

The End of the World

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1 INT. SEAN AND MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

MAGGIE MARTINEZ, late 20s, cute Latina, draws little pictures on BILLS marked "PAST DUE." She sketches herself wearing a Mayan headdress. She pauses, notices the CLOCK, grabs her KEYS and heads for the door.

2 INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - DAY

Maggie drives her beat-up 1999 Chevy, rocking her body to Central American music filled with flutes and percussion. She sees a WOMAN WITH A SIGN that reads: "TOMORROW IS TOO LATE! REPENT TODAY!" She gives the woman a thumbs-up.

MAGGIE

Yeah! You tell 'em!

3 EXT. 94 CENT STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Maggie's car pulls into a parking space. She gets out and enters the store.

4 INT. 94 CENT STORE - DAY

Maggie walks up to the manager, HILDA, a 45-year-old Armenian woman.

MAGGIE

Hey Hilda, got my check?

HILDA

You can pick it up when you come to work at noon.

MAGGIE

But I need it *now*.

HILDA

That's two hours from now. It's not like the world's gonna end.

MAGGIE

Hah! You are so in the dark.

HILDA

Okay, world's gonna end. What do you need money for?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Stuff. Just a few important things.

Hilda sighs, then reaches into the REGISTER and gives Maggie a \$20 bill.

HILDA

Checks aren't in yet. Here's a \$20.  
See you at noon.

MAGGIE

No. The world *ends* at 11:11 this morning. That's the whole point.

HILDA

You're not coming to work at noon?

MAGGIE

The Mayans predicted it. Every *enlightened* person knows about it. Don't you *read*?

Maggie heads out the door.

HILDA

Hey! Don't leave me short-handed again, Maggie!

MAGGIE

It doesn't matter.

HILDA

It matters! *It matters!*

Maggie strides across the parking lot toward her car.

5 EXT. LATINO HERB STORE - DAY

Maggie exits a Latino Herb Store, smiling, with a BAG OF GOODIES.

6 EXT. STREET - TRAFFIC LIGHT - DAY

Maggie is stopped at a traffic light. She glances at an OLD WOMAN walking with a walker up the steps of the HACIENDA HOME FOR THE ELDERLY, where some RESIDENTS are sitting on the front porch.

MAGGIE

Man, bein' old must suck.

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EXT. DAVID'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - CARPORT - DAY

Maggie drives up to the APARTMENT COMPLEX of her brother, DAVID, 23, who is working on his BROKEN MOTORCYCLE under the CARPORT. He looks up from his work.

DAVID

Hey, Sis! What brings you here?

MAGGIE

Doing good works, my brother.

DAVID

Yeah, well, if you could get this bike to work, that would be good.

MAGGIE

I can help you.

DAVID

Thanks, Sis, but I know you don't know anything about bikes.

MAGGIE

I won't be needing my car, so I'm giving it to you.

DAVID

You're giving me your car? Are you getting a new--? Oh, no, wait a minute. Is this that 2012 thing?

MAGGIE

The Ascension.

DAVID

Sis, I can't take your car.

MAGGIE

I won't need it. I'm going to a higher calling.

DAVID

Are you sure?

MAGGIE

(laughs)

Take the car. It's just a material possession. But I want you to be happy, so....

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Okay. I think you're crazy, but okay.

MAGGIE

You of little faith.

DAVID

Can I at least give you a ride home?

MAGGIE

Sure.

They get in the car, with David at the wheel.

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INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - DAY

Maggie hands David the KEYS.

DAVID

Well, Carla will be delighted about the car. She's going with me to spend Christmas in Tahoe with mom and dad, and she was not happy about getting up there on the bike. So...what happens today at...?

MAGGIE

11:11 A.M.

DAVID

Yeah, what happens, supposedly?

MAGGIE

The world ends.

DAVID

They said that about the year 2000, Y2K: computers would crash, banks would fail. Nothing.

MAGGIE

Those were scientists. This is Mayans.

DAVID

(skeptical)

They knew more?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

They discovered Pluto thousands of years ago, and scientists only discovered it in 1930.

DAVID

Pluto's not a planet anymore.

MAGGIE

They invented zero.

DAVID

(not impressed)

Impressive.

MAGGIE

There's science behind it too: precision of planets, fractal self-similarity, space-time harmonies. It's all there on the Internet, but I can't explain it all to you because--

DAVID

You don't have time.

MAGGIE

No, I don't.

(realizing his joke, smiles)

Clever.

They arrive at her apartment.

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EXT. MAGGIE AND SEAN'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - DAY

David pulls the car into a parking space.

MAGGIE

Thanks for the ride.

DAVID

Thanks for the car.

Maggie gets out of the car. The look on David's face says "poor crazy sister."

10 INT. MAGGIE AND SEAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Maggie enters the kitchen. SKETCHES of "Maggie the Mayan" are stuck on the FRIDGE with little MAYAN GODDESS HEAD MAGNETS. The CALENDAR on the fridge shows the year 2012, the month of December, with the days X'd off through December 20. She takes a pen and puts an "X" through December 21.

MAGGIE  
(to herself)  
Where the heck are you, Sean?

She heads for the bedroom with her BAG OF GOODIES.

11 INT. MAGGIE AND SEAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

A modest bedroom, adorned with several MAYAN GOD AND GODDESS STATUES, and MAYAN CALENDARS of various sizes. Maggie digs some SCENTED CANDLES out of her BAG OF GOODIES and carefully places them throughout the room.

We hear the apartment door open and close. A moment later Maggie's boyfriend SEAN enters the bedroom, munching a CANDY BAR. He's 24, six feet tall, big-boned but not fat, with his hair pulled back into a ponytail.

MAGGIE  
Where've you been?

SEAN  
The corner store. Don't worry, I wouldn't miss the big event.

He takes out a bunch of ROSES from behind his back and proudly presents them to Maggie.

MAGGIE  
You should have brought lilies, or plumeria.

SEAN  
Plumelia?

MAGGIE  
*Plumeria*. It's a sacred flower for us Mayans.

SEAN  
They just had roses.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Okay. Spread 'em around the bed.

Sean throws the flower petals around the bed carelessly.

SEAN

What time do we celebrate?

MAGGIE

It's not a celebration. The  
*Ascension* happens at 11:11.

SEAN

Well, I'm not sure I believe in  
this...

Maggie gives him a stern look.

SEAN

...as strongly as you do, but it  
ought to be fun.

MAGGIE

It's not supposed to be fun. This  
is very serious to us Mayans.

SEAN

Yeah, I know. I meant...that it  
would be special.

MAGGIE

It is. Very special.

Maggie grabs a beautiful MAYAN CEREMONIAL DRESS and changes  
into it.

SEAN

Wow. You look beautiful.

MAGGIE

Thank you.

Maggie then puts a colorful foot-tall MAYAN HEADDRESS on her  
head. It looks like a wicker basket with feathers. With  
great effort, Sean refrains from laughing.

She presents Sean with "Mayan shorts" made from palm leaves.  
They look as if a child made them.

MAGGIE

I made them myself.

SEAN  
(reluctantly)  
Ooo-kay.

Sean starts to pull back the covers and get in bed.

MAGGIE  
No!

SEAN  
What? I thought we were going to do  
this in bed.

MAGGIE  
We're going to do it on the bed. We  
have to make the transition from a  
place of order.

Maggie's headdress falls off when she lies down. She tries  
to reseat it a couple of times, but it keeps falling off and  
she gives up, reverently placing it on the floor.

They await the End of the World.

The DIGITAL CLOCK reads 11:03. Sean starts to caress  
Maggie's leg.

MAGGIE  
No. Not now.

SEAN  
Not now? If not now, when?

MAGGIE  
I want this to be a spiritual  
moment.

SEAN  
What could be more spiritual at the  
end of the world than two people  
scr--. I mean, showing their love  
for each other by sensual means?

MAGGIE  
What if we get interrupted by the  
Ascension?

SEAN  
What if we do?

MAGGIE  
I want to savor the moment of  
rapture.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

We've got 8 minutes. We can bang off a quickie, then savor the moment of Rapture.

He starts to caress her breast. She stops him.

MAGGIE

No. I want to be gazing deeply into each other's eyes.

SEAN

I can do that at the same time.  
(gestures connecting  
eye-to-eye)  
"Gazing."

He moves to kiss her. She stops him.

MAGGIE

Please! Just hold me, and look into my soul.

SEAN

(reluctantly giving up)  
Okay.

They wait.... The clock now reads 11:15.

SEAN

How precise is this Mayan calendar thing?

MAGGIE

Very precise. Be patient.

SEAN

They're late.

MAGGIE

Let's give them until noon.

SEAN

And then, we can...?

MAGGIE

Then we can gaze into each other's souls until the End.  
(glancing at the clock)  
Are we on Daylight Savings Time?

12 INT. MAGGIE AND SEAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (LATER)

The clock now reads 12:18.

SEAN

I'm hungry.

MAGGIE

You should've had more than just a candy bar for breakfast.

SEAN

You said we'd be done at 11:11. Are you sure the Mayans got it right?

MAGGIE

I trust the Mayans.

SEAN

Well, I trusted you. But it's after noon, and I'm hungry.

MAGGIE

Maybe they were delayed.

SEAN

Who's delayed? By whom?

MAGGIE

Maybe The End comes because of aliens, and they've been delayed.

SEAN

What? Traffic was bad in the Milky Way? I'm getting up to have a bowl of cereal.

He moves to get up. Maggie grabs him by the shoulder.

MAGGIE

No! You have to be here when the Rapture happens.

Sean reluctantly lets Maggie pull him back onto the bed. She snuggles up next to him.

SEAN

I'm cold.

MAGGIE

Shh!

Sean eyes a sweatshirt hanging on the back of a chair, but knows he couldn't reach for it without disturbing Maggie. He settles back onto the bed, shivering slightly.

13 INT. MAGGIE AND SEAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (LATER)

Maggie awakes, alone. The clock reads 2:12. She gets up, puts on the headdress, and walks into the living room.

14 INT. MAGGIE AND SEAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sean, now wearing jeans and a sweatshirt, watches cartoons on TV. He chuckles. Maggie walks in.

MAGGIE

What are you doing?! The Cartoon Channel?

SEAN

"Turbo Dogs."  
(chuckles)  
Strut took GT's lucky charm, and now he can't race anymore.

MAGGIE

Turn it off! What about The End of the World?

SEAN

I think we missed it.

MAGGIE

I'm serious. Turn it off.

SEAN

Fine. It's a rerun anyway.

Sean grabs the REMOTE and turns off the TV.

MAGGIE

What about the Rapture?

SEAN

Does it look like we've been "raptured"?

MAGGIE

You're such a pessimist!

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Me the pessimist? You were the one who thought the world was gonna end.

MAGGIE

(near tears)

But it was a good thing. It was gonna be a good thing.

SEAN

(mildly sarcastic)

Behind every cloud there's a silver lining.

MAGGIE

It sucks! I was counting on it!

SEAN

You were counting on the world ending...and it didn't. Bummer.

MAGGIE

I'm serious!

SEAN

I'm sorry. I know you've been looking forward to this for a long time.

MAGGIE

(through tears)

Since 2009.

Sean goes back to sit on the sofa and picks up the REMOTE.

SEAN

Hey, don't you usually work on Fridays?

MAGGIE

I'm not going to work.

SEAN

Sure you are. World didn't end, remember?

MAGGIE

No, I can't.

SEAN

Why not?

There is a knock at the door.

(CONTINUED)

Maggie opens the door. It's Sean's best friend, LUTHER, 25, average-looking. Luther, not noticing Sean, gives Maggie a kiss.

LUTHER  
Hey, beautiful!

Sean sees this from the sofa. Maggie jerks away from Luther, as Sean dashes over to confront him.

SEAN  
Luther, what the hell are you doing?!

LUTHER  
Sean! What're you doing here?

SEAN  
I *live* here.

LUTHER  
Yeah, I know you did. But I thought, since Maggie...

