

what she made me

written by

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based on a true story

INT. HOUSE - DAY

2005.

On the LIVING ROOM TV, a Ballet program plays; Baryshnikov dances Sinatra: That's Life. The screen fills the frame. Drawing back, the TV comes into view along with

ROMEO, an 8-year-old Venezuelan boy with a tuft of black hair on his head,

sitting cross-legged on the floor in his navy blue sweat suit from Walmart. He gazes dreamily at the couple dancing.

The Pas De Deux finishes. Inspired, Romeo turns off the program and runs to the CD PLAYER where he inserts 50 BEST BEETHOVEN. Closing his eyes, Romeo allows the lull of Für Elise to wash over him. He smiles.

It's time to dance.

Releasing any need to think, he surrenders into a tender flow of movement.

WHAT SHE MADE ME

CUT TO MONTAGE

A sequence of home videos of Romeo's 8 to 16-year-old life play in succession, emphasizing he is a child.

INT. HOUSE - ROMEO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

2014.

On top of the very DIY-esque dresser in between two twin sized beds that hug opposing walls, a PHONE buzzes, waking Romeo from his half-committal sleep. He throws off the cover of his 35°F ORANGE SLEEPING BAG, sets his feet on the uninviting tile floor, and composes himself.

Unlike other teenagers' rooms, Romeo's is bare. The walls are depressingly plain, begging to be dressed with anything. He has a CD PLAYER that sits on his dresser, doused in moonlight coming in through the spider web-infested window well and an ALARM CLOCK on the

identical dresser against the opposite wall. It's a tidy space with Romeo's dirty laundry folded by his bed.

He reaches for his phone, a ZTE ZINGER, noticing the time first, 12:37 AM, and then the text from

HAZEL, a 33-year-old blonde Caucasian woman, 5'1, so sweet and so gorgeous.

HAZEL (TEXT)

*I'm here! Can't wait to see
you babe!*

He smiles, excited she's arrived.

ROMEO (TEXT)

*On my way out.:) Can't wait
to see you too!*

Still in his outfit from the day, Romeo stands to leave and heads for the door, passing by his brother

RAFAEL (RAF), 14, rebellious spirit but kind-hearted, who's supposedly asleep in his bed.

RAF

(groggily)

Where the fuck are you going?

ROMEO

(whispering)

Oh, shit! I thought you were sleeping.

RAF

Hmm.

Romeo continues to the door, despite being caught.

ROMEO

I'm just heading out. I'll tell you about it soon.

RAF

Okay.

Raf falls back asleep and Romeo exits the room.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Romeo, donning a black jacket against the November night, walks down the street to the WHITE 2013 BUICK ENCLAVE where Hazel waits for him, headlights off. He catches her eyes that were looking for him and they share a smile as he approaches.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Romeo lets himself in and shuts the door.

HAZEL

Hey cutie.

ROMEO

Hey beautiful.

Unbuckled, and without checking their surroundings, Hazel leans over the center console and gives him a quick kiss.

HAZEL

I missed you today.

ROMEO

I missed you too.

They buckle up and then Hazel shifts the car into drive.

EXT. CHILDHOOD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The car pulls into the spot they've claimed as their own; a nook behind the dumpsters at the side entrance of Romeo's childhood elementary school. A dingy light attached above the door dimly illuminates the scene. Brake lights shift to park and then off as the ignition goes out.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Hazel removes her finger from the push to start button as Romeo growls, arms folded, quaking like a pouting child.

ROMEO

It's just impossible! I don't know how to live like this. I don't know how to be broke all the time. It's so exhausting. And Alice and Jake keep getting mad at me for not giving them gas money, and I don't know what to do about it. I'm broke. I don't have any money. Sorry. I do say sorry, but yeah, that obviously doesn't do anything, so, I don't know. I'm just in constant distress. But it's fine. I'm fine. All of it's fine. I'm like that dog in the meme. Do you know what I'm talking about?

