

HIGHLAND

Written by

Elizabeth Sarnoff

**HIGHLAND**

FADE IN:

**EXT. ROCK LEGEND'S PALATIAL HIDEAWAY - NIGHT**

A stunning Mid-Century retreat. Outside the massive steel double doors WE FIND - **MARGARET CHOI**.

She holds a white drugstore bag filled to the brim with - DRUGS. Bottles and bottles. Oxy and Darvos and Percs, Adderall and Ritalin, Klonnies and Ativans and Xanis to come down. A druggie's dream. Finally, the door opens revealing:

A reclusive and very famous **ROCK LEGEND**, for now we'll call him (ironically) **JOHN DOE** --

JOHN DOE  
Hey, Mags.

He greets Margaret and rucksack with a loopy half-shy smile. And cue the crazy music 'cause - Here. We. Go.

{{The following should be its own stylized, delirious opera - set to music and choreographed - a beautiful nightmare.}}

**INT. ROCK LEGEND'S PALATIAL HIDEAWAY - NIGHT**

DRUGS. DRUGS. DRUGS. Snorting. Chopping. Boozing.

Sex. Sex. Sex.

Margaret. Singing. Laughing. Dancing. Catching herself in the mirror. Studying herself. Posing. Stretching her face in every possible direction. Trying to see herself from behind.

Then, more SEX. More DRUGS. DRUGS SEX. DRUGS SEX. DRUGS SEX.

A musical interlude. Some singing. Margaret pounds a drum-set. Air guitars with a real guitar. Sings her heart out into can of hair spray. MORE Drugs. Margaret is high. Super HIGH. The best part it - fearless, bodacious - outrageous. FUNNNNNNNNNNN. She feels good. Really good.

And then, we maybe, kinda, SORTA, notice...

Margaret is partying solo. She's the only one singing. The only one dancing. The only one air guitaring. John Doe hasn't really said anything in a while. Or stood up. Or actually even moved. Where the fuck is he, anyway?

Margaret finds him on the couch. Seems to be... sleeping? Whatever. There's only one possible recourse - MORE DRUGS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Margaret. Chopping. Snorting. Playing dress up. Chopping. Snorting. Weeping. Chopping. Snorting. Cursing God.

John Doe doesn't wake up. He won't wake up. Margaret shoves him. Sits on him. Smacks his face. Begs and pleads with him; Wake up! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!!!

Yeah. He's dead. Dead. Dead. Dead. Shit. Fuck.

ON MARGARET. Only one recourse. More DRUGS. DRUGS. DRUGS.

But the fun is gone. Sorta. And finally. Exhaustively. SO ARE THE DRUGS. The white pharmacy bag is empty. She crumples it. Throws it. Rips it to shreds. Now it's time to fucking go.

So, Margaret starts CLEANING. As only a drug addict on a maniacal 10-day-binge can. Removes every fucking trace of herself from the Legend's Pad. Every fingerprint. Every lipstick smudge. Every puke stain. As SHE SPLITS, WE CUT TO:

**INT. RITE-AID PHARMACY - NIGHT**

Margaret. On the always long Pharmacy Line. Worse for fucking wear. Twitchy. Starting to HURT. Up and down. Manic and catatonic. High and crashing. Taps her foot as she stares at a bottle of Metamucil. Bites her thumb as the Depends catch her eye. Jesus fucking Christ, come on. Finally, finally --

She's at the counter. Gives a practiced look to the CLERK --

MARGARET

Hey, there --

- yeah, she knows him - a look that says 'Give me the usual' with insides screaming for relief. But the Clerk shakes his head, while slyly indicating a newly installed VIDEO CAMERA --

SHOP CLERK

(cough, cough, cough)

No can do.

Margaret stares at him. This is it. The final fucking straw. Desperation is in her eyes. And we go all SLO-MO now and WARPED as the kid slowly shakes his head, repeats --

SHOP CLERK (CONT'D)

Nooooo. Caaaaaann. Dooooooo.

ON MARGARET. 3. 2. 1 --

As she goes over the counter, grabbing and screaming for every pill she can get her hands on, WE SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**9 MONTHS LATER**

**EXT. GOLDEN PASSAGE REHAB CENTER - MORNING**

Crisp spring morning. Deep, deep in the Valley. Slightly desolate. Lots of greenery and brush, but not fancy. At all --

**INT. MARGARET'S ROOM - GOLDEN PASSAGE REHAB CENTER - MORNING**

A small plain room. A sad twin bed. Shit sheets. REHAB. WE FIND - MARGARET. She's packing. Not a lot of shit. Nothing personal. Really, just shoving tank tops into a duffel, AS --

JAMIE (o.c.)  
Graduation day is upon us.

**JAMIE WHITE** (40's) stands in the doorway. She's tall, black, beautiful. A seriousness about her, a gravitas - that's hard to miss. Yet, her smile is a killer --

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Ready for the outside world?

Super smart and super fucked up, Margaret took to her at first group therapy. They got close here in rehab (as people do), made dark confessions and shit. And now have LOTS of feelings for each other neither can quite fathom --

MARGARET  
Oh, yeah. Bring it on.

Her confidence belies a deep fucking terror. Last days will fuck people up - with their excitement, their nerves, their airs of hope and expectancy. Jamie feels it for her --

JAMIE  
I don't know, Mo - never thought  
I'd stay - can't imagine leaving...

MARGARET  
First timer syndrome.

JAMIE  
Implying it gets easier the...  
fourth, is it?

MARGARET  
Fourth, fifth - who's counting?  
(then; the truth)  
Is it weird I don't wanna go?

JAMIE  
Absence of desire for a thing does  
not inherently imply lack thereof  
of its opposite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET

When you say lawyer crap like that  
I'm not really sure we can be  
friends.

JAMIE

(the smile)  
We are unlikely friends.

MARGARET

Because you're all respectable and  
shit and I'm a life long dirt bag?

JAMIE

No. Because I'm black and you're  
Korean.

Which finally buys some levity from Margaret --

MARGARET

Gurrlllll, you're gonna miss me...

JAMIE

Oh, don't I know...

Jamie moves closer to her. And here's where the weird feelings  
come in. The closeness. The attraction --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Don't. I. Know.

-- which intimacy makes Margaret want to run. Yet something  
holds her to the spot. A moment longer. A pull to this woman  
that has befuddled her these last four months. They revel in  
this unspoken thing a moment longer and then --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Three more weeks. I'll see you  
then.

And Margaret snaps the fuck out of it. Real world --

MARGARET

Your wife coming up this weekend?

JAMIE

(nods)  
And the kids. Family therapy.

And for sure it's not a thing she's looking forward to --

MARGARET

That sounds hideous. I'm always so  
grateful not to have a family.

JAMIE

Don't do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET

What?

JAMIE

Lie to me. Like you do everyone else.

(indicates; them)

That's not how this works.

Margaret looks to her. The truth is fucking painful --

MARGARET

Not a one of them gives a fuck if I live or die.

Jamie looks at her friend. Knows this is her deepest pain --

JAMIE

Well, maybe you could change that.

MARGARET

Oh, no - that's all blood under the bridge.

(change of subject.)

We need a system. For fucking contact.

JAMIE

Ah, yes --

She reaches into her pocket, shows Margaret a small old-school purloined flip phone --

MARGARET

Where'd you get that tired phone?

JAMIE

I stole it. So you can leave messages. I'm gonna hide it.

She hands Margaret a slip of paper with the number --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Just talk to me. I'll listen.

-- keeps hold of her hand a moment longer than is comfortable. For either of them. Says softly --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Miss you already.

And OFF MARGARET, WE --

**INT. REHAB - NURSE'S STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Margaret signs her release papers. Her meager possessions are returned to her. The Nurse looks down at the paperwork --

NURSE  
Need your new address - so your  
Case Worker can check on you.

MARGARET  
2236 Laurel Canyon. LA, blah,  
blah...

NURSE  
Nice knowing you.

MARGARET  
You too.

And as she heads to the door, WE CUT TO:

**EXT. GOLDEN PASSAGE REHAB - MORNING**

A lone blue TAXI idles as --

Margaret steps outside. Holding her meager duffel of possessions. She's free. At last. And it's fucking terrifying. As she moves to the waiting cab, WE CUT TO:

**EXT. LAUREL CANYON - DAY**

We find OUR BLUE TAXI. Twisting through the turns. And see Margaret. Through the back window. As we go inside --

**INT. TAXI - DAY**

The **PERSIAN DRIVER** is watching her in the rearview --

Driver  
So, how was Rehab?

MARGARET  
Excuse me?

DRIVER  
Where I picked you - it's a Rehab,  
right? How was it?

MARGARET  
Oh, I was just... volunteering...

The driver turns, glances at her duffel --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER  
Ohhhkaaaayy...

Margaret gets comfy in the lie, shamelessly doubles down --

MARGARET  
I'm a Magician. Volunteer. I go to places like that to try to help. Y'know... people --  
(starting to enjoy this)  
-- senior centers, rehabs, jails -- who doesn't love magic? Give 'em something to think about - if only for a moment that isn't their own stupid miserable lives.

As we pull up to --

**EXT. MARGARET'S HOUSE - DAY**

A once cozy Laurel Canyon Cottage. Now a SHITBOX. Peeling paint. Leaking roof. Broken windows. Brown, weedy, overgrown lawn with of furniture on it. Our taxi stops. The door opens. Margaret starts to get out. Has a last word with the driver --

MARGARET  
Anywho, that's what I do. Try to help. Y'know.

Jesus. She gets out. Home Sweet Home. And now she sees it; what the fuck happened to this place? Margaret moves to the front door. Tries to play off with a smile, that it's OPEN --

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
(to the cab)  
Pull away, pull away, pull away...