SEAN  
"Since Maggie" what?!

LUTHER  
I thought you two must've broken up.

SEAN  
Why would you think that?

LUTHER  
(scared)  
I really did, Sean. I would never have--

SEAN  
Maggie! What is Luther talking about?!

Sean looks back and forth between Maggie and Luther, and it hits him.

SEAN  
Maggie. You and Luther?

MAGGIE  
The world was ending, so it didn't matter.

SEAN

It does matter, Maggie! How could you sleep with my best friend?!

MAGGIE

He was really depressed.

Luther, very nervous, inches toward the open door.

SEAN

Lots of people are depressed, Maggie. We give 'em Prozac, we don't screw them. Do we?... Or...? Have you been--?

MAGGIE

No, just Luther. He's like a brother to you, so--.

SEAN

So you slept with him?! Your sister's got great legs, but I don't sleep with her because the world might end.

MAGGIE

He was sad because he sensed it was The End. Luther's very sensitive.

Luther nods his head yes.

SEAN

Maggie, wake up! The world didn't freaking end!

(turning angrily to Luther)

And you...

MAGGIE

Did you sleep with my sister?

Sean turns back toward Maggie, momentarily confused. Luther sees his opportunity and bolts out the door. Sean notices, but immediately turns back to Maggie.

SEAN

What?! No!

MAGGIE

You want to sleep with my sister.

SEAN

Samantha has nice legs, that's all. Look, don't try to change the subject!

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Why did you bring her up?

SEAN

Because you had sex with my best friend!

MAGGIE

I *told* you, he was depressed!

SEAN

You have no clue about the real world, Maggie!

MAGGIE

Well, you have no clue about the Big Picture.

Sean, really angry, tries to contain himself.

SEAN

I think you better leave now, Maggie, because I feel like punching something, and if I punch the wall it's gonna hurt.

MAGGIE

(gesturing to a pillow on the sofa)

Why don't you punch something softer?

SEAN

(glaring at her)

Believe me, I'm thinkin' about it.

Maggie glances across the room at her PURSE, but, seeing Sean clenching his fists, she dashes straight out the door without it.

15 EXT. MAGGIE AND SEAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Maggie walks quickly away down the sidewalk.

16 EXT. 94 CENT STORE - DAY

Maggie, still wearing her Mayan dress and headdress, heads into the 94 Cent Store.

17 INT. 94 CENT STORE - DAY

Maggie looks for Hilda, spots her at the checkout counter. Customers stare at Maggie's Mayan costume.

MAGGIE  
Hey, sorry I don't have my apron,  
but I can--

HILDA  
And I'm sorry you're three hours  
late, and you don't need an apron,  
because you don't work here  
anymore.

MAGGIE  
It won't happen again, I promise.

HILDA  
You're right, it won't.

Hilda points sternly toward the door.

MAGGIE  
But it was... it was, the End of...

Hilda turns her back on Maggie and helps a CUSTOMER. Maggie dejectedly walks out the door.

MAGGIE  
...the World.

18 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Maggie walks for about a block, then sits on the curb. She notices that she is once again in front of the HACIENDA HOME FOR THE ELDERLY. She dials her PHONE.

MAGGIE  
Hey, Joey, what's up? This is Mags.

JOEY (OS)  
Yo Mags, you need some chronic?

MAGGIE  
Joey, you know I don't smoke  
anymore. Look, I was wonderin' if I  
could come visit for a while.

JOEY (OS)  
(joking)  
You mean like for a vacation?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

For a night, maybe.

JOEY (OS)

Mags, this ain't no Motel 6.

MAGGIE

Joey, c'mon, you're the only one I can call. Just for tonight.

JOEY (OS)

Okay, one night. Hey, you need some chronic?

MAGGIE

No. Thanks, Joey. I'll be there in a couple hours.

19 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Maggie arrives at the bus stop. There is an OLD MAYAN WOMAN wearing a colorful shawl waiting for the bus. Maggie digs the change out of her pocket, counts it, figures she has enough.

The bus arrives. The Old Mayan Woman gestures for Maggie to go first. Maggie gets on the bus, and puts her change in the money-taker.

BUS DRIVER

Whoa, you need another 25 cents.

MAGGIE

But, that's all I have.

BUS DRIVER

Then you can't ride the bus.

MAGGIE

But I really need to get to Venice.

BUS DRIVER

Then you really need another 25 cents.

Maggie just stands there, not yet willing to retreat.

BUS DRIVER

Miss, you need to step off the bus and let this woman on.

Defeated, Maggie turns to get off the bus, but the Old Mayan Woman silently offers her a dime and three nickels. Maggie puts it in the money-taker and gets on the bus.

20 INT. BUS - DAY

Maggie looks out the window as urban scenery goes by. At a stop, two teenage guys get on the bus and sit down across from Maggie. One has a buzz-cut, the other sports a "faux-hawk."

BUZZ-CUT

Xena, Warrior Princess. Cool.

FAUX-HAWK

No, stupid...Pocahontas. See the feathers?

MAGGIE

I'm a Mayan priestess.

BUZZ-CUT

Where's your sword?

Maggie removes the headdress and turns back to looking out the window.

21 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Maggie gets off the bus, then walks off down the street.

22 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Maggie walks down an alleyway. We see the beach in the background, and the street sign says "WARREN ST."

23 EXT. GREEN HOUSE - DAY

She walks up the steps of a GREEN HOUSE and knocks on the door. CYNTHIA, a skinny 20-year-old, answers.

CYNTHIA

What can we do ya for?

MAGGIE

I need to talk to Joey.

(CONTINUED)

CYNTHIA

Joey stepped out. What can I get ya?

MAGGIE

I told him I was coming.

CYNTHIA

(impatient)

What do you need?

MAGGIE

I need to talk to Joey.

CYNTHIA

Christ, not another one. Look, Joey don't do that anymore. It's cash only. Efectivo, capish?

MAGGIE

No, I mean, yeah.

CYNTHIA

Great. What can I get ya?

MAGGIE

I really need to talk to Joey.

CYNTHIA

Right. Look, cough the cash, or leave the premises, okay?

MAGGIE

I really, really need--

Cynthia whistles, and two Rottweilers run into the room and begin snarling at Maggie.

MAGGIE

Okay, okay, I'm leaving. Jesus!

CYNTHIA

(to herself, as she closes the door)

Freakin' sluts.

24 EXT. SIDEWALK - RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Maggie heads back in the direction she came, with purposeful stride, toward the business district.

25 EXT. SIDEWALK - BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

Maggie sees a sign in a window that reads: HELP WANTED: INQUIRE INSIDE. She looks at her reflection in the window and realizes she's still wearing the Mayan garb. She takes off the headdress and carries it inside.

26 INT. OFFICE #1 - DAY

Maggie enters the office and is greeted by a receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST  
I'm sorry, no soliciting.

MAGGIE  
Excuse me?

RECEPTIONIST  
Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you were selling baskets.

MAGGIE  
No.

Maggie sets her headdress down among some plants on the windowsill, then walks up to the RECEPTION DESK.

RECEPTIONIST  
Then, how can I help you?

MAGGIE  
I'm here about the job.

RECEPTIONIST  
(hands her a form)  
Here's an application.

MAGGIE  
Thanks.

As Maggie starts to fill out the application, a 16-year-old OFFICE INTERN enters the room with a small watering can. The intern waters the plants, pauses briefly at the headdress, then waters it too.

RECEPTIONIST  
You do have a car, right?

MAGGIE  
Um...I...my brother, has a motorcycle I'm sure I could borrow.

(CONTINUED)

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, this is a delivery job.  
You really need a car.

MAGGIE

Okay, thanks.

Maggie gets up, grabs the headdress, and leaves.

27 EXT. SIDEWALK - BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

Maggie looks up cross-eyed at the water from the wet headdress trickling down her forehead. She spots a WELL-DRESSED MAN buying a NEWSPAPER from a NEWSPAPER VENDING BOX.

MAGGIE

Do you need the help wanted section?

He hands it to her.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

What's the costume?

MAGGIE

Mayan priestess.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

Hm. I was going to guess Pocahontas.

The man walks away. Maggie opens up the HELP WANTED SECTION.

28 INT. OFFICE #2 - DAY

Maggie is sitting at a desk across from a MAN IN A SUIT, filling out a JOB APPLICATION. Her headdress is on the floor next to her.

MAN IN A SUIT

Xena?

MAGGIE

No...Pocahontas.

MAN IN A SUIT

Oh, my daughter loves that video!  
Can't get her away from it.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

There isn't any delivering in this job, is there?

MAN IN A SUIT

No, it's strictly a desk job.

MAGGIE

Good.

MAN IN A SUIT

Transportation won't be a problem, will it?

MAGGIE

No, I live in the neighborhood.

MAN IN A SUIT

You'd be training in our Castaic office for the first month.

MAGGIE

Castaic?

MAN IN A SUIT

You don't have a car?

MAGGIE

No, thanks to the Mayans, I do not.

MAN IN A SUIT

Mayans?

Maggie gets up, takes her headdress, and exits the office, leaving the man puzzled.

29 EXT. SIDEWALK - BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

Maggie consults the want ads, checks the address on a circled ad, then starts off down the street.

30 EXT. SIDEWALK - BUSINESS DISTRICT - OFFICE - DAY

Maggie spots the address she needs and enters a business.

31 INT. OFFICE #3 - DAY

Maggie, smiling, is sitting in a waiting room chair. She addresses a MIDDLE-AGED LATINA behind a desk.

MAGGIE

Oh my God, this is perfect. You have no idea how much this means to me. You are a lifesaver.

MIDDLE-AGED LATINA

We're just happy we were able to pair you up with someone who can use your services.

MAGGIE

Just to make sure now...I start tomorrow, and I can live with the lady I'm being a caregiver for?

MIDDLE-AGED LATINA

Así es. ¿Puedes comenzar un poco temprano el primer día? Digamos, ¿a las ocho menos cuarto?

Maggie sits there stunned, desperately trying to figure out what the receptionist has just said, and why Spanish has suddenly come into play.

MIDDLE-AGED LATINA

I'm sorry. You do speak Spanish, right?

MAGGIE

No, I don't. Why didn't you tell me--

MIDDLE-AGED LATINA

I just assumed. With your costume and everything. Mayan Princess, right?

MAGGIE

Yeah. Cursed, Mayan, Princess.

MIDDLE-AGED LATINA

Well, I'm sorry, that's the only local job. But we do have another one up in--

MAGGIE

Castaic? No thanks. Forget it.

Maggie exits.

(CONTINUED)

MIDDLE-AGED LATINA  
(to herself)  
Castaic?

32 INT. OFFICE #4 - DAY

Maggie stands at the reception desk.

BLONDE RECEPTIONIST  
May I help you?

MAGGIE  
Okay, I just have to ask first,  
does this job require a car?  
Spanish? Training in Castaic?

BLONDE RECEPTIONIST  
Castaic? No, no training, no car,  
no Spanish.

MAGGIE  
Great. 'Cause my parents didn't  
teach me Spanish, and I don't have  
a car at the moment.

Receptionist hands Maggie an application.

BLONDE RECEPTIONIST  
Not to worry. That's what's great  
about this job. You can do it on  
your computer, in the comfort of  
your home.

MAGGIE  
My home?

BLONDE RECEPTIONIST  
Yes. Isn't that wonderful?

MAGGIE  
Yeah. Wonderful.  
(to herself)  
Stupid Mayans.

Maggie gets up and walks toward the door.

BLONDE RECEPTIONIST  
But...where are you going? You can  
work at home.

But Maggie is already on her way to the door.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE  
 (to herself)  
 No, I can't. Not anymore.

BLONDE RECEPTIONIST  
 Wait. We have another job opening.

Maggie turns around, her hope quickly renewed. Receptionist checks the listing.

BLONDE RECEPTIONIST  
 Oops, I'm sorry. Are you sure you don't speak Spanish?

Maggie rolls her eyes and walks out the door.

