

HOT GIRL SUMMER

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EXT. HILLSIDE POOL CLUB - STATEN ISLAND - DAY

Dream - like images of a sexy suburban summer. Burgers sizzle on a grill. Kids splash in the pool. The ice cream truck rings.

The long legs of three poorly spray tanned BLONDES slow motion strut in their bikinis along the poolside. A RED HEAD drives a red CORVETTE and winks at the camera. You've seen this MTV music video before. Probably in better quality.

RED HEAD

(NY accent)

Want a hot ride this summer? Go to  
Carguiliano Auto for -

INT. BEATRICE'S HOUSE - DAY

PAN OUT to reveal it was all on a television screen. When the shrill scream of-

DONNA (O.S.)

BEATRICE!!! BEATRICE!!

Absorbed by the TV is BEATRICE, 13, braces, chubby with love, and a slicked back Thomas Jefferson-eque ponytail. She dips her hand back into a Chex Mix bag mindlessly.

Her mother, DONNA (30s), really beautiful but too tired to care, YELLS from across the room with a Brooklyn accent and attitude to match.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I'm dropping you off at the pool  
club.

BEATRICE

No, please don't make me go.  
Everyone is there.

DONNA

Yeah. It's Staten Island. Everyone  
is everywhere.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE POOL CLUB - STATEN ISLAND - DAY

Beatrice struts in her target swimsuit, strategically walking/hiding behind FAT DANNY (9). He does not look nine.

The pool club oozes with screaming children and mothers with wine coolers in their hands, wearing oversized FDNY t-shirts and slides.

DONNA (V.O.)

And everyone pretends they're your friends.

A TALL blonde girl, LENA (13), and her sidekick, TORI (12), aka the sluttier one, giggle as they walk by Beatrice.

DONNA (V.O.)

There's the people who spend their whole lives trying to be who everyone else wants them to be.

Beatrice eyes a wine cooler and STEALS it, slipping it into her bag.

DONNA (V.O.)

And there's the people who don't care. Or become alcoholics. So you have to decide: do you care about what they think?

Beatrice hides as she sees Donna across the pool. She quickly hides the wine cooler.

BEATRICE

(to herself)

Shit.

DONNA

Beatrice! Did you put SPF 70 on?

Beatrice, mortified by her mother's "too loud for the outside" outside voice, ignores her, only prompting Donna to yell louder.

DONNA (CONT'D)

If it's less than 30, what's the point?

Beatrice SHUSHES her.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Beatrice, don't shush me. If it has the word "oil" in it, it's not protecting your skin!

BEATRICE

MOM, please stop. Please. It's embarrassing.

DONNA

You know what's embarrassing? Skin cancer. See little Danny over there?

She points to a RED sunburnt KID.

DONNA (CONT'D)

His mother doesn't love him.

DONNA rubs the lotion onto Beatrice's nose, leaving white stripes. LENA and TORI giggle. Beatrice shudders.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I have work 'til four, but I'll pick you up after. Are you gonna be okay?

BEATRICE

I have friends.

Pan to reveal STEFFIE (13) a small girl floating face down in the shallow end.

DONNA

Okay. I love you. I'll see you later.

BEATRICE

Please don't kiss me. Please -

She FORCES a kiss on her cheek.

DONNA

Be good!

GROSS TEEN BOY

Yo your mom's hot!

Donna gives a half-hearted smile. She knows. Beatrice nods. She knows, too.

Donna starts to exit, but is stopped by a plastic looking PTA mom, SUSAN (40s says she's 30s).

SUSAN

Ah, some things never change! You still have the best boobs on the South Shore.

DONNA

And yours are still fake!

They erupt in uncomfortable FAKE laughter. It goes on for so long.

SUSAN

Okay you better go now. You have work to do.

Susan takes a long sip of her hydroflask. Donna smiles aggressively, walking away.

DONNA

Okay bye bye -  
(she turns, dropping smile)  
- you fucking bitch.

Donna looks at Beatrice.

DONNA (CONT'D)

See? Friends.

Beatrice looks around the pool at her "friends." There's the kids that pee in the pool. The high schoolers that always smell weird (it's weed).

HOT LIFEGUARD BEN (17), all his genes went to his attractiveness, and no where else. She watches Lena talking to Ben with annoying flirtation.

Beatrice pops open the wine cooler, and takes a swig.

BEATRICE

Friends.

INT. POOL - POOL CLUB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

BEATRICE sits next to STEFFIE, who comes up GASPING for air.

STEFFIE

UHHH. I think I beat my record! How long was that?

Beatrice is too busy staring at BEN as if he's the most perfect man in the world.

CU: BEN, in a wife beater and gold chain that turns his neck green, swiping on tinder. Some kid DROWNS in the background.

BEATRICE

Uhh, what? I lost count. Go again.

STEFFIE

I can't just go again. You know it's important for me to get past 25 seconds. Are you drinking?

BEATRICE

No, I'm just holding it so Ben thinks I'm older.

STEFFIE

Like 21?

BEATRICE

Ew no, not that old.

WHEN -

LENA

HEY BEET- JUICE.

Lena: the meanest most beautiful girl in middle school.

BEATRICE

Hi Lena. How's peaking too early?

LENA

Look, chubs, you see that middle aged, best in her spin class, woman over there.

We see SUSAN, crushing up prozac into her pinot filled hydroflask. Susan gestures scooping her boobs in place. Lena follows suit.

BEATRICE

You could have said your mom. I've known you since we were five and my mom works for your -

LENA

THAT's my mom. And she's planning my annual birthday pool party slumber party rave extravaganza. Tori gave it that name.

She gestures to TORI who weighs "exactly 63 pounds" and that's the only sentence she's ever spoken.

LENA (CONT'D)

Anyway, she told me I had to invite you. Since your mom works for us.

BEATRICE  
 (genuine)  
 Thank you. That's really nice -

LENA  
 Yeah, my mom's been real nice since she stopped drinking.

BEATRICE  
 Great. I'm excited -

LENA  
 Oh and it's a pool party but my spray tan melts in the pool so we just have a bikini photoshoot for insta. Here's yours.

She hands her a skimpy purple sequin bikini. Beatrice holds it up to her.

BEATRICE  
 Where's the rest of it?

She laughs and points FINGER guns. NO ONE else laughs. LITERALLY no one.

LENA  
 It's just easier to coordinate this way because last year Diana wore the same Gucci bikini as me. It was traumatic.

BEATRICE  
 Right.

LENA  
 My place. August 28th. Uh, Steffie you're not invited but my mom can hire your mom and maybe you can come next year. Bye, Bean dip!

The girls walk away, leaving Beatrice desperate to prove herself to them.

STEFFIE  
 Why are they so-

BEATRICE  
 HOT.

Not what Steffie expected.

STEFFIE  
 I mean you don't have to go -

BEATRICE

I HAVE to go. I have until August 28th to be the hottest, coolest, most beautiful 13 year old and make everyone want to be me.

STEFFIE

Beatrice, people already want to be you. You killed "Shake your Tail Feather" at your cousin's christening.

Beatrice nods. They remember.

BEATRICE

That was pretty great.

STEFFIE

Yeah.

BEATRICE

But now, I'm older, okay? I don't have the CUTE factor. I have to be DANGEROUS. I have to be -

PAN TO the same hot red head from the opening SLOW - MOTION WALKING out of her corvette and into the pool club. She pulls off her JUICY brand sweatshirt to reveal a skimpy bikini, reminiscent of Lena's.

Boys run up to her and take selfies. BEN stops having a spitting contest with another douche-y dude to watch. STEFFIE takes her goggles off, leaving marks around her face.

STEFFIE

The girl from the Carguiliano auto parts commercial?

BEATRICE

No. Famous.

She watches as the red head shakes her luscious hair.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Then Ben will see me. And Lena will be so jealous. And maybe Tori will speak.

STEFFIE

I doubt it.

BEATRICE

They'll all want me.



INT. BEATRICE'S HOUSE - DAY

The house is smaller than we'd expect, at least with all the clutter. Half unpacked boxes force you to climb past the doorway. DONNA leans on the kitchen counter, phone in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other.

DONNA

I understand that we're short -

BEAT. She's frustrated.

DONNA (CONT'D)

So what are you gonna do? Turn the fucking lights off?

Beatrice peeks out from the hallway. She's heard it all.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I'm not raising my voice- hello?  
HELLO?

She SLAMS the phone down.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Cocksucker.

Realizing Beatrice is standing right there. She fumbles -

DONNA (CONT'D)

It was your grandmother.

BEATRICE

I figured.

Donna grabs her keys and purse. She begins tying her apron.  
CU: It READS "HEAVENLY HOUSE OF HEAVENS HAIR SALON"

DONNA

There's 20 dollars on the table.  
Don't -

BEATRICE

-stay up too late. I know. Hey, if you're not too tired later, we can finish the Match.com profile.

DONNA

Yeah we left off somewhere between "What's your ideal date?" and "Are you homeless?"

Beatrice laughs. Donna is half way out the door when -

BEATRICE

Hey Mom. Did you... used to wear bikinis?

DONNA

Yeah. Before you made mincemeat out of my thighs. One kid and it's all....

She gestures to her ass making a grimacing motion.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Eh, you get the picture. I love you. Susan's got me closing the salon tonight. Ya know, her fake tits won't pay for themselves.

Donna shuts the door, shouting from the other end.

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

LOCK THE TOP LOCK.

Beatrice turns around, spotting Lena's bikini on the counter. She takes a deep breath, grabs it, and walks with purpose to her room.

INT. BEATRICE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Beatrice struggles to pull the tight top over her head. Lilac sequins POP off creating a symphony of fallen glitter on the floor.

Her arms stretch and squiggle to get through the hole. It's comical -

-until it's not. Beatrice stares at herself in the mirror for a long time.

She hates it, but she can't look away. She tugs at the top, trying to pull it down. It immediately shoots back up. Her eyes well up. This was everything.

INT. BEATRICE'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

That awful blue techno glow of emptiness reflects onto BEATRICE's face. She scrolls on Instagram. She stares at a photo of LENA, looking like a ho. Then BEN, looking like someone who'd date a ho.

CU: She googles HOW TO BE FAMOUS. Various results come up including reality TV, porn, and assassinating Lennon.

A martini glass filled with chocolate ice cream melts away in front of her as THE BACHELORETTE plays on the TV screen.

She slides off the couch and crawls toward the television stand. She pulls out a DVD. CU: Scribbled in sharpie it says SUMMER 2014. She puts it in. The TV screen suddenly illuminates with a young more innocent LENA'S face.

ON TELEVISION:

Lena is hugging Beatrice and they're running around the pool.

LENA

Hi I'm Lena.

BEATRICE

And... I'm Beatrice.

Young Beatrice is missing her two front teeth.

LENA AND BEATRICE

AND THIS IS THE BEST FRIEND SHOW!!

The camera shakes with their storm of giggles. The girls imitate the Disney channel wand logo with their hands.

DONNA

Don't get my camera wet! Hey girls!

The girls laugh mischievously as the camera cuts to black.

BACK TO SCENE

Beatrice watches the TV numbly. A wave of sadness washes over her. Thirteen never felt so old.

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

Why are you in a bikini?

PAN OUT to reveal Beatrice is still in the bikini. Defeated -

BEATRICE

I'm having my last drink.

She cheers the martini glass of ice cream.

DONNA

I'll join you.

She grabs a bottle of wine, not even bothering to grab a glass, and drinks it. Beatrice lays on her lap.

DONNA (CONT'D)

You would not believe what Lena's mother was wearing today. I swear I think they share clothes sometimes. Small business rich people are the worst rich people. I remember when she lived in a semi....

Donna continues talking but Beatrice is not listening. She's entranced by the television. She flips through the channels.

EUPHORIA with all its drugs and glitter. LOVE ISLAND. THE KARDASHIANS. Her eyes are flooded with hot girls with no substance on her screen.

The girls get sexier. LARA CROFT. UMA THURMAN. SARAH CONNER FIRES A GUN. Hot girl after hot girl. MONEY. LOVE. FAME. REVENGE. HOT. HOT. HOT.

Beatrice feels the sequins digging into her skin. A final button POPS off. She knows what she has to do. She sets the ice cream down.

EXT. SWIM CLUB - DAY

LENA, TORI, and another basic bitch who literally doesn't deserve a name, lie on beach chairs.

BEATRICE sits in the beach chair across the pool. She mimics every move they make, but does it 10x more awkwardly.

Lena flips her hair over her shoulder. Beatrice flips her hair, but slaps herself in the face with her wet ponytail. Beatrice pretends laughing, talking to no one.

BEATRICE

No you're so funny. Omg, stop.

She clears her throat and tries more high pitched.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

OMG, STOP.

STEFFIE (O.S.)

Who are you talking to?

Suddenly Steffie appears from behind her. Beatrice JUMPS, falling off the chair.

BEATRICE

What? No one.

STEFFIE

Yeah. I know. You were talking to no one.

BEATRICE

They were here. They left. They were - bye! See you later!

She waves at a random direction.

STEFFIE

I was counting how many glasses of sangria it took Ms. Johnson to take her clothes off but I got bored. It's a lot of glasses apparently.

CUT TO a drunk older woman in a plastic visor hitting on a bunch of younger men.

STEFFIE (CONT'D)

Do you want ice cream?

Beatrice sighs traumatically.

BEATRICE

I can't eat ice cream anymore. Sit down.

She's breaking some hard news right now. Steffie sits.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

I have a mission, Steffie.

