

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

INT. BECKY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- MORNING

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

Becky slaps her alarm clock, burying her face in a pillow.

STEVEN (O.S.)
(romantic)
Morning...

Becky mumbles something, still half-asleep. Steven rolls over from his side of the bed, trying to cozy up to her.

BECKY
Don't make me smack you.

STEVEN
Kinky.

Before Steven can plant a kiss on Becky, the bedroom door bursts open. Their two kids - MELISSA (10) and NATE (6) - run in and pounce on their parents.

NATE
Breakfast time, Mom! Breakfast time!

MELISSA
CHOCOLATE CHIP PANCAKES!

Steven groans, realizing his chance of morning nookie is gone.

BECKY
Didn't you just have breakfast yesterday?

NATE
But we didn't have chocolate chip pancakes!

STEVEN
Kid makes a solid point. I'll get them fed, start a pot of coffee. Bring you up a mug.

Steven rolls out of bed, herding the children out the door. Turning back, he mouths "you owe me." She smiles, nodding gratefully.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
All right, how many pancakes am I making you two?

MELISSA
Eleven!

NATE
More than I can eat!

Becky rolls over, nodding off.

The alarm BEEPS again and she deliberately shoves it off the nightstand.

EXT. LONG BEACH RESIDENTIAL STREET -- MORNING

Eugene's tiny car parks out front. He grabs two paper bags from the passenger seat and climbs out.

INT. HIGGS HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Homey, with thin carpets and porcelain old lady paraphernalia. Eugene lets himself in.

EUGENE
Mom, I'm home!

We hear the sounds of a SPANISH TELENOVELLA O.S.

Eugene crosses to the den, where his 300 pound mother GLORIA (57) reclines contently on an adjustable home care bed.

She's focused on a book of word games while the TV drones on.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
Whatcha watching?

GLORIA
Soap opera.

EUGENE
So, in the time it took me to get breakfast, you've become bilingual? Clever girl.

Gloria looks up from the page, motioning toward the screen.

GLORIA
Son, pain is a universal language, and that woman is in pain.
(MORE)

GLORIA (CONT'D)
I think he's her twin brother,
something like that.

EUGENE
You can't reach the remote, can you?

GLORIA
My answer was more poetic.

Eugene grabs the remote from a table across the room and passes it to her.

EUGENE
I brought breakfast.

He sets the first bag on the table and sits down at the edge of her bed.

GLORIA
Someone stopped by looking for you.
Left a business card... somewhere.

She waves a hand in the direction of the cluttered living room table.

Eugene nods, not really paying attention. He pulls a fresh vial of INSULIN from the second bag and sets to work prepping a syringe.

Gloria rifles through the first bag, searching for breakfast.

EUGENE
Mom! You know you need to wait and eat after your shot.

GLORIA
Wait too long and I won't be around to enjoy it...

Eugene rolls his eyes at the familiar guilt trip. Gloria unwraps an egg and cheese burrito, digging in.

EUGENE
Don't talk like that, Mom. You're on the list. They'll find a donor.

He pricks her finger, waits for a reading on the glucometer and adjusts the dose, carefully injecting her stomach.

GLORIA
You've been singing that song for three years, acting like that list means something.

Eugene tosses the needle into a trashcan full of the same, growing sullen. She's right.

Gloria leans over and kisses her son on the forehead.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
You're a good boy, Eugene.

Resigned, Eugene unwraps his burrito. The two of them eat side by side, watching the telenovella.

[illegible]