FADE IN:

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - DAY

CLOSEUP ON CASEY, 28, as she looks DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA.

CASEY
Adrian, from the moment we met, I knew we'd be together forever. Ever since I was the new kid in Miss Buse's sixth grade Math class, and you were the first person to say hi to me. And then, when I had that reaction to peanuts in ninth grade and everyone else ran away but you shot me full of adrenaline with your Epipen? You were allergic too but you didn't even care! You risked anaphylactic shock for me. That's when I realized there was no one else like you. And since then we've been through so many firsts together. But the one thing I can always count on... is you having my back and being my ride or die forever. So...

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL we've actually been watching Casey in a pre-recorded video ON A TV SCREEN. PULL BACK FURTHER TO REVEAL the real Casey is standing, watching the screen with HER BEST FRIEND ADRIAN (**A WOMAN**, also 28) in Adrian's living room.

Real-time Casey then excitedly turns to Adrian, presses "play" on a REMOTE, and JOHN LEGEND'S "ALL OF ME" STARTS. Both Video-Casey and Real-time Casey perform an elaborate, choreographed dance, which is both charming and awkward since Real time-Casey is slightly behind Video-Casey and getting winded.

Undaunted, Real-time Casey grabs A PINTEREST-WORTHY PINK BOX from behind the couch, and gets down on one knee in front of Adrian just as the song ends.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Adrian Andrews, I want you to be my maid of honor at my wedding.

Casey holds out the box, opening it for Adrian. Pop-up letters spell "WORLD'S BEST MAID OF HONOR" and BUTTERFLIES fly out of the box (though a handful immediately fall to the ground and die).

CASEY (CONT'D)
Shit. They weren't supposed to die.
(then, chipper)
It's okay. We'll just... there...

Casey brushes the fallen butterflies under the couch with her feet, while Adrian looks on, silent.

CASEY (CONT'D)
All good. Okay. So! Back to the maid of honor thing, you are gonna be the best one ever.

ADRIAN
Casey, I don’t even know what to say.

CASEY
I know, I went overboard with the song. And the dance. And... maybe the butterflies.

ADRIAN
I didn’t even know Chase proposed--

CASEY
Technically he hasn’t *yet*, <u>but</u> I saw the ring in his drawer when I was looking for socks last week, and then yesterday I got an email for an Open Table reservation at Chez Melísse for *this* Saturday. He forgets the confirmations go to my email--

ADRIAN
Casey--

CASEY
Don’t worry, I’m not doing my “Casey” thing where I plan everything. I just already know I want you to be my maid of honor, so I thought why not make a day of it. I booked us a spa day to celebrate.

ADRIAN
Shit, I have left over work I have to do today.

CASEY
Come on? I’ll help you lick envelops later. Please? I just wanna celebrate with someone and I can’t with Chase yet. Annnd...
(she does jazz hands)
I got us a champagne couples massage at our favorite Russian Spa.
(pointing)
You. Me.
(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)
Talking shit about reality stars. They're just like us! Whilst Katina and Lada deep tissue us. And then I'm thinking bottomless brunch at Hogs & Quiches, my treat?

ADRIAN
I do love Katina's firm touch. And bottomless brunch, and shit-talking reality stars...

CASEY
See? I know you. Now come on, let's go get rubbed down.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - LATER

Casey and Adrian stand by the front desk looking around.

ADRIAN
How is no one ever at the front desk?

CASEY
I dunno, I think it adds to the place's charm.
(then, taking a selfie)
Here, get in. Celebratory pre-engagement photo.

ADRIAN
No, I look awful--

CASEY
Are you okay? You don't seem like yourself.

ADRIAN
Yeah, I'm just tired 'cause it's Sunday and this crazy bitch woke me up at 8am to sing to me.

CASEY
Very funny. Get in, we're doing a slow-mo. One, two, three--

Casey presses "SLO-MO" ON HER CAMERA PHONE and records as the girls stick their tongues out and blow out WHILE SHAKING THEIR HEADS. After, Casey presses PLAY, and they WATCH THE VIDEO of their cheeks flapping and lips rippling in slow mo. Adrian laughs.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, DORINA, enters and sees Casey and Adrian.

RUSSIAN WOMAN
Ah, our favorite ladies! Welcome back! Come, your usual room is ready.

CASEY
Ooh, can we get extra champagne today?

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The sounds of the ocean crashing and seagulls crying fills the room.

Casey and Adrian lay facedown side-by-side on massage beds, as TWO MASSEUSES massage the girls.

POV: CASEY AND ADRIAN'S FACES THRU THE FACE CRADLES ON THE MASSAGE TABLES.

CASEY (CONT'D)
See? Isn't this just what you needed?

Adrian doesn't say anything, she just blinks.

CASEY (CONT'D)
I know you think marriage is just a patriarchal institution but I've been picturing you as my MOH forever.

Adrian's face scrunches up.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Hey, do you think Chase'll get down on one knee? God, I'm so nervous for him--

Adrian bursts into tears.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Adrian?--

ADRIAN
I can't do this--

CASEY (CONT'D)
What--

ADRIAN
Chase and I had sex!

Everyone freezes. The two Masseuses eye each other awkwardly. Casey pops up wrapping the sheet around her. It gets tangled as she talks. Adrain sits up in her sheet.

CASEY
Wait what?
(then, as it sinks in)
You slept with my fiancé?
...By accident?

ADRIAN
No--

CASEY (CONT'D)
How--Why--What happened! Did you think he was someone else?? You're joking right?

Casey tangled in the sheet trips off the table. Everyone reacts.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Oh my god are you-

Casey jumps up.

CASEY
I'm fine!
(to the masseuses)
Can you give us a minute? I need to talk to "Becky with the Good Hair."

The masseuses slowly back out of the room, and one starts to take the champagne with her.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Leave the champagne!

The masseuse puts it back down and both hustle out of the room. Adrain easily slips on her neatly folded sundress from a near hook. Casey hops around in the sheet grabbing her clothes she previously tossed off around the massage room.

ADRIAN
I'm sorry. We wanted to tell you-- we were going to, I swear, we just hadn't figured out how--

CASEY
"We"?

ADRIAN
(a pause, then)
Well... we've decided we may actually... have feelings for each other--

CASEY
WHAT?! When did you "decide" all--

Adrian’s PHONE DINGS. She reaches for it and checks it.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Wait, are you texting someone--
Don’t text in the middle of this!

Casey has her clothes and is frantically untangling herself out of the sheet. Revealing a bra and panty set underneath that says “FUTURE BRIDE.”

ADRIAN
It’s Chase texting. Hold on.

CHASE (V.O.)
“Hi Baby, just seeing what’s up”--

CASEY
“Baby”?--

ADRIAN
Shit it’s a voice note, I didn’t mean to press play-- I have big thumbs--

Adrian struggles to press “STOP” until finally CHASE’S VOICE NOTE STOPS PLAYING.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
(dictating)
“Chase, Casey came by and--I couldn’t hold it in any longer. I told her.
(then, to Casey, apologetic)
It’s talk-to-text. My thumbs!

Casey in a panic pulls her top on, her arms flailing around getting stuck in the neck hole. Casey pokes her head thru her arm hole.

CASEY
ARE YOU SERIOUS?!

ADRIAN
(reading her phone)
He says, “Tell her we’re sorry. We couldn’t help our feelings. We just feel it’d be unfair to everyone if we didn’t explore this. But we understand you might be hurting.”
(under breath, to herself)
Aw, that’s so sweet of him--

Casey finally pulls the shirt over her head. She grabs her jeans and starts to pull them up but, her legs are still oily from the massage. She’s struggling to pull them up as she speaks. Folding and bending against the table.

CASEY
(as she struggles with the jeans)
What the FUCK, Adrian?! You're my best friend. And Chase is my fiancé-- I just booked he and I a trip to Paris to look at venues--

ADRIAN
(under her breath)
Typical "Casey move."

CASEY
What did you just say???

Casey tries to go for her but her jeans are still stuck half way up around her thighs making her hop tugging them up as she chases Adrian around the room.

CASEY (CONT'D)
I'm gonna kill you Adrian "Acne Face" Andrews.

ADRIAN
Real mature "Space Case, Casey."

Casey pulls her jeans up in one huge tug. And with crazy eyes lunges at Adrian who dodges her and Casey face smacks into Adrian's shoulder. Blood squirts out. Adrian grabs a towel holding it to Casey's nose.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Look, I'm sorry. Let's not do this. I feel terrible. What can I do?

CASEY
Don't date my fiance'!

ADRIAN
(a beat)
...Anything besides that?

CASEY
Are you--Is this--What about the ring I saw??

ADRIAN
He got you that ring a while ago, before-- this happened.

CASEY (CONT'D)
And the Open Table reservations--

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
(sighing, then)
He and I were meeting to talk about how to tell you--

CASEY
At a Michelin star restaurant??

ADRIAN
I mean... it was also a date.
(as if this justifies it:)
...we're both foodies.

Casey slaps the bloody wash cloth away and grabs the two flutes of champagne one glass in each hand. She's drinking from each glass.

CASEY
Ohmygod, I can't believe this is happening. Is this a joke? Are you joking?

ADRIAN
No, and Case, I really am sorry. I just--we can't deny this anymore. Honestly I feel kind of relieved telling you.
(then, looking at her phone)
Oh, hey Casey? Chase says can you wait a beat before you head home? He's gonna clear out his stuff first, then you can go back. To, ya know, avoid the awkwardness.
(then)
Trust me, we feel *awful* about this.

CASEY
ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME??

CUT TO:

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Casey, her face tear-streaked with mascara, wears A SNUGGIE as she drinks ROSÉ FROM A MUG THAT SAYS "SO FAR SO GOOD," and squirts CHOCOLATE SYRUP into A BOX OF GIRL SCOUT COOKIES while singing along to the MARIAH CAREY COVER OF HARRY NILSON'S "WITHOUT YOU" ON REPEAT. She's *very* drunk.

She looks around at her half-empty apartment (because Chase has moved out). WE CAN SEE where his stuff was--outlines of football jerseys and old framed photographs on the wall, empty spaces where furniture sat. There is a box that says "CHASE'S SHIT" full of miscellaneous items he forgot.

Next to that box is ANOTHER BOX that says “ME & ADRIAN.” Casey starts bawling as she takes down all the mementos from her friendship with Adrian--ACAPULCO SHOT GLASSES, “ROSÉ ALL DAY” CUPS, TANK TOPS that say “St. Patty’s Day Pub Crawl,” a PHOTO ALBUM from A NAPA TRIP--and throws them in the box.

Then Casey drunkenly spills chocolate syrup ON HER WRIST and sloppily licks it off, REVEALING A TATTOO OF HALF A BUTTERFLY. She looks up at A FRAMED PHOTO COLLAGE on her wall of Adrian and her getting the half-butterfly tattoos and then touching their wrists together to form one full butterfly. Angry, Casey grabs the photo collage and chucks it across the room.

MARIAH CAREY ABRUPTLY STOPS PLAYING and Casey’s phone DINGS.

SIRI (V.O.)
I’m sorry, can you repeat that?

CASEY
Shut up Siri and just play Mariah!
(then, quietly)
Don’t ever stop playing Mariah.

“WITHOUT YOU” STARTS TO PLAY AGAIN.

<u>A QUICK SERIES OF CUTS AS “WITHOUT YOU” CONTINUOUSLY PLAYS:</u>

A) Casey sits on the floor of her shower, water raining down on her, while she sobs, singing along.

B) Casey lay in bed sobbing. She checks her phone: Six missed calls, ten texts. One is from “BOSS MAN OWEN” and says “CASEY R U OKAY? COME INTO WORK OR UR FIRED!” Casey huffs and reluctantly rolls out of bed.

C) Casey drives in her car while sobbing, singing along.

D) Casey pumps gas while sobbing. TWO KIDS ride bikes past her, point and laugh at her.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Don’t laugh at my pain!

E) Casey stands in sunglasses, HEADPHONES ON, waiting in line at Intelligentsia, mumbling along to the lyrics while eyeing COUPLES and FRIENDS sitting around her.

F) Casey pulls up to a parking lot outside a warehouse, looks at herself in the mirror, grimaces. She attempts to put on makeup, then gives up, opting for sunglasses instead.

As she heads inside the warehouse, WE SEE A SIGN that reads “SEASONAL INTERACTIVE ART INSTALLATIONS! GET YOUR TICKETS NOW! UPCOMING INSTALLATIONS-- SUMMER 2021: MUSEUM OF THE EARLY 2000’S!

FALL 2021: MUSEUM OF HOT DOGS! WINTER 2021: MUSEUM OF DREAMS! SPRING 2022: MUSEUM OF 10,000 LIGHTS”

INT. DREAMSCAPE ENTERPRISES WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Casey enters, disheveled, headphones on. OWEN, 50s, surly, a slight antisocial “don’t talk to me” vibe, looks up from sculpting A STATUE OF PARIS HILTON made entirely of blackberry, razr and sidekick phones.

OWEN
What the hell is that?

CASEY
(taking her headphones off)
What?

OWEN
You’re in a--is that a nightgown? I don’t know women’s clothes, is it a moo moo? You’re dressed like my aunt who used to wear rubber gloves while smoking indoors.

CASEY
I just haven’t done laundry yet--

OWEN
Look, Casey--

CASEY
Owen, go easy on me. I found out *last week* my fiancé and best friend--

OWEN
Were sleeping together, I know. And I feel terrible, but it’s <u>Friday</u> and we open the Museum of the Early 2000’s on <u>Monday</u>. Everyone’s been picking up your slack.

Owen gestures to OTHER WORKERS around the warehouse.

CASEY
Doesn’t a Museum of the Early 2000’s seem a little premature?

OWEN
I dunno, people like nostalgia Casey. Even if it’s nostalgia for yesterday. We have a bunch of bloggers and idiot influencers coming, so I need you to step up--

CASEY
I am stepped up--

Casey looks down and realizes she's wearing TWO DIFFERENT SHOES but doesn't say anything.

OWEN
No, you were gone yesterday and now you're two hours late and--wait, is that nightgown see-through?

CASEY
No. ...Maybe. ...Yes.

OWEN
Jesus Christ, Casey. You're supposed to build out the Make-Your-Own-Celebrity-Mugshot installation today. And the proportions in the Hall of Velour Jumpsuits you built are all off--

Casey looks around and sighs. Out the window, PEOPLE ARE LAUGHING. Owen watches, then relents.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Here, gimme your phone.

He motions for her PHONE. She hesitates, then hands it over.

CASEY
...Why, what are you gonna do?

OWEN
Download a dating app for you. So you can get back out there. Get your mind off of things. "The best way to get over someone is to get under someone else," isn't that what people say? I dunno I'm asexual. But you need to smile again.

CASEY
Aw, Owen that's really sweet of you--

OWEN
No, it's just science. People are more productive when happy, and I need you to get your work done.

CASEY
Oh.

OWEN
(handing her phone back)
Here. I signed you up.

CASEY
Whoa, that was fast--

Casey looks at the photos Owen has chosen for her.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Are we sure these are my best pictures--

OWEN
Yes. Trust me. You're not that photogenic.

CASEY
Now's not the time for jokes, Owen. And I don't think I'm ready for apps-- wait, the guys on here are *really* hot.

OWEN
Good. See? Now just--get back to work, and you can find a date later, when you're alone and crying or whatever it is you do now.

Owen heads back to his half-finished sculpture.

CASEY
(a beat, then)
Hey, Owen? Thank you. For looking out for me. You're a really good friend.

OWEN
We're not friends.

CASEY
We're sort of friends.

OWEN
I'm your boss. And not for much longer if you don't finish your work.
(handing her an arc welder)
Now go finish the installations.

CASEY
Okay, fine, I'm finishing!

OWEN
(turning back)
Oh and hey if you need to talk to someone about your problems, talk to Tara. You're both girls in your twenties, so...

He points to TARA (22, trendy, pretty, the warehouse's Social Media Manager who's currently taking selfies next to A NEON LIGHT SCULPTURE OF DIFFERENT TRUCKER HATS THAT SAY POPULAR PHRASES FROM THE EARLY 2000s LIKE "PIMPED OUT!" "DA BOMB," and "THAT'S HOT!"

CASEY
Tara's busy uploading "content." And she once told me talking to me makes her afraid of getting older. Even though we're only like five years apart.

OWEN
Well... then good thing you have that dating app now.

Owen heads back to his work. ANOTHER COWORKER, ROB (50s) walks by, HEADPHONES on, pushing a giant 3D Foam Cutout of "TOM FROM MYSPACE" on a dolly.

CASEY
Hey Rob.

ROB
Nice of you to show up.

CASEY
Nice to see you too. How you doing?

ROB
I have a girlfriend.

CASEY
What?

ROB
She doesn't like when I talk to other chicks.

CASEY
That... doesn't seem healthy but okay.

Rob walks on. Casey sits for a moment watching Owen, then Tara, then Rob work, then sighs and gets to work herself.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Casey enters, exhausted, sits on her couch, turns on the TV. ON SCREEN, A REALITY DATING SHOW features TWO WOMEN IN BALLGOWNS fighting over A MAN IN A SUIT.

GIRL ONE
Chicks before dicks, Lisa. C'mon!

Casey, triggered, changes the channel. It's ANOTHER REALITY TV SHOW, and A KARDASHIAN-LOOKALIKE talks to the camera.

KARDASHIAN-LOOKALIKE
Sisters are like built-in besties--

Casey quickly changes the channel again. It's something like THE REAL HOUSEWIVES, and an OLDER WOMAN talks to camera.

OLDER WOMAN
I have my bitches with me, and we.
Are. Gonna. Paaarty!

The older woman falls off a table as Casey quickly changes the channel again. Only to see THELMA & LOUISE on. Annoyed, she turns the TV off.

Then she checks her Instagram. Immediately she sees WEDDING ADS: "NEW FALL BRIDAL GOWNS!" "ADD TO YOUR REGISTRY!"