STEFFIE

Do YOU wanna count how many glasses Ms. Johnson -

BEATRICE

No. I want to be a Hot Girl. Capital H, capital G hot girl.

STEFFIE

You can't capitalize verbally -

BEATRICE

It's just not fair. Look at them.

Beatrice and Steffie look at LENA.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

They never get wet.

STEFFIE

That's not fun. We're at a pool -

BEATRICE  
 You know what's fun? Kissing boys,  
 drinking, COCAINE.

STEFFIE  
 That felt like a jump-

BEATRICE  
 True. But you know other things  
 like being SKINNY or bulimia.

Steffie looks down at her own slender frame.

STEFFIE  
 Being skinny isn't better, okay?  
 I'm scientifically less likely to  
 be seen. You love being seen!

BEATRICE  
 (sighs)  
 The bikini didn't fit. Lena knew it  
 wouldn't. And now I have to prove  
 her wrong. I have to get hot.

Beatrice's eyes turn laser focused. She's in too deep now.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
 I'm going to get hot. Which will  
 then make me popular. Which will  
 then make me famous. And no one  
 will ever be mean to me again. It's  
 simple.

STEFFIE  
 What could ever go wrong...

BEATRICE  
 And one day, Lena is gonna look at  
 me... and I'll be hotter than hot,  
 maybe own a motorcycle... probably  
 be married to a firefighter... and  
 she's gonna ask to be friends  
 again... and I'm gonna say no.

Beatrice smiles devilishly, enjoying the future version of  
 herself.

STEFFIE  
 Or you could just move on and keep  
 being friends with me? Cause I'm  
 not toxic and like you the way you  
 are-

BEATRICE  
I'm going to get hot.

Her eyes catch BEN. She gazes. CUT to BEN hitting the jul like a fucking dickwad.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
And I'm going to get Ben.

STEFFIE  
Ben doesn't know who you are.

BEATRICE  
You're right. Who is someone everyone knows?

They think.

STEFFIE  
Mickey Mouse.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
The sketchy ice cream truck guy.

They look at each other again in disbelief.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Mickey Mouse?

STEFFIE  
Ray-Ray Ligotti?

BEATRICE  
See, you know him!

STEFFIE  
Yeah, he's been the town fuck-up since before we've been in this town. I'm pretty sure he got expelled from three Catholic schools. Father John converted because of him.

BEATRICE  
Catholics shouldn't judge, Steffie. You know that. Plus he sells weed. And Ben loves weed.

STEFFIE  
So you're gonna get Ben really high so he'll kiss you? Isn't that a little #Me Too -

BEATRICE  
No, I'm a woman so it's fine.

EXT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY

Beatrice marches up to the ice cream truck. A long line of kids wait, sweating in the heat.

Meet RAY-RAY, 28, high school drug dealer turned career drug dealer. He also sells ice cream. A nervous KID, takes his ice cream cone, gulping.

PUNY KID

Excuse me, sir? I... actually asked for... rainbow sprinkles.

RAY is in insulted.

RAY

Do you not like chocolate sprinkles?

PUNY KID

No, no, it's just I -

RAY

You don't like the ice cream cone I took precious time out of my day to make? And now you want me to make another one? Give me that.

The KID bursts out into tears. Ray takes his ice cream.

PUNY KID

I'm sorry.

RAY

Go on and think about that disrespect. Take a walk, you could use it.

The KID runs away crying. BEATRICE and STEFFIE are next in line. They exchange nervous glances.

RAY (CONT'D)

Your usual? Chocolate with rainbow sprinkles?

STEFFIE

ANY sprinkles are fine, sir!

Beatrice gives Steffie a look. Beatrice steps closer to the window of the truck.

BEATRICE

I was hoping you could offer me something else.



RAY  
I got push up pops, fudgicles, chip  
which -

BEATRICE  
Some...grass...speed.

She very obnoxiously gestures a "puff puff" like she's  
smoking a joint and WINKS.

RAY  
What? No way, kid.

BEATRICE tries to lean in closer, but is comically too short.  
Ray reluctantly bends down.

BEATRICE  
How about for twenty dollars?

RAY  
You're way too young. Where's your  
parents?

BEATRICE  
Mom's at work. Dad's dead.

RAY  
Jesus Christ. Shhh.

BEATRICE  
Please. I need it. I can do \$20.50  
but that's my final offer.

He thinks about it. He's done worse.

RAY  
What strain?

Beatrice is confused. She doesn't know this lingo!

BEATRICE  
All of them.

RAY  
Alright, meet me at the pool club  
tonight after closing if you're  
serious. Wait OUTSIDE the gate. And  
don't bring your friends. Please.

PAN out to reveal Steffie holding in tears. A single tear of  
fear streams down her face.

BEATRICE  
It's a date.

RAY

It's not.

Beatrice winks and starts backing away.

BEATRICE

See ya at 8 for a date.

RAY

Stop calling it that.

EXT. POOL CLUB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

BEATRICE

AHHHH, WE DID IT! How was that?

STEFFIE

Could have done without the dead dad stuff.

BEATRICE

Nervous tick.

STEFFIE

Do you think this is like "To Catch a Predator" and a whole camera crew is gonna pop out?

Beatrice stops.

BEATRICE

Oh my god, am I gonna be on TV?

INT. BEATRICE 'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Beatrice unpacks a grocery bag, pulling out a box of Special K. Then another one. Another one. Donna picks her head up from under the sink, and does a double take. It's like six boxes.

DONNA

You selling cereal on the black market or something?

BEATRICE

I'm going on the Special K diet. It says you can lose two inches in two weeks, but if I double my portions, I can probably lose four inches.

DONNA fixes the sink, half- listening.

DONNA

Got it!

She stands proudly.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Okay so when you use the faucet,  
don't -

WATER sprays out from under.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Fuck. Don't use it. Period. I'll  
call a repairman tomorrow. See you  
later, sweetie. Love you!

She kisses Beatrice's forehead and leaves. Beatrice stands,  
waiting for her car to pull out completely through the  
window. It's go time.

INT. BEATRICE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beatrice tosses open her closet and tosses on some SEXY  
Britney Spears tunes. It's date night.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Beatrice trying on multiple outfits. All are bad. She's  
getting really dressed up for this thing. She puts her mom's  
high heels on and IMMEDIATELY takes a hard fall.

-She opens her laptop and slowly types into Google: "How to  
dress for a drug deal"

-She teases her hair and puts on SO much makeup. You remember  
discovering liquid eyeliner in the eighth grade.

-Steffie texts her in all CAPS, "PLEASE DON'T DO THIS." "BAD  
IDEA." "IT WAS LOVELY BEING YOUR FRIEND THESE PAST 13 YEARS."

-She practices talking in the mirror, holding a brown paper  
bag.

BEATRICE

It's all in there? Thanks. Just  
checking. Money's all there. Count  
it if you want, bitch.

She shakes her head in disgust at herself.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Why would you call him a bitch?

- She spots her mom's wine bottle on the counter and chugs it for a little liquid courage.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Am I drunk yet?

-She's back in the mirror, playing with her face, stretching her skin.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
I don't think I'm drunk. It's good.  
I probably shouldn't be drunk.

- She opens her bedroom window and tries to climb out. She gets one foot in, but she's stuck there.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Just use the fucking door,  
Beatrice.

END MONTAGE

EXT. POOL CLUB - NIGHT

BEATRICE walks up to the pool gate where she's supposed to be waiting. She impatiently amps herself up.

BEATRICE  
It's just a drug deal, okay? And older men are cool. Except when they drive trucks...oh God. That's probably what Amber said before she was alerted.

Suddenly - she overhears familiar voices. Specifically the voices of RAY and ANOTHER WOMAN.

RAY (O.S.)  
No, it's not too much for me.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
I just don't know if I trust you yet.

BEATRICE  
Is that the girl from...

She marches toward the gate to listen closer.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Noooo.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
 (slightly more NY accent)  
 Are you fucking with me?

BEATRICE  
 Oh my God, YES.

She climbs up the gate to get a better look when her hand  
 SLIPS -

-PROPELLING her over the gate and into the bushes of the pool  
 club.

She lands directly at the feet of Ray and -

- the girl from the car commercial! JESS CARGUILIANO (25)  
 tall beautiful red head - definitely Italian but her mom  
 slept with the Irish mailman. The type of woman that makes  
 you sure you like women.

JESS  
 What the fuck?

RAY  
 God dammit.

JESS  
 Who is this?

RAY  
 Fuuuuck me.

BEATRICE  
 (way too excited)  
 Hi!!! I'm Beatr-

TWO HENCHMEN stand behind JESS, raising guns. Beatrice  
 realizes this is something bad. Really bad.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
 AHHHHHHH!

RAY  
 AHHHHH!

JESS  
 Are you selling your dirt weed to  
 kids here? And you want me to trust  
 you?

RAY  
 Umm...no...she's my sister.

BEATRICE  
SISTER?

RAY  
Just shut up. Shut up. Everybody  
shut up!

BEAT. To henchmen with guns -

RAY (CONT'D)  
Will you put those things down  
please? Her sneakers light up for  
God's sake.

Beatrice looks over and sees a table of packing boxes laid  
out neatly, FILLED with bags of pink powder...

She pretends not to see, but nervously begins rocking herself  
back and forth.

BEATRICE  
You guys like strawberry Nesquik?  
Okay, cool. Cool! I should go.

JESS  
Grab her.

RAY  
She works for me - for us.

Beatrice nods, going with it.

RAY (CONT'D)  
As a mule.

BEATRICE  
I love muling. And books. I like to  
read. Umm, long walks on beaches -

JESS  
She sells Pixie?

RAY  
She moves it.

Jess laughs, eyeing Beatrice up and down.

JESS  
Genius. No one would suspect HER to  
be involved in a drug ring.

Beatrice's eyes go WIDE with fear. What the FUCK did she just  
get herself into?



INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - NIGHT

Beatrice sits in the back of the ice cream truck in awkward silence. She decides to break it.

BEATRICE  
So this is your car.

RAY  
Yes.

BEAT.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Do you even know what a mule is? Or Pixie? Do you have any idea what a MESS you just got us into?

BEATRICE  
A hot girl just called you a genius soooo...you're welcome.

Ray sighs, stressed.

RAY  
You don't mess with these guys. *I* don't mess with these guys. And now I have a kid helping me out. I thought you were gonna buy weed!

BEATRICE  
Okay, but **THIS** is so much cooler! How bad could Pixie be? It's pink.

RAY  
Pixie is a very dangerous drug, okay? You move it, but you never use it.

BEATRICE  
Right.

Beatrice winks poorly.

RAY  
What? I'm serious.

BEATRICE  
RIIIGHT.

She winks again.



RAY

Stop doing that with your face. Is that a wink? Are you - are you having a stroke?

BEATRICE

It was a wink.

RAY

Your job is just moving the drugs from a warehouse, and getting the money from a location that might be surrounded by cops.

BEATRICE

So basically you give ME a backpack full of illicit and dangerous drugs and I have to deliver it to a place swarmed with the police.

RAY

Yeah.

BEATRICE

This is gonna be the best summer of my life. UGH. Ben is gonna think I'm so hot.

Beatrice is too excited to contain herself.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

I can't believe we're like DRUG DEALERS.

RAY

You're not a drug dealer.

BEATRICE

Okay, but you're definitely like a full blown DRUG DEALER.

RAY

Can you stop saying it like that?

RAY pulls up in front of Beatrice's house.

RAY (CONT'D)

Alright, I'll pick you up tomorrow and we'll practice.

Beatrice is excited.

BEATRICE

Thanks, Ray.

He waits for her to get out. She pauses. She's feeling ballsy.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
So like what are the odds of me getting some weed?

RAY  
Get the fuck out of my car.

BEATRICE  
It's an ice cream truck.

RAY  
Right now. Get outta here.

Beatrice smirks, hopping out of the truck. She walks towards her house and we see a JOINT palmed in her hand. She tucks it under her sleeve, trying to hold in her smile.

She feels fucking great.

INT. HOME - DAY

BEATRICE opens her eyes and jumps out of bed, excitedly. She looks in the mirror and checks herself out. Though nothing has changed, she feels like a new person. A badass.

She opens her laptop and googles "PIXIE."

CU: A few innocent pictures of fairies and bad haircuts.

Vaguely disappointed, she clicks on "NEWS" - only to reveal WILD headlines of parties, drug rings, and a fate she could only imagine - prison.

CU on headline: NEW DRUG SWEEPS OVER THE NATION. PIXIE DISTRIBUTOR SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS.

BEATRICE  
It's Fox, it doesn't count, right?

She googles "PRISON." Time lapses as we see her in different positions in the chair down a rabbit hole of search engine bliss.

A Shawshank Redemption Wikipedia page.

Judicial law for minors.

A sketchy RAVE Facebook invite. She considers that one.

Orange is the New Black. She skips through the episode, her hand mindlessly eating out of a Special K box. Suddenly, a LESBIAN SEX SHOWER scene.

She SLAMS her laptop shut in confusion, when -

DONNA

Hey honey, you ready -

BEATRICE

How do lesbians have sex?

INT. POOL CLUB - DAY

BEATRICE walks into the pool club and is immediately RUN OVER by STEFFIE's overbearing hug.

STEFFIE

Oh my God! I'm so glad you're alive!

BEATRICE stands confused.

BEATRICE

I texted you when I got home last night.

STEFFIE

Yeah but it could have been a cover from your kidnappers. You can never be too sure. Once a child goes missing, time is the real enemy.

