The Rock Within

an original screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

INT. TRISHA'S BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

A bag of vials and a quinoa face wash are laid out on the countertop.

A pair of hands reach for a syringe, carefully pop open the vial, and pour liquid into the syringe.

The hands plug the needle on top and give it a shake. They lay the needle next to two other syringes that have already been prepared.

One hand holds the shirt in a knot, revealing the lower right abdomen in the mirror. The other hand self-injects all three syringes into the abdomen, one at a time.

The hands belong to TRISHA SEN, (38), classic Bengali features, a topknot in disarray. Trisha looks spent, as if at the end of a road. She cannot mask it any more.

She takes all three used syringes and medicine tabs, puts them in a tin, closes it tightly and stores it away.

Calendar shows **June 25** in the background.

INT. FERTILITY STUDIO - HALLWAY - MORNING

Trisha walks puffy-eyed through the hallway, in yoga pants.

She turns the corner to see a Chinese middle-aged PREGNANT WOMAN. She's in a bubble surrounded by a flock of Pregnant Women, different age groups and ethnicities. They walk past her.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Trisha, you comin'?

Trisha snaps out of her reverie. Pregnant Women have now disappeared.

In a daze, Trisha walks to the door.

INT. FERTILITY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Morning rays pour in from a window. Soft morning MUSIC plays from a bluetooth speaker. PAN to a potted Chinese Bamboo that sits next to a Buddha sculpture on a low pedestal.

Then, to women from the hallway seated in a semi-circle. A motley group, middle eastern, Asian, Caucasian, young, middle-aged. As varied as they come.

Except, they are not pregnant.

Then PAN, to Trisha at one end of the semi-circle of women.

Finally, to ALICIA, (43), a trans-female, psychedelic clothing scream 'don't ignore me'. She sits at the head of the circle, on a low Asian-style bench. Alicia listens intently, nodding from time to time.

MARISSA, (35), Caucasian, holds up a rock in her right hand. The rock has the word <u>hope</u> written on it in different languages.

MARISSA
Lazy ovary? Mama had five babies! What happened to your genes, Marissa?

Marissa grabs some tissues from a box.

ALICIA
It's not in your genes, *chica*. It's in your mind. It's mind over body. Pass the rock to your neighbor please.

ROSIE, (41), Hispanic, holds the 'rock of hope'.

ROSIE
(sniffling)
IVF's a bitch! Doc says it's only $15,000 in Spain. If only he knew the monthly salary of a bank teller.

She grabs a tissue and blows her nose.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
And Carlos! He's an expired can of pinto beans. *Pendejo*!

A VOICE comes from the other end of the room. Everyone turns around.

JENNIE
Hey Rosie! So did ya reach out to that adoption agency I referred to you?

This is JENNIE, (33), Caucasian. You hear her voice before you see her. Tad Bohemian, tad globe trotter. She doesn't take herself too seriously.

ROSIE
My mother-in-law wants her own blood. An heir to the Roderigez family.

JENNIE
But your mother-in-law's not having the baby. You are.

ROSIE
You judging me, *chica*? The Rodriguez family does not adopt.

JENNIE
Funny, how the A word scares the daylights out of people?

Jennie picks up her bohemian mirror embellished bag and leaves the room.

A GASP comes from the room. Trisha breaks from her reverie and looks at Jennie. Rosie looks stumped.

Other Women MURMUR and TALK over each other. The room gets heated up.

Alicia clears her throat. Attendees turn to look at to her.

ALICIA
Alright, let's bring that raaaawh
(flicks out cat claw and growl)
Energy to next week's meeting with the fertility nutritionist.

Two MIDDLE EASTERN WOMEN in hijab, gather their belongings.

MIDDLE EASTERN WOMAN # 1
My mother says eat lots of garlic.

MIDDLE EASTERN WOMAN # 2 gives an acknowledging nod. They give Jennie a stink eye, on their way out.

INT. LADIES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Trisha washes her hands. Jennie comes out of the bathroom stall to wash. Trisha blow dries her hands. She does not look at Jennie.

Jennie takes her contact lens out from one eye. Pours lens solution on it. Tries to put it back into her eye. She pulls her top eyelid with one finger.

She looks for the lens case with her hands. Trisha holds the lens case up for her.

JENNIE
Thank you.

Jennie inserts the lens with her other finger.

TRISHA
Sure.

Trisha waits holding the case.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
I wouldn't judge Rosie, if I were you. Multiple miscarriages can do weird things to your mind.

Jennie blinks a few times to let the lens settle. Takes the lens case from Trisha.

Jennie rubs her hands under the air dryer.

JENNIE
Have I seen you before?

Trisha extends her hand. Jennie ignores.

TRISHA
Oh Trisha. S-H-A not CIA.

Trisha takes her hand back.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
I used to come two years back to the studio. Never thought I'd come back.

Jennie takes out an ultrasound photo of a four-month old fetus from her purse and sets it on the counter.

Trisha suddenly loses all color on her face.

JENNIE
Haven't had the strength to take these out. When I lost my first one, I was five months, four days pregnant. Bad heart. Bad kidney. Bad liver. Docs had to take him out early.

Trisha is about to say something as Jennie takes out another ultrasound photo from her bag.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
This one made it to only three months. "Would you like to see the fetus after we do the procedure?"
(chuckles)
That's all the doc could offer.

Beat.

Jennie extends her hand.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Jennie. With an i-e. My adoptive parents gave me that name, after the daughter they never had.

Trisha shakes hands. They look eye-to-eye for the first time. A connection.

TRISHA
I'm...

Jennie puts the ultrasound photos back inside her purse and leaves.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Sorry.

Jennie has left.

INT. TRISHA'S GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Trisha unloads a bag of groceries from her car.

TARA, 6, big bright inquisitive eyes, curly mop of hair, a few dangle carelessly on the sides of her head. Tara unstraps a horse plush toy seated next to her.

A NEIGHBOR walks by with two KIDS. Older one pushes the younger in a stroller.

Trisha's POV

Tara's gaze follows them with curiosity, until they're out of sight.

End POV

Trisha grabs Tara's hands gently, and brings her...

INT. TRISHA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

...Into the kitchen.

Indian wall plaques add an ethnic touch to the decor. Personalized salad board has Trisha and Neil engraved on it.

A chalk board says: Menu of the Day, yellow dal, mustard salmon and rice.

Trisha dumps grocery bags on the kitchen floor. She puts away the spices on the pantry shelves.

NEIL SEN, (early 40s), Trisha's husband, exudes a Bengali Berkley engineer vibe. Salt and pepper hair cannot hide his carefree, boyish charm.

Neil gives Trisha a hand with the groceries.

Tara counts on the back of her fingers.

TARA
Daddy?

NEIL
Yes, sweetie?

TARA
My bestie got a little brother yesterday.

NEIL
Bestie? Now where'd you learn that, sweetie?

TARA
From my bestie, Sophia.

An endearing chuckle from Neil.

TARA (CONT'D)
Sophie said he's a preemie. Mommy, what's a preemie?

No answer.

Tara runs to Neil now.

Flustered, Neil drops a bag of beans on the floor. They scatter all over.

NEIL
Tara, preemie means...well...When babies..

TRISHA
Tara, you want a playdate today, *shona*?
(precious)
You haven't played dress-up in a while.

Tara jumps up with joy.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Clean up your room. And finish your reading if you wanna go to your playdate.

TARA
Mommy, will my brother be here on my next birthday? I will not cut no cake.

Trisha looks at Neil from the corner of her eye.

TRISHA
Also Tara, I've told you many times not to pluck flowers from the garden. You can't glue them back.

TARA
Not even hot glue?

Trisha says nothing. Tara scrunches her face, unhappy, grabs her stuffed monkey, and runs out of the kitchen.

NEIL
How long will you keep dodging her questions?

He continues to load the vegetables in the fridge.

Trisha keeps stacking spices with gusto.

TRISHA
What should I do, just tell her that if this fifth IUI procedure fails, she may never have a sibling ever?

NEIL
Trish! You know it drives me crazy when you talk like that.

TRISHA
And that daddy will not do an IVF because of his scientific ideas?

NEIL
Trish!

Trisha walks to the island, mixes dough with some water to make Indian bread.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Don't we test in two weeks?

Trisha nods.

TRISHA
What's the point?

Neil tosses junk mail in the bin. He walks out in a huff. A salon catalogue on the counter catches Trisha's attention.

It reads: **Snip**. Big opening day sale!"

Trisha's phone BEEPS. Reminder: 4 pm injections.

She gets up and pounds the dough with all her might. Her hair and face get covered in flour.

She looks at her big, messy mop of flour-covered-hair in the kitchen mirror. She could use a haircut.

INT. SNIP SALON - EVENING

Wall to wall photos of Jazz artists. Collection of trolls sits on one of the tables. JAZZ PLAYS on the radio.

HAIRDRESSER 1 works on a CLIENT's hair.

Door bell CHIMES. Trisha walks in, takes a seat in the lounge, browsing a magazine. She does not notice Jennie who puts final touches on a TEENAGER'S hairdo.

Trisha approaches the counter and stops abruptly, noticing Jennie. Jennie hands a coupon to the teenager.

JENNIE
Today's haircut is complimentary. And here's a coupon for your next visit.

Teenager gives her a big smile and leaves. Jennie notices Trisha. Both freeze for a moment.

Trisha's about to turn around and leave, when - -

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Number?

TRISHA
I didn't know you worked here.

JENNIE
I'm the owner.

TRISHA
720 236 1515. Trisha - S-H-A not C-I-A. Sen.

JENNIE
I remember.

Jennie waits, not looking up.

TRISHA
Just Sen. It's a short last name.

Jennie ushers her towards the mirror. She unpins Trisha's hair. Black wavy tresses fall down to Trisha's waist.

Trisha sets her bag, her scarf and a magazine titled 'Quick n Easy Gluten-free Diet' on the table.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
I want a fresh new look. Can you suggest something?

Jennie lets out a very distinct chuckle.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
What?

JENNIE
Nothing. It's what everyone wants. But only a handful will take a chance.

Jennie points at a catalogue book model with a radically bold hairstyle. Longer in the front, shorter in the back with a streak of red behind the ear.

TRISHA
Umm...can't see myself in that hairstyle.

JENNIE
Well let me be the judge of that.

Trisha looks nervous.

TRISHA
Three er...

SNIP!

Jennie starts clipping her hair.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Max four inches.

SNIP

SNIP

SNIP

Black locks of hair fall on the wooden floor. Trisha looks like a bug under a microscope.

She looks at the photo of the girl with the RED STREAK hair. Nervous.

A VOICE on the television screen grabs Trisha's attention.

ON TELEVISION SCREEN

A HORSE RIDER gallops away in a meadow.

ALEX REYNOLDS, a mid 30s, well-built, charming personality, Scottish anchor appears.

ALEX REYNOLDS
(Scottish accent)
Are you a mom? And up for some adventure? Wild Mamas is casting for their second season!

A row of athletic bodied women gallop on horses on the meadows.

BACK TO SCENE

JENNIE
You like horse riding?

TRISHA
I used to. When I was younger.

JENNIE
They're casting in two months.

Jennie bounces Trisha's hair to give it some fluff. She holds the mirror up. Lovely layers cascade down Trisha's shoulders.

Surprise! Trisha smiles big. It's not the radical hairstyle, from the catalogue.

They make <u>eye contact</u> in the mirror. Jennie forces half a smile.

In the background, HAIRDRESSER 1 winds down for the day and leaves.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Happy Friday!

Jennie sweeps the floor and walks Trisha to the counter.

Jennie rings up Trisha's bill. Trisha pulls out a credit card, still admiring her new look in the mirror.

TRISHA
Magnifique, as the French would say.

A jazz motif clock on the wall CHIMES a jazz tune at 6 pm.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Hey, can I treat to you coffee as a thank you?

Jennie picks up the broom and goes back to sweeping the floor.

Point noted.

Trisha heads towards the exit.

A beat later...

JENNIE
Well, they make their Aztec coffee extra spicy on Fridays, next door.

Trisha turns around. She smiles.

Note: After this point, everything in *italics* is in an East Indian language called Bengali.

INT. AZTEC CAFE - EVENING

Busy Friday evening. Cafe is small, eclectic. A sign reads 'Open Mic Night'. PATRONS in their 20s and 30s are scattered in small groups.

A MALE SINGER STRUMS his guitar during his live performance.

Trisha and Jennie find a corner spot with their coffee mugs filled to brim.

Trisha takes a sip.

TRISHA
Yum. This reminds me of the coffee I had when I first came to the US.

JENNIE
And when was that?

TRISHA
Let's see, sixteen years now? There was this mom and pop cafe by our studio.

A nostalgic look comes on Trisha's face.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
I was still jet lagged when I started preparing for my GRE exam. The only way to get by was endless cups of coffee.

JENNIE
Did you always know you'd teach?

TRISHA
Well, I always knew I'd dabble in French literature.

JENNIE
It's a Bengali thing, isn't it? Camus, Samuel Beckett, Calcutta coffee house.

Trisha raises an eyebrow, *impressed*.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Well I know a thing or two about
(air quotes)
Bengalis from my backpacking days.

Trisha smiles.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
My short bio is dropped out of engineering school. Dad cut me off. Saved up and attended Sassoon Academy.

Jennie dips her biscotto into the coffee.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
It's also my long bio.

Trisha laughs.

Jennie looks at her long lanky fingers.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
There's power in turning bad hair days to good hair days. Day after day.

From Trisha's POV we see an <u>adoption magazine</u> peeping out of Jennie's handbag.