Finally the taxi goes. As Margaret heads inside --

**INT. MARGARET'S HOUSE - DAY**

Ugh. It's bad. A mess. Druggies crash everywhere. All passed out or NODDING OUT. Hipster, out-of-work, oxy-addicted assholes and shitbags. In other words: IT'S A DRUG DEN. A modern shooting gallery. And it's gross.

Margaret takes it in. Scans the big main room looking for a familiar face amongst the take out boxes, filled ashtrays and drugged out losers. Finally sees --

MARGARET  
Betty, what the fuck?!

**ELIZABETH RODRIGUEZ** passed out in a worn club chair. Margaret moves to her, shakes her, gives her a little slap --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Betty? Betty! Wake up, c'mon -  
let's come alive --

Betty starts to come around, opens her eyes, focuses, YIKES --

BETTY  
Margaret?

MARGARET  
Yeah, it's Margaret - what the fuck  
happened to my fucking house?

BETTY  
Shit got a little... you could say,  
outta hand.

MARGARET  
I can see that. What the fuck,  
Betty - this is my house! You were  
supposed to watch it for me --

BETTY  
Hang on, hang on, hang on...

She tries to sit up, fumbles for a pack of cigs. Lights one,  
takes a huge drag. As she exhales --

BETTY (CONT'D)  
You know how Nigella Lawson give  
you this house 'cause you saved her  
life from dying that time with the  
epi pen or some shit?

MARGARET  
(no patience)  
Yeah, yeah, so???

BETTY  
Seems, you ain't the only one she  
give it to for gratitude or bravery  
or life-saving what-have-you's.

MARGARET  
What?

BETTY  
Girl, she give this fucking house  
to like ten different people!

MARGARET  
Who?

BETTY  
(glances around)  
They here somewhere. Or they be  
back. Or there be more coming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET  
Are you kidding me?

BETTY  
They knock on the door - 'Nigella give me this house!' Who am I to fucking argue? All's I am is housesitter and casual acquaintance to the previous fucking recipient.

MARGARET  
I don't have a house? I don't have a home?

It's all hitting her. And Margaret is fucking reeling --

BETTY  
Well, now, you do have one - it's just a shared situation. Is all.

Margaret lunges at Betty, grabs her by the collar --

MARGARET  
I can't live here! It's the oxy-equivalent of a fucking shooting gallery! I just got out of rehab!! You stupid fuck!!

She knows it's useless. Drops Betty. Thinks --

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Where's all my shit? Where'd you put it?

BETTY  
There's a box somewheres over there by the kitchen.

MARGARET  
Fuck you, Betty. Fuck you.

Margaret heads in that direction. Steps over a passed out loser. Fuck. This is a fucking nightmare. Until she reaches --

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Margaret finds a large, unsealed packing box. She looks inside. There isn't much. Muttered under her breath --

MARGARET  
Jesus fucking Christ...

She rifles through the box. A few tee shirts, an old copy of FUN HOME, a MIXED TAPE labeled 'LOVE YOU MAGS - JD.'

ON MARGARET. JD. John Doe...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her eyes threaten to fill with this sudden reminder. She's out. He's dead. He's not getting out. Not coming back. And what would happen if anyone ever found out she was there when he died? She quickly shoves the tape in her bag with the rest of her meager possessions.

Okay. She looks back to the box, all that remains is a couple of stray photos. She flips through them; Margaret partying hard, Margaret on a mechanical bull, Margaret lighting shots on fire, and then a really, really old photo:

Two Korean toddlers, a boy and girl, flank a Korean Man in his late 20's. The boy and girl are smiling. Margaret studies them. Their sweet smiles. Then looks to the Man. Likely their father. And now her eyes do fill.

And OFF HIS SERIOUS, UNSMILING EYES, WE CUT TO:

**INT. CHOI HOUSE - MORNING**

TIGHT ON - THOSE SAME EYES. AND THEN --

CLOSE QUICK CUTS. A MAN GETS DRESSED. We see more of the clothes than the man. LEVIS pulled from a drawer. An arm pushed through a DENIM SHIRT. Well worn TIMBERLANDS laced up a foot. A BOLO TIE fastened into place.

And now WE SEE the MAN HIMSELF. **JAI WOOK CHOI**. The man in the photograph. Margaret's FATHER.

Known to all simply as 'Jack.' Early 60's. Looks younger. Still handsome, still fit. A genuine masculinity about him. The kind that doesn't really exist anymore. Yet he looks a little... occupied, a little in his own head, AS WE HEAR --

SALLY (o.c.)

It's coming! It's tomorrow - God help me, it's here!

The accent is THICK and DRAMATIC. That of a New York Jewish Left Wing Divorcee from Brooklyn. A yenta. A Jewess.

Enter; **SARAH (SALLY) SILVERMAN CHOI** (62). Cher, in Moonstruck, 30 years later (but Jewish). This is Jack's WIFE. A little plastic surgery. A little make up. Gets her hair done. Has a treadmill and a rower. She looks GOOD. Good enough. Better than most --

SALLY (CONT'D)

You know how you plan and you plan and you plan and then suddenly, as if out of nowhere, it's tomorrow? The big day? And you feel you could've never had enough time or planning or tomorrows to come.  
(big inhale; then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY (CONT'D)  
 The men with the sign are here.  
 It's all lower case --  
 (sudden, new urgency)  
 -- did you know that?

JACK  
 (oy; nods)  
 Of course. Who do you think  
 designed it?

And unlike Sally, Jack has NO ACCENT. Like everything else  
 about him, Jack's taught his voice to be ENTIRELY AMERICAN --

SALLY  
 Well it's beautiful, artistic and  
 all how you prefer - but do you  
 think it's... grabby enough?

JACK  
 Grabby?

SALLY  
 You know, to draw people in? To say  
 hello, how are you, won't you  
 please come in and visit us?

JACK  
 When you have product that everyone  
 wants you don't have to be...  
 grabby. We are not an impulse  
 purchase. Our patron has gone to a  
 doctor, procured a prescription -  
 they know where they're going. Our  
 artful, low-key, non-grabby sign  
 tells them we are thoughtful and  
 respectable and delight to let our  
 product speak for ourselves.

SALLY  
 But, Jack - is it big enough?

JACK  
 We have no need to shout.

As he heads for the door --

SALLY  
 You're going then? - you're doing  
 it? - you're gonna give her half  
 the goddamn business?

JACK  
 You heard the lawyer - it's what  
 she's legally owed.  
 (then)  
 It will not affect you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sally laughs; snorts really - but not without love --

SALLY  
You are such an idiot.

Jack moves to his wife. Puts a calloused hand on her cheek --

JACK  
I've had as much luck fighting her  
as I've had fighting you.

He kisses her. With real affection. And now we see - these two like each other. Love each other even. It's for real. As Jack heads out and downstairs TO --

**INT. CHOI HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

He's making a bee-line for coffee when he sees - **STACEY CHOI** (16). Yep, a TEENAGER. At the open fridge --

JACK  
Take something, Daughter - or shut  
the door.

ON STACEY. She turns. Door still open - and now WE SEE she's very pretty. Big smile. Jasian (JewAsian) features working well and yet there seems to be something OFF about her --

STACEY  
'Morning, Daddy!

She flings her arms around Jack's neck and now we see; she's wearing a SCOLIOSIS BACK BRACE. Large, clunky and plastic, under her necessarily extra-large clothes. You'd never know it from her attitude though - she's cheerful as fuck --

STACEY (CONT'D)  
I'm so excited for you! Your very  
own weed store.

JACK  
Okay, Okay --  
(eyes the fridge)  
-- shut the refrigerator.

Stacey removes herself from him. Shuts the fridge door --

STACEY  
Just so you know - you're no fun  
anymore. At all. I mean, like none.

JACK  
I'll keep that in mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack HATES that his kid, who he ADORES, is in that fucking BACK BRACE. It's hard for him to really even look at her. So, he's pulled away. But that doesn't stop her from trying --

STACEY  
After school and weekends - that's  
when I can work - in the store.

JACK  
(stressed)  
Let's just get it open, okay?

And because Stacey doesn't understand that Jack's detachment is not caused by lack of love - but rather its opposite - she cannot comprehend this current lackluster response --

STACEY  
You want me to work there right? I  
mean you told me I had to.  
(apes him; Asian accent)  
'You live in the house, you work in  
the store.'

JACK  
That is not how I speak.

STACEY  
Uhm, yeah it is.

JACK  
I don't want you to get in trouble  
at school.

STACEY  
I'm not gonna get in trouble. I'm  
all straight A's and a bi-racial  
cripple --  
(mega attitude)  
-- that school is my bitch.

Jack's had enough. Takes his coffee and heads for the door --

JACK  
Don't talk like that. And yes,  
I want you to work in the store.

He's gone. She shouts after him --

STACEY  
Act like it then! You already have  
one daughter that hates you - I'm  
your last and only hope.

Stacey returns to the fridge, super-dramatically opens the door. OFF STACEY, as she stares inside, WE --

**EXT. HIGHLAND - DAY**

ON A SIGN. 'HIGHLAND.' A street sign. For the actual STREET. From which, WE TILT UP and OVER TO:

'highland'

A STOREFRONT SIGN. Neon, maybe. Small letters. Cool. Hip. Yet slightly old school. And, INVITING. The **SIGN GUY** moves it into place as we TILT DOWN to FIND --

JACK. EXITING the next door building onto the street (yes, the CHOI FAMILY HOME is located directly next to THE NEW STORE). He SEES THE SIGN. Steps back. Allows himself a moment. Really takes it in.

He's a man on the precipice of his dream. Marijuana is fucking legal. And he is two days from opening HIGHLAND. This is his triumphant return to the business of Weed --

SIGN GUY  
(calls down)  
Is it centered?

