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BYO

by

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TB

INT. AL'S APARTMENT. DAY

ALICE (cleanly beautiful, late 20s) finishes making the bed (only mussed up on one side) in her perfect, ascetic apartment. She has a single photo of Debbie Harry on the wall. Everything is in black and white.

In the kitchen-- puts the single cereal bowl and spoon in the dishwasher. Behind her we see a white board with a to do list: buy dish soap. Say yes to dates. Try not to intimidate boys.

She deftly packs a clutch with perfectly mini-sized supplies-- tiny lip gloss, small tissues, crisply folded twenties, and a small joint. Her manicure is perfect. She grabs her keys.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT. DAY

LUCY, (disheveled and sexy, late 20s) slams the hem of her dress in the bathroom door. Her place is cozy. Art piled up. Pages of the graphic novel scattered. Bohemian style-- quilts, a cake plate with different slices displayed. In the process of becoming homey-- boxes still unpacked.

Her pantyhose are artfully arranged hanging on nails on the wall. She chooses purple ones and throws them on, snagging them on the way-- but it's late.

INT. LUCY'S CAR. CONT.

She peels out of the drive, blasting the Bangles. She adjusts the rear view mirror while applying eyeliner, merging and singing along with the Bangles. She trips up on the words and starts Google-searching the lyrics on her phone. Her manicure is... well we can't really call it a manicure at all.

INT. AL'S CAR. DAY

Al sets a gift wrapped in Crate and Barrel paper on the passenger seat. She plugs in her iPod. Checks all mirrors. Plugs her blackberry into the charger. Buckles up. THEN starts the engine. Deep breath, she shifts into drive.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT. DAY

Lucy parks badly and dashes in. Really badly.

TB

INT. HOTEL WEDDING RECEPTION HALL- NIGHT

Decadent and opulent, orchids are vomited on every available surface. At the entry, the place cards are all in pairs and the table names are famous TV show couples: LUCY AND DESI, ROSS AND RACHEL, BRENDA AND DYLAN...she finds hers: Alice Greaves at THE BACHELOR. Ahh, the singles' table again.

Al walks alone to the SINGLE'S TABLE, wading through hand-holding/kissing/cooing couples like they are the Vietnamese jungle and she needs a machete. Lucy does the same.

INT. SINGLE'S TABLE- CONT.

Band of misfits. Handshakes and polite nods all around. Lucy waves her champagne glass at a distant waiter. Alice scans the table for promising candidates- nothing. There's a CLEARLY GAY COUPLE seated with them, clearly not single, and clearly huffy about their placement. Al's neighbor leans in.

DAN THE DOUCHE

Hi, I'm Dan.

AL

Hi, I'm Alice.

DAN THE DOUCHE

So I'm in real estate, although my true love is the stage. What's your passion?

AL

Oh, boy.

Across the table, Lucy's neighbor leans in.

DORK

So what're you doing now?

LUCY

Me?

DORK

I loved you in high school.

LUCY

We went to-- ?

He nods.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Well I just got back from a road trip so I'm just doin whatever it takes to fund my drinking problem. This morning I taught a 16-year-old with a weed prescription the word obsequious.

DORK

How long was your road trip?

LUCY

Three years.

Off his look.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'm technically an artist. Graphic novelist. I'm writing a book about dating.

She pulls a crumpled paper out of her purse.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Here's a mock up of the cover. It's called-

DORK

"Are you Fucking Kidding Me?"

Al laughs from across the table.

LUCY

And lemme guess. You're an accountant.

DORK

(surprised)

Yes! I specialize in-

AL

(chimes in)

Taxes?

DORK

Yes!

The girls raise their glasses. Single's table veterans.

MONTAGE OF WEDDING RECEPTION MOMENTS:

- BRIDE cries pretty tears during a toast. GROOM watches adoringly.

TB

- BROOKE, overweight and under-dressed, returns to the Single's Table with shots.

BROOKE

You know what I LOVE? Deep throating. Do a shot with me.

Passes shots. Lucy grabs two. Catches Al noticing.

LUCY

God gave us two hands for a reason.

- First Dance finishes.

WEIRD ANNOUNCER

And heeeeeereeee's the mother of the bride!

Aging beauty, MOTB sashays onto the dance floor with FOTB.

- Cute RING BEARER and FLOWER GIRL kiss. Then wipe off the kiss.

- Plates of fondant covered cake wedges are passed. Couples feed each other.

- Al stands on the fringes of the dance floor. Watching. Dan closes in.

DAN THE DOUCHE

So what do you do besides not dance at weddings?

AL

Ha. I'm in the music industry.

DAN THE DOUCHE

Wow, hip!

AL

Super hip. I rep a few small bands, trying to get them out there. I'm working on getting a transfer to New York, though. This is a tough town.

DAN THE DOUCHE

Hey, I've been dying to see Nickelback in concert. Any way you can get tickets? Tickets for two? Eh?

AL

Yeah...That's not gonna happen.

TB

- On the dance floor, the parents kiss the BRIDE AND GROOM good night, and depart.

- Shots are passed, dancing gets wilder.

- JILLIAN and her SILENT BOYFRIEND come up to Al.

JILLIAN

Al?

AL

Jillian! Man you look exactly the same!

JILLIAN

Honey, this is Alice, we were in Kappa Kappa Gamma together.

Def Leppard's "POUR SOME SUGAR ON ME" comes on. AL gives Jillian a knowing look.

AL

Don't.

JILLIAN

Oh no, I'm a reformed woman now.

She clutches her man and takes him to the dance floor.

- Brooke pulls Alice in for "sexy for the boys" grinding, which is anything but sexy. So awkward. Brooke is making nasty faces.

BROOKE

Ovulating makes me wanna griiind!

Alice makes a hasty retreat back to-

INT. THE SINGLE'S TABLE. CONT

Al starts to gather her things when the Bride bumps into her.

BRIDE

You can't be leaving?!

AL

I have an early morning-

BRIDE

No. You can't leave. I haven't thrown my bouquet yet and I really want you to be NEXT.

She giggles and clutches Al, who politely giggles and clutches back.

INT. DANCE FLOOR. CONT.

Lucy tries to get her dance on, when DORK approaches.

DORK

There you are. So as I was saying,
not that you'll need to think about
this anytime soon-- but there are
are great tax incentives associated
with marriage--

Lucy's focus drifts from DORK's face, just over his shoulder, and finds the LITTLE BROTHER of the Bride, dancing. He picks up the flower girl and spins her around. He's adorable. Blows a yellow bubble of gum and the flower girl pops it with her finger. Lucy smiles softly. LITTLE BROTHER catches her eye, smiles back sexily.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE. NIGHT

Lucy is giving LITTLE BROTHER a blow job on the pull out couch. He's clearly having the best moment of his life. Suddenly, the MOTB bursts out of the bedroom in a robe.

MOTB

PEDOPHILE! Unhand my son!

LITTLE BROTHER

Mom! Get out!

MOTB

You hussy!

Lucy bolts up, gathering herself in a frenzy. See, the trouble with halter dresses is that they're hard to tie, and then your boobs just kinda hang out...

Pants around his ankles, Little Brother holds MOTB back and she throws anything she can reach at Lucy.

MOTB (CONT'D)

Lawyer up, missy! He just got his
learner's permit.

LITTLE BROTHER

Mooooooooommmmm!

Lucy dodges MOTB's missives and bolts.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION HALL- NIGHT

The dance floor is packed. Dancing is in full swing. People are happy and wasted. Except for Al, who is cornered by Dork.

DORK

I really think you should
reconsider e-filing every year-

ALICE

I have to pee. Excuse me.

INT. LADIES ROOM- CONT.

Al enters and heaves a huge sigh. She notices a handicapped stall door ajar and a handbag on the floor. She cautiously approaches. Al slowly opens the door fully to reveal-

Lucy sitting on the floor, leaning her head against the toilet. Her dress pulled up around her waist, her panties around her ankles.

LUCY

Hi. I'm Lucy.

ALICE

Hi. I'm Alice.

LUCY

Night to meet. Wait, nice to meet
you.

ALICE

What are you doing down there?

LUCY

Well.

She considers this.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I had to pee, so I was up there.
And then I had to barf, so I came
down here. Still waitin' on the
barf part.

ALICE

It's not okay to sit there.
Especially without your underwear
on.

LUCY
Oh yeah. Ew. Not okay.

ALICE
Not okay.

Beat.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Let's get you up. Did you come with
anyone?

She enters the stall and Lucy holds out her arms as if for a hug. Al struggles to lift her.

LUCY
I am a lone wolf.
(beat)
The spins!

EXT. HOTEL LOBBY- CONT.

The girls walk through the lobby. In the background, MOTB grabs a SECURITY GUARD.

MOTB
There she is!

Al and Lucy notice. Lucy starts to run. MOTB and GUARD chase.

MOTB (CONT'D)
Get her!

LUCY
But he has an Adam's apple!

They weave through guests.

AL
I don't even wanna know why we're
running!

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION HALL. NIGHT

Bride tosses the bouquet and like a football player, Brooke catches it. Looks at it. Humps it.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT. NIGHT

The girls peel out of the hotel in Al's car.

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 INT. AL'S CAR. CONT

Lucy comes in and out of foggy drunken consciousness. From her POV she sees Al manually roll down her window and lean out, waving her arm.

AL

Excuse me! I need to change lanes!
 Thank you! Oops, here I come, thank
 you!

LUCY

That can't be how you really drive.

Black out. Fade back in. Al is leaning across Lucy in the passenger seat, waving out the other window.

AL

Yoo-hoo, comin over, just let me
 merge please, I have to turn here.

Black out. Fade back in. Al stops and then jerks forward, stops and jerks forward, causing Lucy's head to bang against the headrest each time. Al has a flashlight and is flashing behind her through the back window.

LUCY

What is THAT move?

We'll never know.

LUCY (CONT'D)

This can't be real.

Smash to black.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL LOS ANGELES. DAY

Establishing. Traffic. Beach. Mountains. Morning.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT. MORNING

Al's alarm goes off. She opens her eyes groggily, looks over to find Lucy in the bed beside her. What happened last night? She gets up. We stay on Lucy. We hear the water run in the bathroom, closets slam. Al, clothed and ready, comes back to the bed with a toothbrush in her hand. Nudges Lucy.

AL

Hey, good morning. Um...Would you
 mind getting up now?

Lucy opens an eye, still drunk.

AL (CONT'D)

Here's a toothbrush, a wash cloth
and a breathalyzer. See if you're
good to drive yet.

LUCY

You have an extra toothbrush?

AL

Yeah, I have a stash of freebies
from my quarterly cleanings.

LUCY

You have dental insurance?

Lucy's barely out of the bed when Al starts making it.

INT. AL'S BATHROOM. CONT.

Lucy brushes her teeth, notices multiple TO-DO lists taped on
the mirror. She finds gum in her hair. She smells it.

LUCY

Mango Bubblicious?

FLASHBACK: Little Blow Job Brother blowing a yellow bubble.

On Lucy's face:

LUCY (CONT'D)

Right.

Al puts the breathalyzer in front of Lucy's face. Lucy is
still lost in her pedophilic reverie.

AL

Blow.

LUCY

Yeah...

AL

Blow!

Lucy snaps out of it. Blows. She is certainly still drunk.

INT. AL'S CAR. MORNING.

Lucy's wearing Al's sweats. Her hair's a mess. Al is driving
like she did the night before.

lots of braking- cars almost slamming into her each time. Lucy puts her coffee in the cup holder, and moves a notebook from the divider. It is open to a TO-DO list.

LUCY

A to do list? Hmmm. Short term: Get genetic breast cancer gene test? Give Lucy phone back.

Al pulls Lucy's cellphone from her purse, car weaving.

AL

I saved the text so you could remember. But I had to confiscate it. Sorry.

Lucy reads it (we don't see what it says) and starts tearing up. Al remembers:

CUT TO:

INT. AL'S APARTMENT KITCHEN. NIGHT

Al's POV. Lucy sits on the floor, crying. Wasted. Al holds a glass of water and a piece of bread.

LUCY

Fucking February!

Lucy blacks out.

INT. AL'S CAR. DAY.

Back to the present. Lucy's teary.

AL

Who's February?

Beat. Lucy rolls down her window, leans her head out. They are passing Chinatown.

LUCY

Breathing deeply. DIM SUM!

INT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT. MORNING.

It's the awkward morning after. They're eating dumplings at 9am and they're the only ones in the place.

LUCY

One more singles' table, and I swear I'm out.

AL

Well I think I might be done with LA, period. It's hard to meet people in this city.

LUCY

Great. And I just got here- tag team!

AL

I do have one friend here- Jack. He kinda followed me out here and pretended it was for grad school.

LUCY

But he's not your boyfriend?

AL

No-- he's like my brother.

LUCY

Ha. I know exactly what you're talking about. I did my road trip with a man-friend and we made sweet ricky chow the whole way.

AL

Oh no no no. I'm not like that. Sorry-- I didn't mean that.

LUCY

Don't worry about it-- I consider waving my vagina around town research for my book.

EXT. HOTEL. PARKING LOT. CONT.

Al's car pulls in too close to Lucy's parked car.

INT. AL'S CAR. CONT.

