

# *Queens of the Stoned Age*



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Based on the Article

"Queens of the Stoned Age"

By

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**WARNING:** Under the Federal Controlled Substances Act of 1970, the use, sale, and possession of all forms of Marijuana in the United States is illegal under Federal Law. Breaking this law can result in serious jail time, and fines in the six figure range.

Only nine states have legalized the sale and possession of marijuana for both medical and recreational use.

New York ain't one of them.

*"Men judge more by eye than by the hand. Everyone sees what you appear to be, few really know what you are"*

- Machiavelli, "The Prince"

*"Knock me down nine times but I get up ten*

*Look myself in the mirror, I say we gon' win"*

- Cardi B, "Get Up 10"

**CHYRON: Based on a True Story.**

Over black, we hear A SEDUCTIVE, CONFIDENT VOICE:

HONEY (V.O.)  
*Tell me what you see.*

As David Bowie's iconic song FAME kicks in, we CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The one and only. Establishing shots of the greatest hits - Skyscrapers, Central Park, the Brooklyn Bridge...

HONEY (V.O.)  
*You see a city of wealth and possibility...*

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

We track a stunning REDHEAD (20S), dressed in the latest fall fashion, walking down the street. Men GAWKING as she passes.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*And the girl who has it all.*

EXT. PARK AVENUE ARMORY - DAY

Chic MEN and WOMEN glide past velvet ropes. Paparazzi pepper the street. This glamorous mayhem is NEW YORK FASHION WEEK. Our Redhead enters a side door labelled TALENT.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*You see an industry of glamour...*

INT. PARK AVENUE ARMORY - MARC JACOBS RUNWAY SHOW - DAY

RUNWAY MODELS are spit out like bullets. Our Redhead sliding down the catwalk, selling the hell out of what she's wearing.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*And the gorgeous creatures who inhabit it.*

EXT. LE BAIN - ROOFTOP NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

An exclusive after party, our Redhead is having the time of her life. We FREEZE on her tooth-paste commercial worthy smile as she cheers with a full glass of Dom Pérignon.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*Fame, wealth, beauty. Everything  
 you could ever want, right?*  
 (beat)  
*Let me tell you what I see. I see a  
 fucking scam.*

UNFREEZE as Redhead covertly shoves APPETIZERS into her bag.

EXT. LE BAIN NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Down on the street, when everyone else is catching a cab or hopping in their town cars, our girl heads for the subway.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*I see a girl who, if she's lucky,  
 might pay off the debt her agency  
 has racked up on her.*

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Our Redhead eats stolen appetizers out of her purse. Her bank account balance pulled up on her phone - only 75 bucks.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*I see a system designed to keep her  
 poor and make everybody else rich.*

INT. REDHEAD'S RUNDOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's cramped, noisy, shitty. Home to THREE OTHER WOMEN. The Redhead draws a shower curtain that sections off her "room."

HONEY (V.O.)  
*The designers, the agents, and the  
 photographers - they get paid.*

INT. SPRING STUDIOS - TOM FORD RUNWAY SHOW - STAGE - DAY

This day, our Redhead walks in a Tom Ford show.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*But when this girl walks the  
 runway, unless she's Kate Moss or  
 Gigi Hadid, she's walking for free.*

INT. TOM FORD RUNWAY SHOW - BACKSTAGE - DAY

All the glamour gone. Girls yanked out of their clothes, treated like cattle, shoved into place.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*So I said to hell with their  
 system. And I started my own.*

EXT. SPRING STUDIOS - DAY

Show over, we follow the Redhead as she crosses the street.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*See, when this girl walks across  
 the street to work for me, she's  
 going to make a shit-ton of cash.  
 And she'll make it on her terms.*

EXT/INT. HIGH END APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

We follow the Redhead into an upscale apartment where YOUNG WOMEN pack JOINTS and EDIBLES into BOXES. It's a sleek and feminine operation, like a SUGARFINA FLOOR ROOM but for weed.

The finished boxes are labeled with HIGH QUEEN stickers then packed into TITANIUM CAMERA CASES. Our Redhead grabs one, as others return with theirs FILLED WITH CASH, handing them over to their BOSS and the source of our Voice Over:

**HONEY** - An all American beauty with sparkling blue eyes, a stylish blunt blonde bob and sleek wardrobe to match. Honey reminds us of a modern twist on Michelle Pfeiffer in *Scarface*. Cool, calculated, and fierce. *She's nobody's baby.*

HONEY (V.O.)  
*You can call me Honey. And no,  
 that's not my real name.*

She takes a hit out of her BONG. Exhales a cool long hit.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*I've made millions running an  
 illegal cash business without the  
 cops or the Feds catching on, and  
 I'd like to keep it that way.*

Honey puts her bong down, overseeing the product, counting money, handing out the girls their cut. This is her show.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*Yeah, the times they are a  
 changin'. Legalization, medical  
 marijuana, blah blah blah. But here  
 in New York, you sell a single  
 ounce, you're looking at 4 years in  
 jail. 16 ounces? 16 years.*

Honey supervises girls working on GIFT BASKETS filled with CANNABIS GOODIES: VAPE PENS, THC FACE MASKS, ROLLING PAPERS.

HONEY (V.O.)

*So yes, it's dangerous. But me and everyone here, we got tired of being overworked and underpaid. We got tired of following their rules. So we made our own.*

Honey is interrupted when one of the girls whispers into Honey's ear. Hands her a cell phone.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Rules I designed to keep us safe. And they did....*

Honey listens to the call, heads out to the FIRE ESCAPE and down to the street. Looks around for someone who isn't there. In quick succession A BURLAP BAG IS PULLED OVER HONEY'S HEAD. She's BOUND and THROWN INTO A TRUNK. Everything goes BLACK.

HONEY (V.O.)

*... 'Til someone broke one of them. Then? Then everything went to shit.*

Karen O screams 'OFF WITH YOUR HEAD' as we blast the A-Trak remix of HEADS WILL ROLL, kicking off our title sequence:

**QUEENS OF THE STONED AGE**

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON HONEY'S BLUE EYES as they open. A FLASH OF LIGHT cuts across her face, her pupils retract in pain.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

This is no good... cut her.

Just as we think Honey is about to meet a disastrous end, we WHIP PAN to a CASTING ASSISTANT pulling the plug on a GIANT FAN. A PHOTOGRAPHER adjusts the lights out of Honey's eyes.

**CHYRON IN: Two Years Earlier**

Honey very much alive, stands in front of a CASTING DIRECTOR, her LONG BLONDE HAIR draping over her shoulders.

CASTING ASSISTANT

Thanks for coming in Honey. You're not quite the look we're going for.

Honey feigns a smile as she grabs her portfolio and leaves.

INT. CASTING OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

As Honey exits, we see the hallway is lined with BEAUTIFUL GIRLS ALL WITH LONG BLONDE HAIR and BLUE EYES. Typical.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Like so many of us, I was working hard, paying my dues, and getting completely fucked over.*

INT. BRIDE MAGAZINE EDITORIAL OFFICES - DAY

Honey stands in a studio filled with TEENAGE GIRLS in WEDDING GOWNS. They're re-arranged for an observing FASHION EDITOR.

FASHION EDITOR

Honey - how old are you?

HONEY

Twenty-four.

FASHION EDITOR

Thank you, you can go now.

As Honey leaves the Fashion Editor barks to her staff.

FASHION EDITOR (CONT'D)

This is a bridal issue not a funeral, people! Younger, please!

HONEY (V.O.)

*It turned out I was an old maid by twenty-four. Even when I booked a job, it wasn't a cake walk either.*

INT. DESIGNER STUDIOS - DAY

Honey struts in a fabulous dress for a fitting in front of a DESIGNER and his ASSISTANTS. They talk openly about her body.

DESIGNER

Lower the hem, her knees are too fat. And tape down her chest, cleavage is so passé.

HONEY (V.O.)

*But what I'd endure for a paycheck at this point was pretty much anything. I was in serious debt.*

Hands poke and prod Honey, undressing her like a doll.

EXT. ALPHABET CITY HIGH RISES - SUNSET

A Jenga tower maze of low-rent housing. Honey walks through the open courtyard dragging a garment bag.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Back home, my options were working  
fast food, retail... maybe  
stripping on amateur night. Not  
exactly what little girls dream of.*

Other models pass by, all carrying their own garment bags.

HONEY

*So when modelling came my way, I'd  
jumped straight in-*

INT. ALPHABET CITY HIGH RISES - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Honey skims her mail - OVER DUE BILLS. Finally, a check from her agency! Honey rips it open, but her smile curdles.

HONEY (V.O.)

*-Praying the fall didn't kill me.*

HONEY

*You've got to be kidding me.*

After all the deductions, her paycheck is only 500 bucks. Elevator out of order, Honey heads for the stairs.

INT. MODEL APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Honey walks up endless-flights of stairs to her apartment. At the top of the stairs we hear neighbors arguing, loud music.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Now I found myself trapped in what  
economists call a sunk cost  
fallacy. I'd put so much in, I was  
convinced I couldn't walk away.*

INT. MODEL APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Honey enters a modest one bedroom apartment, decorated with the enthusiasm of a freshman dorm room - eclectic and cheap. Two sets of bunk beds sprawled across the living room, with clothing racks, and shoes scattered in-between.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Luckily for me, I wasn't alone.*

KATRINA (O.S.)  
Honey, this FedEx box came for you-

We turn to see Honey's saving grace - her friends: MOR, (19) a kick-ass Israeli model, and KATRINA, (19) a sultry Russian model, are busy setting the table. She nods at a nearby box.

HONEY  
Thanks Katrina.

Honey grabs the FedEx box and heads for the kitchen, automatically assuming her role as Den Mother - picking up scattered Diet Coke cans and bras off the floor on the way.

IN THE KITCHEN - Honey's BFF **MICKEY**(24), an INDIAN girl with long hair channeling Patti Smith's androgynous punk swagger and intellect. She cooks while blasting Vampire Weekend.

HONEY (CONT'D)  
Damn Mickey, this looks amazing!  
(they hug)  
Thought we were going to have  
dinner next door at your place?

MICKEY  
My shitty roommates are hogging the  
place, watching Final Four. The  
place reeks of farts and PBR.

Enough said. Honey cuts open the Box revealing GLORIOUS WEED.

HONEY  
Well, look what I have for a little  
after dinner mint. Fresh from Cali.

MICKEY  
I can't believe you have the guts  
to get that mailed straight to you.

Honey smiles mischievously, snapping the box back.

HONEY  
You can mail anything if you pack  
it with feminine hygiene products.  
Keeps drivers from opening it.

MICKEY  
Beauty and brains, who knew?

INT. MODEL APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The girls gather around the table. Mickey dishes out the food-  
Honey walks out with Vodka and chilled glasses.

HONEY

Rose and thorn time bitches!

Honey pours everyone a drink to start off the game.

KATRINA

I'll go first. Thorn - My ex back home started dating my now ex-BFF.

HONEY

A smart woman once said, *fuck that shit*, and lived happily ever after.

KATRINA

I guess the Rose is that I know for sure he's a total scumbag.

Cheers to that! They all take shots together. Mor's turn.

MOR

Thorn - I'm not done with this shitty water diet for the upcoming Marc Jacob's show. Rose - I am almost done with this shitty water diet. Vodka doesn't count, right?

Mor takes a shot. Mickey's turn. She looks conflicted.

HONEY

Mickey? Come on.

MICKEY

Thorn - Life sucks. Rose - At least it's consistent about that.

KATRINA

Too depressing... And I'm Russian.

Mickey takes a shot of her drink. Honey doesn't press her.

HONEY

Thorn - We're all broke. Rose - We're not doing it alone. To quote the great Carrie Bradshaw, Seasons come and go...

KATRINA

*Men* come and go!

They all laugh - hell yeah.

HONEY

But friendship never goes out of style. Cheers-

They all down their drinks. But Mickey looks pained.

INT. MODEL APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is bare, except for an old bookcase shelved with heady titles like BLINK, FREAKONOMICS, and THE ART OF WAR. We glimpse Honey and Mickey on the FIRE ESCAPE just outside.

MICKEY (PRE-LAP)

*Damn girl. That's a work of art*

EXT. MODEL APARTMENT BEDROOM - FIRE-ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Mickey watches Honey roll a joint with an artist's mastery.

HONEY

Should taste hints of clementine  
and white pepper.

Honey lights up the joint delicately, passes it to Mickey.

MICKEY

You're such a stoner.

HONEY

Weed can do more than just get you  
high. If anything, it sharpens my  
senses. Focuses me. Allows me to  
see through all the bullshit.

MICKEY

Tell me then, Weed Psychic - Am I  
gonna be a bottle service girl  
forever, or do I ever get to be the  
music journalist of my dreams?

HONEY

Okay spill - what happened?

MICKEY

I got into the Rolling Stone  
internship program today.

HONEY

Holy shit, Micks - that's amazing!

MICKEY

Except it's unpaid. Had to turn it  
down - no way to do it and keep my  
bottle service gig at the Key Club.  
Wouldn't be enough hours for rent  
with the concerts I'd have to see.

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
 (she sighs deeply)  
 Feels like the Universe is trying  
 tell me it's never going to happen.

HONEY  
 Don't say that. You're Patti Smith  
 meets Walt Whitman. The world needs  
 your incredible writing!

Mickey brightens. Honey always knows exactly what to say.

HONEY (CONT'D)  
 Besides, at least you know what you  
 want to do. I'm so burnt out on  
 modeling but I'm so deep in debt.  
 Feels like I'm stuck in quicksand.

MICKEY  
 You know if you're strapped for  
 cash, I can always get you a shift  
 at the club, right? It's pretty  
 good money actually, if you can  
 stomach the soul sucking parts.

HONEY  
 What job isn't? Ugh - I'm just so  
 tired of waiting on someone else's  
 permission to matter. Be nice to  
 have a job where I feel in control  
 of my life.

MICKEY  
 What you reckon we do about it?

Honey thinks, then-

HONEY  
 Rob a bank?

That makes them laugh. Broke and drained, they share the  
 joint, staring out at the city. The best part of their day.

JOAN (PRE-LAP)  
*Honey, we've got a serious problem.*

INT. FORD MODELS - OFFICE - DAY

JOAN, late sixties trying to look forty, sits behind her desk  
 at the modeling agency, feigning concern for Honey.

JOAN  
 Your booking rate is down, and  
 you're three months behind on rent.

HONEY

I know Joan. But I feel like I've gotten really close on the last couple of go-sees. I'll book a job.

JOAN

You know, I like to say I never drop people. The marketplace does that for me. And in your case...

She gestures to Honey's file.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I believe the marketplace has spoken. Unless you can get me that back rent, I need you out of the apartment by month's end.

HONEY

Wait, you're evicting me? Where am I am supposed to go?

JOAN

Sounds like a YP, not a MP.

Joan buzzes for her Assistant. Honey zeroes in on Joan.

HONEY

Is this because I wouldn't sleep with that Vogue photographer?

JOAN

Women who want to make it in this town know *who* needs to be done.  
(off Honey's look)  
Yeah, yeah, #Metoo - whatever. Some things don't change, kid. We can pretend they do, but they don't.

Honey stares at Joan with disgust. Her whole world imploding.

INT. MODEL APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Honey sits at the table, numb and morose.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Now that modeling was over, girls like me were expected to settle down, marry a rich guy. Fuck that. I want to be the rich guy.*

She pushes her chair back hard, with purpose.

INT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Next door, Mickey struggles to write, as her FRATTY ROOMMATES watch SPORTS. Honey appearing on the fire escape outside.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*I was broke, but I wouldn't be  
 broken.*

BANG BANG! Mickey comes over to the window. Sees Honey's face and immediately knows something's wrong. Opens the window--

HONEY  
 So tell me about the club. How much  
 soul sucking are we talking about?

EXT. KEY CLUB - NIGHT

Honey rolls up to the club with Mickey. They pass a line of bougie clientèle all vying to get inside.

Honey watches as guys are patted down by BOUNCERS before entering the club, while women are waved right through. Not even a bag search. Honey notes that.

INT. KEY CLUB - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

The place is packed with FINANCE BROS and TRUST FUND KIDS -- spending massive money on BOTTLE SERVICE. **JASMINE** (20s) - African-American, killer street smarts and looks to match, makes her way through the crowd toward Mickey.

MICKEY  
 Jasmine, Hey! Here's my friend I  
 was telling you about-

Jasmine has no time for small talk. She cuts her off-

JASMINE  
 (to Honey)  
 You get one night to impress me or  
 you're out. No bullshit. You're a  
 server, not a guest.  
 (pulls down Honey's top)  
 And always be selling.

Jasmine tosses them aprons and walks off.

MICKEY  
 Well, that went really great!

Honey gives her a look - seriously?

INT. KEY CLUB - BAR / VIP BOOTHS - NIGHT

Honey shadows Mickey at her tables. As Mickey and Honey go back to the bar to load up her tray again, Jasmine swoops in.

JASMINE

Mickey - let Honey take this one.

Honey heads to a table where IAN, pretentious asshole in a pricey distressed t-shirt, texts. *Mickey side eyes Jasmine.*

JASMINE (CONT'D)

(off Mickey's look)

What? Sink or swim, right?

At the table, Honey struggles to figure out who ordered what.

HONEY

Sorry, was this your drink?

IAN

Seriously? Are you that fucking blonde? A monkey could do your job.

Honey studies Ian. Adjusts. Now she's a stone cold bitch.

HONEY

I just thought you'd have gone with a bottle of Defiant Single Malt over this basic bitch shit.

(off their faces)

It's a local distillery, basically all Sufjan Stevens drinks. But I guess you're tourists, right?

Ian is pained. No one mistakes him for a tourist.

IAN

They must have messed up our order - Gimme two bottles of Defiant. Now!

Smirk on her face, Honey heads back, puts in the order -- clocking the surprise on Jasmine's face.

JASMINE

How'd you know Sufjan Stevens drinks Defiant?

HONEY

I didn't. It was just the most expensive thing on the menu.

