

BITTER PILL

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FADE IN:

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE resting on a sink.

IVY LYDECKER, 37, stands before a steamed mirror. Stares not at her reflection but at the tiny BLUE PILL in her palm.

IVY (V.O.)  
How would I describe Ropraxadil?

Ivy pops it. Regards her reflection with vacant eyes, like a woman bored by the very sight of herself.

IVY (V.O.)  
Zombie pills.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A table of TRENDY WOMEN, 30s. Everyone laughing, drinking. Everyone but Ivy. She just stares at the ice cubes floating in her water. Checked out.

IVY (V.O.)  
You know that weird dimension Frodo goes to whenever he puts on the ring? I live there.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

LUKE, 13, chubby adolescent waiting to grow into his looks, BACKPACK over his shoulder, opens the door to find Ivy face down on her bed, SNORING like a yetti.

IVY (V.O.)  
They say koalas sleep twenty-two hours a day.

LUKE  
Mom. Time to get up.  
(shakes her)  
C'mon. You said you'd drive me.

Ivy GRUMBLES. Rolls over.

IVY (V.O.)  
I'm not impressed.

Luke rolls his eyes. No use.

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

Ivy pops another BLUE PILL with a defeated sigh.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Ivy hunched over her laptop sporting outrageous bed head.

ON THE SCREEN: A JOB LISTING site advertising DAY TRADER positions. Ivy absently scrolls through the list before closing the window in favor of a *Daily Show* clip.

IVY (V.O.)

I used to wear suits on casual  
Friday. Now look at me.

MOVE OUT to reveal that Ivy is rocking a ketchup-stained hoodie and a pair of Batman pajama pants.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Another morning. Ivy regards her reflection with disgust. Pinches her love handle.

IVY (V.O.)

Last week I bumped into my CrossFit  
trainer. He couldn't even look me  
in the eye.

Pops another blue pill.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Empty Utz bags. Two liter jugs of root beer. Ten thousand Tootsie Roll wrappers. Ivy lounges on the sofa in the Batman pj pants, eyes glazing as she watches *Dr. 90210*.

IVY (V.O.)

I should have "Fuck It" tattooed on  
my forehead.

An AD pops up. A SEXY MAN selling exercise equipment.

IVY (V.O.)

I don't even remember the last time  
I got off.

INT. DR. KERR'S OFFICE - DAY

Ivy sits across from DR. KERR, 54, a stone-faced troll who regards her without the faintest hint of empathy.

DR. KERR  
Any nausea? Blurred vision?  
Constipation?

IVY  
Have you listened to anything I've  
said? I feel like I had a fucking  
lobotomy.

Dr. Kerr hands Ivy a URINE CUP.

DR. KERR  
Would you rather be in prison?

Ivy snatches the cup.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Luke lies on the floor tossing a tennis ball at the ceiling. Ivy, draped across the adjacent sofa and trying to concentrate on a *Top Chef* marathon, winces at every THUD.

IVY  
Do you mind?

Luke hurls the ball at the ceiling one more time for good measure.

LUKE  
We never do anything anymore.

IVY  
(motions to TV)  
We are doing something. We're  
finding out who made the best amuse-  
bouche.

LUKE  
Dad says you're depressed.

IVY  
Dad doesn't know the half of it.

LUKE  
You said we'd go to a hockey game.  
And what about Telluride? You said  
we'd go skiing if--

IVY  
If you made honor roll.

LUKE  
I made it four times!

IVY  
And soon as I have the money, we'll go. Now listen--

Luke chucks the tennis ball at the ceiling, hard.

IVY (CONT'D)  
Dammit, Luke! I said cut it out!

LUKE  
Why do I even have to come here?

IVY  
You don't mean that.

LUKE  
All you do is lay on the couch. If I got up and walked out you probably wouldn't even notice.

Ivy sits up. She takes Luke's hand.

IVY  
Look, this stuff that's going on with me-- I'm just having a hard time. But it doesn't mean I love you any less. You know that, right?

LUKE  
Just forget it.

Luke storms out. A door slams down the hall.

EXT. IVY'S HOUSE - DAY

KNOCKING.

Ivy is greeted by her ex-husband, SCOTT LYDECKER, 37, textbook case of arrested development. Ripped jeans, frayed t-shirt, budding ponytail. Never quite got over the grunge movement. He's holding a CARDBOARD BOX.

SCOTT  
My, don't you looked rested.

IVY  
 (calling)  
 Luke! Your dad's here!  
 (re: box)  
 On your way to a toy drive?

SCOTT  
 You told me not to throw anything  
 away without asking, so.

He hands her the box and she looks through it.

IVY  
*Double Jeopardy* on DVD? The  
 Sopranos Family Cookbook? Gross, is  
 that your fucking hairbrush?

SCOTT  
 From the looks of things I wasn't  
 sure if you had one.

IVY  
 (holds out the box)  
 Take it.

SCOTT  
 I don't want it.

IVY  
 Well neither do I. Take it.

SCOTT  
 (calling)  
 Luke! Come on, buddy!

IVY  
 You're insufferable. You know that,  
 right?

Scott smiles smarmily. He knows.

In the driveway, a shiny new BMW.

IVY (CONT'D)  
 Restaurant must be treating you  
 well. What's it called again? Wizz?

SCOTT  
 Wisdom. Guess you didn't see the  
 write-up in *LA Weekly*. Best new  
 restaurant in Venice.

IVY  
 I get *The Times*.

Luke huffs out with his bag and brushes past Ivy.

IVY (CONT'D)  
I don't even get a goodbye?

LUKE  
Bye.

Luke marches to the car and slams the door. Scott takes a deep breath. No easy way to say this.

SCOTT  
Listen. There's something we need to discuss...

INT. LAW OFFICES OF SCHELLER & LAMB, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ivy and Scott avoid eye contact on opposite sides of a long conference table. Ivy looks like she just rolled out of bed. At the head of the table is the mediator, WALTER LAMB, 68, no nonsense and all jowls.

WALTER LAMB  
Before we begin let me remind you that I am an *impartial* mediator and, as such, my job is to determine the course of action that most benefits Luke. I don't represent you, I represent your son. Understood?

IVY/SCOTT  
Yes.

WALTER LAMB  
Mr. Lydecker. You intend to sue for sole custody. Is that correct?  
(he nods)  
And Ms. Lydecker, you intend to dispute?

IVY  
You're God damn right I do.

WALTER LAMB  
According to your ex-husband, you were in some recent legal trouble?

IVY  
I wouldn't characterize it as recent, no.

SCOTT

Eight months ago she nearly blinded a co-worker.

IVY

*Eleven* months and the sentence was suspended.

SCOTT

And in those *eleven* months, she hasn't had one job.

IVY

You wanna talk about jobs? Let's talk about jobs.

SCOTT

(continues to address  
Walter)

She lives in filth, her house is an embarrassment.

IVY

Let's talk about the four *years* I supported your worthless ass while you dicked around in that dead-end garage band.

SCOTT

And with my restaurant taking off--

IVY

Punching the clock while you whored around, drinking like Errol Flynn.

SCOTT

--I feel I can provide a more stable environment.

IVY

But I hit a rough patch and you try to take my fucking kid away?

SCOTT

It's not just what's best for Luke but for Ivy too.

IVY

Oh fuck you.

WALTER LAMB

Everyone take a deep breath. Now Ms. Lydecker--

IVY

What?

WALTER LAMB

I've sat at this table enough times to know that no one is immune to hard times. However, a person who can't demonstrate responsibility in her personal life can hardly be expected to care for a child.

IVY

What are you saying?

WALTER LAMB

I'm going to recommend a probationary period of eight weeks, during which time you will be granted bi-weekly evening visitation.

IVY

Visitation? Is that a fucking joke?

WALTER LAMB

However! If, during those eight weeks, you're able to find-- and maintain-- stable, meaningful employment, I'll recommend to the judge that we resume with shared custody.

IVY

And if I can't?

WALTER LAMB

There's an old Chinese proverb. "Great souls have wills. Feeble ones have only wishes."

ON IVY: Seriously?

WALTER LAMB (CONT'D)

See you in eight weeks.

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Middle of the night. Ivy wide awake. Clicks her phone for the time and the light illuminates a bedside PHOTO.

ON THE IMAGE: Ivy and Luke on a camping trip, huddled inside a tent making spooky flashlight faces under their chins.

Where did *that* Ivy go?

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

The next morning. Ivy at the mirror cupping the familiar blue pill in her palm. Instead of popping it, she tilts her hand and lets it fall into the toilet.

It hits the water with a TINY PLOP.

ON IVY: Feeling better already.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Ivy jogs to a PEPPY TUNE. A smile on her face and a spring in her step. Waves to everyone she passes.

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ivy dances as she vacuums up Utz crumbs and Tootsie Roll wrappers. The place looks like a whole new apartment.

EXT. IVY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ivy douses a grill in lighter fluid, then tosses her Batman pajama pants on top.

Sets them ablaze.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Dressed in a smart pantsuit, Ivy clacks away at her computer, crafting a clean and professional RESUME.

In a job description, she deletes the word "led" and replaces it with "chaired."

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

Ivy opens the medicine cabinet. The bottle of Ropraxadil rests on the shelf.

She shuts the cabinet.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

A BELL RINGS and a swarm of STUDENTS floods outside. Luke walks alone, face buried inside his hoodie, desperate not to be noticed.

Across the parking lot, Luke spots Ivy leaning against her car, waving.

LUKE

Shit.

He walks over.

LUKE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

IVY

I can't pick my kid up from school?  
(notices something on  
Luke's cheek)  
What happened to your face?

She touches his cheek but Luke pushes her hand away.

LUKE

It's nothing.

IVY

Let me see.

LUKE

I said it's nothing.

ON IVY: I'm not going anywhere until you show me.

Luke pulls back his hoodie to reveal a faded, Sharpie-drawn COCK on his face. His cheek rubbed raw from trying to scrub it off.

IVY

Christ, who did that to you?

LUKE

No one.

IVY

You can talk to me, you know.

LUKE

Doesn't mean I have to.

IVY

You can't still be mad at me.

ON LUKE: Try me.

IVY (CONT'D)

Fine. Then I guess you're not interested in going to the Kings game two weeks from Thursday.

Ivy produces a pair of TICKETS, expecting a big reaction, but Luke doesn't so much as smile.

IVY (CONT'D)

What? You don't like hockey anymore?

LUKE

You think you can suddenly be my best friend because you buy me hockey tickets?

IVY

I know I've been a shit, okay? All I'm asking for is a chance to make it up to you.

Luke crosses his arms. Stares at the ground.

IVY (CONT'D)

So will you go with me?

LUKE

(hesitates)

Fine.

IVY

Great. Now hop in, I'll take you home.

LUKE

I'll take the bus.

Luke walks away.

IVY

(calling after)

Really? That's how it's gonna be?

Luke doesn't even look back.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Ivy plays a voicemail on her phone while she prepares a frozen dinner.

BRAD KIMREY (O.S.)  
Ivy, Brad Kimrey from Hyde  
Securities. We received your resume  
and we'd like to have you come in.  
Call me back at this number and  
we'll set something up.

Ivy hears the FRONT DOOR OPEN.

IVY  
Hello?

CHLOE (O.S.)  
What a fucking shithole.

ON IVY: Face full of dread. She knows this voice.

CHLOE, 15, the cool girl you were afraid to talk to in high school, strides into the kitchen and takes a long, disdainful look around.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
*This is where you live?*

IVY  
No. No way. Out of the question.

Ivy pushes her toward the front door.

CHLOE  
C'mon. Don't act like you're not  
happy to see me.

IVY  
Goodbye.

She pushes her out the door, slams it in her face and turns the dead bolt. When she turns around, Chloe is somehow back inside.

CHLOE  
You're being childish.

Ivy screams. Sheer frustration. She brushes past Chloe and marches up the stairs. Chloe follows.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Fine life you've carved out here.  
No job, no kid, no boyfriend.

IVY  
And who do I have to thank for  
that?

CHLOE

Don't worry. We'll have you back on your feet in no time.

IVY

We are not doing anything.

Through the bedroom, Ivy enters the BATHROOM. She shuts the door in Chloe's face again, only to turn and find her lounging in the empty bathtub.

CHLOE

I hope you're not thinking what I think you're thinking.

IVY

ARGH!!!!

Ivy grabs the bottle of Ropraxadil and pops one into her palm.

CHLOE

Do what you want, it's your body.

Ivy fills a glass of water, goes to pop the pill.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Just don't come crying to me when the only way you can talk to your kid is under the watchful eye of a court liaison.

This hits her. Ivy lowers the pill from her mouth.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Look in the mirror.

(she does)

Don't you wanna be yourself again?

The question lingers.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Ivy smooths a stylish pantsuit in the mirror. Total power woman. Chloe pops into the reflection behind her.

CHLOE

Remember, be flirty without being whorish. And don't laugh. You sound like a howler monkey.

Ivy brushes past Chloe as she moves toward the vanity.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
You can't ignore me forever.

IVY  
Let's get something straight. Just because I decided not to take those pills doesn't mean that I welcome your company or your advice. So do me a favor: shut the fuck up.

From her jewelry box, Ivy produces a pair of SILVER CUFFLINKS.

CHLOE  
Your dad's cufflinks.

IVY  
I wear them for luck.

CHLOE  
They weren't lucky for him.

ON IVY: Not funny.

INT. HYDE SECURITIES LOBBY - DAY

Ivy sits in the chair, hands folded in her lap, the silver cufflinks the perfect compliment to her suit. Chloe at her side.

CHLOE  
If they bring up your past, lean into it. Don't make apologies--

IVY  
(snapping)  
I don't need your help!

The RECEPTIONIST glances at Ivy over his computer. From his perspective, Ivy is sitting alone. If it wasn't clear before, it is now: Chloe is a figment of her imagination.

