

CUT AND RUN

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3 ARTS ENTERTAINMENT  
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**EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

Planes. Shuttles. Taxis. Busses. Palm trees. PANDEMONIUM.

**INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY**

QUICK CUTS FROM VARIOUS INTERNATIONAL GATES/AIRLINES/  
TERMINALS -

A bodacious BRAZILIAN GIRL, 17, struggles to lift her giant brightly-colored suitcase.

A petit, Japanese decora-style HARAJUKU GIRL, 16, impatiently taps a neon pink six-inch heel in the CUSTOMS LINE.

A skinny SCANDINAVIAN SNOW PRINCESS, 15, takes off *another* furry layer before being allowed through security.

As we JUMP AROUND the airport starts to feel like a SUPER HOT YOUNG ADULT MELTING POT.

**EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - DAY**

A white CADILLAC ESCALADE LIMO circles picking up: a gorgeous AUSTRALIAN GIRL, a stunning AFRICAN GIRL, a beautiful INDIAN GIRL, a balletic CHINESE GIRL etc.

The limo, now stuffed with girlie excitement, parks illegally in front of the Lufthansa terminal and waits -

Finally, a UKRAINIAN KNOCKOUT, 17, rushes outside, lost and overwhelmed.

The driver-side window rolls down slowly. We don't see the driver as we stay on the girl.

RAY (O.S.)  
Irina Obuchowa?

Irina stares at the limo, stunned.

IRINA  
Yes! That is me!

Irina dives inside the vehicle.

**INT./EXT. ESCALADE LIMO - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY**

Irina stares at the young, eclectic sorority and smiles as tears of hope fill her weary grey eyes.

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON: A numb, wrinkly, pinkish SACK that appears to be breathing. Alien life? A SHARP HEMOSTAT punctures the terrified sack like a claw of an arcade game digging for a prize. The sharp instrument opens the sack and retrieves a pale colored tube which is held in place with a small ring clamp. The hemostat sneaks under the tube--SNIP.

ANNA (O.S.)

You should feel a little pressure--

**INT. SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - EXAM ROOM - DAY**

ANNA ROCKPORT, 34, a lovably neurotic and romantically frustrated urologist performs a no-scalpel vasectomy on cranky ALBERT BERGSTEIN, 52.

ALBERT

Pressure? You kidding? Dr. Rockport I got five kids! This here snip snip's the greatest gift the Good Lord's brought me in years.

ANNA

(winks)

You have *modern medicine* to thank for your vasectomy, Mr. Bergstein.

ALBERT

Call me Albert.

(beat)

You got kids?

ANNA

No. Not yet. Maybe one day.

(beat)

Now hold still for me--

Albert closes his eyes as Anna seals up the tissue.

ALBERT

My advice: Don't have more than two. The novelty wears off and you still gotta do the diapers.

(beat)

You married at least?

Anna puts the instruments down, snaps off her gloves, and raises a neurotically threaded eyebrow.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Didn't mean nothing by it, Doc--  
'specially when you got me by the balls. Just, at your age--

Not taking the bait, Anna steps back and admires her work.

ANNA

Everything looks great. Ice your testicles tonight, take it easy for the next few days, and I'll see you in six weeks to test your sperm count.

(excited)

Don't worry about me, Albert. I have a date tonight.

**INT. WAXING SALON - SOUTH BEACH - AFTERNOON**

The apathetic WAXER, 40s, preps Anna for a Brazilian.

ANNA

(nervous)

So, I've never done this before, but my vision is put-together-potential-life-partner, not prepubescent moon rock.

(gushes)

His name is Dennis--

The waxer RIPS OFF ANNA'S ERRANT PUBES.

ANNA (CONT'D)

AAAHHH!!!

**INT. BLOW DRY BAR - SOUTH BEACH - LATER**

Anna perspires profusely while getting a BLOW OUT from a trendy STYLIST, 30s.

ANNA

(over the BLOW DRYER)

...We haven't met in person yet, but I just feel so comfortable around him, which is huge because I haven't been able to be myself around a man since working with cadavers in med school.

**INT. SEXY DRESS BOUTIQUE - SOUTH BEACH - LATER**

Anna, barefoot and wearing a sexy, sequined dress she hasn't yet paid for, blocks the exhausted SALES GIRL from the line of IMPATIENT CUSTOMERS at the register.

ANNA

...It's not like I have any expectations or anything, I just want to make sure I've done everything in my power to ensure a nice evening. This might shock you, but I don't date that much--

The customers GROAN/EYE ROLL.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'll take the dress if it makes my butt look big in that good way... thoughts?

The sales girl SIGHS.

**EXT. PACKED TRENDY ROOFTOP BAR - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT**

Anna, very out of place despite her efforts in the sea of SEXY MIAMIANS, sits at the bar sipping white wine, alone.

Anna waves the stupidly hot, bikini-clad BARTENDER, 25, over -

BARTENDER

Another Chardonnay?

ANNA

Make it one of those skinny-bitch drinks that's mostly tequila and keep 'em coming.

(SIGHS)

No, everything's not okay... I got stood up... Again...

The bartender pours Anna tequila shots as she rants.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm a urologist. My love life's an ironic failure loop...

ANNA'S PREVIOUS DATES -

FANCY RESTAURANT - A SLICK BUSINESSMAN WATCHES ANNA SLICE HER SAUSAGE WITH A SHARP KNIFE, TERRIFIED

MOVIE THEATER - A CHRISTIAN MAN CROSSES HIMSELF LIKE SHE'S THE DEVIL

BEACHY BAR - A BRO IN A TANK TOP PROTECTIVELY GRABS HIS CROTCH AND BOLTS

ROMANTIC PICNIC - A HIPSTER UNZIPS, HOPING FOR A FREE CHECKUP

IN BED - A PEACE CORPS DUDE THROWS ANNA OFF OF HIM DURING SEX  
BACK TO PRESENT -

Before the bartender can comment -

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Pity only makes it worse.  
(leans in, whispers)  
I need to get laid tonight.  
(takes a shot)  
I wanna go home with someone hot  
and dangerous, in a white collar  
way. Someone deep and Don  
Drapery... Someone like...

Anna scans the scene and feasts her eyes on EDDIE CHARROW,  
38, tall, tan, and intense with great hair, holding court at  
the best table in the house.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Him.  
(throws a shot back)  
But, who am I kidding? I could  
never get a guy with a full head of  
hair...

BARTENDER  
(chirpy)  
Sounds like someone's lacking  
confidence.

ANNA  
(ignores her)  
Unless... What if I turned my  
handicap into a handiCAN? WHAT IF,  
and I realize I might be a little  
drunk, but when did that ever hurt  
a female person trying to get  
laid... What if THIS WHOLE TIME  
I've just been lacking confidence?!

The bartender opens her mouth when Anna, like she's done it a  
million times, tucks a couple twenties in the bartender's  
bikini top and pats her bouncy breast.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Good talk.

**EXT. PACKED TRENDY ROOFTOP BAR - EDDIE'S TABLE- MOMENTS LATER**

Anna drunkenly CLOMPS over to Eddie's table, interrupting his conversation with two DULL AS SHIT HOT GIRLS, 25, and snatches his scotch and drains it -

ANNA

How'd you like to share a wild but respectful night with a woman who knows more about your ding-a-ling than you do?

The hot girls glower at Anna.

EDDIE

Do I know you?

ANNA

No... That's the point. But, if you insist I'm Anna, The Dick Doctor.

EDDIE

Sorry, but it's not my birthday and I didn't order a clown.

Eddie turns back to the hot girls who prattle at him, boring him to death.

ANNA

Good cause I hate birthdays and I'm a urologist.

Eddie LAUGHS.

EDDIE

(bemused)

You're really a dick doctor?

Anna summons every ounce of confidence inside her and nods.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What's the craziest thing you've ever seen on a dude's sack?

ANNA

A dick mole with an uncanny resemblance to Oprah.

Eddie BURSTS OUT LAUGHING as the grossed out hot girls stomp back to their table.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Too weird?

EDDIE  
Refreshing.  
(beat)  
Anna, I'm Eddie.

Eddie flashes his killer smile and points to the three tallest buildings on the South Beach skyline.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
I own a couple hotels on Collins.

ANNA  
You wanna keep bragging or do you  
wanna buy me a drink?

Eddie grins at Anna, intrigued.

**INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - LOFT STYLE LIVING ROOM - SOUTH BEACH -  
MOMENTS LATER**

Anna and Eddie stumble inside his art deco-inspired luxury home, making out.

Eddie unbuckles his belt.

EDDIE  
I wanna show you something.

Anna rips open her blouse.

ANNA  
I'm tingling in places I didn't  
know I could tingle!  
(beat)  
You've been tested recently, right?

Eddie kisses her neck.

EDDIE  
Of course.

Eddie starts to leads her upstairs -

ANNA  
Wait! Give me your phone first.  
("sexy" off his confusion)  
I want to put my number in it in  
case you forget to ask for it in  
the morning.

Eddie patiently grabs his phone from his pocket.

EDDIE

Go ahead.

ANNA

305.453.4859.

EDDIE

Got it.

Eddie reaches for her hand, when -

ANNA

Really quick call me so I have yours. Also, what's your last name?

Eddie smiles tightly and calls Anna--her phone *vibrates*.

EDDIE

Charrow.

Eddie heads for the stairs. Satisfied, Anna follows.

**INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - UPSTAIRS - "HEAVEN" - SECONDS LATER**

Eddie flips the light on to reveal his white, mirrored, Disneyland-meets-50 SHADES-MIAMI-meets-Liberace style sex playroom complete with every profligate sex toy, prop, fantasy, and costume imaginable including a video camera.

Anna, in shock and awe, selects a slutty My Little Pony winged unicorn costume.

ANNA

Ohmygod! Is this a Princess Twilight Sparkle costume? I had one of these when I was a kid!

EDDIE

She's one of my favorites.

Anna touches the pearlescent horn, accidentally turning the VIBRATOR ON.

ANNA

(gets it)

Ohhhhh.

(LAUGHS)

You're into this?

Eddie smiles.

**INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - "HEAVEN" - MOMENTS LATER**

Eddie watches drunken Anna, wearing the pony costume, crawl around on all fours SINGING HER HEART OUT to the original My Little Pony theme song -

ANNA

My Little Pony, My Little Pony,  
 what will today's adventure bring?  
 (winks at excited Eddie)  
 My Little Pony, My Little Pony will  
 there be exciting sites to see?

Eddie bends over, assuming the position.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Will there be wonder? Hither and  
 yonder? Letting your heart be your  
 guide!

Anna paws the ground, ready to peg him, but suddenly feels sick.

ANNA (CONT'D)

My Little Pony, My Little Pony I'll  
 be there right by your side. I'll  
 be thereeee, right by your--

She grabs her stomach and PUKES ALL OVER HIS DICK.

Eddie jumps up.

EDDIE

Fucking disgusting!!

Anna mortified, takes a few steps, and runs out.

Eddie darkens as he presses a button on the video camera.

His phone immediately BUZZES as he yells to his assistant -

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Ray, I got a mess for you.

RAY PLOVER, 36, a blonde but brooding asthmatic with an inconveniently strong moral compass, labors up the stairs, starts wheezing, whips out his inhaler and sucks on it.

RAY

(despises Eddie)  
 I got it, boss. No problem.

**INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - BAD NEIGHBORHOOD, SOUTH MIAMI - SAME**

Angel's apartment is a claustrophobic, brightly-colored dump.

ANGEL OLSEN, 32, our modern day "pretty woman," *sarcastic*, resourceful, and, like most Americans, really hates her job, lies prone, in mismatched jammies, on her tired, orange chaise watching *Pretty Woman*.

VIVIAN

*Let's watch old movies all night...we'll just veg out in front of the TV.*

EDWARD

*Veg out?*

VIVIAN

*Yeah. Be still like vegetables. Lay like broccoli.*

EDWARD

*Look, I'll tell ya what. I'll be back. We'll do broccoli tomorrow.*

Angel takes a hit from a Hello Kitty bong.

ANGEL

*(as the smoke billows out)*  
*What a load of crap.*

Angel reaches for the remote when her phone RINGS - *Piece of Shit calling.*

A picture of "Piece of Shit," aka TOMMY, 42, rocking a trendy mohawk, a tarantula face tat, and a blunt, flashes on the screen.

Angel GROANS, watches it RING, and RING, and finally -

ANGEL (CONT'D)

*Make it quick Tommy, I'm tryin' to keep the line clear in case someone calls to tell me I've won the lottery.*

Angel takes another hit from Hello Kitty.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

*...But, Tommy, my sense of humor's all I got... Who?...No way, that guy's a prick...Yes, I do realize I've only got a few solid earning years left...*

(MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Actually, I *have* put thought into it...

(cracks herself up)

I was thinking of running for political office...Angel Olsen for City Council has a nice ring to it, yeah? ...You know what, Tommy, go fuck yourself!

Angel hangs up and glares at her low ceiling wishing she could eject herself into another universe when -

Her phone CHIMES with a reminder - *Kayla's birthday's tomorrow.*

Angel instantly softens as she stares at the only pristine item in her place -

CLOSE ON: A FRAMED PICTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRL BUILDING A SAND CASTLE.

Angel grabs her phone and calls Tommy back.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Alright fuckhead, I'm in. But, I want five-hundred and tell the prick I want the money up-front.

Angel hangs up and walks to the bathroom.

She stops in front of the TV - *Julia Roberts prances along Rodeo Drive with shopping bags.*

Angel grabs her makeup bag and faces herself in the mirror.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Guess you're more the Kit De Luca type, huh.

**EXT. EDDIE'S SOUTH BEACH MANSION - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Angel, oozing angry sex appeal, pulls up in a busted red car.

ANGEL

Get in, get your money, get out. Do not lose your temper.

**INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - "HEAVEN" - MOMENTS LATER**

Eddie, like Simba presiding over all the light touches, leads Angel inside his kingdom as he futzes with his phone-- uploading something.

ANGEL

Eddie, this time I want the money first--then you get it in the back.

(gags)

Why does it smell like puke in here?

Eddie's phone BUZZES--upload complete.

EDDIE

You get your money if and when I'm satisfied.

ANGEL

No fuckin' way. That ain't fair!

Eddie SLAPS ANGEL ACROSS THE FACE.

EDDIE

No more small talk.

Angel touches her searing flesh, SNAPS, and they ERUPT INTO A RIDICULOUS FIGHT using all of the sparkley sex toys to beat the shit out of each other.

ANGEL

Eddie, what happened when you were little that made you so fucked up?

EDDIE

I didn't have the best relationship with my mother.

Angel grabs a string of pink plastic anal beads and CHOKES HIM WITH IT.

ANGEL

Well, I'm a hooker not a therapist. And I quit.

**INT. BURGER JOINT - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT**

Angel devours a burger while holding a cold soda to her cheek.

Her phone RINGS - *Piece of Shit calling.*

She immediately starts CHOKING but swallows successfully and silences the phone.

Her phone CHIMES - text from Tommy - *u r dead.*

Angel SIGHS, realizing she can't go home as Tommy knows where she lives.

Her phone CHIMES again.

ANGEL  
(irritated)  
For the love of...

She stares at the screen - *Kayla's birthday's today!*

Angel's heart sinks.

**INT. ANNA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - MORNING**

Anna's home is the opposite of Angel's--an extremely clean, but lonely, beachy oasis.

Anna wakes up, hungover.

She sits up in bed and tries to put the pieces together.

She gets up, pops some Advil and reaches for her phone--she has hundreds of messages and missed calls.

ANNA  
What the...?!

CLOSE ON: THE PHONE SCREEN - THERE'S A VIDEO, POSTED ON A REVENGE PORN SITE -

ANNA (CONT'D)  
(as she reads)  
*Watch Anna Rockport, The Dirty Dick  
Doctor Horsing Around!*

Anna turns white.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
OHMYGOD!!

