

ICE CREAM

Written by

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Address
Phone Number

INT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

DAN, a slightly-more-attractive-than-average thirty-something white man, sits across from HAYDEN, a pretty twenty-three-year-old grad student. Both are dressed to the nines, in a suit and gorgeous red dress that shows off all of Hayden's curves. The restaurant is beautiful, full of people, and obviously expensive. Both of them are smiling.

Dan has a ring box out and open to a glinting diamond. Hayden eyes it with glee. Her excitement is practically rolling off her in waves

HAYDEN
Yes!

DAN
Yes?

HAYDEN
Yes!

DAN
(nervous)
Really? I know it's only been a few months but I really feel like you're the one for me and-

Hayden stands up and rounds the table to him.

HAYDEN
Of course I'll marry you. Now stop talking.

DAN
(standing up)
I love you.

He sweeps her into a chaste kiss.

HAYDEN
(giggling against his lips)
I love you more.

He pulls away just long enough to put the ring on her finger. Hayden admires it on her hand and watches as Dan brings her ring finger to his lips and kisses it sweetly.

Dan releases her hand and pulls her back into a kiss that deepens until it's almost too much for public. The people at the tables around them applaud with smiles.

Hayden blushes, noticing the audience. Dan grabs her butt and she giggles against his lips.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SFX: CRIMSON AND CLOVER by TOMMY JAMES AND THE SHONDELLS

SFX: KEYS FUMBLING IN LOCK

The door slams open to let in Dan and Hayden, still lip-locked. Hayden attempts to drop her keys into a dish on her entryway credenza, a beautiful antique inlaid with gold. She misses and the keys fall to the floor. Dan tries to do the same and his fall on the floor next to Hayden's.

They stumble through the apartment, clothes being tugged off along the way. Hayden loses a shoe, Dan his jacket. Earrings here, pants there.

The interior of the apartment is beautiful, shabby but comfy and well-furnished.

Dan and Hayden finally make it to the room and stumble, racing to get the rest of their clothes off. The two of them finally make it into bed, Dan on his back and Hayden on top.

HAYDEN
(adoration in eyes)
I love you.

DAN
I love you more.

Hayden leans down and kisses him. Dan grabs her waist and rolls on top of her as she giggles.

FADE TO:

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Dan and Hayden lay in bed, covers pulled up to their necks. Both are breathing heavy and happy. Dan rolls onto his side and looks at Hayden tenderly.

DAN
I'll be right back.

Hayden nods and kisses his nose.

HAYDEN
 (softly)
 Okay.

Dan gets out of bed, naked save some briefs. He leaves the room with a wink.

As soon as he's out, Hayden pulls her left hand out from under the covers. She admires her brand new rock, glinting in the low light. She presses her lips together, beyond happy with her predicament.

There's the distinct sound of a bottle of champagne being popped. Hayden reaches for her phone and bites her lip. She begins to type.

Dan reenters the room, two champagne flutes in hand. The one in his right bubbles much more than the other. He hands that one to Hayden and climbs back into bed.

DAN
 (peering at her phone)
 What're you doing?

HAYDEN
 (typing one-handed)
 Telling my parents that I am now an engaged woman.

Dan furrows his brow. He gently takes her phone and tosses it to the foot of the bed while she makes a half-hearted grabbing gesture toward it.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
 (confused)
 What was that for?

DAN
 Let's just... live in the moment.
 The two of us. There'll be time to tell our families tomorrow. Right now, I want it to be just you and me. How's that sound?

HAYDEN
 (smiling)
 I think I can manage.

Dan raises his champagne flute and clinks glasses with Hayden.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
 (cheerfully)
 To us!

Dan doesn't respond, just smiles without his eyes over the rim of his glass. He watches Hayden take a long sip of her champagne before he joins, taking a small sip of his own.

INT. APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Hayden stirs and then smiles softly. She reaches to the other side of the bed and her eyebrows pull down in confusion. She pats around for a moment before opening her eyes to an empty bed.

HAYDEN

Dan?

(no response)

Dan?

Nothing. Hayden sits up and looks around, confused. She's wearing only a large shirt, presumably one of Dan's.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

(to herself)

What the fuck?

She looks around the room, taking it in. There is literally nothing but the bed in it. Even Dan's pillow has disappeared. Her confusion goes from confusion to fear.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

What the fuck.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Hayden stares at the empty kitchen. All of the drawers are pulled out and emptied. The doors of empty cabinets hang open, barely on their hinges.

HAYDEN

(angry)

What the fuck.

CUT TO:

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hayden stares at an emptied bedroom. There are scratch marks in the hardwood where a bed has been dragged out.

HAYDEN
What the fuck.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hayden looks at an empty living room. There's a dark rectangle of paint on the wall where a painting has been removed.

HAYDEN
What the fuck.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hayden stares at the missing credenza by the front door. Her keys are still on the ground from the night before but Dan's are gone. She pauses and looks at her left hand. Her engagement ring is still there. Hope.

Hayden runs back into her room and throws open her closet. It's empty besides a pair of rubber flip flops. She sighs.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Hayden stands outside a high-rise in nothing but Dan's button-down from the night before and a pair of rubber flip flops. It's October and she's shivering, both with cold and stress.

She storms the automatic front door, charging the elevators. A DOORMAN is sitting behind the desk and stands when she enters.

DOORMAN
Ma'am? Ma'am! Stop!

Hayden rushes past her, determined to get upstairs.

DOORMAN (CONT'D)
(grabbing her arm and
stopping her)
Hey! You can't go up there.

HAYDEN
I'm sorry. My fiance lives here and
I'm kinda in the middle of a
crisis.