BEATRICE

I'm fine, okay? I'm BETTER than fine. I -

She stops in thought. She wants to tell her so badly. She can't.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

GOT HIGH.

STEFFIE

You smoked marijuana?

BEATRICE

No. I was high off the...thrill of the whole experience. But we're hanging out again...he said I was cool enough to be his sister.

STEFFIE

Yeah or daughter. That dude is OLD.

BEATRICE

Your mom is 11 years older than your dad, Steffie. If age mattered, you wouldn't be here.

STEFFIE

I'm just saying he smokes funny cigarettes and drives an ice cream truck all day. It's weird.

BEATRICE

It's 2020, call it weed. Stop being so republican.

Steffie goes to respond in confusion when -

LENA

BEARD DRIP.

Beatrice turns around to see Lena and Tori.

BEATRICE

You're really getting creative with getting my name wrong. I'm starting to think you just can't read.

LENA

How'd the bikini look?

Beatrice doesn't respond. Lena ERUPTS in laughter.

LENA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I am. Maybe you could...Tori, do they sell husky bikinis?

Tori quietly shakes her head no.

LENA (CONT'D)

No? I'm surprised. You know what - just wear a muumuu, a table cloth, whatever you're comfortable in.

Beatrice stiffens up, before slowly pulling the JOINT out.

BEATRICE

Actually, I might not go. I kinda hang out with a different crowd now.

LENA

You mean, Steffie?

Beatrice raises the joint to her lips. Steffie's eyes expand in shock, while Lena's eyes fill with jealousy.

LENA (CONT'D)  
Where did you get that?

Beatrice pretends not to know what she's talking about -

BEATRICE  
Oh, what? This?

She HOLDS up the joint. All the eyes follow it.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
I have some older friends.

Beatrice LAUGHS.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Dude, chill. Ya gonna tell on me or something?

Lena quickly recovers, trying hard to hide that she's impressed.

LENA  
Whatever. Stoners are loners.  
That's what my dad says. Come on,  
Tori.

Lena and Tori quickly scurry away. Beatrice calls after -

BEATRICE  
Well, your dad smoked weed with a  
prostitute so... he wasn't that  
lonely.

STEFFIE  
How do you know that...

BEATRICE  
You learn a lot if you sit in a  
Staten Island hair salon long  
enough.

INT. "HEAVENLY HOUSE OF HEAVEN HAIR BOUTIQUE (AND WAX)" - DAY

The place looks and feels as though the word "gaudy" tried to reinvent itself as "gawdy."

Donna chats with an older woman, JEANINE, the grandma you wish you did and didn't have, as she covers her grays with BLACK hair dye.

JEANINE

Eh, that rat bastard DiBlasio. I don't even know what he did, just that face alone.

SUSAN (now known as the salon's owner, and Lena's dance coach/mom in that order) walks out. Her lips are permanently plumped into duck-face glory and her eyelashes resemble blinding caterpillars.

Oh and her voice is SO fucking annoying -

SUSAN

Hi Donnna!

JEANINE

Oh wow, your face. It looks so...

SUSAN

Expensive?

JEANINE

Yes.

SUSAN

Don, will you close up today? We're working on Lena's dance routine for her LaGuardia audition. It's a strip tease number. I want to show them she's mature.

DONNA

Sure. She must be pretty bummed after she got kicked from The Lion King audition.

SUSAN

She's Sicilian. She could have passed.

DONNA

Well, there's also West Side Story.

Susan agrees, and Donna wonders if it was even worth the joke.

SUSAN

I haven't seen you at the pool club lately.

DONNA

I'm usually working. Here.

Beatrice walks in.

SUSAN

Oh! You look great, Beatrice. Did you lose a few pounds?

Beatrice nods excitedly. She definitely didn't.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

That diet coke cleanse did wonders for Lena. Alright well, bye ladies!

Susan exits. Donna smiles widely and waves, as she watches Susan through the glass as she unlocks her white BMW 5 series.

DONNA

I remember when you drove a Hyundai.

Beatrice peruses the shelves, landing on a bottle of RED hair dye. She looks in the mirror considering, when behind her -

JEANINE

Don't dye your hair - it will all fall out. I started dying my hair in 1953. Your mother's dying a wig right now.

Beatrice politely smiles, weirded out.

BEATRICE

Hey mom -

Donna KISSES her cheek. Beatrice grimaces.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

I'm going to Steffie's tonight.

DONNA

Oh, Steffie's sweet! I like her, a little off, but -

She digresses.

DONNA (CONT'D)

How come you're not going to Lena's?

Beatrice looks down at the floor, avoiding the truth...and the embarrassment.

BEATRICE

Ummm, ya know she's been pretty sad about the divorce!

Donna and Jeanine GASP.

DONNA  
Divorce? You're kidding me!

JEANINE  
Explains her face. And the lack of emotion she can express on it.

DONNA  
It's about time she found out about the three hookers.

JEANINE  
And the goumada!

This is not the first time Beatrice has heard this.

BEATRICE  
I should probably go...

DONNA  
Okay, have fun. Be nice about the -

She MOUTHS -

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Divorce.

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Beatrice walks up the driveway. She looks down at her phone.

CU: a TEXT from STEFFIE "Females aged 12-17 are the most commonly abducted group."

BEATRICE  
I'm gonna be sick.

She nervously rings the doorbell.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
No, you're not.

She hears footsteps. She covers her mouth slightly.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Yep, I am.

Suddenly the doors opens -

An OLDER ITALIAN WOMAN opens the door.



BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Oh. I'm sorry. I must -

It's JEANINE from the hair salon!

JEANINE  
Boy, they have you girl scouts out  
late tonight. Hope that's all  
you're selling.

Jeanine laughs loudly at her own joke. Beatrice nervously  
joins in.

JEANINE (CONT'D)  
Wait, I know you.

BEATRICE  
No you don't -

JEANINE  
AW, you're Donna's daughter!

BEATRICE  
Yes. Biologically. We don't talk  
much. You don't have to tell her  
you saw me. Or anything.

Beatrice holds her breath.

JEANINE  
You still got Samoas?

BEATRICE  
No. I don't have Samoas -

Jeanine yells over her shoulder -

JEANINE  
RAY - RAY. Get me my pocketbook,  
the girl scouts are here.

RAY (O.S.)  
NONNA! I don't see it.

Beatrice stands still. She does not move, awkwardly intruding  
on their conversation.

JEANINE  
HOW BOUT ON MY DRESSER?

RAY (O.S.)  
NO.

JEANINE  
BEHIND THE DRESSER.

RAY (O.S.)  
I DON'T SEE IT.

JEANINE  
I KNOW IT'S FUCKING THERE.

RAY (O.S.)  
IT'S NOT FUCKING - oh wait.

She looks back at Beatrice and smiles wide -

JEANINE  
So how much will that be, sweetie?

Beatrice smiles, dumbfounded.

INT. RAY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

RAY leads Beatrice down the stairs.

RAY  
I told you to come in through the  
basement.

BEATRICE  
You didn't tell me you live with  
your GRANDMA.

RAY  
She lives with me. It's totally  
different.

They enter the basement. Beatrice's face shifts to HORROR.  
It's an equal parts sad, terrifying, and impressive bachelor  
pad.

Picture your high school drug dealer's bedroom but enough  
money for a flatscreen. A black LEATHER couch lined with  
OLDER MEN, stoners and degenerates alike, who crash there.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Hey guys, uh, this is Bee.

She waves shyly. She is replied to with GRUNTS, GROANS, and a  
BONG RIP.

BEATRICE  
(whispered)  
Who are these guys?

RAY  
Most of them are on Sanitation.

She NODS. Makes sense. A half asleep guy, WEIRD NICK, rises from the couch.

WEIRD NICK  
Hey Ray - why can't I bring my kid around here anymore?

RAY  
That's not your kid. That was a prostitute.

Nick puts his hands up in self - defense.

WEIRD NICK  
She's still my niece!

Ray looks at Beatrice.

RAY  
That's Weird Nick. We're not friends. Stay away from him.

Beatrice makes a mental note. She looks at the walls. A scatter of low quality paintings hang in makeshift frames.

A Mona - Lisa with a Pug's head instead. The Sublime logo, spin - art style, but also a Pug. And another that looks sexual from just about every angle. It's loosely a pug.

BEATRICE  
What's with the -

She points.

RAY  
I'm an artist.

She can't hide her shock.

RAY (CONT'D)  
What?

BEATRICE  
Nothing.

Ray quickly sits down at his folding table. Beatrice stands awkwardly around the table. He gestures at her to sit. She slowly and awkwardly sits, making a point to not touch anything.

RAY

Okay -

He SLAMS out three bricks of PIXIE. Beatrice eyes go WIDE in shock.

RAY (CONT'D)

This is a one time thing. Jess already wants my ass on her mantle and I still think you're too young for this -

BEATRICE

I am NOT too young for this.

She picks up a brick casually, trying to prove something.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Oh this is heavier than -

She drops the brick on the table and it POPS. Pink powder explodes on her face and into the air.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

OH MY GOD I'M HIGH. I'M HIGH. HELP ME.

WEIRD NICK

Are we getting high, fellas?

RAY

NO ONE IS GETTING HIGH, NICK.

Nick puts his hands up in defense again. And disappears. As he does. Ray hands Beatrice a towel. She wipes her face.

RAY (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

BEATRICE

Yeah, thank you. I just -

RAY

Good cause that was fucking STUPID. Don't touch anything unless I tell you to touch it. Here.

He hands her a sparkly unicorn backpack.

RAY (CONT'D)

This is what you'll be using to transport the drugs. You can touch it. It's actually quite fun you know that vinyl feeling -

He scratches the backpack, before realizing he's distracted.

RAY (CONT'D)

Never mind.

BEATRICE

Isn't this a little young for me?

RAY

Oh I'm sorry. Where ya gonna carry it? Your briefcase?

BEATRICE

Can't I just stuff it in my bra?

Ray does not have time for this.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

I mean I would need four. To make it even. But I'm sure you guys have plenty -

RAY

No. Enough. You have to focus. This is not a video game okay? This - this -

BEATRICE

(dead serious)

- is a top secret mission I take very seriously, Papa Bear.

RAY

What the fuck did you just call me?

BEATRICE

I thought it would be best for us to have code names. You would be Papa Bear and I would be Beyonce.

RAY

No.

BEATRICE

Fine. Do you wanna be Beyonce?

RAY

Neither of us are going to be Beyonce.

BEATRICE

Jesus, since when do you have something against Beyonce?

RAY  
 Stop saying Beyonce! I will be Ray  
 and you will be Bee.

After a long beat.

BEATRICE  
 Yonce.

EXT. PARK - DAY

RAY and BEATRICE jump out of the truck and walk onto a  
 playground.

BEATRICE  
 Did you bring the Pixie?

RAY  
 No. It's 2 o'clock in the afternoon  
 in broad daylight. Did you bring  
 your sign that says "I'm selling  
 drugs?"

Beatrice takes him literally.

BEATRICE  
 No. I am so sorry -

He TOSSES her a football.

RAY  
 For today, this is Pixie.

BEATRICE  
 All I'm saying is I'm a method  
 actor, but I'll work with what I  
 got, I guess.

He surveys the perimeter.

RAY  
 Okay, always keep your eyes and  
 ears open.

BEATRICE  
 Copy.

RAY  
 Alright, that slide over there is  
 the po-po. The swing set is the  
 drop - point. And that tree right  
 there, that one, is Denino's  
 Pizzeria. Got it?

BEATRICE  
Umm. Do I need the pizzeri -

RAY  
Oh and that baby right there may or  
may not be a car bomb.

She stares at an innocent BABY sitting in the swing set. The  
swing creaks EEE - OOO - EEE. Beatrice gulps.

BEATRICE  
You're kidding, right?

RAY  
You've already lost seven seconds.

Beatrice runs away with the football.

RAY (CONT'D)  
SLOWER.

Beatrice slows down to a speed walk.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Do you have to take a shit? Why are  
you walking so fast?

BEATRICE  
Sorry. I'm sorry.

She waddles slower, gripping the football.

RAY  
Don't apologize to me, apologize to  
the civilian children you just got  
killed.

Beatrice DROPS the football.

RAY (CONT'D)  
OH COME ON!

Ray squeezes water into Beatrice's mouth, boxing ring style.  
He throws her a towel.

RAY (CONT'D)  
So what do you do if you get  
confronted by anyone?

BEATRICE  
Pretend I don't speak English.

RAY  
Good. Let's try.

He clears his throat.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Hey what's in that backpack?

BEATRICE  
Bee bop boo bop beeee beeee bop.

RAY  
What the fuck voice was that?

BEATRICE  
Not English.

RAY  
Alright if anyone confronts you,  
pretend you don't speak. At all.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Beatrice slowly dropping the football in a garbage can.
- Beatrice comforting some little boy in tears, Ray yelling at her to get back in the "game."
- Beatrice doing sit ups for no reason.
- Ray teaching her to fight.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Alright, hit me.

BEATRICE  
No.

RAY  
Hit me.

BEATRICE  
No.

RAY  
Hit -

Beatrice PUNCHES Ray right in the nose.

RAY (CONT'D)  
JESUS CHRIST. I WASN'T READY!

END MONTAGE

Beatrice walks with the football toward a garbage can when an OBNOXIOUS MOM with her TODDLER son, definitely her first kid, stops her.



MOM

Excuse me, why do you keep throwing  
 footballs in the garbage can?