Anna hits play and last night quickly and terrifyingly returns. Her mouth drops as she watches her drunk self -

ANNA (THE VIDEO) (CONT'D)  
My Little Pony, My Little Pony,  
what will today's adventure bring?  
My Little Pony, My Little Pony will  
there be exciting sites to see?--

Anna quickly shuts it off as every vein in her face pops out -

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Trending??!

**INT./EXT. ANGEL'S CAR/BURGER JOINT PARKING LOT - SAME**

A groggy Angel wakes up to a CARTMAN-ESQUE KID pressing his face against her window and making lewd gestures.

Angel rolls down the window and pours warm soda on his head.

He runs off, SCREAMING.

ANGEL  
That's what I thought, perv!

Angel checks her face in the rearview mirror, and touches the spot where Eddie hit her.

She checks her phone--twenty-three missed calls and seventeen *u r dead* texts from Tommy, some of which have dead animal emojis.

Angel SIGHS and searches Craigslist for jobs when her phone CHIMES - it's an e-mail from a daily/best of video website featuring Anna's video--now with a million views.

Angel, hoping for a laugh, PLAYS THE VIDEO and scratches her head -

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
The fuck is wrong with the world?!

She calls Kayla.

KAYLA (O.S.)  
Hello?  
(beat)  
Mommy, no one's there again...  
(beat)  
Hello?  
(beat)  
Who are you?

Angel lingers on the line and nervously hangs up.

**INT./EXT. - ANNA'S PRIUS - EN ROUTE TO WORK - LATER THAT MORNING**

Anna crawls through terrible traffic and frantically calls Eddie.

EDDIE'S VOICEMAIL  
 Hey, it's Eddie--

Before the VM beeps -

ANNA  
 (irate)  
 Hi Eddie, it's Anna Rockport,  
 otherwise known on the internet as,  
 "the dirty dick doctor"... I'm on  
 my way to work, wondering if I'll  
 still be employed when I get  
 there... Eddie, I don't understand  
 what would possess you to humiliate  
 me, but I can assure you, even  
 though my med school loans might  
 not afford me the best and most  
 expensive lawyer in Miami, I will  
 be getting a reasonably priced and  
 VERY mean one, and she or he,  
 though it'll likely be a she as I  
 currently have severe male trust  
 issues, will ruin you--

AUTOMATED VOICE  
 (via bluetooth/speaker)  
 I'm sorry, but the mailbox  
 belonging to: Eddie Charrow is  
 full. Please hang up and try again.

Anna STRIKES THE STEERING WHEEL as she flies into her  
 company's parking structure.

ANNA  
 NO YOU HANG UP AND TRY AGAIN!

**INT. SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS  
 LATER**

Anna flies from her car and slips into the very CROWDED  
 ELEVATOR.

She presses her floor and shields her face.

Anna's phone BUZZES - She reaches for it, hoping it's Eddie,  
 but it's an e-mail with a link to the video.

*Anna, is this you? Love, Mom.*

Anna throbs with fury.

**INT. SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

South Beach Medical Group is an esteemed, architecturally stunning, private practice with an insane ocean view.

The elevator doors open and Anna flies past DANI, 22, the hot receptionist, who gleefully watches THE VIDEO ON HER COMPUTER.

Anna halts.

ANNA

Working woman to working woman--  
we're supposed to support each  
other.

Anna restarts the receptionist's computer and runs -

BODY CHECKING, EVAN, 29, the snickering male nurse who carries a tray of urine samples--the cylindrical piss containers go flying.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(fuck you)  
My bad.

Anna runs into her boss' office.

**INT. SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - DOCTOR GRAHAME'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER**

Anna SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HER and faces renowned urologist, DOCTOR JASON GRAHAME, 60. Anatomical models and specimens of the male reproductive systems adorn his fancy office.

ANNA

Doctor Grahame, there's something I  
have to tell--

Grahame quickly closes the window on his computer that PLAYS HER VIDEO.

Anna SIGHS.

ANNA (CONT'D)

So, you've seen it... Well, please  
allow me to explain. As you can  
imagine I am beyond mortified--

GRAHAME

Anna, have a seat.

Anna sits, terrified.

ANNA

Before you do anything drastic, you should know that I would never *knowingly* compromise myself or this practice.

(beat)

I had no idea I was being recorded.

Beat.

GRAHAME

I have to let you go.

ANNA

But...But I'm the *victim* in the situation!

(beat)

How is that not painfully obvious?

Grahame SIGHS and wheels his chair over to his computer.

GRAHAME

Anna, would you trust this woman to remove one of your testicles?

He opens the window with her video on his computer.

ANNA

Please don't play it.

Grahame, meaning to close the window, starts the video again.

GRAHAME

(while trying turn it off)

Look, I don't know what happened. And I'm relieved you're okay, but I can't have my patients thinking their surgeon's a sexual deviant.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Anna's head spins.

After a long moment she stands up, takes a DEEP BREATH, and with as much dignity as she can muster -

ANNA

You should be. I'm a great urologist and this is BULLSHIT!

MANAGER (PRE-LAP)

(power trip)

What brings you to Burrito Heaven?

**INT. BURRITO HEAVEN - FAST FOOD PLACE - SAME**

Angel sits in the back-office with the MANAGER, 19, bad acne.

ANGEL

There's this thing called rent. You might've heard of it...Once a month you have to pay it...?

MANAGER

(disappointed)

So, you don't have a passion for burrito making?

ANGEL

(sarcastic)

Yeah, it's been my life's ambition since I was six.

The manager, offended, rips up her application.

**INT. SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - ANNA'S OFFICE - DAY**

Anna, mid-breakdown, violently throws her life's work into a single box.

She picks up a framed picture of her father, SIMON ROCKPORT, 40s, from her desk and stares at it.

CLOSE ON: THE ENGRAVED FRAME - *SIMON ROCKPORT 1955 - 1981.*

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - 1981**

Anna, 12, a curious tomboy, sits at the feet of her exhausted (post-surgery) father Simon Rockport, 40s, in his hospital bed. A beautiful urologist, DR. JANE HSU, 40, reviews his chart.

ANNA

Daddy, what's a prostrate?

Silence. Dr. Hsu smiles at Anna's faux pas.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Do I have one?

(beat)

Will I ever have one?

SIMON

No, and you don't want one.

Anna's tiny eyes widen--she looks like a giant beanie baby. Dad gives Dr. Hsu a look. Dr. Hsu kneels next to Anna.

DR. HSU

A prostate is a walnut-sized gland located between the bladder and the penis.

ANNA

(scandalized)

You said penis!

Simon LAUGHS at his darling daughter as Anna's tired MOM, 36, enters with flowers.

MOM

(to Dr. Hsu)

How's he doing?

Beat.

DR. HSU

The radical prostatectomy was successful, but his bone scan indicates the "c-word" has spread.

Mom bites her lip. Anna snuggles up next to Dad.

ANNA

What's the "c-word?"

Simon's eyes tear up.

BACK TO PRESENT -

Anna's eyes tear up as she furiously grabs her phone and calls Eddie--*Voicemail AGAIN.*

ANNA (CONT'D)

Hi Eddie, it's Anna again... So, I got fired and I'm calling because I'm wondering if you have any idea what it takes to become a urologist?...

(beat)

FOUR YEARS of college, FOUR YEARS of med school, and FIVE YEARS of residency, whooooo, bye bye twenties... the point is, Eddie, I can't get a new job as long as that video's online, if ever, so, before your phone hangs up on me again, I want you to know, I HAVE A TEN BLADE AND I KNOW WHERE YOU LIVE!

She hangs up and HURLS A STATUE OF THE MALE REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM AT THE WALL--parts everywhere--and BURSTS INTO TEARS.

**INT. KID ZONE - LOW RENT DAY CARE CENTER - SAME**

Angel sits on the floor next to MANDY, a 24, mousey senior employee who supervises color time--KIDS EVERYWHERE!

MANDY

Do you have any experience working with children?

A rambunctious BOY punches Angel in the leg. She resists the urge to hit him back.

ANGEL

Not technically, but I raised myself and I'm a fast learner.

(beat)

Nobody'll diddle them on my watch.

Mandy looks very uncomfortable.

**EXT. GUN STORE - EARLY AFTERNOON**

Anna, totally out of her element, checks out all sorts of dangerous firearms with a crazy look in her eye.

The southern GUN GUY, 45, approaches excitedly.

GUN GUY

Excuse me, ma'am, are you "the dick doctor?!"

ANNA

(hisses)

WHAT'S IT TO YOU?!

GUN GUY

...I don't think I should sell you a firearm today, but this here's our basic starter rifle--

ANNA

I want something I can put in my purse.

GUN GUY

You got a concealed weapon permit?

Anna grabs a sleek handgun and starts waving it around.

ANNA

What if I don't conceal it?

The gun guy grabs it back.

GUN GUY

There's a mandatory, three-day waiting period for all handgun purchases in the state of Florida.

Anna bares her teeth like a dog and GROWLS.

GUN GUY (CONT'D)

Please stop growing at me, ma'am.

**INT. DEPRESSING TELEMARKETING CENTER - SAME**

Mark, 25, his tank top reads, *The Boss*, gives Angel the tour of his operation.

MARK

Did yah bring a resume?

ANGEL

(laughs)

Am I applying to NASA or something?

(realizes he's serious)

I mean, I could write one, but it'd just be lies, so, how 'bout we discuss my fuckin' work ethic and my goddamn skill set?

Mark frowns condescendingly.

**EXT. LINCOLN ROAD MALL - ICE-CREAM SHOP - AFTERNOON**

Anna, humiliated and on the phone with mom, walks through the outdoor mall devouring a chocolate banana.

People immediately recognize her.

ANNA

No, mom, I *don't* wanna talk about it... Yes, I'm sure I wasn't trying to get famous... No, please don't tell grandpa!...

(SIGH)

I don't have AIDS because I didn't have intercourse mother!--No, he's not my boyfriend...What do you mean, "Why not"?!

**INT. FRATTY DIVE BAR - EARLY EVENING**

Angel trails a beachy BARTENDER, 30, as he preps for his shift.

ANGEL

Lookit, Helen Keller could pour a shot, but, me, I get *people*.

BARTENDER

That's cool, but I'm gonna hire someone who's actually worked at a bar--doesn't make me a bad guy.

ANGEL

I've worked at the bar called *life*.  
(off his non-response)  
C'mon, please. I'm kinda desperate.

The bartender pours her a shot of tequila.

BARTENDER

Wish there was something I could do.

Angel throws back the shot and checks her bank balance on her phone...*thirteen dollars*.

Angel SIGHS and munches on handful of free nuts.

Anna walks inside carrying her boxed up office and Angel pounces.

ANGEL

You look familiar...

ANNA

(to the bartender)  
I'll have one of those tall blue drinks that tastes like electro-shock therapy.

BARTENDER

Adios motherfucker?

ANNA

Yeah, sure. Maybe make it two.

Angel wiggles very close to Anna.

ANGEL

Don't wanna drink alone, huh?

ANNA  
 (uncomfortable)  
 Actually, I intend to get  
 inappropriately inebriated--alone.

Angel scoots even closer.

ANGEL  
 You sure we haven't met?

ANNA  
 I don't mean to be rude, but, I  
 don't want to talk to you.

ANGEL  
 Sorry. Jeez. We're both in a bar  
 during daylight hours--figured we  
 could both use a friend...

The bartender hands Anna two electric blue beverages.

Anna, guilty, pushes one over to Angel.

ANNA  
 I'm sorry. I've had a terrible day.

Angel drains the drink.

ANGEL  
 I don't get why women hate each  
 other so much, you know?

ANNA  
 I think that all the time!--It's  
 part of the reason I mostly work  
 with men.

ANGEL  
 Me too, but I'm turning over a new  
 leaf.

Anna smiles.

CUT TO:

MANY BLUE DRINKS LATER -

ANGEL  
 HOLY SHIT! You're an actual doctor--

ANNA  
 --Surgeon--

ANGEL  
--With a medical degree?!--

ANNA  
--Multiple degrees.

ANGEL  
--And they just kicked you to the curb like a--

ANNA  
I got publically slut-shamed and...  
(embarrassed)  
You don't even wanna know how long  
it's been...

Angel rubs Anna's shoulders.

ANGEL  
How long?

Anna blushes.

ANNA  
Two years, three months, and a  
fortnight.  
(off Angel's blanket-of-  
safety face)  
So, um, I never do this, which  
might be why I don't have many--any-  
-girlfriends, but, do you, maybe,  
wanna come over and watch a movie?  
I'm too drunk to find a lawyer and  
I don't feel like being alone.

Angel smiles.

ANGEL  
Anything but *Pretty Woman*.

**INT. ANNA'S CONDO - EVENING**

Anna and Angel burst inside like tipsy besties.

Anna signs onto Netflix as Angel marvels at the space.

ANNA  
I don't know about you, but I'm in  
the mood for a compelling female  
protagonist and a bottle of Rosé.  
What do you like better? *Hard Candy*  
or *The Accused*?

Angel scoots closer to Anna.

ANGEL  
Your place. Your pick.

ANNA  
Ooh! What about *Thelma and Louise*?!

Angel unzips Anna's skirt and buries her head between her legs.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?!

ANGEL  
Don't sweat it. We all get ingrowns now and then.

Angel yanks Anna's head up.

ANNA  
Wait! I don't--I'm not a--

ANGEL  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah...Neither is Rachel Maddow.

ANNA  
I LOVE Rachel Maddow!

Angel goes to slip a finger inside Anna.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Not like that!

Anna leaps from the couch and pulls up her skirt.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
NOT like that.

Angel shrugs.

ANGEL  
You owe me five-hundred.

ANNA  
Wait, you're a...prostitute?! Like a REAL one?!

ANGEL  
I'm retired now, but--

ANNA

I thought you wanted to be my friend!

Angel LAUGHS.

ANGEL

Why the fuck would I wanna be your friend?!

Anna's crestfallen.

ANNA

Get out.

ANGEL

Not 'til I get my money.

ANNA

This is ridiculous!

ANGEL

No, what's ridiculous is you doing butt-fuckin' nothing to the guy who wrecked your life! It's like someone just walks up to you, blows his load on your face, and you just sit there and let it dry! WHO DOES THAT?!

Anna gags, repulsed.

ANNA

For your information I was going to go to the police tomorrow. Today was obviously an emotionally incapacitating day!

(whispers)

I tried to buy a gun!

Angel LAUGHS.

ANGEL

The police?! Yeah, you can count the number of fucks the police don't give about girls like us on no hands.

ANNA

Girls like us? Oh, no. We are not in the same category.

ANGEL

You're right. I shouldn't lower myself to the level of: On all fours on YouTube...

Anna LUNGES AT ANGEL, but Angel effortlessly puts Anna in a headlock.

Anna SQUEALS and squirms.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Look, I had a nice time tonight, so, I'm gonna give you something better than sex for your money.

ANNA

(sneers)  
Like what?

Angel lets Anna go.

ANGEL

Revenge against the twerp that got you fired.

Anna rolls her eyes.

ANNA

I already called said twerp and left two strongly worded voicemails.

ANGEL

Who is this dilwad anyway?

ANNA

(gags)  
He who shall not be named is "Eddie Charrow."

ANGEL

No way! Eddie Charrow?!  
(eyes narrow)  
I fuckin' HATE that guy!

ANNA

...How do you know him... Wait, did you and Eddie...?--Thank God I didn't--  
(off Angel's look)  
I mean, what makes you think he'd listen to you?

Angel pulls a switch blade from her bra and winks.

ANGEL  
I'm a people person.

**INT./EXT. ANNA'S PRIUS - EDDIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**

Anna, driving, wears a black, Lululemon breaking-and-entering ensemble with matching beanie.

