

ICE CREAM

Written by

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INT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

DAN (thirty-something, nerdy, white -- a 7/10), sits across from HAYDEN, (twenty-two, pretty, a grad student). Hayden wears a stunning red dress that shows off all her assets. Both smile.

The restaurant is beautiful- packed with people and obviously expensive.

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

HAYDEN

Yes!

DAN

Yes?

HAYDEN

Yes!

DAN

(rambling)

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.

HAYDEN

Yes, I'll marry you. Stop talking.

DAN

(standing up)

I love you.

He sweeps her into a kiss. Hayden giggles against his lips.

HAYDEN

I love you more.

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

Dan releases her hand and pulls her into a kiss 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.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

CRIMSON AND CLOVER by TOMMY JAMES AND THE SHONDELLS PLAYS
OVER THE FOLLOWING

CLOSE-ON: 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 next to Hayden's.

They stumble through the apartment, in a race to get their clothes off. Hayden loses a shoe, Dan his jacket. Earrings here, pants there. They drape over the furniture, discarded.

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

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

HAYDEN
(adoring)
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. 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. 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.

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 re-enters 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
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)
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 they clink glasses.

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 smiles softly. She reaches to the other side of the bed and her brow furrows. She pats around for a moment before opening her eyes to an empty bed.

HAYDEN

Dan?

No response.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Dan?

Nothing. Hayden sits up and looks around, confused. She's only wearing Dan's shirt from the night before.

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 becomes fear.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

What the fuck.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

HAYDEN

(angry)

What the fuck.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

HAYDEN

What the fuck.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hayden stares at the missing credenza by the front door. Her keys are still on the ground. Dan's are gone.

She 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 save a pair of pink crocs. She sighs.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Hayden stands outside a high-rise in nothing but Dan's shirt and crocs. It's October and she shivers from cold and stress.

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

DOORMAN
Miss? Miss! Stop!

Hayden rushes past him, determined to get upstairs.

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

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

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

HAYDEN
Dan. Dan Smith.

The Doorman stops. He looks at her with suspicion.

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

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

DOORMAN
There's a Francis Smith. Do you mean him?

HAYDEN
No! Dan Smith. My fiancé. Please. He lives here!

DOORMAN

Miss, I know everyone in the building and there's no Dan Smith here. I'm sorry.

Hayden laughs, half-crazed.

HAYDEN

That's not true. He told me this is his address. Apartment six-nine?

DOORMAN

Miss that's... do you know how ridiculous that sounds?

HAYDEN

(crossing her arms)

No.

DOORMAN

I have to ask you to leave.

The doorman ushers her out, Hayden digging in her heels.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The doorman releases her outside.

DOORMAN

I'm sorry, but you either need to get some help, mentally, or your man lied to you. Either way, have a good day.

Hayden opens her mouth to retort but he cuts her off.

DOORMAN (CONT'D)

(forceful)

Have a good day!

Doorman re-enters the building.

Hayden remains still, staring at it. Tears well in her eyes, more angry than sad. 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. She stares at it.

HAYDEN

(seething)

That son of a bitch.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE: ICE CREAM

FADE TO:

TITLE CARD: EIGHT MONTHS LATER

EXT. COURTYARD OF BRUNCH RESTAURANT - LATE MORNING

The whole DOUGHERTY FAMILY sits 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, 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
Socks. Thanks.

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

Sean hugs her.

SEAN
No. No, it's nice. Really. Very
thoughtful of you. I need these.
Thank you.

He pats her hand and Hayden smiles again. Alex watches this go down with her mimosa to her lips and her eyebrow raised.

Pat follows everything with bated breath, waiting until everyone's settled.

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

Alex takes a long sip, enjoying this.

HAYDEN
(defensive)
I have a job.

SEAN
(warning)
Pat.

Pat shrugs and cuts into her pancakes.

PAT
A valet is not a *real* job.

Alex puts down her drink.

ALEX
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
Well, *that's* not condescending.
Also, I *did* graduate. 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, then robbed
me blind? *That* guy?

ALEX
Douche.

Pat glares at Alex, who sips her mimosa with a smile.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What? He is.

Pat turns back to Hayden.

SEAN
(warning)
Pat. Stop.

PAT
Yes, he made *some* mistakes-

Some!?

HAYDEN

ALEX
(laughing)
Mom!

PAT

-But he did get that right. You would've made a wonderful psychologist!

ALEX

(to herself)

A psychologist who didn't know her idiot boyfriend was moonlighting as a half-baked conman.

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

Maybe if she had her Master's she would've known.

HAYDEN

(head to table)

Oh my God.

(to Pat)

You didn't even try to help me 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!

PAT (CONT'D)

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

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 well or give me enough hours.

PAT
(rolling her eyes)
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 wears out. She stands, gathers her things.

HAYDEN
I have to go. I work later and I
want to shower before I go in.

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
Oh, wow. Look at that time. It's
been great, guys, truly, but I
actually *also* have work tonight.

PAT
Don't you have 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.

Silence.

Sean bursts into laughter.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Hayden putters about her kitchen in a big t-shirt and damp hair. She makes a sandwich.

The kitchen looks like she just moved in. A cabinet is open. The only things inside are disposable plates and utensils.

A cat jumps on the counter next to the open PB&J. Hayden looks at the cat. The cat looks directly at her sandwich. After a moment, he sneezes twice, right into the jelly.

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hayden sits on her bare floor, back to the only furniture in the room: a ratty loveseat. The cat lounges on it. She takes a bite of her sandwich and chews slowly. Her phone rings.

HAYDEN
(mouth full)
Hello?

Hayden listens for a moment. She coughs and swallows.

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

INT. NAIL SALON - CONTINUOUS

AMY, twenty-nine and fashion-forward, 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 Father. Is this not Hayden Dougherty?

INTERCUT HAYDEN/AMY

HAYDEN

This is...

AMY

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

HAYDEN

(one brow raised)

Dan the Douche? Dan the Dickless? Dan-who-stole-my-life-savings-then-fucking-dipped? Unfortunately.

AMY

Amazing-

HAYDEN

Not for me.

AMY

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

HAYDEN

He only took your shoes?

AMY

No. He took everything.

Hayden listens, half-speechless. The cat starts nibbling the discarded sandwich, unnoticed.

AMY (CONT'D)

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

HAYDEN

(re: cunt)

What the fuck!?

AMY

Don't worry. I'm also a sorry cunt. But I think I finally found the dick.

Hayden sits up. She props her phone between her ear and shoulder and takes a bite of her sandwich, shooing the cat.

AMY (CONT'D)

He stole our shit and popped his ass on a flight down to fucking Florida. Leaving me to pick up the pieces of all the penniless chicks he left behind.

HAYDEN

I'm not penniless-

AMY

(loud)

Fucking Florida! Fuck!

The nail salon grows quiet. Amy doesn't notice.

AMY (CONT'D)

Anyways. I'm gathering all the girls and 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 nail technician)

I said coffin, not fucking almond. Coffin. Coffin.

(to Hayden, unbothered)

I already talked to the others and I booked us a flight down from LaGuardia for this Friday.

HAYDEN

It's *Thursday*... I have work tonight. Actually, tomorrow, too.

AMY (CONT'D)

(steamrolling)

The other girls already said yes.

AMY (CONT'D)

(utterly unbothered)

Terminal 3 tomorrow. Love ya!

Amy makes kissy noises and hangs up the phone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hayden looks at her phone for a moment in shock.

HAYDEN

Fuck.

EXT. VALET STAND - EARLY EVENING

Hayden is in front of the valet podium of a swanky New York City hotel, back straight and hands clasped, at attention. She wears a white button-down shirt and a tie, neatly pressed. Not a strand of hair is out of place.

Alex leans against the podium, careless. Her same uniform is sacrilegious, black slacks dirty and shirt barely tucked. Her tie is missing and her hair is held back by her sunglasses.

ALEX
You're going.

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

ALEX
So?

HAYDEN
'So'? I need this job. I'm still paying Dad back from Dan overdrawing my account.

ALEX
Fucking shit sipper.

HAYDEN
I know.
(a beat)
I'm not going.

Alex pulls her phone out and starts scrolling.

ALEX
You're going

HAYDEN
I can't.

ALEX
(glancing up)
It's entirely paid for?

HAYDEN
Yeah...

ALEX
Then either you're going or I am.

Hayden stomps her feet a bit.

HAYDEN
But I can't just, like-

A Tesla pulls up. A tall man in his fifties tosses Hayden the keys. She fumbles for a moment before catching them. She hands him a ticket. Hayden starts walking toward his car.

ALEX
What are you doing.

HAYDEN
(confused)
Parking his car?

ALEX
Don't do that. Seb's here. He'll get it. Besides, it's a *Tesla*. Those fuckers drive themselves.

HAYDEN
Those things get double points per confirmed infanticide.

Alex snickers and looks back down at her phone

ALEX
Semantics.

Hayden starts toward the car again as SEB jogs up, huffing. He has a face of acne and is barely old enough to drive in general, all gangly limbed and too-big eyes.

Alex eyes him and stands up straight. She holds her arm out.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Give them to me.

HAYDEN
What?

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

HAYDEN
(surprised)
Oh. Okay. Here.

Hayden hands them off. She makes a grab for them again as Alex immediately tosses them to Seb. He catches them.

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

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

HAYDEN
(annoyed)
That was rude.

ALEX
Boys love cars. I'll get the next one and he can take a break.

HAYDEN
Mhmm. Sure.

ALEX
What? I will.

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

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

HAYDEN
You're gonna get us fired.

ALEX
Not fast enough.

Beat.

HAYDEN
If I *were* to go-

ALEX
If?

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

ALEX
(laughing)
Fuck no. I have the weekend off.
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm not giving that up for you, Dan
be damned. And he should be.
Fucking plonker.

(beat)

Just tell Chris you're taking the
days off.

Hayden pouts and thinks. She looks at Alex, sitting against
the podium and chewing her thumbnail. She cocks her head.

HAYDEN

(slowly)

Alex...

ALEX

(matching tones)

Yes...?

HAYDEN

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

ALEX

Seriously? I mean, duh. Find and
fuck up our douchebag of a Dan *and*
get a vacation? I'm already there.

HAYDEN

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, the podium rocking in her wake. She
starts bouncing around in excitement but stops short.

ALEX (CONT'D)

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

HAYDEN

Uh huh...

Alex smiles sweetly. She pulls her hands behind her back and
rocks on her heels, 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
Bet.

Seb jogs back up, 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 just in time for the woman to toss him her keys.

HOUSEWIFE
Careful. She was washed today.

Seb grunts and looks to the girls. Hayden gets the lady a ticket and 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.

ALEX (CONT'D)
God I hate that kid. First job and he thinks he owns the place just 'cause Chris is his dad.

Beat.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You sure you can't pay the whole thing?

Hayden puts her forehead to the podium and groans.

INT. UBER - NEXT MORNING

Hayden and Alex are smooshed together in the back of a bright red Kia Soul. Their bags crowd their feet and the middle.

There's a bike in the trunk taking up the space there. In the passenger seat is a Great Dane with his head out the window.

Their Uber driver is young and itching to talk. He keeps turning around and swerving the vehicle.

UBER DRIVER
(smiling)
So? Florida! Vacation! Exciting!

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

HAYDEN
Not vacation, no.

Alex grins back, happy to indulge.

ALEX
Ignore her. She's lonely.

She leans forward conspiratorially.

ALEX (CONT'D)
We're actually going for work.

UBER DRIVER
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
Alex...

ALEX
(doubling down)
Secret Agents.

UBER DRIVER
Spies? In my car? Why me?

ALEX
I can't tell you that.
Confidential. You understand.

UBER DRIVER
Of course.

HAYDEN
She's not-

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

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
Actually, no. She's right. We're
secret agents on our way to do
secret business in Florida-

UBER DRIVER
 (reverent, swerving)
 No way.

HAYDEN
 -Anyways. If you could not kill us
 before our mission that would be
 swell.

UBER DRIVER
 What?

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

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)
 (re: dog bark)
 Oh. Got it.

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

INT. UBER - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

The driver stops and the girls gather their bags.

Hayden goes to open the door, only to find it flung open. 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, sliding past Amy. Alex follows.

HAYDEN
 (wary)
 Amy?

Amy's eyes light up. She pulls Hayden into a hug, squealing. 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
 Safe travels, Ladies. God be with
 you.

ALEX
 Bye!
 (in a cutesy voice)
 Bye, Brucey!

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

AMY
What was that about?

Alex pulls up next to Hayden, dragging their suitcases.