Jennie catches Trisha looking at the magazine. A moment of connection ensues.

TRISHA
Well, Tara plays hairdresser all the time. She would love to meet you.

JENNIE
Tara?

Trisha pulls out a photo of pouty Tara on her phone. A birthday cake sits in front of her.

TRISHA
This is her sixth birthday photo. She refused to cut the cake without Toby.

JENNIE
And who's Toby?

TRISHA
Tara's imaginary brother.

Beat.

JENNIE
Help me understand, are you doing this for her? Or for you?

BEAT

TRISHA
From the age of seven to twelve, I almost completely stopped talking to my parents. Because they did not give me a sibling. I went into a dark space.

Trisha fidgets with the yellow and red thread tied on her wrist.

Jennie looks at it.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Everything's a lie. Astrologer, threads, science, treatments.

Trisha sets her coffee mug down and looks out of the window.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Sometimes, I just want to do something wild and crazy! Like be a vamp in a movie, you know? Or change my name.

Suddenly, Jennie jumps up. Pulls out her phone from her messenger bag.

JENNIE
Or get a snazzy new hair cut!

A light bulb hits Jennie.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
How old are you?

TRISHA
Will be 39 in July. Why?

She pulls out an image on her phone. It reads: 'WILD MAMA' Second Season Casting. Moms age 26 to 40.'

TRISHA (CONT'D)
What?

JENNIE
What what?

TRISHA
You're not suggesting that I...

JENNIE
Yes. Yes I am. I am suggesting that you, Trisha Sen, 39, audition for the second season of Wild Mamas.

Trisha chokes on her coffee. Some spills out of her mouth.

TRISHA
You know that it's a reality competition show. Right?

Jennie raises her coffee mug for a toast.

JENNIE
When the bob cut won't work, you go asymmetrical baby!

Jennie raises Trisha's mug. Still processing that thought, Trisha reciprocates. CLINK!

EXT. SIDEWALK - EVENING

Trisha and Jennie walk with a liberated stride, from a new-found friendship.

Jennie lights up a Cuban cigar. She offers it to Trisha. Trisha shakes her head.

JENNIE
Cuban.

TRISHA
That stuff won't do you any good. You know that, right?

Jennie shrugs her shoulder.

JENNIE
Meh! I think I swear less when I smoke.

A TEENAGE DUDE on a bike whizzes past Jennie.

TEENAGE DUDE
On your left!

She gives him the finger.

JENNIE
Douche!

Trisha nearly chokes. Jennie takes another drag.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Last June I went to this shrink. She said classical music soothes your nerves.
(letting a puff of smoke)
Move over punk rock!

TRISHA
My acupuncturist says, placing a bamboo shoot on your window is calming. Even tea tree oil.

JENNIE
No unpasteurized cheese. No mayo. Raw eggs bad for the fetus.

TRISHA
Gave up gluten. Enhances the chances of conception by nine percent.

JENNIE
No red wine for over a year.

TRISHA
Only dark chocolate. No potatoes. No simple carbohydrates. Only pure water from an organic store. No tap water.

JENNIE
Wait...what? Seriously?

Trisha nods her head. Jennie's watch BEEPS. She abruptly breaks into a few obliques and jumping jacks.

TRISHA
Also, put the bed on the east wall of your bedroom. Feng Shui. Mom's idea.

Jennie ashes her cigar into her cup.

JENNIE
Oh, by the way did you do that thing?

TRISHA
What thing?

Jennie raises her arms in the air in a V SHAPE.

JENNIE
Raise your legs after sex.

TRISHA
Shshshssh!!!

Trisha looks around. Phew! *Noone in sight.*

Jennie's PHONE RINGS. They stop near a park bench, still PANTING.

Jennie takes the phone out of her sling cross-body bag. She speaks to the caller.

JENNIE
Who? Amanda? Yeah what's up? No, no go ahead...

Jennie listens. INDISTINCT WORDS on the other end.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
You what? Oh.

Jennie slumps down on the bench.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Okay, so you're pregnant. What do you want from me?

Jennie puts the phone on SPEAKER MODE.

AMANDA (O.S.)
(on phone)
Hey can I grab those baby clothes back? The ones I gave you last fall?

Jennie hangs up abruptly. She PUNCHES the red button on the phone multiple times.

JENNIE
Bitch! How'd you say it in Hindi? *Sali*!!

She makes a 'boob lift' gesture.

Jennie breathes heavy. Face flushed, beads of sweat and tears make her look like a hot mess. She takes a drag from her cigar. She coughs.

Trisha reaches out, holds Jennie's hand. In a rage, Jennie trashes her phone along with her cigar, as she coughs.

Abruptly, Jennie starts to run at lightening speed.

Trisha runs after Jennie. Just then, Jennie's phone BEEPS from the trash can.

Trisha turns around. Digs into the trash can and pulls out the phone. She brushes the muck off it, a banana peel, some toffee wrappers.

Trisha looks up. Jennie is far from sight.

TRISHA
Jennie! Wait! I have your phone!

She runs with the phone in her hand. She scans the road, a 180 degree PAN. Jennie is gone!

Trisha walks back, Jennie's phone in her hand.

BEGIN MUSIC MONTAGE

-- AT TRISHA'S FOYER -- Trisha puts on flip flops. She spots a few grey hairs in the mirror, before heading out. She camouflages them with a few black hairs.

-- INT/EXT CAR -- Trisha parks at the studio parking lot. She gets a phone call. She swipes her phone, as she turns off the engine. Caller ID says MAA.

We will know the caller to be MAYA MITRA, 60s, Trisha's mom. A feisty Bengali ex-professor in Kolkata. An avid cricket fan, she speaks in Beng-lish.

MAYA MITRA
Tishu! *Dhoni pummeled the Brits in the one day match! 98 runs in 77 balls!* Your Baba lost the bet again.

TRISHA
Maa! You need to say 'hello' before you start talking. How many times have I said that!

MAYA MITRA
Okay *baba*, hello? Did you do your test?

Trisha nods her head: *you will not change*.

TRISHA
Maa I need to run...

MAYA MITRA
Oh yes, it's late there! Good night.

TRISHA
Maa!! It's morning here! We are twelve hours behind you. How many years have I lived in the US? Gotta run now. I'm late to my class. *Stay safe.*

Trisha hangs up. She dashes into the studio.

INT. FERTILITY STUDIO - RECEPTION - MORNING

Trisha waits. Her personalized cup of green tea in one hand. Enticingly dangling Jennie's **phone** in the other.

Jennie walks up.

TRISHA
Hey phone zombie!

Jennie sees her phone. She tries to grab it. Trisha doges her.

JENNIE
Trish! Give my phone!

Jennie tries again. Trisha raises it in the air.

TRISHA
You're welcome. Three days of electronic detox.

Jennie finally grabs it. Trisha has a good laugh.

Jennie kisses her phone and frantically goes through her messages.

JENNIE
Gosh! I owe you $800.

TRISHA
Make that a 1000. For digging into a trash can and running three miles looking for you.

JENNIE
About that, sorry. Blame it on Amanda.

Jennie does the 'boob-lift' gesture again now accompanied by an eye-roll. They walk into the therapy room.

INT. FERTILITY STUDIO - THERAPY ROOM - LATER

Marissa, Rosie and other women are seated in a semi-circle. At the center is Alicia in her bold colored ensemble.

Jennie holds the **Rock of Hope**.

JENNIE
Can't remember how many times I drove her home drunk as a skunk. And now she wants the baby clothes back? *Biiatch*!

ALICIA
Different shades of being a woman. Embrace it girl!

Rosie passes Jennie the box of tissues. Jennie grabs a tissue, with a smile.

JENNIE
...Sorry about the other day.

ROSIE
We're all in this together, *chica*!

Jennie gives Rosie a hug.

Trisha and Jennie walk to the exit door.

TRISHA
Hey! You been to an Indian party before?

JENNIE
Nope.

TRISHA
Well, mark your calendar.

Trisha points to Jennie's phone.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Saturday 6 pm. Party at Meena's.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
My first Indian friend when I moved to the US way back in 2002.

Jennie's still on her phone.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Plus you get to meet Neil and Tara.

Jennie is still going through her phone.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
There'll be samosas.

JENNIE
I'm in *chica*!

Jennie pretends to toss the phone again.

TRISHA
Next time, please pick a recycling bin to trash your phone!

Jennie lets out her trademark husky chuckle.

INT. MEENA'S PATIO - EVENING

Appears to be a shoe sale on display.

Trisha, Jennie, Neil and Tara take off their shoes. Trisha adjusts her sari.

Jennie's eclectic earrings dangle, complementing her vibrant outfit.

TARA
So what will you say after you eat the samosas?

JENNIE
(Bengali)
It's delicious.

Tara gives Jennie a hi-five.

TARA
Perfect! And no Namaste. Mommy only says that after yoga.

Neil and Trisha laugh.

INT. MEENA'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Trisha and Jennie walk in. Neil disappears into the lower level.

A few BENGALI LADIES in heavy make up and traditional saris stand around chatting over samosas, chai and other ethnic snacks.

They speak in Beng-lish.

MRS. BOSE
Oh here's Trisha!

This is Mrs. BOSE, 60s, rotund in a bright pink sari.

TRISHA
Ladies meet my friend Jennie. Owner of Snip, a chic hair salon on Santa Fe.

Jennie shows off her elaborate hairdo.

JENNIE
Where trendy meets wild.
(hands folded in a Namaste)
Ladies!

All the Bengali Ladies wave their hands the American way.

BENGALI LADIES
(collective)
Hi Jennie!

TARA
Told ya! Namaste is only after yoga.

Everybody laughs.

MEENA, 36, the hostess, hugs Trisha. Big ethnic gold earrings and a dot on her head complete her look.

Jennie is about to shake hands, but Meena gives Jennie a hug.

MEENA
Nice to finally meet you. Trisha keeps talking about you. Welcome to my abode.

JENNIE
Thank you for having me.

Meena offers Jennie a plate of samosas.

MEENA
I know all about my love affair with *samosas*.

Jennie takes a giant bite.

JENNIE
(Bengali)
Delicious!

Everyone cheers Jennie's attempt at Bengali. Tara gives Jennie a high-five.

Mrs. Bose makes a 'bitchy' eye gesture to BENGALI LADY 1.

BENGALI LADY 1
Trisha, did you see Nikita's baby yet?

TRISHA
(visibly surprised)
Oh I didn't know she delivered.

MRS. BOSE
Yes, smooth delivery. Daisy finally has a brother.

Mrs. Bose shows Trisha the picture of a five-year-old-boy holding a newborn, on her phone.

Trisha looks at the picture. Her eyes inadvertently go to Tara, who is now with her friends in the far end of the room.

Mrs. Bose appears to take a closer look at Trisha's silver earring. Trisha gives a proud smile.

TRISHA
Anniversary gift from Neil. He says I will soon need an armoire for all my sterling silvers.

Trisha laughs gently at her own joke.

MRS. BOSE
Three. You have three grey hairs.

Beat.

MRS. BOSE (CONT'D)
My henna lady only charges twenty dollars and guess what? She comes home.

Jennie notices. She leans up to Mrs. Bose with a samosa in her hand.

JENNIE
I should tell you that salt and pepper hair is trending on the French runway.

Jennie takes another hearty bite of her samosa and some chips, close to her ears. *CRUNCH!*

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Mmm...Love the spice.

Jennie looks at Trisha from corner of her eye and winks.

FLASH: INT. MEENA'S KITCHEN

Trisha takes a glass of red wine and throws it on Mrs. Boses's bright pink sari. A red bold SPLASH across her starched sari.

BACK TO SCENE

MEENA
We need to catch up, dear.

Meena walks Trisha over to the media room, followed by Jennie.

INT. MEENA'S HOUSE - MEDIA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tara reads a book to RAHUL, 3.

TARA
Mommy, can I take Rahul home tonight? My bed is big!

TRISHA
No, honey. You can play with him as long as you want, here.

Tara holds her hand.

TARA
Please mommy! I will make my bed and clean my room. And not pluck flowers. And...

TRISHA
(irritated)
No *shona*
(precious)
we don't do that after every party.

Tara pouts.

TARA
But my birthday's coming up soon and still no Toby! You lied to me!

Trisha shushes her.

JENNIE
Tara, honey, how about we go to that new ice cream place by my house? I hear they have a special ice cream called Tara.

Tara's face lights up.

TARA
Really? And what flavor is that?

JENNIE
Oh that's a secret! Can't tell ya!

Tara hops on to Jennie's lap. Trisha: *thank you*.

Meena offers samosas to Trisha. She hesitates, but then breaks off a teeny tiny piece.

Trisha returns the plate of uneaten samosas to Meena. Meena looks surprised.

TRISHA
Am off gluten and sugar.

MEENA
(surprised)
Still?

Beat.

Meena reaches out and touches her hand. Jennie gives her an acknowledging smile.

MEENA (CONT'D)
Trisha dear, why don't you go to India for a few weeks? Spend time with your mom.

Trisha nods.

BENGALI LADY 1 (O.S.)
Meena! Where's your rice cooker?

Meena excuses herself to go to the kitchen.

TRISHA
Excuse me. I need to use the ladies room.

Jennie nibbles on some samosa crumbs off of an almost empty platter.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Trisha looks at the grey strands of hair on one side. She plucks each strand from the root, with aggression. She switches off the light and leaves.

INT. MEENA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Trisha gives Mrs. Bose a fake smile and goes past her.

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Credit card statements are strewn around Trisha, like puffs of clouds.