DOORMAN
 (placating her)
 Okay. Okay. That's fine. What's
 their name? I'll ring you up.

HAYDEN
 Dan. Dan Smith.

The Doorman stops in their tracks.

DOORMAN
 Dan Smith? There's no one here by
 that name.

HAYDEN
 That's... not true. This is his
 address. Daniel Smith? Maybe?

DOORMAN
 Ma'am, I know everyone in the
 building and there's no Dan Smith.
 I'm sorry.

HAYDEN
 (laughing)
 That's not true. He told me this is
 his address. Apartment 69?

DOORMAN
 (eyeing her)
 Ma'am that's... do you know how
 ridiculous that sounds?

HAYDEN
 No.

DOORMAN
 I'm going to have to ask you to
 leave. I'm sorry.

The doorman ushers her out, Hayden digging in her heels the
 whole way.

DOORMAN (CONT'D)
 (releasing her outside)
 I'm sorry, but you either need to
 get some help, mentally, or your
 man lied to you. Have a good day.

Doorman reenters the building. Hayden remains still, staring
 up at it. Tears well in her eyes, more of anger than sadness.

After a moment, she blinks them away and lifts her left hand to rub her face, turning it so the engagement ring catches the morning sun.

HAYDEN
 (seething, looking at the
 ring)
 That son of a bitch.

TITLE: ICE CREAM

FADE TO:

TITLE CARD READS: EIGHT MONTHS LATER

EXT. COURTYARD OF BRUNCH RESTAURANT - LATE MORNING

All four members of the DOUGHERTY FAMILY sit at a table laden with half-eaten breakfasts. There's a coffee mug in front of each and Hayden and her younger sister, ALEX DOUGHERTY - twenty-one and rebellious - have mimosas. PAT DOUGHERTY, mid-fifties, smiles happily as her husband, SEAN DOUGHERTY, opens a gift.

Sean's smile falters as he pulls out a pack of black socks.

HAYDEN
 (smiling)
 Happy birthday, Dad!

SEAN
 (forcing a smile)
 Socks. Thanks.

HAYDEN
 (her smile falling)
 I know you're always losing them.
 (beat)
 I'm sorry it's not more. It's just,
 you know, money and... whatever.
 It'll be better next year. Promise.

SEAN
 (leaning to hug her)
 No. No, it's nice. Really. Very
 thoughtful of you. I need these.
 Thank you.

He kisses her forehead and Hayden smiles again. Alex watches all of this go down with her mimosa raised to her lips.

Pat follows all this with bated breath, waiting until everyone's settled again.

PAT
(under her breath)
Maybe if you got a job...

Alex takes a long sip, enjoying this.

HAYDEN	SEAN
(defensive)	(warning)
I have a real job.	Pat.

Pat shrugs and cuts into her pancakes.

PAT
A valet is not a real job. You know that.

ALEX
(indignant, setting down
her drink)
Hey! Excuse me.

PAT
(patting her arm)
You're in college. It counts for you.
(to Hayden)
When you drop out it doesn't.

HAYDEN
First of all? Rude. Also, I did graduate, you know. I dropped out of grad school and-

PAT
-And then out of med in the future. I know. You don't need to remind me. And for what? Some guy?

HAYDEN
'Some guy'? You mean the guy who convinced me to be a doctor in the first place, proposed, and then robbed me blind? That guy?

ALEX
Douche.

Pat glares at her. Alex sips her mimosa with a smile. Pat turns back to Hayden.

SEAN
(warning)
Pat. Stop.

PAT
Yes, he made some mistakes-

<p>HAYDEN (eyes wide) Some!?</p>	<p>ALEX (laughing) Mom!</p>
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PAT
(undeterred)
-But he did get that right. You
would've made a wonderful
psychologist!

ALEX
(to herself)
A psychologist who couldn't tell
that her boyfriend was a grade A
grifter.

Hayden shoots her a glare and picks at her omelet. Sean
laughs out loud. Pat and Hayden look at him and he smothers
it with coffee.

PAT
(gesturing toward Alex)
Maybe if she had her Master's she
would've known.

HAYDEN
(head to table)
Oh my God, Mom.
(Raising up to look at
her)
You didn't even help me try to find
him.

PAT
Now that's not true. We called the
cops!

HAYDEN
You called the insurance agency.
And only after I told you he took
the credenza.

PAT
(emphatically)
Your *grandmother's* credenza. It was
an antique!

SEAN
 (Chiming in)
 Your mother did love that thing.

PAT
 (moving on)
 Besides, you called the cops and they said there was nothing to do. The man didn't exist. It's what you get for trusting a thirty-five year old named *Dan*.

SEAN
 (thoughtfully)
 I never did like him.

Alex laughs. Sean shrugs and sips his coffee. Hayden appears to be in physical pain.

HAYDEN
 (after a beat)
 Whatever. A valet is a real job. Not my fault Uncle Chris doesn't pay me enough or give me enough hours.

PAT
 (rolling her eyes)
 Not this again. You get tips.

HAYDEN
 Sometimes.

ALEX
 I wish.

PAT
 Then find a better job. Or, better yet, go back to school and we'll pay for things again.

HAYDEN
 I don't want that.

PAT
 Then stop being a child.

Hayden's patience finally wears out. She stands and starts gathering her things.

HAYDEN
 (in a hurry)
 I have to go. I work later and I want to shower before I need to leave.

Hayden downs her mostly-full mimosa. She grabs her jacket and gives her dad a kiss.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
Happy birthday, Dad. Love you!

SEAN
(startled)
Oh- Thanks, hun. Love ya.

Hayden leaves. Alex drains her mimosa as well and then makes a big show of looking at her nonexistent watch.