ALEX
I told him we were spies.

AMY
Why?

ALEX
Bored.

Amy looks Alex up and down.

AMY
And you are..?

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

ALEX
Alex. I'm the sister.

AMY
Are you-

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
Ignore her. She's just here for a
vacation.

ALEX
Nah. I'm here to save the day when
you shit the bed.

Hayden shoves Alex, who stumbles and bounces back up.

HAYDEN
The only reason I'd *shit* 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 *taint*.

Hayden steps forward as though she's about to toss Alex to the curb. Alex backs away with a smile and a 'bring 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, snaps out of it.

AMY

(clearing her throat)
It's, um, nice to meet you, Alex.
The... Uh... 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. They follow Amy, the only sound Alex's flip-flops *thwacking* the cement.

Beat.

Alex shoves Hayden with her shoulder and Hayden stumbles.

INT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Amy leads them to a row of seats.

One is occupied by BECCA MORGAN- 26, beautiful- who is twirling her hair and chatting up JACKIE JANSON- 32, mousey. She listens to Becca talk incessantly, nodding when needed but otherwise silent.

Becca flounces to a stand when she notices the others, smiling wide. Jackie follows, her movements more restrained.

BECCA

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

JACKIE

(subdued)
Hey. Nice to meet you.

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

AMY

Becca Morgan. Dan dumped her first.
She was eighteen and he was twenty-
seven, the fucking childbride.
She's fine now.

BECCA

(conspiratorially)
Married a Kennedy.

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. Didn't marry a Kennedy.

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

Hayden Dougherty. She was the most
recent victim. Like, last year
recent. Last one before he dipped
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.

Becca and Jackie look at her, waiting for her story.

ALEX

Oh. I'm Hayden's sister. I'm just
along for the ride.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

I wasn't dumb enough to get engaged
to that turd with legs.

(beat)

No offense.

Amy sighs. She starts walking, the other girls trailing her. As soon as Alex is in front of her, Hayden smacks her upside the back of her head. Alex hisses and grabs at her hair.

AMY

Fucking children.

INT. AIRPLANE

Hayden and Alex sit, a middle seat between them. Hayden stares, deep in thought. Alex has her headphones in and is trying to sleep through the takeoff.

She sighs, pulls her earbuds out, and taps Hayden's shoulder.

ALEX

Hey do you...

She trails off, noticing Hayden's catatonic state. She grows worried and pokes Hayden twice more before Hayden startles.

HAYDEN

Yeah?

ALEX

(kind)

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

HAYDEN

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!

Hayden wraps her arms around her legs.

HAYDEN

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

Becca flounces into the seat between them. She's bright and smiley, completely contrary to the more somber sisters.

BECCA

I'm Becca!

HAYDEN

(thrown)

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

(a breath)

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

Hayden gestures vaguely that she would rather be left alone.

Becca doesn't catch. Her smile never fades. She turns fully around 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 previous conversation.

HAYDEN

Yeah. Yeah, that's better. Thanks.

BECCA

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

(she leans in)

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

(mouthing)

Bitch.

HAYDEN

(brow furrowed)

You've talked to the other girls?

BECCA

We were at the airport like an hour before you so we had time.

HAYDEN

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

She glares at Alex, who spreads her hands in mock innocence.

ALEX

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

HAYDEN

Uh huh.

BECCA

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

I was going to say 'a lot' but yeah. That too.

HAYDEN

It's like there's a tiny energizer bunny powering her.

ALEX

(leaning forward)

How? It's so early!

Hayden pauses and looks at Alex.

HAYDEN

It's almost noon.

ALEX

(digging in)

Early.

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

HAYDEN
 (to Becca, confused)
 What was-

JACKIE
 Scoot.

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

HAYDEN
 (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 brow and the stewardess trails off and leaves.

They're silent for a moment, taking in their new seats.

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

HAYDEN
 (sweet, 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-Dan conversation.

ALEX
 I fucking love those.

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

ALEX
 (under her breath)
 Fuck-sucker.

BECCA
 (enthusiastically)
 I wanted to hear what happened to
 you.

HAYDEN
 (shocked)
 Oh.

AMY
 Assuming he gave you one of *these*?

She pulls a necklace out from her blouse, revealing a ring identical to Hayden's. Hayden quietly covers her ring finger while Alex watches, eyes rolling.

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

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

HAYDEN
 (delaying)
 You, uh, 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
 The dick?

BECCA
 (winking)
 The wallet.

HAYDEN
 Oh. Of course.

AMY
 So. Where's yours?

HAYDEN

Hmmm?

JACKIE

Where's your ring?.

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
carry-on 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

Nope. I, uh, pawned it. Made some
cash off it. It's gone.

Amy begins to say something but Alex cuts her off.

ALEX

(sighing)
She's lying. She's wearing it. Ring
finger. Left hand.

Hayden shoots her a look but uncovers her hand, grumbling.

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

They look at Hayden strangely and Amy looks poised to laugh.

BECCA

(confused)
You... still wear it?

ALEX

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

HAYDEN

You all still have yours!

JACKIE

Keep them, yes.

BECCA
But wear them...

AMY
(laughing)
Absolutely not. What? You think
he's coming back? That waste of
God's green sunlight is in Florida.
He doesn't care about *us* anymore.

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

Jackie grabs her hands

JACKIE
She's right. He's done with us. We
need to get over it. He did.
(beat)
He took my cat.

AMY
What?

JACKIE
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 plays with her ring.

BECCA
He left me this hunk of junk and
took the one I cared about. My
great-grandmother's ring. Gone.

AMY
(sighing)
Took my best friend.

All eyes swivel, wholly focused on Amy.

AMY (CONT'D)
He 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

The most he took from me was the turkey leg last Thanksgiving. I'm just here for moral support.

Hayden rolls her eyes at Alex and turns back to the others.

BECCA

See? 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)

This little credenza thing my mom really liked. She freaked.

They groan. Alex chuckles.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

(defensively)

What?

INT. AIRPORT BAGGAGE CLAIM - TWO HOURS LATER

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

AMY

Well. *That* isn't good.

BECCA

None of them? None of them made it?

JACKIE

Unless yours is that one, it doesn't look like it.

Someone else picks up the final suitcase.

AMY

(repeating herself)

So, so, so *not* good.

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

HAYDEN
This is wonderful. Off to a
great start.

AMY (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Fuck. Fuck me. Jesus Christ.

JACKIE
Hey. Let's just... talk to the bag
guy, yeah? See if he can help?

She points to the only attendant, a small 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. 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! Please! Just kill me!

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.
(coughs it back to normal)
Oh, wow. Hi. Hello. Howdy, ladies.
I'm Charlie. What can I do ya for?

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

BECCA
What were you doing?

CHARLIE
(offended)
I was introducing myself, ma'am.
Now, if you have an issue-

HAYDEN

I think she meant with your hands.

Charlie's matter-of-fact. He does this often.

CHARLIE

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)
 Hand movies!

AMY

(over it)
 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 wanting to give any time to this man.

AMY

(direct)
 Look. We just flew in from New York 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)
 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.
 (MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Safe travels. Maybe try the guy at the baggage counter?

AMY

(seething)

Charlie. You are the guy at the baggage counter.

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 Becca.

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!

Becca grabs a pen and scribbles a bunch of words.

AMY

(angry)

I need my bag!

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 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 young 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

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, almost yelling)

It's not just the clothes! I had *everything* in there! A woman's bag is her fucking life, you know!

BECCA

Um, no. I don't. Calm down.

AMY
You guys don't get it.

BECCA
No shit.

Amy tries to go back toward the airport. The girls stop her again, dragging her back.

ALEX
There is no way this is just about
some junk in a bag.

AMY
Not junk.

HAYDEN
Okay, sorry.

ALEX
Whatever it is doesn't matter. We
just need you to calm down.

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

Jackie pats her back.

JACKIE
You're fine. It's not like we're in
Bumfuck. Technically, this still
counts as civilization. Whatever
you need we can get from a store.

AMY
But it won't be *mine*.

BECCA
Oh, grow up, Amy. Your shoes are
not worth this type of tantrum. Get
over it.

AMY
(quiet)
There was also the little bit of
coke in there, too.

ALEX
Coke? As in "'Caine"?

Amy nods.

JACKIE
Fuck, man.

BECCA

Jesus, Ames. This is Florida. We could've picked up some fresh blow on any street corner.

JACKIE

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

(calming down)

Yeah, exactly. You'll be fine. And, once again

(she gestures around them)

We're in fucking *Florida*. I'm sure you can find more on any corner.

Amy looks up, eyes red-rimmed.

AMY

Yeah?

ALEX

Definitely.

AMY

I just didn't think they'd lose our luggage. Those fuckers. And that little one in there *definitely* knows where they are!

Amy steels herself and tries to march her way back inside. The girls have to scramble to stop her.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm about to rock that shit-brained Polly Pocket's world.

Jackie grabs her again and hauls her back.

JACKIE

(final)

No you fucking won't. He's just doing his job.

ALEX

(curious)

Polly Pocket?

AMY

(to Alex, droll)

Small. Chewable.

ALEX

Of course.

JACKIE
 Either way, *chewing*

She shoots Amy a confused and mildly disgusted look.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Charlie is *not* how we're going to
 go about this.

Hayden looks up, pain in her eyes.

HAYDEN
 (speaking up)
 The way I see it, we have a surely
 illegal amount of an illegal
 substance. Think that makes us
 doomed.

BECCA
 (thinking)
 We're not *doomed*. It's illegal, but
 it's not *that* fucking illegal.
 Besides, it's on Amy if she gets
 caught with the stuff.

AMY
 Well fuck you, too!

BECCA
 This is your shit. Should've
 fucking thought it through if you
 didn't want us to kick you when
 you're already down.

AMY
 Shit. Fine.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

The girls sit on a gorgeous couch large enough for all of them. The tension in the air is thick enough to chew, but now it's broken a bit by Hayden, Alex, and Jackie glancing around in mesmerized awe at the finery. Amy is still nervous, but seems to have calmed a bit.

HAYDEN
 (slack-jawed)
 I can't believe we're staying here.

Amy shakes her head.

AMY

This is actually where Becca and I are staying. The three of you have your own room.

Hayden and Alex exchange a glance filled with a barely silenced "eek!" of excitement. They seem poised to let it out when Hayden seems to remember where they are and why.

Hayden shakes her head and grows serious.

HAYDEN

What are we going to do?

JACKIE

About Dan, Little Miss Charlie Sheen over here, or life in general.

HAYDEN

Um, Charlie Sheen, I guess.

BECCA

Nothing.

HAYDEN

Come again?

JACKIE

Nothing. There's nothing to do. If she lucks out then the severed rabbit's foot in her pocket is doing it's damn job. If not, not our problem.

AMY

But-

JACKIE

(to Amy)

Nuh uh. You say nothing.

(to the others)

What's the likelihood Amy even gets caught? Besides, Charlie seems like the definition of an idiot. Odds are he won't realize what he has even if he does get his hands on her bag.

Becca nods, agreeing. Even Hayden calms down, comparatively.

HAYDEN

You're right. That man wouldn't know cocaine if it bit him in the nose.

(nodding)

Yeah. Exactly. We're so safe. We're so fine. We'll burn Dan and escape with no one the wiser.

ALEX

(to Amy)

Why did you have that much, anyway?

AMY

(nonchalant)

Besides for doing, you mean? Figured we could plant it on him. Get him for a "Breaking Bad" and put him away for good.

ALEX

You have *not* seen that show.

AMY

I saw the first episode. You know, not really my thing.

BECCA

What kind of fuck-brained, dog-brained, monkey fuck about kind of idea is that!?

AMY

Revenge, Sweet Becca. Revenge.

(changing the subject)

Even if we're caught for drugs or whatever, I'd probably be fine. I have friends in some pretty high places.

ALEX

And us?

AMY

Well, *I'd* be fine. You guys... Probably. Yeah, probably.

Amy pops up suddenly with a small "Ooh!". She rushes to her carry-on bag and digs around for a moment before bringing back a handful of IDs.

AMY (CONT'D)

I almost forgot about these things.

She passes them out. Hayden looks at her's. It's gorgeous, perfect. Hayden pulls out her real ID and compares the two. Identical, besides the last name. Her new one says "Jones".

JACKIE

Amy, you know we're all legal.

AMY

(to Jackie)

Duh. These are for... legal reasons, I guess. Do you really want to be flaunting your own name while destroying our dearest darling Douchebag's property?

(to Alex)

I didn't get you one. Sorry.

Alex fumbles around for a moment and pulls out her own.