Ivy smiles at the receptionist. *Nothing to see here.*

IVY (CONT'D)  
(to Chloe, whispering out the side of her mouth)  
I've nailed plenty of job interviews, thank you.

CHLOE  
Not as a felon.

INT. HYDE SECURITIES CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Shiny and sleek. The TRADING FLOOR visible through the glass wall. Ivy sits at the end of a long conference table. Poised, confident, and crushing it.

Chloe sits beside her as if part of the meeting.

IVY

Rule-based systems? Forget it. They're prohibitive. My strategy's based on momentum and high-probability movements. The way I see it, a trader's single greatest asset is adaptability.

CHLOE

Boom! Nailed it!

Across the table, the TWO MALE PARTNERS (including BRAD KIMREY) nod along, eating it up.

OLD PARTNER

Your portfolio speaks for itself.

BRAD KIMREY

Not many people predicted that Imicclone dip. Nice work.

The FEMALE PARTNER, a poker-faced ball buster, still needs convincing.

FEMALE PARTNER

We've all seen the numbers. That's why you're in here. But I think you know my concern.

IVY

I do. And I'd like to say that what happened last year is in no way an indication of my character--

CHLOE

Nope. Wrong approach.

IVY

(continuing)

I was dealing with some personal issues at the time--

CHLOE

You're losing 'em.

IVY  
 (continuing)  
 But, if anything, I've come out of  
 it a stronger person.

The partners smile weakly. Unimpressed.

CHLOE  
 Aaaaand they're gone.

FEMALE PARTNER  
 We'll... take that under  
 consideration. Thanks for coming  
 in.

As the partners stand to leave, Chloe places her hand on Ivy's arm. Ivy goes stiff, as if paralyzed by her touch. Chloe addresses the partners directly.

CHLOE  
 You want the truth? Here it is.

The partners turn. They can actually hear Chloe.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
 I lost my temper and someone got  
 hurt. Am I proud of what I did? No.  
 Did the guy deserve it? You bet  
 your ass he did.

The partners sit back down, fully engaged. From their perspective, it's Ivy doing the talking-- Chloe is speaking for her.

CHLOE/ IVY  
 (continuing)  
 The fact of the matter is,  
 derivatives trading isn't a game of  
 patty cake. It's a UFC cage fight.  
 It takes intensity. Tempers flare,  
 emotions run high and, every once  
 in a while, someone loses their  
 cool. You want a girl scout? Fine,  
 I'll see myself out. You want  
 results? Then show me my desk and  
 crack your umbrellas cause I'll  
 make it fucking rain in here.

The partners look on, utterly speechless.

Then they smile.

INT. HYDE SECURITIES ELEVATOR - DAY

The partners wave to Ivy as the elevator doors close.

FEMALE PARTNER  
We'll see you next week.

The doors close. Ivy turns to Chloe.

IVY  
I can't believe it. They actually  
went for it.

CHLOE  
Of course they did.

IVY  
If we're gonna make this work,  
you've got to promise me one thing.

CHLOE  
What's that?

IVY  
No one gets hurt.

CHLOE  
That's a pretty wide net. What if  
we encounter a handsy Uber driver?  
Or a homeless biter?

IVY  
No one.

CHLOE  
You're the boss.

Chloe sticks out her hand and Ivy shakes it.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
What if someone brings their  
emotional support dog into a movie--

IVY  
No one!

CHLOE  
Got it.

INT. IVY'S BATHROOM - DAY

The bottle of Ropraxadil rests on the shelf. Ivy takes it  
down...

...and dumps the entire bottle in the toilet.

INT. DR. KERR'S OFFICE - DAY

Ivy sits across from Dr. Kerr like a kid in the principal's office.

DR. KERR  
No new side effects?

IVY  
Nope.

DR. KERR  
Same dosage?

IVY  
Yep.

Dr. Kerr passes Ivy the urine cup without looking up from his notepad. Ivy just stares at it.

DR. KERR  
Is there a problem?

IVY  
I, uh... I went right before I came in. Any chance we could hold off til next week?

Dr. Kerr SIGHS disapprovingly.

DR. KERR  
First thing tomorrow. No excuses.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Ivy paces frantically while Chloe sits calmly atop the counter.

CHLOE  
You're overreacting.

IVY  
You know what they'll do to me in prison? I mean look at me.

CHLOE  
First of all, don't flatter yourself. Second of all, no one's going to prison.

IVY

If you know a way to cheat a piss  
test then I'm all ears.

Chloe thinks.

CHLOE

When was the last time you called  
your sister?

INT. KENNEDY'S DRUGSTORE - DAY

A mom and pop pharmacy tucked away in a strip mall. A line of  
ELDERLY PEOPLE backed up to the door.

Behind the counter, MADELYN KENNEDY, 42, the pharmacist, shy  
and mousey with thick glasses and tangled hair, quite  
possibly still a virgin, hands a prescription to an OLD  
GENTLEMAN.

She calls for the next person in line and sees that it's Ivy.  
Doesn't exactly look thrilled to see her.

INT. MADELYN'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: A KEY RING with a pink rabbit's foot keychain  
resting atop a cluttered desk.

MADELYN (O.S.)

No way. Out of the question.

Ivy follows Madelyn inside. There's barely enough room for  
both of them to stand.

IVY

You don't understand what this shit  
is doing to me. I can barely be a  
mother to my kid.

MADELYN

Then tell him to lower your dosage.

IVY

I tried. The man's a sadist.

MADELYN

I can't do it. I could lose my  
license.

IVY

Who's gonna find out?

MADELYN

Did you ever consider that maybe  
you're on those meds for a reason?

IVY

If you're gonna say no I'd prefer  
you did it without the lecture.

MADELYN

Fine. No.

IVY

Come on! You're my big sister.  
You're supposed to look out for me.

Madelyn looks at her gravely.

MADELYN

I am looking out for you.

Madelyn walks out.

INT. AUDI - DAY

Parked outside the drugstore. Chloe is already waiting in the  
passenger seat when Ivy gets in and slams the door.

IVY

I told you she wouldn't go for it.

CHLOE

Of course she didn't.

IVY

So why the fuck did I just debase  
myself in there?

Chloe dangles the SET OF KEYS with the pink rabbit foot.

IVY (CONT'D)

You didn't?

EXT. KENNEDY PHARMACY - NIGHT

Middle of the night. The place is dark and empty. Ivy uses  
the keys to open the front door while Chloe keeps watch.

INT. KENNEDY PHARMACY - NIGHT

The ALARM rings out. Ivy rushes to the KEYPAD and punches the  
code.

IVY  
Dad's birthday. She uses the same  
password for Netflix.

The alarm quiets.

CHLOE  
How touching.

INT. PILL CLOSET - NIGHT

Racks of pills stretch to the ceiling. Ivy and Chloe scan the inventory with a cellphone flashlight.

IVY  
Hurry up.

CHLOE  
Should be right...  
(spots it)  
Here!

Chloe snatches FOUR BOTTLES and drops them into a bag. They exit into the

PHARMACY

and beeline for the door.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Wait. The keys.

IVY  
I have them.

CHLOE  
Exactly, fuck wit. We want her to think she forgot them. Now go put them in her office.

IVY  
Good thinking.

As Ivy starts for the office we hear--

MADELYN (O.S.)  
Thanks again, Clara. I feel like  
such an idiot.

Ivy and Chloe stop dead in their tracks as Madelyn enters from outside.

They dive behind the counter and shimmy under a desk.

MADELYN steps to the keypad but sees the alarm is already off.

MADELYN (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 Dammit, Doug.

She crosses behind the counter. Opening drawers and lifting stacks of paper. Searching everywhere for her keys... and getting closer every second.

MADELYN (CONT'D)  
 Where in God's name...

She's standing over their desk now. Her legs within inches of their faces.

UNDER THE DESK-- Chloe snatches the keys from Ivy and tosses them six feet away.

It works. The JANGLE causes Madelyn to turn. Sure enough, there are her keys, right on the floor. She starts toward them but then stops. Something fishy here.

MADELYN (CONT'D)  
 Hello?

Madelyn starts backs back toward the desk.

MADELYN (CONT'D)  
 Is someone there?

As she bends over to peek underneath it, we hear--

CLARA (O.S.)  
 Madelyn? Is everything all right?

Madelyn stops.

MADELYN  
 Coming!

Madelyn pick up her keys, takes one last look around, and exits.

Ivy and Chloe finally exhale.

CHLOE  
 Did you see that?  
 (beat)  
 She doesn't even shave her legs.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chloe dumps a pile of WHITE PILLS on the counter. Ivy leans over to inspect.

IVY  
(re: the pills)  
What am I looking at?

CHLOE  
OPC3373.

IVY  
Come again?

CHLOE  
A metabolite. Specifically, a  
metabolite present in Ropraxadil.  
The active ingredients don't show  
up in urine screens, so to test  
compliance they check for this  
instead.

IVY  
So I take this C3PO shit and it  
looks like I'm taking my meds?

CHLOE  
There's no way to tell the  
difference.

Ivy cups one in her palm.

IVY  
I sure hope you're right.

She pops it.

INT. DR. KERR'S OFFICE - DAY

Ivy chews her fingernails while Dr. Kerr dips a testing strip into a cup of urine. He removes the strip and inspects it with his usual gruff expression... then he grins.

DR. KERR  
See you next week.

Ivy smiles.

INT. THE MADAME ROYALE - NIGHT

A Gothic nightclub pulsing with energy. Fog, lasers, people packed on the dance floor shoulder to shoulder. Everyone dripping sweat.

Right in the thick of it is Ivy, dancing alone and loving it. Cutting loose for the first time in months.

Across the floor-- a SILVER FOX, 40's, has his eyes on her. She smiles. He smiles back.

He's walking over now. Ivy turns to greet him but he walks right past... toward a 22 year-old CLUB RAT in a skintight skirt.

AT THE BAR

Ivy slams back a Scotch. Her first drink in months.

IVY

Sweet Jesus I've missed this.

Chloe slides in beside her.

CHLOE

Striking out, huh?

IVY

It's kinda hard with you breathing down my neck. Which reminds me, you and I need to establish some boundaries.

CHLOE

I'm a figment of your imagination. What kind of boundaries do you expect to establish?

Ivy scans her options-- trendy, smooth-faced guys in skinny jeans and V-necks.

IVY

They all look like children.

CHLOE

Well don't look now, Grandma, but one of those children seems to have mommy issues.

Ivy turns. Standing just across the bar is ALARIC, 27, sex on a stick and knows it. Dressed head to toe in black with piercing, wolf-like eyes that are fixed directly on her.

IVY

Wow.

Chloe smirks. Her work here is done.

CHLOE

I'll leave you to it.

Chloe disappears into the crowd. Ivy doesn't even bother to say goodbye, too transfixed by Alaric's sex eyes.

A tap on the shoulder breaks her focus.

IVY

I thought you were leaving--

Ivy turns and realizes it's not Chloe, but a chubby, sweaty-browed DEALER, 23.

DEALER

Had your daily dose of Vitamin E?

IVY

Excuse me?

The dealer lifts his shirts to reveal a fanny pack.

DEALER

Rollies, lady.  
(off her confusion)  
Ecstasy?

IVY

Not interested.

She turns back to the bar. Alaric has disappeared.

DEALER

C'mon. Haven't you heard about the  
Great White?

He holds out a PINK TABLET, stamped with a crude approximation of the shark from *Jaws*.

DEALER (CONT'D)

It'll swallow you whole.

IVY

I said I'm not interested.

Ivy walks away but the dealer follows.

DEALER

What's the matter? Too old to party?

ALARIC (O.S.)

She said get lost.

DEALER

Who asked you, bitch--

When the dealer turns and sees that it's Alaric, he promptly shuts his mouth. Whoever Alaric is, this guy is scared of him.

ALARIC

Go sling that JV shit some place else.

The dealer scampers off.

IVY

I don't know if I'm grateful or afraid.

ALARIC

You're curious.

Alaric leans in and whispers in her ear.

ALARIC (CONT'D)

Wanna get out of here?

ON IVY: Can't decide whether to be flattered or offended.

INT. ALARIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ivy and Alaric make out furiously as they burst through the door. Alaric comes up for air just long enough to punch the alarm code and Ivy takes in the spread-- a sleek, ultra-modern palace with floor to ceiling glass walls that overlook an infinity pool and the LA skyline beyond.

IVY

What is it you do again?

ALARIC

(takes her by the hand)  
You like surprises?

INT. ALARIC'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alaric clicks a remote and a FIRE ignites in the fireplace.

ALARIC

Count to a hundred. Then come to  
the bedroom.

He disappears down the hallway, leaving Ivy alone.

IVY

One. Two. Three.

Ivy pokes around. Everything in the house has an erotic charge. Phallic sculptures, paintings that look like vaginas, a wall-length reptile cage containing a six foot BALL PYTHON that tickles the glass with it's tongue.

As she inspects the snake, the reflection of a MALE FIGURE catches her eye in the glass. She turns to see a young TWINK, 22, strutting naked across the other side of the room.

IVY (CONT'D)

Um. Hi there.  
(he keeps walking)  
I'm Ivy.

The Twink sneers, then enters a bedroom and shuts the door without a word.

IVY (CONT'D)

Good talk.

Ivy checks her watch.

IVY (CONT'D)

(lost count)  
Uh, ninety-eight. Ninety-nine. One  
hundred. Here I come!

INT. ALARIC'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ivy KNOCKS. Enters slowly.

IVY

Hello?

The room is like a sex den. Satin sheets, graphic oil painting of Caligula-esque orgies, an array of vibrators fixed proudly on the night stand.

She opens a dresser drawer. Inside, a chrome-plated PISTOL. She traces its contours with her finger.