Trisha attempts to organize them in separate folders: Injections, treatments, doctor visits, acupuncture, nutritionist, wellness center, fertility studio.

Each monthly statement shows a big dollar amount on medical treatments.

-$800 for injections

-$1,100 for more injections

-$500 for a specialist

-$3,000 for Intra Uterine Insemination treatment

Fatigued, she opens her laptop and surfs on social media. Trisha pulls up the casting call on the 'Wild Mamas' website on her laptop.

The webpage states: Casting Call for 'Wild Mamas' - a show for super moms! Round Two on **January 15**. **Apply Now!!**

Trisha scrolls down. A video pops up. The show's host Alex Reynolds is on screen.

ON LAPTOP SCREEN

The green screen flashes to images of the Scottish Highlands. Alex wears a kilt. CELTIC MUSIC takes over the SOUNDTRACK.

ALEX REYNOLDS
Are you ready to battle it out on screen in the Scottish Highlands?

The video then shows Alex wearing kickboxing gloves. He punches a bag.

ALEX REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
We need kick boxers!

A horse comes up on the green screen as Alex gallops from off screen into the frame. He sports a cowboy hat and lasso.

ALEX REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
We need expert horse riders! Neigh!

Alex stands in front of the 'Wild Mamas' logo.

ALEX REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
Thrilling, isn't it? So if you're between age twenty-six and forty, hurry - apply today to our second casting call on January 15! Clock is ticking, mamas!

BACK TO SCENE

Trisha pulls her calendar. January 15 is seven months away.

ON LAPTOP SCREEN

ALEX REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
Still not sure? Come check out the first round of auditions this Sunday, at the downtown convention center. The first casting call is just three days away!

Trisha's fingers hover over the calendar.

ALEX REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
Remember all finalists win $25,000! And one lucky winner gets $50,000!

BACK TO SCENE

Trisha looks back at all the dollar amounts on the bills. She marks **July 3rd**, Sunday on her calendar as **first casting call,** 'WM'.

INT. AUDITIONS VENUE - GATE - AFTERNOON

ON CALENDAR

July 3

Trisha enters a waiting area. Place is abuzz with contestants and their families.

An ELDERLY STYLISH WOMAN, late 60s, signs Trisha in.

ELDERLY STYLISH WOMAN
Is this your first time auditioning?

TRISHA
Yes. I mean no. I'm just here to watch Round One. I bought tickets online.

Trisha produces her ticket on her phone. Elderly Woman scans it.

INT. CONTESTANTS LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Trisha stumbles in. A bevy of CONTESTANTS in athletic gear. Well-toned, athletic, hour-glassed.

Some pace up and down. Some do stretches. A fish-out-of-water moment for Trisha.

CONTESTANTS 1 and 2 are immersed in a few kick boxing moves in front of mirror. Accompanied by POWER SOUNDS.

A punch! Hook! Upper cut!

Trisha's gaze is fixed on the girls. A vicarious pleasure.

A MURMUR catches Trisha's attention. Two CONTESTANTS snickering.

She catches glimpse of her flabby, out-of-shape body in the mirror. She notes the obvious contrast with CONTESTANT 1.

ANNOUNCER, early 30s, Hawaiian shirt, purple-dyed hair in a puff, appears with an iPad and a whistle around his neck.

ANNOUNCER
Ladies! Welcome to the first round of Casting Calls for Wild Mamas. Yoo hoo!!

Everyone HOOTS and CHEERS!

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
We expect you to complete a pre-determined course on your horses. Neigh!!! Remember, you fall, you're out of the competition. And finally you face off in a kick boxing ring. Boot up ladies! And follow me!

A sudden chaos ensues. CONTESTANTS brush past each other.

Trisha stands there, staring at herself in the mirror.

INT. TRISHA'S BASEMENT - DAY

Trisha, up on a step stool, drills holes on two MARKS on the ceiling. A punching bag sits next to her.

She places the mount over the holes. Lifts the punching bag. It's heavy. Sweat trickles down her cheeks. Heavy breathing.

She installs it with the included hardware.

She attaches the S-hook and the bag to the chain.

She admires her new toy. She lands a few free-hand punches. She mimics the SOUNDS from the casting lounge. They sound FAKE.

She chuckles at her own sounds.

INT. ULTRASOUND ROOM - AFTERNOON

A calm-faced nurse specialist ushers Trisha in. This is MELANIE, early 40s.

Melanie does a blood draw on Trisha. She hands Trisha a stack of papers.

MELANIE
Did you take all your injections on their due dates?

Trisha nods.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
And meds?

Trisha nods again. Melanie points to a calendar.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Alright then. Pregnancy test on July 8.

Trisha raises her eyebrow. Melanie looks at Trisha's patient chart.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Oh! July 8th your birthday! Could be your lucky day!

Melanie gives Trisha a few journals and a few pregnancy test sticks in a bag.

INT. TEMPLE FOYER - MORNING

Jennie and Trisha take off their shoes at the foyer. Jennie pops out her Cuban cigar.

A HINDU PRIEST, mid 50s, bald, in all white clothes walks by with a disapproving look. Trisha makes Jennie put cigar back into her bag.

Trisha leans towards Jennie's ears and furrows her eyebrows like Mrs. Bose at the party.

TRISHA
You should've seen her expression when you said you might adopt.

Jennie folds her arms to Namaste.

JENNIE
May every day be a bad-hair-day for Mrs. Bose. Amen.

Trisha laughs like a teenager.

TRISHA
I laugh so much whenever I'm around you.

JENNIE
Sali!
(whore)

TRISHA
Did you just cuss inside the Hindu temple of Colorado?

JENNIE
Kutti!!
(bitch!)

The same Hindu Priest walks by. Eyes roll.

INT. TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

An array of Hindu deities perched on top of pedestals. DEVOTEES pray with arms folded and eyes closed.

Trisha RINGS the giant bell. Jennie follows suit. Trisha smears a pinch of holy red powder on her forehead. Jennie does the same.

They sit together in quiet meditation with their eyes closed.

EXT - TEMPLE PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Trisha and Jennie walk to the car, temple offerings in Trisha's hands.

JENNIE
Do you visit the temple every birthday?

TRISHA
Try to. Tara's in school, Neil's busy. Glad you're with me this time.

Jennie rests her head on Trisha's shoulder. A warm acknowledgement.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
So, how does Mike feel about this whole thing?

JENNIE
What thing?

TRISHA
Adoption.

JENNIE
He doesn't care. He just wants a baby.

TRISHA
And you?

Jennie's phone BEEPS. She does a few oblique exercises and stretches.

JENNIE
I'm ready. In fact I've filed already. You guys?

TRISHA
Four IUIs over the last three and a half years.

JENNIE
IUI meaning Intra...

TRISHA
Uterine...

JENNIE
Invasion.

TRISHA
Insemination.

JENNIE
Same.

TRISHA
Not for the man. Drop off a sample and call it a day!

Jennie shrugs. Trisha's phone PINGS. She takes it out and pulls up the screen.

Phone screen shows a web article: **Hyper Stimulated Ovary Syndrome is a Common Disease among many Women in their 50s**.

JENNIE
What's that?

TRISHA
(miffed)
Neil's 150th article on the detrimental effects of IVF.

Trisha rolls her eyes in frustration.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Marrying an engineer has its side effects. Sometimes I feel, he never gets me.

JENNIE
Why don't you adopt too?

Pause.

TRISHA
Tried going down that road. But didn't have the energy. Takes three years for international adoption.

Trisha gets inside her car.

INT/EXT CAR - CONTINUOUS

Trisha starts the engine.

TRISHA
I want to give her a sibling <u>now</u>!
Like tomorrow by noon!

JENNIE
You have Prime membership?

A beat later...

Trisha gets the joke. Jennie's trademark chuckle and they drive off.

INT. JENNIE'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Tastefully odd kitchen collectibles from all over the world, decorate the walls. Trisha cruises along the walls, admiring the decor.

Jennie gathers salad ingredients from the refrigerator-lettuce, greens, vegetables, dressing.

Trisha looks at the photo of a slightly younger Jennie eating out of a Turkish bowl.

JENNIE
2010. Back packing in Turkey.
(MORE)

JENNIE (CONT'D)
I could spend the rest of my life eating *kokorec*. And steaming off in those *hamams*!

Jennie grabs some salad ingredients from the refrigerator.

TRISHA
Kokorec?

JENNIE
Stuffed intestines with spices and then grilled on a spit! Yum!

TRISHA
Oh!... Ok.

JENNIE
I didn't know Mike then.

TRISHA
So who'd you go with?

JENNIE
Someone I met in my yoga class.

Jennie brings her the gift bag.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Happy birthday dear!

Trisha opens Jennie's gift. It's a Native American vase.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
It's a friendship vase.

Trisha gives her a hug.

Jennie tosses the salad, while Trisha helps.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
So did you submit to that Wild Mamas show?

Trisha looks down.

TRISHA
I'm too old! I'm done talking about this!

JENNIE
Who said I was? It said twenty-six to forty didn't it?

TRISHA
Well, what does that tell you? I turned thirty nine today.

JENNIE
Tells me that you have a few more months in your hands to completely change your life around!

TRISHA
Or, do an IVF.

JENNIE
Well, here's a thought, if you're one of the selected participants, you get $25,000. Now that'll cover some of your IVF cost. Won't it?

Trisha puts down the ladle.

TRISHA
Except I felt like a bag of russet potatoes in that lounge.

Trisha squeezes her love handles.

JENNIE
Ah! So you did go to the first casting call on Sunday?

TRISHA
Tight body, taut muscles. Where do you see me fit in? My clock is ticking.

Jennie sets aside the salad. She grabs her phone and pulls out a number.

Jennie's phone shows the profile photo of a sunburnt man on a horse wearing a cowboy hat.

JENNIE
Timothy. My backpacking buddy in Nepal. If nothing, the physical training will destress you and prep your body for the IVF.

Jennie scribbles on a sticky note and gives it to Trisha. It says: Timothy, 720 546 2299. Trisha nonchalantly tosses it into her purse.

Jennie tastes the traditional porridge. She sits on top of the island in criss-cross yoga position with her eyes closed.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Mmm...Whoever said yoga makes you levitate, hasn't tasted *kheer* yet.

Trisha laughs.

Suddenly Trisha's phone BEEPS.

ON PHONE SCREEN

Reminder: **July 8, Pregnancy test**

Trisha picks up her purse and heads to the bathroom.

TRISHA (O.S.)
My great grand-mom made it with goat's milk from her farm, and jaggery from palm trees in their fields.

Jennie relishes the porridge, eyes closed.

JENNIE
And how many kids did she have?

TRISHA (O.S.)
Nine!

JENNIE
Ouch! I see where your frustration's coming from.

Jennie looks around.

Trisha stands in one corner of the room. Pregnancy test stick in her hand. Trisha drops the stick on the floor.

ON STICK

Negative Pregnancy Test Result

BACK TO SCENE

Jennie gets off the island.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. That was the worst timing for my joke.

Jennie locks Trisha into a tight embrace.

The silence speaks.

INT. TRISHA'S BASEMENT- EVENING

Trisha takes her wrath out on the punching bag. SOUNDS accompany her moves. This time, more natural.

PUNCH!

HOOK!

KICK!

She walks out wiping her brow. She notices a vase with orange roses in one corner of the room.

ON STICKY NOTE

Happy Birthday dear. When quiet falls listen to what your heart says. -Yours XO XO

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM AND LAPTOP SCREEN - INTERCUT AS NEEDED - NIGHT

Trisha sips a cup of green tea, staring out of the window.

A Skype call RINGS on her laptop. Caller ID shows MA.

Tara carrying her stuffed horse and a stuffed elephant God, *Ganesha,* perches herself on Trisha's lap.

LAPTOP SCREEN SKYPE WINDOW

Maya Mitra appears on the skype window. Her gaze fixed on her television screen.

CHAOTIC SOUND of helpers buzzing around in a Kolkata home.

LOUD ROAR from cricket stadium audience says, it's a tension-filled moment in the game.

Maya talks to Trisha in Beng-lish.

BENGAL TV ANCHOR (O.S.)
(hi-pitched voice, in English)
The ball going off to the boundaries and Dhoni there chasing it at a hi-speed.

MAYA MITRA
(hysterical)
Come on, Dhoni! Come on, Dhoni! Catch it! Catch it! Catch the ball!

BENGAL TV ANCHOR (O.S.)
(his voice drops dramatically from hi - to low pitch)
OHHHHHH! Australia scores another *sixer* over India! Their third one in the last thirty minutes. This brings Australia really close to their victory.

Maya Mitra THUMPS her fist on the table in disappointment. She turns around and faces Trisha waiting in front of the laptop screen.

BACK TO SCENE

Tara giggles.

BENGAL TV ANCHOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Steve Smith's third *sixer* in a row. He is unbeatable this season! We are getting pummeled by the Aussies!

Tara sticks out her hand. On the back of her palm is a hand-drawn tattoo of half a fairy wing.

MAYA MITRA
Oh that's pretty. Where's the other half?

TARA
On Toby, it's a sibling tattoo! Don't you know?

Maya Mitra looks at Trisha. Shock is not easy to hide.

MAYA MITRA
Oh did you tell Jack your Ganesha story?

Tara is admiring her fake tattoo.

TARA
Ahan. He liked it.

She picks up her *Ganesha* toy.

TRISHA
Baby it's past your bed time now. Say night-night to *nani.*

Tara gives her grandma a flying kiss.