Mickey is pleased, looks to Jasmine. *Told you.*

## INT. MODEL APARTMENT - NIGHT

Honey comes in, exhausted but happy. Sees Mor has dozed off there, watching *Say Yes To The Dress*. She grabs a blanket, drapes it over Mor and sits down nearby, counting her cash. For once, not worried if she'll have enough money to eat.

HONEY (V.O.) *PRE-LAP*  
*The club was capitalism at it's  
 finest. Beautiful women paid shit  
 wages to serve overpriced booze.*

## INT. KEY CLUB - NIGHT

A SUPER-CUT of Honey evolving into a super saleswoman: Honey morphing her personality from one table to the next. We pop into Honey working her magic on TEXAN OIL EXECS:

HONEY  
 (Texan accent)  
 Round of gold-flaked shots, fellas?  
 As my daddy always says: We're here  
 for a good time, not a long time!

The table caves. SOLD! Honey swipes the card CHA-CHING! Pockets a big tip. Curtsies. Her face drops as she turns.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*You didn't have to be Karl Marx to  
 see we got a raw deal. The reason  
 guys paid so much was because we  
 were the ones selling them. All  
 that money exchanged so they could  
 try to grab my ass.*

We see Jasmine moving through with her mama bear swagger.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*But our floor captain Jasmine kept  
 the club on lockdown. She knew  
 everyone and everyone knew her.*

A DRUNK GUY harasses Honey, GRABBING HER ASS. In an instant, Jasmine is there -- HOISTING HIM UP BY HIS COLLAR.

JASMINE  
 Apologize. Now.

DRUNK GUY  
 I'm so, so, so sorry....

JASMINE  
 Now get the fuck out of here.

Without another word, he walks out of the club, humiliated.

HONEY (V.O.)

*But with all her confidence she was  
just as stuck as the rest of us.*

Quick cuts of JASMINE'S HOME LIFE at her Dad's Apartment in Brooklyn: Jasmine cooking, paying bills, helping her BROTHER with homework, taking care of her DAD whose in a back brace.

HONEY (V.O.)

*She'd put her art career on hold  
when her Dad injured his back.  
Since his worker's comp wasn't  
enough to take care of her little  
brother, she got right to work.*

GARAGE SALE: her expensive art supplies for sale at a steal.

INT. KEY CLUB - NIGHT

Another night, another round of drinks and assholes. By this point, it's become routine for our girls. They're burnt out.

HONEY (V.O.)

*We were all trapped. Living  
paycheck to paycheck, enduring  
bullshit to inch our way out of  
debt. There had to be a better way.*

EXT. THE KEY CLUB - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT

Exhausted, Honey takes a moment to herself, smoking one of her beautiful joints on break when a YUPPIE COUPLE approaches-

YUPPIE GUY

(re: the joint)

You think, um, I could buy one?

HONEY

Oh. Sorry - I only have a couple  
on me and I'm saving them for my  
friends. Try down by the park man.

He nervously looks back at his HOT DATE, growing impatient.

YUPPIE GUY

Look, I told her I could score us  
something. How's 50 bucks for two?

HONEY

Hundred and you got a deal.

YUPPIE GUY

Done.

The Yuppie shells out the cash without a second thought, as Honey slips him two joints. Then... A lightbulb moment.

HONEY

Hey... next week, I'll have more on me. I'll hook you up.

The Yuppie Guy smiles, empowered by his first drug deal.

YUPPIE GUY

Dope.

Honey holds the crisp hundred in her hand. Smiles.

MICKEY (PRE-LAP)

*You want to sell weed at the club?*

INT. MODEL APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Honey and Mickey smoke out of a sleek clay pipe. *Our girls are modern. Think Goop, not Cheech and Chong. Remember that.*

Honey types on her laptop, searching intensely.

HONEY

Hell yes. This city is dry as fuck. New York's living in the stone age while the rest of world is hurtling towards the *stoned* age.

(she takes a hit)

But if we bring the watering hole to the animals-

MICKEY

We skim them alive. I love it. So what, we pool our money, order more from your source in Cali?

HONEY

If I order more than a box a month, we'll get tipped off to the cops or ripped off by Fed Ex drivers. Nah, we're gonna need a local dealer.

MICKEY

So how do we find one? It's not like those guys advertise.

Honey flips around her laptop - we see she's cross-referenced NYPD CRIME MAPS with YELP - on a mission.

HONEY

No, but they mark their territory.

Honey stops on a YELP PAGE for a dive bar: THE WOLF'S DEN. The reviews all stating: "DRUG DEALER HANG-OUT. BEWARE!"

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET / WOLF'S DEN - NIGHT

Desolate, run-down area. The only thing open is THE WOLF'S DEN - a dive bar that reeks of whiskey, urine, and blood.

INT. WOLF'S DEN - NIGHT

Inside the crowd is just as rough. PAULIE, an Ali G knock-off, holds court in the back. Honey clocks him selling DIME BAGS. She takes out a SPLIFF, lights it up.

HONEY

Follow my lead.

Honey seductively locks eyes with Paulie. The smell of WEED and TOBACCO rolls over him. He likes what he sees and smells.

PAULIE

*Well dayumn, what are you fine ladies doing in a place like this?*

She blows smoke in his face. Paulie loving every minute.

HONEY

We like a little trouble with our whiskey. Think you can help us out?

Paulie licks his lips, looking Honey up and down.

PAULIE

I have whatever your heart desires. Cocaine, Molly, Weed-

HONEY

Forget all that hard stuff. We're strictly organic. We'll take a quarter pound of weed.

Paulie and his guys laugh.

PAULIE

A quarter pound? This ain't McDonald's. Why don't you start with something like a dime bag. You even know what a dime bag is?

HONEY

Yeah. And I know what I asked for.

Paulie studies her. Not buying it.

PAULIE

Sorry, I only deal with real hustlers. Not princesses who saw one too many episodes of *Breaking Bad*. This game is serious, yo.

Paulie shifts, revealing a gun tucked into his waistband. Mickey blanches. As Paulie turns to go...

HONEY

Oh, I know all about games. Clearly you're a big fan of Dress Up.

Paulie turns - *what did you say?*

HONEY (CONT'D)

Your Supreme jacket, the label is supposed to be outside right sleeve, your pants are made with a cheap polyester and your Yeezys, woof. That toe stitching is busted. Knock-offs -- all of them.

Paulie's friends *Ooooooohhhh*. Them's fighting words.

HONEY (CONT'D)

You may act the part of bad-ass drug dealer, but you got played by a sixteen-year-old mall clerk.

Paulie's crew laughs. Honey takes a long drag of her spliff.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Me, I know how to dress the part. You look at me and see a good girl, because that's what I want you to see. That's my *hustle*.

Honey moves closer, enunciating her point.

HONEY (CONT'D)

You don't see a girl who grew up in the foster system. Who roomed with car thieves, meth heads, and gangbangers. Who came to this city with less than twenty bucks. Because I don't want you to.

Paulie is listening. So is Mickey. This is news to her too. Honey slides over an envelope of CASH.

HONEY (CONT'D)

That's a grand for a quarter pound,  
which we both know is generous  
since the going rate on the street  
is sixty bucks an eighth.

(a beat)

But I'll take my money elsewhere if  
you aren't up to the challenge.

Paulie studies Honey - then smiles. Extends his hand.

PAULIE

I'm Paulie. And you girls are?

INT. MODEL APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

RIPPPP! Honey cuts open a package revealing A BEAUTIFUL  
QUARTER POUND OF WEED. Mickey helps Honey divide the weed.

There's a weird tension in the air. Mickey address the  
elephant in the room delicately.

MICKEY

Was what you told Paulie true? Or-

Honey's a bit embarrassed, but open to talk.

HONEY

Yeah... My mom had me super young.  
I was in group homes starting  
around the age of five. Moved here  
when I was eighteen to model - you  
know the rest.

MICKEY

That's rough Honey, I'm sorry-

HONEY

Don't be... It taught me that when  
you find people you love, keep them  
close to you.

She gestures to the product in front of them.

HONEY (CONT'D)

That's why I want to do this. I  
won't let this City break us apart.

Mickey smiles. This is why she loves Honey.

MICKEY

Hell yeah. Let's do it.

Mickey motions to all their product.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You think Jasmine is gonna mind?

JASMINE (PRE-LAP)

*No way in hell are you selling weed-*

INT. KEY CLUB - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Jasmine stares, pissed, as Honey and Mickey plead their case.

JASMINE

If you two get caught, I lose my job, and that cannot happen.

HONEY

Jas, all you have to do is send people our way. For every referral, I kick you back 20%.

Jasmine thinks about it. She does need the money...

JASMINE

Let's say I'm intrigued. What are we even charging these suckers?

Honey hands her the spread. Jasmine studies it, then-

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Ok, I'm in. But no hard shit. I don't need dizzy bitches ODing here

Honey and Mickey exchange smiles. They're open for business.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Gotta say, I never figured you two for weed dealers.

HONEY

See, that's why it's perfect...

INT. MODEL APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Honey and Mickey load up their purses. Honey does last looks-

HONEY (V.O.)

**Rule Number One** for selling weed -  
*Don't look like you sell weed.*

- switches it out Mickey's leather jacket for a chic blazer.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

The train stops and our girls step onto the platform. As they do, two NYPD cops clock them, and head DIRECTLY towards them.

But the cops pass them by, focused on A SKETCHY KID with a weed leaf sewn into his thrift-store jacket. Our girls speed away as the cops interrogate him, searching his backpack.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*Dress professionally and in character. If you play the part of the everyday city girl...*

EXT. KEY CLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Honey and Mickey stroll up, as bouncers scrutinize every customer - but unhook the velvet rope for them, all smiles.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*...No one will suspect a thing.*

INT. KEY CLUB - VIP TABLE - NIGHT

Jasmine talks to BIG SPENDERS. Deal done, Jasmine takes THE MONEY and waves over Honey, who then discreetly slides her packaged joints under the table while serving drinks. FREEZE:

HONEY (V.O.)  
*Some of you may be judging me, but despite what McGruff the Crime Dog said, smoking pot won't kill you. Shit, drinking does more harm, yet cracking a Budweiser is as American as apple pie.*

UNFREEZE: Rihanna's POUR IT UP builds as we see the system in action - PRODUCT MOVING FASTER THAN OUR GIRLS CAN KEEP UP.

INT. WOLF'S DEN - DAY

Honey, Mickey and Jas show up to buy MORE WEED from Paulie.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*It was your classic Captive Market. - Rich lazy clientele willing to pay a premium for easy access.*

INT. KEY CLUB - NIGHT

We see a BABY-FACED TECH ENTREPRENEUR, DEREK. After a quick convo, Jasmine flags Honey over. He smiles wide, excited.

DEREK  
Greetings and salutations! I'm  
Derek, but you can call me Big D...

Honey works hard to suppress her smirk.

HONEY  
Nice working with you, Derek.

Derek flashes the goods to his friends. They're psyched!

HONEY (V.O.) (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)  
*With Jasmine's help, word spread  
fast. We became the coolest party  
favor in town, a status symbol.*

We see THE CASH ROLLING in and as it does:

HONEY (V.O.) PRE-LAP (CONT'D)  
*It's true what they say - New York  
is more fun when you're rich.*

- Honey pays back Joan, BUYING OUT HER MODELING CONTRACT. Treats her MODEL ROOMMATES to a SPA DAY to celebrate!
- Jasmine buys a NEW BACKPACK for her BROTHER, a NEW CHAIR for her DAD, and ART SUPPLIES for herself.
- Mickey has taken the Rolling Stone internship. We see her pitching stories, interviewing musicians.
- Finally, WE END OUR MONTAGE ON: Honey & Mickey moving into a NEW APARTMENT together! Jasmine, Mor, Katrina show up with house warming gifts, Chinese take out, and of course vodka.

EXT. 15 CENTRAL PARK WEST - NIGHT

One of the most expensive co-ops on the Upper West Side, if not the entire city. Paulie and his hoochie date, STELLA, exit a taxi in front of the ominous building.

STELLA  
Paulie I thought the party was in  
Dumbo? Why are we uptown?

PAULIE  
Gotta drop something off first.

INT. 15 CENTRAL PARK WEST - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

They step off the elevator into a luxury penthouse. Bored WOMEN and their FINANCE BOYFRIENDS lounging on sofas. MUSIC BLASTS from an unseen source. Paulie heading further back.

INT. PENTHOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Paulie and Stella enter a smoky man cave. A glass display case of macho movie memorabilia lines the back wall. The wireless speakers blasting Tame Impala's LET IT HAPPEN.

The owner of this adult playpen is RICH WAKEFIELD. A handsome trust fund fuck-up. He fancies himself the smartest person in every room and carries himself like the diplomat's son that he is. (*And not to mention the swagger that comes with diplomatic immunity*).

RICH

See, a *Matrix* future just isn't believable - so you've harvested humans for batteries. Now what? What do they want? To merely exist?

Rich's theories go unappreciated by his THUGS, but Rich doesn't seem to care -- too busy doing another line. He then hefts a MEDIEVAL SWORD, waving it around to the music, eyes closed. Paulie has to scream to get his attention.

PAULIE

Rich...RICH!

Rich finally open his eyes, notices Paulie:

RICH

Alexa - turn it down.

(a beat)

ALEXA - TURN IT THE FUCK DOWN!

The music finally quiets. Rich waves the sword at Paulie.

RICH (CONT'D)

Check it out, Paulie - It's Conan the Barbarian's sword. An *Atlantean* Bastard. Real steel...

Paulie takes out a THICK ENVELOPE and hands it to Rich.

PAULIE

Ah, cool... Wanted to drop off what I owe you for last week's delivery.

Rich points his sword at Paulie's chest, dead serious. His mania is unsettling, like he's on a different wavelength.

RICH  
Late again Paulie. Not good.

PAULIE  
Woah, I can explain man-

Rich lowers the sword, smiles, tosses the envelope to a Thug.

RICH  
It's cool brother. You're just in time for new product testing.

Rich gestures to the coke. Paulie does a line, then Stella. Rich resumes his rant -- as if he'd never been interrupted.

RICH (CONT'D)  
Only *Battlestar Galactica* really posits what robots want. Not an energy source or "to rule the world." No, these Robots find God. And thus, they seek the answer to the question we all must ask -

The Thug nods to Rich. Leaves Paulie's cut on the table. Paulie relaxes. He reaches for his cut of the take when-

RICH (CONT'D)  
-What is our PURPOSE?!

**BAM! RICH SLAMS HIS SWORD INTO PAULIE'S HAND. PINNING IT TO THE TABLE.** STELLA SCREAMS. Paulie is frozen, in shock.

RICH (CONT'D)  
Do you know your purpose, Paulie? Cause it doesn't seem like you fucking do. See when you pay me late, it tells me you don't respect-  
(to Stella)  
SHUT UP!

**RICH'S THUG pulls out a 9MM GLOCK WITH A SILENCER AND POP! - LETS OFF A WARNING SHOT into the wall next to her head.**

RICH (CONT'D)  
WATCH THE COLLECTIBLES!

One of Rich's Finance friends, TEDDY, stumbles in...

TEDDY  
Hey Richie boy - HOLY FUCK, DUDE!  
Your Dad is going to freak!!!!

The Thug instinctively swings the gun at Teddy. Stella whimpering as quietly as she can, choking back her fear.

RICH

No, he's not, Teddy, because he's in Ghana on an ambassadorial relief mission, and unless you want *your Dad* to find out about the dead hookers in Rio - you'll close the door behind you and let me get back to my FUCKING business.

Teddy backs out. Rich cracks a smile.

RICH (CONT'D)

Funny - it's a silencer on so many levels.

The Thug now places the gun at Paulie's head-

PAULIE

Please. I won't be late ever again.

RICH

You know me Paulie, I'm not *this* guy, but I can't have my top dude slackin' off. Sets a bad example.

PAULIE

WAIT - I got these new clients - chicks, really hot. They deal at this club downtown and they're bringing in mad money for me.

RICH

Lady dealers. Interesting...

Paulie notes Rich's interest, senses a lifeline.

PAULIE

Could introduce you, have them pass the profits off directly to you.

Rich considers this. Intrigued. Then...

RICH

Paulie - this is the kind of out of the box thinking I need more of!

Rich pulls his sword from Paulie's hand. All smiles again.

PAULIE

Thanks Rich. I won't let you down.

Rich nods, waves at the Thug to escort Paulie and Stella out.

RICH

Alexa - resume Tame Impala.

Rich wipes down his sword. *"Let it happen, let it happen..."*

INT. HONEY & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Tight on HANDCUFFS as traffickers are perp walked, their WEED seized by the DEA. PULL OUT to reveal we're watching TV.

Honey, Mickey, and Jasmine lounge on the couch, taking notes on a CNN special on the drug war. Honey's coffee table stacked with books on famous drug empires and their leaders.

JASMINE

Who'd have thought a damn power bill would tip the cops off to your indoor grow site? Crazy!

Honey holds onto her joint, twirling it - thinking.

HONEY

Seems like for a grow site in the city to actually work, you'd need to find a way to get electricity without anybody noticing.

MICKEY

What, like with a windmill?

HONEY

Something more practical. Like how people boosted cable TV back in the day. Could tap into a subway grid - siphon the power undetected.

Jasmine laughs. Can't believe what she's hearing.

JASMINE

Siphoning power? You going to attach jumper cables to the tracks?

Mickey and Jasmine laugh at this, to Honey's annoyance. The girls' phones vibrate all at once. A group text.

HONEY

Paulie wants us to meet at a new location tonight. Somewhere uptown?

MICKEY

I am personally shocked that guy has ever been above 14th street.

HONEY

Whatever. We gotta re-up anyway.

EXT. EQUINOX GYM - NIGHT

A Taxi pulls to a stop outside... an EQUINOX GYM? Honey, Jasmine and Mickey exchanging looks as they get out. A THUG dressed in stylish sports gear approaches, opening the door.

THUG

This way ladies. Paulie and Mr. Wakefield are waiting for you.

A LOUD whirring coming from the roof. The girls look up. WTF?