HAZEL

Yes, I do.

ROMEO

Okay, good. Imagine me. I'm the dog. "This is fine."

Romeo laughs in the face of poverty.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

HAZEL

I can give you gas money.

ROMEO

No no no no no no no. I won't accept it. You do enough for me already.

HAZEL

Doesn't matter.

ROMEO

But it does. I can already never repay you for

everything you've done, so I
won't hear any more of it.

HAZEL
You're so silly.

ROMEO
You don't think I know?

Hazel laughs at his playfulness.

ROMEO (CONT'D)
But yes, it is hard to...
yes.

HAZEL
Well, after this year, you'll
be done with school and
become the best dancer there
ever was and you'll get super
famous and super rich and it
won't ever be hard again.

ROMEO
It's true. It's true. Aaaaah!
I can't wait!

HAZEL
Yeah, I'm excited for you.

ROMEO
I wish I had that remote from
that one Adam Sandler movie,
uh, what's it called?

He puts on his best thinking face.

ROMEO (CONT'D)
I never actually watched it
because it's inappropriate,
but, ahhh, this is going to
kill me! What's it ca- *Click!*
Click! That's what it's
called! Oh good. I was going
to freak out.

He sighs deeply.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

But, as I was saying, if I had that, I could just *beep beep boop* and it would be the future!

HAZEL

But then we would miss all of this time together.

ROMEO

Hmm, you're right. And that would be really sad. Can't have that. I no longer wish for the remote from *Click*.

HAZEL

Good.

ROMEO

But I do wish for a million dollars.

Romeo puts his hand together in prayer.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

God, if you're out there and you're listening, please give me one million dollars. Please please please. I will be so so good forever and ever.

HAZEL

(offended)

Hey.

ROMEO

Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to be...sorry.

HAZEL

It's okay.

ROMEO

Okay.

They share an uncomfortable silence.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

Do you want to know
something?

HAZEL

What?

ROMEO

I Love you.

She smiles.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

So much.

HAZEL

I Love you too.

ROMEO

And I'm really excited for
the big life ahead of us.

HAZEL

You are?

ROMEO

Oh yeah.

She blushes and they stare deeply into each other's eyes.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

May I kiss you?

HAZEL

You may.

Romeo leans over the center console, takes Hazel's face in
his hands, and kisses her fervently.

HAZEL

Let's...

Hazel motions to the back of the car where the seats are
down and blankets are laid out.

ROMEO

Yes.

EXT. CHILDHOOD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Same shot as previous scene and the car rocks gently. The camera slowly zooms out as the faint sound of an alarm starts in syncopation with the rocking of the car. As the school comes more into frame, the alarm grows louder until the children's playground comes into frame.

HARD CUT

INT. - ROMEO'S BEDROOM - MORNING

ECU of the stark red numbers of the alarm clock reading 6:00 AM and it blares in full force. It continues to the point of discomfort and then finally, Romeo silences it.

CU of Romeo as he breathes deeply, hand still on the alarm, looking as though something is dead within him.

EXT. - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Romeo stands at the front of his carport driveway wearing a vintage-esque army green backpack and a hipster-inspired outfit with a tie, button up, blazer and skinny jeans.

The familiar sound of his friend's car catches his attention and he takes a step closer to the road, eager for the warmth the car promises.

JAKE, an African American boy, 16, a junior who is both sassy and awkward and somehow makes it work,

pulls up in front of him, flipping him off as he comes to a stop. Romeo returns the gesture as he approaches, their morning tradition they share every day before school.

INT. CAR - DAY (MOVING) (MINUTES LATER)

Unable to withstand the cold of Utah winter, Romeo presses his icicles for fingers against the hot air blasting out of the vents.

Over the stereo, Anaconda by Nicki Minaj plays.

JAKE
I've got to get gas.

Jake turns right into a 711.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You've got it covered this
time?

