

WHEN YOU WISH

written by

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INT. CHAPEL - DAY

A memorial portrait. The deceased (7) smiles brightly, holding tight to a Princess Elsa doll.

Mourners walk past the portrait, towards a closed casket covered in other dolls, toys, and mementos of a life lost too soon.

They lay roses on the casket, each one turning to wipe their eyes with tissues, sleeves, anything to stop the tears from rolling.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

A woman dressed in funeral attire (26, Black) clomps up to her car door. Opens it.

She backs out.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - CONTINUOUS

She arrives at a STOP sign and we see her face.

This is AVARICIA. She is fresh-faced, professional.

She grabs her phone, turning on some music.

"WHEN I GROW UP" by THE PUSSYCAT DOLLS plays while she navigates the city streets.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

A school bus pulls up out front. A line of children dressed in black exits, marching single-file into the funeral.

A couple stands at the door, greeting the children. As the last one files in, the mother turns to the father and breaks down in tears.

INT. AVARICIA'S CAR - DAY

Avaricia taps her fingers on the steering wheel to the beat. Checks her makeup in the rear-view mirror. Unsatisfied, she gives herself a little adjustment.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

The tearful couple makes their way up the center aisle, stopping to speak softly with friends, family, everyone in attendance.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Avaricia parks her car.

INT. AVARICIA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She reaches into her backseat and retrieves a bouquet of Christmas and white roses. They are a little squished, the white roses now DRIED OUT.

She opens the glovebox, taking out a very small can of hairspray.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

The couple takes a seat in the front pew. The father rests his hand on the mother's knee.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Avaricia climbs up the chapel steps. As she does, we see multiple iterations of the same moment in quick succession.

Each time, a different outfit. Always, the same quick stride.

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Avaricia enters the chapel, again many times. Her hand instinctively reaches for the funeral program, each pile stacked in the same spot each time.

She makes her way up the aisle. Again and again.

Reaches the mourning couple in the front row. Again and again. She hugs them, hands them dried white roses, listens intently.

Avaricia makes her way to the same back pew.

We see multiple eulogies, each time delivered next to a photo of the deceased - all children. All sweet.

We hear some of them.

MOURNER 1

If there's one thing Ursula enjoyed more than anything in the world, it was Anna and Elsa.

MOURNER 2

...it was Raiders football.

MOURNER 3

...it was light bulbs. I mean, you asked that kid what his favorite light bulb was, and he'd say LED CFLs.

The crowd chuckles, smiles, nods. Again and again.

MOURNER 2

And I never saw my Creshawn happier than when he got to attend a practice session of the Raiders the week of their sixtieth anniversary as a team.

MOURNER 1

And I never saw Ursula's face light up more than when she spent the day with Kristen Bell and Idina Menzel at Magic Kingdom. She couldn't believe it!

MOURNER 3

Watching Griffith interact with the engineers at GE was the greatest gift a parent could receive, especially at that time. And none of it would've been possible...

MOURNER 1

...without the incredible support we received...

MOURNER 2

...from the Make-a-Wish Foundation. But, there was one person who went above and beyond. And--

They start to get choked up.

MOURNER 2

And we are just so grateful to her for the way she made our baby's wish come true.

MOURNER 3
Avaricia? There you are. Stand up.

Heads turn. Again and again. And she stands. Again and again.

MOURNER 1
Thank you, Avaricia.

MOURNER 2
Thank you so much.

MOURNER 3
From the bottom of our hearts,
thank you.

Each time, the crowd breaks out in applause.

Avaricia smiles meekly, tearily. Every time.

INT. AVARICIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

"WHEN I GROW UP" blasts out of her room speaker.

The funeral program of the day lies haphazardly next to it.

Avaricia, now in boxer shorts and a crop top, spins around, dancing.

She is alone.

Avaricia ambles around, strutting rhythmically, and singing along.

As the song hits its climax, she whips her head around, flinging her body with so much velocity, her hair falls out of its scrunchie.

She lands on her bed, sprawling out as the song comes to an end.

Music continues to play on her phone, but it's interrupted by an incoming phone call.

Avaricia shuts her eyes.

AVARICIA
Stop calling, Jesus.

Her eyes stay shut as the ringing comes to an end and the music resumes.

She sits up, taking in a sharp breath. She grabs her phone from where it lays on her nightstand.