EXT. EQUINOX ROOF - RACE TRACK - NIGHT

Rich races his crew in go-carts reenacting a live-action version of SUPER MARIO KART. Rich reps MARIO, others dressed up as BOWSER, LUIGI, and TOAD. Poor Paulie is dressed as YOSHI the dinosaur, waving a flag, his hand freshly bandaged.

MICKEY

Shit, is that Paulie?

JASMINE

That is one sad-ass T Rex.

Rich is in the lead when another driver accidentally passes him. Rich, pissed, slams his car into the driver's bumper, causing the car to skid off the track.

Rich crosses the finish line victorious. Drives over to Honey and the girls, skidding to a splashy stop. Mr. Fast and Furious. He's trying hard to impress them, especially Honey.

RICH

Ah, the girls Paulie was raving about. Let me guess, you're Honey?

HONEY

I am.

Honey extends her hand... Rich kisses it. She feigns a smile.

HONEY (CONT'D)

These are my partners Mickey and Jasmine... And you are?

Rich smiles like a shark -- all teeth and arrogance.

RICH

I'm Paulie's boss, Richard. But my friends call me Rich. And I can see we're all going to be very good friends, so please... call me Rich.

Rich SNAPS his fingers and Paulie rushes over with a bottle of SAKE. Rich pours them a drink, mansplaining as he goes.

RICH (CONT'D)

I learned to appreciate good sake during my gap year in Japan. In the Shinto religion, sake is literally the liquor of the gods. They drink it for a bountiful and blessed harvest. So here's to a bountiful future for us. KANPAI!

CLINK! Rich keeps staring at Honey, hungry, curious. He grabs an apple from a lavish fruit spread. Bites.

RICH (CONT'D)

Too bad you weren't here earlier. You'd make a good Princess Peach.

HONEY

I'm not a girl in need of saving.

Honey grabs the apple out of Rich's hand and takes a bite. Rich laughs. He likes this girl's style.

RICH

Going forward, I wanted to make sure you dealt directly with me. You know, get the VIP treatment... and the VIP product.

Rich walks over to an APPLE CRATE - and opens one up - POUNDS OF WRAPPED MARIJUANA neatly packed inside. Top level strains.

RICH (CONT'D)

Best in the Eastern Seaboard. 5 G an elbow. Cash only of course.

Honey goes to cut it open, Rich stops her.

RICH (CONT'D)

Not here darling.

HONEY

I'll have to take your word for it.

RICH

Honey, the only thing I got in this world is my balls and my word, and I don't break 'em for nobody.

Honey confers with her girls. They WHISPER to each other.

HONEY

I mean, the numbers are good...

JASMINE

So what? This guy seems nuts! He's dressed as Mario for Christ-sakes!

HONEY

He's a *drug dealer* -- they're ALL a little crazy.

MICKEY

Maybe we shouldn't rush this?

HONEY

Look, I know exactly how to handle him. Trust me. This is good for us.

JASMINE

Hope you're right.

Honey turns back to Rich.

HONEY

We'll pay the Five G.

JASMINE

But with a scaling discount for future bulk orders.

HONEY

Do we have a deal, Tony Montana?

Rich throws his arm up joyously.

RICH

You caught me! Wouldn't have pegged you for a *Scarface* fan. These guys don't appreciate the classics.

HONEY

What can I say, I'm a woman of varied interests.

RICH

I love it. We're in business.

Rich grabs her and gives her a BEAR HUG -- startling her. All child-like enthusiasm and scary intensity.

RICH (CONT'D)  
I look forward to a long and beautiful partnership.

Rich stares at Honey as she leaves. His new obsession.

INT. HONEY & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

*Crack!* The girls crowbar open a CRATE OF WEED.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*With Rich supplying larger quantities, we were finally able to move weight on a real level.*

VROOOM - The girls vacuum seal, pack, and rolls joints. Jasmine flashes HAND DRAWN LABELS for their new strains.

JASMINE  
Figure we needed something to tell the new strains apart. You like it?

Mickey and Honey are impressed. The girl can draw.

HONEY  
This is amazing. Great thinking!

EXT. KEY CLUB - NIGHT

The girls round the corner, to find:

JASMINE  
What the-

A crowd of FBI AGENTS bustling in and out of the club. Crates of documents being carried away, the club OWNER in handcuffs nearby, arguing with an FBI agent. The girls stare, in shock.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*But it turned out we weren't the only ones with a side hustle.*

JASMINE (PRE-LAP)  
*FUUUCCCCCKKKKK!*

INT. HONEY AND MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The girls are in shock. Their massive supply around them.

JASMINE

That motherfucker paid us shit wages. Why didn't he at least pay his damn taxes? And who was getting all my damn FICA money then?

Honey packs a huge bowl. Lights up. Her phone RINGS.

MICKEY

Sure you wanna smoke right now?

HONEY

It recharges me, like Popeye eating his spinach.

Honey's phone rings again. She silences it.

MICKEY

We're totally screwed. We don't even have shitty day jobs now!

HONEY

Mickey, don't look at this situation as what we've lost, but what we have to gain. If we just-

Honey's phone VIBRATES across the table. She grabs it.

HONEY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

WHAT??!!

On the line is club regular, tech-nerd "BIG-D" DEREK.

DEREK (O.S.)

(on phone)

Uh, Honey? Oh, uh, it's Big-D.

HONEY

Oh hey *Derek*, look this isn't-

DEREK (O.S.)

I went to the club, but-

HONEY

Yeah it's shut down. We know.

DEREK

See, I'm having a party tonight. I was wondering if you knew anywhere else I could go for weed?

Honey takes a hit off her bong. Something clicking. Scans the room: Amazon boxes. Chinese delivery, Seamless flyers.

HONEY

Forget somebody else, we'll come to you. Just be a bit of a surcharge-  
(a pause, then)  
Double?

We PRE-LAP a **KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK** as we CUT TO:

INT. LUXURY CONDOS - DEREK'S PLACE - NIGHT

Derek opening the door to find Honey, Mickey, and Jasmine outside his door. His luxury pad packed with people.

JASMINE

Damn, did you invent the Internet?

DEREK

Ha, no. I just patented this neat algorithm that forecasts if-

PETEY (O.S.)

Yo Big D, your dealers are bangin'!

PETEY, a drunk SILICON-TECH NERD, wanders over, as the girls start laying out the goods. Staring in amazement.

PETEY (CONT'D)

Even sicker spread! Noice.

The girls run through each option like the weed sommeliers they are. Finally, they can show off their knowledge rather than having to hide and shout over the music of a club.

HONEY

You've got your Sativa, your Indica, and your hybrids.

JASMINE

For cozy nights in, I recommend an Indica like Grand Daddy Purps.

MICKEY

And for a party, a sativa like Maui Wauai will really ramp you up.

The risqué Tupperware party starts attracting the other guests. Honey opens a bag. Lets the aroma wash over Derek.

HONEY

My personal favorite. A hybrid of Blueberry indica with sativa Haze.

Petey is floored by their knowledge. Everyone is impressed.

DEREK  
I'll take it.

HONEY  
Great. How much you want?

DEREK  
All of it.

Derek flashes a HUGE STACK OF CASH. Jasmine and Mickey stare.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Double, like we discussed.

Honey accepts the stack happily. *This actually worked!* Guests descend on the new party favors, excited.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
You fair maidens are the *queens* of the party.

Honey, smirks - an idea forming. A brand, in fact:

HONEY  
Better - we're the High Queens.  
Tell your friends.

INT. HONEY & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mickey, Honey and Jasmine stare at the cash they just made.

MICKEY  
Did we just make as much in one sale as we did all last week?

HONEY  
Ladies, I think we're in the delivery business now.

Wired, ideas flowing, filled with passion. Honey's on one.

HONEY (CONT'D)  
Think about it - we can bring our expertise and good vibes direct to consumer. And make twice the money.  
(shows her phone)  
Since the club closed, I've been getting hit up by regulars nonstop.

Honey tosses her phone - More regulars asking where they are.

HONEY (CONT'D)  
No more shitty day jobs.

MICKEY

We could set our own hours...

JASMINE

Pay off debts...

HONEY

We play our cards right - we could become the Seamless for Cannabis!

(takes a drag)

I mean, don't you think it's time for all of us to stop being bossed around and start being the boss?!

Honey extends her pinky.

HONEY (CONT'D)

What do you say? Equal partners?

Jasmine takes a hit, is silent, then -

JASMINE

I think this is the most out there nonsense I've heard from you yet... BUT I LOVE IT! I'm in.

MICKEY

Let's smoke this town.

Jasmine extends her pinky, followed by Mickey. The girls all linked up. Their B.F.F Ritual.

HONEY

High Queens is open for business!

Queen's ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST tracks our next MONTAGE:

EXT. NYC STREETS - DAY

Honey, Mickey, and Jasmine walk down the street together, carrying chic purses. They split up like fighter jets.

KNOCK KNOCK! Mickey, in a PANT-SUIT, is greeted by a A FEMALE POWER BROKER, juggling two phones. Mickey picks out the most relaxing strain, as her male assistant pays the tab.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Overnight, We became the Fairy-Godmothers every overworked, anxious New Yorker needed.*

KNOCK KNOCK! Jasmine, donning an artsy Soho look, is greeted by an AVANT-GARDE PAINTER with A LIZARD on her shoulder.

Jasmine enters in awe of her giant paintings. Jasmine rolls out her stash - The woman lets the Lizard "pick".

KNOCK KNOCK! Honey, wearing hipster grunge and fake glasses, is greeted by Ian, the asshole hipster from before. Again, she's a stone-cold bitch. Ian buys it all. As Honey exits, she takes off her fake hipster glasses, smiling.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Along with dressing the part, we soon found that we needed to establish a few other rules....*

Jasmine deals with a SLEEP DEPRIVED COUPLE with juggling NEWBORN TWINS, totally scattered. The DAD goes for his wallet-

HONEY (V.O.)

*Rule Number Two? Well, you think it'd be obvious but...*

-and hands Jasmine a CHECK. Her face drops.

HONEY (V.O.)

*CASH ONLY! No checks, no IOUs. Credit? Forget it.*

Jasmine walks the Dad to an ATM. Get paid in cash.

HONEY (V.O.)

*And that went for us too.*

At RICH'S PENTHOUSE - The girls drop off BAGS OF CASH.

HONEY (V.O.)

*The thought of owing Rich a favor-*

Rich springs up from his chair, close to Honey's face. She jerks back as he -- gently PLUCKS a fallen eyelash.

RICH

*Make a wish beautiful.*

Honey forces a smile, blows. Rich throws his arm around her.

HONEY (V.O.)

*-made me sick.*

HONEY (V.O.)

*That's why Rule Number Three was Business and pleasure do not mix.*

DING! Mickey steps into a chic loft, where she's greeted by SAI, a handsome Indian Musician. A guitar strapped around his toned bare chest. Mickey's heart skips a beat.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*Absolutely no dating of the  
 customers.*

He pours Mickey a glass of wine, asks her to stay and smoke.  
 Mickey sadly declines. Fanning herself as she leaves.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*We sold weed, not sex.  
 And anyone who crossed the line-*

Jasmine is propositioned by a TATTED CHEF. SLAP! As she  
 leaves we see the Chef is NAKED behind his apron.

Honey is propositioned by a SWINGER COUPLE in kimonos. They  
 give her a look, reach for her hand. She pulls hers back.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*-was 86'ed off the client list.*

In both cases, their numbers get DELETED.

HONEY (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)  
*Finally, **Rule Number Four was**  
**simple: Trust your gut.***

Honey rounds a corner, notices TWO TOUGH LOOKING DUDES  
 smoking cigarettes on a stoop. She texts her client MARIE-

HONEY (V.O.)  
*A woman's intuition is a powerful  
 thing. So If it feels wrong...*

-but sees THE GUY'S PHONE buzz instead.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*...then it is wrong. Leave.*

Honey dips into a bodega and out the back -- out of there.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*And at the rate our business was  
 growing, we could be picky.*

INT. HONEY & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Honey, Mickey, and Jasmine juggle DUFFLE BAGS OF CASH, trying  
 to shove it into a closet. It's filled to the brim. Honey  
 goes to the kitchen, checks a cabinet - product falls out on  
 top of her -- she turns to the girls.

HONEY  
*We're gonna need a bigger boat.*

EXT./INT. UNDISCLOSED FOUR-STORY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A landlord takes down his "FOR LEASE" sign as Honey pays the deposit in cash. Jasmine glances around, then double-takes...

JASMINE

Uh, you see what's across the street from us?

HONEY

Yeah, it's perfect. Free security.

As the girls go inside, we REVERSE to see: a POLICE PRECINCT.

INT. HIGH QUEENS DISPATCH #1 - DAY

The girls move in to their official headquarters. Start unpacking, making the place feel like home. HONEY Looks at their low inventory, dials up Rich...

HONEY (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)

*In any business, from shoes to make-up, the fun is in the retailing, the darkness is in the sourcing.*

INT. 15 CENTRAL PARK WEST - PENTHOUSE

DING! Honey exits the private elevator. She's escorted by one of Rich's Thugs to a back room where...

HONEY (V.O.)

*Really, selling drugs is not too different from running a fast-food chain. You have your cooks, salesman, accountants, & security.*

...we see an assembly line of Thugs packaging HARD DRUGS. Others counting money, other THUGS clearly muscle.

Rich walks out and greets Honey, slides his hand down her back as he leads her to her supplies. Honey's skin crawls.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Then you have your shitty Regional Managers - like Rich - who oversee franchise owners like me for the top guys - the Board of Directors.*

Rich counts Honey's cash, while staring at her creepily.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*But, like most upper level  
 management, you'd never hear from  
 them as long as business was good.*

A Thug walks over holding a cell phone, whispers in his ear.

RICH  
 I gotta take this. We're good here.

Rich takes his business call in another room. Honey peers around the corner to listen -- He closes the door. Damn.

INT. HIGH QUEENS DISPATCH #1 - HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Honey and Jasmine, exhausted, drag themselves into the apartment. Dump their bags down -- empty. Put the cash on the overflowing table. Mickey already snoring on the couch.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*And business was VERY good. Every  
 customer led to another customer.  
 And another. And another.*

Honey lights up a joint - when the PHONE starts ringing. Yet another customer. All three at once (even "asleep" Mickey):

ALL GIRLS  
 NOT ME!

The girls laugh.

MICKEY  
 This is getting out of control.

JASMINE  
 The whole point of this was so we  
 could have more free time, not  
 less. I haven't painted in weeks.

Mickey stretches, awake.

MICKEY  
 And I'm never gonna make my Rolling  
 Stone deadline at this rate.

JASMINE  
 Maybe we cap the customer list?

Honey shakes her head.

HONEY  
 We don't shrink. We grow.

Jasmine and Mickey exchange looks. Really?

HONEY (CONT'D)

We hire more girls. More girls,  
means more runs, more profits, and  
less runs for us to do -- and we  
each shift into upper management!

MICKEY

I like the sound of that. Jas?

JASMINE

Okay... But who would we hire?

EXT. FASHION ROW - SOHO - FALL - DAY

TIGHT ON HONEY'S FACE walking down fashion row, shades on-

HONEY (V.O.)

*We hired old friends...*

-We pull out to see two of Honey's old roommates flanking her: the Russian Model **KATRINA** and the Israeli Model **MOR**.

INT. SOUL CYCLE CLASS - SPINNING ROOM - DAY

Honey and Katrina are at their bikes as petit sweet-faced instructor, **YUKI**, walks in. The lights dim and class starts.

HONEY (V.O.)

*And new ones...*

Suddenly the sweet Yuki shifts into BEAST MODE:

YUKI

WHERE ARE MY RIDE OR DIE BITCHES!  
PUSH IT LADIES!

Honey's face lights up. Holy shit. This girl's a bad-ass!

EXT. NYC STREETS - DAY

Now a High Queen, Yuki RIDES HER BIKE with skill through busy NY streets -- making deliveries faster than ever before.

EXT. MACDOUGAL ST - NIGHT

**BECCA**, a voluptuous comedian barking on the corner-

HONEY (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)  
*Girls who knew how to make a sale.*

She's wrangling tourists like a pro, selling them quick and fast. Soon she's got a line of people out the door for the place. Mickey, who's been watching nearby, heads over...

INT. COMEDY CELLAR - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Where Becca kibitzes with Hannibal Burress, Ali Wong, and John Mulaney while they buy product from her.

EXT. FARMERS MARKET - COOKIE STAND - DAY

**SARA** (20s), AN IRANIAN BAKER GODDESS with a rebellious streak, wears a chic hijab as she sets up her stand here. Sara ignores the dirty looks from older farmers here.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*Artists who'd been blocked from  
 their path.*

Sara is unfairly asked to pack up shop by an older MARKET SUPERVISOR over a "missing" permit. Jasmine clocks this.

INT. SAFE HOUSE #1 - DAY

Sara is hard at work, more mad scientist than baker. She's crushing weed into baking flour, liquefying buds into oils to make: CANDIES, COOKIES, SUCKERS, you name it.

INT. COMPUTER REPAIR SHOP - DAY

**MONTANA (20s)**- *Lisbeth Salander* constrained in a GEEK SQUAD-esque uniform. As she works on a computer, her CREEPY BOSS leans over to sniff her hair. Montana shifting as far away as she can, as Honey walks in. Noticing this...

HONEY (V.O.)  
*Techies who brought us into the  
 21st Century.*

INT. SAFE HOUSE #1 - DAY

Montana removes sim cards from phones and sets up untraceable burner accounts to receive orders on. The space looking more like a Tech-Start Up than a drug den. As Montana decks the place out in top of the line gear, our girls admire the tech.

JASMINE

Elon Musk ain't got shit on us!

HONEY (V.O.)

*And a financial whiz who kept Uncle Sam off our back.*

INT. MISS LILY'S CARIBBEAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Honey, Mickey, and Jasmine sit enjoying *jah-garitas* while interviewing **ANNIE** (mid 20s) wide-eyed, prim, and proper.

