

VERVE

**THE SET UP**

Written by

Kari Granlund

Verve  
310-558-2424

Industry Entertainment  
323-964-9222

*SIRENS. LOUD.*

*THEN:*

**EXT. BOSTON - CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

A POLICE CRUISER flings itself down a city block, sirens screaming, tailing a GRUNGY SEDAN.

The two do their best stock car impressions, hopping in and out of traffic, jockeying to gain the upper hand --

The sedan gambles on a skidding turn around a corner. The cop calls. Raises. Takes the turn at speed.

*BOOM* -- a throng of trash cans topple. Game over.

As they continue to race off in search of danger, CAMERA hangs behind and VOLUME BARS appear on screen, ticking up.

Camera floats backward through the electromagnetic waves and wider to REVEAL... that this has all been on a TELEVISION.

**INT. TESS & JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The volume ticks up again as camera loses interest in the TV, turning its attention toward a nearby bedroom to hear:

GRUNTING AND MOANING. Yes, that kind.

**INT. TESS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Now inside the bedroom, the noises are clearly coming from TESS, 29, and her date-of-the-night, CLINGER, whose real name isn't important.

Tess is a walking tornado: a whirlwind force of nature who's probably sucked up at least one of every drug at some point.

Clinger slinks down under the sheets, now going down on Tess with boisterous enthusiasm. Tess, however, couldn't be more bored. She's on her PHONE, texting someone named JENNA:

TESS: "WHAT NOW"

JENNA: "THE COPS ARE CHASING THE GUYS"

TESS: "WOW THAT WAS POETRY DID YOU GO TO OXFORD"

JENNA: "AREN'T YOU A LITTLE BUSY RIGHT NOW"

Tess snaps a PHOTO with Clinger under the sheets. Send.

JENNA: "UNSUBSCRIBE"

TESS: "LOVE YOU TOO"

Tess hides the phone and taps Clinger on the shoulder. He rises from the sheets with a doe-eyed grin.

CLINGER

What's wrong, Tessy-Wes?

TESS

Nothing. I'm just tapping out.

CLINGER

Have you orgasmed?

TESS

I have before, yes.

CLINGER

I can keep going if you want.  
Tonight is Ladies' Night.

TESS

Oh... no. And let's maybe not call  
it that. But thank you.

CLINGER

Just the kind of guy I am. I'm a  
giver, not a taker.

TESS

Good, because "taker" sounds a  
little rapey.

Clinger laughs, too hard.

CLINGER

Tess, you're like, super funny.

He yawns, snuggling up to Tess. The last thing she wants.

TESS

Wellp, I guess it's about time you--

CLINGER

Goodnight--

TESS

Fell asleep here... ugh...

Wide-eyed and trapped, Tess lies still until he falls asleep. After he does, she wiggles out from under him.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

MOVING BOXES are scattered around the apartment. JENNA, 29, Tess' roommate and best friend, packs a box and watches TV.

Jenna has a timid charm that she's been trying for years to replace with edge -- like a teenager who could never fully commit to her punk phase.

Tess enters and makes her way to the couch. GWEN, 20s, their clingy idiot third roommate, is unfortunately also present.

JENNA

Hi, my name is Jenna and I'd like to take a moment to talk to you about personal space.

TESS

Pass.

She sits next to Jenna and immediately reaches for her wine.

JENNA

Exhibit A, your honor!

TESS

I don't want a full glass!

GWEN

You can share mine.

TESS

You have mono.

GWEN

That was like two years ago.

Jenna yanks the glass as Tess talks to Gwen, spilling wine.

TESS

Thanks a lot, Gwen.

Tess reaches into a nearby BOX and pulls out a shirt.

JENNA

Dude, I just finished packing that.

TESS

Don't remind me.

She swaps her shirt, putting Jenna's new one on.

TESS (CONT'D)

Who am I supposed to hang out with once you're gone? Her?

GWEN

Ooh, yeah. We can have sleep-overs!

TESS

(too aggressive)

Every night is a sleep-over when you live in the SAME PLACE, GWEN.

Tess moves to a PIANO in the corner, opens the bench's seat and pulls WEED and a PIPE out. Sits back down. Lights up.

JENNA

What's this one's name?

TESS

I want to say Steven.

JENNA

Wow, I thought you'd be through all the normal names by now.

Tess jabs Jenna in the leg --

JENNA (CONT'D)

Oh, now you get to D.V. me when I try to compliment your womanly conquests?

TESS

Fuck off, you were not.

Another play-punch from Tess.

JENNA

What if I had been abused and this was like, some sort of trigger? That's highly insensitive.

TESS

I can deal with being hypothetically insensitive.

Gwen grabs at the pipe, but Tess hands it to Jenna instead.

Tess pulls out her phone and opens a DATING APP -- already on the prowl for someone new. Swipe and click. Swipe and click.

JENNA

What's wrong with this guy?

TESS

He's a total clinger, he was proposing with his eyes already.

GWEN

How did you hear it?

JENNA

Shut up, Gwen.

TESS

Plus, his moves were just not doin' it for me. I had to call a timeout.

JENNA

Why not fake it?

TESS

Faking it is for cowards. Mother Earth gave us mouths for words, not just for blowies. Read a book.

GWEN

Did he blink the proposal to you?

JENNA

Please. Fake orgasms are the car alarm panic button of sex. It's too late to lock that shit up so you just honk the horn and hope he's finished robbing your dignity.

TESS

Are we still talking about me? 'Cause if you mean Todd, I'd highly reconsider this move-in sitch.

This time, Jenna rears back to jab Tess --

TESS (CONT'D)

Trigger!

GWEN

Can you see what I'm thinking?

Gwen stares at Tess, blinking in a pattern.

JENNA

Aaand that's my cue.

Jenna moves to stand up, but Tess pulls her back down.

TESS  
Don't leave me out here all alone!

JENNA  
Gwen's here.

TESS  
Why would that count?

Tess puts on her best puppy dog eyes. Jenna wants to leave, but can't bring herself to say it. She sits back down, letting Tess rest her head on her shoulder.

GWEN  
Do you guys wanna--

TESS  
I hope you die.

JENNA  
No.

Tess watches the TV with heavy eyelids. Sleep coming on fast.

**QUICK, DRUG-INDUCED DREAM SEQUENCE:**

A COLLAGE OF MOVING BOXES SWIRLS INTO A KALEIDOSCOPE --  
FIFTY CATS CLIMB AROUND, THEIR MEOWS MAKING SIREN NOISES --  
A GIANT CUTOUT OF GARY BUSEY'S FACE BITES GWEN'S HEAD OFF --  
JENNA LAUGHS, THEN JUMPS ONTO A RAINBOW AND FLIES AWAY --

TESS (V.O.)  
WAIT FOR ME!

**INT. LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY**

Morning. Tess startles awake, now alone on the couch. She finds a note that reads: "HEART YOU LATER, TESSY-WES."

Disgusted, she crumples the note and walks toward Jenna's room. As she opens the door, she's already talking.

TESS  
Jenna? I was thinking today could be the day we get high and throw eggs at the Boy Scout kids--

**INT. JENNA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Tess stops short as she realizes Jenna isn't there. Moreover: her room is almost fully packed up. In here, Tess can't hide her vulnerability behind a joke. She opens her PHONE...



**EXT. TESS & JENNA'S APARTMENT - STREET - DAY**

A crisp New England day. A car squeals up and Tess hops in.

**INT. JENNA'S CAR - MOVING - DAY**

The car is moving forward as quickly as it stopped. Jenna anxiously jams the gas as Tess rests her feet on the dash.

JENNA

Where are we going? Hospital?  
Planned Parenthood? I have snacks  
in the back if you need them.

TESS

Oh, no I'm fine. I just wanted to  
hang out and my car's busted.

A blink of disbelief from Jenna.

JENNA

Your text said that you could feel  
the life draining from your soul.

TESS

That was a metaphor. True, though.

JENNA

*Seriously?* I should drive this car  
straight to the mental hospital.

TESS

Sorry for wanting to hang with my  
best friend, I hardly think that  
qualifies for a Cuckoo's Nesting.

JENNA

God dammit, I don't mean literally!  
I was in the middle of furniture  
shopping with Todd. I abandoned him  
at the store like a drunk mother.  
Did you even think about that?

TESS

I don't want to think about Todd  
picking out furniture. He wears Ed  
Hardy shirts.

JENNA

That was one time.

TESS

One time too many.

The car slows as Jenna pulls over. Amused but exhausted.

TESS (CONT'D)  
Why are we pulling over?

JENNA  
Would you rather barrel roll out?

TESS  
You're booting me?

JENNA  
It's not a big deal. I just need to  
make sure Todd isn't out there  
putting my face on a milk carton.

Tess sighs and exits the car, still holding the door open.

TESS  
What am I supposed to do, walk home  
alone down the dark, scary streets?

JENNA  
It's noon.

TESS  
Rapists don't have business hours.

JENNA  
I'll come by the bar later.

The car rumbles as Jenna keys the ignition.

TESS  
Fine. But you're violating federal  
law here. No Child Left Behind.

JENNA  
You're not my child.

TESS  
I'm *someone's* child. So.

She slams the car door shut --

**QUICK, ACTION-PACKED SERIES OF SHOTS:**

TWO EMPTY PINT GLASSES SLAM DOWN ONTO A BAR --

SHOT GLASSES TOUCH TO LIPS, THROWN BACK --

A TAP HANDLE PULLS FRESH BEER INTO A GLASS --

**INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT**

Jenna and Gwen sit on stools. Tess is behind the bar, thoroughly ignoring customers to hang out with her friends.

TESS  
Jenna. Truth or dare.

GWEN  
Ooh, dare. Always dare.

JENNA  
I don't like this game.

TESS  
Because you're a dirty liar?

JENNA  
Why am I a liar?

TESS  
Only a fucking liar would allow  
Todd to buy a snake skin sofa.

Gwen cackles a laugh.

JENNA  
I can't just tell him "no," it  
would hurt his feelings.

TESS  
So! What're you afraid of?

JENNA  
South American insects. Long  
fingernails. Dying alone.

GWEN  
I'm afraid of velvet.

On the drunk scale, Gwen's at "struggling to open peanuts."

TESS  
I'm *this* close to cutting you off.

GWEN  
I'm not even that drunk.

TESS  
No, Gwen. From communication.

Gwen shrugs and slugs from her beer.

TESS (CONT'D)

One more question. Was it warm inside of the costume? When you played the Cowardly Lion?

Gwen raises a hand for a high-five. Tess ignores her.

JENNA

Obviously that makes you two Scarecrow and Tin Man, yes?

TESS

Hell yeah, I'm fucking metal.

JENNA

How about another beer then, you heartless asshole?

TESS

Are you sure? I bet I could find some warm milk instead.

Jenna makes a "shoo" motion with her hand. Tess crosses off.

**BEHIND THE BAR:**

Tess pulls a tap, but it's dry. She turns and heads to the:

**BACK ROOM:**

Tess finds a BAR EMPLOYEE, KYLE, and approaches.

TESS (CONT'D)

Kyle, the keg on three kicked.

KYLE

Why can't you change it?

TESS

Oh, because I don't want to.

Kyle rolls his eyes and leaves to find a keg.

Bored, Tess opens the DATING APP on her phone yet again. Swipe. Douchebag. Swipe. Dick pic. Swipe. Definitely not.

She swipes once more and a NOTIFICATION pops up:

INSERT NOTIFICATION: A frowny face with the text: *"You have run out of options. Please try again later."*

She fiddles with a few buttons, confused, until the realization hits: "YOU HAVE RUN OUT OF OPTIONS."

TESS (CONT'D)  
What the dick?

**BACK AT THE BAR:**

TODD, 30, Jenna's boyfriend, has now joined the group. He's nonthreatening, though Tess treats him as the opposite.

TODD  
Isn't it dope? It's hand-crafted  
from old Norwegian windmill blades.

Gwen squints at a PHOTO of a tacky table on Todd's phone.

GWEN  
Is it like a Magic Eye?

Tess approaches, hurrying a few drinks to her friends.

TESS  
Jenna, I have to pee. Let's go.

JENNA  
Todd's here.

TESS  
I said hello. Did I not say hello?

TODD  
Hi, Tess. Cry wolf lately?

TESS  
Jenna hates your furniture.

JENNA  
Jesus! Fine, I'll go to the fucking  
bathroom with you.

Tess hooks Jenna's arm, leading her away.

GWEN  
I have to go, too.

TESS  
No you don't.

The two girls scurry off, leaving Gwen alone with Todd.

**INT. DIVE BAR - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - LATER**

Jenna pees in a stall, Tess sits on the floor outside it. Two girls having a drunken heart to heart. Emphasis on drunken.

TESS

What if I've been waiting too long?

JENNA

In the bathroom? Nobody's noticed.

Jenna flushes and exits the stall, washing her hands.

TESS

No, to find someone or settle down or whatever. I mean I don't know if I want that *right now*, but what if the world won't wait for me?

JENNA

I mean, it won't. The world does whatever the fuck it wants. If the world was waiting for people, we wouldn't have hurricanes and shit.

Tess lets out an annoyed grunt as Jenna sits on the counter.

TESS

I might as well buy a cat. Just hand me all the cats now, let's get my future over with.

JENNA

Dude, you couldn't even handle a cat, let alone all the cats. Maybe you could become a fish lady or a gerbil lady.

TESS

I hate gerbils.

JENNA

Nobody *likes* gerbils. That's why we give them to hyper kids as pets.

A FEMALE PATRON washes her hands. Jenna hands her a towel.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I thought you didn't want a real relationship?

TESS

I don't. Or... I don't know. I thought I'd have more time. Now all that's left to do is choke on a Lean Cuisine in our apartment.

(correcting herself)

*My* apartment.

Jenna picks up on the subtle disappointment, perhaps the real reason behind this meltdown... but doesn't bite.

TESS (CONT'D)  
Or worse, die with Gwen.

Jenna hops off the counter, quickly spreads some paper towels out onto the dirty floor, and sits on them next to Tess.

JENNA  
Look at me. I know you're panicking about dying alone like that isn't gonna happen to us all anyway. We don't even get to chill in a room with our pets and shit anymore like the Egyptians. Literally everyone just lies in a metal box alone until our eyeballs explode.

TESS  
Do you think you're helping?

JENNA  
But you're not dead yet. Relationships are crazy, I know. Fuck it up and you could end up with some psycho drug dealer. But you need to realize that the terrible, insane roller coaster of pain and trouble you go through when you put yourself out there can be worth it for the right person.

A beat for that to soak in. Maybe two.

TESS  
When did you get so insightful?

JENNA  
Somewhere around beer four?

Jenna hands a NEW PATRON paper towels and receives a TIP.

TESS  
Okay, so where do I go to meet the right person? A bookstore? Amazon!

Tess starts to stand up. Jenna pulls her back down.

JENNA  
Bookstores barely exist, what century do you think you're in? Are you a time traveler?  
(MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)

If you are and you didn't tell me,  
I'm gonna be super peeved.

TESS

Where then?

Light bulb. Jenna perks up --

JENNA

What about a blind date?

TESS

Ugh, no. You went too far, reel it  
back to this century.

JENNA

No profiles, no apps, no  
preconceived opinions. Just a  
regular date with a human male.

TESS

You're right.

Tess leans over and dumps her CELL PHONE into a toilet.