ALEX

No prob. My twenty-first was last week. I'm still carrying.

HAYDEN

(slightly awed)

Where did you get these? I've never seen fakes that nice. Like, ever.

AMY

(like Hayden's slow)

I'm a lawyer. And I *just* said I have friends in some pretty high places. Are you really that shocked?

Hayden thinks on it for a moment before shaking her head.

HAYDEN

Honestly, at this point you could tell me your dad is the Queen of England and I'd believe you.

AMY

(winking)

Who's to say he's not?

Hayden starts to laugh but stops when she realizes it might not be a joke.

AMY (CONT'D)

Give me all your real IDs. I want us to use only these while we're here and I don't want any slip-ups.

The girls do as she says. Amy puts them back in her carry-on.

AMY (CONT'D)

I feel better now. Thank you for
calming me down.

HAYDEN

Calming *you* down???

AMY (CONT'D)

Now, if you three don't mind,
I'm kicking you out. I need a
nap and a shower before we
meet for dinner.

Hayden, Alex, and Jackie take a moment to see if she's
kidding. Amy stands and goes into a room, throwing the door
closed behind her. She's not.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HAYDEN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ambience is exceedingly different from the last one. A
many-levels-of-income-brackets difference. Jackie works on
the lock, trying to get it to turn green.

Jackie finally gets in and the three girls tumble into a tiny
hotel room. They are armed only with carry-on backpacks. The
room is eighties-beach-hotel-chic, so not chic. The wallpaper
is kitschy but faded. It's practically possible to see the
scent of mothballs wafting off of the matching bedspread.

There are only two single beds.

Alex and Hayden exchange a look before fighting their way to
the furthest bed from the door. While they shove each other
and make no progress, Jackie calmly claims the other one. She
begins to unpack her backpack, laying out her toiletries, a
sweatshirt, and a book in neat order on the bedspread.

JACKIE

(to no one in particular)
Amy only booked rooms for four of
us.

ALEX

(panting)
And a mansion for herself

HAYDEN

So one of us just has to
sleep on the ground?

ALEX (CONT'D)

Not me.

HAYDEN

You're the tagalong.

ALEX

And if it weren't for my tagalong
ass you'd be wasting away at work
right now. Or splitting a can of
Fancy Feast with your cat.

HAYDEN

How did you know about that?

ALEX

I didn't, but I do now.
(cringing)
Seriously? That's fucked, Hayden.

HAYDEN

(indignant)
It was one time! And you have to
admit that crap smells delicious.

ALEX

I will not do that.

Jackie listens to this whole debacle with the barely
concealed glee of a parent who's child is about to teach
themselves a lesson. Upon seeing Hayden going for Alex's
throat, literally, she cuts in.

JACKIE

We could always call in a cot from
the front desk?

HAYDEN

(smiling)
Perfect.
(to Alex)
You can stay there.

ALEX

(raising a brow)
Fuck no. No way am I sleeping on a
fucking trundle bed. Those things
are made for refugees and unplanned
pregnancies.

HAYDEN

How do you know *you* weren't an
unplanned pregnancy.

ALEX

(Immediate)
Your face is an unplanned
pregnancy.

HAYDEN
(sighing)
How about we share? Head to foot?

Alex breathes in to calm herself before returning to perfectly pleasant.

ALEX
Fine. But we're going butt to butt.
There's no world in which you put
your sweaty-ass feet anywhere near
my face.

HAYDEN
(raising a brow)
And you think yours are sunshine
and rainbows?

ALEX
You suggested it. I think you want
my feet near your face.

HAYDEN
Oh *fuck* off.

JACKIE
Okay. Get over it.

She walks from her bed to the mini bar and starts making herself a cup of coffee.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
God, you guys are like toddlers.
Grow up. We have bigger fish to
fry.

HAYDEN
(knowingly)
Only child?

JACKIE
No.

She pulls the cup from the machine and grabs a sugar packet.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Just not a child. Get caffeine in
your systems or take a nap. I don't
care. Just shut up for a minute.

She falls silent, making her coffee. Hayden and Alex just watch from where they're sitting on the bed.

INT. AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CAROUSEL - NEXT MORNING

CHARLIE stands at the same desk. He's doodling an octopus in a top hat on a legal pad.

A guy wheels five bags up to Charlie.

AIRPORT WORKER

Yo! Charlie! I got those bags you were looking for!

Charlie jumps out of his skin and hurriedly covers the doodles with a bunch of other papers on the desk.

CHARLIE

Uh- Hey, Man... What is up, my dude! Bro.

AIRPORT WORKER

(tired)

Where do you want them?

CHARLIE

What are they?

AIRPORT WORKER

Those suitcases for...
(reading name tag)
Amy Reede?

Charlie jumps again.

CHARLIE

Danger!

Airport Worker's eye twitches at the noise,

AIRPORT WORKER

Uh yeah.. Okay, man. I'm going home. I've been here all night. See ya tomorrow.

Airport Worker leaves the pushcart with the suitcases and departs, waving over his shoulder.

Charlie flits about the bags, checking the name tags and muttering to himself. He rushes back to the desk, pushing aside a phonebook's worth of loose paper, to find the post-it note Becca wrote her number on.

He calls it. Waits. No answer.

Tries again. No answer.

Tries again. No answer.

He hangs up the phone and pulls out the paper he was doodling on and resumes, oblivious to the girls' turmoil.

CUT TO:

INT. BECCA'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Becca and Amy stand at the kitchen sink, talking rapid fire.

BECCA

Fuck. That's it then.

AMY

No. No, it's not. He didn't threaten us. He doesn't even *know*.

BECCA

Amy, that's not a little snort of coke. That's the fucking month's supply for a porn shoot.

AMY

It's not-

BECCA

Amy, you're sweet and all, but I hardly know you. I am *not* going down for you. And that guy at the airport knows we're desperate for the bags. He's gonna catch on.

AMY

He doesn't *actually* know where we are.

BECCA

I left him my number. He has our fucking hotel address! I wrote it before I learned you wear a goddamn dunce cap in your spare time.

AMY

Okay, he knows *where* we are. But we checked in under those fakes.

BECCA

We did?

AMY

I checked in under a fake. Even if he came here he can't get to us.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

He'll have the wrong names.
Besides, our bags are checked by
other people now, right? We just
use these new ID's and as far as
Florida knows, we don't exist.

BECCA

That seems fake.

AMY

And it's *Florida*, for fuck's sake.
If any state's gonna turn a blind
eye to 5K of cocaine, it's this
one.

BECCA

Okay I guess. But- Wait, 5K?
Really? Jesus, fuck.

AMY

We *cannot* tell the others.

BECCA

But-

AMY

They'll shit in their pull-ups and
fuck it up. And you bet your tushie
I'm not on diaper duty.

BECCA

True, but-

AMY

The less they know the less likely
they are to BP.

BECCA

BP?

AMY

Spill.

BECCA

(laughing)
Of course.
(sobering)
We still should tell them.

AMY

No.

BECCA
Yes.

AMY
(set)
No.

BECCA
(determined)
Yes.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HAYDEN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The girls are asleep. The promised cot is there but empty.

Hayden and Alex share the twin, head to foot. A sun-ray slices through the room, millimeters away from Hayden's eyes.

There's a knock. Hayden groans and snuggles into Alex's feet. It puts her in prime direction of the sun, waking her.

Hayden shoots upright, still holding Alex's feet and therefore pulling her up too.

Another knock. Hayden blearily stumbles to the door.

Jackie wakes up slowly and naturally and begins to make her bed and set out her things again.

HAYDEN
(sleep-addled)
Hullo?

Amy and Becca are on the other side, Amy beyond cheerful. The girls wear the same clothes as yesterday. Hayden's and Alex's are rumpled and stained, while Amy's and Becca's look fresh from the dry cleaners.

AMY
Good morning, sunshines! I hope I didn't wake you.

She bustles in, arms laden with coffees. Becca follows.

AMY (CONT'D)
I brought coffee! And Becca has muffins! Figured we'd get out of here pretty quick and get a head-start- er, early start, I mean.

She clears her throat and smiles again.

Beat.

ALEX

How the fuck are you so fucking chipper right now. Didn't anyone warn you not to blow your own snow or whatever?

She grabs a coffee and takes it to the minibar. She starts dumping copious amounts of sugar into the drink.

AMY

(freezing)
Wh-what?

ALEX

(over her shoulder)
"If dust you must, find a dealer you trust"? "It's not dandy to try your own nose candy"?

She finishes making her coffee and turns to blank stares.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Don't get high off your own supply?

That gets to everyone.

ALEX (CONT'D)

D.A.R.E's really fallen off.

AMY

I was *not* doing coke. That is *not* a morning drug.

Hayden grabs a coffee and drinks it. She sits on the cot.

HAYDEN

She's giving you a hard time. We know you're not on coke. Probably. Are you?

Jackie finishes making her bed. She takes a coffee from Amy and begins making it the same as before.

JACKIE

If that nonsense is settled, do you mind telling us what you have planned that has you waking us all up at...

She checks her phone.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Jesus! 7:30? I know this isn't a vacation but by God please calm down.

BECCA

(slightly nervous)

Early risers. You get it.

(clearing throat)

We just figured you'd be hungry and ready to get out of those clothes? Hit up a shop or something? Change?

The relief that rolls through the room is palpable.

ALEX

God, yes.

HAYDEN

Please.

AMY

(smiling again)

Awesome. Lets go then.

JACKIE

Should one of us stay behind? You know, in case our bags get here or they find them or something?

AMY/BECCA

(too quick)

No!

BECCA

(recovering first)

The hotel has our cells. They'll forward the call if we get one.

JACKIE

(suspicious)

Okay... Fine. Don't think I believe you. I'm just not awake enough yet to figure out the meaning of that little outburst.

She mimes that she's watching them and takes a long sip.

ALEX

Whatever, honestly. I'll get arrested if it means fresh clothes.

(to Becca)

Can I have a muffin?

Becca stares blankly a moment before remembering the muffins in her hand. She tosses one to Alex.

INT. THRIFT STORE

The girls mill about.

AMY
(wrinkling nose)
Maybe the mall *was* a bit too rich
for what we needed, but *must* we
shop *here*?

JACKIE
The mall wasn't the issue.

ALEX
It was the stores *inside* of the
mall. I want to live on whatever
planet you're from that makes you
believe that the rest of us can
afford to casually pick up
'replacement' clothes at Burberry.

BECCA
I-

ALEX
(to Becca)
Not you, Jackie O.

Becca squeaks and goes quiet.

AMY
But *here*? *Really*?

HAYDEN
Would you prefer an outlet? A
Marshall's? There's a Walmart
nextdoor.

Amy walks off.

Hayden starts picking through a rack of sweaters. She pulls
out the most god-awful sweater, one that screams 'frumpy'.

ALEX
(coming up behind her)
I refuse.

HAYDEN
What?

ALEX
No way. I refuse to let you get
that.

HAYDEN

But... It's comfy. And soft, see-

She proffers it to Alex, who runs her hands over the coarse material. She yanks her hand back as though it burned her.

ALEX

Hayden, I swear... Just chill. I'll pick some stuff.

HAYDEN

But- I like that sweater. It's my style.

ALEX

That's the problem. Besides, that thing's big enough to swallow you whole and still be hungry for seconds.

HAYDEN

(excited)
Isn't it great?

ALEX

Maybe in the dead of winter, but this is *Florida*. No matter if it's butt-ugly or not you'll be sweating your balls off the whole time.

HAYDEN

Fine. Make me look like you. But I get to find one outfit that you *have* to wear and you can't complain.

ALEX

As long as it's not that fucking sweater.

INT. THRIFT STORE - A WHILE LATER

Alex and Hayden present each other with their findings. Alex's outfits for Hayden are cute, simple; a step away from her comfort zone. Hayden's outfit for Alex is--

ALEX

No fucking way.

She's holding a Cub Scout uniform- patches and all.

HAYDEN

You said no complaints.

ALEX

Yeah, when I thought I was going to be put in an "I heart Oxy" shirt. Not when you were making me look like a fourteen-year-old boy.

HAYDEN

Ten, actually. That's a Cub Scout uniform.

ALEX

I hate you.

HAYDEN

(pleased)

I know.

(beat)

At least try it on. I won't make you get it if you do.

Alex takes it and sighs.

ALEX

I'm not going to pose. Though.

INT. THRIFT STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Alex stands in the uniform. The shorts are a bit short from Alex hiking them up.

ALEX

Happy?

HAYDEN

Giddy.

Amy and Becca come up. Amy stops dead, an idea blooming across her face.

