

**Dialogue in [brackets] indicates Spanish, subtitled.

INT. MAX'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Eyelash curler in hand, Dev sits over Max, attempting to curl her lashes. Max flinches.

MAX
Ow.

DEV
Sorry.

MAX
Aight, ask me a harder question.

DEV
(Playfully)
Uhm. Ok. How many kids do you want?

Dev continues pressing Max's over-curled eyelashes.

MAX
Kids?

DEV
Yeah.

MAX
Uhm. I've always thought three.
But lowkey. Prolly costs a lot.

DEV
True.

MAX
But! That's ok cuz we'll be in our mansion by then.

DEV
(Laughing)
Really? What else.

MAX
Two dogs. We'll keep Bella. And get my pug.

DEV
And my rat?

MAX
And your rat.

DEV
And a water mattress.

MAX
Anything you want. We can rent out every U-haul in the state.

DEV
Are we hyphenating our last names?

MAX
That'd be kinda long. [Pero sí.]

DEV
And family dinners every night?

MAX
And date night every Saturday.

DEV
And Mexico trips every summer.

MAX
And live close to family.

DEV
And a Church wedding.

The excitement wanes. Reality sets in. A silence. They take each other in.

INT. DEV'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Dev crashes into her room. She picks up her phone and dials. Anger turns to anguish as she drops to her knees.

MOM
Hola? Mija?

DEV
(Her pace increasingly faster)
I'm dating someone, and she deserves the world, and I shoulda told you so long ago. And she's-- she's a she. Like-- Like, I'm in love with a girl. And I know it's wrong. I know-- And I tried so hard-- And I wish things were easier. And I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I'm not gonna get married in Mexico. Or in a Church. Or maybe at all. And-- and that's ok.