Jack disassembles his emotion, looks up at the SIGN GUY. And, as he gives him a big THUMBS UP, WE CUT TO:

**EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - DAY**

WIDE ON a gorgeous MANSION in the flats. INTO FRAME rides a taxi. Margaret steps out, shuts the door. Pulls a piece of scratch paper with an address from her bra. Yep. This is it. As she heads to the door --

**EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - POOLSIDE - DAY**

Opulent. Sunny. Beautiful. Margaret sits at a patio table, nervous, sweating in the sun, as she's studied by --

**BLACK COMIC GREAT**, we'll call him **DAVE CHAPELLE** (40's). Handsome. Successful. Once. But the sheen has faded. He's on the other side of his career --

DAVE CHAPELLE  
(remind me)  
You met my girl, Jamie...?

MARGARET  
In Rehab.

DAVE CHAPELLE  
Ah, Rehab... I love Rehab. All them rules. All them people just like you. Safe, y'know --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET

For sure --

DAVE CHAPELLE

Ever so slightly restrictive --  
 (smiles; rolls his eyes)  
 How's she doing in there? My girl,  
 Jamie...

MARGARET

She's doing okay. Good. Y'know -  
 really, really trying. Which I  
 respect. Especially for a first  
 time around.

DAVE CHAPELLE

That girl held it together. Long  
 ass time to go all out pill popping  
 without getting help. The Lady had  
 no bottom, just rode the lower  
 parallels to that good dark night.  
 (then)  
 But, y'know - who's to say about  
 anyone?

MARGARET

Who is.

DAVE CHAPELLE

Who's to say? In my own case -  
 bottom come fast and easy. I won't  
 lie - I tend on the side of needing  
 monitoring. Some babysitting. Some  
 good heartfelt nurturing. What you  
 say? You up to that, Miss Choi?

ON Margaret. She can barely take care of herself. But --

MARGARET

Actually, Mr. Chapelle, I consider  
 an unhealthy codependency one of my  
 specialties.

-- she lies. And even he's suspicious --

DAVE CHAPELLE

Even though you fresh outta Rehab?

MARGARET

I've always been much better at  
 taking care of others than myself.

DAVE CHAPELLE

(convinced)  
 Ain't that the motherfucking truth  
 of all of us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She can't help but smile. Phew. And there's a charm to this guy. A sweetness. He actually seems... okay. He points to a small GUEST HOUSE, just beyond the pool --

DAVE CHAPELLE (CONT'D)  
Pool shack comes with the gig - if  
that sweetens the deal.

And Margaret is genuinely touched by this. Sympathy from a stranger makes her suddenly emotional. Her smile softens --

DAVE CHAPELLE (CONT'D)  
Fresh outta rehab is something I  
know.

Margaret exhales. Maybe for the first time this day. She's careful not to let the relief come, though can sense it cresting just beyond the hill, and then --

Dave Chapelle pulls the COPPER TIBETAN PENDANT he's wearing from his neck. Removes the stopper. And tap, tap, TAPS a good quantity of COCAINE onto the attached RED CORAL SPOON --

DAVE CHAPELLE (CONT'D)  
(re; house and pool)  
All this - it comes it goes. I am  
only its present guardian.

But Margaret? She hears nothing now. The whole world for her having become reduced to that SPOONFUL OF COKE. And SNOOOOOORT. Up his nose it goes. He squinches his eyes, shakes it off. Then looks to Margaret --

DAVE CHAPELLE (CONT'D)  
The bar is open.

ON MARGARET. Her eyes like saucers. As WE PUSH IN TO THEM --

**INT. MARGARET'S MIND - FLASH CUT**

Grinding music. A raucous party. A bed. White sheets. Jet black flesh. The rainbow colors of Margaret's tattoos. As she snorts a line off the Black Comic Great's great ass, WE --

**EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - DRIVEWAY - DAY**

Margaret hurries down the driveway. She's outta there. In the corner of her vision she spies a spanking new **IO HAWK**. No time to waste. She hurries to it. Jumps on top, then LEANS. AS Margaret takes off on a brand new set of wheels --

**EXT. HIGHLAND BACK ALLEY - DAY**

A POWDER BLUE VW VAN IDLES in the ALLEY. **TWO SECURITY GUARDS** in HAWAIIAN SHIRTS remove TRUNKS full of WEED. A TALL AMERICAN INDIAN, **DAKOTA GREENWATER**, (50's), long time Humboldt Grower and old pal of Jack's, admires the store --

                  DAKOTA  
Well done, Jai Wook - I'm happy for  
you.

                  JACK  
Means the world from you, Dakota.

As coming to help his DAD is **JONAH CHOI** (20). Tall. Thin. Wispy. Super cute. Not masculine enough to be really handsome. But pretty. Most people think he's gay --

                  JONAH  
Hey, Dakotes.

                  DAKOTA  
You got tall.

                  JONAH  
Same as last you saw me.

                  DAKOTA  
More manly, perhaps.

                  JONAH  
I don't think so.

And knows exactly what he is - which is a part of his charm. Dakota watches as he helps the Guards with the trunks --

                  DAKOTA  
I'm happy for you, Jai Wook.

                  JACK  
(considers him)  
You said that.

Dakota moves closer to him. Lowers his voice --

                  DAKOTA  
Back up there, in the hills. You  
remember? The hours, the rain, the  
waiting - nothing but time for  
mixed or soured feelings to grow  
and fester.

Jack knows of what Dakota speaks. It concerns him --

                  JACK  
Soured feelings?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAKOTA

About your sudden departure. From the growing business. And now - poof - this amazing return. Some sour heads are truly spinning...

JACK

And your head, Dakota? Does your head spin or sour?

DAKOTA

Jai Wook, you've known me since I was a boy.

And then --

SALLY (O.C.)

Jack! You're late. Late --

(to Dakota)

-- Hello, Dakota, hello - Jack is late - per usual --

(to Jack)

If you're going, go! Jonah and I will help - it's not Rocket Science.

(to Dakota)

And how is Mrs. Greenwater?

DAKOTA

There is no Mrs. Greenwater --

SALLY

Exactly why I'm asking...

AS JACK GOES, deeply affected by his old pal's words, WE --

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SERVICES - DAY**

A Government building. Drab. Dim. Depressing. And here comes MARGARET. IO HAWKING through the cubicles looking for --

MARGARET

Stella Luna? Stella Luna? Stella Luna?

Nope. Nope. Nope. And then, from a far off cubicle --

STELLA (O.C.)

Can I help you?

We see **STELLA LUNA** (40's). Every bit the harried case worker we've seen except: 1) she's a LITTLE PERSON and 2) she's wearing an EVENING GOWN. As Margaret skids to a stop by her office --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET

Hi. I'm Margaret. Margaret Choi? -  
you're my case worker, and I gave  
the rehab the wrong home address,  
so I was hoping... that I could,  
like maybe fix that? --

STELLA

Do you have an appointment?

MARGARET

Nope. I do not. No way, no how.

Stella considers Margaret. Points to a bench --

STELLA

Wait.

She goes back to her office. OFF MARGARET, WE CUT TO:

**EXT. KOREATOWN - STRIP MALL - DAY**

Frantic, bustling Koreatown. Somewhere near 6th Street.  
Traffic. Foot and auto. It's loud. Frenetic.

FIND JACK. Pulling his BLUE FORD MUSTANG into the Strip Mall  
and parking in front of KANG HO DONG KWAN BBQ RESTAURANT. Jack  
gets out of the car. Anyone can see the absolute DREAD in his  
features. As he heads for the restaurant --

**INT. KANG HO DONG KWAN BBQ RESTAURANT - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

It's packed. Tables full of loud eating, talking, arguing and  
laughing. And then, Jack Choi ENTERS. A HUSH falls over the  
room. All eyes look toward --

A small but formidable older KOREAN WOMAN sitting at A LARGE  
TABLE. This is - **YOUNG SUE CHOI KWAN** (65). Jack's first wife  
and Margaret's MOTHER. A firecracker. Uptight. Outspoken. And  
RIGHT. About all her millions of opinions. Which she expresses  
constantly in a THICK KOREAN ACCENT. As Jack approaches --

JACK

I see you invited the entirety of  
your family to witness my  
humiliation.

YOUNG SUE

They were once your family too.

Ahhhh, so these aren't randoms. These aren't strangers. This  
table is Young Sue's family. Jack's former IN-LAWS --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG SUE (CONT'D)  
That's what you get for parading  
your 'trophy wife.'

Relations are not good. They hate each other. Particularly  
since she's demanded her almost-half of the new business --

JACK  
I brought the papers.

YOUNG SUE  
What's your rush? Yunjin and Kwan  
have cooked for days.

JACK  
I have a store to open.

YOUNG SUE  
Half of which is mine.

JACK  
Part --

YOUNG SUE  
Half, minus one percent --

JACK  
Still not half...

YOUNG SUE  
No, full half belong to Rich Trophy  
Wife. Her settlement, pay my  
settlement. Now and forever.

JACK  
You took my kids and now you take  
my money.

The **MAN** next to Young Sue turns, whispers harshly to Jack --

MAN  
Must you do this now?

40's. Handsome. Dignified. In a smart suit. Jack nods --

JACK  
Hello, Daniel.

His eyes meet Jack's. They are not warm. At all --

DANIEL  
Hello, Father.

This is **DR. DANIEL CHOI**. Jack and Young Sue's son and  
Margaret's Twin. Yep. You heard right. This humorless stiff is  
Margaret's twin. He's a doctor. Hates his father. And OFF THIS  
unhappy reunion, WE --

**INT. SOCIAL SERVICES - WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Margaret. On the bench. Waiting. She shifts position. Crosses her legs. Goes Indian Style. Can't take it. Tries to lay down. SIGHS. She's the most impatient person on earth.

