

GOOD CHANCE

written by

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OVER BLACK. MUSIC CUE: Like a Prayer by Madonna

WEI-LING (V.O.)  
LIFE IS A MYSTERY  
EVERYONE MUST STAND ALONE

1 INT. LARGE PODIUM - NIGHT

WEI-LING (60) her Asian genes make her look 5-10 years younger and her tired face makes her look 5-10 years older. Wearing an ill-fitting Chinese Opera robe, she sings expressively with a Singaporean accent but perfect pitch.

WEI-LING  
I HEAR YOU CALL MY NAME  
AND IT FEELS LIKE HOME

REVEAL: WE ARE IN A MODEST CHURCH; tall ceilings; wooden pews. She motions to the church organist, who starts up. She really gets into the first verse, shaking her hips.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
WHEN YOU CALL MY NAME, IT'S LIKE A  
LITTLE PRAYER  
I'M DOWN ON MY KNEES, I WANNA TAKE  
YOU THERE

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
*Thank you.*

Note: *Dialogue in italics is spoken in Mandarin.*

Wei-Ling continues singing.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*That's enough. Thank you.*

FATHER WONG, a white-haired Chinese Priest, ANNIE (44), SIANG (52), Asian ladies in choir outfits, and JESUS (stained-glass window) look down on Wei-Ling in judgment.

Wei-Ling stops, hopeful. Father Wong stands, putting his weight on a wooden CANE with carved Jesus fish symbol.

WEI-LING  
*I used to be a professional singer.*

FATHER WONG  
*Oh really?*

WEI-LING

*Well... I was paid to run karaoke nights at a seniors home back in Singapore.*

FATHER WONG

*We are not only looking for a good singer, Wei-Ling. We are looking for a good person. Are you?*

She blinks at Father Wong, contemplating the question.

2 INT. CHINESE CHURCH | WOMEN'S RESTROOM - LATER

In front of dingier-than-expected sinks, Wei-Ling takes off her robe, revealing a worn, beige uniform with faded blue collar. YING YUE, 58, wearing the same uniform leaves a stall and washes her hands.

WEI-LING

*It's not about a blow job!*

YING YUE

*I'm down on my knees?*

WEI-LING

*Yes! For praying!*

YING YUE

*Wei-Ling. I can feel your power. I'll take you there...?*

Wei-Ling thinks about it. Then her eyes widen and mouth drops in horror.

WEI-LING

*Oh no! Do you think Father Wong thinks I was offering... to him?*

The choir ladies enter, now in their pant-suits and jewelry. Wei-Ling perks up and turns to catch their eye. They pass by, straight into the stalls.

ANNIE

*... but the scariest thing about immigration raids is that--*

Wei-Ling and Ying Yue give each other a concerned look.

SIANG

*Hold on, you do karate now?*

ANNIE

*Self-defense is important! But my instructor was deported. Too bad, I enjoyed studying his cute, strong butt. Now my sensei is one of those gays. I need to switch dojos.*

Ying Yue rolls her eyes and leaves as Wei-Ling's gaze lingers on the ladies chattering behind closed stall doors.

3 INT. BUS - EVENING

Wei-Ling and Ying Yue chat and giggle side by side. Pillars of San Gabriel Valley move past the window: restaurants with Asian-writing, pictures of noodle bowls, East West Bank.

5 EXT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | BALCONY - NIGHT

Mickey Mouse slippers. Plastic chairs. Bras hang on the railings in front of each unit. Neon signs from restaurants cast a blue and green glow. Ying Yue and Wei-Ling stroll along the rundown second-floor walkway above a small courtyard of broken pavement tiles.

WEI-LING

*The great thing about laundromats is, it's the same price to wash a full load, as an empty one. And if you overload it, you blame the machine, and they give you your money back to wash it again, but then you put the second load in.*

Ying Yue unlocks her door. Wei-Ling continues to her unit, which is next door. A cat sits on her doormat.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

Shoo!

The cat hisses, but doesn't move.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

*Ying Yue, get your cat off my mat.*

Wei-Ling picks up a broom and shoves the cat. It won't budge.

YING YUE

*You can't tell Marilyn Monroe what to do. Want to come over for dinner?*

WEI-LING

*I'm tired. Maybe tomorrow.*

Wei-Ling steps over the cat to go inside. Reveal cat's collar: MARILYN MONROE.

6 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT - LATER

Small with yellowing walls, the apartment is filled with stocked-up on-sale items (toilet paper, shampoo, cans of food). A picture of Wei-Ling and her husband on the wall.

Wei-Ling opens a can of Chinese chicken broth, METAL-RIPPING, the only sound. She pours it over macaroni.

At the dining table, she bows her head for grace.

Wei-Ling looks at a pot burn-mark on the wooden surface and the empty chair beside her.

Suddenly, the sound of the door unlocking. Wei-Ling tenses.

SHARON (34), a more American version of her mom, pops her head in. Wei-Ling looks away quickly.

WEI-LING

*Not a word from you since the funeral.*

Wei-Ling walks to the kitchen as Sharon, very pregnant, steps in. Wei-Ling scoops another bowl of macaroni and has not looked up.

SHARON

Mom.

WEI-LING

Come have something to eat.

SHARON

Mom, I have something to tell you.

WEI-LING

You finally break up with him?

Sharon waits silently. Wei-Ling finally turns and stares at her bulbous stomach. Wei-Ling blinks. She places the two bowls on the dining table.

Wei-Ling chews purposefully. Before she's finished one mouthful, she shovels in another. Sharon lowers into the opposite seat.

SHARON  
I'm seven months.

WEI-LING  
I can see.

Awkward silence. More corn.

SHARON  
You know, I was thinking of passing  
down Mr. Hickles to the baby.

Wei-Ling puts her chopsticks down (yes, she eats macaroni  
with chopsticks).

SHARON (CONT'D)  
Look, I'm going to be a mother now  
and I would like my baby to know  
her grandma. And I don't want to  
fight with you for another thirty  
years... I'd really like for you to  
get to know Malek better and--

WEI-LING  
Are you sure it's his?

Sharon tenses her hands into claws, stopping herself, then  
puts on a calm voice.

SHARON  
Mom, just stop.

WEI-LING  
Sharon, he no good for you.

SHARON  
You mean he's Black.

WEI-LING  
Hai, I just want the best for you.

SHARON  
Nope. You know what? I told him I  
would try. I did it. And I'm done.

Sharon throws her hands up in exasperation, and walks out the  
door.

Wei-Ling closes her eyes and sighs. An untouched bowl sits on  
the burn-mark.

Wei-Ling's FLIP PHONE rings (ringtone: Cindy Lauper's Girls  
Just Wanna Have Fun). She picks up quickly, expectant.

WEI-LING  
Sharon, I--

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Hey, is this Derek?

WEI-LING  
Wrong number.

She hangs up and puts the bowls of soup into the fridge.

7 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Neon penetrates the window and bathes the room with flashing colors. Her bed sports weathered, mismatched sheets. On the closet, one door is missing, the other has a cracked mirror.

Wei-Ling takes out her work uniforms from a trundle buggy and folds them when her cell rings again.

WEI-LING  
Hello?

8 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | BEDROOM - INTERCUT

RACHAEL, 18, a White, transgender young woman, four years into hormone therapy. Her room is filled with colorful sketches of classic characters (Romeo, Juliet, Alexander Hamilton, Jean Val Jean), dressed in Rachael's designs. She flips through a fashion magazine.

RACHAEL  
Oh, I'm sorry, did I dial the same person?

WEI-LING  
Please stop call me.

RACHAEL  
He told me this was his number.

WEI-LING  
Who give you this phone?

RACHAEL  
I went on this Tinder date with this guy Derek, oh my God, I don't even know his last name.

WEI-LING  
Do not use the Lord's name in vain.

RACHAEL  
I really thought he liked me. Ah  
God, I'm so *stupid*.

WEI-LING  
Oh goodness, you are so stupid.

RACHAEL  
Sorry.

Wei-Ling softens.

WEI-LING  
You sound young.

RACHAEL  
I just turned eighteen last week.

WEI-LING  
Young girls have lots of time to  
meet right boy.

RACHAEL  
Yeah right. What are the chances  
that the person that you like,  
actually likes you back - it's like  
impossible odds.

Wei-Ling picks up a picture of a young Sharon with graduation  
cap and speaks to it.

WEI-LING  
Screw him. He give you wrong number  
because he is cheating bastard.

RACHAEL  
Yeah! Fuck him!

WEI-LING  
Okay. Bye.

Rachael looks at her phone to confirm the abrupt hang up. She  
continues to flip through her magazine, when an ad catches  
her eye: PRABAL GURUNG FASHION INTERNSHIP IN NEW YORK CITY!

A knock on the door.

JULIETTE (O.S.)  
Rachael! We're ready for you!

INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Rachael exits her room, holding the ripped magazine page.

RACHAEL

Mom! Look at this internship opp--

JULIETTE

Come on! Are you camera-ready?

JULIETTE (49), designer corporate suit showing just enough cleavage to get men to tune in again and not enough to make women feel threatened. She ushers Rachael to move quickly.

CREW PERSON #1

Sparking!

BRIGHT camera lights TURN ON and Rachael shields her eyes as she walks into their spacious, stark white living room with sleek furniture. A small camera crew mill around, setting up equipment. SOUND PERSON comes up to Rachael with a lav mic.

SOUND PERSON

You must be Rachael. Can I put this microphone on you?

RACHAEL

Uh, sure.

JOURNALIST approaches mother and daughter.

JOURNALIST

Juliette, can we get you and your daughter on the couch please? We're ready to start recording.

JULIETTE

Yes, of course, Rach-- Rachael, where's your lipstick? You need to touch up.

RACHAEL

I have lipstick on, I went with Naked.

Juliette pulls Rachael aside.

JULIETTE

We agreed you were going to wear Pandemonium, or at the very least Crimson. Go, pick between those two.

Rachael sighs and heads back to her room. Juliette puts on an apologetic smile.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

Sorry, she'll just be one second.

Juliette lifts a plate of freshly baked cookies.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

Would you like some freshly baked cookies?

JOURNALIST

Oh, I don't eat carbs.

JULIETTE

Neither do I.

She puts them down and arranges them nicely for the shot.

INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Standing in front of her mirror, Rachael looks at the magazine page in her hands, then folds it in half and puts it down.

She unenthusiastically puts purple lipstick on. She walks away, leaving the internship ad on her dresser.

INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rachael and Juliette sit close together on their sleek white couch, in front of large Callen Schaub paintings.

JULIETTE

... and we, as Americans, under the current administration have become more divided than ever before. Debates over whether children should be kept in cages, who is going to pay for the wall, who is allowed into bathrooms and who decides what happens to women's bodies, are disconnecting us from what this country was built on. I couldn't stand by anymore. Marginalized voices need a champion and I want to be that champion.

JOURNALIST

Can you tell the people why you would be a good candidate to represent them?

## JULIETTE

I have been a public servant for most of my career, serving on city council and learned a lot about what it takes to be a leader of a community. And that is to listen, empower and be a part of the community. People just want to be seen and heard and I understand that. On top of that, I have personally faced a lot of change in my life. My husband...

Juliette looks at the American flag and a wedding photo of her and her husband with army uniform. Rachael looks too.

## JULIETTE (CONT'D)

Passed away six years ago in Afghanistan, serving his country. And my beautiful daughter here...

Juliette touches Rachael's lap, Rachael smiles.

## JULIETTE (CONT'D)

...is a proud trans female and I have nothing but love and support for her. She is my role model. Rachael is courageous and ambitious, and she's going to Stanford next year!

## RACHAEL

Well-- I haven't gotten the acceptance letter yet.

Juliette imperceptibly tightens, but it is felt.

## JOURNALIST

Well, I'm sure Stanford would be lucky to have you. Rachael, what do you think about your mom running for Congress?

## RACHAEL

My mom is really smart, and she cares what people think. She will work for the people and fight for those underrepresented voices to be heard. Like me, when I told her what I was going through, she supported me through my transition.

INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO - LATER

The crew has packed up and moves the last of the equipment out the front door, which Juliette holds open with a smile.

RACHAEL (V.O.)

She is a great mother, and she will be a great leader for you, if you vote for her. I hope she wins.

Rachael eats a cookie. Juliette shuts the door.

JULIETTE

"I haven't gotten the acceptance letter yet"?

RACHAEL

It's true.

JULIETTE

"She cares what people think"?

RACHAEL

I'm sorry.

JULIETTE

The internet is full of sound bytes, out of context.

RACHAEL

I'm sorry.

Juliette yields.

JULIETTE

Listen, we are talking about the House of Representatives. You need to have discretion now. Just think how it's going to look or sound, before you do or say anything, okay?

Rachael nods.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

You promise? You promise me?

RACHAEL

I promise.

JULIETTE

Good.

## 11 EXT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | BALCONY - MORNING

Wei-Ling, dressed for work, approaches Ying Yue's door. She notices a DOG-OWNER (37) White, smoking, walk away without picking up her pet's poop.

DOG-OWNER

Good girl. You're a good girl.

She reaches into her lunchbag and throws an apple at them.

WEI-LING

No! Bad dog! Bad! You always leave your poo on my lawn and no where clean to walk anymore!

DOG-OWNER

It's a free country, I can do what I want, Chink!

The dog starts barking. His owner joins in. Everyone yelling.

DOG-OWNER (CONT'D)

Chingchong chingchong chingchong.

WEI-LING

You! You and dog, you both racist! Bad people. You take your poo off my lawn--

DOG-OWNER

Or what? Huh? You'll have me deported?

This makes Wei-Ling back down. The Dog-Owner gives her the finger as she walks away.

## 12 EXT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Wei-Ling, with Ying Yue following, approaches the offending poo, still on the ground. She takes a Kleenex from a packet, picks it up and walks it over to the garbage.

Then, she picks up the apple, rubs it clean and puts it back in her lunch bag.

## 13 INT. GARMENT FACTORY - SAME MORNING

MANY FEMALE ASIAN WORKERS, uniformed, shoulder-to-shoulder, diligently guide neon fabric through sewing machines. Wei-Ling sews green women's panties, Ying Yue beside her.

WEI-LING

*No no no Ying Yue. What's hard about apologizing is when I'm right. He cheated on his wife with Sharon. What do I have to apologize for?*

Wei-Ling looks at the green panties and her forehead wrinkles as an idea forms in her head.

YING YUE

*What would Zhang Yong do?*

WEI-LING

*He always used to let her do what she wants. The better question is, what would... Wei-Ling do?*

She slyly slips a pair into her purse.

14 INT. CHINESE GROCERY STORE - DAY

Wei-Ling empties her basket onto the conveyor belt. In the next line over are TWO GAY MEN, holding hands and behind them is Annie, texting on her phone. Wei-Ling focuses on Annie and tries to say hi, but keeps stopping herself.

GAY MAN #1

*Would you like a divider?*

Annie looks up to see him reaching for the stick. She abruptly waves him off.