Jake parks in front of a pump and Romeo reluctantly removes his fingers from the vents to reach for his wallet in his backpack. From it, he conjures the last of his funds; \$7.

ROMEO
I have \$7.

Jake swipes the money from his hands.

JAKE
And now you have none.

ROMEO
Ah, fuck you.

JAKE
No no no, fuck you.

Romeo shakes his head defiantly as Jake snickers on his way out, shutting the door behind him.

With Jake walking away, Romeo's safe to pull out his phone to send a Snap to Hazel. He poses with one finger pulling down on his bottom lip and snaps a selfie.

ROMEO (TEXT)
*Thank you for last night. I
Love you SO much. ❤️*

Send. Romeo keeps his phone open, knowing Hazel will respond soon. He looks up to check on Jake and sees him paying the cashier inside. He still has time. Then, as anticipated, a notification from Hazel draws his attention.

HAZEL (TEXT)
*I Love YOU so much! You made
me 🥰 seven times!*

Romeo's face lights up. In prideful disbelief, he laughs to himself, impressed that he's capable of pleasing her the way he does. Another notification comes through and he clicks to the next Snap.

HAZEL (TEXT)

*Sending you a surprise later
today 🤪*

A surprise? Definitely nudes. He snaps a selfie in return.

ROMEO (TEXT)

*OH MY GOD! YOU ARE SO FUCKING
HOT! I CAN'T WAIT FOR MY
SURPRISE!*

Send. Hazel responds instantly with a picture of her blowing him a kiss. Smitten, Romeo stares at the photo, relishing the ten seconds he has with it.

The car door opens and instinctively, Romeo flattens his phone to his lap, but fails to wipe the smile off his face as Jake pokes his head in to click open the fuel door.

JAKE

What's with you?

ROMEO

(hurriedly)

Nothing.

Romeo senses Jake's skepticism as he giggles to himself.

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE

Whatever.

He presses the door shut, leaving Romeo to his sweet bliss.

EXT. ALICE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Pulling up to the their friend's driveway, Romeo and Jake flip the bird at

ALICE, Caucasian, 16, sweet and quirky but also firm in her own unique way,

who stands waiting for them in front of her middle class house. She returns the gesture as Jake parks. Romeo hops out of the front seat and presents the open car door with a bow and flourish of his hand.

ROMEO

M'Lady.

ALICE

(over it)

Thanks.

She plops her backpack onto his outstretched arm and enters the car. Romeo shuts the door for her and then heads to the back.

INT. CAR - DAY (MOVING) (MINUTES LATER)

Alice sits in the front seat with her arms folded, staring determinedly out the window. She hasn't said a word. The unease is palpable. Romeo and Jake meet eyes in the rearview mirror and attempt telepathy to figure out what's wrong. It doesn't work. Another grueling 10 seconds pass.

ROMEO

So, how are you Alice?

ALICE

Fine.

ROMEO

Are you sure?

Alice bursts into tears. Shocked and unsure what to do, Romeo tries offering her words of comfort as Jake turns off the music out of respect to her distress.

ALICE

I did something awful!

JAKE

Jesus Alice, what did you do?

ALICE

I..I..

Alice trails off on another fit of sobs.

ROMEO

Hey, it's okay!

JAKE

Yeah, it's- yeah...

Alice regains her composure.

ALICE

I...

ROMEO

You?

Romeo leans in closer as if physical distance will shorten the time it will take for him to receive her news.

ALICE

I ran over a cat!

Alice buries her face in her hands, a complete wreck.

Meeting eyes again in the rearview mirror, Romeo and Jake process the information and then burst out laughing.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Why are you laughing!?

ROMEO

Sorry, sorry, you just made it seem like you did something so much worse, like murder someone.

JAKE

Or have sex!

ROMEO

Yeah, we weren't really expecting cat killer.

JAKE

Yeah!

They continue to laugh, but are cut short upon noticing Alice's expression full of loathing.

ROMEO

But now that we know, yeah,
wow, that really sucks Alice.
Sorry that happened to you.