She sits up. Looks to an old pile of magazines. Pulls out a crinkled ROLLING STONE. On the cover: '**The Mysterious Death of a Legend**' and a photo - JOHN DOE. Margaret stares at the photo. And as she opens the magazine, WE CUT TO:

**INT. HIGHLAND - STORAGE ROOM - DAY**

WE FIND SALLY, JONAH and STACEY in the storage room that's been designated for JOINT ROLLING. Jonah and Stacey are both grinding while Sally holds up a STUNNING GOLD/GREEN BUD --

SALLY

They're so beautiful --  
(then, sniffs)  
What brand is this again?

JONAH

Strain, Ma - it's called a strain.

SALLY

Strain, brand, whatever -- it's like you take pleasure in my every slightest error --

STACEY

It's Thin Mint Cookie --

SALLY

-- it smells like a cookie!

JONAH

A distant cousin of Girl Scout Cookie.

SALLY

Girl Scout Cookie - is that even appropriate? --  
(sudden hysteria)  
-- are they marketing to kids?

JONAH

You know they're not marketing to kids, Ma - you have to be 18 to get a license.

Sally's rubbing her fingers together in distaste --

SALLY

It's sticky -- this 'girl scout cookie' -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STACEY

That's from the molasses - a lot of growers feed it to the plants right before harvest.

JONAH

Actually, it's the trichomes - which produce the resin and have all, like - the THC.

STACEY

That doesn't even mean what you think it means.

SALLY

It's getting under my nails.

Jonah starts loading ROLLING PAPERS into the new ELECTRIC JOINT ROLLING MACHINE; an OLD TIMEY METAL CONTRAPTION --

JONAH

Okay, so you load the papers here --

Sally stands next to him observing with measured awe --

SALLY

Look at all the little slots!

JONAH

And then you take the ground bud and dump it in --

He starts to do so. Sally starts to get it --

SALLY

Would you look at that -- it's automatic-ish.

The machine is loaded. Jonah flips the switch. Bing. Bam. Boom. 50 joints are rolled. Voila --

ON SALLY. Watching her kids, unloading the joints. She looks from the machine. To her son. Her daughter. Her eyes get wet. This is a fucking weird thing to be doing with your kids --

STACEY

You okay, Mom?

SALLY

What? Yeah. Of course. So many things to get done today --

She goes to leave. Then looks back at them. Bagging joints --

SALLY (CONT'D)

I can trust you both? With the... all the... 'MaryJane?'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONAH  
What do you think? We're gonna,  
like steal?

STACEY  
From Dad?

SALLY  
Wouldn't be the first time.

But she doesn't mean them, of course --

JONAH  
For him.

SALLY  
Yes, yes. I'm sorry.

STACEY  
Would be, for us. We don't steal.

SALLY  
(as she goes)  
Your mother is sorry. Very sorry!

She's gone. Stacey looks to Jonah --

STACEY  
She is never going to survive this.

JONAH  
Like, never.

Off the siblings, WE CUT TO:

**INT. SOCIAL SERVICES - WAITING ROOM**

Over Margaret's shoulder - ON THE MAGAZINE. John Doe in concert. Margaret looks at him. He was a beautiful fucker. And something else. In her eyes. She cared about him --

STELLA (O.C.)  
Miss Choi?

Margaret looks up. As Stella Luna waves her into the office --

**INT. CASE WORKER'S OFFICE - SOCIAL SERVICES - CONTINUOUS**

Margaret enters. Stella indicates a rather thick file --

STELLA  
You've been a busy girl...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET

That's the old me - I assure you.  
Fresh outta Rehab - New Leaf,  
entirely.

STELLA

And yet you already seem to have  
given your rehab a false address?

MARGARET

Well, you see, not false, exactly -  
as it turns out, my house - I  
thought, she gave it to me - but  
really - and this job -- it didn't -  
(shakes her head)  
-- lotta drugs - the kind I like -  
I mean not favesies or anything,  
but - I'm gonna - was wondering  
actually if maybe there was a  
y'know - sober living situation  
available, like - sober, now, right  
away...

Margaret's trying to be cute. Use personality to get what she  
wants. Stella studies her. She's quite good at her job --

STELLA

You know what I see when I look at  
you? An addict. Trying to charm and  
manipulate her way through life.  
That's it - that's all.

Margaret takes that in. So much for cute. Plays it off --

MARGARET

You're lucky you're a Little  
Person.

STELLA

Or you'd punch me in the face?

MARGARET

You got that right.

STELLA

Defensiveness? Not your friend.  
That's your act. And it doesn't  
work in here.

(leans in)

You are in a peril-filled moment  
right now, young lady - and I'm  
glad you came to me - not a bar,  
not a drug-dealer - lil 'ol me. You  
need a place to live and a job. And  
this is serious, Margaret Choi -  
because you almost went to jail,  
which means next time?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STELLA (CONT'D)  
 You will go to jail. So... do you  
want to be sober?

ON MARGARET. Good question. And all she wants to do is tell this Little Stella to go fuck herself. Because it makes her feel vulnerable. And afraid. To really really want that --

MARGARET  
 Yes.

STELLA  
 And are you willing to take the  
 required steps to be sober?

Oh, fuck - this is hard. Margaret's insides scream 'no!'  
 Anything, please, anything but that --

MARGARET  
 (fuck you)  
 Yes.

STELLA  
 Okay, uno, what do you do for work?

Margaret's relieved to move on to more comfortable terrain --

MARGARET  
 Well, mostly I've been working as a  
 personal assistant --

Stella looks unimpressed, Margaret quickly goes on --

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 -- for celebrities - like, a Gal  
 Friday - slash friend - slash  
 confidante - slash...  
 (drug procurer)  
 -- pharmacy... liaison.

STELLA  
 You're a professional friend and  
 drug dealer?

MARGARET  
 I do more than that - obviously.  
 (searches)  
 Errands... errands... tasks...

STELLA  
 And what skills does that employ?

MARGARET  
 It's not a 'skill' thing exactly --

And now Margaret starts to feel it - SHAME. Creeping up the  
 back of her neck like little hot poker footprints --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 -- more like you have to have the  
 right... personality, y'know? Fit  
 in with everyone, be funny - a  
 delight to have around - life of  
 the party type of thing.

STELLA  
 And you've made a living doing  
 this?

The HOT POKER HEAT has reached her face now. She's flushing  
 with embarrassment. And she hates it --

MARGARET  
 I'm sorta given money and things.  
 Like, not as direct remuneration  
 but more an implied employment.  
 Like how I got my house.

STELLA  
 Oh. The one, for some reason, you  
 can't live in?

Margaret looks away. Ouch. Holds to her remaining dignity --

MARGARET  
 Yes. The one I cannot live in.

STELLA  
 Can you do anything else? Is there  
 anything you'd like to try?

MARGARET  
 Try?

STELLA  
 Yeah, try. Like all things being  
 equal and if dreams were possible  
 you'd end up trying...?

ON MARGARET. And now she fucking loses it --

MARGARET  
 Try? Dreams? Are you fucking  
 kidding me??? Here's my dream - not  
 to feel like the worst piece of  
 shit every second of every fucking  
 day from being the fuck-up that  
 always fucking fucks everything up.

She looks away. There are tears. She can't stop them --

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 ... I'm so tired.

Stella studies her. A beat. Then, slowly and firmly --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STELLA  
Do you want me to help you?

And Margaret forces herself to meet Stella's waiting eyes.  
It's the most vulnerable she's been in a long time --

STELLA (CONT'D)  
I know you don't feel deserving of  
it. My help. But do you want it?

A beat. A real one. And then --

MARGARET  
Yes.

Stella jumps to her feet --

STELLA  
So, since you have no skills...

-- reaches her desk, pulls a box of BUSINESS CARDS over,  
thumbs through them, finds one --

MARGARET  
Wait - that's not true - I have one  
- I can merge two calls on an  
iPhone.  
(off Stella's look)  
Do you know how hard that is?

Stella hands Margaret a BUSINESS CARD --

STELLA  
I'm starting you with animals -  
you're not ready for humans yet.

MARGARET  
(reads)  
Polished Professional Pet Care.

STELLA  
Owned by my friend, Patty Wu.  
Mention my name, she'll give you  
shifts. Now, there is absolutely a  
Sober Living House I could send you  
to - but you're gonna hate it.

MARGARET  
(thinks; then)  
Maybe it'll be good for me to hate  
it.

STELLA  
Your file says you have a family.  
And amazingly, they all live here,  
in Los Angeles.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STELLA (CONT'D)  
You even have a twin - how can you  
not be close to your twin?

MARGARET  
I hate him.

STELLA  
Books have been written. Papers  
drafted. Poems penned on the  
intensity and intimacy of twins.

MARGARET  
He's a doctor. And a jerk.

STELLA  
Mother?

MARGARET  
No way. Never. Never ever.

STELLA  
Father?

MARGARET  
Ah. Well. He hates me.

And we see it - a FLASH of anger from Margaret. To cover the  
endless, unbearable hurt. Stella sees it too --

STELLA  
I'd imagine he's probably angry  
with you about a lotta things he  
has every right to be angry with  
you about. But hate...?

MARGARET  
He ditched me when I was 5. There's  
a new wife, new kids...

And it hurts her to say it, but --

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
-- he doesn't want me there.

STELLA  
Perfect. A family home.

MARGARET  
He doesn't want me there.

STELLA  
Address?

Margaret stares at Stella. Oh, boy. Oh, shit. Oh, fuck --

MARGARET  
767 North... Highland.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STELLA  
Good. See you there tomorrow.

AND OFF MARGARET, did that just happen? WE CUT TO:

**INT. KANG HO DONG KWAN BBQ RESTAURANT - DAY**

FIND JACK. Having joined YOUNG SUE and DANIEL. She now sits flanked by ex-husband and son. Neither of whom look pleased. Jack produces some LEGAL PAPERS, turns to show them to Young Sue, but she's already clinking her glass --

JACK  
What are you doing?

YOUNG SUE  
Making a toast of course.

