

NOT TIJUANA AGAIN

Written by

Meliá Grasska

+1-310-756-5492
meliagrasska@gmail.com
Meliagrasska.com

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Through the lens of a hand-held camera, we see an asian BRIDE (50s) shove her way out of the double doors. Mascara streams down her cheeks. Her bouquet, petal-less, and thorn-ed - like a weapon of war.

She sobs directly into the camera as the hands aiming it noticeably tremble. They stumble for a moment and the camera slips, revealing a silk azure slip dress that's behind the lens. The hands recover and aim back at the bride.

The camera struggles to gain focus. For a moment it hones in on the church door. There, in the background, three other women, in the same azure dress poke their heads out.

The camera lens adjusts, and focuses back on the bride. The shutter blinks over and over - rapid firing.

BRIDE

You've ruined EVERYTHING.

GOD (V.O.)

No, no. Let's not start here. Let's go back to the beginning.

REWIND.

EXT. UNIVERSE - THE BEGINNING

It's black nothingness, except for one small atom zipping across the screen. We follow it, until it collides with another small, glowing atom and BANG. A Big Bang.

GOD (V.O.)

No, no, not this beginning... let's go to the end...

FAST FORWARD.

EXT. ARMAGEDDON - THE END

Smoke, brimstone, the Statue of Liberty up to her neck in The Hudson...

GOD (V.O.)

No, no not THIS end. This is the end I'm trying to avoid.

REWIND.

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

ANNA (30s) is in a swim cap, goggles, and full-body purple leotard, stretching.

GOD (V.O.)

Alright, I'll admit she doesn't look like much here, but trust me on this: she's going to save the world.

She dumps a gallon of paint over her head and sprints into a project screen in a form of self-expression more reminiscent of the Kool-Aid man than high-brow art...

GOD (V.O.)

But let's not start here. Let's just, let's start in Purgatory.

INT. PURGATORY - 11:30 AM

Something about purgatory kinda feels like the DMV... in 1982. Through the push-tile ceiling, Anna crash-lands into a school-boy seat.

GOD (V.O.)

As strange as it was for Anna to crash-land outside of Steve's office that Thursday at 11:30 A.M., for him, her guardian angel, seeing Anna crash was nothing new... well the landing was.

ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)

Now serving, D3. Now serving, D3.

Anna looks around. A ticket poofs into her hand. D3.

GOD (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking: "You call that a wait?" Well, I am on a deadline trying to save the world.

ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)

Now serving, D3.

GOD (V.O.)

So I pulled a few strings, it's all totally - kosher.

Anna stands and walks over to a door that looks like it was pulled straight off a principal's office - it's brass knob and beige blinds intimidatingly facing her. She pinches the ticket between her fingers.

ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)

Now serving, D3.

GOD (V.O.)

Of all the times for Anna to chose to be apprehensive, this was not it.

The door blows open.

ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)

Now serving, D3.

GOD (V.O.)

If there's one thing you should know about me, it's that... I'm not exactly, shy.

Anna's shoved in by a gust of wind.

INT. ANGEL STEVE'S OFFICE - PURGATORY

The door slams. Anna looks at the empty chair on her side of the desk. She pulls it out - SCREECH.

Sitting across from her, in front of shelves stuffed full of brown fraying accordion folders is STEVE (50s). He stares at a pocket watch tick... tick... tick.

GOD (V.O.)

Though you can't tell, Steve's about 6,000 years old. Well 5,989 years old. I created him exactly eleven years after I created the Earth. You may be wondering why I named him "Steve" and the truth is that I created him, 5,989 years ago, because that's when I first realized that the world would be destroyed. "Steve" was trust-worthy enough. Strong, yet non-threatening. Sure, it was no Harut or Azareal, but that was kinda the point. He needed to be familiar. Anna's dad gifted her a stuffed monkey named Steve when she was just five years old.

(MORE)

GOD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And the question's often been:
 which came first? The monkey? Or
 the angel?

Steve watches the clock. The second's hand ticks past twelve,
 but the new minute never moves.

STEVE
 Excellent, now we can begin.
 Actually, sorry, if you could just
 give me, just one second.

GOD (V.O.)
 She had just given him 33, so what
 was one more.

Steve uses the beat to rustle through a disorganized stack of
 papers. Anna's patience expires, but before she even asks -

STEVE
 Just, shh! Ok here it is.

A type-written page is plucked from the file. It's a script.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 Hello, insert human's name - Anna,
 I am your guardian angel, say your
 name, Steve. I know this may be
 very hard for you, say this part
 with great sympathy, but you are
 dead.

The line's given with absolutely no sympathy.

ANNA
 I'm what?

Steve skims the paper: Now Is The Time To Demonstrate That
 Your Human Is Dead.

He picks up a mug, "World's Best Guardian Angel," and throws
 it at her head.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 AHH!

It passes right through her and crashes at the other side,
 into a million pieces. Steve's smile similarly shatters.

STEVE
 Oh, I liked that mug.

ANNA
 What the hell was that?

STEVE
What the "heaven".

ANNA
You hucked a mug at my head.

STEVE
I hucked a mug at your mug, and...

Steve stares at the shatter. It registers.

ANNA
No, I felt it. I felt it.

Anna rubs her face.

ANNA (CONT'D)
What the hell is going on here?!

STEVE
Purgatory. You're not in hell.
You're in purgatory, which means
you're dead.

ANNA
Purgatory? You know it looks a lot
like the -

STEVE
Yes well...

Steve looks over his shoulder.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
The guy downstairs borrowed the
idea from us. He was all, "why
think of a new way to torture souls
on Earth when God's already
invented the most heinous waiting
game?" And God was all, "can't he
think of anything on his own, now
Purgatory'll just look like a rip
off of the DMV..." and well, that's
beside the point.

ANNA
What year is it?

STEVE
All the years, and none of them.
The only constant is that it's
11:30 A.M., on Thursday.

ANNA

Eh, Friday Eve's not that bad.

STEVE

We never get to the "eve" part.
Heck, we never get to lunch part.
Or the breakfast.

Suddenly the principal door shoves open. In struts GABRIEL (30s) a classic toga-wearing angel with three clients: JANIS JOPLIN, OSCAR WILDE, and SALVADOR DALÍ. It's a moment.

GABRIEL

Oh, uh, sorry Steve. Was just looking to see if I could borrow your... ahh, here it is.

Gabriel looks round towards a large hat rack. There's a metallic fanny pack hanging off it, he moves to grab it.

STEVE

No! No! I need that.

JANIS JOPLIN

But we need it, man. We've gotta see where Dalí left his polar bear.

STEVE

Gabriel! This is - you're an archangel, it's unprof-

OSCAR WILDE

If aesthetics could kill this office of yours would do more damage than small pox. Have you considered that?

SALVADOR DALÍ

Si, si... where is the light in this place? Dalí can always find the light because Dalí is harmonious with truth.

He walks over to the window and pulls open the blind. Outside is just an ordinary, uneventful tree-lined DMV style parking lot. He moans.

GABRIEL

Steve, I think you can spare your angel pack for just a -

STEVE

Anna's here.

Gabriel looks at her, jaw-drop stunned.

ANNA

Don't look at me like that. You've got Janis fricken Joplin standing right behind you. And Mr. Wilde, and Mr. Dalí huge fan of your work. Both of your work-s. All of your works. It's a real pleasure.

SALVADOR DALÍ

The pleasure is ours together.

OSCAR WILDE

Pleasure without champagne is purely artificial.

Janis Joplin let's out a classic Janis cackle.

JANIS JOPLIN

What are you talking about man? I think you think too much.

STEVE

Gabriel! This is totally inappropriate! Your clients should not be -

GABRIEL

You're right, umm, Oscar, Salvador, Janis, if you'll please follow me. We can borrow Michael's angel pack.

They push out through the door.

ANNA

Oh my God. This really is Heaven.

STEVE

No. This is Purgatory.

ANNA

Well, how long til I get to go to Heaven? I bet Janis and I could really throw down some serious -

STEVE

Ok well, you see... it's not that simple. Purgatory, it isn't where you just sit and wait... Janis, Oscar, Salvador, they, they didn't get it right the first time. It took them each many, many tries...

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

And Gabriel got all the credit, so he just gets to waltz them in and out of Purgatory into whatever time loop they're "inspired by" whenever he feels like getting back to Earth. It's all a bunch of bologna if you ask me. Excuse my French.

ANNA

Wait, I thought Purgatory is where you go to like work off your sins?

STEVE

No, no... some preacher made that up in the 14th Century. And ironically he flunked straight out of Purgatory while trying to undo that mistake. So you're all on that flunked up timeline.

ANNA

How long until I can get out of here?

STEVE

You have to fix your mess. You've... well Anna, the world ends because of you.

ANNA

You're joking. It's not like I'm some scientist who spilled radioactive goo everywhere... I'm not a, a politician that pissed off North Korea. I'm just, I'm just Anna fricken Kim. So level with me "Steve" what do I have to get outta here?

STEVE

Uhh, umm, you're asking me too many questions! Just, wait...

He skims his script.

STEVE (CONT'D)

When you cross into the after life, you are given a blue feather.

ANNA

Ok, Steve. Go get me a feather and get me out of here.

He flips open a separate folder, pulls out a new script.

STEVE

Look, umm, the feather is... symbolic. "This blue feather gives you the ability to help out one of your descendants and divinely intervene with one thing in their life, the same way that your ancestors were given the ability to do so with you. Many commonly have three or even four feathers bestowed..." Wait... this is the Heaven script... ahh! Why is this so confusing?

Anna's intrigued... or maybe insulted.

ANNA

Wow, not even one of my ancestors used a feather on me. I knew it. I was always at this alone.

Steve consults her overstuffed file.

STEVE

1,142.

Is that number supposed to mean something?

STEVE (CONT'D)

It seems like almost everyone of your ancestors gifted you their feather, since the beginning of time. And yet, you still ended up in Purgatory having not completed your life's purpose. You've gotta stop blaming others Anna.

Out of the window, a large dump truck beeps as it dumps a truck load of blue feathers out into the street. Steve magics the blind shut. Anna's shook. Steve skims.

STEVE (CONT'D)

"We would like to take a moment now for you to see all of the beautiful choices in your life that have been divinely intervened on." Ooo, umm, certainly not all 1,142... umm, hang on... "if your human has over 5 feathers..." Well she's got way over five...

He flips the page, traces a line with his finger.

STEVE (CONT'D)

"Then share the highlight reel that was previously prepared."

Time to *angel* wing it. SNAP!

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL ART ROOM - DAY

Steve and Anna observe as HIGH SCHOOL ANNA, rigs a large sculpture. Light bulbs dangle off arms like an octopus or more accurately like an anglerfish, with many glowing... danglers.

She drapes the last wire, follows the orange chord to the plug, and sticks it in the socket.

High School Anna freezes as a blue feather floats down.

STEVE

And that right there shoulda been it. Your father gave his feather to save you. It was his first month in heaven. God parental blocked him out of your channel for a while after this.

Anna's Dad stands in the corner, smiling.

ANNA

Dad! Dad!

He smiles at High School Anna, deaf to Present Anna.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Dad! Dad! I'm here! I'm here!

She runs across the room to him, trampling over student sculptures, but there's no destruction. She's scrambling, panicked. She finally reaches out to grab her Dad, but she goes right through him.

STEVE

You're a shadow, and he's a ghost. Each of you on a different timeline. Each inhabiting the same space on a different plane.

ANNA

This is bullshit! I thought when I died I'd be able to see him again.

STEVE

If you get to heaven. Sure.

ANNA

What do you mean "if"?

Steve "plays" the scene.

High School Anna, jams the plug into the outlet over and over and over. The lights never illuminate.

High School Anna uncoils a large extension chord, she rigs the two together and moves to plug it in, when her GREAT UNCLE stands beside the "ghost" of her father, he's absolutely panicked. Anna stares at him. She's about to say something, but realizes it's pointless.

STEVE

After seeing how important it was to your dad to not have you killed a month after him, your Great Uncle Junior changed the voltage in the plug. Took him eight years to use his feather.

She plugs it in, and the whole sculpture lights up... just like her face. High School Anna spins away in a victory dance but when she turns, one of the light bulbs explodes, igniting the papier-mâché around it.

It's going up, fast. Smoke billows out from the piece, when MILDRED, a grandma ghost, then doses the flames with a fire extinguisher as her blue feather falls.

ANNA

Who is that?

STEVE

That little firecracker is Mildred. Her granddaughter would've died in the fire you set. 16 years to use her feather.

POOF TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

ROLLER ANNA, who's a bit too old to be this bad at roller skating, skates down the street, narrowly avoiding catastrophe with every stride. Nearly falling into a manhole, nearly crashing on a tree root, bad. Very bad. Dangerously so.

As she wobbles passed Anna and Steve, her ancestors are making it rain blue feathers.

ANNA

Ok, ok. So, I suck at everything.

STEVE

Well no... the feather can tip the scale or break the camel's back. You ever wonder how sometimes things just magically go your way?

POOF TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

ACCOMPLISHED ANNA (30s) sits beside her computer. An eBay auction expires. She chokes on her beer.

ACCOMPLISHED ANNA

I just made twenty five thousand dollars! Booyah bitches!

She starts doing a victory dance.

ACCOMPLISHED ANNA (CONT'D)

Who's The Catcher? I'm The Catcher!
Who's The Catcher! I'm The Catcher!

The ghost of her TOO-YOUNG-LOOKING-TO-BE-A-GHOST-COUSIN joins in the victory dance with her. Steve and Anna sit on the couch across from her desk.

ANNA

What am I talking about? "The Catcher?"

STEVE

Ohhh! So that's the reality we're hoping to unwind. Oh God, that's good. What a twist!

ANNA

What?!

POOF TO:

INT. CAR. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

GRUNGE PHASE ANNA (20s), has her seat all the way reclined. She leans back, beneath the window and hits a large bong.

Across the highway, Anna and Steve watch as Grunge Phase Anna really isn't as inconspicuous as she thinks.

A POLICE OFFICER knocks on the window. Grunge Phase Anna coughs out a cloud of smoke. He motions for her to roll it down.

POLICE OFFICER
Whacha got there?

GRUNGE PHASE ANNA
Oh this? This is a vase. For my Great Aunt, on my mother's side, twice removed.

Suddenly Anna's GREAT AUNT ON HER MOTHER'S SIDE, TWICE REMOVED appears.

STEVE
Right on time: that's your Great Aunt on your Mother's Side, Twice Removed, if you didn't know.

She drops her feather. There's a voice sounding through the radio that's clipped up on the cop's shoulder.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
All units, repeat all units please report to Midtown Bank. There's a 211 in progress.

He stares at the dark, empty street.

POLICE OFFICER
Call yourself a ride?

GRUNGE PHASE ANNA
Will do officer.

ANNA
No way. Great Auntie robbed a bank for me?

STEVE
No. She caused the temp dispatcher to confuse a 211, with a 10-91... or whatever the codes are, I don't speak jargon, it's so... Violent.

The officer flicks on his sirens and drives off.

STEVE (CONT'D)
25 squad cars showed up because there was a raccoon in a trash can.

ANNA

So Great Auntie put a raccoon in a trash can for me, nice!

Steve rolls his eyes.

GRUNGE ANNA pulls out a fast-food burrito from a brown paper bag. She unwraps it, flat on top of the bag and tosses the wadded-up wrapper over her shoulder. It bounces out her back window into the street. She pops open a bag of Top Ramen. She crunches the noodles into it and folds it back up before taking a ginormous bite.