Angel, in the passenger seat, SMACKS GUM, pumped up.

Anna clips a pepper spray necklace around her neck.

ANNA  
I have an extra pepper spray necklace in the glove compartment if you'd like to borrow it.

ANGEL  
(snorts)  
Oh boy! You got an extra pair of bougie twat pants too?!

Anna grimaces, yanks away her camel toe (for now), and turns onto Eddie's street.

Anna drives up the street and parks in front of Eddie's house, kills the lights, and pouts, offended.

Angel pulls her switch blade.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
We gonna do this or not?

**EXT. EDDIE'S MANSION - BACKYARD - POOL AREA - SECONDS LATER**

Anna, cradling her pepper spray, and Angel, switch blade drawn, stand in front of a locked sliding glass door.

ANNA  
(whispers)  
Now what?

Angel, having done this before, uses her knife to pick the lock. She's almost got it when the door handle FALLS OFF.

Anna dramatically ducks and covers, expecting the door to shatter.

Angel shakes her head and slides the broken door open.

**INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER**

Anna and Angel enter the immaculate chef's kitchen.

ANNA  
 (loud whisper)  
 I haven't been this nervous since I  
 took the Hippocratic Oath!

ANGEL  
 Sssshhh!

Anna mimes: *Zippering her lips and throwing away the key* when she accidentally backs into the hanging pot-rack--CLANG.

Angel glares at Anna.

Anna winces: *Sorry.*

Anna's phone BUZZES - CLOSE ON: PHONE SCREEN - Text from Mom - *Grandpa saw the video.*

Anna turns purple and shows the screen to Angel, who LAUGHS.

Anna covers her mouth and the girls silently compose themselves, when, from upstairs -

EDDIE (O.S.)  
 You'll get your passports and  
 phones back when you've completed  
 training. We need to hang onto them  
 in order to process your work  
 visas. Any questions?  
 (off silence)  
 Now, in the modeling world  
 connections are key.

Anna and Angel climb the staircase following his voice.

EDDIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You're all gorgeous girls, but this  
 is Miami--even the smart girls are  
 gorgeous.

Anna and Angel exchange a confused glance as they approach Eddie's living room to find -

Eddie, standing with his back to Anna and Angel, seemingly talking to Irina, the Ukrainian knockout from earlier, who stands in front of him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I have connections. All I need to know is how badly each of you want your face on the cover of *Vogue*.

Anna's eyes bug out and she starts into the room but Angel stops her.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Irina, show everyone how much you want it. Show everyone you've got what it takes.

Eddie UNZIPS HIS PANTS.

Irina stares at Eddie realizing her journey has been for naught -

EDDIE (CONT'D)

This will be required from all of you. So, watch and learn.

Irina kneels down, takes Eddie in her hands, stares wrathfully into his eyes, and opens her mouth as -

Angel mimes the count: *One, two, three--*

ANNA AND ANGEL BURST INSIDE, WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IS A SERIES OF LIGHTNING FAST CUTS -

Angel puts her blade to Eddie's throat as Anna trips over her own two feet and falls flat on her face--THUD.

Irina, startled, clamps her jaws shut.

ANGEL

Surprise, motherfucker!

ANNA

(getting up)

And not the good kind.

EDDIE SHRIEKS -

IRINA BOLTS UP AND STAGGERS BACKWARDS IN TERROR, HER HAND COVERING HER MOUTH -

ANNA (CONT'D)

(to Eddie)

We're here to discuss your taking down my video--!

ANNA STOPS ABRUPTLY WHEN **SURPRISE** SHE SEES THE GROUP OF NOW TERRIFIED GIRLS THAT WERE PICKED UP FROM THE AIRPORT AND RAY STANDING GUARD OVER THEM -

ANGEL  
What the fuck?

THE ASPIRING "MODELS" STARE AT ANNA AND ANGEL.

RAY STARES AT ANGEL FOR A SECOND AND QUICKLY DRAWS HIS GUN -

IRINA STARTS CHOKING -

EDDIE ROARS, AND REELING IN PAIN CLUTCHES HIS CROTCH AND COLLAPSES -

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
(re: Irina)  
What's wrong with that bitch?

ANNA  
(realizes)  
She's choking!

Everyone is frozen, staring in horror as Anna performs the Heimlich on Irina who GAGS AND COUGHS AND -

SPITS OUT AN OBJECT THAT FLIES THROUGH THE AIR -

CLOSE ON: ANGEL CATCHING **EDDIE'S SEVERED PENIS** WITH ONE HAND.

ANGEL  
SHE BIT HIS DICK OFF!!

ANNA  
SHE BIT HIS DICK OFF??!

EDDIE  
SHE BIT MY DICK OFF!!!

RAY  
Oh, shit!!!

EVERYONE SCREAMS -

IRINA GASPS FOR AIR -

ANNA  
OHMYGOD!

RAY  
OH, SHIT!!!

Irina wipes the blood from her mouth as Eddie GROANS and forces himself up.

EDDIE  
 (to Irina)  
 YOU'RE DEAD.  
 (beat)  
 YOU'RE ALL FUCKING DEAD.

ANGEL  
 RUN!

TOTAL CHAOS AS -

Irina, terrified, RUNS SCREAMING OUT OF THE ROOM followed by Anna and Angel.

RAY CORRALS THE GIRLS, STOPPING THEM FROM FOLLOWING.

EDDIE  
 (to Ray)  
 DON'T LET MY DICK LEAVE THE  
 PREMISES!

**EXT. EDDIE'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER**

Irina flees darting up the street and disappearing around the corner.

Angel drags Anna to the Prius.

ANGEL  
 This is where we get the fuck outta  
 here and you give me my money!

ANNA  
 Angel, do you not realize what's  
 happening?! Eddie's a sex  
 trafficker! We have to get the  
 girls and go to the police!

ANGEL  
 Listen up white Oprah, this ain't  
 fun and games no more. You have no  
 idea what you're dealin' with.

ANNA  
 You knew??!

ANGEL  
 No!!  
 (off Anna's look)  
 I knew he was an asshole.  
 (MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I didn't know how BIG an asshole--  
Jesus Christ we gotta go!

ANNA

What about all those girls?

ANGEL

What do you care about some girls  
you don't even know?

ANNA

Every one of those girls is  
somebody's daughter.

Thinking of her own, Angel looks as if she were punched in  
the stomach.

ANGEL

Lookit, I'd love nothin' more than  
to destroy a man who preys on girls  
who ain't got options, but we ain't  
got the resources to do nothin'  
like that!

Anna takes Angel's hand. Angel bristles but stays with Anna.

ANNA

I'm going to go ahead and venture  
you've had a hard life.  
(off Angel's eye roll)  
But, even if it's broken, you *do*  
have a heart *and* an opportunity to  
make a difference.

Angel stares at Anna, inspired but afraid of disappointment.

ANGEL

So, what's your plan? You wanna  
make a citizen's arrest? Hold his  
dick hostage until he turns himself  
in? Ain't gonna happen!

ANNA

Do you think I'm an idiot? We're  
going straight to the police.  
(beat)  
Do you have the penis?

Angel gingerly takes Eddie's penis from her bra and stares at  
it, mad at the world.

ANGEL

(gesticulates with the  
penis as she speaks)

The police will tell you to go fuck  
yourself. And I'm not settin' foot  
in there--they'll arrest me for  
breathin'.

ANNA

You can wait in the car. Now, stop  
waving it around, you'll damage the  
tissue and I won't be able to  
reattach it.

Angel stares at the penis. She stares at Anna. *Reattach it?!*

**INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - BEDROOM - SAME**

Ray squeamishly applies a pillowcase tourniquet to what's  
left of Eddie's dick and looks for a place to wipe his hands.

RAY

The girls are in the garage. Eddie,  
you need a doctor.

EDDIE

That bitch IS a doctor. Now get her  
back here and make her fix me!

RAY

She's not gonna want to help you  
considering what she saw.

EDDIE

Kill her friend in front of her if  
she needs convincing! And bring  
Irina back here so I can kill her  
myself.

RAY

(ambivalent)  
But, boss--

EDDIE

Just call your brother, you fucking  
pussy.

RAY

My brother?

EDDIE

Yeah, you know, the guy who looks like you, but *isn't* a total disappointment?!

Ray stares at the floor shamefully.

**INT. MIAMI BEACH POLICE DEPARTMENT - WASHINGTON AVE - MORNING**

Anna marches up to two cops, TY JORDAN, 26, a sweet-faced African American rookie, and CAL WHEATON, 33, his crooked senior partner.

Cal, in hysterics, plays Anna's video on his computer for Ty.

ANNA

Excuse me, um, Sirs.

They don't look up.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(pissed)

I said, EXCUSE ME!

Ty looks up, sees Anna, blushes, and immediately shuts off the monitor and awkwardly tries to hide his GIANT BONER.

Anna furiously tries not to stare at it.

CAL

Well, I'll be damned!

(looks Anna up and down)

How 'bout an encore of *Care Bears*  
Care for the boys in blue?

Anna's jaw drops.

TY

(nervous)

He didn't mean that.

ANNA

I'd like to report a mister EDDIE CHARROW, the man who degraded me, which you're clearly familiar with.

(off their blank stares)

Right, so, first I'd like to report him for that, and secondly, and this is even more nefarious, if you can believe it, I'd like to report him for...

(expecting a big reaction)

Sex trafficking!

Cal's stone-faced.

Ty's eyes widen but he immediately apes Cal.

CAL

Look, you're not the first gal in Miami to get drunk and make a bad decision.

ANNA

Are you implying I deserved this cause I was drunk? The video wasn't my *decision*--that's the point!

Ty's visibly concerned.

CAL

Do you have any proof?

ANNA

Well, not on me, no, but if you go to his house--

CAL

I don't have time for this. Ty, escort the dick doctor outta here.

Ty attempts to shuffle Anna towards the door but she won't budge.

ANNA

This is ridiculous! There's a REAL CRIMINAL out there abusing women and you are THE POLICE! You have to DO SOMETHING!

Not one head turns.

Ty awkwardly opens the door and ushers Anna out.

TY

(whispers/guilty)

Sorry, it's my first week on the job and you don't have any proof...

Anna's faith in the world SHATTERS.

ACROSS THE OFFICE -

Cal stares at Anna, slinks off, and calls Eddie -

CAL

Eddie, we got a problem.

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH FROM CAL IN THE OFFICE TO EDDIE IN BED -

EDDIE

I pay you to get rid of problems.

CAL

That's why I'm calling.

Eddie grits his teeth.

EDDIE

Cal, you shouldn't be *calling*. You should be *handling*.

(off Cal's silence)

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

CAL

(whispers)

Are you responsible for the *Dirty Dick Doctor* video?

EDDIE

I film everyone I hookup with, so what? Nobody sees the videos but me. The dick doctor had it coming. She puked on my--what was once my--goddamnit--she pissed me off!

Cal sighs.

CAL

Eddie, revenge porn's a federal offense. Take the video down, now.

Cal hangs up.

**INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - EDDIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - A FEW STREETS OVER FROM ANNA AND ANGEL - SAME**

Ray and older brother, WES PLOVER, 38, a roided-out ex-cage fighter with a coke habit, fly down the wrong side of the street in Wes' black monster truck (with devil horns and license plate, BEAST) looking for Irina.

After a moment they spot her running through a topiary garden.

WES

That her?

RAY

Yes!

Wes digs into a baggie of coke with his thumb and SNORTS.

WES  
I spotted her so I get first fuck.

RAY  
(disgusted)  
C'mon Wes, don't be a dick.

Wes guns the engine and drives onto the sidewalk, blocking Irina.

WES  
Don't worry little bro, you can stay in the car and finger yourself in your VAGINA while big bro takes care of business.

Wes leaps from the truck and captures a SCREAMING IRINA.

WES (CONT'D)  
Don't even think about trying to piranha my cock.

Irina spits in his face.

**INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - ELSEWHERE IN EDDIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME**

Wes, driving, snorts some more coke.

Irina's tied up with colorful bungee cord in the back.

Ray's phone RINGS - *Eddie calling.*

RAY  
Yeah, boss.

QUICK CUT TO EDDIE SNARLING AND TAKING THE VIDEO DOWN -

EDDIE  
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TWO DOING?!  
THE GIRLS ALREADY WENT TO THE  
POLICE!

Wes snatches the phone from his little brother like a six-year old in a sandbox.

WES  
We got the Russian bitch. We're picking up the other two next.

Irina scowls as Wes makes an abrupt turn--his stupid car almost tips over.

**INT./EXT. ANNA'S PRIUS - MIAMI BEACH POLICE DEPARTMENT -  
PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

Angel, in the reclined passenger, is on her phone pinning (and quietly gushing over) fancy wedding gowns from a *Style Me Pretty*-esque wedding blog when Anna jumps into her car, incensed.

Angel quickly pockets her phone.

ANGEL  
(can't help herself)  
I'm "gonna go 'head and venture" it  
didn't go too good with the cops.  
(secretly disappointed)  
Can I have my money now?

Anna starts the car.

ANNA  
We're not finished yet.

ANGEL  
Anna, it was real cute the first  
time, but--

ANNA  
Angel, part of getting what you  
want is not giving up.

ANGEL  
You reverse psychologizin' me so I  
stick around to watch you fail?

ANNA  
I don't fail. I'm single. I have no  
friends. I'm a little OCD. I'm  
awkward and dogmatic, but I don't  
fail.

ANGEL  
...But, you can't do this alone.

ANNA  
Correct. I'll give you five  
thousand dollars for your help.

Angel flips the seat up.

ANGEL

Done, but if "reattachment" doesn't work I'm the one who gets to flush it.

ANNA

Great. We're officially in business.

Anna excitedly turns the car on--it BEEPS and the gas tank flashes: EMPTY.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Soon as we get gas.

**EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER**

Angel's in the car while Anna gets gas. She locks the pump's nozzle, stands back, and waits for the tank to fill up when she spots ETHAN, 34, balding but cocky, filling up his red BMW 3-series at the catty-corner pump.

Anna cringes and quickly scuttles behind her car and ducks.

Ethan sees her, does a double-take, grins, and walks over.

Anna crab-walks around the vehicle trying to hide as she watches Ethan's feet get closer and closer.

FROM INSIDE ANNA'S CAR -

Angel watches Anna, very confused. She cracks the window and listens.

Ethan walks up behind Anna -

ETHAN

Anna Rockport?! Is that you?

Anna stands up, pretends at first not to recognize him, and flashes a crazy fake smile -

ANNA

Ethan! Ohmygod! It's great to see you! I was, uh, just checking the air levels er, air pressure or whatever on my tires.

(off his suspicion)

How've you been?

ETHAN

(smug)

Can't complain.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

My practice has had a meteoric rise--  
 -Yelp says I'm South Beach's eight  
 best podiatrist. I'm super happily  
 married, baby numero dos is on the  
 way, and I've taken up snorkeling--  
 I saw a manatee this morning.

(grins)

The universe really started saying  
 YES after you kicked me to the  
 curb.

FROM INSIDE THE CAR -

Angel rolls her eyes.

BACK TO ANNA -

ANNA

I see the facts have blurred a bit  
 over the years... I didn't dump  
 you. I decided not to pass up an  
 opportunity I'd worked for my  
 entire life simply because it  
 wasn't offered to you.

ETHAN

(smacks his forehead  
 "playfully")

Ohhh that's right. You just ditched  
 me in residency for the elitist  
 urology clinic.

Anna's pump CLICKS -- all done.

ANNA

It's been fun catching up, Ethan,  
 but I gotta go.

Anna opens the driver's side door when -

ETHAN

My wife and I saw your video.

Anna freezes as Ethan twists the knife.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

We agreed it was a desperate,  
 lonely cry for--

Angel jumps out of the car, struts over to Anna, puts her arm  
 around her, and stares right at Ethan, and kisses Anna on the  
 lips--it's hot.