The receptionist shrugs her shoulders and looks over at her COWORKER.

COWORKER  
 She does look like she speaks Spanish.

BLONDE RECEPTIONIST  
 I liked her basket.

COWORKER  
 It was a hat.

BLONDE RECEPTIONIST  
 (skeptical)  
 Nah. Feather basket. \$4.99 at Costco.

COWORKER  
 No, it's a Pocahontas hat. Got my daughter one for Halloween, she hasn't taken it off since.

BLONDE RECEPTIONIST  
 Basket.

COWORKER  
 Hat.

33 EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Maggie walks to the boardwalk, stops, and stands there holding her headdress, trying to figure her next move. A passerby thinks she's panhandling and tosses a quarter in her headdress. The coin falls through to the ground and is instantly snatched up by a PANHANDLING WOMAN.

(CONTINUED)

PANHANDLING WOMAN  
This is my spot.

MAGGIE  
What?

PANHANDLING WOMAN  
(gesturing)  
This is all my area. Move on.

Maggie looks at the woman, and sighs.

MAGGIE  
Fine.

Maggie moves on down the boardwalk, and approaches a BOARDWALK ARTIST who has some empty boxes behind him.

MAGGIE  
Hi. I was wondering, if I could  
just maybe have part of a cardboard  
box to make a sign?

BOARDWALK ARTIST  
Not here, sweetheart. Spots are all  
taken.

MAGGIE  
Spots?

BOARDWALK ARTIST  
You're not from around here, are  
ya?

MAGGIE  
Yeah, I live in L.A.

BOARDWALK ARTIST  
But you're not from around *here*.  
Everybody has a spot. It's best not  
to mess with 'em.

Maggie stares at the artist, incredulous.

BOARDWALK ARTIST  
Seriously.

MAGGIE  
Fine. I get it.

BOARDWALK ARTIST  
Nice basket, though.  
(pointing at the dress)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOARDWALK ARTIST (cont'd)  
Um...Pocahontas?

MAGGIE  
No, Xena.

BOARDWALK ARTIST  
Where's your sword?

Maggie turns away and continues down the boardwalk. She comes to a beachside motel, enters, and addresses the female BEACH MOTEL CLERK.

MAGGIE  
Hi.

BEACH MOTEL CLERK  
Hi. Need a room?

MAGGIE  
Yeah...but I was wondering, if I could trade some cleaning, in exchange for a room for the night?

BEACH MOTEL CLERK  
Sure, we're always lookin' for maids to give free rooms to.

MAGGIE  
Oh, thank God. Thanks!

BEACH MOTEL CLERK looks at Maggie with a mixture of humor and pity.

BEACH MOTEL CLERK  
I'm sorry, honey, my husband's right: people don't understand my sense of humor. We have all the maids we need.

MAGGIE  
I couldn't...just for one night?

BEACH MOTEL CLERK  
Sorry. Why don't you try the homeless mission?

MAGGIE  
(not interested)  
Yeah.

Maggie leaves.

34 EXT. BOARDWALK - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Maggie approaches a busy restaurant.

35 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Maggie heads for the counter, and engages the CASHIER.

MAGGIE

Excuse me. You look pretty busy.  
Could you use some help for the  
night?

CASHIER

(looking doubtful)  
"For the night"?

MAGGIE

*Starting* tonight. Since you're so  
busy.

Cashier looks Maggie over carefully. Maggie smiles.

CASHIER

Well, Celia did call in sick again.  
Okay.

Cashier pulls out an employment form.

CASHIER

Wait. You got reliable  
transportation?

MAGGIE

(fudging)  
I...I live around here.

CASHIER

Close by?

MAGGIE

Yeah...  
(thinking)  
Warren Street.

Cashier raises an eyebrow.

CASHIER

Warren Street?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Yeah, the green house, right close by.

CASHIER

We don't need your kind around here.

MAGGIE

But--

CASHIER

Not a chance. Buncha thieves and junkies is what you are.

MAGGIE

But--

CASHIER

Beat it!

Cashier picks up a heavy menu and tries to swat Maggie with it. Maggie avoids the blow and quickly heads for the door.

36 EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

It's getting dark now. The tourists have gone, and the homeless are more apparent. She walks without purpose until she finds herself in a dark area with no streetlights.

Two GUYS IN BLACK HOODIES approach Maggie a little too quickly.

A Mission Worker, CARL, 50, wearing a shirt and tie, walks up to her.

CARL

Good evening, sister.

Maggie tries to ignore him.

CARL

Have you found Jesus?

MAGGIE

Ya know, I'm not particularly Jesus-ish. I mean--.

CARL

Jesus loves you.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

I'm not into Jesus. I'm a Mayan.

CARL

Oh, that's interesting. I'm from Idaho myself.

MAGGIE

Please, just excuse me, I have to go...

CARL

Where?

Maggie is silent.

CARL

You have to go *where*?

She stares at the ocean, looks down, then back at Carl.

MAGGIE

Jesus can't do anything for me right now, okay?

CARL

He can give you a place to stay.

She looks at him skeptically.

CARL

Alright, *I* can give you a place to stay. Our mission is just 3 blocks away.

(he points the direction)

It's a Christian mission, but we accept everyone. We'll give you a good meal and a warm bed, and there will be a reading of Jesus's teachings in the morning with breakfast.

She hesitates, because their path would take them past the GUYS IN BLACK HOODIES.

CARL

They don't bother me. I'm a regular here, just like they are. Most of them are harmless.

Maggie takes a step to go with him, glad to feel at least somewhat safe.

(CONTINUED)

CARL  
Oh, and I'm Carl.

MAGGIE  
Maggie.

CARL  
Nice to meet you, Maggie.

They walk safely past the GUYS IN BLACK HOODIES.

37 EXT. MISSION - NIGHT

Maggie and Carl arrive at the mission, a pink stucco building.

38 INT. MISSION - NIGHT

The mission is filled with homeless people, most ready for sleep in their cots, some still finishing the evening meal. Maggie spots a kindly looking Mission Worker, MARILYN, 50, handing out blankets to the homeless, and goes to speak to her.

MAGGIE  
Hi, look, if you could just give me 5 bucks, I could get some food and a bus back home.

MARILYN  
I'm sorry, honey, we don't do that. But there's food here.

MAGGIE  
But, I'm not like these people. It's for bus fare.

MARILYN  
Sorry, honey. No can do.

MAGGIE  
I'm not homeless! I'm just--. I'm just having some bad luck.

HOMELESS HARRY, 60, with a long beard, passes by, glancing at HOMELESS NANCY, 60.

HOMELESS HARRY  
Me too. Bad luck. Since 1982.

(CONTINUED)

HOMELESS NANCY

Should turn around soon, Harry.  
Hang in there.

Marilyn smiles at Nancy's remark and goes back to handing out blankets.

MAGGIE

Fine. I don't need this place. I can make money. Anybody can make 5 bucks.

MARILYN

Okay, lights out everybody!

Residents groan, then settle in for the night.

HOMELESS NANCY

There's some cots left in the back.

Maggie ignores her and defiantly leaves the mission, grabbing a dinner roll from a table in passing.

39 EXT. SIDEWALK - STREETLIGHT - NIGHT

Maggie sits propped up uncomfortably against a streetlight with her head on, hands on her cheeks, thinking. A hooker, unseen by Maggie, lingers behind her and to one side. A filthy LEWD GUY, 30ish, approaches Maggie with a slimy smile on his face.

LEWD GUY

Ooh...*feathers*. I like it.

Maggie looks up.

LEWD GUY

How much?

Maggie just stares at him.

LEWD GUY

I like the costume, but I'm not payin' extra.

MAGGIE

I'm not for sale!

She gets up and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

LEWD GUY

Then what are you doin' under the streetlight?

Maggie heads back in the direction of the mission.

40 INT. MISSION - EVENING

Maggie stands at the check-in counter, talking to a stern Mission Worker, MRS. BARRETT, 60.

MAGGIE

Full? How can it be full? I was just here. I'll sleep on the floor, it's okay.

MRS. BARRETT

Not okay, honey. Health department regulations.

MAGGIE

Health department regulations I can sleep on the street, but I can't sleep in here on the floor?!

MRS. BARRETT

Health department regulations. Sorry. You gotta go.

MAGGIE

But I was here earlier. I talked to the other lady.

MRS. BARRETT

Then you shoulda stayed here earlier.

MAGGIE

But I'm not homeless.

MRS. BARRETT

Stay where there's streetlights. It's safer.

MAGGIE

Streetlights.  
(sarcastically)  
Good advice, thanks.

MRS. BARRETT

And next time remember, we close our doors at 10:00 PM.

Maggie turns and walks out the door.

41 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Maggie walks until she comes to a secluded spot near some bushes next to a commercial building. There's some light from a streetlight half a block away, so she feels safe.

There is a flattened cardboard box lying on the ground. She lies down on it. She stretches out, then curls herself up in a semifetal position and closes her eyes. Suddenly she is interrupted by the voice of the PANHANDLING WOMAN.

PANHANDLING WOMAN  
Get out of my bed!

MAGGIE  
What?

PANHANDLING WOMAN  
This spot is mine! Can't you see my bed?!

MAGGIE  
Hey, I was here--

PANHANDLING WOMAN starts kicking Maggie violently.

PANHANDLING WOMAN  
My spot! My spot! My spot!

Maggie bursts into tears as she clumsily rolls away from the old woman's persistent attack.

PANHANDLING WOMAN  
Bitch. 's my spot.

42 EXT. LAUNDRY - NIGHT

Maggie, exhausted, stops in front of a late-night laundry. A middle-aged Latina LAUNDRY MANAGER is just closing up. Noticing that Maggie has no laundry with her, the manager starts to tell her in Spanish that she has to go.

LAUNDRY MANAGER  
No se puede permanecer aquí.  
("You can't stay here.")

Maggie just stares at her, too tired to argue, and flops down to a sitting position in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

Halfway through her next sentence, the woman notices Maggie's condition and takes pity on her.

LAUNDRY MANAGER

Tienes que--  
 ("You have to--")  
 Hijo de la--  
 ("For Pete's sake.")

The laundry manager goes back into the laundry. She returns with an armful of old clothes to find Maggie slumped sideways, asleep, her headdress askew. The laundry manager dumps the clothes on Maggie to keep her warm.

43 EXT. LAUNDRY - MORNING - RAINING

Maggie wakes up, groggy, and it's raining. She looks up and notices the Old Mayan Woman standing over her, a MAYAN LOCKET dangling from her neck. The Old Mayan Woman **is not wet**. Maggie stares at her for a moment, then sneezes. When she opens her eyes after the sneeze, the Old Mayan Woman is gone. Maggie falls back to sleep.

44 EXT. LAUNDRY - MORNING - SUNNY (LATER)

Maggie awakens to the brightness of day. She slowly gets up, dons her headdress with its limp wet feathers, and wanders toward the beach area.

45 EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Maggie strolls along the boardwalk. As she moves to avoid a motorized chair speeding by, she's spun around by a kid on a skateboard, trips over a dog's leash, and crashes into a rack of sunglasses at Al's Bike Shop.

MAGGIE

Aaaiy!

Before Maggie can hit the ground, she is restored to upright by BOBBY, 60, wiry but strong, with a perpetual 2-day beard growth, and a baseball cap covering his bald head. He's missing a couple of teeth, but speaks with a friendly confidence.

BOBBY

Howdy-howdy. Can I help ya?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE  
You just did! What a crazy place.

BOBBY  
That's the boardwalk. You okay?

MAGGIE  
Yeah. Sorry I messed up your  
sunglasses.

BOBBY  
Nah. They needed rearranging.

He moves to do so.

MAGGIE  
Can I help you with that?

BOBBY  
You anglin' for a job?

MAGGIE  
No, I just--. Do you need somebody?

BOBBY  
Yeah, couple days, for the  
Christmas rush.

MAGGIE  
Are you serious?

BOBBY  
Couldn't be no seriouser.

MAGGIE  
That would be perfect.