Fuming, Casey throws her phone down. Then looks around, picks up a book, looks at it for three seconds, then abandons it. She sits, arms crossed. Then reluctantly grabs her phone again.

CASEY
Fuck it.

ON HER PHONE, she opens the dating app Owen signed her up for (think HINGE) and peruses the men who've matched with her.

Sees a "NEW MESSAGE" icon. Scrolls. Sees A PICTURE OF A HOT GUY: "ZACH." She reads HIS MESSAGE (**NOTE: WE SEE all messages going forward as TEXT BUBBLES ON THE SCREEN as WE HEAR the messages in VOICE OVER**)

ZACH (V.O.)
Hey! What are you up to?

She types back:

CASEY (V.O.)
Just got off work. You?

ZACH (V.O.)
Same. I'm a firefighter. What is it you do, besides look gorgeous in your photos?

She smiles slightly, flattered in spite of herself. Pours some wine and begins typing.

INT. CASEY'S LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Casey puts laundry in the washer. Her PHONE DINGS. She checks it, it's Fireman Zach. She smiles. Types a response.

INT. CASEY'S BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Casey is brushing her teeth. HER PHONE DINGS. She checks it. Another message from "FIREMAN ZACH." She smiles again. Types.

INT. CASEY'S BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Casey is putting on her pajamas. Her phone DINGS. Another MESSAGE FROM ZACH:

ZACH (V.O.)
You seem pretty cool. Should we get off the app and get together in person some time?

Casey looks around, suddenly gun-shy, and puts her phone down. Then turns on the TV. ON SCREEN, A REALITY SHOW WITH A BACHELOR-STYLE WEDDING is TAKING PLACE.

She immediately turns it off and returns to her phone, quickly texting:

CASEY (V.O.)
Sure!
(then, looking around before typing)
That sounds like fun! Any interest in cock?

Casey's eyes GO WIDE. She furiously begin typing.

CASEY (V.O.)
Coffee! That was supposed to say COFFEE! Ohmygod I don't know why my phone autocorrected to that. I have never even written cock!

CASEY
(to herself)
Well, that's a lie but he doesn't need to know that.

Casey shakes her head, nervous she's just fucked it all up. Her PHONE DINGS.

ZACH (V.O.)
Laughing Emoji Coffee sounds good.

She sighs, relieved.

ZACH (V.O.)
Or maybe even something more adventurous? Art gallery? Museum?

CASEY (V.O.)
Oh I work at the Museum of the Early 2000's if you wanna go there?

ZACH (V.O.)
Is that also an autocorrect?

CASEY (V.O.)
It is not. I actually work at a warehouse that makes pop-up "museums" for instagrammers to come take pics at, and we're opening a new installation Monday that basically celebrates 2000-2010. Buuut there'll be an open bar and DJ if you're interested...

ZACH (V.O.)
Sounds intriguing... Monday works.

Casey smiles, looks in the mirror, then types:

CASEY (V.O.)
It's a date then.

INT. DREAMSCAPE ENTERPRISES WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Opening Night party is in full swing. EARLY 2000'S MUSIC PLAYS. Casey, with ZACH (30s, looks like a Bachelor Contestant), points to her coworkers scattered in the crowd.

CASEY
That's Rob, he constructs a lot of the biggest pieces. That's Tara.
(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)
She’s our “Social Media Manager.” She basically gets B list celebs to come take selfies here and post ‘em online. I sometimes call her Tara the Terrible though because she says things like “I only hang with people who have over 200,000 followers or a ‘verified’ check mark so I can build my brand.”

ZACH
Yikes.

CASEY
Yeah. Ooh, there’s my boss. Come on, I wanna introduce you.

Casey leads Zach to Owen.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Zach, this is Owen. He’s the artist and owner-slash-mastermind behind this place. Owen, this is Zach.
(then, leaning in)
He’s a fireman I met on that app--

OWEN
You invited someone off the internet to your job on a first date?

CASEY
...Yes? You told me to date--

OWEN
Yeah, like go get coffee! Don’t invite them into your life immediately. Jesus Christ, you’re going to be a Dateline episode.
(then)
But on the plus side, it’ll be good publicity when they interview me here once you go missing.

CASEY
Very funny.

OWEN
(over her shoulder)
Ooh, my investors are here. Gotta run. Good luck with Fireman Zach. Don’t get murdered. I need you to work on our next install.

Owen takes off across the warehouse, and Casey turns back to Zach, who stands, amused, looking in a “LOOK LIKE A 2000’S POP STAR” mirror that gives you FROSTED TIPS or Xtina hair with platinum blond on top and dark red or black extensions underneath when you stand in front of it.

CASEY
So, what do you think?

ZACH
This place is... interesting.

CASEY
Right? For the record, the museums aren’t always like this. Sometimes it’s just a bunch of rooms full of different light shows, sometimes it’s like the Museum of Ice Cream. Just depends on the season. Here, lemme show you around.

INT. TUNNEL OF TRL TV’S - MOMENTS LATER

They walk through a tunnel-like room surrounded by DOZENS OF TVS, PLAYING MUSIC VIDEOS AND POP CULTURE.

CASEY
...And this is the Tunnel of TRL Videos. I welded all these TV’s together. It feels like a weird form of torture but hey, people like it. Oh, and see that wall of neon trucker hats? I made those too.

ZACH
Wow, you bend glass, weld, sculpt *and* paint? That’s impressive.

CASEY
Tell that to my parents. They still wish I’d done accounting. They say neon art and temporary museums are “a fad, but taxes are forever.”

ZACH
Nah, they should be proud! This is so... cool. Offbeat, but cool.

CASEY
Thanks. Though it’s not as cool as firefighting. I mean, c’mon. And you said you volunteer too right?

Zach laughs bashfully, revealing dimples..

ZACH
Oh. Yeah. I actually started a kitten rescue. I can't help it, I love cuddling! And when I was in Peru with Habitat for Humanity I kept noticing all these strays everywhere...

Casey nods along but ALL SOUND DROWNS OUT as she NOTICES TWO WOMEN (mid-20s) TAKING SELFIES TOGETHER IN FRONT OF AN INSTALLATION that says "GET YOUR CELEBRITY MUGSHOT!" Casey watches as the two women laugh, toast with their drinks, and then ask A PASSERBY to take more photos.

ZACH (CONT'D)
...and I knew right then I had to do my part...

Casey, not hearing Zach, looks crestfallen as she continues to watch the Selfie Women talk to the guy taking their photos.

SELFIE-WOMAN ONE
We're having a girl's night!

SELFIE-WOMAN TWO
Wait, can you hold the camera vertically? That's our best angle!

The women continue laughing through their impromptu photo shoot. Then they take the camera back and thank the passerby.

SELFIE-WOMAN ONE
I'm outta wine, let's hit up the bar.

Casey watches, wistfully. As soon as the Selfie Women leave, ALL SOUND COMES RUSHING BACK IN.

ZACH
...Hello?

Casey turns back to Zach, who's been talking the whole time.

CASEY
Hmm? What? Sorry.

ZACH
I said did you want to show me the next room?

Casey tries to shake herself from her daze, but can't.

CASEY
You know what? Maybe we should call it a night. I have to get up early.

ZACH
Is everything okay?

CASEY
Yeah! It’s just been a week... getting ready for this opening.

ZACH
You sure I couldn’t convince you to stay out just a tad later? I know a great place right around the corner. It’s kind of a hidden gem. Great ambience, great wine...

Zach’s raised eyebrow and floppy hair are pretty irresistible. Casey considers...

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - LATER

It’s LA chic with a Parisian speak easy, underground edge. Zach and Casey enter together. The MAITRE’D (20’s, hipster mustache, suspenders) recognizes Zach.

MAITRE’D
Monsieur Zachary! How magnifique’ to have you return. Will you be joining us in the formal dining room?

ZACH
Not tonight Leon, I have a special surprise for the lady.

Zach whispers in the Maitre’d’s ear and then grabs Casey’s arm gently.

ZACH (CONT'D)
(to Casey)
Follow me.

Zach leads Casey through the restaurant, then through the kitchen, and up a set of stairs, waving hello to CLUB MEMBERS and KITCHEN STAFF as he passes them.

CASEY
Where are we going?

ZACH
Shh, it’s a surprise.

CASEY
(looking around)
How have I never heard of this place?

ZACH
It’s members only.
(catching himself)
...which I’m sure sounds douchey, I know, but...

Zach KNOCKS, MORSE-CODE-LIKE, ON A DOOR, and it opens, revealing...

INT. SPEAKEASY BAR - CONTINUOUS

...with A BARTENDER and A FEW UPSCALE GUESTS enjoying martinis by the bar. The room is decorated like 1920s Paris.

ZACH
This club has all sorts of hidden gems.

CASEY
Wow, it’s beautiful in here!

Casey heads to the bar, but Zach taps her elbow.

ZACH
Wait, this isn’t our destination.

CASEY
It’s not?

ZACH
Nope, come on.

He opens a bookcase, revealing another door and they continue through, into...

INT. A TINY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...where Casey trips, BREAKING HER HEEL.

ZACH
Oh no, are you okay?!

CASEY
Yep! I’m good. I’m good!

ZACH
Here. I got you.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Oh you don’t have to--

Zach picks her up with ease and begins carrying her.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Oh. Okay. This works. You are... very strong.

ZACH
Behold, this is what I wanted to show you...

Zach kicks the door open to the fire escape.

CASEY
Of course, it's the fire escape... because you're a fireman.

Flashing his pearly whites, he carries Casey outside onto...

EXT. FRENCH MEMBERS ONLY CLUB ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

...where he sets her down on a landscaped patio. The view of THE TWINKLING CITY LIGHTS AND SUNSET is breathtaking. Casey takes it in. But she... seems less impressed than maybe Zach hoped she'd be.

CASEY
This looks exactly like a place me and my best friend-- or, ex-best friend would hide and sneak cigarettes back in college.

The fire escape door opens and TWO WAITRESSES burst through the door. Giggling and absorbed in conversation, they don't notice Casey and Zach as they walk to the other end of the rooftop, huddling together and talking.

WAITRESS 1
Oh my god, I fucking love you. I was two seconds away from dumping escargot down his pants.

WAITRESS 2
Girl, I got you. I'm so done with the dudes at that table. Members my ass. And they can wait *extra long* for those steak frites. I am *luxuriating* on this smoke break.

The girls laugh. Casey watches them wistfully, when suddenly Zach leans in.

ZACH
Can I kiss you?

CASEY
What?

ZACH
What?

CASEY
What?
(then)
Wait, no, this is all wrong.

ZACH
Did I do something? Was it something I said?

CASEY
No, I just--I dunno-- This is really nice, all of it, I just--I think I need some air.

ZACH
We're already outside.

CASEY
Different air. Downstairs air.

Casey heads for the door.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Casey hobbles down the circular staircase with one broken heel and one heel on. Zach trails behind, chasing her.

ZACH
Should I not have asked to kiss you? I don't know the rules, but I feel like it's better to ask beforehand--

CASEY
No, it's good you asked! Definitely always ask! I'm just... I don't know what it is!

ZACH
I'm sorry! I'm really bad at online dating. I just figured you were so sweet to open your life to me, inviting me to your job, I wanted to show you something great too--

CASEY
You are perfect, trust me. It's not you... It's... Me? I'm sorry!
(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)
Literally under any other circumstances I would like undress you in a *second*, because trust me, I've been picturing you shirtless the *entire* night but--I don't know what's going on. I don't feel well suddenly--I just--I have to go.

She picks up her pace.

ZACH
Do you want me to give you a ride?

CASEY
No thanks!

ZACH
Wait! ...Can I call you?
(as she's running away)
I'm sorry?!

INT. CASEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Casey, despondent, enters, immediately heads for the fridge, opens it and grabs her GIRLSCOUT COOKIES AND CHOCOLATE SYRUP COMBO as she begins crying. She looks in the mirror.

CASEY
What the fuck is wrong with you?!
"I need some air"? He was perfect!

She sees a text from Zach: "IS EVERYTHING OKAY?" Overwhelmed, she tosses her phone down.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Siri, play Mariah.

Mariah Carey's cover of "WITHOUT YOU" once again comes on--

But there's quickly POUNDING ON THE DOOR.

Casey looks around, confused, then opens the door. A WOMAN IN HER 70s, NANCY, in a flowy dress (and a frank, no bullshit New York attitude that doesn't match her hippy aesthetic) stands, HOLDING LACE THONGS.

NANCY
You left your delicates in the dryer again.

Casey, embarrassed, grabs them quickly out of Nancy's hands.

CASEY
Shit, sorry!

NANCY
I caught the boy from 3C going through ‘em. He’s twelve. You can’t do that to a twelve year old boy. The imagination, the hormones--not a good idea to throw lace thongs into that mix.

CASEY
Well, thank you Nancy.

NANCY
I noticed that boyfriend of yours isn’t here anymore. Can’t pick up after you in the laundry room now that he’s gone.

CASEY
Thank you for the reminder. Was that all?

NANCY
No. You been blasting this song into my window for a week and if I hear it one more time I’m gonna stab someone.

CASEY
Whoa, okay. Sorry. I just, sorry--

Casey starts crying. Nancy freezes, not prepared to deal with this.

NANCY
I should go.

I don’t need to know details.

CASEY (CONT'D)
I don’t know what’s wrong with me! I just went on a date with a really great guy, but I just wanted to leave. I dunno, it’s like he didn’t even do anything for me. Even though this guy and I had potential to be good. Like Ryan Gosling, Emma Stone good.

NANCY (CONT'D)
They were never a real thing.

CASEY
Clearly you didn’t see La La Land.

NANCY
It’s a movie. They’re acting--

CASEY
Were they though? Anyway, maybe I’m just not ready to date. I don’t know... Maybe I’m missing something?

NANCY
Well could you decide to miss this song too, please? And clean up after yourself? Other people live here too.

CASEY
(sheepish)
Sorry.

Nancy shakes her head and leaves.

Casey closes the door and yells to SIRI:

CASEY (CONT'D)
Siri, play the next song.

****The next song comes on and it’s “ALL OF ME” By John Legend (AKA the song Casey played for Adrian in our opening)****

Casey’s eyes go wide as she leans against the door and looks at THE EMPTY SPOTS ON THE WALLS where Chase’s stuff used to be and then to THE EMPTY SPOTS where Adrian’s stuff was.

WE FLASH BACK quickly to the various girl friend groups:

1) The girls taking selfies at the pop up museum.

2) The girls getting wine at the pop up museum.

3) The Kardashian-lookalikes hugging on the Reality TV show.

4) The waitresses on the fire escape laughing & talking.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Ohmygod! That’s it. ...I don’t miss having a man. I miss having a best friend! I need a new best friend. Okay. Yes. YES!
(then)
Okay, so how do I do that?

She looks around, unsure.

INT. DREAMSCAPE ENTERPRISES WAREHOUSE - DAY

Casey watches the MUSEUM OF THE EARLY 2000's in full swing: PATRONS take selfies, laugh and interact with different exhibits.

Casey eyes A WOMAN who appears to be solo and approaches. But just as she gets there, a MAN approaches from the bathroom.

MAN
Hey, thanks for waiting.

The Man kisses the Woman and they head off together. Casey looks around, spots ANOTHER WOMAN who is alone. But within seconds that woman is met by HER FRIEND, who hugs her. Casey watches as the two women walk into the next installation room together.

Casey's coworker Tara prances over to her, upbeat.

TARA
Casey! Hey! I wanted to invite you to my twenty-third birthday next week! I just sent you the e-vite to put in your calendar.

CASEY
Oh, that's really sweet of you--

TARA
I hope you can make it!

Tara smiles and continues on before Casey can respond.

CASEY
Hey, Tara, wait.
(as Tara turns around)
Did you wanna hang out some time beforehand too? We could get drinks one night this week maybe. Like a girls night happy hour? After work?

TARA
Ohmygod, no, sorry! I'm supes busy, 'cause this is my birthday week so I've gotta do like a whole lead up to it. But def come to my party, 'cause I'm going for an "eclectic," artsy vibe that night and I need a ton of artists and weirdos there so Shia LaBeouf will follow me back on insta. Hope to see you there!

CASEY
Right.

Casey watches as Tara continues on to their coworker Rob.

TARA
Hey Rob, I'd *love* it if you could come to my party next week!

Casey looks around, deflated, but spots A WOMAN WITH GLASSES (30s) taking selfies alone. Interest piqued, Casey approaches her.

CASEY
Need a hand with your photos? I work here.

GLASSES
Oh. Um, sure, thank you!

CASEY
I'm Casey.

GLASSES
I'm Svetlana.

CASEY
Oo what a great name! I've always wanted a cool name. When I was younger I tried to make people call me "Moonbeam."
(off Svetlana's blank stare)
Anyway. Here, put your chin up. Chest out, neck in. Hip out. No, hip out--no, out--

SVETLANA
Like this?

CASEY
Yeah, I know it feels awkward, just trust me. Aaand... we got it. Here, tell me what you think.

Casey hands Svetlana her phone back to look at the photos.

SVETLANA
Wow, these are really good.

CASEY
Well we designed this room with the light and angles in mind--

SVETLANA
Oh you're an artist?

CASEY
Yeah, I work with industrial materials mostly.

SVETLANA
That's so cool.

Casey, encouraged, continues.

CASEY
Thanks. Hey, this is a random question but are you into Russian Spas? They do this couples massage thing at this one I go to, but you don't have to do it as an actual couple, I used to go with my friend--

SVETLANA
(re: her phone)
Would you excuse me? I have to take a phone call.

Svetlana looks at her cautiously then heads towards the exit. Casey starts to follow behind at a distance, but is intercepted by Owen.

OWEN
Casey--

CASEY
Hey, Owen!

OWEN
Hey, you're not allowed to speak to the customers anymore, k? You're weirding people out.

Casey looks at Svetlana, who continues out the door.

CASEY
Who, her? No, she and I were hitting it off, she just got a call.

OWEN
No that's definitely not what happened. You're giving TMI.