STEVE

What the hell are you eating?

ANNA

Don't you mean what the "Heaven"?

STEVE

I'm not sure that "thing" came from Heaven.

ANNA

If you tried it, you would be. It's kinda like the dankest thing I've ever created...

Steve consults her file. His eyes widen.

STEVE

About that...

HYPER SPEED TO:

INT. ANGEL STEVE'S OFFICE. PURGATORY.

Anna looks around, finally impressed. Something about being here, in an angels office... it hits different. This time.

STEVE

Listen, ahh, apparently those burritos really were the best things you ever made.

ANNA

That's what I'm saying.

STEVE

No, I mean it. Those, 'ritos were the only thing that you ever did with your life, the only thing you created that was, well... good.

ANNA

No, that... that can't be...
You're joking right? Right?

Steve shakes his head.

STEVE

We had really high hopes for you,
but, even with all thefeathers, and
everyone constantly tipping the
scales of fate...

ANNA

Oh so now it's like that... 20, 30-

Anna looks up at the clock: 11:30 AM. It hasn't ticked.

STEVE

It's still 11:30. It's always
11:30.

ANNA

Some amount of minutes ago you
didn't even know I had feathers.

STEVE

I did so! You just - this isn't
about me, Anna, it's about you.

From his desk drawer Steve pulls out a rectangular wooden
box.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Purgatory is the place you're sent
when you haven't completed your
life's mission. It's serious. You
might not... We don't have to go
there. I believe. That's what
matters. God gives people second
chances, sometimes. And, you get
one. If you successfully reset your
timeline, you get to go back to
Earth and live your life's purpose.
Your true purpose -

ANNA

Wait, wait, wait... you don't
really believe in God, do you?
Like, you don't really think He's
calling the shots, do you?

STEVE

Oh you shouldn't 've said that. You
shouldn't 've said that.

The office is pulled apart, the walls literally separate from each other, until they collapse.

Behind the faux-drywall a purple cosmic universe is revealed. Everything's blurred. The desk and chairs move through the space time continuum until they land in what we can only assume is -

EXT. THE GREAT BEYOND

Across from them, there's a hammock swaying under a pair of perfect palm trees. A barefoot woman of color reclines in a rainbow, hand-died, flowing dress. She has a wide brimmed hat draped over her eyes and a coconut with a little umbrella resting on her stomach. THIS IS GOD.

STEVE

Ooohhh... you're gonna get it now!!

Steve scoots out of his chair and scurries over to the hammock. Anna follows.

GOD

Hi Anna.

ANNA

Hi.

GOD

You don't seem surprised to see me?

ANNA

I guess... I guess that's because I don't exactly know who you are.

God sits up. She holds the coconut out.

GOD

Steve, here take this. Will you?

Steve accepts the coconut with a small, unnecessary curtsy.

GOD (CONT'D)

Be very careful with that. That umbrella is the last thing keeping the Earth's ice caps frozen.

Steve stares down into the coconut. Gulps. God starts walking. She motions for Anna to follow to Her to the shoreline.

STEVE

Don't mess up.

ANNA

You don't mess up. The entire world
is floating inside that coconut.

With that, Steve nearly spills it.

Anna walks beside God toward the shoreline. The crystal waves
gently lap their feet. God takes Anna's hand, they wade into
the water deeper, and deeper. Anna's eyes well.

GOD

Are you ready to save the world?

ANNA

God, I know you don't really know
me, I never like prayed much or
anything, but I just, I just don't
think that's me. You know?

God pushes Anna back into the ocean. She falls under the
surface.

SPLASH TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

God's behind a collegiate lectern. A meticulously thorough
powerpoint presentation's projected.

Anna sits in the front row, drenched. She repeatedly flicks a
thick, wet lock off the side of her face, it's just not
cooperating.

Steve sits a few rows back - still clenching the coconut.

ANNA

Why am I soaking wet?

GOD

Cause you were at the beach, it
woulda been silly for you to come
all that way, and not dive in,
right? Now where was I, oh yes.

God starts her slide show, and clears her throat. She CLICKS
the first slide into action.

GOD (CONT'D)

Every being in the universe was
created by Divine design.

On the screen there's a picture of God holding up a
typewriter.

GOD (CONT'D)

I just sat down one afternoon and typed it all out. "How It All Shall Come To Be." It just flowed right out of me. Incredible.

The next slide is Her with an Encyclopedia set of manuscripts.

GOD (CONT'D)

And then of course came the iterations.

On the next slide there are 100 Encyclopedia sets worth of information.

GOD (CONT'D)

And the additions.

On the next, God is standing inside a giant library.

GOD (CONT'D)

But I always found a way to write free will into the story.

God looks around, then -

GOD (CONT'D)

That's why I put dinosaur bones in the Earth, had to put doubt in the mind of nonbelievers. I couldn't just come out and say that I existed. People had to chose to believe. People had to chose.

God takes a breath.

GOD (CONT'D)

Even with all the challenges involved, I found that choice was what made this story special. There was suffering, great suffering...

ANNA

(under her breath)

Suffering's not exactly what I'd call "special."

Anna looks back to Steve like "ammmm I right?" No. She's not.

GOD

Don't interrupt. Suffering is human.

(MORE)

GOD (CONT'D)

It is special, because it leads to healing, and then to true joy. Or so I thought.

The screen flashes to plastics littered in a stream, smoke stacks pumping out black fumes, a baby seal adrift...

GOD (CONT'D)

Humans, as it turns out, are less interested in healing than they are in suffering. They just love chaos. Which is why they just popped a hole right in the middle of the ozone layer after I repeatedly hinted that it would do them absolutely no good.

God now flips quickly through a myriad of slides. Each showing a different planet with its own ineligibility descriptions.

GOD (CONT'D)

Even after I showed them that absolutely no other planet in their solar system was suitable for human life. They just still couldn't help it, they just HAD to destroy it. I mean fossil fuels? Way to make a God regret a joke. It should've made me think twice about the dinosaur bones, but, sue me, I've got a sense of humor.

The presentation clicks forward to photos oil spills igniting the oceans.

GOD (CONT'D)

The irony was, the very thing that "proved" I didn't exist would be the very thing to "undo my creation". So I really started thinking, "how the hell am I going to write my baby planet out of this one?"

Next slide: God's standing beside a well dressed white man in a suit, his hair is slicked back, like a high-powered lawyer.

GOD (CONT'D)

So I went to Lucifer, and he reminded me of a little trick our old friend Euripides invented when he wrote himself into a pickle, "Deus ex Machina".

The lights all strobe, Anna's not sure how to react, so she applauds. It's an admirable performance, albeit a little over the top.

GOD (CONT'D)

Hey Anna, don't lie, I'm God, I kinda know what you're thinking. Doing. At all times. If you don't know what Deus Ex Machina is, just say something.

ANNA

Ya, um, I must've - missed, that.

Next slide: it's plagiarized straight from a UCLA lit class. Anna raises an eyebrow at it... and then, a citation appears at the bottom of the screen, crediting said class.

GOD

I may have "borrowed" this resource from a colleague. It's all cited right there. I didn't plagiarize. I didn't.

ANNA

I never said you did.

God looks to Steve who shakes his head as if to say "no, never".

GOD

Deus Ex Machina translates to "the God in the Machine". It's a literary device used when a writer writes a plot so thick, so ever changing that they need a rescue mish from their favorite Deity. Be it Helios the Sun God or...

Anna has no idea what she's talking about.

GOD (CONT'D)

Or when Gandalf calls the eagles... Sometimes you just need a savior.

ANNA

Oh, you mean Jesus...

GOD

Yes, but Jesus came to save people. I need someone to save my story. A hero. And who could God possibly call on to be her Deus Ex Machina?

(MORE)

GOD (CONT'D)
 Who could be God's God in the
 Machine? There was only one logical
 choice.

Next slide, a collage of freeze frames: Anna crashing on her roller skates, Anna biting her ramen taco, Anna beside her flaming sculpture, Anna in a leotard and goggles...

GOD (CONT'D)
 It had to be you.

ANNA
 WHAT? You're joking right?

GOD
 I rarely joke. Kidding, I joke all the time. But, not this one.

ANNA
 But why? Why would you ever chose me?

GOD
 Because you are so... so...
 wonderfully, mediocre.

Anna's surprised, so, God elaborates.

GOD (CONT'D)
 You don't particularly try hard.
 You're not that bright or that
 talented. You're certainly no
 saint. You're just... you.

ANNA
 Is this supposed to be inspiring?

GOD
 No. You are who you are, and
 there's no one else like you. And
 we can use that to save the world.

ANNA
 How?

GOD
 I can't tell you that. Cause that'd
 be cheating. You know... it kinda
 goes against my whole free will
 thing. You have to choose it.
 Properly. But I can guide you...

God changes the slide. It's a butterfly flapping it's wings, causing a ripple in a pond.

GOD (CONT'D)

Every moment is interconnected.
Each action part of a reaction. So,
I've narrowed it down to five
simple moments. Five decisions that
ultimately effected a bigger issue
and changed your life. Pick the
right moment, go back, redeem
yourself.

Anna's starring, blankly.

GOD (CONT'D)

And if you reset the timeline, I
will let you relive your life on
your proper path. A little quid pro
quo action.

Steve smiles, a giant grin.

GOD (CONT'D)

I'm saying that I'll let you live
Anna. You won't be dead. You'll get
a second chance.

ANNA

But... what if I don't want a
second chance? What if I just want
to go to Heaven?

GOD

You didn't tell her yet?

Steve shakes his head.

POOF TO:

INT. WHITE, WINDOWLESS ROOM

Anna sits alone in an all white robe. The room is infinite
yet empty, sterile.

ANNA

Hello? God? Is this Heaven? Did I
do it?

But God doesn't come.

Anna paces. She sprints in one direction. Then back in the
other. Then she sits.

She lays on her back. Then on her belly.

She blows spit bubbles. Tries to touch her tongue to her nose. Holds her breath.

She laughs hysterically, and then, she sobs.

She lies there. Helplessly.

There's the cool sound of dress shoes on Italian marble tile. A man in a white suit approaches. As he steps through the infinite room, Anna squints and wonders who the hell this is.

He's LUCIFER.

Anna recognizes him from God's presentation, and she begins picking at herself, anxiously.

LUCIFER

Are you enjoying your time with me?
You know, you play your cards
right, or wrong, this could be it.
This could be your eternity.
Imagine all the... trouble we could
cause. I'd drop in from time to
time, pick that mind of yours,
brainstorm new ways to... torture,
people. With that beautifully
twisted mind of yours -

ANNA

GOD! GOD!!

POOF TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Anna's back in her seat, panicked.

ANNA

What the hell was that?

GOD

Hell.

ANNA

But, but, everything was so, white.

GOD

Why would everything be white in
Heaven? It's like the must
unforgiving color ever. But Hell...
it doesn't come from without, it
comes from within. Hell is
reflection. It's solitude.

(MORE)

GOD (CONT'D)
 Infinite, lonely, soul crushing
 solitude.

Anna really hears Her words. Echoing.

GOD (CONT'D)
 Hell is where you're forced to
 think about every little thing
 you've done. Did you really think
 it would be this rock concert with
 pyrotechnics and Frida Kahlo break
 dancing? No. That's happening up
 there.

ANNA
 You came up with that? Hell? You
 thought of that?

GOD
 So what if I did? By the way,
 Lucifer's got sixty million souls
 bet against you resetting your
 timeline. I of course don't gamble,
 well you know unless it's a sure
 thing. And you're gonna make it
 right. Because you caused a lot of
 suffering. And let's just say that
 room gets a lot worse with a
 sprinkle of eternity. Ehmm. Where
 was I?

ANNA
 Are you threatening me?

God changes the slide. It's a stock image of a marathon
 winner crossing a finish line.

GOD
 Ahh, yes. Here, on the Heaven side,
 we're all really rooting for the
 world to be saved, so each of your
 defining moments, will all come
 from the same year -

ANNA
 I can't do this.

Anna shoves out her chair, God for the first time, gets
 larger than life.

GOD
 SIT DOWN ANNA. I'm getting really
 sick of you. Sixty million souls. I
 just told you that.
 (MORE)

GOD (CONT'D)

And you're still gonna just quit?
You haven't even tried. I know
you're a lot of things, but I
didn't know you were any as
pathetic as a coward.

ANNA

I can't do this. I can't, I can't
go back in time. I can't fix
everything. I'm just, I'm just me.

GOD

Exactly.

Anna looks up at God, who's now shrinking back down to Earth size.

ANNA

I, I don't want to go back to
Earth. I want to move on.

GOD

Anna, do you know why you're taking
on this form? It's because this was
the last year that your soul grew.
This is what your soul looks like.
It froze in 2021. That year changed
you, irreparably, and no matter how
hard poor Steve hinted, you strayed
from your path and now the world's
doomed. I want your soul to look
like, like... Santa Claus.

ANNA

Now you're telling me he's real? I
kinda always he knew was.

GOD

I'm saying that I want your soul to
be well-fed, and well-aged, with a
permanent smile slapped on a pair
of jolly cheeks. I want, that smile
to say "I know what the world is
about, and I love it anyways". I
don't want some hipster moonwalking
her way into Heaven. I want you to
take those steps and feel,
reverence at your accomplishment.

Next slide: a cross walk, on a busy street.

GOD (CONT'D)

Now, let's see reset option number
one, shall we?

CUT TO:

EXT. CROSSWALK - BUSY STREET - NIGHT

Anna runs across a street. There's a young girl playing the violin.

It stops Anna for a second. She throws a bill into her violin case.

She runs to her left, then turns and runs right. Then turns back left again, only glancing over her shoulder one more time to say goodbye to the right that she left behind.

FREEZE on her looking back.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM

The still is on the screen.

GOD

Make a right or a left at the violin prodigy that would grow up to be Christina Tropea, who sold out Mexico City's Foro Sol Stadium four nights in a row with her chic folk rock band in the year 2035. I know, really wished you listened to her longer too. But, regardless, a left over a right? Come on, is that really the most exciting option here?

God changes the slide.

CUT TO:

EXT. BENCH - DAY

Kids play soccer barefoot, in a dirt field. Anna sits on a bench beside the park. She bites into a taco when a stray dog wags up to her and begs.

ANNA

Sorry pal.

He looks at her with those irresistible puppy dog eyes.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I can't. Ok. Fine.

She feeds the dog the rest of the taco. She leaves her trash behind, but the dog follows. Anna stops.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I don't have any more.

He still follows.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Stay.

He does not.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Stah-ay.

He does not.

ANNA (CONT'D)
You can't come with me!

The dog looks at her like she's broken his heart.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry it's just... I don't know
where your owner is. Awww...

She reaches her hand out to pet him and the dog bites her,
hard.

ANNA (CONT'D)
OWWW!!

FREEZE on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM

GOD
Option 2, the time you gave away
your carnitas taco.

ANNA
I don't remember ever getting bit
by a dog? Dogs love me. I'm a
number one doggo fano.

GOD

The slides don't lie, Anna. But, I think, it's safe to say that any reasonable person might rule Option 2 out. If you catch my drift.

God winks, animatedly.

ANNA

Oh I gotcha.

God changes the slide.

GOD

Option 3.

CUT TO:

INT. MECHANIC SHOP - DUSK

Anna creeps through the back of a mechanic shop. Men in wife beaters sit in collapsible chairs. They polish guns.

