

FADE IN:

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Older hands check the soil around a tall plant stalk.

Satisfied with her findings, JESSICA PALMER, a vibrant Bohemian woman in her 60s, stands to survey her work. She looks down rows and rows of plants -- beautiful, glistening marijuana plants.

She turns on the watering system and steps out.

INT. NEW YORK AD AGENCY - DAY

A dead fern tumbles into a fancy office trash can. ANNIE PALMER, 36, straightens her uber tailored suit and surveys her feng shui desk. Perfect.

INT. PALMER BED AND BREAKFAST - FRONT DESK - DAY

Jessica strides toward LUCAS WARD, a smartly dressed desk clerk in his 20s, and deposits a towering plate of brownies. A placard in front reads: "NOT YOUR GRANDMA'S BROWNIES."

Lucas hands off a batch of messages.

As Jessica picks through the notes, she rubs her forehead. Headache?

Another sharp pain knocks her to her knees, down to the floor.

ANNIE (O.S.)
Congratulations on the best decision
of your young life...

INT. NEW YORK AD AGENCY - DAY

ANNIE
... interning at the Roar Ad Agency.

Annie walks in front of a large placard announcing the agency's name and overlooking lower Manhattan. She addresses a room of eager, mid-twenties recruits.

ANNIE
And if you can hold on for twenty
more years, maybe you'll be running
this place and curling up with one
sweet pension when you retire. That's
what keeps me warm at night.

Small laughter.

ANNIE

But until then, we won't be letting up on the fourteen-hour days. Too many events to plan and important people to make happy. So remember, the only way you're getting a fifteen-minute break is with a doctor's note.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Jessica inches into an MRI machine. Lucas holds her hand until he's forced to let go.

INT. ANNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Annie talks on her headset while jogging on a treadmill.

ANNIE

(on phone)

Nice try, Rowan, but tonight's mother-daughter night. Topics to review -- why purple hair is not a good career choice. No excuses. See you at seven.

Annie hangs up and speeds up the treadmill. Annie's ASSISTANT walks in with a newspaper and hesitates.

ANNIE

Ah, that can only mean my mom is stirring up trouble. How is New England's Queen of Cannabis?

The Assistant hands Annie The New York Times.

The headline reads: "QUIRKY CANNABIS MATRIARCH HAS ONE WEEK TO LIVE."

Annie sputters on the treadmill and falls to her knees.

EXT. CAR - DAY

ROWAN PALMER, 18, purple hair and nose ring suited to her new rebellion, tosses her graffiti-covered backpack in the SUV's trunk, right next to Annie's crisp Coach luggage.

ANNIE (O.S.)

Come on, Rowan. I don't want to get stuck in rush hour traffic.

Rowan closes the trunk and pops in the driver's side. She smiles at her mom. Annie manages a small smile back.

ROWAN
What's the big rush?

Annie is a wreck.

ANNIE
Well, Grandma Palmer has some big news planned for tomorrow, and I'd like to speak with her first.

ROWAN
Cool. Will it be like that time she told the Feds they could kiss her big ganja ass?

ANNIE
Hey, language.

ROWAN
(buckling in)
Okay. You think she'll like my hair?

Distracted, Annie moves the car into New York traffic.

ANNIE
Oh, I'm sure she'll adore it.

EXT. NEW YORK TO CONNECTICUT LANDSCAPE - DAY

Annie grips the car wheel, while she drives from the hard edges of the city into the fall-covered beauty of New England. Rowan jams out with earplugs in. They drive past a sign: "WELCOME TO HIGH FALLS, CT. POPULATION 436."

EXT. PALMER BED AND BREAKFAST - NIGHT

Annie snakes the SUV into a parking lot -- packed with TV media vehicles. Annie starts to pull out when Lucas catches her attention.

LUCAS
I see you got your mom's message?

ANNIE
Yeah, word travels fast via The New York Times.

Lucas walks up on the car and touches Annie's arm.

LUCAS
It's not a stunt this time, Annie.
I saved you a spot behind the house.