ON PHONE

Missed call from Olivia. Voicemail from Olivia.

BACK TO SCENE

She hits play on the voicemail.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

Hey, Reesh. Hopefully you're getting these. We're just worried about you. Please call back when you can, know you're super busy with work and stuff. Mom really wants to see you. We all do.

There is a long pause. Avaricia frowns, checks to make sure it's not over.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

Anyways, hope you're doing well. Talk soon. Bye.

The voicemail ends. Avaricia lets out a deep sigh.

AVARICIA

Yeah, well I hope you suck a dick and die.

She shuts off the music, grabs her laptop, and heads out of her room.

INT. MAKE-A-WISH FOUNDATION HQ - AVARICIA'S
DESK - DAY

Avaricia sits at her desk, the Make-a-Wish employee portal on her computer screen.

She scrolls through rows and rows of children's pictures, hovering over some of them to read the basic info, including information regarding their illnesses.

She opens a new tab. Types in the name of the most recent application's listed illness.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

We see Avaricia has googled "neuroblastoma life expectancy"

The result shows that the survival rate for that disease is higher than 95%.

BACK TO SCENE

Avaricia switches back to the portal tab and moves that application to a folder entitled "PASS."

She googles the next one.

COMPUTER

Google search "advanced heart disease life expectancy."

Result "For those with advanced forms of heart failure, nearly 90% die within one year."

BACK TO SCENE

Avaricia moves this application to a folder entitled "CONSIDER."

She grabs her coffee, takes a sip.

From a few desks over, we hear laughing and cheering. Avaricia peers over her desktop to see--

INT. MAKE-A-WISH FOUNDATION HQ - OFFICE DESK -
CONTINUOUS

A group of employees crowded around a WOMAN's computer. She (26, Black) is playing a retro shooter game.

They chant her name as she makes a tricky maneuver.

EMPLOYEES

Lyric! Lyric! Lyric!

LYRIC

You guys keep me young!

Looking around, it's clear that everyone on the floor was invited to watch her except Avaricia.

INT. MAKE-A-WISH FOUNDATION HQ - AVARICIA'S
DESK - CONTINUOUS

She takes another sip of her coffee, sadness creeping in, but quickly moved out by indignation.

Another employee appears at her side.

MAW EMPLOYEE

Avaricia?

She turns to them with a smile.

MAW EMPLOYEE

Genevieve wants to see you in her office.

Avaricia's smile stays plastered on.

INT. MAKE-A-WISH FOUNDATION HQ - GENEVIEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

A woman, GENEVIEVE (50s, rooting for everybody Black), sits behind a desk covered with neatly organized papers.

GENEVIEVE

Let me start by saying, you never disappoint, Avaricia.

Avaricia smiles, taking a seat opposite her supervisor.

GENEVIEVE

It truly warms my heart to see how you've progressed within the org and really made your mark.

AVARICIA

I wouldn't have been able to do any of it without your mentorship, Gennie, seriously.

Genevieve smiles, receiving the accolades.

GENEVIEVE

I received your pitch for Quentin James. The plan is air-tight.

Avaricia smiles, mimicking Genevieve's "getting praise" look.

GENEVIEVE

But, I think, with your permission of course, I'm going to pass this off to one of our junior coordinators to execute.

Avaricia furrows her brow. This is not the usual script.

Genevieve leans in.

GENEVIEVE

I see so much of myself in you, Avaricia. And I want to challenge you with a different case. One I think might hit a little closer to home?

She pulls out a printed file and hands it to her.

GENEVIEVE

Cassian Adams. He's eleven, lives
close to Lincoln Estates.

Avaricia smiles tightly.

GENEVIEVE

I remember from your interview that
you grew up around there. His wish
is to design a custom Armani suit
for the school dance at the end of
the year.

Avaricia opens the file, skimming for the information she
really wants to know.

ON PAPER

The listed illness is "brain/spinal cord tumor."

BACK TO SCENE

Avaricia looks up.

GENEVIEVE

This family is really at the end of
their rope. And with your past
record of, I mean, truly
outstanding patient and family
care--

AVARICIA

You're too kind, Gennie.

GENEVIEVE

It's true!

She smiles.

GENEVIEVE

I am so proud of you.

Avaricia smiles, a little taken aback by the compliment.