Coincidentally they're watching a soccer match. GOALLLLL.

Anna's distracted by the commotion. She trips and knocks over a metal muffler with a loud CLANG.

They all draw their guns on her.

ANNA

Oh uh... Baño?

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM

ANNA

That definitely NEVER happened. I may not be able to remember the street corners, and maybe I repressed the memory of being attacked by a vicious, but cute, dog, but I definitely would've remembered being held at gun point.

GOD

Would you though?

ANNA

Ya, I think I would.

STEVE

You do smoke a lot of weed.

Anna turns and mouths "snitch" at him. God poofs to the chair beside him.

GOD

Regardless, this option's so dramatic. Let's see option four!

INT. CORNER MARKET - DAY

Anna browses a shelf stocked with Cambel's soup. A cute guy in a jean jacket walks by her, this is CAMBEL (late 20s).

CAMBEL

You're looking for me?

ANNA

I'm sorry?

CAMBEL

I'm Cambel, I heard you ask -

ANNA

Oh, the soup.

CAMBEL

You know, the shop on the corner's got a soup better than any can.

ANNA

I gotta bus to catch.

CAMBEL

That's too bad. Hey, safe travels.

ANNA

Ya. Ok.

Anna stares as he walks away. FREEZE.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

God is back on the projector.

ANNA

Oh I actually remember him. Uhuh. I was hung over as hell in Tijuana after a night of snorting -

Anna remembers she's speaking to God.

ANNA (CONT'D)

In my tears.

GOD

Anna, I am all knowing. You really don't need to keep - hiding things from me. Option five?

ANNA

Ya, alright.

GOD

Do we really need to see option five though? I think we've already seen everything that we need to see.

ANNA

What was the first one again?

God's smile drops. She clicks back three slides.

GOD

Crossing the street.

ANNA

Well I mean how many ways can I cross a street? I think I'll go with this one.

Anna looks back at Steve. He flashes her four fingers and nearly spills the coconut while doing so.

GOD

Hmm, maybe we should look deeper into these scenes. Here, at the intersection, if we literally zoom in on your phone.

God toggles a joystick.

GOD (CONT'D)

We can see you're using Waze maps. You know that's only for driving right?

ANNA

Why would I take a longer route walking? Walking is like the only time where you one hundred percent want the fastest route.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

An extra five minutes driving, no big deal, an extra five in your flip flops, please. Huge difference. Monumental. Everest size blisters difference.

GOD

Was this Lucifer's temptation? You can tell me I won't tell him you told... well, regardless, it's no wonder you went the wrong way on the street. The interface is still loading.

God flips to the freeze frame on Option 4. She zooms in on her face.

GOD (CONT'D)

Awww, look at that face. You look so happy. Seems like a no brainer.

ANNA

Uhh, I was SO hungover then.

GOD

I've got a great hangover cure...

ANNA

You can get drunk?

GOD

... Power drunk.

ANNA

I don't think those are the same.

GOD

Well, it's a cold glass of tar mixed with the tears of a hungry child and a baby seal whisker. If you were wondering.

ANNA

I definitely don't think that's for me.

GOD

Sometimes the universe gives us subtle hints. For example, he said his name is Cambel. Here, there's Cambel's soup.

(MORE)

GOD (CONT'D)

On the wall there's a graphic print of the Marilyn Monroe, a copy of the hit piece by pop artist Andy Warhol who was famous for painting, what? Triple Elvis, sure, but also a can of Cambel's Soup, and what's that noise?

The audio from the store sounds in the auditorium. God mutes out the sounds of cars, and of people talking.

It's a song by Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers.

GOD (CONT'D)

Is that rock God, Tom Petty playing in the background? Who's lead guitarist is none other than Mike CAMPBELL?!

ANNA

How am I supposed to pick up on all that?

GOD

By LISTEN-ING to the signs of the universe!

Anna looks back at Steve, his eyes are wide. He nods.

ANNA

Ok. I'm listening. I just, I really hated Tijuana. Isn't there like any other place I can spend purgatory? Like how about my vacation in Hawaii.

GOD

Anna! This isn't one of those time loop movies! This is PURGATORY! You don't get to pick where you get stuck.

ANNA

Have you actually ever seen those time loop movies? Because you never actually get to pick where you get stuck.

God rolls her eyes, and snaps her fingers.

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT, COUCH - NIGHT

Anna and God are in her small apartment. God's in a onesie, sitting criss-cross-apple-sauce on the floor, eating a piece of pizza from a cardboard box... with Her third arm!

With Her other two hands, She's playing Super Mario Bros. Anna's stunned.

GOD

Ya, I really should've given you peeps a third one, sorry about that.

She bites the pizza.

GOD (CONT'D)

Look the thing is, is that in your last life, everything after this day, the day you're going back to, it didn't count. It didn't matter, you did nothing with it. Except hurt people.

ANNA

Ouch.

GOD

I'm saying that because I love you Anna, so much. And you have a second chance. So here's the deal. Your purgatory is stocked with one hundred days. It was the most I could do without appearing to play favorites. Every time you make wrong choice, or you die -

ANNA

Die? Who said anything about dying?

GOD

Chill, you're already dead. Now, if you get it wrong, the day will reset. But, if get something right, you'll clear a level. And eventually, you'll reset your ripple, and the whole world will just keep going in this new trajectory.

ANNA

A hundred days? Don't you think that's a bit much?

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

I don't need a hundred days to turn right on a street.

GOD

I'd really implore you to rethink your moment.

ANNA

You can't be serious! Isn't it a little sexist to say that I never did anything with my life because I didn't give some random dude the time of day? Because I didn't get soup with him? I am an independent woman. I don't need no man.

GOD

You don't. But you need to stop with the bullshit. You don't always know why you meet people, but sometimes... sometimes it's fate.

ANNA

Wow, uhh, I just, I didn't know God could curse. That's all.

GOD

I invented cursing. Everyone gives Lucifer that one, but you know, I dammed him.

ANNA

Ya you did. Because we don't need no men.

GOD

Except Cambel. Look I've tried this, every other way.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DRIVE THROUGH

FORTY YEAR OLD ANNA slurps from a Big Gulp cup.

GOD (V.O.)

I dropped you signs, constantly, like all through out your last life.

A giant burrito sign is lowered down behind her. As it's being hung on a building, God waves it into position, note: Her coveralls are fire. Anna doesn't notice.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORNER CONVENIENCE STORE. DAY.

A plastic Top Ramen wrapper blows passed a SQUINTING ANNA.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DARK ROOM

ARTIST ANNA pulls developing prints out from a chemical wash inside her bathtub. They drip as she pins them up.

It kinda looks like a photo of a food truck. Anna pauses for a moment to really look at it, but she quickly shakes it off and pulls another print.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - COUCH - NIGHT

God jumps on a mushroom head.

GOD
(re: mushroom)
Bless!

Anna's stunned, sinking into her purple couch.

GOD (CONT'D)
Oh you're back! I told you. You never got them. Not even one of them, not even now, right? And I worked hard on those signs. You need Cambel. He's gonna, he's gonna be good for you. You'll see.

ANNA
What is that you want me to do?

GOD
I want you to save the world. Go back and do things right. In Option 4. You can still chose otherwise, with that free will and all, but I'm strongly suggesting...

ANNA

Fine. But, if I don't save the world, I get to go to Heaven?

GOD

If you don't save the world you get judged on your life, and I don't know how many strings I can pull for you. So, I hope your experience in Hell will be enough motivation for you.

ANNA

What kind of deal is that?

GOD

A fair one.

ANNA

If I do this, I get to see my dad? Whether or not I make it to heaven.

GOD

No. But don't worry, I believe in you. And Steve! Steve will be there! You know, for moral support.

God clears the level.

POOF TO:

INT. ANGEL STEVE'S OFFICE - PURGATORY

They're back in the office. Steve is behind his desk, and he looks very impressed to be back. Anna is in her chair and God leans up between a book shelf and hat rack in the corner.

ANNA

You didn't even have a discussion with me! You just - you're a bully!

STEVE

She *is* our Master.

ANNA

You know what. No. I'm not going back to Tijuana again.

GOD

Oh Anna! I'm tired of negotiating with you.

STEVE

Your Grace, if I may... Anna. I remember that day. I remember that night and I know -

ANNA

I'm not talking about this.

He listens.

STEVE

If you don't do this. People are going to die. The world is going to end. I know you're not this selfish.

There's a long pause, and Steve wonders if he's right.

ANNA

I just think that it's ridiculous that in my whole life, the only thing I have to offer is to fall in love with this guy. I bet he like cures cancer or something.

STEVE

How do you know that the only thing he has to offer isn't falling in love with you? Trust me ok. I'm your guardian angel.

God grabs the hour glass.

GOD

Great so, one hundred days to clear your ripple, get back on your path, and get a second chance at LIFE. It's the jackpot baby! Steve, Steve, once your pocket watch clears to twelve, you'll be good to send her back.

Steve nods and begins to stare intently at his watch.

GOD (CONT'D)

Good luck Anna. And remember, you can talk to me at any time.

ANNA

Ya but, not really, only in like a prayer kinda way, right?

EYE ROLL as God poofs away.

Anna looks at Steve. He squeezes her hand across the desk.

STEVE
Any questions?

Anna thinks...

ANNA
Ya. How did I die?

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

EXPLORER ANNA is paddling or "rowing" a flamingo raft towards a waterfall.

ANNA (V.O.)
That trip to the river?

CUT TO:

EXT. GOAT PEN - DAY

DRUNK ANNA has a football helmet on, the kind with two beer cans in each side. She slurps from the straw, then she charges a billy goat. HEAD ON.

ANNA (V.O.)
That thing with the goats?

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION ZONE. DAY.

DAREDEVIL ANNA is jumping a makeshift ramp on her moped. The painted flames and sparkle helmet just scream Evil Knieval.

ANNA (V.O.)
I didn't land that jump? Did I?

CUT TO:

INT. ANGEL STEVE'S OFFICE - PURGATORY

The gold pocket watch is ticking down, Steve looks up to see Anna's face.

ANNA
Well?

STEVE

You know, I actually can't remember
how you died.

GOD (V.O.)

I was impressed, that lie was
pretty good, for an angel.

The second hand ticks up. The minute hand moves. Steve's eyes widen, it's happened. He squeezes them shut.

And *poof* Anna's gone.

Steve smiles. He looks left, right, under the desk to make sure she's gone then... his eyes look up into the corner as if he's reaching for something.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - COUCH - NIGHT

SEVENTY YEAR OLD ANNA is sitting on her SAME COUCH, in her SAME APARTMENT, with the SAME FIFTY YEAR OLD PIZZA BOX sprawled open beside her.

She plucks a piece of prosciutto off the top of a slice. She dangles it into her mouth.

Nom, nom, nom... Hckchklal.

Suddenly she's choking. Her eyes are pinned.

She moves around the apartment trying to give herself the Heimlich...

She runs to the sink to get some water and - she collapses.

Her tattered bunny slippers poke out into the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGEL STEVE'S OFFICE - PURGATORY

Steve's eyes are still pinned up, like he's seeing all of that in real time. He shakes it off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY 1

Anna arrives on a badly paved, complete with patches of dry desert dirt that poke through the potholes. Across the street is Maria's Mercado. The brightly colored piñatas that hang off the shop's awning are almost absorbed by the rainbow storefront. Packs of chicle, bins of fruits and candies clutter the entrance.

A skinny wrought iron bench is positioned facing the street, there's no sign but it's a bus stop.

Across from it, Anna watches her past-self slouch over, and stare at her camera, oblivious to the countless street vendors that flash everything from cathedral-sized saint statues to handwoven bracelets in her face.

Despite her frizzed hair and runny make up, she's surprisingly well-dressed - in calf-length, azure silk, slip dress that completely clashes with her fringed back pack and combat boots.

Steve poofs on our side of the street, besides present Anna. Sand's just started to fall within the hourglass in his hand.

ANNA

So what? I just walk in there and buy soup?

STEVE

You just... you start living.

Anna's past-self looks MISERABLE.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Your timeline will overlap in three, two, one -

Past Anna fades away and our Anna is suddenly wearing her dress, holding her camera, clutching her backpack... she is now that Anna.

Steve shrinks the hourglass down. He zips it up in his front facing, sparkling, fanny pack. It says 99% ANGEL in a ridiculous graphic print. It looks very out of place, but he wears it with pride.

Anna stares down at the camera in her hands. She drops it... it bounces on the cracked pavement and lands in the dirt. Then her hands drop to her knees, she's about to lose it...

ANNA

Oh God. Oh God.

Anna turns around and stumbles straight into the street. Her bus - which happens to be a multi-colored, decked out former school bus - plows through her.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY 2

Anna screams as she reincarnates right in front of the Mercado. A grain of sand falls in the hourglass.

STEVE

Ok, that's ok. You'll start feeling better. Once you start making changes.

ANNA

I can't live through this again.

STEVE

Well you're dead so, you're not really living, are you?

Past Anna fades away and -

ANNA

I can't do this. I can't do this.

Anna drops her fringed backpack.

STEVE

You know, I read Monica's blog post: Mon's 'Chella Survival Guide, and she says that Excedrin is the best cure for a hangover. I stocked up for you... just bare with me.

Steve rifles through his fanny pack, but Anna can't wait. She runs back towards the street, hailing her bus, but it doesn't stop.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Anna no!

... SPLAT.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY 3

As Anna incarnates, Steve instantly drops the Excedrin into her mouth. He expects them to work miracles.

ANNA

I think it hurt worse that time.

Anna looks towards the Mercado. She looks to her right this time and starts running across the street. She spins just in the nick of time and thinks she's made it, when SPLAT! She's run over by a bus going the other direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO. DAY 4.

Excedrin are dropped down her throat.

STEVE

It'll hurt worse and worse as your soul gets closer and closer to leaving your actual body forever. There's no way off this street that doesn't start with you walking in that store. Trust me.

Past Anna fades away... the camera is now in her hands and she struggles to hold her eyes open.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Now get in there. Come on. Every day counts. And you just wasted your first two. Three!

Steve shoves her toward the mercado, she stumbles her way in.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY

A bell rings as Anna pushes the plastic strips apart.

MARIA (50s) snaps a bubble from behind the counter. Contrary to her rainbow facade, she is very grim. A fly bzzzts overhead and a small portable fan blows straight into her face.

Anna walks through the tightly packed aisles. Her fingers graze a string of plastic covered lollipops and dust-veiled cans of beans... they stop in front of three rows of Cambel's Soup.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO

Steve watches as Cambel walks in. He checks his pocket watch, smiles.

Cambel walks straight back out, stuffing something into his pocket. Steve frowns.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA'S MERCADO

The bell rings as Steve pushes open the plastics. He waves to Maria. She snaps a bubble back at him.

He walks to the back, and sees Anna, slumped over by the fridge, crunching the fourth can of the her twelve pack.

STEVE

Anna! Ok, umm, Mon's 'Chella
Survival Guide did say that this
would work, but, we don't have time
for the hair of the dog approach!

Steve yanks her out by her wrist...

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY

He trails her into the street, and motions for her to stay in the middle of the road. He takes three steps back..

...and her bus plows straight through her.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY 5

Back to starting positions.

ANNA

OWW!! What was that? You're
supposed to be my guardian angel!

STEVE

You can't just sit around and drink
a whole 'nother day by! You're
supposed to save the world!

ANNA
You're supposed to protect me!

