

## **The Mary Janes**

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. WEATHERED BEACH BUNGALOW – VENICE BEACH, CA

A tiny, worn down beach bungalow. A large mural of a vaginal flower dominates the wall. We see framed photos of two kids at SUMMER CAMP, holding up braided FRIENDSHIP BRACELETS.

JESS (O.S.)  
So you wanted to fuck Casper the  
Friendly Ghost?!

A deep inhale, followed by coughing. Smoke lingers.

MAE (O.S.)  
I didn't know that *at the time*. I  
just wanted to hold hands and smush  
faces with Devon Sawa.

We follow the smoke to two women sitting on the floor.

MAE (30), a Chinese-American woman wearing an obscure 80s movie t-shirt and paint splattered boxers sits slouched against a couch. She appears in the perpetual state of someone who just woke up.

JESS (30), a blonde WASP in monogrammed pjs and fuzzy pink slippers, sits with perfect posture and an easy smile, radiating confidence.

Mae passes a joint to Jess.

JESS  
So as an adult woman would you fuck  
Casper the Friendly Ghost?

MAE  
Well yeah.

JESS  
He was a ghost BOY!

MAE  
Well then no. Gross. But wait--

We see more photos: Mae & Jess as teens posing in front of Mae's family restaurant in Queens... in their 20s holding moving boxes in front their Venice Beach bungalow.

MAE (CONT'D)  
You just said you wanted to bang  
Cristina Ricci in that movie!

JESS  
Me as a kid!

MAE  
It's the same thing! Hold on. I'm googling it.

As Mae reaches for her phone we glimpse the FRIENDSHIP BRACELET from the camp photo. Jess is wearing hers too. Mae gestures for the joint. Jess places it in Mae's mouth.

JESS  
Googling what?

MAE  
If it's normal to want to bone Casper the Friendly Ghost and Kat Harvey.

Mae winces at her phone.

MAE (CONT'D)  
Never mind. We don't need to look.

JESS  
Gimme!

Jess grabs the phone away from Mae.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN:

Social Forum: *"How Kat Harvey helped show me I was a lesbian"*

Below that: *"Harvard Psychologists investigate if a Casper the Friendly Ghost fetish is a sign of psychopathy"*

JESS (CONT'D)  
At least I'm normal.

Mae grabs her phone back.

MAE  
Ohhh, wait this is a good one.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN:

An article titled *"Five Things Millennials Should Do For Success."*

JESS  
Ew. Those things are written by Boomers and bots.

MAE

No they have good info. Like, #1:  
*be a different generation-- Oh.*  
Okay.

JESS

Is there an article on how to get a job even though you are over qualified for every job? Cuz I have another interview tomorrow and I think we know how that's gonna go.

MAE

Probably better than my doctor's appointment where they'll say my chronic pain isn't real.

JESS

This is depressing. Pass the blunt.

Jess takes a hit as a HOT WOMAN walks out of Jess' room, gives Jess a kiss, and leaves the house. Mae coughs in shock.

MAE

Wait, who was that? Has she just been here this whole time? We've been out here for like 6 hours. What was she doing?

JESS

Resting.

Jess winks.

A SECOND HOT WOMAN walks out of Jess' room wearing Jess' bathrobe. She heads straight for the kitchen. Mae and Jess share concerned looks.

MAE

Wait, do you not know this woman?

JESS

I do not.

They look to Second Hot Woman, whisking eggs.

JESS (CONT'D)

Wanna get breakfast burritos?

MAE

Yessss. Dude, remember the burritos from summer camp?

They quietly crawl toward the front door.

JESS

Ughh sooo good. That was the first time I ever had one since my mom always had me on a low-cal diet.

MAE

As a child??

JESS

Yeah. They sent me to that camp as punishment for sneaking a piece of cake at my cousin's birthday.

MAE

*That's why you were at camp!?*

They quietly sneak out the front door.

EXT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Mae and Jess stand on their rickety porch.