GENEVIEVE

I think you are the perfect
coordinator for Cassian and his
family.

Avaricia looks back down at the file. There is no profile
picture for Cassian, but no matter.

Looking back at Genevieve, she nods firmly. She's in.

EXT. LINCOLN ESTATES - DAY

Avaricia pulls into the neighborhood, passing a lively group of PRE-TEENS (Black, Latinx, Native) playing on a basketball court.

They are cheering loudly and dapping up one KID (Black) in particular, who soaks up the affection.

Avaricia makes eye contact with the champion. He gives her a look, intrigued.

She averts her eyes and continues on.

EXT. ADAMS RESIDENCE - DAY

Avaricia stands on a modestly decorated front porch. She checks her watch, then knocks.

No answer. She knocks again.

The door swings open, YVETTE ADAMS (40s, Black) on the other side, her hair a bit unkempt and her shirt buttons askew.

AVARICIA

Mrs. Adams?

YVETTE

Avaricia, hi! So nice to meet you.

INT. ADAMS RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

She leads her into the living room. Sitting on the couch is ELLIOT ADAMS (40s, Black). He guards a tray of chocolate chip cookies on the coffee table, his shirt also a bit mussed.

YVETTE

You're very punctual. We figured we had at least ten more minutes to get the cookies out of the oven.

Yvette takes a seat next to her husband, winking. Elliot clears his throat.

ELLIOT

Um--Cassian should be home any minute now.

AVARICIA
That's perfectly alright.

She sits opposite the Adams.

ELLIOT
Thank you so much for what you're
doing. Cash is beyond excited.

Avaricia smiles.

AVARICIA
I'm excited! This is probably the
most unique wish I've ever had the
honor of coordinating.

ELLIOT
Yeah, Cash is very unique.

He and Yvette share a knowing laugh.

YVETTE
Well, why don't you tell us what
exactly this entails. We weren't
really familiar with Make-a-Wish,
but Cassian was adamant.

AVARICIA
Yeah, of course! Most wishes take
within six months to a year to
fulfill. But, with the school dance
as our deadline, I'll work extra
hard to make sure we get everything
done in time.

The parents smile. Avaricia exudes competence and care.

ELLIOT
And, look, anything you need from
us? You've got it. We've been a
little strapped for cash with all
of, well, Cash's treatments, but
we'd love to help in whatever way
we can.

AVARICIA
I'd definitely appreciate your
input as this wish is not just
about Cassian, but about your
family.

She leans in.

AVARICIA

You *all* will have the memory of
this experience for years to come.

Leaning back.

AVARICIA

That's my favorite part of this
job, really. I truly believe that
these wishes provide an impact that
lasts beyond a single day.

THEN--the open and close of the front door.

ELLIOT

That must be him. Cash! We're in
here, son.

Avaricia turns in her chair to see--the champion from the
basketball court?

He stands straight and tall, panting, grinning, looking the
opposite of cancer-stricken. This is CASSIAN (11, Black).

CASSIAN

Hey, I saw you at the court. You
were driving by.

He heads straight for the plate of cookies.

YVETTE

Well, can you speak?

Cassian stops, his mouth full of cookie already.

CASSIAN

(through food)
Sorry. I'm Cassian.

Elliot shakes his head with a chuckle.

Avaricia is having a hard time coming up with words. This kid
has a brain tumor?

AVARICIA

Uh, hi Cassian, I'm Avaricia. It's
nice to meet you.

Cassian takes a seat in between his parents, nestling in.

CASSIAN

Did I miss anything?

AVARICIA
Not really, no. I was just
finishing up with your folks.

He nods.

CASSIAN
We're supposed to talk just the two
of us, though, right? I remember
seeing that on the website.

AVARICIA
Um, yes, we will do a one-on-one.
But, um, well did you have any
questions before we chat?

Cassian looks between his parents.

CASSIAN
Did y'all have any more questions?

YVETTE
No, I think we're good, if you want
to show her around? Your dad and I
will...get back to baking.

They grin at each other. Cassian grins at Avaricia, who
shifts uncomfortably under his gaze.

CASSIAN
Wanna see my room?

INT. CASSIAN'S ROOM - DAY

Cassian leads her into his curated fashionisto's paradise.

Fabric swatches hang from the wall ready for the taking.
Posters of the latest releases from up-and-coming designers
adorn the walls. A mannequin with a child's jacket in various
stages of development stares wistfully out a large window.