JENNA

I didn't mean--

TESS

It's done.

JENNA

Fine, then I'm setting you up! Soon  
enough we'll be having couples  
dinners, houses on the same block--

TESS

That sounds gross.

JENNA

Grosser than this bathroom floor?

Tess regards her situation. It is indeed gross.

TESS

Fuck it, I'm in. What do I do?

A deep, excited breath from Jenna as we SMASH TO:

**INT. TESS & JENNA'S APARTMENT - A FEW DAYS LATER**

Now the evening of the blind date, Tess is busy prepping.



**SERIES OF QUICK, ACTION-PACKED SHOTS:**

*AS JENNA'S DRUNKEN V.O. CONTINUES OVER THE SCENE, THE CHARACTERS ON SCREEN MOUTH ALONG WITH IT.*

JENNA (V.O.)

First things first, you're gonna clean your business up. This will not be another chapter in your forthcoming novel, "How to Get Laid Without Leaving Your Apartment."

A GLINTING RAZOR DRAGS SHAVING CREAM OFF OF TESS' HAIRY LEG --

A BRA IS CLIPPED ONTO TESS' BACK LIKE SHOULDER HOLSTERS --

TESS SECURES HER PURSE STRAP, SHEATHES HER PHONE --

JENNA (V.O.)

Then you're gonna look in the mirror and tell yourself:

TESS STARES INTO A MIRROR, MOUTHING ALONG --

TESS/JENNA (V.O.)

"Your 401k plans and intentionally-grown facial hair do not intimidate me. I will march out there and nail this date in more ways than one."

LATER, AT A RESTAURANT, A HOT MANLY GUY APPROACHES TESS --

JENNA (V.O.)

He'll shake your hand and be like:

NOW MANLY GUY MOUTHS ALONG --

MANLY GUY/JENNA (V.O.)

"I'm not a sad little boy like the guys you usually date. I'm a man."

(burp)

"I wear gasoline-scented cologne and carve wooden bowls for homeless cancer kids to eat out of."

FAST FORWARD: MANLY GUY AND TESS EAT DINNER, WALK HOME --

JENNA (V.O.)

Then he walks you home and is all:

MANLY GUY/JENNA (V.O.)

"Will you marry me you beautiful goddess woman?" And you'll be like:

TESS/JENNA (V.O.)  
 (hiccup)  
 "I don't know. Maybe. Whatever."

SOMEHOW, THIS MAKES MANLY GUY SWOON EVEN HARDER --

JENNA (V.O.)  
 Piece of cake.

ALL OF THE PREVIOUS SNIPPETS REWIND, UNTIL WE'RE BACK IN TESS' ROOM. SHE LOOKS IN THE MIRROR, SATISFIED. *THIS'LL DO.*

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Semi-fine dining. Three dollar signs on Yelp.

MYSTERY DATE, 30s, white shirt and jeans, sits alone at a table for two. Obviously waiting for Tess.

**EXT. RESTAURANT - STREET - SAME**

Outside, A BLACKED-OUT SUV sits parked near the crowd of evening socialites. CAMERA inspects the car, floating inside:

**INT. BLACKED-OUT SUV - CONTINUOUS**

DOUG, 30s, sits in the SUV wearing almost the exact same outfit as Mystery Date. Doug is big-hearted, tough, and loyal to a fault -- like if Prince Charming grew up on the streets of South Boston. He's watching a HOW-TO VIDEO on his phone.

INSERT VIDEO: "WHAT IS TISSUE PAPER?" Martha Stewart-esque.

A TEXT MESSAGE interrupts the video. FROM: "KEATON"

*"YOU'RE LATE, GET IN THERE. DO NOT FUCK THIS UP AGAIN, DOUG."*

Doug closes the message and steels himself, determined. He glances to the passenger seat, where a nicely-crafted GIFT BAG sits, and reaches all the way under the seat to pull out:

A BRICK OF COCAINE.

He carefully stuffs the drugs into the bag and exits the car.

**EXT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

Doug ducks into the restaurant, gift bag in hand.

MOMENTS LATER, Tess appears. Now cleaned up and ready to roll, she crosses the street and enters the restaurant.

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Tess enters the restaurant, annoyed to find a long line to speak to the HOSTESS. She bypasses the line entirely, sees DOUG sitting alone at a table, and approaches.

TESS  
Hi, sorry I'm late. You must be--

DOUG  
Doug.

Doug speaks with a Southie accent, albeit an endearing one.

TESS  
Doug, hey. I'm Tess. All I got was "white shirt and jeans," so it's nice to finally put a face to that. I was picturing a coat hanger with those clothes on it flying around, which would've been super spooky.

Doug takes a sip of water, not getting it.

DOUG  
Okay.

TESS  
Sorry, I'm a little nervous. I'm being weird, aren't I?

DOUG  
Nah. You're good. Just act natural and we'll be fine.

TESS  
Good tip. That's a good tip. Sorry, it's been a while since I actually did this for real.

DOUG  
That's alright, I've done this like a million times and I still get mad nervous out in public like this.

TESS  
Me too.

DOUG  
I usually like spots that are a little less crowded, but I guess you guys liked this place?

TESS  
I didn't really get a say.

DOUG  
Ugh, I know how that goes.

TESS  
You work with Todd or something?

DOUG  
Nah, I work with Keaton and Blair.

TESS  
I don't know them.

DOUG  
That's the way they like it.

Now Tess doesn't get it.

TESS  
Okay...

**MYSTERY DATE'S TABLE:**

Way on the other side of the restaurant, Mystery Date gathers his things as a WAITER approaches.

WAITER  
Are we ready to order?

MYSTERY DATE  
I'm actually gonna take off.

WAITER  
I see you enjoyed the free bread and water.

MYSTERY DATE  
No, it's just my date didn't--

But the Waiter's already gone. Mystery Date exits, dejected.

**BACK TO TESS' TABLE:**

Doug nervously shovels bread and water into his mouth. Tess notices but tries not to pry, picking up her MENU instead.

TESS  
What're you gonna order?

DOUG  
We're actually ordering?

TESS  
That's what you usually do after  
they hand you the menu.

THE SAME WAITER approaches before they can answer.

WAITER  
Have you folks decided?

DOUG  
I think we're set with bread and  
water for now, chief.

WAITER  
Fuck this job.

The Waiter stomps off, over it.

TESS  
We don't have to get food.

DOUG  
Do you eat every time?

TESS  
What have you heard about me?

DOUG  
Nothing, I usually just try to get  
this part over with pretty quick.

Tess makes a face, not sure how to take that.

TESS  
Look, this is weird. We're holding  
up a table. If we're not gonna  
order anything, we should leave.

DOUG  
Yeah, okay. Sorry, it's just... I  
usually fuck these up. But I really  
don't want to this time.

Tess sighs out a smile, charmed despite herself.

TESS  
Would you want to walk me home, or  
do you try not to do that, too?

DOUG  
No, no, I can do that.

She gathers her belongings and exits. Doug follows behind.

**EXT. KEATON'S HOME BASE - AFFLUENT NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**

BLAIR, 50s, a calm, cold-blooded silver fox, approaches an upper-class home. Not a place you'd expect to find drug dealers. He KNOCKS, adjusting his designer glasses, and --

KEATON, 50s, his sister and literal partner in crime, answers the door -- a sharp, brazen veteran who doesn't suffer fools.

KEATON  
You're not supposed to use the front door.

BLAIR  
We have a bigger problem.

**EXT. TESS & JENNA'S APARTMENT - STREET - NIGHT**

Night falls as Doug and Tess walk and talk toward her apartment building. Charming in its negligent upkeep.

DOUG  
Robin Hood. No doubt about it.

TESS  
Seriously? Me too! Guys always say Prince Charming just to be cute. Once in a while Hercules, but--

DOUG  
Not me. Robin Hood was pulling mad cash and still looked out for his people. Where I'm from, that's worth way more than super strength.

TESS  
I just thought he was the hottest.

DOUG  
What? He was an animal!

TESS  
Yeah, a fox.

They chuckle playfully as they reach Tess' front door.

DOUG

I don't wanna jinx it, but this is like the best one of these has ever gone for me.

TESS

Yeah. Me too, actually.

DOUG

So... where do you wanna do this?

TESS

What?

DOUG

Out here could be good. You can't really see much from the street.

TESS

(off-put)

Wow, I mean... I had fun, but I think I'm gonna call it a night.

Doug holds out his GIFT BAG, handing it to Tess.

DOUG

I'm just gonna hand this to you.

TESS

You didn't have to do that.

DOUG

I didn't want it to look weird out in the open, so I thought I should put it in a bag or somethin'. It looks wicked legit though, right?

TESS

Yeah, it looks great.

DOUG

I watched a video.

A moment of awkward silence. Time to go.

TESS

Well, thanks for the bread.

She kisses Doug on the cheek, then ducks into the apartment.

DOUG

(calling after)

Our guys will be in touch!

He stares for a moment, confused by the kiss. Then walks off.

**INT. TESS & JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Equally confused, Tess hovers at the door.

TESS  
(to self)  
"Our guys?"

The noise alerts Jenna, who enters like Tess is past curfew.

JENNA  
What the H-E-double-hockey-fucks?

TESS  
What did I do now?

JENNA  
Your date, genius. The one I slaved  
over setting you up on?

TESS  
Let's be careful about how we're  
using the word "slaved."

JENNA  
Why did you flake out? I thought  
you wanted to give this a shot.

TESS  
First of all, I did go on your  
date. Boom. Proof.

Tess drops the GIFT BAG onto the counter for emphasis.

TESS (CONT'D)  
Also, Doug was weird. I feel like I  
should be the one yelling.

JENNA  
Who is Doug?

TESS  
The guy you set me up with!

JENNA  
I only know one person named Doug  
and he is a cartoon.

TESS  
Then who just gave me this?



Their eyes dart to the gift bag on the table. Tess walks over and reaches into the bag, pulling out: THE BRICK OF COCAINE.

JENNA

Is that...

TESS

I just got a boner.

**EXT. STREETS - NIGHT**

Doug is walking down the street when his phone rings: "KEATON." He burps, waves the smell away, and then answers.

DOUG

Hey, boss. Quick question. That thing about your stomach expanding and blowin' up if you eat too much bread and water is just like an old wise tale, right?

**INT. KEATON'S HOME BASE - LIVING ROOM - SAME**

A home base that looks an awful lot like a regular home. Scented candles. Crown molding. She's hidden herself well.

KEATON

Did you say wise tale?

Blair reaches for a nice whiskey, but Keaton slaps it away.

**INTERCUT DOUG/KEATON:**

DOUG

Yeah, like people cracking wise, fucking with you or whatever.

KEATON

It's *wives'* tale. But that bread thing is true, it happened to a bunch of concentration camp people.

DOUG

Oh, for real? That's too bad.

KEATON

It is too bad. You know what else is too bad?

DOUG

What?

KEATON

My brother got a very upsetting call from our buyers. They said they waited for you to deliver the product and you never showed.

DOUG

Fuck that, I just handed it off.

KEATON

Where?

DOUG

The place they told me to be! I got a note under my door yesterday.

KEATON

Who did you meet with?

DOUG

Their girl. Her name was Tess.

KEATON

What did she look like?

DOUG

Nice hair. Dressed up. Didn't look like a dealer, that's for sure.

KEATON

Do you think maybe she didn't look like a dealer because she FUCKING WASN'T ONE?

The realization hits Doug. He mouths "fuck" over and over.

**INT. TESS & JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Tess and Jenna stare at the brick of cocaine. Faces blank.

TESS

Do you think it's okay to keep?

JENNA

No, I don't think this is okay to keep. Nothing about this is okay.

TESS

What do we do then?

JENNA

Flush it! Flush it like they do on fucking *The Wire*, I don't know!

TESS

Do you know how hard it is to get real coke as an adult? We can't just flush this heavenly gift down the same place you take your dumps.

Tess grabs some nearby SCISSORS and cuts a sliver of the bag open. Then SNORTS SOME POWDER RIGHT OFF THE SCISSORS.

JENNA

What're you--

She holds the scissors out to Jenna.

JENNA (CONT'D)

No way. The first and last time I did coke I stayed up for three days cross-stitching.

TESS

And where would our walls be without that?

A closer look at the walls reveals spastic CROSS-STITCHINGS of birds, cities, celebrities -- all of them terrible.

Jenna stares at the drugs, contemplating.

TESS (CONT'D)

Come on. This may be our last chance to do something dumb together before you're domesticated by a Norwegian windmill blade.

An eye roll from Jenna. She leans down, SNORTS --

JENNA

Mother-FUCK!

**BACK TO DOUG/KEATON:**

DOUG

I'm sorry, Keaton. It was an accident. She just seemed nice, I--

KEATON

Nice? If this goes any further south, we'll all end up in fucking caskets. Does that sound nice?

DOUG

No, ma'am.

KEATON

No. So why don't you get the package, get the girl, and get the hell back here to sort it out.

Doug listens, tail between his legs.

DOUG

Why the girl?

KEATON

Proof! We need to convince them this bullshit mix-up is real, Doug. I'm not sure showing them your SAT scores is gonna be enough.

DOUG

Right...

KEATON

Now, where are you?

Doug looks up to street signs, orienting himself.

**INT. TESS & JENNA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

NOW HIGH, Tess and Jenna hold the drugs above the toilet.

TESS/JENNA

One, two, three--

Jenna lets go of her side of the brick, but Tess refuses.

JENNA

Tess! This is the fifth time we've done this for fuck's sake!

Jenna's spastic hands struggle to pry the brick from Tess, accidentally DUMPING the drugs in and around the toilet.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Why did you do that?!

TESS

Boo hoo, what's the big deal?

JENNA

The cocaine. The cocaine is obviously the big deal.

They both drop down onto their knees, trying to clean it up.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

TESS

Stop it, I'm doing it. You don't need to make a bunch of noise.

JENNA

I'm not doing that noise.

TESS

What is it then? It feels like it's coming from my corneas.

They stand there for a second, not getting it, then --

JENNA

The door!

TESS

Uh oh.

JENNA

WHY "UH OH?"

**INT. KEATON'S HOME BASE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Keaton paces back and forth. Blair sits sipping a scotch, too cool for panic. Or perhaps just a tad too psychotic.

KEATON

I have to call the buyers.

BLAIR

Call them? Are you out of your actual mind? We're talking about a guy who once set a man on fire and then *used* that man to light his entire family on fire.

KEATON

That's exactly why I need to call! If they think we bailed on purpose, we're dead! We have to try to maintain an honest relationship.

BLAIR

Honest relationship? We're still dealing in illegal narcotics, yes?

KEATON

Don't get cute.

BLAIR

Get cute? I mean, look at me.

Keaton scoffs, upset she walked into that one.

KEATON  
If I could go back in time, I'd--

BLAIR  
Tell mom to have an abortion?

KEATON  
No. I'd go back, study to become a doctor, and then do it myself.

Blair nurses hurt feelings with a sip of scotch.

**INT. TESS & JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The KNOCKING has grown louder now. Tess slowly army crawls to the door, peeking through the blinds to see: DOUG.

DOUG  
Hi.

The blinds snap shut.

TESS  
He saw me.

JENNA  
How does he know where we live?

TESS  
I kinda asked him to walk me home.

JENNA  
WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?

TESS  
You told me to! I was still deciding if I was gonna bone him!