She gets to her feet. All eyes at the table now upon her --

YOUNG SUE (CONT'D)  
I came to America when I was only a girl.

Oh, boy. Jack leans back in his chair. Catches Daniel's eye conspiratorially --

JACK  
(whispers; as a joke)  
She was 30.

But Daniel looks away, not interested in this gang up --

YOUNG SUE  
And it was on that dark and dangerous journey that I met my future husband --  
(barely concealed disgust)  
-- Jai Wook Choi. We all know how that turned out. But on this day we celebrate the rectifying of a wrong, the payment of a debt long due.  
(deep breath; somber)  
Cancer. Hepatitis. Epilepsy. Aids, Arthritis, Brain Tumor. Glaucoma, Insomnia and Hypertension. All of these diseases and many many more are now treatable with specially made and manufactured very Medical Cannabis.

SCRAAAAPE. The sound of Daniel's chair moving back. He rises, leaves the room. Young Sue ignores him, continues --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG SUE (CONT'D)  
 We are proud to be a part of this  
 new and exciting effort. A fully  
 one hundred percent legal business  
 opportunity.

She raises her glass with her right hand. The rest of the  
 table follows in kind --

YOUNG SUE (CONT'D)  
*Gun-bae!*  
 (then; in English)  
 To Highland.

EVERYONE  
*Gun-bae!*

They all drink. Not Jack. He's in a rage --

**EXT. SMALL WEHO BUNGALOW - DAY**

Cute and tiny. A sign on the lawn reads: POLISHED PROFESSIONAL  
 PET CARE. Margaret IO HAWKS UP. Skids to a stop. Hops off.  
 Hears BARKING. As she heads inside --

**INT. POLISHED PROFESSIONAL PET CARE - DAY**

Lotta animals. Of all varieties. Dogs for sure. Running wild.  
 Cats. Couple of bird cages. Reptile tank. You get the picture.  
 At a desk, in the center of the entrance room sits - PEGGY WU  
 (40's). Korean. Pretty but plain. Nice but strict. Old  
 fashioned but secretly yearning for freedom.

A BELL RINGS as Margaret opens the door, pokes her head in --

MARGARET  
 Knock, knock --

PEGGY  
 (into endlessly ringing  
 phone)  
 Polished Professional Pet Care...  
 what kinda puppy? - adorable! --

Peggy gives Margaret the universal gesture for hang on a sec.  
 So she takes in the room and its craziness --

PEGGY (CONT'D)  
 -- okay, okay, no problem - bring  
 her by, anytime. Thank you!

She hangs up. Focuses her attention on Margaret. Quickly takes  
 in the tattoos, the hair, the look overall --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEGGY (CONT'D)  
You're one of Stella's.

And Margaret loves instantly being pigeon-holed like this --

MARGARET  
I'm so certain that's not a  
compliment.

PEGGY  
Ever walked dogs before?

MARGARET  
In my life?

PEGGY  
Well, we can start there.

MARGARET  
I know how to walk a dog.

PEGGY  
Are you sure? Because it's changed.  
You gotta pick up after them. And  
sometimes the clients like a  
picture of the... deposit.

MARGARET  
What?

PEGGY  
And evidence of their loved ones  
safe back at home after.

MARGARET  
Evidence? Like a photo with a  
newspaper in it?

PEGGY  
Think you can handle all that?

MARGARET  
Look I don't know about the  
newspaper photo but I know I can  
walk a dog. I know that. On an  
occasional, and maybe part-time --

PEGGY  
No part time. Not for Stella's  
people. Full time or nothing.  
That's our deal.

MARGARET  
And full time is...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEGGY

Monday through Friday. Six or more  
dogs a day. 50 minute walks.

ON MARGARET. That is a big commitment. BIG. But she's got no  
fucking choice. Makes lemonade --

MARGARET

Great. I'll lose weight.

PEGGY

Are you an early riser?

MARGARET

Only in Rehab.

PEGGY

We'll start you at 10.

MARGARET

AM?

OFF MARGARET, WE CUT TO:

**INT. KANG HO DONG KWAN BAR - CONTINUOUS**

Jack finds Daniel behind the empty bar, reaching for a bottle  
of Whiskey. A good one --

JACK

I'll join you.

Daniel's pause is brief, but enough to imply 'nobody asked  
you' as he pours a second drink. Pushes it in front of Jack,  
who holds it up and takes a swig. Daniel does the same --

JACK (CONT'D)

Are you drinking at her or me?

DANIEL

Either. Both.

(then)

Another?

JACK

Why not. We can take it.

Daniel pours. Jack holds his glass --

JACK (CONT'D)

I can't make you stop hating me,  
son. That I cannot do.

(sips)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)  
 But I can hope to be available for  
 the day when maybe that hate  
 lessens to something that might  
 make my presence in your life...  
 (thinks; then)  
 -- tolerable.

He looks to his son. Their eyes meet and hold. Jack raises his  
 glass, drinks. So does Daniel. Then --

JACK (CONT'D)  
 And maybe you'll stop writing those  
 terrible articles about 'Deadly  
 Marijuana' - now that even your  
 mother seems to be on board.

Daniel visibly deflates. So that's what this is about --

DANIEL  
 I was waiting for it to come back  
 to you.

JACK  
 This is about all of us now. Your  
 mother's half is your half.

DANIEL  
 My beliefs are my beliefs.

JACK  
 Your beliefs are a result of your  
 childhood. You're a Doctor now -  
 you're supposed to help people.

DANIEL  
 Fuck you, Dad. I do help people.  
 You're a Goddamn glorified drug  
 dealer. And a selfish prick.

YOUNG SUE (O.C.)  
 That's enough.

Young Sue approaches. And she's not fooling around --

YOUNG SUE (CONT'D)  
 (to Daniel)  
 Get my coat. Now.

Daniel goes. Glancing a final time at Dad. Who looks AWAY.  
 Young Sue hands Jack the SIGNED PAPERS --

YOUNG SUE (CONT'D)  
 Nice doing business with you.

JACK  
 This is my business. Mine. You are  
 a silent partner.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SALLY

It's just today really isn't a first-rate day for a visit, or reunion, should we call it? A homecoming - or whatever else you have in mind --

As Margaret eyes a small expensive looking sculpture --

SALLY (CONT'D)

... or up your sleeve --

MARGARET

I'm not here to steal.

SALLY

Who said anything about stealing? Did I say stealing? I did not say stealing. Look - you're here now, that's what's important. No stealing. Not like the last time. Or the time before. No one said it.

MARGARET

Where's my Dad?

SALLY

He'll be back any minute. Sit?

Sally has a way of making a question sound like a command. Margaret hears it. They sit in unison. A beat. AS WE --

**INT. CHOI HOUSE - KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS**

STACEY (O.S.)

Jonah?

Jonah's leaning out of the kitchen trying to listen in on his mother and Margaret's conversation --

JONAH

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!

STACEY

(whispers)  
What is it?

JONAH

(mouths)  
Margaret.

STACEY

(with extreme distaste)  
Margaret?? As in our 'sister???'

AS --

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CHOI HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS**

No one has spoken. Sally can't take it. Says anything --

SALLY  
You look... well.

Margaret's had a really long fucking day. And now? She's nervous and desperate, And desperation simply demands defensiveness, which then in turn requires rudeness --

MARGARET  
I look 'well?' Y'know, it's one thing to call me a thief, Sally - but to say I look 'well' as if it's a compliment??

Oh boy. Instant regret from Sally --

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
What's that mean? Fat? Drunk. Spirit broke? Slobby? High? Am I nodding out and unaware?

SALLY  
Just a nicety. No hidden meaning. No meaning at all, I assure you.

Margaret nods slightly maniacally, lasers in on Sally --

MARGARET  
You look 'well' too - like 'well' enough that maybe you had a little more surgery.  
(scrutinizes)  
A nip. A tuck. A big 'ol fat slurp. Did you save it, the fat? You can do that now, you know.  
(whispers)  
Save it for somewheres else.

AS --

STACEY  
Margaret?

JONAH  
Holeeeee Shit.

Margaret looks up - the kids. What the fuck are their names?

MARGARET  
Oh, hey - hi, guys - how are you?

STACEY  
(annoyed)  
Stacey and Jonah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET  
Jonah, Stacey...

JONAH  
Yo, Margaret. What's up?

Jonah fist bumps her. Trying to play it cool. But he's entirely pleased to see her. She's his half sister and he sometimes sees pictures of her with celebrities --

MARGARET  
Just came to see my Dad --

JONAH  
Excellent. Cool.

STACEY  
Why?

But Stacey is another story. She's more suspicious of Margaret. Perhaps, more threatened --

JONAH  
Take it easy Stace - like, chill.  
(to Margaret)  
Pay no attention to her.

STACEY  
Does Dad even know you're coming?  
Because it isn't a good time.

JONAH  
Actually, it's a great time - did you see the new weed store?

MARGARET  
Weed store?

She's incredulous. Her family owns a weed store? --

JACK (O.C.)  
What the hell are you doing here?

Jack. In the doorway. Not happy - AT ALL - to see his kid. And Margaret? She's incredulous --

MARGARET  
You opened a fucking Weed Store?

Jack looks to his other two kids, his tone serious --

Jack  
Out.

And when he's like this - they fucking listen. Split. Jack looks to Sally. 'I've got this.' Then to Margaret --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack (CONT'D)  
C'mon.

And as she SLOWLY RISES, WE --

**EXT. CHOI HOUSE - NIGHT**

Jonah and Stacey spill out and head down the street --

JONAH  
Holee Shit.

STACEY  
What is she doing here?

JONAH  
I don't know, but I hope she stays.

STACEY  
Are you kidding? She'll mess up  
everything with the store.

JONAH  
Yeah, but no one will even notice  
what we're doing.

STACEY  
I'm not doing anything!

JONAH  
Well, now's your shot, Little Miss  
Perfect. Kiss a boy, drink some  
sizzurp, try a little weed.