ANNIE

*No, I get myself.*

Man #2 kisses Man #1 on the shoulder. Annie shudders.

CASHIER

*That will be \$11.93.*

Wei-Ling is snapped out of her daze and pays.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

*Would you like a free calendar?*

WEI-LING

*Yes please.*

She takes her bill, walks off, then she quickly slips back.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

*Can I get one for my friend?*

The cashier eyes her, then gives the second calendar.

EXT. CHINESE GROCERY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Wei-Ling waits for Annie to exit. As she passes...

WEI-LING

*Looks like the gays are  
multiplying, right?*

Annie is aghast.

ANNIE

*You shouldn't say that in public.*

Wei-Ling blushes.

WEI-LING

*Would you like a free calendar?*

Annie walks away.

15 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

An 80s style bowling alley littered with red beer cups, pumps dance tunes. Splashes of light hit a tacky disco ball. TEENS chat in groups.

GABRIELLA (17) LatinX, confidence of being everyone's and no one's friend, walks up to Rachael, who's fashionably overdressed, longing after ELIJAH (17) mixed-race, handsome but unsure of himself.

GABRIELLA

*Bitch, just talk to him already.*

RACHAEL

*Gabriella, don't point.*

GABRIELLA

*It's all over your face. I'm not  
the one spilling your tea.*

RACHAEL

*Okay. Alright. Okay. I can do this.*

Rachael takes a deep breath and walks toward Elijah. Gabriella slaps her ass.

GABRIELLA

*Play it cool. Don't look desperate.*

Rachael approaches Elijah and looks at the neon flames on his gaudy bowling shoes.

RACHAEL

Hey! Did they run out of adult shoes and had to pull from the kids rentals?

Elijah looks down at his feet and does a self-conscious shuffle.

ELIJAH

Ah, these are... mine, actually.

RACHAEL

Oh! I-- those flames are so blazin'. I just meant that kids really-- have their-- finger on the-- don't you wish you were, like seven years old again?

ELIJAH

My dad left when I was seven. Not really.

A twinge of sadness in the poor guy's eye. Rachael is dying.

RACHAEL

Um...

Rachael nods her head vigorously.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

Yeah, being a kid sucks--

SERENA (17) Asian, short skirt showing off her thigh-gap, drapes herself on Elijah.

SERENA

Elijah! Look what I got for you!

Serena holds up two pills. Elijah, relieved, takes one.

ELIJAH

Oh thanks! What do I owe you?

SERENA

This one's on me. You can get me back another time.

Elijah touches his pill to hers, as if to cheers and downs it. It's his turn to bowl and he leaves.

ELIJAH

Excuse me.

RACHAEL

A little thirsty, aren't we?

SERENA

What'd you say?

RACHAEL

Oh, nothing, just um, Mercy...  
Bowl. Yeah, it was a charity game  
in memory of these sixteen  
football...

Serena walks away.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

...players that died in a plane  
crash-- why do I know this?

And nobody is listening to her.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATER

JOHNNY (18) macho-ness compensating for something, hands out pills to everyone in exchange for twenty dollars. Rachael marches straight up to him.

RACHAEL

I want one.

JOHNNY

I'm out.

Johnny turns away and Rachael gets in front of him.

RACHAEL

Then give me something else.

JOHNNY

Richard! I said I'm out.

RACHAEL

It's Rachael now.

JOHNNY

Whatever.

Rachael pulls four twenty dollar bills out of her red tiger purse. Johnny eyes the money, then takes it. Gabriella flies in with some cash.

GABRIELLA

Me too!

Johnny hands them both pills and walks away. The girls touch their pills together, as if to cheers. Gabby takes a selfie of the two of them, before they down them.

RACHAEL

You think it'll be a good high?

17 INT. BOWLING ALLEY | RESTROOM HALLWAY - LATER

Rachael frantically knocks on the unisex restroom door that states "In Use". Elijah walks out, wearing stylish street shoes. Rachael THROWS UP on his shoes.

ELIJAH

Great thanks. Now I have two ugly pairs of shoes.

Elijah runs back into the restroom and locks the door. Rachael mouths the word "FUCK!", mortified.

She turns and sees Serena, leaning against the wall, phone out, recording with a smirk. Rachael pushes the phone out of her face as she looks through the crowd, but no sign of Gabriella.

RACHAEL

Gaby? Gabriella?

18 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | BEDROOM - SAME

Wei-Ling is on her knees, bowed over a bible on her bed. "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" rings loudly.

WEI-LING

(to God up there)

*Oh, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It might be important.*

She picks up.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

Hello?

RACHAEL (V.O.)

Who is this?

WEI-LING

Who is this?

19 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

Rachael walks past homeless tents while on speakerphone.

RACHAEL

Oh it's you again! I thought I was calling Gabriella. I'm the one who uses God's name in vain.

A HOMELESS WOMAN approaches Rachael.

HOMELESS PERSON

Got a dollar?

Rachael looks in her purse and pulls out a CapriSun and hands it to her and keeps walking.

WEI-LING

It is late. Don't call--

RACHAEL

Oh, don't hang up, I-- I... I don't know.

Rachael sounds woozy.

WEI-LING

Are you on the drugs? I don't talk to drug addicts.

RACHAEL

It was my first time. Not really sure why I did it. Seemed like a good idea at the...

Wei-Ling is about to press END, when her eye catches the church flyer. "*Church Choir - Virtuous Voices Only.*" The sound fades as Rachael drones on as Wei-Ling zeros in on the picture of Father Wong, judging her through the page.

The sound zips back in.

WEI-LING

Listen, you must be strong like tree on top of hill with deep root so wind cannot blow you over. You do not want to be like dandelion in field, even small breeze blow you away.

RACHAEL

What if I wanna be a dandelion?

WEI-LING

Why you want to be a weed?

RACHAEL

Not... I mean, I just... Maybe I want to do something different than the rest of the trees, you know? Like what if I just wanna you know, design clothes in New York City and live that life. But that's stupid, cause my mom'll never let me do that and whatever, I can't sew anyways, so what's the point in even... Whatever.

Wei-Ling looks at Father Wong, defiant.

WEI-LING

You want to learn how to sew? I can teach you.

20 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Rachael walks into a beautiful lobby. A uniformed concierge sits behind a marble counter.

RACHAEL

For real?

WEI-LING

Yeah. Come meet me at work. Garment factory.

RACHAEL

Wow, that's really kind of you.

WEI-LING

Yes. Yes it is. I'm Wei-Ling.

The elevator opens. Rachael steps in.

RACHAEL

I'm Rachael.

The elevator door closes.

21 INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT | HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator door opens and Wei-Ling steps out into a run-down complex with greying carpets and dirty hand prints on walls. Wei-Ling walks down the hallways and knocks on a door.

Sharon opens the door and Wei-Ling presents her with a ragged stuffed bear.

WEI-LING

I wash Mr. Hickle. Twice.

Sharon takes a deep breath and opens the door.

22 INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT | KITCHEN - DAY

Sharon boils water in a kettle. Wei-Ling waits impatiently.

WEI-LING

If you get hot water machine, you don't have to wait for boil.

SHARON

You're the only one who drinks hot water around here, mom.

MALEK (37), Black, tall and husky, saunters in, putting on his HOME DEPOT uniform. Wei-Ling judges the vest.

MALEK

Hey babe, those scotch bonnet peppers you put in the jerk chicken last night... they really scorched my ass--oh, hi Mrs. Chang!

Wei-Ling stands there with her arms crossed.

WEI-LING

Yes. Spicy in, spicy out.

MALEK

And, how are you this morning?

WEI-LING

Next time put some toilet paper in the freezer.

MALEK

Ah, well, being punctual is very important, so I will go and do that now.

Malek kisses Sharon and has to awkwardly squeeze by Wei-Ling to get through the doorway and out of the apartment.

WEI-LING

I need to use bathroom.

SHARON

You sure you want to go in there  
right now?

WEI-LING

I've eaten durian, I can handle any  
smell.

23 INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT | BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wei-Ling's finger pushes down on the flush handle. Her hand  
flips on the tap.

24 INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT | BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The tap continues to run as Wei-Ling tip-toes across the hall  
into bedroom. She opens the top dresser drawer. It is full of  
colorful bras and underwear, folded Marie Kondo-style. To one  
side, is a LARGE ORANGE DILDO. She picks it up and wobbles  
it, confused.

WEI-LING

*Why do you need this? I thought he  
was supposed to have big feet.*

She opens the next drawer and it holds men's socks and ties.  
Wei-Ling pulls out the pair of neon green panties from her  
purse, looks around to make sure Sharon isn't there. She  
turns back and catches herself in the mirror, pauses and  
looks at herself. Is she going to do this?

Yes she is, and she plants it underneath the ties.

Wei-Ling pops into the bathroom and turns off the tap before  
heading back.

25 INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT | DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sharon pours steaming water into a cup as Wei-Ling steps onto  
a chair and inspects the smoke detector.

SHARON

Mom, if it's running low on  
batteries, it will beep. You don't  
need to check it everyt--

Wei-Ling pushes the button and the detector BEEPS LOUDLY.

WEI-LING

Linda tell me her office looking for executive assistant. It is good place to move up ladder.

SHARON

I actually enjoy being a social worker. Thank you.

Wei-Ling notices a jacket hanging on the chair and picks it up and brings it to the front closet.

WEI-LING (O.S.)

You never hang up your jacket.

SHARON

You know, if criticizing were an Olympic sport, you would beat Michael Phelps.

WEI-LING

Oh good. They make the medals with real gold.

Wei-Ling returns.

WEI-LING (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I just teach you to do things the right way.

SHARON

If not hanging up my jacket is the worst thing about me, you should be proud.

WEI-LING

*What's to be proud of? I didn't risk coming all the way here, illegally, for you to shack up with a hei wai kok len who works at Home Depot.*

SHARON

Did you just call him a barbarian?

WEI-LING

That's what we call anyone not Chinese. White people are foreign devil and barbarians too.

SHARON

Malek treats me well, he loves me, he's a good partner and he's going to be a great father.

WEI-LING

This is all a mistake, Sharon.

SHARON

Well what do you want me to do?  
Huh? You want me to get an  
ABORTION?

Wei-Ling is abhorred.

WEI-LING

(switches to Cantonese)

*I don't know how you turned out  
like this. You father would be so  
disappointed in you.*

SHARON

Well, I guess I've only got you to  
disappoint now.

28 INT. CAR - DAY

Rachael drives her General Motors Cadillac through the unfamiliar streets of SGV. Signs solely in Vietnamese, Dim Sum restaurants, fancy hotels beside rundown apartments, and many many Asian people walking on the streets.

28A INT. GARMENT FACTORY | LOBBY - LATER

Rachael makes a judgmental face, as she opens a door that almost falls off its hinges. Bare walls are decorated with old water stains. An OLD WOMAN eats KFC out of a bucket.

RACHAEL

Hi, I'm here to see Wei-Ling.

The Old Woman throws her soda can into the garbage and walks into the factory. Annoyed, Rachael goes over and pulls the can out of the garbage and puts it in the recycling bin right next to it.

29 INT. GARMENT FACTORY - SAME

Wei-Ling sews pockets beside Ying Yue, chatting quietly.

WEI-LING

*Six percent! That's a week's  
salary!*

YING YUE

*It shouldn't be legal for them to raise rent that much.*

WEI-LING

*Now, will you move in with me? I promise, I will cut my toenails with the bathroom door closed.*

YING YUE

*Okay, okay, I will give my notice to the landlord tomorrow.*

Wei-Ling celebrates with a little jig in her seat.

YING YUE (CONT'D)

*Do you think our husbands are roommates up there?*

WEI-LING

*I don't think they have walls in heaven.*

YING YUE

*You mean, they have to watch each other cut their toenails?*

The two friends giggle. Old Woman approaches with drumstick in hand.

OLD WOMAN

*Wei-Ling, there is some teenager here to see you at the front.*

30 INT. GARMENT FACTORY | LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Wei-Ling enters and the Old Woman indicates with her chicken at Rachael, who stands up across the room.

RACHAEL

Hi, Wei-Ling?

Wei-Ling walks across the long space.

WEI-LING

Rachael, nice to meet you.

RACHAEL

Um, so can we use the sewing machines here?

WEI-LING

No, boss don't want strangers come in. I have sewing machine at my apartment.

RACHAEL

Oh, so why didn't I just meet you at your place?

WEI-LING

You drive me, I save on bus fare.

EXT. GARMENT FACTORY | PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Rachael's car unlocks. Wei-Ling ogles the car.

WEI-LING

Wah, I never been in fancy car.

RACHAEL

It was my dad's.

The pair get into the vehicle.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rachael puts on her seatbelt, Wei-Ling studies the dashboard.

RACHAEL

You should put on your seatbelt.

Wei-Ling does as she's told.

WEI-LING

That is beautiful flag. Pretty colors.

Rachael looks at the flag hanging from her rearview mirror.

RACHAEL

Oh thanks. It's the transgender pride flag.

Wei-Ling jerks back in surprise and studies Rachael's face.

WEI-LING

Are you a--

Wei-Ling distances her self.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

A transgender?

RACHAEL  
Unapologetically, yeah. Also, it's  
not a noun.

WEI-LING  
Oh.

For a moment, we think Wei-Ling will be accepting.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
You lie to me.

Wei-Ling takes off her seatbelt.

RACHAEL  
I didn't -

WEI-LING  
You didn't tell me you weren't a  
girl.

RACHAEL  
Well, you didn't tell me your  
gender.

Wei-Ling gets out of the car and looks down at Rachael  
through the passenger door.

WEI-LING  
You stay away from me.

Wei-Ling walks away. Rachael takes a breath.

31 EXT. GARMENT FACTORY | YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Wei-Ling paces back and forth. She sits at a picnic table  
with furrowed brow.

She hears a skirmish and turns to look. She sees several  
vehicles pull into the parking lot. MEN swarm with black  
jackets that state I.C.E. Wei-Ling looks around, but is  
surrounded by a concrete wall.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rachael looks around as I.C.E. cars and vans block entrances  
and exits. She watches the officers head to the front door.

32 EXT. GARMENT FACTORY | PARKING LOT - SAME

Wei-Ling runs into the parking lot and hides between two cars. She sees Rachael start her car. SUSPICIOUS I.C.E. OFFICER surveys the parking lot and Wei-Ling ducks down. He walks over to Rachael's car.

Wei-Ling receives a text from Ying Yue: *IMMIGRATION HERE! HIDE!*

Wei-Ling sees GUN-TOTING I.C.E. OFFICER at the entrance of the factory. He has his hand on his gun holster, ready.

Suspicious I.C.E. Officer studies Rachael's I.D. and leaves the car to join Gun-Toting I.C.E. Officer.

Wei-Ling scurries over to Rachael's Cadillac, as she is about to pull out and knocks on the window.

Rachael yelps in surprise. She opens the window to see Wei-Ling on her hands and knees.