JENNA  
Hi, I'm Tess, I'm so stupid I almost had sexual relations with a drug dealer named DOUG.

DOUG (O.S.)  
Open up or I'll punch it down!

JENNA  
If you get another one of our doors broken down, I swear to god.

Tess opens the door. Doug slips in, shutting it behind him.

DOUG

I need you to gimme back the gift I gave you. It's the wrong... size.

TESS

We know it was drugs, friend-o.

JENNA

Tess!

TESS

It's not like he doesn't know!

JENNA

Stop yelling! It's making my heart beat out of my fucking chest!

TESS

That's OBVIOUSLY the drugs!

Doug can't believe his ears. He pulls a HANDGUN out of his waistband, instantly quieting the girls.

DOUG

You took some of the drugs?

TESS

I'll answer that if you promise to never go in the bathroom.

Interest level: activated.

**INT. KEATON'S HOME BASE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Keaton raises a phone to her ear. Deep breath.

KEATON

Eugene, hi. It's Keaton. *Keaton.*  
Your supplier. Oh, you -- I see.  
Funny joke, Eugene. That's good.

**INT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT - SHITTY NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME**

A stark change of scenery. Dimly lit. Henchmen counting cash.

EUGENE, 30s, sits in a beanbag chair wearing gold L.A. Lights and a leather snapback. Equal parts unhinged and exasperated, Eugene would kill his own mother if it made him a buck.

EUGENE

Hurts your feelings when someone forgets who you are, doesn't it?

Eugene's cronies, ZIGGY and FINCH, listen nearby. ZIGGY, 30s female, is a quirky, over-caffeinated enforcer. FINCH, 30s male, is a whiny, wiry buzzkill.

**INTERCUT KEATON/EUGENE:**

KEATON

I didn't forget who you are,  
Eugene, I would never do that!

(listening)

I know you had someone waiting. I  
know that's embarrassing. I don't  
like being stood up, either.

(listening)

That's why I wanted to reach out  
myself and explain the situation!

EUGENE

Situation? Here's the situation. I  
paid you for drugs. You didn't  
deliver those drugs. And now I have  
to murder someone about it!

KEATON

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Just hang on. Is  
it *at all* possible that one of your  
guys accidentally gave Doug the  
wrong address?

Eugene turns to Finch --

EUGENE

Did you give Doug the wrong place?

FINCH

(overly-defensive)

No way! Why would I do that?

EUGENE

(into phone)

No. Not possible.

Keaton inhales a deep breath. Not sure where to begin.

KEATON

Look. You and I know in our line of  
work, not everybody has a proper  
education. Sometimes people like  
you and I... we have to put up with  
a certain level of... stupidity.

Eugene glances to Ziggy and Finch. Blank stares all around.



EUGENE

I'm familiar.

KEATON

Well, one of our guys, Doug... is  
the exact kind of stupidity I'm  
talking about. What happened is,  
well, he made a little... boo boo.

EUGENE

Boo boo?

BLAIR

Boo boo?

KEATON (CONT'D)

Yes. A boo boo.

Keaton listens, then sighs. Can't believe what she's saying.

KEATON (CONT'D)

It's kind of hilarious when you  
think about it, but it sounds like  
Doug went to the wrong restaurant,  
and then accidentally delivered  
your product to... a random girl.

(beat, listening)

It's September, so... no. This  
wouldn't be for April Fools.

(listening)

Look, I'm gonna kill the girl  
that's involved, Eugene!

(listening)

Of course I can show you the body.  
I wouldn't have it any other way!

**BACK TO TESS & JENNA'S APARTMENT:**

Doug walks from the bathroom to the couch and flops down, GUN  
still in his hand. Jenna approaches cautiously.

JENNA

Hey... buddy. Can we get you  
anything? Water? Pop Tart?

TESS

Ooh, make it two.

Jenna shoots Tess a look -- *make your own*.

DOUG

You have no idea what you just did.

TESS

Sure we do. We all just went over  
there and looked at it.

DOUG

You know how when you're on coke  
you feel like you can do anything?

TESS

I *can* do anything. I'm a twenty-  
first century woman.

JENNA

Preach.

DOUG

This drug is like that, times ten.

JENNA

Wait, this wasn't coke?

DOUG

It's synthetic. Purest shit on the  
market. Nobody has it but us.

JENNA

Does it have a cool nickname?

DOUG

No? I don't know. Like "really,  
really awesome drugs."

JENNA

How about "fuck-dust?"

DOUG

Are you even listening?

Tess blinks at Doug, then at his gun -- eyes wild.

TESS

Times ten you said?

DOUG

Yeah...

TESS

I think it's kicking in.

In a flash, Tess turns and RUNS FOR THE KITCHEN. Doug sprints  
after her, Jenna in tow, lunging toward the counter --

Doug grabs Tess' arm, holding her back, but Jenna dives onto  
his leg, keeping him from grabbing her entirely.

Tess stretches her fingers toward a KNIFE BLOCK, inching for  
a weapon, but can't quite make contact.

DOUG  
I'm stronger than you.

TESS  
Maybe physically, but my will power  
is through the roof right now.

JENNA  
GWENNN! GWEN, GET IN HERE!

DOUG  
Who's Gwen? Is someone else here?

Right on cue, Gwen emerges from her room holding a CAT. The trio momentarily stops struggling, holding their ground.

JENNA  
You have a cat?

GWEN  
There are a lot of things you guys  
would know about me if you took the  
time to ask.

TESS  
(too aggressive)  
OUR BUILDING DOESN'T ALLOW PETS,  
YOU DICK. NOW HELP US!

Doug snaps back into action, pulling on Tess' arm. Gwen debates the odd situation, watching from afar.

GWEN  
You guys never include me unless  
you need something from me!

TESS  
Because we fucking hate you!

JENNA  
Can this discussion wait?

GWEN  
I'm sorry, but I'm done!

Gwen runs into the nearby bathroom and locks the door.

TESS  
DOES NOBODY HERE BELIEVE IN NO  
CHILD LEFT BEHIND?

Tess turns and stares at the KNIFE BLOCK... and then goes limp, causing everyone to fall over backwards.

**BACK TO KEATON/EUGENE:**

EUGENE

I like you guys, you know? We had a good thing going. I don't want my last memory of you to be me burning your bodies, but here we are.

KEATON

Eugene, we can't fall apart over a little mix-up! Remember the time I went to your niece's confirmation?

(listening)

Of course I wanted to be there! I only brought it up to remind you how much I care about you.

Blair makes a jack off gesture. Keaton flips him off.

KEATON (CONT'D)

I know. I'll figure it out. I know you deserve better. I agree, we all deserve better. Okay. Bye bye.

She hangs up, exhausted.

**INT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT - SAME**

Eugene snorts a line as Ziggy and Finch wait for a verdict.

ZIGGY

How much do we think they're lying, scale of one to ten, five being the highest?

EUGENE

I wanna know what's going on, too, but these uppity fucks still stood us up. We gotta go eye for an eye and kill this Doug dude.

FINCH

That is way more than eye for an eye! Why can't we just go talk to Keaton face to face?

ZIGGY

I'm down for that, if by "talk" you mean "kill Doug," and by "face to face" you mean... face to face.

FINCH

This is business, no one wants to deal with a bunch of violent thugs!

ZIGGY

That's like the number one kind of thugs people go for!

Finch turns to Eugene, pleading his case.

FINCH

Think about this. Doug's a fall guy at best. We could kill him, or we could use him to get to Keaton. Why not find out what's really going on? Just like you said yourself.

ZIGGY

Great thinking, Eugene.

Eugene nods, as if he came up with the idea himself.

EUGENE

Yeah, okay. Find Doug, find out where Keaton's at, and then call me so I can tag in on this shit.

He points to Finch and Ziggy, then to himself --

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Good cop, bad cop.

*PRE-LAP SFX: BANG, BANG, BANG.*

**BACK TO TESS & JENNA'S APARTMENT:**

Tess is pounding on the bathroom door --

TESS

I'm gonna kill your cat and shove it down your throat you Aaron Burr, Benedict Arnold bitch!

INSIDE THE BATHROOM, Gwen listens intently, stewing.

DOUG

Come on. I have the last few re-ups at my place, we might be able to scrape up enough to cover it.

TESS

We?

Jenna spots her CELL PHONE, but Doug's blocking her path to get to it. Instead, she notices GWEN'S PHONE on the floor and discretely picks it up, hiding it in the front of her pants.

DOUG  
You gotta come with me.

TESS  
I don't want to!

DOUG  
Don't make me point a gun at you.

Still high, Tess kicks into red alert, looking for an out.

TESS  
I'm not going without Jenna.

DOUG  
I don't need Jenna.

TESS  
But she's seen your face! What if she goes to the cops and talks to a sketch guy? She's very descriptive. She went to Oxford.

JENNA  
Are you for real right now?

Doug narrows his eyes. He clearly hadn't thought of this.

DOUG  
Okay. You're coming, too.

JENNA  
Me? What about Gwen? Take her!

DOUG  
She won't be getting out of there.

Jenna whips around to Tess, pissed --

JENNA  
You just screwed yourself out of a rescue, dumbass! I was gonna drink like forty bottles of water, and maybe eat like a quick sandwich, and then run to the cops.

TESS  
A quick sandwich?

JENNA

And then run! Like ru--

Mid-word, Jenna FALLS TO THE GROUND, ASLEEP. Tess stares.

DOUG

That also happens.

TESS

Why the fuck does that--

Aaand... Tess' eyes roll back as she flops to the floor --

CUT TO BLACK.

BLAIR (PRE-LAP)

You really think that went well?

**INT. KEATON'S HOME BASE - NIGHT**

Keaton and Blair hold court from high-end armchairs.

KEATON

No, not really, but I'm not just  
*getting* too old for this, I am  
*presently* too old for this.

BLAIR

You see what we're doing right now?  
Anxiously nit-picking how the call  
went? You think that's not  
happening on the other side?

He has a point.

KEATON

What's your bright idea, then?

BLAIR

Kill all of them, who gives a crap?  
They're a two-bit street gang,  
their loved ones probably all OD'd  
on cheap methamphetamines by now.

KEATON

And how would we do that?

BLAIR

I'd prefer to use a handgun, but a  
brainstorm would be lovely.

KEATON

I *mean* how would we keep the business going after we've assassinated half our distribution?

Blair purses his lips. Knows she's right.

KEATON (CONT'D)

I'd love to kill that low-life prick. Truly. But we both know if we cut this dick off it'll be like trying to castrate Hydra.

BLAIR

Another dick will grow. I get it.

KEATON

But if we're making suggestions, then I suggest you go babysit Doug.

Keaton holds out an ADDRESS. Jotted down during the call.

BLAIR

Fine. But you owe me.

KEATON

Don't even start.

Blair reaches toward a credenza and PUSHES ON A KEY HOLE. A SECRET COMPARTMENT opens, revealing a SLEEK SILENCED PISTOL.

**QUICK, DRUG-INDUCED DREAM SEQUENCE:**

COCAINE RAINS DOWN INSIDE AN HOURGLASS --

TESS' DATING APP NOTIFICATION BLARES, "OUT OF OPTIONS" --

CLOSE ON SOMEONE'S MOUTH BEING FILLED WITH BLUE SLURPEE --

DOUG REACHES TO HIS EAR AND PULLS HIS FACE OFF, MISSION IMPOSSIBLE-STYLE, TO REVEAL HE HAS A CAT'S FACE INSTEAD --

TESS (PRE-LAP)

AHHHHHHHHHH!

**INT. TESS' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT**

Tess wakes up SCREAMING, then realizes she's in a moving car. She sees Jenna in the back seat and shakes her awake.

JENNA

Oww, dude! Stop! I'm awake.



They look to Doug, then look around at the car.

TESS  
You're carjacking now, too?

DOUG  
I'll give it back.

TESS  
Is this a date rape?

DOUG  
You have to go on a date first for that. If anything, this would be a regular rape.

JENNA  
...is this a regular rape?

DOUG  
NO!

Tess tries the door handle, but the child locks are on. *Shit.*

DOUG (CONT'D)  
You have the right to attempt escape, but anything you say or do can and will be used against you at a later juncture.

JENNA  
What is that, our Patty Hearst rights?

Doug taps Tess with his GUN, waving her away from the door.

TESS  
Technically, we did go on a date.

DOUG  
(realizing)  
That's why you were talking to me?

TESS  
Why were you talking to *me*? Why didn't your business partner come up and interrupt?

DOUG  
I fucked up. I must've gone to the wrong restaurant.

JENNA

That's a pretty big coincidence,  
isn't it? You both being there?

DOUG

No, I think me being a fucking  
idiot is pretty much god given.

Tess and Jenna can't help but empathize. None of them notice  
a BLACKED-OUT SEDAN crawling up to the stoplight...

**INT./EXT. ZIGGY'S SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT**

The light turns red and Ziggy hits the brakes. Finch sits  
shotgun, now wearing a NEW YORK METS baseball hat.

Ziggy messes with the radio, searching for a good song.

FINCH

Holy fuck.

ZIGGY

Ditto, I love this song.

FINCH

Not you. Him. That's Doug.

Finch points out the window and Ziggy turns to look. Two  
lanes over, TESS' CAR sits parallel to theirs. Unbelievable.

ZIGGY

Are you sure?

FINCH

I've seen him before. I'm sure.

ZIGGY

Then get the duffel ready.

Finch un-zips a DUFFEL BAG sees that it's FULL OF GUNS.

FINCH

Whoa! This is full of guns?

ZIGGY

Of course it's full of guns, what  
did you think was in it?

FINCH

I don't know, hockey equipment?

ZIGGY

Why would I bring hockey equipment?

FINCH

I was wondering the same thing!  
We're supposed to talk to the guy,  
not blow his head off!

ZIGGY

Two things can happen.

FINCH

But we need him to tell us--

ZIGGY

HEY, DOUG!

**INTERCUT TESS' CAR/ZIGGY'S SEDAN:**

Doug stops talking to the girls and turns toward the sedan.

DOUG

What?

Ziggy's jaw drops -- *it really is him.*

ZIGGY

What's the dealio with our drugs?

Doug's eyes shoot wide, realizing who he's talking to.

DOUG

I... I don't have them.

Finch spots Tess in the front seat.

FINCH

Are you the girl he gave them to?

TESS

Yes?

FINCH

So... wouldn't you have them?

DOUG

It's not what it looks like.

Doug is at a loss for words. He can't think of a lie. So instead... HE FLOORS IT THROUGH THE RED LIGHT.

ZIGGY

YAHTZEE, BITCHES!

FINCH AND ZIGGY WHIP OUT GUNS, FIRING AT TESS' CAR --

Tess' car is riddled with a few bullets but escapes the intersection, BARRELING THROUGH A PLANTER before Doug regains control. Ziggy floors it and chases after them --

Doug zips in and out of traffic, trying to lose Ziggy.

DOUG

Do you have your seat belts on?

Jenna clicks hers in, terrified. Tess doesn't bother.

TESS

Are these seat belts bullet proof?

DOUG

No.

TESS

Then I don't think it'll matter!

Doug YANKS the wheel, causing Tess to SMACK her face on the window. She curses in pain and buckles her seat belt...

Doug yanks the wheel again and ends up in a ROUNDABOUT --

He drives around the roundabout at top speed, Ziggy following. But instead of exiting, Doug just keeps driving inside it -- AROUND AND AROUND AND AROUND --

ZIGGY

Why is he doing this?!