He takes off his sweaty top as he enters, revealing multiple
surgical scars at the base of his neck.

Avaricia stares at them, entranced, confused...is that it?

Cassian turns around, clean shirt in place. Catches her.

CASSIAN
You saw the scars.

AVARICIA
What?

CASSIAN
It's okay if you're uncomfortable.
There's a lot of them.

AVARICIA
No, I'm not--

CASSIAN
Right, you must see a lot worse
working with sick kids all the
time.

Avaricia stares, shifting her weight.

CASSIAN
Now I'm making you uncomfortable.
Sorry. My dad says I need to work
on my tact.

A beat. Avaricia tries to regain control of the situation.

AVARICIA
I brought you something.

She reaches into her bag. Pulls out a brand-new IPAD.

Cassian furrows his brow, amused.

She hands it to him.

AVARICIA
I even loaded it with Pro Create
Pro. You know, so you can get the
most out of your sketches.

Cassian smiles, watching her.

CASSIAN
You can look at them if you want.
My scars.

She frowns. What is with this kid?

CASSIAN
I don't know, you just seemed
pretty interested in them.

He sets the IPAD down onto a stack of sketchbooks.

CASSIAN
Cool gift, though, thanks.

AVARICIA
How long have you been interested
in designing your own clothes,
Cassian?

CASSIAN
You wanna play a game?

AVARICIA
Um.

He smiles.

CASSIAN
Yeah. You wanna play a game. Let's
go.

He walks out, leaving her to process what just happened.
After a beat, she rolls her shoulders, pats her face.

AVARICIA
C'mon, Reesh.

CASSIAN (O.C.)
You better not be stealing any of
my stuff!

She rolls her eyes. Puts on a joyless smile.

AVARICIA
Dang, you caught me!

Cassian LAUGHS from down the hall. It's hearty, infectious,
unexpected coming out of a kid his age.

Avaricia can't help but chuckle too.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - MOMENTS LATER

Avaricia and Cassian stand on the now-empty neighborhood
court.

He passes her the ball, then stands close to the basket.

CASSIAN
So, you've heard of HORSE. But, the
more sophisticated among us play
something called DOLCE.

Avaricia laughs, dribbling the ball.

AVARICIA
Of course.

CASSIAN
I think we should make it a little
interesting.

AVARICIA
Okay, you thinking stakes?

CASSIAN
Something like that.

She passes him the ball.

CASSIAN
Whenever you miss a shot, the other
person gets to ask you a personal
question.

Avaricia frowns.

AVARICIA
This is really supposed to be about
you, Cassian. Not me.

CASSIAN
Well, how do I know I can trust
you? After all, you're in charge of
making my dream come true.

He puts the ball between his legs, clasping his hands like
Cinderella.

He passes it back to her.

CASSIAN
C'mon it's just a game. Ladies
first.

Avaricia joins Cassian at the "D" spot. She shoots. Scores.

AVARICIA
Yes!

CASSIAN
Beginner's luck.

AVARICIA
Don't discount my skills.

CASSIAN
Fine, fine.

He steps up to shoot. Misses.

CASSIAN
Okay, let 'er rip.

Avaricia stands, hands on hips. Mind kinda...blank.

AVARICIA
What kind of tumor do you have? One
of the bad ones or...? You know,
what's the prognosis?

Cassian stares at her.

CASSIAN
Are you asking *if* I'm dying or *when*
I'm dying...specifically?

AVARICIA
I'm not asking about your death,
Cassian, I'm asking about, just, I
don't know your sickness in
general.

CASSIAN
It's shocking that you don't know
how wrong that sounds.

She shrugs. He squints at her, laughing.

CASSIAN
Well, it's one of the bad ones.
But, my treatment has been going
really well, thanks for asking.
They're kinda bleeding my parents
dry though.

He goes to grab the wayward ball.

CASSIAN
Next time, let's try something more
lighthearted--uh...oh my god, this
is so embarrassing.

She smirks.

AVARICIA
You don't remember my name.

Cassian grins, wide, apologetic.

AVARICIA
Wowwwwww.

CASSIAN
Gimme me a break, I have a bad
brain.

Avaricia lets out a laugh, quickly covering her mouth in
regret.

CASSIAN
What? You're not feeling bad for
laughing are you?

