

THE 23-YEAR ONE NIGHT STAND

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SUNDANCE INSTITUTE OFFICES - LOS ANGELES - DAY

TUESDAY WATSON (38), not thin, in a wrinkled skirt and snug blouse, sits on a director's chair near a window.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Do you think it was just
beginners' luck, Tuesday? You were
young back then.

Tuesday shifts uncomfortably, straightening her clothing, as video cameras zoom in on her. PRODUCERS and CREW work.

TUESDAY

I don't think luck had anything to
do with it. We worked really hard
to make the best film we could.

ASTOR KIM (39), wearing perfectly tailored clothing and looking completely at ease in his chair and his skin, pats her arm and lets his hand linger.

ASTOR

(with a LAUGH)

We were really young though.

The FEMALE INTERVIEWER (20s) bats her eyelashes at him.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Astor's career has exploded. He
was in several other Sundance
darlings and now he's a star in
the Marvel universe.

Tuesday shifts in her chair again and a button pops off of her blouse and rolls to a stop at the feet of a MALE CREW MEMBER. They both stare at the button.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

(turning back to Tuesday)

What's it been like to watch his
success?

Tuesday pulls her blouse together, removing Astor's hand from her arm, and continues the interview.

TUESDAY

I mean, as the person who gave him
his first leading role, I
basically made his career.

(MORE)

TUESDAY (CONT'D)

It's been really quite something to watch it all unfold just as I planned.

Astor LAUGHS. Tuesday does not.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Burns Bright won the Grand Jury prize ten years ago. You've joined the ranks of some very accomplished filmmakers, Tuesday. Do you think you'll ever make another film?

Tuesday nonchalantly tries to hold her blouse closed. Astor reaches a hand toward her knee and she shifts again, moving away from him and exposing her bra. She readjusts awkwardly.

ASTOR

Tuesday's been putting in the work these last few years and I know that her extraordinary talent will shine through whatever comes next.

TUESDAY

Thank you, Astor. That's very...kind. And yes, I have a few irons in the fire.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

(looking only at Astor)

Thank you both for being a part of our anniversary. Hopefully it won't be ten more years before you get the chance to catch up again!

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

CUT!

Astor pops out of his chair and hands his mic pack to a PRODUCTION ASSISTANT. Tuesday cannot get her mic pack off. Astor moves toward her. She GROWLS at him.

TUESDAY

I do not need your help.

He takes a step back, smile on his lips. She finally gets the mic pack off as Astor is engulfed by a pack of PRODUCERS. Tuesday heads for the exit.

The male crew member stops her and puts her button in her hand.

TUESDAY

Guessing that doesn't happen every day.

He motions to the female interviewer conspiratorially.

CREW MEMBER

Last week she farted on camera.

TUESDAY

God bless you.

She turns and watches Astor take selfies. He catches her eye and holds up a finger for her to wait. She slips out the door.

EXT. TUESDAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tuesday, wearing a red polo, khakis and a Target name tag that says Tuesday, opens the front door of her small, sad house on a quiet street. Her phone BUZZES.

On her phone: A call from Astor. She hits decline as a puppy wearing a leash approaches excitedly.

TUESDAY

(sighs)

Charlie. Another escape attempt?

She picks the puppy up and Charlie calms right down.

TUESDAY

Are Vijay and Liam trying to take you on a walk?

(Charlie licks her face)

I'm late for work, and this is not helping.

She locks her door and heads out. Preppy puppy parents VIJAY and LIAM (30s) jog toward her.

TUESDAY

She's slippery, huh guys.

VIJAY

She just adores you,
Annab...Patr...Nata...

LIAM

...neighbor!

Tuesday hands Charlie to Liam. The puppy immediately wiggles out of his arms and poops on his shoe.

LIAM
Christ Charlie! These are Prada!

Tuesday hides a LAUGH under a COUGH and heads across the street. Her phone BUZZES. On her phone: It's a group text chain labeled 'FUCKING FAMILY'. [Note: texts are in italics.]

NAYELI (TEXT)
*I just read that the average
lifespan of a woman in the United
States is seventy-eight point
seven years old.*

YOUNG MAE (TEXT)
*Two weeks and you're at the half-
way point, Tues.*

LILLIAN (TEXT)
Play nice, darlings.

KENNEDY (TEXT)
*Excuse me, I just fainted from
seeing our mother in this chat.
Whew. Happy Birthday MONTH, sis.*

EXT. MABEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tuesday KNOCKS on the door of the house across from hers as she deletes the FUCKING FAMILY text chain without responding. MABEL (80s), in shorts and Nikes, opens the door.

TUESDAY
When I turn thirty-nine years old
my life will be half over.

MABEL
Good morning, Tuesday.

Mabel moves back through her living room and grabs a small bag.

TUESDAY
Good morning. What did the
ophthalmologist say?

MABEL
Just eye drops for now.

She puts several peaches in the bag.

TUESDAY
Did you get to the store because I
can go if you have a list.

MABEL

I did.

Mabel hands Tuesday the bag.

MABEL

They're washed.

TUESDAY

Thank you, Mabel.

MABEL

You look tired.

TUESDAY

Thank you, Mabel.

Mabel moves back through her living room, and into her kitchen. She grabs some plums from a bowl.

MABEL

Maybe you should try giving up coffee again? Or call that masseuse I suggested?

TUESDAY

Right after work, finishing ten more pages, and dinner with Lillian et al.

Mabel hands Tuesday the plums. Tuesday's phone BUZZES and she ignores it.

MABEL

You're actually going. That's a development.

TUESDAY

I have to convince them not to throw me this birthday party.

MABEL

I already have my outfit planned.

Mabel takes one of the plums back and goes to the kitchen.

MABEL

And you deserve to be celebrated.

Mabel returns with a banana. She hands it to Tuesday who adds all of the fruit to the bag with the peaches. Tuesday's phone BUZZES and she ignores it.

TUESDAY

This party is definitely not for me.

MABEL

Well the fruit is, don't let it rot in your car this time.

TUESDAY

I cannot make that guarantee but I'll do my best.

MABEL

I know you always do.

She turns to leave as her phone BEEPS with a reminder: GO TO YOUR STUPID J-O-B.

INT. TARGET - DAY

Tuesday rings up items in a trance. BEEP, BEEP, BEEP--

COOL DUDE

Those should be on sale. Hey?
Ma'am?

Tuesday yanks her head toward the COOL DUDE (20s), who points at the box of condoms still in her hand.

TUESDAY

(to herself)

Like it's my first fucking day.

Tuesday pretends to check the register but checks her phone. The FUCKING FAMILY text chain has 47 messages. She deletes the chain. A reminder pops up: *Family dinner in 90 minutes.*

TUESDAY

They're not on sale, sir.

She slides the box down the belt.

COOL DUDE

But they're expired.

She checks the box. Expired in 2019. She drops the box in a basket at her feet.

TUESDAY

Then I can't sell them, sir.

COOL DUDE

But I want them.

(MORE)

COOL DUDE (CONT'D)

I just want them for a discounted price.

TEAM LEADER LEONA (50s) joins them. She takes over Tuesday's register with A LOT of confidence.

TEAM LEADER LEONA

What is the issue, sir?

COOL DUDE

I want them. I mean I don't want them, my girl does. I just want them cheaper, lady.

TUESDAY

(whispering to Leona)

There has to be one other menial task in this whole place I can do that doesn't require this much exposure to assholes.

TEAM LEADER LEONA

(to Cool Dude)

We cannot sell items past the marked sell by date, company policy. I can help you find--

COOL DUDE

In Hoboken those dates don't--

TEAM LEADER LEONA

This is not New York, sir.

TUESDAY

New Jersey.

COOL DUDE

Yeah, it's Hollywood.

Defeated, he hands Leona a credit card, she checks him out.

TUESDAY

Technically we're in West Hollywood. Which is its own city, unlike Hollywood which is simply a neighborhood of the city of Los Angeles. West Hollywood was incorporated as a city in nineteen eighty-four, by people who fled the persecution of the LAPD because of their minority statuses.

The Cool Dude looks Tuesday up and down with disgust.

COOL DUDE
I thought everything would be
better here.

TUESDAY
We all did, bucko.

Team Leader Leona hands him his bag.

TEAM LEADER LEONA
Have a nice day!
(to Tuesday)
Us older ladies have to have a
thick skin in order to make it in
the customer service biz.

TUESDAY
I'm in the make my rent biz.

Leona walks away.

TUESDAY
(calling after her)
I won the Grand Jury Prize at
Sundance. That's a huge fucking
deal. This is a check.

Her phone BUZZES. An alert: *Traffic is heavy. Leave soon.*

TUESDAY
And now I'm going to have to
change in my car. Again.

EXT. CRAPPY CAR - DAY

Tuesday tries to open her car door in the parking garage. It
sticks. She puts a foot against the door and pulls with all her
might. It doesn't budge.

TUESDAY
(SCREAMS)
The Grand Jury Prize!

Tuesday notices that a female PRETEEN has been recording her on
her phone.

TUESDAY
(SCREAMS)
Favorite that fucking video
because one day you will watch it
again and YOU. WILL. UNDERSTAND.

The preteen GIGGLES and hurries off. Tuesday pauses. Tries one more time. The car door opens so easily it makes her even more furious. She gets in and slams the car door shut.

INT. CRAPPY CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tuesday's phone DINGS.

GOOGLE ALERT (TEXT)

Watson family adds new product to their brand.

TUESDAY

I hate my fucking family.

GOOGLE ALERT (TEXT)

Is a Watson family reality show in the works?

TUESDAY

Where's my contract?

She clicks the link which redirects to a video from a newsmagazine that plays over footage of her family.

VIDEO

...while the oldest child of matriarch Lillian Watson was the Sundance darling who created *Burns Bright* and never wrote another script...

TUESDAY

Fuck you!

She throws the phone in the back seat. A female SECURITY OFFICER pulls up on a Segway, a blue light flashing.

SECURITY OFFICER

I've had a report of an out of control woman in this area, have you seen anyone that fits that description?

TUESDAY

No. No one. Not a soul.

SECURITY OFFICER

Keep your eyes peeled, people do weird-ass things in these basement garages.

The security officer leaves.

Tuesday awkwardly searches the back seat for her phone. She finds it paused on a scene from the red carpet at Sundance. Tuesday, in a sequined silver dress that fits like a glove, is off to the side, being pulled in by her family.

She goes into the back seat again. She digs through scripts, red polos, shoes, the fruit. Finally, she pulls out a garment bag and smiles. Her phone BUZZES.

KENNEDY (TEXT)

*It's been a while since you've
been to our ancestral home. Need
directions? Kissy face emoji.*

She pulls her polo off and tosses it into the back seat. When she turns around, the security officer is at her window again.

SECURITY OFFICER

You cannot do that here!
(shaking her head)
Weird-ass!

The security officer rides off. Tuesday pulls her car into another spot nearby. She looks around and puts the car in park. She unzips the garment bag. The sequined silver dress.

EXT. LILLIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Tuesday, in the sequined silver dress that is now snug, stands in front of an obnoxiously large house. She takes a breath.

TUESDAY

(to herself)
You can do this.

Gardener MARISSA (50s) carries brush past Tuesday.

MARISSA

(in Spanish, subtitled)
Rock that dress, girl.

Tuesday nods, she doesn't understand what Marissa's said.

KENNEDY (O.S.)

You are over an hour late. It is
not a good color on you.

KENNEDY WATSON (30), in chic shorts and a tight polo, stands in the doorway of the obnoxiously large house. He sips from a flute of champagne.

KENNEDY

Bitch, get in this house before
your mother adopts another child.

TUESDAY

Champagne on a school night? And
why are you dressed like that?!

KENNEDY

Why are you dressed for the Golden
Globes?!

TUESDAY

OK. Can we at least say Oscars?

KENNEDY

The Academy has standards.

Tuesday approaches Kennedy, takes the flute and downs the
remaining champagne in one gulp.

TUESDAY

Last time I was summonsed there
were fifty investors eating caviar
to celebrate stupid Sundance.

KENNEDY

You *haven't* been to family dinner
in a while...come on, your mother
is waiting.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kennedy shuts the front door behind Tuesday.

TUESDAY

So she's my mother today, huh? And
where is she?

KENNEDY

Has Lillian ever not made an
entrance?

NAYELI WATSON (20), working the tiniest outfit and hi-tops runs
down a large staircase and jumps the last few steps landing
next to Tuesday, all without looking up from her phone.

NAYELI

She says she'll be down soon, we
should head to the kitchen.

TUESDAY

So I didn't miss the dinner part.