FINCH

Just stop the car. Stop and he'll blow past us on the way around.

Ziggy brakes. Doug sees it and stops, too. A standoff.

ZIGGY

He stopped, too!

FINCH

Just go again!

Ziggy guns it and Doug matches -- AROUND AND AROUND AGAIN --

JENNA

I'm gonna throw up.

DOUG

Me, too.

This time, Doug stops first. Instinctively, Ziggy does, too.

FINCH  
Why did you stop?

ZIGGY  
He's in my head!

Doug sees a narrow window in the traffic and SHOOTS THE GAP out of the roundabout -- losing Ziggy in the process.

Ziggy slams on the brakes, blocked in by a mess of cars.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)  
Well, this is just the tits. How are we supposed to stop him when he's jolting around like that?

Finch stares down Tess' car as it recklessly speeds away. He gets an idea and digs through the GLOVE BOX, pulling out:

A POLICE SCANNER. He slams it on the dash, turning it on.

FINCH  
Why bother stopping him if someone else will stop him for us?

Ziggy cracks a smile as POLICE CHATTER filters in.

**INT. TESS' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT**

Though the car is calm, Doug's attitude is anything but.

Jenna gets Tess' attention and shows her GWEN'S CELL PHONE hidden in her pants. Tess' eyes light up, but Jenna holds a "quiet" finger up to her lips. They need a plan.

TESS  
Doug? Jenna started her period. We need to stop for tampons.

Jenna wasn't expecting this, but goes along with it anyway.

JENNA  
Yeah, I'm totally bleeding.

DOUG  
You can't stop when you're on the run, it defeats the whole point.

TESS  
Dude, I've been living with Jenna for five years and we're about to be dealing with an elevator doors in *The Shining* situation.

(MORE)

TESS (CONT'D)

You might as well buy an air  
freshener that smells like old band-  
aids and wet aluminum.

JENNA

He probably gets the point.

DOUG

Fine, okay. I'll find a store,  
just... let me think for a minute.

Doug's mind is elsewhere. He grips the wheel, nervous.

JENNA

What's wrong?

DOUG

If those guys talk to my boss,  
Blair's gonna come babysit me.

JENNA

Who's Blair?

**INT. TESS & JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The doorknob jiggles. Turns. Opens.

BLAIR steps into the quiet apartment, wearing leather gloves to hide fingerprints. He spies a few stray pillows on the ground and looks around, stopping to notice something odd --

A MAKESHIFT BARRICADE has been built up to trap Gwen inside the bathroom: a desk, a few chairs, and an assortment of pillows and knick-knacks. Obviously Doug's doing.

Blair eyes it, curious...

**INT. BATHROOM - SAME**

Disaster zone, population: Gwen. She's busy tracing her reflection in the mirror with lipstick, clearly high.

Then, slowly but surely, she hears faint MUSIC from outside.

**BACK TO LIVING ROOM:**

The door to the bathroom begins to budge, being slammed from the inside. The desk barricade scoots forward until Gwen BURSTS OUT OF THE DOOR, SHOULDER FIRST --

She catches her breath outside until she notices Blair in the living room, calmly playing JAZZ PIANO.

GWEN

Who the fuck are you now?

He holds up a finger... and finishes the song. Then, finally:

BLAIR

Hi. I'm Blair.

**A FEW MINUTES LATER:**

Gwen sits on the couch. Blair offers her some ice water.

GWEN

Are you a drug dealer, too?

BLAIR

I prefer kingpin. Are you Tess?

GWEN

Tess can get fucked.

BLAIR

Roommate, then.

Gwen doesn't refute it. Blair makes a "bingo" gesture.

GWEN

I'm Gwen.

BLAIR

Ah, Gwen. Lovely name. Short for Gwendolyn, I'm sure. Like wonderful poet Gwendolyn Brooks.

GWEN

Or wonderful poet Gwen Stefani.

Blair stands and surveys the room, looking for something.

BLAIR

I am sincerely interested in your roommate debacle here, but I'd like to cut to the chase: do you know what happened to the narcotics?

GWEN

They're in the bathroom. Sort of.

Blair peeks his head into the bathroom.

BLAIR

Holy cats.

He adjusts his glasses, moving back to the living room.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

And where did Doug go?

GWEN

I heard him say he had more at his apartment. That it might be enough to replace or some crap.

BLAIR

And one could surmise based on your ability to Bruce Banner yourself out of the washroom here that you used some of the narcotics?

GWEN

It wasn't my fault. I fell when I was trying to get out and--

BLAIR

Shh, shh, shh. It's perfectly fine.

GWEN

Really? That's super cool of you.

BLAIR

You know me.

GWEN

Actually, I don't.

BLAIR

Right. Well, best keep it that way.

Blair checks the time. Scratches his forehead.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Just to do the safe thing for the both of us, I'd prefer you not see which way I'm going once I leave. Is that equitable?

GWEN

I don't know what that means.

BLAIR

Would you put that pillow up to your face and count to one hundred?

GWEN

Could I count to ten a bunch of times instead?

BLAIR

If you must.



Gwen grabs a nearby pillow and holds it against her face. As soon as she does, Blair PULLS OUT HIS PISTOL, HOLDING THE MUZZLE RIGHT UP NEXT TO THE PILLOW --

GWEN

One, two...

And then she FALLS OVER, SNORING -- the side effect from the drugs. Blair stares at her body, annoyed. Then --

**BANG!** Gwen's already-silent body falls quieter. DEAD.

**EXT. TESS & JENNA'S APARTMENT - STREET - NIGHT**

Blair walks away, cell phone to his ear.

BLAIR

Keaton, it's me. True or false:  
Doug lost all of the narcotics.  
I'll give you a hint. It's true.

**INT. KEATON'S HOME BASE - STUDY - SAME**

Keaton pulls a FALSE BOOK on a shelf and a bottle of whiskey pops out of a HIDDEN COMPARTMENT. She unscrews it, pouring.

KEATON

Motherfucking cock-fuck!

BLAIR

Quite.

**INTERCUT BLAIR/KEATON:**

BLAIR (CONT'D)

He and the girl are en route to his apartment to scrounge from the other re-ups, but to borrow a phrase, this is one big boo boo.

KEATON

You think?

BLAIR

What's my move here?

Blair listens, slowly breaking into a wide, psychotic grin.

**INT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT**

*BEEP.* A BOX OF TAMPONS is scanned at a register. The Cashier, 20s, miserable, looks up at Doug and the girls.

CASHIER  
Eight forty-two.

Jenna eyes a few dollar bills in her wallet but Tess steps in front of her, handing over a CREDIT CARD.

TESS  
I got it.

JENNA  
Since when have you ever offered to pay for something of mine?

TESS  
Can't I just be a good friend?

Jenna narrows her eyes. *Sure.*

CASHIER  
Sign here.

Tess writes "HELP" in giant letters at the bottom of the receipt and hands it back. Jenna notices, getting it.

JENNA  
That signature's gonna be worth a lot of cash someday.

CASHIER  
Lucky me.

The Cashier takes the receipt and pins it into a stack without looking at it. The girls stare at her, crushed.

JENNA  
Can I have the restroom key?

DOUG  
Seriously?

TESS  
It's not a bluetooth, she actually has to shove it in there.

The Cashier pops her gum and hands the key over.

**INT. TESS & JENNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

TODD enters the apartment holding a few empty bankers boxes. With his hands full, he doesn't clock the unlocked door...

TODD

Jen? You home? I figured I'd take another load over before--

He spots Gwen's dead body and FLIPS HIS SHIT.

TODD (CONT'D)

GWEN?!

He feels for a pulse, but it's no use.

**INT. DRUG STORE - BATHROOM - SAME**

A dingy, windowless bathroom. Doug surveys it, satisfied.

DOUG

I really thought this place was gonna have some windows or vents or something to escape out of.

JENNA

What a shame.

He holds the door open for Jenna to enter, but just before the door closes, Tess jumps inside and LOCKS DOUG OUT.

DOUG

Oh, come on!

TESS

Relax, we're not Shawshank-ing our way out of the toilet tubes.

Now alone, Jenna pulls GWEN'S PHONE out of her pants.

TESS (CONT'D)

You should get a medal of honor.

JENNA

I'll probably get vagina cancer.

Jenna dials 9-1-1 and they intently listen together.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE (O.S.)

You've reached the 911 Emergency Hotline. All circuits are busy right now. Please hold for the--

Jenna hangs up in frustration. *You've got to be kidding.*

DOUG (O.S.)  
I hear you whispering in there!

TESS  
Whispering isn't illegal, dude!

The girls stare at the phone, unable to speak freely.

TESS (CONT'D)  
Can you text 9-1-1?

JENNA  
I don't think so.

TESS  
How can you not text 9-1-1? We're  
in the fucking future.

Jenna finds "TODD" in the phone. NEW MESSAGE: "TODD!!!"

**INT. TESS & JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Todd stares at Gwen's dead body in shock. Suddenly, his phone lights up with a text... FROM GWEN.

SPOOKED, he jumps and drops his phone. *Fuck that.*

Then he slowly types back: "HELLO...?"

"IT'S JENNA. START TRACKING GWEN'S PHONE."

**INTERCUT APARTMENT/DRUG STORE:**

Jenna has the "FIND MY IPHONE" app open and running on Gwen's phone -- a personal tracking device.

TODD: "SOMEONE SHOT GWEN - SHE'S DEAD"

Jenna's jaw drops.

DOUG (O.S.)  
Let me in!

TESS  
He's about to break in, what's up?

Jenna holds the phone up. A beat as Tess scans the text.

TESS (CONT'D)  
What? I mean... WHAT?

They're both at a loss.

TESS (CONT'D)  
Is he joking? Is it a joke?

JENNA  
Todd doesn't make jokes. He thinks  
birthday cards are hilarious.

Tess starts hyperventilating.

TESS  
They fucking killed her? I've  
wished for Gwen to die like a  
million times but none of my other  
wishes have ever come true!

JENNA  
Are we gonna die?

TESS  
Fuck! I'm gonna die before I even  
get one cat!

JENNA  
Calm down, you're freaking me out!

Doug SLAMS ON THE DOOR, trying to open it.

TESS  
What do we do?

JENNA  
Contact her family?

TESS  
I mean about US!

JENNA  
Distract Doug 'til I can figure out  
how to explain all this in a text.

Jenna locks herself into a STALL. Tess lets Doug in.

DOUG  
What's the hold up?

TESS  
It's a war zone in here. Blood has  
been shed.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK. A CUSTOMER is banging on the outer door.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)  
Hurry it up!

Jenna texts Todd: "TESS WENT ON A DATE WITH A GUY WHO TURNED OUT TO BE A--" She stops. Too long. Delete, delete, delete.

DOUG  
Just give us a sec!

CUSTOMER (O.S.)  
Us? This isn't a truck stop, pal.

JENNA  
Don't rush me!

DOUG  
Just stick it in there!

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM, the Customer misinterprets Doug's words and their face fills with awkward disgust.

JENNA  
You can't just stick it in there,  
okay? It's a delicate dance!

Jenna texts Todd again: "WE'RE KIDNAPPED. LONG STORY. GO TO THE COPS AND TELL THEM YOU'RE TRACKING US. NOW."

BACK WITH TODD, he picks up Gwen's tablet, also running "FIND MY IPHONE," and sprints out of the apartment. Still spooked.

DOUG  
If you don't finish in about ten  
seconds, I'm coming inside.

Doug bangs his fist on the bathroom stall, which sounds strikingly similar to someone being banged up against it.

JENNA  
Do not come inside!

TESS  
Let her finish!

Tess holds Doug back and the two get into a physical tussle.

JENNA  
It just takes a while sometimes!  
You wouldn't know, you're a guy.

Jenna covertly slips the phone into the TAMPON BOX.

DOUG  
Oww, fuck!

TESS  
You asked for this!

JENNA  
I'M COMING! ARE YOU FUCKING HAPPY?

Jenna lets out an annoyed GRUNT and flushes the toilet. She slams open the stall, shooting a death stare at Doug.

The trio then exits the bathroom, where the Customer is staring at them in disgusted shock. Jenna adjusts her pants.

DOUG  
All yours, *pal*.

**QUICK, ACTION-PACKED SERIES OF SHOTS:**

A SHIFT STICK HITS "DRIVE," TIRES SQUEAL, GRIPPING RUBBER --  
STATIC ON A POLICE SCANNER IS TUNED TOWARD CHATTER --  
ZIGGY AND FINCH SLAP FIGHT EACH OTHER IN THEIR SEDAN --  
KEYS JINGLE IN A PALM, BOSTON BRUINS KEYCHAIN DANGLING --

**INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

A doorknob twists. Doug opens the door, leading the girls into his apartment. It's surprisingly lived-in. Fish tank in the corner. An unfinished game of Connect Four on the table.

TESS  
So this is where the enemy sleeps.

DOUG  
Who says we're enemies?

TESS  
Feels like a safe term for hostages, right?

DOUG  
I don't think we need labels yet.

TESS  
So are we exclusive, or can I see other kidnapping drug dealers?

DOUG  
Look, I'm sorry. I didn't sign up to be a kidnapper, but you didn't do us any favors by flushing the drugs.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

You're a part of this now, so it would be a lot easier to keep you safe if we worked together.

A beat as the girls silently acknowledge his point.

JENNA

Sorry about the drugs.

Doug makes his way to the fish tank and diligently feeds his TWO PET BETTA FISH. Tess follows, face up against the glass.

DOUG

This fucker keeps messing with my guy Reggie.

Jenna hangs back, browsing a table of PHOTOS, but calls out:

JENNA

Betta fish fight. They're aggressive toward their own kind.

Doug regards his fish in a new light.

DOUG

I feel your pain, Reg.

Jenna notices an upside-down PICTURE FRAME and turns it over, revealing a photo of Doug and a WOMAN. Smiling. Domestic.

JENNA

Who's this?

DOUG

Who's what?

JENNA

This girl who appears to be spending time with you willingly.

Doug pulls a few PACKAGES OF DRUGS out from behind his fish food. He and Tess walk over to look at the photo.

DOUG

My girlfriend. Ex-girlfriend.

JENNA

What happened?

DOUG

She uh... cheated on me.

TESS

Fuck her then.



DOUG

It's not all her fault. I mean I know I should be angry, but... my job came between us a lot. She wasn't the biggest fan of that.

JENNA

Just because she doesn't like how you spend your time doesn't mean she has to be a dick.

Tess clocks this. Sounds familiar...

DOUG

She doesn't mean to be a dick. But I can't just bail on my job either. I've been with these people a long time, you know? They need me. She didn't really understand that.

TESS

Sounds like she doesn't understand a lot of things.

She says this to Doug, although it feels meant for Jenna.

DOUG

I don't know. We might still try to work it out.

A quiet beat as Doug combines the new packages into a kilo.

JENNA

This is the plan? Won't the latest model of psycho be pissed about these drugs an hour from now?

DOUG

This dude once slit a guy's throat because he forgot to bring ice to a barbecue. We can handle other people being pissed. Not him.

Doug finishes taping up the new brick.

TESS

How do you guys learn to pack those in such tight squares, anyway?

DOUG

I used to build igloos in the winter when I was a kid. I mean all day long.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

It was pretty much the only thing I wasn't a total loser at outside of hockey. But being an amateur igloo builder isn't exactly gonna win you any respect in Southie. But this--

He holds up the new brick. Good as new.