ALEX
Well, look what time it is. It's been great, guys, but I actually also have work tonight.

PAT
(brow furrowed)
Don't you have a class tonight?

Alex waves her off and turns to her dad.

ALEX
Open your gift, Dad!

Sean grabs the other present and tears it open. After a moment, the exact same pair of socks unravels. There's a beat where everyone is silent.

Sean bursts into laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Hayden putters around her kitchen in a big t-shirt with her wet hair in a towel. She makes herself a sandwich. The kitchen is still bare. It looks like she just moved in. A cabinet is opened. The only thing inside is a pack of paper plates and a variety box of plastic utensils.

A cat jumps onto the counter where Hayden is putting jelly onto her PB&J. She pauses and looks at the cat. The cat looks directly into her sandwich. After a moment he sneezes twice, right into the middle of the sandwich.

HAYDEN
(not angry, just tired)
Goddammit, Misty.

The cat slinks off. Hayden stares after him for a moment. She looks back to her broken PB&J. Hayden sighs and closes the sandwich

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hayden sits on her bare floor, back to a ratty loveseat that also happens to be the only piece of furniture in the room. Misty lounges next to her, content. She takes a bite of her sandwich and chews slowly. Her phone rings as she takes another bite.

HAYDEN
(with food in her mouth)
Hello?

Hayden listens for a moment, still chewing. She coughs and swallows.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
(blinking)
I'm sorry, what?

CUT TO:

INT. NAIL SALON - CONTINUOUS

AMY, twenty-nine and dressed in the latest fashion, gets her nails done. Her phone is propped between her shoulder and ear and she barely seems to pay attention to the conversation.

AMY
Yeah so *I'm* Amy Reede. I'm an attorney with Reede and Duane. Is this not Hayden Dougherty?

INTERCUT HAYDEN/AMY

HAYDEN
(slowly)
This is...

AMY
Am I correct in the fact that you dated one Daniel Smith?

HAYDEN
(one brow raised)
Dan the Douche?
(MORE)

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Dan-who-stole-all-my-money-then-
peaced-to-God-knows-where?
Unfortunately.

AMY

Amazing-

HAYDEN

(bitter)
Not for me.

AMY

Anyways. I also dated Dan and he
stole my shit, too. Proposed then
snagged my Red Bottoms. I-

HAYDEN

(confused)
He only took your shoes?

AMY

No. He took everything.

Hayden listens, half-speechless at the idea that she isn't alone. Misty starts eating the discarded sandwich but Hayden doesn't notice, fully engrossed in her conversation.

AMY (CONT'D)

Whatever. I've been tracking the
ass for the better part of seven
years and all the sorry bitches
he's left in his wake.

HAYDEN

(blinking)
Um...

AMY

(waving her off)
Don't worry. I'm also one of them.
But I think I finally found the
dick.

Hayden sits up straight. She props her phone between her ear and shoulder in the same manner as Amy. She picks up the sandwich without looking at it and takes a bite, shooing Misty in the process. She listens carefully and chews.

AMY (CONT'D)

(Shifting. Nail artist
starts right hand)
He stole all our shit and stuck his
ass on a flight down to fucking
Florida of all places.
(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

Now I'm left to pick up the pieces
of all these penniless exes he left
behind.

HAYDEN

(indignant)
I'm not penniless-

AMY

(angry)
Fucking Florida! Fuck!

The nail salon grows quiet and all heads turn to Amy. She
doesn't even notice and continues on.

AMY (CONT'D)

Anyways. I'm calling all the girls
and then taking us down to Florida
to beat his ass. You in?

Hayden inhales quickly and once again chokes on her sandwich

HAYDEN

(clearing her throat)
You're what?

AMY

(to her nail technician)
No. The other blue. The other one.
Yeah.

(to Hayden, unbothered)
Yeah I already talked to all the
others and I booked all of us
flights down to LaGuardia for this
Friday at noon.

HAYDEN

But... *today's* Thursday... I
have work tonight. Actually,
also tomorrow!

AMY (CONT'D)

(steamrolling her, heard
through Hayden's phone)
The other girls already said
yes.

AMY (CONT'D)

(utterly unbothered)
Terminal 3 tomorrow. Love ya!
(makes kissy noises and
hangs up)

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hayden looks at her phone for a moment in shock.

HAYDEN
(muttering)
Fuck.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALET STAND - EARLY EVENING

The portico of a swanky New York City hotel, complete with bellhops and valets and a parking lot blocks away. Hayden stands in front of the valet podium, her back straight with her hands behind her, ready. She wears a white button-down shirt and a tie, both neatly pressed and with all the buttons done. Her hair is smoothed into a high pony, not a strand out of place. Her sister, Alex, leans against the podium, arms crossed and utterly careless. Her same uniform looks sacrilegious, the black slacks dirty and the button-down barely tucked, top buttons open. Her tie is completely missing and her hair is unbrushed and held back by a blue bandana.

ALEX
You're going.

HAYDEN
(shrugging)
I don't know. It seems like a waste of time and money. Besides, I have work tomorrow. And Sunday.

ALEX
So?

HAYDEN
So? I need this job. I'm still working to pay back the money I owe Dad from when Dan overdrew my bank account.

ALEX
Fucking idiot.

HAYDEN
I know.
(a beat)
I don't think I'm going to go.

Alex pulls her phone out and starts scrolling. Bits of different videos play softly for a moment before she scrolls to the next.

ALEX
(not looking up)
You're going

HAYDEN
(sighing)
I can't.

ALEX
(glancing up)
You said it's entirely paid for?

HAYDEN
Yeah...

ALEX
(firm)
Then you're going or I am.