CASEY
Owen there's no such thing as TMI amongst girl friends.

OWEN
That was a stranger! *What* is going on with you?

CASEY
(a sigh, then)
I lost my best friend and I'm looking for someone new to fill her shoes, okay?

OWEN
She was a monster who cheated with your fiancé--

CASEY
Okay yes, point taken, but we were friends for years *before* she became a fiance' stealing monster. That time before still counts-- And now I'm just lonely.
(then, a lightbulb)
Hey, why don't you and I ever hang out as friends?

OWEN
Because we have nothing in common?

CASEY
You wanna hang and see if that's true though? There's this brunch spot--

OWEN
Nope. Don't you have family you can call about this? Or can't you... buy a cat or something? I dunno, what do people do when they're lonely? I just drink.

CASEY
Wait, yes, oh my god, you're a genius! My cousin Hailey lives here! She and I were like best friends for two weeks on a trip to Lake Michigan once.

OWEN
Sounds like a real foundation for lasting friendship.

CASEY
I know that was sarcasm Owen, but I choose to receive it instead as your full pledge of support for my journey. And for that, I thank you.
(then, taking out her phone)
I wonder if Hailey's still on Facebook? Oh. Okay. She goes by Harmony now.

OWEN
She a porn star?

CASEY
Yoga instructor.

OWEN
Ooh that's worse.
(off her look)
What? Name changes are red flags, no matter the reason.

CASEY
I liked it better when I had your support.
(then)
Okay, I messaged her! I should get some new yoga pants.

OWEN
You live in yoga pants.

CASEY
Yeah but those are for doing art. I need *yoga* yoga pants now. Trust me, they're different.

EXT. YOGA STUDIO- AFTERNOON

An LA Yoga studio filled with light, love, and HARMONY (20's Casey's cousin, the kind of chick who references GOOP *a lot*). Harmony leads the class in their final resting pose, Savasana.

Casey, wearing NEW UPSCALE YOGA PANTS WITH A COOL DESIGN follows the rest of the CLASS OF YOGIS. Harmony walks around the room SPEAKING IN THE SOFT, SWEET VOICE OF A DISNEY PRINCESS.

HARMONY
Savasana, corpse pose. It's your well-earned state of relaxation. The fun part about this pose is all you need to do is just breathe. Isn't it funny sometimes the things that should come easiest we can make the most complicated?

The class and Harmony give A KNOWING CHUCKLE.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
Let’s take our palms and turn them. Gently placing them up, allowing us to be open to receive the energy, blessings and peace from the universe.

Harmony walks across the floor, tip-toeing, careful not to step on any of the yogis on their mats.

She starts to SING along perfectly to a NEW AGEY YOGA SONG. The SUN BEAMS in through the windows AS IF BATHING HARMONY IN AN ANGELIC LIGHT, and Casey watches her cousin from her Savasana in awe. Harmony catches her eye and gives her a little wink mid-song. Harmony then completes her song by picking up A GONG and gently tapping it.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
That concludes our practice. When you leave the cocoon of this sacred space try to remember to give yourself and others a break and impart the same energy you feel right now... Namaste.

YOGIS
Namaste.

Yogis get up slowly, refreshed, rolling up their mats. TWO YOGIS stop to thank Harmony on their way out of the room.

YOGI ONE
Absolutely magical, per usual.

YOGI TWO
A gift from the universe.

YOGI THREE, her ponytail too tight, approaches Harmony, tears running down her face.

YOGI THREE
I... I ...

Harmony nods in understanding. Casey watches in bewilderment.

HARMONY
(to Yogi Three)
Just breathe.

Yogi Three, still crying, starts to breathe with Harmony, until they are breathing in unison.

YOGI THREE
I love you.

HARMONY
And I you. Peace be with you.

Harmony hugs Yogi Three, and Yogi Three exits, crying tears of joy. Harmony brushes a tear off and turns, smiling, to Casey.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
Cousin Casey! What a treat to have you in my class.

CASEY
Harmony! I had no idea you... and your voice too! I remember us singing as kids and I knew you taught yoga, but all this is amazing.

HARMONY
Oh stop. I'm just happy you reached out! It's been way too long. Are you hungry? Let's do lunch. Come on, I'll drive.

INT. HARMONY'S I8 BMW- CONTINUOUS

Harmony and Casey both buckle their seatbelts in HARMONY'S HIGH-END SPORTS CAR--something you'd expect an NFL player to drive more than a yoga teacher. The LICENSE PLATE READS "BLE55ED."

CASEY
Wow, this car is insane.

HARMONY
Thank you Case, I feel very blessed. And it's all electric. But, don't let that fool you. This little pussy packs a punch. Check this out.

Harmony lovingly strokes the dashboard, REVERSES and PEELS OUT. Casey holds onto her seat, unnerved.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
Me and Darren were so sorry to hear about you and Chase. Truly devastated. We were really rooting for you guys.

CASEY
They say everything happens for a reason...

HARMONY
So true. I’m so glad you feel that way. What did you find your “reason” to be?

CASEY
Well... that’s a good question. I love that. I really do. My favorite question--

Harmony SLAMS on her brakes, throwing Casey forward. Harmony HONKS her horn and SLAPS her steering wheel.

HARMONY
You gotta be freaking kidding me?!
(back to Casey)
You okay? LA traffic’s the worst.

As Harmony RACES THROUGH TRAFFIC and Casey cringes with every terrifying maneuver:

HARMONY (CONT'D)
Back, to you. How are you doing? Are you dating?

CASEY
Well I went on a date with a firefighter who was pretty great, but, I dunno, I actually feel like I’m really just looking for a new female friend right now. A *real* friend. Which is kinda why--

HARMONY
Ohmygod, how serendipitous! I’m literally hosting an all-female yoga retreat in three weeks! You should come. It’ll zen you out *and* you can make friends!

CASEY
Oh! Okay! Wow, thank you.

HARMONY
Of course! I *knew* the universe brought us together again for a reason. Oh, hold on!

Harmony swerves, nearly hitting AN OLD LADY CROSSING THE STREET, as Casey is flung back by the force against her seat.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
Ever hear of a thing called Uber? Move, you’re gonna kill someone!

Harmony turns calm again and turns her attention to Casey.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
Anyways, back to you. You're gonna *love* this retreat. I just need a two thousand dollar deposit by next week to hold your spot.

CASEY
Wait, what?

HARMONY
Normally it's 5k, but since you're my cousin I can give you a discount.

CASEY
That... seems excessive for one weekend.
(then)
Are you smoking?

Harmony, PULLING A CIGARETTE FROM A PACK, shrugs.

HARMONY
It's an American Spirit, these are basically antioxidants.
(then, eyes on the road)
Are you fucking *kidding me?* GO!

Harmony's eyes are fixed on a CAR THAT SAYS "STUDENT DRIVER," which is stopped in front of them in the right turn lane.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
GO! It's right on red you pimple faced moron! This is so ridiculous! Learn how to drive asshole!

CASEY
(under her breath)
That's what he's doing.

Harmony LAYS ON HER HORN intimidatingly. A PIMPLE FACED TEEN cries and HIS INSTRUCTOR pokes his head out of the car.

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR
This is a child driving!

HARMONY
I've got places to be! BYEEE!!!

Harmony floors it and drives around the student driver, narrowly missing TWO OTHER CARS, then peels away. She turns and sees Casey's shocked face and she starts laughing.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Sometimes LA drivers get me a little... wound up.
(shaking her head)
Someone's overdue for her afternoon Chardonnay!

Harmony gives Casey the same wink from the classroom before.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
You're gonna want to hold on tight.

Harmony turns on the stereo and ONE OF HER YOGI SONGS STARTS PLAYING. She zips thru the traffic, cutting off people and leaving chaos and destruction in her path, WHILE SINGING along to her own voice on the song track.

INT. CAFE GRATITUDE-STYLE RESTAURANT - DAY

Casey and Harmony sit, awaiting their food, as Casey watches Harmony guzzle her WINE, finishing THE ENTIRE GLASS before putting it down.

HARMONY
Oo that was *just* what mama needed. Am I right?

CASEY
Yeah.

HARMONY
So. You were saying--
(then, re: her phone)
Sorry, getting a notification. Oh my god, what the fuck?

Harmony shows Casey her phone: A PICTURE OF ANOTHER YOGI ON INSTAGRAM.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
This haggard Kundalini bitch is copying my most popular filter and captioning it "Love and light day and night." That is *my* signature phrase.

CASEY
Shouldn't you all... wanna *share* the love or whatever?

HARMONY
Um, no, the yoga industry's fucking cut throat, Casey.
(MORE)

HARMONY (CONT'D)
You have to break their legs before they can break yours. I mean like, metaphorically obvi. I don’t condone violence.
(then, re: her phone)
Ew, this bitch thinks she can just poach my followers? Fuck no, I’m gonna bring that cunt down!

Casey looks around, locks eyes with a SCANDALIZED MOTHER AND YOUNG TWEEN DAUGHTER, and whispers “sorry.”

A SERVER brings THEIR FOOD to Casey and Harmony’s table.

SERVER
The “serenity bowl” for you and the “enlightenment avocado toast” for you.

HARMONY
Mmm so yummy! Thank you!

Harmony begins to take a photo of her avocado toast.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
Sorry, I just have to post a pic. My fans love when I post a healthy meal with something inspirational.
(typing:)
“Greens nourish the body, Kindness nourishes the soul.”
(then)
Wait is this *Turmeric*? NO! I asked for Bee Pollen *not* turmeric. Ugghh, what the honest FUCK?!

Harmony gets up and RAGES at the server like a little Hippie-Hulk as EVERYONE in the restaurant looks on, a bit scared.

Casey, embarrassed, shrinks in her chair.

EXT. YOGA STUDIO PARKING LOT- EARLY EVENING

Harmony’s I8 screeches to a halt out front. Casey gets out, looking like she’s been run over by a truck. Harmony reaches out the window and hands Casey A STYROFOAM TO-GO BOX with their leftovers from lunch.

HARMONY
We should do this again soon! So fun! Oh and I’ll send you the retreat details!

CASEY
Oh shit, you know what? I actually checked and I’m pretty busy until, like, December.

HARMONY
December is six months away.

CASEY
Wow. Is it? Museum life. Busy busy.

HARMONY
Kay, well. Keep in touch and tell your Mom hi for me!

Harmony goes to reverse and pokes her head out one last time.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
Namaste, biatch!

Casey watches Harmony as she burns rubber then runs over A FIRE HYDRANT, and it EXPLODES, shooting water everywhere.

INT. CASEY’S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Casey enters, rattled, HER HAIR STILL WINDSWEPT FROM THE CAR RIDE, and heads for her fridge, opening it and grabbing the CHOCOLATE SYRUP, only to discover it’s EMPTY.

She tries to squeeze more out. Nada. She tries shaking it. Still nothing. She sighs, picks up her keys, and heads back out.

INT. TARGET PARKING LOT - LATER

Casey exits her car, giving herself a Pre-Target pep talk as she grabs a cart from the cart rack and approaches the store.

CASEY
Okay, you are here for two things and two things only. Chocolate Syrup and ice cream. That’s it. Oh, and paper towels. Don’t forget the paper towels. But, that’s it. Chocolate syrup, ice cream and paper towels and then you’re outta there. Ah! Laundry detergent. Can’t forget that! Chocolate syrup, ice cream, paper towels, detergent and that’s it. Then I’m out!

She spots A HAT on a mannequin just inside the glass doors.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Oo what a cute hat!

INT. TARGET - TEN MINUTES LATER

THE CUTE HAT now sits atop A PILE OF CLOTHING AND HOME GOODS in Casey's cart, which is overflowing. She's slurping on a SLUSHY from the snack bar and eating A CHURRO. She enters--

<u>THE REFRIDGERATED SECTION--</u>

--and goes to grab THE LAST BOTTLE OF CHOCOLATE SYRUP at the same time as a COOL GIRL (20's, black hair tied in two buns at the top of her head, wears a rocker tee and a nose ring. She isn't just "with the band" she *is* the band). Casey and Cool Girl's hands brush each other as they both grab for the bottle.

CASEY
Last bottle! Go ahead. It's yours.

Cool Girl throws the bottle in her cart without acknowledging Casey, then picks up THE HALF-EATEN CHURRO she's been munching on. Casey smirks, still holding her own churro, and raises her eyebrows in a "look at us eating the same thing?" kinda way.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Cheers!

Casey extends her churro towards Cool Girl's, "clinking" it like a wine glass. Cool Girl doesn't know how to take that and gives a forced smile then continues shopping.

Casey quickly looks at what's in Cool Girl's cart and what's in her own, notices A LOT OF THE SAME ITEMS, and decides to take her shot.

CASEY (CONT'D)
You know churros are the most profitable item at Disneyland? Every year over 2.8 million are sold?

Cool Girl takes out AN EAR POD.

COOL GIRL
I'm sorry, I couldn't hear you, I had my ear pods in. What'd you say?

CASEY
I was just saying that Disneyland sells a shit ton of churros.

COOL GIRL
Oh. ...Okay. Well, love me some Disney.

CASEY
Really? Me too.

Cool Girl puts her ear pods back in and quickly moves her cart away from Casey to finish her shopping.

Casey, left behind, looks around. Then, an idea!

INT. TARGET TOOTHCARE AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

Casey's hair is now up IN TWO BUNS like Cool Girl's and she has a A WEIRD CLIP-ON EARING SHE'S FORCED INTO A NOSE RING. She's eyeing Cool Girl at the opposite end of the aisle, who, unaware, peruses toothbrushes.

Casey nonchalantly tries to pass Cool Girl, but their carts get locked in the middle of the aisle.

COOL GIRL
You gotta back up. So one of us can go around.

CASEY
Oh hey! I didn't see you. I totally just finished my churro. It didn't seem as cinnamony as usual? Gina seems a little off her game lately right?

COOL GIRL
Who?

CASEY
Gina. You know Gina. Older, curly red hair, *really* loves contouring. She's worked the snack bar for years--

COOL GIRL
I don't normally get anything there I was just running late from work and was starving.

CASEY
Oh, that's cool, that makes sense.
(as Cool Girl reaches for floss)
Oh wow, I love your tattoos. They're crad. ...That's cool and rad, I couldn't pick before they left my mouth. Anyway, I have a tattoo too!

Casey shows Cool Girl her half-butterfly tattoo.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Well, half a tattoo. My, um-- old friend had the other half.

COOL GIRL
(judgey)
Weird. Like those BFF bracelets kids get? How old were you when you got that?

CASEY
(suddenly self conscious)
I mean, like, really young. Like *so* young. In fact they're kind of ironic, 'cause we totally *knew* it was lame. I'm actually probably gonna get it removed. Or get something over it, like a geometric design, like yours.

Cool Girl gives a fake SMILE-LAUGH and grabs some TOOTHPASTE. Casey follows along, also grabbing TOOTHPASTE.

CASEY (CONT'D)
So, umm... what do you do? You seem like... a musician? Artist? I'm actually an artist--

COOL GIRL
I'm kinda a private person.

CASEY
Same. Samesy. Anyway, I work at that new pop-up Museum of the Early 2000s. If you wanted, I can pretty much get you and anyone you want in for free. No charge. **Or, wait, are you into brunch? I know an amazing place called Hogs & Quiches--**

COOL GIRL
I'm really in a rush, so can you move your cart so I can pass?

CASEY
Oh. Yeah. Definitely. Ha, whoops.

Casey clumsily moves the cart. Cool Girl passes, then rushes to the self check out area. Casey pops her head through the MAGAZINES DISPLAY, making Cool Girl jump.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Beep.

COOL GIRL
Shit.

CASEY
Hey! I just remembered I didn’t tell you my name. You can’t get in the musuem if you don’t know my name. I’m Casey.

Casey smiles in a cute, hopeful way.

INT. TARGET PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Cool Girl rushes with her cart out to her car with Casey chasing quickly behind her calling out after her.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Hey I realized I never got your name either!

Suddenly, Cool Girl flips around with her arm extended and, holding A CAN OF MACE, she sprays Casey in the face.

COOL GIRL
Back off psycho!

Casey grabs her eyes.

CASEY
Ahhh!!! My eyes.

CASEY’S POV: WE SEE an out of focus figure in front of her.

SECURITY OFFICER
Ma'am, we don’t tolerate shoplifters, please come with me.

CASEY
Shoplifter!? No, I just wanted to be her friend. Do you know how hard it is to make new friends at my age--

Casey’s eyes focus on the Security Officer holding up a PLASTIC CARD WITH A SINGLE CLIP-ON EARRING.

Casey reaches up, feeling her nose, realizing the other EARRING is still dangling off it.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Shit.

SECURITY OFFICER
You’re coming with me.

Casey gets pulled along by the Security Officer as she watches Cool Girl drive away.

CASEY
I didn't shoplift, I swear! Ask Gina in the snack bar, she can vouch for me! I'm a regular!

INT. CASEY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

TARGET BAGS are strewn everywhere. A "WARNING" TICKET from Target sits on the coffee table along with THE SINGLE EARRING. Casey splashes water on her RED, PUFFY, MACED FACE at the kitchen sink.

CASEY
Ow. Ow. ow.
(then, a pep talk)
It's okay. It's okay, they just let you off with a warning. You haven't been banned from Target. Ow.
(then, looking at herself)
Seriously, what is wrong with you? A fake nose ring? So desperate. And now you're talking to yourself-- Siri, can you go crazy from loneliness?

SIRI (V.O.)
According to studies, solitary confinement is considered cruel and unusual--

CASEY
Okay, that's enough thank you!

Casey dries her face and hands. When her WASHCLOTH brushes over her forearm, she looks AT HER TATTOO. Pauses.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Hey Siri, write text message: "Adrian-- I thought we had something special. A friendship that transcended time and men and-- I loved it. But was it all just a lie for you?

She stares at the wall, then at her red eyes in the mirror.