Ray gives her a "why the fuck do you care" look, walking over  
 to intervene when -

BEATRICE

Hi! Glad you asked, did you know  
 90% of plastic toys contain  
 inorganic toxins? Like that binky.

She bends down to the kid's level, BINKY in mouth.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, kid's gonna bomb the SAT.  
 Totally affects brain function.

MOM

Oh my GOD.

She RIPS the binky out of the kid's mouth aggressively and  
 tosses it in the trash. The kid BURSTS out crying.

MOM (CONT'D)

Thank you so so much.

BEATRICE

No problem! Throw away those toys.  
 Let them play with...matches or  
 something, I don't know.

The MOM does a fake laugh, walking away. Ray watches on  
 fairly impressed. She's ready-ish.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

So how did I do?

RAY

I'm afraid.

He walks towards the ice cream truck. Beatrice ponders. She  
 shouts at him as he walks away.

BEATRICE

But like in a good way right?

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Beatrice runs into the hair salon, more excited than she's  
 been in a while. She's got those little baby hairs sticking  
 up from running around too much.

Beatrice picks up a magazine and begins reading it. It says "HOW TO LOSE 75 POUNDS IN 3 HOURS" or something like that.

Donna licks her hand and tries to smooth Beatrice's hair. She ducks away.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Ah, it's fine.

DONNA  
I'll do it quick.

BEATRICE  
It's fine.

DONNA  
Please.

BEATRICE  
Stop!

DONNA  
Okay...

A beat. Donna LICKS her hand and quickly smooths Beatrice's hair.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Got it! Okay, let me get my tips and we're ready to go.

SUSAN, walks out.

SUSAN  
Donnaaaaa, what's new with you?

DONNA  
Oh, well I -

SUSAN  
Greaaaaat. My husband, Joe, is picking me up. We're going to Rocco's by the Bay for dinner. You know, Donna, you should put yourself out there. It's been a year since you lost your husband.

DONNA  
It's been 10 years.

SUSAN  
Even more so. Beatrice needs a father figure. Like my Joe.  
(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Well, I better go. He doesn't like to wait. You know men!

Susan can barely move her botox face. She struggles to motion a kiss goodbye. Susan leaves. Donna tries to shield her embarrassment from Beatrice. She impersonates Susan's stupid voice -

DONNA

You know my Joe, banging six prostitutes at Rocco's by the Bay. I thought you told me she's getting divorced.

BEATRICE

These things take time, Mom. Be considerate.

DONNA

We used to be friends, you know.

BEATRICE

I know.

More than Donna thinks she does.

INT. BEATRICE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Donna is dead asleep on the couch, snoring. Beatrice sneaks through the living room toward the door.

EXT. BEATRICE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Beatrice leaves her house dramatically like a spy, black jumpsuit and all. She runs, does a cartwheel. Falls. She limps the rest of the way.

EXT. RAY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Beatrice wheezes and limps into the basement.

BEATRICE

Hey boys!

Half groan replies. One GUY waves "hello" with his gun. Beatrice SHUDDERS, not realizing it was a wave. She exhales in relief.

RAY

Why do you have a leather jacket on? It's July.

BEATRICE  
I'm trying to fit in.

Ray shakes his head no.

RAY  
You'll spend your whole life trying  
to be what everyone else wants you  
to be.

BEATRICE  
Great. Love it. But in this  
specific scenario -

RAY  
Yes, in this specific scenario, you  
gotta be exactly what I want you to  
be.

He rips her PHONE out of her hands.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Which is low-key. Have you told  
anyone about this?

BEATRICE  
No.

A TIK-TOK video plays of Beatrice walking into Ray's  
basement. Ray looks at her in disbelief. Beatrice quickly  
deletes it.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
No.

RAY  
And your friend?

BEATRICE  
Thinks you're a pedophile.

RAY  
Good. Are you nervous?

BEATRICE  
Not even a little bit. I feel like  
I was really meant to do this -

A BOX is dropped on the TABLE, with a FINGER inside. Beatrice  
SCREAMS.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
AHHHH!

A DANNY TREJO - looking dude appears-

DANNY TREJO

Hey Ray, can I mail this from your address?

RAY

Absolutely not. You remember what happened last time. My grandma said no more.

He walks away with box dejectedly. Beatrice begins to cry.

BEATRICE

Whose finger was that?

RAY

Not yours. So don't worry about it.

He pulls out a white board and begins drawing -

RAY (CONT'D)

Alright, all you have to do is deliver this backpack to a warehouse in Manhattan. Simple.

Beatrice GASPS.

BEATRICE

You mean go to Manhattan... alone?? That's dangerous.

RAY

Beatrice, you're selling drugs.

BEATRICE

And that is where I draw the line.

RAY

Come on, you've never been to the city?

BEATRICE

Yeah, with my mom to go to the American Girl cafe, and see the tree at Christmas.

RAY

It's not a big deal.

BEATRICE

But my mom always tells me if I go into the city alone I'll get raped and thrown in the dump.

RAY  
The dump is *here*.

BEATRICE  
I don't expect a man to understand.  
But if this becomes an SVU episode,  
that's on you.

RAY  
Alright, relax. Here's the plan-

Beatrice takes out her notebook and begins writing notes vigorously. Ray's directions continue as voiceover as we watch the drop play out in real time.

EXT. POOL CLUB - DAY

Beatrice walks in holding the unicorn backpack tightly.

RAY (V.O.)  
When you get to the pool club,  
you'll switch your unicorn backpack  
with the unicorn backpack there.

Lena spots Beatrice and her neon pink backpack.

LENA  
Haha, loser! What are you? 12?

TORI  
(inaudible)  
I am.

LENA  
Shut up, Tori.

Beatrice scans the area nervously. She finally spots the unicorn back pack lying on a beach chair. She nonchalantly places the backpack down - only to realize there are MULTIPLE of the same UNICORN BACKPACK. Shit.

RAY (V.O.)  
It's important to check that you  
have the drugs but do NOT take the  
Pixie out.

She dumps out all the contents of the backpack in front of her. Nothing. Then -

She sees a GIRL (6) walking away, wearing a unicorn BACKPACK. She speed walks quickly toward her, trying not to draw attention.

BEATRICE

Hey! HEY!

The little GIRL turns around. Beatrice bends down to her height. She asks sweetly -

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Can I borrow your backpack for a second? I think something of mine is in there.

GIRL

No.

BEATRICE

Pretty please. It's really important. And you can have my backpack.

She hands her an identical backpack.

GIRL

NO.

BEATRICE

You have to give it to me.

GIRL

Mommy! Mommy!

BEATRICE

Don't call your mom. She can't help you now.

Beatrice grabs the backpack, pulling the little girl with it.

GIRL

It's MINE.

RAY (V.O.)

The most important thing...

She doesn't let go. Beatrice has no other choice. She TACKLES her to the ground.

RAY (V.O.)

And I can't emphasize this enough -

They roll back and forth. People start to gather around and break it apart.

RAY (V.O.)

Do NOT. Make. A scene.

Beatrice YELLS like a warrior, holding the backpack in the air. The little girl CRIES.

LENA  
What is she doing?

STEFFIE tries to defend her but....

STEFFIE  
I don't know.

Beatrice opens the backpack only to reveal - NO PIXIE.

BEATRICE  
Shit.

She quickly stands up, trying to play it off.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
False alarm. Yep. She's clear.  
We're all good over here.

WHEN SUDDENLY - with his mediocre long greasy locks -

BEN  
Looking for this?

Ben holds up ANOTHER UNICORN BACKPACK. Beatrice doesn't answer. Is he talking to her?

BEATRICE  
Ummm. Yes. Yeah. Oh my God, yes.  
Thank you.

He hands it to her. And she quickly scurries off. He watches her as she goes.

RAY (V.O.)  
AND DON'T RUN.

Beatrice RUNS full speed out of the swim club.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Beatrice looks at the multiple train tracks, in confusion.

RAY (V.O.)  
Okay, then you're going to take the southbound in Tottenville north to Thompskinville. Then take the 1 to the 6 to the J to the L.



She looks down at her notebook which at this point only reads, "I <3 Ben," in cursive. Beatrice takes out her phone and orders an UBER.

RAY (V.O.)  
Don't talk to nobody.

INT. UBER - CAR - DAY

Beatrice is in a DEEP conversation with her driver, YOUSEFF, vaguely Eastern European in every way.

BEATRICE  
Wow, that is so incredible. I'm going to tear up! You know, my mother's parents were immigrants as well.

The car comes to a stop.

YOUSEFF  
But Beatrice where are your parents? Why are you alone? I don't feel comfortable leaving you -

BEATRICE  
Bye, Youssef!!

Beatrice jumps out of the car excitedly clutching the backpack.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY

Beatrice makes drops, and collects money from multiple garbage cans. She is extremely SLICK.

RAY (V.O.)  
From the coordinates, find each recycling can. Drop the Pixie inside and take the cash.

There is SO MUCH trash on the streets. Beatrice begins dropping the Pixie in like breadcrumbs, ignoring the coordinates. She skips along the street - before realizing and running back.

RAY (V.O.)  
If you do this, everything should go according to plan. And I'll meet you at the warehouse.

SUDDENLY - Youssef's car pulls up. He yells out his window -

YOUSEFF  
Beatrice! Officer, there she is.

Beatrice sees Yousseff walking up to her, an officer following behind.

YOUSEFF (CONT'D)  
I couldn't sleep knowing she was alone. My daughter is barely that age.

BEATRICE  
(broken up about it)  
I didn't want to have to do this, Yousseff.

She begins yelling -

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
HELP!! HELP!! He's following me!

The OFFICER approaches Beatrice.

OFFICER  
What's wrong, sweetie?

BEATRICE  
(like a soap opera)  
Are there any decent men left in this world??

OFFICER  
This man said you were lost.

BEATRICE  
I've never seen that man before in my life! I'm just trying to get home from camp, sir.

Beatrice begins crying.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
(mouths)  
I'm SO sorry.

Beatrice SLIPS away into the crowd, JUMPING into a photo with Times Square crackhead-looking Elmo. She stands in the photo, for a second before making a break for it. She RUNS until she sees the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Beatrice walks in, DRIPPING in sweat. She looks around, realizing it is a hair dye factory.

She spots Ray, packing boxes into the ice cream truck out back. She follows him, handing him a yellow manila envelope, filled with cash.

RAY  
(aggressively)  
Get in the truck.

BEATRICE  
Maybe a thank you?

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Beatrice gets in the ice cream truck, and opens a chip-which annoyed.

BEATRICE  
Or maybe get a more obvious car?

She watches as Ray hands over the cash to a tall shadowy figure. TWO tall large shadowy figures. As if someone drew the outlines of the Blues Brothers.

Beatrice looks behind her to see the truck STUFFED with Pixie, floor to ceiling.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
What the fu -

RAY  
Ready?

BEATRICE  
AHHH!

Beatrice jumps in shock, not realizing Ray had gotten back in the truck.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
How big is this whole...thing?

RAY  
Bigger than you thought. Why are you so sweaty? Did you run? I literally said do not run.

BEATRICE  
It's July! I'm just sweaty.

Ray drives the truck RELIEVED and only mildly impressed.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
That was pretty AMAZING, right?

RAY  
That we're not dead or in jail.  
Yeah, no, I'm happy.

BEATRICE  
So am I on the team now?

RAY  
There's no team.

BEATRICE  
Those guys in the basement don't  
work for you?

RAY  
No, of course not.

BEATRICE  
So they're your friends?

RAY  
Oh fuck no.

BEATRICE  
Family-

RAY  
It's my old softball team from '97.  
I can't just get rid of them.

Beatrice stares in confused silence. She's not gonna touch that one.

BEATRICE  
But hypothetically if there was a  
team, a Pixie team, I would be on  
it.

RAY  
Just take this and be quiet.

He hands her an envelope stacked with CASH. She looks at it in AMAZEMENT.

BEATRICE  
Woah. Who gets the rest of it?

RAY  
I don't know.

BEATRICE  
What's Pixie made out of?

RAY  
I don't know.

BEATRICE  
Who were those guys?

RAY  
The Carguilianos?

BEATRICE  
Are they in the mob?

RAY  
I don't...yes.

BEATRICE  
Why don't you know a lot of things?

RAY  
I DUNNO! Look, asking questions  
will only get you in trouble. I  
just do what I'm told and you  
should do the same.

Beatrice smiles widely ear to ear. Things are looking up.

RAY (CONT'D)  
What are you so happy about -

BEATRICE  
I'M A BADASS BITCH!!!

BEGIN MONTAGE of BEATRICE BADASSERY:

- INT. BEATRICE'S ROOM - DAY

Beatrice writes a letter addressed to her mom and writes the return address.

CU: She crosses out "Pope Francis" and settles on "Publisher Clearing House."

She puts the cash inside and places it in the mailbox.

-INT. STATEN ISLAND MALL - DAY

Beatrice and Steffie walk through a maze of girls in Juicy Sweatsuits and Uggs. Beatrice holds up VERY MATURE clothing from a store called "FOXY LADY."

Steffie gives her an unconvincing nod. Beatrice tries on a BLUE CUTOUT dress with her (non-existent) boobs hanging out.

STEFFIE

But where would you wear it?

BEATRICE

I don't know. Father-daughter dance, maybe?

Steffie and Beatrice pay in ALL ONE DOLLAR BILLS. The cashier looks at them concerned. Beatrice and Steffie walk out holding TONS of bags of hot girl clothing. LENA and TORI watch in jealousy.

LENA

Skank.

She turns to the sales associate.

LENA (CONT'D)

Excuse me, do you have that blue dress in my size?