Jake nods in agreement. A beat passes.

JAKE

How'd you do it?

ROMEO

Jake!

JAKE

What!? I'm curious!

ROMEO

This is obviously sensitive!

ALICE

No, it's okay.

Alice wipes the tears from her face with both hands and sighs heavily.

ALICE (CONT'D)

So, I was driving through my
neighborhood to pick up my
brother from his friend's
house. And you know when you
drive the same thing so many
times, you kind of like,
checkout and go autopilot?

JAKE/ROMEO

Yeah.

Romeo nods even though he has yet to get his license.

ALICE

So, yeah, I was on my way to
get him and I wasn't really
paying attention, I was just

driving and then- I don't- it
was just- it was there and
I-I couldn't stop, it was too
close, it was right there and
I- I- I ran it over!

She buries her face back in her hands in an attempt to stop
any more potential tears. As a means to comfort, Romeo
extends his hand to her shoulder and she accepts.

ALICE (CONT'D)

And I felt it through my
body, like going over a speed
bump and it was...

Her body shivers in response to recalling the feeling. She
attempts to share more but is no longer capable. The three
sit in silence, honoring the unintentionally murdered cat.

JAKE

Shit, Alice. Damn. I'm sorry.

Romeo gently removes his hand from her shoulder.

ALICE

Yeah.

(to Romeo)

Thanks.

ROMEO

Of course.

(beat)

ALICE

Anyways, so, yeah. Sorry if I
was off.

ROMEO

No, you're totally fine. That
is, yeah, that's horrible.

ALICE

Yeah.

JAKE

Yeah.

(beat)

ALICE

Can you put on some music?

JAKE

Sure.

Jake turns up the volume on the stereo and Happy by Pharrell Williams ironically plays. Alice glares at him.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Radio.

He seeks through the stations trying to find something more appropriate for the moment.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY - WIDE SHOT

The three pull into the parking lot of their school, EXPLORER PERFORMING ARTS ACADEMY, and park at the far end of the lot near the entrance to the dance studios. Car doors open and the three of them filter out. Romeo hands Alice's backpack to her on their way inside.

INT. EXPLORER - LOBBY - DAY

They drop off their bags in the cubbies next to STUDIO 1. Already in dance attire, Jake and Alice make their way into the studio as Romeo pulls out his clothes to change.

ROMEO

See you inside.

JAKE/ALICE

See you.

Romeo watches them leave and once they turn the corner, hurriedly pulls out his phone to send one final text to Hazel. He types in Snapchat.

ROMEO (TEXT)

I Love you!

Smiling, he shuts the screen off, lays the phone face down, and slides it to the very back of the cubby.

INT. STUDIO 1 - DAY

Through the floor to ceiling windows, harsh morning light floods the studio, embracing the 12 DANCERS stationed at the barres along the wall and in center.

Mid-adagio combination, Romeo sees Jake yawn unapologetically from across the room, triggering him to do the same. Quick to catch him, their Ballet instructor

MR. WELDON, 46, 5'8, Spaniard with surprisingly brilliant black locks; a witty and clever man unafraid of fun, wastes no time reprimanding him.

MR. WELDON
Are you tired, Romeo?

ROMEO
No, Mr. Weldon.

MR. WELDON
Good, because a dancer is never tired.

(addressing the class)

Everyone!

EVERYONE
(IN UNISON)
A dancer is never tired!

INT. EXPLORER - LOBBY - DAY

Sprawled out on the lobby couch, Romeo dramatizes his distress through a series of groans, exaggerated coughs and unnecessarily raspy inhaleds. No one pays him any mind.

ROMEO
I'm dying.

Jake, annoyed, comes to his rescue.

JAKE
(chewing)
Christ, Romeo. Relax.

Jake swallows and reaches into his bag of energy chews.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Here, take this.

Romeo extends his hand and accepts Jake's offering.

ROMEO
What's in it?