BOBBY  
You busy right now?

MAGGIE  
Yeah, I'm busy rearranging your  
sunglass rack.

Maggie begins to put things in order.

BOBBY  
Great. But I can't pay you until  
Christmas Eve. That okay?

MAGGIE  
Sure.

BOBBY  
(extending his hand)  
Bobby.

MAGGIE  
(shaking his hand)  
Maggie.

46 INT. AL'S BIKE SHOP - DAY (LATER)

Bobby and Maggie stand at the front counter, chatting.  
Maggie sketches SELF PORTRAITS on NEWSPAPER while they talk.

BOBBY  
You live around here?

MAGGIE  
I'm not sure where I live right  
now.

BOBBY  
You don't have a place?

MAGGIE  
It's a long story. Never trust  
people who make round calendars.

SHELLY, 23, cute, perky, wearing a floral print sundress,  
arrives at the shop and tries on sunglasses.

MAGGIE  
Cute dress.

SHELLY  
Thanks. It's from my store.

MAGGIE  
Your store?

SHELLY  
Yeah, my boutique, down the  
boardwalk.

MAGGIE  
Your boutique? Wow. What are you,  
25?

SHELLY  
23.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

You're amazing.

SHELLY

It's nothing, really. Just basic stuff: Law of Attraction, positive attitude. I'm Shelly.

MAGGIE

Maggie. Seriously, someone like you, you're a model for me. I don't even know where I'm gonna stay tonight.

SHELLY

You could stay at my place.

MAGGIE

Really?

SHELLY

Sure, why not? What are friends for?

MAGGIE

But we just met. You are so generous.

SHELLY

No problem. I'll meet you back here at what...6:00-ish?

MAGGIE

Great. See you then.

Maggie turns back to her sketching. Bobby looks at the sketches, which are all of Maggie.

BOBBY

Nice work. Ever draw anything besides yourself?

MAGGIE

(defensively)

Of course.

47 INT. AL'S BIKE SHOP - DAY (LATER)

MONTAGE:

1) Maggie takes a bike customer's CREDIT CARD as Bobby brings up a BIKE.

(CONTINUED)

2) Maggie sells a pair of SUNGLASSES while Bobby works on a BIKE in the back.

3) Bobby takes a BIKE return as Maggie gives a customer their DRIVER'S LICENSE back.

CUT TO:

Maggie is telling the tail end of her story.

MAGGIE

So I put *complete faith* in the Mayans, and they screwed me over.

BOBBY

Spoiled your holidays when the world didn't end?

MAGGIE

(chuckles)

Yeah.

BOBBY

Wasn't none of it your fault?

MAGGIE

(smiling)

Nope, Mayans' fault. Hundred percent.

Shelly arrives.

SHELLY

Hey girl!

MAGGIE

Hey.

SHELLY

You ready?

MAGGIE

Yeah. Night, Bobby!

BOBBY

Have a good time. See ya tomorrow.

48

EXT. CAFE ON THE BOARDWALK - EVENING

Maggie and Shelly sip coffee at a cafe. The waitress brings the bill, sets it on the table.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry, I don't have any money.

SHELLY

It's okay, I'll get it. But don't say "I don't have." If you say you don't have, the universe will agree with you, and you won't have.

MAGGIE

Hmm. I never thought of it that way.

SHELLY

Oh yeah. You gotta watch every word you say.

MAGGIE

Maybe that's why the universe has been screwing me over every chance it gets.

SHELLY

(chuckles)

Whoa. Did that sound good?

MAGGIE

(sheepish)

No, I guess it didn't.

MAGGIE

I wish I understood the stuff you understand.

Shelly puts down money for the bill, and gets up. Maggie follows.

49

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Maggie and Shelly walk along the boardwalk.

SHELLY

You should buy my "Live Healthy and Prosper" DVDs.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE  
How much are they?

SHELLY  
\$200 each, or \$500 for the set of  
three.

MAGGIE  
Wow. I don't have the mo--

SHELLY  
Ah-ah-ah! Watch your words.

MAGGIE  
Yeah, right, okay.

SHELLY  
Come on. I'll show you my place.

MAGGIE  
I've always thought it would be  
cool to own a boutique.

SHELLY  
The boutique is great, but my real  
passion is my health and prosperity  
DVDs.

MAGGIE  
Wow, I'm impressed. I wish I were  
doing half as good as you.  
(catches herself)  
Wait. Can I say that?

SHELLY  
(considers)  
Yeah, I think so.

MAGGIE  
I'd love to see your DVDs.

SHELLY  
I'm still waiting to place the  
order. The guy wants \$200 to make  
me a hundred copies.

MAGGIE  
You don't have \$200?

SHELLY  
No, no, I have it, It's just not in  
a form I can use.

MAGGIE  
Wouldn't cash just work?

SHELLY  
It's still in a "theric" [etheric]  
form.

MAGGIE  
A "theric" form?

SHELLY  
Yeah, money starts out as a thought  
form, and then it becomes a  
"theric", and then it's real money.  
If you listened to my DVDs you'd  
understand.

They come up to a nice little boutique.

50 EXT. BOUTIQUE - NIGHT

Shelly gets out her keys and unlocks it. They enter.

51 INT. BOUTIQUE - NIGHT

Shelly flips on a light, revealing several racks of chic,  
colorful clothes.

MAGGIE  
Wow, this is awesome. You've got  
some great stuff here.

SHELLY  
Thanks. This is where I stay too.

Maggie oohs and aahs over the clothes on the racks.

MAGGIE  
You stay here?

They arrive at the dressing rooms. Shelly grabs a sleeping  
bag and spreads it on the floor of the large dressing room.  
Just then we hear the voice of the BOUTIQUE OWNER.

BOUTIQUE OWNER  
(O.S.)  
No guests, Shelly!

SHELLY  
Aw, man. I thought she'd be gone by  
now.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Wait, I thought this was your place.

SHELLY

Yeah, it's my place, where I stay.

BOUTIQUE OWNER

(O.S.)

Shelly, no guests! I told you last time.

SHELLY

Alright!

MAGGIE

You don't own the boutique?

SHELLY

No. But like I said, my passion is really my prosperity business.

52 EXT. BOUTIQUE - NIGHT

Outside the door of the boutique, Shelly hands Maggie a sweatshirt.

MAGGIE

Your boss won't mind?

SHELLY

No, this is mine.

MAGGIE

Okay. See ya.

SHELLY

Oh, and here's a prosperity DVD.

Shelly hands Maggie a plain DVD with no label or envelope or case.

SHELLY

It doesn't have the fancy label, but it'll still work.

MAGGIE

Yeah, of course.

Maggie walks off.

53 EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Maggie sits on a rock near the boardwalk. She hears music and turns to find the source. It's Alex, a 20-something guy sitting on a duffle bag against a palm tree, playing an acoustic guitar. She gets up and walks over to him.

MAGGIE

Nice tune.

ALEX

Thanks.

MAGGIE

You from around here?

ALEX

No, I just came down today from  
Portland.

(extending his hand)

Alex.

MAGGIE

(shaking his hand)

Maggie. I was hoping you might know  
where I could stay tonight.

ALEX

Why don't you have a place to stay?

MAGGIE

It's a long story, but, basically I  
blame the Mayans.

ALEX

Mayans? Hm. I don't know about  
Mayans. I call on the archangels  
when I need help.

MAGGIE

Archangels?

ALEX

Yeah, Michael, Raphael...those  
guys.

MAGGIE

Sounds like the Turtle Ninja  
Mutants.

ALEX

Raphael is for healing, Michael is  
for protection. There's even one  
for memory.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE  
Cool. Which one is that?

ALEX  
Starts with a Z.

MAGGIE  
"Starts with a Z"?

ALEX  
Yeah, um, Zeefraim..., Zeekael...  
Zackerel.

MAGGIE  
Zackerel?

ALEX  
Okay, I don't know that one so  
well, but if you ask 'em for help,  
they'll help you. Raphael is the  
one for travelers, so I'll ask him.

Alex closes his eyes, assumes a prayerful pose for a long  
moment, then looks up.

MAGGIE  
Okay...so?

ALEX  
Watch my stuff. I'll be right back.

MAGGIE  
Where are you goin'?

ALEX  
You can't expect 'em to just  
deliver it to ya.

Alex trots off down the boardwalk. Maggie waits for him.

54 EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT (LATER)

Maggie is seated on the dufflebag, flipping the prosperity  
DVD around and around in her hand. Alex returns.

ALEX  
Great news! I got a place to stay.  
With Wow, the Chinese tattoo lady.

MAGGIE  
"Wow"? Listen, I've been  
thinking...I just met you, and I  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
don't think I should spend the  
night with you.

ALEX  
No, no, no...I got a place to stay.  
I asked if you could stay too, but  
Wow said she only has room for one.

MAGGIE  
What? What about the archangels?

ALEX  
Do you believe in the archangels?

MAGGIE  
Well...not really.

ALEX  
Well, there ya go. Why would the  
archangels help somebody who  
doesn't believe in 'em?

Maggie looks at him, incredulous. Alex grabs his stuff and  
heads down the boardwalk.

ALEX  
See ya.

Maggie sighs and checks her watch: 10:17...too late for the  
mission. She heads in the opposite direction up the  
boardwalk.

55 EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Maggie strolls down the boardwalk and runs into Alex, who is  
arm in arm with an African American woman, WOW, 35,  
energetic but a little spacey.

ALEX  
Hey, Maggie, how are ya?

MAGGIE  
Hi Alex.

ALEX  
Did you find a place to stay?

MAGGIE  
Yeah, I'm alright.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX  
Maggie, Wow. Wow, Maggie.

MAGGIE  
I thought you were Chinese.

WOW  
(chuckling)  
Do I look Chinese?

Alex shows Maggie a tattoo on his shoulder.

ALEX  
Look what she did for me. It means  
"enlightened angel."

**Inside joke for Chinese and Japanese viewers. (Yeah, I know, but it doesn't require any extra work):** Many of the "Chinese" tattoos offered at Venice Beach are incorrect. This one actually means "CLOWN."

MAGGIE  
Wow.

WOW  
Huh?

MAGGIE  
Hey, I gotta get to work. Good to see ya, Alex. Nice to meet ya, Wow.

WOW  
Wow.

ALEX  
See ya.

Maggie continues on to the bike shop.

56 INT. AL'S BIKE SHOP - DAY

Maggie is talking to Bobby as he works on a bicycle.

MAGGIE  
And she sleeps in the boutique where she works.

BOBBY  
Didn't work out, huh?

PHILIP, 40, a slender man dressed all in white, arrives at the shop.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Hey, Bobby!

BOBBY

Hey, Philip! Good to see ya.  
Maggie, this is Philip. He and his  
wife Julia rent from me all the  
time.

MAGGIE

Hi, Philip.

PHILIP

Hello, Maggie. You working here  
now?

MAGGIE

Just a couple days during the  
holidays.

BOBBY

Maggie here just lost her  
apartment.

PHILIP

I'm sorry to hear that. You'd be  
welcome to stay with me and Julia  
for a night or two.

MAGGIE

No, I couldn't--

BOBBY

They're good people, Maggie. Very  
"spiritchul."

PHILIP

Beats sleepin' outdoors.

MAGGIE

I *would* kinda like to take a  
shower.

PHILIP

Okay then, you can come on by when  
you get outa here tonight.

MAGGIE

Okay, see ya then. Thanks.

PHILIP

Bye. Bye Bobby.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY  
Good seein' ya.

Philip leaves the bike shop.

BOBBY  
Hey, I'm hungry. You hungry?

MAGGIE  
Sure.

BOBBY  
Why don't you run over to Lucy's  
Taco Shop and get us somethin'.

He hands her a small printed menu and \$10.

BOBBY  
Fish tacos for me. Address is on  
the menu.

MAGGIE  
Okay. See you in a while.

Maggie leaves the bike shop.