ANGEL  
Ethan, is it?

Ethan turns into a giant, speechless boner.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
I hope you're not givin' my girlfriend a hard time... *I'm* the one who dared her to make the video. It was a joke, Ethan. Kinda hilarious it got so much attention considerin' all the much more important stuff the world *should* be focused on right now. The economy, race relations, gender equality...  
(flirty, to Anna)  
I'm real sorry I got you in hot water, babe. But, we had a lotta fun that night, didn't we?

ANNA  
Yeah, babe... So much fun...

ANGEL  
Now, if you don't mind, Ethan, we're gonna be up real late tonight, so we're gotta split.

Anna jumps in the car.

ANNA  
Bye, Ethan. Say hi to the manatees for me.

The girls close the car doors and Anna turns to Angel -

ANNA (CONT'D)  
That's the coolest thing anyone's ever done for me.

Angel beams purposefully.

**INT. 24 HOUR CHAIN PHARMACY NEXT TO POLICE STATION - LATER**

Empowered Anna tosses Purell, small plastic bags, cold water, ice, and a sterile, preservative-free saline solution into the cart a newly invigorated Angel pushes.

ANGEL  
Alright, doc! What's the time window we're lookin' at to sew the little guy back on? Couple hours?

ANNA

Actually...The types of tissues in the penis make it more durable than you're average severed appendage.

Anna calls Eddie.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Eddie, it's the dick doctor.

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH from the girls to Eddie in his fancy bloody bedding with a crystal candy bowl full of Vicodin.

EDDIE

YOU FUCKING CUNT--

ANNA

(supercilious)

Eddie, it's very important that you stay calm right now.

Anna grabs a small hot pink cooler and some sealed washcloths and puts them in the cart.

EDDIE

I don't think you realize who you're fucking with.

ANNA

The thing is...we do. That's why you're not getting your dick back unless you confess and turn yourself in.

EDDIE

I took the video down! That's what you wanted, right?

ANNA

It was... but, unfortunately, the damage to my livelihood has been done. This is bigger than me now.

ANGEL

And me!

Angel holds her fist out for the bump.

Anna jerks backward, but realizes it was a high-five.

EDDIE

You're both dead.

Eddie hangs up.

ANNA  
Hello? Eddie?  
(beat)  
He hung up on me!

ANGEL  
Call back. Men really hate that.

Anna smiles and tries him again.

EDDIE  
WHAT?!

ANNA  
I wasn't finished.... The situation  
is: We're gonna put your penis on  
ice while you think about your  
options. You have eighteen hours,  
give or take, to make a decision.

ANGEL  
(yells into the phone)  
The good news is, you've still got  
your balls.

Anna grins and stays on the line.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
Anna, hang up.

Anna hangs up.

ANNA  
I LOVE being in control!

Angel gives Anna a perturbed look when - BANG BANG BANG.

SCREAMS ARE HEARD THROUGHOUT THE STORE as bullets fly past  
the girls' head.

ANNA	ANGEL
AHHHHH!	(unflappable)
	Shit.

Wes, with a compensation handgun, and Ray, charge up the  
aisle towards the girls.

Anna looks around frantically.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Angel, there's nowhere to hide!

CLOSE ON: WES' COKE-FUELED FACE - SWEAT DRIPS AND TEETH GNASH AS HE RUNS, SHOOTING AT ANGEL AND MISSING EVERY SHOT.

The girls duck behind the cart.

ANGEL

The fuck is my ex doing here?

ANNA

You let that inside of you for free?

ANGEL

Never lasted very long.

Wes reaches Angel and points the gun at her head.

WES

Miss me?

ANGEL

(snarky/romantic)

'Course baby. Every time a client got hard. What are you doing here?!

WES

(proud)

We work for Eddie now.

ANGEL

Turds of a feather...

Angel quickly rolls the cart over Wes' feet, grabs a beach umbrella and stabs him in the throat.

Ray laughs and gets distracted staring at Angel while Wes grabs his throat, dropping his gun.

Anna races for it.

WES

(fucked up, throaty voice)

Ray! The gun!

Ray rips his eyes off of Angel and runs for the gun, but Anna gets there first.

Anna picks up the gun, but hyperventilates and the gun FIRES, hitting nobody.

ANNA

(covering her head)

I'M SO SORRY! I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE!

Angel grabs the gun.

ANGEL

I do.

Angel SHOTS AFTER WES but misses and the boys run to the next aisle.

ANNA

Now what?!

ANGEL

(to Anna, re: the cart)

Get in.

Anna leaps in the cart and Angel, with a running start, hops on the back of the cart.

The girls, like Thelma and Louise, careen down the aisle and through the electric doors which fly open just in time.

The girls disappear into the white Miami sun.

**INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - 24 HOUR CHAIN PHARMACY - PARKING LOT - SECONDS LATER**

Irina, having wrestled out of the bungee cord, notices the keys are in the ignition.

IRINA

(in Ukrainian)

Stupid cunts.

She climbs into the driver's seat, starts the car, backs up, and HITS THE GAS, WHEN -

Angel and Anna, in the cart, ROLL IN FRONT OF THE TRUCK!

Anna buries her face in her hands.

ANNA

NOOOOOOOOO!

ANGEL

It's the girl!

Irina SLAMS ON THE BREAKS--SCREECH.

The truck, ever so slightly, TAPS THE CART KNOCKING IT OVER--the girls hit the pavement.

ANNA

Owww!

Irina puts the truck in reverse when Angel jump/climbs onto the hood and points the gun through the windshield in Irina's face.

Irina reluctantly puts her hands up as Wes and Ray come charging out of the pharmacy.

Ray sucks on his inhaler as Anna shoves the supplies in the cooler, runs, and flies through the air towards the passenger seat, but Wes rips her off of the vehicle.

WES  
Hands off my baby!

Angel jumps off the hood and pistol whips Wes in the temple.

ANGEL  
Hands off my paycheck!

Wes drops and Anna scurries out of his grasp.

Ray, wheezing, walks briskly to Wes--his eyes are closed.

Angel pulls Anna inside the truck and points the gun at Irina.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
Drive.

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK -

Wes isn't moving.

Ray attempts CPR.

After a moment Wes gags, spits, and shoves Ray off of him.

Wes sits up and punches Ray in the face.

RAY  
What the fuck?!

WES  
We would've had those bitches and the dick if you weren't trying to tap my sloppy seconds.

RAY  
I liked Angel first!

WES  
But you did nothing about it, cause you're a pussy.

Ray loses his shit and starts kicking Wes when -

A hot COLLEGE GIRL in last's night little black dress, 21, pulls into the parking lot in a white, VW Beetle convertible.

Wes shoves Ray off and steps in front of the car.

WES (CONT'D)  
Sup blondie--

COLLEGE GIRL  
Not now, I need Plan B.

Wes throws her out of the car.

WES  
Next time use a condom.

COLLEGE GIRL  
OHMYGOD WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

Ray jumps in the passenger seat.

RAY  
Sorry, it's an emergency.

Wes smacks Ray upside the head and speeds off.

COLLEGE GIRL  
I BET YOUR MOM REGRETS NOT HAVING  
PLAN B EVERY TIME SHE SEES YOUR  
FACE!

**INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - SOUTH BEACH STREETS - MOMENTS LATER**

Angel keeps the gun pointed at Irina.

ANNA  
(to Angel)  
Okay, where is it?

Angel whips it out of her bra.

ANGEL  
(snarky)  
Close to my heart.

Irina sees Eddie's member and PUKES OUT THE WINDOW.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
Come on, it was way worse when  
Eddie was attached to it.

Anna Purells her hands.

ANNA  
Washcloth and saline solution  
please.

Angel obliges.

ANGEL  
What's a saline solution?

ANNA  
Sodium chloride. I'm going to use  
it to clean it.

Angel watches, curious, as Anna prepares the dick-preserving package.

ANGEL  
Kinda cool that you know this shit.  
(softens)  
My first boyfriend, Derrick, was  
into science. He was always  
explainin' why plants grew and why  
some people have blue eyes and how  
fish can breathe underwater and  
stuff like that. I got a real kick  
outta it.

Anna smiles as she pours the cold water into the cooler, sprinkles a couple handfuls of ice, and wraps the penis in multiple plastic bags.

ANNA  
Why'd you let him go? Sounds like a  
catch.

ANGEL  
(quickly)  
Doesn't matter.  
(beat)  
Why so much plastic?

ANNA  
Direct contact with the ice could  
cause frostbite and damage the  
tissue.

Irina PUKES AGAIN.

Angel notices Wes and Ray behind them in the Beetle.

ANGEL  
Cher and Dionne are back.

Irina turns too quickly onto Fifth Street--the truck dips.

ANNA  
 (slow/loud, to Irina)  
 This truck is really large so you  
 have to make turns SLOOOOWLY or we  
 are all going to die, okay?

ANGEL  
 She's Russian, not deaf.

Irina glares at the word, "Russian."

**INT./EXT. BEETLE - BEHIND THE GIRLS - SAME**

Wes tries to catch up to the girls but is appalled by the Beetle's weak(er) engine.

WES  
 I am LITERALLY driving a vagina.

RAY  
 Wes, when was Plan B invented?

WES  
 Fuck off, Ray.

**INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - SOUTH BEACH - FIFTH STREET - SAME**

Anna notices the Beetle is gaining on them.

ANNA  
 They're to catch us! And then  
 they're going to rape us! And then  
 they're going to kill us! And then  
 they're going to rape us again!  
 (beat)  
 Do something!

ANGEL  
 I've got an idea! Wes loves doggie  
 style.

Angel STOMPS ON THE BRAKE PEDAL.

Anna and Irina SHRIEK AS truck STOPS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET.

The Beetle skids and CRASHES INTO IT FROM BEHIND.

**INT./EXT. BEETLE - SOUTH BEACH - FIFTH STREET - SAME**

Wes FLIES THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD.

RAY  
Holy shit! Wes! Seatbelt!

**INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - SOUTH BEACH - FIFTH STREET - SAME**

The girls' hearts pound as Ray drags Wes through the street and back to the totaled Beetle nearly getting runover by ONCOMING TRAFFIC.

IRINA  
YOU BOTH ARE CRAZY!

Anna and Angel exchange an excited glance.

ANGEL  
The Russian speaks English!

Irina SPITS and steps on the gas.

IRINA  
Fuck Russia! I am from Ukraine!

ANNA  
Why didn't you tell us you spoke English?

IRINA  
You didn't ask. You just kidnap me and wave gun in my face like gangster.  
(beat)  
Don't know who is worse--you or them.

Irina points to Ray pulling his brother out of the street.

ANNA  
We're obviously the good guys.  
(realizes/excited)  
Wait, you thought *I* was a gangster?

POLICE SIRENS START SCREAMING.

Angel points to the MacArthur Causeway entrance.

ANGEL  
Turn here. We need to get our ducks in a row and I want a torta.

IRINA  
What is torta?

**INT./EXT. BEETLE - FIFTH STREET - A BIT LATER**

Wes, bloody and enraged, pulls out his baggie of coke and snorts himself back to life.

Ray tries to start the car when his phone BUZZES - *Eddie calling.*

RAY  
(nervous/on the last ring)  
...Eddie, how you feeling?

EDDIE (O.S.)  
Put Wes on.

Ray, disappointed, hands the phone to Wes.

WES  
We're on it.

Ty, in a patrol car, pulls up behind the Beetle and gets out.

RAY  
Wes, hang up.

WES  
(ignores Ray)  
Don't worry, I want them dead as much as--

Ty raises his eyebrows and KNOCKS on what's left of the driver side door.

RAY  
(to Ty, re: Wes)  
He's kidding.

TY  
License and registration.

Ray rummages around in the glove compartment.

RAY  
It's, uh, my girlfriend's car...

TY  
(to Wes)  
Sir, why are you bleeding?

Wes gestures to Ty, *I'm on the phone.*

TY (CONT'D)

This car was just reported stolen  
and you've clearly been in an  
altercation.

WES

Hang on, Eddie.

Wes hands the phone to Ray to hold and PUNCHES TY IN THE  
FACE.

RAY

Wes, that's a police officer!

EDDIE (O.S.)

What's going on?!

Ty reaches for his gun.

TY

(to Wes)

You are under arrest!

Wes KICKS TY IN THE NUTS and wrestles the gun from Ty, puts  
it to his head, and takes the phone back from Ray.

WES

Sorry 'bout that Eddie.

TY FLASHES BACK TO ANNA AT THE POLICE STATION -

ANNA

I'd like to report a mister EDDIE  
CHARROW, the man who degraded me...

BACK TO PRESENT -

TY

...Eddie? Eddie Charrow?

Ray freezes.

Wes instantly hangs up and headbutts Ty, knocking him  
seemingly out cold.

WES

He's onto Eddie! We gotta move the  
other girls.

Wes does a bump.

Ray is staring at a BACHELORETTE PARTY OF HOT GIRLS SPILLING  
OUT OF A PARTY BUS parked in front of a Mexican restaurant  
across the street.

RAY

It's my turn to handle something.

Ray grabs Ty's gun from Wes, sucks on his inhaler, and hops out of the car.

From the pavement Ty's eyes open WIDE.

**INT. CUBAN RESTAURANT - LITTLE HAVANA - DAY**

Anna, Angel and Irina grub on yummy, greasy tortas.

\*From now on the cooler, maintained by Anna, never leaves her side and the gun remains in Angel's waistband.

IRINA

Torta rocks!

Anna queasily sops up the grease from her sandwich with a paper napkin.

ANNA

Eat up because our next stop is the police and you're gonna need to be energized and focused--

ANGEL

(to Irina, sensitive for once)  
Life back home must've been rough if Eddie was your best option...  
(off Irina's trepidation)  
I'm sayin' I get it.  
(beat)  
I was born in the sewer of Opa-Locka.

IRINA

Opa-Locka?

ANGEL

If the beach had an asshole that would be it.  
(beat)  
I got pregnant young and kept it cause I thought me and Derrick were in love, but that asshole peaced out on me, and then my junkie single mom peaced out too, if you know what I mean, so, now I'm a baby takin' care of a baby who's gotta earn. But honest livings for high school dropouts ain't shit...

IRINA

Same in Ukraine! What did you do?

ANGEL

I got hooked up with Tommy. He sent me on "dates." They paid okay, but I didn't want my baby girl seein' that and followin' in my footsteps so I gave her to a couple who couldn't get pregnant so she'd have a fightin' chance.

(beat)

One day she's gonna meet her mama but not 'til she can be proud of me.

Anna's quiet, shaken to the core.

ANNA

You have a child?!

ANGEL

Today's her 8th birthday.

ANNA

Wow.

IRINA

Could be one of my little sisters.

Irina stares at Anna and Angel, sizes them up, and takes a folded up picture from her pocket and places it on the table.

CLOSE ON: THE PICTURE OF IRINA PLAYING WITH HER DARLING BUT IMPOVERISHED SISTERS, SONYA, 6, and ZLATA, 8, IN UKRAINE.

IRINA (CONT'D)

(as she points)

Sonya and Zlata. They mean everything to me. This is why I come here. To make money and give them future.

ANNA

What about your parents?

Irina takes a sip of water.

IRINA

I am from Slavyansk. Eight people in two room apartment--one bed. No water. No electricity.

(MORE)

IRINA (CONT'D)

Each day is hiding with sisters in bathroom waiting for explosions or carrying water home from nearby well. Most days, if lucky, we eat only borscht. This is not life...

ANGEL

No kiddin'. How'd you get out?

IRINA

When possible I go to internet cafe in Kiev for escape--this is how I meet Eddie. He send me facebook message saying he make me model. I am not stupid only desperate. I know coming here is risk, but with risk comes hope.

Anna bursts into tears of guilt.