Nayeli hugs Tuesday quickly and tightly.

NAYELI
You're not really old. The text
was a joke.

TUESDAY
Hilarious.

Kennedy texts Brandon.

KENNEDY (TEXT)
*I'm divorcing you for not being
here tonight. And I'm taking the
new mattress. Angry face emoji.*

Nayeli finds a corner and Snaps.

NAYELI
I cannot waste this outfit. Tell
me where to go tonight. NOW.

TUESDAY
To be twenty years old and look
like her...or her...

YOUNG MAE (24), in a Lilly Pulitzer dress, joins them.

YOUNG MAE
(off Tuesday's dress)
Glam ma'am!

Young Mae pulls Tuesday into a selfie video.

YOUNG MAE
FAMILY DINNER! Big sister in the
house!

She snaps several photos and then moves away without a second
glance, eyes glued to her phone.

TUESDAY
She needs to start paying me to
appear in those fucking things.

KENNEDY
Lillian really should have quit
after the two of us.

TUESDAY
Before she comes down, can we talk
about the party?

KENNEDY

I'll have dress options sent over
so feel free to leave this--
(he points at her dress)
--at his house tonight.

TUESDAY

I cannot afford options.

KENNEDY

Please. Know me.

TUESDAY

Anyway. I have a request.

KENNEDY

(to the room)
Ooh, she thinks she's curried
enough favor to make requests?

Young Mae and Nayeli SNICKER.

KENNEDY

OK, Miss Don't Think We Don't Know
You Delete Our Texts. What is it?

TUESDAY

Don't throw me a birthday party.

Kennedy LAUGHS.

TUESDAY

Please.

KENNEDY

Honey. It's happening. Whether you
show up or not is up to you.

LILLIAN (O.S.)

We have actual chairs, a whole
house, and food, children of mine.

LILLIAN WATSON (69, looking decades younger) descends the
stairs in a dressing gown, pecks Kennedy on the cheek, takes
Tuesday's arm, and propels the group toward the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tuesday, Kennedy, Nayeli and Young Mae fill plates and glasses.
Lillian watches. Tuesday puts a roll on her plate, Lillian
takes it off her plate.

LILLIAN
 (to Tuesday)
 Thirty-nine is going to be your
 year, my darling. Yours alone.

TUESDAY
 You say that every year, mother.

Tuesday puts the roll back on her plate and moves to the patio.

KENNEDY
 (to Nayeli and Young Mae)
 Her year or death, one of these
 times.

Lillian adds a handful of vegetables to Kennedy's plate. He
 doesn't react.

NAYELI
 (pointing to herself)
 Harvard Med School in the fall.
 (pointing to Tuesday)
 Target. But yeah, definitely her
 year.

Lillian eats a celery stick and adds a spoonful of something to
 Young Mae's plate. Young Mae smiles with appreciation.

KENNEDY
 I just married an Oscar and Grammy
 winner. But yeah, her year.

YOUNG MAE
 Um--

KENNEDY
 Yes Oscars for Best Song fucking
 count!

Lillian adds a chicken breast to Nayeli's almost empty plate
 and takes a beer bottle from her hand. Nayeli rolls her eyes
 and finds a soda.

NAYELI
 (off Young Mae)
 She has one million followers.

YOUNG MAE
 One point TWO million.

KENNEDY
 Good for you, honey.

Young Mae LAUGHS derisively. Lillian's phone RINGS and as she answers she hands Kennedy a bowl of salad and mouths 'For Tuesday'. He takes the bowl without comment.

YOUNG MAE

Each targeted post garners about
ninety-nine thousand.

KENNEDY

DOLLARS?!

EXT. LILLIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Young Mae, Nayeli and Tuesday eat and drink on the patio. Kennedy hands Tuesday the bowl of salad and settles in as Lillian joins them.

LILLIAN

Darlings, I have an early call
time. Spend the evening together
and take the leftovers when you
go.

She blows air kisses and goes back inside.

KENNEDY

(to Tuesday, LOUDLY, off
Young Mae and Nayeli)
Talk to them. Bond.

Tuesday puts down her fork and lets the anger wash over her. She CLEARS HER THROAT and addresses Young Mae.

TUESDAY

Will you send me one of those
pics, Young Mae? I don't have that
many of just the two of us.

YOUNG MAE

Not my fault.

Kennedy cringes. Young Mae airdrops the photo as she gets up.

YOUNG MAE

Not a targeted post, BTW.

Nayeli stands next to Young Mae, staring at her phone.

NAYELI

Don't think about your life being
half over, Tuesday. Think about
having half of your life left.
Some good years yet to go.

They leave. Tuesday drains her wine glass. Nayeli yells over her shoulder.

NAYELI
Miss you already! See you next
year! Love you anyway!

Tuesday pours herself more wine and looks at Kennedy.

TUESDAY
Am I a bad sister? Is not being
around the same as being bad?

KENNEDY
Ask your father.

Her eyes widen with anger. He widens his back, mocking her.

KENNEDY
Being the absentee sister is your
thing. Mine is being the bitchy
bride who makes it all up to you
in the bedroom.

Tuesday looks over at the obnoxiously large house next door.

KENNEDY
Your thing is also being very
thirsty.

TUESDAY
No it's not.

Kennedy looks pointedly at her phone. It's open to a text.

TUESDAY (TEXT)
Can I come over?

TUESDAY
I thought I'd just say hi. He's
probably not even home.

KENNEDY
(reading Tuesday's phone)
Door's unlocked.

Tuesday begins to clear the dishes.

KENNEDY
Don't forget to leave the dress
there.

INT. ASTOR'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

In a large bedroom suite, Tuesday, wearing the sequined silver dress, searches for something under a California King bed.

She finds her underwear but hits her head and SILENTLY screams as she gets out from under the bed.

A phone ALARM goes off. Tuesday stands up. A naked Astor Kim rolls over in the bed and hits snooze.

ASTOR
(eyes closed, sleepily)
Drive safe. I love you.

Tuesday stares at him in shock.

EXT. ASTOR'S HOUSE AND LILLIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tuesday closes the front door behind her, still in shock. Marissa trims roses.

TUESDAY
He loves me? He loves me. I've been waiting twenty-three years and he just says it? Like it's a known fact? And then goes back to sleep?

MARISSA
(in Spanish, subtitled)
He has always loved you.

Tuesday doesn't know what Marissa has said but she smiles politely at her and crosses the driveway. Young Mae walks toward her car. She yells over to Marissa.

YOUNG MAE
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Good morning, Marissa. Your roses are beautiful today!

Marissa smiles broadly. Tuesday stares at Young Mae.

TUESDAY
You speak Spanish.

YOUNG MAE
Si. And Korean and Mandarin and French.

TUESDAY
Since when?

YOUNG MAE

Since Mom adopted Nayeli. My
sister. Who was born in Mexico.

TUESDAY

Does Nayeli speak Korean?

YOUNG MAE

We all do.

TUESDAY

I should download an app or
something.

YOUNG MAE

(off Astor's house)

Do you love him?

TUESDAY

Oh, you heard that.

DING. A Google alert. Tuesday clicks the link on her phone.

GOOGLE ALERT (text)

*Astor Kim who was the breakout
star of "Burns Bright" is burning
even brighter with his upcoming
turn in the new Marvel movie.*

YOUNG MAE

They'd come after you but I could
help. We'd make sure most of the
photos were ones we put out there.

TUESDAY

That's not the issue--

YOUNG MAE

Yeah. OK. Sure.

Young Mae gets in her car and leaves. Marissa walks by Tuesday
and hands her a rose.

MARISSA

(in Spanish, subtitled)

Stupid, stupid girl.

EXT. LILLIAN'S HOUSE - POOL - DAY

Tuesday's sequined silver dress lays over a chair, the rose
balanced atop it. She floats on a raft, in an old tee shirt and
shorts. Kennedy, in a tiny gold swimsuit, stares down at her.

KENNEDY

An après-booty call visit? New.

He arranges himself on a lounge with a drink and a straw.

KENNEDY

Two truths and a lie. Go.

Tuesday doesn't open her eyes. Kennedy scrolls on his phone.

TUESDAY

I miss living at home, I miss
living at home--

KENNEDY

You had to make it that easy?

TUESDAY

--and I miss living at home.

Kennedy stops scrolling. He chucks a throw pillow at her. She falls off her raft. He sips his drink as she resurfaces.

TUESDAY

So much drama with this one.

KENNEDY

I miss you, bitch. You rarely
answer texts. You ignore DMs. You
call simply as a last resort.

TUESDAY

And why are you here?

KENNEDY

Lillian and I are party planning.
Obviously.

TUESDAY

Sip your sparkling whatever if
you're being held against your
will.

KENNEDY

She asks about you. I make shit
up. It's tiresome.

TUESDAY

You don't have to lie for me.

KENNEDY

That's what siblings do, it's in
the handbook. I bedazzled mine.

She gets out of the pool.

TUESDAY

The red polo and khakis of my
people call...

KENNEDY

Why the fuck won't you let us
help? I'm not being condescending
or any of that shit you accuse us
of. We have money. All of us. Her
most of all. It's very
frustrating.

TUESDAY

Welcome to the real world. It's
very frustrating.

KENNEDY

But you're doing it to yourself.
The job you hate, the constant
struggle. Lillian doesn't
understand. None of us do--

TUESDAY

(quietly)
He didn't like me.

She tears up.

TUESDAY

What could I have possibly done at
seven years old to make him hate
me? He adopted all of you without
hesitation. And then to leave
nothing to me...

KENNEDY

Who cares. You take the money and
say fuck you very much. Just like
we did.

Kennedy wraps his arms around her.

KENNEDY

I love you. We love you.
(off Astor's house)
He loves you.

Tuesday pushes back out of the hug like she's been slapped.

TUESDAY

You know?

KENNEDY

It is the complete opposite of a secret.

Tuesday UGLY CRIES, dripping tears and water.

KENNEDY

Yes, yes, being loved is so very terrible.

He leads her toward the door to the house.

EXT. TARGET PARKING LOT - DAY

Tuesday opens the door and gets into the passenger's seat of Kennedy's car.

KENNEDY

You didn't cancel!
(in his SALLY FIELD VOICE)
I can't deny the fact that you like me. Right now, you like me!

TUESDAY

OK, Sally. Don't we have catering and cakes to go taste?

KENNEDY

Yes! This way if you don't come to your party you still get to try all the food. Win win!

There's a KNOCK on the car window. It's Team Leader Leona.

TUESDAY

Just drive away. Next shift I'll apologize for your behavior.

Kennedy raises his eyebrows like no way and picks up his phone. Tuesday reluctantly rolls down the window.

TUESDAY

Hi, Leona.

TEAM LEADER LEONA

Tuesday, I'm so glad I caught you, and your brother!
(to Kennedy)
Hi! I'm Leona. I love your husband--

KENNEDY
I'll let him know tonight when
he's fucking me.

He hides a smile. Leona looks back at Tuesday.

TEAM LEADER LEONA
I had a question about your
schedule--

Tuesday's phone BUZZES. The caller ID reads Gyno Office.
Tuesday holds a finger up to Leona.

TUESDAY
(into phone)
Hi. Yes. Right. I just need an
antibiotic. Levaquin, Cipro,
dealer's choice.

TEAM LEADER LEONA
Cipro gives me terrible diarrhea.

KENNEDY
Is there a type of diarrhea that's
not terrible, Leona?

TUESDAY
(into phone)
I'm thirty-eight years old, I know
it's a UTI. I don't need to come
in. What? Can you check again?
Sure. Thanks.

Tuesday ends the call.

TUESDAY
My insurance lapsed.

KENNEDY
I got you. Call them back.

TEAM LEADER LEONA
If we can just--

Kennedy looks at Leona like really, bitch?

TEAM LEADER LEONA
Copy that. We'll discuss tomorrow.

Leona leaves.

KENNEDY
Call them back. Now.

TUESDAY

I'm fine. I'll make an appointment at a clinic. We've got appetizers to taste and desserts to sample. Nothing without a filling. Moist is the word of the day.

KENNEDY

Ew. Find an alt.

TUESDAY

(toward phone)

Hey Siri, what's a synonym for moist?

SIRI

Wet.

She wiggles her eyes at Kennedy.

SIRI

Also, dank and clammy.

KENNEDY

FINE. Moist. MOIST. Gun emoji. Head exploding emoji.

SIRI

Or in medicine it is marked by a fluid discharge.

Kennedy dry heaves.

INT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD - DAY

Tuesday's feet are in stirrups and her hands hold down the tissue gown. A female DOCTOR and female NURSE finish an exam.