Atop the dresser, a VELVET BOX. She opens it. Inside is a stunning SAPPHIRE RING with a diamond halo.

ALARIC (O.S.)  
Don't touch that.

Ivy quickly shuts the box. Turns to find Alaric in nothing but a pair of form-fitting briefs that leave little to the imagination.

IVY  
I'm sorry, I was just...

Alaric adjusts the velvet box just so, delicately returning it to its exact position on the dresser.

ALARIC  
It was my mother's. Probably the most valuable thing in this entire house.

IVY  
I didn't mean to--

ALARIC  
You ready for your surprise?

Alaric opens his palm to reveal a PURPLE TABLET, but instead of Jaws, this one is stamped with an OWL.

ALARIC (CONT'D)  
Know why it's stamped with an owl?

IVY  
It'll improve my night vision?

Alaric places the tablet on the tip of his tongue and kisses Ivy, hard, depositing it into her mouth. Ivy swallows.

ALARIC  
Cause it's a fucking hoot.

He kisses her again. Gentle at first, then passionate. They fall onto the bed.

EXT. ALARIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Later that night. Hair-mussed, sleeve ripped and looking like she's seen a ghost, Ivy lumbers toward an Uber waiting in the driveway. Whatever happened up there must have been pretty wild.

Alaric comes to the window wrapped in a towel.

ALARIC

I hope I didn't scare you back there.

IVY

Just enough.

He puts something in her hand. A tiny baggie with THREE MORE TABLETS.

ALARIC

Party favor.

He kisses her.

ALARIC (CONT'D)

I'm Alaric, by the way.

IVY

Ivy.

ALARIC

Be seeing you, Ivy.

The Uber drives off. Perhaps in spite of herself, Ivy smiles.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT

A sold out crowd surrounds the LA Kings hockey rink. On the ice, a KINGS' PLAYER smashes a SHARK into the glass. The spectators go ballistic. No one more so than Luke.

LUKE

Kill him, Stoll! Rip his head off!

Ivy pulls him back down to his seat, embarrassed.

IVY

You sound like you have Tourette's.

LUKE

(annoyed)

Relax. It's hockey.

Ivy regards Luke, disconcerted. He doesn't seem to be having much fun. PAN OVER to reveal Chloe at Ivy's side.

CHLOE

You wanna be his friend or his chaperone? Lighten the fuck up.

Another bone-crunching hit on the ice and Luke leaps to his feet again.

LUKE  
Crush his windpipe, Doughty!

Chloe gives Ivy a nudge and she jumps up to join in.

IVY  
Uh... Eat his brains!

Luke smiles, amused at the effort.

LUKE  
Break his spine!

IVY  
Pop his eyeballs out!

LUKE  
Burn his house down!

IVY  
Put his cat in a blender!

LUKE  
Strangle him with his intestines!

IVY  
Kill his family!

ANGRY DAD (O.S.)  
Christ, do you mind?

Behind them, a FATHER covers his young DAUGHTER'S ears.

IVY  
(sheepish)  
Sorry.

Ivy and Luke sit. After a moment of awkward silence, they both BURST OUT LAUGHING.

The angry dad shakes his head in disgust.

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

Ivy cruises through a suburban neighborhood. Luke talks a mile a minute in the passenger seat, still on a high from the game.

LUKE  
...and when Coniglio put his  
shoulder into that guy, and his  
feet flew out from under him like  
this.

(MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)  
(a wistful sigh)  
So badass.

Ivy pulls up outside a beautiful two-story house. Lawn, fence, even a fucking lemon tree.

IVY  
Admit it.

LUKE  
Admit what?

IVY  
That you had fun tonight.

LUKE  
Don't be weird.

Ivy regards the house. Hard for her to look at it. She notices that a portion is under construction.

IVY  
He's adding an addition. How nice.

Ivy's phone CHIMES. A text from Alaric. *"I can taste you."*

LUKE  
Can I ask you something?

IVY  
(hiding the phone)  
No one!

LUKE  
(ignoring)  
How come Dad got to keep the house?

IVY  
It wouldn't make much sense for both of us to stay there, would it?

LUKE  
Yeah, but you're the one who paid for it, right?

IVY  
It's not that simple, kiddo.

LUKE  
Dad says it's because you never expected him to amount to anything, and that letting him keep the house was a way of rubbing it in his face.

(MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)

That you were always finding ways to make him feel like a disappointment. He says now that you don't have a job you're learning what it's like to feel inadequate.

IVY

He said all that, did he?

Out the window, Ivy sees Scott on the front steps with his arms crossed. She glares at him.

IVY (CONT'D)

Your dad hasn't mentioned anything about...

LUKE

About what?

IVY

How do I put this?

(thinks)

If you could only live with one of us, who would it be?

LUKE

Mom!

IVY

You're right. That was a fucked up question.

LUKE

I gotta go. I'll see you later.

Luke exits. Chloe leans forward from the back seat.

CHLOE

Real smooth, Fonzie. Next time why don't you ask him which hand he uses to jerk off?

IVY

Go to hell.

She drives off.

INT. BRAD KIMREY'S OFFICE - DAY

BRAD KIMREY, 37, ingratiating power bro with a smile that never quits, sits on the edge of his desk with rehearsed casualness.

BRAD KIMREY

I'm sure you're wondering what the hell is going on.

Sitting side by side before him are Ivy and DAVITA ADAMS, 26, buttoned-up Ivy League girl, all drive and ambition. Both nod.

BRAD KIMREY (CONT'D)

The fact of the matter is you're both qualified candidates and I'd be lucky to have either of you on my team. Unfortunately, we only have one position available. So you see the predicament we're in?

IVY

What are you suggesting? A cage fight?

Brad laughs, a little too hard.

BRAD KIMREY

You're funny. I like that. No, what we're proposing is what's called a "test drive."

DAVITA

A what?

BRAD KIMREY

A trial run. For three weeks, we'll be monitoring you both. At the end of that time, the stronger candidate will be offered a permanent position.

IVY

And the weaker gets fed to the crocodiles?

BRAD KIMREY

Capitalism can't function without a healthy spirit of competition, am I right?

Ivy and Davita turn to face each other, sizing each other up.

INT. HYDE SECURITIES, BATHROOM - DAY

Chloe picks her teeth in the mirror while Ivy stomps around behind her.

IVY

A fucking test drive? What am I? A Volvo?

CHLOE

Relax. We're gonna mop the floor with that girl.

IVY

You don't honestly think I'm gonna play into this male fantasy cat fight, do you?

CHLOE

Easy, Yentl.

DAVITA (O.S.)

It's not official. I have to go through some bullshit test drive period.

Ivy and Chloe rush into a stall to hide as Davita enters on her cell phone. They spy through the door crack while Davita touches up her makeup in the mirror.

DAVITA (CONT'D)

Everyone's doing it now. Honestly, I'm surprised there are only two of us.

(listens)

Some sad, middle-aged lady. It's kind of pathetic.

ON IVY: That fucking bitch.

Davita finishes up in the mirror and takes the conversation outside. Ivy step out of the stall with fire in her eyes.

IVY

Oh it's fucking on.

INT. TRADING FLOOR - DAY

DOZENS OF TRADERS packed together at small desks, shouting into headsets.

BRAD KIMREY (V.O.)

The name of the game is fingers.  
The more you dial the more dollars  
you make.

Right in the middle of it all sits Ivy, mid-call and looking right at home.

IVY  
(into headset)  
Complicated? The only thing complicated is gonna be your emotional state when the next guy on my list gets rich while you were standing around with your dick in your hand.

BRAD KIMREY (V.O.)  
Every second spent away from that phone is money you're not making.

At the adjacent desk, instead of making calls, Davita is pounding her keyboard

BRAD KIMREY (V.O.)  
So get dialing.

Brad, passing by, notices Davita's frustration.

BRAD KIMREY  
What seems to be the problem?

DAVITA  
There's water all over my keyboard.

Ivy stifles a little smirk as she swigs from a Fiji bottle.

Brad tries a key. Sure enough, it's unresponsive.

BRAD KIMREY  
I'll send someone up from IT to swap it out.

DAVITA  
What am I supposed to do until then?

BRAD KIMREY  
Just sit tight.

Brad moves on, slowing to listen as he passes Ivy's desk.

IVY  
(into headset)  
That's a wise choice. Let me put you on hold while I lock that in.

Brad pats her on the shoulder.

BRAD KIMREY  
That's what I like to hear.

Davita rolls her eyes. Nothing to do but wait while Ivy's over there crushing it.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Another day. Davita searches the fridge for something. Turns to a PAIR OF COWORKERS breaking nearby.

DAVITA

Did you guys see a Greek salad?

They shrug and resume their conversation.

Then she spots it. Resting atop the trash can, a soggy little box labeled "Davita." Inside, her Greek salad floats in a sea of tepid coffee.

INT. LOBBY CAFE - DAY

Salad-less, Davita steps up to the back of a line that stretches out of the cafe and all the way to the elevators. The lunch rush.

She checks her watch. She's going to be here a while.

INT. TRADING FLOOR - DAY

Ivy, on the other hand, is taking lunch at her desk. Munching a spinach wrap and making calls.

Brad passes, notices Davita's empty chair, and sees Ivy hard at work.

INT. TRADING FLOOR - DAY

Another day. Davita sits at her desk, mid-call. Like Ivy, she's composed and confident on the phone. A formidable opponent.

DAVITA

(into headset)

I know because I'm looking at it.  
Now you either sit there  
hemorrhaging money or I take you  
out at fourteen and put you into  
Landauer at eight. What's it gonna  
be?

A large WOLF SPIDER scampers across her desk. Without missing a beat, Davita smashes it with a laminated file.

DAVITA (CONT'D)  
 (into headset)  
 That's what I thought. Now what do  
 you say we...

Davita looks down. At her feet, a HUNDRED WOLF SPIDERS  
 scuttle out from beneath her desk.

She SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER.

Ivy plugs her ear to drown out the noise and continues right  
 on with her call.

IVY  
 (into headset)  
 Mr. Sweigart, I hope you're wearing  
 dark pants because you're about to  
 shit them.  
 (listens)  
 Screaming? What screaming?

Beneath a pile of folders, a RECEIPT sticks out. The header  
 reads: Thornes' House of Insects

Ivy tucks it under the pile.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE - DAY

Ivy and Chloe raise wine glasses.

IVY  
 To the master.

CHLOE  
 "Let your plans be dark and  
 impenetrable as night, and when you  
 move, fall like a thunderbolt."

ON IVY & CHLOE: Who the fuck could that be?

Ivy answers and Madelyn barges in.

MADELYN  
 Where is it?

IVY  
 Hello to you, too.

Madelyn storms into the kitchen. She dumps Ivy's purse onto  
 the table and rummages through its contents.

MADELYN  
 You think I wouldn't notice?

IVY

Are you gonna make me guess what you're talking about?

MADELYN

A couple tablets-- fine. A bottle-- maybe. But the *entire stock*? Kinda tough to miss.

Finds nothing. Heads toward--

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

--and digs through the medicine cabinet. Ivy a step behind.

IVY

What are you doing?

MADELYN

What'd you do? Steal my keys?

Madelyn knocks every box and bottle into the sink and inspects each one. Doesn't find what she's looking for.

IVY

See? There's nothing here.

MADELYN

Not even your Ropraxadil.

ON IVY: Shit. Busted.

IVY

I... I was gonna fill it tomorrow.

MADELYN

I saved you the trouble.

Madelyn plants a BRAND NEW BOTTLE on the counter.

ON IVY: Like a vampire looking at a crucifix.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Take one.

IVY

No.

MADELYN

Go on. Take one.

IVY

I said no.

MADELYN

You wanna end up like her?

IVY

Here we go. Have you ever considered that maybe you're the one who's crazy?

MADELYN

That's completely different and you know it.

IVY

Here's what I know. I know that after eleven months staring at the walls I finally have a pulse again. Did I tell you I started a new job? Been exercising, too. And last week, I even went on a date.

Ivy's phone CHIMES on the counter. A text from Alaric. Madelyn grabs it before Ivy can and swipes it open to find a photo of Alaric's HARD COCK.

MADELYN

Looks like a real winner.

Ivy snatches it back and fumbles to clear the photo.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Take the pills.

IVY

I'm not taking the pills.

MADELYN

Take them, God dammit!

IVY

Just because you're satisfied to spend your life alone doesn't mean that I am.

ON MADELYN: Stung.

MADELYN

If I see you in the pharmacy again, I'll call the police.

Madelyn leaves.

CHLOE (O.S.)

That woman is in desperate need of some dick.

REVEAL: Chloe, sitting on the edge of the bathtub.

She reaches into the ceramic tissue box cover and pulls out the baggie of stolen pills that Madelyn was looking for.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Once we run out, it won't be easy  
to get more.

Off Ivy--

INT. TRADING FLOOR - DAY

Brad approaches Ivy's desk just as she's finishing up a call.

BRAD KIMREY  
Impressive numbers this week, Ivy.  
Keep it up.

He rubs her shoulder. Davita's notices.

MALE TRADER (O.S.)  
Wouldn't get my hopes up if I were  
you.

Ivy turns to a young MALE TRADER at the desk on the other side of her.

IVY  
What are you talking about?

The Male Trader leans in and whispers.

MALE TRADER  
(re: Davita)  
Her mom is first cousins with the  
CFO. The numbers don't mean shit.

IVY  
Come again?

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Ivy and Chloe weave through pedestrians.

IVY  
How the fuck am I supposed to  
compete with abject nepotism?

CHLOE  
We'll think of something.

IVY

Well we better do it fast. The test drive ends in five days.

CHLOE

Have I let you down yet?

They enter a restaurant with a pretentious cursive sign befitting its name: Wisdom.