JAKE
(shrugging)
Stuff.

ROMEO
Is it (*mouths*) marijuana?

JAKE
We both don't do drugs.

ROMEO
Right. But it's never too
late to start.

Jake rolls his eyes and Romeo inspects the gummy further.

ROMEO (CONT'D)
So it's not weed?

JAKE
Oh my God. It's caffeine or
something. Just eat it.

Jake takes his leave and Romeo sits up, hesitant to eat the gummy. He could use the boost though. He tosses it back, chews and grimaces as the combined taste of Pepto Bismol and cherry fills his mouth.

CUT TO

POV from Romeo's phone in the cubby as Romeo stands from the couch to follow Jake to class. As he leaves, the phone vibrates five times; five notifications from Hazel.

INT. DANCE STUDIO 2 - DAY

QUICK SHOTS of the same dancers in a Jazz Technique class wearing less formal dancewear as they perform sequences of movement, tricks, and a variety of technical elements.

INT. EXPLORER - LOBBY - DAY

Amongst the commotion of students deciding where to go for lunch, Romeo returns his neatly folded dance clothes to his bag and slings it over his shoulders. From the back of the cubby, he retrieves his phone and on it are the Snapchat notifications from Hazel. Excited and impulsive, he opens the app and clicks the red square. Hazel's breasts fill the screen, "Surprise 🤩" captioned underneath them.

JAKE (O.C.)

Are you ready to go?

Romeo shuts off the screen and whirls around to find Jake and Alice waiting on the couch.

ROMEO

Yeah! I just need to use the restroom really quick.

Phone in his pocket, Romeo heads back to the bathrooms.

JAKE

You were just in there.

ROMEO

I forgot to pee. Give me two minutes.

Jake gives him an irritated look that Romeo dismisses with a shrug meant to say "sorry".

INT - BATHROOM - DAY

Knowing he's given himself a two minute limit, Romeo speedily dresses the toilet, removes his phone, and undoes his pants to sit. Screen back on, he clicks for more.

HAZEL (TEXT)

Ass the size of two planets 🌍🌍

Back arched and ass out, Hazel looks incredible.

ROMEO

Fuck.

The rush of arousal comes fast and Romeo acts on it as the ten seconds of the photo ends and is replaced by a full frontal nude.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

Fuck!

This will be quick.

INT. - WENDY'S - DAY

At a table in a fairly empty Wendy's, the trio eat in silence as other customers walk in and order.

INT. EXPLORER - VOICE ROOM - DAY

In the back row of fold out tables set up for class, Romeo sits with his eyes fixated on

LILY, 16, Caucasian, curvy, sweet with a sense of warmth radiating from her; a member of the dance company,

in the front row wearing a green leather jacket as the TEACHER(F) drones on about graphing on the X and Y axis. She senses his eyes on her and looks back, catching his gaze for a split second before he embarrassingly covers up his stare by taking up his pencil and scribbling something down. A smile flickers across her face and she looks away.

INT. CAR - DAY (MOVING)

Staring out the window, Romeo's thoughts wander on the duality of his existence with little self awareness. Jake and Alice talk animatedly in the front seats, but Romeo doesn't hear them, lost in his head.

INT. CAR - ALICE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Outside of the car, Romeo hands Alice her backpack.

ALICE

See you guys Monday.

ROMEO

See you.

Romeo fills the vacancy of the front seat and buckles as Jake pokes his head out for a clearer view of Alice.

JAKE

Try not to kill any more cats
over the weekend.

Offended, Alice slams the door, flips Jake off and storms off. He laughs to himself as Romeo gawks, stunned by his audacity.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Too soon?

ROMEO

Definitely.

He shrugs without a care and drives back out onto the road.

EXT. ROMEO'S HOUSE - DAY

Stopped in front of his house, Romeo exits the car, exchanges middle fingers with Jake, and heads inside.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

After locking the front door, Romeo unties his shoes on the landing of the raised ranch entryway and places them in the rack. He descends to his shared room just to the right of the exit of the stairway; the entrance of his room is visible from the front door. He enters and shuts the door.