ALEX

Great.

BECCA

Hey, are ya'll about done? We're going to... Oh my God *what* are you *wearing*?

ALEX

It's the fucking ceremonial robes for induction to NAMbLA.

HAYDEN

Doesn't she look adorable?

BECCA

Adorably murderous. Get changed so we can go.

AMY

Wait... Just a second. This might actually work.

HAYDEN

What?

ALEX

What.

AMY

No, no. Hear me out. Alex actually looks almost young enough to actually be a Scout--

ALEX

Thanks.

AMY

-- At least to someone who doesn't know better. Hayden, was that the only uniform.

HAYDEN

No. There was also a Girl Scout. But--

AMY

Grab it.

INT. UBER - MINUTES LATER

Alex and Hayden are both wearing the uniforms now, with Hayden looking particularly chagrined and Alex smug.

AMY

-We can split off,
(to Alex)
I'll take you and Becca can take Hayden. Jackie can do recon.

EXT. SIDEWALK BY BEACH

Amy rushes. The girls hustle to keep up.

AMY

There's, like, only three neighborhoods around here that Dickerella would think are fit to live in. We can each take one and split the last.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

The girls gather around Amy. She's typing furiously

AMY

Jackie, you can stay here with the laptop. See if you can narrow anything down. Cool?

JACKIE

Cool.

AMY

The rest of us will meet here by five with whatever we learn. Now,
(beat)
Let's fuck him.

A beat.

AMY (CONT'D)

Up. Fuck him up.
(pointing them each out)
I learn that any of you actually *do* fuck him? It's over. You're done.

She directs the last statement to everyone, but her eyes seek out Hayden in particular.

EXT. AFFLUENT BEACHFRONT NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Hayden and Becca walk from house to house. Hayden tugs on her skirt, trying to make it longer. Her hair is braided and she's chewing gum like it's personal.

The pair walk up the long drive to the first mansion and knock on the door.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

A woman opens the door and smiles broadly before growing confused.

HOMEOWNER 1

Isn't she a bit... old? To be selling cookies?

Hayden opens her mouth to retort, but Becca's hand snakes in and covers her mouth, pulling Hayden back against her chest. Becca's hands move up to cover Hayden's ears playfully.

BECCA

She's kinda an 'early bloomer', ya know? Woke up one morning a foot taller and with boobs when most kids were just finishing losing their baby teeth.

HOMEOWNER 1

Ah..?

BECCA

Super sensitive about it. Bullied horrendously. You get it.

Becca smiles. After a beat, she elbows Hayden, who smiles just as wide.

HOMEOWNER 1

Oh, uh. Of course...

(beat)

So are you selling cookies?

BECCA

Oh! Oh, no. We're actually dropping them off. I let my girl here
(squeezing Hayden's
shoulder)

Go off with some friends to take the orders and she just can't seem to figure out who this last order is for, just that it's for a man on this street. A 'Dan'. Is there a 'Dan' here, by chance?

The homeowner furrows her brow.

HOMEOWNER 1

No. No Dans here. Just me and my husband.

HAYDEN

(normal voice)

Can I see a picture of him?

The woman looks startled by Hayden speaking.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

(higher voice)

Please?

She bats her eyelashes and gives a delayed smile, which Becca echoes.

BECCA

My girl here might've gotten the name wrong but she's confident she'll recognize his photo.

Another 1000 watt smile.

HOMEOWNER 1

I'm not sure...

BECCA

(quickly)

The cookies are already paid for!
If it's your husband you get them for free. If not, no harm no foul!

The homeowner seems to agree. She disappears inside before returning with a photo of a man who is definitely Not Dan.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Nope. Thanks!

They leave.

EXT. MANSION 2

Both girls are in front of another woman. There's another photo of Not Dan

BECCA

Nope! Thanks for your time!

EXT. MANSION 3

Becca's hands are covering Hayden's ears again.

BECCA

(conspiratorially)

The boys are *merciless*. They hate boobs 'til they love 'em.

EXT. MANSION 4

Becca's hands over Hayden's ears.

BECCA

She's like a foot taller than them. The boys are so small, so little. I think they're just afraid she'll step on them and smooch them.

EXT. MANSION 5

The door opens. Becca and Hayden lock eyes with at least five elderly men in speedos, looking them down.

EXT. MANSION 6 - LATE AFTERNOON

Becca and Hayden walk up the drive to another mansion. They're dragging now, done with all the walking. Hayden's braids are coming undone and her shoe's untied.

They knock and launch into their schpiel without looking up.

BECCA
(unfeeling)
Hello. My daughter and I are
delivering Girl Scout cookies-

She looks up and her eyes go wide at the sight of DAN, standing in front of them.

He looks much the same as he did when he proposed to Hayden, with the addition of a sweet tan and a stupid haircut.

Dan cocks his head and squints, especially at Becca. Hayden dives behind her, wary that she'll be recognized immediately.

DAN
Do I know you?

The girls back up, Becca keeping Hayden behind her.

BECCA
No. Nope. We got the wrong house.
Sorry.

He stares at them confused. Just as a brief recognition dawns in his eyes and he steps forward, the girls take off running.

EXT. AFFLUENT BEACHFRONT NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS

Becca and Hayden hit the sidewalk. They run full out.

HAYDEN
Did you get it? Do you remember
which house it was.

BECCA
(wide-eyed)
No. Fuck!

The girls turn on a dime and run back past Dan's house. They fumble for their phones and take a few shots of the house.

Dan's still in the doorway, watching all of this happen with utter confusion on his face.

The girls continue past the house before skidding to a stop in the next lot and turning back, taking more photos as they pass his house this time.

Another guy joins Dan in the doorway, much bigger than him.

DAN

Yo, what the fuck!?!

The girls keep running full out down the street.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - A BIT LATER

Jackie, Alex, and Amy sit at a table. Jackie is typing away while Amy and Alex suck down coffees.

Becca and Hayden enter, panting.

ALEX

(on seeing Hayden)

Yo, check this shit out!

She waves around a bundle of cash, heedless to the annoyed customers in the shop.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Almost three hundred, right here!

HAYDEN

(annoyed)

How did you get that? We weren't actually selling anything.

ALEX

I don't know. People were basically throwing money at me.

AMY

They were paying her to shut up and leave.

ALEX

I think I've found my calling.

HAYDEN

Annoying pest? You've had that job since infancy.

ALEX

Ooh. Ow. Let me just cool off from
that burn with my Piles-Of-Money.

Jackie finally looks up and sees the expressions on Becca and
Amy's faces.

JACKIE

(sober)

What happened?

Becca and Hayden exchange a glance.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR - EARLY EVENING

The girls are sitting in the same configuration as before,
this time at a bar. It's dark and dirty, the wood varnished
with beer spilt in the 80s and the air fragrancd with
cigarette smoke exhaled by people long dead.

The girls are picking at bar food, all of it oily and limp.

ALEX

He didn't recognize you guys?

Hayden shakes her head.

BECCA

No.

AMY

That fucker!

The girls look at her in surprise.

AMY (CONT'D)

(shrugging)

What?

(beat)

Obviously it's a good thing he
didn't recognize them. He's still a
fucker.

BECCA

Before we ran it seemed like he
might have had some sort of
recognition, but we left too fast
to find out.

JACKIE

But you guys can get us back to his place?

HAYDEN

To the street for sure. But we got photos of the front of the house in case we don't recognize it.

She pulls out her phone and scrolls to a photo of the house. It's a bit blurry but does the trick.

JACKIE

Why didn't you just memorize the house number? Seems like it would've saved you some time.

Becca and Hayden look at each other.

HAYDEN

We were... busy.

BECCA

Weren't really thinking about 'best way to remember house'. More like 'best way to not be caught by Dan and also murdered'.

Alex pulls Hayden's phone closer and zooms in on the image.

ALEX

Who's this?

On the screen is Dan and a grainy image of the man who joined him, half-hidden in shadow.

HAYDEN

Dunno.

BECCA

A friend, I guess? He only showed up after we left.

ALEX

After you were running up and down his street, shrieking like banshees?

BECCA

We weren't shrieking. Just... yelling, a bit.

ALEX

Yeah, okay.

Amy pulls the phone to her.

AMY

This is all beside the point. What we need to focus on is next steps.

The girls look to her.

AMY (CONT'D)

Since my first idea was...
Sidelined by baggage claim-

HAYDEN

(mostly to herself)
That's one way to put it.

AMY

-We need a new plan. One just as fail proof to put him away.

ALEX

As 'fail-proof' as the plan that failed? The one where we framed him as a small-time coke dealer?

AMY

Shhhhh!

She looks around wildly. Alex glances around at the bar patroned by tumbleweeds with a look of 'are you serious'.

AMY (CONT'D)

(lowering her voice)
Anyways. I've been thinking it through and I think we should...

She mumbles something unintelligible under her breath.

The other girls lean in, trying to hear.

BECCA

What?

AMY

(sighing)
I said I think we should...

She lowers her voice again so that no one can hear.

HAYDEN

Huh?

AMY

(loud, fast; an outburst)
I said we should burn his house
down!

It's loud. Amy looks around in horror. This time the bartender looks up, but quickly goes back to doing nothing.

JACKIE

Uh, arson's pretty intense.

AMY

(huffy)
Well what would you have us do?

JACKIE

Break in, trash the place. Grab what's ours? Let him know we were there but don't give him anything that would get us arrested.

AMY

He ruined your life and you just want to flip a few couches!? What is this, kid's day? Jesus, you guys! Where's your sense of righteousness? Your need for revenge?

ALEX

Personally, my need for revenge and my need to not get sent to prison are constantly at war. But I think not getting sent to prison has the upper-hand right now.

AMY

Do you all feel this way?

The girls all nod, with varying levels of agreement.

AMY (CONT'D)

Fine. Fuck me, then! We'll tip a couch or two and spill some soda on his media system.

(to herself)

Ten-year-olds prank their baby sisters better than you.

EXT. DAN'S MANSION - LATER THAT EVENING

The girls hide in the bushes across the street from Dan's. Jackie is propped up over the bush, watching the house.

HAYDEN

Anything?

JACKIE

No. No movement.

(beat)

Wait!

(beat)

No. Nothing. Still puttering around in the kitchen.

AMY

That man's never stayed in a night in his life. There's no way he just heats up a Gerber jar and tucks himself into his crib without getting his rocks off first.

HAYDEN

Pebbles.

AMY

(pointing at her)

Yes! Yes, Hayden! Yes!

JACKIE

Shut up. He's moving.

AMY

Draping his baby blanket over his shoulders like a cape? Popping a baba in his mouth so he doesn't suck his thumb?

JACKIE

(deadpan)

That's his Wednesday night routine.

(beat)

No. He's... leaving the house.

She drops to the others' level. They look at each other before all of them move as one to peak over the bush.

Dan walks purposefully toward his car, a BMW i3.

BECCA

How is he not embarrassed?

Dan tries to duck into the car and hits his head. He rubs it angrily and tries again. The car revs and peels out.

They wait a moment before standing as one.

ALEX
Lights are all out.

HAYDEN
Did that other guy leave with him?

AMY
You saw the same thing we
did.

JACKIE
No. But that doesn't mean
anything. What are the odds
his friend's still inside.
Alone.

HAYDEN
Slim to none but still.

They're at the porch.

JACKIE
Camera! Back up!

The girls move to the side of the house. They go to a window.

Amy reaches to pull herself up and Jackie and Hayden rush to give her a boost. She pushes the window up easily and climbs through gracefully. Jackie helps the others clamber through and then they pull her up with them.

FOCUS ON: Small green light on windowsill turning red

INT. DAN'S "STORAGE" - CONTINUOUS

The girls look around a room cluttered with a mishmash of furniture. All of it is labeled neatly and priced. Against one wall is a table laden with shipping supplies.

ALEX
Oh, that fucker.

BECCA
Is this all our stuff?

AMY
Sitting on our shit like fucking,
fucking Sméagol or some shit.

ALEX
"Precious" my precious little ass.

JACKIE
Oh, hell no.

The girls turn to her, startled. She stands up straight, cradling a dark green Les Paul like it's a preemie.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
It's my baby. He took my baby.

Jackie looks at the tag.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
He's selling my baby for \$300!
Fucking moron.

The girls start digging through the junk, finding their own in the mess.

AMY
My loubotins!

HAYDEN
I think these are my earrings.

BECCA
Oh my gosh that's my night stand!
Look! My book's still on it!

She opens the drawer and a buzzing noise echoes.

BECCA (CONT'D)
(to the vibrator)
God I've missed you.