57 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Maggie walks along the sidewalk and sees a sign that says  
"LIMPIA - GRATIS" ("FREE CLEANSING"). She hesitates a  
moment.

MAGGIE  
(to herself)  
"Cleansing...free." Couldn't hurt.

She enters. There is a donation basket with a few dollars in  
it. She looks around but sees no one. She sits on a crude  
wooden bench and puts her head in her hands. A CURANDERO  
(HEALER) enters through a bead-curtain doorway.

CURANDERO  
Buenas tardes, Señorita.

MAGGIE  
Hi. Uh, buenas tardes. I don't,  
um...no dinero por donation.

CURANDERO  
La limpia es gratis.  
("The healing is free.")

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Right, gratis. Okay, gracias. What do I do?

The Curandero positions her in a corner by a full-length mirror with some weeds and flowers in a tall vase. He lights some SAGE and begins to pat her all over her body with a bunch of WEEDS bundled together.

He finishes, and looks at her with a neutral look.

MAGGIE

Gracias. But, I...no dinero. Sorry.  
("I don't have any money.")

The Curandero turns and leaves silently through the bead-curtain doorway. Maggie stands there a few seconds and then leaves.

58 EXT. STREET - CROSSWALK - DAY

The traffic light changes and Maggie steps off the curb to cross. A car speeds by against the light, and a dark-skinned hand grabs Maggie by the shoulder and pulls her back from the speeding car just in time.

Maggie turns around and gets a glimpse of the Old Mayan Woman behind her, but Maggie gets swept up with the other people crossing the street, and the Old Mayan Woman disappears into the crowd on the sidewalk.

59 INT. AL'S BIKE SHOP - DAY

Bobby is munching his tacos while Maggie tells of her narrow escape from death.

MAGGIE

And it's the third time I've seen this lady! She saved my life! And before that, it was raining and she wasn't wet. She's Mayan, I know she is, and it's like she's been following me and protecting me.

BOBBY

The world works in mysterious ways.  
(handing her a slip of paper)  
Here's Philip and Julia's address.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

They do live in a real house,  
right?

BOBBY

Yeah, they do pretty well for  
themselves.

MAGGIE

Okay, see you in the morning.

BOBBY

'Night.

Maggie leaves the bike shop.

60

INT. PHILIP AND JULIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ann elegant living room, filled with several STATUES OF BUDDHA of various sizes. Maggie is seated across from JULIA, 40, plump, dressed all in pink. Philip brings them GLASSES OF RED WINE, then sits on the LOVESEAT next to Julia. The two of them sit in the lotus position.

MAGGIE

So, I see you're Buddhists.

JULIA

Sort of.

PHILIP

No, we're not.

JULIA

*I am.*

PHILIP

She just likes the idea that Buddha  
was fat.

JULIA

He was big-boned.

Maggie looks confused.

JULIA

No, I'm kidding. But I like the  
idea that there's a deity--

PHILIP

Buddha's not a deity.

(CONTINUED)

JULIA

I like the idea that the founder of a religion--

PHILIP

Buddhism is not a religion, it's a philosophy.

JULIA

(patiently)

I like the idea that the founder of a philosophy didn't feel he had to be...athletic.

PHILIP

Like Jesus. Quite an athlete, that one.

JULIA

He likes to tease.

PHILIP

And it's not mentioned in the *standard* New Testament, but the Gnostic Gospels reveal that his disciples were very competitive in beach volleyball.

MAGGIE

So, you're not Buddhists?

PHILIP

Actually, lately I'm more of a Taoist.

JULIA

He means Daoist.

PHILIP

That's what I said: Taoist.

JULIA

The word is Daoist.

MAGGIE

But in any case, you seem relatively happy.

PHILIP

Yeah, she is.

JULIA

Yes, he is.

Julia and Philip laugh light-heartedly and embrace each other. Maggie is envious of this imperfect but happy couple.

61 INT. PHILIP AND JULIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

Philip gets up from the loveseat and takes the wine glasses to the kitchen.

JULIA  
Oh, I hope you don't mind dogs.

MAGGIE  
No, I love dogs.

JULIA  
They're in our room right now, but they sleep out here at night. I hope there's no problem with allergies.

MAGGIE  
It'll be fine, I'm sure.

JULIA  
I'll get the sheets to make up the sofa.

Julia goes to the closet. When she returns with sheets and blankets, she opens the door to the bedroom. The dogs bound out, start sniffing Maggie, and begin scratching themselves.

JULIA  
(to Philip)  
Honey! Come take a look at this.

Philip comes back into the living room.

PHILIP  
Hmm. Were they doing this before?

MAGGIE  
Doing what?

JULIA  
See how they're scratching?

PHILIP  
You're right. It's the allergies again.

MAGGIE  
But I'm not allerg--

JULIA  
Oh no, it's the dogs. Our doggies have allergies. Maybe it's something in your clothes.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

I was hoping I could take a shower.

PHILIP

Yes, I'm certain that's it. Julia will get you some fresh clothes to get changed into.

62 INT. PHILIP AND JULIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

Maggie emerges from the bathroom with wet hair and wearing a pink tennis dress. The dogs come to greet her, tails wagging. Philip and Julia smile at each other.

MAGGIE

(brightly)

Problem solved.

One of the dogs sneezes, and Philip and Julia's smiles turn to frowns.

CUT TO:

Julia and Philip are ushering Maggie out the front door.

JULIA

I'm so sorry it didn't work out, Maggie.

PHILIP

If it's not your clothes...

JULIA

It must be you.

MAGGIE

It was one sneeze.

JULIA

Can't let our babies suffer.

PHILIP

She's such a good mother.

They stare at Maggie expectantly, waiting for her to leave.

MAGGIE

(ironically)

Of course...I understand. You can't take any chances with this kind of stuff.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP  
Exactly!

JULIA  
Precisely!

Philip and Julia smile at each other, happy that Maggie understands, then cheerfully bow to her.

PHILIP  
Namaste!

JULIA  
Namaste!

Maggie takes a deep breath and leaves, carrying her Mayan dress in a bundle.

63 EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Maggie looks at the time on her phone: 10:22. Too late for the shelter. She walks toward the homeless camp.

64 INT. AL'S BIKE SHOP - DAY

MONTAGE:

1) Maggie sells sunglasses to a teenager.

2) Bobby brings bikes to a couple as Maggie takes their cash.

3) Bobby works on a bike in the back.

4) Maggie takes in a rental bike from a customer.

65 AL'S BIKE SHOP - EXT. DAY (LATER)

Bobby hands Maggie some cash.

BOBBY  
Pleasure workin' with ya, Maggie.  
Here's your pay.

MAGGIE  
And here's yours.

She hands him a sketch of him smiling.

BOBBY  
This is wonderful. I'm gonna hang  
it up right here on the wall. Come  
back anytime, Maggie.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE  
I will. Bye.

Maggie leaves the shop.

66 INT. BUS - DAY

Maggie hums "Jingle Bells" to herself:

MAGGIE  
Ta-ta-tah, ta-ta-tah,  
ta-ta-ta-ta-tah.

67 EXT. 94 CENT STORE - DAY

Maggie walks up to the store entrance.

MAGGIE  
(to herself)  
Okay, first stop: get my check.

68 INT. 94 CENT STORE - DAY

Maggie cheerfully but cautiously approaches Hilda, the manager.

MAGGIE  
Hilda, hi. Did you have a good  
Christmas?

HILDA  
It was alright. Need somethin'?

MAGGIE  
Yeah, do you have my check?

HILDA  
Nope.

MAGGIE  
No?

HILDA  
I mailed it to you.

MAGGIE  
Oooh. Okay, thanks. Happy holidays!

Maggie exits the store.

69 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Maggie is talking to herself as she walks toward her old apartment.

MAGGIE  
 (almost a chant)  
 No excuses, no explanations, just,  
 get, the check. No excuses, no  
 explanations, just, get, the check.

70 EXT. MAGGIE AND SEAN'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Maggie composes herself, and knocks on the door. Sean answers.

SEAN  
 Maggie. Uh...how are you?

MAGGIE  
 Fine. Listen, I just came here to  
 pick up my check, from the 94.

FEMALE VOICE  
 (O.C.)  
 Sean, who is it?

MAGGIE  
 Is that Samantha?

SEAN  
 She just came to pick up your  
 stuff.

The woman behind the voice appears, wrapped in a towel. It's Maggie's sister, SAMANTHA.

MAGGIE  
 Sam?

SEAN  
 And she got kind of sweaty, so...

SAMANTHA  
 Mags.

MAGGIE  
 (sarcastically)  
 Sam. Nice legs.  
 (to Sean, firmly)  
 Get my check, Sean.

Sean goes to get her check.

71 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Maggie sits talking with David and his girlfriend, Carla.

DAVID

Sorry, sis, but you swore you  
wouldn't need it.

MAGGIE

Yeah, yeah, I know, but I do need  
it.

DAVID

Thanks to your car, Carla got a new  
job down near the beach.

MAGGIE

Good. She can take a bus to the  
beach.

CARLA

I could, but the first month I need  
the car to go to training sessions,  
up in Castaic.

MAGGIE

Castaic?!

CARLA

Yeah. Hey, why don't you apply for  
my old job? I'll give them a call,  
put in a good word.

MAGGIE

Great, but how do I get there?

DAVID

Take my bike, Mags.

MAGGIE

You would give me your bike?

DAVID

Sure, it's all fixed up now.

CARLA

Do you know how to ride?

72 EXT. STREET - DAY

Maggie straddles the motorcycle uneasily, still wearing the pink tennis outfit. Carla hands her a slip of paper with the company's name and phone number on it.

CARLA

Here's the address and phone number. He kind of had someone else lined up, but he said if you can get there by 5:00, the job is yours.

DAVID

Don't worry, you've got time.

Maggie roars off shakily on the motorcycle, barely avoiding a car pulling out of a driveway, then overcompensating and glancing off a recycle bin before getting it under control.

73 EXT. STREET - DAY (LATER)

Maggie cruises along on the motorcycle. Suddenly the engine starts to sputter. She tries to work the throttle but the bike gives up and rolls to a stop in front of the HACIENDA HOME FOR THE ELDERLY. She pulls out her phone to call Carla's former workplace, but her phone is dead. She goes up to the door.

74 INT. HACIENDA - RECEPTION DESK - DAY

Maggie enters and is greeted by the dignified but kind administrator, HELEN, 60, African American.

HELEN

Hello there. May we help you?

MAGGIE

Oh gosh, I hope so. Could I use your phone?

HELEN

Sure.

(hands Maggie the phone)

Dial "9" for an outside line.

Maggie takes a crumpled piece of paper from the pocket of her tennis skirt, checks the number, and dials.

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR

We're sorry. The number you have dialed is no longer in service.

MAGGIE

What?

OPERATOR

Please check the number, and dial again.

MAGGIE

"No longer in service"? No, it can't be.

She rechecks the number.

MAGGIE

(showing the paper to Helen)  
Does this look like a 4 or a 7?

HELEN

It looks like a 9.

She redials. Wrong number again.

OPERATOR

We're sorry. The number you have dialed--

MAGGIE

Crap! Could someone here give me a ride?

(showing the slip of paper)  
I need to get to this address.

HELEN

I'm sorry, dear, I'm afraid I can't help you.

MAGGIE

Does anyone here have a car?

HELEN

Jorge, the handyman, has one, but--.

MAGGIE

Where's Jorge? Quick!

HELEN

I believe he's in the storage shed, out back.

Maggie runs through the building and out the back door.

75 EXT. HACIENDA - BACKYARD - DAY

Maggie heads for the storage shed.

76 INT. STORAGE SHED - DAY

Inside, she finds JORGE, a slender 50-ish Latino, working on a lawnmower. He speaks with a slight Spanish accent.

MAGGIE

Are you Jorge? Can you give me a ride?

JORGE

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Who are you?

MAGGIE

(frantic)

My name's Maggie, I really need a ride, and the lady inside said you could give me a ride. Do you have a car?

JORGE

Yes, I have a car--

MAGGIE

Great, let's go.