INT. ROMEO'S BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Alone, Romeo turns and leans his back against the door, hitting a wall of exhaustion that makes everything impossible, including standing. He slumps to the floor and the same expression from the morning returns. He feels lifeless. Uncomfortable where he sits, he looks to his bed but it's too far away. He settles for the wall next to him, dropping his head against it. His eyes flutter shut and he drifts into sleep that lies just behind his eyes.

INT. ROMEO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (SAME SHOT) (THREE HOURS LATER)

Romeo has not moved. The door nudges him as someone tries to enter the room which doesn't wake him. It happens again with a little more force, but Romeo remains lifeless. Three knocks rap the door and that jolts him awake. Groggy and disoriented, he awkwardly rolls away from the door and it swings open. Raf enters the room, dressed similarly to Romeo, and closes the door behind him.

RAF

The fuck you on the floor
for?

Raf flicks on the light and Romeo squints as he sits up.

ROMEO

You know, beauty sleep.

RAF

Your bed is literally right
there.

ROMEO

I know, but something about
the floor really does it for
me.

Romeo pats the floor around him with his hands. Indifferent, Raf tosses his backpack onto his bed and removes its contents.

RAF

Your backpack is still on.

ROMEO

Oh, yeah.

Romeo picks himself up, sets his backpack down at the base of his bed and then plops onto it. Raf removes a six-pack of beer and hides it underneath his bed.

ROMEO

Raf.

RAF

Sup?

He doesn't bother to look at Romeo.

ROMEO

You know you're killing your
brain with that.

Raf spins around and chucks up the double deuces.

RAF

It's already dead, bro.

ROMEO

(shaking head)

Dumbass.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Romeo, looking out of place in the impoverished kitchen with its worn appliances, dated furnishings, and dull yellow glow, sits with a dressed-down Raf at the kitchen table eating cereal.

From the bedroom down the hall, relentless yelling in Spanish comes from their parents,

DAD(RODOLFO), 45, short, angry, stubborn, and bitter. Never seems to catch a break,

MOM(ISABEL), 44, gentle but firm, motherly, and constantly diminished by the hand that life has dealt her,

which can easily be heard in the kitchen. Romeo and Raf remain unbothered and continue eating.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Sitting around the equally outdated living room with its religious artifacts, the family gathers for nightly scripture reading. The rest of the members include --

RODOLFO JR., 21, eldest, sophisticated, and direct. The other artistically inclined sibling,

REYNALDO(REY), 19, wild and over the top, suffers from allergies and asthma, keeps everything light-hearted,

ROSALINA, 10, sweet-hearted and kind,

REINA, 7, the queen of the pack.

Scriptures sit open in everyone's laps and they follow along, or at least pretend to, as the patriarch reads the verses with conviction that none of them share.

RODOLFO

... And whosoever will
hearken unto my words and
repenteth and is baptized,
the same shall be saved.
Search the prophets, for many
there be that testify --

INT. ROMEO'S ROOM - NIGHT

In bed, lying on his side, Romeo considers posting a picture that floats on his screen of him and Hazel. He tries to devise a caption with the intention of expressing gratitude, but it feels wrong to do so. Part of him knows people would misconstrue his intentions so he gives up and scrolls through his feed instead, leaving hearts sparingly.

Then, there she is, and his heart flutters. It's Lily. Quickly, he flips onto his belly and props himself over his pillow to give her post proper attention.

LILY (TEXT)

*Late to post but this concert
CHANGED MY LIFE! 🎵🎤🌟*

It's her at The Airborne Toxic Event concert earlier this week. She's smiling perfectly. He double-taps the picture, leaving a heart and then lingers, losing himself to her. He could get lost for hours, but decides to leave a comment.

ROMEO (TEXT)

Looks like fun!