Al makes Lucy blow again. She's good to go.

LUCY

I'll leave your clothes for you tomorrow, cool?

Al nods and smiles, awkward. No hug. Lucy opens the door and awkwardly squeezes out, because of Al's shitty parking job.

LUCY (CONT'D)

See you next time I'm pants-lessly puking!

INT. LUCY'S CAR. CONT.

Lucy is a mess as always in her car. French braiding part of her hair, texting, sipping her coffee. She voice dials as she reaches under her seat for sunglasses.

LUCY

Call Jessie.

MECHANICAL CAR VOICE

Calling Al.

LUCY

No, that's not what I said! Excuse me? Hang up, you stupid thing.

It dials and rings.

AL (V.O.)

Hello?

LUCY

Hi. It's uh... fuck. It's me, Lucy.

She can't come up with a story for why she just called after saying bye two seconds ago. A pregnant silence.

AL

You okay?

LUCY

Yep!

AL

Did you just called me by accident?

LUCY

Sorry. My voice dialing is fucked.

Awkward pause.

LUCY (CONT'D)

But uh... thanks again for the ride. And the toothbrush.

INT. AL'S CAR. CONT.

AL

You probably already have plans,
but um... wanna hang Saturday?

LUCY (V.O.)

I have plans. But uh...
(hesitant but impulsive)
You can join if you want. Actually
that's perfect cause we're the same
size.

AL

Huh?

INT. LUCY'S CAR. CONT.

LUCY

My sister does these swap parties
every month-- this time it's
clothes. Just bring ten things you
don't wear anymore to the address
I'm texting you... right now.

INT. AL'S CAR. CONT.

AL

Don't text and drive!

LUCY (V.O.)

Too late! Sent! Three pm Saturday.
It's a date.

She hangs up. She has arrived at her house.

EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE. SILVERLAKE. CONT.

Lucy can't find her keys. She climbs up onto the fence, pulls herself up so she's balancing and teetering precariously on top...the fence sways...she can't quite get over it. She backtracks. Steps up onto the mailbox, reaches up for a tree branch. She monkeys up the tree, inches down the branch to the side of the house, and hops into a window. We hear the sound of clapping, and Lucy spies a bunch of Mexican workers on the roof of a neighboring house. She dramatically hangs out of the window and bows, blowing kisses.

LUCY

Gracias, gracias.

Once inside, she flips a switch, but no light. She tries all the switches to be sure. No doubt. The utilities company hates her guts. She lights a candle.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Again?

INT. AL'S APARTMENT. PARK LA BREA. AFTERNOON.

Al's phone rings. She answers on speaker.

AL

Hello?

She opens the fridge: a sad avocado.

AL'S MOM (V.O.)

Hey, honey.

She opens the freezer: vodka.

AL

Hey mom.

AL'S MOM (V.O.)

How was your date last week with the dental hygienist?

She takes extra pleasure in enunciating dental hygienist-- as if it's a very fancy position. Al pours herself a vodka. Straight up. Don't worry- it's the middle of the afternoon.

AL

You realize that dental hygienist is fancytalk for dental nurse, right? In unrelated news, he's bald. So thanks for that set up.

She takes a swig. Turns on the TV and Twilight starts playing in the middle of a scene.

AL'S MOM (V.O.)

Balding is a sign of high testosterone. Plus, you shouldn't be so critical. You're almost thirty. We've discussed our timeline...

On the TV, Bella Swan and Edward climb up a tree. AL mouths the dialogue along with them.

BELLA (ON TV)

This isn't real. This kind of stuff doesn't exist.

EDWARD (ON TV)

It does in my world.

AL'S MOM (V.O.)

And then after dating for a year, you'll be engaged for at least six months and then you'll be close to thirty-

AL

Mom, sorry to cut this heart-warming chat short, but I gotta go to work before my date.

AL'S MOM (V.O.)

Ooh have fun! Don't wear-

AL

Flats. Or flannel. I know.

AL'S MOM (V.O.)

That's my girl. I love you.

AL

Love you back.

Click. Sigh. She glances at her watch.

EXT. SMALL VENUE. EVENING.

Al hurries toward the club. Wearing flats and a flannel. JACK (late 20s, handsome with really good hair) walks behind her, carrying her purse, bag and keys. He's a nice guy.

JACK

Lucy sounds great. See you can meet people in LA! At a wedding, of all places.

Maybe he's a little jealous.

AL

She's funny. Pretty different than me, but in a good way.

JACK

Sounds like someone has a crush.

AL

Kinda, yeah. She might be too cool
for me, though.

JACK

Wait- put on your pass.

He takes a backstage pass and puts it around her neck. She
rolls her eyes like a teenager.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now you look cool.

AL

Thanks, dad.

The VENUE MANAGER (late 30s, hipster pot belly and sweaty)
meets her outside, livid.

VENUE MANAGER

There you are! It's YOUR job to
make sure the band is here on time!
Now we can't sound check before the
show! Fix it.

Before she can even reply, he storms off. Jack rubs her
shoulder.

JACK

I'm gonna go check out a cocktail.
You want something?

She's a little hard of hearing from all those concerts.

AL

Watch sale?

JACK

No. Cocktail. You gotta stop
hitting these shows without
earplugs, baby.

INT. SMALL VENUE. BAR.

Jack brings over two beers. The venue is already full.
Everyone is a freaky carbon-copy hippie. Al looks like she
walked out of an Abercrombie catalogue next to them. Jack
gives her the drink. She refuses it.

AL

It's just-- everyone enables these musicians to act like babies because they think that's what artists are like- they're irresponsible. I'm an artist! I have a job!

JACK

Maybe you should be doing less of the responsible job thing and more of the artist song-writing thing?

AL

If nobody sings your songs, you're not a songwriter.

JACK

When are you gonna sing me one of your songs?

AL

Have you ever heard my voice? There's a reason why. But I can out-song-write any of these hippie babies.

She yells to one of them, passing:

AL (CONT'D)

It's called deodorant!
(to Jack)
Fucking fauxhemians.

The Fauxhemian passes and the band walks in, super chilled out. Strolling in fact. They are four long-haired shaggy dudes. Al's still riled up.

AL (CONT'D)

Do you know what time it is? Oh sorry. I forgot. Time's aaaaall perception. I should just chiiiill out, shouldn't I?

SHAGGY BAND GUY 1

Lady. You're not my principal. You're fired.

They walk off, still super chilled out. Al reels.

AL

Shitballs.

JACK

Hey, lemme take you to dinner. I'll get you drunk and then not take advantage of you.

AL

Actually, I have a date. Joe set me up. Apparently he's a musician.

Jack's disappointed but kisses her goodbye on the cheek.

INT. AL'S DATE. ROGER ROOM. WEST HOLLYWOOD. NIGHT

Al and her date, Steve (late 20s and meticulously coiffed) are in a speakeasy, with tattooed hipster bartenders mixing old-school cocktails. A tatted up waitress deposits drinks.

STEVE

So then I was like, no I don't want to be a model. I'm a musician. And then we did the photo shoot while I was singing instead. Hey wait- I think I have the pictures here.

He pulls out modeling photos from his man-bag. Obviously not accidentally with him. He shares- they're really fucking embarrassing. She feigns interest. She's giving it a shot. In the photos, he's wearing a speedo, playing the guitar, and has his mouth open as if singing.

INT. LUCY'S DATE. BAR 101. DOWNTOWN LA. NIGHT.

Lucy and her date, ELI (Late 20s hipster with an ironic mustache), are in a Mexican dirty divebar, dancing to reggaeton and wearing sombreros. No one else is dancing.

INT. AL'S DATE. ROGER ROOM. WEST HOLLYWOOD. NIGHT

STEVE

So what are you into?

AL

Well, I write songs.

STEVE

No way. I've been writing lyrics since I was conceived.

The waitress comes with the bill. He smiles at her.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Dutch?

INT. LUCY'S DATE. BAR 101. NIGHT.

Lucy and Eli face each other with a shot of whiskey. The bartender holds a camera. Eli takes the shot and SLAP! Lucy smacks him- bartender captures the moment. Lucy takes a shot and SLAP! Eli nails her- captured again on film.

LUCY
Whiskey slap whaaaaat!!

EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT. LATER

Steve walks Al up his apartment stairs. They pass a GREASY NEIGHBOR smoking on the steps.

STEVE
I gotta show you my new Gibson.
You're gonna die.

GREASY NEIGHBOR
(to Al)
Don't let the Eagle swoop through
your meadows.

Is it a euphemism? She's confused. Steve hasn't heard.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT. SHOWER. LATER

Lucy and Eli are in the shower. She's in a Hawaiian swimsuit (coconut shells/ grass skirt). He's in leopard print boxers. They have a rhyming contest/ messily making out in between.

ELI
Boat coat stoat.

LUCY
Moat float goat.

She stops. Dead serious. Slurring.

LUCY (CONT'D)
You should enjoy this because I'm
the hottest girl you're ever gonna
get. Okay?

Eli nods. They're wasted.

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INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. LATER

Al sits in a desk chair, while Steve sits on the bed. He plays for Al, but faces and maintains eye contact with himself in a mirror. For some reason his shirt is off. An especially painful moment for Al since she is so into music.

STEVE

(singing)

And then my eagle soars so high. It
hits against your thigh And it
makes me wonder why won't you let
me in your fields?

Aha. The neighbor's thinly veiled warning. Al collects her things and leaves. Steve's confused.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You're leaving?

CUT TO:

GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: STEVE WITH GUITAR IN MIRROR "BACK TO ME"

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. LATER

Lucy and Eli are fucking wildly. As he's thrusting on top of her:

ELI

I love fucking you!

LUCY

I fucking love you, too!

CUT TO:

GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: LUCY'S APPALLED EXPRESSION

EXT. OUTSIDE JESSIE'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Al And Lucy awkwardly walk up to Jessie's door. Both are in flannel shirts and jeans.

LUCY

Every month, like a period, these
women get together to shed their
old belongings. Last month it was
cookbooks. Thank god I missed that
one, I don't do recipes. Anyway.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

You said you wanted to meet people,
ask and ye shall get.

AL

Interesting. I just brought a lot
of plaid things...

She peers in her bag, self-consciously. The door opens.
JESSIE (mid 20s) in a pink dress, is J Crew to Lucy's Forever
21. Her guests are all in pastel dresses behind her. Al and
Lucy look like a pair of construction workers in contrast.

LUCY

Hello, sister. I brought someone
with good taste and your sized ass.

AL

Nice to meet you, I'm Alice.

JESSIE

How do you two know each other?

AL

Oh, we met at a wedding.

JESSIE

I met my boyfriend at a wedding!

She ushers them into her home as they exchange glances.

INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT. DAY

The spacious and fancy apartment is full of women and piles
of clothes. They nibble cupcakes and sip wine, eyeing the
goods. Lucy and Al are on the side, not mingling. Lucy snags
a bottle and sips directly from it.

JESSIE

Ladies! Now that we're all here...I
want to introduce you to my very
independent sister, Lucy, and
her...friend, Alice. We're very
happy to welcome them here.

AL

(quietly, to Lucy)
Oh my god, I feel like Oprah.

LUCY

(quietly back to her)
I get to be Oprah, you're Gayle.

JESSIE

Take a seat.

There are no seats left at the table. Al sits on a step stool and is much higher than all the other women on couches/armchairs. It's not a place where you sit on the floor.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

This month we're swapping clothes, so everyone goes home with ten new items. ITET-

LUCY

(whispers to Al)

In These Economic Times.

JESSIE

- we need to be creative.
Recessionistas! Good luck!

The women dive in. Clothes are being flung everywhere, the women are suddenly half-naked. Al is a little shy.

DING DONG. Jessie answers the door. It's Brooke with JAMIE (late 20s, dark eyes, dark hair and dark opinion of men.)

BROOKE

Hi! I just bumped into Jamie on the street and she said you were having a party!

Brooke enters the fray, chugs a full wine glass.

JAMIE

Just bumped into me. Not hovering in your bushes at all.

JESSIE

What a coincidence.

GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: BROOKE HOVERING OVER GIRLS "THE CHOPPER"

JILLIAN approaches Al, who is looking at a dress.

JILLIAN

Twice in a week!

She hugs her.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

I brought that dress. Just didn't fit me once I started working with my trainer and I lost a ton of weight. Should fit you perfectly!

AL
Uh... thanks?

JILLIAN
Try it on!

Jillian clearly expects Al to try it on in front of her. Al uncomfortably pulls the dress over her clothes. Al struggles with pulling her shirt off while wearing the dress. Lucy helps Al get the shirt off.

LUCY
I haven't seen these locker room
changing skills since junior high.

They struggle throughout the conversation.

AL
Is that a hickey?

LUCY
Yeah. Bad date last night. He had
an ironic mustache.

AL
Oh, that means he'll never commit.
Mine drank gin, which means he'd be
shitty in bed.

Jamie approaches, trying on a blazer.

JESSIE
Jamie! Meet Alice and Lucy.

AL mumbles from inside her shirt.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
What happened with Peter Pan Man
last night?

JAMIE
So I text him that I can't make the
art opening and he replies
"Fuckles. LOL."

JESSIE
Fuckles is kinda cute. Ooh, a
backless crop top. Here, Lucy.