ANNIE

I've set up a whole range of companies: LLCs, C-Corps, S-Corps. But what you're talking about...  
(she looks around)  
...is *criminal*.

MICKEY

Technically? Yes.

Honey reaches across the table, a calming hand.

HONEY

We're just innovators ahead of the curve. Ask yourself, do you want to work for yet another LLC? Or do you want to get in on the ground floor of THC Incorporated?

Annie, surprising herself, smiles. Hell yes... as we CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE #1 - DAY

Where Annie restructures the company financially. An ONLINE CLOTHING STORE ("*Bee Hive Vintage*") being set up as their front biz -- Mor and Katrina modeling clothes on the website.

Across the room, all the new Queens have gathered for orientation. Honey steps out in front, addressing her hires:

HONEY

Eyes forward ladies...

Montana hands out Burner Phones to each Queen.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Montana is handing each of you a new burner phone to communicate with Mickey and Jas in dispatch.

JASMINE

You should never text explicitly about weed or the customers. Use the code names on the board.

Jasmine points to the board. The Queens jot all this down.

MICKEY

Every five runs, bring the money straight back here, where Annie will deal out your cut - 15%.

The girls light up. That's a lot of extra cash.

HONEY

Now, what we do is still illegal in New York. And it's not just cops we have to worry about it. It's anyone else who wants what we have...

Honey flips over a whiteboard - THE HIGH QUEEN RULES. All the new Queens take notes. **1) Dress the Part, 2) Cash Only, 3) Business and Pleasure Do Not Mix, and 4) Trust Your Gut.**

HONEY (CONT'D)

But I promise, if you master these four simple rules, you'll not only be safe, but you'll make a ton of cash and have a lot of fun doing it.

As the Queens CHEER this, we head into a SUPERCUT of SALES:

- KNOCK KNOCK! BALLET DANCERS. KNOCK KNOCK! FABULOUS DRAG QUEENS. KNOCK KNOCK! ORTHODOX JEWS... each door taking us into a new exciting world. *CASH PILING IN* -

HONEY (V.O.)

*With the new sales force in place, everyone finally had more time for what they really loved...*

We see each girl getting her cut and the benefits of the job:

- Jasmine pays off the last of her dad's Medical bills. Spends more time with her family, and actually paints.
- Becca practices her stand-up on the girls. They love it.
- Sara gives the girls cooking lessons.
- Yuki goes to an audition and nails it. Gets a CALL BACK.
- Mor and Katrina do unboxing videos on their Instagram - new purses, clothes, make-up. Their followers skyrocket.

- Mickey interviews St. Vincent backstage at the Bowery Ballroom. Done, she goes to leave and runs into Sai, the hot musician from before. They start chatting.

- Honey takes all the girls out to dinner at Momofuku Ko. She watches them bond with a matriarch's pride - taking shots and celebrating each other. A family. Her family.

HONEY (PRE-LAP)  
... growing closer together.

INT. HIGH QUEENS DISPATCH - WINTER TIME - DAY

Christmas decorations now up. A well-decorated tree in the corner topped with a giant Weed leaf. Christmas theme edibles coming fresh out of the kitchen for all to try. Bonding.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*And for just that moment, I felt invincible. Like I was the Steve Jobs of weed. I didn't invent it, but I'd perfected it.*

Across the room, Honey watches her well oiled machine run.

MARK CUBAN (PRE-LAP)  
*It's not about money or connections-*

INT. HONEY & MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mark Cuban is schooling a wantrepreneur on SHARK TANK. Honey on her laptop, scanning NYC real-estate. But not lofts -- try entire buildings. Prices in the tens of millions. Remember this. It will be important later.

MARK CUBAN (ON TV)  
*It's about the willingness to outwork and outlearn everyone. To continue to evolve.*

HONEY (V.O.)  
*Mark was right. If we wanted to be the best, we had to keep evolving. And we were about to.*

Honey gets a TEXT from Mickey and reacts - Whoa! Gets up...

EXT. ELECTRIC LADY STUDIOS - NIGHT

Dressed in her most chic outfit, Honey heads through the doors of the historic recording studio.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Thanks to the High Queens, Mickey had been able to intern at Rolling Stone, where she'd gone from interviewing the biggest names in the music biz...*

INT. ELECTRIC LADY STUDIOS - LOBBY - NIGHT

Honey steps into a room to find a musicians rolling in gear, PAs buzzing around. DAMIEN, a hip assistant spots her. Walks her back towards the MAIN STUDIO where-

HONEY (V.O.)

*...to hanging out with them.*

Mickey and a MASSIVE ENTOURAGE are chilling. Mickey stands and hugs Honey. Introduces her to everyone.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Still, I wasn't expecting Mickey to introduce me to... him.*

Stepping out of the booth - **MR. X**. Chill, handsome, iconic.

HONEY (V.O.)

*I didn't tell you my name, so I'm sure not gonna tell you his. But think of the star you had on your childhood wall, the legend who sold out Madison Square Garden for a week, the icon who sat front row at a Presidential Inauguration. Yeah, he's even cooler than that guy.*

Even Honey -- yes, Honey -- can't help but be starstruck.

MICKEY

Honey, let me introduce you to-

HONEY

I know who you are - big fan.

MR. X

Funny, 'cause I'm a fan of yours. Best product on the East Coast.

Holy shit. That's like getting a shout out from G-O-D.

MR. X (CONT'D)

What do you think about you and your girls providing greens at my Christmas party in the Hamptons?

Honey lights up. This is HUGE. A-List clientele.

HONEY  
The Jingle Bash?

MR. X  
Word. Be about thousand people,  
give or take. It's on the 20th, so  
that's what, four days from now?

DAMIEN  
Three days actually.

Honey does the mental math. Knows she doesn't have enough  
product for this, but she also can't turn this down.

HONEY  
For sure. We can totally do that.

Mickey tries not to blanch. How can they pull that off???

MR. X  
I'll have Damien text you the info  
and my money man will be in touch.

He extends his hand - Honey just levelled up.

*RICH (PRE-LAP)*  
*That's more than triple what you*  
*normally get from me.*

EXT. CHELSEA PIERS - OUTDOOR DRIVING RANGE - DAY

Rich practices his swing, Paulie reduced to caddying for him.  
Honey waits patiently in a golfing outfit.

HONEY  
Business is going well, thought I'd  
save you a trip, buy more up front.

Rich tees up his shot.

RICH  
I see.

TWHACK! Paulie rushes over with a ball for Honey. Steps back.

HONEY  
Don't get me wrong, I love our  
hangouts. But I don't want to take  
up all your time - I know how  
important you are, Rich.

It's Honey's turn. She lines up, swings back and -

RICH  
As important as the Jingle Bash?

- MISSES. Honey is caught off guard. He knows.

HONEY  
Like I said, business is good.

RICH  
But your swing needs work. Here -

Rich lines up Honey at the tee, positions her, his hands moving down her arms and waist... Paulie looks away.

RICH (CONT'D)  
I can get you the weed of course.  
But I'm wondering if I should.

HONEY  
...Oh?

RICH  
Do you know what happens when two stars collide, Honey? The bigger star engulfs the smaller star, creating an explosion of matter and gas that results in a black hole.

Rich leans in, his lips pressed up against Honey's ear.

RICH (CONT'D)  
Which destroys everything around it. Until there's nothing left.

He pulls her back, she swings -- CONTACT!

RICH (CONT'D)  
You're my star pupil, Honey. But I'm still the Sun. You revolve around me. Don't forget that.

Honey's smile stays in place, but her eyes betray her...

INT. SAFE HOUSE#1 - DAY

The girls unload Rich's shipment of weed from APPLE CRATES.

JASMINE  
How was Rich? Did he give you any trouble about the amount?

Honey, still unnerved, manages to put on a brave face.

HONEY

Nope. I played him like a fiddle.

But Honey's hand shakes as she lights up a joint. Rich has started to unnerve her. He's unpredictable and she knows it.

HONEY (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

*Ladies, we're going to give Mr. X's guests something they won't expect--*

INT. SAFE HOUSE #1 - LATER

In front of all the High Queens, Honey sets the tone.

HONEY

Us. The High Queens. A curated, sleek and beautiful cannabis lifestyle. This our multi-million dollar business now. And we're gonna make sure they know it.

The girls cheer - FUCK YEAH; LET'S DO THIS; AWESOME! Get to work sorting the variety of weed strains, weighing out, rolling joints. Sara cooks as the girls assemble Sugarfina-like gift boxes filled with beautiful edibles. Jasmine hands out LABELS with CHIC DESIGNS reflecting the party's music theme: Stevie's Wonders, Purple Haze, etc.

Becca surveys their huge inventory of joints and dime bags.

BECCA

This is massive. How are we going to transport all this to the party?

HONEY

With these.

Honey rolls out TITANIUM CAMERA CASES.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Professional grade camera cases. They're insulated so it'll double-mask the smell.

JASMINE

Okay, that's pretty dope.

The finished product is packed into lead-lined film pouches, impenetrable by X-Ray, then loaded into their cases. CLICK!

INT. BECCA'S VAN (DRIVING) - DAY

The girls are dressed and ready for the big day. Honey sits up front in the van, anxious. Forces a smile for everyone.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GATED COMMUNITY - DAY

The girls roll up to a surprise POLICE CHECKPOINT. Cars are being waved through when a FAT COP asks them to stop.

JASMINE

Shit--

HONEY

Cool, calm, collected. We got this.

The Fat Cop walks up, barely glancing at them. Gestures--

FAT COP

Random security check, ma'am. I'm going to need all of you to step out of the vehicle, please.

Honey looks like she might throw up. The Fat Cop and his BALD PARTNER circle the van with mirrors.

BALD COP

Open the back doors please.

Honey opens the back of the van - revealing their locked titanium camera cases. Fat Cop picks one up.

FAT COP

What's the deal with all this?

HONEY

We're a photography service.

The cops look at the girls. Yeah right.

BALD COP

Pretty intense locks for cameras.

Annie is going to faint. Mickey holds her up. But Honey knows they can't open anything locked without a warrant.

HONEY

We're protective of our gear. At big events, things tend to go missing. 35mm cameras aren't cheap.

Fat Cop passes the case to his partner.

FAT COP

You wouldn't mind if we popped this  
in our X-Ray machine, right?

What can Honey do but nod? The cops put it through the  
MACHINE, stare at the screen, then at the girls. Oh. Fuck.

BALD COP

Miss. You said these cases were for  
35mm cameras, correct?

Honey can only nod. Shit. Are they setting her up?

BALD COP (CONT'D)

See... My nephew just got a vintage  
35mm. Was thinking of get him one  
of these cases. They worth it?

Honey exhales. Jesus Christ.

HONEY

Best investment I ever made.

He hands her back the case. All smiles.

BALD COP

You're free to go.

Honey can't get out of there fast enough...

EXT. MR. X'S MANSION - JINGLE BASH - DAY

A-List Celebrities from Bruno Mars and Steph Curry to J. Law  
and Cardi B, pose for pictures. The "it" party to be at.

INT. MR. X'S MANSION - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY

Honey surveys the room, finding the perfect spot.

HONEY

Ladies... Time to put Santa's  
Workshop to shame.

The girls set up their ELABORATE STATION -- think a gifting  
suite on steroids -- their products styled to fit the party.

CHRISSY TIEGEN and JOHN LEGEND wander past.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Chrissy, can I interest you in a  
free THC spa treatment? We've even  
got cute face masks on the go.

CHRISSY

Are you saying what I think you're saying?

HONEY

Oh yeah. We even have high grade cooking oils for you to play with. Totally free. What do you say?

CHRISSY

John, hold my purse.

Chrissy's having a blast. Her interest draws the attention of other guests. And just like that, their presence goes VIRAL.

- Sara demonstrates cooking essentials, edibles, and treats. Mickey talks about the medicinal effects with others.

- Becca and Yuki teach guests how to roll the perfect blunt. Katrina and Mor rub in massage oils on sexy NFL stars.

- Suddenly Honey spots TWO IMPORTANT FACES in the crowd:

HONEY

Oh my god, that's Alexander Wang and Virgil Abloh of OFF WHITE.

Jasmine turns and looks, blanches at who they're with.

JASMINE

And with gallery owner Margaret Lee-

The famous designers and gallery owner approach--

ALEXANDER WANG

Dope gift bags. Feel like I should steal a page from Mr. X's book.

MARGARET LEE

Great packaging. Who designed it?

HONEY

Jas here. She's an amazing artist. It's our company, all female run.

MARGARET LEE

Come by Canal 47. Your work could fit nicely in my next showcase.

Honey hands them their gift bags. The designers nod. The girls squeal as Mr. X rolls over on a tricked out trike.

MR. X

Girls you're the hit of the party.  
Have some fun. You've earned it.

NEEDLE DROP: Calvin Harris's THIS IS WHAT YOU CAME FOR - sung by the patron saint of our film, Rihanna.

Our girls descend in SLOW-MO into the crowd, moving amongst the beautiful and influential with confidence. Because this time they're not there as the help, but as valued guests.

- The girls move to the dance floor. Honey stands on the sidelines till Mickey pulls her in. Finally, Honey relaxes.

- The party winding down, VIPs exit with High Queen gift bags. They're all anyone is talking about...

HONEY (V.O.)

*The High Queens had officially  
arrived and we were here to stay.*

INT. HIGH QUEENS' NEW DISPATCH CENTER - DAY

Time has passed - Honey's hair now cut into a sleek bob from the opening.

This NEW APARTMENT is nicer than the one before. Montana works dispatch, Annie goes over the books as Jasmine oversees the packaging. Phones ringing off the hook. Orders piling up.

As Cardi B's I LIKE IT plays, Honey updates their GROWING CLIENT LIST on her laptop. High Queens flying in and out of the apartment like fighter pilots, descending for a strike.

We see GREEN SMOKE TRAILS weaving through a MAP OF THE CITY.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Our A-List Clientele boomed.*

We see a Flash of A-List clients from Lena Dunham to Halsey.

HONEY (V.O.)

*New girls joined our forces.*

Honey manages NEW GIRLS - tweaking their clothes and hair.

INT. CANAL 47 - DAY/NIGHT

Jasmine's work now hanging in the busy gallery, owner Margaret Lee proudly displaying it to potential buyers.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*And Goals were being met.*

All the High Queens are there, including Jasmine's family, and Mickey's date Sai, toasting to Jasmine's success.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*But as we headed into our future,  
 we were still stuck dealing with  
 the devils of our past.*

We **PRE-LAP** Lee Greenwood's GOD BLESS THE USA as we CUT TO:

INT. 15 CENTRAL PARK WEST - PENTHOUSE - 4TH OF JULY - DAY

Where Honey, Jasmine, Mickey exit Rich's private elevator. Rich greets them with open arms -- his place elaborately decorated for the 4th of July. Rich himself wearing a "Presidential" grillmaster BBQ apron.

RICH  
 Happy Fourth, Ladies! Make yourself comfortable. We've got Budweiser and MGD in the cooler.

HONEY  
 Maybe we should settle up first-

Mickey swings around her duffle bag. A Thug checks it.

RICH  
 All biz! You know, foreplay is just as important as the main event.

THUG  
 They're good. Over target.

RICH  
 Excellent! The boys gave me shit working with lady dealers, but look at you, you're on fire! Speaking of-

Thugs pass through with CRATES OF FIREWORKS.

RICH (CONT'D)  
 We're going to have the best show in the city. I made sure of it.

The girls exchange looks. This is going to be a long night.

RICH (CONT'D)  
 Oh, Honey, can you help me with the grill for a sec?

With that, Rich steers Honey out onto the balcony-

EXT. 15 CENTRAL PARK WEST - PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Rich has a giant spread of expensive meats laid out by his more impressive grill. Throws a marbled slab onto the grill.

RICH

Every noob talks up Kobe Beef, but Omi Beef is where it's really at. If it's not from Shiga Prefecture, I don't even fucking bother.

Honey nods. Not understanding or caring to.

RICH (CONT'D)

You know Honey, you and I have a lot in common.

HONEY

Oh? Really?

RICH

I could have had my pick of jobs on Wall Street or in DC. But I knew I'd always be living in my father's shadow. I needed to make my fortune my way. Be my own man

Rich flips the meats. Their pinky flesh smoldering.

RICH (CONT'D)

Just like you, I was underestimated. Because of my Dad and my Ivy League background, no one took me seriously. It's like they say, we have to work twice as hard just to be successful.

HONEY

...Oh. Absolutely.

RICH

You've got a nice thing going with your little weed delivery service. But the real action is in selling the harder stuff - heroin, coke, fentanyl. Incredible margins.

Honey isn't quite sure where this is going.

HONEY

Uh-huh.

RICH

I mean how much longer do you think your service is gonna last once the laws change? I mean, even Dominoes sells more than just pizza!

HONEY

I think the steaks are done.

Rich slides the steaks off the grill onto a plate, but still fixated on making his point.

RICH

With your client list and my inventory, we could make a killing.

Rich grabs her hands, interlocking his fingers slowly.

RICH (CONT'D)

Together, we'd be unstoppable. King and Queen of this town-

Before Honey can react - he KISSES HER. From the other room, Jasmine clocks it. *What the fuck was that?* Honey is stunned.

HONEY

Uh, can I think about it?

RICH

Of course! I'd never want to you to rush into this. But this is the right move, Honeybee. Search your feelings - you know it to be true.

Rich pulls back, smiles, walks in with the tray of steaks.

RICH (CONT'D)

Who's down for the greatest goddamn steak you've ever had?!

Jasmine pulls Honey aside as she walks back in.

JASMINE

Did Rich just kiss you?

HONEY

It's fine... He has a crush. We can use it to our advantage. Trust me.

JASMINE

As long as you're in control.

Honey downs her beer, watches Rich. She's got this, right?

HONEY (V.O.)  
*As usual, Biggie said it perfectly:  
 Mo Money, Mo Problems. And Rich  
 wasn't the only problem we had.*

INT. HIGH QUEENS DISPATCH - DAY

Annie is towered over by mountains of cash, wearing a Bank Teller's GREEN EYESHADE. She's trying to deal with it all, but it's clearly overwhelming her.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*We were making so much we were  
 running out of ways to launder it.  
 Our front biz could only take on so  
 much without attracting attention.*

Honey's on her laptop, scanning real-estate again. Annie gives Honey a look -- what the hell are we gonna do?

