

**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**

Irony, huh?

**JACKIE**

Irony, 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!