TARA
Night! Night! Oh! Don't forget your meds, ok*, nani*? Don't eat fried chicken from that restaurant. They use bad oil. It has hydrogen.

Trisha gawks. Maya Mitra can't help laughing.

TRISHA
Hydrogenated, sweetie! Where're you learning all this?

TARA
I heard you telling daddy.

Trisha raises her eyebrows in amused acknowledgement.

MAYA MITRA
Ok dear. I won't. Now you must go to bed.

Tara gives Trisha a kiss and leaves.

MAYA MITRA (CONT'D)
Happy birthday *shona*. My blessings.

Trisha smiles.

MAYA MITRA (CONT'D)
Talked to Mohan Ji today.

TRISHA
Not that family priest again!

MAYA MITRA
He said you should do the pregnancy test on Friday between 7 pm and 8 pm or Sunday 3 pm and 6 pm. It's auspicious.

Trisha hesitates before answering.

TRISHA
I already took it, Maa.

MAYA MITRA
Took what?

TRISHA
The pregnancy test. It was due today!

Beat.

Tears well up in Trisha's eyes. She chokes on her words.

MAYA MITRA
But you should've waited for the right time na, Tishu.

TRISHA
(stuttering)
Does it matter? The IUI procedure is done! Whatever had to happen, has happened!

MAYA MITRA
Why do you have to be so obstinate?

TRISHA
(louder)
Between Neil's scientific theories and your astrology, I'll turn into a raving maniac!

MAYA MITRA
So...it was negative*.*

Trisha looks away. Tears trickle down. Trisha peels the skin of her thumb. Maya Mitra says nothing.

Pause.

TRISHA
(mutters under breath)
I shouldn't have had that one bite of samosa at Meena's.

MAYA MITRA
You haven't had gluten in three years! Stop blaming yourself. At least not on your birthday.

Maya Mitra struggles to hold her tears from welling up.

MAYA MITRA (CONT'D)
Tishu don't forget, you still have Tara. She needs you. And when was the last time you went out with Neil?

Pause.

TRISHA
You know I don't like it when you combine three thoughts into one!

MAYA MITRA
Tishu! This is not the time to talk about me. You were also my only child! Remember?

TRISHA
(voice rising)
And you were fine with that! But I am not! I NEVER WAS!! You know that! I want to see Tara with a sibling! How hard is that for you to understand?

Trisha abruptly HITS End Call. She sits still for a few minutes staring at the blank screen.

Trisha touches the yellow and red holy thread on her wrist. She tugs at it and RIPS it.

INT. TARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

CELTIC MUSIC plays from a green speaker shaped like a frog. Tara is asleep. A baby boy doll covered with a wrap lays by Tara. Its shirt says TOBY. Soft glow of a night lamp fills the room.

In one corner of the room hangs a poster of a Scottish girl with hair flying high in the wind.

Trisha sits on the bed and kisses Tara on her forehead. She gets up to leave.

TARA
Mommy!

Trisha turns around.

TARA
Marie brought Mason to school today.

TRISHA
Oh! Is that her brother?

Tara shows two fingers.

TARA
He's two! I read him a story.

TRISHA
Was it sibling day?

Tara nods her head.

Trisha sits back down on Tara's bed.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
What's the first thing you'll do if God gives you a baby brother?

TARA
I will teach Toby not to break flowers. They can't be glued back. Not even hot glue.

Trisha looks into her deep brown eyes.

Trisha kisses her forehead. Tara falls asleep. An angelic calm on her face. The clock CHIMES.

Trisha goes over to the window and reaches. She feels the wind between her fingertips. She closes her eyes.

TRISHA'S DREAM: EXT. ROLLING HILLS OF SCOTLAND - UNDEFINED TIME

Trisha and Tara ride a horse, hair flying wild in the wind.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clock shows 3 am. Trisha tosses this way and that in bed.

Trisha pulls out a weighing scale from under her bed. She lights up her phone. Scale reads **148 lbs** in the phone light.

She reaches out for a water bottle on the side of the bed and takes a sip. She goes back to bed.

Neil turns towards her. Trisha touches Neil's hand.

TRISHA
(whisper)
Thanks for the orange roses.

NEIL
Well, orange makes you happy.

Neil holds her in a warm embrace. She rests her head on his chest.

A beat later.

TRISHA
Do you find me attractive any more Neil?

Neil puts a finger on her lips to shush her.

Quiet falls. Soft CELTIC MUSIC wafts in from Tara's room.

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Trisha touches her Ganesha sculpture, eyes partially closed. She sits up, dark circles under her eyes.

Neil sitting by the window, stares at her, as if he's been there all night.

A tray with tea and some tea biscuits rest on the side table.

NEIL
What time did you finally fall asleep?

TRISHA
Don't remember.

Neil walks to her side, and holds her hand.

Neil sees the thumb skin peeled off revealing a little bit of pink. He folds her left thumb into his hand.

NEIL
Stop punishing yourself, Trish.
We're in this together.

Trisha smiles.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Hey, why don't we go on a family vacation? Turks and Caikos?

TRISHA
Tara gets bored on vacations. She wants company.

NEIL
Well she has us!

That gets nothing from Trisha.

NEIL (CONT'D)
How'bout a retreat. Ya? Detox and destress. Your kinda' vacay.

Pause. Nothing.

NEIL (CONT'D)
(sighs)
What is it that you want Trish?

TRISHA
Part me of wants an IVF.

Neil gasps. He sounds exasperated.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Part of me says, go Trisha go! Swim the Atlantic! Ride like you're twelve again!

She turns to Neil.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
What's the right answer Neil?

Neil sighs. Still holding her hand.

NEIL
Tara.

TRISHA
Hmm?

He shows her his phone.

NEIL
Tara got her first solo part in Bravo's fall recital. It's a big deal you know! She's the youngest. Ms. Nancy called today.

Trisha reads it, sipping on her tea.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Will you come?

Trisha picks up her phone and sets a reminder: **Tara fall recital.** Neil smiles.

INT. TRISHA'S STUDY - DAY

Trisha takes out the PREGNANCY TEST STICK from her purse.

From her purse a STICKY NOTE pops out.

Trisha stares at the STICK. It's blank. She takes a heavy looking PAPER WEIGHT. She places the stick on a hardcover book, and SMASHES it to pieces.

Her eyes go to the sticky note. Trisha punches a number.

TRISHA
(on phone)
Hello? Is this Timothy?

EXT. RANCH - EARLY MORNING

Dew drops glisten in the morning sun. A few horses graze in a sprawling Colorado ranch.

TIMOTHY, late 30s, Texan hunk with a southern drawl, cowboy hat, torn jeans, saddles up a horse. He's a no fuss dude.

TIMOTHY
Jennie says you gave up riding.

Timothy pats Monarch. He gives him his hand to smell.

TRISHA
Yes. Baba, my dad, worked at a tea plantation in Darjeeling. Everyday at noon I rode through the hilly pathways to bring him hot lunch.

Timothy waits. The buckle JINGLES. Timothy adjusts the stirrups.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
On my thirteenth birthday, I fell off Maharaja. Broken wrist, broken ankle. Never went back up on a horse again.

Pause.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Think you can work with me?

TIMOTHY
The question is, can you work with Monarch, Ms. Sen?

Trisha gives her hand to Monarch to smell. With a sudden burst of energy Trisha steps up into the stirrup.

She throws her leg over the back of the horse. Misjudges her leg movement and falls off the other side. She lands with a THUD.

Trisha picks up her purse and walks away to the parking lot.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Trisha slumps into the driver's seat and starts the IGNITION. She lets it run for a few then turns it off.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Trisha marches back toward the stables.

EXT. RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Timothy cracks a smile seeing her come back. He gives her the rein.

TIMOTHY
Ms. Sen, you are in control here. Remember, it's about balance, more than grip.

Trisha takes the reins, gingerly walks the horse out of the stable, alongside Timothy.

A faint smile lights up her face.

INT. KICKBOXING STUDIO - EVENING

A rubber floor covers the studio. A PUNCHING BAG dangles in a corner.

Rows of FEMALE BOXERS of different shapes and sizes are scattered on the studio floor. All in athletic clothes.

Trisha is tackling a BIG BUILT PATRON. Arms locked in a wrestle, heads butted.

TWIST

UPPER CUT

And the Big Built Patron has Trisha down on the floor.

A GASP fills the room from the Female Boxers.

COACH, a beefy mid-40s woman, in military print tank top and leggings, has her eyes fixed on them. Eyebrows furrowed, she circles them in a continuous motion.

Air is intense.

Trisha tries to elbow in the opponent's gut. Big Built Patron grabs her arm on time.

COACH
Upper cut! Upper cut! Do it lady!

Trisha has her teeth clenched. She tries to squeeze out of the grip.

Trisha grabs Big Built Patron by her shoulder. She lets out a SQUEAL. She is able to tackle her down.

Just in time, Big Built Patron gets a hold of herself, she frees herself from Trisha's grip and lands herself again on Trisha. Knees on either side.

Trisha's hands go limp, she gives up. Coach WHISTLES!

COACH (CONT'D)
Let's have the next pair in the center!
(to trisha)
Lady! Fifty upper cuts on the bag!

Trisha gets up and limps across the floor to her water bottle.

COACH (CONT'D)
And your time starts now!

EXT. FERTILITY STUDIO PARKING LOT - DAY

Sheets of rain dash against car windows. Trisha rushes across the lot to her car, covering her head with a folder.

Jennie runs behind her ignoring the rain.

JENNIE
T! Hey! Can we get a coffee or something?

TRISHA
Not now. Gotta pick up Tara in fifteen. Call me.

JENNIE
Just need a sec, girl! I need to talk to you.

INT./EXT CAR - CONTINUOUS

Trisha gets inside her car and starts the engine.

JENNIE
We need to talk. Now!

Jennie leans across Trisha's car window. Trisha rolls down the window.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
T! I need to tell you something. I just need a minute.

Trisha looks at her watch.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
I'm pregnant!

Beat.

TRISHA
Let me call you 'morrow. I wanna reach before rush hour. I don't -

Trisha pauses abruptly, choking mid-sentence. The engine ROARS.

JENNIE
T, I'm sorry girl. But I had to tell you in person.

Jennie touches Trisha's arm through the open window. Trisha lets the engine ROAR LOUDER.

And LOUDER.

Finally...

TRISHA
Oh congratulations! That's...that is great news Jennie!

JENNIE
Jennie? You always call me Jen.

An awkward silence.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Will you come to the salon? We can talk. Oh and Trish! So happy for Tara's solo part. Give her a big bear hug from Aunt Jen. Will ya?

Trisha nods. She speeds out of the parking lot, cutting in front of an SUV. The wheels SQUEAK.

Jennie stands drenched. Raindrops, tears, mascara, all a hot mess. The wild hairdo makes it comically sad.

INT. ACUPUNCTURIST'S OFFICE - MORNING

Bamboo shoots and a Buddha sculpture rest by the window sill. Soft MEDITATION MUSIC plays in the background.

Acupuncturist JACQUI, late 30s, blonde, relaxed slacks and cotton top, arranges acupuncture needles. Trisha lies face down on a padded table.

Jacqui pricks one acupuncture needle at a time into Trisha's back.

With each needle, Trisha gets a vision in her head.

NEEDLE ONE.

VISION 1: ADOLESCENT TRISHA falls off a horse in slow motion, on a foggy morning. Seems like she's falling into space.

NEEDLE TWO.

VISION 2: Blood in her underwear.

NEEDLE THREE.

VISION 3: A row of slim-bodied women wearing WILD MAMAS t-shirts strike a pose. DISSOLVE into a pregnant Jennie.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. STORE COUNTER - LATER

Trisha buys a bottle of water and a candy bar. She points to the shelf behind the STORE CLERK.

TRISHA
I'll take the red box.

EXT. STORE ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Trisha takes a Cuban Cigar out of a red box, Jennie's brand.

Trisha looks at the Statutory warning. She lights it and takes a puff. She starts to COUGH. She looks at the cigar.

TRISHA
Sali! *Kutti*!
(bitch!)

She takes another puff. She COUGHS and COUGHS.

INT. TRISHA'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Vegetables strewn around. A sink filled with dirty dishes. Curry is cooking in the pressure cooker. It's mid-week evening in an Indian kitchen.

A few LOUD whistles from the cooker.

Trisha washes vegetables in the sink. Oblivious.

Neil runs into the room, switches off the gas stove. Trisha snaps out of her reverie.

She forcefully opens the cooker. She struggles to pour burnt curry into a serving bowl with Neil's help.

She scrapes bottom of the cooker. Charred curry won't come off.

NEIL
Pour in some water and leave it for a day? Ya? I'll clean it tomorrow.

Neil grabs a cookie from the cabinet. Trisha keeps scraping till the SQUEAKY SOUND hurts Neil's ears.

NEIL (CONT'D)
You look tired, Trish. Can't you let go?

He watches her, concerned. He picks up a packet of lentils - organic Moong Lentil. He looks at the other supplies. Everything is organic.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Organic veggies, organic meat, organic milk, organic nuts, organic bread, organic ...filtered tap water isn't good enough for ya any more?

Tara pours herself some water from the special filter tap. She leaves it open letting the water spill and runs out of the room.

Neil runs over to close the tap. He looks irritated with the spill.

NEIL (CONT'D)
(sarcastic)
You should change the air you breathe. It's pretty damn contaminated, ya?

TRISHA
Are you trying to be sarcastic? Because your timing is really off!

Trisha wipes the sweat beads off of her brow, getting some burnt curry on her hair.