HAYDEN
(stomping her feet a bit)
But I can't just like-

A Tesla pulls up. The owner, a tall man in his fifties with grey hair, tosses Hayden the keys. She fumbles for a moment before catching them. She hands him a ticket and he walks inside. Hayden starts walking to his car.

ALEX
(with disgust)
What are you doing.

HAYDEN
(confused)
Parking his car.

ALEX
Don't do that. Seb's here today.
He'll get it. Besides, it's a
Tesla. You know those things drive
themselves.

HAYDEN
That is *not* how that works.

ALEX
(looking back down)
It's close enough.

Hayden begins walking to the car again as SEB jogs up out of breath. He has a face of acne and looks barely old enough to drive in general, all gangly limbs and too big eyes. Alex eyes him and then stands up straight. She holds her arm out.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Give them to me.

HAYDEN
(turning)
What?

ALEX
The keys. Give them to me. I'll
deal with it.

HAYDEN
(surprised)
Oh. Here.

She hands them off and then makes a grab for them again as Alex immediately tosses them to Seb. He catches them and looks up.

ALEX
(to Seb)
There you go. Take the Tesla.

Seb's motionless for moment and looks like he wants to say something. He holds his tongue and just gets in the car.

HAYDEN
(annoyed)
That was rude.

ALEX
(shrugging)
What. Kid loves it. I'll get the
next one and he can take a break.

HAYDEN
(brow cocked)
Mhmm. Sure.

ALEX
What? I will.

HAYDEN
Uncle Chris doesn't pay us to do
nothing.

ALEX
(on her phone)
Chris doesn't like or pay us enough
for me to care what he thinks.

HAYDEN
You're gonna get us fired.

ALEX
 (under her breath)
 Not fast enough.

HAYDEN
 (thinking)
 If I were to go-

ALEX
 If?

HAYDEN
 Yes, *if*. And that's all you're
 getting.
 (beat)
 If I go, can you take my shifts
 this weekend?

ALEX
 (laughing in shock)
 Fuck no. I have the weekend off.
 I'm not giving that up for you, Dan
 be damned. And he should be.
 Fucking dick.
 (beat)
 Just tell Chris you're taking the
 days off.

Hayden pouts and thinks. She looks at Alex, now sitting up
 against the podium and chewing on her thumbnail. She cocks
 her head with an idea.

HAYDEN
 (slowly)
 Alex...

ALEX
 (in the same tone)
 Yes...?

HAYDEN
 Do you wanna go with me? To
 Florida? Tomorrow?

ALEX
 (excited)
 Seriously? I mean, duh. Find and
 fuck up your douchebag ex and a
 vacation? Literally say less.

HAYDEN
 (relieved)
 Okay. Cool. This is okay then. I
 can go to Florida.

ALEX

Oh my God I have to get home and pack.

Alex stands up quickly and the podium rocks in her wake. She starts bouncing around in excitement but stops short.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Wait. You said that that lawyer lady is paying for your ticket...

HAYDEN

(suspicious)

Yeah...

Alex smiles sweetly at her sister. She pulls her hands behind her back and draws on the ground with the toe of her shoe, the image of innocence.

ALEX

(sweet)

Am I going to also get a free ticket?

Hayden thinks hard for a moment before sighing.

HAYDEN

Half. I'll pay half.

ALEX

(nodding)

Done.

Seb jogs back up to them, puffing just as much as before. The girls look at him. A BMW X6 pulls up and a bleach-blonde housewife gets out. Seb opens his mouth to say something to Hayden and Alex just in time for the woman to toss him her keys.

HOUSEWIFE

(wary)

Careful. She was washed today.

Seb grunts and looks to the girls like he wants to say something. Hayden busies herself getting the lady a ticket, avoiding his eyes. Alex just looks at him. The lady goes inside.

ALEX

Go on. She gave *you* the keys and the instructions.

Seb walks away, sullen. Alex rolls her eyes as he gets in the car.

ALEX (CONT'D)

God I hate that kid. First job and he thinks he owns the place just because he's Chris' kid.

(beat)

Are you sure you can't pay the whole thing?

Hayden puts her forehead to the podium and groans.

CUT TO:

INT. UBER - NEXT MORNING

Hayden and Alex are smooshed together in the back of a bright red Kia Soul. Their bags are crowding their feet, a small duffel for Hayden and a large suitcase for Alex with a matching backpack between them. Hayden's in jeans and a long-sleeved T-shirt while Alex wears shorts and a T-shirt.

There's a motorized bicycle in the trunk taking up all of the space back there. In the passenger seat is a Great Dane with his head out the window. There is no space left in the vehicle.

Their Uber driver is young and way too excited to engage them in conversation. He keeps turning around to look at them and swerving the vehicle.

UBER DRIVER

(turned around, smiling)

So? Florida! Vacation! Exciting!

Hayden watches the road ahead, gripping the 'oh shit' handle.

HAYDEN

Not vacation, no.

Alex grins back at him, happy to indulge.

ALEX

Ignore her. She's lonely.

(leaning forward
conspiratorially)

We're actually going for work.

UBER DRIVER

(fully focused on Alex)

Oh? What kind?

They swerve and Hayden grips tighter. Her other hand digs into the seat, trying to find purchase.

ALEX
(whispering)
We're spies.

HAYDEN
(warning)
Alex...

ALEX
(growing comfortable in
character)
Secret Agents.

UBER DRIVER
(dumbfounded, fooled)
Spies? In my car? Why me?

ALEX
(sitting back)
I can't tell you that.
Confidential. You understand.

UBER DRIVER
(nodding sagely)
Of course, ma'am.