JAMIE
I think Fuckles killed it for me.
(checking out a hot dress)
And I hate that I have to wear a
she-suit every day.

JESSIE

If you refuse to date a Jewish lawyer, I guess you gotta BE one.

LUCY

Thank you, sister, for reminding us of the only reason to get a job.

JAMIE

Listen! I don't refuse, it's just that, in my humble and self-hating opinion, Jeff Goldblum is the only doable Jew, and I'm not sure that opportunity will present itself.

Brandy (late 20s gentle Southern accent, black, quick smile, quick words) joins them. She dumps clothes on the couch and gets busy- it's called a Naked Lady Party for a reason. Al emerges, looking good in the dress.

JILLIAN

That looks the cutest on you!

JESSIE

One woman's trash is another woman's treasure.

JAMIE

Now if only Jessie could have my Fuckles guy, since she thinks it's adorable, like Alice has Jillian's dress.

AL

Yeah, if only dating could be this simple. This city is a man-desert.

JESSIE

You're all single! Discuss!

With that quip of brilliance, she and Jillian yenta their way over to the other side of the room. The singletons are left.

BRANDY

It's so true. And I moved here with my man. Too bad he was so far in the closet he had one foot in Narnia.

AL

Ouch.

BRANDY

You moved here from New York, right? I should set you up with Martin from my basketball league. He's from New York.

JAMIE

You know, you might like my friend Matt. He's so sweet.

LUCY

We should be swapping dudes instead of Theory cardigans. Think about it. Every girl has that one guy she'd never date for whatever reason, but she knows he's a good guy, he's not an asshole, he doesn't blog-

BRANDY

He's straight.

AL

He's employed. Perfect for one of your friends.

JAMIE

Yeah, so why do we have to sift through all the rejects? We SHOULD have a dude-swap.

JESSIE

(from the other side of the room)

Lucy, why don't you host the next party?

Al and Lucy lock eyes.

EXT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT STREET. DAY

The girls walk.

LUCY

We'll have a party, but with men instead of clothes.

AL

But what about the non-singles?

LUCY

Fuck em. We'll say we're trading booze and then we'll drink theirs.

AL
Yeah-- BYOB.

LUCY CONT'D)
Bring your own boy.

AL
Or BYOM? Bring your own man!

LUCY
BYOD! Bring your own dick!

Lucy starts to hug Al in excitement, Al hers her at arms length. AL pats Lucy on the shoulders.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Al plugs in her iPod and mellow music plays. She opens mail.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Lucy unpacks a box, while multiple pots simmer on the stove. Lucy sings along with music blasting from the other room.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Al opens the fridge: again the lonely avocado.

AL
Hi, dinner.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Lucy carries a plate of food to the living room and clears papers and books off the tiny table. She sits down to eat, and opens a book- reveal, she's all alone, too.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Al sits on the couch, face mask on, hair in a deep conditioning treatment. She eats the avocado and drinks a vodka. Twilight plays on the TV, Edward and Bella passionately gawk at each other.

GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: TICKING CLOCKS.

TB

INT. KOREAN STRIP MALL RESTAURANT- NIGHT

Al hesitates, Lucy shoves her in. She's greeted with hugs and effusive Korean chatter, clearly a regular. They settle into a booth.

LUCY

I love this spot.

AL picks up the menu.

AL

I'm afraid.

LUCY

No menu. They just bring it. Let's talk BYO.

Al opens a notebook and writes notes as they talk.

AL

Okay, we need rules about what kind of men to bring. Firstly, no exes.

LUCY

No addicts.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PROMENADE. LOS ANGELES. DAY

Lucy walks a pack of dogs down the crowded sidewalk. She scans the dudes, she passes.

AL (V.O.)

No novelty t- shirts.

Lucy zeroes in a HANDSOME DUDE, but glances down to reveal he's wearing a t shirt with Homer Simpson saying "WILL WORK FOR DUFF." She frowns.

INT. TRADER JOE'S. NIGHT.

Al reaches for the last pre-packaged sushi as it's taken by a HUNGRY GUY. She glances up, he's kinda cute. He smiles and hands her the sushi. He wears chunky silver rings and those big ugly earrings that expand your lobes like donut holes, topped with a fedora. Her smiles fades.

AL (V.O.)

No barista jewelry or hats at night.

TB
EXT. FARMER'S MARKET. DAY

Lucy, Al and Brandy walk through the bustling morning market. Lucy's grabbing peppers and spices, unidentifiable green bunches. Al's still got her notebook.

AL

No penis problems. No virgins.

LUCY

Zucchini flowers!
(she grabs a bunch)
No I-love-you-too-soons.

AL

That's the worst. If they say I love you when they don't know you, then they'll hate you when they actually do know you.

BRANDY

So true!

LUCY

Thank you, Professor of Men. I like your extreme rules.

AL

They come from dark, dark times. Moving on. We have to be careful about the new girls we invite- we want different tastes but we have to trust them. I mean, I don't even get a trim without a referral.

LUCY

Really?

AL

Really.

BRANDY

We've got good girls but I agree that we need some new blood.

AL

Good girls are hard to find. I've even been thinking about moving back to NY where all my college friends are.

LUCY

Let's see what this brings. You never know!

BRANDY
I'm excited!

AL
But keep it a secret.

BRANDY
Lips. Sealed.

LUCY
Alright, gotta dash. My temp agency
demands that I waste my degree
today. Off I go!

Lucy hugs Brandy, high fives AL and she's off.

GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: BRANDY IN A HURRICANE

EXT. PUBLIC PARK. DAY

Lucy drives up a winding driveway in the middle of a public
park. Her temp agency boss is on the phone.

TEMP AGENCY BOSS
Be prudent, Lucy. Victoria is one
of our most important clients.

LUCY
Well, first I have to get there.
Help me out?

The tree-lined road leads to a mansion with views of the
city. We see Lucy's face: stunned. She drives up the
driveway. It's like a safari. There's a llama, a goat, some
ducks, a bison, some dyk dyks (don't laugh, they're like mini
deer and they mate for life).

EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. DAY.

Lucy waits at the door and it opens. VICTORIA (mid 30s)
appears surrounded by golden retrievers. She is like a
golden retriever, herself: calm, blond-maned, and purebred.

LUCY
Hi. I'm Lucy from the temp agency.
Here to assist you in any way you
need assistance.

VICTORIA
(with an indistinguishable
Euro accent: Swedish?)
(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Welcome, Lucy. Come in. Can I get you something to drink?

LUCY

No that's why I'm here. I can get YOU something to drink.

EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. DAY.

Lucy and Victoria sit outside on lounges by the pool. Instead of working, Lucy's sunbathing with the most ridiculous view of a park where she never knew there were even homes. The goat bites at her hair and she just laughs, petting him.

LUCY

Do you ever wonder if men were all this cute and didn't speak, if we'd just love them unconditionally too?

VICTORIA

Yes, maybe then I wouldn't be single. And if they didn't care about money...

Her voice trails off.

LUCY

Huh?

VICTORIA

Watch this:

She takes out a single and a hundred dollar bill. Holds them out to the goat. He eats them both in one gulp.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

You see? To him, it's all the same. Just food.

Lucy watches, mouth agape. She just fed her goat the equivalent of Lucy's monthly utility bill.

LUCY

(pointing to the dyk dyks)
Are those mini-deer?

VICTORIA

They're dyk dyks (pronounced dick-dicks.) They're Kenyan and also they're monogamous.

LUCY

Where are you from, Victoria? I detect an accent.

VICTORIA

Andorra.

LUCY

Isn't that where Sleeping Beauty lives?

VICTORIA

It's a small nation between Spain and France. We're represented at Eurovision.

LUCY

Sorry. California public school. Budget cuts.

VICTORIA

I moved here when my father died.

LUCY

Your father died?

VICTORIA

Yes, heli-skiing. The helicopter carrying my father and my future second step-mother crashed over Courchevel two years ago. I'm the only child, so of course he left me this place. My mother lives in St. Tropez, Basel, and Bavaria. I decided to live here because it was farthest away from that nightmare.

LUCY

I'm so sorry. I can see how living here would help- I'd never leave this oasis.

VICTORIA

I rarely do, which again explains why I'm single.

She sighs. Lucy debates- why not?

LUCY

I think I can help you out here.

Victoria's huge blue eyes light up.

GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: VICTORIA ON A CLOUD OF PRIVILEGE.

TB
INT. DIVE BAR. NIGHT.

Al's working, stressy. Drinking her requisite coca cola. Lucy's boozing. A shitty hairband plays- opening for the much more famous, but still hipster-creddeed, RUBY.

AL

She's paying you to be her friend?
You realize that's like one step
away from hooking.

LUCY

Lady: Count your lucky stars I'm
not charging you for this gem of a
friendship.

AL

She sounds sad.

LUCY

She sounds like our perfect
hostess.

AL

It's not nice to use socially
awkward people.

LUCY

She's not socially awkward. She's
Andorran. You'll like her.

She is cut off by Ruby's manager, Goodyear (he's a big blimp of a man).

GOODYEAR

Alice Greaves?

AL

Yes?

GOODYEAR

I'm Goodyear. Ruby's tour manager.

AL

Oh, it's so exciting to meet you.
I'm such a big fan of Ruby's. I
mean, sincerely. She's
inspirational. I'm a--

GOODYEAR

I hate to interrupt such an
adorable and original speech, but
where's the fucking agave syrup the
venue agreed to in the rider?

AL

Oh my god, it's not there? I'm so sorry.

GOODYEAR

Tell the fans, sweetie.

He pats her on the head. We pan to Al's POV of an audience of girls. They look lost, ready for Ruby's guidance. A few horny boys only have eyes for the stage. Al runs.

INT. WHOLE FOODS. NIGHT

Al waits in line with ten bottles of agave syrup. The line is industrial, with a mechanized voice instructing the waiting customers which of the 50 cashiers to go to. It's a mysteriously endless line. Lucy has a bottle of ketchup, organic style. She's eating an apple juicily. Al's impatient.

AL

Why is there a fucking line for health food at 11pm???

Lucy crunches in response.

AL (CONT'D)

Wow I really screwed the pooch on this one. The one person I'd live to write a song for.

LUCY

Why don't you tell her?

AL

A. because I'm currently busy ruining her performance. And B. Because a thing like that I could not say to her without vomiting.

(noticing the ketchup)

Organic ketchup? Really?

LUCY

Wait for it...

INT. VENUE. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT.

Al and Lucy burst into Ruby's dressing room. Ruby, in full, dramatic stage gear (ala Karen O or Bjork) turns calmly to look at them. We hear the audience chanting: Ruby. Ruby.

AL

I've got your agave syrup.

LUCY

(her hands covered in
organic ketchup as if
they're bloody)

Sorry we're late. We've been de-
thorning the agave cactii to
extract this delicious nectar for
your dainty, dainty chords.

Al sees Lucy's bloody hands and is horrified at her joke.
Ruby laughs. She's super chilled out.

RUBY

Did Goodyear give you shit?

AL

I'm so so sorry. You have no idea.

RUBY

Man, he's such an asshole. He just
gets bored and starts fucking with
people. We never start on time-
gets the fans frenetic.

LUCY

You know he patted her on the head?
She's a fucking talented, grown-up
songwriter--

(she nudges Al, but Al's
frozen)

And he patted her on the head.

RUBY

(calling to the other
room)

Goodyear! Did you pat this woman on
the head? Cause if so, you're done.

No answer.

RUBY (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a yes. Pack your
bags, bud, and enjoy the show.

RUBY (CONT'D)

What is that, nail polish?

LUCY

It's ketchup.

AL

And it's organic.

RUBY
I like your style.

LUCY
Al's the brains behind this operation. You guys need to be in business together.

RUBY
Cool. Give your info to Devon.

Devon, (Korean, mid 20s,) her wardrobe girl/ assistant/ mute wingwoman, hands them a card and Ruby walks on stage to a raucous performance. Al can't believe what just happened.

GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: RUBY, ROCK GODDESS

INT. STAGE WINGS. CONTINUOUS.

Al and Lucy watch Ruby's awesome, man-killing performance with a mixture of glee and awe.

RUBY (SINGING ONSTAGE)
I'll fuck you, and then I'll fuck you up!

LUCY
Next time, you play her one of your songs.

AL
One mountain at a time, lady.

She grabs Lucy's drink and takes a swig. It takes the edge off. The opening band singer- lots of hair and tats, also a potbelly, sidles up to Lucy. She eyes his tattoo sleeve- it's really well done. She smiles.

TATTOO MAN
She's the only woman I can't get.

AL
(emboldened by the alcohol)
You get a lot of ass? That's depressing.

TATTOO MAN
It's not that hard. You take 'em home. Get 'em to sit on the bed. Dim the lights, put on some tunes, and stoke up the fog machine. Next thing you know...

AL
Excuse me-- fog machine?

LUCY
(still eying his tattoos)
That's a really good sleeve. Who
did that for you?

He smiles at her.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT. MORNING

Al wakes up to the phone ringing, hungover.

AL
Hello?

LUCY (O.S.)
(crusty voiced)
Al? It's me, Luce.

AL
You're up early.

LUCY
I haven't gone to sleep yet.

