADDY ISSUES

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BLACK

Over the black screen, We hear WAVES, SEAGULLS, BEACH and BOARDWALK FUN, WIND. Even though there's no picture, we can tell it's a beautiful day.

From a distance, we hear a WOMAN'S VOICE repeating a sentence. At first we can't make out exactly what she's saying, but as the voice gets CLOSER it becomes clear.

WOMAN O.C.

Follow your dreams or they'll
chase you forever. Follow your
dreams or they'll chase you
forever. Follow your dreams or
they'll chase you forever.

The words continue on a loop. As they continue getting closer, they begin drowning out the other SOUNDS around them until finally they get LOCKED IN, like headphones being INSERTED into ears, and become the only thing we hear.

FADE IN:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY - BOARDWALK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Extreme close up of MAYA MITCHELL, 19 (She's an EMO in every sense of the term, you know: emotional. Her pastel ensemble, pixie-cut, strawberry colored hair, and huge blue eyes give her an almost ethereal look. Is she real? Yes, very. Intelligent, witty, and struggling through life.)

She's got headphones in her ears and whatever she's looking at, she's completely enamoured. She has blocked out everything else around her.

The camera TURNS and now we see what Maya sees. An Insta video on her phone of an incredibly sexy, alluring, charismatic, and vibrant woman, JASMINE WALLACE, 26 (It's as if 80s Lisa Bonet and Rihanna had a badass, bisexual baby. She's got swagger for days.)

In the video, Jasmine is doing a quirky (yet sexy) little dance to go along with her motivating words.

VIDEO JASMINE

Follow your dreams or they'll
chase you forever. Follow your
dreams or they'll chase you
forever. Follow your dreams or
they'll chase you forever.
Follow your dreams or they'll
chase you forever. Follow your
dreams or they'll chase you
forever. Follow your dreams or
they'll chase you forever.

We PUSH IN on the video.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - BACKYARD

It's a tranquil, bright space with trees, flowers, white brick patios, and rich green grass.

JASMINE

My life sucks.

(beat)

I haven't sold once piece of
clothing in weeks...I've got no
new design ideas...I'm fucking
terrified.

She's talking to, DR. SIMON CRAW: He oozes sophistication in a rather innocuous way. His personality, his intelligence, and x-ray vision more than make up for his mild appearance. The folds in his forehead and the lines around his piercing blue eyes contain many stories. His sense of calm and control do an excellent job of hiding his sadness and nerves.

He and Jasmine are on the patio drinking wine, sharing a joint, and are very much in the moment.

SIMON

Well then I assume you have plenty of animal crackers on hand...

Though to us his words seems like utter nonsense, to Jasmine they're delightful surprise.

JASMINE

Hey! My dad used to give me animal crackers when I was scared.

Jasmine takes a puff and passes the joint to Simon. He takes a hit.

SIMON

Yes. Of the thunder and lightening.

JASMINE

How the FUCK do you know that?

SIMON

I don't know it, I remember it. You told me a couple of years ago. We were right here. Just like now. And there was a storm rolling in.

JASMINE

You remember that?

SIMON

I remember everything you say, Jasmine.

JASMINE

Jesus. I barely remember anything about him and you remember some random comment I made two fucking years ago.

SIMON

My memory is of you; not him.

JASMINE

You know, I don't get why
you're not a therapist.

SIMON

I'm way too crazy.

JASMINE

(playfully blows smoke
in his direction)
I love that you're crazy.

Simon rises and approaches her.

SIMON

I love that you're crazy too.

He places his hand on the side of her head and, with
sensual force, brings her up towards him for a kiss.
A real kiss.

Simon assertively leads Jasmine towards the nearby
garage.

SOUNDS (both real and in his imagination) become
AMPLIFIED.

Simon and Jasmine APPROACH the garage door then Simon
KEYS in a code, which releases a lock.

He OPENS the garage door, to reveal:

INT. SIMON'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Pastel pinks, baby blues. Bright walls, cotton candy
carpets, a princess bed, watercolor paintings of
colorful carousels, dolls, books, toys, and a big
white dresser.

At the big white dresser, we watch Simon empty his pockets: his wallet, a laminated Cedar Sinai hospital ID badge that reads "Dr. Simon Craw Orthopedics," two small vials labeled Hydromorphone-20mg. The way he does everything is so systematic. From his BREATHING to his WALKING to the way he BITES his bottom lip, to how his shoes are tied, and how his hair is slicked, this guy is systematic about everything.

He SLIDES open one of the dresser drawers and takes out a checkbook, syringe, and a white envelope.

He starts quietly and forcefully giving orders to Jasmine, like a doctor talking to a patient in an examination room.

SIMION

Get undressed.

Amplified, we hear him WRITE OUT a check for \$5,000 payable to "Cash."

SIMON

Fix your hair. Put on the blue outfit.

He FILLS the syringe, LIFTS his leg onto the dresser, PULLS up his pant leg, and INJECTS the fluid into his ankle.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

He STUFFS the check into the envelope. He turns around.

The camera TURNS with him revealing Jasmine.

Hair in pigtails, she's seated on a Hippity-Hop, bouncing on a shaggy pink carpet, wearing a blue, lacy 2 piece little girl's outfit that barely covers her. Simon holds up the envelope.

SIMON (CONT'D)
(like he's talking to a
little kid)
Does someone want their
allowance?

ANGLE ON
JASMINE:

INT. SIMON'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

JASMINE
(like a little kid)
Me! I do!!!

SIMON
Sweetheart. Is that how we ask
for things?

Jasmine reaches her hand out to Simon.

JASMINE
Please Daddy? Please?

SIMON
Little Jazzy. You know that's
not what we do. I don't come to
you, you come to me.

Jasmine gets off of the Hippity-Hop and seductively
begins CRAWLING towards Simon.

JASMINE
(lustfully)
Please Daddy? Please?

CUT TO:

INT. MAYA'S ROOM - EVENING

Maya's room is her colorful escape. This is the only
place where she can truly be herself. With her music,
her art, her thoughts.

We find this porcelain doll-like girl sitting on her bed, staring intently at her iPad.

Maya is using the "Autodesk Sketchbook Pro" app and she's putting the finishing touches on a detailed sketch of an emo pixie doll girl who looks similar to her. The girl in the drawing has mint green hair. A single tear drops from her huge blue eye and her hands are in the praying position. There's a caption by the drawing, **"I want to be where my people are."**

She's toggling between the drawing, checking out pics and posts from Jasmine's various social media outlets, and 'Whatsapping' with a friend. Screen name: Bimba Pazzarella (crazy little girl). We can see part of the conversation as Maya is typing:

Maya-O-Maya Orange County, CA: Can't stop staring @ Jasmine J

Bimba Pazzarella Florence, Italy: DAI! Another night of "ALL STALK NO ACTION"

Bimba Pazzarella Florence, Italy: Your fantasy girl lives an hour away and tags EVERY place she goes!

Maya-O-Maya Orange County, CA: Hahahah. So...Just show up where she posts from and be like..."I'm Maya I've been cybersessed with your for 2 years - I love you?"

Bimba Pazzarella Florence, Italy: I love you = too bold. Try "Sit on my face" Ciao!

She focuses on Jasmine's Etsy page and scrolls through the postings. Sexy, alluring pics of Jasmine modeling her various outfits. She really is beautiful, effortlessly.

Maya starts pleasuring herself to the pics.

But...It's all interrupted when the door swings open.

INT. MAYA'S ROOM -CONTINUOUS

JIM (mid 30s, douchy former frat guy, with a restless jiggly leg) Maya's stepfather stands in the doorway.

JIM
(half to himself)
Heh...Lock's still broke.
(to Maya)
Dinner.

Jim turns away and walks off.

INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - DINNER TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

The house is a starter home for an upper-middle class family. It's filled with so much tension and angst it's incredibly cramped, despite the airy decor.

Maya takes her seat at the table, which is covered in "to go" foil containers.

Her mother, DANIELLE MITCHELL (late 30s/early 40s. Looks like a former Miss America contestant, now worn by bitterness and resentment) sits next to Maya's half-sister, SAMMY (2, adorable) Sammy is the one thing in this world that makes Danielle happy.. She doesn't acknowledge Maya when she sits.

Across the table, Jim is buried in his phone, his thumbs in a frenzy. We can tell from his reactions that's he's extremely invested in what he's doing. He quickly glances at Maya.

Excited, Jim POUNDS his fist on the table.

JIM
BOOOYAAA! NIKKEI's rallying
D...

DANIELLLE
(cutting him off)
We agreed you wouldn't do this
at dinner.

JIM

Oh I'm sorry. Did we agree
about me making us 30k in
twenty minutes because
(to Sammy)
That's what daddy just did...

Sammy laughs

JIM (CONT'D)

Yes he did.

Jim sits back and pumps his fist in victory.

JIM (CONT'D)

Cha...ching!

Danielle rolls her eyes and turns her attention back
to Sammy.

MAYA

You just made thirty thousand
dollars?

JIM

Fuck yea I did.

DANIELLE

Seriously Jim? In front of
Sammy?!?!? How many times do I
have to ask? You teach your
daughter nothing but bad
habits.

MAYA

This whole house is a bad
habit.

DANIELLE

Then I've got a great
idea...LEAVE! Go to college
like every other kid your age.
Get out! Be normal.
(looks her over)
(MORE)

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Or at least as normal as
someone like you can be.

Sadly, Maya is used to her mother's denigration.

MAYA

(to Jim)

Well now that you made that
money, can I go?

JIM

To Italy?

MAYA

Yes.

JIM

Ha! FUCK that.

He picks up his phone.

DANIELLE

(re: Sammy)

Jim!