NEIL
I'm sorry. On a serious note, did you read the article I sent you on correlation of pollution and follicle count?

Pause.

Trisha turns around.

TRISHA
Has it ever occurred to you, that if your scientific journals had all the answers, there wouldn't be just three plates on that table??

Beat.

Trisha finally lets go of the pressure cooker.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
If you really cared about me, you'd let me do the IVF!

NEIL
At times I feel we are invisible to you! Look round you Trish. Your world is perfect! You used to be happy, remember? We used to be happy.

Neil's eyes go to the family photo on counter.

Neil walks over to the kitchen sink and tries to take the curry off of her hair. She does not let him.

She moves his hand out of the way...once, twice.

Neil insists. Gets the curry off. Neil sniffs the air, suspiciously.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Trish!
(sniffs)
D... Did you? Did you smoke? You smoked a cigarette? Trisha?

Trisha tosses the spoon on top of the dish pile and storms out.

NEIL (CONT'D)
I'm still talking to you, you know...

Sound of Trisha's FOOTSTEPS climbing up the stairs.

Neil scans the messy kitchen. He firmly lays the family vacation photo frame down on its face.

Three empty plates lay on the table.

INT. JENNIE'S SALON - EVENING

JAZZ plays in background.

MIDDLE-AGED CLIENT, is seated with the apron on. Her hair is shorter by 4 inches on one side. Jennie works on the other side.

Jennie holds up a mirror and swivels the Middle-aged Client's chair for her to see. Middle-aged Client looks at herself.

JENNIE
Let me know if this side is ok.

FROM JENNIE's POV:

Trisha walks briskly. A folder on one said, as if to avoid eye contact.

Jennie turns around. *It is T!*

Jennie abruptly hands the mirror to the confused Middle-aged Client.

Makes a dash to the door.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
(yelling)
T? T! Hey Trisha!

Jennie looks back at the Middle-aged Client. Then outside. She stuffs scissors and comb into her apron pocket.

She props open the door and hops out.

Middle-aged Client sits confused, mirror in hand, hair half cut.

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Trisha speeds up. A sudden urgency in her steps.

She sits on a park bench watching toddlers - the same spot where they had their 'coffee mug' conversation.

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Jennie joins Trisha. Trisha looks at the setting sun. They sit silently.

JENNIE
So... you're avoiding me?

Trisha looks the other way.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Right. You're avoiding me.

A beat.

Trisha abruptly starts walking.

Jennie follows her.

Faster.

Jennie tries to catch up. Trisha looks at her watch.

TRISHA
I'll be late to her music school.

JENNIE
Whose? Oh, Tara's?

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Hey, could you slow down?

Jennie is gasping for breath now.

TRISHA
Lots of trills in this new Beethoven tune. She loves trills. She can't stop trilling.

Jennie stops abruptly.

JENNIE
Of course! You trail off when you don't want to talk about something.

Trisha stops a few steps ahead.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
I'm eight and a half weeks pregnant Trish! I know this is hard for you. But I need you to be by my side.

Jennie looks surprised by the sound of it herself.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
I thought of a million fuckin' ways to tell this to ya. Through Alicia at the studio...over a phone call. But I <u>had</u> to tell you in person. Had to! Before you saw me in the salon with a giant ol' belly!

Trisha does not bat an eyelid. She looks Jennie straight in her eye.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Look, you already <u>have</u> a kid. I mean that doesn't make it any easier. But it's my...

TRISHA
(interjects)
...your apron's still on.

JENNIE
What?

Jennie looks at herself.

Trisha walks away. Jennie stands there fumbling with her apron. And her emotions.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

-- STABLE -- Trisha walks the ranch with Timothy and Monarch

-- TRISHA'S FAMILY ROOM --

Trisha weighs herself. She's at 139 lbs.

-- TEMPLE --

Trisha practices a kickboxing move in foyer. She stops just in time to avoid knocking off the Hindu Priest

-- RANCH --

Trisha bouncing around on Monarch, flailing with the reins. Timothy drops the reins and walks away in a huff.

-- TRISHA'S BASEMENT --

'Wild Mamas' plays on television screen. Trisha does countless Upper cuts on the punching bag. Her muscles now more toned.

-- THE PARK--

While playing Frisbee with her family, Trisha's PHONE RINGS. Caller ID reveals Jennie Gaw. Trisha dodges the call.

END MONTAGE

INT. FERTILITY STUDIO - THERAPY ROOM - MORNING

Marissa, Rosie and other support group members sit in a semi-circle.

Trisha holds up the <u>rock of hope</u> in her right hand.

MARISSA
Three months? Not even a phone call?

Trisha nods.

TRISHA
I wanted to hug her so bad and say, "I'm happy for you Jen!" Instead, I stared at some old receipts for a minute and a half. My insides started curdling, like milk sitting outside in Mumbai summer.

CHU HUA, Chinese, in her late 30s sniffles, recovering from her session. She speaks in a Chinese accent.

CHU HUA
This her first one. You already got one. You not happy for her?

TRISHA
Wish it was so simple. You have siblings, Chu Hua?

CHU HUA
Four. I come from big family.

TRISHA
What's the best part?

CHU HUA
Festivals. All siblings dress up. We fly kite. We make special treats. I no miss it for anything.

Trisha can't help but laugh to herself.

TRISHA
Nice! Now imagine doing all that alone.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - AFTERNOON

Trisha walks up to the register, two little-girl-clothes in her hand.

She goes past the maternity section. She stops abruptly and does a double take.

A maroon eclectic maternity top catches her attention.

INT. JENNIE'S SALON - AFTERNOON

Trisha enters the waiting area, a gift bag in hand.

A Friday afternoon vibe at the salon. She sees the back of Jennie lounging on a wicker chair. Hairdresser 1 is looking at her manicure.

JENNIE
Yeah I wanted a wild color, to go with my constant mood swings.

Trisha awkwardly holds the gift bag up.

TRISHA
Hey! I got this for you.

Jennie turns around. Trisha's eyes go straight to her <u>big baby bump</u>, much too obvious. She tries to look at her face, but her eyes refuse.

A surprised Jennie walks up to the lounge. She gives Trisha a hug.

JENNIE
T! So good to see you girl!

Trisha shrugs, struggling to find an answer.

Jennie opens the bag and pulls out the maternity top.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Wow! Thanks so much!

Jennie drapes it on herself. It lays on her slightly rotund frame.

TRISHA
So, how're you feeling?

JENNIE
Fatigued. And a little gassy. And you? I missed you T. How's Tara? And teaching?

Trisha looks shifty.

TRISHA
Well, she's good, I guess. I must go now.

JENNIE
Wait, you just came to give this?

Trisha heads back toward the door.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Hey, you free on Jan 3rd?

TRISHA
(on her way out)
I think Tara has something at her school.

JENNIE
That's still two months away!

TRISHA
Well, they sort of tell you in advance.

Trisha missteps, grabs the door hold to avoid a fall. She steps out.

JENNIE
I'll ping you!

Trisha's out.

EXT. CURB - CONTINUOUS

Trisha crosses the street and walks briskly towards the parking lot, peeling her thumb skin.

INT/EXT CAR - CONTINUOUS

SERIES OF SHOTS

Clearly pre-occupied, Trisha starts to speed.

She texts at the signal. Her phone says: Hey Timothy. Can't meet today.

Trisha misses a cross-street, and makes a U Turn.

She almost collides into another car coming from the other side. She swerves to avoid a crash.

She makes a sharp left and barely misses getting hit. She comes to a SCREECHING halt.

The bumper of her car hits the curb.

Face blanched, as if hit by a hurricane. She pants, her head leans over on the wheel.

Trisha's phone BEEPS but she does not pick it up.

INT. TRISHA'S FAMILY ROOM - LATER

Looking frazzled, Trisha walks in through the garage door. She sets her purse, folder and shopping bag on the floor.

Trisha looks around. Nobody in sight.

TRISHA
Tara! *Shona*!

Trisha looks around every nook in the living room and dining room. No one.

Tara's violin lays on the sofa. Trisha picks it up. A wave of shock sweeps across her face.

Then:

TARA (O.S.)
(soft)
Mommy.

A voice from under the dining table.

Trisha peeks under. A pouty Tara hugs her plush monkey.

TARA (CONT'D)
If I had a brother, he would have came.

TRISHA
You mean come.

TARA
Same. Came! CAME!

TRISHA
I'm so sorry, baby. Mommy messed up.

Trisha crawls under the table, next to Tara. She pulls out her phone.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Look. Mommy even put it on her phone.

Tara is not interested.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Did daddy not come?

TARA
No. He got stuck in office.

Tara throws her arms up in the air. Trisha pulls out her phone. She sees <u>three missed calls</u> from Neil.

Trisha gives Tara a hug.

TRISHA
Oh baby! Mommy is so sorry!! I will get you a new toy, how about that? A new BIG Merida.

Tara scoots out from under the table and gets a brand new <u>mini Tablet.</u>

TARA
Daddy got me this. It has six games.

TRISHA
I thought we agreed to get you one on your eighth birthday!

TARA
Look, it has an e-horsie! Toby and I will ride him. Lookie!

Tara presses a BUTTON. A horse NEIGHS.

TARA (CONT'D)
Eee! Haw!

Trisha looks dazed from the day's events. Too fatigued to respond.

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Soft HUM of the humidifier fills the room. The night clock glows in the dark. It displays 2:30 AM.

Neil wakes up and reaches for a pill bottle from his cabinet.

He goes back to bed.

Trisha tosses and turns.

NEIL
You should take a Melatonin too.

TRISHA
Gives me a headache.

NEIL
You're not sleeping anyway.

TRISHA
I'm trying.

NEIL
No you're not. You're walking on thin ice is what you're doing.

Neil turns the other way.

TRISHA
On y va encore une fois.
(here we go again.)

NEIL
Don't French me.

TRISHA
I wrote a sticky note on my office desk. And a phone reminder. What do I do if I still forgot? You think I'm not blaming myself for this?

NEIL
Who's saying anything about that?

TRISHA
Aren't you? Tara's recital?

Neil turns to face Trisha.

NEIL
No Trish! I'm talking about day-to-day things. I worry when you step out of the house. Your car bumper's got a dent for God's sake! When were you going to tell me?

TRISHA
Not like you share anything. Your escape mechanism is expensive toys. Or does your science have a way to justify a Tablet for a six-year-old?

Neil sits up now*: that's enough*.

NEIL
Of course. You trail off on an unrelated topic.

TRISHA
I thought we decided not to give Tara any electronics until her eighth birthday!

Tara runs into the room.

TARA
Mommy, daddy, I'm scared. I got a 'nightmirror'.

Trisha is about to get up, but Neil scoops Tara up and tucks her in the middle, closer to him. Trisha waits. Then turns her back to the family.

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Thick window curtain block off any morning light. Trisha, dressed in athletic clothes leaves a sticky note on Neil's bedside.

CLOSE ON

Sticky note: Leaving early for work. Tara hot lunch.

She kisses Tara on her forehead. Touches the *Ganesha* sculpture, and tiptoes out of the room.

FOYER

On her way out, Trisha lifts her tank top and takes a peek at her tummy in the mirror.

She gauges her body.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - EARLY MORNING

Morning fog blankets the mountain range.

With eyes closed and hands stretched out, Trisha takes in the crisp mountain air. She loosens her top knot, lets her hair down.

A mountain bird COOES in the distance.

Morning breeze swipes across her face, making her hair flutter.

A few moments pass.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - LATER

Trisha poses in front of her phone camera, holding a selfie stick.

She talks to the phone camera.

TRISHA
Wild Mamas? Must be crazy! Trisha Sen's crazy.

Trisha walks holding the phone.

Trisha hits the record button on the camera.

SERIES OF SHOTS SET TO MUSIC AS FRAME WITHIN A FRAME

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Second child? You already have a kid Trisha!

CUT TO:

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Did you take your shots Trisha?

CUT TO:

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Clock is ticking. Your follicles are dying!

CUT TO

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Is it just for Tara? What do you want Trisha?

Calm.

Then her voice starts rising again.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Breathe. Be one with the horse.

CUT TO:

TRISHA (CONT'D)
He's in your hands. Saddle him!

CUT TO:

TRISHA (CONT'D)
It's about balance more than grip!

CUT TO:

TRISHA (CONT'D)
You're on the stronger side of thirty five! You're on the funner side of thirty five!

Trisha holds the stick far away to get a FULL SHOT of her.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
You love your imperfect body! Your love handles, all of your 138 lbs!

CUT TO:

TRISHA (CONT'D)
YOU ARE TRISHA SEN! YOU ARE 39. YOU ARE A WILD MAMA!

SMASH CUT TO

INT/EXT - CAR - MOMENTS LATER

LOUD FUSION music plays in her car radio. Windows rolled down.

Trisha drives away with her hair flying in the wind.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Running on the treadmill, Trisha's eyes are glued to television screen. Fitness tank top and athletic leggings reveal biceps.

ON TELEVISION SCREEN

WILD MAMAS SEASON 1 CONTESTANT, 30s, Latina, speaks on camera.

SEASON 1 CONTESTANT
(in tears)
I made so many sacrifices. Practically forgot my family. Lost my balance on the horse. And now I'm out!

BACK TO SCENE

Neil leans against the door frame. A folder in hand, he admires her much more toned body.

NEIL
Somebody's looking more toned!

Trisha's eyes go to Neil. The treadmill BEEPS and Trisha slows her pace to a walk.

TRISHA
Oh! Have you been been waiting long?

NEIL
No. A minute or two. You look good!

Trisha smiles.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Can we talk?