JENNA

Impressive.

Doug agrees, admiring it with an oddly sweet sense of pride.

DOUG

We better get going.

TESS

Can we have guns?

DOUG

No.

TESS

A snack?

DOUG

No.

TESS

A jacket, at least?

Doug sighs and gives in, leading Tess to his room.

Jenna wanders near the kitchen as she waits, seeing a POST-IT NOTE on the fridge. It reads: "JULIANA'S RESTAURANT. 8PM."

JENNA

Doug, this post-it is right.

DOUG (O.S.)

What?

JENNA

The restaurant.

Jenna picks up the POST-IT, trying to understand it.

JENNA (CONT'D)

You didn't go to the wrong place, someone gave you the wrong place.

DOUG (O.S.)

Really? But why would they--

Her gaze shifts to the counter, noticing a HOT MUG OF TEA.

JENNA

Doug... do you have roommates?

DOUG (O.S.)

No, why?

A wave of tension rides up Jenna's spine. She swiftly turns, walking herself toward Doug and Tess.

CLICK. Jenna whips around to see BLAIR locking the front door. She SPRINTS into Doug's room as Blair SILENTLY FIRES --

**BEDROOM:**

Jenna locks the bedroom door behind her, distraught. Tess turns, now wearing an OVERSIZED CELTICS WINDBREAKER.

TESS

I'm about to catch mad dick in this windbreaker.

JENNA

A guy's out there shooting at me!

DOUG

What? What did he look like?

JENNA

Does it matter?!

DOUG

Yes!

JENNA

Tall. Glasses. Holding a machine designed to kill me.

*Blair.* Doug's face falls as BULLETS fly through the door.

DOUG

We gotta get the fuck outta here.

JENNA

You think?!

TESS

Do we need more stuff? Should I grab anything? Guns? Snacks? Does anyone else need a jacket?

JENNA

SHUT UP!

They scramble to the fire escape, avoiding incoming bullets.

**EXT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Now on the ground level, they sprint over to Tess' car --

Jenna reaches the driver's side door first, fumbling with the car keys. In the process, she notices a TRAIL OF WHITE POWDER leaking out of the brick in Tess' arms.

JENNA  
Tess, the drugs!

Tess rights the package, examining a BULLET HOLE in the side.

TESS  
It's fine! It's not that...

She looks onto the street and sees it's left a TINY COCAINE BREAD CRUMB TRAIL all the way around the corner.

TESS (CONT'D)  
...bad.

BLAIR emerges from around the corner, eyes on the ground. Clearly following the trail. He looks up and raises his gun --

DOUG  
Get in the car!

The trio jumps into the car and peels off, bullets flying.

**INT./EXT. TESS' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT**

Jenna speeds out of the neighborhood and onto a main road.

DOUG  
Go, go, go!

JENNA  
I am going! I'm going as fast as Tess' broke-ass car allows!

TESS  
What did my car ever do to you?

JENNA  
I can think of *at least* six specific incidents.

They curve around a corner and seem to have lost Blair. *Phew.*

Doug opens a FIRST AID KIT, rummaging for BAND-AIDS. He bandages the drugs, fixing the hole and reinforcing the tape.

Oddly, it looks like a DEMENTED HAPPY FACE.

TESS

Aww, it looks like a little person.

Doug holds the brick up to his face, trying to be funny.

TESS (CONT'D)

You can't have an adorable super drug and not give it a nickname.

DOUG

What, then?

TESS

Crystal Pepsi?

DOUG

No.

TESS

Powder? From the movie *Powder*?

JENNA

No.

TESS

Gary Busey?

Jenna laughs, but Tess notices a STOP SIGN coming up fast --

TESS (CONT'D)

STOPPPPP!

She slams on the brakes -- but it's no use -- they're out.

JENNA

The brakes are out!

Jenna BLOWS through the stop sign and a nearby COP CAR flips on its sirens. In pursuit.

DOUG

Blair must've cut them. He's a fuckin' psycho, he thinks like fifty steps ahead. He used to play chess with Bobby Fischer. Freaked the kid so bad he went into hiding.

TESS

That... might actually be my fault.

JENNA

Bobby Fischer?

TESS

No, the brakes. I took my car in last week and the guy gave me the whole "you're a risk to yourself and society if you keep driving this car" bit. I thought he was just trying to swindle me!

JENNA

I have to stop.

DOUG

We can't let the fuckin' statie look inside the car, there's a kilo of Gary Busey in here!

JENNA

Does this piece of shit look like a getaway car to you? Who knows what else has been ruined by her carelessness.

TESS

I'm not careless, I'm intentionally negligent. It's different.

A MEGAPHONE from the COP CAR booms from behind them --

COP CAR (O.S.)

Pull over the vehicle!

JENNA

I'm trying!

Slowly but surely, the car starts to decelerate on its own, coasting down the black top. Slower... slower... too long... until they hit gravel on the shoulder and rumble to a stop.

Doug picks the drugs up and shoves them into Tess' hands.

DOUG

Put this under your shirt. If he asks, you're pregnant with my kid.

TESS

This is moving pretty fast for me.

DOUG

You're the one who named it.

Tess takes the brick and shoves it under her shirt.

TESS

If this doesn't work, I'm aborting  
this coke baby in a hot second.

JENNA

I think he'll be more interested to  
know why the car looks like a  
fucking snow globe.

They look down to see a sprinkled layer of drugs on the seat.

DOUG

Shit.

They furiously start wiping down the seats. Tess catches the  
brick's band-aid face in the corner of her eye --

TESS

Don't give me that look, Busey.

**INT. COP CAR - SAME**

OFFICER KENNY, 40s and unlucky, is talking into his radio.

KENNY

License plate MAG022. Over.

A brief silence. Then the radio crackles again.

RADIO

Kenny, there's an APB out on that  
plate's registered address. We  
pulled a body out of the place ten  
minutes ago after some kid came in  
tracking his girlfriend's phone.  
Says she was kidnapped.

Kenny gulps, looking back toward Tess' car.

KENNY

Are you still tracking the phone?

**BACK IN TESS' CAR:**

Doug and Tess are frantically trying to brush loose drugs off  
of the car seats. Tess much less effectively.

DOUG

You're just moving it around!

TESS

I'm sorry! It's like trying to get sand out of your underwear, it's just a part of the car now.

Jenna looks into a mirror and spots Kenny exiting his car.

JENNA

He's coming. What the fuck are we--

Suddenly, BRIGHT WHITE LIGHTS flood the car's interior. All three of them turn and look towards Kenny, squinting to make something out in the blinding light.

TESS

Is that...

DOUG

Oh, shit.

**BACK WITH KENNY:**

Kenny draws his gun, pointing it blindly into the white out.

KENNY

Step out of the vehicle!

A pair of LANKY LEGS exit the culprit's car, walking out.

*HOOONK! HOOONK!* Kenny turns around to see Tess' car honking. He regards it oddly, not understanding the warning...

**FROM TESS' POV:**

A TALL FIGURE steps in next to Kenny. The figure RAISES A SILENCED GUN and -- BANG -- sends Kenny slumping to the ground. A mist of brain matter silhouetted in the lights.

TESS

WAS THAT BRAIN? BRAIN DOES THAT IN REAL LIFE?

Jenna SCREAMS but Doug reaches up and covers her mouth. As if the screaming weren't enough, Jenna VOMITS INTO DOUG'S HAND.

DOUG

Fucking gross, man! Out of the car!

The girls oblige, exiting and running around the side of the car. Jenna continues to DRY HEAVE as they duck for cover.

TESS

Pull your shit together, woman.



JENNA

(fuck you)  
 Sorry I'm reacting poorly to seeing  
 a guy's head blown off.

DOUG

Follow me.

The trio scurries to the COP CAR. Meanwhile, Blair approaches Tess' car and finds the doors open. Empty seats.

BLAIR

Marco!  
 (beat, silence)  
 This is where you say "polo." I'll  
 try again. Ready? Marco!

Doug tries the cop car's passenger door -- locked. They scurry even further, all the way to the back of BLAIR'S CAR.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Marco! Don't leave me hanging!

Doug opens the TRUNK and finds a breakfast buffet of murder supplies -- guns, knives, chloroform -- you name it.

Tess lunges for a HANDGUN, but Doug stops her.

DOUG

No way.

TESS

What happened to working together?

Seeing the trunk pop, Blair SHOTS THROUGH THE STEEL. Doug lunges for the CHLOROFORM and then slams the trunk, hiding.

Doug returns fire as they slip all the way back to Tess' car.

BLAIR

(calling out)  
 What is this, musical cars?

He fires off a few rounds for good measure.

DOUG

Get around the other side.

Tess does. Jenna stays put, paralyzed with fear.

TESS

Jenna. Come on.

But Jenna sees Blair tracking toward the other end of Tess' car, giving her a potential window to make a break for it.

JENNA

I'm gonna go get help.

Tess is pinned on the other side of the car with Doug --

TESS

Like fuck you are!

JENNA

Don't be an asshole. This is our chance, I need to go!

TESS

You can't just leave me!

JENNA

I'm not leaving you, I'm helping you. You just don't know it yet.

With that, Jenna half-runs, half-crawls to the cop car.

TESS

JENNA!

DOUG

You let her go?!

TESS

I don't *let* her do anything. She just does it.

Tess is fuming, a thousand emotions boiling to the surface.

Doug pulls the CHLOROFORM and a RAG out of his pocket --

DOUG

When she starts the car, he's gonna start firing at her. I'm gonna shoot him, then you pop up and hit him with the chloroform. Cool?

TESS

Not even a little bit.

DOUG

Perfect.

Jenna picks KEYS off of dead Kenny and starts the car up.

FROM JENNA'S POV, Blair immediately fires two shots into the windshield. Direct hits, if not for the bullet-proof glass. She clumsily speeds away, off to supposed safety...

Meanwhile, Doug snaps into action and shoots Blair in the shoulder. Surprised, Blair doesn't notice Tess pop up and SMASH THE CHLOROFORM BOTTLE OVER HIS HEAD.

Blair tumbles to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

DOUG (CONT'D)

What the fuck did you do that for?

TESS

What was I supposed to do?

DOUG

Put the chloroform on the rag and hold it over his mouth!

TESS

You said "hit him" with it!

DOUG

That's just a figure of speech!

TESS

Then maybe next time say  
"figuratively hit him with the  
chloroform."

Now safe from imminent danger, the two can't help but laugh.

TESS (CONT'D)

What now?

Doug reaches into Blair's pocket and pulls out: CAR KEYS.

**INT./EXT. BLAIR'S CAR - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT**

*"Paw Due Respect" by Meow the Jewels plays.*

TESS FINDS WEED IN HER WINDBREAKER POCKET, THEY SMOKE IT --

TESS AND DOUG REENACT THE PREVIOUS SCENE, MIMICKING BLAIR GETTING SMACKED IN THE HEAD. HEARTY LAUGHS ALL AROUND --

THEY PLAY WITH GARY BUSEY LIKE ITS AN ACTUAL BABY. TESS TOSSES IT INTO THE AIR AND CATCHES IT --

DOUG HANDS TESS A GUN, WHICH SHE HOLDS REVERENTIALLY. MOMENTS LATER, THEY CRUISE DOWN THE STREET, SHOOTING AT MAIL BOXES --

DOUG DRIVES BLAIR'S CAR LIKE HE'S INVINCIBLE. TESS LEANS OUT THE WINDOW INTO THE WIND. BOTH OF THEM ON TOP OF THE WORLD --

**INT./EXT. COP CAR - MOVING - NIGHT**

Elsewhere, Jenna zips around in her stolen cop car, mid-way through a panic attack.

JENNA

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck...

She wheels around a corner and sees another COP CAR waiting to turn left at a red light intersection.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Thank you god. Thank you Jesus.  
Thank you Beyonce.

She pulls up next to the car and rolls down her window. The OFFICER sitting shotgun does, too -- extremely suspicious.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Officer! I need help. My friend went on a date with this guy who turned out to be a drug dealer, and he came by our apartment and we ended up doing some of the drugs...

(off the Officer's look)

Let me fast forward. There's a crazy guy chasing us and you guys need to help me get hooked up with witness protection, STAT.

Both officers notice the considerable amount of BLOOD SPATTER splayed across Jenna's driver door. The officer sitting shotgun slowly brings his RADIO up to his mouth...

JENNA (CONT'D)

(under breath)

Fuck.

(then, out loud)

You know what? Nevermind. I'm good.

The light turns green and Jenna casually ACCELERATES through it. The COPS flip their sirens on and SPEED AFTER HER.

Jenna continues to barrel through multiple red light intersections, SCREAMING as she goes --

**EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT**

Jenna turns a corner, looking for an idea. She sees a CIVILIAN CAR make an illegal turn and FLIPS ON HER LIGHTS.

By the time the REAL COPS catch up, Jenna looks like an actual patrol car making a traffic stop. They blow right by.

Jenna pulls a GUN from the glove box and approaches the car.

JENNA

Give me your phone!

GIRLFRIEND

Are you even a cop?

BOYFRIEND

Just do what the lady cop says!

They both toss all of their belongings to Jenna.

GIRLFRIEND

(to Boyfriend)

We're gonna fight about this later.

Jenna grabs one of their phones, quickly dialing 9-1-1.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE (O.S.)

You've reached the 911 Emergency  
Hotline. All circuits are busy--

JENNA

MOTHER-FUCK!

Jenna hangs up, furious. Then gets an idea and dials again --

**INT. POLICE STATION - SAME**

Across town, a police station is bustling with evening activity. TODD sits on a bench as his PHONE RINGS.

TODD

Hello?

JENNA

TODD!

TODD

Jenna? Where are you? Are you okay?

**INTERCUT TODD/JENNA:**

Jenna futilely attempts to calm herself down.

JENNA

9-1-1 put me on hold. I think I just mugged someone in self-defense. I don't know.

TODD

What?

JENNA

Nevermind. Are you still tracking Gwen's phone?

Todd gets up and moves over to see GWEN'S TABLET on a detective's desk. Two LAZY COPS sit nearby.

TODD

Yeah. It looks like it's on the move near the corner of 3rd and D.

Jenna exhales. "On the move" is a good sign.

JENNA

Thank god, she's alive.

TODD

Are you not with Tess?

JENNA

No, I ran to get help. I need you to send backup to that location, there's a crazy ass assassin guy fucking killing everyone.

TODD

They said an officer was with you.

JENNA

Well, he's no longer "with us" in more than one way.

Todd whips around to the nearby officers --

TODD

How fast can you get here?

LAZY COP #1

Relax, kid. We're putting a call out. Ten minutes tops.

TODD

He says ten minutes.

Jenna shakes her head.

JENNA  
That's too slow.

TODD  
It's as fast as they can go.

JENNA  
You haven't seen this guy.

TODD  
Please come to the station. They're professionals. They'll handle it.

Jenna looks around, deeply conflicted.

JENNA  
If your best friend was trapped in a burning house, would you wait ten minutes for the fire fighters to show, or would you run back in?

TODD  
You're my best friend.

Jenna winces. She didn't mean it like that.

JENNA  
Todd, I love you, I just--

TODD  
I'd run back in.

JENNA  
Me too.

She hangs up, throws the couple's belongings onto the sidewalk and jumps back into her stolen cop car.