SLO-MO:

Mae's face lights up as she sees a tall, hot man walks by and sets his surfboard down. This is KAI (30s) think Michael B Jordan if he was a happy-go-lucky surfer. He pulls his shirt off, revealing his 800-pack abs. He notices Mae and waves. He walks toward Mae and Jess.

Mae attempts a hair toss - hitting herself in the face - getting some stuck in her mouth. She grabs an old glass of red wine from the porch railing, a joint floating inside.

She lifts it in salute to Kai. Takes a sip. Her eyes go wide.

END SLO MO.

KAI

Hey Mae. Cool shirt. Love the design.

Mae tries to speak, but wine dribbles out.

MAE

I found it--

She spits out the old joint.

MAE (CONT'D)

On the street. I washed it though. In rainwater-- from a puddle. In the street.

(MORE)

MAE (CONT'D)  
But a different street-- than the  
originally mentioned street. I made  
it clean.

Jess gapes in horror.

KAI  
You're quite the pioneer woman!

MAE  
I churn butter.

KAI  
Ha! Nice. I'm gonna be nude again  
at the art class on Friday. Loved  
the charcoal you drew last week of  
my butt. Killer. See ya there?

Kai finger gun points then walks off. Jess turns to Mae.

JESS  
God, that was awful to watch.

Mae reaches into her mouth and pulls out a clump of weed from  
the joint.

MAE  
Think if we dried this out we could  
still smoke it?

SMASH TITLE CARD: THE MARY JANES

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A brightly lit, posh office. Jess wears a sharp, white blazer  
and sits across from an INTERVIEWER.

INTERVIEWER  
(laughing)  
That impression of Professor  
Brinsley is spot on. I can't  
believe you also went to Columbia  
for quantitative finance!

JESS  
I know right?! My parents bred me  
to be a hedge fund manager! I'm  
pretty perfect for the job.

INTERVIEWER  
Oh! Just one thing. Your resume  
didn't have your last name.

The interviewer clicks a pen and waits, expectant.

JESS  
It's Amanda.

INTERVIEWER  
Your name is Jessica Amanda?

JESS  
Ohhh you meant the *final* name of my name.

INTERVIEWER  
Correct. The last part of your legal name. Your last name.

JESS  
It's um...  
(mumbles)

INTERVIEWER  
Sorry, what was that?

JESS  
(coughs)  
Archibald.

INTERVIEWER  
Yeah I still didn't get that--

JESS  
ARCHIBALD. It's Archibald. My name is Jessica Archibald.

INTERVIEWER  
Holy shit. I thought you looked familiar. You're *Jessica Archibald!* As in the New York Archibalds--

JESS  
You know, there are a lot of people in New York with the name Archibald.

INTERVIEWER  
Your parents' factories poisoned children in Cambodia.

JESS  
Okay, technically that is true. Which is why I left New York. To *get away from them.* I'm in LA looking for a fresh start.

INTERVIEWER

Unfortunately, we can't offer any member of the Archibald family a position here.

JESS

Please. I would do anything. Literally. *Anything*.

INTERVIEWER

Multiple members of our board were affected by your parents' hedge-fund scheme. They lost millions. I don't see this working out.

JESS

I'm not my parents. I promise! Just give me a chance. Remember good ole' Professor Brinsley--

Jess does the impression again.

INTERVIEWER

The moment's passed. Please leave.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mae sits in a paper gown across from a DOCTOR, an older John Michael Higgins, chest hair poking out of his scrubs.

MAE

I've seen so many doctors and done so many scans but no one will diagnose me with endometriosis without the laparoscopic surgery.

DOCTOR

Have you tried relaxing? Perhaps a gentler lifestyle?

MAE

What does that even mean? I'm not out street fighting.

DOCTOR

Women can be *emotional* and confuse their female feelings for *physical* pain.

MAE

So when I was in fetal position last night, unable to move, that was my weak female feelings?

DOCTOR

(laughs)

Yes! Exactly. I'm glad you understand.

MAE

Dude, I am in chronic pain. I need that surgery! Smoking weed helps a little but--

DOCTOR

Have you tried Midol? It's like Ibuprofen but for women.