JIM

(into his phone)

Yeah, well sorry. But there's
no *effing* way I'm paying for
anyone to go draw cartoons in
Rome.

MAYA

Florence.

JIM

(phone to his ear)

Florence, Rome, Sweden! Who
gives a shit? You can take
classes and draw your Powerpuff
girls here in this state,
that's been pulling taxes out
of my ass for the past ten
years with an iron fucking
fist.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Sell.

In the background, Sammy starts a sing-songy chant reminiscent of the wind up to, "Charge!"

SAMMY
School...school...school...school....

MAYA
But you just said you made
thirty thousand dollars...

DANIELLE
Jesus Maya, give it up. It's
not happening. No one here is
paying for you to go on some 2
year lezcation so you can live
out this whole, 'I'm an artist'
fantasy.

Besides, what is it you need so
bad in Italy that you can't get
here?

MAYA
I don't belong here, mom. OK? I
need to be somewhere where the
people appreciate sensitivity
and art...and romance.

And where the people understand
and appreciate me.

But Danielle stopped paying attention, she's back to
being completely involved with Sammy who is taking a
long sip from a PINK cup.

DANIELLLE
That was a big drink!

SAMMY
I'm done.

Motivated by her own words, Maya grabs her phone and opens it to Jasmine's social media page. She sees a pic of Jasmine and her gang outside of Harlowe Bar: tagjtagjwallace: Harlowe. Out and Out And About #loveitup #squad #helloharlowe. From the phone we

CUT TO:

INT. BAR HARLOWE - HOLLYWOOD - CONTINUOUS

Jasmine's sitting with:

ASH (early 20s. Andro with a shaved head and thick black glasses. She's OBSESSED with Jasmine and they've even hooked up a couple of times. Everything she says and does is for Jasmine's adulation.)

PAM (late 20s. Short, buff, built like a brick shithouse. She's the body guard/comedian of the group. In this hypersexual world Pam's an anomaly in that she exudes none. She don't give a fuck.)

KRIS & KATRINA (late 30s. A swinger couple both of whom ooze sex from every pore. They've hooked up with Jasmine individually and at the same time. And Ash. And about half the people in this place.)

We catch the group mid conversation. A WAITRESS brings over a tray of shots, and they all grab for one.

ASH

...See cuz right now I'm all about collecting information and inspiration. I want to be like a sponge, you know? Like I want to just soak in other people's knowledge. I'm so tired of always being the one to give. So tired of people always expecting me to talk about me, but, like, what if I don't want to talk about me? Sorry. At some point, it's got to be about someone else.

Jasmine is snapping selfies of her outfit.

JASMINE
(looking it over)
Wait. This angle sucks, man I
wish someone would take one
from a better...

Ash and Pam jump for the phone. Trying to be cool,
casual, smooth, and also be the one to take that
fucking picture, isn't so easy, and they bumble over
each other.

CUT TO:

INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - DINNER TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Maya still staring at her phone, types. We see her
"WhatsApp" convo appear on screen:

Maya-O-Maya Jasmine J just tagged her location! Ur
right. It's time to make my fantasy a reality.

Bimba Pazzarella: Buona Fortuna

CUT TO:

INT. LYFT CAR - FREEWAY - LATER

INT. BAR HARLOWE - LATER

We INTERCUT from the backseat of a LYFT where Maya
gazes out the window at the downtown LA skyline. To
Jasmine and her crew dancing and drinking at Harlowe.

Around the table, Ash shows Pam a picture on her
phone.

ASH
Look!

PAM
Your mom's really old.

ASH

Yea, well...she had me late in life.

PAM

So skunk-head Beiber was an accident...

ASH

No!

JASMINE

I don't think anything's an accident.

On Jasmine's line the camera MOVES toward the entrance to the bar. Maya has just walked in. She finds an empty bar stool and sits down to gather herself and figure out her next move. But before she even has a chance to take a breath, DOUG (late 20s, classic bar douche. Pink shirt, popped collar...it looks like an American Eagle catalog threw up on him) sidles up next to her.

DOUG

What up?

MAYA

Hi.

DOUG

Doug. Can I get you a drink?

From where she's sitting, Maya can't see this, but Jasmine's table is right behind her on the other side of the bar. We can see Jasmine and her crew through the bar.

MAYA

Uhhh. No thanks.

DOUG

It's no pressure, really just a friendly Dougie gesture.

(to the bartender)

A barolo and a jager bomb.

Maya gets up to leave before Doug turns back around. But she isn't fast enough, and he stops her.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Hey...come on, sit down.

She sits back down. This is all a little bewildering; she's a pink haired fish out of water.

DOUG (CONT'D)

So Vice, right?

MAYA

Huh?

DOUG

Huff Po?

Maya looks up and just stares.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Yeah, see you're like one of those quirky weird chicks, where you look...

(he studies her)

weird. But you're like super hit and you're into facts and news and shit, right

MAYA

(she can't believe this)

uhhhh

DOUG

I'm getting warm.

MAYA

Not really...

DOUG

OK. Well, you gotta be careful what you read anyways. It's all corporate bullshit. Cuz you know when you buy all the information...you can own anyone how you want.

MAYA

(can't help but chuckle)

Did you just misquote a John Meyer song?

Doug's caught

DOUG

What? No, I...Pffft...I don't even know...

(quickly changing the subject)

Hey why don't you go ahead and give me your phone? I'll put my digits in there. We'll get together this weekend. Extreme brunch...you extreme brunch?

MAYA

Oh no, thank you. I'm not really...interested. Thank you though.

Doug moves in closer.

DOUG

Thanks? Thanks for what?

Maya backs up a bit.

MAYA

(forced niceness)

For the wine.

Doug gets doubly close.

DOUG

Alright. Just do me a favor and don't act like you're all thankful and shit. You got your barolo And now you're just blowing me off, right?

In the BACKGROUND Jasmine notices what's going on.

MAYA

I'm not just blowing you off. I just...

He gets closer still. It's intimidating.

In the BACKGROUND Jasmine taps Pam and, with her head, gestures towards Maya to show Pam what's going on.

DOUG

Then why don't you just give me your phone.

In the BACKGROUND Pam nods and she and Jasmine rise.

He reaches for her phone, Maya squirms away but he takes her arm and brings her back toward him.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Or we can go somewhere and get a little closer...

Seemingly, from out of nowhere, Pam appears. S

PAM

'Sup brah.

She grabs Doug by the collar and drags him away from the bar. As she does this, Jasmine sits down in Doug's (now vacated) seat.

PAM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Take a break, pink shirt.

Jasmine looks at Maya, who is completely stunned; star struck, even.

JASMINE
(to Maya)
Boy BYE.

This is the first time Maya has seen Jasmine in real life. She just stares.

MAYA
You.
(getting to together)
I mean: thank you.

ON JASMINE

CUT TO:

INT. GORDON CRAW'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Two time worn hands place a birthday cake, complete with lit candles, on a wooden table. The cake reads, "Happy Birthday Barbara" The hands slide the cake towards the middle of the table and the camera MOVES UP to reveal Simon seated at the table.

GORDON CRAW (80, A haughty, judgmental man with an expressive face and dynamic presence. Though quite articulate, Gordon can speak sentences without uttering a word.) sits down in the seat across from Simon.

We notice at the head of the table is another setting, though the seat is empty.

The two men face each other. We can tell from his body language that Simon is high, he's uncomfortable around his Dad, and he resents being here.

Gordon stares at Simon for a moment and then looks at the empty seat.

GORDON
Happy birthday, Barbara.

He blows out the candles and starts removing them from the cake, their smoke wafting through the air.

Overcompensating in an attempt to disguise his high, Simon opens his eyes wide and with contrived happiness, lifts his water glass in "Barbara's" direction.

SIMON
Happy Birthday, mom. We sure miss ya.

Then he points his glass towards Gordon as if to say, "see I participated in this madness too."

The kitchen is uncomfortably quiet, the MURMUR of the REFRIGERATOR, and the DRIP of the COFFEE POT shine through the silence.

Shaking his head at his son's pathetic attempt, Gordon continues carefully removing each candle.

SIMON (CONT'D)
(defensive)
What?

GORDON
(knowing
disappointment)
I knew it as soon as you were late...

SIMON
(scoffing)
Dad, I was ten minu...

GORDON
Is it pills or are we back to injecting?

Gordon starts cutting the cake.

SIMON
I'm sorry I'm late, OK?
(lying)
I was in surgery.

Gordon takes the first slice and carefully places it on Barbara's plate.

GORDON
I hope you're lying. Please don't tell me you've become the kind of doctor who operates on his patients high as a kite.

SIMON
(indignant)
Of course not.

Simon's words linger. Gordon cuts a slice for himself.

Finally.

SIMON (CONT'D)
(contrite)
I'm...I'm sorry.

As Gordon licks frosting off of his fingers, Simon turns the cake towards himself and cuts a slice.

GORDON
Look, Simon, you think I don't understand how you hurt?

Gordon's words are salt on a old wound, a pain Simon would rather not revisit.

SIMON
How *I* hurt?
(re: the cake)
It's been 10 years.

GORDON
Eleven.
(the lecture continues)
(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)

So I get why you do it, but if
you're shooting up before
surgery you're going to lose
you lice....

Simon can't take it. He, dramatically, shoves the
cake away from him and rises. Wishing he was steadier
on his feet, he sways.

SIMON

(like a teenager)

I'M FINE.

Simon stumble-storms out of the kitchen. We the
WINDING of a MUSIC BOX.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S GARAGE - LATER

Simon lies on the bed, head propped up against the
pink headboard, stoned out of his mind.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE - HOLLYWOOD - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP of Maya now at the table with Jasmine and
her group. She's staring at Jasmine.