SIRI (V.O.)
Do you want to send to Adri--

CASEY
No! Don't give her the satisfaction.
(then, pacing)
Delete the text and look up: Places that specialize in tattoo removal.

Casey yawns, looks around, then heads to her bed.

CASEY (CONT'D)
And then set my alarm for 9am tomorrow. No, ten am. No, no alarm. I need to sleep in.

INT. CASEY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Casey lay asleep, mouth agape, when suddenly, LOUD ELECTRIC DRILLING starts up from another apartment. Casey looks around, confused. The DRILLING STOPS, THEN STARTS AGAIN. THEN STARTS AND STOPS.

Moments later, A MAN BEGINS GROANING. Casey looks towards her wall, surprised. THE GROANING CONTINUES. Casey's eyebrows shoot up, impressed.

CASEY
Go Nancy.

But THE GROANING GETS LOUDER, MORE INCESSANT, UNTIL IT'S NONSTOP.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Okay, now that's just obnoxious.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Casey exits her apartment and goes next door to KNOCK on Nancy's door.

CASEY
Alright Nancy I get it, you can make loud noises too--

A MAN (30s, good looking in a nerdy way), opens the door.

CASEY (CONT'D)
You're not Nancy.

MAN
I'm not? No, I'm kidding. I'm her son, Greg.

CASEY
I didn't know she had a son.

GREG
Surprise. Can I help you with something?

CASEY
Oh I, um--well, I was just concerned about all the noise--it didn't sound like Nancy.

GREG
Sorry bout that. I was just moving my stuff in and putting together some shelves.

CASEY
What's a grown man doing moving his stuff into his mom's place?

GREG
Wow, forward, okay.

CASEY
Sorry, I didn't mean it like that--

GREG
No, it's okay. If you must know, I found out *my* place has black mold so I'm staying here while I find a new place. Super glamorous, I know.

CASEY
Well hey, as long as everyone's alive in there, right?

GREG
Did you, um, wanna come in? I'm baking some sourdough. I'm a baker. Professionally. And I guess recreationally, since I'm not on the clock right now. "Make your passion your job and you'll never work a day in your life" right? I don't know why I said that.

Casey smiles in spite of herself, charmed by his awkwardness.

CASEY
That's um, that's very sweet of you, but I actually gotta get ready for an appointment. Getting a tattoo removed.

GREG
Yikes.

CASEY
Ouch, that felt judgey.

GREG
And the moving back in with my mom comment didn't?

CASEY
Touché.

GREG
I'm teasing. Well, it was nice meeting you.

CASEY
Likewise. If I ever need bread or a drill I know who to call now.

GREG
Or judgement.
(then)
Again, teasing.

CASEY
(giving a polite laugh)
See you around.

GREG
Not if I see you first. Sorry, that always sounds cooler when other people say it. Bye.
(then, as she goes)
Wait! What was your name?

CASEY
Casey.

GREG
Bye, Casey.

She smiles again, charmed, as she turns to leave.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

Casey enters, approaching the TATTOO ARTIST behind the counter.

CASEY
Hi, I called earlier about covering up an old tattoo with a new one?

TATTOO ARTIST
Ah, yes. Busy day today. We already got another girl in here getting one covered up.

Casey FREEZES, holding her breath, as we...

BEGIN DAY DREAM SEQUENCE:

Casey looks up and sees ADRIAN, in a chair, getting her butterfly tattoo covered up. Just as she and Casey lock eyes and Casey lunges towards her with A LION-LIKE GROWL--

TATTOO ARTIST (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
Hello?

BACK TO SCENE

Casey shakes her head and looks up, seeing a YOUNG WOMAN (mid-20's, sweet, bubbly) in the chair she imagined Adrian in. Casey sighs, relieved, then looks back to the Tattoo Artist.

CASEY
Yes, sorry! Um, looks like I'm not the only one who's made a regrettable decision!
(then, re: her tattoo)
You think I could cover this up? I was thinking maybe a dove or something?

TATTOO ARTIST
Sure. Right this way. You can look through our design books if you want.

The Tattoo Artist leads Casey back behind the register to a reclining chair where she sits beside the Young Woman who's getting a tattoo covered up by ANOTHER ARTIST.

TATTOO ARTIST (CONT'D)
You pick what you want. I'll get everything ready.

The Tattoo Artist exits into the back. The Young Woman in the chair beside her smiles at Casey.

YOUNG WOMAN
Bad break up?

CASEY
You could say that. But hey, you think some things are gonna last forever, right?

YOUNG WOMAN
I got you beat. I'm getting *two* covered up.

The Young Woman points to THE TATTOO her tattoo artist is currently working on.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
At least a half butterfly's cuter than a guy's initials. Worst part is his initials were "F. U. K."

CASEY
Jesus. What was his middle name?

YOUNG WOMAN
Uriah. Sounds vaginal, right?

Casey laughs.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
I'm Kacie by the way.

CASEY
Wait, shut up, my name's Casey too.

KACIE
See I knew I liked you the minute you walked in. Caseys are always great.

Kacie puts her hand up for a HIGH FIVE, so Casey obliges. She notices A TATTOO OF THE WORDS "BIG TEXAS" INSIDE THE OUTLINE OF THE STATE OF TEXAS on Kacie's arm.

CASEY
Is that your other tattoo?

KACIE
Yup! There's this place called Big Texas Tacos and they offered a lifetime of tacos if you got their logo tattooed on your arm. I couldn't resist.

CASEY
Wait, Big Texas Tacos on Alvarado? I love that place. I used to go there all the time with my... old best friend. She lives down the street from there.

KACIE
Yeah, they're legit the best tacos ever. I mean it was worth the tattoo. But they're going outta business.

CASEY
What?!

KACIE
Yeah. Today's like their second to last day. Hence the tattoo removal.
(then)
Wait! We should go get tacos after this.

CASEY
What?

KACIE
Or, no is that weird? Sorry, I just moved here from Chicago for that guy with the initials but that obviously didn't work out. So now I'm like constantly looking for new people to hang with out here.
(then, sheepish)
But I just realized I'm probably coming on *so* strong. Sorry.

CASEY
No, don't be! It's really hard to make--

KACIE
New friends in LA? I know, right?

CASEY
Wait where in Chicago did you just move from? I grew up near there.

KACIE
Really? Me too! Well, twenty minutes outside the city.

CASEY
Me too! I'm from Naperville!

KACIE
I was five minutes from there! Okay, you know what? We need to get some tacos and have a full-on Chicago catch up. Or wait, is that insane? I'm insane aren't I?

CASEY
No, not at all. That sounds... perfect.

Casey nods, eyes alight, a bit in disbelief. Maybe, just maybe, she's found the one.

INT. BIG TEXAS TACOS - DAY

The place is packed. Casey and Kacie sit eating tacos. Casey has a clear plastic bandage around her wrist, over her new DOVE TATTOO.

KACIE
(mouth full of food)
Seriously the best tacos ever, right?

CASEY
(mouth full, nodding)
So fucking good. Thanks for inviting me.

KACIE
Of course!

Suddenly, Casey hears A FAMILIAR VOICE BEHIND HER:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hold on, I'm just gonna grab some more salsa.

Casey freezes, trying to pinpoint the voice. Then looks up and sees... Adrian! Casey hides her face, leans into Kacie.

CASEY
Hey, is that girl really there or am I just having a panic-fantasy that she's here?

KACIE
Um, she's definitely really there. Are... you okay?

CASEY
Yep!

KACIE
Do you know her?

CASEY
That's my old best friend I mentioned. The one I used to come here with.
(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)
(then)
Would you excuse me a sec?

Before Kacie can even respond, Casey's already standing up. She approaches Adrian, growing more anxious as she gets closer. ALL SOUND DROWNS OUT so ALL WE HEAR IS THE SOUND OF CASEY'S HEART BEATING as she approaches her friend-turned-foe. Until finally, Casey stands just over Adrian's shoulder, hesitating. Then:

CASEY (CONT'D)
...Adrian.

Adrian turns around and freezes.

ADRIAN
...Casey. Um, hey. You, um, remember my friend from work. Linda.

LINDA (30's, has a bedazzled phone) gives Casey an uncomfortable smile. This triggers something in Casey, who's eyes narrow.

CASEY
I'd watch out if I were you, Linda. Adrian likes to take things that don't belong to her.

Casey impulsively grabs THE TACO from out of Adrian's hand. And shoves it into her own mouth. Bits of taco shell and meat spill out.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Yum! This taco is so much better when it's someone else's!

Adrian looks at Linda, uncomfortable. Linda looks confused and disgusted.

ADRIAN
Casey, maybe we should talk outside--

CASEY
Why? Are you embarrassed about what you did? Maybe you shoulda thought of that beforehand. You don't deserve tacos!

Casey takes ADRIAN'S OTHER TACO and shoves it into her mouth, chomping at it quickly, pieces flying.

Back at her seat, Casey's new friend Kacie looks on, concerned.

ADRIAN
Casey seriously, you're acting a little unhinged. Maybe you should calm down--

CASEY
(taco remnants flying as she talks)
Me *calm down*? You're the--you're the one who did the "unhinged" thing, okay? In fact, why don't we tell everyone here what happened and see what *they* say!

ADRIAN
Maybe we should just go Linda.

CASEY
(mocking)
Maybe we should go Linda.

Adrian and Linda stand. Linda puts her hand up in front of Casey to try to calm her.

LINDA
Listen, Casey. I understand we are all hurting right now and that is no bueno. Trust. Adrian told me she was in a lot of pain too--

CASEY
Oh was she? Was she, Linda-from-work? Are you her mouthpiece now?

LINDA
I'm just trying to help--

CASEY
Watch out, get too close and she'll steal your man too!

Unable to contain herself now, Casey impulsively grabs the REMAINING TRAY OF RICE AND CHIPS and dumps it on Adrian.

CASEY (CONT'D)
You two timing boyfriend stealer!

The restaurant crowd starts to form around them.

RESTAURANT CROWD
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

KID IN CROWD
(filming with phone)
Punch her in the boob!

Casey, buoyed by the crowd, lifts the empty tray over her head.

ADRIAN
Wait, stop! I'm pregnant!

Casey stops in her tracks, stunned.

RESTAURANT CROWD
Ohhhhh...

The restaurant crowd quickly goes back to minding their business. Yikes.

CASEY
What?!

ADRIAN
(looking around, hushed)
I said... I'm pregnant.

Casey stands for a few seconds, opening and closing her mouth, but no sound is coming out. Then, finally...

CASEY
How... Wh--H--*Why?* How could you?

ADRIAN
Listen--

CASEY
Adrian, you were the best friend I ever had!

ADRIAN
But *you* weren't *my* best friend!

This rattles Casey even more than the pregnancy bomb. She's SHELL SHOCKED. Adrian shakes off the rice and chips and adjusts herself.

CASEY
...What?!

ADRIAN
Look, Casey--

CASEY
No, how could you even say that? How could you *do* any of that? Were we never even friends, all those years?
(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)
Jesus, I know what you wanna name your firstborn child! Ugh I'm so grossed out and so happy for you and little Chandler and/or Phoebe at the same time, and this is so frustrating! *But was all of this a lie*? All our years of memories? How are you not sad and confused over this too?!

ADRIAN
Casey stop! I really did love you. What we had was real. Our friendship was real—-

CASEY
Then what was it?

ADRIAN
You were really... selfish. And self-centered.

CASEY
I am not selfish! I tip 22%!

ADRIAN
No, especially the last few years it got to be so that all you ever did was talk about yourself, and I was always there for you, like an anchor. But who was there for me?

CASEY
I was there for you!

ADRIAN
Give me an example of a time you were there for me.

CASEY
Okay well now I'm on the spot so I can't think of--Ooh, how 'bout the time you were thrown in the drunk tank, sophomore year of college.

ADRIAN
You were in there with me! And you're the reason we were in there!

CASEY
Okay, yes, true, BUT! Once you started crying it was *me* who sweet-talked that one cop and got us out of there without a ticket!

ADRIAN
Casey--

CASEY
Oh come on, when else have I been selfish?

ADRIAN
The time we drove to Vegas and I got food poisoning and you left me sitting in the Vegas ER alone with all those weirdos just so you didn't miss out on partying "because YOLO." Or how 'bout when you first met Chase on *my* birthday two years ago even though I called dibs and then you ditched my party to go hook up before I blew out my candles. *Or* how 'bout when you told me I was gonna be your maid of honor instead of even *asking* if I wanted to be first?

CASEY
(a beat, then)
Okay well you've had more time to think--

ADRIAN
That's just off the top of my head.

Back at Casey's table, Kacie quickly grabs her purse and bounces, but neither Casey nor Adrian notice.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Look, I realized I never put up boundaries or told you no. And yes, what I did was wrong. I have to live with that. But you weren't perfect either--

CASEY
What's that supposed to mean?

ADRIAN
Even with Chase, you were all about getting engaged but not all about *him*. When he had the flu for two weeks you were too busy with your museum to bring him soup so *I* brought him soup. And then... I got sick and he brought me soup. We ended up leaning on each other for support and confiding in one another, and slowly, we started doing that more and more, and one thing led to another and... I'm sorry.
(MORE)

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
I didn't mean for that part to happen, but... I realized *you* were so selfish, that I just had to start putting myself first too.

CASEY
(a beat, then)
Ewww... You still fucked my boyfriend. Congrat-you-fuck-you-lations. Have a nice baby.

Casey heads back to her own table.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Fuck her, come on, Kacie.
(then, looking around)
Kacie. ...Kacie?

She looks back at her table, which is now empty except for her plate of tacos. Kacie has left the building.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Shit.

INT. CASEY'S CAR - DAY

Casey drives home.

CASEY (CONT'D)
"Selfish"? "Self-centered"?! Yeah right. I'm *not* selfish.
(then)
Oooh, Intelligentsia!

Casey cuts someone off to turn into a parking spot. THE CAR behind her BRAKES and HONKS.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Shit, sorry!

INT. INTELLIGENTSIA COFFEE - DAY

Casey approaches THE BARISTA.

CASEY
Hey, do you think I'm self-centered?

BARISTA
I'm sorry who are you?

CASEY
Oh come on, I come in here like every day, you have to know me-- Okay, I heard it there.
(then)
But you know what, that's not, like, a real example.

EXT. INTELLIGENTSIA COFFEE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Casey walks back to her car sipping her coffee through A PAPER STRAW THAT KEEPS BENDING, and she grows frustrated as she struggles to drink out of it, eventually giving up.

CASEY
Gah, I fucking miss plastic straws!

A YOUNG MALE HIPPIE HOLDING A CLIPBOARD WITH A PETITION and WEARING A SHIRT THAT SAYS "SAVE THE OCEANS" looks over at her.

HIPPIE
Hey lady, don't be so selfish, what about the turtles?!

CASEY
Okay, how are you like *right* there when I said that-- but, yes, obviously I <u>love</u> the turtles. Huge fan of the turtles! Which is why I am <u>unselfishly</u> using this straw.

Casey frustratedly smiles as she tries to suck from the bendy straw again, then continues to her car, taking out HER PHONE.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Siri, Facetime "Boss Man Owen."

Siri dials and HER PHONE FACETIMES OWEN.

EXT. OWEN'S BACKYARD - INTERCUT

Owen answers, floating in his pool on A GIANT FLAMINGO RAFT.

OWEN (ON FACETIME)
(annoyed)
...Hello?

CASEY
Owen, would you consider me selfish?

OWEN (ON FACETIME)
Would I consider the person who calls me on my day off-- interrupting my me time--to ask about herself selfish? No, what could possibly make me think that.

CASEY
I can't tell if you're being facetious.

OWEN (ON FACETIME)
Bye, Casey.

Owen hangs up.

CASEY
Shit. Maybe I *am* selfish.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING ENTRYWAY - DAY

Casey enters, still deep in thought, when she sees her neighbor Nancy by the mailboxes getting her mail.

CASEY
Hey Nancy, do you think I'm selfish? Or self-centered? Also, are those the same thing, because they feel redundant in a way that makes it unnecessarily cruel to say someone is *both*.

NANCY
Honey I don't know you well enough to answer that.
(then, re: her apartment)
But I did drop a puzzle piece under my table and I need help getting it, so you wanna help me? My son's at work.

CASEY
Oh, actually I'm kinda busy--
(then)
Buuut yes! I would love to help you! Because I love helping people. Because that's just who I am.

NANCY
Great. Come on.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nancy leads Casey inside and gestures to the most GIANT, ELABORATE, 5000 piece puzzle Casey's ever seen. It's complete except for ONE MISSING PIECE.

CASEY
Holy shit, okay, so you're like really into puzzles. I feel like I'd get halfway through that and then bail to have mimosas or something.

NANCY
Oh you can do 'em drunk too. That's the best part. It's like an all season sport. I got really into them during the lock down. It was that or leaving the house and dying, so.

CASEY
Well, that is... truly a story Nancy.

NANCY
But I need you to get that last piece or I won't feel like I finished it. It's behind the credenza.

Nancy gestures to THE CREDENZA.

CASEY
Oh, no problem--

Casey approaches and tries to move the credenza to no avail.

NANCY
Watch out, it's heavy. Thing hasn't been moved since the 90's.

CASEY (CONT'D)
It's okay, I'll just squeeze--

Casey tries to reach behind the credenza, but gets stuck.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Oh! Tight squeeze! Okay... Okay, ouch, okay--

NANCY
You alright?

CASEY (CONT'D)
Yeah, think I got it... Almost... there... just about...

Casey searches the ground blindly with her hand, until she finally TOUCHES THE PUZZLE PIECE. She picks it up, then struggles to squeeze back out. Finally, flushed and COVERED IN A THICK LAYER OF DUST, she reemerges and hands THE PUZZLE PIECE to Nancy.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Thank you so much, sweetheart!

CASEY
Of course!

NANCY
You just made this old lady very, very happy.

Casey smiles a big, genuine smile, as if she feels good about herself. Because she does.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Oh, um, lemme get you a towel. I really gotta remember to dust back there more often.