STACEY  
Shut up.

JONAH  
You have to try it, y'know.

STACEY  
Why?

JONAH  
(duh)  
You're gonna be selling it. You  
have to like, know what it does.

STACEY  
What if she wants a job in the  
store?

JONAH  
Margaret? - Awesome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STACEY

Why do you like her so much? She does nothing but hurt Dad.

JONAH

(simple)

Because she's cool.

BEEP. A horn honks. A CLASSIC 50's VOLVO has pulled to the curb. CHARLIE BELL (38), driving. Jewish, smart, sorta cute --

JONAH (CONT'D)

Who's that douche?

STACEY

Charlie? I baby sit for him?

She heads to the car, he shouts after her --

JONAH

And anyway, I'm pretty sure Dad can, like - take care of himself.

And OFF JONAH, WE CUT TO:

**INT. ICE CREAM SHOPPE - NIGHT**

A sparsely populated old school establishment. FIND Jack and Margaret tucked into a booth --

MARGARET

I didn't know.

JACK

Don't lie.

MARGARET

I didn't. I swear. On my life.

JACK

Your swear means almost nothing. Less than nothing. You lie like you breathe.

MARGARET

I just got out of Rehab - do you really think I'd humiliate myself asking to stay with you if I knew I'd be living in a fucking Weed Store?!

It's too loud. And there's cursing. A PASSING SERVER gives them a look. Jack is appalled --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK  
 Keep your voice down.  
 (then)  
 You want to... stay with us?

Jack's mind whirls. Margaret is already awash in regret --

MARGARET  
 I didn't mean for it to come out  
 like that --

JACK  
 Because --

MARGARET  
 It came out wrong, ok?

JACK  
 Ok...

This is going badly. Margaret goes for a quick change --

MARGARET  
 So, congrats - on the store.

JACK  
 Thank you.

MARGARET  
 I mean, I'd imagine, if I knew you  
 at all, that that'd be like your  
 dream or something. To have a weed  
 store.

It's because she does know him, that she knows. And it affects  
 him. His eyes soften just enough to look at her --

JACK  
 Yes. It is. A dream.

MARGARET  
 What's that like?

JACK  
 I guess, I thought it would feel...  
 different.

MARGARET  
 Because you're still you, right?  
 And sometimes whatever it is, is  
 just as miserable as everything  
 else, because, y'know - we're  
 still... 'us.'

He looks at her. She's described exactly how he feels. And  
 there's a moment of their eyes meeting and connection --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK  
You and me. Two peas in a pod.

She can't tell if he means it or not. But it would flatter her if he did. And when he sees that want in her, that need --

JACK (CONT'D)  
But we are nothing alike.

-- he rejects it. Like the slamming of a door. And it hurts --

MARGARET  
(covering)  
'Course not - I was just saying...

AS THE SERVER ARRIVES with TWO ICE CREAM SUNDAES. Puts one down in front of Margaret and one in front of Jack --

JACK  
Thank you.

Margaret pulls her Sundae close. Grabs her spoon. Starts really tucking into it like any good addict with sugar --

MARGARET  
Why'd you bring me here anyway?

JACK  
Here?  
(shrugs)  
You always love ice cream.

MARGARET  
That's what you remember? When you think of me - that's your big reminiscence? I like ice cream?

JACK  
When I'm trying to think of something nice.

MARGARET  
(ouch)  
Last time you knew me - when we were actually acquainted - I was 5. All 5-year-olds love ice cream.

JACK  
Your mother left me.

MARGARET  
Because you started growing weed.

JACK  
To support my family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET

Yeah, my pain was a favor you did for me. Get real, you chose illegal work to get out of a suffocating marriage. Hey, I don't blame you - she's a C-word.

JACK

Margaret.

MARGARET

You know.

JACK

(then)

You disapprove of my work?

MARGARET

Who am I to be judgie? I love having a drug dealer for a father.

JACK

Pot is not a drug. And a logger can't pay for Sarah Lawrence.

MARGARET

Fucking dyke school. You know what I learned there? I got a degree, a fucking bachelors, in pussy. With a minor is how to be a fucking lezzie.

The language, the content - it kills him. He looks away --

JACK

Actually you got no degree - no degree at all. You got arrested, forcibly removed from campus and expelled. Any idea what that cost me?

MARGARET

In dollars or time? Because the latter is a big fat zero.

JACK

You have always been so hurtful. So... unkind.

MARGARET

Yeah, well guess you had the right idea ditching me then.

He looks away. She goes back to the sundae, really digs in --

JACK

Is that why you stole from us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET  
(mouth full)  
Which time?

JACK  
Any time.

MARGARET  
(loading up a really big  
scoop)  
I stole because I'm an addict. And  
addicts do anything for drugs.

She shoves the spoon in her mouth, chows down. Jack watches her. An open disgust forming in his features --

JACK  
And this is how you ask to stay?

Margaret goes back to her spoon. Scoop, shovel. Scoop, shovel. She shoves more ice cream in her mouth. There's chocolate syrup on her face. We see Jack's distaste with her piggishness, her neediness, her inability to fucking stop --

MARGARET  
(mouth full)  
It wouldn't be for long.

Now, she reaches across the table with her spoon, dripping melted ice cream and chocolate and whipped cream and banana all over the table and dips into his Banana Split. Jack can take no more, his rage barely containable --

JACK  
What the hell is wrong with you?

She looks up. What? --

JACK (CONT'D)  
Why is nothing ever enough? Why  
can't you control yourself?

MARGARET  
Were you gonna eat that?

JACK  
Even at 5. You had to have yours  
and brother's and your mother's too  
- all the ice cream - it's never  
enough. Nothing is ever enough. Not  
for you.

He gets to his feet. Throws some cash down on the table. Keeps his eyes glued to the floor as he says --

JACK (CONT'D)  
You cannot stay with us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then, he goes. ON MARGARET. HURT. ANGRY. DEVASTATED.

She yanks his banana split to her side of the table. Jams her spoon in. Wants to continue to eat. Tries to continue to eat. But she can't. The sundae makes her want to vomit. AS CRASH!!

She clears the fucking Sundae off the table, WE CUT TO:

**EXT. CHOI HOUSE - FRONT STOOP - NIGHT**

Sally sits. Enjoying the hell out of a cigarette, AS --

JACK (O.C.)  
Put that out.

SALLY  
Over my dead body.

JACK  
What if the kids see you?

SALLY  
Jack, my home is now essentially a weed store. The world will continue to spin on its axis if the kids see me smoke a cigarette.

(then)  
So? What? With Margaret?

JACK  
She wanted to stay.

SALLY  
Here?

JACK  
Don't freak out.

SALLY  
I'm freaking out, Jack.

JACK  
Don't. I said 'no.'

SALLY  
I know she's your daughter - but it's one thing to go along with the whole merry marijuana dispensary extravaganza - with Stacey still in High School yet - we certainly cannot have a drug addict living here. There are rules, Jack - laws about these things. We'll get shut down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK  
She's gone, Sally. Not coming back.

SALLY  
(exhales)  
For the best. For everyone.

She pats his back. Looks up at the store sign, roots for it --

SALLY (CONT'D)  
'Bring 'em in!'  
(then)  
Lotta money. Lotta money - right  
here. Sunk in. My whole  
settlement...

There it is. Enthusiasm masking a basic underlying fear --

JACK  
Do you regret it? Giving me the  
money for the store?

SALLY  
(yes, absolutely, sure)  
Regret's a strong word. I'm... more  
a cautious investor.

Jack tries to be encouraging --

JACK  
Strike while the iron is hot. By  
the time Stacey graduates we'd be  
late to the game.

SALLY  
It's overkill Jack.

JACK  
What?

SALLY  
The American sayings - overkill.  
And stop blaming me all the time...  
(then; suddenly worried)  
Did she say where she was gonna go?

And OFF JACK, reluctantly brought back to topic, WE CUT TO:

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - NIGHT**

BOY'S TOWN. To Kaleo's 'Way Down We Go' Margaret IO HAWKS down Santa Monica Boulevard. Rejected and sad, she's on a mission now. A mission not to feel. She skids to a stop at A DUMPY LEZZIE BAR. A non-lit sign reads, 'DYKES.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Margaret dismounts. Peers around. It looks dark and closed, but it always was a fucking dump. She gets closer. The door's ajar. Suddenly she hears a big group laugh. People are in there. As she heads for the door --

**INT. DUMPY LEZZIE BAR - NIGHT**

A box of a space. No bartender. No crowd. No music. No booze. Less than ten people sit in folding chairs. The sloppy circle leaning towards their **LEADER** (30's), who rises --

LEADER  
Hey, hi - welcome - come on in...  
(then SEES)  
-- Margaret???

Standing uncomfortably in the doorway --

MARGARET  
Do I know you? Sorry - is this not  
a bar? What happened to 'Dykes?' My  
friend Brenda used to own it...?

The Leader moves to her --

LEADER  
This is 'Dykes' and I'm still the  
owner. Only my name is Bruce and  
it's a Meeting Hall - not a bar.

Margaret takes him in. 5'8". Big red beard. Sweet face...

MARGARET  
Brenda?

BRUCE  
Bruce.

MARGARET  
Bruce. Wow. You look great.  
Apparently I've been gone a while.  
So this is...?

BRUCE  
-- A meeting. AA.

MARGARET  
Bruce is sober?

BRUCE  
(nods)  
And you were in jail, right?

MARGARET  
Rehab - just got out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE  
But you came here to drink.

MARGARET  
Oh, yeah. Definitely. Definitely to  
drink. Really want a drink.

A MEMBER of the GROUP, **MAX** (20's), says quietly --

MAX  
God shot.

Others immediately start repeating and nodding in agreement --

MEMBERS  
God shot! God shot! Definitely a  
God shot!