STEVE
Ya, well, it looks like we're both
disappointing each other.

That stings. Past Anna disappears.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Just act like a professional, ok?
Some of us have waited our entire
careers for this moment.

Anna stuffs the camera deep down into her bag. She struts
into the store, with confidence. Steve raises an eyebrow.

Cambel walks in after her. Steve checks his pocket watch.

Cambel walks out, stuffing something into his pocket. There's
no Anna.

Steve walks in.

Steve drags drunken Anna out into the street.

...and let's the bus run her over.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY 6

Anna walks in.

Steve follows her.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY

Anna makes a break for the fridge, Steve tries to pull her
back. Anna knocks cartons off the shelves trying to stop him.

Cambel walks in, runs straight out.

STEVE
Oh, great.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY

Steve is dragging Anna back into the street. She claws at the dirt road and until - WWWWAAAAAAA.

She's run over by her bus.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY 7

Now God is standing there, rubbing Anna's shoulders.

GOD

Ok Tiger, you already wasted days 1 through 6, hell I created the whole universe in the time it took you to screw up this bad. Sorry, I meant: every experience offers a valuable lesson. And I'm glad you've learned this one. Now go in there and do something about it, because I changed the bus, to a cargo train.

CHOO CHOO! It's distant, but the threat is real...

GOD (CONT'D)

Capeesh? Steve! Go with her.

Steve walks up beside Anna.

ANNA

You didn't have to snitch on me, to God no less.

GOD (V.O.)

Stop saying that Anna! He's not snitching! I am All Knowing. And All Powerful. I can send you to Hell, remember?

Steve shrugs into a smile as he holds open the plastics in an "after you" style.

INT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY

Th bell jingles, Maria snaps her bubble. The fan twirls, but no fly buzzes.

Anna stares at the shelf of Cambel's soup. She looks back at the door.

Cambel walks in.

He places a lighter on the counter, then adds on a souvenir style lollipop, you know the ones with the scorpions in them.

MARIA

Tres ciento, quarenta y seis.

He hands her 500 pesos. Walks out.

Anna looks at Steve. He mimes pulling a horn -

ANNA

No, no not the train!

She runs out.

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY

Cambel throws his lollipop wrapper on the ground. He licks the scorpion.

ANNA

Hey wait!

He turns.

CAMBEL

No hablo ingles.

ANNA

I know you do. Your name's Cambel, like the soup.

CAMBEL

Ehhm, no hablo ingles.

ANNA

Yes you do!

CAMBEL

No. No.

He turns and walks away. She chases him.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

Sorry. No.

Cambel now runs... Anna starts after him and then... she stops, and jogs back into the middle of the street. She stares up to the sky.

ANNA

What was that God? I thought that every thing was supposed to be the same? How am I supposed to change a moment that never happens?

Suddenly the clouds thunder. God appears.

GOD

That one was my fault. The red light on Camiso Arboles changed .03 seconds early.

ANNA

A red light changed point zero three seconds early and you're trying to make me believe that suddenly Cambel doesn't speak English?

GOD

No, a red light changed point zero three seconds early and Cambel used the extra one minute forty-six seconds at the light he missed to decide that he needed a break from dating. And since his light changed point zero three seconds early, the customer before you, José Gonzales, decided that he had the extra four minutes he needed to stop at the Oxxo for cigarettes instead of at Maria's. His perception of time's a bit off. But, since he never parted the plastics into Maria's Mercado, the fly never flew in. And you need that fly.

Anna looks dumbstruck, God takes it personally.

GOD (CONT'D)

I was distracted ok? It happens to everyone. Even to me! It's not easy to just add a cargo train in the middle of a street like this... there's tracks to lay, routes to reroute... It's not like a volcano erupted in Iceland because of it.

Anna and Steve look at each other.

ANNA

Did it?

God snaps.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY 9

God, Steve and Anna stand outside the convenience store.

Past Anna fades and our Anna feels her hangover.

Steve drops an Excedrin down her throat. The hourglass pours sand. Anna's bus is back putting down the road. That's a relief.

STEVE

Anna, just remember, this is *your* plan. It was made for you.

GOD

Ok, the fly is in position.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY

Anna pushes open the door. It jingles.

Maria snaps her bubble as the fly bzzts around. Anna can't help but stare at it intently.

MARIA

Necesita ayuda? Ne-ce-sita ay-u-da?

She snaps another bubble.

ANNA

Ya, sorry, umm...

She hears the plastics flap, the bell jingle. Anna can't believe the words that she's about to say.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You got any Cambel's soup? It's, uh, it's my hangover cure.

POP! Maria points at an aisle. Anna walks over. Cambel notices her and walks right up.

CAMBEL

Looking for me?

Anna looks over to him. He's different. And he has this sexy accent... alright, maybe God was lookin' out.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)
I am Cambel.

ANNA
Oh, no. The soup.

CAMBEL
Ahh.

Anna smiles and goes back to browsing.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)
I have a confession to make. My name is not really Cambel. Ya. I, I heard you looking for the soup. I just needed an excuse to come talk to you. My name is Pablo.

From now on, we'll refer to Cambel as... Pablo.

He extends his hand.

Anna shakes it, at the touch there's... a spark. Something cosmic as well as fated.

ANNA
Oh, like Pablo Escobar?

The moment deflates.

PABLO
No. Like the painter. Picasso.

ANNA
I should have known that I'm an artist.

PABLO
Should I call you artist then, err?

ANNA
I'm Anna.

PABLO
Beautiful. What is your medium? Photography?

He nods to her camera. It's surfaced.

PABLO (CONT'D)
May I?

He pushes it down.

PABLO (CONT'D)

You should be careful with that, or it might get stolen.

ANNA

If only I could be so lucky.

PABLO

No, you don't want to lose your camera.

ANNA

No. Just everything that's on it.

PABLO

They have a button for that.

ANNA

Ya, well uh, it was nice talking to you. I umm, I have a bus to catch.

PABLO

It was lovely to speak with you.

Anna smiles.

The fly lands right on her forehead. He brushes it away.

PABLO (CONT'D)

Just an idea, but, why don't you miss your bus today? I am doing a little work at my family's viñedo in Valle de Guadalupe. It's not far from here, maybe thirty, forty minutes. You should come with me.

Anna looks to her left.

Steve's face is on the cover of a magazine, *Retirees Daily*. The headline reads: "You've Got Nothing But Time, Now What?"

ANNA

Ok.

PABLO

Ok?

ANNA

Ya, if I get kidnapped or my kidneys get harvested there's always tomorrow to try again, right?

PABLO
You are funny. I like that.

He walks up to the counter. He puts the lollipop down and a bottle of Coke.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Please.

Anna adds her can of Cambel's to the pile.

MARIA
Quatro ciento, quarenta y seis

Pablo hands her 500 pesos. Maria doesn't give him change. They walk out.

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY

Anna begins walking down the street trailing Pablo. He walks over to a food truck, and gets in.

PABLO
Over here Ahna.

Anna follows. She climbs in.

INT. FOOD TRUCK - DAY

Anna pops the top of her can. Sips chicken noodle straight from it.

ANNA
Dope ride. Are you some kind of chef?

PABLO
You think this is my car?

Pablo laughs and turns the key over. The engine cranks to a start.

PABLO (CONT'D)
No ehmm, there was a wedding at the viñedo, umm for my sister and umm we use this car to cook in the fields. But umm, I'm sorry my English, no es...

ANNA
I think your English is great.

PABLO

Well thank you, but um no. Ahh, we need the car to get new, umm oil for and since all the umm, help was busy, and they worked all weekend I decided that, umm that I could take it to town. You know, to help out.

ANNA

Totally. Just one question: what's a viñedo?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VIÑEDO - DAY

The food truck pulls up to a POSH vineyard. There's a huge wrought iron gate with armed security. Beyond it, there are acres of rolling hills covered in grape vines.

ANNA

This is your house?

PABLO

Umm, yes, this is umm, this is the house where I grew up. It is a little "country", but uh...

ANNA

Country? That's not how I'd describe it.

PABLO

Really? What word would you use?

ANNA

Epic.

As they pull up to the gate the guard says something to him in Spanish. Pablo just waves, and the gates are opened.

The food truck cruises through a dirt road lined with olive trees.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Well we are certainly not in Tijuana any more.

They pull up to a small barn, nestled in the fields of the property.

PABLO

Come. I want to show you something.

He parks the car.

EXT. WINE ROOM - DAY

He slides open the large clavo-covered barn door. Inside there are barrels and barrels and bottles of wine.

PABLO
Would you like to try some wine?

ANNA
You know I am actually a bit
hungover...

PABLO
Just try Ahna. It is, life
changing.

ANNA
Why not!?

INT. WINE ROOM - DAY

He pulls a bottle out from the rack. Blows the dust off of it. He opens it, smoothly. He flips two mason jars right side up, and splashes the wine in.

PABLO
First, smell.

She takes a deep breath in through her nose.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Now taste.

She sips, he waits for her to say something, savoring her as she drinks it in.

ANNA
It's umm, smokey.

PABLO
Yes, from the barrel. The oak.

He plucks a piece of rosemary from a hanging bundle of drying herbs.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Smell.

She inhales and sips again.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Can you taste the herbs?

ANNA
Wow.

PABLO
Before my family cleared this land,
the rosemary covered these acres.

Next he pulls a rose from a small vase. He presses it to her nose, it feels so sensual as he pulls it down her face, letting the petals rub her lips...

PABLO (CONT'D)
We plant roses on the edge of the crop. And their sweetness, blends into the wine. They are like a sacrifice. When the bugs come for the fruit, they are drawn to what is most sweet first and they eat the roses and leave us the grapes. But the beauty is that in their sacrifice, the fragrance melds into the land, and into the fruit and into the wine.

Anna breaks their connection by staring up to the heavens.

ANNA
Oh thank you God!

PABLO
Yes, gracias a Dios.

He grabs her hand ready to whisk her away...

PABLO (CONT'D)
Come, I show you the vines.

EXT. VINEDO - DAY

He walks through the row of vines and plucks a grape. He pops it in his mouth, and then feeds her one.

PABLO
Cabernet. Can you taste how much different it all becomes? The sweetness that is lost?

ANNA
Ya. I can actually. It's amazing.

PABLO

Tell me Ahna, were you expecting to be here, in a place like this when you woke up this morning?

FREEZE.

GOD (V.O.)

Heck, I even almost wasn't expecting her to end up in a place like this, this morning.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGY MOTEL POOL - "THAT" MORNING

GOD (V.O.)

See, this morning, Anna woke up - poolside.

Past Anna wakes on a chaise lounge. The disintegrating plastic straps of the seat have imprinted on her face. Her camera's on, the screen face up.

There's an empty bottle of tequila that she kicks over as she stumbles to her feet. Her outfit's just not holding up.

A family including a dad with a belly, a wife beater tank and a pink inter-tube, starts walking into the pool. A kid in floaties cannon-balls into the deep end, splashing her.

GOD (V.O.)

See, she wasn't exaggerating, it really was a rough night in Tijuana. Her Amah dropped a feather that stopped her from sleeping in the alley out back of a bar, you know the kind with a mechanical bull. And after some wandering she found this little pool in front of a motel. As opposed to asking for a room, our Anna got her bit of shuteye here, just before making one of the worst mistakes of her life. But, either way, the viñedo was nothing like where she woke up - Purgatory or otherwise.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIÑEDO - DAY

Unfreeze.

ANNA

Uhh, no. It's very perfect. Divine.

PABLO

Divine. I love that.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OAK TREE - LATER

Anna and Pablo sit beneath a majestic oak tree sipping from their mason jars of wine, amongst the grape vines.

PABLO

You said you are an artist? What kind of art would you say that you do?

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - FOUR DAYS BEFORE

ARTIST ANNA wears a bodysuit, swim cap and goggles. She stretches, then dumps a whole can of paint on her.

ARTIST ANNA

AHHHHH!!!

She charges at a canvass and splats her body against it. This attempt, and her imprint is better than the one in the intro.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. OAK TREE - DAY

Anna smiles as she really thinks about how to label herself.

ANNA

Umm, experimental. Some performance, some painting, some photography...

PABLO

May I look at your pictures?

ANNA

Actually, umm -

Pablo leans over and peaks at the lens.

PABLO
Wow! You took this?

On the screen there's a photo of a middle-aged Asian bride, sobbing. Mascara's stained the side of her cheeks. She's been captured, mid scream. It's... heavy.

PABLO (CONT'D)
It is really, really powerful.

Anna looks at the photo, she can hardly stomach seeing it. A snapshot from the opening. Anna's eyes dart away quickly. She fixates on a wrinkle in her silk azure slip dress. And begins smoothing it out. Pablo watches her, then looks to the other women in the background of the photo, wearing her same dress.

PABLO (CONT'D)
(his accent slips away)
Are your other pictures like this?

ANNA
What do you mean?

Pablo clears his throat and with that regains his accent.

PABLO
I mean the moment of the meltdown.
It's so... organic.

ANNA
Umm, no. I'm, I'm actually still
deciding about that one. I'm not
sure if I love it, or if I hate it.

FREEZE.

GOD (V.O.)
Ahh, a crossroads. Speakin' of,
you're probably wondering what
would have happened if Anna had
gotten on that bus in Tijuana.
Well...

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY

Past Anna sits at the bus stop, staring at her camera, staring at the picture. She slams the screen closed.

She walks into the mercado. Then Cambel walks in. Anna's bus pulls up, and we watch as she runs right out and gets on it.

Cambel walks out after her. He waves as the bus drives away.

Anna sits by the window, sipping her Cambel's soup straight from the can. She rustles in to her plastic bag of purchases from the Mercado. She pulls out a metallic Lucha Libre mask and stares at it.

She's now Alternate Reality Anna, who's really just Anna, by any other name. She looks and acts, exactly the same as we follow her through this "what might have been" segment.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC BUS - DAY

GOD (V.O.)

She would have stared down at this picture, and she would have stroked that Luchador mask, for hours as she putted through Tijuana traffic to the border. And then she would've gone home, and reinvented herself as "The Catcher" a famed experimental photographer known for "catching" people's worst.

As the bus pulls up to its stop, Anna gets off it, leaving her digital camera behind on the grey, seat.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Light pours through a large stained glass window. Pink hydrangeas tower over pews draped in satin, rose ribbons.

Hats more suited for the Kentucky Derby than for service are stuffed over slicked backed buns. Uniformed pearl necklaces and sterling cufflinks coat each guest.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The CINDERELLA BRIDE enters the church. She beams as she's doted on by her blushing bridesmaids.

She rocks her shoulders back as two ushers prepare to part the doors into her future, when she spots something - the tower of hydrangeas.

She walks over to them, discerningly.

She plucks a petal.

CINDERELLA BRIDE
What are these?

CHIRPY BRIDESMAID
Hydrangeas? Gorgeous, hydrangeas.

CINDERELLA BRIDE
They're blue.

MOUSEY BRIDESMAID
Everyone needs something blue,
Right?

CINDERELLA BRIDE
They're supposed to be lavender.

Everyone pauses, afraid to crack the eggshells they stand on.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

CINDERELLA BRIDE (O.S.)
LAVENDER!!!!!!!!!!

Even behind the closed doors, her scream echos through the perfectly tuned acoustics of the venue.

Each pearl adorning neck turns, there's rustling as eyes stare back at the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - LOBBY

CINDERELLA BRIDE
This looks like freaking cotton
candy!!