HONEY (V.O.)  
*Thankfully, life provided a way.*

Suddenly Mickey BURSTS into the safe-house -- SCREAMING!!!

HONEY  
 What happened?

Mickey tries to catch her breath. Jasmine is worried now too.

JASMINE  
 Mickey, are you okay?

That's when Mickey extends her left hand -- where a SPARKLY ENGAGEMENT RING now sits. Then all HELL breaks loose...

HONEY (V.O.)  
*See, it was time for a High Queens  
 bachelorette party.*

EXT. JFK - PRIVATE JET RUNWAY - DAY

The Queens descend on a PRIVATE JET for Mickey's Bachelorette weekend! Mickey toting a SASH and WEDDING VEIL. The ALL MALE HOT FLIGHT CREW escort them on board as BOYS by Lizzo plays.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*And where better than Monaco? The  
 world capital of money laundering.*

AERIAL SHOTS OF MONTE CARLO - Porsches, Bentleys and Rolls-Royces parked on every block. Yachts docked at every port.

Paradise. Finally, We ZOOM IN on the HOTEL DE PARIS:

INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - MONTE CARLO - ROYAL SUITE - DAY

The girls are ushered into a GRAND SUITE - high gilded ceilings, marble colonnades, crystal chandeliers hanging over fairy-tale beds. A place fit for Royalty, and now our Queens.

INT. MONTE CARLO CASINO FLOOR - VARIOUS GAMES

Our girls hit the casino floor decked out like James Bond villains - FUR COATS, LONG EVENING DRESSES, DRIPPING IN DIAMONDS. They exchange stacks of cash for HIGH ROLLER CHIPS.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Laundering money in Monaco is simple. You exchange your "dirty" money for chips at a casino. Then when you cash out those chips -- voila "clean" money. The IRS sees it as winnings. And so did we.*

They play roulette in the famous Salle Médecin, craps on the Gaming Terraces, blackjack under the stained glass ceiling. They take their "winnings" back to the teller and get a receipt -- pass it off to Annie. Done and done.

EXT. MONTE CARLO BEACH CLUB - DAY

The girls descend upon the pool like Greek Goddesses, turning heads as they make their way to a private cabana.

HONEY (V.O.)

*What was surprisingly hard was spending our own money.*

At the Cabana, waiters bring over BOTTLES OF CHAMPAGNE.

WAITER

Mademoiselle, compliments of Prince Philippos and friends.

The girls turn, lower their sunglasses. *Well, hello.*

EXT. YACHT - SUNSET

The girls party with the hot royalty, dancing the night away. It's decadent, it's wild, it's a fucking blast. Becca makes out with the Hot Prince of Greece.

EXT. YACHT - SUNRISE

All the girls are passed out around the deck. Honey and Jasmine, the last two awake, watch the sun rise.

HONEY

Think Mickey had a good time?

The two look over at Mickey, passed out in a bathing suit and fur coat clutching a bottle of Dom Perignon. They laugh.

JASMINE

I can't believe we're here.

Jasmine lays down on Honey's lap. Honey strokes Jasmine's hair, deep in thought. Jasmine clocks this.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Earth to Honey! You can chill for once! We're all good.

HONEY

I know... It's just hard for me to relax. Especially because of-

JASMINE

-Rich. I know. I don't envy you having to deal with him every week.

HONEY

What if we didn't have to? What if we had our own grow site? That way we wouldn't be reliant on Rich or anybody. We'd have the product and the delivery system.

JASMINE

Vertical integration - yeah, I get it. Sounds ideal. But so does me waking up next to Michael B Jordan.  
(yawning)  
Tragically, I don't see either one happening anytime soon.

HONEY

Wouldn't be that hard. Just have to find a building out in Brooklyn. Nothing fancy. Maybe an old warehouse out in Park Slope or even the meat packing district. We could finally put our roots down... Jas?

Honey looks down. Jasmine's asleep. She looks out towards the skyline. Feels like the sun's rising just for her.

INT. JFK TERMINAL - DAY

Honey walks through the terminal with the girls. Flipping through NYC real-estate listings via an app on her phone. BIG POSTERS announcing FASHION WEEK hanging everywhere.

MICKEY

Fashion Week's almost here? Damn,  
time flies.

Honey closes her app. Frustrated. She can't afford anything.

HONEY

Ugh, I've blocked it all out.

MOR

It's not all bad. I still love  
those Fashion Week after-parties.  
(to Katrina)  
Remember smoking out Prince Harry  
when he was in his bad boy phase?

Katrina nods. That was fun.

ANNIE

Wow, it really gets that crazy?

KATRINA

Hell yeah. It makes Coachella look  
like a Bar Mitzvah.

Honey clocks another FASHION WEEK AD - her brain whirring...

INT. HONEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Honey lights up her sleek pipe, brain buzzing, supercharged. Sits in front of her laptop -- real estate listings open in one window and a spreadsheet in the next. Running numbers -- tweaking, adjusting, changing, then recalculating everything.

INT. HIGH QUEENS' DISPATCH CENTER - DAY

All the girls are gathered, Honey has news to share.

HONEY

Queens, I'm so proud of what we've  
accomplished together. We roll deep  
- we're up to a thousand customers!  
We always deliver the best product  
possible - and we deliver on time!

The girls cheer -- HELL YES!

HONEY (CONT'D)

That's why it's time to talk about the future.

This is the first Mickey and Jasmine are hearing this. Jasmine arches an eyebrow - what now?

HONEY (CONT'D)

Building our own grow site right here in the city. No more middle men. Just premium cannabis that we grow and own.

The girls love the idea, but Mickey and Jas are skeptical.

MICKY

Sounds good, but we don't have the money to buy New York real estate.

JASMINE

We may be *rich*, but we ain't *wealthy*. You're talking Pablo Escobar money.

HONEY

What if I told you there was a party ten times as big as Mr. X's and we could just walk right in?

JASMINE

I'd say you sound high.

BECCA

Er - who here isn't?

The girls laugh. It's true, but not the point.

HONEY

Ladies, I'm talking about New York Fashion Week.

Honey rolls out an annotated MAP OF NYC and a corresponding schedule for Fashion Week

HONEY (CONT'D)

There are 80 shows over 7 days, each with its own after party. Each one a gold mine of new customers.

She picks up their signature camera cases.

HONEY (CONT'D)

With these in hand, we can be a mobile gifting suite and hit every single party one after the other.

Honey has her materials spread out on the table, leaning over like a general with a master plan. The Queens are enraptured.

HONEY (CONT'D)

If we pull this off, we'll make more money in a week than we do all year. And we'll have positioned ourselves as the top weed brand in the east coast, shit maybe the whole country.

(a beat)

So what do you say?

All the girls cheer. Mickey and Jasmine are more anxious. They pull Honey aside.

MICKEY

I don't mean to rain on your parade Honey, but this is...

JASMINE

A lot. Where is this coming from?

HONEY

Look, I know this is gonna take a lot of work and a hefty cash investment for the inventory, but we can pull this off!

Mickey was afraid she was going to say that.

MICKEY

And I believe in you, Honey. But what you're talking about is on a whole other level. I've got my writing career and a wedding to plan. Jasmine's art is blowing up-

JASMINE

Why can't we keep things how they are? We don't need the extra risk.

Honey lays all her cards on the table.

HONEY

All my life, I never felt like I fit in. Like I belonged anywhere. Not at the homes, not as a model.

(MORE)

HONEY (CONT'D)

But now, I've finally found it with you two, with everyone here. And I don't want to ever lose it.

Honey tears up -- Mickey and Jasmynes doing the same.

HONEY (CONT'D)

This is our chance to have a home. Somewhere no one can take away from us. Somewhere we don't have to worry about Rich or anybody else. Somewhere we can build our future.

Honey wipes away her tears.

HONEY (CONT'D)

We're equal partners. If you guys don't want to do this, we won't.

Mickey and Jasmine look at each other - *can we do this?*

JASMINE

If this is what you really want to do, then let's do it.

MICKEY

We trust you.

Honey hugs her best friends. They're in it to win it.

RICH (PRE-LAP)

*Question is... What do you get the woman who has everything?*

INT. CHRISTIE'S AUCTION HOUSE - DAY

A CHRISTIE'S AGENT gives Rich, Paulie and the crew a tour.

CHRISTIE'S AGENT

We just got in a beautiful Rothko-

The Agent delicately displays the painting. Rich isn't sold.

RICH

Pass. See one Rothko, you seen 'em all. Honey deserves something unique, like her.

The Agent nods and guides Rich further into the premises.

CHRISTIE'S AGENT

Then perhaps our Private Sales collection might be of interest.

They head through a bland door, labeled PERSONNEL ONLY.

Here, we see an array of BLACK MARKET ITEMS - stolen artifacts, purloined jewelry, exotic animals. We hear GROWLS nearby - the Agent guiding them to a RARE WHITE TIGER.

Now this, Rich is excited about.

RICH  
Hello pussycat.

CHRISTIE'S AGENT  
Only 50 of them left in the world.

One of Rich's thugs, NICKY, can't resist making a joke.

NICKY  
Honey's pussy better be gold-plated  
for all the dough you're dropping.

Rich laughs, throws his arm around Nicky, hilarious! THEN RICH GRABS Nicky's head and SHOVES it against the cage bars. The Tiger ROARS, so close its spittle coats Nicky's FACE.

RICH  
What kind of way is that to talk  
about a lady? Very. Fucking. Rude.

Nicky wriggles, desperate to get away, afraid for his life. The Christie's Agent is frozen --horrified.

NICKY  
No, I just thought -

The Tiger GROWLS, getting closer, ready to pounce -

RICH  
Well, I don't pay you to think or  
to speak. So don't.

Rich releases Nicky right as the Tiger makes a SWIPE FOR HIS FACE. Piss running down his legs, as he crawls backward. Rich LAUGHS UNCONTROLLABLY at this. Paulie is horrified.

RICH (CONT'D)  
Siegfried and Roy over here pissed  
his pants! Come on - walk it off.

His crew awkwardly laugh along, fearful of Rich's reproach. Rich moves on, prowling the room. A luxurious bracelet with a BLUE DIAMOND in the center catching his eye.

RICH (CONT'D)  
Now tell me about this...

INT. MICKEY & SAI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Honey, Mickey, and Jasmine go over wedding seat arrangements. Jasmine shows of her latest designs for the tables.

JASMINE

And these would be the place cards.

MICKEY

I love it. Sai what do you think?

Sai walks over, likes what he sees. Kisses Mickey.

SAI

Very cool. Now only if we could figure out where to put my cousins.

Mickey sighs. So hard. The girls study the seating chart, the moment only broken by Honey's cell phone going off. It's Rich

HONEY

(on the phone)

Hey Rich -- is everything okay?

Jasmine and Mickey exchange looks. Uh oh. What now?

INT. LE COUCOU - NIGHT

Rich sits alone in this hip French restaurant. A Quartet serenades the empty restaurant like an awkward one-on-one date on The Bachelor. Honey walks in dressed casually.

RICH

Honey! Glad you could make it.

Rich kisses Honey on the cheek. Pulls out her chair. Honey looks around at the empty place. *What the fuck is going on?*

HONEY

Yeah, you said it was urgent. Something about a supply problem?

RICH

First you must try these oysters. They're *fantastique*.

Honey takes an oyster reluctantly. Downs it quickly.

RICH (CONT'D)

You don't like it?

HONEY

Not a seafood girl.

Rich angrily waves the nervous WAITER over.

RICH

Takes these away. Bring out the beef cheek and foie gras terrine.

HONEY

Sorry I'm confused. Is everything okay or--?

RICH

Yes yes. Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you. I was just excited.

HONEY

Excited about what?

RICH

Us.

Shit. Honey reels. How do I get out of this? Rich leans in.

RICH (CONT'D)

You remember what we spoke about on the Fourth of July, right?

Honey weighs her words carefully. Her entire Fashion Week plan depends on Rich sourcing her the weed.

HONEY

Of course, how could I forget. I've been thinking about it a lot and-

RICH

Me too! So I got you something...

Rich reaches for Honey's hand, holds it delicately. He places the BLUE DIAMOND BRACELET on Honey's wrist.

RICH (CONT'D)

Honeybee, there's no denying what we have is special. We're just so in sync. The two of us make a great team. In every possible way. You're the Moon to my Earth. The Ying to my Yang. The Robin to my Batman.

Honey slowly pulls it back, trying to get out of this situation as elegantly as possible. Unclasps the band.

HONEY

Rich... You're really great. Truly.  
But I think it's best if we keep  
our relationship the way it is...  
strictly professional.

RICH

...oh?

He's humiliated. Rich never gets rejected.

HONEY

Believe me when I say I *really*  
value our business relationship.  
It's very important to me. I just  
wouldn't want anything to ruin it.

Honey hands him back the bracelet. Trying to sell this.

RICH

I hear you and I respect you.

HONEY

Okay cool. I'm sorry-

RICH

Don't apologize. We all make our  
choices. And you've made yours.

Honey isn't sure how to read him.

HONEY

Fantastic. So... We're still good  
for the delivery tomorrow?

RICH

Of course. You have my word.

HONEY

And you never break it. I  
appreciate that.

A weak smile from Rich. Suddenly Honey's phone RINGS. Saved  
by the damn bell indeed.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I have to take this... Food  
was amazing.

Honey picks up the call and is out the door in a flash. Alone  
Rich sips on his wine, bites into his beef cheek then SNAPS-

RICH  
 (to the Quartet)  
 KNOCK IT OFF ALREADY!

EXT. LE COUCOU - NIGHT

Honey hustles away as fast as humanly possible.

HONEY  
 (into phone)  
 Hey Kelly. No way. They accepted  
 the offer? That's amazing! 10 AM  
 tomorrow? Yes, I'll be there.

INT. SOTHEBY'S REAL ESTATE OFFICES - DAY

Honey sits with her broker KELLY signing various papers.

KELLY  
 Congrats, you're a property owner!

Kelly tosses Honey the keys. No going back now.

INT. HIGH QUEENS DISPATCH - NIGHT

Honey stares at the piles of cash. The reserves are low after her big payment to Rich for the Fashion Week order and now the down payment on the grow-site. It's gonna be tight.

Honey looks at the calendar hanging on the wall -- we see the timeline of events clearly: This weekend is Mickey's Wedding, with Fashion Week Two weeks out. She does the math, exhales.

HONEY  
 This will work.

Honey opens a duffle bag and tosses in the rest of the money.

INT. BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC - INDIAN WEDDING - DAY

It's Mickey's Wedding Day! Mickey walks down the aisle in a traditional Indian dress. Honey and Jasmine standing proudly as bridesmaids. Annie, Mor, Kat, Derek, and Petey watching.

LATER, ON THE DANCE FLOOR - The girls dance, Honey gives out GREEN JOINTS as party favors to the GUESTS. Everyone smoking, dancing, partying not a care in the world. That is until -

JASMINE  
 (re: the joint)  
 Is there hash-oil in this? I'm  
 starting to feel dizzy...

HONEY  
 No...

Honey takes a hit to see what she's talking about. Huh. There's something off about it. Jasmine slumps down, the room spinning around her. A RASH BREAKING OUT on her face.

HONEY (CONT'D)  
 Woah, Jas, your face -

ANNIE SCREAMS from across the dance floor. DEREK falls to floor having a seizure! Annie freaking out beside him.

ANNIE  
 DEREK!

MICKEY stumbles over to them. Her words slurred, off-balance.

MICKEY  
 S-something's wwwwrong with the weed-

Mickey falls, CRASHING INTO HER WEDDING CAKE. GUESTS are COLLAPSING and THROWING UP everywhere. Total pandemonium.

Honey's heart pounding as she calls MONTANA back at DISPATCH. Wavering as she tries to stay upright, her vision blurring.

HONEY  
 Montana - stop delivering. Rich  
 laced the weed. The weed is-

And then she PASSES OUT, the phone slumping out of her hand.

INT. HIGH QUEENS' DISPATCH CENTER - DAY

The girls look like they've been beaten in the face with a hammer and dragged over hot coals. Miserable.

MOR  
 That's the last one. Fully  
 recalled.

Mor slumps down next to an exhausted Honey. The room filled with apple crates of tainted weed. All totally worthless now.

HONEY  
 How much did we have to refund?

ANNIE

Over one-hundred and fifty K. And that's not including the cases of product that aren't safe to sell.

Honey is going to be sick all over again.

MICKEY

That fucking vindictive bastard! He ruined my wedding for what? Because you wouldn't go out with him?!

HONEY

Or the fact that I wouldn't let him flog heroin and coke to our clients-

MONTANA

Well, whatever his wacko reasoning, he just wiped out our entire inventory. There's no way we can pull off Fashion Week now.

The girls look similarly downcast. It's all fallen to pieces.

JASMINE

But that could kill our entire business, we have people depending on us, orders to fill! I can't even-

The Queens are really panicking. Honey refuses to give up.

HONEY

There's gotta be a way to salvage this. If we could figure out his supplier, go to them. Because that shithead sure isn't growing it.

ANNIE

Okay, but how would we find them? Where would we even start?

Mickey, pissed, gives one of Rich's Apple Crate's a good KICK. CRUNCH! And another! ARGH! The fury of a bride whose wedding was ruined. Jasmine goes over, pulls her off.

JASMINE

I know, I know. The apple boxes had it coming.

MICKEY

What a pretentious dick. Like that wanker has ever been to an orchard in his whole fucking life.

That's a good point. Honey leans down, looks at the crate

HONEY

That's true. Apple orchards aren't exactly his style. So why would Rich use these crates? Unless that's how he gets it from the supplier and he was too lazy to swap them out...

Huh. A theory forming, Honey goes over to Montana, who's already at her laptop, searching away.

MONTANA

So, it's not a major chain, which makes it way easier to track. Let me see what I can find.... Bingo!