Nancy runs into her bedroom and Casey looks IN THE MIRROR, revitalized, pleased with herself, having just helped someone.

CASEY
Wait. You know what I just realized?

NANCY (O.S.)
What? I can’t hear you.

CASEY
I’ve been doing the JFK thing.

NANCY (O.S.)
What honey?

CASEY
I’ve been trying to find a new friend by asking, “what’s this person gonna do for ME,” and not “what am I doing for *this person*?”

NANCY (O.S.)
Really can’t hear you sweetheart, but what do you think about doin’ a ten thousand piece puzzle?

CASEY
Holy Shit. I think I figured it out!

(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)
I gotta put the *other* person first too if I wanna find a <u>real</u> friend.

Casey, with a renewed sense of purpose, exits the apartment. A beat. Nancy emerges from her bedroom.

NANCY
Look at this puzzle!
(a beat, then)
Where'd she go?

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Casey's got a pep in her step. Now she's got a mission.

INT. CASEY'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Casey gets ready like she's going out on a date.

CASEY
Siri, where's a place single women hang out for fun in LA?

INT. CUPID'S SPICY WANGZ BAR - NIGHT

The place is a male version of Hooters with MALE SERVERS WHO WEAR CUT OFF JEAN SHORTS, NO SHIRTS WITH WASHBOARD ABS, AND ANGEL WINGS AND HALOS. Casey enters, heads for the bar. A HOT BARTENDER (wearing the standard uniform) hands her A MENU.

HOT BARTENDER
Welcome to Cupid's Spicy Wangz. Where we guarantee lots of wangs and plenty of spice! Can I interest you in the medium, spicy or diablo wangz?

Across the bar Casey sees ANOTHER CHICK, who looks somewhere between sullen, heartbroken, and very, *very* pissed off, with TEARS STREAMING DOWN HER FACE.

CASEY
Is that woman crying from the diablo wings?

The Hot Bartender leans in.

HOT BARTENDER
Nah. Poor girl, got stood up by her bumble date. I see it all the time.

An idea. Casey leans into the bartender.

CASEY
You know what? Can I get the wangz and fries sampler with the beerz flight? For two. And bring ‘em over there.

Casey gestures to where the Other Chick is sitting and the Hot Bartender nods and is off to put in the order. Casey makes her way over to the Other Chick and sits beside her.

CASEY (CONT'D)
You get stood up too?

OTHER CHICK
Hmm? Pardon?

CASEY
I got stood up just now. Saw you alone, thought maybe the same had happened to you too.

OTHER CHICK
Oh. Yeah...

CASEY
You wanna talk about it?

OTHER CHICK
No.
(then, can’t stop herself)
This asshole didn’t even have the decency to text me. Sorry, I’m unloading.

CASEY
No, not at all, I get it.

Casey looks at the girl, assessing her. She’s clearly not doing well.

CASEY (CONT'D)
You know what? I bet he was a douche, so he did you a favor.

The Hot Bartender DROPS THEIR FOOD OFF in front of them.

CASEY (CONT'D)
I ordered the sampler. Wanna share?

OTHER CHICK
Oh you don’t have to--

CASEY
No, you came all the way here, you deserve to eat the delicious food. Besides, I can't eat an entire sampler alone.
(off the chick's smile)
I'm Casey.

OTHER CHICK
I'm Annie.

CASEY
(re: the wings)
Here. Try one.

ANNIE
(taking a bite)
Wow, these are delicious.

CASEY
Annie, in my experience, there is very little that hot chicken wangz and gorgeous men in cut offs can't fix. And you know what else helps? Having another woman who knows what you've been through.

ANNIE
(a bashful smile)
Thank you. I think I needed to hear that.

CASEY
(lifting her beer)
Hey, to hoes before bros!

ANNIE
(hesitant but game)
...To hoes before bros!

Annie smiles and lifts her glass to cheers Casey. Casey grins. ...Is it? ...Is her new approach actually working?

At that exact moment, SIRENS BLARE AND STROBE LIGHTS START FLASHING as several MALE SERVERS jump up on the bar and begin dancing.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
What is going on?

CASEY
It's the Wang Dance. They do it at the top of the hour every hour. I read about it.

Sure enough, the guys start doing a “Magic Mike” meets “Coyote Ugly” style dance as THE FEMALE PATRONS go wild. Casey and Annie laugh, clapping along for the VERY FLAMBOYANT DANCER ON THE BAR DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THEM. Finally, the dance ends, all the men bend over on the bar in their shorts, ass cheeks on display. Casey looks up and realizes ONE BALL IS POPPING OUT from the shorts of the dancer in front of them. He cranks his head around to her, holding his final pose, as he holds up the leg of ANOTHER DANCER.

ONE BALL PAUL
(Whispers to Casey)
Oh god, did one of my balls just pop out?

CASEY
I’m afraid so.

ONE BALL PAUL
Would you mind just...

CASEY (CONT'D)
Need a quick tuck?

Casey nods and quickly grabs HER SPOON, then gently pushes his ball back into his shorts.

ONE BALL PAUL (CONT'D)
Thank you so much sweetie!

THE MUSIC AND LIGHTS GO BACK TO NORMAL and the dancers finally drop their final pose to go back to serving. A beat, then Casey and Annie laugh. Casey takes the spoon and puts it behind the bar.

CASEY
I’m just gonna put this back up here.

ANNIE
Wow, that was--.

CASEY
An experience? Yeah, see? Aren’t you glad you weren’t on your date and you got to see this?

Annie nods, laughing, then leans in.

ANNIE
Hey can I tell you something?

CASEY
Yeah, of course.

ANNIE
I stalked the guy before my date tonight.

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)
After we met on the apps I googled him and looked up his instagram and twitter and LinkedIn and I did a *deep* dive. I've even seen his ex girlfriend's page. I mean, I learned *so* much about him, and I told myself he was perfect for me. I feel so dumb now.

CASEY
Girl, we all do that. Don't feel stupid--

ANNIE
No, you don't understand, I like *stalked* him. I found his address and went to his house too. He has a really nice house. I could see myself there. I almost wanna go back--

CASEY
Wow, okay, so maybe not something we <u>all</u> do. How did you find his address?

ANNIE
One of his photos had his house in the background and he listed his city on his dating app so I just did Google Street view of every street in that city until I found the house in his photo.

CASEY
Wow. You... possess a unique talent.

ANNIE
Oh, yeah, I have all these unique talents. Can I tell you something else?

CASEY
...Do I wanna know?

ANNIE
I'm actually a spirit guide.

CASEY
As in... you talk to dead people?

Annie nods, closes her eyes, and reaches out for Casey's hand.

ANNIE
Your Grandma is with us right now.

CASEY
Both my Grandmas are alive.

ANNIE
Well someone's Grandma is with us right now.

One Ball Paul drops off an order of FRIES spelling out "RUN" in front of Casey. ANNIE'S PHONE DINGS, and she checks her phone.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Ohmygod! It's him! My date! He was stuck in a meeting and his phone died so he couldn't text to let me know. He's on his way here.

CASEY
Oh man. He is... in for an adventure.

ANNIE
I know, right? Thank you for everything! I feel like you validated me in a way I *totally* needed right now.

CASEY
("uh oh")
...Yay...

ANNIE
Fuck off!
(then)
Sorry, not you, there's a dead lady behind you.

CASEY
(quickly, to the bartender)
Check please!

EXT. CUPID'S SPICY'S WINGS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Casey exits the bar, a little shaken up, and spots a HOMELESS WOMAN sitting outside the bar.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Spare some change?

Casey opens her wallet and goes to pull out SOME CHANGE, remembers she's the new Casey and pulls out A FIVE instead and drops it in the collection bucket in front of the woman.

CASEY'S PHONE DINGS. She sees **A TEXT FROM "TARA THE TERRIBLE:"**

TARA (V.O.)
Hey QT's! Lookin forward to seeing every1 soon!! REMINDER: BUZZED BARCADE downtown, party starts in 30, say you're on the "Birthday Kween"'s list to get in! XO, Tara!

CASEY
Shit, I forgot about that.
(then to a passerby)
Excuse me? Isn't Buzzed Barcade right around here?

INT. BUZZED BARCADE- MOMENTS LATER

It's bright, it's loud, it's a grown up Chuck E. Cheese. Besides the RETRO VIDEO GAMES, there's also the GAMES YOU'D FIND AT A CARNIVAL next to A HUGE BAR. Giant stuffed animals hang from the ceiling and tickets spit from various glowing machines. Casey enters and spots Tara yelling at a MANAGER.

TARA
Where is everyone?

MANAGER
I don't know ma'am this is your party.

TARA
This is supposed to be fun and kitschy but it feels *very* sad if no one shows up!

Casey turns to leave, but Tara sees her.

TARA (CONT'D)
Ohmygod, Casey you came!

CASEY
Hey, yeah! I was actually just a few blocks away so I thought I'd stop in to say happy birthday.
(then)
Happy birthday!
(then, looking around)
...Where is everyone?

Tara tries to keep it together but BURSTS INTO TEARS.

TARA
The party bus I paid for, which is *full* of my so-called friends, is stopping at *another* party first!
(MORE)

TARA (CONT'D)
I've been planning this for weeks and it was supposed to be fun!
(then, whispering)
And If I don't get people to post about this party, it's gonna cost me thousands of dollars!

CASEY
(unsure what to say)
Well... Do you wanna... play a barcade game or something?

TARA
I don't even like barcades!
(reading her phone)
Jesus, everyone's *just* getting to the other party. They're gonna be there for at least an hour before they come here.
(then)
I have the worst friends. They *love* when I give them free sponsored shit or a shout out in a post, but they can't even be bothered to come to my birthday on time?

FOUR SERVERS enter WITH A CAKE WITH SPARKLERS, but The Manager motions, "NO! NOT YET."

TARA (CONT'D)
Guys, seriously?!

Tara starts to cry again.

TARA (CONT'D)
Does my makeup look okay still?

It doesn't. Casey watches her, softening.

CASEY
You know what? Why don't I drive you to the other bar where everyone is? And then you can ride the party bus back here with everyone after?

TARA
No, clearly nobody wants to be with me--

CASEY
That's not true, they're probably just all caught up in the moment. Come on. It's your birthday. You deserve to have a nice time.

TARA
What about you though? If you drive me there you can't take the party bus back.

CASEY
Eh, I'm not really a party bus girl. I get motion sickness, it's not pretty for anyone in a ten foot radius, trust me.

TARA
Are you sure you don't mind driving me though?

CASEY
Not at all. Let me do this for you, I wanna help.

INT. CASEY'S CAR - NIGHT

They drive in silence, two acquaintances who don't actually know each other that well who are now confined to a small space.

CASEY (CONT'D)
You--

TARA
So--

CASEY (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry, what were you gonna say?

TARA
No, you go.

CASEY
I was gonna say you can put on music if you want.

THE SOUND OF ANOTHER MOTORIST HONKING interrupts the moment. Casey looks to her left to see a SPORTS CAR WEAVING through traffic, about to MERGE INTO CASEY'S LANE.

Thinking quickly, Casey swerves out of the way, onto the sidewalk, as the sports car PASSES ON THE LEFT and SHOOTS THROUGH THE INTERSECTION. A POPPING SOUND as Casey's tire hits the curb. Casey and Tara get their bearings, but WE SEE the passing sports car has the license plate BLE55ED (*helloooo, Harmony!*)

CASEY (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

TARA
What just happened?

CASEY (CONT'D)
I dunno, some maniac-- I just tried to get out of the way--

They hear THE HISS OF A TIRE LOSING AIR.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Shit.
(then)
You don't by chance know how to change a tire do you?

EXT. STREET CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

Casey and Tara hover over Casey's back tire, which sure enough, is flat.

TARA
We could call Triple A? But then we'd probably have to wait like over an hour and miss my party...

CASEY
Wait, you know what? I've got the spare in my trunk. Why don't we, uh, Youtube it?

TARA
What?

CASEY
Yeah, this shit has to be on Youtube right? If people watch videos of kids unwrapping presents on there, they definitely have videos on how to change a tire.

TARA
...Why do people watch videos of kids unwrapping presents?

CASEY
I dunno but I went down an internet hole one night and that's very much a thing, trust me. This is why we can't have nice things. Anyway, you find a video tutorial, I'll find the, uh, the thingie... that'll... help us.

ON HER PHONE, Tara pulls up a TUTORIAL VIDEO FROM YOUTUBE, featuring A WHITE GUY wearing A BACKWARDS HAT AND GOLD DOLLAR SIGN NECKLACE.

WHITE GUY YOUTUBER
Wassup wassup my followers. Today I'ma show y'all how to change a tire.
(MORE)

WHITE GUY YOUTUBER (CONT'D)
Big ups to my gran for lettin my film at her pad and use her Corrolla. Respect. Aight, without further ado, let's get crackin.

EXT. STREET CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

The girls kneel down by the car, which is up on a jack, and put A SPARE TIRE on as the Youtuber directs them WHILE RAPPING VERY POORLY THE WHITEST RAP OF ALL TIME, ACAPELLA. The girls dance while following along, mock-getting into the song.

WHITE GUY YOUTUBER
(Rapping)
Once you've raised the car up on a jack,
be careful son you don't hurt your back,
unscrew the lug and remove that tire,
mount the spare on now, yeah you on fire!
Then tighten the lugs and you lower the car,
replace the hubcap and you'll go far
Girl, you did it, your car looks tight,
Now like or subscribe to my page aight!?
I said: Girl, you did it, your car--

WHITE GUY YOUTUBER
Looks tight, Now like or subscribe to my page aight!?

CASEY/TARA
(singing along)
Looks tight, now like or subscribe to his page aight!?

The MUSIC STOPS and the spare tire seems to beam.

TARA
This looks right. Right?!

CASEY
Yes! Okay! Voila! Wow, not bad for two chicks in minidresses and an undiscovered talent on Youtube.

They stand, high five, and readjust their dresses.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Now, let's get you to that party.

Tara watches as Casey gets back in her car.

INT. CASEY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Casey drives and Tara sits shotgun, watching her. A beat, then...

TARA
Why are you being so nice to me?

CASEY
What?

TARA
It's just... so unlike you.

CASEY
What do you mean?

TARA
You used to just constantly talk about your fiance and your best friend and all the stuff you guys were doing, and I never felt like I could even approach you 'cause you were *always* busy it seemed like.

CASEY
Wait, really?

TARA
Yeah. It made me afraid to get older 'cause right now I have this huge group of friends and I can be super flexible with my plans, and you seemed like you only associated with two people ever and you didn't have time for anything else, and... I dunno, it seemed so rigid. Like, is that what happens when you get older?

CASEY
That's why you said-- wow, I thought you thought I was lame and old.

TARA
No, are you kidding me? You weld and twist glass and are super creative! You don't even need to stage being cool, you're *actually* cool.

CASEY
Wow I didn't realize you felt that way.

TARA
Yeah, if anything I thought you thought *I'm* lame 'cause I'm still like, figuring out my brand and still trying out friend groups and stuff. But honestly?
(MORE)

TARA (CONT'D)
I don’t even know if any of my friends even like me for me or if it’s just like, to swap likes and followers and stuff.
And... I dunno, sometimes I was jealous of what you had.

CASEY
But other day I asked if you wanted to hang and you said you were busy--

TARA
I was. Planning tonight. Being an aspiring influencer is actually a job. It’s not just taking pictures. It’s making it look like a lifestyle.

Tara looks down, a little sad. Casey notices.

CASEY
Hey you wanna know a secret?
Everyone’s still figuring it out, regardless of age. You’re not alone.
(then)
Oh, shit. GPS says we’re here.

EXT. LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Casey and Tara walk up to a LINE OF PEOPLE outside, just as A GROUP OF OBNOXIOUS TWENTY-SOMETHINGS spills out onto the sidewalk and spot Tara. They immediately swarm her, leaving Casey to watch, separated from the swarm, a few feet away.

TARA’S FRIEND ONE
Tara! Happy birthday!

TARA’S FRIEND TWO
Hey, everyone wants to go to the place next door really quick ‘cause there’s a DJ there who can get us in VIP for free. Come with and we’ll go to the barcade after?

Tara looks from her friends to Casey.

TARA
...You wanna come in and hang? We can leave your car overnight and you can take the party bus with us too?

CASEY
Nah, nobody needs me to be the creepy old lady at the party. It’s weird.

PAN TO AN OLDER (mid-30s) FEMALE HANGER-ON partying with the twenty-three year olds a few feet away. It *is* weird.

CASEY (CONT'D)
I gotta get back home. You go on without me.

TARA
You sure?

CASEY
Yeah. And have an awesome birthday.

Tara turns to leave but turns back around.

TARA
Casey?

CASEY
Yep?

TARA
Thank you. For being there tonight.

CASEY
Of course!

TARA
And thanks for the ride. I had fun.

CASEY
Same here. See you Monday.

Casey turns to go.

TARA
Hey, Casey.

Casey turns back.

TARA (CONT'D)
You wanna go out for drinks this week? Like after work one night?

CASEY
Sure, that’d be great.

TARA
Cool.

Casey smiles, touched, and heads home.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Casey enters and finds Greg and Nancy's apartment door open. Greg quickly enters the hallway, wafting smoke away with AN OVEN MITT. Casey makes a face at the smell of smoke.

GREG
Sorry, I burnt some bread. Still getting used to my mom's oven.
(then)
You look happy. Good date?

CASEY
Nope, just a... pleasantly surprising night.

GREG
Well, happiness looks good on you.

CASEY
Not as good as that apron looks on you.

Greg looks down, realizes the APRON HE'S WEARING MAKES IT LOOK LIKE HE IS IN A SKIMPY BIKINI (like those touristy shirts you can buy in beach town souvenir shops).

GREG
(bashful)
Oh. Ha. This my mom's.

CASEY
Gotta love a woman with a sense of humor.

A BEEPING starts from inside Greg's apartment.

GREG
Crap, gotta check on the next batch.

CASEY
Good luck. Night, Greg.