TRISHA
Now?

NEIL
Yeah, now's as good as any other time.

Trisha chugs a few sips of water.

TRISHA
'Bout what?

Neil shifts his stance.

Her eyes do not shift from the television screen. Neil takes the remote and hands it to Trisha.

NEIL
I'll need your attention, Trish.

Trisha switches the television off.

NEIL (CONT'D)
I thought long and hard. I think we should try that IVF procedure you keep bringing up.

Trisha looks like her heart just skipped a beat.

TRISHA
I thought you want no more injections in my body!

NEIL
I don't. But I'm willing to take this one chance. Had a one hour discussion with Dr. Macintosh yesterday.

Surprised, Trisha PAUSES the treadmill.

TRISHA
You saw him? When were you going to tell me?

NEIL
Well that's what this conversation is. I wanted to be convinced first.

TRISHA
I begged, implored, for two years! Threatened to go back to India! Now a one hour conversation with Dr. Macintosh pivots you a 180 degrees?

NEIL
Does it matter? I'm here now. With you. Willing to give it a chance!

A beat.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Also spoke to the Hunters. They did an IVF last year.

TRISHA
Hunters? Why would you call the Hunters? They're the most pretentious...

NEIL
...Who cares? They gave me all the info I needed!

TRISHA
I wouldn't trust anything that comes out of her mouth.

NEIL
(much louder)
For Pete's sake can we stop arguing about the Hunters? It's not about them?

Pause.

Heavy breathing.

Trisha STOPS the treadmill.

The air heated with sweat, breath and friction.

TRISHA
But why now, Neil?

NEIL
Why not now? I've tried everything to see you happy. Except this.

TRISHA
I think I may have found a way.

NEIL
A way? What way?

TRISHA
I think I might be on to something.

NEIL
On to what? Can we not talk in riddles?

TRISHA
I've been meaning to tell you.

Neil looks at her in disbelief. Fear, for what's to come out of her mouth.

NEIL
We're finally on the same page Trish!

TRISHA
(quiet)
Are we? I'm auditioning for this thing. This show!

Silence.

Trisha STARTS the treadmill again.

Barring the SOUND of the treadmill.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
A show for moms under forty. A reality competition on television.

Beat.

Dazed, Neil looks at her like he's facing a stranger.

NEIL
I don't get it! I'm here talking about IVF.

TRISHA
There's horse riding, kick boxing. I'm back on the horse after twenty seven years! Can you believe it?

BEAT.

NEIL
So that's where you go everyday.

Neil swallows. Words escape him. He casts a glance at the punching bag.

TRISHA
This is my last chance, Neil!

NEIL
This is our last chance to do an IVF. They have only one slot open in February. And then booked for months!

Neil shows her the folder titled IVF documents by Trisha.

NEIL (CONT'D)
This is not just about you Trish! This is about us!

He flips through the documents.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Look, I have all the dates. The medication, the pricing options.

Trisha is there, but not there.

Clearly, they are on two different tracks.

Neil waits, taking a few minutes to look at Trisha. *Who is this person?*

He quietly sets the folder on the window sill.

TRISHA
Won't you ask me the name of the show?

Neil has left the room.

Trisha picks up her phone. Opens up the Wild Mamas application webpage.

Trisha's page looks complete. She uploads the video from that morning. She hits submit.

Back to treadmill, HIGH SPEED. RUNNING SOUNDS fill the already heated room.

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trisha's clothes are scattered on the floor. Ts, pants, sweats, saris, suits all heaped up in a frightful mess.

Laying on her bed, Trisha browses Doctor Macintosh's folder on IVF. She looks at photos of babies born from IVF, testimonials.

She gets up and folds a 9-yard silk sari. The more she folds the sari, the more it gets tangled up. Finally she crumples up the sari into a big circular heap. She shoves it under her tunic top and looks at herself in the mirror.

Her phone BEEPS. Trisha picks up phone.

TEXT ON PHONE SCREEN

JENNIE
T? How r u?

TRISHA
Doing well.

BACK TO SCENE

Trisha's hand hovers over the screen. She hits the **send** button.

TEXT ON PHONE SCREEN

TRISHA (CONT'D)
You?

JENNIE
Good. Miss seeing you girl!

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Hey! January 3rd is confirmed. I'll tell ya more when we meet.

TRISHA
K. I'll try. No promises.

JENNIE
Smiley face emoji. I miss seeing ya.

TARA (O.S.)
Mommy!

TRISHA
K. Gotta go!

JENNIE
Call me when u can. I'll give you details.

TRISHA
K.

JENNIE
You will. Promise?

TRISHA
Yes! Bye!

Trisha tosses her sari out of her tunic top.

INT. TARA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tara is in the middle of violin practice. She plays a CLASSICAL PIECE.

It picks up tempo.

EXT. RANCH - MORNING

Violin music continues.

Trisha and Timothy are inside a fenced off circle.

Trisha tries to mount Monarch from the right side.

TIMOTHY
On the left. Remember always left!

Trisha goes over to the left side of Monarch.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
Breathe.

Trisha closes her eyes. Her hand twitches a little.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
You wanna sit up lady! Imagine a straight line that goes from your elbow, forearm, wrist to the reins.

Trisha adjusts her stance. The morning sun falls on her face. She takes a few focused breaths.

She makes a slow start. Her hands flail high in the air.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
(loud)
You don't raise your hands to balance!

Trisha circles around, her grip getting better.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
It's about balance more than grip!

Violin tune picks up tempo.

Trisha picks up speed. Slow control. She makes a few laps.

She rides faster. Then faster.

Timothy checks the time monitor.

The morning sun illuminates her face. A clear vision, after a long time.

TEENAGE TRISHA (V.O.)
Go Maharaja! Faster! Faster!

The SOUNDS of HORSE GALLOPING, SWELL and RISE in the background. Sounds of a horse NEIGHING.

A smile not seen until now, beams on her face. She's back!

INT. NEIL'S HOME OFFICE - LATER

Minimal decor.

PAN to Pink Floyd posters on the wall.

Then to service award plaques.

Then to family photo on the table. Next to it, two computer screens, a printer and a phone.

Trisha stands at the door, in her riding gear. Her face flushed.

Neil, in his night robe, reads a technical journal. A cup of tea rests on his table.

TRISHA
Neil.

Neil does not move. Trisha stands quiet for a few seconds.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
I have something to say.

Pause.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Look, when I started preparing for this competition, it was for the IVF money.

Nothing from Neil.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
But now, it's liberating to be back on a horse! I'm beginning to find my grip. My balance.

Neil looks up from his reading.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Finally, something is in my control.

NEIL
So is that your final decision?

TRISHA
Auditions in January. IVF in February.

NEIL
January. You know that's my annual conference in Austria. Right?

TRISHA
January 5th?

Neil flips a desk calendar on his table to week of January 4. It says: conference in Austria.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Well, can't you come out of it? Just once?

They both look at the conference notification, Neil leaves it as is. He walks out of the room.

INT. DOCTOR MACINTOSH'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Trisha and Neil wait inside a closed room, surrounded by medical books, journals, files and folders.

Plaques and framed certificates hang wall-to-wall.

The room begs for a window.

DR. MACINTOSH late 60s, grey hair, partially bald, in a formal suit and tie, rifles through their charts.

He feels inches away from Trisha's face.

DR. MACINTOSH
Hypothyroid...Decimal 75mcg. Are you still continuing that?

TRISHA
Yes.

DR. MACINTOSH
I'd say be on the same dosage the next six months.

Trisha's knees touch the table. Two fingers peel the skin off of the thumb on the other. Her eyes dart from the folder to Doctor Macintosh.

DR. MACINTOSH (CONT'D)
A plasma folic acid level of less than 2 mg/mL is diagnosis of Folate deficiency.

TRISHA
How low?

Dr. Macintosh leans back in his chair.

DR. MACINTOSH
After 38, 39? It's a quick decline. Yours is at 1.8. That is one thing not in my power to do, Mrs. Sen.

Trisha stares at him. Still.

DR. MACINTOSH (CONT'D)
Reverse the age cycle.

Dr. Macintosh shows them two sets of documents with a price comparison chart.

DR. MACINTOSH (CONT'D)
With Eve you're looking at $22,000...

After this Doctor Macintosh's voice FADES into a LOW HUM.

Pages full of numbers, charts, graphs SWIM in front of Trisha's eyes.

TIME LAPSE TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S MACINTOSH'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

SLAM! Doctor Macintosh closes a folder. Trisha ZIPS back into the moment.

She stands up.

TRISHA
What are our chances Doctor?

Doctor looks her in the eye.

DOCTOR MACINTOSH
Fifty percent.

Beat.

Trisha looks at him, as if, waiting for more words to come out of his mouth. When:

Trisha's phone BEEPS. Reminder says: party @ Jennie's at 5. A look of relief on Trisha's face.

INT. JENNIE'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The front door is slightly ajar. Sounds of JOYOUS LAUGHTERS from a different room. Trisha follows the sounds.

She's at the patio.

EXT. JENNIE'S PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Trisha faces a group of women in baby blue wreaths on their heads and drinks in their hands.

Gift bags strewn around, bouquets and balloons add to the festive look.

On the wall a banner says It's a Boy! Trendy patio lights hang across the deck.

She sees familiar faces from the fertility studio - Rosie, Marissa, Chu Hua and some new ones.

Rosie takes a baby play mat out of a gift bag. Marissa writes it down.

EVERYONE
So cute!

LAUGHTER and CHEERS. Jennie notices Trisha.

JENNIE
Trish? Trish! Didn't think you'd come. You never called me, girl! I thought you'd call!

Jennie glows in the maroon maternity top that Trisha had given her. She wears a wreath on her head.

Her stomach gets awkwardly in the way as she leans in to hug Trisha - *awkward*!

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Glad you could make it! Still can't believe you came!

TRISHA
(murmurs unintentionally)
Me neither. So, it's a baby shower. Your, baby shower?!

JENNIE
What?

TRISHA
You look great. Jennie.

JENNIE
Look! I'm wearing the top you gave me.

Trisha smiles. Jennie grabs Trisha's hands, her usual way. She takes her over to the table of gifts.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Hey, gals, this is Trish. Many of you know her. Trisha is a high school French teacher. She's a killer, curry mama!

She hugs Trisha again.

EVERYONE
(chorus)
Nice to meet you, Trish!

Jennie squeezes Trisha's hand and smiles. Jennie points to her guests.

JENNIE
My high school friend, Nicky.
(MORE)

JENNIE (CONT'D)
My neighbor Anita, my aunt Gwen, you know Rosie, Chu Hua and Marissa from the studio and the super party organizer Eleanor!

Girls from the fertility studio dart 'looks' to each other.

MARISSA
You lost weight!

CHU HUA
Where have you been Trisha? Haven't seen you in the studio.

NICKY, early 30s, and ANITA, same age, greet Trisha.

Jennie points to a girl with a newborn baby in her arms. This is AMANDA, 20s, bright blue-eyes, well-endowed.

Jennie goes behind Amanda and does a 'boob-lift' gesture. *Noted*: same girl from park phone-call.

Amanda gives her a smile.

Trisha looks at the baby.

Jennie offers Trisha a platter of finger-foods. AUNT GWEN, 60s, all pearls, seated in the middle, looks radiant.

JENNIE
No samosas. But hey! Aunt Gwen's crab cakes are off the charts!

Trisha picks up a crab cake.

ELEANOUR
Alright let's get back to our gifts ladies! Any guesses?

MARISSA
A giant teddy bear?

Rosie pulls out a three-tiered DIAPER CAKE. Everyone COOES and CHEERS.

JENNIE
Wow! Aunt Gwen, did you make it? You're not as untalented as I thought you were.

Aunt Gwen lightly whacks Jennie on her shoulder.

AUNT GWEN
This boy will make you a better person, hopefully.

Everyone laughs. Jennie gives Aunt Gwen a hug. Trisha looks at the clock. One last gift is opened. It's a blue swaddle, onesie, and booties.

GUESTS
Awwwww!!!

All eyes are on Trisha now. It's her turn next.

TRISHA
I'm sorry I didn't think of buying anything. Am so freakin' forgetful these days. Even though I'm not the one pregnant! Ha!

Some chuckle. Jennie does not. Stung.

JENNIE
Have never heard your swearing. Hey, am just glad you came, T. You already gave me this.

Jennie points to the top she's wearing.

TRISHA
Oh! See? I even forgot that. I guess being on the other side of thirty-nine doesn't help.

Awkward silence hangs in the air.

Another 'look' from the therapy studio girls.

ROSIE
Well what do you know, one time I forgot my own sister's anniversary.

That does not help.

INT. JENNIE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The women are spread around in a circle.

ELEANOUR
Ok...Our last game for the evening, memory game! Each participant will name a baby item. The next person has to say that and add one item to it.

MARISSA
So, wait, do we repeat everything that has been said and add to it?

ROSIE
Yup! Everything! That too much for you, Marissa?

CHU HUA
Can we write it?

JENNIE
No!!!

Group laughter.

ELEANOUR
K ladies! I'll start. Hmm...diaper!

MARISSA
Diaper, pacifier!

AUNT GWEN
Diaper, pacifier, onesie!

ROSIE
Diaper, pacifier, onesie, food processor!

ELEANOUR
Wait. What? How is that a baby item?

Cacophonous laughter.

AMANDA
(looks at gifts)
Mushy food. Isn't that what babies eat?

ELEANOUR
Oh never mind...Chu Hua!

CHU HUA
Ok diaper, pacifier, onesie, mushy food maker, booger sucker!