Ash returns from the bar with two bottles of beer.
She hands one to Pam, and taps the top so it starts
foaming out. Pam chuckles, shrugs, and chugs.

A COOL GIRL enters holding a little vial and dropper.

COOL GIRL

Who wants a microdose?

She drops one on everyone's tongue, like she's
handing out candy at Halloween.

Maya takes her does and then goes right back to gazing at Jasmine. Pam and Ash notice

PAM
Just your type, huh?

ASH
(half to herself)
She's everyone's type.

A WAITRESS comes over bringing with her a tray of shots. Everyone takes one.

Jasmine and Maya lock eyes, they CHEERS and each take their shot. As they swallow. The night kicks into the next gear.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS- NIGHT

Tripping, Maya hangs out of car window as it speeds through a tunnel. The wind in her face, she swallows the night.

BLACK:

INT. JASMINE'S NEIGHBORS' APT - LATER

Maya's POV

Jasmine brings her out of the darkness and into a house party, that covers two apartments: Jasmine's neighbors' and hers.

Everyone else is frozen, as if the entire party is doing one huge mannequin challenge. Jasmine leads the way as the two girls weave in and out, over and around the frozen party-goers

BEDROOM:

Kris, Katrina, and AN EXOTIC WOMAN having a threesome.

People are looking on through the windows and from the balcony, PARTYER 1 is recording it on their phone through the blinds.

HALLWAY:

2 PARTY GIRLS are taking a selfie.

BATHROOM:

Door ajar, TWO PARTY GUYS do lines of coke.

INT. JASMINE'S NEIGHBOR'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

3 PARTYERS involved in a virtual reality game.

2 PARTYERS popping champagne.

3 PARTYERS having a nerf fight.

Jasmine brings Maya over toward the balcony where 4 PARTYERS are dancing.

4 PARTYERS on balcony. 1 PARTYER is lighting his cigarette, 1 PARTYER drawing a heart in their breath on the glass of the sliding door, 1 PARTYER about to throw up, and the partyer who is filming the sex in the bedroom.

1 PARTYER running in body paint.

4 PARTYERS about to do shots.

INT. HALLWAY BETWEEN THE TWO APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

COUPLE making out

1 PARTYER passed out against the wall

JASMINE'S ENTRY WAY

OLDER WOMAN doing a keg stand, being held by 2 PARTYERS each one with a leg in hand.

INT. JASMINE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maya catches her reflection in a mirror, she becomes aware of herself. She's in a trance, then Jasmine yanks her away and WHIPS her back into the party.

The party suddenly UNFREEZES.

PARTYERS cheering on a girl who just did a "spectacular" feat!

LARGE GROUP playing 'Twister with a Spin' where you get spun around before you spin the wheel and get on the mat.

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT CONTINUOUS

Pam grabs Maya and starts spinning her around, bringing her into the game. The camera follows as Maya looks up and the room starts SPINNING.

Suddenly, Maya is back in the tunnel, this time going backwards. The trip is reaching a new level.

No longer frozen, the partyers encroach on her, pop out at her, slither around her.

Things are souring, this is becoming a bad trip.

Maya finds peace in a corner of a balcony.

EXT. JASMINE'S NEIGHBORS' APARTMENT - BALCONY -
MOMENTS LATER

Jasmine's brings out two champagnes and hands one to Maya. As they talk, they drink.

JASMINE

So, what's your deal?

MAYA

(smiling/high)

Hi. I'm just...I'm just taking
a break.

JASMINE

Nah brah, I mean like...in
life. Like, what do you do?

Maya stands. She's slow to answer.

MAYA

Oh. I...I draw. I make like
(air quotes)
"Modern" cartoons, I guess you
could call them.

Beat.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Buuuuuut, what I'm actually
trying to do is get enough
money together to go study in
Italy.

JASMINE

No shit?

MAYA

Yeah, Shit. Accademia D'Arte in
Florence. It's my dream school.
(thinks)
But whatever. Because I can't
make enough money on my own and
my parents won't help me. So
I'm kind of just waiting.

JASMINE

For what?

MAYA

Something; for anything. Kind
of just waiting for my life to
start to happen. You know? I
feel like I've just been
waiting it out for so long. The
isolation...the teasing...just
feeling stuck.

Jasmine gets it.

People don't really make fun of you anymore for being different, they kind of think it's cool. They kind of admire it. But they're still them. And you're still you.

So nothing's really changed and I'm just kinda sitting in the back seat.

Jasmine thinks.

JASMINE

You don't drive.

Maya looks at Jasmine with a hint of disappointment. So she's not perfect. She's dumb. Maya smirks

MAYA

No. Sorry. It's not like a real car. It's like someone else is driving...and I'm sitting in the back seat of THAT car, that someone else is driving.

JASMINE

Ooooookkkkkkk...You think I'm an idiot. I know it's not a real car...I'm talking about taking control; being in the front seat.

MAYA

I....I'm sorry. I...I didn't understand what you meant.

They're both laughing now...

JASMINE

So you thought I didn't understand your brilliant car anaolgy. But it was YOU that didn't understand. It was you.

She touches her finger to Maya's nose.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

You.

Sassy, sarcastic, Jasmine is a major turn on...

MAYA

You're just so...

JASMINE

So, what?

MAYA

So magica...

Jasmine's lips hitting hers stop Maya mid-sentence. And, for a brief moment, the world stops too. But, coyly, Jasmine pulls away.

JASMINE

Catch me later.

Jasmine heads back into the party where she's greeted by her friends. We stay with Maya out on the balcony. She cannot believe that this just happened. Wow!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - MONDAY MORNING

CLOSE UP of Jasmine peacefully sleeping in her bed....

Now we see that Maya is beside her.

They're both fully clothed. Maya has just woken up and is gazing at Jasmine so naturally beautiful in the warm morning light. For a moment, everything is still.

Then from outside we hear LOUD SINGING. A woman bellowing "Beautiful Dreamer Awake Unto Me." Jasmine pops up like a jazz-in-the-box. Maya quickly shuts her eyes and then pretends to wake up.

MAYA
(groggy)
What is that?

Jasmine's already rushing into the bathroom to wash her face, brush her teeth.

INT. JASMINE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

JASMINE
(over the running sink)
My mother. You've been here all weekend?

Maya sits up, kinda hurt.

MAYA
You told me to stay?

JASMINE
(brushing)
K. Cool. Well, help me clean up?

The SINGING gets louder.

Maya gets out of bed, Jasmine goes to leave the bathroom.

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The front door swings open and Jasmine's mother BOBBI (50s, wild hair, voluptuous) busts through the door for a big finish, which freezes Maya and Jasmine in their tracks, Maya in the bedroom doorway, Jasmine in the bathroom doorway.

BOBBI
 (belting it out)
 ...Awake...Un...to...meeeeeeeeee
 eee!
 (grand entrance
 complete)
 Hello Love!

Jasmine blows past Bobbi and heads into the living room and starts to clean up.

CHUCK (40s, been through the wringer, looks like he hasn't showered in weeks, body covered in tats) saunters in through the still open front door.

Ignoring Jasmine ignoring her, Bobbi turns her attention to Maya, who is still in the bedroom doorway trying to make herself look as presentable as possible.

BOBBI (CONT'D)
 Oooo. Saucy little minx. And
 who are you my little pink
 poodle?

MAYA
 (blushing, she likes
 it)
 Hi. I'm Maya.

Maya sticks out her hand for a shake, but Bobbi turns away from her and heads towards Jasmine. As a consolation prize, Chuck shakes Mays's hand. And holds it a little longer than necessary.

CHUCK
 Maya. Good to meet'cha

Bobbi is so shot out of a canon, so "up" it's manic. Rainbows aren't just shooting out of her ass, they're cascading.

She bear hugs Jasmine.

BOBBI

BABY!

Jasmine awkwardly pulls out of the hug.

JASMINE

Mom! You can't just show up
when you want to show up.

This doesn't register to Bobbi.

BOBBI

Finish cleaning and then pack a
bag.

JASMINE

(huh?)
What?

BOBBI

We have to be on the road

This ambiguity only annoys Jasmine more.

JASMINE

(irritated to no end)
What? What are you talking
about? Road to where?

BOBBI

Vegas, baby! We're getting
married!

JASMINE

Who is?

BOBBI

(singing)
Chuck

Chuck turns his attention from Maya and slithers over
to Bobbi. Jasmine can't believe what she's seeing.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Jazz, meet your new step-daddy.
Chuck.

Chuck grabs Jasmine for a hug and kisses her on the cheek. Jasmine is a statue.

CHUCK

Hey honey. Nice to meet'cha.

BOBBI

Chuck, this is my darling, my one, my only, Jasmine...she's the next Valentino...

JASMINE

Mom...

BOBBI

The next Vera Wang, she's the next the best, the best, the BEST designer in all of LA.

Maya looks on from the edge of the living room; she loves this.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Show him Jazz! Show him that dress, you know the blue one
(fake whispering to
Chuck)

It's the one thing she has that isn't black.

(back to normal voice)
He'd love to see it,
wouldn't you Chucky?

Chuck looks Jasmine up and down.

CHUCK

Yeah, sure. Maybe you can model it for me?

BOBBI
(clapping her hands)
Oh, yes; Vunderbar! We'll have
a little fashion show then
we'll hit the road.
(egging Jasmine on.)
Go on Jazz; get the dress.

Things are getting uncomfortable.

JASMINE
Maya. Why don't you go up to
the roof, check out the view?
I'll be right up.

MAYA
(sheepishly)
K

Maya grabs her bag and goes.

ON JASMINE:

JASMINE
Chuck, can I talk to my mom.
Alone please?