Does his tumor give him ESP or something?

CASSIAN
You make that face a lot.

AVARICIA
What face?

CASSIAN
Like a mix between a deer stuck in
headlights and like, I don't know,
a kid caught with his hand up his
ass or something.

He walks towards her, motioning with the ball.

CASSIAN
You gotta move to the "O" spot.

She does as he says, quiet now, trying to figure out this
strangely intuitive child.

Cassian shoots. Scores. Turns to face her.

CASSIAN
Why do you work for Make-a-Wish?

Good. Feels like this train is back on track.

AVARICIA
Well, I grew up around hospitals.
My mom and dad were both doctors,
and I saw how scary a place like
that can be for a kid. I really
love Make-a-Wish's focus on
bringing a little light and joy
into that time in a kid's life, and
I like to think that can have a
real lasting impact on them.

Cassian nods.

CASSIAN

Mm-hm.

AVARICIA

And, I mean, your wish is really cool. I was instantly drawn to your application. I can't wait to see what kinda fit you can pull together for that school dance!

CASSIAN

Right, the dance.

He passes her the ball.

CASSIAN

Shoot, I just realized I kinda messed up the question part. I wasn't supposed to ask you anything until you missed.

She bounces the ball.

AVARICIA

That's okay. We can just wing it.

She shoots. Scores. Moves to the next spot.

CASSIAN

You don't have a question for me?

AVARICIA

Why Armani?

CASSIAN

Welll...no one's really doing it like him right now. Like, consistent, on-trend, but also innovative.

He shoots. Scores. Moves to the next spot.

CASSIAN

Plus, he's like super old so he's probably gonna go any day now. I feel like we can relate on that level.

He goes to retrieve the ball, leaving Avaricia with the shock of another death joke.

Her phone rings. She checks caller ID, and silences it.

Cassian, returning.

CASSIAN
Who was that?

AVARICIA
Robo-call. They've gotten so
annoying recently.

CASSIAN
I've got another question for you.

AVARICIA
Alright, shoot.

CASSIAN
Do you like working for Make-a-
Wish?

AVARICIA
Well, yeah. I feel like I'm making-

CASSIAN
--a lasting impact, right. But,
like.

He watches her closely.

CASSIAN
Doesn't all that death kind of
freak you out?

AVARICIA
I--

CASSIAN
I mean, how much of a "lasting
impact" is it if we're dead in
three months?

Avaricia blinks, her professional facade threatening to fall.

AVARICIA
What kind of a question is that?

CASSIAN
I don't know. What kind of a person
likes splurging on dying kids?

AVARICIA
It's very fulfilling work.

CASSIAN

Oh yeah, I'm sure it is. For you. I mean, we'll make this suit and then I'll go to the dance and have the time of my life. And then I'll die. And you'll live to tell the tale of how happy I was. Oh my god--is that why you wanted to know my prognosis?

This bitch does have ESP. Avaricia is sweating.

AVARICIA

Do you have a problem with me or something? I'm not understanding the animosity, Cassian.

CASSIAN

No animosity, I swear!

Avaricia starts to walk away, heading for the--

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

She opens her car door. Cassian runs after her.

CASSIAN

Hey! Wait! It's actually the complete opposite. I was testing you!

She stops and faces him.

AVARICIA

Excuse me?

CASSIAN

You wanna make a lasting impact right? Make me the happiest kid alive for now?

AVARICIA

Cassian, my job is to make your wish come true. Whatever the cost, I can help you make that suit. But, whatever game you're playing--

CASSIAN

I don't want to make the suit!

AVARICIA

What are you--?

CASSIAN

I want to steal the suit. A genuine Armani, right from the hands of the master!

The breath rushes out of Avaricia's body. Her heart drops into her stomach.

CASSIAN

Talk about lasting impact! I want to stage the dopest fashion heist in the history of heists. And--and get my friends in on it, too, so you're not even impacting just me but so many other kids! You're gonna be swimming in impact, are you kidding me?

AVARICIA

Cassian, that's illegal, that's--

CASSIAN

Just think about it?

He stares, pleading. She sees the desperation in his face. But, there's something else underneath it - pure mischief.

Avaricia starts to shake her head.

CASSIAN

Think about it. Okay?

She gets in, Cassian standing at the open window. He grins, trying to recapture the lightheartedness of the moment.