DOCTOR

Any discharge?

Tuesday stifles a giggle and nods no to them.

NURSE

We check for everything anyway. But there's no reason to think it's cancer or something worse.

TUESDAY

Something worse?!

DOCTOR

We'll get the urine results and talk in a few minutes.

TUESDAY

Long enough for me to have my brother meet me here?

The nurse nods like oh, yeah, definitely as they leave. Tuesday texts. Her paper gown rips and she tries to hold it together. She sets the phone back down and closes her eyes.

INT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD - A WHILE LATER

Astor peeks into Tuesday's room. When he sees it's her, eyes still closed, he nods to a NURSE behind him. They take a selfie and she leaves. He approaches Tuesday.

ASTOR

Do they think it's cancer? An STI?
I do not have an STI BTW.

Tuesday opens her eyes.

TUESDAY

No.

Astor takes her hand.

TUESDAY

NO.

She jerks away and tries to keep her bits covered.

TUESDAY

You are not Kennedy.

ASTOR

Nope.

TUESDAY

I wanted Kennedy. I texted Kennedy. YOU ARE NOT KENNEDY.

ASTOR

Glad we've got that cleared up.

She looks at her phone.

TUESDAY

Fuck, I always do that. Last month I texted Lillian I wanted to come over at two a.m. and--

ASTOR
 You got the right number for that
 one eventually.

The doctor enters. Astor sits.

DOCTOR
 Are you alright with your
 brother--

ASTOR
 We've established that I am, in
 fact, not her brother--

DOCTOR
 Your partner--

TUESDAY
 He's not my partner.

ASTOR
 Lover? Boy toy? BFF with benefits?

Tuesday attempts to get off of the exam table. Her gown rips
 further.

TUESDAY
 Can we do this another time?

Recognition hits the doctor.

DOCTOR
 (to Astor)
 You're Astor Kim! The actor. Huh.
 (to Tuesday)
 And you're pregnant.

Tuesday and Astor freeze.

DOCTOR
 Get dressed and we'll talk
 options, and the risks that come
 with a geriatric pregnancy.

The doctor leaves. Astor slips his hand over Tuesday's.

TUESDAY
 Geriatric...pregnancy...

ASTOR
 We'll figure it out.

Tuesday grabs her clothes off a nearby chair.

TUESDAY

Turn around!

Astor SIGHS, stands up and turns around.

EXT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Astor holds the door to the building open and Tuesday walks through it. He reaches for her hand. For a split second, she reaches back but stops herself and adjusts her purse instead.

ASTOR

I'm gonna rock the baby daddy
shit.

TUESDAY

What am I going to do with a baby?
In my tiny house? On my Target
salary? No health insurance...

ASTOR

You have choices, we have choices.

TUESDAY

How are you so sure it's yours?

His dimples show.

ASTOR

I love you.

TUESDAY

Quit fucking saying that!

Tuesday and Astor get into their respective vehicles, hers a crappy car and his a ridiculously expensive car.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS AND FREEWAYS - DAY

Tuesday weaves through traffic following Astor. His phone RINGS. He answers through his car's bluetooth. Tuesday talks through her earbuds, windows down, YELLING to be heard.

TUESDAY

It's probably a false positive.
I'm almost forty for fuck's sake--

Her phone drops the call. She dials Astor again.

TUESDAY

ARE YOUR CONDOMS OLD? DID YOU BUY
THEM AT TARGET?

ASTOR
I'm always safe--

TUESDAY
You are not putting the blame on
me! FUCK YOU!

She ends the call. They continue to drive. Her phone BUZZES
with a call from Team Leader Leona. She declines the call.

TUESDAY
Stay out of this Leona!

She calls him back.

TUESDAY
If I have an abortion I'm a
terrible person. If I want to give
it away I'm a terrible person. If
I want to keep working I'm a
terrible person. If I give up
everything to have--

They both pull up to a red light. She looks over at Astor.

TUESDAY
You could raise it. Your dad could
help. Maybe we could hire someone.

She's quiet. He looks over at her.

TUESDAY
Why not twenty years ago when we
were too stupid to know better? My
life will be over. MY. LIFE.
Everything I'VE wanted, worked
toward. FORGOTTEN. LOST. GONE.

They pull into driveways: his and Lillian's. He sits silently.
She looks around.

TUESDAY
Shit. Why did I follow you?

ASTOR
We have time.

INT. MABEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tuesday lies on a couch.

TUESDAY
There's never enough time...

Mabel sits in a chair across from Tuesday, eyes closed.

TUESDAY

...and I just keep fucking up.

MABEL

Did you know I had a daughter?

Tuesday sits up. Mabel opens her eyes.

MABEL

She died when she was about your age. My husband and I buried her the day he turned sixty-four.

TUESDAY

I'm so sorry.

MABEL

I can't bear to look at her photos. I can't bear to go in her room.

Tears cloud Tuesday's eyes.

MABEL

For a long time I wished I'd never had a child. Because I wouldn't have known the heartbreak. I lost my job. I lost so much weight my hair fell out.

TUESDAY

What was her name?

MABEL

Anna. She was so funny. Her father and her would get to laughing and I would just shake my head.

TUESDAY

Oh Mabel.

Tuesday reaches out and touches Mabel's hand. Mabel gets up and walks to the kitchen.

MABEL

What I'm saying is that having a child is hard. And not having a child is hard. It's all hard.

She blows her nose and drops it in a trash can lined with a Target bag.

INT. POSH TALENT AGENCY OFFICES - DAY

Tuesday, carrying a plastic Target bag, wearing her Target uniform, enters the offices, heads toward the restroom, and is stopped by an assistant, HEATHER (20s).

HEATHER
You're so late, Tuesday.

TUESDAY
Blame the man. And traffic on
Sunset.

An assistant, HAYLEN (20s), pipes up from their desk.

HAYLEN
You should never take Sunset in
the afternoon. Or the evening. Or
before lunch.

Tuesday tries to sidestep Heather. Heather blocks her.

HEATHER
She *just* got back from lunch.

TUESDAY
Then what does it matter?

HEATHER
She's in a bad mood today.

TUESDAY
Aren't we all, Heather?

Another assistant, HUDSON (20s), pipes up from his desk.

HUDSON
Medusa-level bad.

TUESDAY
Oh, all right, relax. I do not pay
Zoey ten percent for her sparkling
personality.

HUDSON
Can we show her the pages? They've
got good bones.

TUESDAY
No. And no, we don't.

Tuesday pushes through to the restroom.

TUESDAY (CONT'D)

I know that better than anyone.
But I am confident that this
script--

ZOEY

You've been writing *this script*
for ten years. A DECADE. You won't
let me read an outline. An agent
and writer relationship is
supposed--

TUESDAY

You're still pissed I won't write
a pilot.

She zigzags her finger up and down at Tuesday, shirt untucked,
phone still BUZZING...

ZOEY

Commitment issues.

(beat)

My job is about selling a product,
Tuesday. And you are no longer a
desirable product.

Zoey leaves the bathroom. Tuesday stares at herself in the
mirror.

EXT. KENNEDY AND BRANDON'S HOUSE - DAY

Tuesday sits in her car in the motor court of a Beverly Hills
mansion. She dials Kennedy, it goes right to voicemail.

TUESDAY

(into phone)

I'm out front of your new place,
Kennedy. Let me in.

Her phone DINGS.

GOOGLE ALERT (TEXT)

*Astor Kim seen with viral swimsuit
sensation.*

Another DING.

GOOGLE ALERT (TEXT)

*New YouTube video of Astor Kim on
the Red Carpet.*

She plays the video. On Screen: Astor works a red carpet.

MALE INTERVIEWER

How have you made it to forty
without some lucky lady, or gent,
tying you down?

ASTOR

First, I'm only thirty-nine. And
second, I'm just damn lucky.

A text pops up.

KENNEDY (TEXT)

*Brandon's doing a concert on a
private jet. He made me come with.
Rolling eyes emoji.*

She sends a heart emoji, tears rolling down her face. She opens
a new text message and adds Young Mae and Nayeli.

TUESDAY (TEXT)

*Up for a girls' night? Movie,
dinner?*

YOUNG MAE (TEXT)

Previous commitment.

NAYELI (TEXT)

Same.

TUESDAY

I really am not a desirable
product...

Her phone RINGS. She hesitates before answering.

TUESDAY

(into the phone)
Hi Mom.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tuesday enters the kitchen where Lillian and Astor chat.
Lillian's in an evening dress, stilettos, full hair and makeup.
The housekeeper, CONNIE (60), prepares food.

LILLIAN

You have choices. Certainly. But
make sure to protect your rights--

TUESDAY

You told her I'm pregnant?!

Connie abruptly stops what she's doing and moves to the exit. A male assistant, DERRICK (30s), is heading into the kitchen and Connie physically leads him away from the room.

LILLIAN

He did not.

Astor moves toward Tuesday.

ASTOR

She's been helping me with some SAG-AFTRA stuff.

He takes her hand in his.

TUESDAY

Shit.

ASTOR

Tell me what you need. Right now.

TUESDAY

Leave.

He leaves. Lillian indicates that Tuesday should follow her.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lillian takes off her stiletto heels in a walk-in closet as Tuesday tries on different heels. Lillian's bare feet are covered in Band-Aids.

LILLIAN

You've been in love with him since the tenth grade so this is not surprising.

TUESDAY

How do you know? How does everyone know? I don't even fucking know!

Lillian unclips hair extensions. Tuesday attaches the hair to her head. Nayeli and Young Mae appears in the doorway, eyes glued to their phones.

YOUNG MAE

We're heading to the premiere.

LILLIAN

I hope it goes well.

Lillian takes off false eyelashes. Tuesday tries to attach the fake eyelashes but they fail to stick.

NAYELI
 (looks up)
 Oh, hey Tuesday. I thought you
 were Connie.

TUESDAY
 The housekeeper?

YOUNG MAE
 We just heard a voice. It's not
 like you're normally around.

Her sisters leave.

TUESDAY
 (incredulous)
 Connie is sixty years old.

Lillian pulls her dress off and exposes entire body shape wear.

LILLIAN
 How do you feel?

TUESDAY
 Screwed.

Lillian takes off the shape wear.

LILLIAN
 When I had you, I was considered
 geriatric.

TUESDAY
 Same, girl.

LILLIAN
 The girl next to me in the
 recovery room was seventeen. She'd
 just gotten married. I was almost
 old enough to be her mother.

TUESDAY
 Did you ever consider...

LILLIAN
 It's a much different choice at
 thirty-nine then it is at twenty-
 nine or nineteen.

Lillian stands in front of a full-length mirror in her bra and
 underwear and rubs lotion into her wrinkled, normal body.

LILLIAN

I did have an abortion when I was eighteen.

TUESDAY

Really? Why?

LILLIAN

I didn't want to be pregnant. I'd slept with a boy who was in the Actor's Studio with me. He loved poetry. He was my first. He couldn't be my last.

She hands Tuesday lotion and Tuesday rubs it onto her arms.

LILLIAN

Finding out you are pregnant is usually the best day or the worst day of your life.

TUESDAY

It definitely wasn't my best.

Lillian pulls a caftan over her head.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The screen is black. The SOUND OF BREATHING and then...

KENNEDY (O.S.)

Bitch, wake up!

Tuesday pulls the blanket up over her head. Kennedy stands at the foot of a bed where Tuesday pretends to sleep.

KENNEDY

You never sleep here. But one of the "please don't call them assistants, they're really more household guru-types" said this is your second night in a row here.

He finds her phone under a red polo. Missed calls and texts. He pulls down the blanket and opens her phone with her face. He puts the blanket back over her head.

Derrick enters the room with a bottle of Diet Coke and a Luna bar. He sets them down on the bedside table.

KENNEDY

Gasp! I'm a witch! I can summons them--

DERRICK
 (rolling his eyes)
 --Lillian said to get her
 breakfast.

Kennedy nods like sure, OK, and Derrick leaves. Kennedy scrolls Tuesday's phone.

KENNEDY
 Leona is about to call the
 authorities to do a wellness
 check.

He reads aloud as he texts. Tuesday uncovers her head.

KENNEDY (TEXT)
*This is Kennedy. Tuesday will
 check in later. Please respect my
 privacy during this time.*

TUESDAY
 Your privacy?

Kennedy reads aloud a string of texts.

KENNEDY
 From Next Door Ned: *Come over
 tonight. Please. And then: We can
 talk or get drunk or have sex or
 not have sex. I don't know the
 rules.*
 (stares at Tuesday)
 What is he trying very badly to
 apologize for?

TUESDAY
 If I tell you will you leave?