More laughter.

AMANDA
Diaper, pacifier, onesie, mushy food maker...Whatever, booger sucker, stroller!

JENNIE
Diaper, pacifier, onesie, mushy food maker, booger sucker, stroller um...baby samosas!

AUNT GWEN
That'll be one heck of a baby growing up on mini samosas!

Another collective laughter from the girls.

ELEANOUR
Anything you say mama.

It's Trisha's turn.

TRISHA
Diaper, pacifier, onesie, mushy food, booger sucker, stroller, mini samosas...hmmm....mirror...no, what's that thing called?

Everyone is looking at her.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
They use it for, let's see, you know what I mean when the baby is really cranky you know how some babies are colic and they use this thing to pacify 'em...they can't stop crying...it's escaping me...

MARISSA
Pacifier?

TRISHA
No! I know it. We used to get it from the Indian store. Used all the time for Tara.

Nicky shrugs her shoulders and looks at Amanda. Everyone's looking at Jennie or each other through corner of their eyes.

Jennie takes a balloon and POPS it all of a sudden.

Pause.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Wow! My memory's failing. Isn't it?

AUNT GWEN
Alright, I declare myself the winner! Time to cut the cake, girls.

Jennie struggles to get up, one hand on belly. Marissa and Chu Hua help her up.

Relief on everyone's face. *The game's over*.

Rosie and Eleanour bring a giant cake with blue frosting. Buzz around the cake, arranging for silverware and napkins.

Jennie and Trisha act stiff around each other.

Jennie cuts the cake. She feeds Aunt Gwen. Aunt Gwen feeds her and kisses her head. Cake is being passed around. Everyone eats quietly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JENNIE'S PATIO - LATER

From Trisha's POV we see guests hug Jennie before leaving. Trisha takes off quietly. Jennie looks on...

INT. JENNIE'S FRONT PATIO - CONTINUOUS

... as Trisha starts her car and pulls out of the driveway.

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trisha is on Skype with Maya Mitra. The usual CHATTER from Maya's Kolkata house in the background.

Trisha talks to herself, without looking at the screen. They talk in Beng-lish.

INTERCUT BETWEEN LAPTOP SCREEN AND TRISHA

TRISHA
Of all the things I could've picked, I chose gripe water! Gripe water! How would <u>they</u> know? My mind went blank, Maa!

MAYA MITRA
Don't be so hard on yourself Tishu.

TRISHA
I couldn't think of a single baby item! Remember the 12th grade math finals. I forgot every single algebra formula. *But why didn't Jennie tell me it was her shower?*

Maya sighs.

MAYA MITRA
Maybe she just didn't get a chance to. You both haven't seen each other in a long time.

TRISHA
Why can't I be happy for her Maa?

MAYA MITRA
You will.
(pause)
Just not now.

TRISHA
Maybe I should not see her for a few months.

MAYA MITRA
Maybe you should see her <u>more</u>. She needs you more than ever.

TRISHA
(raising her voice)
Maa, you've got to be on my side! At least now!

Maya Mitra lets her calm down.

MAYA MITRA
I never left your side Tishu. *Are you ovulating yet?*

TRISHA
See? Again you meander.

MAYA MITRA
Don't answer my question with a question! You know what I mean.

Trisha peels her thumb skin by the nail.

MAYA MITRA (CONT'D)
Are you still peeling your skin?

TRISHA
Neil suddenly agreed to do an IVF.

Maya Mitra looks taken aback.

MAYA MITRA
And what do <u>you</u> want?

TRISHA
(loud)
Will everyone stop asking me that? *Will you be able to give me what I want?*

MAYA MITRA
Tishu I was...

TRISHA
...can you give my Tara her little Toby? I want to ride Maharaja one more time.

MAYA MITRA
Tishu!

TRISHA
Can you bring me back my Maharaja?

Trisha LOGS Off without a goodbye.

Maya's message pops up on laptop screen: Don't be scared to write your own story, Tishu - Maa

Trisha writes back: Sorry *Maa*. Good night. Hug emoji.

INT. TRISHA'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Trisha holds up an ovulation stick. A smile appears.

Her face lights up.

Trisha tosses the stick in the trash can and flushes the toilet.

INT - TRISHA'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Trisha and Neil lay in bed. Trisha, tossing and turning.

Trisha rolls over to Neil's side. Neil moves on over towards her side of the bed. He gently caresses her hair. He kisses her on the forehead.

Trisha kisses him on his lips and neck. Neil waits. Then he reciprocates. He takes off his shirt and Trisha's blouse. Neil is now kissing her passionately.

Trisha stays in the act for another beat or two.

A few beats later...

...Trisha suddenly stops responding. Neil continues to kiss her. Trisha's eyes catch the flashing phone screen. It shows a 5 am REMINDER: 'cardio kickboxing'.

Neil stops abruptly. Thumps his fist on the pillow. PANTING.

He lays on top of her.

NEIL
How did we even get here Trish?

Neil picks up his shirt, gets off the bed and goes to the bathroom.

Trisha lays there staring at the ceiling.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

-- TRISHA'S BASEMENT --

Trisha does a few kicks. She pinches her much reduced, nearly gone love handles.

-- NEIL'S HOME OFFICE --

Trisha and Neil sign IVF documents. Document clause "If couple separates during the procedure would you like to freeze the eggs?" There are two boxes, YES and NO. Their hands hover over the boxes.

-- TRISHA'S LIVING ROOM --

Trisha sees Jennie as live on Insta. PINGS Jennie on Insta message. Jennie logs out.

-- ACUPUNCTURIST'S OFFICE --

Trisha is asleep. Needles stuck all over her body.

-- TRISHA'S BEDROOM --

Trisha and Neil are faced off against each other. Trisha's phone cal says: Kick Boxing - Tuesday 4.50 Neil's phone says: IVF procedure Feb 5.

It shows December.

-- FACULTY ROOM --

Laptop screen shows Trisha handing out a D on a French theory paper. Trisha packs her stuff and...

END MONTAGE

INT. FACULTY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...Trisha locks her office door in equestrian costume.

EXT. RANCH - LATE AFTERNOON

An equestrian obstacle course is laid out. Eight moderate to difficult obstacles are in place.

Trisha hustles Monarch. Picks up speed. Now a lot more confident. Laser focus in her eyes. She has Monarch in her control.

Timothy keeps time, on the grounds.

Trisha ducks under a tarp.

She jumps over a paddock.

Two more paddocks.

Trisha looks fatigued. She starts to falter. She tries to control the reins harder.

TIMOTHY
Ms. Sen! Hands don't go up in the air!

Monarch looks twitchy. Trisha pulls harder on the reins. Monarch starts to act up.

Trisha yells "woah!" Monarch does not take orders. He keeps going.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
Close your finger when you give a halt cue!

Trisha forgets to follow orders.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
Focus Ms. Sen! Your concentration's off!

Timothy tries to intervene. Monarch dodges an obstacle. Trisha almost loses her balance.

Timothy runs to catch up with them.

He tries to grab the reigns. But fails.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
Slow down Ms. Sen! I need you to slow down!

Trisha pulls on the reins again. Monarch will not stop.

Timothy is now chasing them desperately.

FLASH: thirteen year old Trisha riding on Maharaja over the hills.

BACK TO SCENE

Trisha pulls the reins harder. Monarch rises high up in the air.

FLASH: thirteen year old Trisha rises up in the air.

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. RANCH - CONTINUOUS

TRISHA
Maharaja stop!

TIMOTHY (O.S.)
Ms. Sen! Easy!

Timothy's voice FADES. Trisha falls off Monarch onto the ground, leaving a heap of dust in the air.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. TRISHA'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Timothy helps Trisha out of the car. Trisha limps out. She's trembling.

TRISHA
Thanks, Timothy. I can take it from here.

TIMOTHY
No you cannot, Ms. Sen. I'll walk you in.

Timothy opens the door with the keys. He walks her in...

INT. TRISHA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...And sits her on the sofa. It's pitch dark, except a dim light coming from Neil's office.

TRISHA
I think I'm fine. Thank you.

TIMOTHY
You take care now Ms. Sen. You let me know what the doctor says.

Trisha nods.

Timothy hands her the car keys and leaves.

Trisha limps towards Neil's office.

TRISHA
Neil! Neil!

Neil walks out of his office. A silhouette in night robe.

NEIL
Was your phone switched off all day?

Trisha takes a peek at her phone which is in her hand. Eight missed calls glow in the dark.

NEIL (CONT'D)
I called you four times. The front desk at Bravo Music tried to reach you. Where were you?

Trisha scrolls down the call history. Holding a staircase railing.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Tara waited. Then walked across the street and got ice cream on her own.

Trisha gasps and covers her mouth.

TRISHA
They let her?

NEIL
Thankfully Bret saw her and brought her back.

TRISHA
Our neighbor Bret?

NEIL
Yes.

TRISHA
What time did your meeting end?

NEIL
5:15. Then I got stuck in rush hour.

Trisha lets go of the staircase railing and limps towards Neil. She almost loses her balance.

Neil reaches over and grabs her in time.

NEIL (CONT'D)
You're limping. Did you fall? Trish, what happened?

Sniffling, Trisha tries to find words to say.

TRISHA
Where is she? I need to say sorry to my Tara. To you. To Jennie.

Trisha holds her head in both hands. Finally, she breaks down. A dam has burst.

Neil sits her down and takes a peek at her swollen ankle.

NEIL
Oh no!

Neil examines her ankle closely. He switches on the light.

TRISHA
Where is she? Please take me to her.

NEIL
How many days left to your auditions?

TRISHA
Three weeks.

Neil wipes Trisha's tears. He takes his phone out of his pocket.

PHONE SCREEN

Neil cancels 'Austria conference'. He enters 'Trisha Casting Call'

BACK TO SCENE

Trisha smiles. Finally.

NEIL
We've gotta get you back on the horse. Ya? Let's take you to a doc first.

TRISHA
It's not just about me. It's about us.

Neil smiles. He lifts her up and takes her up the stairs.

NEIL (O.S.)
So what is the name of the show?

Their voices FADE.

EXT. TRISHA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Trisha looks at an envelope, which says 'Jennie GAW'. She puts it in the outgoing mail box.

She LIMPS back across the street to her house. Ankle still wrapped in a gauze.

INT. TRISHA'S BATHROOM - MORNING

SLATE: January 05

A Wild Mamas T-shirt hangs on the bathroom door.

Trisha steps out of her shower, body and head wrapped in bathing towels. She steps on the weighing scale. It says 130 lbs.

She scans her toned body. Once. Twice.

She looks at herself in the face. Trisha to Trisha. Eyes meet.

Trisha walks out radiant and confident...

INT. TRISHA'S FOYER - DAY

...In her new look. A trendy hairstyle, low at the back and long at the front, with a bold red streak.

Wild Mamas T-shirt reveals her toned muscles.

She touches her Ganesha on the console table.

Neil applies an ointment to her ankle which is not swollen any more. He wraps it with a medicated gauze.

She holds Neil's and Tara's hands and walks out of the door.

Trisha does not look at the mirror on her way out.

INT. AUDITIONS VENUE - AFTERNOON

Trisha signs in where it says CONTESTANT.

She walks down the hallway with Neil and Tara. They reach a lounge doorway.

The sign on the door reads: WILD MAMAS. CONTESTANT's LOUNGE.

Neil kisses Trisha good bye.

NEIL
How do you say it, *vous avez gagne,*
you're already a winner.

Trisha squeezes his hand tight. She gives Tara a tight hug.

They wave goodbye as Trisha goes in.

INT. CONTESTANT'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Trisha walks into the same lounge as before. SEASON TWO CONTESTANTS practice their moves.

Trisha finds a spot and takes a seat. She smiles at CONTESTANT A next to her.

The same Announcer from Round One appears and hands out forms to the Contestants. Now green hair, still a floral shirt.

ANNOUNCER
Remember mamas! If you fall, you're out of the game. Boot up ladies!

Trisha follows Season Two Contestants.

EXT. EQUESTRIAN COURSE - AFTERNOON

A lively audience of FAMILIES of contestants.

SPONSORS BANNER indicates their row in the front seat.

WILD MAMAS BANNER seals their branding. The atmosphere is that of a live game.

A SCOREBOARD keeps tally on the contestants and their scores.

CONTESTANT 44 is on the second last obstacle. She crosses it successfully.

The audience APPLAUDS and CHEERS.

ANNOUNCER
Contestant 44 at 400 points.

Contestant 44 approaches the last obstacle, she gets close, loses her balance and falls. She is escorted out.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Next we have contestant number 45, Trisha Sen on the obstacle course.

Another APPLAUSE. The scoreboard updates the scores, showing the order in which the contestants line up.

INT. WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Timothy pets Monarch. Trisha gives Monarch her hand, pets him and mounts from the left. Timothy shows her a thumbs up.

TIMOTHY
Your daddy's real hungry, Ms. Sen.
You go now, bring him his lunch.

Trisha gives him a fist hi-five.

TRISHA
Let's do it Monarch!

Gates open. Trisha gallops out into the audience.

EXT. EQUESTRIAN COURSE - AFTERNOON

Trisha enters the arena. Equestrian uniform, helmet and boots, add to her swagger.

She makes a round and salutes the audience. She darts a quick look at Neil in the second row.

A WHISTLE blows. Trisha starts her course. She picks up speed.

She overcomes one obstacle after another - a tarp, a hump, a mini paddock and all eight of them.

The SCOREBOARD shows her score at 400.

She now approaches the last obstacle - a big paddock.