MAE

That is for NORMAL PERIODS! Would you tell someone to use Midol if they were being stabbed in the stomach by 1,000 hot knives?! Because THAT'S what it feels like.

DOCTOR

Ah! Why didn't you just say that the first time!?

Doctor grabs a few bottles of OXY. Tosses it at Mae.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

This stuff's great. It's called Oxy.

MAE

I don't want opioids!

Doctor throws up his hands, emotional.

DOCTOR

Then I don't know what you want from me!!!

INT. JESS' ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Jess sits on her bed, computer in her lap.

ONLINE THERAPY VIDEO SESSION:

JESS

So yeah, it's tough knowing your parents built their multi-billion dollar empire by exploiting others and it does make me wonder... am I bad, because they're bad?

COUNSELOR

Plenty of people have parents who have done questionable things--

JESS

My parents' illegal underwater fracking caused a tsunami.

COUNSELOR

... is that even possible?

JESS

Okay question: If I were an amazing artist and I stopped sharing my work because I got *one* rejection letter *one time*, what would you tell me? Probably stop being an insecure baby, right?

COUNSELOR

We need to work on our self-compassion--

JESS

Also-- do you think part of my insecurity stems from the fact that my family immigrated from China and built this amazing life, but I'm just a broke millennial who can't tap into her strong Chinese-American roots?

The Counselor stares at Jess. Jess blinks back at her. Jess looks off to the side. Mouths *stop it*.

COUNSELOR

Is someone in the room with you right now?

REVEAL: A disgruntled Mae sits in the corner, waving her arms at Jess.

JESS

...no?

Mae holds a white board that says "*Which meditation app is best?*"

COUNSELOR

Are you sharing your \$45 therapy session with someone?

JESS

Listen lady, times are tough! Do you know what it costs to talk to a *real* Counselor?

COUNSELOR

I am a *real* Counselor.

MAE

(whispers loudly)

*Ask her my question!*

JESS

(whispers)

*Shut up!*

COUNSELOR

(begrudgingly)

Tell your friend to put herself out there even if it's uncomfortable.

MAE

*That wasn't my question!*

The Counselor ends the call.

MAE (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that?

JESS

You are an amazing, beautiful artist. Your talent should be shared. I do not apologize for asking that question.

MAE

*That's the part you thought I found problematic?! Please never say the phrase "strong Chinese-American roots" ever again. And you can kiss my \$22.50 for this session goodbye!*

JESS

*You're paying me.*

MAE

*I'm not.*

JESS

*Yes you are.*

Jess' calendar app dings and reads: Time To Film.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Get out, I have to film.

MAE  
How you came up with this kink--

JESS  
I found a gap in the marketplace  
which I capitalized on. Get out.

MAE  
Get that bag you hot bitch!

Mae exits.

CUT TO:

INSERT - SEXYFANS @MESSYBESSY69 LIVE STREAM:

Framed from Jess' shoulders down (not her face). She wears a lacy bra beneath her white interview blazer. She holds a SLOPPY JOE up to her boobs.

JESS  
Hey fans, today this Messy Bessy is gonna eat this super yucky sloppy joe. I sure hope I don't get this new blazer alllll dirty. Although I could afford a new one because our profit margins are up 37%. That's a HUGE year-over-year increase.

Jess takes a bite and lets saucy meat fall into her cleavage.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Uh-oh. Look at this mess. I'm a bad, bad girl. But I'm still so hungry--

Jess pulls a squeezable bottle of BBQ sauce into frame.

ASMR: She squirts it onto the sloppy joe, takes a bite. More saucy meat falls onto her chest and stomach.

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - THE FOLLOWING DAY

Tourists walk along the boardwalk. We zero in on a bright green weed shop called: CHAD & BRAD'S WEED.

INT. CHAD & BRAD'S WEED - VENICE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Mae stands in a dimly lit office with Playboy centerfolds, a Logan Paul poster, and MMA belts. The office is so small it could be a closet. *In fact, it is a closet.*

Mae holds two fistfuls of weed nugs. Full of passion.

MAE

The weed coming out of Humboldt is fucking killer. The sativa is WILD.