Montana pulls up a website for a wholesome looking farm - DELL GREEN ORCHARDS. Honey comes over to the computer.

HONEY

Upstate New York, huh?

ANNIE

Aw, they have a petting zoo!

JASMINE

I mean, what are the odds this farm is connected to Rich's supplier?

HONEY

Low. But we gotta start somewhere.

We move close on the DELL GREEN ORCHARDS LOGO as we CUT TO:

EXT. DELL GREEN ORCHARDS - DAY

Iconic red tractors and wooden barns. The kind of place that's perfect for an Instagram #Fall. Honey, Mickey, and Jasmine walk amongst families on an APPLE PICKING TOUR.

HONEY (V.O.)

*A recent DEA report stated there are three major signs to look for if you suspect someone is growing cannabis. First is the smell.*

Honey sniffs the air.

HONEY (V.O.)

*A cannabis crop takes about three months to produce.*

(MORE)

HONEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*During the final four weeks, the plants give off an extremely pungent odor.*

Tour Guide notices Honey.

TOUR GUIDE  
 Smells good right? Folks, what you're smelling is our cider factory hard at work. It's just one of the many products the Green family makes here on the property.

Honey smiles, impressed. The perfect way to mask a smell.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*Second sign is light. Internal farming requires a lot of it: 2,000 watts running 12 hours a day. That means blacked out windows to hide the light show inside.*

The girls split up, looking for signs of cannabis. Honey spots a LARGE BARN on the edge of the property. BLACKED OUT WINDOWS. She gets closer for a better look.

HONEY (V.O.)  
*Final sign - security.*

Honey clocks CCTV cameras mounted on the barn...

HONEY (V.O.)  
*Growers live in a paranoid world.*

...and the ARMED GUARDS by the front door. Weird for a little apple farm. A HAND grabs Honey. It's the Tour Guide.

TOUR GUIDE  
 We're heading back now. Come on.

INT. DELL GREEN ORCHARDS - GIFT SHOP - DAY

All the apple cider and apple related products one could desire. In line for the CASHIER with her basket of APPLES, Honey studies the tour guide brochure and the photo of the OWNER of the orchard, DELL GREEN. Looks to the CASHIER.

HONEY  
 The owner - Dell Green - does he come around much?

The Cashier laughs.

CASHIER

I'd say so. Lives here on the farm.

She gestures to a modest two story WHITE FARM HOUSE NEARBY.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Probably out on the patio by now.  
Likes to watch the sunset.

Honey smiles. Perfect. Turns to Mickey and Jasmine.

HONEY

Meet you girls back at the car.

EXT. DELL'S WHITE FARM HOUSE - SUNSET

On the wrap-around porch we find farmer DELL GREEN (60s) - gruff beard, lines of wisdom and grit, sipping on cider, watching over his farm. Honey walks over to him.

HONEY

Excuse me, are you Dell Green?

Dell nods, all smiles.

DELL

Got a Northern Spy.

HONEY

I'm sorry?

DELL

The apples. They're Northern Spies.  
Tart with subtle honey undertones  
when picked at the right time.  
(a beat)  
May I?

Dell takes an apple out of Honey's basket and slices off a piece with his vintage Marble's Ideal fixed blade knife. Hands the sliced piece back to Honey. She bites.

HONEY

It's delicious.

DELL

Glad you think so. Been growing on  
my family's farm since the 1860s.

HONEY

And how long have you been growing  
cannabis?

DELL  
Cannabis? Like marijuana??

Dell laughs. Finds this notion hilarious.

DELL (CONT'D)  
Woodstock's about an hour north, if  
you fancy that sorta thing.

But Honey isn't deterred. Game recognizes game.

HONEY  
Y'know I worked on an apple farm in  
Minnesota not too different from  
this. I was in high-school trying  
to make extra cash. Ended up  
learning a lot about apples.

DELL  
Color me impressed.

HONEY  
Yields from the dwarf trees you  
have planted here are about 400  
bushels per acre. So, going by your  
acreage, that'd produce, what,  
sixteen thousand pounds of fruit?

DELL  
Sounds about right.

HONEY  
Of course not all of that product  
will be saleable. I'll be generous  
and figure about 60% packout. Then  
sell for about a dollar per pound.  
Slim pickings for you.

Dell leans back in his chair. His grin fading.

HONEY (CONT'D)  
By now you've realized that most of  
your money is made on the site  
itself - tours, cider, a gift-shop.  
But I don't think that Patek  
Philippe watch was paid for with  
apple sauce and hayride tours.

Dell's friendly expression drops. His eyes growing cold.  
Rolling the hilt of his knife as he considers Honey.

HONEY (CONT'D)

That barn on the eastern corner  
with the giant vents and Fort Knox  
security? Suggests you're growing  
some serious bud. Now you can  
pretend it's a sorting plant -

Honey tosses him one of her stylishly packaged joints.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Or can we talk about doing some  
real business with each other.

We zoom in on an AirPods Honey's got in her right ear--

BACK IN BECCA'S VAN in the parking lot, we see Montana has  
pulled up FACTS ABOUT APPLES, THE FARM, DELL - feeding Honey  
the intel she needs to impress Dell. Mickey and Jasmine wait.

MICKY

What's going on now?

JASMINE

Maybe he's not the guy?

MONTANA

Shhhh, I can't hear her!

BACK ON THE PORCH, Dell stands up from his rocking chair, and  
heads to the front door. Honey thinks she's lost him when -

DELL

Well, are you coming inside or not?

We see Honey follow, discreetly removing her AirPods.

INT. DELL'S WHITE FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

A GLEN CAMPBELL RECORD plays as Dell sips bourbon (Blanton's  
Single Barrel, of course) and examines Honey's packaging.

DELL

A weed delivery service. You  
millennials think of everything. I  
remember when the only thing you  
could get delivered was a pizza.

Honey takes out one of her joints.

HONEY

May I?

Dell nods. Honey tries to light her joint up, but her lighter  
won't spark. Dell takes out an elegant SILVER LIGHTER.

DELL  
Here, use mine.

Honey takes the lighter. Lights up her joint.

HONEY  
Thanks. This is beautiful.

She studies it and hands it back. Dell holds it fondly.

DELL  
My wife gave it to me for our 25th wedding anniversary. You kind of remind me of her. Tons of moxie, great business instincts too. Helped save the orchard with our side business. Planted the first cannabis crop together.

Dell gestures to a nearby photo of the two of them back in the 60s. Dell with shoulder-length hair, his wife beaming.

HONEY  
Woah, very Michelle Phillips.

DELL  
She was gorgeous. Lost her last spring.

HONEY  
I'm sorry to hear that.

DELL  
I got a good 34 years with her. That's more than most. You got someone special in your life Honey?

Honey shakes her head.

HONEY  
Just focused on my business right now. Trying to get my business all prepped for legalization.

Dell laughs. Shakes his head.

DELL  
If you really knew our business you wouldn't be so eager for legalization.

HONEY  
Well, it's the future-

DELL

Don't lecture me on the *future*. I can name over a hundred strains of weed, what grows best when. Why? Cause I make it my business to know my shit better than anyone else.

Dell takes a long sip of his bourbon. Pained by all this.

DELL (CONT'D)

Now every banker who did a bong hit thinks they can cash in. Turn it into a shitshow is more like it. Legalization is going to destroy our business, just you watch. Your generation is leading us all to the goddamned slaughterhouse.

Honey takes a hit of her joint. She's cool, calm, collected.

HONEY

Growing up, I knew I had to work twice as hard for half of what everyone else got. Now I can't help when I was born, but I know I've built a better mousetrap. And I built it from the ground up with my blood, sweat, and tears. Just like you and your wife. And I love it.

Dell listens. Sips his bourbon. Unreadable.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Everything I've done has led to me sitting here after all. And that has to count for something.

Dell studies Honey. Invisible calculations being made.

DELL

How much do you want?

HONEY

A hundred thousand.

DELL

Five hundred thousand. Anythin' less don't get me up in the morning, sugar.

Honey knows she doesn't have that kind of cash right now. She has to get creative or she could lose him.

HONEY

I can do 100k as a down payment,  
but the rest on credit.

(off his look)

And yes I can move it. I'm the  
exclusive sponsor for Fashion  
Week's hottest after parties.  
That's just next week, so in two  
weeks time, you'll have your money  
with interest. I'll even provide my  
own transportation and boxes.

Dell puffs on his cigar one last time, then puts it out.

DELL

I don't normally do deals on credit  
with new buyers, but I like you  
Honey. So I'm gonna take a flyer.  
100K down, provide your own boxes  
and transport, and we have a deal.

Honey knows doing a deal on credit is risky, but she's  
willing to gamble on herself.

HONEY

Done.

Dell shows her out.

DELL

One more thing Honey - next time  
invite your friends in. Seems silly  
for Mickey and Jasmine to stay out  
in the van when I have enough  
refreshments in here for everyone.

Honey goes very still.

DELL (CONT'D)

But do tell Montana to stay off my  
network. My privacy is of the  
utmost importance. Next time I  
might not be so charmed.

Honey nods. Dell may be old, but he ain't slow.

DELL (CONT'D)

You take care now. Talk real soon.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

We see BECCA backing up a BIG MOVING TRUCK with ease. WHOOSH!  
The the back door opens and we see MUSEUM QUALITY PACKAGING.

HONEY (V.O.)

*I kept making these deals with the devil. But I told myself that I was the real devil. That I'd be the one outsmarting them.*

INT. HIGH QUEENS' DISPATCH CENTER - NIGHT

The girls get ready for FASHION WEEK - packing, cooking, designing. The girls work hard, but have fun at it.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Of course, that's how the devil sucks you in. He doesn't really have to do much.*

Finally one late night finds most of the girls asleep around the room. Exhausted, Honey covers Sara with a blanket.

HONEY (V.O.)

*You outsmart yourself for him.*

Honey finds Annie still awake crunching numbers.

HONEY

Annie, go to sleep already.

ANNIE

Sorry, it's just - Did you say we're getting another load in?

HONEY

Yeah so we can still deliver to our regular customers and keep up with Fashion Week demands.

Annie takes off her glasses, rubs her eyes.

ANNIE

Oh, okay, It's just the math isn't adding up. This is already way more than 100k worth of weed.

HONEY

Of course. We'll have 500k worth in inventory. Gonna need it all.

ANNIE

But... after the losses on Rich's inventory, we don't have that kinda cash laying around right now.

Honey looks around, makes sure no one else is awake.

HONEY

We don't. We got it on credit.

Annie is horrified. As if Moses had broken a commandment.

ANNIE

What?! You always said NEVER to sell or buy anything on credit!!!

HONEY

Look, we're so close to the finish line. It's okay to bend the rules.

ANNIE

And what happens if we don't move it all? This isn't some bank -- these are... *serious* people.

HONEY

We're gonna move it all. Don't worry. Just do me a favor and keep it to yourself, okay? I don't want anything messing with their heads tomorrow. Gotta bring our A-Game.

Annie is deeply conflicted, but she trusts Honey. She nods. Giving Annie's shoulder a squeeze, Honey lies down, trying to get some sleep. But it's pointless -- she's wide awake. For all the confidence she evinces, she's terrified.

We PRE-LAP the ROAR of SHOUTING PAPARAZZI as we CUT TO:

EXT. RKO HAMILTON THEATER - ALEXANDER WANG RUNWAY SHOW - DAY

Where A-list guests like Lady Gaga, The Weeknd, Solange and Rihanna pose outside. The vibe is stoner-chic.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Everything was in place for Day One of Fashion Week.*

Honey, Mickey, and Jasmine carry their cases with ease, flashing their VIP invitations proudly.

INT. RKO HAMILTON THEATER - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Backstage, the girls take in all the fabulous mayhem.

HONEY

Let's hit the bathrooms before they get packed. You two go first, I'll watch the merch.

Mickey and Jasmine go off, Honey storing their cases behind the catering station - as Honey's former agent Joan arrives.

JOAN

Honey -- so glad to see you found your calling. Catering suits you! Top my champers up, would you?

HONEY

...I'm not a caterer, Joan.

JOAN

Then why are you here? Because you're certainly *not* in the show.

Joan's eyes wander. Already over this conversation.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Anyhow, do excuse me - I see Alexander heading my way...

Indeed Alexander Wang is approaching.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Oh, Alexander! Darling-

But he ignores Joan, bypassing her for Honey. Whom he kisses on both cheeks -- like the dear friend she is.

ALEXANDER

Honey, thank god! Just seeing you backstage takes the edge off.

HONEY

Alexander... You're too sweet.

ALEXANDER

Remember that at the after-party! Those gummies? My faves. Friend prices, right? See you there!

Joan's beyond aghast as Alexander walks off.

HONEY

Oh Joan. You're still here?

JOAN

Well, I-

Honey plucks a champagne flute off a tray being passed by.

HONEY

I'd say I'll see you at the after-party - but I'm throwing it and you're not invited. What was that you told me? Oh yes...

(takes a sip)

I believe the market has spoken.

Honey brushes past a speechless Joan, as she links up with a returning Jasmine and Mickey.

MICKEY

Who was that?

HONEY

Nobody important.

Off Honey's victory smirk...

INT. RKO HAMILTON THEATER - ALEXANDER WANG RUNWAY SHOW - DAY

Models strut down the runway to PRINCESS NOKAI'S *TOMBOY* as Honey, Mickey, and Jasmine sit front row, total "IT" Girls.

HONEY (V.O.)

*We were on top.*

AT THE AFTER-PARTY - It's like a Neon Goth Rave in the old theater. Sara and Mor woman the **GIFTING TABLE** - impressing the shit out of the most jaded celebs.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Our gifting suites were a wild success. Whispers spread about the smart girls with the amazing weed.*

Honey, Mickey, and Jasmine pose for photos as Alexander personally introduces them to A-listers.

HONEY (V.O.)

*It seemed like my gamble paid off. But not everyone was so pleased...*

Honey grabs a champagne bottle from behind the bar -- popping it as we PRE-LAP a LOUD **THWACK!!!** CUTTING TO:

INT. RACQUETBALL COURT - DAY

Where Rich plays racquetball with his finance friend Teddy. Rich misses, throws down his racquet in frustration. Distracted, upset. No one has ever said no to him before.

TEDDY

My dude, seriously? You need to get over her. There are way hotter chicks out there.

Rich serves again, the two going back and forth.

RICH

She wasn't just some THOT like your skanks. We had something special-

TEDDY

Must not have been that special since she's getting her weed from somewhere else now.

RICH

What?!

TEDDY

Yeah. Word on the street is the High Queens are still selling.

Rich hits the ball HARD and it smacks Teddy in the face.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Fuck man!

RICH

Going behind my back. She'd be nothing without me. I MADE HER!

Rich grabs his phone and sends a text message. Throws his phone down back in his bag. Motions for the ball.

RICH (CONT'D)

That bitch will be begging for my forgiveness when I'm done with her.

Rich grabs the racquet, and throws the ball up - *SMASH!*

INT. HIGH QUEENS DISPATCH - DAY

On the calendar, we see the girls are halfway through the week. Honey goes over the remaining schedule.

JASMINE

We've got girls stationed at Vera Wang and Celine shows for tonight.

ANNIE

Second shipment arrived. Becca's secured the truck in the garage.

HONEY

Excellent! We'll unload it tonight  
after the last show.

MICKEY

Works for me!

JASMINE

Me too. I won't be back until  
around 9 -- my little brother's  
getting his yellow belt. Promised  
I'd take him to Shake Shack after.

Honey gives her a pleading look...

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah. I'll bring you back a  
black & white shake.

Honey high-fives her. Best friends forever.

INT. NYC SHOTOKAN KARATE DOJO - NIGHT

Jasmine sits on a bench at the back of the Dojo, alongside  
other families. Her younger brother ANDY wobbling, kicking a  
balsa wood board, held by an older student. The board snaps.

SOMEONE sits down next to her on the bench. Leans over:

RICH (O.S.)

A yellow belt at 12. That's  
impressive. Good for Andy.

Jasmine turns at the familiar voice -- indeed it's Rich. He  
doesn't acknowledge her gaze, just stares straight ahead.

JASMINE

The fuck do you want, Rich?

RICH

Do you know what a late-stage  
addict will do for fentanyl?  
Anything, Jas. And I mean *anything*.  
Asked a guy to cut off his own ear  
once, just to see if he'd do it.  
And guess what?

Rich subtly pulls a prescription pill bottle from his jacket  
pocket, rattles it like a diamondback.

RICH (CONT'D)

Point is I've got my own private army of zombies staggering around out there, do anything I tell them. Like say if I were to tell them, kill this kid for me and I'll give you sixty pills, they wouldn't hesitate, not for a second. They'd be climbing over each other to get to him. With the Opioid crisis, shit - your little brother's just another statistic.

Rich gets up. That stupid, scary smile on his face.

RICH (CONT'D)

But he doesn't have to be. Think about it. Talk it over with Honey.

Andy runs over with his yellow belt, elated. Jasmine too shocked to even notice. Rich reaching down on his way out to give Andy's hair an avuncular tousle.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Mickey's on the phone with Sai as she walks.

MICKEY

Just finishing up a run, babe. Yeah, but we're short-handed this week. Call you after. Love you too.

She hangs up, reaching her destination.

EXT./INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

She BUZZES to be let in, when a TAKE OUT DELIVERY GUY steps up behind her. Looks her over. Mickey tries to ignore him. As she's BUZZED IN, the Take-Out Guy pushes in after her. That's when ANOTHER TOUGH GUY steps off the elevator.

TOUGH GUY

You're the delivery girl right?

That's weird. Mickey's heart is racing now, her guard way up.

MICKEY

Wrong person.

She tries to turn to leave but the Take-Out Guy blocks her. The two men surrounding her. Pure fear on Mickey's face.

INT. UNDISCLOSED BUILDING - NIGHT

Honey is touring the property she bought with a FOREMAN, blueprints in hand, when she gets a call.

HONEY

Hey Annie - Okay slow down. What?  
Mickey? Where? I'm on my way.