HAYDEN
(exasperated)
She's not-

The Uber Driver swerves around a car so hard that Hayden hits the door and Alex half-lands on her lap.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
(the thought occurring)
Actually, no. She's right. We're
secret agents on our way to the
airport for secret agent business
in Florida-

UBER DRIVER
(reverent, swerving)
No way.

HAYDEN
(continuing on, teeth
gritted)
-Anyways. If you could not kill us
before our mission that would be
awesome.

UBER DRIVER
(confused)
What?

He swerves again. Alex accidentally elbows Hayden and she groans. The dog starts barking, his head thrown back inside.

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)
 (on the dog bark)
 Oh. Got it.

He straightens out the wheel and smiles pleasantly in the mirror at them. Alex brightly smiles back.

CUT TO:

INT. UBER - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

The driver stops and the girls gather their bags. They thank him and he nods at them, still happy to help.

Hayden goes to open the door, only to find it flung open before she touches the handle. AMY stands there, tall and imposing. Hayden's forced to crane her neck to get a good look at her.

AMY
 Hayden Dougherty?

Hayden climbs out of the car, sliding past Amy with her bag. Alex follows her.

HAYDEN
 (wary)
 Yes... Amy?

Amy's eyes light up and she pulls Hayden in for a hug, squealing in excitement. It's an oddly child-like gesture from a very adult woman.

Hayden is nowhere near as excited, obviously trying to put distance between Amy and herself.

UBER DRIVER
 (rolling down his window)
 Safe travels, Ladies. God be with you.

ALEX
 (to the driver)
 Bye!
 (to the dog, in a cutesy voice)
 Bye, Brucey!

He salutes out the window, his departure punctuated by a deep bark from Bruce the dog. Amy drops Hayden.

AMY
What was that about?

Alex pulls up next to Hayden, dragging their suitcases.

ALEX
(simply)
I told him we were spies.

AMY
Why?

ALEX
(shrugging)
The ride was long. Hayden doesn't
talk. I was bored.

AMY
(confused, looking Alex up
and down)
Who are you?

Alex smiles and holds out her hand to shake Amy's.

ALEX
I'm Hayden's sister, Alex.

AMY
Are you...

She trails off.

ALEX
Coming with you? Yes I am. I'm also
the reason Hayden's going.

She grabs Hayden's shoulders and gives them a shake. Hayden
shrugs her off.

HAYDEN
(apologetic)
Ignore her. She's just here for
vacation.

ALEX
Nah. I wanna save the day when you
shit the bed.

Hayden shoves Alex, who stumbles and bounces back up.

HAYDEN
(to Alex)
The only reason I'd
(lowers voice)
(MORE)

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

shit
 (normal voice)
 the bed is because of *you*.

Alex laughs and shoves Hayden back. Others in the terminal are starting to look.

ALEX

Whatever. See if you're still saying that when it's my foot in Douche's ass.

HAYDEN

(sarcastic)
 I'm glad you like your voice so much since I'm always hearing it.

ALEX

(matching tone)
 I'm glad you like your life so much. Oh, wait. You don't have one.

Hayden steps forward as though she's about to toss Alex to the curb. Alex backs away with a smile and a 'do it' look in her eyes. Hayden seems to remember herself in the last second and straightens, composing herself.

Amy, who has been watching this go down like a tennis match with a surprised smile frozen on her face, snaps out of it.

AMY

(clearing her throat)
 It's, um, nice to meet you, Alex.
 The... Uh... The other girls are inside. Waiting. For us.

That seems to snap the sisters out of it. Hayden fixes her hair and brushes her shirt off, all remnants of the sibling fight gone. She swings her duffel over her shoulder. Alex pulls her backpack on and drags her suitcase behind her. They follow Amy, the only sound Alex's flip-flops *thwacking* the cement. After a moment, Alex shoves Hayden with her shoulder and Hayden stumbles.

INT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The girls enter the busy airport. Amy leads them to a row of seats, empty besides two in the middle. One is occupied by BECCA LIMA- 26, beautiful- who is twirling her hair and chatting up another woman. JACKIE JANSON- 32, mousey- is listening to Becca talk incessantly, nodding when needed but otherwise remaining silent.

Becca flounces to a stand when she notices the others, a big smile on her face. Jackie follows, her movements more restrained.

BECCA

(waving)

Hi! Oh my God. Oh my God. I'm so happy you're here.

JACKIE

(softer)

Hey. Good to meet you.

Amy points to each girl. They're singled out one by one.

AMY

Becca Lima. Dan dumped her first. She's fine now. She married a Coppola.

HAYDEN

(eyes wide)

As in...

Becca just shrugs and nods, confirming. Hayden shakes her head in disbelief, accepting it.

AMY

(pointing)

Jackie Janson. Second dumpee. Accountant. Not married to a Coppola.

JACKIE

(deadpan, in good humor)

Not married. Period. Not all of us are as lucky as Becky here.

Becca preens under Jackie's words, happy to be singled out.

AMY

(to Becca and Jackie)

Hayden Dougherty. She was the most recent victim. Like, eight months ago or something. Last one before he vanished for good. She's a...

(pause)

Sorry. What do you do?

HAYDEN

(half under her breath)

Valet.

AMY
 (brightly)
 She's a valet!

Alex snickers. Hayden shoots her a glare.

AMY (CONT'D)
 That's Alex. She's Hayden's
 sister...? Who's here because...?

ALEX
 I'm just here for the ride. *I*
 wasn't stupid enough to fall for
 Dicknozzle.
 (pause)
 No offense.

The girls just stare at her for a moment, caught somewhere
 between offense and laughter. Hayden rolls her eyes.