Mae takes a huge sniff. Gives a chef's kiss.

MAE (CONT'D)

On the other hand, the indica coming out of Riverside turns your body into goo... but in like the best way. Pain management: 10/10.

On the other side of the desk sit CHAD & BRAD (mid 20s), douchebag gym-bros you can smell just by looking at them.

BRAD

Listen chick. You work for us. And we don't need new bud.

CHAD

Yeah! We smoked some shit earlier called Tater-tots. It was litty-titty bro!

Chad and Brad walk out to the selling floor. Mae follows.

INT. CHAD & BRAD'S WEED - SELLING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

MAE

Okayyyy, well while we're chatting, just gonna bring this up again: we need better security. Our "security" is a drunk guard and a camera that has like 1000 blind spots.

CHAD

We don't need better security. If someone tries to steal our shit, we'll lay 'em out.

BRAD

Hell yeah!

Chad and Brad chest bump and punch each other.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Bitches need to calm down.

Mae's phone vibrates.

INSERT - TEXT:

*JESS: I need to get fucked up. Let's go to that new fancy cannabis shop on Melrose.*

*MAE: YESSSSS. See you soon.*

MAE  
I'm taking lunch.

Chad and Brad are too busy having a slap fight to care.

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - CONTINUOUS

Mae grumbles angrily to herself, stomping away from the shop.

MAE  
Of course they weren't gonna listen  
to you, Mae! They're little baby  
man-boys who know NOTHING and tell  
you to CALM DOWN!

Mae passes people painting the wall of a YOUTH CENTER.

MAE (CONT'D)  
DON'T TELL ME TO CALM DOWN!!!

People nearby pause to look as Mae walks by them. A woman in a silk pantsuit, *Rosamund Pike meets Olivia Colman*, walks past. This is QUEEN SATIVA (Early 50s).

A VOLUNTEER approaches Queen Sativa.

VOLUNTEER  
Do you want the team to start the  
murals inside now?

QUEEN SATIVA  
Why are you speaking to me?

VOLUNTEER  
Oh, I thought you were in char--

QUEEN SATIVA  
You are done speaking to me. I am  
not part of whatever this is.

Queen Sativa looks at the mural of children holding hands and hugging. She grimaces, walks down an alley behind the center.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Queen approaches her CREW - two large men and a ferocious looking woman. They hold a MAN down on his knees.

QUEEN SATIVA

I hear you came up light this week  
and have the audacity to ask for  
another pound?

MAN

Please, I swear I'll have the money  
by next week. Just give me a second  
chance--

QUEEN SATIVA

I did. And look where that got us.

A man built like a ship, MAXIMUS (40s), think a giant Roy Kent (From Ted Lasso) steps out of a door leading to the alley holding a large pot of steaming water.

QUEEN SATIVA (CONT'D)

My brother Maximus is an exquisite cook. Wouldn't know it by looking at him, but he's truly remarkable. He loves boiling vegetables. Makes his own organic veggie broth.

(chefs kiss)

But he's all out of veggies. He has this big pot of boiling water and nothing to put in it.

MAXIMUS

And I'm hungry.

MAN

Please, please God--

QUEEN SATIVA

I am not your God. I am Queen Sativa.

Queen Sativa buttons her blazer and walks away with more swag than Beyonce. The crew close in around the Man.

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - CONTINUOUS

People roller skate, ride bikes, play on the beach. SCREAMS echo faintly from the alley. Seagulls fly away. No one cares.

EXT. LE WEED - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Mae and Jess meet in front of two giant gold plated doors.

MAE

You have BBQ sauce in your cleavage.

Jess stares blankly at Mae, then walks into Le Weed.

INT. LE WEED - CONTINUOUS

*EDM music pulses.* A diamond encrusted LE WEED sign glitters at the center of the room, surrounded by a lush FLORAL WALL. It's giving high end retail meets hotel spa.

A MODEL stands at the entrance. She spritzes Mae & Jess with french perfume and hands them flutes of champagne.

MODEL

Welcome to Le Weed.