INT. WISDOM RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Small, thirty-seat dining room filled to capacity, with a minimalist design of exposed brick and ceiling beams.

IVY

Is it still under construction?

Ivy and Chloe step to the bar. Chloe reads from a cocktail menu.

CHLOE

Martinis with vermouth-soaked Mongolian rocks? Mint julips with turbinado sugar?

IVY

This from a guy who used to drink Boone's Farm from the bottle.

Scott walks by in a suit and notices them.

SCOTT

Ivy?  
(walks over)  
Come to try our chicken-liver crostini?

Ivy pulls out a CHECK.

IVY

Not only did you take my son away, but now I'm paying you for the privilege. Congratulations.

SCOTT

I don't make the rules.

IVY

Well don't worry. The arrangement is extremely temporary.

She stuffs the check in his jacket pocket and turns to leave.

SCOTT  
You look great.

Ivy turns back. Is he fucking serious?

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Better than you have in months.

IVY  
Are you flirting with me?

SCOTT  
We don't *have* to be enemies, you know.

IVY  
You took my money, my house and my kid. That's exactly what it means.

SCOTT  
At least let me buy you a...

Scott pats his pockets.

IVY  
Oh *this* is familiar.

SCOTT  
My wallet. It was right here.

ALARIC (O.S.)  
No worries.

Ivy turns to find herself face to face with Alaric.

ALARIC (CONT'D)  
(holds out credit card)  
I got this round.

Ivy stands there speechless.

SCOTT  
Shouldn't you be holding down the fort across the street? You never know when a customer might accidentally wander in.

ALARIC  
Just came by to see how you were holding up. Heard you had some rodent trouble.

SCOTT

Funny thing. The pest guy said they were an Argentinian breed. Said in twenty-five years he'd never seen one in Los Angeles.

ALARIC

You don't say?

IVY

I'm sorry, how do you two...

SCOTT

Alaric's the owner of Venice's former hottest restaurant, according to *LA Weekly*.

Alaric puts his hand on top of Ivy's. Scott notices.

ALARIC

I don't believe we've met. I'm Alaric.

Ivy looks at Scott, then back at Alaric.

IVY

I'm leaving.

She beelines for the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Ivy is halfway down the block before Alaric catches up to her.

ALARIC

You didn't respond to my texts.

IVY

What is this? A way for you to one-up the competition?

ALARIC

I didn't know you were his wife. But I'll admit, it certainly adds to the appeal.

IVY

Ex-wife. And fuck you.

Ivy turns to leave but Alaric grabs her arm.

ALARIC

I'm kidding. I own eight bars and restaurants in this city. You think I'd waste my energy on a little upstart like him?

ON IVY: Not sure if she should believe him.

ALARIC (CONT'D)

I wanna see you again.

IVY

I think that's a very bad--

He kisses her, hard. Their sexual chemistry is undeniable, and Ivy doesn't resist. When at last they separate she seems to be floating.

ALARIC

Friday. Ten o'clock.

Alaric walks away.

INT. IVY'S CAR - NIGHT

Ivy gets in her car, still buzzing. Chloe stifles laughter in the passenger seat.

IVY

What?

She busts into a laughing fit.

IVY (CONT'D)

Fuck you.

Ivy starts the engine.

CHLOE

Wait! I just had an incredible idea.

(beat)

Do you still have the party favor?

INT. HYDE SECURITIES, BATHROOM - DAY

Ivy and Chloe in the stall. Chloe places the three ECSTASY TABLETS Ivy got from Alaric on top of the metal toilet paper box.

IVY

You're sure she won't get hurt?

CHLOE

Are you kidding? This will be the most fun anyone ever had getting fired.

Chloe crushes the tablets into dust with a stapler.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Ivy and Chloe wait until a CO-WORKER clears out, then creep to the fridge. There on top-- is DAVITA'S SALAD.

INT. TRADING FLOOR - DAY

Davita, on a call, eats the salad at her desk. Ivy glances at her sideways from the next desk over. Watching her eat.

INT. HYDE SECURITIES, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The SALES TEAM convenes around the table while Brad addresses them from the front of the room. Ivy sits directly across from Davita, scanning for changes in her disposition.

BRAD KIMREY

Great job this week everybody.  
Especially our newcomers.  
(everyone claps for Ivy  
and Davita)  
It's gonna be a tight race, I can  
tell you that.

Ivy notices Davita's face change-- from a smile to something that resembles confusion.

CLOSE ON Davita's DILATING PUPIL.

BRAD KIMREY (CONT'D)

Onto new business. BlueNext. The boys upstairs are counting on us to push it hard, so I need everybody's A game.

Davita breathes in deeply, as if the air were made of honey, then exhales loudly enough to be disruptive. Is she meditating?

BRAD KIMREY (CONT'D)  
 (ignoring her)  
 I know we're stretched thin trying  
 to contain the MEFF dip, so I've  
 put together a small team to  
 oversee the swaps.

Davita smells the hair of the GUY sitting next to her.

BRAD KIMREY (CONT'D)  
 Craig, I want you to run point--

DAVITA  
 Shhh!

BRAD KIMREY  
 Excuse me?

DAVITA  
 Do you hear that?

Everyone looks around. What is she talking about? Ivy has to  
 bite her knuckle to stop from laughing.

BRAD KIMREY  
 Hear what?

DAVITA  
 The whales. They're talking to each  
 other.

She presses her ear to the table.

DAVITA (CONT'D)  
 (tearful)  
 They're crying.

Brad can plainly see she's fucked up. He walks over and  
 gently tries to lead her out.

BRAD KIMREY  
 Why don't we go to my office--

DAVITA  
 NOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

The rage comes out of nowhere. Davita shoves him back, hard.

DAVITA (CONT'D)  
 You think you can touch *me*? Put  
 your hands on *me*? You think you  
 can...  
 (hearing something)  
 They're singing.

A serene calmness washes over her. She dances slowly in place, caressing her body as she moves.

BRAD KIMREY  
(to a subordinate)  
Call security.

The room watches, mouths agape.

DAVITA  
How can you just sit there? They  
want you to dance.

TWO SECURITY GUARDS enter just as she begins to unbutton her blouse.

MALE SECURITY GUARD  
Ma'am, you're gonna need to come  
with us.

DAVITA  
Can't you hear them? They're  
singing for you!

The guards each grab an arm and lead her to the door.

DAVITA (CONT'D)  
They want you to dance! They'll cry  
if you don't dance!

They drag her out the door and out of sight.

DAVITA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You're making them cry!

A stunned silence fills the room.

BRAD KIMREY  
So. Where were we?

INT. TRADING FLOOR - DAY

A celebratory mood. Ivy makes her way down a RECEIVING LINE OF SUITS, each offering "Congratulations!" or "Welcome to the team!"

Chloe waits at the end of the line.

CHLOE  
Welcome aboard, Ms. Lydecker.

Ivy smiles. The high of the moment carries us along as we move to...

EXT. GO KART RALLEY - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Ivy and Luke whizz giddily around the track, neck and neck.

INT. ALARIC'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Alaric fucks Ivy against his bedroom wall.

INT. TRADING FLOOR - DAY - MONTAGE

Ivy on a call. The smile on her face tells us she's killing it. Brad and a PAIR OF SUITS chatter behind her, nodding their approval.

INT. ARCADE - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Ivy and Luke blast aliens to bits with plastic guns at an arcade game. Ivy notices a BRUISE on Luke's neck. Troubled, she nevertheless says nothing.

INT. ALARIC'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Ivy lies flat on the bed while Alaric fucks her standing up. From her upside down vantage point, she sees The Twink standing in the doorway. Watching.

Before she can speak--

ALARIC

I asked him to be here.

The Twink SNAPS A PHOTO. Then another. And another. Ivy goes with it. In too much pleasure to object.

INT. BRAD KIMREY'S OFFICE - DAY - MONTAGE

Scott slides a CHECK across his desk to Ivy. Her first commission bonus.

EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Ivy drops Luke off. Scott waves to her from the porch. Ivy gives him the finger.

INT. HYDE SECURITIES, BATHROOM - DAY - MONTAGE

Ivy waves the check at Chloe. Both squealing with delight.

Overhearing from inside a bathroom stall, an alarmed CO-WORKER locks the stall door.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. ALARIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ivy steps through a wide open door. No one around.

IVY

Hello?

Ivy enters THE KITCHEN. Still no one.

IVY (CONT'D)

Hello?

ALARIC (O.S.)

I hope you're up for an adventure.

Ivy startles as Alaric struts in shirtless with the PYTHON draped around his neck and places it in its cage.

IVY

What did you have in mind?

He kisses her, long and hard. When he stops she looks ready to tip over.

ALARIC

A drink first.

Alaric goes to the bar.

ALARIC (CONT'D)

Would you mind feeding him? It's just below the thing there.

Alaric motions to a cabinet below the python tank. Underneath, a wire cage containing DOZENS OF MICE.

ON IVY: Gulp.

ALARIC (CONT'D)

You're not squeamish, are you?

IVY

Me? No.

Ivy swallows whatever reservations she has and collects a mouse by the tail.

IVY (CONT'D)  
Sorry little fella.

She drops it in. The mouse sniffs the coiled snake, who waits patiently without making a move.

IVY (CONT'D)  
Listen. Before we go any further, I need us to get something straight. Whatever this is with us, my ex-husband can't know about it. Ever.

ALARIC  
Still not over him?

IVY  
I'm not over being angry at him. There's a difference.

ALARIC  
So why should you care what he thinks?

IVY  
Let's just not make things harder than they need to be.

ALARIC  
Whatever you say, boss.

Alaric delivers her drink.

ALARIC (CONT'D)  
To whatever this is.

IVY  
To whatever this is.

Clink.

The front door opens and The Twink enters carrying a BACKPACK. He starts toward them but Alaric motions for him to get lost. The Twink sneers at Ivy then disappears down the hall.

IVY (CONT'D)  
I get the strangest feeling he doesn't like me.

ALARIC  
He only likes me. That's why I pay him.

ON IVY: The fuck does that mean?

ALARIC (CONT'D)  
 (re: python)  
 Check it out.

In the cage, the python is on the move. Inching closer to the oblivious mouse.

ALARIC (CONT'D)  
 Sexy, isn't it? The anticipation.

Alaric presses himself against Ivy from behind.

IVY  
 (aroused)  
 It's definitely... something.

His hand moves across her stomach and up to her breast.

In the cage, the python strikes, coiling around the mouse until its spine snaps and its eyes bulge from their sockets.

And with that, Ivy and Alaric are on each other like animals. He hoists her onto the counter. Her hand down his pants, his hand up her skirt.

He pushes her flat on her back and goes down on her. Her MOANS tell us he knows what he's doing.

The intensity grows.

She's close.

And then--- the moaning stops.

Ivy has spotted something on the counter. Something troubling.

CLOSE ON: a piece of STATIONARY with an address. 1633 Sephora Canyon Rd. We don't know what it means but Ivy sure as hell does.

She grabs it.

IVY (CONT'D)  
 What the hell is that?

ALARIC  
 What does it feel like?

IVY  
 (pushing him off)  
 I mean *this*. What the hell is *this*?

ALARIC

That? That's our adventure.

IVY

Is this your idea of a joke?

ALARIC

I thought we could drive there.  
Tonight. Bottle of wine. Some  
candles. Have you ever talked to  
the dead?

Ivy leaps down and pulls her underwear back on.

ALARIC (CONT'D)

Afterwards I thought we could fuck.  
Right at the exact spot where it  
happened.

IVY

You're out of your fucking mind.

ALARIC

Was she really as nuts as they say?

Ivy collects her things in a hurry.

ALARIC (CONT'D)

It's nothing to be ashamed of. In  
fact, it's probably the most  
interesting thing about you.

IVY

Let's get one thing straight. You  
don't know the first fucking thing  
about me or my family.

As Ivy starts toward the door, her VISION BLURS and she  
stumbles.

ALARIC

Oops. Watch your step.

She props herself on the counter. Her vision a haze of  
colors.

IVY

What's happening?

ALARIC

Looks like someone was a little  
over-served.

Ivy glances at her cocktail on the table.

In the cage, the mouse glides down the python's throat.

As everything goes black, the last thing Ivy sees is Alaric standing across from her, smiling.

ALARIC (CONT'D)  
Nighty night.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. LAWN - DAY

Ivy lies passed out face down in the grass in her underwear.

CHLOE (O.S.)  
Ivy. Ivy, Wake up.

Ivy comes to with Chloe shaking her. Grass creases on her face.

IVY  
Where am I?

CHLOE  
You're home. Well, almost home.

REVEAL: Ivy's house, no more than twenty feet away.

IVY  
How did I get here?

Chloe motions to her car in the driveway. The entire front end is smashed into the retaining wall. Bricks lie scattered on the asphalt and across the hood.

CHLOE  
Get up. You're late.

He holds out her phone. A flashing alarm message reads *Dr. Kerr: 30 Minutes.*

INT. DR. KERR'S OFFICE - DAY

Ivy winces under the glare of the fluorescent lights. Ahead, a "Say No To Drugs" poster stares her in the face. Dr. Kerr enters.

DR. KERR  
I'm afraid there were some irregularities in your urine screen.

IVY  
I didn't know it was ecstasy when I  
took it.

DR. KERR  
(shrugs off her comment)  
You tested positive for Rohypnol.

IVY  
You mean I was roofied?

DR. KERR  
You oughta be more careful who you  
let mix your drinks.

INT. IVY'S CAR - DAY

The smashed car putters along the highway looking ready to  
explode. Ivy drives with Chloe in the passenger seat.

IVY  
What the fuck happened last night?

CHLOE  
Don't ask me. I was "respecting  
your boundaries."

IVY  
I think I should call the police.

CHLOE  
And tell them what, exactly?