ANNA

I...I have no words--only--

Anna gets out her phone and plays her video for Irina.

IRINA

You go off medication?

Beat.

ANNA

(stammers)

Each of us, from our respective backgrounds, has been uniquely wronged by Eddie Charrow. It is our duty to prevent him from further abusing underserved women, or, perhaps, a woman who's spent her entire life alone, studying, or coming out of surgery hoping to meet someone, who, gets stood up one time too many and takes a risk for the first time in her otherwise completely controlled life...

ANGEL

Eddie must've really charmed you...

Anna nods, ashamed.

Irina carefully folds the picture of her sisters and puts it back in her pocket.

ANNA

Irina, we might have Eddie's penis in a cooler, and I'm not sure what this says about the world, but we really are the good guys and we need your help.

Beat.

IRINA

How I can help?

ANGEL

Tell your story.

ANNA

They will try their best to humiliate and discredit you, but you'll just have to stay strong because they can't ignore hard evidence.

After a moment -

IRINA

...Okay, I do it.

Anna and Angel SQUEAL.

IRINA (CONT'D)

But, I first use bathroom.

Angel's unsure.

ANNA

Absolutely! Treat yourself to the best thing America has to offer: toilet seat covers.

Irina looks puzzled, then gets up.

ANGEL

Really, one-percent?

ANNA

I'm unemployed!

**INT. CUBAN RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Irina, sitting on a stack of toilet seat covers, PEES.

IRINA  
 (in Ukrainian)  
 This *is* luxurious.

She reaches around and grabs more of the covers and stuffs them inside her blouse.

She stares at the bathroom door, wondering if she can trust her new friends, and then stares at the window...

**INT. CUBAN RESTAURANT - A FEW MORE MOMENTS LATER**

Anna, queasy, pops a Tums.

Angel's phone BUZZES - text from Tommy - *Ur cunt ass is gonna bleed and not cuz itz ur period.*

ANGEL  
 Ukraine's in Europe, right?

ANNA  
 (almost not condescending)  
 Yes, Angel.

ANGEL  
 You ever been?

ANNA  
 My mom took me to Paris when I graduated college.

ANGEL  
 Was it as special and romantic as it looks on TV?

ANNA  
 Yes, but my mother spent the entire trip pointing out how much more fun I'd be having if I were visiting with a *boyfriend*.  
 (beat)  
 I almost threw her off the Pont des Arts Bridge.

ANGEL  
 (tries to hide her excitement)  
 That the bridge where couples "lock their love?"

ANNA  
 Yep.

Angel smiles, closes her eyes, and imagines as Anna checks the time on her phone.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Not to be impatient with our forsaken immigrant friend, but we kinda have a ticking cock--

Angel snaps out of her reverie.

ANGEL

Shit!

Angel jumps up and runs to the bathroom.

Anna follows.

The girls burst inside the now empty bathroom.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I fuckin' knew it!

Angel points to the open window--Irina's gone.

**EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

The bus is parked in front of the garage obscuring the spectacle of Ray and Wes herding the girls from the garage to the bus as Eddie, holding the Vicodin bowl, watches.

WES

C'mon ladies, move those illegal asses.

EDDIE

Do either of you think life without your dick is worth living?

RAY

Never thought about it... Wes?

Wes scowls at Ray.

WES

(uncomfortable)

Eddie, we gotta move the girls before that cop--

EDDIE

I'll deal with the cops. If you don't get my dick back I'm taking one of yours.

The boys sweat.

BRAZILIAN MODEL  
Where are we going?

RAY  
Tsunami, so you can, uh, experience  
the model *lifestyle*.

JAPANESE MODEL  
(terrified)  
Tsunami?

**INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - LITTLE HAVANA - PARKING LOT - SAME**

Angel hops into the driver's seat and helps Anna inside.

ANNA  
I just have to say, you made the  
right decision for your daughter  
and I admire your courage.

The truck snarls out of the parking lot.

ANGEL  
Thanks, white privilege.

Anna gives Angel a quizzical once-over.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
Dad was half Filipino, half white  
and mom was half Cuban, half black.

ANNA  
...Which makes you...

Angel speeds through the colorful, Cuban streets looking for Irina.

TOURISTS and SHOP OWNERS jump out of her path.

ANGEL  
The future. Now help me find the  
Russian.

ANNA  
Ukrainian.

**EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Ty walks past the open and empty garage and rings Eddie's  
DOORBELL.

Eddie, dressed and doped up to hide his pain, opens the door.

EDDIE  
(faux surprise/charming)  
Officer, how can I help you?

TY  
Are you Eddie Charrow?

Eddie puts his hands above his head playfully.

EDDIE  
Guilty.

TY  
(stone cold)  
I'm following up on a complaint.  
Mind if I take a look around?

Eddie shrugs.

EDDIE  
I got nothing to hide.

Ty looks Eddie up and down and steps inside.

IRINA (PRE-LAP)  
Please. I beg you. I am in trouble.

**INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - LUFTHASNA COUNTER - SAME**

Irina stands across from an irritated AIRLINE EMPLOYEE, 40s, taking out cash, and, accidently, toilet seat covers from her clothes.

LUFTHASNA EMPLOYEE  
Ma'am, for the third time, I can't  
sell you an international flight if  
you don't. have. a. passport.

IRINA  
For third time. I tell you. They  
take passport when I come!

LUFTHASNA EMPLOYEE  
So get a new one.  
(beat)  
NEXT.

Irina scoops up her savings and from the counter and throws the toilet seat covers at the employee.

IRINA

Take toilet seat cover and fuck yourself!

The employee is very, very confused.

**INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - LITTLE HAVANA - AFTERNOON**

Anna stares out the window, depressed.

Angel's on edge.

ANNA

You think Irina will be okay?  
Where's she gonna go? What's she gonna do?

(hurt)

I really thought we had a nice lunch.

ANGEL

Don't take it personal. A girl like that can't trust nobody. Now what do you wanna do?

ANNA

I wanna go back in time and wear more pink. And major in communications. And do a keg-stand at a dreadful "pimps and hos" party the pre-meds were never invited to. And drunkenly laugh really hard at some avocado-shaped budding tax attorney's stupid jokes so I'd be married with avocado-shaped children and swilling Chardonnay right now instead of being on this completely delusional journey with you because when it's over, if I don't end up in jail, I'm going to have nothing to come home to!

Anna starts to cry.

ANGEL

What did you expect?! You're a dick expert.

ANNA

So?!

ANGEL

No matter how big your heart,  
brain, or tits, at the end of the  
day, men ain't lookin' for gals  
with our qualifications to bring  
home to mom.

ANNA

(sniffles)  
So, what do we do?

ANGEL

Take down this sex traffickin' scum  
so he can't hurt nobody else  
instead of bitchin' cause shit is  
how it is and sometimes we get  
lonely.

ANNA

(shocked)  
You get lonely?

ANGEL

Of course I get lonely! All I ever  
wanted was a family of my own.  
(beat)  
When Derrick left I gave up. Yeah,  
I had a shit start, but I never  
believed in myself neither. I  
never believed nothin' I could ever  
do would make any difference... But  
now here I am in this car with  
you... Believin' in somethin'!

Angel takes Anna's hand the way Anna took Angel's earlier.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Don't disappoint me, Anna. I ain't  
sure I could take it.

Anna wipes her tears as Angel reaches for the phone.

ANNA

I'm sorry, Angel. You're right.  
Give me a minute to get back into  
the insurgent headspace.

Angel stops the truck abruptly.

ANGEL

You got five minutes to work on  
your "headspace." I'm gettin' a  
coco frio.

Angel parks and hops out of the truck.

ANNA

Angel! Wait! Come back!

Angel keeps walking. Anna gets out and follows her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You can't leave me. I'll just sit here agonizing over missing out on a delicious Cuban treat the whole time. And speaking of time we've gotta make this quick.

Angel smiles in spite of herself.

**ANGEL AND ANNA DO LITTLE HAVANA'S CALLE OCHO -**

IN A CAFE - ANGEL AND ANNA SIP DELICIOUS CHILLED COCONUT MILK FROM COCONUT SHELLS AND EAT GOYABA CON QUEESO

IN FRONT OF A GORGEOUS MURAL - ANNA AND ANGEL TAKE SELFIES IN FRONT OF STREET ART FEATURING CELIA CRUZ, TITO PUENTE, SIMON BOLIVAR, RUBEN DARIO-POETA, ETC.

IN A CIGAR SHOP - ANGEL LIGHTS UP A CIGAR. ANNA REFUSES TO PARTAKE. FINALLY, ANNA GIVES IN, TAKES A PUFF, GAGS AND COUGHS, TRIES IT AGAIN AND KIND OF LIKES IT

IN THE PARK - ANNA AND ANGEL WATCH OLDER CUBAN GENTLEMEN PLAYING DOMINOS

FINALLY, ANNA WATCHES ANGEL LIGHT A CANDLE AT THE FOOT OF THE FAMOUS CEIBA TREE BEHIND THE STATUE OF THE VIRGIN MARY AND PLACES IT WITH THE OTHER SANTERIA OFFERINGS AT THE TREES' ROOTS -

ANNA (CONT'D)

You're not contacting dead people or evil spirits are you?

ANGEL

The candle's for good luck on our mission--you ain't the only one who hates failure.

Anna smiles proudly.

**INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER**

Eddie, losing patience, follows Ty as he pokes around the house leaving greasy fingerprints all over the immaculate pad.

EDDIE  
You about done here?

Ty notices nail marks on the doorway to "Heaven." He tries to open the door, it's locked.

TY  
Why is this door locked?

Eddie's phone BUZZES - Anna calling.

EDDIE  
(answers)  
This is Eddie.

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH from Eddie with Ty to Anna and Angel in Little Havana looking for the truck.

ANGEL  
You want your dick back?

ANNA  
On?

ANGEL  
Then listen up cause we need to make a deal...

EDDIE  
I'm very interested in that type of, uh, property, but it's gonna come down to location and price.

ANNA  
The location is Mount Sinai Medical Center.

ANGEL  
The price is confessing you're a sick fuckhead sex trafficker.

EDDIE  
I am open to discussing those terms, let me text you the address to my office.

Eddie hangs up and texts Anna the address.

TY  
Can you open this door?

Eddie puts his arm around Ty.

EDDIE

Officer Jordan, I've been more than accommodating, but I have a meeting in fifteen minutes and you don't have a warrant.

Ty traces the nail marks with his fingers as his suspicion swells.

**EXT. LITTLE HAVANA - CALLE OCHO - IN FRONT OF THE TRUCK - AFTERNOON**

Anna receives the address on her phone.

ANNA

Sixteen-eighty-four Collins Ave,  
penthouse...

ANGEL

It's one of his fratty, date rape  
poolside castles--killer view  
though.

Anna grimaces as the girls climb into the truck.

ANNA

Eddie just expects me to steal a  
sterile, fully stocked operating  
room and bring it to his hotel?!

ANGEL

I think he's mostly thinkin' about  
his dick.

ANNA

Which is, ironically, why he's in  
this mess! I'll text him that. You  
take a left at the next light.

**EXT. TSUNAMI - SOUTH BEACH LUXURY HOTEL - COLLINS AVE - SAME**

Hot, half-naked Miami TWENTY-SOMETHINGS frolic under the palm trees sipping cocktails to a kaleidoscope of BASS LINES.

Ray pulls the party bus into the driveway.

Wes does a line off of some model titties.

The girls eyes widen--they've arrived.

QUICK CUT TO:

**INT. TSUNAMI - PENTHOUSE SUITE - MOMENTS LATER**

Ray and Wes herd the flock of models inside their opulent new cage--a separate section of the suite that locks from the outside.

ALBANIAN MODEL

This is like heaven!

RAY

(guilty)

Only the best for Eddie's girls.

WES

Sit tight now. We'll be back later.

Wes blows the girls a kiss as he locks them inside with a key that hangs from the gold necklace previously camouflaged by his rainforest of chest hair.

The girls stare at each other...*what's going on?*

**EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - SAME**

Irina watches PASSENGERS greet their families, hop into cabs, etc.

Desperate, she approaches a southern businessman, KENT, 45, getting into a town car.

IRINA

Excuse me, you know where I get  
passport?

(whispers)

Illegal.

Kent freezes, incapacitated by her hotness.

KENT

...Actually, I might have a friend  
who can help.

**INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Ty walks into Eddie's garage and discovers skimpy female clothing all over the floor... oh, and Eddie's Lambo.

Suddenly the door to the garage flies open and Eddie, CURSING and gnashing his teeth at his excruciating pain, limps to his car.

Ty scurries behind a shelf and watches Eddie as a blood spot appears through his white pants in his groin area.

Ty's confused as Eddie gets into the lambo and tears out of the garage.

Ty comes out of hiding, grabs his phone, and snaps pictures of all the clothes.

**INT.EXT. WES' TRUCK - SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - A BIT LATER**

Anna hands Angel the cooler.

Angel hands Anna the gun.

ANGEL

Practice safe stealing, use protection.

Anna jerks violently away from the weapon.

ANNA

Thank you, Angel, but your street savvy has no bearing on the place where I work.

ANGEL

Used to work.

Angel smugly hands Anna the gun.

**INT. MIAMI BEACH POLICE DEPARTMENT - SAME**

Cal's on the phone with Eddie.

CAL

Eddie, I had no idea! Of course I didn't tell him to show up at your house.

EDDIE (O.S.)

If you can't control your people you're no good to me.

Eddie hangs up on a frustrated Cal.

Ty walks in.

Cal drags Ty into the bathroom, and pins him against the wall.

CAL  
I thought I told you not to mess  
with Eddie Charrow!

Ty pulls out his phone and shows Cal the pictures on his  
phone of Eddie's garage.

TY  
I know, but look!

CAL  
You can't arrest someone for cross-  
dressing!

TY  
There's more. The guys who stole  
the Beetle work for him!

Cal gives Eddie a death stare.

CAL  
Half of South Beach works for him.  
Do you copy?

Ty's stomach churns.

**INT. SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - MOMENTS LATER**

Anna's in the supply room loading suture scissors, forceps, a  
needle, a needle holder, suture thread, and loupes into her  
purse when -

Doctor Grahame walks by.

GRAHAME  
Anna?

ANNA  
(nervous)  
...Doctor Grahame, hi.

GRAHAME  
What are you doing?

Anna awkwardly "hides" her purse, drops to her knees, and  
squints at the floor.

ANNA  
Oh, I, uh lost an earring.  
(nervous laugh)  
(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

I tore apart my *entire* condo this morning only to realize--I never had a life outside of work so it must be here!

Grahame checks Anna's ears: two earrings.

GRAHAME

I'm calling security.

Anna leaps up.

ANNA

You will do no such thing!

Grahame reaches for his phone and Anna pulls the gun and points it at him.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Doctor Grahame, this is a loaded gun. A *real* one.

Grahame PISSES HIMSELF.

**INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - SAME**

Angel watches a happy country clubby COUPLE, 30s, enjoying a romantic lunch at the business park across the street.

Angel closes her eyes and imagines herself as the woman in pearls -

PREPPY GUY

Would you like a glass of Bordeaux, dear?

ANGEL

Why Tripper, I don't know what that is, but it sounds French and expensive, so yes!

The preppy guy pours Angel a glass of Bordeaux into a plastic wine glass.

Angel puts her pinky up, swirls the wine, sniffs, drinks, and makes a sedate-rich-person-o-face.

PREPPY GUY

Not nearly as French or expensive as...

The guy pulls out a Cartier box and opens it to reveal a FABULOUS ENGAGEMENT RING -

ANGEL  
 Oui! Oui! Oui!

They kiss as -

BACK TO PRESENT IN THE CAR -

Angel's phone BUZZES - Piece of Shit calling.

She ignores it when -

KNOCK KNOCK.