#### **EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

The sound of SIRENS (O.S.) startles Blair awake. His eyes focus to find ZIGGY AND FINCH staring back at him.

ZIGGY  
Wakey, wakey, lemon shakey.

BLAIR  
What the devil does that mean?

They lift Blair by his armpits and drag him off the road to a more discreet location. Away from any potential cops.

ZIGGY  
Where'd Doug go, guy?

Finch fishes through Blair's pockets, pulling out a PHONE.

BLAIR  
Presumably he drove off in one of  
the available directions.

Ziggy digs her gun into Blair's neck, eyes bulging.

FINCH  
Wait, wait--

Finch reads Blair's phone, pulling up his ADDRESS BOOK.

FINCH (CONT'D)  
Check this out.

He holds the screen up the Ziggy's face.

ZIGGY  
Nice phone. Is that the new model?

FINCH  
I mean the ADDRESS.

Sure enough, Blair has a contact card in his phone that reads: "KEATON. SISTER. 5551 BEACON."

In a moment of opportunity, Blair pulls out his gun and SHOTS FINCH IN THE FOOT. Finch YELPS in pain, ripping his shoe off to reveal a BLOWN OFF PINKY TOE.

FINCH (CONT'D)  
FUCK!

Ziggy rears back and PISTOL WHIPS BLAIR with all of her might. He drops like a sack of potatoes. Again.

ZIGGY  
Guess that means we found her.

Finch growls in pain as Ziggy whips out her phone, dialing.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)  
Start the car. I'll call Gene.

She throws the keys at Finch as he limps off.

**INT./EXT. BLAIR'S CAR - GAS STATION - NIGHT**

Doug and Tess pull up to an empty gas station in Blair's car.



DOUG

I gotta make a phone call. You want anything?

TESS

Salt and vinegar chips?

DOUG

You like those?

TESS

You don't?

DOUG

Barbecue's way better.

TESS

Barbecue chips can suck a dick.

Doug makes a face and moves to get out of the car.

TESS (CONT'D)

Wait. Could you also get me a Slurpee? And maybe some candy?

BZZZZZT. A buzzing noise erupts from the tampon box. Tess' face falls. Doug takes the box and dumps it out, finding GWEN'S CELL PHONE. Incoming call from: "TODD."

TESS (CONT'D)

I can explain.

DOUG

You had this the whole time?

TESS

I was gonna tell you, but--

DOUG

Is there something wrong with me? Do I have a target on my back that says "stab here" or something?

TESS

Don't act like you're the only victim! They killed our roommate, Doug! I've been hiding that, too!

DOUG

Gwen?

TESS

Someone shot her. She's dead.

Doug softens.

DOUG  
Were you guys close?

TESS  
Fuck no! But what else was I  
supposed to do?

A sigh from Doug. He opens the glove box and finds HANDCUFFS.

TESS (CONT'D)  
Oh come on, you don't need those.

DOUG  
What else am I supposed to do?

Doug handcuffs Tess to the passenger door.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Guess I thought you were different.

TESS  
Doug, wait--

He shuts the driver's side door and walks across the lot.

Swiftly and discreetly, he drops Gwen's phone into an empty parked car. Then walks back to a PAY PHONE --

As he does, an OLD WOMAN exits the mini-mart, gets into her car and drives away, carrying Gwen's phone away with her.

Doug SETS THE DRUGS ON TOP OF THE PAY PHONE in order to fish his pockets for loose change. He raises the phone to his ear, praying to feel any emotion other than betrayal.

#### **INT. KEATON'S HOME BASE - NIGHT**

The PHONE RINGS. Keaton answers, then rolls her eyes.

KEATON  
Yes, I'll accept the charges.

#### **INTERCUT KEATON/DOUG:**

DOUG  
Hey, boss. It's Doug.

Keaton snaps her fingers, instructing a nearby GOON to listen in on the call. He puts on headphones, opens a computer.

KEATON

Doug! I assume you're calling me from right outside to tell me you're here and everything's fine?

DOUG

Why's Blair trying to kill me?

KEATON

What do you mean?

DOUG

I mean the dude is obsessed with trying to murder me right now!

Keaton tries to think of a lie, rubbing her temples.

KEATON

Listen... Blair went rogue.

DOUG

Rogue?

KEATON

You know, rogue. AWOL. Defected. I think he finally snapped. Further than he already had, that is.

Keaton snaps again, looking for an update on Doug's location.

DOUG

So you didn't send him?

KEATON

You and I are like family, Doug. We don't go after our own.

Doug rubs his head, thinking. His betta fish come to mind.

KEATON (CONT'D)

Do you still have the girl?

**AT THE CAR:**

Tess sees Doug turn away from her suspiciously, so she stretches her un-cuffed hand toward the RADIO, muting it.

DOUG

Yeah, I still have the girl.

Tess smells something's up, as if she all at once remembered she's been kidnapped. She looks down, thinking, and notices: *the keys are still in the ignition.*

**BACK WITH KEATON/DOUG:**

KEATON

Good boy. I'm proud of you, Doug. I know we've had our difficulties in the past. Mostly you having difficulties and me having to scold you for them. But this is good.

DOUG

I'm not fucking things up anymore. I promise. I got this.

Just then, Tess and the car PEEL OUT OF THE GAS STATION --

DOUG (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

Doug quickly hangs up and SPRINTS AFTER THE CAR.

SIMILARLY, Keaton turns to her goon without missing a beat --

KEATON

Blair. Now.

**INT./EXT. COP CAR - MOVING - NIGHT**

Jenna pulls up toward the gas station, having found the address Todd provided. She sees Doug sprinting away and follows, one hand still holding a gun.

**INT./EXT. BLAIR'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT**

Still handcuffed to the passenger side door, Tess has one leg stretched over the CENTER CONSOLE to the gas and one arm leaned over to the wheel. A human pretzel stock car driver.

TESS

Shit, shit, shit, shit--

She tries to flail her foot toward the BRAKE PEDAL, but it's no use -- too far. CARS SQUEAL OUT OF THE WAY. A FEW CRASH.

TESS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry!

**INTERCUT TESS/JENNA:**

Jenna SWERVES in and out of traffic, locating Blair's car. Tess doesn't seem to notice, so Jenna FLIPS ON HER SIRENS and rolls down a window, sticking her GUN HAND OUT --

Tess looks into her rear view mirror and sees the gun --

TESS (CONT'D)  
Don't shoot! This isn't my car!

Unable to stop and driving a car full of murder weapons, Tess floors it, trying to evade the cop. Jenna notices.

JENNA  
No, wait! Tess, it's me!

Jenna sticks her head fully out of the window. No use.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
Hello! It's Jenna! I'm not a cop!

A few BYSTANDERS hear this and give confused looks.

Tess squeals around a corner at top speed and checks her mirror again, this time finally noticing JENNA. She lets off the gas and YANKS THE E-BRAKE, grinding the car to a halt.

Jenna doesn't react in time and SLAMS INTO TESS, driving them both into a WALL. A gnarly crash. Both cars totaled.

**EXT. STREETS - NIGHT**

*BZZZT. BZZZT.*

Blair stirs awake, blinking to orient himself. He digs his ringing CELL PHONE out of his pocket and answers.

BLAIR  
Yes?

**INTERCUT BLAIR/KEATON:**

KEATON  
I don't know what the fuck is going on, but you need to catch up to Doug and the fucking girl. I'm sending you an address.

BLAIR  
Speaking of, Eugene's goons have an address on us. If we don't have product when they show up, this boo boo is gonna turn into a boo hoo.

Keaton inhales a furious breath. She's surrounded by idiots.

KEATON

Were you dropped on your head as a child?

BLAIR

You'd have been the one to do it.

Blair hangs up, still a bit woozy, and walks around a corner to find a PARKED CAR. The DRIVER inside on his cell phone.

He taps on the window with his gun, motioning for the Driver to hang up. Frozen with fear, the Driver obliges.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Please exit your automobile.

The Driver obeys, kneeling onto the pavement.

DRIVER

Are you gonna kill me?

BLAIR

Should we flip a coin?

Eyes wide, the Driver takes a deep breath.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I'm just kidding--

**BANG** -- Blair's pistol fires into the Driver's forehead.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I don't have a coin.

**EXT. STREETS - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - SAME**

Tess coughs, coming to. Sees her handcuffs have broken off.

TESS

Thank fuck.

She scrambles out of the car and finds Jenna doing the same. A wave of residual anger boils up as they lock eyes.

TESS (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

JENNA

Me? You slammed on the fucking brakes in the middle of the road!

Tess bites her tongue. She reaches back into the car to the TAMPON BOX, quickly unwrapping five tampons.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
What's that for?

TESS  
I'm gonna stick them in the gas.

JENNA  
Pretty sure cars don't get periods.

Tess quickly ties the tampon strings into a chain.

TESS  
Do you want to get out of here? We have to do something to create a diversion or look like we died.

JENNA  
A few hours with a drug dealer and now you're an expert on diversions?

Tess can't take it anymore.

TESS  
Why did you even come back then? I figured you'd be glad to finally get rid of me.

Caught off guard, Jenna tries to catch up.

JENNA  
What are you talking about?

TESS  
You bailed on me! Just up and ran away like you always do.

Tess opens the trunk and throws all the GUNS and KNIVES out, finally emerging with RUBBING ALCOHOL and a FLARE.

JENNA  
You're the one that forced me to come along tonight! Doug wasn't even gonna take me.

TESS  
It's not just this! It's not hanging out, setting me up, you moving out. It's everything.

JENNA  
That's what this is about? You think me moving in with my boyfriend is bailing on you?

Jenna opens her mouth to speak further, but stops short.

TESS  
What? Say it!

JENNA  
You're just trying to pick a fight!

TESS  
You always do this. You never say anything. You just run away and lie to me like you lie to Todd about his stupid fucking furniture.

JENNA  
I'm not lying, I'm avoiding needless conflict. Sorry if I actually care about hurting other people's feelings.

TESS  
Telling it like it is isn't a bad thing if it's the truth!

JENNA  
Fine! You want the truth?

With a deep breath, finally, Jenna decides to let loose.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
You're SO selfish, Tess! Did you even think to say sorry for dragging me along tonight?

Tess shakes her head, not having it. Dips one end of the tampon chain into the rubbing alcohol.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
You think moving in with my boyfriend or going furniture shopping has anything to do with you? Did you ever think about what I want to do with my life? What makes *me* happy?

Tess fishes the dry end of the chain into the OPEN GAS VALVE.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
No. You don't. Because you're too busy thinking about yourself.



TESS

We're supposed to be best friends.  
Best friends who grow up *together*  
and do stupid shit *together*.

JENNA

We did! We did all of that, Tess.  
What am I supposed to do, watch  
movies and do drugs with you for  
the rest of my life?

TESS

If that's what you want!

JENNA

But that's not what I want! That's  
what *you* want.

TESS

Is that such a bad thing?

Jenna inhales a deep breath.

JENNA

When we were younger, hanging out  
with you was always fun. It was  
exciting and dangerous and--

TESS

So what's changed? What're you so  
afraid of?

JENNA

Of dying! I mean what the fuck,  
Tess? Look at where we are!

TESS

The most fucked up thing about this  
is that it's the most time we've  
spent together in months.

JENNA

Seriously?

Tess lights the flare. Fire reflecting in her eyes.

TESS

It's not like I knew this was gonna  
be such a big deal.

JENNA

That's not an excuse anymore!

Tess holds the flare up to the tampon chain. Ignites it.

JENNA (CONT'D)

You're too busy not worrying about consequences to realize that there are big fucking consequences. Some of us actually have lives you're fucking with.

TESS

Like I don't have a life?

JENNA

Not one that matters.

Jenna wants to take it back, but it's too late. Tess is already pouncing, TACKLING HER TO THE GROUND.

TESS

Fuck you!

JENNA

Fuck you more! Become a cat lady for all I care.

The tampon wick burns closer to the gas as they wrestle...

TESS

Maybe I will!

Suddenly, DOUG APPEARS, out of breath, having finally caught up to them on foot. He clocks the situation and sprints further forward, pulling the girls out of the blast radius.

DOUG

You're gonna get yourselves killed!

Doug tosses them onto the grass near the sidewalk.

JENNA

What else is new?

Tess spits blood, refusing to make eye contact with Jenna.

TESS

Why hasn't it exploded?

JENNA

Maybe your tampons are too absorbent, Menstrual Macgyver.

TESS

Go fuck your--

*BOOM!* The car ignites into a ball of flames, stunning the trio silent. A moment later, the GUNS and AMMUNITION near the car ignite, popping off like popcorn --

DOUG

Shit!

Doug pushes them further to the ground as they cover their heads and ears. BULLETS SPRAY in a random spatter --

**EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

BLAIR stands at the gas station, surveying the scene. He follows the tire marks trailing out of the station. Curious.

He then turns his head back for a moment and his EYES LIGHT UP, noticing SOMETHING INTERESTING near the pay phone...

**EXT. STREETS - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - NIGHT**

The trio sits up, surveying the explosion's damage. Only a few trees sustained injuries. Doug dusts himself off.

DOUG

Why did you run off? I thought we were starting to get along.

Tess snaps, feeding off emotion from her fight with Jenna.

TESS

Get along? It's been like six hours, I'm pretty sure you need more than that to Stockholm Syndrome someone.

DOUG

I told you I'm not a kidnapper. My boss just needs you to help explain the misunderstanding. That's it.

Somehow, it seems like he earnestly believes this.

TESS

You *seriously* think that's it? I've seen enough television to know what happens to us when we get where we're going. We're dead, Doug! All of us. Just like Gwen.

DOUG

They aren't as bad as you think.

TESS

Just like your cheating girlfriend?

Doug's finally had enough --

DOUG

You have no idea what you're talking about, okay? You don't know Keaton. When my parents died, I had nothing. No job, no money, no friends. Keaton took me in and gave me all of that. We're basically family. She said so herself.

His honesty quiets the girls. Jenna softly speaks up.

JENNA

When did your parents die?

DOUG

Almost two years ago.

TESS

Oh, COME ON!

JENNA

Tess--

TESS

Fuck you. You're still a sucker. You almost left me un-cuffed in a running car because you thought we were *friends*. You're not my friend, Doug, you're a fucking kidnapper.

DOUG

Maybe I am a sucker. But Blair and the buyers are coming for you either way. I could leave you for dead right now, how about that?

Tess bristles, again refusing to make eye contact.

JENNA

Okay. We're with you. At least until Blair is out of the equation.

Satisfied, Doug turns to Tess --

DOUG

Can I have the drugs back now?

TESS

What do you mean?

DOUG  
I mean I'd like to hold the drugs  
in my hands.

TESS  
I don't have them.

Doug furrows his brow, confused.

TESS (CONT'D)  
You had them at the--

DOUG  
(realizing)  
FUUUUUUCK...

*PRE-LAP SFX: DING, DING.*

**INT. MINI MART - GAS STATION - NIGHT**

The bell on the mini-mart door JINGLES as Doug enters. He turns down an aisle and finds BLAIR calmly shopping.

DOUG  
Hey, Blair.

BLAIR  
Douglas! I hadn't even finished  
brainstorming my dramatic entrance  
line yet.

DOUG  
Save it.

BLAIR  
That one's not bad.

DOUG  
Give me back the drugs.