- INT. RAY'S BASEMENT - DAY

Ray repeatedly picking up the phone talking to a TALL SHADOWY JESS. She gives him directions.

Reveal to Beatrice creepily standing in the corner. Ray JUMPS in surprise, before reluctantly allowing her to help.

Ray and Beatrice packaging Pixie into HAIR DYE bottles. The basement looks like an Easy Bake Oven exploded. They high-five Pixie coated hands.

- EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY

Beatrice does her drops and pickups, skipping happily through the streets.

- INT. RAY'S BASEMENT - DAY

Beatrice hanging out in Ray's basement. She starts braiding Danny Trejo's hair. Danny Trejo braids a doll's hair.

DANNY TREJO

Under over, over...

BEATRICE

There ya go!

Ray and Beatrice paint together. It's Beyonce but a PUG.

- INT. RAY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

JEANINE, makes them lasagna. She adores Beatrice. Beatrice adores attention.

JEANINE

You're the nicest of all Ray's friends!

JEANINE shows her baby pictures of RAY.

- INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY

Ray and Beatrice eat ice cream in the back of the truck. Beatrice talks Ray's ear off. We see time pass through the pile of popsicle wrappers building up next to him.

END MONTAGE

It's as if Beatrice has been talking for hours...

BEATRICE

...and it's not that I don't like Steffie. I LOVE Steffie but she doesn't understand that we're the losers. It's like she doesn't even care. We're nothing compared to LENA.

RAY is entirely zoned out by now.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

And anyway, I know you asked me what I ate for breakfast but here we are.

After a moment -

RAY

Fuck them.

Beatrice is taken a back.

BEATRICE

Excuse me?

RAY

You sell drugs to people that could kill you and you're scared of LENA.

BEATRICE

But she's so HOT and skinny, so  
skinny - WAIT, THEY CAN KILL ME?

RAY

Yeah. And know what Lena can do?  
NOTHING. She couldn't handle any of  
this shit like you. Why are you so  
afraid of taking up space?

Beatrice and Ray are both surprised by his wisdom.

RAY (CONT'D)

Umm.. what I meant...just... fuck  
them. They're like three years away  
from teenage pregnancy.

BEATRICE

I mean they're teenagers now....

RAY

Ahhhhh. I don't want to hear that.  
Just know your worth, okay?

BEATRICE

You read that in Cosmo.

RAY

Fuck you.

Beatrice takes a second. She stares herself down in the  
rearview mirror and really thinks about it.

BEATRICE

(whispered)  
Fuck them.

RAY

Louder, come on!

BEATRICE

FUCK THEM.

RAY

Yeah, thatta girl. Let it out.

BEATRICE

FUCK THEM THOSE...SHIT TITS. Shitty  
tit MOTHERFUCKERS! Those...DUMB  
ASSHOLE FUCKS.

Ray watches in confusion. He follows her and tries to root  
for her -



BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
BITCH HOES. ASS SHIT BITCH HOES!

RAY  
Okay, calm down.

BEATRICE  
Sorry.

Ray nods.

RAY  
Alright, get the fuck outta here.  
Go get 'em kid.

EXT. POOL CLUB - DAY

Beatrice walks in SLOW MOTION resembling the first moment of the film. She walks into the pool club like she OWNS the freaking joint.

Sunglasses and lipstick on. Her hair curly and down. She goes to spit on the ground and it WHACKS Fat Danny SLO MO in the face.

STEFFIE (O.S.)  
BEATRICE ! BEATRICE !

We are pulled out of slow motion to reveal Steffie running after Beatrice.

STEFFIE (CONT'D)  
Wait up!

BEN blows his WHISTLE.

BEN  
BRO! No running.

Steffie immediately stops.

BEATRICE  
(to Ben)  
Whatcha gonna do about it?

Shocked, Ben sits down defeatedly. Steffie is not sure that interaction just happened.

STEFFIE  
Are you okay?

BEATRICE  
I'm the best I've ever been.

STEFFIE

You haven't really been acting like yourself. You haven't even been to the swim club in days. You LIED to your mom.

BEATRICE

The old Beatrice is dead. Gone. Stabbed. Thrown off the side of a bridge -

STEFFIE

I get it.

BEATRICE

This is Bee. She's cool and powerful and doesn't do anything anyone tells her.

STEFFIE

But you're still going to come to my house for a sleepover Friday, right?

BEATRICE

Oh my God, of course yeah. That's different. I'll be there.

STEFFIE

Where have you been lately?

BEATRICE

Just hanging out with my best friend Ray. He's SO cool, Steffie.

Steffie is instantly hurt. She tries not to show it. When suddenly from across the pool deck -

BEN

Hey!

Beatrice and Steffie exchange nervous glances.

BEN (CONT'D)

Beatrice!

BEATRICE

Oh my God, he said my name.

STEFFIE

He's walking over here.

BEATRICE

What do I do?

STEFFIE

What happened to new cool and powerful Bee?

Ben approaches closer -

BEATRICE

She's taking five right now -

BEN comes up very close to Beatrice.

BEN

What's up?

BEATRICE

Nothing much. What's up with you?

BEN

Nothing much. How about you?

BEATRICE

Just chilling. Nothing much.

Steffie can't bear to watch -

STEFFIE

See ya later, Beatrice!

She runs/speed-walks away quickly.

BEN

I, um, saw you the other day.

BEATRICE

Yeah I'm here most days.

BEN

Sick.

BEATRICE

Yeah.

Awkward silence.

BEN

So do you sell Pixie?

BEATRICE

Excuse me?

Panic washes over her face.

BEN

Well I saw your backpack the other day and was kind of hoping you could hook me up.

BEATRICE

No, no, no, no.

BEN

So you can't hook me up -

BEATRICE

I can hook up with you. I mean Pixie. You can hook up with me, Pixie, by me.

BEN

So you do sell Pixie?

BEATRICE

NO.

She panics, looking for an answer.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

I just...do it. Sometimes.

BEN

Oh. Word. I just wanted some for this party I'm having Friday.

BEATRICE

I can get you some. You know, anything for a guy like you!

She tries to lean against the LIFEGUARD chair and MISSES. She falls HARD. Ben does not ask if she is okay.

BEN

Tiiiiight. Can you come?

BEATRICE

Ow. What? YES.

BEN

Remember to bring the Pixie.

BEATRICE

Yep. You got it. I will be there, mister.

Ben walks away before Beatrice gets any weirder. BEATRICE walks away GIDDY with excitement, immediately finding STEFFIE.

STEFFIE

What was that all about?

BEATRICE

Okay so not directly but indirectly  
Ben just totally confessed his love  
for me.

Steffie SCREAMS. Beatrice joins in. They scream in unison for too long. Beatrice does a "I just got a touchdown" victory dance. It is quickly interrupted by -

LENA

Beatrice.

BEATRICE

Shit. Someone learned how to read.  
That is my name, yes.

LENA

I need a favor.

BEATRICE

Look, I can't make your daddy touch  
your mommy the way he used to, I'm  
sorry -

Lena exhales, trying to ignore the blow.

LENA

I need weed! Okay? And since you  
hang out with...degenerate older  
men now...

BEATRICE

He has a job-

LENA

I figured you could get some for me  
and Tori on Friday. But not the  
kind that makes you eat a lot. It's  
competition season.

Tori is in the background doing INTENSE splits.

BEATRICE

Right. Well, I actually can't. I'm  
hanging with Ben on Friday. He's  
having a really cool party. All  
high school kids. Except me.

For the first time, Lena is jealous of Beatrice. Lena can't hold it in.

LENA  
 (quietly)  
 Do you think I could come?

Beatrice can't hold in her smile. She's enjoying this too much.

BEATRICE  
 It wouldn't be your thing. Lots of  
 "older men" and all. Bye!

Beatrice walks away, the world in her hands.

INT. RAY'S BASEMENT - DAY

Ray enters to find Weird Nick BLASTING "Sweet Caroline" EDM.

RAY  
 (over music)  
 What the fuck is this?

WEIRD NICK  
 What? Oh! It's my DJ business.

Weird Nick lifts up his t-shirt to reveal ANOTHER t-shirt. It says "DJ PAROLEE -D." Ray's phone RINGS.

RAY  
 Get the fuck out of here.

The music stops as Ray picks up the phone.

RAY (CONT'D)  
 Hello?

JESS (O.S.)  
 Long time, no see, Ray.

Ray's face drops realizing who it is.

INTERCUT W/ INT. JESS'S HOUSE - DAY

Jess lives in an all white, gaudy palace. Only rich people can afford not to get anything dirty.

She lies on her WHITE couch slicing a juicy peach and eating it off the knife. The juicy peach almost drips on the couch but never does.

JESS (CONT'D)  
 How's business?

RAY  
It's great. Couldn't be better.

JESS  
Well, there's always room for  
improvement. Right?

She looks out of frame and covers the phone.

JESS (CONT'D)  
(mouths)  
Stop. Go away.

Reveal her two silent HENCHMEN giving her a foot massage,  
before quickly disappearing as directed.

JESS (CONT'D)  
How is our little ingenue doing?

RAY  
Our what?

JESS  
Ingenue. It's French - never mind.  
Bee? How's the girl, Bee, doing?

RAY  
Oh yeah I've been meaning to talk  
to you about that. I think -

JESS  
She's underutilized. I agree. I  
think we should send her uptown.  
Say...48th street.

RAY  
Are you kidding? That's the Dante  
Brothers' turf. They'd kill her.

JESS  
Eh, she's a kid.

RAY  
Yeah. That's my point.

She licks the knife in one long terrifying stroke.

JESS  
Listen, Ray, You and me are of a  
different breed. I am a  
businesswoman. You are a drug  
dealer.

RAY  
I'm not a kid killer.

JESS  
You're not stupid, either. My daddy  
- I mean my FATHER - gave me an  
allotted amount of time and money,  
but you know what he didn't give  
me?

RAY  
...a conscience.

JESS  
Patience! To deal with fucking  
degenerates like you. Bee does the  
deal, or you face the consequences.

RAY  
You're not being reason -

JESS  
I'd rather not put your head in a  
box, okay? SO messy. Goodbye Ray.

RAY  
WAIT -

Dial tone. She's hung up. Ray punches the freezer box,  
immediately pulling back his hand in pain.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Shit, ow.

WEIRD NICK  
You okay?

RAY  
WHERE DO YOU KEEP COMING FROM?

SUDDENLY - Beatrice runs in, overly excited. She really knows  
these strange older couch surfers better now.

BEATRICE  
Liking the locks!

Danny Trejo gives her a thumbs up, his hair in french braids!

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Good form!

Ray enters - his face says it all.



RAY

Hey Bee.

BEATRICE

Guess what?! You'll never guess,  
I'll just tell you. Ben invited me  
to his party!!

Beatrice sits down, making herself comfortable.

RAY

That's sick.

BEATRICE

Yeah, he totally loves me. So who  
we taking on this week, boss? OR  
should I say "Jefe?" Danny's  
teaching me Spanish -

RAY

Umm, no one Bee.

BEATRICE

Slow week?

Ray takes in a deep breath. This hurts him.

RAY

Beatrice. You can't work for me  
anymore.

BEATRICE

Why? Did I do something wrong?

RAY

No, no, not at all. It's  
just...Pixie is too dangerous and  
you shouldn't be involved.

BEATRICE

Yeah, but that's not your decision.

RAY

It's not yours.

BEATRICE

Alright, well, I wanna talk to  
Jess.

RAY

You can't just call the manager,  
okay? It's not JC Penny's.

BEATRICE  
Why are you being so mean?

RAY  
I'm not being mean, Bee. This world  
is not what you think it is. Jess  
is not who you think she is.

BEATRICE  
Well neither are you apparently!  
You can't do this to me. Please.  
Things are just getting good.  
People like me now. Ben! Ben wants  
me around now.

RAY  
He doesn't want *you*. He wants the  
Pixie.

Tears well up in Beatrice's eyes. That cut deep.

RAY (CONT'D)  
That's not what I meant...

She RUNS out.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Beatrice, wait! Wait!

Beatrice SLAMS the door behind her. Ray looks around. The  
DEGENERATES are actually paying attention for once. You could  
hear a pin drop. They all look at Ray disappointed.

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Beatrice wipes tears from her eyes. She's determined. She  
marches up to the front door and knocks. Jeanine opens the  
door, wearing her nightdress -

JEANINE  
Oh hi honey - I thought you went  
home.

BEATRICE  
I think I forgot my backpack  
inside. Would you mind if I took a  
look?

JEANINE  
Of course! Come in. I was just  
having my nightly tea and Percocet.

As Beatrice enters, she slyly STEALS Ray's KEYS to the ice  
cream truck out of the key-dish.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - NIGHT

Beatrice rummages through the freezer and removes a small brick of pixie. Underneath it lies a -

GUN. She stares at it and picks it up slowly. She holds it tentatively like it might explode. Slowly, she grips it.

BEATRICE

Who's fucking dangerous now?

She puts the pixie and the gun in her backpack.

She dials a number on her phone. We don't see who.

EXT. POOL CLUB - DAY

Beatrice lays on a pool chair half - asleep. Steffie POKES her.

STEFFIE

What's wrong with you?

BEATRICE

I'm just tired.

STEFFIE

That's a symptom of Leukemia.

BEATRICE

I'm not dying, Steffie. Please just be quiet.

STEFFIE

(mumbled)

1 in 200 kids...

Steffie looks around anxiously. Beatrice is her only friend. There's no one else.