WEI-LING  
Can you help me?

Rachael pauses. She looks down at Wei-Ling.

RACHAEL  
I can't do anything.

WEI-LING  
Please, please, please I beg you.

Rachael pushes a button and her window starts to close.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
If they deport me, I will never see my daughter again. Please.

Rachael puts the gear into drive.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
Please, she is pregnant.

Wei-Ling shoves her body in front of the rear tires. If Rachael drives forward, she will run her over. Rachael sees this in her side mirror and rolls down the window.

RACHAEL  
Please move.

Wei-Ling doesn't move.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

Please. Move.

Rachael puts her hand on the gear shifter and squeezes it.

WEI-LING

They don't question white people.

RACHAEL

I can't help you.

WEI-LING

Yes, yes yes yes you can. They already check your ID. If I go in your trunk, you drive away and let me out.

Rachael pauses. She looks over at the I.C.E. Officers, then at the vulnerable old woman under her tires.

RACHAEL

If they catch you in my trunk, I will tell them you snuck in there and I have no idea who you are.

WEI-LING

Yes, yes, I'm nobody. Thank you, thank you.

Rachael pops her trunk and keeps her eyes on the officers. She sees Wei-Ling sneak inside through the rearview mirror.

33 INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Rachael drives to the exit and NERVOUS I.C.E. OFFICER waves for her to stop. She rolls down her window.

NERVOUS I.C.E. OFFICER

I.D. please.

Rachael gives her driver's license. The officer gives a smarmy grin as he looks Rachael up and down. Rachael puts on a sweet smile.

NERVOUS I.C.E. OFFICER (CONT'D)

Okay. Have a good day.

Rachael signals right and then turns out of the lot.

34 I/E. CAR - LATER

Rachael drives and pulls up to a stop light. She looks in her rearview mirror. She turns into a parking lot.

35 EXT. PLAZA PARKING LOT - LATER

The trunk opens and the bright light blinds Wei-Ling's eyes. Hanging Roast ducks and pigs in a window takes form and Rachael's shape comes into view as she reaches a hand out. Wei-Ling waves her hand, not wanting to touch her.

WEI-LING

I am okay.

Wei-Ling gets out. Rachael closes the trunk.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

Thank you. Thank you. Please, let me pay you back somehow.

RACHAEL

Don't worry about it.

Wei-Ling hesitates.

WEI-LING

You have a good heart.

RACHAEL

I had a good heart before I let you into my trunk.

Wei-Ling shrinks. Rachael gets into the car and waits.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

Well? Do you want to ride home with a seat belt, or do you want to get back in the trunk?

Wei-Ling, surprised, scurries into the backseat.

36 INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Wei-Ling sits in the backseat, Rachael drives. It's silent.

Wei-Ling looks beside her and sees a used small pizza box and Rachael's sketchpad open to a pattern for a dress. Rachael looks at Wei-Ling through the rearview mirror. They catch each other's eyes and both quickly look away.

37 EXT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | BALCONY - MORNING

Wei-Ling steps outside and sees the dog-owner's dog pooping. The dog-owner walks away. Wei-Ling doesn't say anything.

She knocks on Ying Yue's door.

No answer.

She reaches under a Chinese waving-cat statue and grabs the key. She opens the door and Marilyn Monroe trots up.

WEI-LING

Ying Yue?

The only answer is Marilyn Monroe's purring as she rubs against Wei-Ling's legs.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

*You're not fooling me. I know we aren't friends.*

38 INT. YING YUE'S APARTMENT - SAME

Wei-Ling opens a can of cat food. The familiar sound of metal ripping fills the apartment.

She places the food on the floor. Marilyn Monroe eats.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Wei-Ling looks up at a sign "DAM IT" with the tagline "Beavers In The House" and a picture of a stripper wearing a bikini with a maple leaf on each boob. She walks in the door.

39 INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

In a cramped side-room (think Better Call Saul), Wei-Ling sits across from a LAWYER, 40's, who takes himself too seriously. The nameplate on his desk states "IMMIGRATION LAWYER", as does one, possibly printed himself, framed certificate on the wall

WEI-LING

*Sharon was born here and is a US citizen. She can sponsor me for citizenship now?*

LAWYER

*Mrs. Chang, it's not that simple. Yes, Sharon is over 21 and can decide to sponsor a foreign parent, but if that parent had ever been in the country illegally, they would have to show they left and not returned for ten years.*

WEI-LING

*My daughter will not leave with me.*

LAWYER

*You don't have to leave, but deportation can happen any time.*

WEI-LING

*Deport. Deport to where? My Singapore passport expired after I came here. And I won't be able to re-enter the US. Please, you must help me. You're all I can afford.*

LAWYER

*I mean, I would love to take your money--*

He makes eye contact with a stripper, who winks at him.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

*--but there isn't anything I can do to help you. If there is anything you need to tie up here, you should do that. Just in case.*

40 INT. GARMENT FACTORY | BOSS' OFFICE - DAY

MELVIN, plump, Asian, 60s, sits behind his desk in a bleak office with a window to spy on the factory floor.

WEI-LING

*How can you do this to your cousin's widow?*

MELVIN

*Wei-Ling. It is out of my hands.*

Wei-Ling stares him down. Asian to Asian. Melvin adjusts his glasses as a nervous tick.

WEI-LING

*Only because you promised Zhang Yong you would take care of us, he bring me to America.*

MELVIN

*And I did. For three decades!*

WEI-LING

*I.C.E. is finished looking here. I can work again.*

MELVIN

*I must let you go.*

WEI-LING

*Let you go, let you go. I am not a fish!*

MELVIN

*We have been red-flagged. I have to be careful or I could lose my whole business.*

Wei-Ling pulls out her library card from her pocket.

WEI-LING

*Look, I will cancel my library account. No more ID. They can't look for someone who doesn't exist.*

Wei-Ling's hands land on his, and she lowers herself into a pleading position.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

*Please Melvin, please don't do this to me. I beg you. You know I don't have... I don't know how to do anything else.*

Melvin shakes his head.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

*I cannot interview for new jobs. I cannot tell strangers I am illegal.*

Melvin stands up.

MELVIN

*How many panties did you sew yesterday?*

WEI-LING

*Forty.*

Melvin lays out four one dollar bills. Wei-Ling stares at Melvin from the floor. She takes the money and leaves.

41 EXT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | BALCONY - THAT AFTERNOON

Wei-Ling plucks the envelope that is taped to her door.

She goes to Ying Yue's door and knocks on it. No answer. Her face falls. She pulls the key out from under the statue and unlocks the door.

42 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Cans and bags of cat food now line Wei-Ling's counter. Wei-Ling enters holding a meowing Marilyn Monroe far away from her body.

WEI-LING

(mumbling)

*Dirty cat. You think you're so smart, but you actually have a very bad attitude. I never said anything before because I wanted Ying Yue to save face, but you are very spoiled and rude.*

She drops the cat who immediately jumps onto the kitchen counter.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

Down! Marilyn Monroe! Down now!

Marilyn looks at her defiantly.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

(switches to Cantonese)

*Down! Get down!*

She flicks water from the tap, at the cat until she complies.

43 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | BEDROOM - LATER

Wei-Ling sits on her bed and opens the envelope. The words RENT INCREASE. Wei-Ling huffs and shakes her head.

She quietly surveys the room and looks at a picture of her and her husband from only a few years ago, dressed up in fancier clothes, holding cones, ice cream on their noses.

Wei-Ling takes an ornate wooden box out from under her bed. She opens it and places the four one-dollar bills on top of a small pile of cash.

Marilyn Monroe wanders in and knocks over a roll of royal purple fabric.

WEI-LING  
Hai... *stupid cat.*

Wei-Ling picks it up and studies it. An idea starts to form.

44 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | DINING TABLE - EVENING

Wei-Ling turns on her karaoke machine.

MUSIC CUE: *Surfin' USA* by The Beach Boys

She cuts the purple fabric and sings while she sews.

45 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO - DAY

Juliette lifts two green-only salads from a take-out bag. Rachael brings cutlery to the dining table.

JULIETTE  
What's this?

RACHAEL  
You asked for arugula and Parmesan,  
dressing on the side.

Juliette pulls out an errant fry from the bottom of the bag.

JULIETTE  
Rachael, if you're going to sneak  
buying fries, you should make sure  
you get all of them out of the bag.

Caught-- Rachael looks down.

RACHAEL  
I had them without ketchup.

They sit down and each eat their salads.

JULIETTE  
Hey, what is the name of that local  
fashion designer you liked? I need  
a new look that makes me seem  
approachable.

(MORE)

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

You want to look like you're one of them, and not outshine the people you're trying to impress.

Rachael takes this in. Then...

RACHAEL

Uh, so, actually... what would you think if... I designed an outfit for you?

JULIETTE

Oh, honey, I know you like to draw, but this race is too close for comfort. We can't afford to take risks right now. I have to look-- we have to be perfect. You know, us women have a higher bar to live up to. You understand that, right?

Rachael hides her hurt under a nod, but not well enough.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

Okay, alright. Let me think about it okay, Rach? I'll think about it?

RACHAEL

Really?

JULIETTE

Yeah.

Rachael's cell phone rings.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

Ken O'Connell is not just my opponent, he's evil. His campaign will stoop to any level to make us look ba--

RACHAEL

Can I get this?

JULIETTE

Sure.

RACHAEL

Hello?

WEI-LING (V.O.)

It's Wei-Ling. I have something to give you.

Rachael walks into her room, leaving Juliette at the table.

47 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | DINING TABLE - DAY

Wei-Ling places two bedsheets over two dining room chairs.

A knock on the door. Wei-Ling opens it.

RACHAEL

Hi.

WEI-LING

Hi.

Wei-Ling focuses on Rachael's red tiger purse, her painted nails and her high heels. She has a hard time with it.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

Come in.

Rachael walks inside.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

Stop!

Rachael freezes.

RACHAEL

What? What's wrong?

WEI-LING

No wear shoes inside the house!

Rachael looks at her outfit. Her face says "it needs heels."  
Wei-Ling places a pair of Hello Kitty slippers down.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

These will keep your feet warm.

Marilyn Monroe trots by.

RACHAEL

(under her breath)

The cat doesn't have to take off  
its shoes.

Rachael takes off her shoes and slips into the soft slippers.

WEI-LING

Help kick off digestive system.

RACHAEL

Thanks for your concern about my  
intestines, but do you have any  
juice or anything?

WEI-LING

No juice.

RACHAEL

OK, clean digestive track it is.

Wei-Ling presses a button on her Asian hot-water-machine and steaming water instantly comes out. Rachael takes in the space: broken tiles, two 2018 calendars hung above each other, worn cloths, a flower-printed rice cooker. Wei-Ling hands a cup to Rachael, who is fascinated.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

Thank you. For the drink.

WEI-LING

Thank you. For put me in your trunk.

Awkward.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

You can sit.

Rachael does.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

You come far to San Gabriel Valley?

RACHAEL

I live near the Staples Center.

WEI-LING

Ah, my daughter live near you. Main St. and 8th.

RACHAEL

Oh! That's like a 5-minute drive from me.

More silence. Wei-Ling gets up abruptly and goes into her bedroom. Rachael waits, curious and confused.

Wei-Ling comes out holding a royal purple dress.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

That's a beautiful dress.

WEI-LING

It your design.

RACHAEL

What? My God--goodness.

WEI-LING

I make from your picture in car.

RACHAEL

How did you know my measurements?

WEI-LING

I am very good at my job.  
(gestures with the dress)  
For you.

Rachael reaches for the hanger where Wei-Ling's hand is. Wei-Ling recoils and drops the dress.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry.

Wei-Ling bends down and picks up the dress, handing it to Rachael without touching her. Rachael pretends not to notice.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

You hire me as your seamstress  
please. First one free.

RACHAEL

No, I'm not going for the  
internship anymore. I need to go to  
Stanford next year. Wait, you were  
going to volunteer to teach me, now  
you want to get paid?

WEI-LING

You very lucky. You get to choose  
between two dreams. People like me  
don't even get one.

RACHAEL

Way to use my white privilege  
guilt. I see what you're doing.

WEI-LING

You very talented designer. Such  
waste if you don't learn to sew.

RACHAEL

You think so?

WEI-LING

You don't trust my taste?

Rachael looks at the mismatched jumpsuit Wei-Ling's wearing.

RACHAEL

Well... how much do you charge?

WEI-LING

How much you willing to pay?

RACHAEL

How about we start with minimum wage?

WEI-LING

What is that?

RACHAEL

\$10.50 an hour.

WEI-LING

Waaahhhh...

RACHAEL

But I have to sew my own designs.

WEI-LING

You pay me, I teach you.

RACHAEL

Oh, so now you're okay working for a trans woman?

WEI-LING

I never make minimum wage before.

48 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Juliette, in workout gear, does sit ups on the ground. Grey's Anatomy plays on the TV. Rachael approaches holding the purple dress.

JULIETTE

Did you check the site today?

RACHAEL

Stanford doesn't announce their decisions until April 1. There's no point to keep checking until then.

JULIETTE

Come, join me for some Grey's Anatomy.

RACHAEL

I don't wanna do sit ups right now.

JULIETTE

But Meredith's mom just forgot who she was. I'll rewind the scene for you.

RACHAEL

Mom, what do you think of this dress? Can I wear it to your fundraiser?

She lifts the piece.

JULIETTE

It's a bit wide-- and one-note, don't you think? Do you still have the receipt?

RACHAEL

Uh. Yeah.

JULIETTE

(still doing sit ups)  
Did you know Ellen Pompeo is the highest paid woman on TV? Now that's a good life.

RACHAEL

I heard she actually wanted a movie career.

JULIETTE

I think she's doing just fine.

RACHAEL

What if she wanted to be more than just fine?

49 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | BEDROOM - DAY

Rachael looks at a filled-out application on her computer screen. Images of her designs are uploaded.

She paces around her room biting her lip. She takes a deep breath. She goes back to the computer and her hand hovers over the mouse. Then she quickly presses SUBMIT.

50 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | DINING TABLE - DAY

Wei-Ling takes the sheet off Rachael's chair and puts it in her trundle buggy. And the Hello Kitty slippers.

51 INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Rows of machines, some broken. Signs that state "Use Changer At Own Risk: No Refunds" and "No Shoes Or Animal Bedding Allowed In Washers". Wei-Ling carefully sorts her underwear into one washer and starts it. She pours her clothes and the sheets into another washer. She finds a pair of panties with the regular clothes and picks it out. She looks at the first washer, but the door is locked. She puts the panties in her jacket pocket.

52 EXT. SAN GABRIEL NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - SAME

Wei-Ling walks past RUN DOWN HOUSES with broken furniture on the lawn, next door to MCMANSIONS with gold lions.

53 EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Wei-Ling walks past a LATINO MAN, selling flowers with a large sign stating \$5-\$20.

LATINO MAN

Hi Wei-Ling, daisies or carnations?