AMY
 (pinching her nose)
 Can you just...
 (sighing)
 Our flight is boarding now.

Amy starts walking, Becca, and Jackie close behind. Alex
 begins to follow. As soon as she's in front of Hayden, Hayden
 smacks her upside the back of her head. Alex hisses and grabs
 at her hair.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE

Hayden and Alex sit next to each other, an empty middle seat
 between them. The former stares straight ahead, deep in
 thought. Alex has her headphones in and is trying to sleep
 through the takeoff. She sighs and pulls her earbuds out and
 taps Hayden's shoulder.

ALEX
 (to Hayden)
 Hey do you...

She trails off, noticing Hayden's lack of response. She grows
 a bit worried and pokes Hayden two more times before Hayden
 startles.

HAYDEN
 (flustered)
 Yeah?

ALEX

(kind)

Hey. Are you okay? You were kind of... staring.

HAYDEN

(grimacing)

I was? Sorry. I'm fine. Just...

Alex nods, getting her sister's meaning.

ALEX

I know. It's okay. We're going to get him and that'll be the end of it. You'll feel better and then you can quit your job. Go back to school. Do the things you like. Be your old self again!

The seatbelt light turns off. Hayden talks over the announcement that says the passengers are free to move about the cabin.

HAYDEN

(pulling up her legs and wrapping her arms around them)

But what if... I'm not...? What if that's not-

She's cut off by Becca, who flounces into the seat between her and Alex. Becca's bright and smiley, completely contrary to the more somber mood that has befallen the sisters.

BECCA

(cheerful)

Hi! I'm Becca!

HAYDEN

(thrown by her appearance)

Hi. I- We met. Already. At the airport, I mean. I'm Hayden and that's Alex.

(a breath, pulling it together)

Sorry. We were just talking. Do you...?

Hayden gestures vaguely, indicating she would prefer to be left alone.

Becca doesn't seem to catch on at all. Her smile never fades. Instead, she turns fully around in the seat so that her back is to the seat in front of her and she can face both girls at once.

BECCA

(On her movement)

Sorry. Of course. Is this better?

Hayden sighs in defeat, forgetting the conversation she was having.

HAYDEN

Yeah. Yeah, that's better. Thanks.

BECCA

I do know we already met. I just wanted to know more about you two. I already met the others.

(leaning in conspirator-ally)

Between you and me, Amy seems like a bit of a

(soundless, mouthing)

Bitch.

HAYDEN

(brow furrowed)

You've talked to the other girls?

BECCA

(nodding enthusiastically)

We were at the airport like an hour before you guys so we had a bit of time to hangout.

HAYDEN

Oh. Right. Of course. We were running late.

She shoots a glare at Alex, who widens her eyes and spreads her hands in mock innocence.

ALEX

I said I was sorry! My alarm didn't go off!

HAYDEN

Uh huh.

BECCA

(the thought occurring)

Oh!

Becca struggles to sit up. She falls back and Hayden's arm shoots out to catch her before she hits the seat back.

BECCA (CONT'D)
 (grateful)
 Thanks. I'll be right back!

She trips over Hayden's legs to leave, not giving her time to pull them back up.

ALEX
 Well she's...

HAYDEN
 Weird.

ALEX
 (side-eyeing Hayden in
 amusement)
 I was going to say 'a lot' but
 yeah. That too.

HAYDEN
 It's like there's this tiny
 energizer bunny powering her.

ALEX
 (leaning forward to agree)
 I know! How? It's so early!

Hayden pauses and looks at Alex.

HAYDEN
 Dude, it's almost noon.

ALEX
 (digging in)
 Early. Like I said.

Hayden opens her mouth to retort but is paused by Becca's reappearance. There's a slight commotion in the row in front of the girls and a disgruntled business man stands, leaving his seat. Becca's head appears over the top of the seat, smiling as usual

HAYDEN
 (to Becca, confused)
 What was-

JACKIE
 (with a half-smile)
 Hey. Scoot.

She gestures to Hayden's seat. Hayden gets the memo, sliding over so she's in the middle between Jackie and Alex.

HAYDEN
(a little timid)
Hi.

Amy plops into the closest seat in the opposite row, turning so her legs and body face the other girls. A stewardess runs over to Amy, alarmed

STEWARDESS
(quickly)
Excuse me, Ma'am? But you can't
keep your legs...

Amy raises a single brow and the stewardess trails off and leaves with a nod.

No one speaks for a moment, everyone just taking in their new positions in the plane.

BECCA
Sorry. You seemed nervous. I wanted
to introduce you to everyone.

HAYDEN
(sweet, a bit
condescending)
Becca. That's nice, but I did meet
everyone at the airport.

BECCA
(nodding)
I know! But you didn't *meet*
everyone, meet everyone.

JACKIE
She means you missed what we talked
about before you got there.

AMY
(chiming in)
The shit-on-our-ex conversation.

JACKIE
(clarifying)
We were talking about how Dan
messed us up.

ALEX
(under her breath)
Fuckers.

BECCA
 (enthusiastically)
 It was a totally good bonding
 experience!
 (beat)
 Also, I wanted to hear what
 happened to you.

HAYDEN
 (shocked)
 Oh.

AMY
 I'm assuming he gave you one of
these?

She pulls a necklace out from her blouse, revealing a ring identical to the one Hayden received from Dan. Hayden quietly covers her ring finger while Alex watches knowingly, eyes rolling.

Jackie follows suit, pulling the same ring out, this time dangling from her keychain. Becca fishes around in her pocket for a moment, pulling out the loose ring, along with a few coins and a receipt.

They all turn to Hayden expectantly, waiting for her to reveal her's.