JORGE

But my wife took it to go to the doctor.

MAGGIE

Aaargh! Why?

JORGE

Nothing serious, just a checkup.

Maggie sits down on an old mattress on the floor of the shed and starts to cry.

JORGE

What's wrong, m'hija? If you tell me what's wrong maybe I can help you.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

What's wrong is just...just everything. I try, and I try...okay, I made some mistakes, but I'm really trying, and God just teases me. He gives me things that look like chances and then he yanks back the chain and I just fall on my ass.

Jorge looks at her sympathetically.

JORGE

How did you end up here?

MAGGIE

The lady inside said you had a car, so I came--

JORGE

No, how did you end up at the Hacienda?

MAGGIE

I was riding my motorcycle, and it broke down, right out front, so I...oh, who cares?

JORGE

God wants you at the Hacienda.

MAGGIE

Huh?

JORGE

If your motorcycle broke down right out front, then the Hacienda is where you are supposed to be.

Helen enters the storage shed.

HELEN

Where are you in such a hurry to get to?

JORGE

God wants her here.

MAGGIE

It doesn't matter. Just when I thought things might get better, God dumps on me again.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

You know, when you first came to the door, I was hoping you might be answering the help wanted ad.

JORGE

Eso es.  
(That's it.)

MAGGIE

No, I was on my way to a job interview.

JORGE

But God stopped you.

MAGGIE

Yeah. Again.

JORGE

Tell her about the job here.

HELEN

It's just light housework. Making beds, mopping floors, and cleaning a few toilets.

MAGGIE

Great. I'd rather go back to the 94 Cent Store. Except I can't.

HELEN

Well, most of the toilet cleaning is done by the night shift. You'd be on the day shift.

JORGE

And you could live here in one of the resident rooms.

HELEN

No, Jorge, there're no rooms free. Mr. Renfro took the last one when he joined us.

JORGE

Well then she can sleep here in the shed. Just for now.

MAGGIE

Yeah, what the heck. I've got nothing to lose. And that bike's not going anywhere. But I don't speak Spanish.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

That's okay, that's not a requirement.

MAGGIE

Okay, then. I guess I'm your new maid.

HELEN

Wonderful! You can rest here tonight, and start tomorrow morning. You look to be about my size. I'll bring in some clothes you can wear.

JORGE

I told you! God wants you here! Now, help me get this place cleaned up, so it's nice for you to live in.

Maggie gets up with little enthusiasm, but Jorge has a lot. Soon she is caught up in the work, and even manages to return Jorge's smile of encouragement.

77

INT. STORAGE SHED - NIGHT

Jorge hands Maggie a flashlight.

JORGE

Here's your night light. Just hit the buzzer at the back door if you need anything and someone on the night shift will come to the door.

MAGGIE

Thanks, Jorge.

JORGE

Good night, m'hija.

MAGGIE

G'night.

Maggie puts some blankets on a mattress and lies down. She turns off the flashlight, and lies for a moment with her eyes open, thinking.

78 INT. HACIENDA - DAY ROOM - DAY

Maggie is mopping. She needs to mop under the feet of ANA MENDEZ, 79.

MAGGIE

Excuse me.

Ana merely stares into the distance.

MAGGIE

Excuse me?

No response. Maggie sighs and moves on to mop the rest of the day room.

79 INT. MRS. JIMENEZ'S ROOM - DAY

Maggie enters a room to mop. MRS. JIMENEZ, 76, slightly senile, greets Maggie.

MRS. JIMENEZ

Hello, m'hija. Where's your mother?  
Why hasn't she visited me?

MAGGIE

My mother?

MRS. JIMENEZ

It's been 6 months. Why hasn't she  
visited me?

MAGGIE

Um...I don't know. I'll ask her.

Maggie does a cursory mop job of the floor and leaves.

80 INT. HACIENDA - HALLWAY - DAY

Maggie sets down a "WET FLOOR" SIGN, and Mr. RENFRO, 86, with TWO HEARING AIDS, walks right through it, almost knocking it over.

MAGGIE

Sir, "wet floor." Sir?

Mr. Renfro keeps on walking, right on the wet floor. Maggie frowns in frustration.

81 INT. HACIENDA - DAY ROOM - DAY

Residents are watching TV. Maggie talks to MRS. HARDY, 82.

MAGGIE

And then he goes off with the  
Chinese tattoo lady, who's not even  
Chinese. Long story short, now I'm  
here, and you...don't hear a word  
I'm saying, do you?

Mrs. Hardy smiles pleasantly and begins to hum the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Maggie exits the day room.

82 INT. HACIENDA - HALLWAY - DAY

Helen greets Maggie as she leaves the day room.

HELEN

Oh, Maggie, there you are. Mr.  
Hoffman has a present for you in  
room 124.

MAGGIE

A present?

HELEN

Yes, a yellow present, room 124.

MAGGIE

Okay.

Maggie heads down the hall.

83 INT. MR. HOFFMAN'S ROOM - DAY

Maggie pauses at the entrance to the room, tilts her head, and sniffs. Mr. Hoffman, 78, is seated in his chair.

MR. HOFFMAN

I have a present for you.

MAGGIE

Mr. Hoffman?

MR. HOFFMAN

A yellow present. I'm sorry.

Maggie looks at the floor around his chair and notices a pool of urine. She rolls her eyes, takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE  
I'll be right back, Mr. Hoffman.

84 INT. HACIENDA - OFFICE - DAY

Maggie pokes her head in and speaks to Helen.

MAGGIE  
This is supposed to be funny?

HELEN  
Hm?

MAGGIE  
The "yellow present" thing?

HELEN  
Oh, that's just our code word for  
it. Our residents feel so bad when  
that happens that we like to  
lighten it up a bit.

MAGGIE  
Uh-huh.

85 INT. MR. HOFFMAN'S ROOM - DAY

Maggie enters to see NURSE RITA, 48, cleaning up Mr. Hoffman.

NURSE RITA  
We'll have you cleaned up in a  
jiffy, Mr. Hoffman. And the pretty  
new girl here will give you a nice  
shiny new floor.

MR. HOFFMAN  
She is pretty, isn't she?

NURSE RITA  
Mr. Hoffman, now you behave  
yourself. Or at least take it slow.  
Some young ladies are shy, you  
know.

Maggie smiles at Mr. Hoffman and starts to mop.

86 INT. HACIENDA - DINING ROOM - EVENING (LATER)

Maggie's dinner tray is pushed off to one side. She finishes a sketch of Mrs. Jimenez, and picks up another placemat to draw on.

87 INT. STORAGE SHED - NIGHT

Three of Maggie's sketches are on the wall. She sits on the mattress telling Jorge about her day, as he listens patiently.

MAGGIE

And then Mr. Hoffman left me a  
"present."

JORGE

Yellow or brown?

MAGGIE

Brown? Oh, God, spare me.

JORGE

So you were lucky today.

MAGGIE

"Lucky"?

JORGE

Could've been worse.

MAGGIE

I don't get how you guys talk about  
this stuff like it's no big deal.

JORGE

Maggie, some of these people,  
they're fragile. With a frown or a  
roll of your eyes, you can take  
away their dignity, just like that.  
(snaps his fingers)

But with a smile, or a kind word,  
you can give them something they  
can talk about for a week. I may  
not always be in the best of moods  
when I come to work, but I always  
give a cheerful greeting, and  
whether I'm feeling truly cheerful  
or not, it always brings them a  
smile.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

I bet you don't have to clean up  
the brown presents.

JORGE

It's not my job, but I've cleaned  
up a few in my time here.

MAGGIE

That would be disgusting.

JORGE

Strangely enough, there is a sort  
of satisfaction involved.

MAGGIE

Even the brown stuff?

JORGE

Especially the brown stuff.

MAGGIE

Well, thank God I just clean up the  
floor mess. Nurse Rita cleans up  
the patients. She can have my share  
of the "satisfaction."

JORGE

I can tell you don't have any kids.

MAGGIE

Huh?

JORGE

I've got four kids. When they were  
little, every time I changed a  
diaper I felt good, because I had  
just made that little baby feel  
better.

MAGGIE

Baby shit stinks.

JORGE

So you breathe through your mouth.  
And you do what needs to be done.  
And afterward that baby smiles, and  
you smile too.

Maggie considers this.

88

INT. HACIENDA - FRONT WINDOW - NEXT DAY

Maggie is cleaning the front window inside and spots the OLD MAYAN WOMAN outside the Hacienda. She gets excited and runs to fetch Jorge.

MAGGIE

Jorge, Jorge! Come quick, you've got to translate for me!

JORGE

Okay, coming.

MAGGIE

Quick!

Maggie runs out front and addresses the Old Mayan Woman.

MAGGIE

Here! Aquí. Stay!

Jorge arrives.

MAGGIE

Jorge, this woman saved my life! Please, tell her I thank her from the bottom of my heart.

JORGE

(to Mayan)

Maggie thanks you from the bottom of her heart.

(to Maggie)

What are you thanking her for?

MAGGIE

She saved my life.

(realizing)

Why are you speaking to her in English?

JORGE

Mrs. Vasquez, did you save Maggie's life?

MRS VASQUEZ

Oooh...the girl who doesn't pay attention crossing the street. I remember. Yeah, I guess so.

MAGGIE

You're the Mayan! I've been seeing you everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

JORGE

Mrs. Vasquez has been visiting her daughter at the beach for Christmas. But now she's come back home with us.

MAGGIE

You live here?

MRS. VASQUEZ

Yes, of course.

MAGGIE

But your necklace, it's Mayan.

MRS. VASQUEZ

Oh yes, my daughter got it for me. She thought the world was going to end last week. Poof! Puff of smoke. Can you imagine?

MAGGIE

How silly.

JORGE

Well, welcome back, Mrs. Vasquez. Let's come on in for a cup of tea.

MAGGIE

(in a loud whisper)  
She's the Mayan.

JORGE

Okay, she's the Mayan. You want some tea?

89 INT. HACIENDA - DINING ROOM - DAY

Maggie is drinking tea with Jorge and Mrs. Vasquez. Maggie is excited.

MAGGIE

But, at the laundry, it was raining, and you weren't wet.

MRS. VASQUEZ

I had my umbrella, silly.

MAGGIE

But you're Mayan, right?

(CONTINUED)

MRS VASQUEZ

Well, originally I'm from Tabasco,  
so yes, I certainly could be Mayan.

JORGE

Maggie, we should probably get back  
to work now.

MAGGIE

Oh, yeah, you're right. We can talk  
later, Mrs. Vasquez.

MRS VASQUEZ

Okay, m'hija. Bye.

Jorge and Maggie leave the dining room.

MAGGIE

I knew it! She's Mayan!

90 INT. HACIENDA - DAY ROOM - NEXT DAY

Maggie mops around the feet of Ana Mendez, who once again  
stares into the distance.

MAGGIE

Hello, Mrs. Mendez, how are you  
today?

No response. Maggie gently adjusts Ana's hair out of her  
face, then moves on.

91 INT. MRS. JIMENEZ'S ROOM - DAY

MRS. JIMENEZ

Hello there, young lady. When is  
your mother going to come visit me?

MAGGIE

I spoke to her last night, Mrs.  
Jimenez, and she was stuck in a  
hurricane off the Florida Keys.

MRS. JIMENEZ

A hurricane? Well, I hope she's  
alright.

MAGGIE

Yes, she said she found shelter and  
was safe, but she can't travel  
right now.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. JIMENEZ

Well, that's understandable. Thank you, m'hija. You tell her I'll be here waiting.

MAGGIE

I'll do that, Mrs. Jimenez.

92 INT. HACIENDA - HALLWAY - DAY

Maggie sets down a "WET FLOOR" SIGN. Mr. Renfro heads right for it. Maggie intercepts him, takes his arm, and gently guides him along on the dry side of the floor.

93 INT. HACIENDA - DAY ROOM - DAY

Maggie arrives with her mop and bucket. Mrs. Hardy is humming the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" again. Maggie joins in.