AL
High five.

LUCY
Um...Well it got a little out of
hand. I twisted my sacrum and I
need a favor as I don't have any
healthcare at the moment. Do you
know anyone who could help me?

AL
Shitballs. I'm sure my
orthopedist'll fit you in. She
hooked me up a few months ago.

INT. AL'S CAR OUTSIDE LUCY'S APARTMENT. LATER.

AL pulls up. Lucy's waiting for her on the curb, a bedraggled
mess, still in her clothes from last night. Lucy gets in.

AL
Why do you smell like dry ice?

LUCY
Don't worry about it.

AL
NO...

LUCY
He told me I had great legs. No one in the history of the world has ever said that to me.

AL
That's exactly why he said it. It's all technique. A smart man tells a short woman she has nice legs, a flat woman she has perfect tits-gets them where they're most self-conscious. Think about it!

LUCY
Okay, professor. Let's concentrate on the driving and leave the ego-shattering for some other, less hungover moment. Deal?

INT. DR. DOCKER'S OFFICE. DAY.

Al and Lucy sit in the waiting room. Lucy flips through shit magazines while Al enjoys her line of questioning.

AL
So wait, could you see him through the mist?

LUCY
After February, all I'm going for is feeling a dude through the mist.

AL
So who is February?

LUCY
My ex.

AL
February?

LUCY
He was short and cruel.

She exaggeratedly tries to divert the conversation.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Oh look! Danielle Panabaker ran into Selena Gomez at the Malibu Country Mart!

Al's not to be diverted this time.

AL

You know short men have disproportionately high sex drives. They have the same size pituitary glands as everyone else, but in a tinier body. So lots more hormones running through their veins.

Lucy throws Al an amused look at her scientific rule.

LUCY

AHA. Kind of comforting actually. That explains both why I wanted him and why he imploded my heart. And why I can't quit him.

AL

You've gotta cold turkey that shit.

And then, in slow motion, the door opens to the Doctor's area and the handsomest man of all time opens the door. The girls stare, mouths agape.

INSERT: no ring on his finger.

HOT DOCTOR

Adios, Marylou! Hasta pronto!

He ushers out a PATIENT. The door closes.

AL

I don't give a shit if this doctorwoman is cool or the most boring person alive, she is coming to the party, and she is bringing THAT as her party trick.

LUCY

We need to fix my sacrum, and then finish planning this shin dig. Stat.

DR. DOCKER (O.S.)

Alice Greaves?

They look up, hopeful and calculating.

GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: DR. DOCKER IN SCRUBS AND CLEATS.

TB

INT. COURTHOUSE. DOWNTOWN LA. DAY

Jamie exits a courtroom in her she-suit, phone to her ear.

AL (O.C.)

You're responsible for bringing an eligible bachelor who you don't want to date yourself and who you have not dated in the past. We mingle, we drink, and hopefully end the evening less single.

Jamie pushes through a crowd of OLDER MALE LAWYERS, who don't move aside to let her though to the elevator.

JAMIE

But all I do is spend the day with doucheousie man-lawyers. They try and stay at work as long as they can to avoid their wives.

AL (O.C.)

We all have this guy in our lives. Don't you?

The elevator doors start to close, when a hand stops the doors. It's MATT (late 20s), Jamie's friend and colleague. He gives her a nod, she smiles gratefully.

JAMIE

Maybe I do...

EXT. VICTORIA'S YACHT. DAY.

Lucy and Victoria sail. Well, Victoria's staff sails.

LUCY

You'll present your BYO to the group, reveal to us why you wouldn't want to date him yourself, but why he'd be a catch for someone who is not you. And we don't tell the boys what we're up to. They're so sensitive.

VICTORIA

But won't this be awkward? All single people- they may be men but they'll probably recognize we have ulterior motives.

LUCY

That's why we have the other people from the swap group. Decoy couples!

VICTORIA

Ah. I'd like to offer my home as the venue for this event. I'd be thrilled to invite you, and your friends and their male offerings, to christen my home with your laughing spirits.

Lucy's a little taken aback.

LUCY

Why don't you meet everyone first. Then decide if you want all us crazies in your house.

VICTORIA

It would be my pleasure.

EXT. SOCCER FIELDS. WATTS. LA. DAY

Al stands on the sidelines with Dr. Docker. Little girls dot the field behind them, haphazardly chasing the soccer ball.

DR. DOCKER

I *am* single, but I don't really know who I'd bring. I work so much. I never meet anyone.

AL

Well what about someone from work, then?

Dr. Docker shrugs.

AL (CONT'D)

Another doctor?

DR. DOCKER

All the doctors I work with are women or married.

AL

You sure about that?

DR. DOCKER

Well, there is this one guy. He's a little odd, though.

AL
BRING HIM.

DR. DOCKER
Alright, I'll invite him.

AL
Bring this information to the
meeting on Friday.

She hands her an envelope. Dr. Docker takes it skeptically.

EXT. INTELLIGENSIA. SILVERLAKE. DAY

Ruby and Al take their overpriced coffees to a bench. Ruby wears a floral housedress and is barely recognizable in her civilian mode. Al is giddy.

AL
I know you're used to bigger
opening acts, but here's a few of
my favorite smaller groups. I think
you'll respond to their sound. I
can't thank you enough for taking
the time.

She hands her a CD.

RUBY
I got nothing but time. It's hard
to meet people here, especially in
my scene. Especially guys.

AL
Tell me about it.
(offhandedly)
It's so hard that we've resorted to
throwing this party where everyone
brings a guy... I mean, I'm aware
it sounds crazy-

RUBY
Can I come?

AL
Are you kidding?

RUBY
No. I want to.

AL
Really?

YES. RUBY

EXT. BACKYARD. BEVERLY HILLS. DAY

Lucy, wearing a karate uniform, wanders through a family gathering with Jessie. She scans the crowd of affluent partiers. Spots TRIPP (late 20s) playing croquet. Tripp wears a lavender shirt over a mint shirt, two collars popped. Lucy grimaces, but then sees Tripp carrying a LITTLE GIRL around on his shoulders, like he's a polo horse. Maybe...

EXT. RUNYON CANYON TRAILS. DAY

Al and Jack hike up Runyon Canyon. Al makes a face at a plasticky looking couple clad in Ed Hardy tees. Jack laughs his crazy laugh at her. They're both happy.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT. BYO PRESENTATION. NIGHT

Our girls are all gathered. This meeting has a militant feel. Maybe because Al shoved coasters under everyone's drinks and is handing out the BYO FILE. Lights are dim as Ruby stands by Al's TV. She clicks through a power-point presentation.

RUBY
Meet Dean Cooperton, code named
Emu. Standing at five feet and ten
inches, 170 pounds, he is a good-
ole Aussie boy from Bondi Beach.
Good pic.

Flattering photo clicks on screen.

RUBY (CONT'D)
And then your bad pic.

An unfortunate photo of Dean with Keith Urban hair complete with highlights clicks on screen.

LUCY
He looks like Keith Urban.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. BONDI BEACH SURF SHOP. DAY

Ruby walks into the surf shop. Dean is the staff there, and he's crazy good-looking. Excellent, rare music plays.

TB

RUBY
I have a lesson booked under
Tinkberbell?

DEAN
(thick Australian accent)
That your name?

RUBY
Alias. These your tunes?

DEAN
Yeah, Tink, you like 'em?

RUBY
Nice. So what do I need?

DEAN
Long Board? Sex Wax. You got a
wetsuit?

RUBY
Back up... sex wax?

DEAN
You rub it on the board for
traction. Don't ask me why it's
called that. Gimme a sex, I mean
sec-

He goes to the back room for the board. She yells to him:

RUBY
So you're my instructor?

As he comes back:

DEAN
Actually, I don't surf. I only like
going to the beach to find
driftwood- I make furniture from
it.

He tosses his Keith Urban highlighted mane and grins. Is
he...gay? No...maybe? He's so pretty.

RUBY
So you don't surf.

DEAN
Never.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT. BYO PRESENTATION. NIGHT

The girls are very focused.

RUBY

An Aussie who cannot surf is akin to a bird who cannot fly, so Dean is the EMU.

On the screen, code name: EMU across photo of Dean.

RUBY (CONT'D)

I gave Dean my info and said to look me up if he ever made it out to Los Angeles, never expecting him to actually make it out to Los Angeles. But lo and behold, he did. He's really passionate about making old-fashioned cocktails and he builds beautiful furniture.

JAMIE

Wait, so what does he do?

RUBY

Unclear. He does all sorts of interesting jobs, but I'm not sure he necessarily gets paid for them.

AL

A job that doesn't pay you money is called a hobby.

LUCY

Professor Greaves strikes again!

GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: DEAN THE EMU

Ruby takes a seat, grabs a beer from her coaster. The girls turn the page in the BYO FILE to...

LUCY (CONT'D)

Meet John Charles Hemingworth the III, known to all as Tripp. Like many of you might currently believe, I was under the false impression that Tripp was just a rich Waspy-person name. But no. It is in fact, a shortening of Triple, since he is the third in his family with THE SAME EXACT NAME. He went to Yale were he picked up unfortunate habits like wearing multiple pastel popped collars-

RUBY

Ew.

LUCY

I know. We're working on scrubbing the douche off of him. Bad pic.

Click. Tripp, fat, really long hair. Girls squeal.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Bad, right? Tripp started
(uses fingers quotes)
"lifting" and is now...

Click. Good photo- Tripp as we've seen him. Buff, manscaped, clean, preppy- Tripp.

LUCY (CONT'D)

He's a softie inside- he was raised by his nanny. And the reason I could NEVER date Tripp is because he's rich. Like really rich.

A beat.

BRANDY

And that's a problem?

LUCY

Yeah. He's REALLY RICH.

AL

One woman's trash, right?

BRANDY

Amen.

GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: TRIPP WITH POPPED COLLARS AND DOLLARS.

Victoria and Lucy trade places.

VICTORIA

I've invited Stellan. Height 6 foot three inches, weight 16 stone. Occupation- philanthropist. He has been building schools in developing nations for the past five years. He dives, he fences, he kite-surfs. Oh here's the good picture.

Click. A PURE GOLDEN GOD OF MAN MEAT HOTNESS HOLY SHIT WHAT?!

Silence.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

I know.

JAMIE

Wait-- why can't you mate with this man?

VICTORIA

He's my ex-stepfather.

A sigh of pity from the group.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Stellan, aka Daddy, was married to my mother. While she aged, he aged like a fine wine.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. LAOS- POOLSIDE/ JUNGLESIDE INCREDIBLE RESORT. DAY

Stellan, Victoria and her mother, GUNILLA (late 50s at best, classic ski-jump nose job, blonde blonde blonde) saunter into the open air restaurant.

MAITRE' D

Welcome, madame.

GUNILLA

Table for three, please.

MAITRE' D

Of course. What beautiful children you have, madame.

GUNILLA

My daughter is beautiful, yes. Looks just like I do.

MAITRE' D

And your son, too.

SILENCE. Gunilla's eyes narrow. Stellan winds his golden arm around her waist but can't soothe her. Victoria cringes.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT. CONT

VICTORIA

That was the final straw.

JAMIE

I don't blame her. I'd hate to be the ugly one in the relationship.

BRANDY

Agreed. You always wanna be the hot one. Then you keep the power. He might be too hot.

VICTORIA

But you're all so much younger than Daddy, it evens out! Older men appreciate interesting women so much more than young men do.

AL

No- It's just about finding a woman smart enough to value their experience over the tautness of their skin or their penile capacity. They'd totally do some young hot dumb chick, but they could never get one!

BRANDY

Okay, okay, let's see the bad pic.

VICTORIA

There is no bad pic.

GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: STELLAN. OH, DADDY.

Brandy's up.

BRANDY

Okay, let's all adjust our minds back to reality, and then I'll talk about Chris.

Click. Chris comes up on screen.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Chris Singh is 29, 5'5' and is my cameraman. Which you think might explain his code name "Tripod" but no. It's because he's short and has a ginormous dick.

Click. Another photo of Chris, this time showing a bulge that- no wait, it can't be... is it? If it is... it's fucking huge.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

I can vouch- not because I know first hand, but I caught a glance once when he was wearing some unfortunate shorts at work.

FLASHBACK:

INT. TV STUDIO. DAY

Brandy and Chris are at work.

BRANDY

Ugh, who's wearing AXE?

CHRIS

I am. You like it?

BRANDY

You smell like you belong in junior high.

CHRIS

Whatever, as long as I don't smell like I belong in the market stalls of Hyderabad it's cool.

Brandy laughs.

BRANDY

Where's Hyderabad?

CHRIS

It's where my family's from. India.

BRANDY

Oh. And your fly's undone.

CHRIS

I know.

Chris works on his laptop, pulling up playback or something. On an attached screen, his photos scroll. Brandy leans in.

BRANDY

Those are beautiful....

Her eyes drift south again.

TB

INT. AL'S APARTMENT. DAY

BRANDY

So while Chris is a cameraman for a cheesy entertainment network, he's actually a gifted photographer. Bad pic. Oh it's already up. Good pic.

Insert: Good pic- Chris posing with Brandy at a premiere.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

I could never date him because we work together. And the man CANNOT dance. So that's my Tripod.