Margaret looks to them, not exactly sure who started it --

MARGARET  
Let's not go fucking crazy, k? --  
there's a fine line between  
coincidence and God shot.

BRUCE  
Do you want to drink? Or do you  
want to stay?

ON MARGARET. A beat. She thinks about her day, her life --

MARGARET  
I want to drink. I need to drink.

And then, SCRAAAAAPE. MAX kicks a meeting chair over to her. Finally, she looks at him. Beautiful. Sexy. Dark. Young. Trouble. If she can't drink, he might just do the trick. And just like that, she wants to stay --

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
But do I really have a choice?

She takes the seat. Smiling at Max. AS WE CUT TO:

**EXT. CHOI HOUSE - FRONT STOOP - NIGHT**

Jack and Sally. Margaret remains the topic --

SALLY  
So, she didn't say where she was  
going?

JACK  
No. Do you care because you're  
worried about her or because you're  
afraid she'll come back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And Sally's saved from answering by the arrival of her kids --

JONAH  
Where's Margaret?

Jack says nothing. Sally's forced to answer --

SALLY  
She left.

JONAH  
Why?

Sally looks to Jack. He still says nothing --

JONAH (CONT'D)  
Why?

SALLY  
Ask your father.

Jonah looks to his father --

JONAH  
DAD?

And now Jack loses it, fires back at Jonah (which is the last thing he really wants to do) --

JACK  
You know why. She's an addict. A liar. A thief. You think it's an accident she comes back now? - just as we're about to open the store?

JONAH  
But isn't she, like, just outta Rehab or something?

JACK  
Rehab? REHAB? You know how many times she's 'just out of rehab?' Sober means nothing. She's lazy, not sick. Pathetic not sad. If she could just control herself - but she can't. And she will jeopardize the entire business.

JONAH  
Wow.

STACEY  
But, Dad - she's your kid.

Jack turns, looks at his daughter. This hurts --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STACEY (CONT'D)  
You wouldn't do that to us.

It's posed almost as a question. Because Jack's been a pretty good Dad to them. And they cannot believe he could be such a terrible Daddy to someone else --

JACK  
Of course not.

SALLY  
Margaret has lied to your father -  
you know that - many, many times.  
She gave your brother marijuana  
when he was 12.

JONAH  
We all know that.

STACEY  
But what if she had no place to go?

And OFF THAT, WE CUT TO:

**INT. MAX'S HOLLYWOOD CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Nice. Modern. Smooth. WE FIND MARGARET - ON ALL FOURS. MAX is pounding away at her from behind. As we FIND HER EYES we see it's less a measure of pleasure she's looking for than a numbing down of pain. Max finishes. She doesn't move --

MARGARET  
Again.

MAX  
Again?

MARGARET  
Again. And don't forget to slap my  
ass.

OFF MAX. Okie-dokie, you got it. WE CUT TO:

**INT. CHOI HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

A new day. They're all here. Jack, Sally, Stacey and Jonah. Eating breakfast. No one is talking. Lots of clanging silverware. Furtive looks. Downcast eyes. The doorbell rings. Jack's on his feet and gone before anyone can object. Jonah says to no one in particular --

JONAH  
This is gonna be a blast.

AS WE --

**INT. MAX'S HOLLYWOOD CONDO - MORNING**

Find Margaret - in full sneak out modality. Tip-toeing and everything. She's almost made it to the door when we hear --

MAX  
You don't have to sneak. My generation isn't sensitive that way.

She turns to him. Busted by a handsome, congenial robot --

MARGARET  
I've heard that. Some even wonder if you're human at all.

MAX  
Flesh and blood. You know.

MARGARET  
I gotta go.

He moves to her. He's ridiculously sexy. And young --

MAX  
Why?

MARGARET  
Well, y'see my case worker is going to make a home visit to my dad's house where I'm forbidden to live and also happens to be a weed store.

Max nods. Perhaps he's smarter than his years --

MAX  
So you're gonna fuck some shit up.

MARGARET  
(enjoys being understood)  
I see no other option.  
(then)  
You're kinda smart. Maybe think about being my new sponsor.

She heads for the door. Max calls after her --

MAX  
You don't have to fuck shit up just because you don't know how to make it right.

Margaret hesitates for a just a second - just long enough for us to know she's heard. And then she's gone. As WE CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGHLAND - MORNING**

Sunny Sunday in Hollywood. Birds are singing. Streets are starting to fill. The perfect day to CUT a GIANT RIBBON outside the FRONT OF THE STORE.

WE ARE - **WITH JACK.** ON THE STREET.

A CROWD is gathering. A SCRUBBING BUBBLE of LOCALS. Jonah and his pals. Sally and her TWO CLOSEST WEALTHY CHARITY FRIENDS.

WE STAY IN JACK'S POV - as he makes his way through the gauntlet to **STATE ASSEMBLYMAN BRANNON WATERS II** (30's) --

JACK  
Assemblyman Waters - thank you so  
much for coming.

Assemblyman Waters is from a very powerful and wealthy family. This was the easiest job he could find job to appease his parents. Also, he's extremely drug fond --

ASSEMBLYMAN WATERS  
Mr. Choi.

They shake and smile as a KOREAN PHOTOGRAPHER snaps them --

ASSEMBLYMAN WATERS (CONT'D)  
Great good luck with the business,  
Sir. You know how much we like to  
encourage honorable Americans in  
small business ventures.

JACK  
I appreciate all your help,  
Assemblyman.

The Photographer goes. They're alone. Waters drops his act --

ASSEMBLYMAN WATERS  
Did you get those pens in yet? The  
Vape Pens?

JACK  
I did, sir.

ASSEMBLYMAN WATERS  
-- the kind that doesn't smell -  
y'know, so I don't get caught  
again.

JACK  
No smell. Guaranteed. A plain box  
will be in your car when you leave.  
(then; risks it)  
May I ask, Assemblyman, how close  
we are to recreational legality?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASSEMBLYMAN WATERS

These goddamn laws are changing  
everyday. Keep on the up and up and  
we'll both be in business, 'k Jack?

AS A MALE VOICE calls out from the BODEGA 'RICKY'S' on the  
other side of HIGHLAND --

BODEGA OWNER (O.C.)

Yo, Jefe Jack! Jefe!!

**RICKY RODRIGUEZ.** Late 50's. HISPANIC. Been on the block his  
entire adult life. Jack heads over to where he sweeps --

JACK

Good Morning, Senor Ricky.

RICKY

You gonna have crowds like this  
every day?

JACK

From your lips to God's ears.

RICKY

*Que?*

JACK

Something my wife says. A small  
celebration today Ricky - I told  
you - for the opening.

RICKY

Just today?

JACK

Foot traffic. Good for business.

Ricky can't really argue. But he enjoys to be a curmudgeon --

RICKY

Politicians and cops. They don't  
dare come in here. No organic.

Jack follows his gaze to a UNIFORM COP --

JACK

Just one day. Today. All back to  
normal, manana.

Jack hurries off, bee-lining it over to --

**UNIFORM COP**

Mr. Choi.

JACK

Officer Jones, good day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**OFFICER JONES** (30's) is black. Grew up in South Central. Takes no shit. From anyone --

OFFICER JONES  
I don't want to see product on the street, Mr. Choi.

JACK  
No, sir.

OFFICER JONES  
Of any kind or variety. No gummie bears, no smoke, no fucking wax, you hear? Nothing outside the stapled bag.

JACK  
Yes, sir.

OFFICER JONES  
We all know you a good citizen, Mr. Choi - upstanding and all that - do not give me reason to shut your Chinese ass down.

Whoa. Jack looks at him. His eyes cold --

JACK  
Yes. Sir.  
(beat; then)  
Korean.

Officer Jones is heading off, but he heard --

OFFICER JONES  
Whatever. Get your crowd off the street 'soon as you can.

Jack watches him go. That's gonna be unpleasant. And then --

YOUNG SUE (O.C.)  
I can barely see the sign!

Jack turns. Sees the newly arriving YOUNG SUE and DANIEL. Oh great. This is going to be a nightmare. He hurries over --

JACK  
Yet still you found it.

YOUNG SUE  
Only, just barely. I can't read the sign. What does it say?

ON JACK. It's really too much pressure. His plastered on smile is taking a beating. Then --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY (O.C.)  
 What's that? You can't read the sign?

Here comes Sally. Oh, boy. Both wives. Bitching about the sign. Sally looks up at it, then back at Young Sue --

SALLY (CONT'D)  
 I think it's a wonderful sign. In this neighborhood you don't want to be too 'showy.' Jack knows that - he understands - he's so clever.  
 (then; with enthusiasm)  
 Hello, Young Sue - how are you? And Dr. Daniel... welcome, welcome.

They hate her. She doesn't care. And Jack can only look on in extreme gratitude, AS WE CUT TO:

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY**

IO HAWK POV. AT TOP SPEED. 10/KMH. BLASTING DOWN THE STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD to The FUGEES '*Killing Me Softly.*' Faces. Bodies. Storefronts. Sites. And then REVERSE TO:

MARGARET. Of course. A lady on a mission. She looks determined. For the first time, sure of herself. If there's one thing she knows, it's how to fuck shit up.

**INT. MARGARET'S MIND - FLASH CUTS**

Margaret hurls tomatoes at the 'highland' sign.

Margaret strips naked and dances the Can Can on the street outside of Highland.

Margaret tosses a Molotov Cocktail through the store window. As it erupts in FLAMES, WE ARE --

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - RESUME**

And now into MARGARET'S POV comes... HIGHLAND. In the distance. OFF Margaret's expression of gumption, WE --

**EXT. HIGHLAND - MORNING - CONTINUOUS**

A giant SCISSORS cuts through a GIANT GREEN RIBBON. The small crowd erupts in applause and cheers. The family is assembled. Jack holds the scissors. Sally on one side of him, Young Sue on the other. Daniel next to her. Jonah and Stacey stand slightly beside and behind their parents.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The KOREAN PHOTOGRAPHER shoots photos of the family. We are ON JACK. Looking proud, looking pleased, having a moment, then --

He sees her.