Kennedy keeps reading her texts.

KENNEDY
 This morning: *I'll be home all
 day. Woof. I thought you were
 thirsty. Is this all it takes for
 you to go weak-kneed and fall back
 into his bed?*

TUESDAY
 He has a very nice bed.

KENNEDY
 Jesus of Neiman Marcus I wish that
 was a double entendre.
 (MORE)

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 (off the phone)
 And finally: *Please*.
 (stares at Tuesday again)
 Does TMZ have video of whatever it
 is he did?

Tuesday downs a lot of the Diet Coke. She BURPS. Connie pokes her head in the bedroom.

CONNIE
 Good morning! All the shirts from
 your car are clean, waiting by the
 front door.

Tuesday winks and shoots a pistol finger Connie's way.

TUESDAY
 You're the best, Con!

Connie smiles and leaves. Tuesday takes another swig of Diet Coke and stands up. She heads for the suite bathroom.

TUESDAY
 He got me pregnant.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tuesday enters the bathroom which is under construction. Derrick sits on a counter, eyes on his phone, eating a Luna bar, his own Diet Coke next to him.

KENNEDY
 (hopefully)
 Two truths and a lie?

DERRICK
 Oh, we all wish that were the
 case.

Tuesday shoots Derrick a look, turns and leaves, pushing past Kennedy. Derrick offers Kennedy part of his Luna bar. Kennedy takes it and then turns to leave. He stops himself.

KENNEDY
 You won't...say anything, right?

DERRICK
 You know we all cross our hearts
 and swear to the NDA gods every
 morning. And anyway, who really
 cares?

Kennedy lets out a deep breath and follows Tuesday.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kennedy enters Lillian's bathroom. Tuesday puts toothpaste on her finger and brushes. He eyes a weight chart on the inside of an open cabinet.

KENNEDY

Twice a day? That's hashtag a lot.

TUESDAY

She's...

She examines a bottle of age-defying serum. Kennedy sets down her phone.

TUESDAY

(to herself)

...hashtag just like all of us.

Kennedy puts lotion on his face while studying Tuesday. Her phone BUZZES with a text from Astor. Tuesday puts on the serum and ignores the phone.

KENNEDY

You have to talk to him.

TUESDAY

Now when he says he loves me I won't know if it's because he really does or because he has to.

KENNEDY

Honey. He said he loved you before you knew you were pregnant.

TUESDAY

That might be worse.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Tuesday types on a laptop.

TUESDAY

(reading as she types)

The merchandise has seen better days, as has the pregnant proprietor...

She slams the laptop shut. Her coffee spills. A VERY RUDE MAN at the table next to her rolls his eyes.

MAN

(under his breath)

Fat slob.

TUESDAY
 (to the man)
 Excuse me?

He moves to another table as Heather arrives. She sets down a plate of scones, wipes up the spill and sits down.

HEATHER
 That shirt is perfect for your coloring. Do you want a scone? I think the blueberry ones are the best here. So I shared your pages with--

TUESDAY
 How did you find me?

HEATHER
 --a client. Of Zoey's. But he's agent shopping so--

TUESDAY
 You shared my pages?

HEATHER
 I say this with love and genuine fondness for you, Tuesday. Get the fuck over yourself.

TUESDAY
 Who's the client?

HEATHER
 William Mallory!

Heather waves over WILLIAM MALLORY (late 40s). He pulls a chair up to their table.

TUESDAY
 You have a MOTHERFUCKING OSCAR!

They all LAUGH. The very rude man who moved tables squats next to William.

VERY RUDE MAN
 Could I get a selfie, man? Huge fan.

TUESDAY
 (to Heather)
 This asshole.

William leans in for a selfie.

HEATHER
 (to Tuesday)
 I hope the only likes he gets are
 from people related to him.

WILLIAM
 (to the very rude man)
 Cheers.

The man leaves. Tuesday shakes the encounter off. William
 reaches for a scone.

TUESDAY
 My, um, a friend, was in your last
 film. It was excellent.

WILLIAM
 That's very kind. And true.

They all LAUGH again.

WILLIAM
 You wrote one of *my* favorite
 films, Tuesday.

TUESDAY
 Oh, I doubt that.

WILLIAM
 I was at Sundance the year Burns
 Bright won. It's a beautiful
 movie. And really funny.

TUESDAY
 People usually go with dark. But
 thank you for saying that.

HEATHER
 So William read your pages. And he
 loves them. And thinks you'd make
 a great team for his next project.

Tuesday raises her eyebrows at Heather. OK, girl.

WILLIAM
 It's just a rewrite. To start. But
 then the sky's the limit.

TUESDAY
 (to Heather)
 You know you don't get ten
 percent.

HEATHER
 Yet!

Everyone LAUGHS.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Tuesday and Heather smile and wave as William drives away. Heather turns to Tuesday, her expression deadly serious.

HEATHER

You're going to do this, right?

Tuesday pulls a scone from a carry-out bag and breaks off a chunk. She eats it.

TUESDAY

The blueberry are good.

Heather physically moves Tuesday's face to look at her own.

HEATHER

Tuesday.

TUESDAY

Yeah, duh. I'm gonna do it. It's a good gig.

HEATHER

A really good gig.

Heather takes the scone from Tuesday and breaks off a piece. She eats.

HEATHER

You have to make time. You have to focus. This will be amazing. You will be amazing.

TUESDAY

I'm going home to write now. I've got the whole night blocked off.

HEATHER

Send me pages when you have them.

She hands the scone back to Tuesday.

TUESDAY

Can we get more scones first?
They're *really* good.

Heather nods and they hurry back into the coffee shop.

INT. TUESDAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tuesday naps on her couch, open laptop nearby, scone bag with half a scone on it next to her.

The plaster in the house is cracked. The carpet is covered in rugs. A heater sits next to a duct-taped fan.

There's a movie on the television paused on the credits:
Written by Tuesday Watson.

Her phone BUZZES and wakes her.

MABEL (TEXT)

Tea?

TUESDAY (TEXT)

Soon. Promise.

Her phone DINGS just after she sets it down. A Google alert with a photo of a hillside mansion.

GOOGLE ALERT (TEXT)

*Brandon King and husband Kennedy
Watson give tour of their new
Beverly Hills mansion.*

Tuesday scrolls the story which is mostly photos.

TUESDAY

Who needs twelves toilets?!

Tuesday texts Kennedy.

TUESDAY (TEXT)

*Here's the expected I'm cancelling
on dinner text. Love you.*

KENNEDY (TEXT)

Hate you. Kissy face emoji.

She hits play on a remote control and the movie on the television plays. The first image is of a younger Astor. She stares at it for a long time. Then she turns off the television, grabs her purse and leaves.

EXT. LILLIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tuesday parks her car in Lillian's driveway and looks over at Astor's house. She begins a text to him.

TUESDAY (TEXT)

Can we talk?

A car stops in Astor's driveway. A WOMAN who appears to be a supermodel gets out of the car.

Derrick exits Lillian's house, walks past Tuesday toward his car, looks over at Astor's house, shakes his head, and leaves.

Tuesday erases her text and sets down her phone.

EXT. LILLIAN'S HOUSE - DAWN

Tuesday wakes up and realizes she's in her car still. She looks up at Astor's house--

NAYELI (O.S.)
I didn't know it was stalk
o'clock.

Nayeli stands at her car window.

TUESDAY
Jesus. Why are you up so early?

NAYELI
Shift at the hospital.
(beat)
Sometimes the lame-arazzi get
bored down at Miley's house and
wander this way. It would do a lot
more for your social status to be
seen pulling out of *his* driveway.

Tuesday smoothes down her hair.

NAYELI
Don't worry, they're not here now.

TUESDAY
So you're working at the hospital.
That's really cool.

NAYELI
It's just handing people shit in
the ER but I guess.

TUESDAY
And med school. Already. Awesome.

A Lyft pulls up. Tuesday attempts to start her car. It's dead. She gets out of her car and heads for the Lyft.

NAYELI
(like OK, whatever)
I guess I'll call another ride.

Nayeli calls out to her while typing on her phone.

NAYELI
 (off Astor's house)
 You know all of the other women
 are just distractions.

Tuesday runs over to a bush and pukes. The Lyft leaves. Nayeli continues to type as she leads Tuesday into the house.

INT. ASTOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Tuesday, cleaned up, lets herself in and wanders, looking at photos of the Kims. She sits down at the kitchen table. MR. KIM (60s) enters, not at all surprised to see her.

MR. KIM
 Ooh, excellent! I'm making
 breakfast! The best idea I've had
 today!

He smiles to himself.

MR. KIM
 You spent more time at this table
 as a child than Astor ever did.

He takes off his tie and rolls up his sleeves.

TUESDAY
 Oh, I'm only here to talk to Astor
 for a minute. Please don't bother
 just for me.

MR. KIM
 Nonsense! This is the perfect way
 to start my day! How are things at
 the store?

TUESDAY
 Busy.

He opens the fridge.

MR. KIM
 And your projects? What are you
 working on?

TUESDAY
 I'm in the writing stage still.
 But there's this new thing, a
 rewrite...

Astor appears in the doorway, Mr. Kim shuts the fridge.

MR. KIM
 (to Astor)
 Tuesday was just telling me about
 her writing. And there's no food.

ASTOR
 Won't you be late for work, Appa?

Mr. Kim pulls out his phone.

MR. KIM
 Another idea! I'm ordering from
 Marmalade! Remember when your
 mother always wanted to go to
 Marmalade? I think we ate there
 every weekend for a year.

ASTOR
 (remembering)
 And after our one and only
 neighborhood watch patrol.

MR. KIM
 You can't remember neighborhood
 watch! Bunny's yellow vests!

TUESDAY
 They glowed in the dark.

ASTOR
 Mom and I went on exactly one
 patrol. We saw a skunk and never
 went out again.

TUESDAY
 I think Lillian hired someone to
 do our patrols.

MR. KIM
 That was right before Bunny
 started her backyard aerobics
 club. Much more her speed.

Mr. Kim's eyes are wet. Happy but wet.

MR. KIM
 We'll eat soon!

He puts the phone to his ear and leaves. Astor sits down.

ASTOR
 (to himself)
 He'd make the best haraboji.

TUESDAY

That's not fair!

ASTOR

I just keep wondering what advice Mom might give us if she were still here...

TUESDAY

(far away)

Bunny was waiting out front the day we moved in.

Astor smiles but stays quiet.

TUESDAY

She told me she was an adult I could trust. Anything, anytime.

ASTOR

She knew your mom had a lot going on.

TUESDAY

A lot going on, that's one way to describe Lillian. I remember sitting at this table doing homework. Crying. Fighting fevers. Playing games. I don't remember ever sitting at my own kitchen table.

He wipes away a tear.

TUESDAY

She promised me she'd always be here.

DING. A Google alert.

GOOGLE ALERT (TEXT)

Marvel's Astor Kim Shirtless and Ready to Mingle.

TUESDAY

(to herself)

That doesn't even fucking rhyme.

ASTOR

Hmmm?

She gets up and heads to the door.

TUESDAY

Tell your dad another time.

ASTOR

Promise?

She disappears without turning around.

INT. TUESDAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tuesday spreads peanut butter on toast and eats everything but the crusts as the next door neighbors leave. She sees the puppy in the house next door. She collects the crusts.

EXT. TUESDAY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She walks to the front of the neighbors' house.

TUESDAY

Charlie! Come here, girl!

She can see the puppy through the glass door.

TUESDAY

Good girl.

She slides her crusts through the mail slot next to the door. She watches as Charlie gobbles them up. Her phone BUZZES.

ASTOR (TEXT)

Dad ordered too much, leftovers in the fridge.

She opens Instagram. Astor's arms around bikini-clad women. She deletes Astor's text chain. The glass door where the puppy watches her is smeared with peanut butter. She texts.

TUESDAY (TEXT)

Let's meet up for a brainstorm.

WILLIAM (TEXT)

You read my mind.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tuesday sits at a two-top table. She scrolls through her phone. There is an open napkin on the chair across from her.

Astor and a WOMAN (20s) follow a WAITER to the table next to Tuesday's.

TUESDAY

Fuck me.

Astor pulls the woman's chair out, then sits down, all while staring at Tuesday. Tuesday and Astor WHISPER fight.

TUESDAY

There are literally hundreds of other restaurants in this town.

ASTOR

I'm not the one sitting outside of your house every night.

William picks up his napkin and sits down.

WILLIAM

I'm glad you were open to the rewrite. It's becoming a lost art, so many people just want to create their own thing but film is such a collaborative medium--

TUESDAY

Do you think we could move tables?

