

SARAH

So that's a big deal. It's important. Not to mention the fact that a lot of people worked hard to help you get those ten months. The group at AA... your sponsor... me.

ELLEN

What do you want, a medal?

SARAH

What I want is to be able to come to your house and not worry that I'm gonna find you face down in your own puke.

ELLEN

Okay, if you're here to make me feel bad, you can just leave.

Ellen rises to show Sarah out, but stumbles. Sarah catches her.

SARAH

No, Mom. I can't.

And ON Sarah helping Ellen into bed, the child playing the role of the mother, and vice-versa...

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**INT. LUIS' HOME - STUDIO - NIGHT**

We're CLOSE ON beautiful impressionistic PAINTING as a brush glides over it. We PULL BACK to reveal Luis at an easel. Maya passes by the open door. We realize: *Maya is Luis' daughter.*

*Start >*

LUIS

Maya. How many times have I asked you not to wear shoes in the house?

She skulks into the room, annoyed. She answers with sarcasm:

MAYA

I dunno. How many?

LUIS

(frustrated)

This is New Hampshire. We have rain and snow here. I don't want the house getting messy every time there's weather outside.

MAYA

Fine. Whatever.

Maya turns to go --

LUIS

You know. The transition to your new home might be easier if you adjusted your attitude a little.

MAYA

This isn't my *home*. My *home* is in L.A. My *home* is with my mom and my friends and my family.

LUIS

I'm your family.

MAYA

No, you're the dude that got my mom pregnant sixteen years ago, then realized he was gay and ran off.

LUIS

I didn't *run off*. Your mother and I decided it was best if we went our separate ways.

MAYA

Best for *who*? My mom's in jail and that stupid judge sent me *here*. The only person who got the life they wanted is you.

LUIS

Maya --

MAYA

You can force me to move to this dumb town and you can force me to live with you, but you can't force me to like it. So stop trying.

Maya turns and EXITS. And ON Luis, gut-punched... //END

~~INT. SUV - NIGHT~~

~~We see CLOSE ON a pair of teenage lips locked in a dewy kiss. We PULL BACK to REVEAL Phoebe and Hunter - as undressed as network TV will allow - hooking up in Hunter's SUV. The car is parked in a clearing in a dense, wooded landscape. We can see the bucolic twinkling of Greylock's lights in the distance beyond.~~

~~They grope at each other as only horny teenagers can, but as Hunter's hands wander toward Phoebe's crotch, she pushes them back. Beat. Again, Hunter's hands venture south.~~

~~PHOEBE~~

~~Hunter.~~

~~...And again, she pushes him away. Finally, he stops.~~