They explore the opulent display cases. A tear wells in Mae's eye. Jess admires edibles prepared by WOLFGANG PUCK. Mae halts in front of a glimmering nug.

MAE

Are there gold flakes in that nug?  
That can't be safe, but I want it.

Jess makes eye contact with an effortlessly chic salesgirl, WILLA (30), *Ariana DeBoose meets Diane Guerrero* - shiny hair, pursed lips.

Jess ducks behind Mae, hiding. Willa sees her and walks over.

MAE (CONT'D)

Nope. Not doing this.

Mae shoves Jess toward Willa.

MAE (CONT'D)

Hi Willa!

Willa waves to Mae. Mae walks away.

JESS

Willa! Small world. When did you start working here?

WILLA

You would know if you listened when I talked.

JESS

Right.

Mae snorts a laugh from the other side of the room. Jess slides up to Willa, grabbing her hand.

JESS (CONT'D)

But, we're here now. Almost feels like... a sign. I think you should come over tonight.

WILLA

And I think you should respond to texts after you spend a week naked with someone telling them how special they are.

JESS

Mm. Mhhmm--uh--

WILLA

Fuck off, Jess.

Willa walks away. Mae re-appears beside Jess.

MAE

That was fun to watch. Stop being an idiot and just date her already.

JESS

Shut up. Whatever.

Mae runs her hands along the glass of a display case. She is *thwacked* by a rolled up Le Weed catalog. Mae winces.

MODEL

No touching.

MAE

Okay this place sucks just as much as Chad & Brad's. But like, different.

JESS

Yeah, and that saleswoman was--

(loud)

*Very rude.*

Willa rolls her eyes at Jess.

MAE

We could run a sick ass weed shop.  
I'm the dope creative who knows  
everything about cannabis, and  
you're the boring business suit.

JESS

Maybe we could workshop those  
titles? Also, we have zero capital.

MAE

We could find the cash!

JESS

We've reused the same coffee filter  
for a month because we can't afford  
new ones.

MAE

Oh. We're gross.

INT. LE WEED - CHECK OUT COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

Mae and Jess set down one pack of pre-rolls and a vape pen.

WILLA

That comes to \$187.56.

JESS

No. Just the pre-rolls and one pen.

WILLA

Yes. That comes to \$187.56.

MAE

This is some bullshit.

JESS

I can't even get a discount for  
giving you the best goddamn nights  
of your life?!

Willa stares back unimpressed.

EXT. LE WEED - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Mae and Jess walk in silence, empty-handed.

MAE

...are we like, losers?

JESS

No. Maybe. I don't know. No?

MAE

I have no money, my bosses are  
little baby misogynists--

JESS

How many times do I have to tell  
you to quit?

MAE

You know I can't. Those dummies  
give a 70% discount for employees--

JESS

God that's such bad business--

MAE

Welp. Their bad decisions give me  
cheap pain management that doctors  
won't give me.

JESS

Fuck that's depressing.

MAE

I know.

JESS

Tomorrow will be a better day.

EXT/INT. JESS' HYBRID - NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON: the car bumper. An Elizabeth Warren sticker, an LGBTQIA+ flag, and fallopian tubes giving the finger.

RADIO (O.S.)

The disgraced Archibalds have been  
denied parole once again--

Jess changes the station.

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

--violent black market cannabis  
operations threaten the legal  
marijuana market and community  
safety. Is a drug war coming to LA?

Jess connects her phone - a 90s East Coast rap song plays. She screams along at the top of her lungs. Jess pulls over, eyes the RIDESHARE APP on her phone. Rolls down the window.

JESS  
Ted?

INT. JESS' HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

TED farts loudly. Jess flinches. Ted grabs his stomach, frantically tries to roll down the window.

JESS  
Oh, sorry. I need to get that window fixed. I can turn on the air con--

TED  
(whiny)  
--Agh, god. Oh fuuuck. It's happening! Oh shit--

JESS  
(looks back)  
What is happening?

The loud, violent squelch of Ted sharting his pants.

TED  
...it's too late. It happened.

Jess slams on the brakes.