He deletes the comment as fast as he typed it out.

ROMEO (TEXT)

*You'll have to introduce me
to some of their songs!*

That's too direct to say over Instagram. Delete.

ROMEO (TEXT)



It's nothing original, but it's safe. Pleased in its simplicity, he finds his finger hovering the send arrow but a notification stops him. It's Hazel. Romeo's excitement evaporates and a sweeping melancholy takes its place. Saddened, but not upset, he deletes the comment. He takes one last look at Lily and then opens Snapchat.

HAZEL (TEXT)

*Crazy day! I won't be able to
see you tonight 💔*

The melancholy deepens knowing he'll be alone.

Another Snap comes through.

HAZEL (TEXT)

*Come over tomorrow after
work!*

Romeo takes a selfie to send back.

ROMEO (TEXT)

*I will! I miss you and I Love
you! Have a goodnight♥*

He waits and she's quick to respond.

HAZEL (TEXT)

*I Love you too 😊 Goodnight my
Romeo*

Romeo stares at her, longing for her. And then she's gone and he's alone.

INT. LDS CHURCH - SACRAMENT - DAY

CU. Standing at the pulpit is

BISHOP MORRISON, 47, 6'2, balding, has a gentle demeanor and a gentle heart to compliment,

and he speaks to a full congregation.

BISHOP MORRISON

"No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Matthew 6:24. This isn't to say that we are not allowed to live our lives outside of the church. God has given us these physical bodies to explore and to enjoy the lives we have been blessed with on this terrestrial planet. But when it comes to what is most important and what will bring us the highest form of fulfillment, that will be through God. Only through God may we find everlasting joy and peace. Only through God are we promised an eternity of living in and amongst perfection. Only through God are families forever. What is here on this Earth is only temporary and will cease to matter in the life to come. All of our material belongings and successes will have no place in the kingdom that awaits us. Let us continue to center our lives around family and God and we will be blessed, not only in this life, but in the life to come. Have faith, trust, and invest in the greatness that is God and He will provide. With these words, I leave you, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

The congregation responds O.C. in unison, "Amen".

INT. LDS CHURCH - SACRAMENT - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

Even while holding Hazel's youngest child,

HAYDEN, 16 months, brown hair,

Romeo is attentive, sitting up straight, and looking sharp beside Hazel and her two other boys,

GUNNER, 8, brown hair,

LEVI, 5, blonde hair.

The five of them look like their own family as they wait respectfully for the sacrament. One of the 12 year olds distributing the bread reaches them and they partake.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY (WIDE) (QUICK CUTS)

HAZEL'S CAR

Hazel shuts the driver door, Romeo in the passenger seat and the boys all secured in the back.

HAZEL'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

They pull into the garage of their more than modest home.

HAZEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

At the island in the lush and spacious kitchen, they eat sandwiches and chips together.

HAZEL'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM (EVENING)

In an equally nice family room, Hazel sits with Hayden in her lap and Romeo next to her. They don't touch, but they look comfortable. Nacho Libre is on the TV and the boys sprawl about as boys do.

HAZEL'S HOUSE - LEVI'S ROOM (NIGHT)

In the cowboy themed room lit by a night light, Romeo tucks Levi into bed.

HAZEL'S HOUSE - HAZEL'S ROOM (NIGHT)

Standing nearly naked a few feet from the base of their king sized bed, Hazel reaches for the back of her bra. Only in his boxers and awestruck at the sight of Hazel, Romeo lies surrounded by deep reds, creams and flannel. Unclipped, it falls to the floor. They stare at one another, breathless.

INT. HAZEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

ECU. Sweat glistens on Romeo's shoulder, Hazel's face cradled in the nook of his neck. Her mouth is agape as Romeo thrusts repeatedly into her, moans escaping their mouths, both on the verge of climax.

EXT. ROMEO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

On his front porch, Romeo waves to Hazel, her cue to leave. She drives away as Romeo lets himself into his house.