

INT. JACKIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jackie takes a kettle from the stove. Pours the water into a tea cup. Then, fills a second cup. Drops a tea bag into each. Carries both cups to.....the kitchen table. Where Rachel is waiting. She looks more than tense. Actually, scared. Jackie taking this in, as she sets down the tea.

JACKIE

Okay, what is this? If you want to dump Luke on me, no sale. You're stuck with him.

And before she can sit...

RACHEL

I know your secret.

Jackie FREEZES. To stone. No one says anything. Two hearts beating at red-line.

JACKIE

I don't know wh...

RACHEL

I was looking for Annabelle's book, and I found your tickets. And the note. From your new boss.

JACKIE

My boss.

RACHEL

You're not working at Random House, I talked to them.

JACKIE

You WHAT?

RACHEL

You're taking the kids. And moving to San Francisco.

RACHEL

Look, you've never liked me...

JACKIE

Don't flatter yourself.

RACHEL

And I know checking into your life was inexcusable...

JACKIE

Nobody likes a snoop.

RACHEL

But I came here to...

RACHEL

...to beg you. Not to do it.

JACKIE

I'd have thought this was the answer to your prayers. Lose the witch, and her two brats, in one swoop. Problems solved.

RACHEL

You can't take Luke's children away from him.

JACKIE

Bi-coastal parenting. Happens every day. Luke gets the kids every other summer, every other holiday, it's not ideal, but people make it work, and...

RACHEL

(blurts)

We can't live like that.

JACKIE

Did I hear the word...

RACHEL

Luke. Can't live like that.

JACKIE

Then let him talk to me. We don't need you to solve our prob...

RACHEL

...it's my problem, too.
I got used to...thinking of them.
As...my kids too.

JACKIE

Really. By what right? Six months of part-time screw-ups?

RACHEL

No right at all. I just love them. There's so many publishing houses in New York. Surely, you could find a good one?

JACKIE

Sure, I could. If I was looking for one. You're a moron, kid. You guessed the wrong secret.

(calmly)

Charlie Drummond used to be a colleague at Random House. I'm crashing at her place, while I take some new protein injections my oncologist recommended. I can only

get them in San Francisco.
Life's a trade-off. You get cancer,
your hair falls out, but you do get
to smoke dope.

RACHEL

(please)
You're not dying.

JACKIE

No such luck. I'm beating the shit
out of this. Pardon my French.

RACHEL

You bet you are.

JACKIE

How the hell would you know?

RACHEL

I don't, but...

JACKIE

How would you know anything?

JACKIE

I exercise, I eat the healthiest
foods, you live on pork rinds and
Ho-Ho's, and I've got cancer!

RACHEL

And cigarettes. I smoke, too.

JACKIE

You are marrying the greatest guy
who walks this earth. Who I have
loved from my heart for twelve years!
And you walk in. You smile that
smile. You move that boy. And
he's yours for free.
And you. Love my kids. How fucking
touching. They came out of my body!

RACHEL

See, I know that.

JACKIE

I have given them more love and
more care every fifteen minutes of
their lives, than you could manage
in the next fifty years!

RACHEL

Okay, I'm undeserving.

JACKIE

Ironic, huh?

JACKIE

Ironic, that I'm gonna need you.
To be a little less. Undeserving.
Drink your tea while I go vomit.
You love my kids, that's a start.
We'll work on it.

RACHEL

(calling out)
This is very good tea!