ALEX
Is this the shirt Dad gave me? From
their first tour?

She holds up a CAKE shirt reverently.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(to Hayden)
I thought I lost this. You took it?

HAYDEN
(shrinking)
I might have borrowed it. It was
just in my closet the wrong week.

ALEX
Oh, I hate you so much. I spent
months looking for this thing. I
didn't want to break it to Dad that
I lost it.

HAYDEN
If it makes you feel better, it's
not an original. He got a few years
ago.

ALEX

What.

Hayden backs out of the room into the main part of the house.

INT. DAN'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She takes off running, Alex on her heels. They pass a lumpy couch, which shifts as they go by.

INT. DAN'S ENTRANCE-WAY - CONTINUOUS

Hayden skids to a stop by the front door, Alex ramming into her back. They look at the same thing.

HAYDEN AND ALEX

Credenza.

They start picking through it.

ALEX

Ew. He put his dirty socks in Gram's cabinet.

She holds up a pair of socks.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What's even the point.

MAN

What are you doing with my socks?

The girls stand and spin. In the hall is a tall, shirtless, muscular man. A hunk and a half. He stretches and scratches his stomach.

The girls are mesmerized for a second before snapping back.

HAYDEN

Oh my god. Oh my god. I'm so...
who... we were just leaving!

ALEX

These are *your* socks?

MAN

(smirking)
Yeah. Why? Do you like them?

ALEX

Like your dirty socks? Hell no. We were just wondering why they were in our credenza.

MAN

That's not your... what did you call it? That's not your cabinet. That's my brother's.

HAYDEN

Brother!?

ALEX

Brother.

MAN

Yea my brother. Dan.

HAYDEN

Dan has a brother?

Alex looks him over appreciatively.

ALEX

(To Hayden)

You picked the wrong one, my friend.

MAN

(to Alex)

Thanks. And who might you be?

He picks up Alex's hand and kisses it while she giggles.

ALEX

I'm Alex.

MAN

What a pretty name for a pretty girl. I'm Francis. Francis Laxton.

ALEX

(like a hymn)

Francis. That's so...

She touches his chest like she just can't help herself.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Masculine.

HAYDEN

Alex! We should go.

ALEX

(swooning)

One sec.

The other girls enter the room, arms laden with their junk.

BECCA

Hey hey! Ready to wrap it up? Let's
get out of here before... Who is
that?

The girls catch sight of Francis and stop in their tracks.

ALEX

(batting her eyes)
This is Francis.

JACKIE

Francis?

HAYDEN

(strained)
Dan's *brother*.

AMY

Oh, *shit*.

JACKIE

We need to go. *Now*.

HAYDEN

I'm already there.

FRANCIS

No! Stay! I can make us some
dinner. And Alex and I can get to
know each other a little better.

HAYDEN

Um, no offense, but I'm not... I
don't think...

JACKIE

(to Francis)
Why are you not freaking out?

HAYDEN

(quickly)
Not that you should be. Actually,
it's pretty chill that you're
chill... but shouldn't you be
freaking? *I would be freaking- Oof!*

Jackie elbows Hayden and she shuts up, smiling innocently.

FRANCIS

(unaware)

My brother has weird girls over all the time. I'm used to it.

BECCA

Right! Because when Dan asked us to come over to *pick up our stuff-*

The other girls chorus in grunts of approval, catching on.

BECCA (CONT'D)

He didn't warn us his brother would still be here.

FRANCIS

Yeah, he's not the smartest.

Jackie and Amy exchange a look.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Did you use his key to come in through the front? I was sleeping on the couch and didn't hear.

AMY

I have the key to the back. We went around.

FRANCIS

Of course! Are you sure you can't stay for dinner? I make a mean gazpacho.

ALEX

(to the girls)

Please?

AMY

No, sir. We need to head out. Promised your brother we'd be in and out in ten minutes. Next time!

FRANCIS

Aw, man! Y'all are just gonna disrespect the gazpach like that?

ALEX

(echoing)

Come on, guys. You can't disrespect the zpach.

BECCA

No offense to your... zpach.. but
we *really* need to get out of here.

Francis stretches out against the wall, arm up to show his every ridge of muscle. Alex audibly sighs.

FRANCIS

Whatever. Next time.

The girls mumble affirmatively, hypnotized into agreement.

Sirens blare as a legion of cop cars surround the house.

BECCA

Damn.

HAYDEN

Oh, boy.

AMY

Quick! Backyard! Go!

Jackie grabs her guitar and Becca forces her to drop it. Alex is physically dragged away by Hayden.

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Francis follows their path out the back door.

FRANCIS

Wha- Why are you going out back?
It's just...
(buffering)
Aw, fuck, man. Y'all aren't Dan's
friends.

AMY

Hell, no. We're robbing him.

JACKIE

Picking up our stuff. Not robbing.

Francis chases them outside. The girls start climbing the fence to the next yard.

FRANCIS

Wait, are you guys those girls? The
ones who fucked him over?

BECCA

Him!? Fucked *him* over!?! Fuck no!

HAYDEN

He's the one who ruined our lives!

FRANCIS
Oh, shit? Yeah?

Jackie, Becca, and Amy are over the fence. They reach for Hayden.

HAYDEN
(grunting)
Yes!

FRANCIS
(to Alex)
Call me.

Hayden pulls Alex up.

ALEX
I don't have your number!

FRANCIS
I'll find you.

ALEX
(made of butterflies)
Okay.

EXT. NEXT-DOOR BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Alex drops. She looks up and sees they're surrounded by cops, guns out. Her arms go up to join the rest of the girls'.

AMY
Shit-dicks.

INT. JAIL CELL - HALF HOUR LATER

The girls watch the cell door clang shut.

Hayden turns on Amy.

HAYDEN
This is your fault!

AMY
Mine? How?

HAYDEN
It's your dumb little project that
has us here in the first place.
Your idea to ransack Dan's mansion.
Your plan that sent us to jail.

BECCA

We're just lucky it's the drunk tank and not someplace worse.

HAYDEN

Becca's right! If we stuck to your original plan we'd be halfway to the flipping Gulag by now.

AMY

My fault? *My fault!?* I didn't make you come on this trip! I didn't make you follow my plan. You could've left at any point or come up with something of your own-

JACKIE

-Guys, maybe we should-

AMY

-And I *certainly* wasn't the one flirting with that fucking adonis back at the mansion! No, no! Not me. Not me! I was trying to get us out.

ALEX

(to herself)

Fuck.

HAYDEN

(to Amy)

You're right.

(to Alex)

This is all your fault. I wasn't even going to go on this trip until you convinced me. And then you sacrifice all of us for some *man*? The brother of the guy that *ruined my life*?

ALEX

Hayden-

HAYDEN

No. You're always trying to tell me to 'move on', 'grow up', 'get a real job so you can buy me breakfast'. But you're always pulling me back here. I'm *trying*-

ALEX

-Poorly-

HAYDEN

-I'm trying *poorly*, but I *am* trying. I have a job. I *need* to forget *him*. But you keep dragging me back! Bringing him up at dinner, talking about getting revenge... That should be *my* thing and I'm so fucking over him and it's just... it's just *you*. Making me stay with him, not move on. Saying his name when I have a new- a new guy, I-

Jackie puts an arm over Hayden's shoulders, which shake with sobs.

ALEX

(voice cracking)
I'm sorry.

HAYDEN

Why? Why are you so obsessed with Dan and my sucky life? Yours is good. It's good. Or, it could be good. But you're so fixated on *my* life and everything I'm trying to leave behind-

ALEX

(quick)
We hooked up.

Silence.

Chaos.

HAYDEN

You *what*?

Hayden stalks Alex around the small cell, out for blood.

BECCA

Oh, shit.

AMY

Fuck trucks.

JACKIE

Hey. Let's all just-

ALEX

(pleading, fast)
Once! And we didn't *hook up*, hook up. We just kissed.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

And then I pushed him off and said I felt bad and you and him were together and he was *much* too old for me and everything but the damage was done and I feel really, really bad about it but what can I do? And then Amy said she wanted revenge and I wanted revenge because of what he did to you and also what I-

She cuts herself off.

HAYDEN

(growling)

What did you do?

ALEX

Come on. Calm down. We don't need to do this.

Hayden shoves Alex. Alex stumbles back.

HAYDEN

What did you do?

ALEX

Please. Please don't.

HAYDEN

Alex I swear to you right now that if you don't tell me what the fuck went down between you and that fucking lizard they will bring back death row in Florida to hang me for just how *completely dead I have made you.*

JACKIE

Florida still has the death penalty.

HAYDEN

(to Jackie, casual)

For real?

(to Alex, murderous)

Tell me.

ALEX

After- after everything went down, he.... Contacted me.

All the girls react.

BECCA
You talked to Dan?

AMY
How is the shit stain? Never mind.
Doesn't matter. However he is, he
could stand to be doing shittier.

HAYDEN
(ignoring them)
And then what?

ALEX
And then- and then-

HAYDEN
And then what?

ALEX
Then he tried to convince me it
wasn't his fault but yours and
asked me to send him some money so
he could go home and I *might've* but
it wasn't *that* much, I swear! But
when I realized *he* was the liar I
also wanted revenge?

HAYDEN
You believed him over your own
sister!? You never even *liked* him
when I was with him.

AMY
Well, *that's* obviously not true.

Hayden glares at her.

ALEX
I didn't! I don't! I don't. He's
just... charismatic and drew me in?
You *know* that. You *all* know that.
We're here, fucking up at fucking
him over, so you *know* why this
happened.

BECCA
Honestly, I don't. There's no
reason for why he was able to pull
all of us.

AMY
Exactly. That jackass has nothing
going for him. And yet, he was able
to do it four- five times? Unreal.

ALEX

Maybe we're all just stupid.

BECCA

(trance-like)

Or maybe we just wanted to be loved
so badly we were willing to accept
an awful, false kind of love.

*

A beat.

AMY

(to Becca)

Gross. No.

She blows a raspberry and gives her a thumbs-down.

AMY (CONT'D)

We're just stupid.

Hayden has been quiet up until now. She sighs, the fight leaving her.

HAYDEN

Whatever. I just want this to be
over.

She lays down on the bench. Her hair dangles off the side and into a puddle of questionable liquid. The girls cringe, but Hayden either doesn't notice or care.

Becca pats Hayden's shoulder comfortingly.

BECCA

I'll call my wife when they let us.
She'll bail us out. We can be home
tomorrow.

HAYDEN

Thanks.

BECCA

Of course.

INT. JAIL CELL - NEXT MORNING

The girls sleep in various positions in the cell, Jackie against the wall, Amy's head in Becca's lap.

Alex sits awake against the wall furthest from the others.

There's a clang and the gate opens.

POLICE OFFICER
Okay, girls! You're free to go.

They all jerk awake, ruffled. Even Amy and Becca seem dingy.

AMY
That was fast.

BECCA
(yawning)
Kennedys aren't known for their
tardiness. Although, I did think
she'd take at least another hour or-

She cuts herself off at the sight of Francis in their doorway, grinning. Alex stands quickly and dusts herself off.

ALEX
Francis? What... what are you doing
here?

FRANCIS
Getting y'all out. Breakfast?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

The girls and Francis cram into a booth. They all have food piled in front of them. Only Francis is eating, and he's chowing down.

For a moment, the only sound is Francis chewing.

FRANCIS
You guys should really eat
something.

No one answers or acknowledges him. He sees them staring into space and pulls Hayden's plate to him and starts eating.

AMY
(after a beat)
We need a new plan.

BECCA
Ix-nay on the plan-ay.

She nods toward Francis, who is blissfully scarfing food.

AMY

I literally don't know what that means. All I'm saying is that *your* plan failed in the grandest of ways-

HAYDEN

(under her breath)

-It won me a criminal record-

AMY

(to Hayden)

Let me finish

(to everyone)

I think that we should go back to one of my own ideas.

HAYDEN

So you just want us arrested again?

AMY

No.

BECCA

No offense, Ames, but your ideas *do* have a track record of being pretty illegal.

JACKIE

As much as I want to keep going, I don't particularly want a felony on my record.

AMY

(pouting)

You guys are no fun. Who cares about one measly arrest in Florida. Just "Spring Break" the claim and any finance-bro-onboarding-douche worth his salt will high five you and welcome you to the team.

HAYDEN

Yeah, maybe. But they won't hire a *murderer*.

AMY

(indignant)

I said no such thing. Murder isn't even on my radar!

Francis finally looks up.

FRANCIS

Who are you killing?

BECCA
Shit. I told you.

AMY
Your brother.