GREG
Goodnight, Casey.

Casey continues on, smiling, satisfied with how this night turned out.

INT. DREAMSCAPE ENTERPRISES WAREHOUSE - DAY

Casey and Rob sit around as Owen talks to them.

OWEN
Where's Tara? Whatever, we have a month to turn this place around from the Museum of 2000s to the Museum of Hot Dogs--

CASEY
Who pays to come to a Museum of Hot Dogs?

OWEN
The same people who go to a Museum of Ice Cream? I dunno, people like taking pictures of themselves in front of weird shit. The American Hot Dog Association is paying us to build the installations, so we build 'em.

Tara enters, SUNGLASSES ON.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Tara, nice of you to join us.

TARA
Sorry. I... overslept.

Owen tosses Tara and the others LOOK BOOKS.

OWEN
Well here's what they want the installations to look like. Learn 'em, then make 'em after you take apart the current install. I'll be dismantling the bedazzled chihuahuas if anyone needs me.

Owen takes off towards TWO GIANT GLOWING CHIHUAHUAS SCULPTURES. Rob takes his LOOK BOOK and A SLEDGEHAMMER, and heads in another direction in the warehouse.

CASEY
Hey, how was the rest of your party Saturday?

TARA
Good. It ended about an hour ago.

CASEY
Wow, you celebrated for an entire weekend. Impressive.

As Casey dismantles the TV HALLWAY INSTALLATION and KALEIDASCOPIC HALLWAY OF STITCHED TOGETHER VELOUR JUMPSUITS ON THE WALLS, Tara grabs the NEON TRUCKER HAT SCULPTURE CASEY MADE.

TARA
Hey you should totally keep this!

CASEY
What? Why, what would I even do with it?

TARA
Are you kidding? Hang it in your apartment! It's awesome and kitschy and funny. It's like... *pre-*vintage/**ahead of it's time.** Once the 2000s become vintage, this will be like so cool.

CASEY
...I guess my place *is* still severely lacking in decor since my breakup. Why not add contextless trucker hats to my walls?

TARA
Ohmygod, wait, can I see your place? I *love* a blank canvas. I can help you redecorate if you want.

CASEY
...Really?

TARA
Yes! I'm a superfan of Queer Eye and I love a project! I mean--like, if you want.

CASEY
Yeah, I mean it'd be fun to have someone to do that with I guess.

Rob approaches with TWO SLEDGEHAMMERS.

ROB
You two wanna help me take this stuff down or we just gonna talk about boys all day?

The girls exchange a look.

TARA
Alright Robert, don't get your thong in a bunch.

They take the sledgehammers and follow Rob. As they walk:

TARA (CONT'D)
Did you still wanna do a happy hour one night? I can show you my decorating Pinterest boards there if we do.

CASEY
Yeah, that sounds fun.

Off Casey's growing smile:

CUE AN UPBEAT SONG LIKE "GET READY" BY THE TEMPTATIONS AS WE BEGIN A FRIENDSHIP-BLOSSOMING MONTAGE:

A) Casey and Tara sit at rooftop bar having happy hour, looking at Tara's phone and talking decor ideas.

B) Casey enters her apartment and shows Tara around. Tara animatedly gestures to walls and curtains and floors. Casey, smiling, nods along.

C) The girls go shopping at Target for HOME GOODS. They "clink CHURROS" like Casey tried before with Cool Girl, but this time it's well-received and Tara laughs.

D) The girls redecorate Casey's apartment, until it looks instagram-worthy. Casey makes COCKTAILS and they cheers.

E) The girls pass Nancy and Greg in the hallway. Nancy smiles to herself. Tara gives Casey a look like "Greg's cute." Casey blushes.

F) At work, the girls chat and laugh as they put Hot Dog Installations together, Casey making NEON HOT DOG LIGHT SCULPTURES, then welding A HOT DOG STATUE, as Tara snaps photos.

G) At a brunch spot called "HOGS & QUICHES," the girls take slow-mo selfies (like Casey did with Adrian at the spa), when A WAITER places OMELETTES in front of them and leaves.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Wait, is that a pube on the plate--

TARA
Ew, quick, make a wish!

Casey watches as Tara quickly grabs it with her pinky then blows it away like an eyelash, and laughs.

INT. DREAMSCAPE ENTERPRISES WAREHOUSE - DAY

The warehouse is fully decked out in hot dog-themed installations: One installation is the “Condiment room” where guests can dress up as hot dogs and dive into ball pits the color of Ketchup, Mustard, and Relish. One is just a room full of fake hot dogs suspended from the ceiling at different heights, one installation is the wall of neon hot dogs.

Owen addresses Tara, Casey, Rob, and A FEW OTHER MEN IN HARDHATS WITH TOOLBELTS AND PAINTBRUSHES.

OWEN
Okay, the Museum of Hot Dogs opens Monday and--somehow, surprisingly-- we actually managed to finish everything on time. Great work guys. I’ll see everyone Monday.

Everyone claps and disperses. Casey and Tara high five as they stand up and Owen notices.

OWEN (CONT'D)
What is this? What’s going on?

CASEY
What do you mean?

OWEN
You two are... interacting.

TARA
Yeah, we’re friends.

OWEN
Since when?

CASEY
(shrugging)
I dunno. It’s been, like, a month? Have you really not noticed until now?

He stares blankly at them.

OWEN
...Alright. Just... good job I guess. I’ll see you at the opening on Monday. If you need me before then-- don’t. Don’t need me.

Owen eyes them again, a little dubious, then heads out.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT ENTRYWAY - THE NEXT DAY

Casey checks the mail, when she sees A PACKAGE under the mailboxes that says “NANCY SCHWARTZ” on it. She picks it up.

INT. CASEY’S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Casey enters, holding the package and knocks on Nancy’s door.

NANCY (O.S.)
It’s open!

Casey opens the door and finds Nancy and Greg icing CINNAMON ROLLS.

CASEY
You had a package downstairs. Wow, it smells amazing in here.

NANCY
Greg made cinnamon rolls. Come have one!

Nancy hands Casey a cinnamon roll.

CASEY
What’s the occasion?

GREG
It’s my dad’s deathday.

CASEY
I’m sorry, what?

NANCY
His death day. What? Before Greg Senior passed, god rest his soul, he said, “Nan, every year on the day I died you better bust out the drinks and celebrate my life in my honor,” so...

Nancy points to an OPEN BOTTLE OF BOURBON.

NANCY (CONT'D)
I supplied the bourbon and Greg made his dad’s favorite cinnamon rolls.

CASEY
That’s um-- unique.
(taking a bite)
Holy shit, these are good.

NANCY
He had fabulous taste. Just look at *me*.

Casey smiles.

NANCY (CONT'D)
That man was so wonderful. You know, he made me promise to spread his ashes at every major ice hockey arena in the country before I die.

CASEY
Was he a big hockey fan?

NANCY
No, he just liked the rowdiness, the fights. We'd go back in Philly and then New York. I suspect he was afraid I'd stop going once he wasn't around, so he did this to force me out of the house. But it worked. We're going to a game today and I'm gonna drop his ashes off somewhere inappropriate. Just like he would've wanted. You wanna come? My friend Carol can't because her hip flexor's acting up.

Casey looks from Nancy to Greg, who nods like "yeah, come."

GREG
I'm bringing extra rolls for the car ride...

CASEY
Okay, yeah, sure that sounds fun.

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - DAY

Nancy, and Greg sit in the front row of the stands next to the glass, yelling at the other team's players. On the ice, ONE PLAYER RAMS INTO ANOTHER PLAYER and Casey, sitting beside Greg, winces. Greg notices, smiling.

GREG
First time at a game?

CASEY
How can you tell?

GREG
Mom loves the fights.

Casey eyes Nancy, who is YELLING AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS.

CASEY
I see that. Yeah, wow.

GREG
The best part is that no matter how hard they get hit they just keep playing.

Casey and the crowd jump when A PLAYER slams against the glass, arms twisting, teeth flying...

CASEY
Except that guy.

The broken hockey player quickly gets carried off the ice.

GREG
Where's your new "bestie" today?

CASEY
Who, Tara?

GREG
Yeah the one you've been attached at the hip to lately around the building.

CASEY
We're not attached at the hip. It's just nice to have someone to hang out with. And *Tara* is speaking on a "brand strategy and social analytics in the post-attention era" panel at an influencer conference today.

GREG
Influencer: that's a word that makes me feel weird and old.

CASEY
Right? But there's actually a whole science to it. It's pretty interesting. Which *I* didn't realize either until I got to know Tara.

GREG
I love how girls can just instantly decide to have a new "bestie."

CASEY
Okay for the record, that's *your* word not mine.
(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)
And that's not something *girls* do. Nor what *I* did. ...We're actually taking it slow. But, yes, sure, it does feel like she could be a really great... close... longterm friend--
(then)
Don't look at me like that.

GREG
(smiling/teasing)
Whatever you say.

Greg SINGS OFF-KEY A FEW SECONDS OF QUEEN'S "YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND." Casey rolls her eyes and smirks, embarrassed.

CASEY
(laughing)
You're the worst singer.

Nancy jumps up, screaming at ONE OF THE PLAYERS ON THE ICE.

NANCY
Stop playing with your puck and shoot your load already!!!

Greg nods at his Mom and Casey. Smiles.

GREG
On that... I'm gonna run to the bathroom. Don't let the other team score while I'm gone.

CASEY
I'll work on that.

Greg gets up and heads up the aisle. Casey contemplates for a beat, then turns to Nancy.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Hey Nancy, do you think I'm moving too fast with my new friend?

NANCY
Not at all sweetheart. Don't overthink a good thing when you hit it off with someone. That includes friendship. Greg Senior taught me that. He was such a smart man.

Casey looks at Nancy, notices her eyes are watering a bit.

CASEY
I'm sorry for your loss, Nancy.

NANCY
I am too. But it was 19 years ago. And at least I have Greg Junior.

CASEY
Still, I'm sorry.

NANCY
Thank you.
(a beat, wistful)
Greg Senior used to say people come into your life for a reason, a season, or a lifetime. I didn't get him for a lifetime, but I still had plenty of seasons and reasons to be happy because of him.

Casey nods, thinking for a second.

CASEY
That's really beautiful. ...Y'know, I've had a lot of heartache lately but--maybe it wasn't all bad. Maybe Chase and Adrian were there to teach me--

A GAME BUZZER GOES OFF just as NANCY'S PHONE BUZZES. Nancy stands, with purpose.

NANCY
Shit, the first period's almost over. We gotta go spread some ashes.

Nancy looks at Casey impatiently.

CASEY
Oh-- did you want me to come too?

NANCY
("duh")
Yeah. I need lookouts.

CASEY
...Why would you need lookouts?

INT. ARENA HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy and Casey walk past snack stands and spot Greg standing by a RESTRICTED ACCESS DOOR, which he has discreetly propped open with his foot. Nancy beelines to him, followed by Casey.

CASEY (CONT'D)
I thought you went to the bathroom.

GREG
Cover story. I had to wait for someone to walk in here so I could prop it open. Come on.

Nancy quickly enters, motioning for a nervous Casey to follow.

INT. RESTRICTED ACCESS CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Once all three are inside, Nancy turns to Greg.

NANCY
Honey, you stay here, watch the door. Casey, come with me.

CASEY
Maybe I should watch the door--

NANCY
No, if someone comes, he knows how to be a diversion. Come on.

Nancy leads Casey down the corridor, around a corner, then towards a ZAMBONI (the giant machine that cleans the ice between periods).

CASEY
(looking around)
Where are we--

Nancy stops in front of the Zamboni, opens one of it’s WATER TANKS, takes A PLASTIC BAG FULL OF ASHES FROM HER PURSE, and begins pouring her husband’s ashes into the Zamboni’s tank.

CASEY (CONT'D)
This feels very wrong--

NANCY
Shh, it’s fine! I pour the ashes in here, they mix with the water, and then they get spread out on the ice when they drive this thing out there. Et voila, Greg is on the ice!
(laughing to herself)
He would love this.

A BUZZER SOUNDS LOUDLY from the game outside.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Shit! The first period’s over! They’re gonna be in here soon! Help me!

CASEY
What?

Nancy opens her purse, REVEALING FIVE PLASTIC BAGS FULL OF ASHES.

NANCY
Grab some and help me!

CASEY
Why did you put him in multiple bags?!

NANCY
They check purses at the entrance, I had to hide him in different pockets!

GREG (O.S.)
Come on, they're coming!

Nancy hands Casey two plastic bags, and together they frantically empty all the bags of ashes into the water tank, hurrying.

CASEY
Shit, ah, okay, okay--

NANCY
Come on, faster! Go, go, go!

The women finish, then run full speed back down the hall to Greg.

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - MOMENTS LATER

Casey, Nancy, and Greg run back into the stands, then catch their breaths as they take their seats rink-side. Once they sit down, Casey looks at Greg.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Jesus, that was a rush.

GREG
Try doing it every. Single. Year.

ON THE ICE, THE ZAMBONI drives onto the rink and THE ICE TAKES ON A LIGHT GREYISH TINT in its wake.

NANCY
(whispers, smiling)
Happy Deathday honey.

INT. DREAMSCAPE ENTERPRISES WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The opening party for The Museum of Hot Dogs is in full swing: People order drinks at the bar, take selfies in front of the installations, eat hot dogs, dance to music.

Casey, smiling, WEARS A HOT DOG COSTUME. Owen approaches.

OWEN
Hey, thanks again for wearing the costume. It helps with the ambience.

CASEY
No problem, I think it’s funny.

OWEN
(a beat, then)
Why are you in such a good mood?

CASEY
I dunno, I just... things feel good. Can I not be in a good mood?

OWEN
You can, I’m just used to you dropping things on yourself and not brushing your hair.

CASEY
Owen, people change. It’s called self-improvement.

Tara approaches, ALSO IN A HOT DOG COSTUME, holding TWO CHILI DOGS. She hands one to Casey.

TARA
Sorry, I woulda gotten you one too Owen but I didn’t know where you were.

Casey takes a bite of her hot dog, and IMMEDIATELY SPILLS CHILI ALL DOWN THE FRONT OF HER HOT DOG COSTUME.

OWEN
Aaaand there she is. “It’s called self-improvement.”
(then)
Alright, you guys have fun. I’m gonna... not be around people for a while.

Owen walks away, disappearing into the crowd.

TARA
I love him. Such a curmudgeon.

Casey’s PHONE DINGS, and she **SEES AN EMAIL REMINDER: “CONFIRM YOUR ITINERARY FOR YOUR UPCOMING PARIS TRIP!”** Casey looks up, dejected.

TARA (CONT'D)
Ruh roh, what’s wrong?
(off Casey’s silence)
You can tell me. I got you girl.

CASEY
Oh, no, I just-- my ex and I booked a trip to Paris to look at venues because we wanted to do a small destination wedding. And I have til the end of the week to refund my ticket but there's still a food and wine tour and all this other stuff we booked for while we were there I can't get refunded.
(a resigned sigh, then)
I guess I'll just eat the cost--

TARA
Um... *I'll* come on a food and wine tour of Paris with you.

CASEY
Wait-- really?

TARA
Yeah, I was actually thinking we should do a girl's trip soon. When is it?

CASEY
In two months.

TARA
Okay well that's like forever from now. But fuck it, let's do a girls trip to Paris! I've always wanted to bang a Parisian. They're so chic and... *judgey*. It's hot.

Tara, excited, looks to Casey but notices she still looks sullen as she continues to scroll through her email.

TARA (CONT'D)
Hey, wait you know what? Why don't we do a little getaway before Paris too?

CASEY
What do you mean?

TARA
I have a friend who's got a condo in Santa Barbara he rents out, and he'd for sure let us stay there for a night or two. We could do a cheap getaway. Trust me, I'm 23, all I do is cheap vacays. And you seem like you could use a pick-me-up.

CASEY
We can't both get a weekend off--

TARA
So we'll go during the week. On our next days off. So Owen's cool with it. Come on, a little midweek R and R? But instead of rest and relaxation it'll be drinking and hitting on age-inappropriate men.

CASEY
That does sound--

TARA
Fun? Yeah because it is! And then we can do Paris after. We'll start saving up now and have our own "hot girl summer" and you'll legit forget about ever being sad before.

Tara grins, her enthusiasm contagious, and Casey begins to break into a smile herself.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Casey, reinvigorated now (and still in her HOTDOG COSTUME), rounds the corner and finds Greg outside her door.

CASEY
Uh oh, trying to rob me?

GREG
Oh, hey! Ha, no, sorry, I was just about to knock--but here, you are! Dressed as a hot dog?

Casey smiles.

CASEY
I like to shake things up fashion wise.

Greg lets out a small laugh then gestures to a BOWL he's carrying with A NOTE attached.

GREG
I wanted to say thank you for coming with us the other day to the hockey game. I haven't seen my mom laugh like that in a while. She really likes you I think.
(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)
Well, which I mean makes sense, you're likable--

CASEY
Oh, hah, thanks

GREG
Anyway, I came to give you a sourdough starter as a thank you. If you want. It just dawned on me you might not want dough--

CASEY
No, that's great! That's super thoughtful. I'll give it a whirl.

GREG
(handing her the bowl)
Great.

CASEY
Cool.

GREG
Okay. Well. Thanks again. For... humoring us the other day.

CASEY
Hey, humoring is one of my specialties.

GREG
(polite laugh, then)
Well, I left instructions on the note there, with the bowl.

CASEY
Perfect. Thank you.

She opens her door and he lingers for a moment.

GREG
Okay. Have a good night. And tell me how the bread turns out!

CASEY
You'll be the first person to know.

GREG
Cool.

He lingers again.

GREG (CONT'D)
Well, night.

CASEY
Night.

She flips on her lights as she heads inside and closes the door, and her NEON TRUCKER HAT ART from the 2000s Museum shines blindingly bright. AS THE DOOR SWINGS CLOSED, she sees Greg shield his eyes from the bright light.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry! That’s my ironic pop culture shrine--

Aaand the door is closed. Cool. She hears him through the door as he walks away.