ON IVY: Good point.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

Ivy and Luke flood out of a theater with the crowd.

LUKE  
The best was when he stabbed that  
girl in the eye with her leg bone.  
(off Ivy's reticence)  
You hated it.

IVY  
No. It was very... vivid.

LUKE  
I gotta use the bathroom.

IVY  
Well do it fast. We got  
reservations at Izakaya.

LUKE  
(lights up)  
The Teppanyaki place?!

Luke rushes to the bathroom. Ivy smiles. Happy to make him happy. As she turns to inspect the posters we hear--

BRICE HASLUP (O.S.)  
Oops. Careful, pussy.

Over by the bathroom, BRICE HASLUP, 13, handsome and cocky with a COTERIE OF BROS at his back, shoves Luke over a velvet rope. Luke hits the floor and takes ten feet of rope down with him.

BRICE HASLUP (CONT'D)  
Look at him. He's so fat he can't  
even get off the floor.

IVY  
(calling)  
Hey!

Ivy rushes over and the boys take off running. She helps Luke to his feet.

IVY (CONT'D)  
Who the hell was that?

LUKE  
Nobody.

IVY  
Is that who's been drawing cocks on  
your face?

LUKE  
I said nobody!

Luke walks off and Ivy follows.

IVY  
If that kid is hurting you then--

LUKE  
Stop pretending you give a shit.

IVY  
Luke--

LUKE  
Just take me home.

Luke walks away.

IVY  
What about the reservations?

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Ivy and Scott sit across from PRINCIPAL HENRIETTA MATHIS, 61, sees retirement just around the corner. She eats a sandwich while Ivy talks.

IVY  
What do you mean there's nothing you can do?

PRINCIPAL MATHIS  
In the last three years we've suspended more kids for bullying than in my entire previous thirty combined. We've held awareness seminars, hired additional counselors. You know how much difference it's made? None. Because the bottom line is kids are cruel little shits.

IVY  
That's your policy? Kids are shits?

PRINCIPAL MATHIS  
You want me to investigate, I'll investigate. But know this. If the school has to intervene, he'll never hear the end of it.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Ivy marches out to the parking lot. Scott lags behind with a cigarette. Acting strangely distant.

IVY  
You believe that cunt? I oughta call the superintendant.

Scott heads toward his car without a word.

IVY (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Really appreciate the support back there, by the way. You *really* let her have it.

SCOTT

You think I don't see what you're doing?

IVY

Supporting our child?

SCOTT

Where was that support when he was cut from the hockey team? Or when he skipped the Valentine's dance because he couldn't find a date? After eleven months of indifference, forgive me if I'm not buying the grizzly mom routine.

IVY

What the hell is your problem?

SCOTT

Forget it.

Scott turns toward his car.

IVY

Don't walk away from me.

SCOTT

Did you think I wouldn't find out?

IVY

What are you talking about?

He reaches into his truck and hands her a manila ENVELOPE.

SCOTT

Came in the mail last week. Lucky Luke didn't open it first.

Ivy pulls a dozen large, glossy PHOTOS from the envelope. Is utterly shocked by what she sees.

IVY

(re: phone)

He-- he sent these to you?

SCOTT  
What? You thought he actually cared  
about you?

REVEAL: The photos The Twink took of Ivy and Alaric fucking.  
Each more graphic than the next.

IVY  
Scott, listen. I didn't know... The  
guy's fucking crazy.

SCOTT  
Save it.

Scott gets in his car, then delivers the death blow.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Job or no job, Luke's telling the  
judge he wants to live with me.

Ivy reels. Scott slams the door.

IVY  
We agreed we wouldn't involve him.

SCOTT  
Sorry, Ivy. You blew it.

Scott drives off. Ivy looks on, shell-shocked.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A TEACHER drones on about linear equations until Ivy bursts  
in and interrupts the class.

TEACHER  
Can I help you, ma'am?

IVY  
I need to see Luke Lydecker.

TEACHER  
Luke. Do you know this woman?

In the back of the room, Luke sinks in his desk.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Luke and Ivy talk in the hallway.

IVY  
What'd he do? Bribe you?

LUKE

No. I mean. He offered to take me to Telluride for Christmas but--

IVY

I knew it.

LUKE

--but that's not the only reason.

IVY

What are you talking about?

LUKE

You don't know what it was like to live there.

IVY

I told you, that's over now. What about all the fun we've been having?

LUKE

We had fun, yeah, but...

IVY

But what?

LUKE

How do I know it's real?

The question seems to throw Ivy for a loop.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I gotta get back to class.

IVY

Wait. I know I wasn't there for you this past year. I missed things, important things, and there's no excuse for that. But you have to know how much I care about you. If you do this, there's no going back.

LUKE

You really care about me?

IVY

You're the most important thing in my life.

LUKE

So prove it.

IVY

Prove it?

LUKE

And I don't mean a hockey game or a concert. I mean something real. Something that matters.

IVY

I don't know what you expect me--

LUKE

That's what I thought.

Luke goes back inside.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Ivy and Chloe cross toward the parking lot looking dejected.

IVY

What does he want me to do? Donate a kidney?

CHLOE

You gotta go big. Something he'll never forget. Like a hooker.

A Porche pulls up to the roundabout. A kid gets out, waves goodbye to his mother, and hurries inside. As he runs past Ivy and Chloe we see that it is Brice Haslup, the bully from the theater.

Ivy looks like she could kill him right there.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You thinking what I'm thinking?

IVY

Let's destroy him.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Ivy and Chloe peer through a door window into a SCIENCE CLASSROOM. Kids huddled together in groups working on an assignment. We see Brice among them.

CHLOE

This punk doesn't know who he's fucking with.

A NERDY KID with a hall pass returns from the bathroom. Chloe stops him (though to the nerd it appears to be Ivy).

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
 Hold up, Screech.  
 (points to Brice)  
 You see that guy in there?

The kid nods.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
 I need you to deliver a little message.

IN THE CLASSROOM

The nerdy kid shuffles over to Brice's lab table and stands there awkwardly.

BRICE HASLUP  
 Yes?

NERDY KID  
 I was told to tell you that your parents called and that...

BRICE HASLUP  
 Well? What the fuck did they say?

NERDY KID  
 Your dog got hit by a car. It's dead.

BRICE HASLUP  
 (tears welling)  
 Precious?

IN THE HALLWAY

Chloe and Ivy watch through the window as Brice buries his face in his hands and begins to weep.

CHLOE  
 The greatest sin a teenage boy can commit is crying at school.

Weeping gives way to sobbing. Any second he'll be a laughing stock.

Except he isn't. Instead, every girl in class rushes to comfort him. Hugging him and rubbing his back. Even the bros join in. By the end it looks like group therapy.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
The fuck kinda school is this?

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Sixty kids in gym suits playing dodgeball. Behind the bleachers, Ivy negotiates with a STONER KID, 13.

CHLOE  
All the way to the floor, got it?

STONER KID  
You got the money?

She slaps FIFTY BUCKS in his palm and he runs back to the game. Ivy and Chloe watch through the bleacher slats.

CHLOE  
Just a warning. Once you see this,  
it can't be unseen.

Ivy continues to look on.

On the gym floor, Brice hurls rubber balls like he's trying to take off heads. Behind him, Stoner Kid shimmies into position.

BRICE chucks a ball so hard it brings a FAT KID to his knees.

STONER KID, right behind him now.

CHLOE gives Stoner Kid a nod. The green light.

With one swift motion, Stoner Kid yanks Brice's gym shorts all way to the floor.

The game comes to an abrupt halt. The entire class looks on in slack-jawed disbelief.

TWO GIRLS whisper and giggle. A BOY sneaks an embarrassed look down his own gym shorts. The GYM TEACHER cocks his head to the side.

GYM TEACHER  
Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Ivy stomps down the hallway. Chloe trying to keep pace.

IVY

You were supposed to humiliate him.  
Not turn him into a fucking legend.

CHLOE

He's thirteen. How was I supposed  
to know he'd have a horse cock?

They march into the--

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Crowded and noisy. You can smell the chicken nuggets and  
pizza grease. They immediately spot Brice's table across the  
room.

IVY

Let's just go. The kid's immune to  
ridicule.

CHLOE

It's time to up the ante.

Chloe pulls a small plastic DROPPER BOTTLE out of her pocket.  
Nasal spray maybe. Or eye drops.

IVY

What are you gonna do?

Chloe winks at Ivy, then struts across the cafeteria to a  
TABLE OF BOYS. Brice's table.

CHLOE

Afternoon, gentlemen.

The kids turn. From their perspective, it's Ivy at the table.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I was sitting at this table earlier  
and I seem to have misplaced an  
earring. Have any of you seen it?

BRICE HASLUP

Sorry.

The boys resume their conversation. Chloe taps Brice on the  
shoulder.

BRICE HASLUP (CONT'D)

(annoyed)  
Yes?

CHLOE

Sorry to pester but I'm pretty sure I lost it here. Would you mind just peeking under the table? It's sort of a family heirloom.

BRICE HASLUP

Lady, we haven't seen an earring.

They turn their backs on her again.

CHLOE

I'll pay a thousand dollars to whoever finds--

Before she can even finish the boys lunge under the table to look for it.

With the whole table to herself, Chloe unscrews the cap and dumps the entire dropper bottle into Brice's Mountain Dew.

She pulls an earring from her pocket.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Would you look at that. It was my in pocket the whole time. Thanks anyway, boys.

Chloe returns to Ivy in the corner.

IVY

What was that all about?

CHLOE

Just a little *digestif*.

LUKE (O.S.)

Mom?

Ivy turns. Luke stands there dumbstruck with a tray of pizza.

IVY

(like it's no big deal)  
Hey, kiddo.

LUKE

What the hell are you still doing here?

IVY

Well, ya know, it's kinda funny actually--

LUKE

You know how much shit I'll get if someone sees you?

IVY

Someone like him, you mean?

She motions to Brice, who's now up from his table and headed in their direction.

LUKE

No. No way. Whatever you're thinking, forget it. You'll only make things worse.

Brice walks past them toward the lunch line with a SHAGGY-HAIRED COOL KID.

BRICE HASLUP

Oh look, Luke had to invite his mom so he'd have someone to sit with.

A smattering of LAUGHTER from nearby students. Luke just looks at the ground. He's used to these minor humiliations.

IVY

Luke, I didn't mean to-

LUKE

Just go.

CLANGING nearby. Everyone turns to see--

Brice, in the middle of the cafeteria, staring down at the tray of food he just dropped. His face ghost-white.

SHAGGY-HAIRED COOL KID

You okay, man?

Brice doubles over, clutching his belly.

BRICE HASLUP

What's happening to me?

He's sweating bullets. In total agony.

He lumbers toward the door, hunched over ninety-degrees. Each step an act of sheer will. The entire cafeteria staring.

Ten yards from the door the pain becomes too much. He collapses on all fours. A MALE TEACHER runs to his side.

MALE TEACHER

Are you okay? What's the matter?

BRICE HASLUP  
 (strained)  
 It's my stomach-- it's--

MALE TEACHER  
 Talk to me, son.

BRICE HASLUP  
 Oh no. Please God no.

Right there, on all fours, a stream of LIQUID SHIT soaks the back of Brice's shorts, runs down his legs and pools at his knees. The teacher gags.

Silence seizes the room. Everyone too shocked to breathe.

Then the silence is broken by a single, anonymous LAUGH. Then another. And another. Until the entire cafeteria erupts into HYSTERIA.

Brice can only look on as his social status collapse before his eyes.

Luke watches it all unfold, in a state of awe.

LUKE  
 You did this?

He turns to Ivy, but she is already gone.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Ivy and Chloe cross the parking lot toward Ivy's car. Chloe laughing hysterically.

CHLOE  
 Did you see the look on their faces? They're gonna be telling that story the rest of their lives.

Chloe sees that Ivy, instead of laughing, looks downright depressed.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
 What's wrong with you?

IVY  
 "You did this." That's what he said. "You did this."

CHLOE  
 So?

IVY  
 "You." As in *me*. He thinks *I* did that.

CHLOE  
 You did do it.

IVY  
 I didn't do anything. You did.  
 (off Chloe's confusion)  
 Don't you get it? He's right. None of it's real. The fun, the hijinks, the badass sales pitches--

CHLOE  
 The *hijinks*?

IVY  
 ---it's all a lie. Everything people admire about me isn't me at all. It's you.

CHLOE  
 What difference does it make? After today, *you're* going to be his hero.

Before Ivy can reply, something up ahead grabs her attention.

IVY  
 Oh no.

REVEAL: An AMBULANCE speeding into the roundabout.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Brice lies unconscious in a hospital bed, hooked up to IVs and breathing tubes. A TEAM OF DOCTORS around.

Ivy and Chloe watch through the window.

IVY  
 No one gets hurt. That's what you promised me.

CHLOE  
 It was a mild laxative. How was I supposed to know he'd react like such a bitch?

IVY  
 I knew something like this would happen. It always does.  
 (MORE)

IVY (CONT'D)

It's all fun and games and next thing you know, someone's in the hospital with a detached retina.

CHLOE

That guy was trying to take your job!

ON IVY: Not amused.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Listen.

(sincere)

It was accident. I swear.

Down the hall, a HYSTERICAL WOMAN explodes out of the elevator.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN

Where is he? Where's my son?

She barrels past Ivy and bursts into Brice's room, where she collapses next to his bed in a fit of tears.

Ivy looks on through the window. Impossible for her not to imagine Luke in that bed.

A DOCTOR steps out.

IVY

Is he going to be okay?

DOCTOR

We've stabilized his breathing, but his blood pressure is still low. We won't know for sure until the morning.

IVY

All that from a laxative?

DOCTOR

A laxative? No. I'm afraid he ingested a large dose of tetrahydrozoline.

IVY

What are you saying?