	HAYDEN	BECCA
Amy!		Stop, please!

FRANCIS
(taken aback)
Dan?

AMY
Unless you have another brother.

FRANCIS
Not that I know of...

Looking from girl to girl, he finally seems to take in their expressions.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Wait. Are y'all serious?

Becca relaxes with a giggle. She twirls a strand of hair around her finger.

BECCA
Of course not, silly! We were just kidding!

Amy hasn't moved a muscle.

FRANCIS
Okay. Cool. My bro's a dick. I fuck with a good joke at his expense.

Becca, Jackie, and Hayden exchange a glance.

JACKIE
Are you and your brother... close?

FRANCIS
Nah, man. Hate the guy.

JACKIE
But you live with him?

FRANCIS
I mean, yeah. Dude's loaded. As long as I'm there I don't have to worry about anything. He totally sucks, though.

BECCA
 (sarcastic)
 Let me guess: Crampin' your style?

FRANCIS
 Bro, yes! We had this swanky-ass penthouse in New York until he made us dip last year. Woke me at dawn to get on a plane. Shit blew.

He eyes the girls appreciatively.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 Not that I don't like the beach life. Chick's are hot. But some heads up would've been nice, yeah?

HAYDEN
 Wait. Fuck me. I *knew* that was his apartment.

JACKIE
 (to Hayden)
 What?

HAYDEN
 Just... nothing.

Francis laughs and points at Hayden.

FRANCIS
 Oh, fuck! My man Andre at the front desk told me some crazy chick came by yelling to let her in. That was you?

HAYDEN
 Maybe.
 (Beat)
 But if you guys lived there then he lied! He said there was no Dan there.

FRANCIS
 Nah, man. The place was in *my* name. Andre never even knew who Dan was. Sorry that happened to you, though. Shit sucks.

HAYDEN
 Thanks. I think.

He pushes away his plates. One of them bumps Alex's coffee and some spills onto her hand. She doesn't flinch.

FRANCIS
 (to Alex, sweetly)
 Hey there, Sugarplum. You haven't
 said a word since we got here.

HAYDEN
 (casual)
 We're not speaking to her.

FRANCIS
 What could this lovely flower have
 done that was so bad?

The girls exchange a glance.

HAYDEN
 She kissed your brother.

FRANCIS
 (laughing, to Alex)
 No problem, Babe. So have most
 girls. If that stopped me there'd
 be no fish in the sea.

HAYDEN
 I'm glad you feel like she wronged
 you, not us.

FRANCIS
 Oh, fuck. No. That's not what I
 meant.

HAYDEN
 Whatever.

Amy grabs the full sugar container and dumps the whole thing
 in her coffee. The girls' eyes bug out.

AMY
 (sweetly)
 Hey, Francis? We're out of sugar.
 Can you go get us another?

FRANCIS
 (oblivious)
 Oh, sure.

He reaches over to grab the sugar from the next table.

AMY
 Actually, can you get the one from
 that table?

She motions to the table furthest from them. Francis nods and gets up.

BECCA
What are you up to?

AMY
(to Hayden)
Fuck Alex-

Alex grunts but makes no other noise.

AMY (CONT'D)
But we need her to seduce that guy
into helping us.

HAYDEN
(to herself)
She has no problem seducing

<p>ALEX Hey.</p>	<p>AMY Exactly. And right now we have a treasure trove of idiocy who'll be more than willing to help fuck Dan up.</p>
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JACKIE
I appreciate where you're coming
from, but there's no way he's as
stupid as-

Francis comes back, arms laden with sugar dispensers.

FRANCIS
I forgot what table you said so I
just grabbed all of them. You can
pick your flavor that way.

Amy shoots a pointed look at Jackie, who shrugs.

HAYDEN
(sighing)
Fine. Whatever. Do your thing. But
do not let us get arrested again.

AMY
I don't know why you keep bringing
that up. We haven't ever *been*
arrested.

<p>HAYDEN What?</p>	<p>JACKIE What do you mean?</p>
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BECCA

Ames, no offense to your mental state right now, but we were definitely in the slammer.

AMY

Physically, yes. Mentally? Sure. Legally, however, we gave them our fakes so we're all clean. I have your real IDs, remember.

Beat.

BECCA

You gorgeous, gorgeous woman. Do what you need.

FRANCIS

I for sure paid to get you out of jail. What're you talking about?

Amy looks at Alex, who seems to finally wake from her coma.

ALEX

(touching his arm)
I'll explain later.

FRANCIS

She speaks! Good morning, Sunshine.

ALEX

Sorry. I was sleepy.

She glances at Hayden, who avoids her eyes. Alex nods, aware this peace is for revenge only.

FRANCIS

Oh, no sweat, cigarette. I was just worried about you.

AMY

Aw, that's so sweet.
(to business)
So, Francis. We were talking while you were getting the sugar and we- especially Alex- think you should help us... give your brother a gift.

BECCA

(nodding)
Yes... Your brother has done so... much for all of us that we wanted to pay him back.

AMY

Exactly. We owe him money and really want to get it back to him.

HAYDEN

Right. For all the help he's given us. Because he's so helpful. And- and loving. And attentive-

Amy elbows her.

JACKIE

But we don't want him to *know*, you know? Like, we were going to sneak it in for him to find later.

FRANCIS

You guys sure talked about a lot while I was gone.

BECCA

You were gone a long time.

FRANCIS

(finger-gunning)
Trueeee.

JACKIE

Anyways. Do you happen to know your mom's maiden name? Or the street where you guys grew up?

BECCA

The name of your first pet?

HAYDEN

Or the make and model of Dan's first car?

FRANCIS

Yo girlies. What's with the third degree?

ALEX

(eyelashes fluttering)
Just... getting to know you.

FRANCIS

I don't know about any of that junk. Sorry.

The girls visibly deflate.

AMY

It's fine, I guess.

FRANCIS

Yeah, he's not very talkative.

The girls murmur in disgruntled agreement.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

His little policy thing is the most I've ever heard him talk about stuff like that.

The girls are disinterested.

ALEX

Uh huh.

FRANCIS

Yeah. Right after we moved into the house here he wouldn't shut up about that thing. Apparently it was some big deal. I thought all homes had insurance, though.

AMY

(zoning in)

Wait, what?

FRANCIS

I don't know how it works. He was talking about how much it cost and all the forms he had to sign to prove it was legal. All I really heard was "wah-wah, money money blah blah".

JACKIE

Are you saying that Dan recently took out a massive insurance policy on his house?

HAYDEN

That's what you got from that?

FRANCIS

Is that what it is? I don't know, man. It's gibberish to me.

The girls look at each other: Amy giddy, Hayden nervous, Jackie thoughtful, Becca grinning. Alex looks up and offers a smile of her own.

INT. AMY/BECCA'S HOTEL ROOM - THAT AFTERNOON

The girls gather on the plush couches. Francis wanders the living room, appreciating the suite.

AMY
I have a plan.

JACKIE
A *plan* plan, or another half-baked, half-assed shit storm that lands us in jail.

AMY
First of all, rude. I apologized for that-

HAYDEN
Did you?

AMY
(to Hayden)
Yeah, I did.
(to Jackie)
And it's a *real* plan, asshole.

JACKIE
Just speaking out loud.

FRANCIS
Yo, this apartment totally fucks!

AMY
(patient)
It's a hotel room, darling.

HAYDEN
Does he *have* to be here?

AMY
He's a key component of my plan.

They look to Francis. He tugs on a chain to turn on a lamp. It turns on. He tugs again and the wire comes out. He freaks and tries to hide it.

HAYDEN
Uh huh.

AMY
(sage)
Even a dumb dog can be taught to bite the hand that feeds.

HAYDEN
That's- that's not a saying.

AMY
It most definitely is.

JACKIE
It's not.

AMY
It is-- can we just move on?

ALEX
What do you need me to do?

HAYDEN
(biting)
You don't need to do anything.

BECCA
Hayden, please. She didn't do anything anyone else in the room hasn't done-

AMY
-Besides Francis-

BECCA
(amending)
-Besides Francis.

HAYDEN
How can you say that? My *sister* and my boyfriend?

JACKIE
(gentle)
Your *sister* and the man who seduced *all of us* and screwed up *all our* lives.

ALEX
(quiet)
I'm sorry, Hayden. I- there's nothing else to say. I knew what I was doing, I knew what he meant to you, what he did to you. It just... happened.

Hayden refuses to look at her. Becca puts a reassuring arm on Alex's shoulder.

BECCA
I understand. You're not alone.

JACKIE

We've all been there, in some way.
I get it.

AMY

He's a dick, and he worked his
dickhole-ishness on you, too. Just
means you get where I'm coming
from.

Alex is touched.

ALEX

Thanks. That means a lot.

The girls look to Hayden, waiting for her to chime in.

She stands in a rage and storms out the door.

Becca stands, preparing to go after her.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Don't. She just needs time.
Besides, I don't want her to
forgive me. I deserve this.

(to Amy)

So what's this plan of yours?

AMY

How do we feel about playing with
fire?

There's a chorus of discontent groans.

JACKIE

Amy...

BECCA

I thought we'd agreed that
arson was too drastic.

AMY

Key word: *was* too drastic, but...
just hear me out.

ALEX

Go on. I'm listening.

AMY

What do we know about Dan?

They give her wry looks.

BECCA

He's a soul-sucking, money-sucking
vampire that gets off on ruining
lives.

JACKIE
He's the smartest idiot I've ever
had the misfortune of being around.

BECCA
He has four nipples.

JACKIE
And they're all tiny.

ALEX
So tiny.

BECCA
And he has the single largest
asshole I've ever seen.

JACKIE
Jesus, I forgot about that! He was
so self-conscious about it.

BECCA
Thing could lay eggs with ease.

They all smile for probably the first time in a while.

AMY
As true as all that is, I mean more
definitively. What do we *know* about
him. What does he care about more
than anything else in the world?

Beat.

BECCA
(tentative)
Money?

AMY
(immediate)
Money! Thank Jesus, Mary, and that
other fucker. Yes! All of *this* is
because he is the single greediest
motherfucker this side of the one
percent.

BECCA
And this has... *what* to do with
arson?

It dawns on Jackie. She taps her temple.

JACKIE
I'm there. I'm with you. Amy,
you're a genius.

AMY
I try.

BECCA
Where are you? Wait, explain. I'm
lost.

AMY
(whistling)
Hey, Fran! Come here!

Francis bounds over.

FRANCIS
What's up, Chickapeas?

He goes to ruffle Alex's hair and she dodges with a pout. He
winks at her.

AMY
You said your brother took out an
insurance policy on the house?

FRANCIS
Is that what that is? I don't
really know what that means.

JACKIE
(quickly)
And you don't have to. Have you
ever heard those words before? From
your brother?

FRANCIS
Oh, yeah. I have. So yeah. I think
he did.

Becca and Alex get it.

BECCA
Holy shit.

ALEX
Amy, I could kiss you right
now.

AMY
(to Francis)
I need to know something and I need
you to be honest with me.

She leans in and Francis follows. He takes Alex's hand in his
and squeezes. She blushes.

FRANCIS
Yeah? Anything.

AMY
Do you hate your brother?

FRANCIS
I- uh-

Amy snaps in his face.

AMY
No thinking! Just answer. *Do you hate your brother?*

FRANCIS
No.

BECCA
Shit.

He sees their crestfallen expressions and rushes to amend.

FRANCIS
Actually, no. Uh, yeah. Yeah. I I do hate him. He's screwed me over way many times. And he's never apologized! Even when he took my first girlfriend. I mean, I get it. He's a stud and I'm... *this*. But he never even said sorry.

He gets choked up.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Aubrey Cochran. 5th grade. She smelled like cherry lipgloss and apple juice. He knew I liked her and he still took her.
(beat)
How fucked is that?

Alex looks away and pulls her hand back.

BECCA
So fucked.

AMY
Exactly! Now, what would you say if I told you I had a plan to ruin the bastard's life the same way he's ruined ours?

FRANCIS
(wiping a tear)
Yeah?

AMY
Yes. You'd be out from under his
thumb forever. You could do
whatever you want! Maybe even move
back to New York!

FRANCIS
That would be amazing.

JACKIE
It would be, wouldn't it. But we
need your help.

BECCA
Do you think you can help us?

FRANCIS
What are you trying to do?

AMY
(hurriedly)
Nothing crazy! Just, get him
arrested for a long, long time.

FRANCIS
Oh.
(beat)
Okay.

JACKIE
Okay?

FRANCIS
Sure. I like you guys and I don't
like him.

AMY
That's awesome, Francis.