INT. NEW YORK PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - MICKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Honey bursts in, frantic. Sees Sai, Jasmine and the other girls gathered around Mickey. She's been roughed up badly. Honey kneels by Mickey's bed, heartbroken. Sai is furious.

MICKEY

I'm so sorry Honey, I didn't want to tell them... I tried...

SAI

She was on a run for you. I thought she was done with that.

Before Honey can answer - a NURSE looks in, irritated.

NURSE

I told you last time, visiting hours are over. Come back tomorrow.

Honey holds Mickey, trying to re-assure her.

HONEY

Don't worry about a thing okay? We got you. You just rest up and get back to your awesome self.  
(to Sai)  
I'll fix this Sai. I will.

Honey and the girls step out, closing the door behind them.

INT. NEW YORK PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Once outside, Honey gets down to business.

HONEY

What the hell happened?

JASMINE

She got jumped by Rich's guys - that's what happened! Plus Rich showed up at my brother's ceremony, threatened me and my family!

Honey's phone RINGS. She picks up, already knowing who it is.

HONEY  
 (into phone)  
 Rich, you fucking bastard -

RICH (O.S.)  
 Guess you got my message Honey.

*We INTERCUT this with RICH on the phone -- but it's hard to tell where he is. The background is dark, indistinct.*

RICH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 I made sure they didn't mess up her pretty face. I'm an aesthete, as you know.

HONEY  
 Listen fucko - I don't know what games you're playing but I'm going to rip your dick off and feed it to you for what you did to Mickey.

RICH (O.S.)  
 Not if you ever want to see your precious cargo again.

HONEY  
 You think I give a shit about a backpack's worth of product?

RICH (O.S.)  
 No, by the looks of it, I'd say it's about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of product. Cool cases too. Almost had me fooled. Very stylish of you.

It dawns on Honey - Rich has the TRUCK with the second WEED SHIPMENT. Her stomach drops.

HONEY  
 What are you talking about?

*We now see Rich is in front of Honey's truck, his goons spread out around it. Shit-eating grin on his face.*

RICH (O.S.)  
 Don't treat me like an asshole, Honey. You've seen what happens when I get mad. People you care about get hurt.

It takes every inch of self-control, but Honey calms herself.

HONEY

What do you want for the truck?

RICH (O.S.)

I was thinking about what you said. How our business relationship is so *important* to you. How you wouldn't want anything to ruin it.

Rich is savoring this. It's better than sex for him.

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

I figure, if you don't *have* a business anymore, we wouldn't have to worry about any of that.

Honey's throat is closing up. What does Rich want?

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

So here's how you get your truck back - you give me your client list. Every single customer you got because I supplied you with weed. Because I'm selling them all the heroin, coke and fentanyl you're too pussy to offer them.

HONEY

You must be fucking joking.

RICH (O.S.)

Bitch, please. I'm guessing you bought this weed on credit -- because that tainted product I got you sure didn't sell. So if you don't play ball with me to get your truck back, whoever your supplier is, they'll be coming after you. And I'm guessing they're not sweet on you like I am.

CLICK - Rich hangs up. Honey stares at her phone like it's cursed. Then realizes all the Queens are staring at her.

INT. HIGH QUEENS' DISPATCH CENTER - NIGHT

Everyone is gathered together. Morale is low. The once tight-knit girls are starting to fray.

JASMINE

Fuck it. Let Rich keep that weed. Give him the list, cut our losses.

HONEY

We can't do that. We have Fashion Week to finish, clients counting on us. What we need is our truck back.

JASMINE

Are you shitting me, Honey? Rich is threatening my family, Mickey's in the hospital, and all you can think about is FASHION WEEK?!

Honey snaps. The pressure finally getting to her.

HONEY

If we don't get that weed back,  
WE'RE ALL FUCKING DEAD!

The girls are shell-shocked. What did she just say?

MOR

What are you talking about?

HONEY

I bought the weed on credit, okay?  
And if we don't sell it, we can't  
pay back Dell what I owe him.

JASMINE

Why would you do that? We had  
enough cash to cover the deal.

And so the other shoe drops.

HONEY

I put all the money into a grow  
site location. A building came up  
that I couldn't pass on -

JASMINE

You bought a fucking building  
without running it past us!?

HONEY

I knew you'd say no. I was going to  
tell you and Mickey after Fashion  
Week. We had a surefire thing - you  
have to believe me.

Jasmine is boiling over. Sara tries to keep the calm.

SARA

You can just withdraw from the sale  
and get the money back, right?

HONEY

I tried. It's frozen in an escrow account. I can't touch it.

Shit just got real. An audible GROAN from the room. Jasmine looks like she could light Honey on fire with her eyes.

JASMINE

Why am I not fucking surprised.

HONEY

Jasmine, I made a mistake - we can still salvage all of this. Trust me, we can figure this-

JASMINE

Trust? Really? HOW DARE YOU ASK ME TO TRUST YOU AFTER EVERYTHING-

Honey snaps - gets in Jasmine's face.

HONEY

EVERYTHING YOU HAVE IS BECAUSE OF ME! If it was up to you, we'd still be working in a club for minimum wage. So unless you got a solution, SHUT THE HELL UP and let me think!

But Jasmine gives it right back.

JASMINE

You talk a big game. We're supposed to be partners, yet you treat us like fuckin employees, Honey!

Murmurs in the room. Jasmine not alone in feeling this way.

HONEY

I'm the only one with a vision-

JASMINE

Well, look where your VISION has gotten us now!

She shoves Honey. Honey shoves back.

ANNIE

Jasmine, Honey - stop!

Annie separates the girls. Honey on her last nerve.

HONEY

I'M NOT GOING TO APOLOGIZE FOR WANTING MORE FOR MY LIFE!

Jasmine regards Honey coldly. Like a complete stranger.

JASMINE

You think you can do this on your own - go ahead. Make all the dumb decisions you want, but I'm done.

(a beat)

Unlike you, I've got other people to think about.

Jasmine BLAZES OUT - girls clearing a path instantly. Honey is speechless. Jasmine's words puncturing old wounds.

ANNIE

Jasmine wait -

Annie chases after her. The girls look anxiously at Honey for direction. *What now? What's the move?* But Honey has none. She retreats into another room, SLAMMING THE DOOR.

INT. HIGH QUEENS' DISPATCH CENTER - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She tears the room apart, furious at Rich, at Dell, herself. The stability and control she had - gone. Full blown panic boiling, **Honey breaks: crumples onto the floor crying, alone.**

HONEY (V.O.)

*Those deals with the devil always come due. There's no outsmarting them, no outrunning them.*

INT. HOSPITAL - MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Honey looks at a sleeping Mickey. Hooked up to machines, in a hospital bed, because of her. Honey totally lost, despondent.

HONEY (V.O.)

*You have to pay the price.*

MICKEY (O.S.)

Honey?

Mickey has woken up. Honey leans forward, pushes tears away.

HONEY

Hey Micks... How you feeling?

MICKEY

I'm okay. The pain meds they have me on are grrreeeat. Should be out of here in no time. Said I'm a fast healer.

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Like Wonder Woman, without the cool chest plate or accent.

(off Honey's tears)

Woah, are you okay?

HONEY

Yeah... no. I ruined everything.

MICKEY

Did Rich get the truck? I'm sorry-

For the first time, we see Honey really let her guard down. She's shaken, scared of losing everything.

HONEY

No, I'm sorry. I've made a terrible mistake Mickey... I bought the weed on credit from Dell and now Rich is out for blood -- Jasmine hates me, I've ruined everything...

(tears streaming)

I've put everyone I love in danger.

Mickey grabs Honey's hand. Holds it tightly.

MICKEY

The only mistake you made was thinking you had to do this all on your own. We're your family Honey.

The word family really hits Honey hard.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Am I pissed? Yeah. But like I told you from day one, we're partners. I can forgive you.

Honey wipes away tears.

HONEY

Thanks Micks... But I don't think the other girls will. They don't trust me and I don't blame them.

MICKEY

You have to trust people for them to trust you. Give them a chance. They might surprise you.

INT. HIGH QUEEN'S DISPATCH CENTER - DAY

Honey walks in nervous, not sure of the reception she'll receive. The girls look up, shocked to see her. *Honey?*

HONEY

When Mickey, Jasmine, and I started this, no one expected anything from any of us. But look at what we've all built together. It's not just a multi-million dollar company - it's a family. I know if we work together we can figure this out...

She looks around the room at all the Queens now.

HONEY (CONT'D)

And I also know I've abused your trust, so if you want to leave. I won't hold it against you.

MOR

We all loved you like a sister and you went behind our backs.

KATRINA

You were reckless and selfish.

Honey can't look up. Her closest friends about to walk away.

ANNIE

But sisters also forgive each other. They believe in each other. And we're not gonna stop now.

All the girls embrace Honey as sisters, as a real family.

HONEY

I promise I'll figure something out. I don't have a plan yet but-

The girls share a smile.

ANNIE

That's okay, cause we do!

Annie reveals what they've been huddles around - their plan.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

We're going to keep the Fashion Week plans as is. We have enough inventory left for two days.

HONEY

What about Dell and the truck?

Montana leans back in her chair, born for this.

MONTANA

Simple. We steal it back.

ANNIE

We're gonna make Rich rue the day  
he fucked with the High Queens!

Honey smiles -- a proud mother. Let's do this.

INT. HIGH QUEENS DISPATCH - DAY

All the girls do their runs as usual. It's going to be a close call - but they might be able to pull this off in time.

HONEY (V.O.)

*For the plan to work, nothing had  
to seem out of the ordinary.*

Montana and Honey work their contacts and scour online for where Rich could be keeping the truck.

HONEY (V.O.)

*Everything was in place for Day  
Four. It was business as usual.*

INT. TOM FORD RUNWAY SHOW - BACK STAGE

We see our REDHEAD QUEEN (from the opening) wrapping up a sale at the Tom Ford after party, fresh from the catwalk.

HONEY(V.O.)

*We even had a lead on the truck's  
location. I was starting to think  
we might actually pull this off.*

EXT. TOM FORD RUNWAY SHOW - DAY

We pick our Redhead out on the street - and find ourselves...

INT. HIGH QUEEN'S DISPATCH - DAY

Back at OUR OPENING TEASER. The fancy apartment building. Honey at the helm of their Fashion Week Headquarters.

HONEY (V.O.)

*But - you know what happens next...*

The events play out as before - Annie hands Honey the phone. Honey steps down to the street... where she's GRABBED.

A BURLAP BAG PULLED OVER HER HEAD. She's quickly BOUND and THROWN INTO A CAR TRUNK. Everything goes BLACK.

CUT TO:

OVER BLACK we hear MALE VOICES whisper, the sound of footsteps on concrete. Honey's breathing quickens. The bag is pulled off her head and she finds herself in-

INT. MEAT PACKING PLANT FLOOR - DAY

All machinery and hooks. The stench overpowering. Honey tied to a chair, her mouth duct-taped. Surrounded by SCARY MOTHERFUCKERS. Honey squirms in her chair violently...

DELL (O.S.)

Gonna hurt yourself if you keep thrashing around like that.

Dell stands in front of Honey.

DELL (CONT'D)

Uncover her mouth. We need to talk.

One of the Men rips the duct tape off - Honey winces.

HONEY

Dell? What the fuck is going on? I-

Dell grabs Honey's face hard. Gets in close.

DELL

No. You listen. I talk. The only reason you're not dead is because I want some answers. Got it?

Honey nods. The friendly farmer facade has been replaced by a serious motherfucker you don't want to cross.

DELL (CONT'D)

Word on the street is a lady dealer and friends got themselves in a pickle. Their product got stolen.

HONEY

I don't know what rumors you've heard Dell, but everything is fine.

DELL

Don't lie, Honey. It's very unbecoming. I don't care about whatever turf war you've got yourself in. That's your business.

(MORE)

DELL (CONT'D)

What I do care about is my money. Money you still owe me. And after what's happened, I'm just not comfortable with the timetable we agreed to. So... I want it now.

HONEY

Dell, I swear - You're gonna get your money. My girls are selling product as quickly as they get it. Fashion week isn't even over - I just need a little more time.

DELL

Figured you were gonna say that.

He motions - one of Dell's guys brings him a folder.

DELL (CONT'D)

You know Honey, I've found information is more valuable than product or money.

(reading)

Yuki Sun, 199 W. 10th Street; Annie Townson, 200 Water Street; Montana Anderson, 161 West 61st--

He drops photos as he reads, each more painful than a punch.

HONEY

They have nothing to do with this! Don't you fucking touch them-

Dell closes the folder. Waves it in Honey's face.

DELL

I'm a generous man, so I'll give you 48 hours before I start picking the High Queens apart. Don't make me do that. Pay the money.

(to his guys re: Honey)

We're done here.

Honey is dragged out of the warehouse.

INT. HIGH QUEENS' DISPATCH CENTER - DAY

Honey comes in like a bat out of hell. The clock is ticking.

MONTANA

Jesus- what happened? One minute you were here and then-

HONEY

It's Dell. He has all our info. Our names, addresses, everything.

The girls exchanges look. Fuck. How did this get even worse?

HONEY (CONT'D)

He heard about the truck. Thinks we can't deliver on the deal. He wants his money in the next day or...

She can't even bring herself to say it. Too awful.

HONEY (CONT'D)

We have to get the weed tonight.

MONTANA

But everything isn't ready yet-

HONEY

We have to make it ready.

The Queens blanche. Is that even possible?

MICKEY (O.S.)

Let's do it, then.

Honey turns to see Mickey! She's out of the hospital. Honey hugs her friend close. Mickey winces.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You think I was going to let a couple bruised ribs stop me from helping my friends pull off a heist? Bring me up to speed.

All the girls stand in front of the plans. This time, the other Queens taking point.

KATRINA

Since we can't fulfill the last of our fashion week requests with our missing product-

MOR

-We thought we'd make up for it with the best party yet!

Honey smiles, nods at Montana. Who presses SEND on her phone.

*BEEP BEEP - DING - BZZZ - SWOOSH!* We see A MASS TEXT going out: **BE HIVE VINTAGE POP-UP PARTY - featuring MR. X**

212 by Azealia Banks pulsates, pulling us into:

EXT. BUSHWICK - WAREHOUSE POP UP PARTY - DAY

The best of the High Queens clientèle - beautiful models, hipsters, influencers - crowd the entrance to the Warehouse. Becca and Yuki wrangle the door, working the guest list. The loud thumping bass rolling out into the street.

MICKEY (V.O.)  
*And the truck?*

MONTANA (V.O.)  
*Well, thanks to Rich's Instagram -*

*We see flashes of Rich's Instagram: Douchey workout selfies, inspirational quotes, #TBT, and... his exotic car collection.*

MONTANA (V.O.)  
*I was able to locate where Rich stores his exotic car collection via metadata in the geotags.*

We pan next door, to the real target: RICH'S PRIVATE GARAGE.

INT. RICH'S GARAGE - DAY

The High Queen's missing TRUCK sits in the middle of the room, surrounded by BENTLEYS, MASERATIS and so on.

Paulie and Rich's GOONS are encamped next to the truck, pizza boxes and empty beer bottles scattered around them. The party noise and THUMPING BASS line leaking in from next door.

*BUZZZ!* A goon gets up to answer the door. It's A DELIVERY GUY -- someone familiar to us: Derek's friend **Petey**.

PETEY  
 Got a delivery -

He holds out a BOX OF COOKIES. Goon #1 reads the NOTE:

GOON#1  
 From next door: "Sorry about the noise."

The Goon shrugs, takes it. Shuts the door. Paulie grabs the box, hoarding it for himself.

GOON #3  
 Don't be a dick, Paulie.

PAULIE  
 Chain of command, Rico.

And that's when ALL THE ALARMS GO OFF -- *freaking* Paulie out.

PAULIE (CONT'D)  
Jesus fucking Christ!

LIGHTS are FLASHING, ALARMS BLARING. Paulie and the goons look around. Nothing. What's setting them off?

GOON #2  
(shouting)  
It's 'cause of the party next door.  
Rich has this whole place wired  
with sound triggers and shit!

Goon points to the SECURITY CONSOLE. Indeed, the volume meters are peaking in the red zone - the bass next door blowing their mind. Unable to take anymore, Paulie walks over - SHUTS IT OFF. The noise and flashing stops.

PAULIE  
Go see what's going on over there.

The Goons excitedly get up, dying to stretch their legs.

PAULIE (CONT'D)  
Not all of you - one of you stay  
and guard the door. And be quick!

Paulie turns back to the cookies. Plants his ass comfortably.

EXT. RICH'S GARAGE - DAY

Rich's Goons stumble outside to see the party mayhem. They approach, leaving one SAD GOON behind to guard the door. From an ALLEY nearby, Annie watches-

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Seeing the Goons head over, Annie sends a text to Honey, as Petey rounds the corner and approaches her.

PETEY  
Now what?

ANNIE  
We wait. Shouldn't be too long.

Petey nods, starts munching on a cookie he stole from the box

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
You idiot! Those are weed cookies!  
You're gonna be high as a kite!

PETEY  
You say idiot, I say genius.

INT. WAREHOUSE POP UP PARTY - CONTINUOUS

The place is packed. A DJ spins on a MAKESHIFT STAGE. Honey standing behind him, monitoring the party. DING! Honey gets the text from Annie. Turns to Montana.

HONEY  
They're on their way over.

Montana, her laptop open, adds:

MONTANA  
Sound from the party worked. They turned off their alarms.

HONEY  
Go time. You know what to do.

Mickey nods, motions to Yuki, while Honey signals Mor and Katrina to descend onto the floor.

EXT. WAREHOUSE POP UP PARTY - DAY

The Goons approach Becca, taking in all the beautiful women hanging outside. Goon #1 pushes his way to the front.

BECCA  
Sorry, we're at capacity. You'll have to wait in line.

GOON #1  
Naw. I need to speak to the guy in charge. Unless you want us to call the cops on your little party.

Becca faux "recoils." Oh noes!

BECCA  
Okay, fine. Just go in and ask for Derek. He's by the stage.