WILLIAM

Sure, I guess. I'll find our waitress.

William SNAPS his fingers and then looks over at Astor's table.

WILLIAM

Astor Kim?

Astor's date stands up.

WOMAN

I'll be right back.

She takes multiple selfies in various spots in the restaurant.

ASTOR

Hi, William.

TUESDAY

(to William)

We should leave.

WILLIAM

Ah, this was your friend. I should have connected the dots. No worries, it was one bad day.

ASTOR

How do you two know each other?

WILLIAM
New friends.

TUESDAY
Work.

ASTOR
Well, enjoy your night.

He gets up, meets his date as she's on her way back to the table, and steers her toward the front door.

The WAITRESS approaches their table. William looks at Tuesday.

WILLIAM
Oh, we're good right?
(to waitress)
But another scotch for me,
sweetie.

TUESDAY
(to waitress)
I'm fine, thank you.
(to William)
Sweetie? That's gross.

He downs the remainder of his scotch.

WILLIAM
You're a spicy one, aren't you?

He considers her for a moment. She fidgets in her chair.

WILLIAM
I have a house in Maui. We should
go there. We can write, swim in
the ocean, sleep in the sun...

He winks at her. She takes a drink of water.

TUESDAY
I burn easily.

WILLIAM
(off the empty table)
He thought he was the shit. Actors
always do. It's my job to take 'em
down a notch, or seven.

TUESDAY
Sure.

WILLIAM
So the second act. Let's
brainstorm. We need a good sex
scene to kick it off. Spicy...

Tuesday stares at Astor's empty chair.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - NIGHT

Tuesday walks toward her car, staring off into the night sky. She unwraps restaurant mints and pops them. Astor stands at her driver's side door.

TUESDAY

He took me out for a lovely meal
that I couldn't even enjoy.

She reaches for the door handle. He won't move.

ASTOR

He's an asshole.

TUESDAY

So are you.

ASTOR

The difference is I'm not trying
to fuck you over.

TUESDAY

No. The difference is you just
fuck me. At least he took me to
dinner first.

He falls back against the car, as if he's been shot. She leans back against the car, next to him.

They stare at a flickering streetlight for a long time. Then...

TUESDAY

This is a one-night stand that's
lasted twenty-three years.

ASTOR

That's always been your choice.

TUESDAY

Has it? You don't enjoy your life?
The parties, the women?

ASTOR

I've been trying to choose you for
twenty-three years.

She looks at him. Really looks at him. Searches his face. She kisses him. He kisses her back...

INT. TUESDAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Astor and Tuesday lie in her bed kissing. A puppy BARKS incessantly in the background.

TUESDAY
 (yelling toward a window)
 Charlie! Stop!
 (to Astor)
 I think I got him addicted to
 peanut butter. The kind with sugar
 in it.

Astor LAUGHS and she kisses him.

TUESDAY
 Come on, you know the kind with
 sugar in it is way better than
 that natural shit.

Her phone BUZZES on the nightstand. She picks it up.

HEATHER (TEXT)
*William loves your ideas. Start
 writing! (And practicing your
 Oscar speech!)*

TUESDAY
 Oh shit!

Astor smiles and pulls her back into an embrace.

ASTOR
 Good shit or bad shit?

TUESDAY
 Good.

Her phone BUZZES again.

ASTOR
 I can't believe I'm in your house.
 We should stay in bed all day.
 Let's order breakfast but in a
 little while.

Astor tries to move the phone away and kiss her but her expression indicates something has happened.

KENNEDY (TEXT)
*Lillian drama. Something about a
 hypertensive emergency.*

She jumps from the bed and throws clothes at him.

TUESDAY

Get dressed. We gotta go!

EXT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - DAY

Tuesday, in yoga pants, and Astor, in his clothes from his date the night before, walk toward the hospital. They do not pay attention to the PAPARAZZI taking photos.

Tuesday stops in front of an automatic door. It doesn't open. She grows frustrated. Astor steps in front of her and it opens.

A young MAN and WOMAN exit the door and stop when they see Astor.

MAN

Can we get a pic, my dude?

Astor leans in for a photo with the couple. Tuesday goes inside.

ASTOR

(calls after Tuesday)
I'll meet you up there!

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Kennedy paces in a private waiting room. Nayeli and Young Mae sit, glued to their phones.

KENNEDY

Young Mae? Nayeli? NAYELI, YOU ARE MY EYES AND EARS IN THAT HOUSE.

NAYELI

She was fine last night. And I wouldn't have slept through an ambulance at the house.

KENNEDY

There were FIREFIGHTERS AND YOU DIDN'T CALL ME?

YOUNG MAE

No. She said she didn't see any.

KENNEDY

Oh. Fine.

There's a soft KNOCK on the door and a WOMAN in scrubs enters.

WOMAN IN SCRUBS

Can I get anyone anything?

Nayeli studies the woman.

KENNEDY

Oh, thanks so much but we're okey-dokey. For now.

WOMAN IN SCRUBS

Has someone updated you on your mother?

Nayeli stands and gets very close to the woman.

NAYELI

Can you? Do you have information for us or do you just want information?

Young Mae snaps a pic of the woman. Kennedy looks around, completely flummoxed.

WOMAN IN SCRUBS

If you need something, please let the hospital know.

The woman leaves. Kennedy sits, confused.

KENNEDY

What was that?

NAYELI

Reporter, to use the term loosely. You don't see a lot of nurses or doctors in scrubs and ballet flats.

YOUNG MAE

I'll share my pics with the charge nurse. Security should be aware of her.

Kennedy runs his hands through his hair, exasperated.

KENNEDY

Where the fuck is Brandon? Isn't this what husbands are for? If--

Tuesday rushes in.

KENNEDY

--Lillian is dead--

TUESDAY

WHAT THE FUCK.

NAYELI

No!

A female surgeon, DOCTOR RHIMES, stands in the doorway.

DOCTOR RHIMES

She's fine. Lillian's alive and perfectly fine. The hypertensive emergency was likely--

Everyone moves toward her.

TUESDAY

What is a hypertensive emergency?

NAYELI

Potentially life-threatening high blood pressure, it can impair organ systems.

DOCTOR RHIMES

Correct, Nayeli. But nothing was impaired. We treated her with nitroglycerin and she's doing well.

YOUNG MAE

Can we take her home?

DOCTOR RHIMES

We'll stick to the original recovery plan for now. The procedure she was undergoing when the episode occurred--

TUESDAY

She was having surgery?

DOCTOR RHIMES

Well, structural fat grafting.

NAYELI

Liposuction.

KENNEDY

ALL THIS FOR A TUMMY TUCK.

DOCTOR RHIMES

She will be fine, Kennedy. It was a minor procedure. She can go into further details about what we actually did.

KENNEDY

How do you know our names? Are you a witch?

TUESDAY

What is it with you and witches?

DOCTOR RHIMES

This is not your mother's first procedure. She'll be up for visitors in an hour or so.

Doctor Rhimes leaves. Young Mae moves closer to Kennedy, he puts an arm around her. Nayeli slips her hand into Tuesday's.

YOUNG MAE

She's really OK?

NAYELI

If they stabilized her BP.

KENNEDY

I swear to god if she dies during cosmetic surgery.

There is a moment of quiet. And then...

NAYELI

When are you due?

Tuesday takes a deep breath.

YOUNG MAE

Last night Lillian was going through old pictures and--

TUESDAY

(to Kennedy)

What the fuck.

KENNEDY

I did not spill the chamomile.

NAYELI

What kind of vitamins are you taking? The mortality rate for mothers in this country is unbelievable. You should--

YOUNG MAE

Wait, this is amazing content.

She turns her phone on Tuesday. Tuesday puts her hand over it.

TUESDAY

Any other opinions on my
reproductive status?

KENNEDY

They don't know who the father is.
So there's that.

YOUNG MAE

We have guesses.

NAYELI

We have facts.

KENNEDY

But it's none of our business.

YOUNG MAE

Single parent by choice is a
thing. There's a whole industry
built around it. I mean if I
wanted to be a surrogate I could
make upwards of--

TUESDAY

Maybe we just sit quietly.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - LATER THAT DAY

Lillian is asleep in a private suite, her hands bandaged.
BRANDON KING (30s), pop star perfect, sets down a box of
snacks. Tuesday sits across from Astor, both on their phones.

KENNEDY

(to the room)

He is literally the best.

Nayeli and Young Mae grab snacks.

BRANDON

She's alright?

TUESDAY

She's fine.

Kennedy tries not to cry. Brandon ushers him to a sofa.

NAYELI

(to Tuesday)

I'm serious about the vitamin
thing. I can give you some book
recommendations too.

Tuesday side eyes her sister.

NAYELI

But whatever you decide, totally cool.

YOUNG MAE

(off Astor)

If he is the father, set up the social now. Monetize that shit.

Nayeli and Young Mae settle in and eat. Tuesday paces and starts off WHISPERING but gets progressively louder.

TUESDAY

(to Astor)

How would it actually work? Being together? Having a child? Aren't you getting ready to spend eight months filming in Vancouver?

ASTOR

We'll figure it out.

TUESDAY

My house has shitty windows, black mold every winter, no AC. I went to Planned Parenthood for what I thought was an STI that I was sure you'd given me. How the fuck do we figure that out.

LILLIAN

(eyes still closed)

Your father left me when I was eight months pregnant. No one thought I'd figure it out, most of all me. And here I am, four children later, all on my own.

TUESDAY

You had Bertrand.

Lillian opens her eyes.

LILLIAN

As I said, all on my own. Bertrand wrote checks but don't let money--

TUESDAY

Don't tell me money isn't important, it is if you don't have any. William offered me a rewrite gig. A job. A writing job.

ASTOR

And that's all well and good but--

TUESDAY

I know, I know, you don't think
he's a good guy.

YOUNG MAE

Please let me help.

Young Mae shows Tuesday her phone. A stream of unflattering
paparazzi photos follow: Astor and Tuesday, on their way into
the hospital earlier today.

TUESDAY

Fuck me.

Tuesday's phone DINGS. Google alert after Google alert.

GOOGLE ALERT (TEXT)

Astor Kim seen entering hospital.

GOOGLE ALERT (TEXT)

*Kim rumored to have new love
interest, him and unidentified
woman visit hospital to see her.*

GOOGLE ALERT (TEXT)

*Astor Kim and Watson daughter
working together again?*

TUESDAY

(yells)

They can't fathom I have a name
much less could possibly date you!

An AIDE pushing a computer cart for taking vitals enters the
room as Tuesday yells, does an immediate u-turn, and exits.
Lillian nods at Kennedy like that's enough and closes her eyes.

KENNEDY

And scene.

He begins to usher everyone out of the suite.

KENNEDY

We must let the queen sleep.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

As the door to Lillian's suite shuts behind them, Astor pulls
Tuesday into a hug.

ASTOR

Google, Instagram, they're not
real life.

Nayeli and Young Mae roll their eyes at Astor and keep moving down the hall.

TUESDAY

It's all real life. The internet,
this hospital, my mother in
there...

Her eyes fill with tears.

ASTOR

Lillian's going to outlive us all.

Tuesday untangles herself from Astor and looks down the hall. Nayeli and Young Mae lead the pack, Kennedy and Brandon follow them hand in hand. She looks back at Astor.

INT. TUESDAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The image in the floor length mirror is fuzzy. Then it clears. Astor stands behind Tuesday. She's in a gorgeous dressing gown and her belly is swollen. The image goes fuzzy again.

Tuesday, in her yoga pants, moves away from the floor length mirror in her bedroom and edits a paper script.

A moment later she looks at Instagram. Young Mae arranging flowers in Lillian's room, Kennedy and Brandon looking in love, an ad for a singles' cruise she marks as offensive.

A text comes through.

KENNEDY (TEXT)

*Be at the hotel for check-in or
knife emoji. Love you!*

She goes back to Instagram. Astor's face is being licked by a young woman and the caption reads #ThisIsTheLife.

Tuesday walks into the living room where Astor is sprawled out on the couch, asleep. She sits down across from him.

TUESDAY

Why do you post shit like this?

And he's awake.

ASTOR

Yeah, well, um. Instagram or Snap?

Tuesday is SILENT. He sits up. Looks at the post.

ASTOR

She's just a Snapchat Sweetie.

TUESDAY

A what?

ASTOR

Someone who's always up for creating content. Charity's just--

TUESDAY

Doing charity work?

ASTOR

My publicist says it sells tickets or streams or whatever. I take a bunch of pics and someone schedules the posts.

TUESDAY

Are you dating her too?

ASTOR

No! We're co-workers. I get paid to make out with people on screens, big and small.