STEFFIE (CONT'D)

Ya know, it hasn't been very fun without you here. I mostly hide in the changing room.

Beatrice doesn't move from her slumber.

STEFFIE (CONT'D)

I beat my Candy Crush score. That was cool.

BEAT.

STEFFIE (CONT'D)  
I'm happy we're having a sleepover  
tonight.

BEATRICE  
SHIT.

Beatrice jumps up.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
I totally forgot. I have Ben's  
party tonight.

STEFFIE  
Oh! We both can go to Ben's!

BEATRICE  
I don't think that's a good idea.

STEFFIE  
Why not?

BEATRICE  
It's not really your crowd.

STEFFIE  
You're my crowd Beatrice. Me and  
you.

BEATRICE  
Look it's complicated, okay? I'm  
trying to change myself -

STEFFIE  
Oh you don't have to try anymore.  
You've definitely changed. Bee.

Steffie marches away, leaving Beatrice mad at Steffie and  
herself even more.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Susan eyes Donna up and down. Donna bites her tongue harder  
than usual.

SUSAN  
Donna, I have to say. Your body is  
fantastic. How do you do it?

DONNA  
Stress...and living mildly above  
the poverty line.

Susan LAUGHS, walking away.

SUSAN

I always get a kick out of you.  
You're a pisser, you know that?

Beatrice MARCHES into the hair salon like she owns the place cause fuck Lena, who actually owns the place. Donna counts her money out of the register, talking without looking up -

DONNA

Hey honey. My customer today told me about this Elmer's Glue facial. We can try it tonight? It's the 90 Day Fiancé finale.

BEATRICE

I won't be home. I'm going to Lena's.

DONNA

Of course you may go to Lena's. Thank you so much for asking so politely.

Beatrice rolls her eyes.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Do not roll your eyes with me. What has gotten into you?

BEATRICE

Nothing.

DONNA

You know Steffie's mom called me today. She said Steffie is really upset.

BEATRICE

Okay.

DONNA

Okay?

BEATRICE

We're thirteen years old. We can handle it like adults.

Beatrice throws her arms up in the air, giving up.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

I can't deal with this right now.  
Goodbye, mom.

DONNA  
 YOU can't deal with this?! Don't  
 walk away from me!

Beatrice is already out the door. Donna watches as Beatrice turns the corner. She is tempted to chase after her when - Susan appears.

SUSAN  
 You know, my mother used to say the  
 same thing to me.

Donna turns looking for a possible sincere moment.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
 We don't speak anymore.

EXT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Beatrice turns the corner and we see JESS and her flashy bright RED HOT CAR. Beatrice jumps in without a second thought.

BEATRICE  
 Isn't this car a little high -  
 key...

JESS  
 You sell drugs out of an ice cream  
 truck.

BEATRICE  
 You're right.

INT. JESS'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As they drive, Beatrice sits in the passenger seat, feeling like the king of the world... but also nauseous with nerves.

JESS  
 I'm really glad you called me.  
 You're an ambitious kid.

BEATRICE  
 I'm in the 94th percentile on the  
 state test so...

JESS  
 And I just can't believe how young  
 you are. You're very professional.

Beatrice laughs.

BEATRICE

My mom says I'm an old soul.

JESS

I bet. You remind me a lot of me when I was your age.

BEATRICE

No. You were probably really pretty.

JESS

I was.

A pregnant pause. They pull up to a HUGE mansion -

JESS (CONT'D)

But it's not about being pretty, Bee. It's about being envied.

Beatrice looks up at this huge house.

BEATRICE

You got all of this from the Carguiliano car commercials?

JESS

Well...no...I was born here. I AM a Carguiliano but my dad worked really hard. He was an immigrant to Staten Island...from Brooklyn.

Beatrice stares as Jess pulls out a bag of Pixie.

JESS (CONT'D)

But I got people's *attention* through Pixie.

Jess leans in adjusting her lipstick in the rearview mirror. Beatrice hesitates, knowing she has a weapon in her backpack.

BEATRICE

Is it as dangerous as everyone says it is?

Jess blots her lips.

JESS

What's not hot about a little danger?

Beatrice smiles. Jess hands her the lipstick.

JESS (CONT'D)

Here. Take this. It's your color.  
And if you need anything, I'm here.

BEATRICE

Like I can text you if I have any  
boy troubles?

JESS

Oh my God, yeah, of course! Or if  
you're in any immediate danger and  
someone tries to shoot you or  
something.

BEATRICE

What?

JESS

Boys suck! Right!

Jess laughs wildly. Beatrice joins in because she feels like she has to.

INT. BEATRICE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Beatrice draws two THICK and terribly crooked black lines on her eyelids. She stands in front of the mirror, unsure of her outfit. It's the BLUE dress.

She dips into her backpack and takes out TWO baggies of Pixie. She places one in each cup of her bra. Ah, much better.

Beatrice looks at her phone. The background is her and Steffie making funny faces. She eyes the lipstick on her dresser and locks her screen.

She puts the lipstick on and blots her lips like Jess. Looking like something from the Rocky Horror Girls Gone Wild Show, Beatrice is ready.

INT. BEATRICE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Beatrice walks out, Donna is taken aback by her appearance -

DONNA

Where are you going?

BEATRICE

A party.



DONNA

Are they paying you? You look like a hooker.

Beatrice turns to leave.

DONNA (CONT'D)

You're not going to some party. Not wearing that.

BEATRICE

Because I'm fat?

DONNA

What? No, because you look like a whore. And you're acting like a bitch. Whose party is this even?

BEATRICE

Lena's.

DONNA

You're not going.

BEATRICE

Yes I am.

DONNA

Ya know, maybe Lena's not a great influence on you.

BEATRICE

This has nothing to do with fucking Lena!

DONNA

Watch your mouth!

BEATRICE

I'm not a kid anymore! Stop treating me like it.

DONNA

No? You're not a kid? Fine. You want to pay the bills, then? You want to work your ass off every god damn day?

BEATRICE

I know I've been acting different. And it's making you jealous.

DONNA

Excuse me?

BEATRICE

You're jealous that I'm not some stupid fat loser anymore. I have a LIFE now. And I can't just sit on the couch with you making dating profiles for shitty men who just want your body.

The words come out faster than Beatrice could process them.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get off this fucking sorry island and be somebody. Instead of waiting around sweeping other people's hair off the floor.

From a place Donna didn't know she still had inside her -

DONNA

Do you think I wanted this life? Do you? Tell me.

Beatrice is stunned into silence.

DONNA (CONT'D)

You want to be Lena or Susan or a fucking super model? Go. Go ahead. You can do whatever you put your mind to.

Beatrice RUNS out of the house, ignited by hate and guilt.

DONNA (CONT'D)

(to God)

You should have given me a fucking son!

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Beatrice walks up to the BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN home. The landscaping costs a lot, you can tell. She takes a deep breath and enters -

INT. BEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

It is a very LAME party. 10-15 people drink beer on the couch. The guy to girl ratio is fucked.

Some dude smokes weed out of an APPLE. There's a very very sad pong table. A less attractive Tim Chalamet looking dude approaches her -

TC

Yo can I bum a cig?

BEATRICE

Umm, no.

Beatrice looks around, both over and underwhelmed. When -

BEN

BEE, WHAT'S UPPPP?

An incredibly DRUNK Ben runs over and sloppily puts his arm around her.

BEATRICE

Hi. Thanks for having -

He leans into her ear, trying to whisper but only spitting instead -

BEN

Did you bring the Pixie?

BEATRICE

Yeah -

She reaches into her bra.

BEN

No, no, not here. Come to my room.

Beatrice nods hesitatingly. She follows him. She looks around for reassurance, but it's like she's not even there.

INT. BEN'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ben almost falls UP the stairs before finally making it into his room.

BEATRICE

Wow. This is nice.

All that's in the room is a single plaid comforter and a Pulp Fiction poster.

BEN

Thanks. This is the pad. You got the drugs?

BEATRICE

Yeah.

She sits on his bed slowly and unsure. She takes the Pixie out of her bra. He GIGGLES, before ripping it out of her hands.

BEN  
YO this shit looks pure.

BEATRICE  
Yeah you wouldn't believe it fell  
off the back of a truck.

BEN  
What?

BEATRICE  
It was a joke. It's pure.

BEN pours a BIG line out on his dresser.

BEN  
You want some?

BEATRICE  
No, thanks. Wait, that's a lot -  
He snorts it and throws his hands in the air.

BEN  
WOO! GOD IS REAL!

Beatrice stares at him like she's in a dream. She slides toward the edge of the bed and stares at his lips expectantly.

His face gets real close. He stares back, high as a kite. She opens her mouth to kiss him and -

He moves away quickly and Beatrice FALLS off the bed in shock, slamming her nose into the ground.

BEN (CONT'D)  
I can't wait to bang Rebecca right  
now. Sex is gonna feel SO GOOD.  
AHH!

BEATRICE  
OW! What? Rebecca?

BEN  
Big tit Becky? Gave herpes to the  
whole 12th grade? LET'S DO THIS.

Ben runs out of his room, not even bothering to ask Beatrice about her BLEEDING nose.

BEATRICE  
Ben! Ow, shit. BEN!

SLAM. The door shuts in her face, leaving Beatrice all alone. Tears build up in her eyes. Ray was right.

Blinded by embarrassment, she BURSTS through the door and down the stairs -

INT. BEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

-only to find BEN passed out on the ground. He begins seizing.

BEATRICE

Oh my god. HELP. Somebody help!

She looks around but everyone is too fucked up to notice. She freezes.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Ben. Ben. Please don't die. Like really not how this night was supposed to go down.

She dials 9-1-1.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Hi. Umm...my friend kind of overdosed. No actually he did. He definitely overdosed.

Beatrice sees the Pixie lying on the ground and realizes she's in deep shit. She RUNS out the front door.

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BEATRICE hides in the bushes in tears, holding her bloodied nose. She hovers over her phone with panic, unsure who to call.

CU on PHONE: MOM. Then RAY. STEFFIE. Back to MOM. Her finger can't decide.

Then she remembers. She scrolls down and without a second thought, she dials JESS.

INT. JESS'S COOL CAR - NIGHT

Beatrice sits in the passenger seat of Jess's cool car hyperventilating. She cries, having just relived the whole experience.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
 ....he was just shaking there. And  
 he wanted to sleep with big tits  
 becky....

JESS  
 That sounds awful. Come here,  
 sweetie.

Jess hugs her.

BEATRICE  
 And so then I called 9-1-1.

Breaking away -

JESS  
 (suddenly cold)  
 You what?

BEATRICE  
 I called 9-1-1.

JESS  
 (yelling)  
 WHY would you ever call 9-1-1?

BEATRICE  
 He was dying.

JESS  
 That is not an excuse! So STUPID.

Jess screams into her hands, repeatedly. Beatrice watches  
 like REALLY sketched out. Like should she go now? Jess's  
 screams turn quickly into a smile. Overly calm-

JESS (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry. I didn't take my Xanny  
 today. And I didn't have time to  
 get a French manicure. I'm just  
 under a lot of stress. It's okay.  
 You did the right thing.

Beatrice thinks on it. She hesitates -

BEATRICE  
 Did I kill him?

A PREGNANT PAUSE. Then Jess laughs HYSTERICALLY.

JESS  
 No. Don't be ridiculous. It's his  
 fault. Men live in excess, okay?

BEATRICE  
What do you mean?

JESS  
They think they can take whatever they want and how much they want whenever with no consequences. And it's not just in the bedroom, you know?

BEATRICE  
Yeah, totally. Do I know? Ha.

JESS  
Fuck Ben. Fuck Ray. Fuck my father, God knows he'll try. FUCK MEN. Just me and you from here on out. Strong and sexy.

Beatrice thinks about it. Quietly -

BEATRICE  
But I'm not that girl.

JESS  
No, you're that woman. We only have each other.

That hits Beatrice in the heart. She wipes away her tears. This is all she has left right now.

BEATRICE  
I want in. I want in - all of it.

Jess smiles a satisfied smile.

EXT. POOL CLUB - DAY

Beatrice waits outside the pool club. She makes eye contact with RAY from across the way. He exits the ice cream truck, walking toward her.

RAY  
Where have you been?

BEATRICE  
I don't work for you anymore. I work for Jess -

RAY  
Beatrice, this isn't fucking funny. Pixie is bad.

BEATRICE  
 (sarcastic)  
 An illegal drug is bad. What? I had  
 no idea!

RAY  
 She's using you as bait! People are  
 dying and she doesn't care if you  
 die, too.

Beatrice stares in shock, the gravity hitting her. Almost  
 innocently -

BEATRICE  
 What? No. You're just saying that.

Jess's CORVETTE pulls into the parking lot.

RAY  
 Beatrice, I've done a lot of fucked  
 up shit in my life, but don't you  
 dare get in that car! Please.

Beatrice stares at Jess and back at Ray. Beatrice quickly  
 jumps in the car, acting on impulse. Ray runs after her -

RAY (CONT'D)  
 BEE! STOP!

Beatrice looks back at him, an apology on her face - but Jess  
 speeds away, leaving Ray defeated.

INT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

JESS and BEATRICE wait in the terminal for the next boat to  
 arrive. Beatrice looks stone cold, unicorn backpack in tote.

BEATRICE  
 I can't swim. Does that matter?

JESS  
 No. Unless the ferry captain is  
 drunk but lightning don't strike  
 twice.

The ferry horn BLOWS loudly. Crowds of people start moving  
 forward, boarding the boat. JESS places her sunglasses on and  
 disappears into the crowd, away from the boat.