GREG (O.S.)
(laughing to himself)
“Ironic pop culture shrine.” Huh.

INT. CASEY'S BEDROOM- MORNING

Casey’s asleep, tangled in the sheets when her PHONE BUZZES, waking her. She stirs, grabs her phone, sees a FACETIME FROM TARA.

INT. TARA’S LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

Tara’s glowing while riding a PELETON BIKE and sporting a ponytail that would make Ariana Grande jealous.

TARA (FACETIME)
(breathless)
Morning! Sorry, about the FACETIME, lame. But, I’m an Ambassador for this bike company and I’m like a zillion miles behind. Anyway, I got us my friend’s place in Santa Barbara for two nights! You wanna book the wine tasting and we’ll figure out how to split it once we’re there?

Casey, still half asleep, extra-puffy and half-dressed, nods.

CASEY
Sounds good.

Tara waves.

TARA (FACETIME)
Oh you’re on live say hi! Hey guys! This is Casey, who I told you about!

Lots of HEARTS and LIKES float across the screen.

Casey covers her head and pokes her arm out to wave.

TARA (CONT'D)
(to her followers)
Casey’s a little shy. Call me later Case!

The call ends and Casey, still under the covers, GOOGLES “WINE TASTING SANTA BARBARA.”

INT. DREAMSCAPE ENTERPRISES WAREHOUSE

Casey carries a GIANT NEON HOT DOG as she approaches Tara.

CASEY
Wine tasting tour is booked!

TARA
Hell yes, we gonna par-ty and par-ty.

Owen approaches, pointing to PLASTER HOT DOG STATUES.

OWEN
Casey, I need you to glue down those statues better. We just had another kid try to pull one off and eat it.
(to himself)
This is why we should stop having kids.

He shakes his head and heads off in a huff. Tara quickly attaches A PAPER HOTDOG WITH CARTOONISH EYES AND HANDS to the back of his pants with tape as Owen passes her. It dangles as he walks, and his movement makes it look like the paper hot dog man is waving at them with every step. Tara and Casey laugh.

INT. CASEY’S BEDROOM - DAY

Casey, ON HER COMPUTER, searches “AFFORDABLE MASSAGES SANTA BARBARA.” Then smiles, picks up her phone, and texts.

CASEY (V.O.)
Aaand I booked massages! So we can have a little spa day.

TARA (V.O.)
Love it. A little detox/retox situation. I can’t wait!

Casey gets up, continues into...

INT. CASEY’S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where she heads to the hall closet and opens it. SHOES come tumbling out. She ducks, then grabs a HUGE SUITCASE, pulling it out with a struggle. Finally, she wrangles it free from the closet, and drops it on the floor.

CASEY
Repeat after me... I will not over pack.

She opens the huge suitcase, revealing A CARRY ON-SIZED SUITCASE inside. She takes it out and opens it. It still has a COUPLE WRAPS and BIKINIS from a previous trip.

Pulling everything out, she notices A PIECE OF PAPER in the suitcase. Turns it over to find: written in big bubble letters, “SPRING BREAK 11: ADRIAN & CASEY’S BEST CABO TRIP EVER.” Below the cute bubble letters is AN ITINERARY written by Adrian giving Casey all the info for their Cabo trip. It’s signed at the very bottom “XOXO, UR RIDE OR DIE FOREVER, BIIITCH.”

There’s A KNOCK AT CASEY’S DOOR, interrupting the moment. Casey glances at the Cabo itinerary again, then crumbles it up, tossing it in the trash. She answers the door, finding Nancy.

NANCY
Hi sweetie, I heard you say you’re taking the train to Santa Barbara with your friend this week--

CASEY
How did--

NANCY
You talk on speaker. The entire block can hear you. Anyways, here. I thought maybe you could use this for your trip.

Nancy, hands Casey A VINTAGE BOTTLE OF WINE.

NANCY (CONT'D)
It’s good shit. My husband collected it for anniversaries but I prefer harder stuff. So you take it.

CASEY
Nancy, this is an expensive bottle--

NANCY
So? What’s a little wine between friends? Take it.
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
Seriously,I don’t want it, I drink whiskey so you’ll get more enjoyment out of it than I will.

CASEY
Well thank you. I mean this is *very* generous of you. You really don’t need to.

NANCY
Shush, I want to. You deserve it. And good for you doing a girl’s trip. Everyone acts like realizing “You don’t need a man” is a revolutionary thought, but every woman figures that out eventually. All we really need are great girl friends.

CASEY
Wow, preach Nancy.

NANCY
I mean it. You and your friend can enjoy the wine on the train, take advantage of the fact you don’t have to drive. I used to cut the lining out of my big purse and hide bottles in it to sneak into live shows and theme parks.

CASEY
Wow, you are an onion I can’t wait to peel, Nancy.

Nancy just shrugs and gives a “ta da!” gesture.

CASEY’S PHONE DINGS. She checks it: A NEW TEXT FROM TARA.

TARA (V.O.)
I got us into a concert for free the night we get up there if we want!

NANCY
Well I should get back to my puzzle. You guys have fun.

CASEY
Thanks again, Nancy.

Casey closes the door, then turns back to her phone and types:

CASEY (V.O.)
I can't wait! And I got some vino for the train too!

INT. CASEY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Casey has a mud mask on and stuffs Nancy's bottle of wine into a PACKED BEACH BAG on her couch, then zips up her carry-on. Her PHONE DINGS. A TEXT FROM TARA reads:

TARA (V.O.)
Hey bb! My friend Rayne told me about this brewery in SB that all the hot dudes hang out it's like super chill they even have peanut shells on the floor.

Casey pauses, then types:

CASEY (V.O.)
So this is kinda embarrassing. I thought I mentioned it but, I'm actually <u>super allergic</u> to peanuts.

A long "dot dot dot" bubble, pause, then...

TARA (V.O.)
Kay well that's totally cool. We don't have to do everything together. You could always do the wine tasting and I could go do the brew house and we could meet up after!

CASEY (V.O.)
We only have one day to actually do wine tasting thought.

TARA (V.O.)
Okay no worries, we'll figure it out! See you tomorrow. Xoxo so excited!

EXT. LA UNION STATION- MORNING

Casey arrives at the train station, looks around, takes out her phone, dials.

CASEY
Hey T, I thought we were meeting out front of Union Station at eight. Lemme know... I'll be here.

She hangs up. Then looks around some more. Checks her watch. Then makes another call.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Hey Tara, Case again. I'm realizing we may not have great service here so maybe my texts aren't going through, but I'm gonna go to the train in case you're there. So if you get this, I'll be waiting for you on the train to save you a seat. Text me when you get this.

INT. UNION STATION, AMTRAK SURFLINER TRACK - A BIT LATER

Casey stumbles, trying to lift her over-stuffed, heavy bag onto the train. Then walks from train car to train car looking around for Tara. Instead, she spots A TRAIN ATTENDANT, 40s, male, "seen it all, no time for this" attitude.

CASEY
Hi, excuse me. Have you seen a woman about my height, early twenties? She could be wearing-- shit, how do I describe her style? Kind of a risk-taker stylewise? Looks unkempt in a curated way--

TRAIN ATTENDANT
Now, if I had the ability to know who the hell you meant based on *that* description, you think I'd be standing here doing *this*?

CASEY
(sincerely)
There's nothing wrong with being a train attendant it's a very noble profession.

TRAIN ATTENDANT
Oh, well thank you for your approval. I really appreciate it.

CASEY
Oh no I didn't mean... Wait lemme show you her picture--

The train attendant walks off.

CASEY (CONT'D)
I think we may have gotten off on the wrong foot!

Casey sighs, then resumes looking around for Tara on her own.

INT. A DIFFERENT TRAIN CAR - MOMENTS LATER

This car is packed. As Casey makes her way down the aisle, HER BAG KNOCKS THE KNEES OR SHINS OF EVERY PASSENGER SHE PASSES, and many give her dirty looks.

CASEY
Sorry. Whoops, sorry! My bad. Sorry!

Casey finally comes to AN OPEN PAIR OF SEATS and, looking around for Tara, finally sits down. Her PHONE DINGS. It's A TEXT FROM TARA. Casey instantly opens it.

TARA (V.O.)
Hey...

CASEY (V.O.)
Hey! You here?

TARA (V.O.)
Crazy story...

Casey waits. Looks around. Waits again.

TARA (V.O.)
Don't hate me. But, I totally went out last night after we texted and at like 2am this girl Blare--OMG you would LOVE her. Kylie follows her. Anyway, totally work-related she invited me to an afterparty. I'm a #bitch but, long story short...I'm on a yacht with FUCKING LEO. And on the DL he's kinda old and his hands are kinda soft and squishy #DADBOD but #STILLFUCKABLE & it's just such a good opportunity for me if I stay here!?! Think about the exposure I'll get if I can get a pic with him #sponcon #workbitch $$ I'll totally make it up to you but you know the rule #workfirst! #loveyou #thanksforunderstanding #imonaboat ##Bestie

Casey looks up, stunned. Speechless.

CONDUCTOR ON PA SYSTEM
Ladies and gentlemen, please take your seats. We're departing Union Station in one minute.

ANOTHER DING. “NEW MESSAGE FROM TARA.” Casey hesitates, checks it. It’s A SELFIE OF TARA making puppy dog eyes, her hands shaped like a heart for Casey, on a boat with what looks like LEONARDO DICAPRIO AND SOME MODELS in the background.

Casey stares at the photo. Then at the empty seat next to her. Then at the BOTTLE OF WINE tucked under a TOWEL in her beach tote. Then around at all the SMILING FAMILIES, FRIENDS, BRIDAL PARTIES.

Then, suddenly, she stands. Grabs her beach tote and her rolling carry-on bag, and heads for the exit.

CASEY
Shit, stop the train!

Everyone on the train turns towards Casey. Before she can reach the exit, the Train Attendant from before sees her and intercepts her.

TRAIN ATTENDANT
Ma’am, you’ll have to find a seat, we’re about to leave the station.

CASEY
No, I’m not going on a girls trip alone, that’s--no--

Casey tries to go around the Train Attendant, but he blocks her way. She quickly tries to go the other way but drops her TOTE and her wine bottle rolls across the floor. She scurries after it.

TRAIN ATTENDANT
Ma’am all wine must be purchased in the dining car--

CASEY
Relax, it’s not open!

THE TRAIN STARTS SLOWLY MOVING FORWARD.

TRAIN ATTENDANT
Ma’am the train is *moving* I’m going to have to insist you sit down!

CASEY
We’re like barely moving, just--
let me--

Casey tries to go around him again to get to the exit, but he blocks her again. She tries the other way, he blocks that too. She tries to go underneath him, by squeezing between his legs but he clenches his legs around her.

TRAIN ATTENDANT
Now you're making us both look like an ass.

CASEY
Fine!
(standing up)
Fine, I promise not to try and get off the train.

The Train Attendant eyes her, suspicious, but then nods.

TRAIN ATTENDANT
Okay... I got my eye on you though.

Casey nods then walks back towards her seat. The Train Attendant finally walks away. But as *soon* as he's a few feet away from the exit, Casey grabs her things and runs for the exit...

CASEY
Just kidding!

...and SHE JUMPS OFF THE TRAIN. She hits the ground with a THUD.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Holy shit, ow! God I misjudged that jump. Shit. Ouch. Okay.

She stands, shakes herself off. Picks up her bags. Starts to roll her carry-on, but sees ONE OF THE WHEELS IS BUSTED.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Fuck.

She looks at her TOTE and sees her wine bottle is still intact.

CASEY (CONT'D)
...At least I still have you.

EXT. UNION STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Casey slowly lugs her full beach tote and drags her heavy, overstuffed carry-on behind her. She takes a swig from her NOW OPEN BOTTLE OF WINE, not caring who sees.

Finally, when she gets to the curb she stops, grabs HER PHONE, and opens the UBER APP. But her PHONE DIES.

CASEY
Jesus Christ.

She looks at the TAXI KIOSK. It's empty.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Seriously?

SHE SPOTS A KID GETTING OFF OF A BYRD SCOOTER and quickly approaches.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Hey. Hello? Hey, I'll give you Fifty dollars if you keep that going for me.

KID
How do I know you're not gonna run up more than fifty dollars worth of riding on it?

CASEY
What? No, look at me. I'm carrying a giant--no, I'm not gonna--I'm just going like six miles--here, how bout...

Casey rummages through her beach tote--sees Band Aids, Chapstick, old receipts--then finds A BOTTLE OF ZINC. She takes ONE PILL out.

CASEY (CONT'D)
You want a Xanax? Here, take this too.

KID
(a beat, dubious, then)
'Kay, fine.

The kid takes the cash and the Zinc, gives Casey his Byrd.

CASEY
God, thank you.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - SUNSET

Casey scoots through the city, stopping to adjust her rolling bag, taking pulls from her bottle of wine, then continuing on...

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK - A BIT LATER

...until Casey arrives at her apartment complex. Tired and drunk, she grabs her bags, struggling to lift them, and kicks the scooter in frustration.

CASEY
Fly, be free. I release you.

The scooter tumbles over and lies in front of the apartment complex, lifeless. Casey stumbles up the stairs.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Talking to herself, Casey ambles down the hall.

CASEY
"Just go by yourself. I'm gonna go with squishy hand Leo." Hashtag. Hashtag. Hashtag. Who *says* "hashtag" anymore?

She stops at Nancy's apartment door, ready to knock, when Greg opens up the door, and is startled to find her there.

GREG
Oh! Hey! Was just seeing who was talking out here--
(then)
Were you talking to yourself?

CASEY
No, I was... finishing up a call.
(holds up her phone)
All finished. Where's Nancy?

GREG
She's at a painting and cocktails night at her friend Carol's.

CASEY
Damn. Was gonna see if she wanted to hang.

GREG
Weren't you going outta town?

CASEY
Yeah but my friend bailed last minute.

GREG
Why didn't you just go alone?

CASEY
Ew, you know how depressing eating and drinking and wine tasting alone is?

GREG
Well I was just about to eat and drink alone, so now *I* feel weird.

CASEY
Oh, no, I didn't mean--

GREG
I'm just kidding.
(then)
Unless... Do you wanna join me? So it's not as "depressing" when I do it?

She eyes HIS DRINK, then the bottle of GRAN MARNIER behind him on the counter.

CASEY
Are you drinking just Gran Marnier?

GREG
No. ...Yes. I found out the apartment I just looked at got scooped up by a guy willing to pay more. And I was baking with this earlier and it's tasty, so...

CASEY
Ew.

GREG
So is that a yes you wanna come in and have a drink or no?

CASEY
Yes obviously.

She heads inside.

GREG
Have you been drinking?

CASEY
I mean I had like *a* drink a while ago. Why, have you?

GREG
(re: his drink)
Um yeah, I just said--

CASEY
Just kidding, trick question.
(then, looking around)
Hey I have some tequila in my place. You wanna get your Gran Marnier, my tequila, combine forces and make some margaritas?

GREG
That's the best idea I've heard all day.

CASEY
Great! Oo, you want blended or on the rocks? I can do both and I have a legit blender.

She starts walking to her door.

GREG
Oh, we're going to your place. Okay, um, hold on, lemme get my shoes.

CASEY
Shoes are not necessary where we're going, my dear boy. Come on, train's leaving. I hate trains by the way. Terrible things.

She smiles a little, drunkenly, and continues out the door.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Casey enters, followed by shoeless Greg. She goes to her fridge and pulls out A FEW LIMES, then looks at him sheepishly when she sees HIS UNTOUCHED SOURDOUGH STARTER in her fridge.

CASEY
...Oops, I haven't had time to bake that yet.

GREG
Wait why don't we do it now? Bake, I mean. By "do it" I mean bake bread. In case that wasn't clear.

CASEY
(smiling, charmed)
Yeah no that was clear.

GREG
I mean it though, I can help show you how to bake it, and then get some cheese and salami from my place and--we can make a little meal of it. I mean, I know charcuterie and tequila don't totally go together, but--

CASEY
Oh believe me I've eaten way weirder combos than that. So this is, like, totally legit.

She takes the dough out of the fridge.

CASEY (CONT'D)
You should also know I've never turned down cheese and I'm not about to start now. So, okay...
("Teach me How to Dougie" tune)
Teach me how to bake, teach me teach me how to bake.

GREG
(laughing)
Here why don't you start kneading the dough and I'll get the cheese.

CASEY
Great plan! Slight snag.

GREG
What?

CASEY
How do you "knead dough"?

GREG
Oh man, okay. Here, lemme help you. First you take the dough out of the bowl, where it's been proofing.

CASEY
What does that mean--

GREG (CONT'D)
Just-- don't worry.

He gestures for her to take it out, which she does. Then shows her how to slab it on the counter.

GREG (CONT'D)
Then you'll massage it with your hands.

CASEY
Like this?

GREG
Yep. You could even...

Greg stands behind Casey and puts his arms around her, like he's holding her, and helps her knead the dough.

GREG (CONT'D)
(demonstrating)
...go a little stronger, but still be delicate.

CASEY
Oh. Okay.

Casey starts humming “UNCHAINED MELODY” from GHOST, smiling, then looks over her shoulder, to find Greg’s face close to her lips. It’s suddenly tense. She stops humming, CLEARS HER THROAT, serious again.

CASEY (CONT'D)
(re: the dough)
Like this?

GREG
(locked eyes, not looking at the dough)
Uh huh.

CASEY
Cool.
(a beat, then)
Thanks for uh, showing me how to do this.

GREG
Of course.

CASEY
This is really nice.

GREG
Yeah.
(then, not breaking eye contact)
We should put it in. The dough I mean. Into the oven--

CASEY
Oh. Yeah. Yes, we should.

Casey smiles, recomposes herself as Greg shapes the dough into a ball and puts it on a pan and then into the oven.