The Cinderella Bride is ripping the hydrangeas out of their display. Petals fly as she shreds the blossom with her French tipped nails. It's a hydrangea massacre.

A shutter flickers. All of them turn to see Anna - in her Lucha Libre mask. She winds the camera back as she snaps another photo.

CINDERELLA BRIDE (CONT'D)

Get that camera!!

She's being charged by a flock of fuming bridesmaids, and she can't help but snap one more photo as she runs out the door.

GOD (V.O.)

And she would've gotten lucky with it too. Always in the right place, at the right time. If that's what you call phoning a florist to swap out a bride's dream floral arrangement.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN WEDDING - ANOTHER SATURDAY IN JUNE

There's a hipster food truck cranking out crispy rice cakes. Behind the window, in a denim Chef's coat, we notice - CAMBEL, yes that Cambel, no not "Pablo." Cambel, on the line.

The champagne's flowing well beyond it's first couple cases.

The best man, ok, the WORST MAN, holds the mic in one hand, and sloshes his coup in the other.

At the round, white cloth-ed tables, more than one jaw hits the floor.

WORST MAN

And that's when I just couldn't believe it. That even after everything that happened between us...

BLUSHING BRIDE

Jimmy stop it!

WORST MAN

That you would still marry this piece of shit!

He downs the last of the bubbly.

The groom throws a punch and just before he clocks him straight in the kisser we freeze frame - like a shutter stopping time, and there in the back is Anna.

GOD (V.O.)

Or like the time she spiked a best man's champagne with tequila.

From behind her mask, she snaps another shot and we snap back to action as the punch lands and the Blushing Bride squeals.

Anna keeps shooting, rapid fire, as she makes her way towards the exit. Cambel can't help but notice her.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT CLUB - THE LAST JUNE SATURDAY

A drunken dad collapses on a table, a prim and proper bride sobs. Her navy blue, suit-wearing, newly-wed wife dumps a glass of ice water on his head... and Luchador Anna's there snapping it.

GOD (V.O.)

Spiking was a technique that took some perfecting. And practice. She experimented plenty.

Someone spots her - and she's chased by security. They almost catch her when a blue feather's dropped!

Anna squeezes out through the service way, into the parking lot where Cambel is cooking in his food truck.

As she casually saunters out back, she pulls off her mask, shakes her hair. Cambel pokes his head out of the window and watches her go, but this time, Anna's noticed him too.

He gives her a little wave. And she snaps a photo. A photo that we've seen before, developing in her dark room.

GOD (V.O.)

See, even if Anna hadn't given him the time of day that morning in Tijuana, their fates were still intertwined, even in this... unfortunate reality. And I still always, desperately, wanted them to wind up together. Because he, could help her save herself.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - LATER

Strings of photos hang from lines draped across what we can vaguely make out as a bathroom. They hang from the shower curtain, and stretch across to the vanity.

Between the freeze frames of wedding mishaps we see a pink toothbrush crookedly centered in a "World's Best Guardian Angel" mug. It's the only accessory that looks like it belongs here, in this "bathroom", even though it clearly doesn't, because it's never been used. EW.

From the bathtub, Anna pulls a drenched photo from a bin of chemicals, she dangles it, then pins it to the line. It's a close up of the passed out dad getting drenched in ice cubes.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

She parts the door, slips out...

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - JUST AFTER.

Her figure moves from behind a thick ass velvet drape, in the middle of her hallway. She slithers out.

Her studio's got plenty of natural light, is a photographer's worst nightmare and dream come true, all wrapped into one.

She walks over to her front door, from the coat-rack beside it, she grabs her Lucha Libre mask. She pulls it on and opens the door. There, in the hallway is God.

FREEZE.

GOD (V.O.)

Oh, don't look so surprised to see me. I came with a disguise - a hipster with a podcast.

UNFREEZE.

GOD

Hey! Catcher? Thank you so much for agreeing to do the show.

ANNA

No worries. Feel free to call me Catch.

GOD

Before we get started may I use your bathroom?

From a jumbo sized Slurpee cup beside the door, Anna fishes out three quarters.

ANNA

Of course! Walk down stairs, out the door, make a left and the store on the corner charges 75 cents.

She drops the quarters in her hands.

GOD

I'm sorry?

ANNA

75 cents. For the bathroom.

She fishes back into the cup. Drops what must be at least four bucks into her hand.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Grab me another slushie while you're at it, please? Make it blue raspberry. I haven't had breakfast yet.

GOD

Can't I use the bathroom in the apartment?

ANNA

No.

GOD

I'm kinda on a schedule...

ANNA

Alright, I'll come. We can start the interview on the way...

GOD

Oh, no, no it's fine. I, I can just hold it.

ANNA

Nah, I kinda gotta go too now.

Anna shoves them both out the door, the Lucha Libre mask seems quite odd here, in her hallway.

GOD

You're gonna go like that?

ANNA

Duh. I walk in like this everyday.

DOOR SLAMS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - AFTER A QUICK PEE BREAK

Anna sits, on a floor cushion, slurping her Slurpee underneath her mask. God pulls out her recording equipment.

GOD
Are you ready?

ANNA
Ready as I'll ever be.

SLURRRPPP.

Ehhhhm. God changes into her reporter voice.

GOD
Hello my name is... Genevieve
Sinclair...

GOD (V.O.)
I know what you're thinking, kick
ass alias.

Then, back into the recording equipment.

GOD
And thank you for tuning in to the
Underground Art World. On our show
today we have the photographer
known for their guerrilla style
tactics, their ruthless eye, and
their deep exposé into the human
expression, please welcome the
artist known as, The Catcher, or as
I like to call them, Catch.

Anna holds up a toy megaphone. She speaks through it, and as she does her voice is morphed into a distorted robot.

ANNA
Thank you for having me.

God hits pause, on the recorder. Anna drops the robot speaker.

GOD
What is that?

ANNA

I can't let my voice be captured, I need it to make reservations and no self respecting wedding florist will give out an address to a robot voice. Believe me, I've tried.

GOD

I can just alter the voice when I'm editing.

ANNA

I can't take that chance.

God inhales for five, exhales. She hits play.

GOD

Now, Catch, your recent success in the underground art world proceeds you. Your Instagram feed has over 2.4 Million followers, your Bouquet Toss Gone Wrong print just sold for 25 thousand dollars, and you even have a permanent display at the Marquee Gallery on Abbott Kinney. One critic even referred to you as the Banksy of photography... What does all that mean to you, and how are you set apart as an artist?

ANNA

(robotically)

Firstly, Banksy's a better artist than me in every way and it makes no sense to have a Banksy of photography. See I don't create, I just capture. Second, it says that my friend owns the gallery and third, it means that I take sick pictures.

GOD

So you don't create any of your scenes?

ANNA

(robotically)

Nope. 100% au natural.

GOD

Rightttt. And how is that how you got your start?

ANNA

(robotically)

I was at a wedding that, umm, went badly and I got the perfect picture of the exact moment when the whole world fell apart. And I realized that every posed, perfect picture, was just covering something up, and I set out to find what that was.

GOD

And you believe that by hiding out and crashing weddings you're able to expose the truth behind these couples? That you're doing some good in the world by highlighting these moments of pain and stress and humiliation?

FREEZE.

GOD (V.O.)

What can I say? I was trying to stage an intervention...

UNFREEZE.

ANNA

(robotically)

When the curtain drops, that's the truth. That's what's really there. You just have to hang out long enough to realize that the curtain always drops.

GOD

When did you realize that?

ANNA

(robotically)

When I realized that all the world was a stage and all of us were just a bunch of actors. And you know what's special about that? At some point or another, even actors, have to stop acting.

GOD

It just seems awfully coincidental that you're at these weddings the moments the moment they awry. It's almost as if you're sabotaging ceremonies, by phoning florists, spiking drinks...?

ANNA
Interview's over.

Anna stands up, walks out and slams the door of her own apartment.

GOD (V.O.)
As you may see, my intervention wasn't going so well, and I began to get a little panicked. Because I knew that by 2022, Anna would be a lost cause.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY PARK - A THURSDAY AFTERNOON - 2022

Cambel's food truck is parked against the curb. In the park, pink streamers hang off trees.

As he finishes dressing the top of a taco, he runs up to the front of the crowd. We watch through a lens, that occasionally pulses in and out of focus.

CAMBEL
Hey everybody, ummm, I just want to make a toast - to my baby sister and her new husband. You know, it's a rare thing that you get to choose family. And for two orphans, it means a lot to welcome someone new, someone we can count on, someone we love, into our small little family. And, if our parents could be here... sorry Jenny, if our birth parents were here, well I know they are here, around us, but if they could be here with us, if they could see the wonderful man my sister's married, I'd like to think that I'd know what they'd say. Mom'd say -

He puts on his mom voice.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)
"oooooo, honey, he's so cuteeee!"

The crowd laughs and the focus blurs for just a moment.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)
And dad, he'd look you right in the eye, and he'd say -

He puts on his dad voice.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

"I have a shovel in my truck, and I am not afraid to use it."

Tears start to well.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

But you're left with me, and while I think that I know what they'd say, I definitely know what I want to say. Jimmy, I'm so thrilled to welcome you into our family, you're not just the most amazing partner to my sister, you're the greatest brother a guy could ask for.

The screen snaps, like a camera lens. We pull back to see a mask-less Anna pulling away from her camera. Her eyes well.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

And I'm so happy that my sister married you, so that you could officially become my bro.

He clears his throat as the crowd giggles.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

I don't have a lot to give, well let's be honest, even if I did, I'd insist on being here, cooking on your wedding day. Because for me, when I see all of this love, I want to honor it by similarly creating something beautiful. So, that's what I tried to do with this. Kielbasa spiced tacos Al Pastor with a nopale sauerkraut. A perfect marriage between Mexico and Poland, just like you two.

Anna rolls her eyes. He's grating on the cheese, thick.

Suddenly two police officers march towards the front of the park, and things are about to get interesting. Anna pulls on her mask, and keeps aiming.

OFFICER 1

Excuse me is this your food truck?

OFFICER 2

We're going to need you to move it. Right now.

CAMBEL

Can it wait just a minute, my
sister's getting married.

OFFICER 1

Married? I need to see your
marriage permit.

The bride, CAMBEL'S SISTER (25) looks pissed.

CAMBEL'S SISTER

I seem to have temporarily
misplaced it.

OFFICER 2

Well you better find it.

CAMBEL'S SISTER

Maybe I left it in my other dress.

OFFICER 1

We're gonna have to go ahead and
write you up for that.

CAMBEL

Officer you're joking? Have some
compassion, it's her wedding day...

Officer 1 pulls out a ticket book.

The lens snaps, snaps, snaps, all focused on Cambel.

He looks up for just a moment and sees Luchador Anna.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

Hey! You!!

Cambel runs after her - and Officer 2 tackles him to the
ground.

It's The Catcher's perfect photo op - especially with his
sister screaming in the background. She swats the cop with
her bouquet. SNAP. SNAP. SNAP.

Anna shoots the entire sequence as the newlywed bride and her
brother are both slapped in hand cuffs.

GOD (V.O.)

It became her signature piece. That
photo spun round the world more
times than that video of the pug.

(MORE)

GOD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You know, the one with the googly
glasses?

CUT TO:

VIDEO OF PUG WITH GOOGLY GLASSES.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - 2044

Anna (now late 40s) walks in to her trashed apartment alone.
She sits at her same shitty couch.

GOD (V.O.)
And she never once felt bad about
calling the cops. Not even twenty
years later.

She fishes a piece of pizza out of last night's pizza box.
Next to her, on the coffee table, is a picture of Cambel,
giving his toast, it's the tearjerker...

GOD (V.O.)
Not even while she starred at the
photo of his toast, three times a
day, everyday for the rest of her
life. And even with all the success
and accolades in the world, it
never hit right for Anna. Because
as much as she was loved, she was
hated. And she could never really
forgive herself for ruining
everyone else's moment on stage. So
she let herself rot, in her same
apartment, for the next thirty
years until...

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT COUCH - NIGHT

Anna is choking on her prosciutto. FREEZE.

GOD (V.O.)
Well you know that bit.

REWIND TO:

EXT. OAK TREE - DAY

We're back, on her ninth, second chance.

Anna's head is resting in Cambel's, I mean, Pablo's lap. He's slowly brushing the hair off her cheeks.

GOD (V.O.)

And I didn't even get to the part about her saving the world yet.

PABLO

I don't think so.

ANNA

You don't think so... what?

PABLO

I don't think this kind of art is really for you. You've got a pure heart. I can tell.

She sits up and stares at him, studying his eyes.

ANNA

You can't tell.

PABLO

I can. You're going to do great things in this life.

He brushes her hair back behind her ear.

ANNA

Ya, well, I'm not so sure about that. Maybe you are.

PABLO

I am too.

It's a moment of true sincerity. He leans in... they're just about to kiss when some security guards run up. Pablo sees them and starts running down the vineyard.

ANNA

Hey where are you going?

The security guards run closer, Anna's confused. She runs after him...

ANNA (CONT'D)

Pablo! Pablo!

Now with absolutely no accent -

PABLO
My name's not Pablo. It's Cambel.

Ok, we will go back to calling him Cambel.

CAMBEL
You're gonna have to run faster,
we're trespassing.

ANNA
WHAT? What are you talking about?

CAMBEL
I, I did a catering gig here
yesterday, knew the family was
leaving on the honey moon, thought
it'd be a fun way to spend the day.

ANNA
Are you kidding me?!

Anna starts running fast now, swatting him between strides.

CAMBEL
Hey! We need to be running not
fighting!

ANNA
You lied to me!

CAMBEL
But it was fun right?

ANNA
Tell them you, you're just picking
something up.

CAMBEL
Oh like what? A bottle of wine I
stole from their barrel room? I
don't think so. Besides I don't
even speak Spanish.

ANNA
Are you even Mexican?

CAMBEL
Mexican American.

He slides open the door to the food truck. Hops in.

He and Anna drive off down the road... WHACK. They crash into an olive tree.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY 10

Anna stretches out her leg, and her hip flexer.

STEVE
Rough break.

Her leg's completely twisted.

Past Anna stares down at her camera, at the picture.

As Anna watches her, she seems hurt this time. She pinches her eyes closed as if she too is trying not to see it.

The camera falls into Present Anna's hands, the leg's fixed, the hourglass sprinkles sand... Steve stuffs it into the sparkling front facing fanny pack.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Remember, just be yourself.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY

Anna stands, scowling in front of the Cambel's soup.

CAMBEL
(in his sexy accent)
Looking for me?

Anna can't tell whether to hit him or kick him.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)
I heard you ask for Cambel.

ANNA
Are you for real?

CAMBEL
Ahh. You meant the soup. Ok, I admit it was a bad way to spark a conversation. My true name is Pablo. Encantado.

He extends his hand. She leaves it hanging there.

ANNA
Make up your mind dude.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY

MARIA
Quatro cientos quarento y seis.
Cambel hands her 500 pesos.

CUT TO:

INT. WINE ROOM - DAY

Cambel shoves the cup of wine in front of her.

ANNA
I'm really too hung over for a Cab.
He forces it on her.

CAMBEL
Taste.
She drinks and projectile vomits all over him.

CUT TO:

INT. WINE ROOM - DAY

Pablo is rubbing the rose on her nose.

CAMBEL
Now taste.
EYE ROLL. He shoves the glass towards her mouth. She downs the wine, swallows the puke.