FRANCIS
Wait!

BECCA
Yeah?

FRANCIS
If I do this, will I need to get a
job after? If Dan's not paying for
my stuff anymore?

The girls exchange a look.

JACKIE
Probably?

FRANCIS
(loud)
Fuck.

Beat.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Fine. I'm in.

The girls grin. Alex's fades first. She extracts herself from the group and stands. Francis looks up at her.

AMY
Are you okay?

Alex rubs her hands on her pants nervously.

ALEX
I- I think I'm going to find
Hayden. I owe her a real apology.

FRANCIS
Do you want me to go with you,
Babe?

ALEX
No. I think this needs to be done
alone.

She leaves.

The other girls and Francis remain on the couch.

FRANCIS
So... *how* do you know my brother
again?

INT. HOTEL BAR - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

It's still daylight. Hayden is the only one at the bar. She swirls her straw around her drink. She downs it and starts crunching the ice.

Alex walks over and sits next to her.

HAYDEN
What do you want?

Hayden looks at her and eats the cherry out of her cup.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
 (mouth full)
 I don't want you here.

ALEX
 Did- did you just eat that cherry
 just so I couldn't have it?

Hayden starts to shake her head no before nodding yes.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 And how'd that go?

Hayden speaks through a mouth full of un-swallowed cherry.

HAYDEN
 Bad.

She spits it into a napkin and frowns.

The bartender comes by to take Hayden's glass. Alex holds up two fingers and nods to it.

BARTENDER
 ID?

ALEX
 C'mon, man.

He holds firm. They stare each other down for a moment before Alex fishes her ID out.

HAYDEN
 I don't know how you eat those
 things. They're nasty.

ALEX
 I believe the word you're looking
 for is 'scrumptious'.

They both smile before succumbing to uncomfortable silence.

A moment that's far too long.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 (sincere)
 I'm sorry.

Beat.

HAYDEN
 I know.

ALEX

Like, *actually* really sorry. I fucked everything up and there's no reason for you to forgive me for what I did but I need you to know that I never, ever wanted to hurt you. I've been trying to make it up to you ever since.

HAYDEN

You've been doing a shitty job of showing it.

ALEX

I know. I'm a shitty person who does shitty things. But I love you and I don't want us to fight.

(in a rush)

I didn't want you to find out. Not because I didn't want you to be mad but because I knew it would hurt you. And when you mentioned this trip I thought it would be my way to get back at the guy who fucked up both of us. I don't know how I thought the truth wouldn't come out but I didn't care.

HAYDEN

Mhm.

ALEX

(picking her words carefully)

He hurt you, but he hurt *me*, too. I was a kid, Hayden. I was 19. I fell into the same trap as the rest of you and he used the fact that I was young to manipulate me. And I hate him. I fucking hate him for what he did to you, but I hate him even more for what he did to me. What he's currently doing to *us*.

Beat.

HAYDEN

It's what he wants. Us to break apart.

She sighs.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

I love you, too, Alex. And I understand why you did the things you did. I didn't think I would, but I do. I probably would've done the same if the roles were reversed. He's just *that* good at manipulating people.

Alex smiles a bit. Hayden doesn't.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

I love you and I understand, but I don't forgive you.

(on Alex's look)

Not that I won't ever forgive you, and we can move on. But today? Right now? I can't. Not yet.

ALEX

I'll take it.

The bartender brings back their drinks.

ALEX (CONT'D)

So are you in? Ready to destroy Dan?

Hayden hands Alex her cherry and Alex eats it with a grin.

HAYDEN

I suppose. Just, no more jail. Please?

ALEX

Cross my heart. Amy's plan is way too good for jail.

Hayden smiles and takes a sip.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(on Hayden's sip)

We're thinking arson.

Hayden chokes.

INT. HOTEL BAR - AN HOUR LATER

The girls and Francis sit at a large table in the back corner. It's covered with the bones of their meals, half-empty drinks, and a giant map of Dan and Francis's house cobbled together across napkins, drawn in crayon.

AMY
 (to Francis)
 And you know the alarm code?

FRANCIS
 Of course. I'm not stupid.

The girls mutter noncommittally. He doesn't notice.

ALEX
 We can just go through the front door. We'll be with Fran, so no one will be that suspicious.

Francis smiles at the nickname.

FRANCIS
 Yeah. I agree.

AMY
 (rolling her eyes)
 Of course you do.

JACKIE
 That should be fine, but we're trying to pin this thing on Dan, not Francis. It'll look too suspicious if he has a bunch of girls come over the night the house gets toasted.

BECCA
 True. The cops might look to Francis as the culprit, especially if he stands to gain anything.
 (to Francis)
 Do you?

FRANCIS
 Huh?

BECCA
 Stand to gain anything if we torch this place. Are you in your brother's will? Or a co-executor or beneficiary of the policy or something?

FRANCIS
 Great. We're making up words now.

BECCA
 (to the girls)
 Probably not.

Hayden bites her lip, thinking.

HAYDEN

What if... we *do* frame Francis?

ALEX

Hey, you can be mad at me, but
leave him out of it.

HAYDEN

What? No? No. Hear me out. We're
trying to pin this on Dan-

AMY

Douche-

HAYDEN

(to Amy)

Bless you.

(continuing)

Listen. If Dan really *were* to torch
his house for the insurance money,
he wouldn't leave a bunch of
evidence to get caught.

ALEX

(catching on)

He'd make it look like someone else
was behind it. Like Francis.

HAYDEN

Bingo. So the best thing we can do
is make it *look* like *Dan* made it
look like Francis was behind the
fire.

BECCA

So he probably *is* co-executor, or
something.

FRANCIS

I'm lost.

ALEX

You're doing great, Babe.

She picks up his hand and squeezes. He smiles.

AMY

So we put a couple of very obvious
red herrings at the scene, make it
look like Dan tried to blame
Francis? And did a bad job of it?

Hayden nods furiously.

ALEX

And we'll throw some undeniable-
but subtle!- evidence that Dan is
actually the culprit. Half-wipe his
fingerprints off things, make his
room the most-burned so it looks
intentional-

HAYDEN

Save his favorite things from the
fire like he took them out ahead of
time!

ALEX

Exactly!

Beat.

Amy slaps her hands down on the table.

AMY

Fuck it. That's brilliant. I'm in.

BECCA

You already know I'm down.

JACKIE

Honestly, kinda brilliant, you
guys.

They look to Francis. He looks surprised to have eyes on him.
He shrugs

FRANCIS

Yeah, sure. I don't really
understand my part, though.

ALEX

I'll walk you through it. Don't
worry.

AMY

Let it burn, baby! Let. It. Burn.

CONQUEST BY THE WHITE STRIPES PLAYS OVER THE FOLLOWING

INT. WALMART - A LITTLE LATER

Amy pushes a cart while the girls throw things in it.
Colorful tank tops, jeans, costume jewelry.

They pay cash.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - CONTINUOUS

They grab gallons of kerosene made for fire pits.

Francis holds six pairs of rubber gloves.

They pay cash.

INT. AMY/BECCA'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The group changes into their new clothes. They look like they're heading to a club.

Alex tucks her rubber gloves into her waistband.

CLOSE-ON: AMY PUTTING ON MASCARA

The girls trade their fake IDs for the real things.

EXT. DAN'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Francis unlocks the door and ushers the girls inside. He disarms the code.

INT. DAN'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jackie (wearing gloves) pours the kerosene into gas tanks.

Amy and Becca (wearing gloves) each take one and the three of them start to sprinkle kerosene across the house.

INT. DAN'S ROOM

Hayden and Alex pull open drawers and toss sheets.

There's a pile of trinkets: a signed baseball, some cassette tapes, a taxidermy hamster wearing people clothes, a renaissance portrait of Jackie's cat wearing an old-fashioned suit.

Alex finds a lockbox and puts it with the rest of the pile.

Francis comes in and picks up half of the things. Hayden gets the other half.

The cat in question comes into the room and licks his paw. Alex picks him up.

EXT. DAN'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The girls (and Francis) walk out the front door, holding their goodies. Jackie has her guitar under one arm and her cat in the other. She grins wildly.

They put the junk in Francis's car and he drives off to leave it far from the scene of the crime.

INT. DAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Amy opens all the windows to let in oxygen.

Alex turns on the burners on the stove and opens the oven.

Hayden walks in, sprinkling gasoline. She's followed by Francis, who has returned.

She takes the line of gasoline up to the stove.

She looks to the other girls and they all nod. Hayden starts to close the line and get it to the open flame.

SONG ENDS

DAN

What the fuck are you guys doing in
my fucking house!?!

The girls (and Francis) all freeze and turn to him in horror.

BECCA

(to Francis)

You said he was gone for the night!

FRANCIS

He normally is!

AMY

Obviously, you were wrong.

FRANCIS

He left with a girl! He's normally
gone till morning when that
happens.

DAN

(re: gone till morning)
It didn't go well!

JACKIE

Let me guess. You tried to trick her out of hearth and home and she caught on too quick?

Dan looks taken aback.

DAN

What? How did...

(beat)

Jackie?

Jackie shrugs. Dan backs away, clocking each girl one at a time.

DAN (CONT'D)

And... Becca? Amy? ...Oh, oh shit. It's Amy Reede and the fucking Dumpettes, here to ruin my fucking day. Do you know how much the hardwood in the entryway costs? More than you make in a year, I can guaran-fucking-ty.

JACKIE

Pay for it with my 401k, you dick!

DAN

Actually, *that* went toward my timeshare in Jacksonville.

JACKIE

A fucking *timeshare* in Jacksonville. You fucking loon.

ALEX

Bad investment. You should've gone with the hair transplant.

Dan's hand flies to his head.

FRANCIS

(to the girls)

I'm so sorry. I really didn't know he'd come home.

Dan looks at Francis in shock.

DAN

You're a part of this?

AMY

(laughing)

Fuck no. This idiot turned us in!

Francis shakes his head aggressively.

FRANCIS
 No I didn't. No I didn't.
 (to Alex)
 You believe me, right?

Alex opens her mouth but is interrupted by Dan.

Dan shoves Francis.

DAN
 You fucker! What the fuck did I
 ever do to you?

Dan rounds it off with a hard punch to Francis' stomach.
 Francis flinches, but otherwise doesn't even move.

ALEX
 Okay, yeah. I believe you.

Dan whirls to face them.

DAN
 I'm going to repeat myself: why the
fuck are you in my house.

He sees the open flame and Hayden's hand poised over it.

DAN (CONT'D)
 Fuck.

HAYDEN
 Hey, Dan. Long time no see.

His eyes drift to the gas cans in the girls' hands.

DAN
 So I'm guessing that that's *not*
 water on my hardwood.

The girls smile demurely.

DAN (CONT'D)
Fuck. I *just* put that shit in!
 Couldn't you have egged the place
 instead?

AMY
 (laughing)
 Oh, Dan. You are so silly.

Amy nods to Hayden, who starts toward the fire again.

DAN

Wait!

The girls hesitate.

DAN (CONT'D)

(quickly)

The cops are on their way right now. I tripped the alarm when I saw the door open.

JACKIE

That's funny, because we actually *also* called the cops. Five minutes ago. Right before you got home.

Becca looks at him, deadpan, while making her voice imitate a frightened woman.

BECCA

Help! Help! Please! I was driving by and I saw this guy pouring gasoline all over his house! I think he's gonna b-b-burn it down! No, he's 5'8, kinda scrawny. An ego ten sizes too big for his britches.

The impression dies off towards the end until she's talking in her normal voice, looking droll.

Dan finally looks a little nervous.

DAN

And who are they going to believe? The man who owns the house being burned down or his three exes that hate him and just so happen to be caught inside?

ALEX

I'm going to wager they're not going to believe the owner of the house who also took out a million dollar insurance policy.

AMY

I'm thinking the girls who were just here to party with Francis-

She pats his chest and he clicks his tongue at Dan.

HAYDEN

-Who was supposed to stay with some friends tonight and wasn't even supposed to be here-

BECCA

Which, if you check your gay-ass little planner, you've known about for a while.

ALEX

Actually, it's good you left your plans early. We were going to stage a frantic call, but this puts you at the scene of the crime.

Dan goes pale. He backs away and yanks the cans of gasoline out of Becca and Amy's hands, which they release easily.

Dan holds them up.

DAN

Can't fucking burn a house with no gasoline.

AMY

(sarcastic)

Shit. You're right. If only the whole house was already covered in the gas. Guess you got us. Sucks.

Hayden hands her can to him.

HAYDEN

Here. Can you hold mine, too?

He takes it on reflex, juggling all three in confusion.