BEATRICE  
 I don't usually go into the city  
 alone.



JESS

You're not alone. Have fun. I'm gonna get a margarita with a lid on it.

INT. FERRY BOAT - DAY

Beatrice walks onto the boat. She slyly drops a STEAK in front of the police dog without breaking stride.

BEATRICE

Good doggy.

Beatrice sits on the boat nervously. Everyone on the ferry is either drunk or wishes they were. TWO SKETCHY MEN sit just close enough to be creepy and just far enough not to be obvious about it.

Beatrice begins panicking. She looks at the COPS. The TWO MEN. Then back at her backpack. Beatrice gets up and moves her seat. The TWO MEN also move seats.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Fuck. Fuck.

We hear the FERRY CAPTAIN over the loudspeaker -

FERRY CAPTAIN (O.S.)

NOW DOCKING.

Beatrice speedwalks off the boat. The MEN follow. The speedwalk turns to a run and suddenly she is being CHASED.

INT. WHITEHALL FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

Beatrice RUNS through the crowd of people, shoving through.

BEATRICE

Come on. Why are they so fast?

Beatrice heaves as she runs. She gets to the edge of the water. And without a second thought she takes off the backpack and -

SKETCHY MAN

STOP! STOP!

The MAN raises a GUN and begins shooting at her. Beatrice DUCKS.

BEATRICE

What the FUCK? I wasn't gonna shoot mine!

She CHUCKS the PIXIE in the water and runs like she's never run before.

CRIES ring out of passerby's. MEN chase after Beatrice and the POLICE chase after the men.

EXT. WHITEHALL FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

Suddenly, without thinking she JUMPS into an ICE CREAM TRUCK to HIDE.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Beatrice exhales in relief when -

BEATRICE

AHHHHH.

YOUSEFF

AHHHHH.

BEATRICE

Youseff?

YOUSEFF

Why do you keep showing up? You mysterious adult in little girl's body!

BEATRICE

Look I thought all ice cream truck drivers were drug dealers!

YOUSEFF

No! Uber fired me because of you.

BEATRICE

Shit. I am so sorry...to do this again. But you have to drive me home.

YOUSEFF

No. NO. Get out -

BEATRICE

I am SO sorry.

She pulls out a GUN and holds it up.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Will you pretty please drive me  
home?

Youseff starts the ignition.

YOUSEFF  
Evil, evil child.

Beatrice sits down, reliving the entire experience. She wipes her face, tears forming.

BEATRICE  
Where the fuck is Jess?

INT. JESS'S CAR - DAY

JESS is riding in the car with the top down, singing Alanis Morissette's -

JESS  
'Cause I got one hand in my pocket,  
and the other one playing the pian-

CUT TO:

INT. JESS'S TRUNK - DAY

Ray is tied up, kicking forcefully.

RAY  
HELP! HELP! PLAY A DIFFERENT SONG.  
PLEASE.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY

Beatrice opens her phone to see -

CU: "BREAKING NEWS" - Shooting at Ferry Terminal. Dante Brothers arrested for drug smuggling and shooting. Pixie killing teens across the nation.

Beatrice scrolls and scrolls until she reaches a blurry photo of herself. She zooms in. Beatrice gulps.

BEATRICE  
Shit. What a bad angle.

In a panic, Beatrice CALLS JESS.

INTERCUT W/ PHONE

JESS (O.S.)

Oh my God, you're alive! That's unfortunate.

BEATRICE

What the fuck was that Jess?

JESS (O.S.)

Unfortunate for me, I mean. Assuming you are mad at me. Are you mad at me?

BEATRICE

I..um...yes. No. I'm allowed to be mad, right? I mean I just got shot at.

JESS (O.S.)

Of course you're entitled to your emotions! But if you tell anyone, I'll have to kill Ray. And then your mother. Anyone close to you. Do you have pets?

BEATRICE

What?

JESS (O.S.)

Yeah. The Dante brothers are usually all talk. But I guess someone put on their big boy pants and tried to steal my product! And now you're in the news. And a minor. And I'm keeping Ray as collateral.

BEATRICE

You can't do this. You can't!

Tears begin to STREAM down Beatrice's face.

JESS (O.S.)

Oh sweetie. I already have.

Beatrice hears muffled yelling in the background. It's RAY.

RAY (O.S.)

Don't listen to her! Beatrice!

BEATRICE

RAY!

JESS (O.S.)  
 Don't be stupid, Beatrice. You're  
 not special. You never were.

Dial tone. Beatrice stares at her phone unsure what to do.  
 Her entire world has just exploded. She begins to CRY.

YOUSEFF  
 I know this is a bad time, but I  
 don't know where you live.

INT. BEATRICE'S HOUSE - BEATRICE'S ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Beatrice sits on the floor in complete stillness, unsure what  
 to do next. She turns to the MIRROR, facing her destruction  
 and puffy teared face. She is not special.

The tiny BIKINI hangs from the door, staring her down,  
 igniting a rage. In a frenzy, she THROWS it in the trash. She  
 is not special.

She TEARS down pictures of celebrities off her walls.  
 Everything is fake. She is not special. Suddenly, the CLICK  
 of the front door unlocking -

DONNA (O.S.)  
 BEATRICE! BEATRICE!

Beatrice doesn't react. She remains numb. Donna BURSTS  
 through the door -

DONNA (CONT'D)  
 Oh my God, Beatrice!

She HUGS her vigorously.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
 Where were you? I called the  
 police!

Within seconds, Beatrice begins SOBBING. She hyperventilates  
 uncontrollably.

BEATRICE  
 They're already looking for me!

DONNA  
 Calm down, what's wrong?

BEATRICE  
 I'm a liar. It's all a lie. I'm  
 going to jail!

DONNA

What? Where were you? At Lena's?

BEATRICE

Lena's not my friend! I'm too fat and ugly and now Steffie HATES me and my only friend was Ray so I sold drugs with him. And now he's gonna DIE.

Donna's expression is really unexplainable with words.

DONNA

YOU WHAT?

BEATRICE

I didn't do the drugs, I just moved them. It's complicated. I thought it would make people like me.

DONNA

Beatrice, what the hell?

BEATRICE

Nobody likes me. I'm - I'm stupid and selfish and ugly and you're so pretty. I'm never gonna be like you. I'm not good. I'm not good.

Donna cradles her, as Beatrice leans into her chest.

DONNA

Shhhh. Take a deep breath.

Donna is shocked. She almost rocks her, unsure what to do. She had no idea. How could she have not known?

DONNA (CONT'D)

Beatrice, you are 13. You don't have to be hot, or cool, or popular. You did some really bad things.

She sits Beatrice up and looks her dead in the eye, focusing her.

DONNA (CONT'D)

But you are good. You are kind. You ask mothers if they need help with anything at sleepovers. And you sing karaoke at bar-mitzvahs. And you don't tell me when you're hurting cause you don't want to hurt me. You are too good.

(MORE)

DONNA (CONT'D)

And you are beautiful. Not because guys look at you, but because you don't need them to.

She forcibly moves Beatrice's chin to level with hers.

DONNA (CONT'D)

But also what the fuck were you thinking?

Beatrice holds in a snuffle.

BEATRICE

Am I gonna go to jail?

DONNA

Absolutely not. I'll call Vinny at the 213 to take care of this Ray guy...

BEATRICE

No, no, no. Mom, you have to understand. He's good too. Like the "too good" thing you were saying.

DONNA

Beatrice Marie -

BEATRICE

We have to save Ray. You always say I have to finish what I started.

DONNA

Yeah, before I knew you were El Chapo.

Beatrice looks at her with pleading eyes. Donna knows this is crazy, but that's never stopped her before.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I'm only doing this because you couldn't handle juvie.

Beatrice smiles and they walk out of Beatrice's room together. Donna looks up at the ceiling.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I swear to God, your father's the lucky one. You see this, Michael? This is YOUR daughter.

INT. STEFFIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Beatrice RINGS the doorbell. She waits outside impatiently. Finally, Steffie OPENS the door. Steffie stares straight edge, still upset. They wait in the silence. Beatrice hates silence.

BEATRICE

Hi -

STEFFIE

My mother said I shouldn't talk to strangers.

Beatrice doesn't move, taking in the echo of the diss.

BEATRICE

That was a good one.

STEFFIE

You get it?

BEATRICE

Cause I was a shitty friend, yeah it's good.

STEFFIE

I've been working on it all week.

BEATRICE

I'm sorry. For everything.

Steffie aggressively HUGS her. She holds so tight, Beatrice can't breathe.

STEFFIE

No I'm sorry! It was so hard to be mean just now. Oh, I miss your smell.

She INHALES her. Beatrice breaks away.

BEATRICE

You're my best friend. And I love that you worry about me. You're so smart and kind. I guess it's just hard for me to admit you're right most of the time.

STEFFIE

I'm sorry Lena was mean to you.

BEATRICE

Mean to US.



STEFFIE

Ehhh. Sure. I'm just glad everything is back to normal. You had me worried you were in serious trouble for a sec. With that Ray guy.

Beatrice LAUGHS.

BEATRICE

About that. Yeah. Can I ask you for a small, small favor?

STEFFIE

Of course.

BEATRICE

Remember when I said you were so smart and kind and well...

Beatrice leans in Steffie's ear. She cups her hands and whispers. Off Beatrice - Steffie SCREAMS. Beatrice COVERS her mouth.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Beatrice guides Steffie to the back door. Hand still over her mouth. Donna follows.

BEATRICE

I will remove my hand, but you have to promise NOT to scream again.

Steffie nods. Beatrice removes her hand, and QUICKLY replaces it with an inhaler.

DONNA

Wow, this is a lovely home.

BEATRICE

Yeah, it's not a crackhouse.

They climb down a few stairs. Beatrice grabs the key from under a PUG STATUE and opens the door -

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

It's a crack den.

INT. RAY'S BASEMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Beatrice walks through in slow motion. The GANG of degenerates stand up in shock.

DANNY TREJO  
She came back for us.

Weird nick claps. Beatrice waves like JFK at a parade. Steffie and Donna follow behind looking TERRIFIED.

BEATRICE  
(to Donna, whispered)  
That's Reggie, Joey, Frankie,  
Johnny, Tony...and Danny Trejo.

DONNA  
Shit. I dated him in high school.  
Oh, that guy too. Damn, Weird Nick  
is still weird.

BEATRICE  
You know Weird Nick?

DONNA  
He spends a lot of time at Costco.

Beatrice throws down her belongings on the table making a THUD.

BEATRICE  
Okay boys, we have a lot of work to  
do. Our target, JESS CARGUILIANO.

Steffie holds up Jess' SLUTTY DUCKFACE Facebook profile picture.

DANNY  
Are we gonna kill her?

BEATRICE  
No. But we are gonna SAVE Ray.

DANNY  
Cool. When do we kill her?

BEATRICE  
Nope.

Everyone SCREAMS over each other. We hear snippets of -

GUY  
She's crazy!

GUY #2  
Get this girl out of here!

WEIRD NICK  
Please stay.

DONNA  
Beatrice, let's go home.

Steffie is just full volume screaming. Beatrice picks up a GUN sitting on the table and SHOOTS it in the air.

The GUNFIRE cause everyone to DRAW weapons simultaneously. Beatrice DUCKS as she looks at the hole in the ceilings.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
What the FUCK Beatrice?

STEFFIE  
I need to go.

BEATRICE  
EVERYBODY SHUT UP. Just shut up!

Everyone lowers their weapons and stares at her in shock.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
I have a plan I developed with my very bright associate Steffie and my mother. So you boys better give Steffie your undivided attention and stop acting like a bunch of kids.

Steffie clears her throat. She shakes as she speaks quickly, with her eyes closed.

STEFFIE  
Hi guys so Jess kidnapped Ray and is most likely keeping him in one of the Carguliano safe houses and with your help I think we can narrow it down and oh my god I'm going to scream again -

Beatrice covers Steffie's mouth.

DONNA  
If you guys know anything, it's crime. And if I know anything, it's that Staten Island is really fucking small. There's the pool, the mall, the car dealership, Clove Lakes Park -

DANNY

Nah, if he's at the park, he's dead.

DONNA

Okay. Look, you all have a deep affection for my daughter, which is highly concerning, and just know after this is all done, you will never see her again -

BEATRICE

BUT before that, let's split up, take down that fucking bitch Jess, and have SOME FUN!

Suddenly a foot BURSTS through the DOOR, knocking it open. It's Jeanine! She holds a shotgun.

JEANINE

Who shot a hole in my floor? I just had my carpet steamed.

BEATRICE

That was me. My bad.

JEANINE

Beatrice! What are you doing here?

BEATRICE

We're trying to save Ray. He's been kidnapped.

Jeanine is touched.

JEANINE

And here I am thinking he just finally moved out! Let's go get my grandson.

They all CHEER. Let's fucking do this.

EXT. SWIM CLUB/INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY

Beatrice looks for clues. She examines the ice cream truck. A PUG hangs from the rearview mirror. It's a little sad. She really misses Ray. Interrupting her moment -

PUNY KID

Excuse me, are you selling ice cream?

BEATRICE  
 (Screaming like Ray would)  
 Does it look like I'm selling ice  
 cream? I'm mourning. Go take a  
 walk! Get outta here!

The kid runs away CRYING. Ray would be proud. Beatrice jumps  
 out of the truck to find -

LENA  
 Hey Beatrice! What's up?