EXT. JESS' HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

Jess drives off. Ted stands on the sidewalk.

TED  
I just gave you one-star, bitch!

INT. CHAD & BRAD'S WEED - CONTINUOUS

Mae hands product to a customer.

BRAD  
Yo Mae, meet your new manager!

In walks FISH BUTT (20) a replica of Chad & Brad covered in poorly done tattoos, wearing a cropped muscle tee that reads "MEAT SWEATS, NO REGRETS."

CHAD  
This is Fish Butt.

FISH BUTT  
Sup.

MAE  
Are you fucking kidding me!? I'm  
the one keeping this place running  
and you hire a high schooler named  
Fish Butt to be *my* manager!?

CHAD  
Chill. You're acting really crazy.

Mae fumes and exits, pushing past Fish Butt.

MAE  
Going to my doctor's appointment!

FISH BUTT  
Make it snappy!

EXT. CHAD & BRAD'S WEED - VENICE BOARDWALK - CONTINUOUS

A WHITE DUDE in a Mexican Poncho peddles highly problematic Reggae CDs to Mae.

MAE  
Pick your appropriation lane!

INT. LOS ANGELES APARTMENT - AN HOUR LATER

Jess peels painter's tape off the wall. She clicks 'Chore Complete' in her CHORE WHORE APP. The CLIENT appears behind Jess wearing a cropped red tee, his flaccid penis dangling.

JESS  
All done--  
(turns around)  
--*oh Jesus!*

He holds a JAR OF HONEY and dips his whole arm into the jar.

CHORE WHORE CLIENT  
(Winnie the Pooh voice)  
Want a taste from my honey pot?

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mae sits on an exam table.

DOCTOR 2  
So smart of you to get a second  
opinion.

Mae's eyes light up with hope.

DOCTOR 2 (CONT'D)  
And in our opinion your uterus is  
trash.

Mae's face falls.

EXT. PROFESSIONAL CAR WASH - CONTINUOUS

CAR WASH ATTENDANT looks at Jess apologetically.

CAR WASH ATTENDANT  
I'm sorry Miss. I tried everything.  
That poo-poo not coming out.

INT. CHAD & BRAD'S WEED - AN HOUR LATER

Mae stomps back into the store. Chad and Fish Butt are huddled behind a phone, high-fiving.

FISH BUTT  
Where've you been slacker?

MAE  
My doctor's appointment! Which I told you about.

CHAD  
(genuine)  
Oh dude, you okay?

MAE  
Uh... yeah. Thanks? Just been in some pain lately.

CHAD  
Ohhh. Yeah. Joe Rogan said women have lower pain tolerances than men. Sucks. Hang in there buddy.

Mae rolls her eyes, steps behind the counter. Sees their phone.

MAE  
Ugh. Are you guys watching porn again?

CHAD

*Pssh. How do you know it's porn? We could be watching anything.*

MAE

What are you watching?

FISH BUTT

... porn.

CHAD

Hey! Sex work is real work.

Mae is taken aback.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Anyways, it's this hot chick with a great rack who eats burgers.

VIDEO AUDIO:

JESS (O.S.)

Hey fans, I'm checking my company's quarterly results and it doesn't look good. But I've got just the thing to cheer me up.

*ASMR of sloshy soup.*

JESS (CONT'D)

Mmm, hearty beef stew.

MAE

Oh god, you can't be serious.

CHAD

I know. I thought she only did burgers.

INT. JESS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jess lifts a ladle and lets stew dribble down her chest. Chunks of beef plop and bounce off of her breasts.

JESS

Oopsie, this Messy Bessy can't hold her stew!

INT. CHAD & BRAD'S WEED - CONTINUOUS

Fish Butt steps back.

FISH BUTT  
I gotta go touch my dick.

Mae looks like she's going to puke.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - THAT EVENING

Mae storms in.

MAE  
Bleach. I need bleach. And my  
uterus is on fire.

Jess wipes stew from her boobs with a towel.

JESS  
I was supposed to be running a  
Fortune 500 company!

Mae scrambles through the kitchen.