WEI-LING

Not today.

56 INT. URN ROOM - SAME

Rows and columns of glass-front niches hold urns and pictures of loved ones. Wei-Ling looks up to the highest niche, at the picture of ZHANG YONG.

WEI-LING

*You know the funny thing about your American Dream? Well, Sharon got herself pregnant with that Black guy. I work for a Ladyboy.*

She stands on her tip toes and reaches as high up as she can to touch him. Her hand is still two cases below her husband.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

*What if I get deported before she sees I'm only being a good mother. I might not see my grandchild. I don't know what to do, Zhang Yong.*

She steps back.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
*Please, I beg you, please come  
 back.*

LI JUN, 60s, kind eyes, walks with a limp, wanders in and is surprised to see another person. He stands back to give her space. Wei-Ling senses someone watching her and turns.

LI JUN  
*Sorry, no mean to disturb.*

WEI-LING  
*It's okay, I was just leaving.*

LI JUN  
*We can share the space.*

WEI-LING  
*Please, you need some privacy.*

LI JUN  
*Sometimes it's nice to know you're  
 not the only one.*

Wei-Ling nods politely and leaves.

Li Jun kisses his fingers and touches the glass in front of his wife's eye-level niche. He sits on the bench, notices something beside him and bends down to pick it up.

57 INT. MAUSOLEUM - CONTINUOUS

Li Jun chases after Wei-Ling.

LI JUN  
*Excuse me! Excuse me!*

Wei-Ling turns around and is mortified to see Li Jun waving her dirty underwear.

LI JUN (CONT'D)  
*I think you dropped this.*

WEI-LING  
*It's not mine.*

LI JUN  
*Oh, okay. Well, I guess I should  
 put it back. The owner may come  
 back and look for it.*

Wei-Ling snatches it out of his hand.

WEI-LING  
*You should just throw it out.*

She drops it in the garbage. Li Jun laughs.

LI JUN  
*I come here every week and this is  
 the most entertainment I've had.*

Wei-Ling looks at her watch and it's five past three.

WEI-LING  
*I must go now.*

LI JUN  
*Where are you from?*

WEI-LING  
*I live close by.*

LI JUN  
*Singapore?*

Wei-Ling looks up in surprise.

LI JUN (CONT'D)  
*Your accent reminds me of home.*

WEI-LING  
*I grew up in Bukit Merah, until it  
 burned down.*

LI JUN  
*Oh my, I remember that night. I was  
 at a boy scout meeting and we could  
 see the fires from the top of the  
 hill. We ran down to help people to  
 a safe location. Maybe we crossed  
 paths.*

WEI-LING  
*I was only three years old.*

LI JUN  
*Now look at us oldies, huh?*

WEI-LING  
*I'm not old.*

60 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | DINING TABLE - LATER

Bedsheets are on top of the chairs again. Wei-Ling and Rachael look down at the sewing machine on the table.

RACHAEL  
It's so small.

WEI-LING  
Quality over... big.

RACHAEL  
That's just what they say...

Wei-Ling presses play on her karaoke machine. Rachael looks at the blue ball that bounces above the lyrics.

MUSIC CUE: DANCING QUEEN by ABBA

Wei-Ling demonstrates how to set up the machine, while humming the lyrics quietly.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
What if I don't get the interview?

WEI-LING  
Then, you learn to sew, no problem.

RACHAEL  
What if I do get the interview?

Wei-Ling steps back and waves Rachael to try.

WEI-LING  
Then you become big fashion designer, no problem.

Rachael looks fearful. She attempts to repeat what Wei-Ling did, but fails. A thread dangles and Marilyn Monroe swats at it.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
Ay-ya, you are going to take a lot of work. Did your mother not teach you how to sew?

RACHAEL  
When I was a kid, teaching boys to sew just wasn't a thing.

WEI-LING  
But...anyone can sew.

RACHAEL  
How many men work at your factory?

Wei-Ling-- point taken.

61 INT. CHINESE CHURCH | LOBBY - DAY

Wei-Ling's worn-looking shoes shuffle along the marble floor. Siang hands Wei-Ling two huge jugs of water, one labelled HOLY WATER.

SIANG

This water is blessed by the priest. And this one's for the flowers.

Siang helps Annie folds pamphlets, as Wei-Ling starts to water flowers near them.

ANNIE

*And on top of the twenty hours of volunteering I did this week, I worked on Easter Sunday and Monday.*

SIANG

What Asian do you know, takes a holiday? We all work on Christ's birthday and resurrection.

Siang does the sign of the cross to a large Jesus crucifix statue. Wei-Ling shoves her way into the conversation.

WEI-LING

*I have been helping this young girl sew outfits so that she can get into fashion school.*

ANNIE

*Oh, how many hours are you volunteering?*

Wei-Ling eyes Jesus, who is ever judging from up there.

WEI-LING

*Ahhh... I didn't say I was volunteering, but I give her very good price.*

ANNIE

*It's fair to ask for the cost of materials.*

WEI-LING

*Well... I charge for all my hours.*

ANNIE

*So you're not really helping her, you're just working and doing a job like the rest of us.*

WEI-LING

*But she seems like she's needs a friend and I spend some extra time talking with her.*

ANNIE

*Do you charge for those hours too?*

WEI-LING

*(puts her head down)*

*Yes.*

Annie walks away. Wei-Ling pours holy water into the flowers.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

*Shit!*

She looks at Jesus. You'd swear his expression has changed.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

*Stop judging! I told the truth. Didn't get me anywhere, did it?*

Jesus just looks at her.

63

EXT. GARMENT DISTRICT - DAY

Rachael and Wei-Ling walk along storefronts that spill onto the sidewalks and rolls of colorful fabrics piled high.

RACHAEL

*Oh, before I forget.*

Rachael hands Wei-Ling a check. Wei-Ling hands it back.

WEI-LING

*No social security number, no bank account.*

Rachael takes it back.

RACHAEL

*Right. This is a cash only operation huh?*

WEI-LING

*I can make change. But I also take tips.*

Rachael's touches a silky fabric.

RACHAEL  
OMG, Feel this one! See, I'm  
trying... not using the G-word.

Wei-Ling shakes her head and inspects the material.

WEI-LING  
Silk hard to sew. Beginner must  
start with easier material. Try  
nylon.

RACHAEL  
Ugh, that's so ... pedestrian.

WEI-LING  
All my clothes are made out of...  
pedestrian.

RACHAEL  
They're gonna take one look at  
these designs and totally judge me.

WEI-LING  
The interview person not judging  
you. They judge design.

RACHAEL  
The designs are me.

A green fabric with large leaf pattern catches Rachael's eye.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
Ah, this is so gorgeous!

WEI-LING  
It's nylon.

Rachael and Wei-Ling laugh. Out of the corner of her eye,  
Rachael sees Juliette and FRANK, 38, Juliette's flamboyant  
and outspoken campaign manager, inspecting fabric.

RACHAEL  
Mom?

JULIETTE  
Rachael. What are you doing here?

Rachael's eyes move to the fabric Juliette's holding.

RACHAEL  
I guess you thought about it and  
decided not to let me design, huh?  
Thanks for letting me know.

A tense moment. To break the awkwardness, Franks puts his hand out to shake Wei-Ling's.

FRANK

Hi, I'm Frank, Juliette's campaign manager.

RACHAEL

My mom's running to be a Congresswoman.

WEI-LING

Oh. Oh! I am no one.

Wei-Ling waves his hand away.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

I must go now. Goodbye.

Wei-Ling quickly exits, leaving the adults baffled.

JULIETTE

I thought you were supposed to be at Gabriella's house. Why did you lie to me?

FRANK

Oh look! A gigantic dog statue!

He moves to study the statue and Juliette waits expectantly.

RACHAEL

You were never going to think about it, were you?

JULIETTE

Don't avoid my question Rachael. Who was that woman? What are you hiding?

RACHAEL

Nothing.

JULIETTE

Rachael, I'm your mother. I know when you're lying.

RACHAEL

I've hired her to teach me to sew. It's no big deal.

JULIETTE

Then why did you lie?

RACHAEL  
 Whatever, she's undocumented, okay?  
 I'm trying to help her out.

JULIETTE  
 WHAT?!  
 (catches herself and speaks  
 softer)  
 What?! You know what would happen  
 if it ever got out that our family  
 was paying undocumented  
 immigrants?!

RACHAEL  
 I thought you support DACA.

JULIETTE  
 I do! But we can't be paying them!  
 You need to stop right now. Do not  
 visit her again.

Rachael sighs.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)  
 Do you hear me?

Rachael nods.

65 INT. URN ROOM - SAME

Wei-Ling sits in front of the glass case and prays.

She looks at her watch 2:57, and looks at the opening to the  
 room. No one walks in.

She looks at her husband's case.

Wei-Ling looks back at the opening. No one. She gets up to  
 leave and bumps into Li Jun as he walks in.

Oh! WEI-LING Oh! LI JUN

LI JUN (CONT'D)  
 I was hoping to see you again.

Wei-Ling sniffs the air.

WEI-LING  
 Is that...?

Li Jun pulls a delicately wrapped package and presents it.

LI JUN

*I had too much durian. No one else around here will come near me when I eat it.*

WEI-LING

*It was my favorite when I was a kid.*

INT. URN ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Wei-Ling and Li Jun both have one hand dirty with the custardy fruit, staring at Li Jun's wife's niche. Wei-Ling indicates to the second urn.

WEI-LING

*You already bought your own urn?*

LI JUN

*They match! And good discount if you buy both at the same time.*

WEI-LING

*Good thinking. They might discontinue this model by the time you die.*

They share a laugh.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

*You have committed to spending the rest of eternity in America?*

LI JUN

*Yes, I want to be beside my wife.*

WEI-LING

*Do you ever think about being buried back home in Singapore? With your family?*

LI JUN

*No.*

The look on Wei-Ling's face reveals she does.

LI JUN (CONT'D)

*I didn't get your name.*

WEI-LING

*Wei-Ling.*

LI JUN

*Li Jun.*

INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | RACHAEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rachael opens an email on her phone and it states:  
CONGRATULATIONS, You're invited to an LA interview for  
Parabal Gurung's Fashion Internship.

Rachael's squeals in delight, then she catches herself. She  
peeks out of her room and sees Juliette preparing a meal in  
the kitchen. Rachael's face falls.

INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO - MOMENTS LATER

Rachael, carrying sketchbook, waits until Juliette is turned  
around, then leaps to the floor in front of the island.  
Juliette turns back around, and starts chopping kale on the  
island, not knowing Rachael's head is not far from her knife.

Rachael waits for Juliette to put the kale in the pan and  
jets for the front door. She opens the lock as quietly as she  
can, when Juliette's PHONE RINGS!

The phone is across the condo, in Juliette's bedroom, which  
would force Juliette to walk past the door. Juliette looks at  
the phone and washes her hands. Rachael quickly SNEAKS OUT  
under the cover of gushing water.

Juliette picks up.

JULIETTE

How many times do I have to tell  
you, he's deceased! Take this  
number off your calling list.

Juliette hangs up. Alone, the condo feels emptier. She looks  
at the picture of her husband and young son, both in baseball  
uniforms, a sadness we don't often see, creeps over her face.

66 I/E. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | BALCONY - DAY

Wei-Ling steps out onto the balcony and Marilyn Monroe  
follows her.

WEI-LING

They want to interview you! This is  
what you want!

Wei-Ling shouts out to Rachael, as she walk across the lawn  
and wipes something off her shoe.

RACHAEL

People should pick up after their dogs.

WEI-LING

Yes! I agree!

Rachael reaches the door and takes off her shoes and slips into the Hello Kitty slippers that are waiting for her.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

See! That is why we take off our shoes in the house. You white people must have so much poop all over your house and you don't even know.

Rachael hands Wei-Ling a box of donuts.

RACHAEL

Let's celebrate!

Rachael walks inside, her cell rings. It's a call from MOM. Rachael presses ignore.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

Do you have a gas leak or something? It smells like gym socks from last week's laundry mixed with raw sewage.

WEI-LING

Oh that's not gas leak. That's my durian.

She happily points to Li Jun's gift. Rachael sniffs and almost gags. She doesn't get it.

67 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | DINING TABLE - LATER

The bed sheet is not on the chair anymore. A dozen donuts with two bites out of each one. Rachael emerges from Wei-Ling's bedroom wearing Wei-Ling's gaudy, misspelled "Luis Vitton" jacket, green sun visor and knock-off Dolce & Gabbana sun glasses (one lens shaped like a D and the other, a G)

KARAOKE MUSIC CUE: *I'm Still Standing* by Elton John

Rachael starts singing and entices Wei-Ling with a second mic, but Wei-Ling shakes her head.

RACHAEL  
 YOU COULD NEVER KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE  
 YOUR BLOOD LIKE WINTER FREEZES JUST  
 LIKE ICE

WEI-LING  
 Come on Rachael, we only have two  
 week to make your dress.

Rachael takes the sun visor off and puts it on Wei-Ling.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
 We have lot of work to do.

Rachael keeps singing and shoves the mic in Wei-Ling's face.  
 Finally, Wei-Ling gets swept up by the music.

RACHAEL & WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
 DON'T YOU KNOW I'M STILL STANDING  
 BETTER THAN I EVER DID  
 LOOKING LIKE A TRUE SURVIVOR,  
 FEELING LIKE A LITTLE KID

They LET LOOSE and SING TOGETHER, conjuring their inner  
 showgirl. Rachael jumps up on the couch and diva-poses. Wei-  
 Ling twirls around and shakes her hips.

RACHAEL & WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
 I'M STILL STANDING AFTER ALL THIS  
 TIME  
 PICKING UP THE PIECES OF MY LIFE  
 WITHOUT YOU ON MY MIND

The two women harmonize, face to face, holding their  
 microphones, with the smiling chemistry of Sonny & Cher.

RACHAEL & WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
 I'M STILL STANDING YEAH YEAH YEAH

Wei-Ling answers her ringing phone. Marilyn Monroe meows  
 hungrily.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
 Hello.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 Hi, Mrs. Chang?

WEI-LING  
 Who is this?

Rachael turns down the volume.

INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT | BEDROOM - INTERCUT

Malek builds a DIY wooden play gym with colorful plastic hanging toys.

MALEK (V.O.)

It's Malek. Sharon doesn't know I'm calling you. She's having some complications with the pregnancy. Right now, it's just high blood pressure, but she might go into early labor. Please don't let her know I told you. I just thought you would want to know.

Wei-Ling looks perplexed.

WEI-LING

Oh. Thank you. Maleek.

MALEK

Actually, it's pronounced--

Malek hears the front door open.

MALEK (CONT'D)

Nevermind. You're welcome.

Malek hangs up and goes back to his project.

71 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT - MOMENT LATER

Wei-Ling grabs a package of washcloths and throws it into a duffle bag. She darts in and out of rooms grabbing toiletries and clothes.

RACHAEL

What'cha doin'?