TUESDAY

(she points to the phone)
This isn't the same thing.

ASTOR

This is a part of my job. We're usually at a photo shoot or event that has just finished.

TUESDAY

So it's work?

ASTOR

We're all professionals.

Tuesday shows him a photo of a woman licking his stomach while another woman French kisses him.

ASTOR

It got more clicks than anything posted before or since. Marvel loved it. They're even using Trina in the film. She's the one licking the tequila off my stomach.

TUESDAY

If I lick your stomach will Marvel hire me?

ASTOR

Let's talk to Young Mae. Let's go out and make a splash. I'll tell the publicist to cancel all his posts, we'll make some new ones.

She gets up and goes back to work.

TUESDAY

I'll have to go shopping first.

He grins and picks up his phone.

INT. SLS HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Young Mae takes selfies on the balcony. Kennedy eats snacks from the minibar. Nayeli reads her phone cross-legged on the floor. Tuesday YELLS from the bathroom.

TUESDAY (O.S.)

We couldn't have visited her later? Individually?

KENNEDY

Oh you think you're getting out of mandatory quality Lillian time just because--

He points to his stomach as Tuesday joins them. She's in a shift dress. Her hair is done. Her makeup is flawless. She looks different, GOOD. She stretches out on the bed.

TUESDAY

No. Because I currently have multiple jobs.

Young Mae chooses a photo, adds an Instagram filter and types out a post: *I know you want to join me. #SLSHotel #Ad*

Nayeli Snaps in the corner.

NAYELI

If she has the baby there's a possibility she might not see it graduate college.

KENNEDY

(off Nayeli's Snap)
Rude!

Young Mae moves inside and looks Tuesday up and down.

YOUNG MAE

I knew that color would be perfect on you. I'll have some other pieces sent over. You'll need more options now that you're--

LILLIAN (O.S.)

Better than ever!

Lillian, hands still bandaged, in a wheelchair, pushed by a young MALE BELLHOP, enters the suite. Kennedy, Young Mae and Nayeli move toward her. Tuesday stays on the bed.

LILLIAN

I'll be here for just a few days. Close to the hospital, just in case. Feel free to visit as often as you can. But I'm tired now, darlings.

Young Mae and Nayeli air kiss Lillian and head to the exit.

YOUNG MAE

(to Tuesday)

A few photographers will be waiting when you and Astor exit.

NAYELI

I'll start a shared album of all the outtakes.

They leave and Lillian settles onto the bed next to Tuesday. Kennedy tips the bellhop, looks at Lillian, and tips him more.

TUESDAY

Did you have surgery on your feet?

LILLIAN

Sarcasm is unattractive, darling.

TUESDAY

Maybe I should get a tummy tuck, a lift, a sculpt.

LILLIAN

You're still young.

TUESDAY

Tell that to the OBGYN who kept referring to me as geriatric.

LILLIAN

Well my hands will no longer look geriatric, that's for sure. Pray you never have to do this.

KENNEDY

Us gays are a traditionally vain group.

LILLIAN

But is it in your contract?

TUESDAY

They were painting wrinkles on you a few weeks ago.

LILLIAN

The deal with Celestial Cosmetics is a bit different.

KENNEDY

GASP! I knew their serum could never do what it claims to.

TUESDAY

Mom.

LILLIAN

Now they'll use me worldwide, worth a few days of discomfort. Have you reached a decision?

KENNEDY

She has not.

LILLIAN

Take everyone else out of the equation.

Tuesday runs into the bathroom, hand over her mouth. Kennedy settles in next to Lillian as they listen to her BARF. Tuesday responds from the other room while rinsing out her mouth.

TUESDAY (O.S.)

But that still leaves all of my shit to factor in.

She rejoins them on the bed.

TUESDAY

People leave. They decide not to love you. Everyone makes choices.

Lillian cocks her head, Kennedy WHISPERS LOUDLY.

KENNEDY

Bertrand.

LILLIAN

Ah, yes. I admit, Bertrand was an asshole. But he was a means to an end. Children, work, a life free of financial burden.

TUESDAY

Brag much?

LILLIAN

(remembering)

He tried to adopt you, I declined. That's probably why you two never bonded.

TUESDAY

He offered to be my father? And you DECLINED?

LILLIAN

That's not what I said, darling. He offered to adopt you. But you have a father, legally speaking.

TUESDAY

That's news to me. And why would you not want me to have those same means? Financial security, a feeling of belonging...

LILLIAN

I never once treated you any differently than the others. And true, the paperwork is different on their trusts but the money you shun is the same money they embrace.

TUESDAY

You had to see he was different with me.

KENNEDY

Did you see me cry at his funeral?

She gets up.

TUESDAY

I have to go choose Astor.

KENNEDY

Smile through the pain!

She leaves the room.

INT. SLS HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Tuesday enters the lobby. A group of YOUNG PEOPLE take pictures of Astor from across the room. Tuesday takes a deep breath as Astor approaches her.

ASTOR
You ready?

TUESDAY
(serious)
No. Not at all. Not even a little.

ASTOR
(grins)
Excellent.

She takes his hand, interlacing her fingers with his.

EXT. SLS HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The group of young people from the lobby move outside and watch as Astor and Tuesday have photos taken by PAPARAZZI. One YOUNG MAN approaches Astor.

YOUNG MAN
Could we get a photo with you,
man?

He holds his phone out to Tuesday who looks disgusted and then immediately turns and pukes on Astor's shoes. The paparazzi take more photos.

Astor laughs it off and comforts Tuesday.

INT. ASTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tuesday pads into the dark kitchen. She gets a glass of water and stares out the window. Someone looking at Tuesday and Astor's photos on a phone joins her in the kitchen.

MR. KIM (O.S.)
My Google alerts were busy today.

Tuesday startles at the voice and then smiles. Mr. Kim gets ice cream, spoons and sits down at the table.

TUESDAY
I can't believe you still have
them turned on.

Tuesday joins him.

MR. KIM

You told me I shouldn't miss anything. And I haven't. My assistant catalogs everything as well. Today's though...

They eat ice cream.

MR. KIM

Anyway, tell me more about your projects. Start at the beginning.

TUESDAY

(excited)

I'm working on this new script, well, it's a rewrite job, but it's been invigorating. I am enjoying writing again.

EXT. KENNEDY AND BRANDON'S HOUSE - DAY

Tuesday stands at the front door, texting.

WILLIAM (TEXT)

The pages you sent were perfect, I've already incorporated them!

TUESDAY (TEXT)

Awesome!

Kennedy opens the front door.

TUESDAY

I didn't even ring the bell.

Kennedy points to the security camera doorbell.

TUESDAY

Creepy.

KENNEDY

But you can watch the hot UPS driver bend over in short shorts. Again and again.

TUESDAY

(off her phone)

He's going to have me on set. In Paris. This is huge.

KENNEDY

William? Nice.

TUESDAY

Very nice.

Kennedy leads Tuesday inside.

INT. KENNEDY AND BRANDON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kennedy leads Tuesday into the sprawling kitchen. Her phone DINGS. A list of Google alerts pops up.

TUESDAY

Why is everyone so in love with
him all of a sudden?

Kennedy bites his lip.

TUESDAY

Fuck you.

KENNEDY

I said nothing.
(beat)
Are we any closer to a decision?

TUESDAY

My lawyer is waiting on the
contracts. This should be real
money. I mean it's just a rewrite
but it's a union job. And who
knows what it'll lead to.

KENNEDY

Not what I was talking about but
super.

TUESDAY

I don't want to have to decide.

KENNEDY

And yet...

TUESDAY

Whatever I choose, I disappoint
someone. Myself, Astor, Mr. Kim,
William, you.

KENNEDY

Oh honey, my only unicorn in this
race is your happiness. Will we
have a decision by the day of the
appointment?

TUESDAY

Where's the bathroom?

INT. KENNEDY AND BRANDON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tuesday exits the bathroom and wanders. She opens a door and enters a room full of pastels, stuffed animals, and a crib. She turns and sees Kennedy in the doorway.

KENNEDY

I wanted to tell you. Brandon is superstitious and wanted to wait until the surrogate was three months.

TUESDAY

(too quickly)

I'm happy for you. So happy.

KENNEDY

Are you happy for you?

TUESDAY

They'd have each other. Like us.

KENNEDY

That cannot factor in.

She slides down to the floor. He joins her.

TUESDAY

I had this picture in my head of how it would look. Some day. But this doesn't look like the picture.

KENNEDY

This isn't what I pictured either. I failed out of Parsons. I failed out of Rhode Island. I failed out of Brown and Carnegie Mellon and USC. Who fails out of USC?

TUESDAY

They weren't the right fit.

KENNEDY

The truth is I will never be the next Chanel or Versace or even...shudder...Kardashian.

TUESDAY

But you can wear the fuck out of Kim's shape wear.

KENNEDY

I love you.

TUESDAY

And you have Brandon.

(beat)

When I think I've decided I can't
imagine going through with it.
Either way.

Kennedy pulls out his phone.

KENNEDY

Wanna watch some doorbell cam
footage of a bird chasing a
squirrel?

She puts her head on his shoulder and settles in as Kennedy
hits play on camera footage.

INT. TARGET - DAY

A pair of TOURISTS enter Tuesday's checkout lane. She notices a
male PAPARAZZO taking photos of her.

TUESDAY

(to herself)

Come on...

She puts down the closed sign and moves out from behind her
cash register.

TOURIST 1

The customer service in Hollywood
is horrendous.

TUESDAY

This is West Hollywood! And yes,
it is!

The paparazzo continues to take photos as she approaches him.

TUESDAY

(loudly)

Sir. Let's go.

They do a little dance as she tries to get him to leave, moving
closer and closer to him without touching him. A female
SECURITY GUARD watches with amusement. The tourists record on
their phones.

TUESDAY

(even louder)

SIR. YOU HAVE TO LEAVE. NOW.

TEAM LEADER LEONA (O.S.)

Is there a problem?

Leona motions for the security guard and they join Tuesday.

PAPARAZZO

I have a legal right to be here.
It's a public space.

He holds up media credentials. Leona and the man stare each other down until he heads out. The security guard follows him. Leona turns to Tuesday.

TUESDAY

Thank you, Leona.

TEAM LEADER LEONA

I think it would be best if you skipped a few shifts.

TUESDAY

Oh, no, I'm fine. Thanks.

TEAM LEADER LEONA

It would be best for the store.

Tuesday looks around: CUSTOMERS and STAFF stare and take photos.

EXT. ASTOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Tuesday, still in her red polo and khakis, walks up to the front door just behind a Postmates' DELIVERY PERSON.

TUESDAY

For Kim?

DELIVERY PERSON

Yeah.

She takes the bags and turns to hand the food to Astor, who stands in the doorway. He winks at her.

ASTOR

You'd think we were eating for three.

He goes to kiss her but she moves away in a flirty manner and neither of them notices the delivery person taking their photo.

INT. ASTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tuesday and Astor eat.

TUESDAY

But it's not fine. It's my job. I have to work there to make rent.

ASTOR

We'll figure it out.

TUESDAY

No, I'll figure it out. I just need you to listen. It's called venting.

He nods, mouth full.

ASTOR

Please, explain this concept to me. Venting, like poking holes in something?

Her phone BUZZES.

KENNEDY (TEXT)

Do you still have your Google alerts turned off?

YOUNG MAE (TEXT)

The Target pics make you look sympathetic.

NAYELI (TEXT)

Ditch the khakis, major camel toe action.

Tuesday scrolls through photos from Target. The delivery person's photo pops up with the caption: *Marvel Mama?*

Her phone BUZZES again and again and again. She turns it off.

ASTOR

My publicist just texted, he couldn't stop it.

TUESDAY

It doesn't bother you? They're making fun of me, of us.

ASTOR

It's not fourth grade, Tuesday--

TUESDAY

No, it's the fucking internet. It's real life. It's my job! This isn't working--

He pushes away from the table.

ASTOR

You don't love me? I get that. But if it's just because it's hard? That's bullshit, Tuesday. It's always been hard. It was hard when you were sneaking out of the house in high school. It was hard when we were hooking up in cars when you were in college. It was hard when I went to New York for that year. It was hard when you dated someone else after Sundance. It was really hard in that exam room listening to that doctor say you're pregnant. It'll always be hard.

TUESDAY

And if it's this hard...

They stare at each other for a long moment.

And then...

She leaves.

EXT. LILLIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tuesday sits in her crappy car in Lillian's driveway. Tuesday's phone BUZZES.

ASTOR (TEXT)

I'm leaving for a premiere in New York. Let's take a beat. I'll see you at the party.