Margaret. IO HAWKING onto the scene. SHIT. Then Sally sees her. Young Sue too. And Daniel. A collective, oh shit. Just as the dipshit **LOCAL KOREAN REPORTER LADY** (20's) moves to Jack --

LOCAL KOREAN REPORTER  
Mr. Choi, may I ask you some  
questions for our readers?

**SKIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIDDDDDDDDDDD**. The IO Hawk careens to a stop. Margaret jumps off. Starts to saunter over to the family --

REPORTER  
Mr. Choi...?

Jack only has eyes for Margaret. And she for him --

MARGARET  
Hi, Dad.

JACK  
Hello, Daughter.

He's waiting. For whatever's coming. However she plans to embarrass him, humiliate him, DESTROY him --

LOCAL KOREAN REPORTER  
Oh my God - is this like, your  
daughter??

JACK  
Yes. My very first born - Margaret.

The Reporter turns to Margaret --

LOCAL KOREAN REPORTER  
What can you tell our readers about  
Jai Wook Choi - Highland Avenue's  
newest proprietor?

ON MARGARET. Here it is. The moment. The big one. She can fuck up all the shit she wants. Ruin it all, now and for forever --

MARGARET  
Jai Wook Choi. My Dad... I am just  
so...

-- OR; SHE COULD TRY TO MAKE IT RIGHT. Even though she doesn't know how. And that thought provides her a moment of Grace --

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
-- just so proud and happy for my  
father.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 He's worked so hard his whole life -  
 he really deserves this.

It's heartfelt. Real. And Jack can see that. His expression is drenched with relief. Drenched. Sally too. And the kids. The Reporter smiles, resumes asking Jack questions.

AS WE HEAR A LOUD THROAT CLEAR. Margaret turns to find --

YOUNG SUE  
 You look like something the cat  
 drag in, eat, and then throw up.

Margaret looks at her mother without meeting her eyes --

MARGARET  
 Well, you look like something the  
 cat dragged in, ate, threw up, ate  
 again, and threw up, again. Except  
older and wrinklier.

She glances at Daniel, offers as greeting --

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 (under her breath)  
 Prick.

DANIEL  
 (responding in kind)  
 Slob.

Margaret sees Jack heading into the store. It's now or never. She hustles over to him, calls out --

MARGARET  
 Dad?

He stops. Turns. Moves so they're out of the flow of traffic --

JACK  
 Margaret. Thank you. For what you  
 said.

MARGARET  
 Dad, I lied. I knew about the  
 store. Of course I knew. I lied  
 because if I told you I knew you'd  
 think that's why I came but it  
 wasn't...

A beat. This is fucking hard. But she pushes through --

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 I really need a place to stay. I  
 need a place that's... safe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 (swallows; then)  
 I won't do anything bad - I  
 promise. I just got a full time  
 real job. I won't go near the  
 store. I won't go near the kids.  
 Please? Please, let me stay?

ON JACK. He looks at her. His daughter. After everything Jonah  
 and Stacey said to him - how can he say no? --

JACK  
 Stay. Until you find somewhere  
 else.

MARGARET  
 (holding off relief)  
 Really?

JACK  
 Do not go near the store.

The relief comes. Bringing tears. All she can say is --

MARGARET  
 Thank you.

Jack nods. Already walking away, to the store. And OFF  
 MARGARET. As he disappears inside --

**INT. HIGHLAND - CONTINUOUS**

Jack enters. Affected by what just happened with Margaret. His  
 eyes might even be wet. He shifts focus to - THE STORE.

In all it's artful, gleaming newness. And truly, it's  
 stunning. Fresh invention married with age old hemp and old  
 school Hollywood. Jack has taken care. Only the best wax, the  
 best oil, the best edibles, papers, pipes, glassware, lotions,  
 bath salts and, of course, ONLY THE BEST STRAINS OF WEED. The  
 smell is sumptuous. The vibe electric.

Jack stands on the edge, taking it in. People are clearly  
 impressed. And just then WE HEAR LIVE GUITAR COMING FROM --

**INT. HIGHLAND - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Stacey holds an electric bass, stands at a microphone. Her BFF  
 strums a guitar next to her. They begin to play a sweet,  
 folksy version of 'To Sir With Love' for her dad. AS --

**EXT. HIGHLAND - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Margaret. Still on the street. Victorious at last. She has a job. She has a place to live. Things are looking up. For now. She can hear the music coming from inside. And NOW WE GO --

**INT. MARGARET'S MIND - CONTINUOUS**

A MUSIC VIDEO. MARGARET'S FANTASY ROCKED OUT VERSION OF 'To Sir With Love' - her unique ode to fatherly love. And it's sure different from Stacey's.

WE INTERCUT THE TWO VERSIONS AS APPROPRIATE (yeah, that's right - dueling 'To Sir With Love's') until --

STELLA LUNA (O.C.)  
This is where you're living?

SCREEEEEECCCCCHHHHHH! The record needle scratches violently across the album, and WE ARE --

**EXT. HIGHLAND - DAY**

Reality. And Stella Luna has arrived --

STELLA LUNA  
In a weed store?

Margaret plays it cool. Gives her a big smile --

MARGARET  
That's my dad's new store.

There's a small measure of pride in it. And then --

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Let me show you where we all live.

Margaret leads Stella Luna over to the house. The strains of Lou Reed's 'Perfect Day' come up, AS WE --

FADE TO:

**INT. HIGHLAND - JACK'S BACK OFFICE - NIGHT**

Jack sits at his old, worn, warm wooden DESK. It's covered with his old grower notebooks; pages of calculations, scribbles on soils, mean temps and annual rainfall.

He rises. Moves to a small table. On which we note an experiment of sorts; three jury-rigged mini-planters. Each in an individualized specialty environs. As Jack tends to the plants, WE CUT TO:

**INT. CHOI HOUSE - STACEY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Stacey is staring at Facebook; the page of one CHARLIE BELL, to be exact. He's even cuter in his pictures. And here comes an instant message: 'Meet me.' And one second later: 'Now.' As Stacey gets up, WE --

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HIGHLAND - NIGHT**

Margaret appears. Unwraps a new cell phone. Pulls the number Jamie from Rehab gave her from her bra. Dials, scans the ground as it rings. Then --

MARGARET

(into phone)

Yeah, it's me -- Girl, I've got some shit to tell you...

(thinks)

-- whose idea was this? - talking to a fucking voice mail? My only friend and confidante and last resort turned to messages unheard on a fucking tape. Not even. Digital. So it's nothing, really...

She rejoices in finding a half-smoked butt stubbed out on the ground. Pops it into her mouth --

MARGARET (CONT'D)

... just a memory, a fucking dream, of words and terror signifying nothing...

As she lights up the butt --

**INT. CHOI HOUSE - SALLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Sally. Back at her desk. Looking at the letter with the child's photo clipped to it. She opens the bottom drawer of her desk, places this letter on top of a LARGE PILE OF OTHER LETTERS - all with CHILDREN'S PHOTOS clipped to them.

As she quickly shuts the drawer --

**EXT. CHOI HOUSE - ROOF**

Stacey emerges onto the roof. Waiting for her is Jonah. He's holding out a little plastic baggie labeled 'Girl Scout Cookie' inside of which is a PRISTINE JOINT. He pulls out the joint, pops it into Stacey's mouth --

JONAH

First time for everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He offers her a light. As she fires up the joint --

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HIGHLAND - CONTINUOUS**

Margaret. Smoking the butt. Still talking into the phone --

MARGARET  
 ... so I'll be walking dogs and  
 apparently photographing the output  
 ... and I think my Case Worker  
 might be a lounge singer -- and  
 wait til you meet my sponsor...  
 girl, he is fine.

A long beat. She just holds the phone. Tries to take a drag  
 but she's down to filter only on the cig. Fuck. She tosses it.  
 Looks at the phone. Suddenly overcome with genuine emotion --

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 Oh, and yeah, I'll be staying at my  
 Dad's. Trigger City, right? --

A beat. She hangs up. Takes a deep breath. And then she hears  
 it; MEOWING. She glances around. There it is again --

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 Kitty? Here, Kitty...?

The Meowing gets closer. Margaret follows. And then --

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 Dear God.

She sees it. A large HAIRLESS CAT. It's startling, hideous --

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck are you supposed to  
 be?

And OFF MARGARET --

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

RATTLE - RATTLE - RATTLE - SLAM! FIND JACK. Pulling the METAL  
 GATE DOWN on his brand new storefront. AS --

INDIAN WOMAN  
 Excuse me, sir?

Jack turns, startled to FIND - AN **INDIAN WOMAN**. YOUNG. Maybe  
 25. Has a British ACCENT and wears a traditional SARI --

JACK  
 Yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INDIAN WOMAN  
Do you know this woman, sir?

She holds out a photo. And we've seen it before; Margaret lighting shots on fire. Looking like extreme shit --

INDIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I need to speak with her.

JACK  
Are you with the Police?

INDIAN WOMAN  
No. I'm a solicitor. Representing  
John Doe. A very famous dead man.

She hands Jack a card. No name, simply a TELEPHONE NUMBER --

INDIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)  
She should call me.

And then she goes. Offering over her shoulder --

INDIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Nice, sign.

ON JACK. TIGHT. He watches the bizarre receding figure. He looks down at the card. And as his eyes DARKEN --

The CAMERA RISES. UP, and UP, and UP. 'Til finally it's HIGH and WIDE over the store, the apartment, the alley, where we can just make out a figure. Margaret.

For a moment they're BOTH IN FRAME. She's still holding her phone. He's still holding the business card.

**SMASH TO BLACK:**

END OF PILOT