MAE  
I need to pour bleach into my  
eyeballs.

Jess stares into the abyss, lost in horrified thought.

JESS  
... what was he planning to do with  
all the honey?

MAE  
--cavemen perverts! Also, I can  
never look at you again.

JESS  
I'm getting the bong.

MAE  
Yes, please.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - HALLWAY

Jess opens a closet door behind a stack of SUBSCRIPTION  
BOXES.

MAE  
How are you paying for all of  
these?

JESS

Oh, I don't pay for any of them. I do the free week trial with an already maxed out credit card.

A hand-painted bong that reads FRIENDSHIP BONG sits beside a picture of 15-year-old Mae & Jess smoking from it.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mae & Jess sit on the couch. A heating pad rests on Mae's belly. Jess lets out a big puff of smoke. TV is on.

INSERT - TEASER TRAILER:

Real crime Docu-series "THE EVIL ARCHIBALDS."

A WHISTLEBLOWER sits in the shadows, their voice altered:

WHISTLE BLOWER

The Archibalds knew what they were doing every step of the way. They laughed when they found out all those people died.

SALACIOUS IMAGERY:

- a middle aged blonde couple in orange jumpsuits sit in court.
- duffle bags full of money exchanging hands.
- an impoverished town in the wake of a natural disaster.
- a blonde man pushes a paparazzi camera out of his face, cursing at them.

WHISTLER BLOWER (V.O.)

Oh yeah, Mr. & Mrs. Archibald cheated on each other constantly. They had sex with whoever they wanted, whenever they wanted. Wild, crazy sex. *Niche*. Never seen anything like it--

- secret phone footage of the same blonde man snorting cocaine off a stripper. He then puts on a squirrel mask and unbuttons his pants.

MR. ARCHIBALD (O.S.)

Time to hunt for nuts!

MAE  
Jesus!

Mae grabs the remote and changes the channel.

JESS  
(despondent)  
Maybe I should become a criminal.  
Steal from Indonesians like my  
family. At least we had a yacht--

Mae slaps Jess in the mouth.

MAE  
Shut your beautiful mouth.

JESS  
What the fuck?!

MAE  
I'd rather watch Messy Bessy pour  
Tom Kha Ga into her belly button  
than watch you become your family.

Jess nods, hands Mae the bong - Mae takes a hit.

MAE (CONT'D)  
*I'm your family, Jess. Fuck 'em.*

JESS  
You're right.  
(beat)  
Let's get so high we become shapes  
and colors.

MAE  
I call piggy-pink octagon!

Mae grins and blows smoke into Jess' smiling face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

QUICK CUTS: Pack bowl. Light bowl. Cough-cough. Red eyes.  
Chow-Mein noodles slurped into mouths.

The room is SMOKY AF. Light bounces off Mae's art. It feels alive. The coffee table is littered with empty take out boxes, sparkling water cans, and roach clips.

ON TV: The movie "Six Headed Shark" - the six headed shark is eating its own heads.

JESS

Poor shark. At war with itself.  
Stop eating your own heads, shark!  
You're the only one standing in the  
way of your dreams!

MAE

Yeah! That shark should just like,  
be her own boss. Tell Chad & Brad  
she's gonna use her 70% discount  
and turn around like a *badass* and  
sell their shit on the black market  
for like WAY more money.

JESS

Yeah. And then that shark can put  
that money aside and save allll the  
money, so the shark can open its  
own brick and mortar cannabis shop.  
CAPITAL!

MAE

Yeah. And until the shark can  
afford that, the shark sells the  
weed in, like, I don't know--

Jess zeroes in on a stack of subscription boxes.

JESS

Subscription boxes! Because people  
love subscriptions boxes.

MAE

Yeah. And the boxes are filled with  
RBG quotes and--

JESS

Glitter! Cuz the shark is a  
feminist and loves pretty things.

MAE

Yeah. And then that shark would  
have endless weed for its ticking  
time bomb of a uterus!

*Beat.*

They sit up, look at one another, snap out of their trance.

MONTAGE - OVER THE NEXT FEW WEEKS:

- Jess pulls out a binder of research & statistics.