Angel turns to see who's knocking on the window when THE DOOR FLIES OPEN AND SHE'S DRAGGED OUT OF THE TRUCK AND DROPPED ON THE PAVEMENT.

She looks up at a slim, tank-top clad gent with gold Cuban link chains, a bedazzled trucker hat that reads, *i AM miami bitch!*, and head to toe (including a familiar tarantula one on his face) tattoos.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
 (obviously lying)  
 Tommy, I was just about to call you  
 back!

Angel reaches for the gun but remembers she gave it to Anna.

She grabs her knife, but Tommy kicks it--it skids into the street and falls through a grated gutter.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
 (demoralized)  
 My mom gave me that!

Tommy grabs a gun from an arsenal of weapons strapped to his calf and puts it to her lips.

TOMMY  
 Shut up!  
 (beat)  
 Eddie was a good client.

Tommy cocks the gun.

ANGEL  
 (actually afraid)  
 Tommy, wait!  
 (thinks quickly)  
 I got a business proposition for  
 you.

Tommy spits.

TOMMY

Hos don't know shit about business.

ANGEL

Give me two minutes, Tommy. Two minutes and if you ain't impressed you can send me straight to heaven.

Tommy smirks.

TOMMY

We both know that ain't where you're going.

**INT. TSUNAMI - HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - LOCKED UP AREA - SAME**

The terrified models try to find a way out of the room, but none of the doors or windows open.

AFRICAN MODEL

We're trapped!

SCANDINAVIAN MODEL

(hopeful)

Maybe this is some kind reality show?

BRAZILIAN MODEL

Like "Survivor?" Where there can only be one of us...

The girls stare at each other, suspicious.

**INT. TSUNAMI - OPULENT BAR - SAME**

Irina and a smitten Kent have a cocktail.

KENT

Tell me about Ukraine. Is it a nice place to live?

IRINA

Not so nice right now, but is home.

KENT

You here on spring break?

(winks)

You ruined your passport winning a wet t-shirt contest, didn't yah?

Irina grimaces.

IRINA

No. I am not "Girl Gone Wild". I try to be model to earn money to help family.

Beat.

KENT

What are some of your interests besides family?

IRINA

Punk rock--*real* punk rock like *Ramones* and *Sex Pistols* and *Pussy Riot*--not that *Good Charlotte* shit. I also like crossword puzzles, computers, and poodles--they are such regal creatures.

(beat)

You help with passport now?

KENT

(shifty)

Sure, but I'd prefer to call my friend from my room... where it's private.

Irina nods, now wary.

**INT. SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - LOBBY - GROUND FLOOR -  
MOMENTS LATER**

In SLOW MOTION to Miami rapper, *Stitches'*, *Brick in Yo Face*, Anna, carrying the surgical contraband, struts out of the building with a FUCK YEAH grin.

She hops in the truck.

ANNA

You should've seen me in there! I was like an episode of *Miami Vice*!

From the backseat Tommy slaps the gun from Anna's hand.

TOMMY

You ain't no Crockett and Tubbs.

ANGEL

Anna, meet Tommy, my, uh, manager. He's coming with us and the price went up to ten g's.

Anna's mouth drops.

ANNA

WHAT?!

TOMMY

You wanna fuck with Eddie you're gonna need protection.

Anna's blood boils with betrayal and she PULLS ANGEL'S HAIR.

ANNA

(to Angel)

I'm *already* paying enough!

Angel tries to pry Anna off, but she hangs on like a feral monkey.

ANGEL

Anna, calm down!

ANNA

I will NOT calm down! This was obviously premeditated and I won't stand for it!

Anna RIPS OUT ANGEL'S EXTENSIONS.

Angel SLAPS ANNA ACROSS THE FACE.

ANGEL

Fuck you, Anna! The reason we're a threesome is CAUSE I GAVE YOU THE GUN AND COULDN'T PROTECT *MYSELF*--

Tommy FIRES A SHOT out the window.

Anna jumps.

TOMMY

Enough!

(beat)

Damn. You guys fuckin' or somethin'?

ANNA

No!

(right to Angel)

We're not even friends.

Anna grabs the cooler.

ANNA (CONT'D)

The deal's off.

Anna reaches for the door when Tommy puts a gun to her head.

TOMMY  
 (grins)  
 Say it ain't so.

Anna glares at Angel, angry and heartbroken.

Angel stares at the floor, feeling genuine guilt.

EDDIE (PRE-LAP)  
 Come closer.

**INT. TSUNAMI - PENTHOUSE SUITE - EDDIE'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING**

Eddie, clutching his Vicodin bowl, lies in bed in an entirely white room flanked by his armed ladies in waiting, Wes and Ray.

WES  
 You alright boss?

Eddie stares straight ahead as if he's having a vision.

EDDIE  
 When I was six, my best friend was a white pony named Buttermilk. She was smart, tough, and loyal. One time, Buttermilk was chasing her pink, jolly ball around my feet and accidentally stepped on my foot-- breaking my toe. My dad saw, and dragged us both over to the stable. He handed me a revolver and said if I didn't shoot Buttermilk, he'd shoot me. "Hunt or be hunted, son."  
 (beat)  
 That was my first life lesson.

Beat.

RAY  
 (sickened)  
 You killed a pony?

WES  
 (sweats/sotto)  
 Why's he telling us?

EDDIE  
 Because that's why I'm in the penthouse.

Eddie points to Tsunami's glistening saltwater pool stuffed with the previous crop of his GIRLS fluffing drunk, sunburnt men under white cabanas -

EDDIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Each of my girls is Buttermilk with tits. They could run. They could fight. But they don't. They are the hunted.

Eddie grins as we PAN TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL -

The locked up girls are POUNDING ON THE WALLS.

BACK TO EDDIE'S BEDROOM -

Wes pounds on the wall to shut them up.

WES

KNOCK IT OFF!

Eddie reaches for another Vicodin.

RAY

Eddie, take it easy on the Vics.

EDDIE

Don't tell me what to do. Now, what's the ETA on my cock?

**INT.EXT. WES' TRUCK - COLLINS AVE - SOUTH BEACH - EVENING**

Anna, Angel, and Tommy are stuck in terrible traffic.

Anna and Angel do not make eye contact.

TOMMY

Doc, you sure you can handle the "surgery" when you're in a beef with your bitch?

ANNA

Surgery is the only time my overactive brain is ever truly at ease.

ANGEL

She ain't lyin'. Workin' with her is like operatin' a suicide hotline.

ANNA

Oh, please. If you worked on a suicide hotline the human race would be extinct.

The girls glare at each other.

Tommy lights a cigarette.

TOMMY

...So, why *dick* surgeries?

Anna reaches around, takes the cigarette, and puts it out in the cup holder.

ANNA

I lost my father to prostate cancer when I was twelve.

(beat)

I thought if I became a urologist maybe I'd save some other little girl's dad one day...or something.

Angel softens, surprised by how much she feels for Anna.

ANGEL

You didn't tell me that...

ANNA

Well, maybe I didn't want to talk about my deceased father with a conniving, usurious--

ANGEL

Anna, FOR REAL, I DIDN'T PLAN ON THIS BEIN' A THREESOME!

Anna stares out the window, wanting to believe Angel.

TOMMY

(grins)

So you are fuckin'.

Tommy lights another cigarette.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, doc, can you take a peek at my junk? It's been burnin' when I piss and I ain't got health insurance.

Anna throws her hands up at life.

ANNA

Sure, Tommy. Why the fuck not?!

**INT. MIAMI BEACH POLICE DEPARTMENT - TY'S CUBICLE - SAME**

Ty, on his computer, stares at Anna's and Eddie's personal information/"files" looking for clues/connections.

Cal walks over.

Ty quickly shuts off his monitor.

CAL

The boys are goin' to happy hour,  
you down?

TY

For sure, let me just finish this  
paperwork and I'm there.

Cal leaves and texts Eddie - *Everything's under control.*

Ty waits until Cal's out of sight and turns his monitor back on.

**INT. TSUNAMI - KENT'S ROOM - SAME**

Irina and Kent watch Pussy Riot's *Putin Lights Up the Fires* music video on his laptop.

Irina quietly but excitedly SINGS ALONG in Russian.

KENT

(re: the half-naked *Fight*  
*Club*-esque scenes)  
Whoa! This is pretty hot.

Irina SIGHS.

IRINA

You miss point.

Kent smiles and inches closer to Irina.

KENT

What are they saying?

IRINA

(playful)  
They say...

Irina rocks out -

IRINA (CONT'D)

*Putin ignites the fires of  
revolution.*

(MORE)

IRINA (CONT'D)

*He was bored and frightened people in silence. Whatever punishment he had - that rotten ash, with no time in many years - the reason for pollution.*

Irina's spirited teenage self starts to emerge as she loses herself dancing around the room throwing punches like the band when Kent closes the laptop, not into it.

Irina plops on the bed and catches her breath.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Badass, right?

Kent sits on the bed next to her.

KENT

(uncomfortable)  
Girls that look like you don't usually have such--

Irina raises her eyebrows, amused.

IRINA

Strong will? Point of view?

Kent LAUGHS and hands Irina a glass of champagne.

KENT

Irina, I have a confession to make...

IRINA

(exasperated)  
No friend to help with passport?

Kent stares at her blankly.

Irina starts for the door but he pulls her onto the bed.

KENT

Don't go!

Irina grabs the heavy, glittering glass conch from the night table and CRACKS KENT IN THE HEAD.

He staggers and falls.

IRINA

(in Ukrainian)  
Shit.

Irina nervously checks his pulse--he's still alive.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
You'll live.

She picks up the glass conch and runs out of the room.

**INT. TSUNAMI - HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING**

Anna, Angel, and Tommy, ready to rumble, walk to the elevator through the quintessential South Beach hotel experience: gauzy white curtains, tufted white leather furniture framed by white pillar candles, white faux fur pillows and throws placed to look strewn, a hip, poolside DJ wearing white sunglasses and pretty PARTY PEOPLE of all colors.

They reach the elevator and the doors open on Irina, carrying the conch, who sees the trio and frantically presses the close-door button.

Angel jumps in front of the doors, shoving them open.

Anna scurries inside the elevator.

ANNA  
("tough", to Irina)  
I bet one of us wishes elevators  
had *windows* right now...

IRINA  
Please... I just want to go home.

TOMMY  
(to Angel)  
Who's the Babubshka?

ANGEL  
She's Ukrainian, fuckhead.

Angel and Tommy get in the elevator as the doors close.

ANNA  
We just wanted to help you!

IRINA  
How I believe? You have *penis* in  
cooler!

ANGEL  
Anna was so hurt you ran, she  
thought you were *friends*.

Angel LAUGHS.

ANNA  
Really, Angel?! Really?

TOMMY  
(to Irina)  
They're fuckin' huh?

IRINA  
I think the same when I first meet!

ANNA  
I would rather fill my vagina with  
cement than let her inside of it!

Angel pokes Anna in the chest.

ANGEL  
Say the word, bitch. A former  
client pours concrete.

Anna pulls her scalpel as Tommy pulls a gun.

TOMMY  
NOT! ANOTHER! WORD!  
(beat)  
You are grown ass bitches.  
(beat)  
Now, can we use Anna Kournikova or  
not?!

Beat.

IRINA  
Please. I need passport. I do  
anything.

Anna's phone BUZZES - Text from Eddie - *Hurry the fuck up!*

ANGEL  
(to Irina, re: the conch)  
The shell ain't worth shit. He buys  
'em in bulk in Little Havana.

**INT. TSUNAMI - PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER**

The elevator doors open.

Anna, Angel, Tommy, and Irina, now carrying the cooler and  
the conch, step into the hallway.

ANGEL  
(to Irina)  
Wait here. Don't move.  
(MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Eddie's dick's our life insurance  
and he ain't gettin' it 'til we get  
our confession.

(beat)

You fuck us and she'll chop you  
into little pieces and bake you  
into a pierogi.

TOMMY

--The fuck's a pierogi?

ANNA

A dumpling--

IRINA

I understand.

Anna's phone BUZZES - *Unknown number.*

ANNA

(answers)

Hold on, Eddie--

TY (O.S.)

Anna, this is Officer Ty Jordan,  
Miami PD, we met earlier today--

Anna throws the phone like a cockroach landed on it.

Everyone stares at her.

ANNA

That was the police! Doctor Grahame  
must've reported me!

(beat)

I'm going to jail! I'm going to--

ANGEL

You're ain't goin' to jail. You  
didn't kill nobody!

Anna leans against the wall, dizzy.

ANNA

I can't do this.

Tommy puts a gun in her face.

TOMMY

We get paid either way!

Anna slides down the wall into panic attack-asana.

ANNA  
I can't breathe. I can't--

TOMMY  
(to Angel)  
Do something'!

Angel, scrambling, grabs Anna's phone and plays Anna's video.

Anna, gasping for air, watches the video as she slowly gains control and descends into fury.

Anna's phone BUZZES - Eddie calling.

ANGEL  
Anna, what's it gonna be?

Anna stares at the group.

IRINA  
Eddie is bad man. He deserve to rot.

Anna stares at Irina, nods, takes a deep breath, and KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

EDDIE (PRE-LAP)  
Where is it?

**INT. TSUNAMI - PENTHOUSE SUITE - EDDIE'S BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER**

Anna, Angel, and Tommy stare at Eddie, Ray, and Wes. The boys, except Eddie, who's still high, point guns at each other.

ANGEL  
It's in the building. Soon as you record your confession, it's yours.

ANNA  
Which is, to be clear, exactly what we agreed upon. And we should really hop to it as our success rate window is closing.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL -

The models hear Anna and Angel and rush to the wall and POUND ON IT -

MODELS  
HELP US!/SAVE US!

BACK TO EDDIE'S BEDROOM -

Wes POUNDS THE WALL BACK -

WES  
SHUT, THE FUCK UP!

ANNA  
What was that?

RAY  
Don't worry about it.

ANGEL  
(realizes)  
It's the girls from the house!

TOMMY  
Who?

EDDIE  
Tommy, what the fuck are you doin'  
here?  
(to Anna and Angel)  
We didn't agree on him being  
involved.

WES  
(mouths, to Tommy)  
Traitor.

TOMMY  
I know, Eddie. I know. But, I'm in  
trouble. I owe my connect some  
money--

Eddie nods.

BANG BANG BANG - Wes smokes Tommy.

ANNA  
OHMYGOD!!!!!!!!!!

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL THE GIRLS SHRIEK -

WES  
SHUT UP!

Angel lunges for Tommy's gun, but Ray grabs Angel and puts  
his gun in her mouth, albeit awkwardly.

Anna turns in circles.

ANNA  
 (points to Tommy)  
 He's dead! He's actually dead!

Eddie smiles, professionally.

EDDIE  
 In light of these new circumstances  
 the terms are: No confession. Do  
 the surgery or... die.

Anna looks at Angel like a baby seal about to get clubbed by  
 an Eskimo.

ANGEL  
 (to Anna)  
 Go get it!

Anna stands, frozen.

Wes FIRES ANOTHER SHOT.

WES  
 NOW!

Anna puts her hands up.

ANNA  
 Okay! Okay! I'm going!

Anna opens the door and peers into the hallway...

QUICK CUT TO:

IRINA RUNNING FOR DEAR LIFE DOWN THE STAIRS CARRYING THE  
 COOLER AND THE CONCH.

BACK IN THE PENTHOUSE -

Anna stares at the empty hallway, totally fucked.

ANNA  
 I'll, um, just be one minute.

Anna takes off running like a rabid gazelle.

**INT. TSUNAMI - HOTEL - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

Anna, hysterical, shoots out of the elevator.

ANNA  
 IRINA!!!!

No Irina.

Anna's heart pounds.

She flies to the front desk where the stacked CONCIERGE, 22, takes sexy "work" selfies.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Have you seen a distressed  
Ukrainian female carrying a pink  
cooler?!