CHUCK
What about the dress?

BOBBI
Yeah, go get the dress; let's
see the dress.

CHUCK
(proclamation)
The dress!

Chuck and Bobbi both start chanting.

CHUCK AND BOBBI
Dress. Dress. Dress. Dress.

JASMINE
 (top of her lungs)
 SHUT THE FUCK UP.

BOBBI
 Oooooookkkkkkkkaaaaayyyyy. OK.
 Chucky, why don't you go wait
 in the car; we'll be out in a
 few.

Chuck moves in on her.

CHUCK
 Why don't you give me some
 sugar before I go?

They kiss. It's overly passionate, inappropriate, and gross. After a couple of failed attempts...

JASMINE
 Mom? Mom!

Jasmine finally breaks it up. Bobbi is giggling like school girl. Chuck's making noises like he just finished a large meal. Their hands linger together. Chuck gazes into Bobbi's eyes. She loves being loved.

CHUCK
 I'm gonna marry you.
 (now to Jasmine)
 See ya later, kiddo.

They both watch Chuck leave, Jasmine in disgust, Bobbi in love.

JASMINE
 Mom! What the actual fuck?

Bobbi looks at Jasmine like, "what? Can't you see how amazing this guy is?"

Jasmine goes back to cleaning

JASMINE (CONT'D)
 What are you doing?

BOBBI

We're going to Vegas...all of us. We're all going to Vegas. You're coming too. Me and Chuckie...

JASMINE

Ok. First off, I'm not going anywhere. And B: who is this guy?

(mocking)

You're *marrying* him?

BOBBI

(duh)

Uh, yeah. That's what *adults* do when they love each other.

JASMINE

Jesus Christ.

BOBBI

Ok, fine, so I haven't known him long...

JASMINE

And does Chuck know about...you know, your conditio...

BOBBI

(cutting her off)

There's nothing for him to know about. I'm cured.

JASMINE

You're manic. You need to get back on your meds. Call Dr. Reynolds. Fucking, get a grip.

BOBBI

Ok. You see Jazz, this is why you're not more successful and chances are you'll never be. You have to have faith.

Bobbi starts playing with Jasmine's hair and adjusting her shirt. Mom stuff.

BOBBI (CONT'D)
You don't want to come?

JASMINE
No.

BOBBI
(more teasing-like now)
You don't want to come?

JASMINE
Mom!

BOBBI
(welling up)
You don't want to come?

JASMINE
(already exhausted from
this)
Stop, please.

Bobbi STOMPS her foot like a two year old.

BOBBI
Fine. After Vegas we're going
to Colorado,

Bobbi puts her jacket back on.

BOBBI (CONT'D)
That's where Chuck's once we
get settled, I'll give you a
call.

Jasmine is sad and furious and hurt and exasperated
all at once.

Bobbi tried to coddle her.

BOBBI (CONT'D)
Oh, Jasmine.

Tears in her eyes, Jasmine pushes her away.

JASMINE

Mom. Just go. Please?

Now the tears turn to anger. Jasmine starts changing clothes and demeanor. She's has enough.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Just go!

She puts on a new dress and gathers herself.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

I've got somewhere to go so I
need you to leave.

Bobbi looks at Jasmine; she's stunning.

BOBBI

Oh Jasmine. You're so beautiful
Jasmine, look at you! Look at
you!

Jasmine stares back, stoic.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Look at you! You're a part of
me, Jazz.

Jasmine's having none of it. She shuts her eyes tight hoping that when she opens them, Bobbi will be gone.

JASMINE

Please go, mom.

CUT TO:

EXT. JASMINE'S ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Maya sits on a ledge chewing gum, staring out at the city and looking at her iPad.

An emo pixie holding an umbrella made from an oversized sunflower that's protecting her from a downpour of bow ties. Caption: "**Always use protection**"

She adds color.

Maya doesn't realize that Jasmine has been looking over her shoulder until she hears the FLICK of a lighter. Jasmine lights a joint.

JASMINE

Shit, girl. You talented.

Maya's caught off guard and a little embarrassed.

MAYA

Oh hey...thanks. I feel like I'm kind of still honing, but...thanks.

Jasmine sits next to Maya on the ledge and passes her the joint. Maya takes a hit. They pass it back and forth.

MAYA (CONT'D)

So, your mom is...is like...

JASMINE

Suicide in a bottle?

MAYA

No! No, I think she's amazing! She's so into you, she actually believes in you.

JASMINE

OK. Lesson of the day: just because it looks like a dick...don't mean you gotta suck it.

MAYA

Not a problem.
(like: anyway)
(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)

Uh,. Anyway...My mom just,
like, hates me. She doesn't
believe in me at all. Like, at.
All. It must feel amazing.

JASMINE

Jumping in that pool when it's
a hundred degrees outside? That
feels amazing. Finishing a
project you've been working on
for weeks: amazing. Fucking,
cumming: THAT feels amazing.

Maya's attitude changes; is Jasmine dangling a line?

MAYA

Ahhh. Well, I wouldn't know
anything about that. The sex
part I mean.

JASMINE

You've had sex; stop it.

MAYA

Oh I have? Really?

JASMINE

Yeah.

MAYA

How do you know?

Things are getting flirty. And when things get
flirty, Jasmine is at the top of her game.

JASMINE

Because I kissed you. And I
know when a person's had sex
and when they haven't.

(gesturing to Maya)

YOU definitely have. Thank you.

MAYA

(bashful)

Fine.

(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)

But it's never been anything
worth remembering.

Jasmine's eyes widen.

JASMINE

(playfully)

Ohhhh so you haven't cum?

MAYA

No. Ya, yes. I mean yes. Y I've
made myself...

Jasmine's wise

JASMINE

It's not the same.

Maya is turning to putty.

MAYA

It's not?

Jasmine tosses the joint away and moves towards Maya.

JASMINE

Fuck no.

Jasmine reaches down with one arm and begins to
pleasure Maya. Her TEXT ALERT goes off but she ignores
it.

INSERT SHOT OF PHONE: Text message from "Daddy"
reads: Jazzy. You're late.

Jasmine rubbing gets more and more intense. She's
playing Maya like a cello Breathing heavily, Jasmine
picks up the pace, just a little. Maya moans in
ecstasy. She leans back into Jasmine and Jasmine
takes her other arm and folds it around Maya's neck.
Maya is quivering now. The texts keep coming in, but
no one is paying attention to that. Jasmine knows
what she's doing—knows just where to touch and just
how hard and just how soft and just how fast.

And Maya is moaning. She turns her head into Jasmine's hair and rocks back and forth in rhythm with Jasmine's hand. And then...it happens. Maya shudders with pleasure as we hear the TEXTS keep coming in. And they kiss.

INSERT SHOT OF PHONE: Are you on your way? Hello? Where are you? I'm worried.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Simon is sitting at his table engrossed in his phone sending text after text. He's on the verge of a breakdown. He sets down the phone. Thinks. He picks up the phone, types another message and sets it down again. He waits.

CUT TO:

EXT. JASMINE'S ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

With the beautiful blue sky as the backdrop, the two kiss. Maya on the ledge, Jasmine leaning up against her. The texts keep coming in and finally Jasmine pays attention. She playfully pushes Maya away.

JASMINE

I gotta go.

MAYA

(pleasing)

No....

More texts.

JASMINE

And you do too.

Maya gazes into Jasmine's eyes. This can't be over...not yet!

MAYA

But...

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Once inside he tears open the drawers looking for a couple of vials, even one. But there are none. There also aren't any "empties" in the trash, with just a little left inside.

He takes a few pills, but doesn't seem optimistic.

Sweating, Simon turns around, undoes his pants, and goes to pee. But he doesn't really have to, just a couple of courtesy drips sputter out.

He rubs his finger along his groin and smells it. Does the other side. Satisfied he turns around to wash his shaking hands, splashes water on his face, turns off the faucet, wipes the basin with a cloth, wipes the faucet, back to the basin, he starts dry scrubbing the sink. Satisfied he puts the cloth down and washes his hands again, this time he turns the handle just enough so that a thin stream of water comes out...no mess. He goes to the towel rack, wipes his hands. Doesn't like the way the towels are folded so he refolds, and refolds again, and again. Then he throws the towels down, picks up his pants, doesn't notice that his phone has fallen out of his pocket, and rushes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Jasmine walks out with purpose, engrossed in her phone. The "Maya" part of her day is now over. Maya follows her like a puppy.

JASMINE

(super casual)

Love you!

MAYA
(with over the top
enthusiasm)
...and I love you!

But Jasmine is already walking away. The two head off in opposite directions. Maya's head in the clouds. Jasmine readying herself for Simon.

Maya rounds the corner and stretches out her arms in victory: YES! It's all hitting Maya now. Her fantasies, those years of fantasies, just became reality. Something actually worked out the way SHE wanted. Maya's so overwhelmed with joy, ecstasy, and, yes, relief that she begins to laugh, cry, and everything in-between all at once.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - CONTINUOUS

Still in a daze, Maya crosses the street. A car comes SPEEDING down HONKING. It pulls up before it hits Maya. Flustered and harshly brought out of her fantastic world, Maya falls to the ground.

The driver, clearly flustered and harried, gets out.

It's Simon.

SIMON
What are you doing? I could've
killed you, you stupid,
harebrained little girl. Didn't
anyone ever teach you to look
both ways before crossing the
street?

Maya looks like she's seeing a ghost.

MAYA
(softly)
Dad??

Simon stops yelling.

SIMON
 (still flustered)
 What? What did you just say?

MAYA
 (now she's sure.)
 Dad. Simon Craw.

Simon studies Maya.

SIMON
 Maya?

Maya shrinks into herself,

MAYA
 What are you doing here?