CASSIAN

And you better not snitch on me. I'm dying for Christ's sake. Imagine the number that'd do on your conscience.

Avaricia squints at him. He grins.

AVARICIA

Bye, Cassian.

She rolls up the window and drives away, heart racing.

INT. GENEVIEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Avaricia enters, the case file under her arm.

GENEVIEVE

Great, Avaricia, how did the initial go? What's your next move?

Avaricia sits in front of her, struggling to get comfortable in the chair.

AVARICIA

Well, Genevieve--

GENEVIEVE

Ah! I can't even explain how excited I am to hear what you've cooked up for this one. So unique.

AVARICIA

Yes, very unique. The initial went alright, but I left with more questions than answers.

GENEVIEVE

Like what?

AVARICIA

Well, I'm not sure--

GENEVIEVE

Actually. I think it could be a great idea to keep digging and find out how to make this wish even better.

Avaricia frowns.

AVARICIA

Um--

GENEVIEVE

Clearly, you need a little more time before making an initial assessment and I totally understand.

She leans in.

GENEVIEVE

You are our highest wish-fulfillment coordinator, Avaricia. That kind of work load can take a toll, making each subsequent case a little more difficult. But, you've always pulled it off in the end, often superseding expectations!

Avaricia simply stares.

AVARICIA

I mean, thank you Genevieve. That means a lot coming from you.

GENEVIEVE

It's the truth! I mean, if I ever had to choose a successor...

She smirks.

GENEVIEVE

Actually, let me not say anything.

Avaricia lets out a nervous chuckle, almost a guffaw.

AVARICIA

Um, okay?

GENEVIEVE

Avaricia, I believe in you. You can do this.

Avaricia sits for a second, staring into this woman's praise-filled eyes. She starts nodding, agreeing at first with Genevieve, and then after a while, with herself.

EXT. SUNRISE TAE KWON DO STUDIO - DAY

Her car comes bumping into the parking lot.

INT. AVARICIA'S CAR - DAY

She checks an address on her phone, looking up at the sign outside. Double take.

She spots a MAN (late 20s, Black, trans) leaning against the glass, vaping. He sees her and smiles.

Avaricia checks herself out in the mirror quickly. She shuzhes, grabs her bag, then exits.

EXT. SUNRISE TAE KWON DO STUDIO - DAY

She approaches the man, who pockets his vape.

MAN

Hi there.

AVARICIA
Hello to you.

MAN
You're new around here. Are you
picking up?

AVARICIA
Maybe.

She smirks.

AVARICIA
I'm here to chat with someone.
Cassian.

MAN
Oh, you must be from Make-a-Wish!
He hasn't shut up about it since he
applied. It's actually been quite
hard to run a class, so I'm glad
you're here.

Avaricia nods.

AVARICIA
You're the teacher. Instructor?
Sorry, I'm not sure what to call
you.

MAN
I'm Judah. The kids call me Sensei.

He extends his hand and Avaricia shakes it.

AVARICIA
Avaricia.

JUDAH
Nice to meet you. Shall we head
inside? The kids are on snack
break, so perfect timing.

AVARICIA
Lead the way.

INT. SUNRISE TAE KWON DO STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The studio is bright and spacious, the snack area right off
the entrance. There are posters all around - motivational, a
couple of Pride flags.

JUDAH

Cassian? Someone here to see you.

Cassian looks up from his Fruit Roll-Up, his table of buddies making oohs and ahhs.

CASSIAN

Shut up.

He rises, dressed in a black gi and an orange belt.

CASSIAN

Avaricia. You look well. Nice bag.
Universal Thread?

AVARICIA

It's no Dior, but Target has great stuff.

CASSIAN

Agreed.

JUDAH

I'll leave y'all to it.

Judah walks away into the studio, picking up mats. Avaricia watches for a split second, catching herself.

AVARICIA

Cassian, we need to talk.

CASSIAN

I imagine that's what you're here for.

He's putting on a suave/debonair/spy type demeanor. Avaricia rolls her eyes.

CASSIAN

We should probably take this
somewhere more...confidential.

INT. STUDIO BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cassian and Avaricia sit in student desks in the back room. There is a large whiteboard with math problems on it.

CASSIAN

So, are we gonna do this thing?

He can barely control his excitement, the desk threatening to topple over.