WEI-LING

I prepare bag for daughter give birth. Boyfriend won't bring right things.

Wei-Ling aggressively packs.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

Why you lie to your mother?

RACHAEL

Excuse me?

WEI-LING

Why you don't tell her about learn sewing from me or interview?

RACHAEL

You don't know my mother.

WEI-LING

I know that when your mother find out, she will be more hurt by you keep secret than fashion interview.

Rachael thinks about it.

RACHAEL

Yeah, not so sure about that.

WEI-LING

My daughter don't tell me she pregnant. For seven month!

Marilyn Monroe hisses. Rachael picks the cat up and opens some food for her. She's happy to see that Wei-Ling now has a blue bin beside her garbage.

RACHAEL

Why wouldn't she tell you?

WEI-LING

She don't want anything to do with me.

RACHAEL

If she wanted nothing to do with you, she wouldn't have told you at all. Believe me.

(beat)

You gotta start with something you connect over. Like whenever I feel like I'm going to say something I regret, I talk about Grey's Anatomy instead.

WEI-LING

I should talk to her about TV show?

RACHAEL

Sure, or something you both like.

WEI-LING

But her boyfriend is a black!

RACHAEL

So?

WEI-LING

So, if they don't make the crime or don't do the drugs, they would have better jobs.

RACHAEL

You are SO racist!

WEI-LING

Oh, but it's okay. I am Asian. We are not violent about it.

RACHAEL

Oh my god, what is happening right now?

WEI-LING

You think Asian have easy life here? We put our head down, work hard, stay in school. Why can't those people do the same?

RACHAEL

Whoa, that is problematic in SOOOO MANY ways, I don't even know where to start. Do you remember when I a "those people" to you?

Wei-ling frowns and nods.

WEI-LING

I know what you going to say. Can we get to work now?

RACHAEL

No, I'm going to let you sit in that guilt for bit.

WEI-LING

It don't feel nice.

RACHAEL

Good. I hear Christian guilt is a thing. At least religion is good for something.

Wei-Ling shrinks, a little shame washing over her.

INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO - LATER

Rachael opens the door tentatively, bracing herself for a lecture. Juliette runs towards her with a thick envelope.

JULIETTE

You got in!

Instead, Rachael is love-bombed by kisses on her head.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

See, I knew you were so smart and so fantastic, of course they were going to accept you!!

Rachael bites her lip, and doesn't say anything.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

We should go to Spago to celebrate!

RACHAEL

Really? Can I order the angel hair?

JULIETTE

Yeah, we deserve it.

Her eyes move to the wedding picture.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

He would be really proud of you too.

Rachael smiles and leans into her mother's embrace.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Gaby and Rachael walk past Serena, Johnny and Elijah. Johnny whistles at Gabriella, who gives him the finger and keeps walking. Rachael slows and approaches Elijah.

RACHAEL

Hey.

ELIJAH

Hey.

RACHAEL

I am so sorry about your shoes.

ELIJAH

The ones you threw up on, are over it, but the ones with the flames are still feelin' a little scorched.

Rachael laughs. Elijah smiles too.

KARAOKE MUSIC UNDER THE FOLLOWING MONTAGE:

72 INT. BUS - DAY

Wei-Ling looks out the window and sees the pillars of Downtown LA pass, the huge Staples Center, fancy restaurants, valet parking, tall theatre billboards.

73 INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT | HALLWAY - DAY

Wei-Ling knocks on the door. No answer. She leaves a Tupperware of food and two Grey's Anatomy DVDs in front of the door.

INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | DINING TABLE - DAY

Rachael models a blazer and then she takes it off, turns it inside out and models the new version. Wei-Ling's face says "I don't get it."

76 INT. CHINESE CHURCH - DAY

The donation basket is passed around. Wei-Ling sits in the front row and looks in her purse at the one twenty bill and several one dollar bills.

The priest intently follows the basket with his eyes. Wei-Ling sees him looking and reluctantly puts the twenty on top.

78 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | DINING TABLE - DAY

Two unwrapped burgers from In-N-Out sit on the table. Wei-Ling reaches for one, but Rachael stops her. She puts three extra Kraft singles cheese on the burger, then gives it to Wei-Ling, who bites and gives a thumbs up.

79 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | RACHAEL'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Rachael sits in the window, eating a bag of chips. Prabal Gurung's website is up on her computer. She looks at the Stanford acceptance form and frowns.

80 INT. CHINESE GROCERY STORE - DAY

Rachael gapes at the rows of fish out in the open. Wei-Ling tugs her and they walk.

They walk past a SAMPLING LADY and Wei-Ling takes the cut-in-half fishball with a toothpick. She hands one to Rachael who shakes her head. Wei-Ling shoves it into Rachael's hand.

Once out of sight, she takes Rachael's fishball and eats it, then puts on a sun visor, sunglasses and jacket and gives Rachael a "watch this" look. She takes another sample, but the sampling lady looks at her with full knowing.

END KARAOKE MUSIC

85 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | DINING TABLE - DAY

Wei-Ling nods in approval, as Rachael skillfully pulls the leaf print fabric through the sewing machine. Wei-Ling looks like she wants to ask a question, but hesitates.

WEI-LING  
When did you know?

RACHAEL  
I started drawing clothing as soon as I got my first crayon. My dad bought me a coloring book, but he told me I started drawing on the blank pages, big poofy dresses.

Rachael lifts the piece from the machine and we can recognize the shape of a sweetheart collar. Rachael smiles, proud.

WEI-LING  
I meant... the...

RACHAEL  
Oh. Mmm. You know, I don't remember this but dad told me I had an imaginary friend when I was four. Her name was Stephanie. And she was always sad and never smiled. Apparently, she was super depressed. And when he asked me why Stephanie was so sad, I told him it was because her parents made her dress up in boy clothes.

Rachael cuts the hanging thread.

WEI-LING  
What your parents think?

RACHAEL  
Um, when I was eleven, I just told my dad, "I know I'm a girl".

(beat)  
That was the first time in my life that he gave me a two-arm hug.

(MORE)

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Before that, he only ever gave me  
 the one arm tap tap.

Rachael mimes the bro hug.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
 And then he died. He never got to  
 really see me.

WEI-LING  
 He knows who you are.

Rachael shrugs.

RACHAEL  
 I think Mom thinks she's Jane  
 Fonda. But... sometimes, I'm not  
 sure.

WEI-LING  
 When I was born, my parents  
 almost... get rid of me. Because I  
 was a girl.

Rachael is taken aback by this.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
 Why you want to be a woman?

RACHAEL  
 It's not that I want to be... I  
 just... have you ever been in a  
 situation where you are trying to  
 fit in and be someone who you  
 weren't?

WEI-LING  
 Many times.

RACHAEL  
 That's how I felt when I was in the  
 wrong body. It never felt good. I  
 could never show up.

WEI-LING  
 Being woman is hard work.

RACHAEL  
 I know.

86 INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT | HALLWAY - DAY

Wei-Ling knocks on the door. Malek opens it.

WEI-LING

Will Sharon speak to me today?

MALEK

She wouldn't admit it to you but she did appreciate that you made her favorite - Lo Mei sauce. I tried to make it for her, but she says it's not the same.

WEI-LING

I only have one package from Singapore left. I am only person who knows how to make it right.

MALEK

She's also watching the Grey's Anatomy DVDs. Okay, we're watching it together. We're on the second season.

WEI-LING

Season finale is very emotion. I like Denny.

MALEK

Now, Jeffrey Dean Morgan plays a really mean person on The Walking Dead.

WEI-LING

If you are dead, how you able to walking?

Malek shows his amusement. Wei-Ling gives the Tupperware of food to Malek.

MALEK

Mrs. Chang, I would love for you to be a part of this baby's life. I know Sharon would too, she just needs a little more time.

Wei-Ling studies his kind face.

MALEK (CONT'D)

Can you hold on a second?

Malek leaves and reappears holding a pair of green panties. Wei-Ling, embarrassed, takes them.

MALEK (CONT'D)

You must be a big fan of Othello.

WEI-LING

Oh, I do not watch basketball.

87 INT. URN ROOM - DAY

Wei-Ling looks at her watch. It is 2:58. She and Rachael look up at the urn.

WEI-LING

We were mates since very little kids. We loved to sing together in the schoolyard. When I was ten years old, he wrote me a love song.

RACHAEL

Love at such a young age?

WEI-LING

I didn't know song was for me. It wasn't very good.

Wei-Ling chuckles and looks up at her husband.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

We grew up and went to different school and I don't see him for many year.

Wei-Ling thinks of the memory with a smile.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

I take job. I run karaoke nights at seniors home. He come in one night and take microphone and sing that song. He had kept it. He proposed and we got married and come to America.

Wei-Ling looks at Rachael. But there's a sadness in her eyes.

RACHAEL

A girl can dream... that someone would love me that much.

WEI-LING

Someone will.

Wei-Ling gently puts her hand on Rachael's lap.

RACHAEL

Do you remember how the song goes?

WEI-LING  
*(sings her husband's love  
 song softly in Mandarin)*

As she takes a breath for the next verse, she hears a noise. She turns and sees Li Jun standing in the doorway.

Wei-Ling stands quickly.

LI JUN  
*Don't stop. Please.*

WEI-LING  
*Oh, that's all I remember.*

LI JUN  
*Wei-Ling, you have a very beautiful  
 voice.*

Wei-Ling looks down.

WEI-LING  
 Thank you.

Rachael watches the two of them. She can see the electricity between their shy words.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
 We were just leaving. Come on,  
 let's go.

Wei-Ling indicates to Rachael she needs to get up now.

RACHAEL  
 Actually, I've got to use the  
 restroom. Small bladder, what can I  
 say? Wait for me here.

LI JUN  
 (in English)  
 Hi, I'm Li Jun.

He reaches out his hand to Rachael, who shakes it.

RACHAEL  
 I'm Rachael.

Rachael leaves them alone. Wei-Ling just stands there.

LI JUN  
 (back to Mandarin)  
*Your English is very good.*

WEI-LING

*My daughter forced me to learn.  
Once she went to American school,  
she refused to speak Mandarin  
anymore. If I spoke Mandarin to  
her, she wouldn't reply.*

LI JUN

*When my son spoke English to me, I  
wouldn't reply. In San Gabriel  
Valley, we don't have to learn  
anything new.*

The two of them have moved out of the urn room and into the vast space of the mausoleum.

WEI-LING

*I just learned that Americans put  
cheese on burgers!*

LI JUN

*They put cheese on everything. They  
even shout cheese every time they  
take a picture.*

Wei-Ling chuckles.

88 INT. NEAR WOMEN'S RESTROOM - SAME

Rachael stands in front of a door that has the female symbol. Rachael's POV, as she watches Wei-Ling and Li Jun connect.

BACK TO SCENE

LI JUN

*Would you like to maybe... eat  
cheeseburgers together?*

Wei-Ling stares at him blankly.

LI JUN (CONT'D)

*With me?*

Wei-Ling looks over at her husband's urn.

WEI-LING

*I cannot.*

INT. CHINESE CHURCH | WOMEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

Wei-Ling walks in on Annie and Serena yelling at each other.

ANNIE

Listen to me! I'm your mother!

SERENA

You can't tell me what to do with my life!

Wei-Ling makes eye contact with Annie and backs out the door.

ANNIE (O.S.)

If you dress like that, you're asking for bad attention.

SERENA (O.S.)

Stop being such a bitch! I get to make my own choices, I'm almost eighteen!

INT. CHINESE CHURCH | LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Wei-Ling waits patiently as mother and daughter scream at each other inside.

A WOMAN tries to go in and Wei-Ling stops her and shakes her head no. The woman turns around.

The door flies open and Serena runs out, Annie exasperated, behind her. Annie sees Wei-Ling.

ANNIE

Thank you.

WEI-LING

*No judgment. I've been there.*

ANNIE

*Does it get easier?*

Wei-Ling is about to give a pleasantry, but then...

WEI-LING

No.

Annie chuckles.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

*But, my daughter, Sharon, she is very smart and has a good heart. I know that, underneath all the mean things she says to me.*

ANNIE

*What did you say your name was again?*

WEI-LING

*Wei-Ling.*

ANNIE

*You want to be part of the choir right?*

WEI-LING

*Yes.*

ANNIE

*Let me talk to Father Wong.*

Wei-Ling beams.

90 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rachael holds up two pieces of a beautiful leaf print dress, the material she picked out at the beginning.

WEI-LING

*I don't understand why white people so obsessed with American flag. In Asia, no one wear flag as clothing.*

Rachael concentrates on her task.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

*At grocery store, I see man on magazine wearing flag as...*

Wei-Ling indicates to her groin area, charading "speedo".

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

*Tight swim pant.*

RACHAEL

*I don't know. We want to show we respect the flag.*

WEI-LING

*Hmm, for Chinese people, the more we respect something, the less we talk about it or use it.*

Rachael stops sewing.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

*Why you stop?*

RACHAEL  
I'm scared to do the curved seam.

WEI-LING  
Just follow the line. Trust  
yourself.

Rachael stalls.

RACHAEL  
I can't.

WEI-LING  
You can.

RACHAEL  
I, there's not enough material if I  
screw it up, to start over again.  
Can you do it?

WEI-LING  
You want real Rachael Stark  
collection, you must do.

Wei-Ling moves over Rachael. She hesitates, then puts her arms around her and her hands on top of Rachael's. They TOUCH SKIN ON SKIN, for the first time. Rachael looks up at Wei-Ling surprised, then allows herself to be guided.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
Push the pedal.

Rachael pushes and the needle bobs up and down. Wei-Ling guides Rachael's hand and slides the material along the curved lines, smoothly.

91 EXT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | BALCONY - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

Sharon, stomach bigger now, holds a pile of Tupperware. She peeks in the window and sees Wei-Ling and Rachael, her face brims with jealousy, observing a kindness she never received.

Rachael finishes the last stitch and carefully pulls the dress up. She presents it to Wei-Ling. It's gorgeous. Her prized drawing has come off the page. Rachael is beaming and Wei-Ling is too.

WEI-LING  
You will look so, how you call--  
Gucci-- in this at your interview.

Sharon focuses on the smile of approval on her mother's face.

Wei-Ling hears something drop and looks through the window.  
There is no one there.

92 EXT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Wei-Ling opens the door and sees Sharon rushing away.

93 EXT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Wei-Ling catches up to Sharon before she reaches her car.

WEI-LING

Zhu zhu.

SHARON

I didn't know you were capable of  
compliments.

Wei-Ling looks back at her apartment with an open door.

WEI-LING

I just helping her...

SHARON

I hate--

(her emotions spill over)

I hate that I care so much what you  
think. I'm sorry I'm not enough for  
you to brag about to your friends.  
I'm sorry I don't have a six-figure  
salary. I'm sorry I don't have a  
husband you approve of.

WEI-LING

Sharon... you are my daughter. I--  
maybe I harder on you. But because  
I care. Rachael is stranger...