DOCTOR

I'm saying he was poisoned. Excuse me.

Doctor exits. Ivy turns to Chloe with fury in her eyes.

CHLOE  
Let me explain.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ivy bursts through the door with Chloe at her heels.

CHLOE  
What are you so upset about? You  
wanted results, I gave you results.

Ivy charges down the hall toward her BEDROOM--

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Okay, maybe I overdid it a little.

IVY  
A little? You almost killed a  
thirteen year old kid.

--and into the BATHROOM.

CHLOE  
Let's not forget that kid was  
torturing your son.

Ivy swings open the medicine cabinet and grabs the  
Ropraxadil.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

IVY  
What does it look like?

Ivy fills a glass of water.

CHLOE  
Hold on a minute. Think about this.  
You wanna throw away everything  
we've accomplished?

Ivy unscrews the cap and taps a BLUE PILL onto her palm.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
You wanna go back to being a  
zombie?

IVY  
At least I won't feel like someone  
else is living my life.

She pops the pill. Swallows.

ON CHLOE: So that's how it is.

CHLOE

Just ask yourself one question.  
Without me, what's left of you  
that's even worth saving?

Chloe slams the door on her way out.

Ivy looks at her reflection in the mirror. Hoping she made the right choice.

INT. HYDE SECURITIES - DAY

Headset on, Ivy slumps in her chair, pinching the bridge of her nose through a tedious sales call. She's lethargic, unengaged, not half the shark that Chloe is.

IVY

(into phone)

The 3D system is, um... the 3D system is-- why can't I think of the word-- *saturated*. Until we see what Hewlett-Packard or... or um... I'm sorry, can I put you on hold a moment?

Brad passes behind her. Notices her lackluster performance.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ivy lounges on the sofa watching TV with a bag of Dorito's on her chest. The room is once again a pigsty.

REVEAL: She's watching *Double Jeopardy* on DVD.

INT. HYDE SECURITIES, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A team meeting in progress. While Brad drones on about BlueNext, Ivy stares out the window, a million miles away. Her gaze is fixed on a billboard advertising an energy drink. The slogan reads "*For the best version of you!*"

BRAD KIMREY

What do you think, Ivy?  
(she's lost in space)  
Ivy.

She snaps out of it.

BRAD KIMREY (CONT'D)  
You feeling okay?

IVY  
I'm fine.

BRAD KIMREY  
Good. Because I want you to run point on the BlueNext presentation at the end of the week.

IVY  
Me?

BRAD KIMREY  
What better way to make a name for yourself with the brass upstairs?

IVY  
I don't know what to say.

BRAD KIMREY  
Say you won't let me down.

A KNOCK at the door and a SECRETARY enters.

SECRETARY  
There's someone here to see Ivy.  
(whispers)  
I think she's a cop.

Through the glass, DETECTIVE MARTHA HABERNACKLE, 56, meatball in a pantsuit, can be seen waiting just outside the room.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Ivy leads Habernackle onto the metal landing.

IVY  
I'd take you to my office but I don't have one. And anyway it's quieter than the trading floor.

OFFICER HABERNACKLE  
I don't wanna take too much of your time. I'm looking for someone I think you know.

IVY  
That narrows it down. Don't know too many people these days.

OFFICER HABERNACKLE  
Alaric Dingledeen. I understand you  
two were involved.

IVY  
*Dingledeen?* Please tell me you're  
joking.

OFFICER HABERNACKLE  
I have some questions to ask him  
but he's proving difficult to track  
down.

IVY  
Unless he's at home petting his  
snake, your guess is as good as  
mine.

OFFICER HABERNACKLE  
What do you know about him?

IVY  
He's a restaurant investor with a  
huge cock, I know that.

OFFICER HABERNACKLE  
Did you know he's also one of the  
largest ecstasy suppliers in the  
state?

IVY  
Huh.

OFFICER HABERNACKLE  
You don't sound surprised.

IVY  
Not much would with him. Listen,  
Detective...

OFFICER HABERNACKLE  
Habernackle.

IVY  
Alaric and I didn't discuss... we  
didn't do a lot of talking. I'm  
afraid I won't be much help.

OFFICER HABERNACKLE  
Do you expect he'll contact you?

IVY  
Not if he knows what's good for  
him.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ivy sips Scotch in the bathtub, staring at her feet peeking up through the bubbles, lost in thought. Doesn't even notice her CELL PHONE buzzing beside her.

Finally she answers.

IVY

Hello.

LUKE (O.S.)

Mom! Where have you been? I've been trying to call you for days.

IVY

Yeah, listen kiddo, about what happened--

LUKE (O.S.)

The whole school's talking about it. You should hear the names people are calling him. Logger, goosepants, bowelerina, Sir Shits A Lot-- I came up with that one.

IVY

I'm not proud-- what I did was wrong, Luke.

LUKE (O.S.)

Are you kidding? It was the greatest thing ever.

IVY

He could have died.

LUKE (O.S.)

I gotta run, Dad's calling. I just wanted to tell you, forget what I said before. I want things to be just like they were. 50/50.

IVY

Luke wait.

LUKE (O.S.)

Bye, Mom. I love you.

Click. Ivy sinks until the water reaches her eyes.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ivy stands over the trash can with the JUNK BOX that Scott dropped off before. The Sopranos cookbook, the old hairbrush (gross), a half-used candle-- they all go in the trash. But something at the bottom gives her pause...

A PHOTO ALBUM.

MADELYN (PRELAP)  
Hello, ladies.

INT. MADELYN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Madelyn steps through the door and FOUR CATS do figure-eights between her legs.

MADELYN  
Don't worry, I'm gonna feed you.

She flips the light, revealing that the whole place is cluttered top to bottom in JUNK. Books and magazines stacked to the ceiling. Piles of clothes cover an entire wall. Only a narrow pathway to the kitchen. Textbook hoarder.

Madelyn enters THE KITCHEN and startles to find Ivy at her table.

MADELYN (CONT'D)  
Christ, you scared me.

IVY  
Don't worry. I made sure to keep things tidy.

Madelyn sees that Ivy is looking through the album.

IVY (CONT'D)  
I forget how handsome they were.

ON A PHOTO: A beautiful YOUNG COUPLE on their wedding day. Ivy and Madelyn's parents.

MADELYN  
You could have called.

Ivy flips to another ANOTHER PHOTO: Their MOTHER, hair done up with Chinese hair pins, laughing at some unheard joke. A striking resemblance to Ivy.

IVY  
You ever think about her? I mean before she was--

MADELYN

She was always nuts.

IVY

Remember the time we walked her around the grocery store? When she pretended to be blind? She kept knocking cans off the shelf and the employees were too polite to say anything.

MADELYN

(evasive)

Tea?

IVY

She wasn't *all* bad.

MADELYN

You're not the one who found his body.

IVY

So you like to remind me.

MADELYN

What are you doing here, Ivy?

Ivy places the bottle of Ropraxadil on the table.

IVY

You're the only one who prefers me as a zombie.

MADELYN

You're taking them?

IVY

Can't you tell by my vacant eyes and complete lack of vitality?

Madelyn sits and takes Ivy's hand. This is what she'd hoped for.

MADELYN

I'm here for you.

The kettle WHISTLES and Madelyn goes to make tea.

IVY

I was thinking we might go visit the house. Together.

MADELYN

Why would you wanna do that?

IVY

It's been on my mind a lot lately.

MADELYN

If it was up to me we'd have burned that house down years ago.

IVY

You can't pretend it never happened.

MADELYN

That doesn't mean I have to relive it.

Madelyn delivers the tea Ivy never asked for. Sees that Ivy is crying and comforts her.

IVY

I just wanna have control again.

MADELYN

Control is making choices. And you're making the right one.

IVY

Some choice. Be a vegetable or a loon.

MADELYN

Vegetables don't hurt people.

PRELAP: The sound of KNOCKING.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE - DAY

Ivy answers the front door in her bathrobe, rubbing sleep out of her eyes. Detective Habernackle on the other side.

IVY

You know what time it is?

HABERNACKLE

Do you?

Habernackle brushes in without asking.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Ivy starts a pot of coffee. The clock reads 10:47.

IVY

So what brings you out here on a Sunday? If it's about Alaric, I still haven't heard from him.

HABERNACKLE

I don't doubt it. He's dead.

Ivy reels.

IVY

Dead?

HABERNACKLE

Gardener found what was left of him buried in the tomato garden behind his house. Coroner estimates he's been dead at least a week.

IVY

What was *left* of him?

HABERNACKLE

Guess someone didn't like that pretty face of his. So they beat it in with a meat tenderizer.

IVY

Jesus.

HABERNACKLE

The drug world is a dangerous place.

IVY

You think it was drug related?

HABERNACKLE

Maybe. Maybe not.

Habernackle sits.

HABERNACKLE (CONT'D)

The other day when I asked if you expected Alaric to contact you, do you remember what you said?

IVY

That was the end of a very long--

HABERNACKLE

"Not if he knows what's good for him."

IVY

We didn't exactly part on good terms.

HABERNACKLE

A bit of violent streak in your family, wouldn't you say? Just last year, an aggravated assault that nearly cost a man his eye. Then of course the unfortunate incident with your mother.

IVY

Are you saying I'm a suspect?

HABERNACKLE

We found human hair on his clothing. We'll know more once labs come back. Until then, I wouldn't plan to leave the city.

Habernackle heads for the door, but pauses on her way out.

HABERNACKLE (CONT'D)

By the way.  
(taps her watch)  
It's not Sunday.

ON IVY: Fuuuuuuuuuckkkkkkkkk.

INT. IVY'S CAR - DAY

Ivy weaves through traffic blasting her horn.

IVY

C'mon! Move it, people!

INT. HYDE SECURITIES AUDITORIUM - DAY

Sixty seats face a giant projector screen. A YOUNG SUIT finishes up a PowerPoint and returns to his seat. Polite applause. The HEAD OF SALES steps to the podium.

HEAD OF SALES

Excellent work, Michael.  
(to Brad)  
Brad, I believe you were gonna get us up to speed on BlueNext?

Brad glances at Ivy's empty chair. *About that...*

EXT. HYDE SECURITIES - DAY

Ivy squeals into the lot, parks diagonally across two spaces and races inside.

INT. HYDE SECURITIES AUDITORIUM - DAY

Everyone checking their watches. Head of Sales gives Brad a disapproving glare before addressing the entire room.

HEAD OF SALES  
Looks like that's it for today,  
everyone. Same time next week.

Brad shifts. Quietly seething.

INT. HYDE SECURITIES LOBBY - DAY

Ivy bursts out of the elevator. She reaches the conference room just as the suits are flooding out of the auditorium. She intercepts Brad.

IVY  
(waving a flash drive)  
Brad, wait. I've got the  
presentation right here.

BRAD KIMREY  
My office.

INT. BRAD KIMREY'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad regards Ivy sternly from across his desk.

IVY  
Brad, please, this is a one-time  
fuck up. You said so yourself, my  
numbers are phenomenal.

BRAD KIMREY  
Not the past week they aren't.

IVY  
If you fired everyone who had a bad  
week there wouldn't be anyone left.

BRAD KIMREY

Frankly, this isn't only about your performance. There's been talk of some... unusual behavior.

IVY

What behavior?

BRAD KIMREY

Muttering in the hallways. Talking to yourself in the bathroom--

IVY

That's a centering technique.

BRAD KIMREY

Diane Rousey's afraid to get in an elevator with you.

IVY

So let her take the stairs. She could use the exercise.

BRAD KIMREY

Bottom line. You make people uncomfortable.

IVY

I have a custody hearing in two days. If I lose this job--

BRAD KIMREY

I'm sorry. It's just not a good fit.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF SCHELLER & LAMB, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ivy and Scott sit opposite each at the long table, with Walter Lamb presiding at the head. A burly SECURITY GUARD against the wall.

WALTER LAMB

In light of your failure to meet even the most modest of stipulations, I'm afraid I have no choice but to recommend to the judge that Mr. Lydecker retain full custody of your son.

IVY

You don't understand. He *wants* to stay with me. You can ask him yourself. He's right outside.

WALTER LAMB

My guidelines were more than clear.  
We'll convene next week to discuss  
child support.

Walter and Scott gather their papers.

IVY

Scott, please, I'm begging you.  
Don't do this.

Scott heads for the door without making eye contact. Ivy goes to follow but the security guard blocks her path.

WALTER LAMB

We have to insist that you remain  
in the room until Mr. Lydecker and  
your son are out of the building.

IVY

I'll appeal.

WALTER LAMB

The California Supreme Court grants  
custody appeals only in cases of  
gross negligence or extreme  
extenuating circumstances, and  
rarely even then. You blew it, Ms.  
Lydecker.

From the window, Ivy watches Luke and Scott get into Scott's BMW and drive away.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE - DAY

Ivy lumbers through the front door looking numb with exhaustion. She drops her bag at her feet and takes a long look at her dirty, cramped little house.

This is everything she possesses.

*This is her fucking life.*

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ivy hauls a cleaning bucket in one hand and a vacuum cleaner in the other. She tosses empty chip bags and pizza boxes into a garbage bag, then fills her arms with dirty dishes.

On her way to the kitchen, the dishes wobble until a plate falls and SHATTERS on the floor.

She stares expressionless at the broken shards for what seems like an eternity...

...then SMASHES all the other dishes onto the floor as well.

Ivy walks calmly to her STEREO, blasts The Kinks, and proceeds to lay waste to the entire house.

- She smashes the TV with a fire poker
- Stabs her sofa cushions with a grill fork
- Dumps her garbage can out in the hallway
- Hurls jars of tomato sauce and salad dressing at the wall, splattering them everywhere
- Takes a piss on the carpet while smoking a cigarette

#### THE KITCHEN

On the counter she spots-- the Ropraxadil! She dumps out the entire bottle, then gleefully smashes each pill to dust with a rolling pin.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Ivy, stained with sauce and with a cigarette between her lips, greets TWO UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS nonchalantly.