CONCIERGE

What happens at Tsunami stays at  
Tsunami.

Anna reaches across the desk, grabs the letter opener, and grips it like a dagger.

ANNA

Tell me! Or I'll RUPTURE your  
bargain boob job and the silicone  
will MIGRATE to your LUNGS where  
it's IMPOSSIBLE to remove and  
you'll cough it up for eternity!

The concierge points to the door.

CONCIERGE

(quivering)

She went South on Collins...

Anna tosses the letter opener, races to the revolving doors, and shoves her way outside.

**EXT. TSUNAMI - COLLINS AVENUE - SOUTH BEACH - SAME**

Irina, with the cooler and carrying the conch like a football, runs down the pulsating street weaving through PEDESTRIANS.

She crashes through a group of BROS.

BRO 1

Sup caviar tits.

Irina bashes Bro 1 in the nuts with the conch--BAM.

IRINA

Not sorry.

Irina keeps running.

**INT. TSUNAMI - PENTHOUSE SUITE - SAME**

Nobody's moved.

EDDIE  
(to Angel)  
What's taking the doctor so long?!

ANGEL  
*Urologist--*

EDDIE  
You don't think I know that?!

ANGEL  
What you don't know is she ain't  
comin' back.

EDDIE  
WHAT?!

ANGEL  
You fucked up, Eddie. You're usin'  
me as collateral, but Anna don't  
give a shit about keepin' me alive.  
(guilty/disappointed)  
We got in a fight--She's probably  
half way to Cuba by now.

EDDIE  
WES!!!!

WES  
On it.

Wes runs out.

Ray sulks.

**EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - SOUTH BEACH - SAME**

Anna runs down the street when her phone BUZZES - Eddie  
calling.

Anna grimaces.

ANNA  
(answers/nervous)  
Hi Eddie!... No, everything's  
great!  
(scrambles)  
I'm in the elevator...  
(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

This *special needs* child accidently pressed ALL the buttons (he thought he was catching fireflies)... so, it's gonna be a couple minutes... Sit tight and I'll be there before you can say penile reattachment procedure...

Anna hangs up.

ANNA (CONT'D)

IRINAAAA!!!

**EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - SECONDS LATER**

Irina runs across the street, STOPPING TRAFFIC and CURSING AT THE CARS IN UKRAINIAN, when -

**EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - SECONDS LATER**

Anna turns to see why everyone's HONKING and notices Irina running through the cars like a shooting star.

ANNA

IRINA!! WAIT!!

Anna starts running when she notices a greasy, multi-pierced BIKER, 18, on a tiny BMX bike.

She crazily SHOVES HIM OFF.

BIKER

What the fuck?

ANNA

Fun fact: There's no justice in the world.

The biker stares up at Anna, shocked.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Seriously. Go rob a bank! Start the revolution!

Anna snatches his helmet and speeds across the street after Irina, looking both ways of course.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Wheeeeeee.

The biker stands up and yells after her -

BIKER  
Wait! What revolution?

**EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER**

Anna pedals after Irina.

ANNA  
IRINA!!! I NEED THAT PENIS!

PEDESTRIANS regard Anna strangely.

Irina looks over her shoulder, terrified and confused to see Anna chasing her on the bike.

IRINA  
Where such tiny bike come from?

ANNA  
*I'm asking the questions here. Not you. And my first question is: Why did you run again when you PROMISED to STAY PUT!?*

IRINA  
What choice I have? I hear BANG BANG! I think you and prostitute girlfriend dead!

ANNA  
*Tommy's dead and the rest of your friends from the house are locked up in the penthouse--*

Irina's eyes narrow.

IRINA  
They have girls?

ANNA  
*Yes! And to be clear, Angel's a retired prostitute and Eddie's holding her hostage because YOU ran off with his DICK!*

Anna swerves in front of Irina, blocking her path.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
(actually scary)  
Give it back, NOW!

IRINA  
 (panting)  
 Going back to hotel is suicide.

Anna jumps off the bike and gets in Irina's face.

ANNA  
 I can't abandon Angel!  
 (beat)  
 We might not be on speaking terms  
 right now, but this whole thing  
 with Eddie was my idea and if she  
 dies I could never forgive myself.

Beat.

IRINA  
 I understand. I have special friend  
 back home.

ANNA  
 (blushes)  
 Oh, Angel's not my--

IRINA  
 If you go back, you go back alone.  
 I will not end up locked up with  
 other girls or dead like face  
 tattoo.

Anna snatches the cooler.

ANNA  
 I hope you find your way back to  
 Ukraine cause we don't need any  
 more cowards in this country.

Anna hops on the bike, swerves, falls, but gets back up.

IRINA  
 Rather be alive coward than dead  
 moron.

Irina contemplates her declaration as Anna pedals off.

**EXT. EDDIE'S MANSION - SAME**

Ty, knowing he shouldn't be here, nervously presses Eddie's  
 DOORBELL.

No answer.

He peers inside the window as the knot in his stomach metastasizes.

He presses the DOORBELL again.

Nothing.

TY

Fuck it.

Ty scales the property until he notices the sliding glass door Angel damaged.

He tugs on it carefully and lets himself inside.

**EXT. COLLINS AVE - SOUTH BEACH - LATER**

Anna, steering the bike with one hand and gripping the cooler with the other, pedals furiously toward Tsunami when -

Wes, like a coked up Tarzan, RUSHES HER -

WES

Hey, doc, Cuba's the other way.

Anna keeps pedaling--forcing Wes to trot alongside her like a tiny dog.

ANNA

...Did you just learn how to read maps? Or is that some kind of cryptic addict speak?

Wes grabs her tire--the bike STOPS.

WES

(snarls)

It means your escape's over!

Anna rolls her eyes.

ANNA

Escape? I'm obviously already en route to the hotel. You get zero credit for capturing me.

Wes GRUNTS.

**EXT. SOUTH BEACH - BEACH PARALLEL TO COLLINS AVE - BACK TO PRESENT - NIGHT**

Irina watches drunken, careless TWENTY-SOMETHINGS play beach volleyball as she contemplates the injustice in the world.

She takes out the picture of her sisters and stares at it.

IRINA

I am not coward.

Irina stands up and the volleyball lands at her feet.

She kicks it in the opposite direction, grabs the conch, and runs as the PUSSY RIOT SONG FROM EARLIER SWELLS.

**INT. TSUNAMI - PENTHOUSE SUITE - SAME**

Eddie, in bed, sweats profusely. His skin is grey and his breathing is irregular.

Ray keeps the gun on Angel but makes sure she's comfortable as she's splayed on the snow leopard sectional.

ANGEL

(whispers)

Look, Ray. I know you're gonna have to kill me, but I need to make a call before you do it.

RAY

(whispers)

Don't say that. Your friend's coming back. Wes'll find her.

ANGEL

(whispers)

Ray, I have a daughter I've never, um, met.

Ray's eyes widen sympathetically.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I just wanna say hi, you know, introduce myself... Or maybe just hear her voice one more time...

EDDIE

(fading)

The kid's better off not knowing you.

Angel bristles.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
 My mom was a whore.  
 (beat)  
 I used to tell people she died in a  
 car accident.

Angel, like a feral animal, leaps up and lunges towards  
 Eddie.

Ray struggles to contain her.

ANGEL  
 (to Eddie)  
 Fuck you, you dickless piece of--

EDDIE  
 (to Ray)  
 Shoot her.

Ray freezes.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
 SHOOT HER, GODDAMNIT!

Ray shakes as he reluctantly points his gun at Angel.

ANGEL  
 Ray, don't do it!

EDDIE  
 DO IT YOU FUCKING CUNT!

Ray doesn't.

Eddie reaches for his gun when BANG - Ray SHOTS it out of  
 Eddie's hands.

RAY  
 Angel, I have to tell you  
 something... I've been waiting for  
 the right time, but now there might  
 not be a right time...

ANNA AND WES BURST INSIDE as Ray realizes what he's just  
 done.

ANNA  
 (thinking Angel was shot)  
 Angel!

ANGEL  
 (can't believe it)  
 Anna!

ANNA  
 You're alive! We heard a gunshot...

EDDIE  
 (quietly to Wes)  
 When this is done, we need to talk  
 about your brother.

Wes gives Ray a look. Ray notices and knows what it means.

ANGEL  
 I can't believe you came back for  
 me...

ANNA  
 Of course I did! I care about you.  
 And you don't have to say it back,  
 as I know hearts, flowers, and/or  
 feelings are not your forte, but, I  
 know you care about me too.

ANGEL  
 I swear I was tellin' the truth  
 about Tommy.  
 (beat)  
 If we get outta here I'm buyin' you  
 the biggest fuckin' margarita!

ANNA  
 I would LOVE that!

EDDIE  
 Nobody's getting any margaritas  
 until I have a dick!

**INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT**

Ty stands in front of the locked door to "Heaven."

He tries to unlock it with:

A CREDIT CARD -

A HANDCUFF KEY -

A TASER -

Finally, frustrated, he CHARGES THE DOOR--no dice.

Ty runs outside to his patrol car and starts tearing apart the trunk looking for something...

**INT. TSUNAMI - PENTHOUSE SUITE - MOMENTS LATER**

Anna, completely and officially suited up for surgery--mask, loupes, gloves, etc., sits next to Eddie on the bed.

Angel stands next to Anna gripping the cooler a la her medical assistant.

Eddie's on his back in bed.

Coked up Wes and strung out/anxious Ray have their guns on the girls at a non-intrusive distance.

Everyone takes a deep breath as -

Anna peels off Eddie's bandage -

ANNA

(sotto)

What a mess.

(to Eddie)

You ready?

EDDIE

Aren't you gonna numb it or something?

Anna cleans the wound.

ANNA

(didn't forget)

You know, I was in such a rush I must've forgotten local anesthetic.

Eddie GROANS.

Angel smirks.

Wes and Ray tremble.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Angel, the penis.

Angel opens the cooler and unwraps the penis--miraculously it's seemingly intact, actually -

ANGEL

He feels a tad stiff.

ANNA  
 (shit)  
 Frozen?

ANGEL  
 Should I blow dry it or somethin'?

FROM THE PENTHOUSE HALLWAY -

Irina races through the hall, sees the fire alarm, SMASHES THE GLASS WITH THE CONCH, PULLS THE ALARM, runs to the penthouse door and BANGS ON IT AS THE FIRE ALARM BLARES -

IRINA  
 FIRE! FIRE!

BACK INSIDE THE PENTHOUSE -

Wes suspiciously opens the door when IRINA SMASHES HIM IN THE FACE WITH THE CONCH--

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 WHERE ARE GIRLS?!!!

ANNA SCREAMS -

THE TRAPPED GIRLS BANG ON THE WALL -

STARTLED, ANGEL THROWS THE PENIS IN THE AIR -

IRINA INTERCEPTS THE PENIS, RUNS TO THE BALCONY, AND HOLDS IT OVER THE LEDGE -

IRINA (CONT'D)  
 FREE GIRLS NOW OR SAY BYE BYE TO  
 LITTLE FUCKER!

WES SPITS OUT HIS TWO FRONT TEETH AND REACHES FOR HIS GUN -

WES  
 FUCKING, BITCH!  
 (beat)  
 Don't worry, Eddie!

ANNA  
 IRINA, DON'T! HE'LL KILL US ALL!

EDDIE  
 LET THEM OUT!

Beat.

Wes RUSHES TO THE DOOR AND UNLOCKS IT -

THE GIRLS STAMPEDE INTO THE ROOM, TRAMPLING WES AND RAY -

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
 (to Irina)  
 NOW GIVE IT BACK!

IRINA  
 FUCK YOU!

IRINA SMILES AND LAUNCHES THE PENIS THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A HAIL-MARY-GAME-WINNING-TOUCHDOWN -

ANGEL  
 OH.MY.GOD.

EVERYONE GASPS as Irina leads the girls out of the room--  
 TOTAL PANDENOMIUM -

WES AND RAY RUN TO THE BALCONY, BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE ANYTHING AS THE FRENZIED POOL PARTY BELOW RUNS FROM THE "FIRE" -

WES RACES BACK INSIDE -

WES  
 It's gone.

Eddie SHAKES VIOLENTLY AND STARTS TURNING BLUE -

RAY  
 What's happening?

Anna picks up the phone -

ANNA  
 I need an ambulance at the Tsunami hotel on Collins STAT! The owner has gone into hypolovemic shock!

**INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER, STILL DARK**

Ty strains to pull the door to "Heaven" with a pry bar -

He sweats and GRUNTS and just as he's about to give up the door pops open -

TY  
 Booya--WHOA...

He steps inside and picks up a canister of glittery lube, grimaces, and puts it back when he notices a staircase that leads to the bedroom.

He diligently snaps pictures of the scene on his phone as he walks over to the costume rack when, like a rabid teradactyl, the terrified Chinese model flies at Ty from the clothes, latches onto him, and swats him with her twiggy limbs.

TY (CONT'D)  
 What the hell?! OW!  
 (tries to pry her off)  
 Stop that!

Ty finally tears her off of him.

She pants and stares at him, scared.

TY (CONT'D)  
 It's okay, I'm not gonna hurt you.

Ty slowly reaches for his badge and flashes it in her face.

TY (CONT'D)  
 See?  
 (re: badge)  
 Police.

The model's eyes widen. She relaxes for a second... and jabs him in the face in the exact spot Wes punched him earlier.

TY (CONT'D)  
 DAMN IT!  
 (beat)  
 NOT COOL!

The model runs for the door, but Ty leaps over the bed and blocks the entrance.

TY (CONT'D)  
 You're coming with me.  
 (off her look)  
 And NO hitting!

**INT. MOUNT SINAI MEDICAL CENTER - SOUTH BEACH - WAITING ROOM -  
 CRACK OF DAWN**

The hospital bustles with overworked NURSES and adrenaline fueled EMERGENCY CONTACTS.

Ray is slumped next to Angel who is slumped next to Anna who is slumped next to Wes--all waiting for Eddie to get out of surgery.

Wes yawns and reaches for his little baggie of coke--it's empty.

Wes snarls, gets up, fondles his gun-bulge and points it at Anna and Angel.

WES  
Don't go nowhere.

Anna and Angel glower at Wes as he embarks on a sleepless five-foot sojourn to the coffee cart.

ANGEL  
Hey, Ray...

Ray instantly sits up -

RAY  
("cool")  
...Yeah?

ANGEL  
What secret were you gonna tell me?

Wes, crashing from coke and lack of sleep, comes back chugging black coffee from both hands.

Ray STUTTERS as everyone notices Wes pass out.

RAY  
...It doesn't matter.

Anna surreptitiously attempts to detach Wes' gun from his waistband when he sleep/FARTS in her face.

ANGEL  
It does to me.

Anna chokes on the smell and drops the gun down his butt crack.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
You saved my life.

Anna, breathing furiously through her mouth, retrieves the gun from Wes' butt crack, but accidently COCKS IT - *Shit!*

RAY  
Angel, I've been in love with you  
since the first time I saw you.  
(off Angel's blank look)  
When Wes felt you up at Broken  
Shaker and you knocked him out...

Anna abandons her mission as she stops and swoons over Ray's declaration.

RAY (CONT'D)

Tell me you could love me back and I'll do whatever it takes to earn an honest living so I can buy you a fancy dress for you to wear to meet your daughter.

(beat)

I can't believe that little girl doesn't know how funny and tough and gorgeous her mom is.

ANGEL

(touched)

You really mean that?

ANNA

(whispers)

He so totally means it!

Angel kisses Ray.

Anna, back to business, UN-COCKS the gun, wriggles it out of Wes' pants, wipes it neurotically on her sleeve, and slips it into her waistband as -

Wes' eyes shoot open.

A cute NURSE clad in hippopotamus scrubs taps Wes on the shoulder.