SHARON

Exactly! She's a stranger and you  
treat her better than you have EVER  
treated me.

WEI-LING

That's not true.

SHARON

You once told me, on my birthday,  
that you wished it was my death  
day.

WEI-LING  
I didn't- I didn't mean that.

SHARON  
I was turning 8.

Wei-Ling is dumbfounded.

SHARON (CONT'D)  
I'm going to give my baby a better  
life than you gave me.

Sharon drives away, leaving Wei-Ling alone.

94 EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Wei-Ling walks back to the apartment, looks down and sees a pile of Tupperware with a note that says Thank You Mom.

95 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | DINING TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Wei-Ling walks back in, defeated.

RACHAEL  
You okay?

Wei-Ling waves her hand and nods, brushing her feelings away.

WEI-LING  
Let's put the rhinestones on dress.

Rachael doesn't move.

RACHAEL  
I'm gonna say something really out  
of pocket here, but I'm just gonna  
say it.

Wei-Ling sits.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
Look, I know it gets spicy in  
mother-daughter relationships, so  
like no judgement, right? But, when  
was the last time you said "I love  
you" to her?

WEI-LING  
We don't say I love you. We are  
Asian!

(beat)  
(MORE)

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
 Mothers only want the best for  
 their daughters.

RACHAEL  
 What if your version of the best  
 isn't the same as hers?

Wei-Ling takes this in.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Sometimes, the more we push you  
 away, the more we need your love.  
 Like, when I walk away from my mom  
 when we're in a fight? I just do  
 it, so that she'll call me back.

WEI-LING  
 Why you walk away, then?

RACHAEL  
 I wanna... hurt her? But really, I  
 want her to put her arms around me,  
 and say sorry.

INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | HALLWAY - EVENING

Rachael's garment bag holds her green dress. She zips it up  
 and gently folds it as small she can and tucks it under her  
 arm.

INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Rachael enters, looks around. The coast is clear and she  
 darts straight to her bedroom.

96 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | BEDROOM - EVENING

With her door closed, Rachael carefully unfolds the garment  
 bag. Juliette barges in without knocking.

JULIETTE  
 I spoke with admissions today and  
 you still haven't sent in your  
 acceptance yet.

RACHAEL  
 Um... knocking? Mom?

Rachael steps between Juliette and the garment bag.

JULIETTE

What's going on?

Juliette side-steps and sees the garment bag. She unzips it and sees the beautiful dress, but has no reaction.

RACHAEL

I um, well, this fashion internship for next year invited me to interview for them.

JULIETTE

Oh really? A trans woman wants to be in fashion. You really want to be a stereotype?

RACHAEL

But it's a really cool opportunity and I just want to see if I can get in.

JULIETTE

You're joking right? I've created all of these opportunities for you and we got you into Stanford.

RACHAEL

Did you hear me? They picked me! They want to meet me.

JULIETTE

Look, this fashion stuff is fun. I get it. But we've already established to the world, that you're going to Stanford.

RACHAEL

Mom, no one cares what you said on ABC7.

JULIETTE

You've been sneaking behind my back and still seeing that undocumented woman, haven't you?!

RACHAEL

Look! I made this outfit. I made it!

Rachael pulls the dress out.

JULIETTE

What's her name?

RACHAEL

Why, so you can call I.C.E. on her?  
I'm not giving you her name.

JULIETTE

Rachael, this is my career on the  
line. What is wrong with you?

Rachael puts the outfit down, disappointed at the lack of  
acknowledgment.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

You are spiraling out of control.

RACHAEL

You mean, your control.

JULIETTE

That's not fair. You promised me  
you wouldn't be stupid!

RACHAEL

I'm not stupid. What if I want a  
career in fashion?

JULIETTE

Don't be ridiculous, playing dress-  
up isn't a career.

The insult cuts Rachael. She slowly walks out of the bedroom,  
looking back out of the corner of her eye, hoping Juliette  
will come after her. But Juliette does not move.

97 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Rachael walks up to the lanes where the teens played last  
time. No one is there except Elijah who, with perfect form,  
bowls a strike.

RACHAEL

Where is everyone?

Elijah shrugs. Rachael sulks and sits down.

ELIJAH

I know it's disappointing that I'm  
the only one here, but you don't  
need to look so upset about it.

RACHAEL

I'm not-- it's not--

A tear she desperately was trying to keep in, rolls down her cheek. Elijah softens.

ELIJAH  
Hey, you okay?

Rachael looks up at a caring face looking down at her. She manages a smile.

99 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | BEDROOM - SAME

Juliette opens the door and sees the garment bag lying on the bed. She pulls out the outfits, then drops them on the bed.

She finds a hidden bag of chips and drops it on top of the clothes.

She flips through the big sketchpad, and adds it to the pile.

100 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - SAME

Rachael bowls and only hits one pin. Elijah shouts from the bench.

ELIJAH  
When you let go of the ball, keep  
your hand moving in the direction  
you want it to go.

Rachael nods. She bowls again following his instructions and gets a spare! She jumps up and cheers.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)  
There you go. Follow through.

Rachael smiles.

RACHAEL  
Follow through.

Elijah goes for his turn. Rachael grins as she watches him.

101 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | HALLWAY - SAME

Juliette walks down the hall and carries an armful of clothes and the sketchpad. A rhinestone falls from the dress and onto the floor.

102 EXT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | DUMPSTER - SAME

Juliette uses one hand to open the tall dumpster. The cover doesn't open and she tries again.

She throws the stuff over her head into the dumpster. Some of it doesn't make it in and floats to the floor. Juliette picks it up and makes sure it gets into the bin.

103 EXT. BOWLING ALLEY | PARKING LOT - SAME

Elijah unlocks his bike from the tall neon sign that states "Rolling With My Homies", with bowling ball and pins.

ELIJAH

When I was a kid, we could either afford a babysitter or the bowling league fees, so my mom used to take me to all her practices and games. Her team name was Dolls with Balls.

As soon as it comes out of his mouth, he covers it.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

Oh sorry, is that offensive?

RACHAEL

No, that's pretty punny actually.

Elijah is relieved. Rachael lets the moment of awkward silence linger.

ELIJAH

So... I've got to open the cafe at 6am tomorrow, so I should ah...

RACHAEL

Oh yeah, cool. I've got a big interview tomorrow too.

ELIJAH

For a job?

RACHAEL

An internship actually. At Prabal Gurung's company. You know, the guy who has designed for Michelle Obama and Kate Middleton?

ELIJAH

Nah. But, so you're gonna be a fashion designer?

RACHAEL

My mom's being super salty about it, but I'm still gonna go.

ELIJAH

That's pretty badass. You just don't care about what people think.

RACHAEL

Ah yeah, uh, badasses don't give a shit. We do what we want.

ELIJAH

That's brave.

Elijah gets on his bicycle and rides off.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

Good luck tomorrow!

Rachael beams and can't hide her giddiness.

RACHAEL

Thank you.

104 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO - LATER

Rachael unlocks the door and drops her keys on the counter. She takes off her shoes with a smile on her face.

RACHAEL

Mom?

No answer. The place is dark.

105 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | KITCHEN - SAME

Rachael opens the fridge, lined perfectly with La Croix. She grabs the Spago take-out container.

106 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | LIVING ROOM - SAME

Rachael enters, eating angel hair spaghetti out of the box.

RACHAEL

Okay Google, play "I'm Not That Girl" from Wicked.

The TV turns on and plays her requested song.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
 HANDS TOUCH, EYES MEET  
 SUDDEN SILENCE, SUDDEN HEAT  
 HEARTS LEAP IN A GIDDY WHIRL  
 HE COULD BE THAT BOY  
 BUT I'M NOT THAT GIRL

Rachael sings passionately as she wanders the apartment.

107 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | BEDROOM - SAME

Rachael goes into her bedroom and turns on the light.

RACHAEL  
 DON'T DREAM TOO FAR  
 DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF WHO YOU ARE

The garment bag is missing and she looks confused. She goes over to her closet, still half singing, but it's not there.

She stops singing and looks around. She looks in her dresser. She looks under her bed covers, under the bed.

108 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | JULIETTE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Rachael turns on the lights and looks in the closet, in the dresser drawers. The music still plays in the background.

109 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | KITCHEN - SAME

Rachael opens the cupboard under the sink and looks in the garbage can. Her eyes are desperate. She checks every corner of the condo.

110 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | HALLWAY - SAME

Rachael explodes out the door and looks around. A piece of paper catches her eye. She picks it up and recognizes the interview letter.

111 EXT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | DUMPSTER - SAME

She looks at the dumpster that is much taller than her.

112 EXT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | DUMPSTER - SAME

Rachael, inside the dumpster, sorts through garbage, gagging at the smell. She digs and discards things that aren't hers.

She finds her sketchbook, but it is oily and smudged. Her anger about to erupt, she finally finds what she is looking for-- her outfits.

113 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO - SAME

Rachael surges in carrying her prized pieces. She takes deep breaths trying to calm her rage.

Rachael storms into Juliette's bedroom. Grabs a heavy lamp. Swings it at the wall and crashes a hole through it. She swings at the dresser, knocking over her organized bottles.

Rachael looks at the picture of her dad and herself as a kid. She lifts it up high in the air, hesitates, then smashes it.

She rushes into the kitchen, grabs the acceptance letter and furiously tears it up. Rachael drops the pieces right in front of door, as she walks out and slams the door.

114 EXT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | BALCONY - LATER

Rachael knocks on the door. Wei-Ling opens the door and sees a distraught Rachael holding her outfits. As soon as Rachael sees Wei-Ling's warm face, she allows the hurt tears to bubble up. Wei-Ling invites her in.

115 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | BATHROOM - LATER

Rachael turns on the hot water in the sink. Wei-Ling turns off the hot water and turns on the cold.

WEI-LING

Cold water and salt get smell out.

Wei-Ling pours salt into the water. Rachael gently washes her designs.

116 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | FRONT DOOR - LATER

Juliette unlocks the door and opens it. She's wearing yoga pants and a towel is flung over her shoulder. She puts her keys on the hook and turns on the lights.

Juliette sees some ripped paper on the floor. She picks up a piece and reads "Stanford Acceptance".

JULIETTE

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck.

117 INT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | BEDROOM - SAME

Rachael studies the bed, which is oddly placed in front of the closet leaving the rest of the room open. Wei-Ling fixes up the comforter.

RACHAEL

Are you sure? I can sleep on the couch. You're already doing -

WEI-LING

You must get good night sleep for interview tomorrow.

RACHAEL

If you insist.

Rachael climbs in and is jerked back by Wei-Ling.

WEI-LING

No, no, no, no! You must sleep with feet facing this way.

Wei-Ling makes a turn around motion. Rachael looks confused.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

I move the bed for good feng shui for you. Feet must face north.

Rachael complies.

RACHAEL

Wei-Ling?

Wei-Ling turns.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Wei-Ling smiles and nods. She carries a pillow, with the pillowcase Rachael made before, as she walks out. Marilyn Monroe jumps onto the bed and sits on Rachael.

120 INT. PRABAL GURUNG'S OFFICE | RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Rachael walks into the waiting area. There are several other interview candidates. She walks up to the SECRETARY, 35, hates her job.

RACHAEL

Hi, I'm here for the internship interview. Am I in the right place?

SECRETARY

What's your name?

RACHAEL

Rachael Stark. I'm super early.

SECRETARY

Two hours.

Rachael smiles and sits. All the other candidates look at her without looking at her.

FADE TO:

CANDIDATE #1 exits the office, with a confident smile on her face. She's dressed in a chic-professional look.

FADE TO:

CANDIDATE #2 exits the office, dressed in all black.

FADE TO:

Rachael studies what the other people are wearing. They are dressed fashionably, but laid back.

FADE TO:

Prabal Gurung walks out with Candidate #3, and he's dressed in a t-shirt and jeans.

121 INT. PRABAL GURUNG'S OFFICE | WOMEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

Behind a stall door, we hear a garment bag zip up. Rachael exits wearing her inside out blazer and dress pants.

122 INT. PRABAL GURUNG'S OFFICE | CEO OFFICE - DAY

PRABAL, an energetic creative with an eye for detail, 40s, sits behind a large desk. The room is filled with art and everything is made out of glass. Rachael's garment bag is folded over the chair, dress nowhere to be seen.

Rachael touches her blazer.

RACHAEL

Blazers are usually used in the corporate world so everyone can look the same. But I wanted to design something that exposes what is on the inside.

Prabal looks at the jacket.

PRABAL  
And who do you think will wear  
this?

RACHAEL  
People who want to be different?

PRABAL  
Would those people choose to wear a  
corporate blazer?

RACHAEL  
Well, it's not... they... maybe?

She watches as Prabal stares at her. He starts writing notes.

PRABAL  
Okay, well, thank you for coming  
in.

Rachael stands up and shakes his hand.

RACHAEL  
Thank you for giving me an  
opportunity.

She packs up her stuff and starts to leave. Rachael has her  
hand on the door knob and turns it. It opens slightly --

PRABAL  
One more thing. How would you  
describe your style?

Rachael pauses.

RACHAEL  
Um. Well...

Rachael's eyes light up.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
I think that my exp-

The secretary knocks and opens the door without waiting.

SECRETARY  
I'm sorry, but I have your mother  
on the phone. She just woke up from  
surgery.

PRABAL  
Thank you. We just finished here.

Rachael moves to say more, but Prabal picks up the phone. Rachael continues out the open door.

126 INT. CHINESE CHURCH - DAY

Wei-Ling stands in the choir box, between Annie and Siang, in faded choir robes. They sing and harmonize A CHURCH SONG.

She receives a text from Rachael: I didn't wear the dress.  
<Squiggly face>

Wei-Ling texts back: At my church right now.

127 EXT. CHINESE CHURCH - DAY

Rachael drives into the parking lot. She steps out of her car and leans on it, waiting, shaking her head as she replays the interview in her head. She squints into the sun.

128 INT. CHINESE CHURCH - DAY

Wei-Ling listens intently from her new vantage point.

FATHER WONG

*The rich and the poor meet  
together; the Lord is the maker of  
them all. There is neither Jew nor  
Greek, there is neither slave nor  
free, for we are all one in  
Christ...*

129 INT. CHINESE CHURCH | LOBBY - LATER

The partitioners exit from the nave into the lobby. Rachael squeezes through the tightly packed crowd.

RACHAEL

Excuse me, where are the restrooms?

The partitioner points and Rachael heads in that direction.

130 INT. CHINESE CHURCH | WOMEN'S RESTROOM - SAME

Annie washes her hands beside Serena who reapplies her lipstick in the mirror. Serena sees Rachael through the mirror reflection and speaks under her breath to her mother.

SERENA

Do you recognize who that is?

Annie looks at Rachael through the mirror.

ANNIE

No.

SERENA

That's Richard Stark.

ANNIE

Noooooo...

131 EXT. CHINESE CHURCH - SAME

Wei-Ling exits the church in conversation with Siang and Father Wong.