HAYDEN
 (delaying)
 You, uh, all still have yours?

AMY
 (shrugging)
 Reminds me of what I lost and what
 I need to do: hit that fuckwad
 where it really hurts.

ALEX
 (guessing)
 The dick?

BECCA
 (winking)
 The wallet.

HAYDEN
 Oh. Of course.

AMY
 So. Where's yours?

HAYDEN
(innocent)
Hmmm?

JACKIE
She wants to know where your ring
is.

BECCA
All of us have them.

AMY
I know it's somewhere. In your
carry-on? Maybe your makeup bag?

Amy stands as though she's about to dig through Hayden's bags herself. She shakes her head quickly to stop her.

HAYDEN
Uh, no. I don't have mine.

AMY
(stopping)
You don't... have it?

HAYDEN
(quickly)
Nope. I, uh, pawned it. Made some
cash off it. It's gone.

Amy begins to say something in response but Alex cuts her off.

ALEX
(sighing)
She's lying. It's on her finger
still. Ring finger. Left hand.

Hayden shoots her a look but uncovers her hand, grumbling at being discovered.

The other girls peer at the ring as Hayden raises her hand to place it amongst the others, identical down to the imperfection in the diamond.

Becca looks at Hayden strangely while Amy looks poised to laugh.

BECCA
(confused)
You... still wear it?

ALEX
(shaking her head sadly)
Hasn't taken it off.

HAYDEN
(indignant)
You all still have yours!

JACKIE
Own them, yes. But wear them...

AMY
(laughing)
Absolutely not. What? You think he's coming back? That broken lightbulb of a man's in Florida. He doesn't care about any of us anymore.

Hayden nods like she gets it, but it's half-hearted.

JACKIE
(grabbing her hands)
Hey. She's right. He's done with us. We need to get over it like he did.
(beat)
He took my cat.

AMY
(laughing, surprised)
What?

JACKIE
(waving her off)
We were together almost three years. We ended up adopting a cat. When he left, not only did he take every single thing I had, he also took my cat.

BECCA
(playing with the ring)
He gave me this hunk of junk and took the one I cared about. My great-grandmother's ring. It's gone.

AMY
(sighing)
Took my best friend.

All eyes swivel, wholly focused on Amy.

AMY (CONT'D)

My best friend was a guy. Dan and I didn't date long, but it was enough to totally scare off Andy for good. Haven't seen or heard from him since.

Becca turns to Alex, who holds her hands up.

ALEX

Don't look at me. The most he took from me was the wishbone last Thanksgiving. I'm just here for moral support.

Hayden rolls her eyes at her sister and turns back to the other girls.

Becca takes her hand from Jackie.

BECCA

See? It just takes time. We're all over it, now.

JACKIE

What did he take from you, anyway?

HAYDEN

Besides the money and furniture?

Jackie nods. Hayden thinks for a moment.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

(seriously)

He took this little credenza thing my mom really liked. She freaked.

All of the girls groan in defeat, slumping away from Hayden as Alex chuckles at her.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

(defensively)

What?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT BAGGAGE CLAIM - TWO HOURS LATER

The girls are gathered around a baggage claim, a single suitcase spinning.

AMY

Well. That is *not* good.

BECCA
 (groaning)
 None of them? None of them made it?

JACKIE
 (gesturing to the last
 bag)
 Unless yours is that one, it
 doesn't look like it.

AMY
 (repeating herself)
 So, so, so not good.

Hayden sits on the side of the baggage claim, chin in hand.

<p>HAYDEN This is wonderful. Off to a great start.</p>	<p>AMY (CONT'D) (to herself) Fuck. Fuck me. Jesus Christ.</p>
--	---

JACKIE
 Hey. Let's just... talk to the
 baggage attendant, yeah? See if he
 can help us at all?

She points to the only attendant on-duty, a short man with messy hair and attire. His head is on his desk, one eye closed as he watches his hands move around the table.

The girls walk over, stopping in front of his desk. The desk attendant is making weird noises and talking to himself while making his hands into people fighting.

ATTENDANT
 (to himself, high-pitched)
 No! No! Please!
 (lower)
 I'm coming!
 (high)
 No! Stop! I'm innocent!

He makes a bunch of fighting and laser noises before having one hand attack the other.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
 (high, screaming in pain)
 Why! Why me! The humanity!

There are more fighting and laser sounds before Alex clears her throat. The attendant looks up, noticing his audience for the first time. He straightens and puts his hands behind his back as though to get rid of the offending actors.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

(same high voice)

Hi ladies.

(clears it, deepens to
normal)

Oh, wow. Hi. Hello. Howdy, ladies.

I'm Charlie. What can I do you for?

CHARLIE attempts to lean his elbow on the desk but misses, forcing him to catch himself before he falls.

BECCA

(laughing)

What were you doing?

CHARLIE

(offended)

I was introducing myself, ma'am.

Now, if you have an issue-

HAYDEN

(grinning)

I think she meant with your hands.

CHARLIE

(matter-of-factly, he does
this often)

Oh, that? Well, you know when you
lean your head just so

(he demonstrates)

And close one eye... Then your
hands look like people and you can
watch movies!

(popping back up)

I call it my hand movies!

AMY

(already done)

Like finger puppets?

Charlie points at Amy in excitement.

CHARLIE

Wow! Yes! Finger puppets. You're
right!

(to the girls)

Look out ladies, you've got a
little bit of a genius on your
hands.

Becca and Alex laugh. Amy rolls her eyes, not seeming to want to give any time to this man.

AMY

(direct)

Look. We just flew in from
Laguardia but none of our bags made
the trip.