NURSE

Eddie's awake. You can see him now.

**INT. MOUNT SINAI MEDICAL CENTER - EDDIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Angel, Wes, and Ray stare in horror as Anna tilts a mirror so Eddie can see himself--ALL SEWN UP with two balls.

Eddie is eerily still.

RAY

(timorous)

Eddie, say something.

Eddie solemnly motions for Anna to put away the mirror -

EDDIE

We had a deal and now I have a pussy with a double-chin.

ANNA

Eddie, the absence of part of your male reproductive system doesn't equal a female sex organ.

ANGEL

(to Anna)

So, he's still a man...but, like...  
(gestures re: genitals)  
On airplane mode?

EDDIE

(to Wes)

Get rid of them.  
(points, including Ray)  
ALL OF THEM.  
(beat)  
And make it hurt.

WES

(to Ray)

What did you do?!

RAY

I quit.  
(off Wes' disbelief)  
And I told Angel I love her.

Wes snarls.

ANGEL

And I kissed him and got these little butterflies in my tummy.

ANNA

It was so cute!

WES

That's my ex-girlfriend, bro!

Wes reaches for his gun when ANNA PULLS IT AND POINTS IT AT  
WES -

ANNA

Looking for something?

Everyone is SHOCKED that Anna has the gun.

EDDIE

What the fuck?!

ANGEL

That's my bitch!

WES  
 (to Anna)  
 You don't scare me.

Wes GRUNTS, and THRASHES THROUGH THE AIR TOWARD ANNA WHEN -  
 BANG.

ANNA  
 I SHOT THE GUN! I SHOT THE GUN!

Wes drops as blood spills from his chest.

WES  
 (shocked)  
 You shot me!?

Eddie slowly climbs out of bed and starts towards the door  
 WHEN ANGEL JUMPS IN FRONT OF HIM AND KICKS HIM IN THE NUTS -

ANGEL  
 You ain't goin' nowhere!

Eddie HOWLS and collapses in the doorway.

NURSES rush into the room--it takes five of them to lift Wes  
 onto a stretcher and whisk him out.

Anna points the gun at Eddie.

EDDIE  
 Don't shoot!

ANNA  
 No need! This is a citizen's  
 arrest!

**INT. MOUNT SINAI MEDICAL CENTER - MOMENTS LATER**

Angel wheels Eddie out of the hospital in a wheelchair.

NURSE  
 Uh, excuse me! Mr. Charrow is not  
 clear to be released from surgery  
 yet!

Anna points the gun at the nurse.

ANNA  
 Yes, he is.

ANGEL  
 (off the nurse's fear)  
 It's okay, she's a doctor.

Eddie looks grim.

**INT. MIAMI BEACH POLICE DEPARTMENT - LATE MORNING**

The department SWARMS WITH ACTIVITY as Cal furiously stares at the Chinese model.

CAL  
(hisses)  
You broke into Eddie's house?!

TY  
Yeah, I did. And guess what? Anna Rockport was telling the truth!  
(re: the model)  
She was hiding in Eddie's closet.

CAL  
Illegally obtained evidence is inadmissible.

ANNA (O.S.)  
Ours isn't.

Cal and Ty and the Chinese model STAGGER IN SHOCK when they see Anna and Angel wheel Eddie inside as -

Irina leads the sexiest single-file-evidence-line of all time with Ray as the caboose.

ANGEL  
(mouths to the cops)  
Suck it, pigs.

ANNA  
Eddie here wants to make a confession.

EDDIE  
No, I don't.

All the BOYS IN THE DEPARTMENT cream their blues as the stately CHIEF OF POLICE, 55, walks over, agitated.

CHIEF  
(to Anna)  
Ma'am who are all these...very young girls who do not appear to be lost or selling cookies?

RAY  
Cal knows who they are.

The Chief stares at Cal.

CAL

I'll talk if I can keep my pension!

RAY

I'll talk if you drop the felony charge that prevents me from getting a job!

(off Angel's look)

Long story--I took a hit for Wes.

Eddie puts his head in his hands.

**EXT. TIKI BAR - SOUTH BEACH - AFTERNOON**

Anna, Angel, and Irina sip celebratory craft cocktails.

Anna slathers Irina's face with sunscreen.

ANNA

Irina, the first thing you're going to need to assimilate to Miami life is an oil-free sunscreen with a one-hundred SPF.

ANGEL

Then you're gonna need an big pair of shades so you can tune out when people talk.

Angel puts on a pair of sunglasses on Irina.

Irina LAUGHS.

IRINA

You girls are too much.

(beat, hopeful)

Maybe one day my family come here and meet both of you?

(to Angel)

Mom and dad are very accepting.

(to Anna)

And sisters are very well behaved.

ANGEL

Sure.

ANNA

Ohmygod, that would be awesome!

Suddenly Irina GASPS and points to the TV.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Look!

The girls turn to watch Eddie's arrest on the NEWS.

REPORTER ON TV

A pillar of the South Beach community was arrested this afternoon on multiple felony counts: kidnapping, human trafficking, murder, and sexual harassment. And one count of revenge porn...

CLOSE ON THE TV: THE POLICE ARREST EDDIE BUT THE GIRLS ARE CROPPED OUT OF EVERY SHOT -

IRINA

(outraged)

They leave out real heroes--us!

ANNA

Have you ever heard the expression, *Virtue is its own reward?*

Irina shakes her head, no.

ANGEL

Speaking of rewards...

Anna slips Angel a check for five grand.

ANNA

(can't help herself)

"I think you got a lotta potential, Kit DeLuca... Don't let nobody tell you different."

Angel looks like she might strangle Anna, but instead BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

IRINA

Who is Kit DeLuca?

Anna and Angel stare at each other--*Seriously?!*

ANNA

Irina, I'm going to have to write you a prescription for a slumber party!

Angel's eye roll turns to a genuine smile as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

**SLUMBER PARTY MONTAGE IN ANNA'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT**

ANNA, ANGEL, AND IRINA WATCH *PRETTY WOMAN* AND SNIFFLE AT THE FINAL SCENE

ANNA, ANGEL, AND IRINA PLAY *NEVER HAVE I EVER*

ANNA, ANGEL, AND IRINA WEARING GREEN FACIAL MASKS MAKE UNBELIEVABLE ICE-CREAM SUNDAES

ANNA, ANGEL, AND IRINA DO EACH OTHER'S NAILS

ANNA TAKES HER UROLOGY WORK THINGS (DIPLOMAS, ETC.) OUT OF THE BOX AND SHOWS ANGEL AND IRINA -- THEY'RE IMPRESSED

ANNA, ANGEL, AND IRINA FALL INTO ANNA'S BED AND FALL ASLEEP

CHYRON: ONE YEAR LATER

**INT. CROWDED YOGA STUDIO - DAY**

Anna, wearing a brightly colored Lululemon ensemble (instead of her usual black) flows through a tough warrior sequence while lusting after the glistening shirtless YOGA BRO, 30s, on her right, when the cute but dorky first timer in front of her, COLLIN, 40, attempts a standing split and KICKS ANNA, who's successfully holding the pose, IN THE FACE.

Anna plugs her bloody nose, runs from the room, quickly closes the door behind her, and SCREAMS.

A concerned Collin runs after her.

COLLIN

Ohmygod, are you alright?

Anna tilts her head back and applies pressure to her nose with her hand towel.

ANNA

(snarky to keep from crying)

It's not broken, but I'll probably have to withdraw my Miss America application...

COLLIN

Thank you for making a joke.

(off Anna's slight disappointment)

I'm really sorry. I've never done yoga before...

(MORE)

COLLIN (CONT'D)

To be honest, I'm only here cause my buddy said it's a great place to meet people...

Anna notices Collin is contrite... and cute.

ANNA

Actually, I've heard that too, but I've been a yogi for years--

COLLIN

--I can tell, you're very graceful--

ANNA

--And nothing.

(blushes)

Oh, thank you.

(beat)

I excel at sports without balls or teammates.

They both sort of laugh as a bloody snot gob falls from Anna's nose onto her clavicle.

COLLIN

(not phased)

Oh, you have a bit of mucus--

He takes Anna's towel and delicately wipes the snot gob off.

ANNA

(impressed)

What do you do that you're so composed around bodily fluids?

COLLIN

(nervous)

...I'm a gynecologist. Which is probably why I'm single... Though my partner--the buddy who recommended yoga--has a new, scarily hot girlfriend every week, so, maybe it's just me...

Anna's mouth drops, surprised and elated.

ANNA

Do you have plans tonight, Doctor?

Beat.

COLLIN

Are you asking me out?

ANNA

No, I'm laying the groundwork for you to ask me out.

Collin smiles.

COLLIN

I see, well, I'm going to need your name first so I can do it properly.

ANNA

It's Anna.

COLLIN

Nice to meet you, Anna. I'm Collin.

**INT. MODEST SINGLE FAMILY HOME - CORAL GABLES - LIVING ROOM - MIAMI - DAY**

Angel, in Miami matron-chic and clutching a tastefully wrapped birthday gift, nervously squeezes a desk-job-uniformed Ray's hand as KAYLA'S ADOPTED MOTHER, 45, an earnest woman with mismanaged curls and an incipient fupa, sets tea and biscotti on the coffee table.

MOM

Kayla, come downstairs. There's someone here who wants to meet you.

KAYLA, a pretty pre-teen with Angel's eyes, prances down the stairs.

Tears stream down Angel's face.

ANGEL

You're so beautiful.

Beat.

KAYLA

Who are you?

Angel looks at Ray who nods encouragingly.

RAY

You got this.

ANGEL

I'm the one who keeps callin' and hangin' up.

(off Kayla's curiosity)

Kayla, I'm... your birth mother.

Kayla takes this in as Angel crouches down next to her.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I know I'm real late, and I'm sorry about that, but I want you to know, even though I haven't been with you all these years, I think about you every day.

(off Kayla's poker face)

Kayla, I'm doin' good now, and I'd like to be a part of your life, if you'll let me.

Kayla's quiet.

MOM

Kayla, what do you say? Would you like to get to know your birth mom?

Kayla, every bit Angel's kid, sizes up Angel.

KAYLA

(to Angel)

Cool, but you're gonna have to earn my trust.

ANGEL/MOM

That's my baby!/That's my girl!

Angel and Kayla's mom stare at each other awkwardly.

ANGEL

(nervous laugh)

Oh, I'm, uh, sure she gets her smarts from you.

MOM

Oh, no, no. They're genetic, of course.

Ray fills the uncomfortable silence by crunching into a biscotti.

RAY

Mmm this cook's delicious. What's in it? Hazelnut?

MOM

(polite, to Ray)

That's correct, Ray.

**EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI - PARENTS' WEEKEND - DAY**

Irina, wearing a ripped Buzzcocks t-shirt dress that's cinched at the waist with a hot pink camo print belt and knee-length combat boots, escorts her proud MOM and DAD, wearing matching U-Miami sweatshirts, and her excited little sisters, Sonya and Zlata, around the campus.

MOM

Miami is little slice of heaven!

Irina beams.

DAD

We are proud of you, Irishka, but you must make most of this opportunity. Have you picked major?

IRINA

Yes. I am pre-med and minoring in music, you know, for fun.

DAD

(laughs)

Fun?

(shakes head, to mom)

She's American already!

Irina and Mom exchange a bemused glance.

MOM

Do you have boyfriend yet?

IRINA

No. Boys are scared of me, which is not problem because I spend my time in library, at work, or rehearsing with my band.

ZLATA

You're in a band?!

IRINA

Yes, Zlata. I am singer. Cool huh?

SONYA

So cool! What is your band called?

IRINA

(grins)

The Piranhas.

**INT. ROCKPORT MEDICAL GROUP - ANNA'S NON-PRETENTIOUS PRIVATE PRACTICE - RECEPTION DESK - SUNNY ISLES BEACH - MIAMI - DAY**

Angel, now a drug rep, shows Irina, now Anna's receptionist, a foamy Rigidex stress ball--it's shaped like an erect penis.

The giant, glass conch is displayed proudly on the reception desk.

ANGEL

...And when you squeeze it the veins pop out!

Angel squeezes the toy to illustrate.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

How baller is that?

(beat)

My new shit, Rigidex, is the cocaine of Viagra.

Irina turns back to her textbooks.

IRINA

I can't believe you have a boyfriend.

ANGEL

I can't believe you have a green card.

Anna, in a white coat, escorts her HOT MALE PATIENT, 35, to the door.

ANNA

Everything looks great, Ted. Ice your testicles tonight, take it easy for the next few days, and I'll see you in six weeks to test your sperm count.

Angel and Irina give Ted a quick once-over, scribble on Post-its and turn them face down on the desk.

HOT PATIENT

Thanks, Doctor Rockport.

Ted leaves. Anna gives Angel and Irina a poker face.

ANNA

Let the games begin.

Angel holds up her Post-it--3.5 x 5.

ANGEL  
Three and half by five.

Irina holds up her Post-it--6 x 3.

IRINA  
Six by three.

Anna does a DRUM ROLE on her knees.

ANNA  
(over the top)  
Ladies and...ladies, today's pecker  
was seven inches long with a three  
inch circumference which makes  
Irina our winner.

ANGEL  
You kiddin' me? That guy had a  
total chode vibe.

IRINA  
(to Angel)  
Pay up.

Angel begrudgingly gives Irina twenty bucks.

ANNA  
Irina, your dick-dar is going to  
put you through med school.

The girls LAUGH.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Oh, I almost forgot, I have a date  
tonight.

ANGEL/IRINA  
Ooooooooooh!

ANNA  
I know! He's a gynecologist and I'm  
ninety percent sure he's going to  
show up.

**INT. CUTE LITTLE ITALIAN PLACE - SOUTH BEACH - EVENING**

Anna and Collin are on their first date--eating the exact  
same meal.

COLLIN  
You're a urologist?

ANNA

Guilty.

COLLIN

Why didn't you tell me?

ANNA

I already had a bloody nose. I didn't need to make myself less attractive. Also, I thought maybe you knew.

(off his confusion)

There was this incident last year that might ring a bell--my likeness unintentionally broke the internet...

(thrilled, off his blank stare)

You have no idea what I'm talking about, do you?

COLLIN

I'm not exactly mister social media. What did I miss?

ANNA

Let's save it for a rainy day.

(quick)

Can I ask you something?

COLLIN

That's why I'm here. And to make sure you're not a serial killer.

Anna smiles--totally gets it.

ANNA

What's the hardest part of being a gynecologist? I'm curious to compare.

COLLIN

Most of us would say being on call. For me it's explaining to teenage girls that condoms don't protect against STDs contacted via skin-to-skin contact. It's like, sorry, Santa's not real, but your herpes is!

Collin sighs and Anna nods understandingly.

ANNA

There really is no such thing as completely safe sex.

COLLIN

Exactly. It should be called safer sex.

ANNA

I like that. I'm going to use it.

COLLIN

To be clear, I enjoy sex very much.

ANNA

(blushes)

Oh.

(why not)

Me too.

COLLIN

I can get pretty wild once we've dotted the Is and crossed the Ts, if you know what I mean.

Anna giggles.

ANNA

I'm really glad you kicked me in the face, Collin.

COLLIN

Me too.

CHYRON: WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED TO EDDIE'S PENIS?

**EXT. TSUNAMI - TOTALLY TRASHED POOL AREA - THE MORNING AFTER EDDIE WAS ARRESTED ONE YEAR EARLIER**

A gloved CLEANING WOMAN sweeping up last night's party/"fire" chaos picks up a highball glass and squints at it. She reaches in and pulls out Eddie's booze preserved penis -

CLEANING WOMAN

What the?!

But it's snatched from her hand by a hungry SEA GULL.

WE FOLLOW THE SEAGULL as he soars across the sand, over the sea, and above the palm trees of Magic City.

THE END