There's a KNOCK on her window. It's Young Mae, in formal wear.

Lillian and Nayeli, also in formal wear, close the doors of a black car.

Young Mae scrolls her phone. Photos of Tuesday crying leaving Astor's house posted just moments before. She shows Nayeli.

Nayeli says something to Lillian, who is in formal wear as well. She says something to the driver of the black car. He moves his car to the driveway entrance and gets out to stand guard. Lillian makes a call.

INT. CRAPPY CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lillian gets in the front seat and Nayeli and Young Mae get in the back seat. They move bags and clothes and food wrappers.

LILLIAN
(she turns toward Tuesday)
Darling?

TUESDAY
I'm invisible for so much of the day. People barely look at me. Teenagers literally run into me because I'm beyond their scope of comprehension. And yet these cameras. These men.

YOUNG MAE
Are paparazzi all men?

NAYELI
Maybe they're all just Republicans.

LILLIAN
You cannot give them space in your soul.

TUESDAY
Easy to say when your soul looks like yours does.

LILLIAN
We all look how we look. We accept it, we change, we move on.

TUESDAY
So I should just carve myself up? Follow your lead?

LILLIAN
I never once suggested that.

TUESDAY
Yes you did! Every single day. Every single glance. Every single word. You judge yourself and everyone around you. You want us to hate our bodies as much as you hate yours.

LILLIAN
I accept my body's limitations and I work to change them. You could too if--

TUESDAY

Right there! If I just put a little more work in, exercise, vegetables, mascara, hair extensions, collagen. Being around you is exhausting.

NAYELI

But I thought you didn't care how you looked. Self-confidence and all that crap.

TUESDAY

I care! I care so fucking much it paralyzes me! The paparazzi, the fucking delivery people with phones, the randos on the street, they're going to kill me.

YOUNG MAE

You're choosing a life with someone who needs them to survive.

A SECURITY GUARD approaches. Lillian rolls down her window.

SECURITY GUARD

We've secured the property. We'll keep guards here all night.

LILLIAN

Both properties?

SECURITY GUARD

Ma'am?

She nods toward Astor's house. The guard nods and is off. Lillian rolls her window back up.

TUESDAY

(to Young Mae)

Were you surviving when those photos of you went viral?

NAYELI

Nothing's private anymore.

TUESDAY

I refuse to believe that.

LILLIAN

You can have private. But he cannot. They'll move on from you, I guarantee, sooner rather than later.

YOUNG MAE
Control it. I did.

LILLIAN
What?

YOUNG MAE
I took control of my story. I did not want to give him the power. My power. So I put the photos out myself.

NAYELI
Via his account?

YOUNG MAE
I mean if you're too dumb to change your passwords.

Tuesday, Nayeli and Lillian look at each other, impressed.

YOUNG MAE
Your story's begging to be written, Tuesday.

Lillian opens the car door.

LILLIAN
But inside. Where there are caftans, slippers, and snacks.

INT. TUESDAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tuesday writes at her table, wearing one of Lillian's caftans. On screen: The cursor types THE END. She texts Heather.

TUESDAY (TEXT)
Show Zoey my script.

TUESDAY
She can't fire me twice.

Mabel waves through the window and Tuesday opens the door. She hands Tuesday a plate of muffins.

MABEL
One of these days I'm going to hit you up for that Tik Tok tutorial. This guy in my book club swears by a pasta recipe he saw on there.

Tuesday sets down the muffins.

TUESDAY

Right after the abortion. Or the baby's born. Or my party. Or the baby shower I should probably throw Kennedy. Right after I find a new job...

They are quiet for a moment.

MABEL

(off the muffins)
They're zucchini.

TUESDAY

How are your eyes?

MABEL

The drops are working.

Tuesday's phone BUZZES.

KENNEDY (TEXT)

You're not cancelling on us. Get dressed. Bug-eyed emoji.

MABEL

(off the phone)
Go. Be young.

TUESDAY

Being young is very overrated.

She gives Mabel a quick hug. Mabel leaves as Tuesday's phone BUZZES again.

KENNEDY (TEXT)

Vamos. Clapping hands emoji.

TUESDAY

(calls after Mabel)
We'll get you that pasta recipe.
Promise.

She smiles and moves toward her bedroom.

INT. LYFT - NIGHT

Tuesday, in the back of a car, is dressed up for a night out. She opens Instagram. Astor, alone, on the red carpet.

TUESDAY

(to the driver)

Do you think guys who walk a red
carpet alone are sad or sexy?

She grabs her stomach and YELPS in pain. The female DRIVER
looks at her through the rearview mirror.

TUESDAY

Just pregnant, not drunk.

Tuesday's hand goes to her mouth.

TUESDAY

I'm a good tipper, I promise.

The driver scrambles and hands her a reusable Target tote.
Tuesday's phone BUZZES.

WILLIAM (TEXT)

*The draft is amazing. Let's
discuss in a few weeks. I'm off to
scout locations!*

Tuesday pukes into the tote.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT

A female MEDIC takes a blood pressure cuff off Tuesday's arm.
Brandon stands in the doorway of the green room. He's in full
concert garb. Kennedy grips his hand.

MEDIC

Your heart rate's normal. Your
BP's normal.

TUESDAY

I have an appointment at Planned
Parenthood tomorrow, I'll be OK.

BRANDON

But the pain.

An ASSISTANT rushes up behind Brandon and WHISPERS in his ear.

BRANDON

(to assistant)
Family. Emergency.

TUESDAY

Oh my god, no. Get back on stage.

KENNEDY
 (to Brandon, unsure)
 We'll be OK.

Tuesday stands. There's a dark wet patch on the couch.

TUESDAY
 Shit. I'm bleeding.

MEDIC
 A little bleeding is normal in the
 first, even second trimester.

The blood is all over Tuesday's lower half.

TUESDAY
 This doesn't seem normal.

MEDIC
 (too calm)
 Let's get the ambulance backed up
 to the loading zone, we'll head
 over to Cedars.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - NIGHT/DAY

MONTAGE - TUESDAY LAYS CURLED UP ON A BED IN A HOSPITAL ROOM.

- Kennedy and Brandon sit close to the bed.
- Medical STAFF move through the room.
- Kennedy and Brandon change chairs.
- Kennedy leaves the room and comes back with coffee.
- Nayeli and Young Mae sit in chairs near the bed.
- Lillian sits at the end of Tuesday's bed.
- Brandon comes into the room with waters for him and Kennedy.

END MONTAGE

INT. TUESDAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kennedy tucks Tuesday into bed and then lays down next to her.
 Brandon turns the lights off.

INT. TUESDAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Brandon and Kennedy scroll their phones in the living room. Tuesday joins them scrolling hers.

TUESDAY

I didn't think I'd be able to sleep.

(off her phone DING)

Shit, the appointment.

BRANDON

The pain killers are wearing off.

KENNEDY

I cancelled.

TUESDAY

And the party.

KENNEDY

I think we'll cancel.

BRANDON

Oh, don't worry about that.

TUESDAY

No. Kennedy has been putting his whole self into it.

She attempts a smile. They exchange looks like really?

TUESDAY

I'm going to be there. Probably.

KENNEDY

Your year.

BRANDON

Your year.

TUESDAY

Go, there must be a million things to do for Lillian still...

(she smiles)

and for the party.

BRANDON

(to Kennedy)

I've got her. You go.

TUESDAY

(to Kennedy)

It's an open bar, right?

She hugs and kisses him and heads toward the bathroom.

KENNEDY
 (to Brandon)
 Thank you for being in love with
 me when I was in love with you.

Brandon closes the door behind Kennedy.

TUESDAY (O.S.)
 (yells from the bathroom)
 Did I hear the door earlier?

BRANDON
 (yells)
 Lillian sent pastries. They're
 vegan and yes, you can tell.

MONTAGE - TUESDAY AND BRANDON SPEND THE DAY TOGETHER.

-- Tuesday showers. Brandon sits on the floor outside of the bathroom and scrolls his phone. The bathroom door is open.

-- Tuesday looks through her closet. Her phone BUZZES. She doesn't move away from her closet. Brandon holds a dress out. Her phone BUZZES again. She ignores it.

-- Brandon and Tuesday lie on the bed, silent.

-- Tuesday stands in front of a mirror, eyes closed.

-- Tuesday, in a nightgown, and Brandon sit outside on lawn chairs in her tiny backyard. They eat pastries.

END MONTAGE

INT. BEL-AIR BAY CLUB - NIGHT

The party: guests eat, drink, and dance. Tuesday sways in a semi-circle as Kennedy, Brandon, Nayeli and Young Mae dance to a BAND. Lillian holds court nearby with Mr. Kim and Mabel.

And then Astor is there, in front of Tuesday, down on one knee. He pulls out a ring box. Everyone stops. The MUSIC softens.

KENNEDY
 (to Brandon)
 This boy is hijacking our party!

ASTOR
 Tuesday Watson, will you be my
 family? Will you marry me?

There is a long SILENT moment. And then...the siblings realize this is going horribly wrong...just as Astor realizes it too.

Nayeli WOOP WOOPS. Young Mae WOLF WHISTLES. APPLAUSE.

Tuesday and Astor are still frozen in place.

KENNEDY
 (to Brandon)
 Do something!

Brandon says something to the band and he starts to sing Pharrell's "Happy".

Tuesday storms off the dance floor. Astor follows her.

EXT. BEL-AIR BAY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Tuesday and Astor push onto a balcony, fighting.

TUESDAY
 --here, in front of every single
 person I know, the whole world
 basically--

ASTOR
 Wow. I embarrassed you.

A pair of WAITERS stop smoking, stash their vape pens and hurry back inside.

TUESDAY
 You thought a ring would make it
 all better? All of the confusion
 and fear and--

ASTOR
 I thought a ring was just, I don't
 know, required. I thought me
 telling you I love you would be
 enough. You are my family. You are
 my best friend. You are it,
 Tuesday. YOU ARE EVERYTHING TO ME.

TUESDAY
 And that's fucking terrifying.
 Because if I'm everything to you
 and you're everything to me what
 happens when you leave? Because
 everyone leaves. EVERYONE.

ASTOR
 Well, let's find out.

He leaves.

Tuesday takes a beat.

And then she turns and sees Heather, Haylen, Derrick, and Hudson, all carrying champagne glasses, trying to sneak back inside. Haylen and Derrick are holding hands.

DERRICK

We didn't hear anything.

Tuesday LAUGHS. Manically.

HUDSON

(to Heather)

Your girl needs help.

Haylen offers Tuesday their champagne. Tuesday drinks it down and hands Haylen back the glass. Haylen takes Heather's champagne and hands it to Tuesday. Tuesday drinks and hands Haylen back the glass. Haylen takes Hudson's champagne and hands it to Tuesday. Tuesday drinks. She hands Haylen back the glass.

HEATHER

We're really sorry, Tuesday.

They all nod and head inside.

Tuesday stares out at the dark ocean. Eventually she turns and sees Kennedy standing inside watching her. He starts to push through the balcony doors but she puts a hand out to stop him. She takes a deep breath and walks back inside.

INT. BEL-AIR BAY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Tuesday stops next to Kennedy and he gives her a hug. She lets him and then moves toward the bar. A female BARTENDER works.

TUESDAY

(to bartender)

Tequila.

She downs the drink put in front of her. The bartender refills her glass. Young Mae and Nayeli sit down on either side of Tuesday. Young Mae's phone BUZZES. A Google alert.

YOUNG MAE

Oh dear.

Tuesday takes the phone from her. She reads out loud.

TUESDAY

Astor Kim and barely legal Watson daughter make the cutest couple.

On screen: a photo of Astor and Nayeli earlier in the evening.

NAYELI

Barf.

Tuesday drains her glass. The bartender pours her another.

YOUNG MAE

We need to dance.

NAYELI

We need to drink more.

She attempts a cheers with Tuesday who just drinks.

TUESDAY

I don't need babysitting.

They stare at each other like what do we do and finally head to the dance floor as Lillian approaches.

TUESDAY

(over her shoulder)

If you Snapped or Grammed any of this, I'll fuckin' kill you.

LILLIAN

That seems like the least of your worries tonight.

(to the bartender)

Two waters, please.

Tuesday puts her head on the bar and steadies herself.

LILLIAN

You weren't wrong the other day. I am always trying to get you to work a little harder. On yourself. Because in this world, power is all that matters and power is tied to how we look. I can't change that. Maybe you can.

Lillian drinks her water.

LILLIAN

I cancelled my next procedure. We're perfect just how we are. AND we can still improve. I believe both things can be true, darling. For both of us.