MRS. HARDY

Da-da da-da da-da, da-da da-da  
da-da da-da.

MAGGIE

Da da-da da-da da-da, da-da da-da  
da-da da-da.

Mrs. Hardy smiles broadly and her humming changes to singing. Maggie hums along, then starts to sing.

MRS. HARDY

He hath loosed the fateful  
lightning of his terrible  
swift sword.

MAGGIE

Da da-da da-da da  
da-da-da-da da-da-da-da.

Mrs. Hardy stops singing.

MAGGIE

(by herself, loudly)  
His truth is marching on!

Helen, passing in the hall, does a double-take when she sees Maggie belting out the song. Maggie's face turns red, and she smiles sheepishly at Helen, but then she turns and smiles broadly at Mrs. Hardy.

94 INT. HACIENDA - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Maggie sketches a picture of Mrs. Hardy on a placemat. Finished, she looks at it with approval, and puts it on top of a sketch of Mr. Hoffman.

95 INT. STORAGE SHED - NIGHT

Maggie sits on the mattress sketching on placemats. There are placemat sketches of various residents all over the walls. Jorge walks into the shed.

JORGE

Well?

MAGGIE

It's getting better. I thought about what you said, about how we can make somebody's day better or worse. I've been choosing "better."

Jorge nods and smiles.

JORGE

Nice sketches.

MAGGIE

Thanks.

96 INT. DAY ROOM - NEXT DAY

Maggie mops around the feet of Ana Mendez, who once again stares into the distance.

97 INT. MRS. JIMENEZ'S ROOM - DAY

Maggie stops by to say hi.

MAGGIE

Hi, Mrs. Jimenez.

MRS. JIMENEZ

Any news on your mother coming to visit? Did she get through that hurricane alright?

MAGGIE

Oh yes, she's fine, but yesterday's tornado in Arkansas has got her scared.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. JIMENEZ

A tornado? In the winter?

MAGGIE

It is very rare this time of year, Mrs. Jimenez, so it took everyone by surprise. She's going to wait in Alabama until the coast is clear.

MRS. JIMENEZ

Well, that makes sense. It's best to be safe. Thank you, m'hija.

MAGGIE

You're welcome, Mrs. Jimenez.

98 INT. HACIENDA - HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Renfro passes Maggie in the hall as she is mopping the floor.

MAGGIE

Careful, Mr. Renfro. Walk on the dry side.

MR. RENFRO

Which side is that?

Maggie smiles and takes his arm to guide him.

MR. RENFRO

You're a pretty one, you are. Do you have a boyfriend?

MAGGIE

At the moment, Mr. Renfro, I'm still looking.

MR. RENFRO

You get tired of waiting, I'm in Room 314.

MAGGIE

I was kind of thinking of someone a little...taller, but I'll keep you in mind.

They share a smile, then she gets back to her mopping as he continues his walk down the hall.

99 INT. STORAGE SHED - NIGHT

Jorge sits on a crate near Maggie's bed.

MAGGIE

I never thought I'd say this, but I'm really starting to like it here.

JORGE

Good. Listen, Maggie, I wanted to let you know I won't be here tomorrow when your shift ends.

MAGGIE

Oh. Leaving early?

JORGE

Actually, I've been staying late every day to make sure you were doing okay.

MAGGIE

Aaw.

She gives him a hug, which he accepts humbly. Jorge leaves, and Maggie goes to bed.

100 INT. HACIENDA - HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

Helen appears outside Mrs. Jimenez's door. Maggie looks apprehensive.

HELEN

Maggie, I'm sorry, but Mr. Hoffman has another present for you.

MAGGIE

For me and Nurse Rita, you mean.

HELEN

Nurse Rita left 20 minutes ago to take care of some personal business, and I told her to just take the rest of the day off, since everything was under control.

MAGGIE

Yellow?

Helen frowns apologetically.

101 INT. MR. HOFFMAN'S ROOM - DAY

Maggie enters the room and recoils as she is hit by the stench. She retreats to the hallway.

102 INT. HACIENDA - HALLWAY - DAY

Maggie stands against the wall outside Mr. Hoffman's room.

MAGGIE  
(to herself)  
"Especially now. Especially now."

She takes a big gulp of air, and steps into Mr. Hoffman's room.

103 INT. MR. HOFFMAN'S ROOM - DAY

Mr. Hoffman lies in his bed, looking sad and apologetic. Maggie smiles.

MAGGIE  
Don't worry, Mr. Hoffman, I'm gonna  
get you cleaned up in no time.

She starts taking off the bedding.

104 INT. HACIENDA - OFFICE - DAY

Maggie pops her head into the office, where Helen is working.

MAGGIE  
You know, helping someone get out  
of their own shit actually is very  
rewarding.

Helen raises an eyebrow, thinking Maggie is being sarcastic, then realizes she's serious.

HELEN  
All of us here have done it. And I  
won't say it's fun, but yes, there  
is definitely a satisfaction to it.

Helen smiles. Maggie smiles back, then leaves.

105 INT. HACIENDA - DAY ROOM - DAY

Several residents are watching TV. Mrs. Vasquez watches Mr. Quiñones with interest out of the corner of her eye.

MAGGIE

Can I bring you anything, Mrs. Vasquez?

MRS. VASQUEZ

No thank you, dear.

MAGGIE

Mr. Quiñones?

MR. QUIÑONES

Yes, how about bringing back my misspent youth?

MAGGIE

Along with my innocence, Mr. Quiñones. Along with my innocence.

MR. QUIÑONES

It's too cold in here.

MAGGIE

Well, *there's* a request I can do something about. Be right back.

Mrs. Vasquez grabs Maggie's arm gently to get her attention.

MRS. VASQUEZ

(whispering)

I know he likes to complain, but he's certainly handsome, isn't he?

MAGGIE

(whispering)

I thought I was the only one who noticed.

MRS. VASQUEZ

Oh no, I've got my eye on that one.

MAGGIE

Well, then I will just have to look elsewhere, won't I?

106 INT. HACIENDA - DAY ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Maggie returns with a red wool blanket.

MAGGIE

Here you go, Mr. Quiñones, here's a blanket for you.

MR. QUIÑONES

I don't want a blanket. Blankets fall off my shoulders.

MAGGIE

The heat's already at 76 degrees. We can't turn it up any higher.

Mr. Quiñones scowls and looks away as Maggie drapes the blanket over his shoulders.

MAGGIE

We'll just do the blanket for now, and see what we can come up with later.

He shrugs so that the blanket drops off his shoulders. Mrs. Vasquez smiles at him and gently moves the blanket back up.

107 INT. MRS. JIMENEZ'S ROOM - DAY

Maggie is walking down the hall when Mrs. Jimenez spots her.

MRS. JIMENEZ

Yoo-hoo! What's the news about your mother?

MAGGIE

Well, she's a very lucky lady, to have been spared by both a hurricane and a tornado.

MRS. JIMENEZ

Gracias a Dios, yes.

MAGGIE

But you know she doesn't like to fly, and Texas is a very large state.

MRS. JIMENEZ

Very large, yes.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

So, it will of course take some time to get across Texas.

MRS. JIMENEZ

Of course. Well, I'll be right here.

Maggie smiles, then continues on her way.

108 INT. HACIENDA - DAY ROOM - DAY

Maggie enters the day room, and heads beaming for Mr. Quiñones holding a brightly colored striped wool poncho.

MAGGIE

For you, Señor.

Mr. Quiñones looks as if he wants to complain, but Maggie's triumphant smile overpowers him.

MR. QUIÑONES

It's pretty. Made in China?

MAGGIE

Guatemala.

(proudly)

We are helping support the indigenous people.

MR. QUIÑONES

Okay, I'll try it.

Maggie smiles and helps him into the poncho. Mrs. Vasquez smiles at Maggie, who smiles back.

109 INT. HACIENDA - DAY ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Maggie gives Mr. Quiñones a sketch she did of him.

MAGGIE

For you, Mr. Quiñones.

He holds it proudly for Mrs. Vasquez to see.

MR. QUIÑONES

Look what a nice drawing she made for me.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. VASQUEZ  
*That's not you.*

MR. QUIÑONES  
Yes it is.

MRS. VASQUEZ  
But this person is *smiling*.

MR. QUIÑONES  
*I smile.*

He takes his fingers and forces his own mouth into a smile.  
He and Mrs. Vasquez both laugh.

110 INT. HACIENDA - HALLWAY - DAY

Mrs. Vasquez is moving her stuff into Mr. Quiñones's room.  
Maggie is mopping nearby and addresses Helen.

MAGGIE  
You're allowing that?

HELEN  
I don't really have a choice. Mrs.  
Vasquez was very insistent: "We're  
moving in together, and that's  
that!"

MAGGIE  
Feisty lady.

HELEN  
Mrs. Vasquez's room is paid up for  
another three months, so you can  
move in there if you like.

Maggie breaks into a big smile.

111 INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM - DAY

Maggie is moving into her new room. Her sketches are already  
up on the walls. Helen passes by and pokes her head in. She  
looks at the sketches.

HELEN  
Very nice.

Maggie smiles and nods her head in acknowledgment.

112 INT. HACIENDA - DAY ROOM - DAY

Maggie passes by and sees the residents proudly showing each other the sketches she has done of each of them.

113 INT. HACIENDA - HALLWAY - DAY

Maggie is mopping. She smiles at Mr. Renfro, safely in the distance, walking the other direction. Helen appears from behind Maggie.

HELEN  
Present from Mr. Hoffman.

MAGGIE  
Aargh. Yellow or brown?

HELEN  
Oh, this one's all kinds of colors.

MAGGIE  
Oh no.... Oh well. Nurse Rita?

HELEN  
Just left.

MAGGIE  
(to herself)  
"Especially now."

HELEN  
Hm?

MAGGIE  
Nothing. I'll get right to it.

114 INT. MR. HOFFMAN'S ROOM - DAY

Maggie enters the room to find that Mr. Hoffman has a visitor. She cocks her head and sniffs, smells nothing, looks and sees no mess on the floor. She is greeted with a big hug by INGRID HOFFMAN, 55, daughter of Mr. Hoffman.

INGRID HOFFMAN  
Hello, Maggie. Thank you so much!

MAGGIE  
Where's the, um, multicolored  
"present"?

(CONTINUED)

INGRID HOFFMAN

My father thinks the world of you. We know you've taken care of him a couple of times when it's really not your job, and he said you were so kind to him. He said you like to sketch, so we thought maybe you'd like this.

Ingrid hands Maggie a box containing paint brushes and paints in assorted colors.

MAGGIE

"A present in all kinds of colors."

INGRID HOFFMAN

And there are some canvasses out in the car.

Maggie smiles wide, as do Ingrid and Mr. Hoffman.

115 INT. HACIENDA - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Maggie is painting Mrs. Vasquez.

116 INT. HACIENDA - DAY ROOM - NEXT DAY

Maggie is getting requests from various residents.

MR. RENFRO

You know, I was a corporal in the army.

MAGGIE

Alright, shall I paint you as a soldier, Mr. Renfro?

MR. RENFRO

Make me a *general*.

MAGGIE

And so you shall be! Alright, I seem to be taking requests here. Who else?

MRS. VASQUEZ

Make me a Mayan!

MR. QUIÑONES

Conquistador!

(CONTINUED)

MRS. JIMENEZ  
Cowgirl!

MAGGIE  
Mrs. Shepard, how about you?

MRS. SHEPARD  
Astronaut!

MAGGIE  
Okay, I think we've got everyone.

She glances at Ana Mendez, who remains motionless, as always.

MAGGIE  
I'll start working on these tonight, and hand them out as I finish each one.

117 INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM - DAY

Nurse Rita is admiring the paintings.

NURSE RITA  
These are really good. You should show them in a gallery.

MAGGIE  
I wish.

NURSE RITA  
The local Alzheimers Foundation is having a fundraiser next week. I'll bet they'd love to have some of your paintings there.