IVY  
Help you, officers?

The officers peek at the wreckage behind her.

FEMALE OFFICER  
You, uh, need to come with us.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Ivy in the back like a perp.

IVY  
You gonna tell me what this about?

The male officer cranks up the radio.

INT. POLICE STATION HOLDING ROOM - DAY

The officers deposit Ivy in a tiny room with nothing but a metal table and chair.

MALE OFFICER

Wait here.

IVY

This isn't legal.

The door slams with a THUD.

INT. POLICE STATION HOLDING ROOM - LATER

Ivy, face down on the table as if asleep. The door screeches open and Habernackle enters.

IVY

This is kidnapping, you know.

HABERNACKLE

Come with me.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Through a TWO-WAY MIRROR we see Scott, handcuffed to a table while a GRUFF DETECTIVE, 50s, circles him like a vulture.

DETECTIVE

You say you never went to his house?

SCOTT

That's right.

DETECTIVE

Not once.

SCOTT

I never went! How many times are you gonna ask me?

DETECTIVE

Then explain how this got there.

The Detective tosses an evidence bag containing a WALLET onto the table.

SCOTT

(shocked)

How did-- it can't--

DETECTIVE

Not exactly pals were you?

SCOTT  
We were business rivals.

DETECTIVE  
Got a police report says you  
accused him of planting rats in  
your restaurant. Then of course  
there's the photos of your wife.

SCOTT  
Ex-wife.

DETECTIVE  
Sounds like more than business to  
me.

Ivy and Habernackle watch from the other side of the mirror.

HABERNACKLE  
Thought you'd wanna know before you  
heard it on the evening news.

IVY  
It doesn't make sense. Scott's a  
prick but he's not a murderer.

THROUGH THE GLASS

DETECTIVE  
Play dumb all you like. But here's  
the kicker.  
(beat)  
We found your hair on his body.

SCOTT  
That's impossible.

DETECTIVE  
DNA don't lie, my friend.

SCOTT  
I want my lawyer.

Ivy looks on in disbelief.

IVY  
I just... can't believe it.

HABERNACKLE  
Don't blame yourself. They all turn  
out to be nuts sooner or later.

EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE, LUKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ivy and Luke sit at the edge of the bed. Ivy with her arm around Luke. Tears in his eyes.

LUKE

Did he really do what they say?

IVY

Of course not, kiddo. The whole thing's just a big misunderstanding.

LUKE

Stay.

IVY

Grandma Lily's gonna stay with you.

GRANDMA LILY, 79, lurks in the doorway with a watchful glare. This is Scott's mother, and she's clearly not a fan of Ivy.

LUKE

(whispers)

I wanna stay with you.

IVY

Trust me, kiddo, I'd be here if I could. But this will all be cleared up in a few days. You'll see.

She hugs him. Doesn't want to let go. Grandma Lily fake-coughs to let Ivy know it's time to leave.

IVY (CONT'D)

Everything's gonna be fine. Trust me.

Luke nods but doesn't seem convinced. It kills Ivy to see him in so much pain.

Ivy salutes Grandma Lily on her way out.

IVY (CONT'D)

Warden.

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON (CRACKED) TV: A spray-tanned, bleached-teeth ANCHOR, 59, more like a game show host, reports from the news desk. A PHOTO OF ALARIC in the upper right corner.

ANCHOR

An arrest was made today in connection with the young restaurateur found dead in Franklin Canyon Park earlier this week.

SCOTT'S PICTURE appears alongside Alaric's, forming a split photo.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Sources tell us the suspect is fellow restaurateur Scott Lydecker, owner of Venice's tony new hotspot, Wisdom. The motive? You guessed it-- a woman.

IVY'S PHOTO wedges between them, forming a dramatic three-way split.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

A woman who is no stranger to murder.

Ivy clicks off the TV. The room is still a disaster from her meltdown.

Her PHONE RINGS. "Madelyn Calling." Ivy ignores it.

CHLOE (O.S.)

You redecorated.

REVEAL: Chloe, sitting right beside her, surveying the wreckage.

IVY

Thank God!

Ivy yanks Chloe into a bear hug.

IVY (CONT'D)

You gotta help me.

CHLOE

Help you? Ha!

IVY

I'm sorry about before. I was scared. I made a mistake. But we don't have time to--

CHLOE

What do you think I am? Some big blue genie you can call on whenever you need a wish granted?

IVY  
No, of course not--

CHLOE  
Let's get something straight. I'm part of you whether you like it or not. Without me, there is no you.

IVY  
Are you finish--

CHLOE  
No, I'm not. Now that we've established what an utter fucking waste of organic matter you are in my absence, I'm going to lay down one very simple ground rule.

Dramatic pause.

IVY  
Well? What is it?

CHLOE  
If I ever, and I mean *ever*, see another blue pill in this house again... I won't care if you're dying of thirst in the Gobi desert and I'm sittin' nearby on a barrel of fucking coconut water. You will never. See. Me. Again. Clear?

ON IVY: Utterly speechless.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
(suddenly chipper)  
Excellent. So what was it you wanted to discuss?

INT. IVY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ivy and Chloe scrub tomato sauce off the walls.

IVY  
(mid-rant)  
He needs to be with his mother. But instead he's stuck over there with crusty old Grandma Lily.

CHLOE  
So appeal.

IVY

I can't.

CHLOE

Why not?

IVY

Not unless I can prove gross negligence or an extreme...

Ivy trails off. Realizing.

CHLOE

I'd say a parent being thrown in jail for murder qualifies as an extenuating circumstance, wouldn't you?

Ivy snatches her phone and begins to dial.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

IVY

Calling the lawyer.

CHLOE

Are you fucking stupid? To him you're still an unemployed mess.

ON IVY: Ummmmmmmmmm.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You're hopeless, you know that?

INT. TRADING FLOOR - DAY

Brad strolls past Ivy's desk to find Ivy, headset on, with her feet propped up like she owns the place.

IVY

(finishing up a call)  
And a good weekend to you as well.  
Give Martha my best.

She hangs up. Notices Brad looming over him.

IVY (CONT'D)

Help you, Brad?

BRAD KIMREY

My office. Now.

INT. BRAD KIMREY'S OFFICE - DAY

Ivy takes a seat across from Brad.

IVY  
What's up, Brad?

BRAD KIMREY  
What do you mean, 'what's up?' What the hell are you doing here?

IVY  
Just doing my job, Brad.

BRAD KIMREY  
Maybe I wasn't clear before--

IVY  
Are you familiar with the Americans with Disabilities Act?

BRAD KIMREY  
The--- I'm sorry what?

Ivy snaps open her briefcase and places a sheet of paper on Brad's desk.

IVY  
I suffer from something called Schizoaffective Disorder-- a fancy way of saying that sometimes I mutter in the halls and talk to myself in bathrooms. Luckily, I have a statement here from my physician asserting that I'm undergoing treatment and pose no threat whatsoever to myself or my co-workers. Furthermore, it states that, as long as said treatment continues, there's no reason I can't perform my normal job functions. Do you see where I'm going with this?

BRAD KIMREY  
Now wait a minute. You were fired for cause.

IVY  
I believe what you said was that I make people *uncomfortable*. I'm not positive, but that language sounds vaguely discriminatory.

Brad leans back in his chair. Sizes Ivy up.

BRAD KIMREY

So. This is how you wanna play it.

IVY

Was there anything else you wanted to discuss?

(off Brad's silence)

Excellent. Those phone aren't gonna dial themselves, am I right?

(stands)

Oh, and if you have any other questions, that's my lawyer's number there at the top.

Ivy whistles on her way out the door.

INT. IVY'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving. Ivy on the phone. Chloe in the passenger seat.

IVY

(into phone)

Excellent news. See you Monday.

Hangs up.

IVY (CONT'D)

That was Walter. He's submitting the paperwork to the judge tomorrow.

Something ahead catches Ivy's attention.

IVY (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

REVEAL: A dozen NEWS VANS parked outside Ivy's house. REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN scattered about the yard.

CHLOE

C'mon. We'll get a hotel.

IVY

No. I know another place.

EXT. KENNEDY HOUSE - NIGHT

The car pulls down a long, dark driveway that cuts through a yard of tangled, knee-high grass. Hasn't been cut for years. Ahead, a shuttered house in near ruin after years of neglect.

The address on the mailbox: 1633 Sephora Canyon.

INT. KENNEDY HOUSE - DAY

Ivy flips the breaker, illuminating tarp-covered furniture and broken windows from where kids threw rocks. Everything coated in dust and cobwebs.

Chloe regards it with disgust.

CHLOE

Why couldn't we stay at The Fairmont?

IVY

It's not so bad.

CHLOE

This place gives me the creeps.

Ivy inspects old FAMILY PHOTOS. In particular one of she and her mother.

IVY

We had a lot of good memories here.

CHLOE

And one very bad one.

In the kitchen, a beautiful Chinese HAIR PICK on the counter.

IVY

Mom must have had a hundred of these. One for every outfit. Sometimes she'd let me pull them out and use them to scratch my back.

CHLOE

Gross.

A THUMP, upstairs.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Did you hear that?

IVY

I don't hear a thi--

Another THUMP.

CHLOE

There it is again!

INT. KENNEDY HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ivy and Chloe peer around the corner. Ivy wields a FIRE POKER. At the end of the hallway, light is visible beneath one of the doors.

IVY

Vagrant?

CHLOE

Whoever it is, they're in for an  
ass whooping.

INT. KENNEDY HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Ivy and Chloe charge in, ready to knock someone's head off.

IVY

Don't move!

But the room is empty. On the floor, a sleeping bag, some grocery bags and an electric camping lantern.

IVY (CONT'D)

Junkie probably. We're lucky the  
place wasn't overrun.

Chloe motions to an OPEN WINDOW.

CHLOE

Looks like the chicken shit bolted.

A RUSTLING-- from inside the closet. They both heard it.

IVY

We know you're in there.

Nothing. They creep toward the door. Poker raised.

IVY (CONT'D)

Come out nice and slow and no one  
gets hurt.

Still nothing.

IVY (CONT'D)

Okay. We warned you.

Ivy winds up to swing. Flings open the door to find--

The Twink from Alaric's house, cowering in the corner like a  
scared lamb.

TWINK  
 (thick Hungarian accent)  
 Please, do not call police.

INT. KENNEDY HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Twink sits tied to a chair with bungee cords. Ivy and Chloe standing before him like Gestapo interrogators.

IVY  
 All right, asshole. Tell me what  
 you're doing in my house.

TWINK  
 I had nowhere else to go. Officers,  
 they come to Alaric's door. If they  
 find me, I am sent back to Hungary.  
 (motions to his pocket)  
 Look.

Ivy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a familiar piece of STATIONARY with the address written on it: *1633 Sephora Canyon Rd.* The exact same one she saw at Alaric's.

TWINK (CONT'D)  
 Alaric. He leave this for me. So I  
 come here. I wait.

IVY  
 Wait for what?

TWINK  
 Alaric.

IVY  
 Alaric's dead, fuckwit. But  
 something tells me you already knew  
 that.

The Twink's face twitches with confusion.

TWINK  
 Dead?

Ivy rolls her eyes. Not buying the act.

TWINK (CONT'D)  
 It cannot-- He leave note for me to  
 find. To meet.

The Twink's eyes fill with tears...

IVY

You must think I'm pretty fuckin'  
stupid--

...before he erupts into a fit of uncontrollable, ugly-faced  
SOBS. Like he just lost the love of his life.

CHLOE

I think he might be telling the  
truth.

INT. KENNEDY HOUSE, SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room of a nineties teen. Nirvana, Alanis, Pulp Fiction  
adorn the wall. A boombox on the dresser. Ivy and Chloe make  
the bed.

IVY

He's scared. He just lost his only  
friend.

CHLOE

So you slap a hundred bucks in his  
palm and send him packing. You  
don't break out the fine linens.

IVY

It's one night.

CHLOE

When you wake up to that little gay  
henchman standing over you with a  
knife, don't come crying to me.

A KNOCK at the door. The Twink enters in his underwear,  
drying his hair with a towel.

TWINK

Is okay to come in?

IVY

Got it all fixed up for you.  
Y'know, this used to be my room.

The Twink sits on the bed.

TWINK

The police. They know who kill  
Alaric?

IVY

They think they do. But I'm not  
sure I believe it.

Ivy sees the sadness in his eyes.

IVY (CONT'D)

Is there anyone you can call? A relative maybe?

TWINK

In Budapest, I work for man. Very bad man. He tell me, if I leave, he will kill me. So when I do, I am careful to get far away. Away to America. When I arrive, I have never been so happy. But America is not like I imagine. I have nothing. No one. But Alaric, he take me in. He save my life.

Ivy holds his hand.

TWINK (CONT'D)

You... you will not call police?

Ivy regards him with pity.

IVY

Get some sleep.

Ivy goes to flip the light and spots a tiny pile of LAUNDRY by the bed.

IVY (CONT'D)

These must be filthy. Let me toss them in the wash.

TWINK

No! Wait!

IVY

It's no problem, really.

She scoops up the clothes and a VELVET JEWELRY BOX falls onto the floor.

TWINK

Is nothing.

She grabs it. Inside, a familiar SAPPHIRE RING.

ALARIC (V.O.)

It was my mother's. Probably the most valuable thing in this entire house.

IVY  
Where did you get this?

TWINK  
Is mine. Please give.

He holds out his hand for the ring.

IVY  
You stole it.

TWINK  
I bring. For safekeeping.

IVY  
Yeah? What else you bring for safekeeping? His bearer bonds?