BLAIR  
How about... I give you the  
narcotics, but you let me handle  
the girls. You appear competent for  
once, and I deliver clean bodies--

DOUG  
Bodies? You're gonna kill them?

BLAIR  
Of course we're gonna kill them.  
Did you seriously think we wanted  
you to bring them in *alive*?

All in one motion, Doug reaches out and picks up a HOT POT OF COFFEE, SMASHING it over Blair's head. He goes tumbling down.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Could everyone kindly stop smashing my head with blunt objects?

The SOLE MINI-MART EMPLOYEE, 20s, pulls A SHOTGUN from behind the counter and jumps out, ready to fuck shit up.

MINI-MART EMPLOYEE

Let's go, assholes!

TESS AND JENNA see this and run in, JUMPING onto his back. They tumble to the ground and the shotgun goes flying --

Doug is already on top of Blair, pinning him down.

DOUG

I'm not letting you kill them!

BLAIR

It's not up to you!

Blair WINDMILLS HIS LEGS AROUND, freeing himself. He then pulls Doug up and drags him toward the SLURPEE MACHINE.

Jenna and Tess wrestle the Employee away from his gun as --

Blair forcefully shoves Doug's head UNDER THE SPOUT of the Slurpee machine -- then YANKS the handle down, effectively WATERBOARDING Doug in blue raspberry-flavored fashion.

DOUG

Brain freeze! BRAIN FREEZE!

Jenna grabs the Employee's FALLEN SHOTGUN and aims it at the Slurpee machine, trying to avoid aiming at Doug.

TESS

Do it already, you pussy!

JENNA

Don't call me that!

Tess lunges up and takes the gun from Jenna -- *BANG!*

The blast RICOCHETS off the Slurpee machine, hitting no one, but allowing Doug to gain the upper hand --

TESS

Shit!

DOUG  
Be more useful!

Tess and Jenna work together to pull the Employee over to the ICE CREAM FREEZER, slamming his head in the drawer until he's knocked out. Tess sees BAGS OF ICE inside and gets an idea...

Doug pushes Blair toward the HOT DOG ROLLER and forces his head down toward it, SEARING HIS CHEEK ON THE HOT METAL.

Blair SLAMS Doug's head against the sneeze guard, freeing himself. Doug holds his now-bloody nose as he backs up --

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Eww. Your face. Your face looks super gross.

BLAIR  
Take it back!

He SLAMS Doug up against a soda machine --

DOUG  
I can't! It's disgusting!

Blair pushes his BURNED, DANGLING CHEEK toward Doug's face.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
EWWWWW! Okay, okay! Your face looks not gross! I take it back! You're a very handsome gentleman!

Blair lets off on the pressure, satisfied, and Doug PUNCHES him square in the teeth. Blood immediately fills his mouth.

Tess and Jenna over to the door with a bag of ice, RIPPING IT OPEN as Doug runs toward them --

TESS  
Jump!

Doug dodges the ice as it sends Blair slipping to the ground. He slams his head on the floor for the sixtieth time.

TESS (CONT'D)  
Go, go, go!

She and Jenna scurry out, running through the parking lot --

**EXT. GAS STATION - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

*BANG* --

Jenna yelps in pain, grabbing her leg, as they turn around and find Blair sprawled out on the ground. SHOTGUN in hand.

TESS  
You didn't bring the gun?

JENNA  
Don't yell at me, I'm shot!

Doug charges Blair, who fires again -- but it's out of shells. Doug reaches into Blair's jacket and pulls out:

THE DRUGS. Finally.

DOUG  
Find a car!

He TOSSES THE DRUGS to Tess as she helps Jenna toward a CAR.

Blair sweeps Doug's legs in a flash and pulls him to a gas pump, wrapping a GASOLINE HOSE around his neck.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Fuck you! You picked a hell of a time to go insane, asshole.

BLAIR  
I didn't pick a time, I'm a professionally diagnosed psychopath.

DOUG  
Keaton told me you went rogue.

BLAIR  
Rogue? Like I'm an international man of mystery?

Blair lets out an enormous chuckle.

**INT. PARKED CAR - PARKING LOT - SAME**

Tess squeezes a single shotgun pellet out of Jenna's calf.

JENNA  
Am I gonna die?

TESS  
Not from this.

Tess hears the commotion and notices Doug's in trouble --



TESS (CONT'D)

Fuck.

**BACK OUTSIDE:**

BLAIR

You honestly believe Keaton didn't send me? That's dreadfully sad.

Doug lashes out, getting a solid punch in.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Obviously she sent me! And once she heard about what an extravagant mess you made with the narcotics, she ordered me to kill anyone who got in my way. Including you.

Doug's clearly hurting. Doesn't want to believe it.

DOUG

That's not true.

BLAIR

You poor boy. Of course it is.

OUT OF NOWHERE, Tess flies in and smashes Blair across the head with THE DRUGS. He rolls off of Doug, stumbling to his feet, as Doug DIVES onto the brick of drugs.

TESS

Are you okay?

Doug won't say.

TESS (CONT'D)

Okay. You'll be okay.

Without the drugs or a gun, Blair turns to his next best option: and begins commandeering the CAR JENNA IS IN. Tess runs over just in time for Blair to turn to her --

BLAIR

Tell your friend Douglas he needs to bring the narcotics home. For her sake, I hope you're convincing.

He gestures to Jenna, who bangs on the windows from inside.

TESS

No!

Blair hops into the car and peels off.

Tess runs back over to Doug, splayed out on the ground. He's bloody and beaten, trying to catch his breath.

TESS (CONT'D)  
He took Jenna! Doug, get up!

Tess slaps Doug across the face. He rolls over in pain.

TESS (CONT'D)  
Blair took Jenna. We have to bring  
the drugs in or he'll kill her.

Doug nurses his wounds. Both physical and emotional.

DOUG  
I'm sorry. It's over.

Doug rolls over and Tess sees that the DRUGS have burst open, most of the contents scattering away in the breeze.

TESS  
FUCK!

Tess runs her hands through her hair, distraught.

DOUG  
You were right, I'm a sucker.  
Nobody cares about me. I'm just a  
fuck up.

TESS  
I was just upset before.

DOUG  
My girlfriend was just using me for  
my money. She never even loved me.

TESS  
You don't know that.

DOUG  
She said all that on my voicemail  
the other day.

TESS  
It's not your fault. You're just  
too good to bad people. You need to  
find people who deserve your  
loyalty. Who aren't too selfish to  
appreciate you for who you are.

Tess falters, hearing some of her and Jenna in her words.

TESS (CONT'D)

If this is anyone's fault, it's mine. I went on the date. I sat at your table. I flushed the drugs. And now I let Jenna go. She deserves better than that.

Doug hears this, empathizing.

DOUG

I just wanted people to like me. I'm tired of being the fuck up.

TESS

I know. Me too.

A beat. Two broken people in their broken worlds.

TESS (CONT'D)

Is there any way to fix this?

DOUG

We can try.

Doug smiles. Still a bit broken, but a bit optimistic, too.

**EXT. KEATON'S HOME BASE - STREET - NIGHT**

Ziggy pulls the car up to Keaton and Blair's house. Finch looks out the window, bewildered to finally be there.

A GUN COCKING catches his attention.

FINCH

What are you doing?

ZIGGY

Loading my gun.

FINCH

For what?

ZIGGY

For shooting.

FINCH

We need to talk to them!

ZIGGY

I've had enough of you whining about talking all the time. I was hired as a bruiser and I wanna give out some goddamn bruises already!

Ziggy opens the door to get out, but Finch CLOSES IT.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

Real mature.

Finch then PISTOL WHIPS Ziggy in the teeth. As she recovers from the shock, he pulls HANDCUFFS out of his pants and cuffs her to the wheel like a human anti-theft device.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

Fuck! Why the fuck did you do that?

FINCH

Because...

At his wit's end, Finch finally explodes --

FINCH (CONT'D)

Because I'm a fucking COP!

Ziggy fires a wad of bloody spit at his face.

ZIGGY

You're too dumb to be a cop.

Finch wipes his face, even angrier now --

FINCH

How do you think Doug ended up at the wrong restaurant?

ZIGGY

He's a fucking dummy, too!

FINCH

No. It's because I gave him the wrong restaurant. I've been trying to get to Keaton for MONTHS, but every time I got close, you or Eugene would fuck it up with your gangster bullshit! I knew if you got stood up, you fuck-heads would do anything to retaliate. You basically led me straight to her.

ZIGGY

*That* was your plan?

FINCH

It worked, didn't it?

ZIGGY

I guess, but what if we--

FINCH  
Don't overthink it!

Finch opens the car door, exiting --

FINCH (CONT'D)  
You've been waiting for bruising,  
I've been waiting for this.

Ziggy furiously writhes around, screaming as he runs off.

*PRE-LAP SFX: DING DONG.*

**INT. KEATON'S HOME BASE - NIGHT**

Keaton answers the door to find: EUGENE. He's wearing full shield sunglasses and lighting a joint. Keaton bristles.

KEATON  
Eugene? Hi, I wasn't...

EUGENE  
This is your house? Damn, Keaton, I  
think you've been over-charging me.

He pushes past Keaton, letting himself in.

**INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Blair pulls Jenna into a surprisingly calm guest bedroom. Clean comforter. Designer lamps. Art on the walls.

JENNA  
Let go of me!

BLAIR  
There's a bed if you're tired, or a  
television in the corner, which  
might provide some enjoyment.

Blair sets her down on the bed and leaves, then turns back.

BLAIR (CONT'D)  
Oh, one more thing. I've booby-  
trapped this whole house, and there  
are some real doozies in here. Best  
not get curious.

JENNA  
WHY ARE YOU SO WEIRD?!

BLAIR

Many professionals have tried to answer that question. Inconclusive, I'm afraid.

As Blair shuts the door --

JENNA

YOU DON'T SAY?

Jenna flops onto the bed, noticing a nearly-invisible lattice of fishing line running up the wall. *What the fuck?*

**EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT**

FINCH climbs through the yard, sneaking up to get a view through a window. He spots KEATON AND BLAIR in the living room, mocking each other and flipping each other off.

Finch pulls a BURNER CELL PHONE out of his sock. Dials.

FINCH

This is detective Dave Berton. I'm outside Keaton and Blair's home base. I've got eyes on both.

An OFFICER on the other end pipes up.

OFFICER (O.S.)

That plan actually worked?

Finch rolls his eyes, exhausted.

FINCH

Yes, okay? God dammit!

OFFICER (O.S.)

Can you see what they're doing?

FINCH

They look to be arguing about something. Blair is making a masturbatory gesture with his hand. Keaton has him in a headlock now. Appears to be giving him a noogie.

OFFICER (O.S.)

You have an address?

FINCH

Yes.

A long pause.

OFFICER (O.S.)  
 ...can you give it to us?

FINCH  
 Oh. Yes. 5551 Beacon.

OFFICER  
 We're sending a squad over now.  
 Once you see product on the table,  
 we'll move in.

FINCH  
 Copy.

Finch hangs up and pockets his phone. He takes a deep breath, draws his gun, and begins inching closer to the house...

**EXT. KEATON'S HOME BASE - STREET - NIGHT**

Doug parks the car a safe distance away from Keaton's house.

DOUG  
 I'm not sure if I can do this.

A beat as Tess unbuckles her seat belt.

TESS  
 What would Robin Hood do?

Doug smiles as they exit the car.

They move around to the trunk and Doug pulls out the pathetic last remains of GARY BUSEY, POCKETING IT. He then pulls out a BAG OF FLOUR taken from the mini-mart. He tapes the flour up to look like a fake brick and holds it up to Tess.

DOUG  
 What do you think?

TESS  
 It has Gary Busey's eyes.

Doug smiles, then pulls out a POCKET KNIFE and slits the pad of his own palm -- enough to draw blood.

TESS (CONT'D)  
 Doug, don't--

He brings his bloody hand up to her head, gently applying blood to resemble a head wound.

TESS (CONT'D)  
 How do I look?

Doug nods, satisfied with his work.

DOUG  
Ready to die?

TESS  
Hopefully only figuratively.

**INT. KEATON'S HOME BASE - FOYER - LATER**

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

Blair opens the door to find Doug holding a limp Tess in his arms -- playing dead well enough. Keaton exhales.

KEATON  
Thank Christ, Doug, you finally did something right.

EUGENE  
That's the girl?

Eugene steps in front of Doug. The room holds its breath.

EUGENE (CONT'D)  
You thought this girl was a dealer?  
Your SAT scores must've been sad.

Doug walks Tess down to the guest room, opening the door.

**INT. GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Inside, Jenna is sitting calmly on the bed, trying to work the TV REMOTE. She jumps up when he sees "dead" Tess enter.

JENNA  
What happened? Doug, what happened?  
Did you kill her, you asshole?

Doug looks back toward the still-open door.

DOUG  
Yeah, she's dead. Now keep your voice down, please.

He sets Tess down on the floor and turns back out the door.

Jenna regards Tess' "dead" body. Her eyes are still closed as she hears the sound of the door shut behind Doug.



JENNA

Tess, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean what I said. Your life matters, I--

Tess opens her eyes, raising a finger to Jenna's lips.

TESS

Shh, don't cry.

Jenna snaps back, horrified.

JENNA

Fuck! What?!

TESS

Sorry!

JENNA

Do you know how traumatic that was?

TESS

We had to sneak in. I'm sorry.

Jenna calms down, wrapping Tess into a hug.

**BACK TO THE FOYER:**

Doug re-enters the foyer, joining Keaton, Blair and Eugene.

KEATON

I'll give you credit for showing up. If I were you, I'd be knee deep in the witness protection program.

DOUG

I guess I'm not like you.

Doug hands Keaton the POST-IT note from his fridge.

KEATON

What's this?

DOUG

I went to the right restaurant. It was *Eugene's* people who gave me the wrong place. So maybe you should start scolding him instead.

Eugene cocks an eyebrow, confused.

EUGENE

That's not my stationary.

**BACK TO THE GUEST ROOM:**

Jenna and Tess sit side by side. Embracing the quiet calm.

TESS

I'm sorry.

JENNA

I get it, I just don't want to see another dead body until it's the back of my own eyelids.

TESS

I don't mean that. I mean I do mean that, but also for everything else. You have a great life. I'm sorry for being too wrapped up in my own shit to acknowledge that.

JENNA

I know I've been busy lately--

TESS

It's not your fault. It's just... before, I feel like no matter what happened, no matter where I ended up, you'd be there and I could lean on your shoulder. But one day I woke up and you were moving on.

JENNA

Not moving on. Just moving out.

TESS

I don't know what to do without you. I'm afraid, too.

JENNA

Just because I'm moving in with Todd doesn't mean he gets sole custody of my shoulder.

Tess smiles and they hug again. Then --

TESS

Should we get the fuck out of here?

JENNA

Yes, please.

Tess pulls out a GUN as their eyes turn to the VENTS...

**BACK TO THE FOYER:**

EUGENE

I don't know what ya'll are talking about, but I didn't come here to braid your hair and swap gossip. Do you have my shit or do you not?

Doug pulls the FAKE DRUGS out of his shirt.

DOUG

Here. Happy?

Eugene grabs the fake drugs from Doug, elated.

EUGENE

Smells like cash.

Eugene whips out a SWITCHBLADE as Doug sweats nervously. But just as he's is about to slice open the brick, everyone hears LOUD BANGING come from inside the walls.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

What's that noise?