LUCY

(to Al)

Worst case scenario, a good romp right?

AL

(to Lucy)

I would never go see Stomp.

LUCY

Sometimes I can't talk to you.

DR. DOCKER

Okay, I'm up. I've invited my colleague, Dr. Caleb Montgomery.

Lucy nudges Al. The girls flip the page in the BYO FILE. Click. Pic of Dr. Caleb Montgomery and Dr. Docker in their scrubs doing volunteer med work.

DR. DOCKER

I've worked with Dr. Montgomery for five years. We'll call him Dai Chi Doctor. I'll get to that in a minute. He's what could be described as zen. He's great with patients, but there's one caveat...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. MALIBU BLUFF. DAY

Dr. Docker approaches Dai Chi Doctor and a small group of teens.

DAI CHI DOCTOR

Angie! (in Spanish) You made it!

DR. DOCKER
Happy to check out your martial
arts class, hi everyone.

She notices all the other students are zitty awkward teens
and a few hot teen girls.

DAI CHI DOCTOR
(In Spanish) Let's begin.

The students stand and place their palms together. Close
eyes.

DAI CHI DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Martial arts is the union of
spiritual and physical perfection.
Pure union with your spirit and the
great spirit of the world around
us. Your opponent is not your
opponent, but the manifestation of
the malefic vibrations of your own
duality. You know your opponent.
For he is you. You are he.

Dr. Docker opens one eye and peers around. Is everyone buying
this horseshit? All the girls are gawking at the pretty,
pretty Dai Chi Doctor, who is really feeling his own speech.

DAI CHI DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Once I realized this within the
deeper levels of my consciousness,
I created my own form of martial
arts. An expansion and a full
realization on the practice of many
centuries. Do Wae Dow. (in Spanish)
Let's begin.

He launches into the air and with a swift movement, sweeps
one POOR ZITTY TEEN onto his back.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT. DAY

DR. DOCKER
The man created his own form of
martial arts. While he is a sane,
rational, intelligent and pretty
good looking-

Al and Lucy share a glance, "Is she blind??"

DR. DOCKER (CONT'D)
Doctor, he created his own form of martial arts. I think it's silly. So that's my caveat.

GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE- DAI CHI DOCTOR IN SCRUBS, KARATE CHOP!

She awkwardly bows and nods.

JAMIE
My turn!

Flip page in BYO FILE. Click up photo of Matt.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Meet Matthew Stewart Goldbaumstein. He goes by Matt Stewart. Like Rachel Zoe, he uses his middle name as his last to tone down the Jewiness, so he will be code named Anne Frank. Our Jew in hiding.

LUCY
(whispers to Al)
Is that okay?

AL
(whispers back)
She would know.

JAMIE
He's 30, Jewish lawyer-

BRANDY
Isn't that perfect? You're both lawyers?

JAMIE
He's my ex's best friend, so he's off limits. But he's focused, devoted and fuckin funny. And in the sea of douche lord sharks that I swim in at work, Matt can sometimes be a sweet little dolphin. In fact-

FLASHBACK:

INT. LAW FIRM OFFICE. DAY

Jamie sends a fax. Rubs her eyes. The clock reads 9:45 pm. Around the corner, a group of male lawyers gather at a table and wolf takeout containers of Chinese food like animals.

LAWYER 1

That Harkins woman is classic money-grubbing slut but we're gonna rape her ex-husband for every cent.

LAWYER 2

Poor sack of shit.

LAWYER 3

One more hour and I'll be scott-free. Wifey goes to bed.

LAWYER 1

My wife did the fuckin funniest thing the other day.

ANNE FRANK

What'd she do?

LAWYER 1

Be glad you don't have a wife, kid. So I'm doing her from behind and I decide I wanna shift it up a gear, you know-

He acts out fucking the table the take out cartons rest on.

LAWYER 1 (CONT'D)

And I go to make the shift and she looks back and is like "uh-uh, uh-uh."

Makes a dolphin call sound. The men erupt in howls.

LAWYER 1 (CONT'D)

Fuckin' dolphin! My wife of eleven years pulls the fuckin' dolphin on me.

They all get into the act, humping the table and making dolphin noises. Around the corner, Jamie rolls her eyes.

ANNE FRANK

You know dolphins are monogamous, right? They mate for life.

The laughter of the animals dies down. Jamie smiles.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

JAMIE

So that's Matt.

VICTORIA
Dyk Dyks mate for life, too.

What?

JAMIE
Good pic.

Click. Matt poses in front of the Coliseum on vacation. His shirt might be a little too tight to show off the physique he's a little too proud of and there also might be a little too much gel in his hair, but he's smiling.

AL
Does he tweeze his eyebrows?

JAMIE
He shapes them. Maybe. Bad pic.

Click: Matt, at his Bar Mitzvah. On a boat. Clearly nauseous.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Poor lil guy barfed at his own
Yacht Mitzvah.

VICTORIA
I have a yacht!

Jamie takes a seat. Last page in the FILE.

AL
Alright, ladies. My guest is Jack.

Click. Pic of Jack on screen. He's just the best.

AL (CONT'D)
Jack Hale is 29, grew up with me in New York and abandoned med school to transfer and pursue public health at UCLA. He's convinced he's making a braver choice by treating the American health care system instead of individual patients, but I think he got scared by the job. Anyway... He's smart, reliable, but also a big mush pile sometimes. He's my best friend.

Lucy notes this. Maybe a little wounded? She covers it well.

FLASHBACK:

TB

INT. AL'S NEW YORK APARTMENT. NIGHT

It's a shoebox. Al ices Jack's back, we can't see why.

JACK
Bellis perennis!

AL
I can read, you twathole, but what does it mean?

JACK
It's the Latin flower name for-

AL
Do not say Daisy.

JACK
Daisy. And the gift of a daisy signifies an offering of love. "Dost thou love me?"

AL
You are a colossal fool, Jack Hale.

JAMIE
Why'd she leave me? I promised I'd love her forever.

Al slaps him on the back. He shrieks.

JACK
Ow!!

AL
I do not apologize. You'll regret this. Once your heart heals, you'll stop asking if stupid Daisy Morgan dost loveth thoueth.

JACK
Please keep icing it. It stings real bad.

Al keeps icing what we can now see if Jack's raised and super angry looking tattoo.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT. CONT

The girls all sigh.

LUCY

He got a tattoo after a woman who
broke his heart?

RUBY

So romantic.

DR. DOCKER

Actually, yeah.

AL

No. It's not romantic. It's stupid.
Good pic.

Click. Jack's handsome, at graduation.

AL (CONT'D)

Bad pic.

Click. Jack's awkwardly laughing, dancing like a white guy.

The girls laugh and kinda like it.

AL (CONT'D)

The caveat with Jack is that he's
like a yellow lab. Safe, secure,
fetches things, always happy to see
you. But- safe. He's my back up
plan. So he's Back Up Jack.

VICTORIA

You could do a lot worse than to
have that as your back up plan!
Nice work, Al!

AL

(nervously)

But he always falls asleep in
movies. And he always overcooks
pasta.

GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: BACK UP JACK, CARRYING A PURSE.

LUCY

Those are the mens.

BRANDY

Nice selection. A little white, but
I'm used to that.

VICTORIA

I have not looked forward to an
event since my aunt's coronation.

Beat. WHAT?!

AL

Take the files, study, know what
you're after.

The girls begin to file out, hugs, kisses, goodbyes.

AL (CONT'D)

Check your emails for to do
lists...

Lucy shuts the door behind the last girl.

LUCY

Goodnight!

INT. KOREAN STRIP MALL RESTAURANT. NIGHT

A different restaurant. Same vibe as before, but this time
with karaoke blasting at each booth. Lucy, Al and Jack chow
down.

JACK

I seriously can't believe I'm
seeing what I'm seeing. You eat bi
bim bop? You eat food that isn't
white?

AL

Look. Rice.

LUCY

But also hot sauce!

JACK

You're a good influence.

Al gets a text. Texts back.

JACK (CONT'D)

Must you really text at the table?

AL

It's Ruby. I have friend-crush.

JACK

Careful. Don't make Lucy jealous.

LUCY

It's my song!

She stands up and grabs the mic- works it out to "Mr. Postman." Which oddly matches her mail carrier outfit. Again, don't ask. A group of ASIAN TEEN GIRLS in school uniforms join in and form an impromptu back up chorus.

LUCY (CONT'D)
WAIT A MINUTE MR. POSTMAN!

Lucy tries to pull Al up to join, Al declines. It's a serious performance. After the song finishes, the restaurant claps.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(in Korean)
Thank you, thank you.
(in English to Al)
Why didn't you join me?

AL
Trust me- you don't wanna hear me sing. I'll stick to the writing.

JACK
Why don't you write a song for your girlfriend, Ruby?

AL
I actually already wrote one, I'm just waiting for the right time. I don't want her to feel like I'm using her.

LUCY
Don't be stupid. Either she likes it or she doesn't.

JACK
I wouldn't wait. You shouldn't let your life go by waiting for the right moment. You gotta jump on that board and ride the wave.

LUCY
Yeah, it's not LA's fault-

AL
Dudes. You're like nightmare tag-team motivational speakers.

The lights suddenly dim.

AL (CONT'D)
But there is one song I'll sing...

In unison the restaurant staff and Al burst into-

AL/ STAFF
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, HAPPY
BIRTHDAY TO YOU...

The staff brings out a strange hot pink dry ice floating and steaming dessert with candles.

AL/ STAFF (CONT'D)
HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR LUCY, HAPPY
BIRTHDAY TO YOU!

JACK
(pointing to Lucy)
Sweet sixteen over here!

LUCY
Still got that V Card! Let's punch
it!

She blows out the candles. Lucy and Jack are flirting, enjoying each other's company. Al is pleased with herself, though a little disconcerted at their flirting.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Jack, did Al tell you about our
party yet?

She looks pointedly at Al. Jack grins widely.

INT. 101 CAFE. HOLLYWOOD. MORNING

Lucy is elbow deep in eating pancakes, eggs, toast, the works. Lucy's also wearing a waitress uniform.

EXT. 101 CAFE. HOLLYWOOD. MORNING

Al finishes a call. She spies Lucy inside.

AL
Yes. Yes. They're opening for
Deputy Dan and the Litigators.

Through the window, she sees Lucy read a message on her phone. Lucy bursts into tears. Al's stricken.

AL (CONT'D)
I gotta go.

Click.

TB

INT. 101 CAFE. HOLLYWOOD. MORNING

Al rushes to the table, slides into the booth.

AL
(softly)
Hey, dude.

Lucy slips on her sunglasses.

LUCY
Hey, dude.

She's covering. Again.

AL
Everything okay?

LUCY
Allergies plus hangover plus cramps
equals
(calls to the waitress)
More coffee, please.

AL
You sure?

LUCY
Yes.

AL
Okay. Thanks for ordering.

She grabs a fork and digs in, hands Lucy some paper.

AL (CONT'D)
Here's the cocktail list. Don't get
syrup on it.

LUCY
A little fancy for red plastic
cups, no?

AL
We are adults, we can be trusted to
tote our booze in breakable
vessels.

LUCY
So we have fancy cocktails in
breakable vessels?

AL

Yeah. Did you confirm with the decoys?

LUCY

Everyone knows we're doing a cocktail party instead of a swap.

The waitress refills their coffees.

WAITRESS

Nice outfit.

LUCY

Same to you, comrade.

She leaves.

AL

You sure you're okay?

LUCY

Yes, alright?

Al stares at her.

LUCY (CONT'D)

February texted again.

AL

Ooh. You have to shut that door. You're never gonna get over him if he can get you whenever he wants.

LUCY

You don't know what it's like-

AL

I do. You can't be our age and single and not have had your heart stomped on at least once. I was with my ex for three years. When we broke up, he lost his right to communicate with me.

LUCY

You never talk?

AL

Never. It has to be that way.

LUCY

No way. I need to feel what it feels like to know it's real.

AL
Trust me, ya gotta look forward.

LUCY
Okay, I'll try.

AL
Baby steps. Don't text back.

LUCY
Ugh, I hate being an adult.

AL
Me, too. And it's Thursday and every Thursday I have to be an adult and go to this silly staff meeting and it takes hours and-

LUCY
Skip it. I think we're both in need of a little fun today.

She fishes crumpled bills out of her bra, lays them down.

AL
We could do the maps for everyone.

LUCY
No- we're cutting class.

INT. LUCY'S CAR- CONT.

Lucy makes Al drive. Lucy changes out of her uniform.

LUCY
Okay, use your blinkers. All limbs remain in the vehicle at all times!

AL
But what if they can't see my blinker?

LUCY
That's how driving works. They'll see it.

It's a yellow light. Al slams the brakes and Her arm shoots out across Lucy.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Ouch! You mom seatbelted me in the seat!

AL
Instinct.

A DUDE next to them at the light watches Lucy change.

LUCY
Animal.
(to Al)
Get on the 110 south.

AL
I'll take Vermont. I don't do
freeways.

Lucy's hand shoots out from her tangle of clothes and yanks the wheel, steering the car onto the on-ramp.

LUCY
Today you learn new tricks, ya old
bitch!

AL
Sweet god my blinker's not on!