SIMON
 I...I live here. Honey. Maya!
 It's so good to see you.

Maya backs away

MAYA
 I haven't seen you in 6 years
 and you've live a few exits
 away?

SIMON
 (stammering)
 I'm so sorry. Look,
 there's....There's...it's
 complicated.

These words sting.

MAYA
 Complicated? How? I'm your
 daughter? Or I was.

SIMON
 (as if this will make
 it all better)
 No...no you are!

MAYA

Then why did you leave me? How could you leave me? You cheated on mom and I get that, but then you just left. How could you do that? How could you leave me with her?

SIMON

She...Maya, your mother made it impossible...

MAYA

To call me? To text me? To send child support or a bloody birthday card?

SIMON

(a little defensive)

Look: I send a check every month and I've sent you cards: birthday, Christmas, Jesus, even half birthdays! I would send half your age plus a hundred.

Cars start HONKING.

MAYA

(processing)

I don't believe you.

Though he's trying hard to stay in control the chaos is getting to Simon.

SIMON

Well you should. Maya I live just a few blocks down on Bankroft...Maya, sweetie, I've missed you so much. You don't know. You can't imagine.

He goes to usher Maya towards the car...

MAYA
Don't touch me.

She pushes Simon away and storms off. Simon calls after her.

SIMON
Maya! I love you!

More HONKING

A driver screams at Simon

SIMON (CONT'D)
(to the driver)
OK!

ON MAYA

She sulk-skurries away. Turns the corner. Safely out of sight, she leans up against a store window and begins to cry.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE

Simon SCREECHES into the driveway and sees Jasmine waiting for him on the front stoop. He SLAMS the car door. He's all over the place.

SIMON
Since when do you wait out front?

JASMINE
Sor-ry. I thought you'd like it.

Simon fumbles with his keys as he goes to, hastily, open the front door.

SIMON
Well, I don't. I like when you're prompt.
(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

I like when things go as planned. I like when I don't have to sit around here like an imbecile waiting for you and then have to drive around looking.

Finally he gets the door opened. He ushers Jasmine inside.

SIMON (CONT'D)

That's what I like.

INT. SIMON'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JASMINE

Ok. Ok. I get it, I'm sorry.

She puts her arms around him, trying to change the mood.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

But I'm here now.

He squirms out of it.

SIMON

No Jazzy, you don't get it. You don't even begin to get it. You think this is all some kind of game? That it's fun?

JASMINE

(seductively)

But it is fun.

Simon rants through the house. Adjusting things on tables, checking a frame, straightening up mail.

SIMON

Yeah, well you're not the one operating in the field of: mother and father and therapist and priest and sugar daddy and EVERYTHING else.

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

It's your world, Jasmine. You have this appeal, this allure...But is there anything underneath? Is there anything in your life that YOU have had anything to do with? You have that apartment, on my dime, you have your view...you have your vision...You needn't worry about real life, real consequences, about real, authentic feelings...

By now he's at the back door. He SWINGS it open.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You know what? Just go. Go smoke a joint and make a t-shirt into a god damn pair of socks.

Furious and devastated, she goes to leave.

JASMINE

Fine.

But as quickly as he turned on her, Simon turns back. He blocks her path.

SIMON

No wait...Jazzy...wait, wait, wait...

She's enraged

JASMINE

Get the fuck out of my way!

SIMON

(pleading)

I'm sorry...I didn't. I'm not right. I'm a mess. I'm a mess when you're not here.

He reaches for her hand. Jasmine thaws.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You're irreplaceable.
(beat)

This softens Jasmine even more. Simon seizes the opportunity, he kisses her hand.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You're everything to me. You're
everything to daddy.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

SIMON
(like he's talking to a
little girl)
Now: you're going to have to be
punished. You need to learn
that your actions have
consequences.

Simon sits on the bed and pulls Jasmine over his knee. He yanks down her pants revealing her little girl panties. She grooves into his lap, sticks her butt up a little.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You're never to be late again.
Daddy was so worried about you.

JASMINE
(giggling like a little
girl)
I'm sorry, Daddy.

Now he spanks her four times a row in rhythm to his words.

SIMON
Now. Where. Were. You?

Jasmine gets up and straddles him. They're face to face. She starts grinding into him.

JASMINE

I met a new friend Daddy. And we had a playdate on the roof.

SIMON

A friend? What kind of friend?

JASMINE

A little girl like me Daddy. Oh she was so pretty. You'd really like her.

Simon's getting so turned on, which turns Jasmine on. His pleasure is hers.

SIMON

And what did you do on your playdate?

Simon unzips his pants and pushes Jasmine's panties to the side. She puts him inside of her. They go slow.

JASMINE

I touched her and she was so wet.

SIMON

Wet?

JASMINE

Yeah, uh huh. And I played with her, I played real good.

SIMON

That's a good girl.

The sex is getting more intense.

JASMINE

And you know what, when I was playing with her. I was thinking about you.

She leans in, sticks her tongue into his ear and whispers into it.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

The whole time, Daddy. I was thinking about you.

Simon orgasms hard and Jasmine welcomes it.

CUT TO:

EXT. MITCHELL HOUSE - LATER IN THE DAY.

It's a stately yellow house right on the boardwalk. We see runners, beach goers, etc...

CUT TO:

INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - MAYA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maya stares into the mirror, processing the day. She picks up her phone and sends a text to Jasmine. "*Can't stop thinning about you*"

Maya sees the message and realizes her typo. Ugh! She corrects, "**thinking.*"

She puts the phone down and gazes back into the mirror. What a day! She needs a change. She examines her hair.

TIME LAPSE: Maya cutting and restyling her hair.

INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - MAYA'S ROOM - ONE WEEK LATER

Maya, now with baby blue hair streak in her hair (that doesn't look all the great and she knows it) Maya checks her phone and stares at the (still) unanswered message.

A WhatsApp from Bimba POPS UP on screen:

Bimba Pazzarella: Jasmine J update Anything???

Maya-O-Maya: Nope!! MIA for a week. No texts. No posts. NIENTE!

We hear a CAR PULL INTO the driveway, followed by FOOTSTEPS, and then the car doors CHIRPING to lock.

Pissed, Maya heads out of her room.

CUT TO:

INT. MITCHELL HOUSE ENTRYWAY

Jim and Danielle enter. Danielle is holding a (groggy) Sammy, and Jim's carrying suitcases.

MAYA

Where have you been?

DANIELLE

Shhhh. Sammy needs a nap.

She blows past Maya and heads upstairs. Maya looks at Jim like "what the fuck?"

JIM

Palm Springs for a week; she said she texted you.

MAYA

She didn't. And no one answered my calls either.

JIM

Was hot as fuck.

Jim sniffs, shakes, and rattles away with the bags.

Maya is dumbfounded. Danielle comes back downstairs.

MAYA

He never went anywhere, did he?

Annoyed, Danielle looks in Jim's direction

DANIELLE

No. Just sat by the pool on
that stupid phone.

MAYA

I mean Dad. My father. He lives
in LA?

The mood change is palpable.

DANIELLE

(feigning ignorance)
Does he?

MAYA

He almost hit me with his car.

DANIELLE

That's nonsense. He wouldn't
dare come here. And even if he
did, there's no way he'd
recognize this whole,
(indicating Maya's
look)
thing.

MAYA

I recognized him.

Danielle says nothing. She just stands still and
diverts her eyes.

MAYA (CONT'D)

I was in West Hollywood and I was crossing the street and this car almost hit me and he got out. And I knew it was him. I like immediately just knew who he was.

And he said...

(trying to keep it together)

He said you wouldn't let him see me?

Danielle goes to place her hand on Maya's shoulder.

DANIELLE

(dismissive)

Please, Maya. You can't believe anything that man.

Maya pushes her hand away and cuts Danielle off.

MAYA

No! Stop. He said he sent me money! Like checks, like child support...he said he sent me birthday presents and, like, half birthday presents?

DANIELLE

Relax, it's not like it was *that* much.

Maya loses it.

MAYA

Ugh! God I can't believe you! I can't believe you! You took that from me. That was my money mom! That was my money. You stole it from me.

Danielle rolls her eyes.

MAYA (CONT'D)

(getting bold)

Give it to me. Give it. I'm going to go to Italy. I'm going to use it to go to Italy. And then I get to go to school, and you don't have to see me anymore.

Everyone wins. So...just give it to me.

DANIELLE

Well, I don't have it. You think I kept it under a mattress or something? I had to use it.

I needed to do what I needed to do for this family. *My* family, who I've done EVERYTHING for.

(re: Jim)

This idiot can't hold on to a dollar, why should I have to suffer?

Maya 75% expected this, so she's not shocked, just angrier.

MAYA

Suffer? Fuck you. I HATE you.

She gets right up into Danielle's face.

MAYA (CONT'D)

You don't anything about suffering.

DANIELLE

I've spent the last nineteen years of my life suffering. You think I didn't have plans, Maya? Things that I wanted to do? Your father? Well, you know, he got to go to med school.

(MORE)

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

I became a fucking nanny! You have no idea who he is, what he's into. How he belittled me, how he humiliated me. I hate him.

(beat)

And everyday you're more and more like him.

Devastated, Maya processes.

CUT TO:

EXT. GORDON CRAW'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We push in.

GORDON

Maya...you saw Maya!

CUT TO:

INT. GORDON CRAW'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gordon is finishing up fixing himself a drink while Simon sits on the couch.

GORDON

(with the slightest trace of a smile)

That's...mommy would be thrilled...

Gordon gets lost in the moment. Then...

GORDON (CONT'D)

How is she?

SIMON

(sheepishly)

She ran off before I could get her to talk to me. But she looks so grown u...