Tension in the arena. AUDIENCE leans in.

Trisha picks up speed. Reins in control.

IN SLOW MOTION - She gets close to the paddock, eyes focused on the end. She JUMPS over it.

The audience stands up, breaking into an applause. Neil and Tara among them.

A VOICE YELLS from the crowd. In her bold colors, noone can miss her.

ALICIA
You go girl! She's my gal!

Tricia waves at the crowd, at Neil.

In the distance, Neil raises his cowboy hat.

INT. BOXING STUDIO - SAME

Trisha displays her kick boxing moves along with other contestants. She does a flip and a somersault on the floor.

She faces off another CONTESTANT and delivers a few punches.

She lands a series of impressive KICKS and PUNCHES.

SOUNDS of girl power accompany her punches.

JUDGES 1, 2 and 3, a diverse group of three, look impressed, as they nod in approval and make furious notes.

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Trisha wakes up. She goes to the calendar and looks at the date.

It reads: February 15, IVF. Trisha crosses it off.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Trisha is in a wheelchair wearing a blue hospital robe. Neil holds her hand.

Melanie grabs some paperwork from Neil.

MELANIE
I'll take those.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
You ready, Trisha?

Trisha nods. Neil holds her hand tight.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Remember two weeks after the IVF procedure - February 6 through February 19, you are on complete bed rest. Let your hubby pamper you.

NEIL
We can do that.

MELANIE
And no horse riding during your rest period.

Trisha laughs, finally. She lets go of Neil's hands and is wheeled towards the IVF room by Melanie.

Neil follows them in.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POST-IVF ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Trisha is down on a hospital bed, her lower half elevated. She's awake, but looks drowsy.

Neil sits close to her, holding her hand. A meditation music PLAYS in the background.

MEDITATION TAPE (V.O.)
(calm female voice)
Now lie back. Gently close your eyes. Let go...and....find your happy space. Imagine you are in a garden. A golden light fills...

The VOICE FADES. Trisha closes her eyes falling into deep sleep.

DAY BY DAY TIME LAPSE ON CALENDAR SET TO MUSIC

FEBRUARY 6

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Trisha is in bed looking out of the window. An empty bird-feeder sways in the tree. Neil brings her breakfast on a bed table. He feeds her.

FEBRUARY 9

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Trisha, still in bed, GOOGLES "spotting during IVF."

FEBRUARY 12

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Tara plays a soft classical SYMPHONY on her violin. Trisha reclines and listens, slowly falling asleep.

Tara rests her violin and tucks Trisha in. She rests her head on Trisha's chest who is now fast asleep.

FEBRUARY 15

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Trisha sits up in bed chatting with her mom on Skype.

TRISHA
So what did the priest say, Maa?

MAYA MITRA
I did not consult him this time.
You follow your instincts, Tishu.

Trisha is unable to hide her surprise.

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tara is seated in a chair listening intently as Trisha reads her a book. They are on the last page.

TRISHA
And then the wait was over. The day was here for the Princess to be rewarded.

Tara is already asleep. Neil walks into the room.

NEIL
She asleep already?

Trisha smiles and nods.

TRISHA
She's tired from tennis.

NEIL
She seems to be enjoying tennis lessons. Coach said her backhand moves are really good. Think she gets that from me.

Trisha laughs. They sit holding their hands.

TRISHA
(abruptly)
What time should I call tomorrow?

NEIL
Not kidding. Had quite a fan following in college. My backhand strokes were -

TRISHA
I was thinking mid-day may be? It's usually not so busy then. Say 12:30 *ish*?

Noted. Neil stays on subject.

NEIL
Sure. 12.30 seems like a good time.

Trisha picks up her paper calendar from the bedside. She crosses off <u>February 19</u> with her red marker. The last two weeks have already been crossed off.

Neil looks Trisha in the eye. He holds both her hands in his.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Our life does not depend on February 19, 12:30pm. Ya? This is just another routine call, like those hundreds of other calls we've made in the last four and a half years.

Trisha's eyes are now misty. She looks into his eyes, as if the results are written in there, somewhere.

Neil kisses her forehead. He hands her a cup of water and some pills.

Trisha closes her eyes, drowsy from the medication.

Neil switches off the bed lamp and covers her with a quilt.

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

Trisha lays half-asleep and half awake in bed. She holds the rock of hope. She runs her fingers over the engraving - the word 'hope.' She looks at the clock. It says 1 pm.

The home phone RINGS. The caller ID says Doctor Macintosh. Trisha lifts her head slightly.

The phone RINGS again and goes to the VOICE MAIL.

MELANIE (V.O.)
Good afternoon Trisha. It's Melanie from Doctor Macintosh's office returning your call.

Trisha opens her eyes, reaches over hurriedly and grabs the phone receiver.

TRISHA
Hello! Melanie!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Trisha is still on phone.

TRISHA
Thank you. I think that's Neil at the door. I'll see you next week.

Neil dashes into the room. He walks towards Trisha. Trisha hangs up.

NEIL
I heard the phone.

Long pause.

TRISHA
She said "It's nature's way of taking care of a bad embryo."

Neil sits still, not reacting. He reaches out and envelopes Trisha in a close embrace.

Tara enters the room and snuggles in between them. Trisha looks long and hard at Tara.

NEIL
When it comes to a strong foundation, the triangle always wins the game. Not the square.

Trisha smiles.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Say my tech journals.

Trisha punches him playfully. Neil's eyes well up with tears.

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The phone alarm RINGS. Trisha wakes up and touches the *Ganesha* sculpture.

She looks at the weekly calendar on her phone. It reads: 'Pick up Tara'. 'Drop Tara at music lesson'. 'Volunteer in Tara's class'. 'Tara's recital'.

INT. TRISHA'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Trisha walks in with Tara holding her violin. Neil is at the table with a letter already opened.

NEIL
Sorry, I thought it was the doctor's, so I opened it without seeing.

TRISHA
What is it?

Neil looks dazed.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
What is it, Neil?

Neil picks up the letter. He reads it aloud.

NEIL
Trisha Sen, we are pleased to let you know that you have been selected as one of the contestants for the Second Season of the Wild Mamas competition.

Trisha looks up at Neil. Then Tara. Trisha takes the letter from Neil and scans it.

TRISHA
Note: You will be required in our studios in the magnificent Scottish Highlands on March 20.

Trisha looks at Neil in disbelief.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
I was probably their *oldest* contestant! I'm freakin' thirty nine and a half!

Neil lifts Trisha up.

NEIL
(ecstatically)
You did it!

Trisha is euphoric. She jumps up and down. She SCREAMS in delight.

TRISHA
We did it! We did it!

Tara joins the excitement by jumping on the sofa.

Neil brings a champagne bottle from the refrigerator. He pours some in two glasses.

Trisha looks at the letter. The last line reads: "Congratulations Super Mama!"

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Scottish Highlands! Mommy will ride Maharaja again!

A group hug follows, with them raising a toast!

INT. FERTILITY STUDIO - THERAPY ROOM- DAY

Alicia and the group are huddled around Trisha.

Trisha, in a new avatar. She sports the hairstyle that Jennie had once recommended for her - short, asymmetrical and layered with a bold red streak in the front.

Alicia gives Trisha another rock. It says: The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step by Lao Tzu.

TRISHA
How do you always know what to say?

ALICIA
A gal always knows her gal.

Alicia does her catty AWWGRRH clawing gesture.

Marissa, Rosie, Chu Hua and all the other women from the support group surround her in a group hug.

INT. TRISHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trisha packs her luggage. Neil fusses with her documents.

NEIL
Did you pack your kick boxing shoes, Trish?

TRISHA
Yeah. They're in my suitcase.

Tara runs into the room. She climbs on to her mom's lap.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Mommy will miss you.

Tara looks into her mom's eyes. She pulls out a drawing of Trisha on a horse back riding along the hills.

TARA
See? Your hair is flying in the wind.

Trisha looks pleasantly surprised.

NEIL
Not any more. Mommy got a new look, sweetie.

TRISHA
And guess what, daddy and you will join mommy on the last day in Scotland! Yay!!

TARA
Why not now?

TRISHA
Because mommy will be busy playing wild mama on tv! And daddy has work.

Tara gives her a tight hug.

INT. CAR - DAY

Trisha and Neil drive to the airport.

Trisha's phone RINGS. It's a Skype call.

TRISHA
Maa, I would've called you after boarding.

MAYA MITRA
You crush those Hollywood moms Tishu. Be my Dhoni!

Trisha laughs.

TRISHA
Mom, they are not from Hollywood!

NEIL
They're serving Scottish beer to the contestants every night.

Neil winks. Trisha nudges him playfully.

MAYA MITRA
What? *Tishu promise me you won't drink beer every night.*

TARA
(yelling from back seat)
Mommy got a new haircut!

Trisha SHUSHES her! Both Neil and Trisha laugh out loud.

TRISHA
Bye Maa! Love you. I'll call you every night.

Trisha looks back at Tara in the rear view window.

The car stops at the traffic light. Neil reaches out and touches her hand.

NEIL
She'll be fine. She'll be with you soon.

Trisha's phone RINGS again. She's irritated now.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Ugh! Your phone has been off the hook all day!

Trisha takes the call.

TRISHA
Hello! Hello! Who?

Abrupt silence. Neil looks at her.

NEIL
Who is it?

TRISHA
(delirious)
Ok. Ok... Ok...ya...I'll see you soon!

She hangs up. She looks at Neil, dazed.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
We need to go back. Right now! Make a U-turn! Quick!

Neil is still shocked.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Do as I say Neil! Please!!

NEIL
Why?

TRISHA
I'll tell you. Just go!

Neil swerves the car. Makes a U-turn.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

MATERNITY WARD

Jennie, looking like she's hit by a hurricane, lays in a semi-awake state. Beads of sweat on her forehead.

The door swings open and Trisha enters like a breeze. Stylish sunglasses resting on her head complement her trendy new hairstyle. Her signature eclectic scarf is wrapped around her neck.

Jennie holds a NEWBORN BABY in a blue and pink striped cap. Trisha takes a few steps towards Jennie.

Almost abruptly, Jennie opens her eyes and looks at Trisha. They seem to relive the past year in one minute.

Jennie holds the Newborn Baby up, towards Trisha. Trisha holds the Newborn Baby gently and waves for Tara to come over.

Trisha carefully places the Newborn Baby on Tara's lap. He makes soft newborn COOING sounds. She places one hand by him.

Tara looks nervous. She looks up at her mom, with wonder.

Trisha looks back at her. Then at Jennie. Jennie smiles for the first time.

Trisha finally bends over and gives Jennie a hug. Tears of joy trickle down their cheeks.

Neil smiles. Tara by his side, holding the Newborn Baby.

Trisha and Jennie hold hands, and look at each other for a long time.

TRISHA
I never thought you'd forgive me for being such a selfish weirdo.

Jennie smiles. She looks at a half open card on her night stand. It says "SORRY GIRL!"

TRISHA (CONT'D)
You got my card? And you brought it here?

JENNIE
I had to! I needed some of that astrologer super power to get this baby out!

Inside the card is a yellow and red holy thread, glued to one side. Trisha laughs.

Jennie looks at her new hairstyle and smiles.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
I see you went to a different salon.

TRISHA
Ha ha yes!

Jennie points at her biceps.

JENNIE
You got a new trainer or something?

TRISHA
I got cast!

JENNIE
Cast? For what?

Pause. Light bulb and then Jennie gives her a BIG HUG!

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Wild Mamas. Wild Mamas? You're kiddin' me! When did you audition? When do you go? When will it air?

TRISHA
Will tell you all about it. I need to get on that flight first.

JENNIE
When time is your flight?

Neil looks at his watch.

NEIL
Er...in a couple of hours. But I'll book her on the next flight.

JENNIE
No you're not! You gotta go now! Go girl! The airport's just fifteen minutes from here!

Trisha hesitates. Jennie almost pushes her off the bed.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Go! Go! Trish!
(talks to her newborn)
Andrew, say go T!

TRISHA
Andrew. Baby Andrew.

She looks at the Newborn Baby again.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Thank for your friendship. Thank you for *Wild Mamas*!

Just then, MIKE walks into the room with some baby supplies. Mike is Jennie's husband, late 30s, scraggly hair.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Congratulations!

MIKE
Thank you. Trisha. Right? With an S-H.

Trisha looks at Jennie. Jennie's trademark chuckle. Mike shakes hands with Trisha and Neil.

NEIL
Congratulations! Neil, Trisha's husband.

MIKE
Mike. Great to finally meet you in person.

Trisha gives Jennie another long hug. She picks up her bags.

TRISHA
I won't disappear this time. I promise.

JENNIE
(Bengali)
When no one hears your call, stride alone.

Neil snaps a picture of Trisha and Jennie together. Another one of Tara holding the Newborn Baby.

Neil helps Tara hand Newborn Baby to Jennie. Trisha looks back at Jennie holding him.

Trisha walks out with a confident stride, Neil and Tara by her side.

Jennie turns to see a new rock by her bedside. It's the journey rock that Alicia gave Trisha. She picks it up and holds it in her right hand. She closes her eyes as if making a wish.

She puts the rock back on her nightstand.

INT/EXT CAR - NIGHT

Trisha is at the traffic light, with Neil by her side. Tara is in the backseat swiping through photos on the phone. She leans into the front seat and shows Trisha a photo of herself holding Newborn Baby.

TARA
Mommy can I call him Toby?

Trisha nods.

Trisha sits back and smiles, looking at the SIGN of DEPARTURE, approaching the airport.

FADE OUT