WEI-LING

*I knock on Ying Yue's door  
everyday. I don't think she's  
coming back.*

FATHER WONG

*That's too bad. The numbers in my  
congregation were going up.*

SIANG

*I worked hard to get my Green Card,  
she should have followed the rules.*

Annie comes running over.

ANNIE

*Father, a man just walked into our  
bathroom!*

Wei-Ling follows them as they rush in.

132 INT. CHINESE CHURCH | WOMEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rachael is finally at the front of the line and a door opens.

133 INT. CHINESE CHURCH | LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Annie pushes open the door, but Father Wong stops and knocks.

FATHER WONG

*I'm sorry, I must come in. If you  
are uncomfortable, please use the  
women's restroom on the other side  
of the nave.*

None of the women leave, they all move aside for him to come in. Wei-Ling walks in behind Father Wong. PARTITIONER #2 points to Rachael's stall.

134 INT. CHINESE CHURCH | WOMEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rachael's face shows relief. A knock on the stall.

FATHER WONG  
Come out. Please.

RACHAEL  
I'm peeing. Sir.

FATHER WONG  
Men are not allowed in the women's restroom.

RACHAEL  
(sarcastic)  
Forgive me Father, but aren't you a man?

FATHER WONG  
Come out immediately.

RACHAEL  
I'm almost done.

Father Wong's cane comes over the top of the stall and pushes the lock to its open position.

Rachael freezes in shock.

The door opens and Father Wong looks down at Rachael, sitting on the toilet.

FATHER WONG  
You must leave. Now.

She reaches for toilet paper and cleans herself in front of Father Wong. She stands up and pulls her underwear up. She flushes the toilet.

Rachael takes her time and washes her hands in the sink, standing her ground and not bowing to any of these women's discomfort. Rachael stares at Wei-Ling through the mirror. Wei-Ling looks down, but does not say anything.

135 EXT. CHINESE CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Rachael blasts toward her car. Wei-Ling runs after her, glancing over her shoulder.

WEI-LING  
Rachael, please.

RACHAEL  
Oh, now your mouth moves.

WEI-LING  
You have to understand, they've just never seen a...a...a-

RACHAEL  
God made me transgender. You can use the word, you won't catch it!

WEI-LING  
This is a Christian church. What you expect?

Rachael scoffs.

RACHAEL  
What is so scary and offensive to you people about me taking a piss in a private stall?

WEI-LING  
Father Wong is a man of God-

RACHAEL  
No, NO. What the priest did, didn't surprise me. But you... you just stood there.

Rachael gets in the car and Wei-Ling quickly gets into the passenger seat.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
You know, I shouldn't be surprised, you showed me who you really were.

WEI-LING  
What does that mean?

RACHAEL  
You are trying so hard to look like a good person, you don't have any time to be one.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
I am a good--

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
 But what you really are is a  
 bigoted, racist little old  
 lady who just uses people.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
 Well-- well at least I always  
 tell truth.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
 What-- excuse me?

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
 You are liar to your mother.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
 This is not lying, do you  
 know how hard it is to live  
 in a body that isn't--

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
 About fashion, you lie about  
 the fashion!

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Don't call me-- you have no idea  
 what I have been through.

WEI-LING  
 You have no idea what I have been  
 through!

Rachael and Wei-Ling stare each other down. Silence.

RACHAEL  
 Well, I flunked the interview, so,  
 I don't need you anymore.

Rachael opens the glove box and throws cash at Wei-Ling.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
 This is all I owe you.

WEI-LING  
 You *white people*, all the same,  
 think you can toss us away like  
 chicken bones.

RACHAEL  
 Get out of my car.

The hurt on her face reveals she doesn't want Wei-Ling to  
 leave.

WEI-LING  
 I'm happy to.

RACHAEL  
 Get out of my car.

Wei-Ling opens the door, steps out and collects the money  
 that has fallen to the floor. Rachael's heart sinks. She puts  
 the car into reverse.

The ladies exit the church and watch as Rachael peels out of the lot, leaving Wei-Ling standing alone. She feels their eyes on her.

136 INT. RACHAEL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Rachael drives, face hard, tears brimming, but not spilling over. She stops at a red light and the reflection in her windshield is of a waving American flag.

139 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Rachael walks in the front door and Juliette keeps her eyes on the dishes she's washing at the kitchen sink. Rachael throws her dress down on the counter in front of her mom.

<p>RACHAEL Throwing my designs into the dumpster is a real--</p>	<p>JULIETTE You shouldn't leave used plates out.</p>
--	--

<p>RACHAEL (CONT'D) --real new low. Even for you.</p>	<p>JULIETTE (CONT'D) If you don't rinse them right away, the food gets caked on and the dishwasher won't even get it off.</p>
---	---

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
Mm-hm. What else?

JULIETTE  
I work really hard all day and I  
don't have time to scrub off all  
your--

RACHAEL  
Here we go, the world revolves  
around Juliette, once again.

JULIETTE  
There is nothing wrong with wanting  
clean dishes.

RACHAEL  
May I speak now?

JULIETTE  
Yes.

140 INT. HOSPITAL | HALLWAY #1 - INTERCUT

Wei-Ling pushes through the double doors and rushes up to the nurse station.

WEI-LING

Sharon! Sharon Chang! Birth baby!

The nurse looks at her computer. Wei-Ling waits impatiently.

NURSE

Room 15D.

Wei-Ling moves quickly.

**APARTMENT** -- Rachael takes a breath to keep an even tone.

RACHAEL

This dress is my design. I created this dress. Now you'll be happy to know my interview did not go well,

JULIETTE

Honey. Honey, honey.

RACHAEL

I just let you speak.

Juliette quiets down.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

This  
(lifts the dress)

is me. This is mine. I made this. You cannot throw me in a dumpster.

JULIETTE

Don't be melodramatic. I didn't--

RACHAEL

I don't think you-- really see me.

JULIETTE

What do you mean? I have always been so supportive--

RACHAEL

I know, I know, I know. You're very supportive, but you parade me around like you're sooooo woke, to help you get elected!

JULIETTE

How can you say I don't support  
you?

RACHAEL

I didn't say you don't  
support me. That is not what  
I said. Please do not put  
words in my mouth that I did  
not say.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

I drove you to therapy. I  
bought your hormones. I let  
you put on my make-up.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

What I said was, you don't see me.

**HOSPITAL** -- Sharon pushes. Malek holds her hand. Wei-Ling  
bursts in wearing scrubs.

WEI-LING

Sharon.

Sharon looks over after a big push.

SHARON

(to Malek)

You called her?!

MALEK

I thought...

SHARON

I didn't tell you to call her.

MALEK

But, early labor, I didn't know  
what- I just wanted you two to--

WEI-LING

*Sharon, please, I'm your mother,  
that's my grandchild.*

**APARTMENT** --

RACHAEL

Then look at the dress. Look at  
this dress that I made. Look at it.  
It's right there. It's right there!

Juliette looks.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

You put this in the trash. Is that  
how you feel about me?

JULIETTE  
Don't be ridiculous, darling,

RACHAEL  
Is this how you really feel?

JULIETTE  
You are my son! Or my--my daughter.  
Sorry, I'm getting it all muddled  
up, but it's-- there's been a lot  
of changes around here. You are my  
daughter. I support you.

**HOSPITAL** -- Sharon is in between pushes.

SHARON  
You didn't want this baby.

WEI-LING  
Sharon...

SHARON  
Oh, now. Now is the moment you want  
to try?

WEI-LING  
Please...

Sharon screams in pain.

DOCTOR  
You need to push now. Get her out.

A nurse guides Wei-Ling toward the door, Wei-Ling resists.

SHARON  
I don't want you here!

Wei-Ling's body goes limp and she backs out through the door  
and it closes between her and daughter.

**APARTMENT** --

RACHAEL  
I'm just asking you to be real. For  
once in your life. Please. I will  
go to Stanford if you would just  
tell me the truth.

Juliette shifts away, but Rachael moves in front of her.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
Do you actually support my  
transition?

JULIETTE

Of course--

RACHAEL

I feel the truth mom, I just need you to be real with me.

JULIETTE

Why are you doing this to me?

RACHAEL

Okay I see how it is. You're not willing to have a real, honest conversation... well then, I'm not going to Stanford. Too bad.

Rachael turns and heads away.

JULIETTE

Well, it's already paid for.

RACHAEL

I haven't even accepted.

Juliette reaches underneath the dress, pulls a dish out and starts washing again.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

Mom, what have you done?

Juliette doesn't answer.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

MOM!

JULIETTE

I sent in your acceptance and I've paid for your first year already. You are going to Stanford. It's done.

RACHAEL

WHAT?!

**HOSPITAL** -- Through the door, Wei-Ling can hear everything. The breathing, Malek supporting Sharon, the doctors chattering. But she can't see.

**APARTMENT** -- Rachael takes the dress off the table and puts herself in front of Juliette.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

You're just as bad as the people who won't let me into the restrooms. I'm not a person to you. I'm just a trans trophy you get to show off at fundraisers. You're such a selfish bitch!

JULIETTE

Yeah, yeah, you're right. It's my fault that you were born in the wrong body. I'm a terrible person. Is that what you want me to say? Is that the truth you want to hear? Truth doesn't matter. My opinion doesn't matter. I had to be supportive or I'd be crucified! But no one cares that I've lost all the men in my life. I'm not going to get husband back, am I? I'm not going to get my son back, so I'm just doing the best I can!

Rachael takes in the truth she was seeking.

RACHAEL

But mom... you never had a son.

141 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Rachael rushes through the main doors, tears stream down her face. She bursts out into the street.

INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Juliette stares at the running water. She smashes the plate into the sink and it breaks.

**HOSPITAL** -- Sharon's screams are loud enough to come through the door. Wei-Ling steps closer to the closed door and listens.

**STREET** -- Rachael picks up speed, as if a ball of energy inside her needs to escape. She takes her high heels off, throws them to the side.

**HOSPITAL** -- Sharon's screams build. Wei-Ling stares at the CLOSED DOOR.

**STREET** -- A MAN with a DSLR camera rushes up to Rachael.

CAMERA MAN

Rachael Stark, do you do drugs?

RACHAEL

Get away from me.

CAMERA MAN

How about underage drinking?

**HOSPITAL** -- Wei-Ling hears the final, the loudest PUSH! A nurse comes through the door and Wei-Ling catches a glimpse of Sharon pushing with all her might, her screams fill the hall.

**STREET** -- The camera man shoves the camera in Rachael's face.

CAMERA MAN (CONT'D)

How do you think your behavior is going to affect your mother's campaign?

RACHAEL

Fuck off!

She shoves him away and steps out from the sidewalk. A car turns the corner quickly, HITTING Rachael.

**HOSPITAL** -- All of a sudden, everything goes QUIET. Wei-Ling leans in to hear. What happened? Her breath quickens. Then... she hears a baby cry.

**STREET** -- NO SOUND EXCEPT BABY CRYING. Rachael lies, bloody on the ground. Cameraman, cowardly, runs away. The DRIVER gets out of the car and looks at the body.

**HOSPITAL** -- Wei-Ling is pressed against the door and listens to the baby cry. She is emotional. A nurse opens the door and Wei-Ling backs up quickly. The nurse purposely moves slowly and keeps the door open so Wei-Ling can see.

From Wei-Ling's POV, NURSE #2 hands Sharon the crying baby.

NURSE #2

It's a girl.

And then the door swings closed again.

142 INT. HOSPITAL | CHAPEL - NIGHT

Lit by candles, Wei-Ling, a silhouetted figure, kneels and prays in a pew.

WEI-LING  
*Heavenly Father... have... have I  
 been a bad mother?*

She waits for an answer. None comes.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
*Am I a bad person?*

She looks at Jesus' face.

A BLACK TEEN BOY, wearing a cap and pants hanging off his butt, enters. He has blood on his shirt. Wei-Ling instinctively grabs her purse tightly.

She watches him walk to the front pew, kneel down and take off his cap. He clasps his hands.

BLACK TEEN BOY  
 (whispering)  
 Please, Lord, don't let him die.  
 Please, I'll be better.

Wei-Ling stares from behind, as he lets out a soft sob. Wei-Ling looks down at her purse and realizes what she's done and slowly lets go of the death grip. She looks back at Jesus, and has the answer to her question.

Wei-Ling's hand moves in the direction of the boy, like she's contemplating comforting him.

Suddenly, her cell phone RINGS LOUDLY. She fumbles with it.

WEI-LING  
 Sorry, sorry.

She quickly backs out of the chapel.

INT. HOSPITAL | HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

WEI-LING  
 Hello?

GABRIELLA (V.O.)  
 Hi, my name is Gabriella. I'm a  
 friend of Rachael's.

144 INT. HOSPITAL | ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rachael is lying in the hospital bed, facing away from the door. Wei-Ling tentatively steps in and walks up to the bed. Gabriella, rises from her chair and Wei-Ling nods at her.

Gabriella silently steps out.

WEI-LING

Rachael?

Rachael turns around slowly, sees Wei-Ling and then turns back around.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Wei-Ling makes her way to the other side of the bed to make eye contact. Rachael avoids it.

Wei-Ling sits in a chair and quietly waits.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I am sorry.

A long moment passes. Rachael's eyes flicker to Wei-Ling and then flicker away.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

I am very sorry.

An instrumental version in ADAGIO of *Imagine* by John Lennon plays under the following SERIES OF SHOTS.

Wei-Ling brings her chair closer and gently touches Rachael's hands. Rachael flinches, but doesn't move away.

Rachael allows one tear to escape and run down her cheek.

Wei-Ling gently moves Rachael's hair out of her face. Rachael still won't look at her.

Wei-Ling opens the overnight bag and takes out a package of new washcloths.

Wei-Ling warms a cloth with hot water from the sink.

Wei-Ling wipes Rachael's face and arms and legs. Rachael winces in slight pain.

Wei-Ling delicately takes off Rachael's torn dress and helps her into a Pusheen Cat T-Shirt.

The tears that have been brimming in Rachael's eyes, finally spill out. Rachael sucks in a sob. Wei-Ling holds her.

145 INT. HOSPITAL | ROOM - MORNING

Rachael's sleeping body surrounds Wei-Ling's resting head on the hospital bed - a modern Mary Cassatt portrait.

146 INT. HOSPITAL | NEONATAL WINDOW - DAY

Sharon approaches the window and notices a brunette teen staring at the babies.

SHARON  
One of them yours?

The brunette turns and Sharon recognizes Rachael, her face has a bruise with a small cut and two stitches.

RACHAEL  
Oh, no. I was just wishing them  
luck in their futures.

Sharon looks into Rachael's eyes.

SHARON  
And love.

RACHAEL  
And love.

Rachael smiles politely and walks away with a small limp. Sharon watches her and then looks back at her baby.

147 INT. HOSPITAL | ROOM - LATER

Rachael eats a hospital sandwich and Wei-Ling sits beside her spooning a Jell-O cup.