CUT TO:

EXT. OAK TREE - DAY

Cambel leans in for a kiss when the security guards start swarming.

Anna doesn't budge.

ANNA

Woah, woah woah. Hey! I'm sorry, he told me it was his house.

The security guard tases her.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY 15

Anna comes up for air, coughing, hard.

STEVE

Are you remembering to be yourself?

The camera appears in her hands. Steve stuffs the hourglass into his fanny pack. Anna cracks her neck, marches over to the store. Steve calls out after her.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I don't want to pressure you An, but you-know-who has been making comments. About how He can't wait to have you, so if you're holding back, now's the time to really, really try.

EYE ROLL.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIÑEDO - DAY

Anna runs up a hill. Cambel follows. Security follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIÑEDO - DAY

Anna runs down a hill. Cambel follows. Security follows.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD TRUCK - VIÑEDO - DAY

Anna drives the food truck away from Cambel. He chases her. She laughs at him sprinting behind her.

She stares in her rearview mirror as she leaves him in the dust. Sucker. WHAM - she crashes into a ditch.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD TRUCK - VIÑEDO - DAY

Anna drives Cambel in the food truck, they round the corner too fast and flip -

CUT TO:

INT. WINE ROOM - DAY

Cambel rubs the rose on her face. She snaps and hits him in the head with the wine bottle.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY 63

Anna stands in front of the store, staring at it. The camera appears in her hands, the hourglass over half drained now...

ANNA

You know what? Forget this.

She drops the camera, turns and walks away, throwing the backpack over her shoulder as she goes.

STEVE

Hey! Where are you going? You can't just... you can't just...

ANNA

Watch me Steve.

STEVE

But the down there place! God! God!

Suddenly God poofs into the screen.

GOD

Where do you think you're going Anna?

ANNA

To go get turnt on the beach in Rosarito. I'm going to Hell anyways, may as well have some fun while I'm still on Earth.

GOD

You can't go get turnt on a beach
in Rosarito. You're running out of
time, it's day 63...

ANNA

Exactly. I've spent 62 other goddam
days -

STEVE

UHHHH!!

God nods like, "it's fine."

ANNA

- trying to save the world by
making the king jack ass fall in
love with me. And guess what GAWD,
you're unoriginal. Nothing you do
is ever on a random day. So I know
that today, Day 63, nothing new is
going to happen because it's just a
random fuc-focacaia number! So as
opposed to getting tased, or run
over, or lied to my face, I'm going
to the beach. I'm done with this.

Anna walks away, she prepares to be smote but... God let's
her go. There's no brimstone... just an empty road.

GOD (V.O.)

Anna walked away feeling pretty
proud of herself. People always
like to feel proud of themselves
when they blame God for things not
going their way. But there was one
thing she didn't know, and that's
that I took that comment to heart.
After all, I rarely take criticism
lightly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH BAR - DAY

Anna shoots back a shot of Tequila. Steve approaches her in a
Tommy Bahama shirt.

STEVE

I'll have what she's having.

The bartender slides a shot in front of him.

BARTENDER

Holy water.

Steve shoots it. Coughs, hacks.

STEVE

Oh, that is not holy water. I would know, I'm an angel.

The bartender winks.

ANNA

Cervezas. Muchos cervezas.

The bartender slides a bucket of beers over to them.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Can't I just have one day off Steve? Just one?

Anna pops the top off hers. Steve struggles to do the same.

STEVE

Sure. Can't an angel take a day off with his favorite human.

ANNA

I thought you weren't allowed to pick favorites.

STEVE

Ya, well, I started around the time you took a day off.

He sips from his beer. Chuckles at his own rebelliousness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH BAR - SUNSET

Steve and Anna are now on their third bucket. Their other two buckets are being worn, as hats.

ANNA

So do aliens get guardian angels?

STEVE

Ya, but they don't really need them. Humans are the only ones that stray from God's plan so, so... blissfully, frequently, no-shits-givenly.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

Every other being can just, I don't know make the right choices. Well 99% of the time.

ANNA

Oh my God. You said shit.

STEVE

I did not. No, I did!!!

They burst out laughing. The sun's just starting to set behind them, twinkling lights are illuminating their palapa.

ANNA

So how many people did you guard before me? Oh my God. Am I your first? Then how can I be your favorite?

STEVE

Cause God made me especially for you. I waited five thousand, four hundred and seventy two years to meet you.

GOD (V.O.)

Five thousand nine hundred and fifty eight years, but I'm wasn't going to nit pick their moment.

STEVE

And you were such a cute baby with your itsy bitsy toesies. Who knew I'd let you down so much?

ANNA

You didn't.

STEVE

Ya, I did. I let you stray from God's path. I just, I was heartbroken too. But, you know what I realized? It's ok. She deserves to be happy again. It's not -

Anna slumps over in her stool, snoring. Steve smiles. He pulls the hourglass out of his fanny pack and sets it between them. Today's grain of sand is balanced in the funnel.

He sips his beer as he watches it fall.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY 64

The camera poofs into Anna's hand.

STEVE

How you doin'? I feel a little rough tbh! Oh God, is that what vomit tastes like. Being a rebellious angel is not in my star dust. What was it that God said, tar and baby seal tears? Where can I find a baby seal around here?

He runs up to a street vendor, one peddling Saint statues.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Permiso! Señor? Baby seals? You have any baby seals?

Anna smiles. Something's different. She's different. She takes a step forward, because she wants to.

ANNA

The mushroom. I'm on the same level. I can rush through it, or stop to bounce some caps.

STEVE

(calling after her)
Will that help the hangover?
Because I've made no progress on the seal tears.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY

Bells jingle. Maria snaps her bubble. The fly bzzts. Anna pops the can of soup of the counter. She looks at Maria.

ANNA

Hey, you know of any way I can get back to San Diego?

The bells on the door jingle open.

MARIA

No.

ANNA

No? No ideas on how I can get back to San Diego today? It's important.

MARIA

No.

CAMBEL (O.S.)

I'm going back to San Diego today.

Anna turns to face him, she's interested again.

ANNA

You don't like have a viñedo or a wedding or some excuse to get to?

CAMBEL

Are you on drugs? I'm serious. Are you?

Anna giggles and shakes her head. He's different too.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

Ok, then. Ya, I am. And, I dunno, something's just telling me that I should help you. If you wanna ride.

Cambel plops a lollipop and a coke on the counter.

MARIA

Tres cientos, cuarenta y seis.

He's about to hand her five hundred pesos...

ANNA

It's three forty six. And she doesn't give change.

Cambel stares at her. Maria mad dogs.

Anna puts a second scorpion lollipops on the counter and pushes her can of soup forward.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I've always wanted one. Gracias.

They walk out.

EXT. MARIA'S MERCADO - DAY

The fly follows them out of the store.

CAMBEL

How'd you know I don't speak Spanish?

ANNA

I don't know, you've got that LA thing going on.

CAMBEL

I resent that.

The fly lands on Anna's head, he brushes it away, and smiles at her.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

Come on, I'm parked over here. Hope you don't mind the smell of nachos.

ANNA

You kidding? I love nachos.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD TRUCK - DAY

It's all the same but it's also all new, and honestly... Anna's not sure where it's going to go and, for the first time in 64 days, she's excited. She taps her fingers against the dash, in rhythm with the clanking of the food truck. She stares out the window, captivated.

ANNA

So are you a chef or something?

CAMBEL

Trying to be. I'm a caterer. Do a lot of weddings.

ANNA

Oh god. I hate weddings. Hey, you see any wedding meltdowns?

CAMBEL

One or two.

ANNA

I bet those are at least entertaining.

CAMBEL

I actually find them a little bit heartbreaking. I just think that there's something awful about a dream shattering. What?

Anna looks over to him, sincerely. She blinks away the moment and stops her eyes from welling.

But even when she looks away, Cambel can't stop staring at her, and she begins to glow. The food truck putts down the road until...

CAMBEL (CONT'D)
Oh shit. I don't have any steering.

Cambel stomps the breaks repeatedly.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)
My breaks aren't working. Oh
God.... The breaks are gone. THE
BREAKS ARE GONE.

ANNA
What do you mean the breaks are
gone? Just chill, pull over.

Cambel's flustered, he yanks the wheel, a semi honks at them.
BOOM! They crash.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD TRUCK - DAY

Anna wakes up in the food truck.

ANNA
What is it with these Mexican
drivers killing me all the time!

There's a fast food drink in the cup holder. Steve's
picture's on it.

STEVE
Anna!! You did it! You passed the
level!! You changed the reset!

GOD (V.O.)
For the record, driving Cambel's
busted food truck back to San
Diego, this was Option 5.

ANNA
I did it?!

CAMBEL (O.S.)
What?

Anna looks over at Cambel driving. His fuzzy dice bounce
against the rearview mirror. She looks down at Steve, who now
wears a mustache and shakes a maraca. It clicks.

ANNA
Is your car driving funny?

CAMBEL
Uh. No. It's just... large.

The car cu-lunk-lunk-lunks...

ANNA
You didn't hear that?

CAMBEL
That's just how this engine purrs.
You'll get used to it.

ANNA
Can, can you just pull over I'm
going to be sick.

CAMBEL
Ok, ok. Just don't barf in here,
it'll violate a ton of health
codes.

They pull over on the shoulder, creating a cloud of desert
dirt.

ANNA
Pop the hood.

CAMBEL
I thought you were sick? Do you
even know anything about cars?

ANNA
We're gonna find out.

CAMBEL
Anna! You're not going to find
anything!

Anna climbs out.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOD TRUCK - SIDE OF ROAD - JUST AFTER

Anna looks under the hood. She touches random parts of the
engine, and shakes her hand off after getting slightly
singled. A miniature Steve appears on top of the radiator.

STEVE
(whispers & points)
The serpentine belt.

ANNA
The what?

STEVE
(whisper screams)
The serpentine belt.

Cambel hops out of the car and walks over.

CAMBEL
See anything Sherlock?

ANNA
That thing doesn't look good.

The serpentine belt is completely frayed, holding on by one rubber strand.

CAMBEL
Oh God, Jesus! That's the
serpentine belt, if that snaps, we
lose the alternator... Which means,
no power steering, and...

ANNA
Can't forget the breaks.

CAMBEL
How did you hear that snap? Wow,
you're like my good luck charm.

He means it.

ANNA
Nah, I'm terrible luck.

CAMBEL
Some how I don't buy that.

Anna looks away, bashfully.

ANNA
So what do we do now, do we like
call someone... AAA maybe?

CAMBEL
Oscar fricken Padilla. I got some
Mexican Auto Insurance before I
crossed the border.

ANNA

Hey, it's a place to start.

Cambel pulls out his phone. Starts dialing. Following the prompts.

CAMBEL

(into robo phone)

TOW. No, FLAT BED.

He smiles at her.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

Look, um, this could take a while,
I totally understand if you need
to... you know... leave me.

ANNA

Leave you? Where am I gonna go?
This is just about the time when I
knock you out and harvest your
kidneys.

Cambel looks at her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Kidding.

CAMBEL

(into phone)

Help! Help!

A pick up truck pulls over to the side of the road, there are sheep in the back. Guys get out.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

Oh, no. This is not good.

ANNA

(yelling to them)

Ay! Ayuda!

CAMBEL

Anna, stop it! We're Mexico. There
are car jackers here, and -

ANNA

You know you sound racist. And
crazy. And paranoid.

CAMBEL

We should run for it.

ANNA
You're so slow!

CAMBEL
How do you know that?

Cambel hangs up the phone.

ANNA
I can just tell. Your skinny jeans
limit your mobility.

HOMBRE 1
¿Estás abierto?

CAMBEL
What's abierto?

ANNA
How should I know?

CAMBEL
You knew what tres cientos or
whatever the hell was.

ANNA
I don't know what abierto is. I
failed Spanish in high school.

CAMBEL
I bet you're really wishing you
studied now.

ANNA
You're the Mexican one!

CAMBEL
Mexican American! And I was raised
by white people, ok?

HOMBRE 2
Para comer. ¿Almuerzo?

He mimes eating with a spoon.

ANNA
Food. You're a food truck. They're
hungry.
(to the hombres)
¿Inglés? We are broken down.
Mechanic?

HOMBRE 1
You need mechanic? My brother is
mechanic.

CAMBEL
Serpentine belt. Broken.

HOMBRE 2
Serpentina.

HOMBRE 1
Ya, my brother can fix that. It is
a standard part. We have one.

CAMBEL
You have one?

He looks at Anna, is she buying this?

ANNA
Call it a gift from God?

Hombre 2 inaudibly whispers to Hombre 1.

CAMBEL
How much? To fix?

HOMBRE 1
Maybe, forty, fifty dollars.

ANNA
Seems like a deal.

CAMBEL
I only have thirty.

ANNA
Who comes to Mexico with only
thirty dollars?

CAMBEL
Ok, thirty dollars and I make
lunch? Best lunch of your life?

They look at each other, nod.

HOMBRE 1
Ok.

INT. FOOD TRUCK - SIDE OF ROAD - JUST AFTER

Cambel starts prepping, he's slicing, dicing...

CAMBEL
So what is that you do?

ANNA
I'm an artist.

CAMBEL
Full time?

ANNA
Most of the time.

CAMBEL
So why is it that you need to get
back to San Diego tonight? Big
exhibition?

ANNA
Nah, I... I donno. I kinda got
some things I need to say to my mom.

CAMBEL
You know I heard about this new
invention - texting. It's great you
can say things while being miles
apart. Even oceans apart. It's
amazing.

ANNA
Ya, I kinda gotta do this one in
person, today, because... I'm just
not so sure that there'll be a
tomorrow.

Cambel's knife may slice through the onion, but it doesn't
slice through the tension.

CAMBEL
Must have been some fight. That is
why you're going back right? To say
sorry?

ANNA
Enough about me. I don't know
anything about you. The real you.

CAMBEL
The real me?

ANNA
Ya, you know. Did you always want
to be a chef?

CAMBEL

Pretty much. Though I'm not sure
this qualifies me.

ANNA

Hey, they're fixing your car for
lunch. It may not be four Michelin
Stars, but, it's at least four
Michelin tires...

CAMBEL

You think I got Michelin tires on
here? Who do you think I am,
Wolfgang Puck?

He giggles and starts sizzling some onions.

ANNA

Mmm, what are you making?

CAMBEL

I have no idea. I'm a bit...
ingredient poor... at the moment.
Ima have to pull something out of
my... thin air.

ANNA

Well, I happen to be a left over
sensei so...

CAMBEL

A left over sensei, that's a new
one... uhh, alright look around and
tell me what it is that you think I
should make because so far I only
have one semi-ripe avocado and a
white onion.

ANNA

Oh, you desperately need my help.

She starts pulling open cabinets. A tin foil pack falls out.

GOD (V.O.)

Consider this Manna.

CAMBEL

Oh, don't mind that. That's some
left over naan from last night.

ANNA

They had naan at the wedding last
night?

CAMBEL

Why do you sound so surprise? What did you just assume I came to Mexico to make tacos?

He smiles at her. She plops it down on the counter and pulls open more cabinets. She rifles through the fridge and every other crevasse searching for ingredients...

ANNA

You've got eggs! And, a pack of instant ramen! Hollaaa!

CAMBEL

I'm not giving these guys a shared pack of instant ramen, that's bullshit.

Anna looks down at the instant ramen package, Steve is on it, giving her a wink.