He cocks his head at her in genuine confusion.

DAN

Who are *you*?

Beat.

Hayden sees red.

HAYDEN

Oh, you *fucking* bastard. You fucking cunt-licking, cock-sucking, fuck for brains. You utter shit-pile. Fuck you, you fucking fuck. Ken Doll-looking ass-

She lunges. Alex holds her back, the only thing keeping Dan's eyes from being scratched out of his head.

FRANCIS

Ken doll?

ALEX

(straining)

Dickless.

FRANCIS

Oh.

DAN

What the fuck did I say? What the *fuck* did I say!

AMY

You guys were *engaged*, you jackass.

Dan is genuinely stumped.

DAN

What? I think I'd remember if we were engaged.

Gesturing to Alex.

DAN (CONT'D)

Now, this one I remember. Little spitfire. How you doing?

He waggles his eyebrows.

This time, Alex lets Hayden go when she lunges.

Hayden punches Dan right in the nose.

His hand flies up.

DAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

HAYDEN

That's for my sister, you fucking asshole.

She rears back and kicks him in the crotch. He bends in half, moaning, revealing his broken and bloody nose.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

And that one's for me.

Dan's a whimpering mess on the ground, tears streaming from his eyes. He reaches one hand up toward Francis in desperate hope of his brother helping him up. Alex kicks his hand away.

DAN

Please.

ALEX

Suck a warhead, you sour-faced prick.

DAN

I'll sue.

AMY

And we'll counter. Don't think it'll be too hard to convince a court that you lured the poor little girls you robbed blind to your beach house in an attempt to burn it down with them inside.

DAN

(still wheezing)
You wouldn't... dare...

AMY

Try me. I'm a lawyer now, you fucker.

She nods to Hayden.

AMY (CONT'D)

Do it. We gotta get this joint smoldering before the cops show.

DAN

You wouldn't burn this place with all of us inside, would you?

JACKIE

It's called running out the front door, moron.

Dan is desperate now.

DAN

Cameras! I have cameras all over the place. Fucking evidence!

JACKIE

You *idiot*. You dumb *fuck*. You don't think we *know* you have cameras?

DAN

Wha?

FRANCIS

(proud)

I disarmed them. With *your* code.

ALEX

Who makes their disarm code
'disarm'? And people think *he's* the
dumb one.

FRANCIS

Wait-

AMY

Do it.

Hayden turns the flame up so it almost touches the line of gasoline.

DAN

Wait!

Amy turns on him so fast the flame flickers in her wake.

AMY

Please tell me what you think is so
important that it'll actually stop
this from happening.

DAN

Your junk- stuff! It's all here!
Everything I didn't sell! It's in
the other room!

The girls pause.

Dan takes advantage of this.

DAN (CONT'D)

(to Hayden)

You! I do remember you! That table!
It's by my front door! You can have
it back! You can have it all back,
I swear!

Hayden and Alex look at each other. Alex nods to her.

HAYDEN

Fuck the credenza.

Hayden turns the knob.

The flame catches.

It spreads immediately, catching the oxygen coming through the window and growing tall. It follows the lines of gasoline through the house, catching the wood flooring.

The girls (and Francis) turn tail and run, trying to beat it.

They drop their gloves on their way, watching them get caught and melt in the growing flame.

Dan scrambles up and follows them, limping. At the entranceway, the girls turn deeper in the house as Dan runs outside, still clutching the cans of gas.

DAN
(screaming)
Fucking idiots! Sadists! You dumb
fucking bitches!

The girls (and Francis) look at each other as the flames crawl into the room and begin to start up the walls.

BECCA
Now?

JACKIE
Little longer.

The flames get closer. The room is filled with smoke. Ash begins to accumulate.

ALEX
Now?

HAYDEN
Wait.

The flames head toward the front door.

Red and blue lights drive up the street, obscured by the smoke.

Hayden begins to cough, but stands tall.

She takes some of the ash from the wall and rubs it on herself. The others do the same.

AMY
Okay, it's time. We've done this
long enough.

HAYDEN
Seconds. Seconds longer.

The flames surround the front door. Just before they reach it:

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Now!

The girls (and Francis), covered in ash and coughing like no one's business, run out the front door.

They're singed, tears streaming from smoke inhalation. Clothes are burning.

There are cop cars and firetrucks everywhere and an ambulance pulling up. The EMTs run out towards the group. They stop by the cops.

Outside, the fire department is trying to fight the fire. A window blows upstairs, flames crawling out.

It's too late. The house will burn.

COP 1

Freeze! Stay where you are!

Dan is on his knees, arms up and gas cans scattered around him.

The girls freeze. Becca lurches forward, hands in front of her, palms upward.

BECCA

(sobbing)

H-he!

COP 1

I said freeze!

The rest of the group joins in the sobbing, playing up the tears already streaming.

BECCA

(pointing to Dan)

That man- no. That *monster* tried to kill us all! We were upstairs and- and-

HAYDEN

(blubbering)

We- we weren't supposed to be there! We wanted Francis to come to our place, but he- he made him take us here instead!

Francis nods, still coughing up a lung.

The cops turn toward Dan, ash-free and shaking his head.

DAN

Who are you going to believe? These girls or me? I'm telling you! It was them! I just-

There's a loud crash. Everyone turns to the house as the roof collapses in.

Amy lets out a wail.

ALEX

That was where we were! That could've been us!

The cops look back to Dan. One shakes his head in disappointment.

One of the cops collects their IDs and walks off to run them.

DAN

(spluttering)

They're- they're lying! They're just trying to get back at me! Fucking-

HAYDEN

(to the cops)

Please! He tried to kill us!

(to Dan)

Haven't you hurt us enough?

COP 2

(to Dan)

Why would they be trying to get back at you?

DAN

(desperate)

I was engaged to them!

COP 2

Which one?

DAN

All of them!

Beat.

The girls respond in various displays of disbelief.

AMY

What!?

HAYDEN

That's... ridiculous!

COP 1

Man, do you know how *insane* that is? Come on.

ID COP

(from the car)

They're clean! *Not* the B&E girls!

The cops drag him up and put him in the car. One of the cops puts on gloves and bags the cans in 'evidence' containers.

The EMTs rush forward, pulling the girls toward the ambulance, checking them over.

Francis, still coughing, gets wrapped in a security blanket.

FRANCIS

(through coughs)

I don't know what's happening. He's my brother. He- I guess he would've... He told me a few months ago about some 'insurance' thing and I don't really know what that means but I never thought he'd do something like this. That isn't my brother.

Alex tries to cover her proud smile over his words.

CLOSE-UP: COP LIGHTS REFLECTED ON A GROWING SMIRK ON HAYDEN'S FACE

REAL WILD CHILD (WILD ONE) BY IGGY POP PLAYS OVER FOLLOWING:

INT. AIRPORT - THE NEXT DAY

The girls are just inside the front doors, gathering themselves. They have their few bags. Jackie has her guitar in a brand new case in one hand and her cat in a carrier in the other.

AMY

Okay, so-

CHARLIE

(yelling)

Scary lady!

The girls turn to see Charlie barreling at them full speed. They cringe in anticipation of a collision, but he manages to stop just in time.

Charlie pants for a second before he can get any words out.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (still panting)
 Your- your bags. I have them!

BECCA
 Oh, fuck.

Amy pulls him into a hug and kisses his cheek. He squirms, blushing.

AMY
 You gorgeous, gorgeous Polly
 Pocket! My hero!

CHARLIE
 (pulling free)
 I was trying to call you!

The girls look to Becca, who looks like the secrets of the universe were just answered.

BECCA
 Ohhhh.. That was you!
 (shrugging)
 I don't answer unknown numbers.

HAYDEN
 You gave *him* your number to call.

BECCA
 Which *you* could have done.

JACKIE
 Charlie. This is important. Did you
 look inside them?

CHARLIE
 What? No. Of course not!

Charlie gestures vaguely behind him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 They're back there. Let me get
 them.

He rushes off.

AMY
 Thank Jesus. I was *not* in the mood
 to have to order new red bottoms.

JACKIE
 Now, why would you even pack those?
 You *knew* you wouldn't wear them.

AMY

I don't know! I'm a nervous packer!

BECCA

And the *other* stuff in your bag?

AMY

I'm sure that's good, too.

JACKIE

(sarcastic)

Well, as long as you're *sure*.

Charlie comes back, pushing a cart with the bags.

HAYDEN

Charlie, you're a life-saver!

CHARLIE

Now if you can just tell that to my supervisor, that'd be really-

AMY

Yeah, yeah, sure. Whatever you say.
Thanks, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Oh. Okay. Yeah. Bye!

He scuttles off.

SONG ENDS

The girls start poking through the bags, pulling theirs.

Alex is texting and accidentally tugs on hers particularly hard and stumbles back, falling to the ground.

HAYDEN

(poking her)

Who you texting?

ALEX

Francis.

AMY

Oh, shit. Yeah?

JACKIE

Is he okay? Are they going easy?

ALEX

Yeah. I mean, I guess as easy as can be expected. Dan's not helping.

AMY

Jackass.

ALEX

Fran says they're grilling him pretty hard but he doesn't know what they're talking about most of the time so he doesn't have to pretend.

HAYDEN

Shocking.

ALEX

Hey. Be nice.

HAYDEN

Did I lie?

ALEX

No, but-

Becca butts in.

BECCA?

Is he going to be okay, though?

Hayden's phone rings. She looks at it and excuses herself.

ALEX

Yeah. They seem pretty certain he's just stupid.

HAYDEN

And us? What do the cops think?

ALEX

Good old fashioned orgy.

JACKIE

And they're believing that?

AMY

Man's hot. Give him a break. He could tell the cops we asked him to piss in our coffee before we drank it and they'd probably believe him.

Beat.

ALEX

He's, uh. He's moving.

AMY
Moving?

ALEX
Yeah.

JACKIE
Where?

ALEX
The city. Eventually. He's obviously still tied up in legal shit but I guess his mom's up in New York still and he can stay with her for a bit.

BECCA
Didn't know Dan had a mom.

AMY
(chastising)
Even the devil was born to human parents, my sweet Bex.

JACKIE
That's not-

ALEX
Yeah I guess after the place went up he decided his mom is the best bet for him.

AMY
Makes sense.

ALEX
He says we should catch dinner when he gets there, though.

BECCA
We?

ALEX
Fine. Me. But we should. Get dinner, I mean.

Hayden walks back over, dejected.

HAYDEN
Whelp. That's it. I'm fired.

ALEX
No he fucking didn't.

HAYDEN

Yeah. Apparently one no-show was too much. Cut off.

ALEX

That fucker. I no-show all the time and he's never even *threatened* to fire me.

HAYDEN

That's 'cus he has no balls. He's scared of *you*. *Not* me.

BECCA

Fuck, Hayden. I'm sorry.

JACKIE

What are you going to do?

HAYDEN

I don't know. I mean, I do, I guess. I've been thinking about it and I *should* go back to school-

ALEX

Hayden, no. Don't do it just because Mom and Dad-

HAYDEN

Not for psychology. *Hell* no. You were right. A psych major who can't figure out her own fiancé is a con artist is useless as Anne Frank's drum kit.

Hayden looks to Amy and smiles.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

I was thinking law? Take some courses, apply next year?

AMY

I think that's fucking perfect for you. And lucky you, I happen to have dirt on a few big names. Pick the job you want and it's yours.

HAYDEN

(eyes narrowed)
You do not.

AMY

Did I stutter? Of fucking course I do.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

Lawyers are loose-lipped about their clients. The amount of affairs I have on hold for favors is frankly astronomical. DA Office cannot keep their mouths shut or their pants zipped. Whores, the whole lot of them.

Hayden smiles slowly and nods.

HAYDEN

That's fucking fantastic.

Amy throws her arm over her shoulder and gives her a noogie like a good big sister would.

Hayden ducks out and grabs her bag. Amy locks arms with her and Becca and Jackie holds onto Hayden's other arm. They march toward security.

Alex follows a bit behind, purposely creating distance. After a moment, Jackie and Hayden part.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Get up here, you idiot.

Alex grins and runs up. She grabs Hayden's and Jackie's arms.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

(to Alex)

You're a good one, ya know?

ALEX

I know.

(beat)

I missed you.

HAYDEN

I know.

Hayden bumps her with her hip. Alex retaliates with a harder bump, reverberating into Amy. Amy stumbles and glares.

AMY

Fucking children, the both of you.

Alex and Hayden look at each other and snicker.

LOVE YOU MADLY BY CAKE BEGINS

FADE OUT

THE END