MAGGIE  
Really?

NURSE RITA  
Sure. They could auction them off to raise money for the foundation. Would you like me to ask them?

MAGGIE  
Yeah!

118 INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM - EVENING

Maggie is painting. Helen knocks on the open door.

HELEN

It's New Year's Eve. Aren't you  
going somewhere to have fun  
tonight?

MAGGIE

Yeah, of course. I was just trying  
to finish this first.

119 INT. HACIENDA - DAY ROOM - EVENING

It's New Year's Eve. The day room is decorated with crepe paper and balloons. Helen and Nurse Rita are there, along with several residents. Mr. Quiñones and Mrs. Vasquez are holding hands. Maggie and Jorge enter and pass out various noisemakers. Jorge sets up an iPod with some small speakers.

MAGGIE

Happy New Year, everyone! Who's  
ready to celebrate?

Mr. Quiñones and Mrs. Vasquez thrust up their hands. The rest of the group contributes a few smiles. Maggie gestures to Jorge to put on the music.

MAGGIE

Maestro!

Jorge touches the iPod and Mexican ranchera music blares out. The residents perk up, and Maggie and Jorge start passing out silly string and bubble soap solution. The residents fumble a bit at first, but soon start having fun spraying silly string at the crepe decorations and blowing soap bubbles at each other.

JORGE

Épale!

MAGGIE

Ándale!

MR. RENFRO

Arriba!

After the few first salvos of silly string, more residents get up to dance. Some silly string hits Ana Mendez, and drapes down her hair. She seems to take notice of it. Nurse Rita takes pictures with her digital camera.

120 INT. HACIENDA - DAY ROOM - EVENING (LATER)

It's 8:59, making it 11:59 in New York. Jorge turns off the music and turns on the TV so they can watch "the ball" drop in Times Square.

JORGE

Okay, everybody, it's midnight in the Big Appple. Get ready for the big moment.

MAGGIE

If you're gonna kiss, grab a partner!

Mr. Quiñones and Mrs. Vasquez hold hands. Mr. Renfro grabs Mrs. Hardy's hand shyly and she smiles back at him.

MAGGIE

Five, four, three, two, one,...

ALL

Happy New Year!

The couples kiss, people blow their noisemakers. Maggie blows soap bubbles. A bubble lands on Ana Mendez's nose, and amazingly, her nose twitches, and *she smiles*. Nurse Rita catches the magical moment with her camera.

121 INT. HACIENDA - HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

Maggie is mopping. DOLORES MENDEZ, a trim woman of 56, daughter of Ana Mendez, approaches Maggie.

DOLORES MENDEZ

There's a rumor going around that you brought a smile to my mother's face.

MAGGIE

I think it was a reaction to a soap bubble that popped on her nose.

DOLORES MENDEZ

Nurse Rita says it was a smile.

She shows Maggie the photo of Ana smiling.

DOLORES MENDEZ

It reminded us of who my mother really is, and we were hoping you could do a painting of her from

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOLORES MENDEZ (cont'd)  
 this, so we can remember her with a  
 smile.

MAGGIE  
 It would be my pleasure, Mrs.  
 Mendez.

122 INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM - EVENING

Maggie is painting a portrait of Mr. Quiñones and Mrs. Vasquez together. Mr. Renfro enters.

MAGGIE  
 Yes, you're next, Mr. Renfro, but  
 I'll need another half hour with  
 these two. Will Mrs. Hardy be  
 joining you?

MR. RENFRO  
 (smiling)  
 Yup.

123 INT. RECEPTION HALL - EVENING

About 20 of Maggie's paintings are spread throughout the room, hanging on the walls. There are no visitors yet, but the organizer, Mr. Wiley, slim, 50, walks briskly over to greet Maggie.

MR. WILEY  
 Good evening. You must be Maggie. I  
 love your paintings.

MAGGIE  
 (checking the time on her  
 phone)  
 There's no one here.

MR. WILEY  
 Oh, don't worry, no one ever shows  
 up on time for these events.

Jorge enters, with his wife Silvia, 42, a pretty brunette.

MAGGIE  
 Jorge!

JORGE  
 Maggie, this is my wife, Silvia.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

So nice to meet you.

SILVIA

So nice to meet you. I can't wait to see your paintings.

MAGGIE

Well, here they are.

Maggie starts to show them around the hall. Helen arrives.

MAGGIE

Oh good! There are five of us at least. Want to buy a painting?

HELEN

I just might. And don't worry, people will come. After all, it's a fundraiser.

MAGGIE

Yeah, besides, it's not about me. It's about the Alzheimer's Foundation.

HELEN

But you're making an important contribution.

People start to filter in. David and Carla arrive.

MAGGIE

David, Carla. How's the car?

DAVID

Good, how's the bike?

JORGE

It got her where she needed to go.

MAGGIE

It did.

CARLA

I didn't know you were such a good artist. These are wonderful;

Maggie smiles. They cruise the paintings for a while, as the hall fills up with people. Maggie glances over and sees the Mayan headdress approaching above the heads in the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE  
Susan! Anthony!

CARLA  
Who's she talking to?

Then the others spot the headdress moving toward them. Susan and Anthony emerge from the crowd. Maggie hugs Susan and then Anthony, who is wearing a nice sport jacket.

CARLA  
(gesturing to the headdress)  
Very interesting. Is that Aztec?

SUSAN  
Nope. Guess again.

CARLA  
Mayan?

SUSAN  
If you want it.

Susan hands the headdress to a puzzled Carla, as the others smile at their inside joke.

124 INT. RECEPTION HALL - EVENING (LATER)

People stroll around, enjoying the paintings. Among the styles are: dignified, joyful, couples, "fantasy" paintings of residents as cowboys and such, and a group portrait of several Hacienda residents.

MR. WILEY  
Alright, everyone, take a seat,  
please! We're going to start the  
auction of these wonderful  
paintings!

People slowly move to sit in the folding chairs that have been set up.

125 INT. RECEPTION HALL - EVENING (LATER)

Everyone is now seated, and the room goes silent, waiting for the auction to begin. Carla ponders the headdress on her lap, realizes the "Mayan/mine" joke, then nudges David.

CARLA  
"Mine!"

David gives her a funny look, like "yeah, so?"

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Wiley holds up the "soap bubble" painting of Ana Mendez smiling.

MR. WILEY

We're going to start with this painting that captures a beautiful moment on the face of someone who is on in years, but obviously still has a child's heart.

Dolores Mendez, in the row ahead of Maggie, fights back a tear, but also looks worried. Maggie touches her on the shoulder and whispers in her ear.

MAGGIE

I painted an extra one for the auction. I hope you don't mind.

Dolores smiles through tears and nods her head that it's okay.

MR. WILEY

Who will start us off with \$500? \$500 for this beautiful gem of a painting?

The bids go up and the painting is sold for \$1200.

126 INT. RECEPTION HALL - EVENING

MONTAGE: paintings are sold to a delighted and enthusiastic audience...

- 1) An elderly Cowgirl sells for \$900.
- 2) The General sells for \$800.
- 3) A Musketeer, for \$700.
- 4) Mrs. Shepard as an Astronaut, \$1100.
- 5) Mrs. Vasquez as a Mayan, in Maggie's Mayan dress, \$1200.
- 6) Mr. Quiñones as a Conquistador, \$1000.

127 INT. RECEPTION HALL - EVENING (LATER)

The auction has ended. Only Mr. Wiley, Maggie, and her friends remain. Mr. Wiley walks up to Maggie, smiling broadly.

(CONTINUED)

MR. WILEY

Well, you've done quite well for yourself tonight, young lady.

MAGGIE

Excuse me?

MR. WILEY

Oh, didn't Rita make that clear?

MAGGIE

What?

MR. WILEY

Well, for a professional artist such as yourself, we could hardly expect you to *donate* your paintings. You keep half of the selling price. If that's alright.

Maggie's eyes go wide.

MAGGIE

Um, certainly.

Mr. Wiley brings out a notebook.

MR. WILEY

So, that would tally up to...

He writes a figure and shows her. Her eyes go even wider. She collects herself and walks quickly over to Jorge, who is talking with Silvia.

MAGGIE

I'm a professional artist!  
(to Silvia)  
Mr. Wiley called me a professional artist.

Before they can even reply, she scoots over to Fat Anthony and Susan.

MAGGIE

Anthony, I'm a professional artist!  
Susan, I'm a professional!

Quickly, she's over to Nurse Rita and Helen.

MAGGIE

I'm a professional. A professional artist. Nurse Rita, thank you so much!

NURSE RITA

Your very welcome, Maggie. Thank you for bringing your paintings.

MAGGIE

They're paying me. I get to keep half, because I'm a--

HELEN

(beaming)

Professional artist.

MAGGIE

Oh, but I'll donate half of my half to the Hacienda, because you've all been so good to me.

A little old lady, AGNES WANSDORF, 75, full of pep, saunters over to Maggie and her friends.

MRS. WANSDORF

I understand you are the genius behind these paintings?

MAGGIE

Really, I was just inspired by the residents of the Hacienda.

MRS. WANSDORF

And you are modest as well. That's so hard to find these days.

Maggie smiles shyly.

MRS. WANSDORF

Bring me 20 paintings by April 1st and I'll display your work in my galleries. And I'll pay the shipping.

MAGGIE

Shipping?

MRS. WANSDORF

I always like to start new artists in my New York gallery first. Then Miami, Dallas, Aspen, L.A., and San Francisco.

MAGGIE

April 1st? Is this a joke?

Mrs. Wansdorf raises an eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WANSDORF

You do have another 20 paintings in your atelier, yes?

MAGGIE

Yes, of course, I have another 20 paintings in my...uh-tell-yay.

MRS. WANSDORF

Wonderful. Make it 30, then.

She gives Maggie her card.

MRS. WANSDORF

April 1st. Oh, and I'd like you to paint me, too.

MAGGIE

Okay.

MRS. WANSDORF

Marie Antoinette.

MAGGIE

Would you like that portrait full body, bust, or--

MRS. WANSDORF

Just the head, darling! Just the head!

128 INT. RECEPTION HALL - EVENING (LATER)

Maggie says goodbye to her friends. Only Helen remains.

HELEN

You've painted the Hacienda as a beautiful place.

MAGGIE

It is.

HELEN

And we're going to miss you.

MAGGIE

What?

HELEN

Well, with your new career, you won't have time to work at the Hacienda. I'll start looking for someone tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Can I keep my room for a couple weeks?

HELEN

Certainly.

MAGGIE

I made the Foundation agree to let me hold on to the paintings they sold for two weeks so I can make copies for the residents.

129 INT. HACIENDA - DAY ROOM - DAY

MONTAGE

Maggie is happily handing out paintings to delighted residents and their families.

- 1) To Ingrid and Mr. Hoffman.
- 2) To Mr. Quiñones and Mrs. Vasquez.
- 3) To Mr. Renfro and family members.
- 4) To Dolores Mendez and Ana.

ROLL CREDITS BRIEFLY, THEN CUT TO:

130 INT. MRS. JIMENEZ'S ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Jimenez lies in her bed, looking out the window. There is a knock at her door, and her daughter, CONSUELO JIMENEZ, 58, walks through the door tentatively.

CONSUELO

Mamá?

MRS. JIMENEZ

M'hija!

CONSUELO

Mamá, I'm so sorry. It's been so long since I've come here. But my job, and the kids...

MRS. JIMENEZ

Oh, it's okay, m'hija. I know you don't like to fly. Besides, I'm just glad you weren't eaten up by

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. JIMENEZ (cont'd)  
those terrible hurricanes and  
tornadoes.

Consuelo is perplexed for a moment, but then steps to  
bedside and gives her mother a warm embrace.

CREDITS ROLL AGAIN, THEN CUT TO:

131 A LARGE PAINTING OF THE HACIENDA RESIDENTS ON NEW YEAR'S  
EVE, COMPLETE WITH SILLY STRING AND BUBBLES

CREDITS ROLL TO END