ANNA

Trust me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FOOD TRUCK - A SCRAMBLE LATER

Eggs are scrambled, naan's heated... then, Anna crunches some raw instant ramen into the naan, folds it in half and hands it to Cambel. He takes a bite. Nods.

CAMBEL

Juevos and Ramen. It's good.

He opens up the window.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

Amigos!

They walk over. He hands them some beers and the burritos.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOOD TRUCK - SIDE OF ROAD - JUST AFTER

As they eat their burritos in the shade of the truck, sipping beers silently.

Finally, they each come up for air.

HOMBRE 2
Very good! Very good!

HOMBRE 1
We love it. The crunchy. I love it.

CAMBEL
It was all her.

Anna pulls out her camera and takes a picture. And another. She looks at the shot.

ANNA
Dope.

CAMBEL
Let me see.

She hands the camera over as the men get back to work. She bites in to her burrito.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)
You've got a great eye, you know that? You gotta send these to me.

He keeps flipping through the pictures.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)
Woah. Is that your mom?

Anna looks caught. She drops her burrito. The naan flops open, leaving the raw ramen exposed on the dirt.

ANNA
That's none of your business.

Anna grabs the camera and storms off. Cambel looks at the hombres embarrassed, then runs after her down the highway.

CAMBEL
Anna, Anna wait! Anna!

ANNA
No! You don't get to just storm into my life and pass judgement on me. You're like the worst person ever. You're a liar and you don't even know me!

CAMBEL
What are you talking about? I'm a liar? You don't even know me! What are you gonna do huh? Walk back to Tijuana?

(MORE)

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

You're sure as hell not gonna get back to San Diego going that way!

ANNA

Look Cambel I don't need you. I never have and I never will.

The engine's started. They look back and there is Hombre 2, driving off in their food truck. Hombre 1 pulls off just behind.

CAMBEL

HEY! HEY!!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY - LATER

Anna kick rocks down the highway. Cambel paces just behind her. They walk for quite a ways, in total silence. They walk past green farmland, and stretches of desert.

CAMBEL

I can't believe they stole my car!

ANNA

Ya, well what kind of idiot just walks away like that.

CAMBEL

Why don't you tell me? You're so caught up in your own little world that you can't even admit this was your fault?

ANNA

Are you kidding me? You're joking right now. You're not seriously going to blame me for this.

CAMBEL

You stormed off. You took whatever bullshit you're too afraid to deal with and exploded it at me. You think telling me off is gonna fix things with your mom? It's not. I'm just a stranger. But family? Shit Anna, do you know how lucky you are to still have family? You know what I would do to be able to talk to my birth mother right now?

ANNA

I don't have to take this from you.

CAMBEL

Well, you're certainly not taking it from anyone else. Or did you forget that we're stranded in the middle of Mexico, BECAUSE OF YOU!

ANNA

You know what, forget this. I don't need you to lecture me on the importance of family, ok? We lost someone too. And guess what, she moved on. Families aren't supposed to move on when they're broken.

CAMBEL

What are you talking about? Of course they are. How else are they supposed to heal?

ANNA

You'd never understand.

CAMBEL

Maybe not. But when a tree loses a branch, it doesn't just wallow and die. It grows a new one beside it. It gets bigger. It keeps going, because there are other branches that need it to.

ANNA

Well, my family's not a fucking tree. And my dad was not a branch. He was the whole goddam trunk.

Anna storms away and Cambel keeps walking after her. They pass by donkeys grazing and shacks selling terra cotta pots. Trucks and buses and sedans whizz past them.

CAMBEL

Alright, ok? You win. I'm sorry. I was wrong. It's none of my business.

ANNA

You know, I shouldn't've -

CAMBEL

No, I shouldn't have. You're allowed to feel however you want to feel.

(MORE)

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

I just, I don't want you to miss out on a relationship with your mom, because I know how much I'd give to have one with mine.

ANNA

I know it's dumb. I just, I'm not sure yet.

CAMBEL

Hey, that's ok. You don't have to decide today. There's always tomorrow.

ANNA

But what if there's not?

Anna bursts into tears. Cambel grabs her in for a hug. He strokes the back of her head, comfortingly.

CAMBEL

Hey, it's ok. We're almost back to town, we can figure it all out.

ANNA

Why are you being so nice to me? You don't even know me.

CAMBEL

I don't know. I feel like I do, I guess. Come on. Let's go get some tacos. Tacos make everything better.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY - LATER

Cambel buys tacos from a small taco stand. He crosses the street and walks over to Anna who sits on a bench. In the background a group of kids kick a soccer ball across a dirt field.

CAMBEL

Here, let the taco work its magic.

Anna laughs and takes a bite. She can't help but smile.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna try and get us a taxi or a bus or something. Be right back.

Anna bites into the taco again, as a stray dog wags up to her and begs for it.

ANNA
Not happening. No.

He persists.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Oh, no. I remember you. Hey God,
thought I didn't choose option 2.
God? You there God?

Anna holds her carnitas close.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Sorry buddy. I know what you're
gonna do...

The dog lunges and bites her.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY 68

CAMBEL
Be right back.

Anna is sitting, eating her bite of carnitas. The stray wags up.

ANNA
Cambel! Cambel I don't want this
taco! Cambel!

He's out of earshot.

ANNA (CONT'D)
God! You told me I missed this one!

The dog doesn't poof or vanish, he just wags. Anna throws her bite on the ground. He eats it. She goes to back away while his head's down.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Stay. Stahh-ayy.

The dog lunges at her, snarling.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY 69

Cambel walks away, the stray dog walks up...

ANNA

Oh what the hell. You clearly want
it more than me.

Anna feeds him, he gently nibbles carnitas from her palm, when she notices the kids playing soccer, barefoot in the dirt, for the first time.

She walks over to them. The dog follows, wagging. He playfully runs towards the kids, and Anna wants to do the same. Instead, she coolly approaches them.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Hey. Hi. Um, can I play?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - LATER

Cambel walks back over looking defeated. He see's Anna playing soccer. She's smiling, with a glow that's absolutely magnetic. He runs over to her and gets in the game.

It's pure fun.

They run across the "field" over and over until... GOAL! Anna scores. Cambel lifts her up and spins her around as all the kids swarm them. Some join in the celebration, others kick dirt.

Cambel lowers Anna slowly, there's a moment between them, where he's holding her close, so close, until... Anna's attention is caught. Through the chain link fence across from them, she sees the food truck shimmer in the afternoon light. It's parked in front of a mechanic shop.

Her jaw drops.

CAMBEL

What is it?

Anna points. They both start walking towards it. But, the dog stays, and Anna notices. She turns back for just a moment and pets him goodbye.

EXT. MECHANIC SHOP - LATER

Cambel jumps into the food truck, looks under the seat and behind the visor.

CAMBEL
They took the keys.

Anna cranes her neck back, looking in towards the shop.

ANNA
I'll go get them.

CAMBEL
Are you crazy? They could be dangerous. They could have guns!

ANNA
What if I told you that the reason I feel so comfortable around you is because I've spent the last 70ish days stuck in a time loop with you and that I can't die because I'm currently already dead serving out my time in Purgatory.

CAMBEL
Anna what the fuck are you talking about? You told me you weren't on drugs.

ANNA
I'm just gonna go get the keys real quick.

CAMBEL
Anna! Guns!

ANNA
Cambel! I can't die.

CAMBEL
But Anna, you can. You can die.

ANNA
Just wait here for me, ok?

CAMBEL
ANNA! No! It's not worth it.

Anna creeps across through the carport into the brightly lit mechanic shop.

INT. MECHANIC SHOP - JUST AFTER

Under the bright florescent lights, between the car lifts and stacks of tires, men in wife beaters polish guns on couches and plastic chairs as they watch their teams soccer match - a last love of their youth.

GOD (V.O.)

You've seen these scenes before?
Well so what? Anna needed to be here. I was never going to chance that on something as fickle as her own personal free - judgement.

She knocks over a muffler. It clanks to the floor.

ANNA

Shit.

The men all pull guns on her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Amigos, I just gonna grab my keys and...

BANG. BANG. BANG.

She falls to the ground, shot.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Ow.

CUT TO:

INT. MECHANIC SHOP - TRY 72

Anna avoids the muffler, she sees the keys on the table, she grabs them just as their team misses a goal. They all stand up, pissed, screaming, cursing... when one sees Anna.

HOMBRE 3

Ay!

ANNA

Baño?

BANG!

CUT TO:

INT. MECHANIC SHOP - TRY 74

Anna's got the keys, the goal is scored, she waits for her moment, she starts creeping towards the door and runs straight into HOMBRE 4 who's coming back from the bathroom.

BANG! He shoots her.

But this time she's not really dead. She comes to, sprawled out on a work bench. She watches lucidly as they prep two ice filled coolers. Her eyes pin as she comes to -

ANNA

No, not my kidneys! No!

BANG!

CUT TO:

INT. MECHANIC SHOP - TRY 75

Anna is tied up to a chair, there's a cloth tied into her mouth. She screams. Hombre 4 pulls out a large buck knife.

GOD (V.O.)

That time, Anna died of a heart attack.

CUT TO:

INT. MECHANIC SHOP - TRY 76

Anna tries to escape through a window, they pull her back down.

CUT TO:

INT. MECHANIC SHOP - TRY 77

Anna makes a run for the backdoor, she's punched straight in the face.

CUT TO:

INT. MECHANIC SHOP - TRY 78

Anna's sitting with everyone sipping cervezas screaming at the soccer match, it's the farthest we've ever gotten in the game. The final goal is scored!

ANNA
GOALLLLLLL!

They notice her. It's silent.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Noooooooooooo.....!

Bang!

CUT TO:

INT. MECHANIC SHOP - TRY 79

Anna pulls the keys off the table, she waits for the first goal to be scored, she runs and then lays down on the ground. She waits for the guy to come back from the bathroom. He takes a seat, pops a beer.

She watches as another guy shuts the window, as another checks his phone that's charging. Finally they're all sitting back down...

When the stray dog walks up to her. He licks her face, and starts wagging his tail.

Anna contemplates. She pets his head, then grabs a small, lug-nut off the counter, she waves it in front of him, enticing him. Then she rolls it across the floor.

The dog chases it, and the men all watch as he runs across the room. Her diversion.

HOMBRE 3
Perrito.

Anna creeps out.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT

... and climbs in, she throws Cambel the keys.

ANNA
Go! Go!! Go!!

He starts turning over the engine it cranks, but doesn't start.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Can't this thing ever work!

Anna watches through the rearview mirror as the men all run out of the shop, clamoring through the carport.

CAMBEL
Come on baby! Come on!

ANNA
Please work you beautiful coach I would really like to not be shot again. GOD PLEASE!

CAMBEL
What do you mean, "again"?

The car fires up, they begin to drive away as shots are fired into the street.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)
Did they have guns in there?

ANNA
No.

CAMBEL
Those look like guns.

ANNA
No. I don't think those are guns.

CAMBEL
Anna! Those are guns! What are we doing robbing guys with guns!?

ANNA
I don't know! DRIVE!

They drive down the street as the rigidity pick up from earlier pulls out after them.

CAMBEL
They're following us, they're following us! What we do?

ANNA
Just keep going.

NAVIGATION (V.O.)
Turn left.

Cambel misses the left.

NAVIGATION (V.O.)
Turn left.

CAMBEL
Where are you taking us?

ANNA
Umm...

NAVIGATION (V.O.)
Turn left.

ANNA
Just turn left!

Cambel hangs a hard left, he stares back in his rearview mirror. The pick up truck's still following, then, it slams on the breaks and make three points as it turns back around.

CAMBEL
They're turning around! They're turning around!

They both look back in disbelief, then they look forward. The American flag waves in giant spotlights.

ANNA
I've never been so proud to be American. You tell 'em big brother!

INT. FOOD TRUCK - LATER

It's dead silent in the car. The road's dark and empty.

CAMBEL
I still can't believe we survived.

ANNA
That's a good feeling, I've missed that feeling.

CAMBEL
What?

Huh? He doesn't quite get her, and he loves it.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)
So where should I take you?

ANNA
Just take me home.

CAMBEL

I don't know where you live. But,
if it's not with your mom, well you
know I could take you there, first.
This morning -

ANNA

A lot's happened since this
morning.

Headlights stream by busily, but the car feels empty.

CAMBEL

So, what'd you do to destroy her
wedding? Eye drops in the
champagne? Come on, I'm invested
now.

There's a long beat.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

Tell me what was so bad about her
wedding...

ANNA

That she got married.

Anna looks out the window.

ANNA (CONT'D)

When I was in high school, my mom
told me that going through that,
that the experience of losing him,
would bond us together in a way no
one would ever understand, and that
we'd never get over it.

She picks at her cuticles.

ANNA (CONT'D)

But, when I saw her, up on that
alter, I just knew she lied... to
one of us. And I couldn't stand
thinking that she was lying to me
and not to him.

CAMBEL

So... what'd you do?

ANNA

Uhh... I snapped. I just -

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Anna's Mom is at the alter beside her fiancée. The priest is between them.

PRIEST

And do you take -

ANNA

Can I just, for a sec. Ya...

Anna, clearly drunk, jumps out from her Maid of Honor position and grabs the mic.

ANNA'S MOM

Anna! This is not the time.

ANNA

Mom... it's the only time. And I just have to say that Robert, you're marrying a liar. I wouldn't believe a word she says. Because this isn't forever. And when you die she'll just move right on.

ANNA'S MOM

Anna. It's been sixteen years since we lost your father.

ANNA

Ya, and here you are making the same promises to somebody else. You gonna forget about me next? Because you all already know that I object, firmly to this wedding, but you skipped right over that part of the ceremony. So let me help you out: "I OBJECT." But hey at least I know that this isn't forever. So I'll only need to object for few years and then mom can move right on to the next.

MIC DROP. Anna walks out. All heads turn and follow her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Anna's Mom rushes out after Anna, mascara streaming down her face. Anna holds up her camera, as if seeing this through the lens will make it any less real.

But, now we see their stand off. Anna's mom faces her head on and Anna uses her camera as a shield.

ANNA'S MOM

You've ruined EVERYTHING.

She sobs. Anna snaps her shutter, shielding herself.

ANNA'S MOM (CONT'D)

Put the camera down Anna! Haven't you humiliated me enough? You think this was easy for me? You think I've forgotten your father? I've waited sixteen years for someone to make me feel even a fraction of what he made me feel. And you, the one person in the world who should be happy for me, sabotages my wedding? Humiliates me in front of everyone I care about... And you can't even face me. You're just hiding behind that camera! Well guess what, I don't want to see you again either.

ANNA

We're family.

ANNA'S MOM

Family doesn't destroy each other.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT

The food truck bounces along the road. Cambel steals a glance over to her.

CAMBEL

Oh, just that?

Anna doesn't laugh.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

Well, I gotta say I kinda get her coming at you with the whole -

He mimes the face the bride made in the picture. Anna can't help but laugh.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

You know, she might not forgive you, but if you don't ask, you'll never know. You just took on a room full of guys with guns, how bad could your mom be?

ANNA

You've clearly never met the woman.

CAMBEL

Plug in her address. Come on. Plug it in.

She does.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

They're at a busy intersection.

ANNA

You know what I think I'm just going to run across the street and buy her some flowers or something. They probably don't have an, "I'm sorry I ruined your wedding card" but maybe they have something, close...

CAMBEL

Ok. I'll be here.

Anna hops out of the food truck.

In her navigation she types in home, and she starts walking. She crosses a street. There's a little girl, playing the violin. Anna looks at her.