Gordon can't believe what he's hearing.

GORDON
(patronizing)
Ran off? She's not a bunny
rabbit, she's your daughter!
What the hell's the matter with
you?

Simon shoots back

SIMON
She screamed...

GORDON
(can't believe what
he's hearing)
What?

SIMON
I had to move the...what was I
supposed to do?

GORDON
(like he's talking to
an idiot)
You follow her! You stop her!
You don't let her just..run
away!

SIMON
(sarcastic)
Right...of course!
(then)
Come on, Dad! I can't just
follow her home. Danielle
she...
(mortified)
She's crazy.
She's gonna show Maya the
pictures. She'll tell the
hospital...

Gordon scoffs. And takes a seat across from his son.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Jesus three years ago I tried to give my own daughter a birthday present and Danielle called the police. Do you remember that?

GORDON

Yeah...I rememeber.

SIMON

She called the police on me.

GORDON

Well can you blame her? Maybe if you showed some sense of propriety. Kept your dick in your pants stopped raiding the hospital's medicine cabinet, you might not have so much to worry about, huh?

PUSH IN ON GORDON

Silence.

Then, finally:

GORDON (CONT'D)

For god's sake son. Aren't you tired of constantly mucking your life up?

CAMERA ROTATES,

On Simon. The truth is heartbreaking.

SIMON

Yes.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY - MAYA'S SPOT - LATER

Maya sits up against a tree, staring out into the world wondering what the fuck she's going to do with her life. Things seem pretty hopeless...

Her phone VIBRATES.

ON PHONE.

It's Jasmine! The text reads: "come over tomorrow."

Maya looks down at her phone. Sees the message, sees who it's from...and the everything changes.

Maya is elated. She types back. "Really?"

Jasmine: "Yeah. And pack a bag."

Maya: "OK"

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Jasmine is standing at a mannequin putting the finishing touches on a colorful outfit. In fact, the whole apartment is now an explosion of colorful attire. Designs everywhere in pinks, blues, greens...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JASMINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Maya's KNOCKS on Jasmine's front door.

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jasmine hears the KNOCK and turns to the door.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JASMINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Though excited, Maya's nervous. Waiting for Jasmine to open the door, seems like an eternity.

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jasmine walks to the door.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JASMINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Maya just stares at the door, trying to will it open. And then...it does! When she sees Jasmine, Maya's entire being lights up.

Jasmine looks her up and down.

JASMINE

Maya-muse!

Jasmine laughs and pulls a (confused but thrilled) Maya into the apartment.

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jasmine gestures to all the new clothes.

JASMINE

Ta...da...! What do you think?

Maya looks around like a kid in a candy store. She walks through the apartment and studies each dress, touching some of them.

MAYA

This...is...amazing!

JASMINE

Yeah?

Maya continues admiring the clothes.

MAYA

Oh. My. God.
(impressed and in love)
You did all this?

Jasmine gestures, "duh!"

Maya's excitement grows by the second.

MAYA (CONT'D)

This is insane.

Jasmine points to a particular dress. A sheer and pink long design, next to it a similar one but in black.

JASMINE

What do you think of that one?

Maya looks at it and can't believe her eyes. She touches the dress ever so gently.

MAYA

Oh...this is beautiful.

She turns to Jasmine.

MAYA (CONT'D)

This is so beautiful.

She takes off her backpack.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

Jasmine takes her and coaxes her to sit down on the couch.

JASMINE

I want to show you something.

Jasmine walks Maya over to her couch and sits her down. Maya's back in her happy place. It's like the past week just got erased.

Surrounded by these new designs made from colorful, pastel fabrics. Jasmine opens Maya's backpack and pulls out her iPad.

She takes it from Maya and saunters to the other side of the room. Maya gazes.

HUMMING in a fun, flirty fashion and with her back to Maya, Jasmine takes off her shirt...and dances. It's like a little strip tease.

Jasmine throws her shirt and Maya, who eagerly catches it. She brings it to her nose and takes a deep breath in: Jasmine!

Still with her back to Maya, Jasmine puts on another shirt. This one, sheer.

MAYA
What are you doing?

JASMINE
You ready?

MAYA
(yeah she is)
Yeah!

JASMINE
(sing-songy)
You surrrrrre?

MAYA
Yes!

Jasmine turns around. She's holding Maya's iPad up to the shirt.

JASMINE
BAM!!

On the screen is one of Maya's illustrations:

A profile of an emo doll like girl looking intently at a map, which she holds over her head. **Caption: "If you are lost, you are here."**

Jasmine walks the 'catwalk' to Maya, modeling the shirt along the way.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

You get it?

Maya gets it: she sees the vision. Her artwork on Jasmine's clothes.

Right now. Right at this moment: this is the best Maya has ever felt.

MAYA

You're a genius!

JASMINE

(of course she is)

Yeah...well...

MONTAGE

The following scenes are cut amongst each other.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - THE NEXT DAY

Maya and Jasmine buying fabric.

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Maya and Jasmine are working on the new shirts. Jasmine's at her sewing table working on the fabric. Maya sits in a chair beside her, printing images off of her iPad.

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - ONE AFTERNOON

Maya shows up at Simon's front door. When he answers he is shocked, happy, humbled, and nervous. Maya raises her hand, awkwardly, as a "hello"

Simon doesn't really understand how she found the house.

MAYA

...Just walked down Bancroft
looking for the car that almost
killed me.

Simon chuckles and invites her in. Hesitantly, Maya accepts.

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jasmine at a dress form feverishly beginning work on a new piece...she's totally immersed and inspired.

INT. SIMON'S LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Alone, Simon is obsessively straightening a piece of art hanging on the wall but it's never straight enough for him. He keeps fiddling with the frame until it accidentally falls off its hanging.

INT. JASMINE'S KITCHEN - AN EARLY MORNING

After working through the night Jasmine and Maya drink coffee and chat, which leads into fun, carefree, kissing and fondling.

EXT. SIMON'S BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Maya shows Simon some of her cartoons. Simon is impressed. He gets it. Maya notices.

EXT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Wearing identically styled gowns (Jasmine's is black, Maya's is pink) Maya and Jasmine walk up the path that leads from the building to the street. They head into a BLACK CAR which is waiting for them outside the building.

EXT. RITZ HOTEL ROOFTOP RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jasmine and Maya drink champagne in front of a gorgeous view.

INT. BLACK CAR - LATE NIGHT

On the way home from the event, Jasmine is asleep with her head in Maya's shoulder/neck nook. Wide-eyed and still amped up from an amazing night, Maya is in heaven.

EXT. CEDARS SANAI - AFTERNOON

Simon is stressfully walking home from work when Maya surprises him. He's pleasantly surprised! They walk the other way towards Starbucks.

EXT. JASMINE'S POOL - AFTERNOON

Maya and Jasmine float in the pool, Maya in a donut floatie and Jasmine in a swan.

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jasmine working at her dress form. The piece is taking shape, it's an elegant, yet contemporary, pink velvet dress.

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Maya and Simon are sitting on the patio enjoying the exceptionally beautiful day. Simon reads the paper on his tablet. Maya draws on hers. Simon looks at his daughter. She's smiling, she's actually smiling. And so is he.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maya is lying in bed wearing a yellow bra-and-panty set. Jasmine playfully struts into the room in black heels, a black pushup bra and Tomboi Harness Briefs. She's holding something behind her back. Maya is very surprised to see it's a strap on. Jasmine holds it up, puts it on, and models it. Maya goes from mortified, to bashful, to nervous. Jasmine approaches and calms her, kisses her.

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Simon opens the back door to Jasmine who is dressed in one of her more elegant pieces. Her makeup, hair, and demeanor are all sophisticated, mature. Simon is expecting her, but not this.

Jasmine pulls a rose out from behind her back.

JASMINE

Why don't you take me out for
once.

He considers, blushes, and goes to change.

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jasmine and Maya surrounded by neat stacks of their (now finished and ready to sell) shirts. They're taking pictures for the Etsy page. They're each wearing a shirt: Jasmine is wearing "If you are lost you are here" and Maya is wearing "Always use protection." It's a proud moment for both of them as individuals as well as together.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tender, gentile, and in control, Jasmine lays down on the bed and has Maya straddle her. Maya gets more comfortable, confident. Giggling, Maya puts her arms behind her head, Jasmine runs her hands up Maya's stomach and chest and goes to unclip her bra.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - EVENING

Simon and Jasmine walk down the street, hand in hand, to a restaurant, a well put together, enviable couple.

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Jasmine is working on the dress, but it's no longer on the form; now it's on Maya. Jasmine smooths it out over Maya's body and steps back to admire her work. She turns Maya around and they look in the mirror together. Maya sees the reflection: Jasmine standing next to *her* in a dress Jasmine made *her*. And it's beautiful and perfect and Maya feels like Cinderella.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - EVENING

Tipsy and bubbly, Simon and Jasmine leave the restaurant and walk towards home. At a corner, they embrace and kiss.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Now Jasmine is on top of Maya and inside her with the strap on. Maya is getting so into it, she wants Jasmine back. Maya starts to rip off jasmine's bra and underwear.

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Simon sweeps Jasmine into his bedroom and they fall onto the bed as one and start to kiss.

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

After spending the day together, Simon and Maya hug goodbye at his front door. Simon, clumsily but sweetly, kisses Maya the top of the head.

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Simon is on top of Jasmine and they are in the throes of very passionate, very adult love making. They are so close; so intimate.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kissing hard, Jasmine and Maya are curled around each other naked and sweaty, touching each other inside and out. This is the first time Maya has truly made love.

CLOSE ON MAYA: She's in an ecstasy that she never imagined was possible.