She grabs her TEQUILA from off a shelf, and as she turns around she bumps into Greg, whose crossing from the oven to the counter.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Oh sorry.

They’re very close again. Suddenly Casey leans in and <u>kisses him</u>.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Sorry. I...

GREG
It’s okay.

He pulls her in closer and kisses her again. After a passionate beat, they both pull away to catch their breath. She goes back in for another kiss.

Now it’s all passion. They begin kissing. She unbuttons the top few buttons on his shirt. He lifts her up.

CASEY (CONT'D)
My bedroom. Let’s--my bedroom.

Greg nods and, still kissing, he carries her towards a door.

CASEY (CONT'D)
That’s the bathroom. Other door!

He nods, carries her to the other door and they disappear inside, still passionately (if not a bit drunkenly) kissing...

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Casey and Greg lay spent. She smiles.

GREG
Can I tell you something?

CASEY
Of course.

GREG
I may have had a crush on you since we met.

CASEY
Is that so?

GREG
Yeah. And I think we have chemistry. Haven’t you noticed?

CASEY
I suppose I have.

Greg’s PHONE TIMER goes off and starts BEEPING.

GREG
Shit, I gotta look at the bread!

He gets up and runs out of the room.

INT. CASEY’S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Casey emerges from her bedroom WRAPPED IN JUST HER BLANKET, as Greg is closing the oven.

CASEY
Is the sourdough okay?

GREG
Yep, still another minute or two probably. But should be perfect.

She watches as he preps her counter space, grabbing A KNIFE and the CUTTING BOARD from her drying rack.

CASEY
Hey do you like Paris?

GREG
Do people *not* like Paris? Yes. Why?

CASEY
Just... curious.

GREG
(looking around)
Crap, we forgot to bring the charcuterie from my place.

CASEY
Oo, I'll get it!

GREG
No, I'll go--

She kisses him.

CASEY
No, you keep an eye on the bread. I'll do a quick recon mission! Be right back.

Casey heads out of the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Casey looks right, then left, then runs across the hall to Greg's apartment, still wrapped in just her blanket.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Casey runs in, grabs CHEESES, SALAMI, GRAPES, HONEY from the fridge. On her way back out, she knocks over NANCY'S ALMOST FINISHED 10,000 PIECE PUZZLE OF AN ITALIAN COUNTRY SIDE.

CASEY
Shit! Shit shit shit. Okay...

She tries to haphazardly pick up pieces, DRIPPING HONEY on a PIECE, then trying to lick it off. Then puts the pieces back.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll--get that later...

Casey runs out of Nancy's place...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...directly into Nancy. Both women look jarred to see the other.

Nancy looks at Casey holding everything, barely dressed except for her blanket. Then looks over Casey's shoulder at the puzzle in disarray inside her apartment.

Casey follows Nancy's gaze to the puzzle, realizing now she's spilled more than just honey--a few SALAMI SLICES are on the puzzle too. Some pieces are grease-stained and folded in half.

Neither woman says anything.

GREG (O.S.)
Oh hey Casey, grab the olives too!

Nancy and Casey maintain their stalemate. Then, finally:

NANCY
That's my son, Casey.

CASEY
...I know-- but, I-- I like him.

NANCY
You don't even know him.
(a beat, then)
He's all I got.

CASEY
No that's-- honestly, I-- I had actually come looking for you for advice 'cause Tara bailed and, well she actually turned out to be kinda selfish----

NANCY
Makes sense. We *are* the company we keep, aren't we?

CASEY
What? No, wait--

NANCY
I thought we were friends. Why don't you put my stuff down and go?
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
And don’t walk around the halls without clothes on, you’re an adult.

Casey tries to say something but stops. Instead, puts NANCY’S STUFF BACK down, then heads back across the hall.

NANCY (CONT'D)
And Casey?

Casey turns back around to face Nancy, mortified.

NANCY (CONT'D)
You want some of my advice? You want to find solid people? Get right with yourself before you go looking for someone else to magically complete you. That includes my son.

CASEY
Nancy--

NANCY
Don’t use me or him, of all people, to fill whatever’s *missing* inside you.

CASEY
Nancy, I’m sorry, I didn’t--

NANCY
Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’ll be cleaning up the mess you left.

Casey watches Nancy disappear into her apartment, tears forming.

Greg pokes his head out of Casey’s apartment door with the finished baked bread.

GREG
This is what we like to call a perfect--

Greg stops when he sees Casey’s face.

CASEY
I’m sorry. You should go.

EXT. CASEY’S STREET - NIGHT

Casey walks, tears in her eyes. She closes her eyes, ashamed, sits down on the curb, buries her head in her hands.

EXT. CASEY’S LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Casey eats breakfast alone, looking at her phone. ON THE SCREEN, she sees Adrian with baby bump on Instagram, Tara swimming with A GIRL WHO LOOKS LIKE A MODEL, her cousin Harmony doing yoga. She turns her phone off. Looks at her overly bright NEON TRUCKER HAT WALL. Gets up and takes it off the wall.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK STREET - DAY

Casey jogs alone, in a daze, when she passes TWO YOUNG MOTHERS emerging from a bespoke kid’s clothing and toy store called “TOTS N TOYS.” She pauses, watching them, sees PUZZLES ON DISPLAY in the window, then continues on.

INT. DREAMSCAPE ENTERPRISES WAREHOUSE - DAY

The place is full of PEOPLE TAKING SELFIES. Casey enters. Owen sees her, approaches, and hands her A GLOSSY LOOK BOOK THAT SAYS “MUSEUM OF DREAMS!” on it.

OWEN
There you are. Here, the look books came in for the next install. Once this one’s done we gotta switch it over to the Museum of Dreams.

Casey looks through the booklet--AT PAGES OF ART INSTALLATIONS with floating clouds, an interactive exhibit of a naked sculpture placed in front of a crowd, a room that looks like a Monet painting come to life. But Casey’s distracted, and keeps glancing up, looking around the warehouse.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Hey, A.D.D., need you to focus. Can you make these installations?

CASEY
Is RuPaul the positive light we all needed after Oprah left TV?

OWEN
I--What?--I don’t know what that means.

CASEY
Yes. The answer is yes, Owen. Of course I can make these. Where’s Tara?

OWEN
(shrugging)
She said she's gotta be out on some boat this week? I dunno. I told her not to bother coming back.
(then, off her nod)
Shouldn't you already know that? You two were inseparable.

Casey says nothing, just looks at Tara's WALL OF CELEBRITY SELFIES, so Owen gestures to A YOUNG GIRL, BRITTA, 19.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Well, this is Britta, her replacement. Maybe she can be your new BFF.

Britta flashes Casey A PEACE SIGN.

BRITTA
Let me know when you have a sec and I can go over what filters will increase your following.

Britta smiles and bounces away texting on her phone. Casey looks back at Tara's wall, contemplative.

INT. CASEY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Casey eats MAC N CHEESE alone. Looks at instagram ON HER PHONE: Sees a post from Adrian showing a sign that says "BOY OR GIRL???" with a CAPTION THAT READS "THANKS LINDA FOR "*HAND-*MAKING THIS SIGN FOR OUR GENDER REVEAL PARTY TOMORROW!!"

She scrolls down. Sees Greg at his bakery in Silverlake, smiling with AN ARMFUL OF BAGUETTES.

Casey puts her phone down, turns the TV on. Flips through channels. ON SCREEN, A woman yells at another woman, while WEARING A TORN WEDDING DRESS.

WOMAN ON TV
This is all. Your. Fault!

Casey turns off the TV. Turns back to her MAC N CHEESE. Then looks at it and throws it away. She gets up, resolute.

EXT. SAME HIGHLAND PARK STREET AS BEFORE - EARLY EVENING

Casey walks with purpose towards TOTS N TOYS, the kids clothing & toy store from before. This time she enters...

INT. TOTS N TOYS - CONTINUOUS

... and looks around at everything--PUZZLES, TOYS, CLOTHING--before approaching the BORED, TEENAGED STORE EMPLOYEE.

CASEY
Hi, do you happen to have any puzzles for adults?

STORE EMPLOYEE
All puzzles are for adults, kids hate that shit. Dolphin puzzles aisle five. The rest, aisle six.

CASEY
Oh okay, thank you.

STORE EMPLOYEE
No problem. Can I help you with anything else?

CASEY
(looking around)
Um... lemme see...

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - LATER

Casey, holding a GIFT BAG with NOT ONE, BUT *TWO* PUZZLES in it ALONG WITH A CARD THAT SAYS "NANCY" approaches Nancy's door, and drops off the gift bag, before heading back to her own apartment. The ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN on the opposite side of the hall. Greg emerges.

GREG
...Hey.

CASEY
...Hi.

Casey continues walking.

GREG
Casey, wait. Please, you can't just avoid me. Right after we-- you basically kicked me out of your apartment and said there was nothing between us, but-- I don't believe you meant that--

CASEY
Look, honestly? Your mom was a good friend to me and I betrayed her trust when I--when we--so I'm sorry.

GREG
I can talk to her though. Because she'll understand if I like you and you like--

CASEY
No. I mean I *do* like you but... it could never work right now. Trust me, even if I wanted to say yes to you... I have a lot I gotta take care of first. ...I'm sorry.

Casey attempts a conciliatory smile then turns and walks back to her apartment. Behind her, Greg closes his door and she sighs, sad but resolved, as she enters her place.

INT. CASEY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Casey curls her hair. Puts on a top. Sees her cleavage is a little too much, then puts on something more modest instead.

EXT. SMALL BUNAGLOW-STYLE HOME - DAY

Casey walks up a grassy walk way, ANOTHER GIFT BAG IN HAND, when she HEARS A LOUD BANG, followed by LAUGHTER AND CHEERS. She continues, then stops in front of the front door. She inhales, steadies herself, then knocks. A beat later, the door opens... Revealing Adrian, COVERED HEAD TO TOE IN PINK POWDER (from those "gender reveal powder poppers"). Adrian freezes upon seeing Casey.

Behind her, we see Adrian's house is DECORATED IN BABY GENDER REVEAL DECORATIONS: PINK AND BLUE BALLOONS, A SIGN THAT SAYS "BOY OR GIRL??" AND ANOTHER THAT SAYS "PHEOBE OR CHANDLER?", A BLUE AND PINK CAKE, ETC. Everyone inside is also covered in pink powder, including a man, CHASE, his face obscured by powder.

ADRIAN
Casey.

Further back, in the house, WE SEE Adrian's friend Linda surreptitiously grab THE CAKE-CUTTING KNIFE, *just in case.*

CASEY
(to Adrian)
I know, you probably weren't expecting to see me.

ADRIAN
How'd you--

CASEY
I saw on instagram.
(then)
I got you this.

Casey hands Adrian the gift she's brought. Adrian looks at her dubiously.

CASEY (CONT'D)
It's a real gift. I promise.

Adrian, still eyeing her, opens it. Behind her, Linda's fingers tighten around the butt of the knife... again, *just in case.*

Adrian sees that the gift is TWO LITTLE BABY ONESIES, one with a bunch of YELLOW BABY CHICKS IN A CIRCLE AROUND TEXT THAT READS, "CHICKS DIG ME," and THE SECOND is a pink one that says "WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE ASSHOLE, I'M A BABY." Adrian smiles in spite of herself.

CASEY (CONT'D)
I didn't know if it was a boy or a girl, so... there's a receipt in there for you to exchange the boy one for something.

ADRIAN
Case, this is really sweet of you.

CASEY
Yeah well I figured little Phoebe should have a few funny onesies.

ADRIAN
Thank you.

Adrian glances at Chase inside, then back at Casey.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
(a beat, then)
Did you... want to come in?

CASEY
No, it's your big day. I don't wanna take away from that. I just wanted to bring you this. And say, y'know, I'm sorry for *my* part. And... I wish you guys well.

Adrian nods, smiles. It's a moment. Casey smiles a "well I should get going."

EXT. ADRIAN'S APARTMENT BULIDING - DAY

Casey, smiling, walks down the street. HER PHONE CHIMES and she reads it: **"CALENDAR REMINDER: "YOUR TRIP FOR TWO TO PARIS IS COMING UP IN 5 DAYS!"** She looks up, undaunted, and walks on.

INT. CASEY'S BEDROOM - DUSK

A PILE OF CLOTHES sits on the bed as Casey overpacks for her trip.

INT. UBER - DAY

Casey sits in the backseat, looking out the window.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Casey arrives with her bags, nervously looking around at THE COUPLES HOLDING HANDS, FRIENDS LAUGHING AND WALKING TOGETHER.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Casey approaches a TICKETING AGENT.

TICKETING AGENT
Good afternoon!

CASEY
Afternoon.

TICKETING AGENT
Where you headed?

CASEY
Paris.

TICKETING AGENT
And are you traveling alone or in a party?

Casey hesitates, looks around, opens her mouth to answer, when HER PHONE RINGS. THE CALLER ID READS "GREG HOME." She smiles knowingly.

The Ticketing Agent CLEARS HIS THROAT impatiently.

CASEY
(to ticketing agent)
Sorry, this is really important, it's um, it's my doctor. With...
(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)
the results. Sorry, one sec.
(then, answering)
Hello?

INT. NANCY AND GREG'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Nancy stands, phone to ear, on her landline.

NANCY
Leaving those puzzles at my door was thoughtful. And the apology note? That was a nice touch too.

WE SEE Nancy is tapping a LONG "I'M SORRY" NOTE from Casey on her kitchen counter.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Would've been a whole lot braver if you'd delivered it when I was actually *home,* but...

CASEY
Well I was leaving for Paris, and I wasn't sure if you'd want to talk to me--

NANCY
And miss you grovel? Please. I love a good grovel.
(then, a sigh)
You go enjoy Europe. Maybe we can do a puzzle when you get back.

CASEY
Really? You're not--

NANCY
Honey, look, I'm old. You don't get to my age holding grudges. That shit leads to cancer and heart disease and psoriasis.

The ticketing agent looks around, impatient, shaking his head, tapping his fingertips LOUDLY.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Listen, you're a real rough draft but, sweetie we all are. And between you and I, Greg made quite the case for you. Said he really likes you, and it got me-- I like you too. So who am I to stop you two?
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
I mean, if that's even what you decide you want. The world's your oyster, sweetie.
(then)
Anyway, go have a ball, doll.

CASEY
Thank you, Nancy. That--that means a lot. I'll see you when I'm back.
(then, hanging up)
Sorry, where were we?

TICKETING AGENT
(annoyed)
Traveling alone or with a companion?

EXT. BRIGHT BLUE SKY - DAY

A COMMERCIAL JET flies across frame.

EXT. PARIS AIRPORT - DAY

Casey exits the airport and gets into a taxi. <u>CUE A SONG that feels like the start of something, LIKE HARRY NILSSON'S "JUMP INTO THE FIRE."</u>

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Nancy returns to CASEY'S APOLOGY NOTE and WE SEE THE WORDS on the note itself, AS CASEY'S VOICE BEGINS READING THE WORDS...

CASEY (V.O.)
Dear Nancy. I'm sorry. You were right. I had been searching for something in others I need to find in myself first. And I acted selfishly, impulsively, stupidly. Because honestly I'm just afraid of being alone.

<u>A SERIES OF CUTS AROUND PARIS</u>:

A) Casey arrives at her beautiful hotel room, looks outside at the view. On the street, TWO FRIENDS walk hand in hand (as Harry Nilsson sings the refrain "*We can make each other happy")* as Casey watches on.

CASEY (V.O.)
I think I've been afraid of what I might find. And, who knows, maybe because of that, I found people who were just as afraid of being alone as me, and that's why those relationships never worked.

C) Casey walks around Paris. Alone. Watching groups of friends, couples. Unsure at first. But then, more confident...

CASEY (V.O.)
So I should really also thank you. For telling me what I needed to hear. For kicking my ass.

D) Until finally WE SEE her actually enjoying herself, buying and eating A CREPE from a CREPE VENDOR alone, happily, smiling, as she walks around and takes in the sights.

CASEY (V.O.)
For being a true friend. And showing me the kind of person I want to be. Someone kind, but honest. Compassionate, but frank.

E) Casey enters a cafe, motions to the HOSTESS she wants a table "for one," then is seated at a table and watches as the hostess takes the other place settings away. She eats and drinks *alone*, watching people walk by. She smiles at her SERVER.

CASEY (V.O.)
With *everyone*, but most importantly, *with myself.*
(then)
Oh, and I hope you enjoy the puzzles. I stole them for you. Just kidding. I bought 'em. Love, Casey

F) Casey walks along the Seine, stops to listen to A MUSICIAN playing jazz, bobs her head along. Smiles at COUPLES who surround her, and GROUPS OF FRIENDS, <u>without watching them wistfully</u>. Instead happily dancing along, unselfconsciously, by herself.

INT. CASEY'S HOTEL ROOM, PARIS - NIGHT

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Casey opens it, wearing a robe, her hair up in a towel, and finds A ROOM SERVICE WAITER, who wheels in a BOTTLE OF ROSÈ CHAMPAGNE. Casey tips him and he leaves.

She opens the Rosè and pours herself a glass, relishing it. Then heads into...

INT. CASEY'S HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

...where she looks in the mirror. Her faces lights up when she sees the reflection of the twinkling Paris streets at dusk from THE WINDOW BEHIND HER. She grabs her phone, opens Instagram. And snaps a picture. Without realizing it, she's also in the picture, holding her champagne glass, smiling, with Paris behind her.

She UPLOADS THE PHOTO, then sees someone in the picture that she likes for the first time... and she types:

#bestie

A beat. She posts it. Puts her phone down.

SUDDENLY THE MUSIC CUTS OUT.

SIRI (V.O.)
I'm sorry, what was that?

CASEY
Siri, not now. I'm good.
(a beat)
Play the next song.

AN UPBEAT SONG LIKE ELLIE GOULDING'S "ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN" BEGINS PLAYING, and Casey smiles, content, *complete*, and looks out her window at Paris, of all things, and all the possibilities that await her there, smiling, as WE:

FADE OUT