TWINK  
I do not understand. Now please. Give.

IVY  
Scott didn't kill him. You did.

Ivy turns into--

THE HALLWAY and marches down the stairs. The Twink races after.

TWINK  
Is not what you think. I was going to give back when he arrive.

IVY  
And now that he's dead, what? Finders keepers?

INT. KENNEDY HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ivy snatches her CELL PHONE off the counter.

TWINK  
Please, do not call police. I explain.

She dials.

TWINK (CONT'D)  
They will send me back to Hungary.

IVY  
 (into phone)  
 Yes, detective Habernackle, please.

The Twink lunges at her. Grasping and clawing for the phone.

TWINK  
 Give me!

Ivy SMASHES a mixing bowl across his head. The Twink clutches his face. WAILING.

She races for the door but The Twink grabs her by the hair and hurls her back into the kitchen. She slams into a cabinet and hits the floor hard. Wind knocked out.

She barely has time to catch her breath before the Twink is on her, choking her with both hands.

TWINK (CONT'D)  
 I am not going back to Hungary.

His grip is firm. She can't pull him off. Her face goes beet red.

Her flailing hands reach for whatever they can on the counters above, spilling flour and vegetable oil all over the floor.

She's losing strength now. Starting to slip away.

TWINK (CONT'D)  
 You made me to do this.

Her hand settles on something-- the Chinese HAIR PIN!

She stabs him once, twice, three times in the chest but he still doesn't let go.

So she jams it in his eye.

The Twink SCREAMS, blood spurting onto Ivy's face and shirt. As he stumbles back, he slips in the vegetable oil and CRACKS his head on the counter.

When at last Ivy catches her breath, she takes one look at The Twink's body, twitching on the floor in a pool of blood, hair pin still wedged in his eye... and passes out.

INT. KENNEDY HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Blurry vision settles into focus. Ivy tries to hoist herself up but slips after planting her hand in pool of blood.

That's when she realizes... The Twink's body is gone.

EXT. BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Chloe drags The Twink's quilt-wrapped corpse down the back porch stairs by his feet, clapping his head on every step.

Ivy steps out.

IVY  
What the hell are you doing?

CHLOE  
Good, you're up. Grab his arms.

IVY  
Stop.

CHLOE  
We gotta get him in the ground by sun up.

IVY  
I said stop, God dammit.

Ivy yanks at the quilt, causing the body roll out and tumble down the stairs.

CHLOE  
Great. See what you did?

Ivy looks on with disgust, then turns back into the house.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Hey! Where you do think you're going?

INT. KENNEDY HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ivy picks her cell phone off the floor and dials, but Chloe snatches it away and drops it under a RUNNING FAUCET.

IVY  
Are you out of your fucking mind?

CHLOE  
Think for one God damn minute. How do you think they're gonna react when a felon-- who's already been linked to one body this week-- calls and tells them there's a dead kid on her kitchen floor?

IVY  
So your solution is to bury him in  
the fucking yard?

CHLOE  
No one knows he's here.

IVY  
I'm not listening to this.

Ivy picks up the landline and dials.

CHLOE  
You do it and you'll lose Luke for  
good.

Ivy stops.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Even if they don't convict you, you  
think that judge is gonna consider  
your appeal while you're being  
investigated for murder?

IVY  
This was self-defense.

CHLOE  
You wanna take that chance?

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Deep in the woods behind the house. Ivy and Chloe dig side by  
side in a knee-deep hole.

CHLOE  
Deeper. We can't have some coyote  
digging him up.

Ivy regards The Twink's body lying nearby. The pin still  
wedged in his eye. She stops digging.

IVY  
I can't do this.

CHLOE  
Sure you can. Just stick the spade  
in the dirt and heave.

IVY  
He'll spend the rest of his life in  
prison.

CHLOE  
For something he probably did.

IVY  
(re: The Twink)  
He had Alaric's ring.

CHLOE  
Big deal. What about the wallet?  
The hair? Did you forget about  
that?

IVY  
I don't know what to believe.

Ivy plops down on the edge of the hole. Drained.

IVY (CONT'D)  
How can life come so easily to  
everyone else? Jobs. Husbands.  
Kids. One milestone to the next  
like stops on a fucking metro. And  
meanwhile I'm out here, in the  
middle of the night, burying a body  
with my imaginary FUCKING FRIEND!

THWACK!

Chloe bitch slaps Ivy across the mouth.

IVY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck did you do that for?

CHLOE  
Most people would kill to have  
someone like me in their corner,  
y'know that? You wanted a job, I  
got you job. You wanted that punk  
put in his place, I did that, too.  
And all I ask for in return is that  
you keep your fucking mouth shut  
and let me do what needs to be  
done. If I have to put you to sleep  
again to do it, that's fine with  
me, but one way or another, that  
kid's going in the ground.

ON IVY: Suddenly suspicious.

IVY  
What did you say?

CHLOE

I worked too hard for too long to have you fuck it up in the home stretch.

Ivy stands.

IVY

What did you mean put me to sleep again?

CHLOE

That sun's coming up in forty minutes.

IVY

It was you who roofied me that night, wasn't it?

CHLOE

You wanna be standing over a dead body in broad daylight?

IVY

Answer the question!

CHLOE

Of course it was me!

Ivy reels.

IVY

Why?

CHLOE

So I wouldn't have to hear you bitch, that's why. Because I'm tired of you going to pieces every time we gotta get our hands dirty.

IVY

What are you saying?

CHLOE

Scott wasn't gonna stop. Not until there was nothing left to take.

IVY

No. Not possible.

CHLOE

He ruined your life. Now you never have to worry about him again.

IVY  
The wallet. The hair.

CHLOE  
Swift fingers and an old brush.

Ivy has to sit down.

IVY  
This is too much.

CHLOE  
Don't you see? It's for the best.

IVY  
People are dead.

CHLOE  
A tweaked out ecstasy dealer and  
his homeless lackey. Boo-fuckin'-  
hoo.

Chloe kneels down to Ivy's level.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Look me in the eye and tell me this  
isn't exactly what you wanted.

IVY  
On some level, maybe, but--

CHLOE  
Then fucking own it. So some people  
died. It happened. Move on.

IVY  
You did it behind my back. You  
drugged me.

CHLOE  
I did it. You did it. What's the  
difference?

IVY  
It makes a difference to me.

CHLOE  
Are you a pussy bitch?

IVY  
This isn't a joke.

CHLOE  
Answer the question. Are you a  
pussy bitch?

IVY  
No, I am not a pussy bitch.

CHLOE  
So stop fucking acting like one!

Ivy tries to stand up but Chloe pulls her back down.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Repeat after me. I'm Ivy Lydecker.

IVY  
Let go of my arm.

CHLOE  
Say it.

IVY  
I'm Ivy Lydecker. Now will you let  
go?

CHLOE  
I take what's mine and don't  
apologize for shit. Say it.

IVY  
I take what's mine and don't  
apologize for shit.

CHLOE  
I'm strong.

IVY  
I'm strong.

CHLOE  
Effective.

IVY  
Effective.

CHLOE  
I'm in control.

IVY  
I'm in...

Something seems to click in Ivy's head.

IVY (CONT'D)  
 ...control.

A change behind Ivy's eyes. She regards Chloe as if seeing her in a whole new light.

CHLOE  
 What? Why are you looking at me  
 like that?

TWINK (O.S.)  
 (weak)  
 Help... me.

Chloe leaps up.

CHLOE  
 Hold that thought.

She rushes to The Twink's body. Sure enough, through all the blood and dirt, his remaining eye is open.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
 You gotta be shitting me.

TWINK  
 Please... help me.

CHLOE  
 Sorry, kid. No can do.

Chloe picks up the shovel.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
 I know you can't see your face  
 right now, but trust me. I'm doing  
 you a favor.

She winds up to bash his head in.

IVY  
 Stop.

CHLOE  
 We *really* don't have time to debate  
 this.

IVY  
 Give me the shovel.

CHLOE  
 He could start screaming any  
 second.

IVY

Give me the shovel. Right now.

There's something different about Ivy now. A calmness. An authority. Chloe obeys.

CHLOE

What are you gonna do?

The Twink stares up at Ivy with his helpless, pleading eye.

TWINK

Please.

Ivy crouches down at his side but regards him blankly, with neither compassion nor anger. Is she comforting or killing him?

IVY (V.O.)

How would I describe Ropraxadil?

INT. KENNEDY'S DRUGSTORE - DAY

Madelyn passes Ivy a PRESCRIPTION BAG across the counter, but she doesn't look happy about it. Ivy takes it with an exaggerated smile.

IVY (V.O.)

An adjustment.

INT. HYDE SECURITIES CORNER OFFICE - DAY

The PARTNERS show Ivy into her new corner office with a breathtaking view.

IVY (V.O.)

Work is draining, but my co-workers have been great. So generous and understanding.

Brad looks on from outside. Shaking his head in disgust.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - DAY

A bloody, bare knuckle MMA cage fight in progress. Ivy and Luke screaming their heads off in the stands.

IVY (V.O.)

Luke's learning that, just because my energy is low, doesn't mean I love him any less.

An ANGRY DAD one row back shouts at them to sit down.

Ivy motions for the dad to lean forward, then whispers something in his ear. Whatever she says causes his face to go white with fear.

She and Luke keep right on screaming.

INT. DR. KERR'S OFFICE - DAY

Ivy sits across from Dr. Kerr, who looks stoic as ever.

DR. KERR  
And the visions?

IVY  
Visions?

EXT. KENNEDY'S DRUGSTORE - DAY

Ivy walks toward her car with the prescription bag. Gets inside and checks the rearview. Nothing there.

IVY (V.O.)  
None whatsoever.

She starts the ignition.

CHLOE (O.S.)  
The fuck took you so long?

REVEAL: Chloe in the passenger seat.

Ivy passes her the prescription bag and Chloe peeks inside. OPC3313.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
How'd you convince her?

IVY  
I told her, "You either give me the fucking pills or I notify the health department that there's a hoarder in your building."

ON CHLOE: Touche.

INT. DR. KERR'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to scene.

DR. KERR

So all in all you would say you're  
happy with the medication?

IVY

I think it all comes down to a  
choice.

INT. WOODS - NIGHT - BACK TO SCENE

Ivy crouched over The Twink with the same flat expression.

TWINK

I need... hospital.

IVY (V.O.)

A choice to take control.

Ivy covers The Twink's mouth with her hand to muffle his  
cries, then pulls the hair pin out of his eye, inch by  
excruciating inch.

Even Chloe looks grossed out.

Once extracted, Ivy wipes the pin on her pant leg, pulls her  
hair in a bun, then uses the pin to hold it in place.

TWINK

Why?

IVY (V.O.)

A choice to be the best version of  
yourself.

Ivy swings the shovel down on his head, practically splitting  
it in two. She swings it again. Again. Again.

Chloe looks on in slack-jawed disbelief. Ivy tosses her the  
shovel.

IVY

From now on I do my own dirty work.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON, VISITATION AREA - DAY

INMATES in orange jumpsuits at small circular tables, sitting  
across from their WIVES and MOTHERS. Some holding BABIES.

IVY (V.O.)

The truest version.

Ivy sits across from Scott. He's unshaven. Tired. Minor cuts and bruises on his face. Prison life has not been kind.

She passes him a FORM.

SCOTT

What is it?

IVY

An acknowledgement that you understand the revised terms of the custody agreement.

As Scott signs the form, Ivy sees tears welling in his eyes. She collects the form and heads for the exit.

SCOTT

Ivy.

(she turns)

You're the worst thing that ever happened to me.

IVY (V.O.)

The version you can face in the mirror.

IVY

I know.

She exits.

INT. JEWELRY APPRAISER - DAY

Ivy and Chloe stand across a glass counter from a JEWELRY APPRAISER, who inspects Alaric's SAPPHIRE RING under a microscope.

The appraiser jots down a figure onto a notepad. Ivy and Chloe's eyes go wide.

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

EXT. KENNEDY HOUSE - DAY

In the process of being remodeled.

Ivy and Chloe, both in hard hats, pore over architectural designs with an ARCHITECT while LANDSCAPERS plant bushes and PAINTERS slather fresh paint onto the siding.

A GARDENER wanders near the burial site and Ivy shoos him away.

INT. KENNEDY HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

New furniture, modern appliances, hardwood floors-- the house looks great.

Ivy sits on the sofa while a SLASHER FILM flickers on the TV. On one side of her lies Luke, feet draped across her lap. On the other is Chloe, glued to the carnage.

For better or worse, this is Ivy's family. And this peaceful moment justifies everything she's done to achieve it.

IVY (V.O.)  
The version that makes you... you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KENNEDY HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ivy approaches a closed door with a plate of Bagel Bites. Hears MURMURING inside. Knocks.

LUKE (O.S.)  
Come in.

INT. KENNEDY HOUSE, LUKE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ivy finds Luke sitting on the floor in front of a televised hockey game. Alone.

IVY  
Brought you a little snack.

LUKE  
Hell yeah. Thanks.

Ivy scans the room.

IVY  
Were you talking to someone?

LUKE  
(yelling at TV)  
Come on! That's such bullshit.

Ivy smiles. That explains it.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
You say something?

IVY  
Nevermind. Downstairs if you need  
me.

She heads for the door.

LUKE  
Is it okay if Jeremy spends the  
night?

Ivy turns. Confused.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
We'll be quiet, I swear.

IVY  
Jeremy?

Luke motions to his empty bed. Duh.

IVY (CONT'D)  
I don't believe I've met... Jeremy.

Luke rolls his eyes and makes the intro.

LUKE  
Mom, Jeremy. Jeremy, Mom. Happy  
now?

Ivy stares at "Jeremy" for what seems like an eternity.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
So. Can he?

IVY  
(finally)  
The more the merrier.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END