DOUG

I don't hear anything.

**INT. STUDY - SAME**

The BANGING NOISES grow louder and louder, until... Tess and Jenna tumble out of an AIR VENT, covered in spider webs.

TESS

Why would anyone do that?!

JENNA

We didn't even get anywhere, we're just in another room!

As they recover, a window creaks open and a leg finds its way in. Then a torso, and then: FINCH. Tess raises her gun --

TESS

Who the fuck are you?

FINCH

Whoa, whoa, don't shoot! I'm a cop.

JENNA

Oh my god.

TESS

Are you serious?

FINCH

Yes! I saw you before. At the stoplight. Remember?

TESS

I remember you shooting at us!

FINCH

I was undercover before. And before that. My real name is Dave. I like lattes and bicycles and I've never done a real drug in my life.

Tess lowers her weapon, relieved.

JENNA

You have no idea how long I've been waiting for you.

FINCH

Don't worry. I'm gonna get everyone out of here. Just follow my--

*BOOM* -- FINCH'S HEAD EXPLODES INTO A MIST. Too quickly for the girls to realize that SOMEONE'S CLIMBING IN THE WINDOW.

They SCREAM in terror, Tess dropping her gun, as Finch's lifeless body gives out to reveal: ZIGGY. Silenced gun and all. Handcuffs broken but still on her wrists.

ZIGGY

Who are you two?

Jenna VOMITS onto Finch's body in response.

TESS

God dammit, Jenna!

JENNA

I can't help it! His face is fucking gone!

ZIGGY

Were you with this cop?

JENNA

No way! We hate cops!

TESS

"Fuck the Police" is like my favorite song of all time!

ZIGGY

Is Eugene here?

JENNA  
We don't know who that is.

Ziggy pulls Tess and Jenna out of the door by their collars --

**INT. FOYER - SAME**

A group of GOONS are milling about, searching for the source of the loud noises. A GUNSHOT goes off and everyone whips around to see ZIGGY -- gun aimed at Keaton.

ZIGGY  
Hands off the heat, fellas.

Doug, Blair and the Goons take their hands off their guns.

EUGENE  
Chill, Zig! I have the shit.  
Everything's accounted for.

ZIGGY  
Even the dead pig down the hall?

EUGENE  
Dead what?

BLAIR  
We're in a metropolis, how did a pig even get in here?

JENNA  
She means a cop!

Keaton's night just got a little bit worse.

KEATON  
A cop?

TESS  
Her partner was fucking undercover!

KEATON  
I'm sorry, who are you?

TESS  
I'm Tess. Hi. Sorry. Continue.

EUGENE  
Finch was a fucking cop?

ZIGGY  
He screwed the deal up on purpose so we'd lead him here. To her.

Doug shoots Keaton and Blair an "I told you so" look.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

It was all a frame up... conspiracy level... trick... what the heck phrase am I trying to think of?

JENNA

SET UP.

ZIGGY

Set up! THANK YOU!

KEATON

So why are you pointing a gun at me? He was on *your* side!

ZIGGY

He had to be working with Doug. Why else would he fall for this shit?

KEATON

Because Doug is a fucking idiot. That part is for real.

Fed up, Doug HITS KEATON IN THE FACE WITH THE FAKE DRUGS. She stumbles as the FLOUR inside BURSTS OUT, raining down.

Using the falling flour as a smoke screen, Blair whips his gun out and SHOOTS ZIGGY in the arm. She rolls for cover --

EUGENE

Is this flour?

Eugene turns and SLITS A GOON'S THROAT with his switchblade. He stabs his way through people on an unhinged rampage --

DOUG

Get out of here!

Tess and Jenna scurry out of the room at Doug's command. Keaton notices and RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM AFTER THE GIRLS --

Blair pulls his gun toward Doug, but Doug body tackles him --

BLAIR

I suppose I owe you an apology.

DOUG

Fuck you.

Doug scrambles to his feet and Blair chases him out --

Eugene slits another throat and then starts looting the house, pocketing expensive-looking objects. He slowly reaches up a shelf, not noticing the FISHING LINE connected to it...

Ziggy finds the LAST REMAINS OF GARY BUSEY, which has fallen out of Doug's jacket. She opens up the bag and SNORTS--

*BOOM!* Eugene triggers a BOOBY-TRAPPED EXPLOSION, blowing him to pieces and sending Ziggy and a few GOONS flying.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Tess and Jenna run into the kitchen, scrambling to find an exit, as KEATON enters behind them.

KEATON

YOU!

Keaton power-walks toward them, rage intensifying with every step. The girls grab nearby KITCHEN UTENSILS -- arming themselves with anything -- as Keaton reaches them.

Keaton quickly gains the upper hand, CHOKING TESS, until Jenna gets a solid WHACK in with a frying pan. Keaton gets up and walks toward a KNIFE BLOCK. Jenna notices the knives...

JENNA

No, no, no...

Jenna scrambles up and DIVES onto Keaton's legs.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Tess, help me!

Tess slowly grumbles to her feet and jumps on Keaton -- both girls now holding her legs back -- just as Doug did to them.

TESS

Just let us go!

KEATON

You're the one holding my legs.

TESS

Because you're gonna stab us!

Keaton reaches for a PARTICULAR KNIFE, her lanky arms giving her enough stretch to get a fingertip on it.

**INT. DINING ROOM - SAME**

Blair catches Doug and they wrestle each other to the ground, smashing through decorative candles and FINE CHINA.

BLAIR

We can't fight in here! This is the dining room!

Doug intentionally SMASHES a dish as they continue to wreck their way across the room, wrestling up against a wall --

**BACK TO KITCHEN:**

Tess and Jenna try with all their might, but Keaton gets a hand on the knife. She PULLS, and --

CLICK. The knife doesn't come out of the block. Rather, it TRIGGERS A SERIES OF SECRET COMPARTMENTS TO OPEN, REVEALING --

GUNS HIDDEN EVERYWHERE. Behind cabinets, under tables, behind paintings -- a booby-trapped buried treasure.

TESS

No fucking way.

**INT. FOYER - SAME**

Ziggy recovers from the blast, her arm wound wrapped and her brain on drugs. She notices a SECRET COMPARTMENT has flipped open in a nearby demilune, revealing an AUTOMATIC RIFLE.

ZIGGY

It's bruisin' time.

Ziggy grabs the gun and pops up, MOWING THROUGH GOONS --

**BACK TO DINING ROOM:**

A PAINTING has swung open right next to Blair. He and Doug are lunging for the GUN hiding inside. Blair manages to get a hand on it and SMASHES Doug's head with the butt --

Doug rolls under the dining table to avoid Blair's shots.

BLAIR

Being nearly concussed isn't very pleasant, is it?

Blair fires as Doug ekes out of the room, running away --

**BACK TO KITCHEN:**



Keaton grabs a nearby gun from a now-open cabinet, causing the girls to scurry away as fast as they can.

TESS  
Shit, shit, shit!

Keaton fires but misses as the girls wheel around the corner. On their way out, they SCOOP GUNS OUT OF COMPARTMENTS --

**BACK TO FOYER:**

Ziggy looks for Eugene -- but only finds his gold shoes. She wails a coked-out scream and KILLS MORE GOONS, finally basking in the badass glory she's always wanted.

Tess and Jenna wheel around the corner -- uh oh. *Wrong turn.*

ZIGGY  
You dick-holes killed Gene!

The girls freeze in fear, but as Ziggy raises her rifle... HER EYELIDS FLUTTER, AND SHE FALLS TO THE GROUND. ASLEEP.

Tess and Jenna stare in shock until the last few GOONS pop up and RIDDLE ZIGGY'S BODY WITH BULLETS. If Ziggy were awake, she'd be proud to die in a hail of gunfire.

The goons turn to the girls, but they're already gone --

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME**

Doug sees Blair enter the kitchen and shoots -- trading fire. Blair falls to the ground, hidden.

From BLAIR'S POV, he sees JENNA wheel around the corner into the LIVING ROOM and smiles to himself...

Doug re-loads his gun and grabs a KNIFE for good measure, but when he gets to the spot where Blair fell, HE'S VANISHED.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Blair enters the living room after Jenna, but finds it empty. He re-loads his gun clip and toes the carpet.

BLAIR  
Jenna?

Nothing.

BLAIR (CONT'D)  
 Jenna, I live here. I've already  
 found all the good hiding places.

He looks behind a sofa: nothing.

BLAIR (CONT'D)  
 This feels familiar, doesn't it?

He creeps over to a bookcase, shotgun raised.

BLAIR (CONT'D)  
 Marco!

Silence. Nobody behind the bookcase.

BLAIR (CONT'D)  
 Marco?

More silence as he turns back around.

BLAIR (CONT'D)  
 Marco?

TESS (O.S.)  
 Polo.

*BANG* --

From behind Blair, Tess has pulled the trigger, lodging a bullet into Blair's head. His lanky frame timbers to the ground with a curious smile. Amused somehow even in death.

TESS (CONT'D)  
 That was for...

Jenna pops up from inside a DECORATIVE TRUNK and crawls out.

TESS (CONT'D)  
 That was for... ugh, I really want  
 to say that was for Gwen but my  
 body just won't let me.

JENNA  
 Tess!

TESS  
 I'm sorry! I just can't.

They start to run out of the room.

TESS (CONT'D)  
 Hey, you didn't throw up that time.

JENNA

It's a wonder what seeing a bunch of dead bodies in a row will do to your gag reflex.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The girls run around a corner, finally in the home stretch, until KEATON steps out into the hallway -- right into them.

KEATON

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

TESS

God dammit!

KEATON

I'm not about to let two random girls bring down an empire. Do you realize how hard I've worked for this? Look at my fucking house.

Keaton raises a gun up to Tess' head.

TESS

You have a very beautiful home.

JENNA

I really like those pillows.

KEATON

Thank you.

JENNA

Where did you get them?

KEATON

Pottery--

Keaton GASPS. At first, the girls aren't sure why.

TESS

Pottery where? I mean I assume "Barn," but...

Keaton grabs her midsection, where blood begins seeping...

Behind her, DOUG stands, holding the handle of a KNIFE. Blade deep into Keaton's lower back. She wobbles, losing strength.

KEATON

You had to literally stab me in the back, after all these years?

DOUG  
It's only been two years.

A streak of blood on the wall guides Keaton to the floor.

TESS  
Come on, Doug.

KEATON  
Don't walk away from me.

Tess pulls him away, leaving Keaton behind.

KEATON (CONT'D)  
DOUG!  
(then, to self)  
Fuck...

Keaton slumps over, eyes flickering, finally dead.

**AT THE FRONT DOOR:**

Tess and Jenna open the front door, home free, only to realize Doug isn't following them.

TESS  
Aren't you coming?

DOUG  
Nah, I think I'm good.

JENNA  
Don't be silly.

DOUG  
It turns out you guys are the closest thing to real friends I've ever had. I belong in here.

JENNA  
You're not a bad guy.

A small smile from Doug.

DOUG  
I may not be a bad *guy*, but I'm still a "bad guy."

TESS  
You're Robin Hood, Doug. You've just been looking out for the wrong people.

Doug warms, taking this in.

DOUG  
Get going.

JENNA  
Bye.

Tess waves a wordless goodbye as they exit the front door.

Doug winces, adrenaline fading, and grips his side. When he removes his hand, it's glistening with WET BLOOD.

**EXT. KEATON'S HOME BASE - CONTINUOUS**

Tess seems to think of something else to say, but by the time she turns back around, Doug's nowhere to be found.

**MOMENTS LATER:**

Tess and Jenna scramble into the front yard as SIRENS wail.

TESS  
I'm not working out for a full  
calendar year after this.

JENNA  
Fuck working out, I'm never going  
outside again.

A dozen POLICE CARS squeal up and slam on the brakes as their headlights reach the girls. OFFICERS open their car doors and draw their handguns as a CAPTAIN barks out at the girls:

CAPTAIN  
Drop your weapons!

TESS  
Oh, shit.

Tess remembers they're holding guns and they both chuck them ten feet in every direction.

JENNA  
Sorry!

CAPTAIN  
Hands in the air!

They both shoot their bloodied hands in the air.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
Stay there, we're coming down!

Tess sees that Jenna's left hand is shaking nervously. She reaches over, hands still raised, and grabs it.

TESS

Remember when you said all the insanity is worth it for the right person?

JENNA

Please don't be talking about the drug dealers.

TESS

I'm not.

Jenna smiles, knowing she means her. They stand, holding hands, as the police begin to surround them.

TODD exits a cop car and sprints toward Jenna. Instinctively, Jenna runs toward him, LETTING GO OF TESS' HAND...

Tess allows herself a soft smile as she watches them embrace.

**QUICK, DRUG-INDUCED DREAM SEQUENCE:**

A CELTICS WINDBREAKER IS UNZIPPED, DOVES FLY OUT --

TESS AND JENNA HUG, CARTOON HEARTS SURROUND THEM --

FIREWORKS EXPLODE IN FRONT OF AN AMERICAN FLAG --

TODD (PRE-LAP)

TIME TO GO!

**INT. TESS & JENNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Moving day. Tess' eyes open to find Todd standing over her.

TESS

Already?

She stands up to hug Todd. No longer her adversary.

TESS (CONT'D)

She's all yours, Todd.

TODD

We both know I'm the step dad in this situation.

TESS

Let's not start off with an incesty metaphor.

Todd smiles, grabs the last few boxes and heads for the exit.

TODD

(to Jenna)

I'll meet you there. I'm gonna pick up that really rad barrel I showed you. I was thinking we could turn into an organic espresso bar.

Tess makes a face. Jenna tries to act happy, but then --

JENNA

I was actually thinking... maybe we don't get the barrel.

TODD

You don't like it?

JENNA

I don't love it...

Finally the truth. Jenna braces herself for his reaction.

TODD

We'll find something else.

Jenna exhales, a weight off her shoulders. Todd kisses her sweetly and exits. The girls now alone in the apartment.

JENNA

Here's my key.

Jenna holds up her KEY to their apartment.

TESS

Oh, you can keep it.

JENNA

You're not gonna move out? Someone was straight up murdered here.

TESS

And because of that, I'm basically living here for free now.

Jenna smirks, pocketing the key.

JENNA

Okay then.

An awkward silence. Nobody wants to make the first move.

JENNA (CONT'D)

See you around?

TESS  
Yeah. Of course.

They hug. Awkwardly at first, and then a full embrace.

JENNA  
Okay.

Jenna exits with a soft wave, closing the door behind her.

Tess inhales a deep breath and flops down onto the couch.

GWEN'S CAT appears, crawling onto Tess' chest. Tess stares at the cat uncomfortably, and then gives in and pets it.

TESS  
Okay, but I'm only gonna be a  
foster cat lady.

Tess looks around, taking in the empty room.

**INT. JENNA'S CAR - MOVING - DAY**

Something's clearly on Jenna's mind. She drives, brow furrowed, as her PHONE RINGS. She answers.

JENNA  
Did I leave something behind?

**INTERCUT TESS/JENNA:**

TESS  
No, no. You didn't do anything. I  
just thought... maybe I could keep  
you company on the drive?

Jenna smiles.

JENNA  
Yeah, I'd like that.

TESS  
What do you think about re-naming  
the cat Gary Busey?

Jenna laughs, driving forward as the two friends keep talking. Growing up together, one conversation at a time.

FADE OUT.

THE END.