She walks left, then right... then left, then right. She looks back over her shoulder. She shakes her head and keeps walking.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - COUCH - NIGHT

Anna kicks off her shoes. She climbs into bed, turns off the lights and lets out a deep cry.

A lone spotlight clicks on above her head.

STEVE

Anna, you were so close!

ANNA

I can't face her Steve. I can't.
You saw the way she looked at me.
What I did... it was unforgivable.

STEVE

That's the beauty about moms,
they're kinda like angels. They
always forgive you. They have to.

Anna sobs, and Steve wraps his arms around her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROSSWALK - BUSY STREET - NIGHT - TRY 80

Anna looks back at the food truck, parked in the gas station.
She types "home" into her Waze, and starts walking. She turns
left then right, then left... then right.

And she keeps going right.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

Anna walks back over with the perfect bouquet of flowers.

CAMBEL

Those look nice.

She climbs in the car.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT

She and Cambel are silent, the flowers shake on the dash. He
pulls up to her house. Anna stares.

CAMBEL

I'll be here.

She gets out, and lets out a deep exhale.

ANNA

You don't have to be.

She slams the door, then she opens it again.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Hey Cambel, thanks. For everything.

CAMBEL
Thanks, to you.

ANNA
If I don't see you again...

CAMBEL
I'm gonna be right here.

She smiles and starts stepping towards her front door.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

She knocks, her mom opens the door.

ANNA'S MOM
What are you doing here?

Anna holds out the flowers.

ANNA'S MOM (CONT'D)
Daisies? You think daisies are just going to make everything ok?

ANNA
I just -

ANNA'S MOM
I don't ever want to speak to you again.

Anna's Mom slams the door in her face. Anna slumps on the step and sobs. She stays out there until the sun rises. The as it lifts above the horizon, there's a golden flash, and we're -

RESET TO:

EXT. CROSSWALK - BUSY STREET - TRY 81

Anna looks left, she looks right... She looks down at the violin prodigy, she listens to her play.

A tear falls from her eye. She throws a crumpled bill into the case. She walks back to the truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Anna knocks on the door.

ANNA'S MOM (O.S.)
Coming! Just a sec!

Anna jumps into the bushes.

ANNA'S MOM (CONT'D)
Hello? Is anyone there.

CUT TO:

INT. BUSH

As Anna hides in the bush, Steve poofs into the shrub beside her.

STEVE
Get out there.

ANNA
I'm too scared.

STEVE
Please! You've been run over by a bus tens of times, bitten by dogs, shot... What more do you have to be scared of? Go. From the heart.

ANNA'S MOM (O.S.)
Hellooo?

He shoves Anna out of the bushes.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

ANNA'S MOM
What are you doing here?

ANNA
Mom, just let me... I'm sorry.

Anna swallows.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Bet you never thought that you'd hear me say that.

Anna's Mom just stares.

ANNA (CONT'D)

But, I am. Cause I treated you like that. Cause I said all those horrible things. The truth is, umm when I saw you taking those vows, well... a part of me felt like you were leaving me behind. And, I couldn't... Ehmm. I just couldn't stand the thought that I might not be in your new family, because then I'd really be all alone. And, and I'd lose you too. I know that I'm an adult and that I should understand that dad died a long time ago, and I believe that you deserve to be happy I just... I just didn't want to be left behind.

ANNA'S MOM

Why would you think -

ANNA

Because I'm still so unhappy. But that's no excuse. And, I know you can never forgive me and that I'm just like the worst, and that I always embarrass you but I am so -

Anna's Mom grabs her. She pulls her in deeply, and strokes the back of her head.

ANNA'S MOM

You will always be a part of my family. And you only, mostly embarrass me.

Anna digs her nose into her mom's shoulder.

ANNA

What about Robert? I'm sure -

ANNA'S MOM

He said you'd come around. He's a good guy Anna. You'll see.

ANNA

How can you ever forgive me?

Anna squeezes her tighter.

ANNA'S MOM

I forgive you Anna. We forgive you. Just like that. Of course. But thank you.

(MORE)

ANNA'S MOM (CONT'D)

Thank you for saying sorry. I'm sorry too. I'm sorry you ever felt that way. You have to know, you are my family. You will ALWAYS be family. Now and forever. And I mean FOREVER. You're my baby. And you're so, fascinating. And there's no one in the world who could take your place, or your dad's place for that matter. But there are more seats at the table than just three. You have to know that.

She pulls away, tears stream down her cheeks.

ANNA'S MOM (CONT'D)

Come in for tea.

The front door shuts.

INT. FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT

Cambel watches Anna walk in. He drops his seat back and snoozes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT - LATER

Cambel's woken up by Anna knocking on his window.

ANNA

(muffled)

You waited.

CAMBEL

I can't hear you. The glass.

ANNA

(muffled)

I said, "You waited"!

He leans over and opens the door for her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I said, "you waited."

CAMBEL

I told you I would. And I kinda had to. It just occurred to me that I never got your phone number.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Anna walks in.

ANNA

Make yourself at home.

Cambel follows. He starts peaking around the apartment.

CAMBEL

So, there's one thing that's bugging me, I've never gotten to see your art.

ANNA

I got a few things I can show you.

She pulls down a large screen. There's a beautiful silhouette of a body imprinted on it.

CAMBEL

Wow. Is that you?

ANNA

Ya.

CAMBEL

I bet you looked really sexy making that.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Anna is in her swim cap and goggles, and full body suit, stretching. She's drenches herself in paint. She smashes into the screen.

It's a horrible blob. She snarls at it.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Anna is in her swim cap and goggles, she runs into the screen. Better.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - PAINTING ATTEMPT 32

Anna is in her swim cap and goggles, she presses awkwardly against the roll and it's beautiful.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

ANNA

Sexy's not really the word I'd use to describe it.

CAMBEL

What word would you use?

Anna just laughs and stares at it, grinning ear-to-ear.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

You ever consider selling your work?

ANNA

To who? Who'd ever buy that.

CAMBEL

I think you should give yourself more credit. Your paintings, they're special.

Anna looks at him, moved, genuinely.

CAMBEL (CONT'D)

You got anything to drink?

ANNA

What like wine?

CAMBEL

Nah, I don't love wine.

ANNA

You know, I don't either.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - COUCH - NIGHT

Anna and Cambel pass a bong back and forth. They lick their scorpion lollipops. Anna makes a face at hers and throws it towards the trash can, she misses. Something's never change.

CAMBEL

I'm just saying, it'd be cool to have my own restaurant that wasn't on wheels. That was a permanent space. So like my food could have a home. You know?

ANNA

At least you got some place to put your creations, I don't have anywhere to put my art expect on Instagram. I fricken hate Instagram.

CAMBEL

I fricken hate Instagram.

ANNA

No, I fricken hate Instagram! Don't worry though, a cyber attack will take it down in 2032. We only have 11 more years of it. Hey, you don't happen to know how to buy stocks do you?

CAMBEL

Nope.

ANNA

Dam. I kinda know the whole future right now.

He laughs. She's serious.

CAMBEL

You know, when I get my little restaurant, I'll hang your art on the walls. And we can put little tags under them with prices and they'll be outrageous and people will still buy them cause they'll seem all fancy and - I mean they are fancy it's just...

ANNA

Wowwww. You promise you won't become some big shot restaurateur who forgets the little guy?

Anna looks at him, really looks at him.

CAMBEL

I so promise you. As long as you let me use your crunched up ramen naan wraps.

ANNA

That's naan gonna happen.

He pushes her, playfully. Then they shake on it - that cosmic, Divine spark, it's back and it's brighter than ever.

They lunge at each other, and kiss! They lay back kissing more and more passionately...

GOD (V.O.)

And that was it. They had a dream. And that's all it took to change the world. One dream that they weren't afraid of living.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANNA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - FLOOR - THE NEXT MORNING.

Anna and Cambel wake up spooning.

CAMBEL

Morning.

ANNA

Oh my God is it tomorrow! Is it tomorrow! Did I do it? God did I do it?

Anna looks to her coffee table. The hourglass is there, sand frozen in the top half. She shakes it, no more falls.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I've either just had the most insane dream, or I've just saved the world. I can't be sure. We didn't buy stocks last night did we?

GOD (V.O.)

It was a good thing that she didn't, nothing is the same as it was.

Anna looks around, everything's the same, but different. She moves a candle over just slightly.

CAMBEL
Wanna go get some coffee?

ANNA
I can do coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANNA'S STREET - MORNING

Cambel's food truck is loaded on a flatbed tow truck.

CAMBEL
No, no, no!

He tries to chase after it but it pulls away. Anna looks back at the store on her corner.

In the window there's a sign: FOR LEASE - Call Steve.

ANNA
I think the universe is trying to tell you something. Like, it might be a good time to see how much a restaurant space costs.

CAMBEL
Something tells me I'm going to be a little strapped for cash.

ANNA
Something tells me it's all gonna work out. You just gotta believe.

Anna and Cambel start to walk in, to the rest of their lives... but before they do, a wrapper blows across Anna's feet. She stops and picks it up, and as she does, Anna sees God, sitting on a bus bench.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Ahh, I'll meet you in there, it's just... I think I know Her.

Anna approaches God on the bus bench, and tosses the wrapper into the trash can.

GOD
Hi Anna. Day 81, how's that for a random number?

A bus pulls up to the stop.

ANNA

So what now?

GOD

Now, you get your second chance.
Don't blow it. I'll be watching.

God gets up and gets on the bus, but stops midway up the steps -

GOD (CONT'D)

Oh Anna, there's one more thing.
There's someone here who wants to
say hi. You'll only have a second,
but sometimes a second lasts
forever.

God gets on the bus leaving Anna as thoroughly confused as ever.

ANNA'S DAD (O.S.)

Hi Bug.

Anna's Dad steps off. Anna bursts into tears.

ANNA

Dad!

She squeezes him, tightly.

ANNA'S DAD

You've been getting in a lot of
trouble down here. Wasn't that the
one thing you promised me you
weren't gonna do?

ANNA

I like trouble.

ANNA'S DAD

Look at you, you're so skinny! Are
you eating? Are you eating well?

ANNA

I've missed you, everyday.

ANNA'S DAD

I've been right here. And there.
Except during your teenage years,
God blocked me out of your channel.
Don't even want to imagine what you
were up to.

ANNA

I'm a lot better now.

ANNA'S DAD

You are. And mom's doing well,
Robert seems like a nice guy. Cut
him some slack, but not too much...

ANNA

I'm working on it.

ANNA'S DAD

And Cambel. He gets you. You're
hard to get.

ANNA

Dad, what's it like up there?

ANNA'S DAD

Better.

A new, different bus pulls up.

ANNA'S DAD (CONT'D)

That's my ride Bug. I love you. And
I am so, so proud of you. Get the
fire insurance on your restaurant
though, you know grease fires are
no joke. Smother them, no water.
Ok? Got it.

ANNA

Please don't go.

A tear falls down Anna's cheek.

ANNA'S DAD

We'll be together again.

ANNA

Why can't we be together now?

ANNA'S DAD

Cause you've got a world to save,
don't you?

ANNA

Please stay.

ANNA'S DAD

Don't blink. We'll be together
before you know it.

ANNA

I love you.

ANNA'S DAD

I love you more.

He starts walking up the stairs into the bus.

ANNA

Hey dad! Did I do good? In this version, do I do good?

ANNA'S DAD

I always think you do pretty good.

And the bus pulls off.

SMASH TO:

INT. JUEVOS AND RAMEN - 2 YEARS LATER

Colorful vibrant paintings hang on the wall and incredible fusion food pours out of a kitchen. It's a fast-food style café. Anna's Mom and Robert help out behind the counter, along with Cambel's sister and brother-in-law.

GOD (V.O.)

Anna and Cambel opened up their restaurant, with a little help from Anna's Mom, and Robert. It was a small loan, mixed with a lot of sweat equity, but it was worth it. It was a hit. And so they opened another. And another. They treated people well and they made ripples, in families, communities, businesses.

People walk into the café. Little sonar ripples expand from them. Someone opens a door for a stranger and they buy the coffee for the person behind them. The Butterfly Effect.

GOD (V.O.)

And before they knew it, they'd gone national. It turned out, communities liked supporting their local artists, and they liked being treated kindly. So Anna thought it was time to give back, and she opened Anna-bel's Fútbol Foundation which brought soccer fields and equipment to pueblos across Latin America.

(MORE)

GOD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Cambel's sister, who unlike her brother, actually speaks Spanish, took what Anna built and ran with it. She expanded foundation to include 25 different countries. But still couldn't stand that Anna could always score on her.

Now we see images kids playing soccer on bright green, astroturf fields, with shiny new cleats. Anna faces off with Cambel's Sister in the goal, and she scores! It's followed by an epic victory dance. There could be a "worm" in there.

GOD (V.O.)
And, after Burger Giant was put out of business by a law suit started by some hippie organization that discovered that they were using mutated cows for the signature Extra Giant Big Burger...

Perhaps now a mutated cow flashes across the screen.

GOD (V.O.)
Someone on their board of directors was swindled into offering Ramen and Juevos a chance to take over their string of locations. There was no other way to describe it, it was written in the stars. It came to them. And it was the springboard - Anna and Cambel went global.

A suit with a brief case walks in the café he shakes their hands. As satisfied customers crunch naan-ritos.

GOD (V.O.)
Drive throughs doubled as galleries and milkshakes were served in reusable cups. Each one unique to the area. And the more Anna got involved with her ramen naan-ritos, the more she started advocating for change. First it was about the plastic packaging that the ramen came in. Anna noticed that when she ordered in bulk, the noodles were shipped in plastic-free paper wrapped pallets. It wasn't long after that that she figured out a way to reuse each crate for each new shipments.

Anna (now 50s) stacks the crates. She hangs new art with environmentally conscious messages throughout the café.

GOD (V.O.)

Next, sourcing local ingredients and integrating local recipes into each menu became a staple for each Juevos and Ramen location, instant ramen was no more. Chefs were given more creative freedom, food was prepared with love and it started tasting better, and making people feel better. Their carbon footprint reduced by half.

Cambel (now 50s as well) feeds Anna a bite on a tasting spoon.

GOD (V.O.)

Juevos and Ramen then became the first international fast food restaurant to outlaw single serve plastics. I know what you're thinking, no, it wasn't too good to be true, it was DIVINE. And before they knew it, they had changed the world. And they did it, together.

One customer walks up to the register.

CUSTOMER

I'll pick up the person behind me's tab as well.

GOD (V.O.)

Everyone always thinks it needs to be this grand solution - a phoenix flying in to the Chamber of Secrets, but not for my Deus Ex Machina. I'm God, after all, and I had to make it... realistic. Besides, the truth is that there's a savior, in each person. And it's in the little moments, when you chose to smile at your neighbor and pick up the litter on the corner, that makes the real difference. Anna saved the world, by being herself and by trying everyday to make the planet a little bit brighter.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

God clicks through slides of Anna and Cambel at their different Juevos and Ramens locations.

The auditorium is filled with guardian angels.

GOD

And now we'd like to bring up our Chief Guardian Angel. Y'all may know him as the angel who did it all, the one who taught Anna the importance of each butterfly flapping it's wings, of each stone skipped in a pond, the angel behind the woman... give it up for STEVE!

There's a standing ovation as he walks out to the podium.

STEVE

Well, um, any questions?

Every angel's hand shoots up. Steve's eyes widen.