RACHAEL  
I didn't want to give my mom  
something she could use for a  
sympathy PR stunt.

WEI-LING  
She would want to know that you're  
okay. You should call her.

Rachael doesn't acknowledge.

RACHAEL  
So, you've really never been to the  
doctor?

WEI-LING

Not since little girl. My husband... could not go to hospital when he was... when he pass.

RACHAEL

Ugh, our system is so eff'd up.

WEI-LING

I did not want to come here.

RACHAEL

Oh, well, you can go home if you want.

WEI-LING

I mean America. I did not want to come to America.

RACHAEL

I mean, Singapore sounds pretty awesome.

WEI-LING

Singapore very small country. A lot competition. Zhang Yong could not find job, and not gain citizenship, even though he live there for many years. "What's the difference between no citizenship in humid and very expensive country and no citizenship in America", he said. We used all our savings to fly to Mexico. One suitcase. We both climb into the trunk of an Oldsmobile Cutlass. Silver. I still remember smell of fumes. I was scared we were going to run out of air. We drive one hour to border and then we sit in line for thirty minutes. All I could hear was rumble of motor.

Wei-Ling takes a breath.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

And I hope we get caught. I wishing they open the trunk and see us and send us back home. To see my family, my friend. Go back to everything I love.

Wei-Ling's voice cracks.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

He never ask me my thought. And I never told him what I wanted. He love me. He think I'm happy. But he don't really know.

RACHAEL

Wow.

Wei-Ling looks at Rachael.

WEI-LING

You know what it take to be a woman, Rachael?

RACHAEL

A comfortable pair of high heels?

WEI-LING

You must fight for what you want.

148 INT. RACHAEL'S CAR - DAY

MUSIC CUE: FIGHT SONG by Rachel Platten

WEI-LING AND RACHAEL

THIS IS MY FIGHT SONG  
TAKE BACK MY LIFE SONG  
PROVE I'M ALRIGHT SONG

EXT. RACHAEL'S CAR | HIGHWAY - DAY

The car speeds along.

WEI-LING AND RACHAEL

MY POWER'S TURNED ON  
STARTING RIGHT NOW I'LL BE STRONG

SMASH CUT TO:

150 INT. PRABAL GURUNG'S OFFICE | RECEPTION AREA - LATER

Rachael, wearing her dress, stands in front of a very annoyed secretary.

SECRETARY

NO, absolutely not.

RACHAEL

Please. Please, I'd really like Mr. Gurung to see this dress I designed.

SECRETARY

We finish our LA interviews today, and we're fully booked up.

RACHAEL

You interrupted my time, and I never got to answer his question.

SECRETARY

Well, you should have spoken up when you had the chance.

EXT. PRABAL GURUNG'S OFFICE | BUILDING LOBBY - LATER

Rachael and Wei-Ling walk past tall indoor trees.

RACHAEL

Well, I tried. If it's not meant to be, it's not meant to be.

WEI-LING

Gurung. Prabal Gurung. Where is he come from?

RACHAEL

He was raised in Nepal, but born in Singapore. He came here ten years ago to follow his dreams of...

Wei-Ling is not listening and lost in thought.

WEI-LING

Take me to closest Chinese Supermarket.

INT. PRABAL GURUNG'S OFFICE | RECEPTION AREA - LATER

Wei-Ling approaches secretary's desk. Secretary looks up.

WEI-LING

Delivery for Mr. Prabal.

Wei-Ling presents a nicely wrapped box. Secretary takes it.

SECRETARY

Do I need to sign?

Wei-Ling sniffs the air.

WEI-LING

I think you have gas leak. You should be careful.

Wei-Ling leaves. The secretary's nostrils start to sniff. She looks around, concerned and picks up the phone.

SECRETARY

Security, please.

The phone rings and ring, and the look on her face gets closer to gagging. She slams the phone down and runs out.

INT. PRABAL GURUNG'S OFFICE | ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The secretary frantically pushes the button and the door closes.

INT. PRABAL GURUNG'S OFFICE | RECEPTION AREA - LATER

Prabal walks in is confused that his secretary isn't there. He sees the package with his name and opens it. He smells it and smiles.

INT. PRABAL GURUNG'S OFFICE | CEO OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Prabal enters his office, eating durian with his hands. He looks up and sees Rachael sitting in a chair. She stands up.

RACHAEL

I know durian can be really hit or miss.

PRABAL

Well, your risk paid off.

Rachael smells it and tries not to make a face.

RACHAEL

I hope your mother's recovering well from her surgery.

PRABAL

She is thank you. Um, what's your name?

RACHAEL

Rachael. Rachael Stark. I was here yesterday, but our time got interrupted.

PRABAL

Have a seat.

Rachael sits.

RACHAEL

You asked me, what my style was and I--

PRABAL

Did you design this dress?

RACHAEL

Uh yes. It's part of the Rachael Stark collection.

PRABAL

Did you have the dress made?

RACHAEL

Actually, I made this myself.

PRABAL

Why didn't you show this to me yesterday?

RACHAEL

I... I don't know. I second-guessed myself.

PRABAL

Hmm.

Rachael falters. She takes a deep breath and stands tall.

RACHAEL

For so long, I have allowed others to dress me. My mom wants me to look a certain way. My friends expect me to look another way. Clothing is the thin layer between you as you are, and how the world sees you. So I started unbuttoning to see what was really underneath. I'd been trying to fit into someone else's design for so long, I didn't know. So I was thinking about the answer to your question. Well, I don't have a style.

(MORE)

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

I design from my heart, somedays I  
feel funky, some days I feel  
elegant, sometimes I feel  
disgusting and sometimes I feel  
radiant. To spell out my style,  
would be to put it in a box defined  
by someone else. The only thing  
that ties all my work together, is  
that... it is me.

Rachael finishes her speech and waits. Prabal has a poker  
face.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Rachael walks toward the door.

PRABAL

Rachael?

Rachael turns.

PRABAL (CONT'D)

You shouldn't second-guess  
yourself.

Rachael nods and walks out.

153 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Rachael walks alone. She sees Elijah at the other end of the  
hallway. Rachael starts walking toward him, when Serena  
approaches him. Rachael stops.

Serena flirts with Elijah. And Rachael starts walking towards  
him again.

RACHAEL

Hey.

ELIJAH

Hey.

Serena is put off by the interruption.

RACHAEL

I do.

Elijah gives her a questioning look.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Care. What people think. I'm not  
 that brave.

Elijah looks her in the eye.

ELIJAH  
 Yeah you are.

Rachael smiles, awakens to the truth of that. Serena doesn't  
 hide her jealousy of their connection.

155 INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT | HALLWAY - DAY

Wei-Ling knocks on the door. She can faintly hear a baby  
 crying through the walls. She breathes through her nerves.

SHARON (O.C.)  
 Pizza's here!

Sharon opens the door and steps back in surprise.

WEI-LING  
 Hi Sharon.

A beat as they stare at each other. Neither sure what to do  
 next. Wei-Ling holds her breath.

Malek, who is changing the baby's diaper shouts from behind.

MALEK  
 Make sure you leave a good tip.

Wei-Ling peeks in, but can't quite see the baby. Sharon  
 blocks the door.

WEI-LING  
*I'm sorry zhu zhu.*

SHARON  
 For what?

WEI-LING  
*I pushed you so hard because I  
 didn't push hard enough for my own  
 life. And I only told you when I  
 was disappointed with you.*

Sharon softens. That, she hasn't heard before. Wei-Ling steps  
 back to breathe some space between them.

SHARON

No one can live up to your standards, mom.

WEI-LING

*I know.*

SHARON

I met Malek at a troubling time in his life. His relationship had been over for a long time, even if the paperwork didn't say so.

WEI-LING

I know. Now.

SHARON

I just wish you could see the good in me.

Wei-Ling receives this and nods.

WEI-LING

I do Sharon. You know I do. You know I love you.

Sharon looks up at her mom.

SHARON

No mom. I don't. You don't tell me.

This breaks Wei-Ling's heart. She touches her daughter's face gently.

WEI-LING

You are my only daughter, Sharon. You. You are smart and beautiful and kind and you can stand on your own. I'm sorry I hurt you. But I am very proud of you.

Sharon's hard facade breaks.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

I tell everyone that. I'm sorry I did not tell you.

She looks at her mother as if to say "Really?" Wei-Ling nods to answer the silent question.

SHARON

I'm sorry that I yell at you and push you away.

(MORE)

SHARON (CONT'D)  
It's because it hurts. And it hurts  
because I... care.

Wei-Ling goes in for the hug but Sharon puts her hand out.

SHARON (CONT'D)  
Whoa. We don't hug. We're Asian.

Wei-Ling hugs her anyways. Sharon gives in a little and opens the door.

Malek finishes the diaper and walks up with the baby in his arms. She is cooing softly now. He hands her over to Sharon. Wei-Ling sees her granddaughter's face for the first time. Wei-Ling hands Malek the package of Lo Mei sauce.

WEI-LING  
I brought this for you. Malek.

Malek takes the package.

MALEK  
Thank you. I'll make it tonight.

WEI-LING  
There is special way. I show you  
how.

Malek nods. Sharon bounces the baby gently and presents her to Wei-Ling.

SHARON  
This is Kayla. Kayla, this is your  
grandma.

MUSIC WILL PROPEL US THROUGH...

156 INT. URN ROOM - DAY

Wei-Ling holds a photo of her holding Kayla, up to the glass. Li Jun walks in and pauses. He turns to leave.

WEI-LING  
Li Jun.

Wei-Ling pulls out an In-N-Out bag from her purse.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
*Would you like a cheeseburger?*

They smile at each other.

158 EXT. WEI-LING'S APARTMENT | BALCONY - DAY

Wei-Ling opens her door and Marilyn Monroe runs to her old home. Wei-Ling picks Marilyn Monroe up and looks at the EVICTION NOTICE taped to Ying Yue's door.

WEI-LING

*I wish you well my friend.*

Marilyn Monroe snuggles up to her new mom.

INT. CHINESE CHURCH - SAME

Wei-Ling hands out new choir robes to the members. Father Wong and Annie put theirs on.

FATHER WONG

*Wei-Ling, this is fantastic! You deserve a tip!*

Father Wong digs through the offering basket and holds out a few bills.

ANNIE

*These are so, what do they call it? Chic! Can you get your designer friend to make clothes for me? What's her name?*

WEI-LING

*Rachael, she's the woman you kicked out of the restroom.*

Wei-Ling takes the money from Father's hand.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

*I'll be sure to give this to her.*

Wei-Ling walks away, leaving them squirming.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

*Also, you can lower your congregation count by one more.*

159 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | MAILROOM - NIGHT

Rachael pulls the mail out of her box and sorts through quickly. She sees an envelope from Prabal Gurung's office.

RACHAEL

Huh!

She tears it open and reads the letter. At first Rachael is motionless except for her eyes scrolling back and forth. Then her face falls. Then a tear falls down.

160 INT. RACHAEL'S CONDO | LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Juliette sits on the couch and watches Grey's Anatomy. Rachael walks in the front door. She picks up the remote and turns down the volume. Rachael stands between Juliette and the TV and looks straight at her mother.

RACHAEL

If I do what you want, you might  
love me, but you won't know me.

Rachael turns the volume back up and walks into her bedroom. Juliette looks after Rachael as she closes the door.

END MUSIC

161 INT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - DAY

Wei-Ling, wearing a red and gold uniform and Rachael sit at a table. Female workers wearing the same uniform including mouth-cover, push dim sum carts around.

RACHAEL

You work here now?

WEI-LING

I get staff discount. Fifty percent  
off!

RACHAEL

Wow, must have been a sick date  
with Li Jun - a boyfriend *and* a  
job.

WEI-LING

Not boyfriend. Nice friends only.

RACHAEL

Is that what they call it now?

Rachael shows Wei-Ling the Prabal Gurung envelope.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

I got in.

WEI-LING

What?

RACHAEL  
Yeah! They chose me!

WEI-LING  
You win! You win! You win!

Wei-Ling jumps up and almost knocks over the table. Wei-Ling rushes over and grabs Rachael in a hug. The people in the restaurant look and judge, but neither of them care.

RACHAEL  
Isn't it crazy?!

WEI-LING  
No crazy. You work hard.

RACHAEL  
I mean, what if that guy never gave me your number? And please don't say God did it.

WEI-LING  
Not God. Not destiny. Yuanfen.

RACHAEL  
Yan-what?

WEI-LING  
There is no English word that mean same thing.

RACHAEL  
Like karma?

WEI-LING  
Karma about one person. Yuanfen about fortune to come together and nice relation.

Wei-Ling uses her hand to point back and forth between herself and Rachael.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)  
It take hundreds of rebirths and a little good chance to bring two persons to ride together in same boat, on same river, at same time.

Rachael nods. She gets it.

RACHAEL  
Yuanfen.

Wei-Ling steps back and surrounds Rachael's hands with both of hers.

WEI-LING

Rachael, I am very proud of you.

(beat)

I may not have much schooling. But I have long life and learn a lot. I know pain of family disagree with you. Pain of other people don't want you to be here. Pain of hate when you do nothing wrong. It is God's way of testing who is strong. You are a strong tree with deep root, Rachael. The dandelion will grow around you.

Wei-Ling squeezes Rachael's hand.

WEI-LING (CONT'D)

You save my number on your phone and you call me from New York sometimes okay?

Rachael has tears in her eyes.

RACHAEL

Okay. Okay.

They really see each other. Like mother and daughter.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

A drone captures the glamour of NYC.

162 INT. STAGE - NIGHT

Glittering curtains and a spotlight on a stage with a runway.

KARAOKE MUSIC CUE: *I Touch Myself* by Divinyls

PRABAL

Next, we have a collection from our incredibly talented interns! Modeling the Rachael Stark Fashion line is the designer herself, Rachael Stark and some special guests.

The curtains open and Rachael, in a patchy dress and matching sun visor, inspired by Wei-Ling's fashion-sense, struts down the runway.

WEI-LING (V.O.)

I LOVE MYSELF  
 I WANT YOU TO LOVE ME  
 WHEN I FEEL DOWN  
 I WANT YOU ABOVE ME

Wei-Ling steps onto stage wearing another of Rachael's designs. Sharon, Malek and Kayla are in the audience. Rachael sings into her microphone.

RACHAEL

I SEARCH MYSELF  
 I WANT YOU TO FIND ME  
 I FORGET MYSELF  
 I WANT YOU TO REMIND ME

Back up singers from RuPaul's Drag Race, also wearing Rachael's designs, join in.

RACHAEL AND WEI-LING (CONT'D)

I DON'T WANT ANYBODY ELSE  
 WHEN I THINK ABOUT YOU  
 I TOUCH MYSELF  
 OOH, I DON'T WANT ANYBODY ELSE  
 OH NO, OH NO, OH NO

At the back, Juliette opens the door. She watches from behind all the seats. Rachael models and turns. She catches Wei-Ling's eye and smiles.

END