BEATRICE  
 (surprised)  
 Hi...where's Tori? I really miss  
 how she elevates a conversation.

LENA  
 Tori's like really boring. Unlike  
 you. I'm your friend again. Want to  
 hang out? I know Ben is like in the  
 hospital but with Ben's friends,  
 maybe?

Beatrice takes this in. The "I'm your friend, again" washes  
 over her.

BEATRICE  
 Lena, why do you want to be my  
 friend?

LENA  
 Well, you're really cool now. I  
 mean you've been hanging out with  
 like cool high schoolers and you  
 like do cool stuff. It's really  
 cool.

BEATRICE  
 I don't want to be your friend,  
 Lena. I'm sorry I ever did.

Beatrice walks away, a reassurance she never knew she needed.

LENA  
 What? Beatrice, wait! Is it cause  
 I'm not cool? Beatrice, I can do  
 Pixie.

Beatrice SPINS around quickly.

BEATRICE  
 NO. God, no. Just like chill out.  
 Be nice. You're kind of a bitch.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The gang in VARIOUS places across Staten Island looking for Ray. Like a really poor casting of an Ocean's 11 remake.

- INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Steffie wears all black, trying to blend in. A teary eyed woman bends down to Steffie's eye level -

WOMAN

I'm sorry for your loss. Was Edward your grandfather?

STEFFIE

No, I'm looking for my friend's friend who's been kidnapped and this funeral home is actually a front for the mafia.

The woman looks horrified.

STEFFIE (CONT'D)

But thank you.

- EXT. STATEN ISLAND STREET - DAY

There are three identical BAGEL STORES next to each other.

DONNA

I mean at least one of them's gotta be a front.

-INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Jeanine walks into the geriatric version of The Bachelor.

JEANINE

I may not find Ray, but Mr. Carguiliano Senior could be lucky husband #4.

She RAISES her foot onto the pedal of a wheelchair and lifts up her skirt slightly, starting with her orthopedic shoes.

JEANINE (CONT'D)

Wait 'til you see what I can do without my dentures.

- INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Weird Nick walks into the police unit.

WEIRD NICK

I didn't think this would be a Carguiliano spot...

COPS immediately pounce on him. There's WANTED signs all over with his face on it.

WEIRD NICK (CONT'D)

This was a set up.

- INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Danny Trejo watches the news. Interrupting a Jess Car Commercial is... BREAKING NEWS.

NEWS ANCHOR (TV)

A new drug Pixie is spreading across the borough. New evidence shows the drug is laced with TOLUENE, a common chemical found in both whippets and hair dye.

END MONTAGE

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SWIM CLUB - DAY

Beatrice is watching the SAME NEWS on her phone. She begins putting the pieces in her head together.

BEATRICE

Hair dye...LENA. We have to go to your hair salon right now. Does it have a basement?

LENA

What? Yeah. But no. I just decided we're not going to be friends.

BEATRICE

We decided. Lena, this is an emergency! Ugh, I hate that I have to keep doing this.

Beatrice pulls out her GUN and HOLDS it on Lena. Lena SCREAMS.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Will you please take me to your hair salon?

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Beatrice runs in with Lena.

BEATRICE

RAY! RAY, can you hear me?

LENA

Just wait 'til all my followers know you held me at gunpoint. Harry Styles was held at gunpoint and his fans ATE that shit up.

Beatrice texts her mom, not listening. CU ON PHONE: "HAIR SALON. NOW."

BEATRICE

Is there a basement or a closet or something a villain would stuff a grown man into?

LENA

Oh my God, what weird shit are you into?

INT. BAGEL SHOP - DAY

Donna leans on the counter, when her phone beeps -

DONNA

Yeah can I get a half pound mozzarella, roast beef, and gabagool -

She reads the text and immediately DIALS her phone.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Jeanine, we're going to the salon.

Brief pause.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Yeah the one on third. No the one across the street. I know, they're all closed on Mondays, it's dumb.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Beatrice begins tearing up the salon when -



SUSAN

Beatrice, I haven't seen you in a while. I would know, you're hard to miss.

Beatrice faces her, too tired to acknowledge the diss -

BEATRICE

It's hard to explain, but my friend is in serious trouble and this girl Jess kidnapped him and she makes her drugs with hair dye - and I have this feeling she might have him here. You have to help me, Mrs. Wilshire, please.

SUSAN

Oh, it's Ms. Carguiliano now. My maiden name. I'm trying it out before the divorce.

Beatrice could vomit. The room begins spinning. She knew Susan was bad, but never expected this.

BEATRICE

Carguiliano? Like Jess Carguiliano? Oh my God. You're -

SUSAN

Jess's sister. Yeah. It took you a second to get there.

BEATRICE

I don't understand...

SUSAN

What? You thought my husband was a mob boss? That's just not very feminist of you.

Lena is so unaware it's annoying.

LENA

Hey guys...what's going on?

Beatrice tries to RUN.

SUSAN

BOYS. GRAB HER.

Beatrice raises her gun when out of NOWHERE - Jess's macho HENCHMEN appear and tackle Beatrice.

In the tackle, the guns fires -

SHOOTING the mirror.

LENA

AHHHH!

SUSAN

Aw. That felt symbolic somehow.  
LENA, get your things. You have  
dance at six.

Lena is sobbing.

LENA

What is happening?

SUSAN

Do you think Miley Cyrus cried when  
her friend tried to shoot her mom?  
No. She worked harder.

The HENCHMEN carry Beatrice to the basement.

BEATRICE

Can't we just talk about this? YOU  
HAVE TERRIBLE COMMUNICATION SKILLS,  
SUSAN!

SUSAN

That's what my ex-husband said. The  
first one.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY

JEANINE drives full speed ahead, the whole gang is packed  
inside.

JEANINE

I haven't felt this alive since I  
broke my husband out of prison in  
the summer of '76!

DANNY

I think I love her.

DONNA

Don't miss it. It's coming up.

JEANINE

With these cataracts? I see 30/20.

Steffie SOBS -

STEFFIE

Where... are... the seat belts?!

INT. HAIR SALON - BASEMENT - DAY

Jess sits in a chair, taking selfies on her phone.

JESS

I feel like Valencia is more natural but it's just not ME.

Ray sits tied up in a folding chair. Jess talking is worse than Guantanamo. The henchmen carry a FIGHTING and GRUNTING Beatrice down the stairs. They begin tying her up.

BEATRICE

I will make this hard for you. Hell is a teenage girl.

Ray's face lights up, and then deflates even further.

RAY

Beatrice! No.

JESS

What the fuck guys? You were supposed to tell me when she was here so I could spin, like this -

She slowly spins around in her chair like a Bond villain.

JESS (CONT'D)

Whatever. And I heard someone get shot. Did I not spend extra money on the pillows, people? Come on!

BEATRICE

You're a coward.

JESS

And you're tied up in my basement so...

RAY

I'm sorry, Beatrice. I've had a lot of time to think and it wasn't right getting you involved in this. It was fun!

BEATRICE

It was fun.

RAY

But it wasn't right. I'm sorry.

BEATRICE

No, I'm sorry. I just wanted to be special and cool. And a criminal.

RAY

Most criminals are not special and cool.

BEATRICE

I'm beginning to realize that now.

RAY

You're a special kid.

BEATRICE

Are you crying?

RAY

Shut up. I love you.

BEATRICE

I love you, too. You're the best drug dealer I've ever had.

RAY

You're the best kid I ever knew about having.

Jess cuts the cuteness -

JESS

That was so fucking adorable, holy shit. I don't want to kill you anymore.

BEATRICE

Wait, really?

JESS

I'll let my henchman do it.

BEATRICE

I never snitched.

Jess gets real low, bending to Beatrice's eye level.

JESS

But you will. Because you're not like me Beatrice. You could have been.

(MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)  
 You could have had everything. You  
 could have been beautiful.

WHEN -

DONNA (O.S.)  
 SHE IS BEAUTIFUL!

BAM. DONNA enters, swinging a blow dryer and KNOCKING Jess in  
 the face. The whole gang is here.

JESS  
 Not the face! Not the face!

Beatrice watches in AWE. She's never seen her mom so badass  
 before.

BEATRICE  
 Mom!

Suddenly - Donna and Jess are fighting hand to hand, Staten  
 Island style. French manicures second as claws. The HENCHMEN  
 raise their guns, but Danny Trejo and Jeanine are fucking  
 LOADED.

A shootout begins. Jeanine was definitely an undercover spy  
 during the cold war, girl has AIM. Steffie is continuously  
 SCREAMING at the top of her lungs, as she unties Beatrice and  
 Ray.

CUT TO:

INT. HAIR SALON - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Susan and Lena are tied up together. You vaguely hear the  
 downstairs commotion, but it's not nearly as loud as their  
 identical UGLY CRY.

LENA  
 You told me we weren't poor anymore  
 because you were a good Catholic.

SUSAN  
 Stop crying! It's bad for your  
 skin! FUCK!

BACK TO:

INT. HAIR SALON - BASEMENT - DAY

JESS sits on the floor crying, while Donna wipes the blood off her hands. Jess's face is FUCKED up and she's unable to move.

JESS

Not my face. Why the face??

Beatrice and her mom EMBRACE for a long time.

DONNA

No one hurts my baby.

The fear washes away and turns to -

DONNA (CONT'D)

If you ever put me in a situation like this again, you are in so much goddamn trouble.

BEATRICE

Where'd you learn to fight like that?

DONNA

I did a lot of crazy shit in college. You get this from me.

Jeanine hugs Ray tightly.

RAY

I'm sorry you had to see me like this, nonna.

JEANINE

Eh, I once did the same thing for your father.

DANNY

Should I get these bodies out of here before they wake up?

BEATRICE

Yeah that's *your* job, Danny. Come on.

RAY

(to Beatrice)

You really got them in order.

Beatrice HUGS Ray tightly. Ray doesn't know how to react. He hugs back. Beatrice comes out of the hug and realizes she is covered in blood.

BEATRICE

Oh my GOD, Ray!

Ray has been shot, but like not near an artery, relax.

RAY

Oh yeah. I'll just rinse it out with a White Claw or something. I'm fine.

SIRENS start ringing out.

RAY (CONT'D)

Shit. You know I'm gonna have to disappear for a while, right?

BEATRICE

Ya know criminals aren't cool or special, so it makes sense you pick something else.

RAY

That's my line.

BEATRICE

It's a good line.

(to Danny)

Danny, can we pick up the pace a little bit?

Ray smiles bittersweetly. Shit, he loves that kid.

EXT. HAIR SALON - DAY

JESS is being taken away in the back of a squad car. Her nose is completely BROKEN. Susan follows closely behind, as Donna and Beatrice watch from the sideline.

SUSAN

Let go of my sister! I want a lawyer! Donna! Donna, tell them I had no part in this. You're my friend.

DONNA

No I'm not. But I bet you'll make lots of friends in prison, Susan.

JESS

Do you know who I am? Have you seen the Carguliano auto-parts commercial?

Donna, Beatrice, and Jeanine stare in disbelief as the cops cars drive away. Donna runs her fingers through Beatrice's hair.

BEATRICE

I did this.

DONNA

Everyone makes mistakes...

A smile grows on Beatrice's face.

BEATRICE

I stopped the fastest growing drug ring in Staten Island.

DONNA

Okay, we're going home. You started it. I stopped it. Come on. Stop smiling.

BEATRICE

You're the one smiling.

DONNA

Yeah, cause Susan is going to do so badly in prison.

EXT. BEATRICE'S HOUSE - DAY

TITLE CARD: Two Weeks Later, Last Day of Summer

Beatrice and Steffie sit in a very small blown up pool in the yard. Jeanine sips sangria in a beach chair.

BEATRICE

I'm sorry I got us kicked out of the pool club.

STEFFIE

It really was only us two that hung out there anyway.

BEATRICE

Wow. I feel SO ready for high school. I got this all figured out now.

Donna comes outside, holding a bottle of sunscreen and a LETTER.



DONNA

Beatrice, I got a letter for you  
from a... Roy? Oh. I wonder who it  
could be.

Beatrice runs from the pool, grabbing the letter.

STEFFIE

Read it out loud!

BEATRICE

Ahhh, okay, okay.

She clears her throat. A flare for the dramatics.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

"Dear Beatrice, if you're reading  
this, it's too late." Wait, what?

She continues.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

"I'm kidding. I'm doing great.  
Because of you I'm finally living  
my own life."

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Ray rides on a train.

BEATRICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"I went to the most magical place  
in the world: New Mexico."

- Ray walking through the desert, sweating heavily and out of  
breath.

BEATRICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"I'm studying painting and I've  
even gone out of my comfort zone."

- Ray painting a picture of a Corgi.

BEATRICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"I miss you very much and hope  
you're staying out of trouble.  
Congratulations on the PSA  
commercial. Love, Ray"

END MONTAGE

JEANINE

I'm his grandmother and I haven't  
gotten one letter so far.

Beatrice holds in laughter. She closes her eyes with content.

DONNA

Oh! Come inside, it's starting!!

INT. BEATRICE'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They all gather around the same TV screen from the opening scene. Donna leans her head on Beatrice proudly.

ON TV: It's Beatrice, standing in front of a precinct in all her bubbly Beatrice glory. Not trying to be anything, but herself.

BEATRICE (TV)

Hi. I'm Beatrice. Boy, did I have a summer! You may have heard about this cool drug, Pixie. But I learned drugs are not cool.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

Beatrice smiles. She looks almost into the camera. She winks.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Well. Not *all* of them.

THE END