EXT. 110 FREEWAY. CONT

Weaving and wobbling, the girls merge onto the freeway, joining the sea of cars swarming downtown.

INT. LUCY'S CAR- CONT.

LUCY
Not so bad, right?

AL
I'll speak to you again as soon as
I can put this thing in park.

LUCY
And you're gonna need to wear this.

She tosses her a bandana.

AL
I will get my revenge for this.

EXT. WATTS MURAL. DAY

The girls approach the mural, wearing bandanas on their heads. Cute? Yes. Offensive? Definitely. Who cares?

Al has ditched her blazer and sports a vintage band tee, Lucy now in paint-splattered overalls. They get to work painting alongside other Los Angelenos, and work next to PEARL (late 70s, white-haired and tiny.) She wears a name tag: PEARL.

AL

(giddy)

I feel like I should be smoking
while cutting class.

PEARL

Smoking one cigarette takes eleven
minutes off your life.

AL

(breathing deeply)

And the LA smog? Probably twelve.

Pearl shrugs.

LUCY

Speaking of eleven minutes, I
haven't told you about my date from
Tuesday, have I?

Pearl hums to herself, standing really close to the girls.

AL

You said he took you out to DINNER,
right?

LUCY

Yes, DINNER.

AL

Did you get a... salad?

LUCY

(going with it)

Yes, and I figured, first date,
dressing on the side. Then he asked
if he could get his honey mustard
dressing on my face. And I was
like, the first time we eat salad
together? I mean maybe the second
or the third time but--

AL

Whoa. That's an aggressive salad
tossing.

LUCY

But I love me a good tossed salad.

Glances at Pearl, serenely painting away.

AL

Me, too. Was it a good sized salad?

LUCY

It was an average sized salad. I mean, I've definitely had bigger. But it was satisfying, yeah, even with dressing on my face. And in my hair.

PEARL

Young ladies.

Busted.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Any man who wants to put dressing on your face the first time you share a tossed salad is not husband material. Trust me, I know.

AL

Wow.

LUCY

High five.

Lucy slaps five with Pearl.

GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: PEARL THROWING SALAD INTO THE AIR.

INT. HALLWAY. UCLA. DAY.

Lucy answers her phone, standing in a robe in the hallway.

LUCY

Talk to me, goose.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

It is I. There's a problem at the house. I have my maintenance staff at work right now so-

A few HOT GOTH COLLEGE BOYS pass Lucy and she gives them a sexy smile.

LUCY

What happened?

The door opens behind Lucy, and a BESPECTACLED ART TEACHER LADY pokes her head out and nods at Lucy. Lucy nods and gives her a "one second more" look and points at the phone.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

The swans have been so possessive of the pool I haven't even noticed, but the heater is BROKEN. Since the swans chased away the egrets my consultant suggested we drain the pool before the swans try to mate- anyway, it involves the avian flu and feathers and heat.

Lucy isn't fazed.

LUCY

I think we'll be fine if the pool is outta commish. We can stay dry.

VICTORIA

Okay, I'm working on it.
(in Andorran)
Goodbye.

LUCY

(in Andorran back)
Goodbye!

She hangs up. Enters the classroom. As the door closes we see a sign that says "BEGINNER LEVEL NUDE SKETCHING."

INT. VENUE. DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT.

Al's phone rings. It's a balancing act as she frantically rummages through piles of belongings.

AL

Dr. Docker- what's the emergency?

DR. DOCKER

I just checked my calendar and talked to Dr. Montgomery- any way we could have the party the next Saturday?

AL

Why?! Can't he come- I mean can't you come?

DR. DOCKER

Well, there's something going on that night...

AL

Dr. Docker. We all agreed on this date.

Al finds what she's looking for under a pile of leather jackets and boots. She dashes-

INT. VENUE. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT.

Down the hall.

DR.DOCKER

It's El Clasico-- the Barcelona/Real Madrid soccer match that night and it airs-

AL

Tivo- Dr. Docker. Dr. Docker- Tivo. Welcome to the twentieth century.

She hangs up. Hands a neon green rabbit's foot to JIMMY, the greasiest drummer alive.

IMMY

Come here, baby, one for luck.

Al leans in and gives him a smooch on the cheek.

AL

Now go do your job.

The band goes onstage and start to play in the background. She smiles at Jimmy, rockin out with his green rabbit foot hanging from his belt.

EXT. AL'S APARTMENT. PARK LA BREA. DAY

Lucy, in a maid's outfit, lugs several bags from Whole Foods down the hallway.

LUCY

Brandy. Tell me something good.

INT. TV STUDIO. CONTINUOUS.

Brandy sits in front of the weather screens.

BRANDY

You will not believe what weather God is cookin' up for Southern Californians next weekend.

LUCY
Please no rain.

BRANDY
Better! Looks like a potential
tornado warning for San Diego
County! I may cover Disney
premieres for a living, but I will
not pass up the chance for my real
dream- to report live from the eye
of a tornado!

She's passionate and wistful. And a little crazy.

LUCY
Okay, Brandy. If there is a TORNADO
on Saturday, I will forgive you if
you leave our party to go stand in
it and shout into your mic.

BRANDY
I knew you'd understand!

Lucy rolls her eyes and clicks the phone off.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Lucy drops the bags.

LUCY
Okay, Organic is heavy.

Al types on her laptop. Lucy approaches, doing deep lunges.

AL
Come here. This is me taking my
freeway revenge. Sit.

LUCY
I can't sit. I need to be doing
lunges.

AL
Lunge in place.

Lucy does.

LUCY
(reading off the screen)
What's the Wellness Guild?

AL

We are signing you up for health insurance designed for freelancers and the self-employed. It's cheap. It's necessary. And it's happening now.

LUCY

As long as I can lunge. I want a nice ass for the party. I want dental, too, please.

AL

One of those things I can do for you.

INT. WAXING SPA. DAY

Jamie lies face up on the table, her lower half out of frame. She winces. Starts to get up, but after a brief staredown with her WAXER, she sighs and flips over, face down.

INT. NAIL SALON. DAY

Dr. Docker wanders in, looks so so lost. She's about to bold when an ASIAN MANICURIST grabs her. Dr. Docker hands her a light pink shade and the MANICURIST smiles and nods, then grabs a hot cherry red.

INT. HAIR SALON. DAY

Brandy is getting her hair relaxed. She looks anything but relaxed.

INT. VICTORIA'S MEDITATION ROOM. DAY

Victoria meditates peacefully. We pull back to reveal she has several ATTENDANTS painting her nails and fluffing about her.

INT. DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT

Ruby takes off her stage regalia and slowly appears from underneath her crazy makeup. She puts on chapstick. Done.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Lucy and Al hang out. Lucy's making some sort of dinner on the stove. Lots of clanging of pots. Al wanders around.

AL

So I Facebook stalked Dai Chi
Doctor and we both like the Daily
Show, can you believe- wait. Is
this dude slapping you in a bar?

The whiskey slap photos from Lucy's date with Eli are clipped
to the fridge.

LUCY

Yeah, that's the whisky slap. It's
the ultimate bonding drinking
experience. Take a shot, slap, take
a pic. Switch.

AL

What are you, fourteen?

LUCY

No, Mom. Look how mature I am, I
wrote my first to-do list!

Gestures to fridge next to the whiskey slap photos.

AL

(reading)

One. Have sober sex. Two. Find
house keys.

LUCY

Good, right?

AL

I don't even want to ask how long
you've been without your keys.

LUCY

What's the view like from up there,
oh better than thou ruler of the
universe?

Al ignores her, wanders through the apartment while Lucy
cooks. She notices a stage of pages. Al rifles through them.
Stops on one of the two of them, painting the mural. They
look so happy. Lucy sets a pot on the coffee table. Hands Al
a fork.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Food. Haven't unpacked dishes yet.
Sit.

They sit on cushions.

LUCY (CONT'D)

This is kichari- my godfather lives in an ashram in Uttarkashi and he taught me how to make this the last time he visited LA.

AL

I'm going to pretend I understood that. Woah, spice explosion.

They eat for a bit in silence.

LUCY

I heard from February again the other day.

AL

You did?

LUCY

He's getting married next month.

AL

Shocked and appropriately outraged response.

LUCY

Appreciated. I knew he was getting married a while ago, but he texted and said he needed to see me first. One last time, to clear some things up. Heat up his cold feet, I guess.

AL

You didn't invite him to the party.

LUCY

I invited him to the party.

Beat.

AL

Hence your lunges.

LUCY

You're not wrong.

AL

I just worry that you'll miss someone who could be good to you chasing after someone who you already know isn't good for you.

LUCY

Me miss out? I'm the one who says yes to everything! You're the one with one foot in NYC.

AL

If I fell in love with a guy here, I'd stay.

LUCY

No shit. It would be sweet not to have to sit at the single's table for once, but in terms of real life-

Al finishes for her.

AL

- there are much worse ways to spend a Friday night than this.

LUCY

Like some dude could be trying to bone between your tatas.

Al grabs her chest.

AL

Why do they all like that? I don't have enough boobage for that move, but doesn't stop them from trying.

LUCY

I know right? To us.

Holds up her wine-filled mug. Al joins her. They drink.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. MAIN HALL. EVENING.

We follow a llama through the main hall. The scene is set: food is elegantly arranged-- grape sprig cutters and all. A full bar awaits. Al adjusts the volume on the iPod speaker which projects perfect party starter music (Otis/ Nina/ Buckley). The dim fire perfectly illuminates the six girls, who sit bored and silent on the couch. They wait.

And wait. Al's phone rings.

AL

Are you here?

JACK (ON PHONE)

I'm here!

AL
Circle the block, you're too early.

Click. They wait. DING DONG.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. ENTRY. CONTINUOUS. NIGHT.

An elderly German couple with luggage and heavy fur coats stand at the door, exhausted from travel. The llama wanders behind them. Victoria rushes over.

VICTORIA
(in German, subtitled)
Welcome, Fraulein von Aufenheim.,
Herr von Aufenheim? Let me show
you to your wing. Mother forgot to
mention you were arriving today.

They are confused by the girls and the set up.

EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. EVENING.

The llama continues outside where he's greeted by a donkey, a capuchin monkey, the goats, the dogs, a camel and an ostrich. The music continues outside through hidden rock speakers. The llama takes in the open terrace, the steaming hot tub, the magically lit pool, and the astonishing view of Los Angeles.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. MAIN HALL. EVENING.

When the llama returns his gaze inside the house, the cocktail party has started. The girls are entertaining the guests who have arrived-- some decoy fillers, Anne Frank and Jamie pour drinks and make chit chat. Al walks around frantically, Lucy trailing.

AL
We spent so much time planning, it
doesn't really feel real-

LUCY
Ooh look, there's Tripp.

Tripp's in the doorway, with sunglasses on. At night. Lucy swoops over and snatches them off his face.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Not at night.

She glances around, phew. No one noticed.

TB

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. BY THE SNACK TABLE. EVENING.

As Ruby puts down the brownies on the food table, Anne Frank rushes her.

ANNE FRANK

Ruby?!

RUBY

Yeah?

ANNE FRANK

I just wanted to tell you that Unicorns got me through my last breakup and I'm SUCH a fan-

Al swoops in to the rescue.

AL

Come with me! Let's find Jamie!

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. GREAT HALL. EVENING.

On the main couch, Dr. Docker, Jamie and Brandy confer.

JAMIE

I love me some foreskin.

BRANDY

No way, I like my men clipped.

DR. DOCKER

The prepuce constitutes fifty percent or more of the skin system of the penis.

JAMIE

Wow. And that little bit of extra is super useful.

DR. DOCKER

Do tell.

Nearby, Anne Frank pets a golden retriever and starts playing with the Ipod. Puts on Jump "I'm a flirt." Brandy heads over.

BRANDY

Do you know how uncomfortable you'd be if you were the only white guy here?

ANNE FRANK

Wait-- I'm white?

Brandy sorta laughs. She starts texting, though, soon after. Al beelines over.

AL

I know. I mean, I'm Al.

She beats a hasty retreat, leaving Anne Frank vying with Brandy's cell phone for her attention.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. ENTRANCE. EVENING

DING DONG. At the door, Lucy pinches her cheeks, then opens the doors. It's just Jessie and her BORING BOYFRIEND, and two of their BORING COUPLE FRIENDS. Lucy takes their coats to hang them up. On the way, she looks back. Sees them sitting on a couch. Not speaking. They are so fucking boring.

LUCY

You guys want a drink?

JESSIE

I guess so, considering there's no point to this swap. It's just a party.

LUCY

Yep! Just a fun, super fun, fun party. Drink up! Fun!

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. CONT.

Stellan greets Victoria with three kisses— because they're Andorran. They head out to see the animals, passing Al. Vic and Al make eyes behind Stellan's back. Al fans herself and Vic responds by miming a gun to her head. Poor thing.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. COATROOM. EVENING.

Al finds Lucy in the coatroom.

AL

They're not mingling!

She leads Lucy to a window from the coatroom where they can see the great hall and the outdoors.

Outside the window, Victoria is petting her animals. Alone.

AL (CONT'D)

Our hostess is Cinderella among her dressmaking menagerie.