INT. WAREHOUSE POP UP PARTY - CONTINUOUS

The Goons head for the stage, when Mor and Katrina intercept them. Katrina "trips", spills her drink on a Goon #1.

KATRINA  
Whoops! I'm soooo sorry!

The girls pat him down. *Hello.*

GOON #1  
It's all good mami.

KATRINA  
Let me buy you a drink to  
apologize.

He hesitates. Looks to the stage, then backs to the girls.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
C'mon! I don't want to miss Mr. X.

GOON #1  
He's gonna perform here?  
(off their nods)  
We could stay for one drink, right?  
Paulie won't mind...

BEHIND THE BAR, SARA pours drinks, SPIKING THE GOONS' drinks.  
She hands them to MOR and KATRINA who pass them to the guys.

KATRINA  
Bottoms up fellas.

The Goons down the SPIKED DRINKS happily.

INT. RICH'S GARAGE - BATHROOM - DAY

Paulie's three weed cookies deep and isn't feeling too good.  
He jumps up, rushing to the BATHROOM. PUKING his guts out...

EXT. RICH'S GARAGE - DAY

Mickey and Yuki stumble toward the GOON guarding the door.

MICKEY  
We really have to pee and the  
line's super long next door. Can we  
please use your bathroom?

DOOR GOON  
Can't do it. Sorry.

The girls look at each other. Yuki digs in her purse.

YUKI  
What if we gave you our extra VIP  
pass? Mr. X is gonna perform. This  
will get you right in.

DOOR GOON

Mr. X?!?

They nod. Door Goon looks at them, then to the line of beautiful people. He takes the pass, cracks open the door.

DOOR GOON (CONT'D)

It's to the right. Be quick.

MICKEY

Thanks!

The girls slip in. Goon looks at the pass. Happy.

DOOR GOON

Fuck this Rico making me stay behind. If he's partying, so am I.

He leaves his post, slips on the badge.

INT. RICH'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Inside Mickey and Yuki scan the room. No one here. They clock that the door goon has left and head for the truck.

MICKEY

Never thought I'd be so happy to see an off-white panel truck.

Mickey opens truck door revealing a MASSIVE AMOUNT OF WEED. Mickey grabs a brick and tosses it to Yuki. It's heavy.

YUKI

And here I became a High Queen so I could *avoid* manual labor.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Honey looks out into the crowd and spots the Goons - now so woozy they can barely stand. She smiles, pleased. *DING!*

Around the party, we see each remaining Queen's phone light up with Mickey's text: READY TO MOVE. ALL HANDS ON DECK!

Honey SIGNALS to Derek, who's standing near the stage. Then her and the girls step out into the adjoining ALLEY-

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Honey comes out meets Annie by the propped back door of Rich's garage, the other Queens following close behind.

INT. RICH'S GARAGE / ALLEY WAY / WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The High Queens LINKING UP to steal back their weed. Passing out one brick at a time -- out Rich's garage, through the alley, and finally into their warehouse -- storing their product underneath the main stage of the party.

At a normal party, this might get noticed but... UP ON STAGE, the DJ finishes up his set and DEREK walks out:

DEREK

Please welcome to the stage, a man who needs no introduction - MR. X!

MR. X comes out on stage. The crowd goes beyond INSANE.

MR. X

*Come on, put your hands up. Put your hands up!*

The world's most famous entertainer is playing a warehouse. The scene is complete MAYHEM. Forget noticing the High Queens -- you could teleport this place to Mars and nobody'd notice.

INT. RICH'S GARAGE - BATHROOM - DAY

Paulie sweaty, dehydrated. Goes to wash his face. Stumbles and FALLS DOWN -- picks himself up, readying to exit.

The girls hear Paulie stumbling around. Honey motions to them, mouths - *HURRY UP!!! We gotta go!*

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The girls have almost all the weed loaded up. Then... POLICE SIRENS in the distance. Approaching rapidly.

BECCA

Shit! I think someone called the cops on the party!

Honey doesn't panic, just nods.

HONEY

We knew this might happen. Just stick to the plan. I'm gonna grab the last brick.

INT. RICH'S GARAGE - DAY

Honey heads back into the truck, grabbing the last brick.

PAULIE (O.S.)  
Honey? Is that you?

Honey turns to see Paulie nearby. His hand resting next to the ALARM CONSOLE. But instead of running, Honey just says:

HONEY  
How you feeling Paulie?

PAULIE  
I've been better.  
(clocking the empty truck)  
You stole your weed back, huh?  
Smart. Always were damn smart.

HONEY  
Thanks Paulie.

Paulie cradles his hand reflexively -- the one Rich STABBED. Taking a moment. Deciding. Then...

PAULIE  
You know what? Fuck Rich.

Paulie moves off, heading for the door. He's out of here.

PAULIE (CONT'D)  
See ya around, Honey.

HONEY  
See ya Paulie.

Honey smiles, heads out through ALLEY back into the Party.

EXT. WAREHOUSE POP UP PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Just as a squadron of NYPD COPS PULL UP OUTSIDE... Fighting their way through the crowd, headed INSIDE.

NYPD COP  
Show's over folks - break it up.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

As the NYPD squad pushes through the crowd, heading for main stage Honey signals to Derek - *go time* - then... disappears.

DEREK  
Hope this works.

Derek PUSHES A BUTTON and the BACK WAREHOUSE DOORS SUDDENLY SWING WIDE OPEN, THE CURTAIN SEPARATING THE "FRONT" AND "BACKSTAGE" DROPS FROM THE CEILING...

**- AS THE STAGE STARTS TO MOVE -- WITH MR. X STILL PERFORMING.**

You see, the "Stage" is on a FLATBED TRUCK -- sound system and all. A mobile Madison Square Garden. The Cops are PUSHED ASIDE by a sea of fans chasing after the moving stage.

INT. FLATBED TRUCK - CAB (DRIVING) - DAY

Becca's at the wheel driving, with Honey in the front cab. They HIGH-FIVE each other -- victorious. Because...

EXT. FLATBED TRUCK - STAGE (DRIVING) - DAY

While Mr. X performs to his adoring fans, gliding through NYC streets... We PAN DOWN BELOW -- TO THE TRUCK'S UNDERCARRIAGE.

Where we see the HUNDREDS OF POUNDS OF WEED packed in. Now back in the hands of the High Queens. They pulled it off.

RICH (PRE-LAP)  
YOU-FUCKING-IDIOT!

INT. RICH'S PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LOUD GUNFIRE ERUPTS... as Rich plays FORTNITE, oblivious. He's taking fire, losing. He screams into his headset.

RICH  
On your left, you fucking inbred-

YOU DIED RICH-RULES89 flashes on the screen. Rich hurtles his controller at the wall, where it bursts apart.

RICH (CONT'D)  
MOTHERFUCKER!

His BUTLER knocks, shows someone in. Rich looks up. Smiles

RICH (CONT'D)  
Well. Look what the cat dragged in.

...It's JASMINE! She can't believe it's come to this.

JASMINE (PRE-LAP)  
*I'm here because I think we can help each other get what we want.*

INT. RICH'S PENTHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Rich pulls out a bottle of Glenlivet -- pouring Jasmine and himself a couple of fingers each.

RICH  
And what is it you want?

JASMINE  
For all this to end. For you to leave my family alone and give us protection from her new supplier.

RICH  
Trouble in the hen house?

JASMINE  
Let's just say Honey only ever looks out for herself. Time I started doing the same.

Rich sits down next to Jasmine - fully engaged.

RICH  
See, all I ever wanted was to help all of you make money. Instead, Honey betrayed me, just like she did you. But you... you've always had a good mind for business...

He strokes Jasmine's hand as he pass her a drink.

RICH (CONT'D)  
So what, pray tell, can you offer me for my protection?

JASMINE  
Her future.

Rich gives Jasmine a look -- go on.

JASMINE (CONT'D)  
Honey will never give you her client list. Not while she thinks her business can still survive.

RICH  
And how do we take that away?

Jasmine takes a long sip of her whiskey. Steeling herself.

JASMINE  
We burn down her grow site.

This - this Rich loves. He toasts to Jasmine.

RICH

So tell me - where IS Barbie's  
dream house?

INT. UNDISCLOSED BUILDING - NIGHT

Rich walks around Honey's FULLY ERECT GROW-SITE. This is  
Christmas come early for Rich -- pure joy.

He STRIKES A MATCH and throws it. Jasmine watches the flames  
grow - her face illuminated by the blaze. Unreadable.

INT. HIGH QUEEN'S DISPATCH CENTER - NEXT NIGHT

This place is on full tilt - Cash being dumped, cases being  
refilled. Annie and Honey are counting the cash as fast as it  
comes in. Their eye on the clock. Annie shakes her head.

ANNIE

On the original timetable, we could  
have paid Dell, no problem. But  
doing it in 48 hours? Even with the  
party, we'll still come up short-

HONEY

How short?

ANNIE

A hundred thousand. And we only  
have two hours before Dell wants  
his money. Or...

Annie trails off. Honey's phone BUZZES. She ignores it.

MICKEY

Maybe Dell will understand?

Honey shakes her head. Her PHONE BUZZES again.

HONEY

There's only one thing Dell  
understands. Money.

ANNIE

But... We don't have it.

It pains Honey to say this, but it's their only option...

HONEY

What's the oldest form of money?

Annie puzzles on this riddle for a second. Then, realizes:

MICKEY

Property? No, you're not going to give him the building?! That's your dream.

HONEY

We're my dream. We can bounce back from this. But what's a future without each other?

Now she checks her phone. Immediately jumps up, RUSHING out--

EXT. DOWNTOWN BUILDING - NIGHT

Honey pushes through a crowd of onlookers staring at the BURNING BUILDING. FIREFIGHTERS working hard to put out the flames when the building caves in on itself.

There's no other way out now. Her dream burnt to the ground. She dials a number, bracing herself--

RICH (O.S.)

Honey! What a pleasant surprise.

HONEY

You win, Rich. I'll sell you the client list. I want one hundred thousand and I want to meet in an hour. Just you and me, no one else.

RICH (O.S.)

Done.

HONEY

I'll text you an address.

She hangs up. Silhouetted against the burning building.

INT. BECCA'S CAR (DRIVING) - SUNRISE

Becca drives, Honey in the passenger side. FILE FOLDER with the client list in her lap. Mickey and Annie ride in back. All the girls together riding in complete silence. They watch the sunrise above the East River as they speed along the FDR.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SUNRISE

Becca pulls to a stop, Honey gives her girls a nod. This is the end, but no one wants to acknowledge that.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Honey walks inside, alone, to find Rich inside, leaning on his vintage Trans Am. Smug grin etched across his face.

RICH

Honey, you look tired. Have you forgotten to moisturize daily?

Honey is 100% over this shit. She hands him the client list.

HONEY

Where's the money, Rich?

Rich pops the Trans Am TRUNK. Hefts a briefcase out.

RICH

Right here sweetheart. But we've got some housekeeping to take care of first. Oh darling, could you come out for a second?

Honey's confusion turns to heartache when Jasmine gets out of the Trans Am. Jasmine can't meet Honey's eye, traumatized.

HONEY

Jasmine?!? Why...

JASMINE

You wouldn't listen, Honey. You put my family in danger. You put us ALL in danger. And for what?

Rich gets close to Honey. Longing for her. Caressing her.

RICH

All of this could have been avoided if you weren't so stubborn, Honey. We could have ruled Manhattan together. A modern Alexander the Great and Cleopatra.

Honey laughs. Laughs and laughs.

RICH (CONT'D)

The fuck is so funny?

She slams the list into Rich's chest, reaches for the case -

HONEY

Alexander the Great died 300 years before Cleopatra was born, dipshit. You can't even get your evil villain speeches right.

Rich snaps. Grabs Honey and points his 9MM GLOCK AT HER HEAD.

JASMINE

You said no one would get hurt!

He swings the gun at Jasmine, who flinches. Glares at Honey:

RICH

You think you're so special, so smart. But I took everything you had. And I'm not done yet.

Rich drags her towards his car, reaches for a GAS CAN inside.

RICH (CONT'D)

I burnt your little grow site downtown and now I'm gonna burn you-

HONEY

What are you talking about? I don't have a grow site downtown-

Huh? What did Honey say?

RICH

No you don't- CAUSE I BURNT IT TO THE GROUND, YOU STUPID CUNT. 160 South Street is closed for business-

DELL (O.S.)

What did you fucking say?

Rich turns to see Dell is here with his MEN, their shotguns pointed at him. Rich is VERY confused.

RICH

Dell?? What are you doing here?

DELL

I'm here to meet her. To get my money. But forget that. What address did you *burn* to the ground?

Rich holds his gun up in the air -- trying to stay calm.

RICH

160 South Street. This bitch was trying to go around us and set up her own grow site downtown.

Dell looks like he could eat Rich up and spit him out.

DELL

I can't tell if you're dumb or have  
a death wish - but you just burnt  
down MY GROW SITE you cocksucker.

Rich blanches. Dell's guys circle Rich, kick him to the  
ground. Pages from Honey's CLIENT LIST scattering around him.

RICH

No. It's her grow site - Jasmine  
tell them - it's Honey's.

Dell reaches down, picks up a page from the LIST. All Non-  
NYC address and weird LLC names. Dell can't believe it.

DELL

Then tell me, boyo, why do you have  
a list of my safehouse addresses?

RICH

What? No, it's Honey's client list -  
she gave that to me-  
(points to Jasmine)  
WE HAD A DEAL!

Jasmine is now standing next to Honey. We see them link  
pinkies - their B.F.F Ritual. All a part of their plan.  
Honey grabs the BRIEFCASE with the 100k, tosses it to Dell.

HONEY

Dell, here's the first hundred  
thousand I owe you. And...

Honey waves and Becca slowly drives the car inside. Mickey  
gets out, pops the trunk- FILLED WITH CASH.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Here's the rest as promised.

Dell flips through the cash in the trunk. Satisfied. Dell's  
guys circling Rich, who's starting to really, truly panic.

DELL

Know what this looks like to me,  
Rich? You got high on your own  
supply, started taking out your  
local competition and were planning  
on coming after ol' Dell next. That  
sound about right, ladies?

Honey, Mickey and Jasmine nod. Sounds about right.

RICH

They're so clearly lying. Dell,  
I've done good by you. You can't  
believe those bitches over me.

DELL

Well... This seems like one of  
those "He said, She said"  
situations. Maybe it's just the  
times we're living in, but I'm  
gonna believe the lady on this one.

(then)

Besides, I like dealing with her a  
lot better than dealing with you.

Rich is dragged off by Dell's men, screaming the whole way.

RICH

LET GO OF ME - DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA  
WHO MY FATHER IS?! IF YOU LAY ONE  
MORE FUCKING HAND ON ME, I'LL HAVE-

Dell hands Honey the Queens' address list. Tips his hat.

DELL

Ladies, been a pleasure doing  
business.

And like that's he gone. It's over.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - STATEN ISLAND - WATERFRONT - SUNRISE

Our Queens reunited. They hold each other. Honey pulls out a  
lighter. BURNING the folder with the addresses.

BECCA

So... Can someone explain to me  
what the hell is going on?

HONEY

Jasmine was working for us the  
whole time.

MICKEY

And our grow-site?

JASMINE

The real one? It's perfectly safe.

The girls sigh. Relieved.

MICKEY

But how did you know about Dell's  
stash houses?

HONEY

I knew that a guy raking in several  
million dollars a year would need a  
shell company to run it through. So  
Montana followed the money with  
Annie's help and Derek's software.  
We just needed the name.

(off her look)

They were held under his wife's pet  
name for him - *Skipper Green*.

*FLASHBACK: Honey first meeting with Dell - when she borrowed  
his lighter. It's engraved: To my Love, Dell "Skipper" Green.*

HONEY (CONT'D)

Figured the guy was sentimental.  
Most criminals are.

JASMINE

Spoken like a truly sentimental  
criminal.

The girls second that - relieved it's all over... A ROAR  
rising on our soundtrack, louder and louder until we CUT TO:

A SUBWAY CAR FLASHING BY. Sparks flying. From the bowels of  
the subway tracks we rise up to the street to find -

EXT. CHELSEA STREET - DAY

Honey walks down the chic neighborhood of HIGH-END ART  
GALLERIES and BOUTIQUES. **CHYRON: One Year Later**

HONEY (V.O.)

*Tell me what you see.*

Waves hello to the local florist, passing neighbors, friends.

HONEY (V.O.)

*A friendly neighbor, a happy  
family? Prestige, culture, class?*

She's a fixture in the community. People wave happily back.

HONEY (V.O.)

*People don't look too closely at  
pretty things.*

We follow Honey up stairs to a TOWNHOUSE and into--

INT. THREE STORY TOWNHOUSE - DAY

A chic space. Finely decorated to Honey's taste. Honey sorts through her mail - stops on the POWER BILL. Rips it open.

We turn away from Honey to reveal: ALL THE QUEENS working together in a FULLY OPERATIONAL HYDROPONIC WEED FARM - and you guessed it - siphoning power from the SUBWAY GRID below.

Honey checks the high-tech voltage meter on the wall against her very average power bill. She smiles, pleased.

HONEY (V.O.)

*But we've always known what we are.*

Honey puts the finishing touches on WEED PATENTS for her signature strains. Preparing for the future. She passes the documents off to a PREGNANT Annie, ring on her finger.

HONEY (V.O.)

*A family first, an empire second.*

Annie hands Honey PLANE TICKETS and an INVITE with the CHANEL LOGO. Mickey & Jasmine walk over with suitcases ready to go.

EXT. THREE STORY TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Honey, Mickey, and Jasmine are the coolest, most bad-ass chicks in NYC - a private town car awaiting them outside.

HONEY (V.O.)

*So you might see a model, a writer,  
and an artist - But what I see?  
Strong, powerful, and independent  
women who can run their own shit.*

PAULIE steps out of the car, opens the door for them. They get in - off to expand their empire.

HONEY (V.O.)

*I see High Queens.*

We pan up into the skyline as Beyonce's RUN THE WORLD rises: *Girls, we run this motha, yeah/Who run the world? GIRLS!*