FADE TO:

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - EVENING - THREE WEEKS LATER

Jasmine is at the mirror putting the finishes touches on her outfit and doing her makeup.

Maya enters the room holding the pink and white dress Jasmine designed.

JASMINE
(laughing)
You can't keep wearing that.

Maya puts her head on Jasmine's shoulders. She looks older, more confident, more like a woman than we've ever seen her.

MAYA
But I love the designer.

Jasmine points out the bottom of the dress...it's filthy.

JASMINE
(re: the dress)
No.
(then)
Find something else, Padawan.

Maya starts rummaging through Jasmine's closet.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
(happily rambling)
I can't believe we sold 300 shirts. 300 shirts in three weeks? I've never sold 300 of anything. We definitely gotta celebrate.

MAYA
(out of nowhere)
What is this?

In the mirror, Jasmine can see Maya is holding up a frilly, pink, dress. Still, Jasmine doesn't turn around.

JASMINE
(hint of smile)
A dress.

MAYA
This is like a little kid's dress.

(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)

Like what a nine year old would wear to a birthday party.

Silence.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Why do you have it?

Jasmine goes to Maya, takes the dress and hangs it back up.

JASMINE

(re: the dress)

Thank you.

(then)

A guy I know likes it.

MAYA

(stunned)

What? Eww!

JASMINE

Why? I like it too. It's fun!
Plus how do you think I can afford a place like this? He gives me five grand a month.

What. The. Fuck.

MAYA

(getting upset)

Um...so you're a hooker?

Jasmine scoffs and walks back to the mirror.

JASMINE

That's how it started, but that's not what it is. We like each other. We care about each other

(seductively)

He's my daddy.

MAYA

But you're a lesbian?!?!?

JASMINE
Who told you that?

MAYA
We're together! We're hooking
up...we've been making love!.

JASMINE
Yeah, that all may be true
babe, but I never said I was a
lesbian.

MAYA
Oh. So you're bi.

JASMINE
I never said that either.

Maya can't believe this.

MAYA
Ok then, what are you?

JASMINE
What are you?

MAYA
What do you *mean*? I'm...I like
girls, I'm a queer; I'm gay!

JASMINE
That's great but...I'm not.

The tension is growing.

MAYA
Then what are you then?

JASMINE
(nonchalant)
I'm an American.

MAYA
Ugh...come on! I'm talking
about...sexuality!

JASMINE

Yeah...and I'm all for it.
Connecting with people and
loving whoever I want to love.

MAYA

You love him?

JASMINE

(thinking about it)
Yeah. Yeah. I do...
(affirming it)
yes.

MAYA

Do you love me?

JASMINE

I guess...

Jasmine steps away from the mirror and goes to Maya
back at the closet.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

But come on Maya, we're just
getting to know each other.
You're here. That means
something; right?

The harsh reality hits Maya and she feels sorry for
herself.

MAYA

You don't love me?

JASMINE

Come on! You don't love me
either.

The words burn a hole in Maya's chest.

MAYA

I don't...I don't LOVE you?
I've never loved anybody except
for you.

She leaves the room.

Grateful for the break, Jasmine flops down on her bed in a HUFF and takes in the silence.

She touches herself for a moment. But then, rolls over and takes her phone off the night table. She texts Simon: "Can't wait to see you..."

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Simon (still in his scrubs) is leaving work, he gets into his car. He's got a bounce in his step that we have not yet seen.

INT. SIMON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Simon takes his phone out of his pocket and sees the text.

He reads and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Still looking at her phone, Jasmine sees those magical three dots appear in the text window. And then the message from Simon: "Nor I you"

Jasmine texts back: "Wish tonight was tomorrow."

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Simon sees her text. Smiles and starts the car.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Simon pulls out of the spot.

CUT TO:

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Feeling the convo has ended, Jasmine plops the phone down on her bed and gets up.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Simon rolls out of the lot.

SCUT TO:

EXT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE UP of Maya. She stares out the window.

Clearly, Maya has been bawling. Her makeup is smeared, her eyes are watery, her nose is red.

In the background we see Jasmine emerge from her room. She struts towards Maya. And sings a flirty little song.

JASMINE
(90s R&B vibe)
Maya...what are you doing...you
want me baby...

Maya reacts, but doesn't turn around.

Instead Jasmine turns her and now they're facing each other.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
(seductively)
Oh come on little baby. This
was supposed to be a fun night.

MAYA
I look terrible

Jasmine sits down next to Maya. And gently pulls Maya's face towards her.

JASMINE

What? You look like art.

Through the window we see a white car pull into the parking lot downstairs from Jasmine's apartment.

They kiss. Maya's still upset and she lets out a WHIMPER.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Don't cry.

They continue to kiss and things get more intense.

We see through the window a figure get out of the white car.

FOCUS ON Simon in the parking lot. He looks up to Jasmine's window.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Simon standing in the lot looking up. His smile turns to...well is there even a word for it? He cannot believe his eyes.

SIMON

(confused aghast)

Maya?

He turns back to his car.

CUT TO:

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The two are still kissing, lost in their own world. In the background, through the window, we see Simon running to his car.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIMON'S DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The car SPEEDS into driveway.

INT. SIMON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Simon's reeling. This is a pain that no amount of Dilaudid can fix. Although he's about to test that theory. He pulls into his driveway and, car still running, takes out a vial and syringe from the center console. He injects and the high washes over him.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. SIMON'S GARAGE - THE NEXT DAY

Simon is, carefully and deliberately, packing up the last of the garage. The little girl toys and games, the princess bed, the books, the posters...all gone. All that's left are a couple of boxes and the dresser.

He doesn't notice when Jasmine walks down the driveway and stands in the garage doorway watching, confused. She picks up a stuffed bunny rabbit that's lying on the cement floor.

JASMINE

(flirty)

What's going on, Daddy?

Simon doesn't answer, he just keeps packing up.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

What's happening to my room?

SIMON

(removed)

Don't. You can't call me Daddy anymore Jasmine.

Jasmine thinks then walks slowly, seductively towards Simon and slips her arms around his waist.

JASMINE
Is your little girl growing up?
I'm your big girl now, Dad?

Simon squirms out of her hold.

SIMON
No. No...Jasmine. It's done.
We're...
(welling up)
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
I'm...This has to be over..

Jasmine backs away.

JASMINE
What has to be over? What's
over.

Simon pulls himself together.

SIMON
This. All of this. You and I.
The games, the talks,
everything that goes on in
here. I can't do it anymore.

Jasmine is stunned still. Simon goes to the dresser,
opens a drawer, and takes out an envelope. He holds
it to her.

SIMON (CONT'D)
This is, um...this is the last
check.
I am truly going to miss you
and I am truly sorry, but I
realize now, this has been an
abhorrent mistake.

The world starts closing in on Jasmine and she's
about to lose it.

JASMINE

A mistake? Simon, we've been doing this for six years and now all of a sudden...

She throws the rabbit at Simon.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

I'M A FUCKING MISTAKE?

SIMON

(pleads back)

No...I'm the mistake. I made the mistake. I trapped you, I indulged you...you filled in the blanks and I allowed it
(matter of fact)

I don't want to be that person anymore.

She starts crying. Simon has no choice but to stand by and allow his heart to break as well,.

JASMINE

But we're not doing anything wrong. I wanted this. I want to be with you and not just in this fucking fantasy. In real life.

Pleading, she approaches Simon.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

You can go away. And you can figure it out and I'll come back.

She puts her arms around him.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

I'll come back and we'll work this out.

Simon maneuvers out of the hug, Jasmine keeps trying.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Yes. Yes.

SIMON

(resolute)

No.

JASMINE

Please.

Simon tries pushing her away, but she hangs on.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

(breaking)

No, you don't get to just
fucking leave me like this.

Simon pushes harder.

SIMON

No! No!

JASMINE

I don't have anybody. I don't
have anybody else.

SIMON

No!

Still holding his hands, Jasmine falls to the floor.
She's broken.

Simon stands over her.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(resolute)

Jasmine. You can never come
back.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - POOL - SUNSET

Overhead shot of Maya on the donut raft in Jasmine's
pool.

In her yellow bathing suit and matching cap, she looks like she just stepped (swam) out of a 50s movie.

She's humming to herself and basking in the comforting warmth of the late-day LA sun. She's bright. She's happy. She's confident.

And then, an emotionally strung-out Jasmine stumbles into the pool area, from the EAST GATE. She's got a joint in one hand and a half-bottle of champagne in the other.

JASMINE

(flat)

Oh. You're down here.

Jasmine sulks over to the view and stares out at the city.

Maya's so excited to see Jasmine, she doesn't notice how out of it she is. She paddles her raft toward Jasmine. And sloppily-yet-endearingly gets out.

MAYA

YAY! My human! Oh. My. God. We sold...sooo many shirts today.

JASMINE

(turns to Maya)

Awesome.

Maya, *trying* to be seductive, walks out of the pool.

MAYA

What do we do when we sell a shirt?

Jasmine stares at her and past her. She's here but she's not.

JASMINE

(dismissive)

Later, OK. We'll 'celebrate' later.

And she walks away, towards the back stairs up to her apartment.

Soaking wet and bewildered, Maya, hastily, gathers her towel, flip flops and bag, and SQUEAKING and DRIPPING, follows Jasmine.

MAYA
Hey! Jasmine.

Jasmine ignores her.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Hey...hey! Wait up.

Jasmine doesn't.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Babe, what's going on?

CUT TO:

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

We hear Jasmine outside in the hallway.

JASMINE
Leave me alone.

They enter.

MAYA
Are you mad at me?

JASMINE
Did you really just say that?

Jasmine heads into the bathroom. Maya just stands there.