She points out Daddy, somehow standing perfectly in a ray of golden light. Light from where? Who knows. He's perfect.

AL (CONT'D)

Daddy's standing there, too hot to talk to. And Dr. Docker is nowhere to be found!

LUCY

White people problems. We need a little sauce.

Lucy leads the way, glances at the door, looking for...someone?

LUCY (CONT'D)

A lot of sauce.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. GREAT HALL. EVENING. CONTINUOUS

We follow Lucy to the iPod dock. Nina Simone becomes old school Tribe Called Quest. Brandy and Anne Frank start to dance. They make a sick pair on the floor.

BRANDY

(surprised at his skill)
You can move.

ANNE FRANK

I'm a suburban Jewish boy who came of age in the 90s: we all wanted to be Beastie Boys. Of course I've got the beat.

Lucy hands them new drinks, and moves to top off the glasses of Jamie and Jessie nearby, still sitting on the main couch.

JAMIE

So you can do that trick with it.

JESSIE

I've never seen an uncirked.

LUCY

Never?!

JESSIE

No! What does it look like?

LUCY

Like a turtle without a shell
hiding in an elderly elephant's
trunk.

JAMIE
Exactly.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. GREAT HALL. EVENING.

Jack arrives. He checks out the scene, doesn't recognize anyone. Through the crowd he spots Lucy. She's moving to the beat, and refilling glasses. He crosses to her.

JACK
Hey!

LUCY
Welcome to the show.

JACK
You need a drink, because I do.

They head off.

JACK (CONT'D)
I like you with your hair like that.

Lucy smiles. Across the room, Al sees them.

AL
Jack!

He doesn't hear. Tripp taps Al's shoulder.

TRIPP
We have any more beer?

AL
Kitchen.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. DRINKS TABLE. EVENING.

Jamie and Brandy approach Daddy. He's so handsome.

JAMIE
I'm Jamie, pleased to meet you.

BRANDY
And I'm Brandy.

DADDY
You must be Victoria's friends.
Tell me, how did you meet her?

The girls look at each other. Eyes narrow. Game on.

TB

EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. EVENING. CONTINUOUS.

The music is louder, the guests are getting drunker. Victoria is outside alone. Suddenly, the bushes rustle, and Emu emerges. The geese clamor at him, as do the goats: animal security. He calms them, like some sort of goat whisperer. He looks up to find Victoria walking toward him.

EMU

(Australian accent)

Sorry, mate. Couldn't find the front entry way. This *is* Ruby's friend's party, though, right?

VICTORIA

(Andorran accent)

Yes. Welcome to my abode.

EMU

I brought some champers!

He hands her a bottle of champagne.

EMU (CONT'D)

BYO right? Is that an Emu?

VICTORIA

Why yes. That makes me happy. Let me introduce you to Elliot.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. GREAT HALL. EVENING.

Jamie, Jessie, Dr. Docker and Al sit. Jamie hasn't moved from the couch.

JESSIE

It's kind of like fixing them.

AL

But is it... clean in there?

DR. DOCKER

It has between ten and twenty thousand nerve endings-

JAMIE

I will never snip that off any manchild of mine.

Tripod lets himself in the front door. He's late.

INSERT: A CROSS HANGS AROUND HIS NECK.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Excuse me, ladies.

Jamie gets up to greet him with a smile.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Hi, I'm Jamie.

TRIPOD
Hi.

She shows him to the coatroom. He has a camera slung over his arm. He enters, she does a quick lunge stretch, then follows.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. EVENING.

Daddy sneaks in, and sees Dr. Docker watching TV.

DADDY
Oh, sorry, didn't realize you were
in here already. Just was hoping
to put on the Barcelona game.

The TV goes from commercial break back to the game.

DR. DOCKER
Barcelona? Really? That's
disappointing.

He joins her sitting on the bed.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. DAY.

Jamie and Anne Frank stand, arms crossed, in front of the Von Aufenheims. They're so old.

ANNE FRANK
And you're visiting from Germany.

JAMIE
What a fine country.

MR. VON AUFENHEIM
Yes, a fine fine country. The Von
Aufenheims have lived in Hamburg
for generations.

ANNE FRANK
Generations, hm? Where were you
during the war?

Silence.

TB

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. GREAT HALL. EVENING. CONTINUOUS

Lucy and Jack are hitting it off, famously. She sees an Edward Gorey tattoo on his hand.

LUCY

Is that a Gorey umbrella?

JACK

Yeah. I love him. It was kind of a rainy day when I got it.

LUCY

I visited his house- It's on Strawberry Lane. Isn't that the exact opposite of what his street name should've been?

JACK

Or maybe exactly what it should've been. Just to even out all that darkness.

LUCY

I love what he said about no such thing as happy nonsense. Even nonsense comes out of some sort of pain.

JACK

You know, now that you mention it, I totally see some of Gorey in your art.

LUCY

Ha. The nonsense? Come on.

JACK

No really!

LUCY

Let me see that closer.

She grabs his hand. Across the room, Al sees her touch him. She's upset, and surprised that she's upset. She sets a tray of cupcakes down. They are perfectly lined up alternating: TRUTH and DARE. She removes one that has a bit of chocolate on the vanilla icing from touching another cupcake.

LUCY (CONT'D)

It's really well done.

They smile at one another as Al scowls. She taps a glass trying to get everyone's attention.

AL
Everyone! Come on over, game time!
Truth or Dare!

Somehow the music gets turned up a notch here. Al's little voice is drowned out. No one hears the invite. No one wants to play a game. DING DONG.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. EVENING.

Al answers the door. It's Jillian. She was meant to be half of a decoy couple... but she's alone.

AL
Where's your boyfriend?

JILLIAN
(almost going to cry)
We broke up. I'm not gonna cry.

She takes off her jacket and hands it to AL. She's been transformed: no more sweater set. She wears a sheer shirt and a seriously short skirt. Al gives her a hug, over her shoulder we see Al is worried.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. GREAT HALL. EVENING.

Lucy and Jack are still enjoying each other. They haven't moved from their previous spot. Lucy is starting to relax.

LUCY
I've lived here almost my whole life and I've never been to the desert.

JACK
Oh man. It's amazing! You gotta check out--

LUCY
The integratron?

JACK
Yes, the integratron! Sound bath? I mean, come on...

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Ruby pulls a cold beer from the fridge and carries another plate of brownies out as Tripp approaches, sunglasses-less.

TRIPP

Did you make those?

RUBY

(shy)

Yeah. From scratch.

TRIPP

Wow. They're amazing. What's your name?

He's sincere. Ruby's taken aback that he's ignorant of her fame. And she's happy.

RUBY

Ruby.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. EVENING. CONTINUOUS.

At the drinks table, Al pours herself a shot. And another. Dai Chi Doctor enters. She zeroes in.

AL

Hi, I'm Alice.

DAI CHI DOCTOR

Buenos noches, seniorita. I'm Caleb.

Al smiles. He takes her by the shoulders and switches places with her.

DAI CHI DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I never stand with my back to the door. Always ready (in Spanish)

His eyes drift over her shoulder to Jillian, in the center of her SORORITY SISTERS. Al follows his gaze. Uh oh.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. GREAT HALL. EVENING. CONTINUOUS

Al, starting to get tipsy, bumps into Lucy in the hall.

AL

Where have you been? We have a rogue decoy! Jillian is single. And hot.

We'll refer to Jillian as ROGUE from now on.

LUCY

I was talking to Jack-

AL

(not listening)

Our ratios are off! Aaand you know Rogue's the type of girl who forgets she's hot when she's in a relationship and insta-remembers her hotness when she's single! Of course this would happen to me.

LUCY

Quiet hands! And this isn't happening to you, Al. People don't break up just to fuck up your party. Go find the doctor.

AL

Rogue's wearing a skirt that may actually just be a strapless bra scooped around her hips!

LUCY

If I'm supposed to take your advice, you gotta take mine. Enjoy yourself and ride the swell!

AL

So now you and Jack are sharing metaphors too?

Now Lucy's not listening. In fact, she's a little pale.

LUCY

You know, I've got to get some air.

We stay with Al as she watches Lucy head out onto the terrace.

AL

Where are you going?

Al sees a GUY join her. He's short. Very cute, but very short.

EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. TERRACE. NIGHT

February, (late 20s very cute, very short) leans against the railing. Lucy crosses her arms.

LUCY

Hello, hello.

FEBRUARY

There's my little lobster roll.

TB

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. GREAT ROOM. NIGHT

From Al's POV, she sees February lean in and touch Lucy's arm. She heaves an exasperated sigh.

EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. TERRACE. NIGHT

February and Lucy stand.

FEBRUARY

Los Angeles really suits you.

LUCY

So you're getting married. I'm not buying you a present.

FEBRUARY

Yeah, yeah man I am. She's a great girl, she really is. And you know, this is the time when everyone does it, I guess...

LUCY

Wow.

FEBRUARY

I know. But I had to see you. When you didn't text me back the other day, I really started missing you.

LUCY

Really?

This is what she wanted to hear... ish.

FEBRUARY

Let's get out of here.

Wait- what?

LUCY

Wait- what?

FEBRUARY

Yeah. You. Me.

LUCY

There's a woman sitting at home right now planning to marry you while you're standing here saying this to me?

FEBRUARY

Come on, you know how special you
are to me.

Beat. Looks at February with fresh eyes.

LUCY

You're right- I am special. But
you... you are not.

Silence. She looks him up and down.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And are you wearing lifts?

February is busted.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. OUTSIDE THE TV ROOM. EVENING.

DADDY (O.S.)

Bullshit!

DR. DOCKER (O.S.)

That was fully in.

Daddy storms out of the TV room and into the main party room,
Dr. Docker following, both red-faced.

DADDY

Your posh little football club just
bought their "championship".

DR. DOCKER

Pussy.

They shoot eye-daggers at one another. February passes them
in the hall. He slinks out the door. Good riddance.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. GREAT ROOM. NIGHT

Lucy freshens her lipstick in the mirror. Jessie appears over
her shoulder.

JESSIE

Was that-

LUCY

Yep.

JESSIE

Are you alright?

LUCY
Actually, yeah. I'm great.

They share a smile.

JESSIE
Good.
(beat)
And I can see your bra through your
shirt. Not sure if that's
intentional, but in case it's not I
can definitely see it.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. GREAT HALL. CONTINUOUS.

A crowd surrounds and applauds Dai Chi Doctor, who is leading
Rogue in a Dai Chi demonstration. Al sits, unamused.

DAI CHI DOCTOR
Senorita?

She holds a brick, tentative that he's gonna kick it. He
does. Crunch. Not the brick. Tripod snaps a photo. Dai Chi
Doctor does a one-legged prayer bow and limps off with Rogue.
Not to be outdone, Tripod leaps up to replace the doctor.

TRIPOD
TAAALEEEEEENT SHOOOOOW! OK. You
might wanna take a seat for this.

Is he gonna pull down his pants? The girls hold their breath.
Tripod, without using his hands, shows the tattoo in his
bottom lip: it reads: KEEP IT CLEAN

TRIPOD (CONT'D)
No hands!

He holds his hands up in the air.

JAMIE
No hands, Chris? Check out what I
can do with one hand.

She grabs her foot and pulls it over her head. Holds it
there, releases her hand-- balances. Tripod takes a photo.

Jack and Lucy, definitely both drunk, approach Al.

JACK
There you are!

AL
Yep, here I am.

TB

They stand in a line and watch the talent show. Someone turns the music up. Hip hop blares.

LUCY
(quietly to Al)
I really like Jack.

AL
Seriously? You're gonna see him again, so maybe pick another dude here to-

LUCY
C'mon Al. You know that if it's weird for you, I can bark up another tree, he's just pretty lovely.

AL
It's cool. I'll just go home and watch Twilight. Maybe I'll move back to New York while I'm at it.

LUCY
Al.

AL
One woman's trash, right?

LUCY
That's not very nice.

Jack's ears perk up. He joins them.

AL
Nice? What's not very nice is you taking the opportunity to seduce my party treat while I'm busy keeping the festivities rolling.

JACK
What party treat?

AL
You wanna know? Everyone here brought a dude they don't wanna date as a swap for someone else. I brought you. You're my offering.

JACK
Seriously?

LUCY
Seriously. I brought him.

Points to Tripp, doing push ups with Ruby on his back.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And now she's changed her mind.

Jack looks back and forth between them. Music turned up again and the crowd sings along.

JACK

I don't know what part is crazier-
that you arranged a swap meet of
dudes or that you didn't tell me.

AL

I'm sorry. I didn't know how to say
it. And it's against the rules.

JACK

That you invented.

AL

Right.

JACK

You are so annoying. Even for you,
with your lists and rules, this is
really stupid.

AL

Jack-

JACK

Any single dude would be psyched to
come to a party full of hot single
girls looking to have a good time.
But as usual, you're not having any
fun, are you?

LUCY

Yeah- you're missing our party by
worrying and fussing. Have fun! Get
drunk! Find a dude!

AL

Oh sure, I'll take advice from you.
You borrow my clothes, you get
favors from my doctor, and now
you're stealing my best friend.

LUCY

Well you're MY best friend. And
you're being a poop face right now.

AL
I'm being a suitcase?