Tuesday downs the rest of her drink.

INT. TUESDAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tuesday, who looks terrible, drinks a cup of coffee and notices Heather sitting on her front step. Tuesday lets her in.

HEATHER

He's going another direction.

TUESDAY

Use more words.

HEATHER

William Mallory. He's decided not to hire you.

TUESDAY

But he already has. Hired me. I sent him the draft. Ideas for a sequel.

HEATHER

Apparently he does this. Gets excited by a new writer and feeds off of them and then feels he can continue on his own. It's not personal.

TUESDAY

No, it's not personal, Heather. It's business. I did a job. I rewrote his entire script.
(it dawns on her)
Without a contract. Fuck me.

HEATHER

He's grateful for your enthusiasm and might be in touch on another project.

TUESDAY

No. This is the project. I need that fucking contract now.

HEATHER

I believed him when he said he'd have his lawyers send it over.
Zoey--

TUESDAY

Wait, Zoey knows about this?

HEATHER

Apparently he's done this before. To other women.

(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)

She doesn't know you're the latest writer. She knows I made some arrangements. She fired me.

TUESDAY

If you're gonna come for the queen...

HEATHER

Please keep writing, Tuesday. You're so talented.

Tuesday sees Mabel across the street. Mabel sees Tuesday. Tuesday shuts the door without acknowledging Heather or Mabel. Her phone BUZZES.

KENNEDY (TEXT)

Gonna make the post-party brunch?

EXT. LILLIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Dozens of GUESTS and all of the family mingle around the pool. Lillian CLINKS her champagne glass with a spoon. She indicates for Tuesday to join her. Tuesday heads for the bar instead.

LILLIAN

Thank you all for joining us today to cap off this wonderful birthday weekend! We have so much to celebrate today. This year. And there's cake!

She clocks Tuesday as Tuesday pours a glass of champagne, knocking over a vase in the process.

LILLIAN

Cheers!

She walks over to Tuesday and takes the champagne glass from her hand. She lowers the volume of her voice.

LILLIAN

Let me call you a car, you must be exhausted.

BRANDON

She could lie down upstairs--

KENNEDY

Food, we need food!

NAYELI

(to Young Mae, off her phone)
Astor took a flight last night.
His Snaps are very emo.

YOUNG MAE

(to Nayeli)
That selfie of him in the penguin
hat at the aquarium? The
engagement on that must be barely
low five figures--

TUESDAY

Great, so I ruined not just his
life but his career.

Tuesday wipes at her eyes, mascara running down her cheeks.

LILLIAN

Tuesday, you're a mess--

TUESDAY

I thought I was perfect.
I thought we did that mother-
daughter bonding thing where we
committed to fighting the fucking
patriarchy? But no, you're
disappointed in me. Again. Well,
news flash, I'm disappointed in me
too. Again.

She grabs a brand-new champagne bottle off a table.

TUESDAY

I didn't want a baby. And at the
same time I did. And now it
doesn't matter.

Reflexively, she looks next door.

TUESDAY

Because my life is half over--

She gives Nayeli side-eye.

TUESDAY

--and I've got absolutely nothing
to show for it.

She leaves with the bottle.

INT. ASTOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Tuesday wanders Astor's bedroom, swigging from the champagne bottle.

She smiles at a high school photograph of them taped to his mirror, an old Target name tag of hers in the bureau, a copy of a script of her's dog-eared on the nightstand.

She lays down on the bed and closes her eyes. Tears leak out.

INT. ASTOR'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Tuesday, still in her dress, wakes up and finds her phone next to the empty champagne bottle. There's a missed call and a text, both from Kennedy.

KENNEDY (TEXT)

You know we're here. Heart emoji.

She watches Astor's Instagram Stories. The sights of Vancouver. A serious-looking selfie on set. And a text-based message at the end: *Fresh zip code = fresh start.*

She stands up, straightens her dress and hair as best she can, and leaves the room.

INT. ASTOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tuesday heads down the staircase as Mr. Kim heads up.

MR. KIM

The birthday girl! Your mother sent over leftovers, from the brunch, if you're hungry.

TUESDAY

No, thank you. I just...I'm heading out now.

She hurries down the stairs, her eyes downcast, shaking her head, embarrassed.

MR. KIM

As always, our casa es sous casa!
At least for a little longer.

She stops and turns back to him.

TUESDAY

A little longer?

MR. KIM

He loved being next door to you.
And well, now that he's got this
new job, he says it's time.

TUESDAY

He decided?

MR. KIM

I'll get a smaller place.

Tears pop into his eyes.

MR. KIM

It's time.

Tuesday runs back up and hugs Mr. Kim. Then she hurries out the
front door.

EXT. TUESDAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tuesday takes a bag of cherry tomatoes off the doorknob of her
front door. A note reads: *Love, Mabel*

A woman in a suit with a briefcase, FATIMA, approaches her.

FATIMA

Hi, Tuesday. I'm Fatima Allen, I'm
the executor of Mabel's will--

TUESDAY

NO.

Tuesday backs up, gripping the bag of tomatoes.

FATIMA

It happened quickly. Last night.
She called the ambulance herself.
Her heart just...

TUESDAY

She was alone?!

Tuesday drops the bag of tomatoes. They scatter.

FATIMA

She had her affairs in order. No
funeral, no fuss, she said.

Fatima takes a folder and a key from her bag.

FATIMA

We can schedule a meeting to go over everything but I wanted you to know she left you the house.

Tuesday closes her eyes and tears pour down her cheeks.

EXT. MABEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Tuesday opens her eyes and stares at Mabel's house. Charlie sprints by her. A moment later Vijay and Liam call over to her.

LIAM

Have you seen Charlie? We're so fucking late and the stupid dog got out again.

Tuesday points down the street the opposite way the puppy ran.

VIJAY

Is it true the old lady died?

She turns away from them and walks toward her house. She's left the front door open, the tomatoes cover the front sidewalk.

INT. TUESDAY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tuesday enters her house and walks back to her bedroom. She looks at a framed photo: her family that night on the red carpet at Sundance. She opens the frame and underneath is the photo of her and Astor that is taped to his mirror.

She calls Astor and gets his voicemail.

TUESDAY

(into the phone)

I didn't make a choice and then there was no choice to make.

She crawls into bed.

TUESDAY

(into the phone)

I miscarried.

She opens a new FUCKING FAMILY text chain and types.

TUESDAY (TEXT)

Mabel died.

Something moves by her feet.

TUESDAY
WHAT THE?

She throws back the covers. Charlie snuggles against her.
Tuesday LAUGHS and CRIES.

TUESDAY
You didn't leave.

They snuggle down in the bed together.

INT. TUESDAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tuesday wakes up to a persistent KNOCKING. She scoops up
Charlie and heads to the front door.

TUESDAY
I'm sure they're not really
monsters. At least they came back.

Brandon, Kennedy, Lillian, Nayeli and Young Mae stand outside.

Tuesday bursts into tears. Charlie jumps out of her arms and
runs back into the bedroom.

They push inside and encircle her in a group hug. After a few
moments Kennedy wipes Tuesday's eyes for her.

TUESDAY
I'd tell her I was too tired to
have tea or I didn't know how to
fix her phone. I ignored the notes
she left for me. The last time I
saw her...I didn't even...This
can't be how it ends.

LILLIAN
She was in her eighties, darling.

TUESDAY
(with so much thought)
But I'm not.

BRANDON
(to Kennedy, excited)
This is it. This is finally it.

Kennedy smiles through tears.

TUESDAY
I'm going to Vancouver.

NAYELI
 (grimacing)
 His hot tub pics indicate--

KENNEDY
 (to Nayeli)
 CHILD.

BRANDON
 I'll schedule the plane.

YOUNG MAE
 I will document everything.

NAYELI
 I have wardrobe suggestions.

MONTAGE - THE FAMILY PREPARES FOR THE TRIP.

-- Nayeli pulls a dress off of a rack of clothing. Tuesday shakes her head. Brandon wiggles his eyebrows suggestively. Tuesday looks at it again.

-- Kennedy pulls Tuesday's hair into an updo and shows her a pair of earrings.

-- Young Mae takes several photos of Tuesday, shows them to her for approval and Tuesday smiles. Young Mae and her take a selfie.

-- Tuesday turns around to show them the dress Brandon had liked. It's terrible. They all laugh.

-- Lillian, talking on the phone, watches everyone and smiles.

-- Tuesday looks at herself in the mirror, determined.

END MONTAGE

EXT. VANCOUVER AIRPORT - DAY

The family deplanes a jet. Young Mae holds a leash with Charlie at the end of it. They get into black SUVs.

EXT. VANCOUVER SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

The family gets out of black SUVs.

A female PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (20s) greets them and leads them toward a group of trailers.

She KNOCKS on a trailer door. Astor opens the trailer door.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

I have no idea how they got past security.

She hurries off. The family crowds around the steps. Astor locks eyes with Tuesday.

TUESDAY

Will you marry me?

Young Mae records with her phone.

ASTOR

Tuesday, no--

KENNEDY

Fuckin' plot twists.

ASTOR

But let's talk.

Nayeli steps in front of Tuesday.

NAYELI

Seriously, dude? SERIOUSLY?!

Tuesday moves Nayeli gently out of the way.

TUESDAY

We'll talk.

She follows him into the trailer.

BRANDON

Craft services anyone?

Lillian puts a hand out and stops a YOUNG MAN driving a golf cart. She gets in and off they go.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Tuesday and Astor face one another.

ASTOR

I'm so sorry about the miscarriage. But what else has changed?

TUESDAY

I got fired and Mabel died and...

ASTOR

You got sad?

(MORE)

ASTOR (CONT'D)

Decided you didn't want to die
alone?

He turns around, balls his fists up, and takes a deep breath.
After a long moment he turns back to Tuesday.

ASTOR

I'm sorry about Mabel. I really
am.

TUESDAY

(whispers)
I don't want to die alone.

ASTOR

No one does.

TUESDAY

I thought you loved all of us.

ASTOR

I wasn't sleeping with Kennedy.

KENNEDY (O.S.)

(through the closed door)
You wish!

TUESDAY

You were always there. For me.
Always.

ASTOR

We've been doing this for a long,
long time. You said so yourself.
And maybe we both need to move on.

TUESDAY

This is me moving on. You love me.
I can see that now. I can accept
it. You love me.

She takes a deep breath.

TUESDAY

And I love you, Astor.

There's a MURMUR from outside and then a CHEER. She fiddles
with her clothing and hair. She puts her arms in front of her.

ASTOR

You really do, don't you?

TUESDAY

I really fucking do.

They kiss and kiss and kiss. And then the trailer door finally bursts open. Her family crowds inside, holding coffees and breakfast items.

KENNEDY

We can honeymoon together!

BRANDON

We already had a honeymoon.

KENNEDY

Now you don't get to go!

Young Mae takes photos.

LILLIAN

Your year, my darling. Your year.

SUPER: Six Months Later

EXT. HOLLYWOOD UNITED METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

The front of the church, doors open, flowers in bloom. GUESTS, dressed in their finest, file inside.

Connie and Marissa take selfies. Derrick and Haylen approach, hand in hand. Derrick interrupts Connie and Marissa, Haylen poses the women perfectly, and Derrick takes photos. Mr. Kim joins them and gets in on the photo shoot.

INT. HOLLYWOOD UNITED METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

Tuesday checks her hair in a mirror in the parlor.

KENNEDY (O.S.)

Are you ready?

She turns to him. He holds a BABY GIRL in a christening gown.

TUESDAY

She's so perfect.

KENNEDY

Just like her daddies.

(beat)

I'm really happy.

TUESDAY

Me too.

KENNEDY
 (to his baby girl)
 We're all really happy, aren't we
 Mabel?

Tuesday fusses over the baby as they leave the room.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD UNITED METHODIST CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Tuesday joins Astor in the breezeway. He hands her a phone.

ASTOR
 (so happy for Tuesday)
 Zoey again. You're up to three
 offers.

TUESDAY
 (clearly pleased)
 OK, wow. This script. Wow. I'll
 check my email tonight.

He kisses her, and she kisses him back.

TUESDAY
 Or maybe tomorrow, today's already
 half over.

ASTOR
 Today's just begun.

They turn to their family waiting to go into the sanctuary.

Young Mae posts a church selfie with #blessed.

Lillian straightens the baby's gown, and then Kennedy and
 Brandon's suit jackets.

Nayeli Snaps.

NAYELI
 They're so adorable I could barf.

TUESDAY
 (to herself)
 I love my fucking family.
 (to Astor)
 And I love you.

FADE OUT.

THE END.