CHARLIE

(sad)

Aw, man. That sucks. I really hope
you get them back. Let me know if I
can help you at all.

AMY

(shocked that he's
serious)

Charlie. Isn't it your job to get
them for us?

CHARLIE

(nodding)

Oh yeah. It is, isn't it.

(thinking)

Yeah, I've got nothing. Safe
travels. Maybe try the guy at the
baggage counter?

AMY

(seething)

Charlie. You are the guy at the
baggage counter. Baggage counter
them!

Charlie barely seems to understand this concept, but gets Amy's tone enough to know he needs to help them. He gulps and pulls out a pad of paper and a pen, handing both to Amy.

CHARLIE

(voice shaking)

Write down your names and where
you'll be staying. My boss and I'll
figure it out and we'll deliver
them to you as soon as we can.

Jackie and Hayden nod, happy with that response. Amy isn't. She makes to grab at Charlie. He dances out of her reach and Jackie grabs her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(screaming)

My safe bubble! This is my bubble!

While this is happening, Becca grabs the paper and pen and scribbles a bunch of words.

AMY
 (angry)
 I need my bag! Get it for me!

Charlie presses a button hidden beneath his desk and a red alarm light starts flashing.

CHARLIE
 (scared)
 I'm sorry, man. I need you to respect my safe bubble behind the counter. You did not respect my safe bubble so I called security to throw you out.

HAYDEN
 (hurriedly)
 That won't be necessary. We're leaving. Sorry.

The ladies start to exit the airport, pulling a still angry Amy along.

BECCA
 (to Charlie)
 I wrote my name and our hotel on that paper. Thanks, Charlie!

ALEX
 (over her shoulder)
 Yeah, thanks, Charlie! I'm sorry about your bubble!
 (to Becca)
 What a nice man.

Charlie yells something incoherent and angry after them.

EXT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Jackie tugs a rearing Amy through the sliding glass doors, refusing to let her budge and return inside.

JACKIE
 (struggling)
 You. Have to. Stay here. *Please.*

Amy swings her head around, eyes wide and full of an emotion existing somewhere between fear and rage.

ALEX
 (hands up placatingly)
 Whoa, dude. Chill.

HAYDEN
 (nodding along)
 Yeah, Amy. What's up?

AMY
 (desperate)
 I need my bag.

BECCA
 (rubbing her back)
 Hey, it's okay. It's just stuff. We
 can just run by the store and pick
 up a change of clothes until-

AMY
 (crazed, on the verge of
 yelling)
 I don't care about the clothes! I
 need the coke!

There's a beat when none of the girls say anything. They just
 stare at Amy, who's panting now.

BECCA
 (blinking rapidly)
 The... I'm sorry. Did you say...

AMY
 Coke. Cocaine. There was a block of
 it in the suitcases. I need it.
 Now.

Silence. Not a single sound from any of the girls, even Amy.
 Then, chaos.

All of the girls start talking at once, their voices and
 questions overlapping each other.

HAYDEN
 (backing up)
 That's... You mean 'cacola, right?
 Please say 'cacola.

BECCA
 In your *suitcase*? Jesus, Amy! Why!

ALEX
 (eyes like saucers)
 What the *fuck*, man.

HAYDEN
 (speaking quickly)
 Like, you mean sodas. Like "Haha!
 (MORE)

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Here's a coke! Boy do I love me
some coke. 'cacola."

JACKIE

(stern, the most calm
comparatively)

Amy. Now why would you do that.

ALEX

Fucking a, man. Why the fuck would
you do that.

HAYDEN

Ooh, yay. Can't get enough of my
Cocacola!

Amy looks up, her eyes a little less crazed but still holding
barely any of her pre-flight self.

JACKIE

(patting her back)

It's okay. You left some coke in
your suitcase. It's not the end of
the world. I'm sure this happens
way more often than you think.

BECCA

(agreeing, calming down)

Yeah, exactly. You'll be find.

Amy swings her head around to look at them.

AMY

It's not "some coke" that was lost.
It was a full brick.

The girls get quiet, waiting with bated breath for whatever
Amy is gearing up to say.

AMY (CONT'D)

And it's not just in my suitcase. I
thought that would be suspicious
and noticeable.

BECCA

(pinching her nose)

Oh, God.

JACKIE

What did you do?

AMY
 (shrugging)
 I split it between the five
 suitcases.

Another explosion from the girls.

BECCA
Jesus fuck, Amy. Fuck. Fuck!

HAYDEN
 (simply)
 Damn.

JACKIE
 Now *why the fuck* would you do that?

AMY
 (raising her voice to be
 heard over the others)
 I just thought it would be less
 obvious! Also, I didn't think
 they'd lose our luggage. Those
 fuckers.
 (gearing up to try and get
 back in the airport)
 I'm about to rock that shit-brained
 Polly Pocket in there.

Jackie grabs her again and hauls her back.

<p>JACKIE (final) There will be no rocking of the shit with Charlie. He's just doing his job.</p>	<p>ALEX (curious) Polly Pocket?</p>
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AMY
 (to Alex)
 Small and chewy.

ALEX
 (nodding sagely)
 Nice.

JACKIE
 (straining)
 Either way, chewing
 (she shoots Amy a confused
 and disgusted look)
 Charlie is not how we're going to
 go about this.

Hayden looks up, pain in her eyes.

HAYDEN

(speaking for the first
time in a while)

How? The way I see it, we have a
massively illegal amount of an
illegal substance. Pretty sure
we're doomed.

BECCA

(thinking)

We're not doomed. I think... I
think I know how to get out of
this...

HAYDEN

(voice cracking, rolling
her eyes)

How.

END ACT I

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. UBER - A LITTLE LATER

The girls