MAYA
(calling after her)
Jasmine...

Jasmine shuts the door in Maya's face.

INT. JASMINE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jasmine tries to take one last hit off of her joint, but it's out. She opens a drawer and fumbles through one of the draws and takes out LITTLE BEDAZZLED CASE filled with pills. She takes out a couple, pops them in her mouth, and washes them down with champagne. She stares, hard, at herself in the mirror and cries.

JASMINE
(to herself)
What are you doing? What the
fuck am I doing?

Beat.

She opens the door. Maya hasn't moved, she's just dripping in the entryway. Jasmine walks past her into the living room.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
No. No, Maya, I'm not mad at
you. I haven't seen you all
day, we haven't interacted at
all and the last time we saw
each other we were in bed
together. So why? Why would I
possibly be mad at you? Not
everything's about you, or me,
or you and me.

Maya tenderly touches Jasmine.

MAYA
Jasmine what's wrong?

Maya tries to coddle her. Jasmine pushes her away.
Maya tries again, Jasmine pushes her away again.

JASMINE
Don't.

Jasmine lights a new joint and Maya tries again.

MAYA
Jasmine...

JASMINE
Don't!

MAYA
Just talk to me!

This time Jasmine pushes her away harder.

JASMINE
Take a *fucking* hint, dude.

Maya doesn't know what's happening. Her eyes are wide, her youth is showing.

MAYA
Just tell me!

JASMINE
Fine. FINE. You know the guy I see? The relationship that you have alllll the fucking opinions about? He just ended it with me.

Jasmine starts to cry. Maya tries to hide a smile.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Six years and in 10 minutes it's over.

Silence.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
(starts blubbering)
He just decided: no more and there's nothing I can fucking do about it. No more talking to him, no more being with him,
(looking around the apartment)
(MORE)

JASMINE (CONT'D)
no more him supporting me.
everything's fucking.

Maya steps in and (tries to) step up. She moves closer to Jasmine with her every word.

MAYA
(tenderly)
Jazz, we're making shirts now.
Come on, we can work this out.
You don't need him...you have
me.

JASMINE
Maya, this is not that. Stop
bullshitting yourself. I mean,
I like you, but you think
you're worth *five thousand*
dollars a month to me? DO YOU?

Maya starts shiver-crying.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
You're just a toy. You're a
fucking toy. And I'm done
playing.

This hits Maya hard.

MAYA
How could you say that?

Jasmine takes a deep breath.

JASMINE
I'm sorry, I... I'm sorry I
just...

Jasmine breaks.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
You just need to leave, OK?

Mays shakes her head no.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Yes.

MAYA

No!

JASMINE

Yes!

MAYA

NO!!!!

JASMINE

This should be over. OK? Look,
I'll give you the money for the
shirts that we sold together.
But you just have to go. You
can sleep on my couch tonight.
I'm going to sleep in my room.

ON MAYA. We can see her heart breaking. She cannot believe what's happening. She goes to speak, but nothing comes out. Instead she just mouths the words: "I'm not leaving." She tries again and this time she meekly gets it out.

MAYA

I'm not leaving.

The more Maya falls apart, the surer Jasmine is.

JASMINE

...And when you wake up
tomorrow, you need to be gone.

Maya shoots back.

MAYA

No! I don't! I'm not going!

JASMINE

I'm sorry.

And with that she walks away, leaving Maya alone with nothing but her wet bathing suit, BLUBBERING through stream of tears. She's destroyed and terrified and reeling.

MAYA

No!

(calling after Jasmine)

No!!!!

PUSH IN ON MAYA.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Awake and expressionless, Jasmine lies still in her bed. After a few moments, she finally hears what she's been waiting for. The front door SLAMMING shut. She's alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. JASMINE'S ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Up here looking out at the beautiful city as it wakes. Over this moment, we hear a KNOCK

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - LATER

The front door opens to reveal Maya crying on the doorstep.

SIMON

Maya...What is it? What's wrong?

All Maya can do is burst into tears and she runs into Simon's arms. He brings her from the entryway into the living room.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Honey...whatever it is, it's going to get better.

MAYA

It's not. I've been lying to you. I haven't been going home. I've been going to this girl Jasmine's house.

On Simon. He knows but he doesn't want to know.

MAYA (CONT'D)

And...we were making these shirts, we were designing these shirts, with my sketches. And they were actually selling! I don't know, I just thought that she loved me, and I thought she was falling in love with me. But then last night..she dumped me.

Simon contains his sorrow.

MAYA (CONT'D)

I just haven't been happy in so long. And she actually made me happy. I don't know what to do. I don't know where to go. I don't have anywhere to go.

Hold on Simon.

SIMON

(softly)

What about L'Accademia D'Arte?

MAYA

Huh?

SIMON

That's where you could go.

Maya is shocked, caught in a tsunami of emotions.

ON MAYA

MAYA
(smiling through her
tears)
Are you serious?

SIMON
I am.

As he speaks, Simon goes to his desk drawer and takes out an envelope.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Maya. I'm going take care of
the tuition.

Still reeling, but with joy coming on, Maya notices a box on a nearby table. It's filled with kids toys and a little girl's dress. There's a doll sticking out of the top.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I even bought you a plane
ticket.

He approaches her with the envelope.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I'm going to give you 5000
dollars a month for an
apartment, food, supplies.

MAYA
(processing...the
number!)
What?

SIMON
Five thousand. To spend however
you see fit.

On Maya. She cannot believe this.

MAYA

You...

It's all rushing into Maya's head, like a liquid puzzle. She backs away from Simon, into the living room, takes out her phone and starts to frantically scroll through it. Without taking her eyes off of her phone, she sits down on the couch.

SIMON

Yes, me. Maya I believe in you, I want to build on these last couple of months. Honey you have real talent. You need to make the most of it; you deserve to make the most of it.

After a moment, she finds that last piece: a picture from a couple of years on one of Jasmine's social media pages.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I know I can't make up for the past, but now I can be a part of your future. I love you.

Maya lands on a selfie of Jasmine in Simon's backyard.

There's this feeling when you know something is real, but you don't want to believe it. It's that last moment before everything goes to shit.

MAYA

(calling from the couch)

Is it Jasmine?

On the word Jasmine, Jasmine comes raring through the back door, ready to plead with Simon for reconciliation, but she hears her name and it stops her.

SIMON
Mays I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

He tries to hold her.

Maya pushes Simon away...

MAYA
DON'T TOUCH ME...I HATE YOU!

SIMON
I'm sorry, Maya, please...I'm
sorry...

JASMINE
(to Simon)
I love you.
(points to Maya)
I don't care about her.

SIMON
(to Jasmine)
You need to go. Go!

In the background we see Maya gathering up her stuff.

JASMINE
No! No...

SIMON
You need to go now.

On Jasmine.

JASMINE
Please! I need you...I need
you.

On Simon.

SIMON
GET. OUT. OF. HERE!!!!

The front door SLAMS.

Simon turns back around.

Maya's gone.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE UP:

ALLEY - LOS ANGELES - THE NEXT MORNING

Simon takes large trash bags out of the trunk of his car. We can see they're filled with the garage contents and lots of empty drug vials and paraphernalia. With resolution, he throws it all away. Gets into his car and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYA'S ROOM - LATE MORNING - A FEW DAYS LATER

The room is an even bigger disaster than before; clothes, food, random objects, beer and pill bottles are scattered about.

Maya's asleep in bed.

Rapid KNOCKING at the door wakes her up.

MAYA

Fuck off, Jim.

SIMON

It's not Jim.

Simon enters. He's focused, determined.

Maya rolls over.

MAYA

I really don't want to see you.

SIMON

Maya...

MAYA
(starts getting choked
up)
Please. Please...just leave me
alone.

SIMON
Just listen.

She sits up.

MAYA
LEAVE!

Surprisingly, Simon screams back.

SIMON
NO! Not yet.

MAYA
Why? What more could you
possibly do to me? I just wanna
die even being in the same room
with you. I don't ever want to
see you again.

SIMON
(unwavering)
I'm not a good person Maya. I'm
not a good person and I'm a
horrible father.
(gesturing downstairs)
And she is a terrible mother.
You got stuck with pathetic,
But you don't have to let us
win. You can leave. Please
don't be like me. Please don't
become what I've become.
Your life doesn't have to be a
mess.

He takes out the monogrammed envelope.

SIMON (CONT'D)
(stern but caring)
You're going to Florence,
you're going to school.

He takes her hand.

SIMON (CONT'D)
For the first time in my life
and in yours, I'm going to be
an actual father. I'm going to
do what's right.

He puts the envelope in it.

SIMON (CONT'D)
And so are you...

Maya stares at the envelope.

CUT TO:

EXT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING - A FEW
WEEKS LATER

Weary and worn Jasmine, still in last night's
clothes, smoking a joint and sipping from her half
bottle of champagne, mindlessly walks down the stairs
to her mailbox. She opens it and sees a package
inside. She tears the package open and finds a hard
drive.

INT. JASMINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jasmine plugs the drive into her computer and double
clicks it open.

There are hundreds and hundreds of jpegs on there.
She opens one. It's one of Maya's sketches. A emo
pixie doll with a huge smile on her face and a
teardrop of blood coming out of her eye. Caption:
"Don't Smile. Be Happy."

Jasmine's fixated on her screen. She clicks open
another file.

An emo pixie in a leather jacket blowing us a kiss.
Caption: "**Life comes 'n' blows**"

On Jasmine

She continues scrolling; laughing, crying, feeling herself come back.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLORENCE - MORNING - 2 MONTHS LATER

The city wakes up and starts its day along with one of its newer residents: Maya.

We follow

ROLL CREDITS.

THE END.