The music cuts out and the crowd answers the song-

CROWD
WE WANT PRE-NUP, YEAH!

In the silence that follows, Lucy screams:

LUCY
Poop face!

Music resumes.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Can we please move on?

AL
I saw you flirting with February
and that certainly didn't look like
moving on. This party was our idea.
This was our big plan. And now I'm
doing the work so you can get laid.
So go get laid, both of you!

LUCY
I don't even know right now.

JACK
Al, you need to calm down. And we
need some air.

He leads Lucy away, leaving Al steaming. As they walk, she puts her hand in his. They leave out the back door- each armed with a bottle of booze.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. ENTRY. EVENING.

Al, hating the world, yanks open the door. Two 18 year-old dudes, ROWAN and LIAM, stand. They speak like Bill and Ted.

ROWAN
Hey. We're your neighbors and we
heard the music.

AL
Perfect, what else could go wrong?
You gonna call the cops?

ROWAN
No, lady. We just wanted to know if
we could party.

Liam holds up two six packs. Al shrugs. The dudes walk in, Al starts to close the door behind them, but teenagers flood in. She hates the world even more right now.

EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. TERRACE. NIGHT

Lucy and Jack pass a bottle back and forth.

LUCY

I can't believe this night.

She swigs. Passes.

JACK

Let's fuck it. Get outta here.

He swigs. Passes.

LUCY

Where to?

JACK

Desert?

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. GREAT HALL. CONTINUOUS.

Emu and Mrs. Von Aufenheim are mid-duet. Mrs. Von Aufenheim is yodeling while Emu backs her up on the piccolo. Serious weird vibes. Emu feels his piccolo. As does Victoria. She would- she owns one after all. Tripod takes a picture.

TRIPOD

This is maybe the strangest thing I've ever seen. Or heard.

JAMIE

You'd kinda expect it to be a digiridoo, right?

TRIPOD

Yeah, not some tiny baby flute.

JAMIE

That's a piccolo.

TRIPOD

How do you know that?

JAMIE

I know things.

TEENAGE BOY ONE (O.S.)
Talent show? We're fucking
talented!

The teenagers rush the floor. The boys do a cheerleading routine: batons twirl, flips and as one boy stands up...wait, is that...yes it is- the Blow Job Brother from the wedding!

AL
He does have an Adam's apple!

Al wishes Lucy could see. But she's not there. The music changes and Def Leppard sings...

DEF LEPPARD IPOD
POUR SOME SUGAR ON ME....

Rogue doesn't even wait for the teens to finish. She gets up on the table and starts to strip.

JESSIE
(in slow motion)
Don't do it!

EVERY MALE AT THE PARTY
DOOOOO IIIIITTTT!

EXT. JACK'S CONVERTIBLE CAR. NIGHT

Pitch black. Open starry sky. Jack and Lucy lean back.

LUCY
Look at those fucking stars.

They both peer at the sky and into the blackness. THEY'RE FUCKED UP. A camel walks by, silhouetted in the night.

JACK
I like those fucking stars.

LUCY
I like the desert.

JACK
I want to put a baby in you.

Only Jack could make that sound adorable.

LUCY
I like you.

They part melt part fall into each other. It's on.

TB

INT. VICTORIA'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Al walks over to Dai Chi Doctor, who's icing his ankle. She's pretty wasted.

DAI CHI DOCTOR
Como estas?

AL
I estas not so hot. I'm pretty sure
I just lost my only two friends.
Wanna play doctor?

Brooke peeks over Al's shoulder.

BROOKE
Fish fingers!

She runs her fingers under Al's nose, as if they have a routine. She grabs Al's fingers and snaps them with her own.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
One nation of masturbation!

The Dr. is disgusted. Al, even in her drunken state, is horrified. Brooke couldn't care less.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Don't worry, I'll show myself in.

Brooke is magnetized toward the bar. Al leaves the kitchen.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. GREAT ROOM. NIGHT

DING DONG. Victoria heads to the door, through which flow a bunch of black people.

VICTORIA
Um, hello?

HUGE BLACK DUDE/ OMAR
Lookin for Brandy.

VICTORIA
Of course you are.

HUGE BLACK DUDE/ OMAR
What's that supposed to mean?

They both look over the party at the sea of white people.

VICTORIA
Pretty much what it means. Come on
in! Why not?

Brandy sees her guests arrive.

BRANDY
Omar! Marcus! My people!

Hugs, slaps, greetings. Anne Frank hovers.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
Meet Anne- Matt. He was just
showing me some drink he made.

OMAR
Nice to meet you, Anne-Matt.
Whatcha got there.

Matt, now bashful, holds out a bottle of Hypnotic.

ANNE FRANK
It's just um. Well, it's Hypnotic
with some-

OMAR
Hennessey?

ANNE FRANK
Yes.

MARCUS
What you call that drink, Anne-
Matt?

ANNE FRANK
Thug passion.

MARCUS
May I?

Matt hands it over. Praying to get through this interaction
without losing all chances with Brandy. Marcus sips. Smiles.

PHEW. Anne Frank smiles. The llama drinks out of his glass.

EXT. DESERT. JACK'S CAR. NIGHT

Lucy looks deeply into Jack's eyes. Jack looks deeply into
Lucy's eyes. Sex on drugs and drink- wowzers.

TB

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. CONT.

Victoria, Brandy, and TWO SORORITY GIRLS wait outside the bathroom door. Impatient, Brandy leans over Victoria, knocks.

BRANDY

There better be only one person in
this bathroom!

The door opens and two TRASHY BLONDE GIRLS, we've never seen them before, exit, giggling.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

You just get off your shift at Hot
Topic?

They stumble and piggy back each other back to the party.

INT. BATHROOM- CONT.

Victoria eyes the bathroom sink- half full and clearly clogged with floating chunks of blonde hair. Blonde hair on the floor, blonde hair on the counter. Scissors.

VICTORIA

I am too old for this shit.

Outside the bathroom, Brandy gets a text- checks it.

BRANDY

Weather alert?!

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

DING DONG. No one answers. DING DONG. Again, the door, unopened. The door cracks itself open. Jeff Goldblum walks in. Why? Because. Brandy dashes past him and out the door. Jeff Goldblum enters the fray.

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Al looks around for Lucy. Spots everyone but her... Al looks for Jack. GONE. She's crushed. Red cups everywhere.

Al is pissed. Walks one way. Stops. Turns, walks the other way. Stops. She sees the talent show. Al grabs a guitar and takes the stage. She might be a little drunk.

RUBY

What're you doing?

AL
I'm hoppin' on tha board. Rubbin it
with sex wax.

RUBY
Not following.

Al addresses the group.

AL
I can't sing. But I don't give a
shit anymore because I'm outtie to
New York Cittay and I'll never see
any of you suckers again. I wrote a
sweet, sweet song for you, Ruby. If
you like it, I'll cut you a special
price. Cause I like you.

She starts to sing. And she's right. Her voice sucks. But
the song is beautiful.

AL (CONT'D)
(singing)
TBW AWESOME SONG LYRICS

As she hits a high note she can't particularly reach...

INT. JACK'S CAR. NIGHT. SIMULTANEOUS.

Lucy and Jack simultaneously come in his car.

JACK
Was that?

LUCY
Yeah. Simultaneous.

JACK
Are you--

LUCY
Parched? Yeah. I can't swallow. I
do, though, usually.

JACK
Atta girl. I'll get us some water.

LUCY
Water? How? We're in the fucking
desert!

TB

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Al continues her song, again a painful high note, but this time Ruby pulls up a stool and joins her on the chorus. Al can't believe this is happening, but it is.

EXT. JACK'S CAR. NIGHT.

JACK

We gotta find some water.

He opens the door. The camel stares at him sagely. They peer into the darkness and see the house. They look at each other.

JACK (CONT'D)

I guess we'd find some water in there.

LUCY

Let's go.

They get out of the car and stumble towards the house.

LUCY (CONT'D)

What's that noise?

EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. TERRACE. NIGHT

Jack and Lucy walk through the patio door, which is right behind where Al has chosen to sing. So they are standing behind her, the whole party facing them. Sheepishly, they are onstage.

AL/ RUBY

TBW: awesome song lyrics

Jack strangely cups his left hand-- the used condom's still in it. He doesn't know where to put it. There's a potted plant nearby...he leans over to try and drop the condom in there. Can't reach.

AL/ RUBY (CONT'D)

TBW: unsingably high part of the song

He spots the bathroom...can he scooch over to it without making a ruckus? He slowly moves, Al turns around, he freezes. He just kinda just holds it.

Al finishes singing. Lucy's beaming.

RUBY
I'll buy it. Overcharge me.

TRIPP
Pool time!

Tripp firemans Ruby over his shoulder and they bolt. Lucy rushes to Al, skirt tucked into her thong.

AL
You're back! Did you-

LUCY
I heard you. You were so awful and so beautiful at the same time!

AL
Thank you. I was so scared, but it feels so good! You're right! It's good to feel! And I'm sorry I was being a suitcase.
(to Jack)
And I'm sorry I called you my trash-
you're not.

She's DRUNK.

LUCY
And I'm sorry-

AL
- and you can always use my toothbrush. I don't need a man to make me stay here. You guys are my reason to stay. And your skirt is tucked up in your thong.

LUCY
I love you!

AL
I love you, back!

AL GRABS LUCY IN A MASSIVE HUG. Mid-hug, Al peers over Lucy's shoulder.

AL (CONT'D)
Is that actually *my thong*?

LUCY
I've got an idea!

She pulls Jack and Al away-

TB

INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. TERRACE. NIGHT. CONT.

Jack stands with a camera. Al and Lucy face each other with a shot of whiskey.

LUCY

I'm ready.

AL

Here I go.

Al flings the shot back. Lucy slaps her hard across the face-
SNAP- Jack takes a picture. The crowd claps and howls.

AL (CONT'D)

It buuuuurns!

LUCY

With love, bitch!

AL

I'd say that was about a six and a
half, maybe a seven.

LUCY

Oh yeah? Show me an eight.

JACK

Bring that eight, Al.

AL

Comin right up.

Lucy tosses her whisky back. SLAP! SNAP! Jack captures the
moment. More clapping and cheers.

LUCY

Solid eight.

AL

Are you okay? I'm sorry!

JACK

No apologies in the whiskey slap.

LUCY

Show me those pics.

Lucy and Jack huddle over the camera. Al notices a staff
member walk by carrying a bucket and a shovel. Another one
quickly follows with a fire extinguisher and a ladder. She
shrugs, and surveys the busy party with a smile.

AL
High five, self.

She high fives herself. The llama walks past her-

EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. POOL LAGOON. CONT.

And past the teenagers skinny dipping in the pool. Staff members calmly walk along and gather the scattered clothes, folding and placing them discretely on the lounges.

TEEN 1
Dudes, this turtle is way
obsequious.

They cluster around a massive turtle, calmly paddling through the naked bodies. The llama leads us up the path-

EXT. VICTORIA'S TERRACE. GUEST HOUSE. CONT.

And passes Brooke and Blow Job Brother as they exit a guest house. Brooke blows a bubble of yellow gum.

EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE. TERRACE. NIGHT. CONT.

Emu and Victoria are curled up in the hammock, snuggled with the lemur. She pets the llama as it walks by. Vic and Emu murmur intimately to each other. The llama brings us to Al, Lucy and Jack on a couch on the terrace. Jack's passed out, his head in Lucy's lap. The girls note the various couplings. Groups huddled, people passed out on lounges. Staff glide silently with brooms and trash bags. Liam passes them.

LIAM
This party. Legend. Salud.

AL/ LUCY
Salud.

They tap their red plastic cups together. He leaves.

The sun begins to rise in the distance, illuminating once again the panoramic view of sprawling, crazy as fuck and wildly beautiful Los Angeles.

AL
Good party?

LUCY
Good party.

TB

Fade to black.

THE END.

Credits roll over Tripod's party pics and GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGES

- GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: Tripod in revealing shorts with his sari-clad mother.
- PHOTO: Mrs. Von Aufenheim lecturing the teens.
- GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: Rogue's strip tease- college days.
- PHOTO: Tripp doing push ups with Ruby on his back.
- PHOTO: Mrs. Von Aufenheim smoking a joint with the teens.
- GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: Young Brandy with hurricane wreckage.
- PHOTO: Emu and Mrs. Von Aufenheim's duet.
- GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: Lucy holding Jack's tattooed hand.
- PHOTO: Jessie and her boyfriend not talking.
- PHOTO: Rogue's strip tease- present day.
- PHOTO: Trashy blonde girls cutting their hair in the bathroom.
- PHOTO: Brooke clutching a DARE cupcake, cornering scared TEENS.
- PHOTO: Dr. Docker and Daddy making out behind a bush. Pic clearly taken in stealth mode.
- PHOTO: Jeff Goldblum whiskey slapping Omar.
- GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: Matt with his white rap group in college.
- PHOTO: Dai Chi Demonstration
- PHOTO: Al and Ruby singing with Jack and Lucy behind them.
- PHOTO: Dai Chi doctor icing his ankle.
- PHOTO: Teenage Cheerleading Pyramid
- GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: Lucy slapping Al
- GRAPHIC NOVEL PAGE: Sweeping view of LA at night.

THE ACTUAL END!