## JESS

We're looking at around 25k in licensing fees, about 100K for a tiny brick and mortar, and another 25K of miscellaneous startup costs. Some of which we can cut corners on by using your 70% off discount.

- Mae purchases large amounts of weed through her discount.
- With a joint hanging out of her mouth, Jess opens delivery boxes. Inside: pink gift-boxes, a Cricut sticker machine, labels and vinyls, fancy weed rolling paper, etc...
- Mae watches '*Catch Me if You Can*' pausing as Leo Decaprio uses tweezers to easily remove a Pan Am sticker from a toy plane. Mae tosses a handful of old Chad & Brad canisters into a steaming bath tub. Tries to remove the labels with tweezers. She is not great at it.
- Mae and Jess assemble boxes, re-label the now (mostly) blank canisters with their own labels. Mae shotguns Jess.
- Mae and Jess use their tiny kitchen to bake edibles. They taste test them. CUT TO: They slink to the floor in a fit of giggles. CUT TO: They lay on the kitchen floor, limbs splayed like starfish.
- Jess spritzes perfume inside a box. Mae takes a hit from Friendship Bong and blows the smoke into the box. They shut the lid.

REVEAL: The finished product. It reads THE MARY JANE BOX. It contains canisters with weed strains like *Gloria Stone-Em*, cannabis infused fortune cookies with RBG dissents, and rolling papers with rainbow marijuana leaves.

JESS (CONT'D)  
It's missing something.

Jess places an artsy sticker below the Mary Jane Box label. It is one of Mae's cannabis femme art drawings.

MAE  
Wait. Is this from the card that--

JESS  
--you made for my 15th birthday.  
Yeah. It makes me think of us.

MAE  
Dude. Are you becoming--

JESS

--shut up, I am not sentimental.  
Don't be gross. Now focus. We need  
to figure out how to sell these  
boxes.

MAE

Right, right. YES!  
(beat)  
How are we gonna do that?

They take a step back and look at a white board. A thermostat progress bar reads: *Raise \$150k selling on the black market so we can open our own dispensary and be our own bosses and rise out of our millennial misery!*

Jess gets a glimmer in her eye - a *lightbulb moment*.

MAE (CONT'D)

Oooh. I know that look. Something  
GOOD is cookin' in there. Oh hell  
yeah!

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - DAYS LATER

A dozen BEAUTIFUL WOMEN stand around the living room, looking confused. Stacks of pink Mary Janes Boxes line the walls.

INT. MAE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mae peeks out the door, whirls on Jess.

MAE

*This was your plan!?* Invite all  
your hot exes over??

JESS

Okay, stay with me. We're starting  
an MLM! And these are our first  
"down-line-distributors!"

MAE

Do you think maybe as your business  
partner this is something you  
should have pitched me before just  
*doing it??*

JESS

I'm more of a visual person. This  
is my visual pitch.

MAE  
Dude. Not cool.

JESS  
Well someone had to get this going!

Mae looks through the crack in the door to the women in the living room.

MAE  
Why would they all agree to this?

JESS  
They don't know yet.

MAE  
What the--

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MAE  
--Hello.

Mae and Jess stand addressing the annoyed exes.

MAE (CONT'D)  
You're probably all wondering why  
you're here today.

Mae laughs. No one else does.

EX 1  
Jess texted "come over."

The Exes murmur in agreement.

JESS  
And thank you for heeding the call.  
We're excited to get you on the  
ground floor of an amazing  
opportunity.

One of the exes leaves.

JESS (CONT'D)  
That's not much of a loss.

MAE  
Anyways. This is how it will work--

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The exes excitedly look through the boxes and light up.

JESS (V.O.)  
You buy Mary Jane boxes from us.

EX 1  
(coughing smoke)  
This shit is good.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Ex 1 hosts a 'Mary Janes Box' party where she sells to a room full of women.

MAE (V.O.)  
You sell the Mary Jane boxes with  
one of the following subscriptions:  
daily, weekly, or monthly.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - FUTURE

Mae and Jess count bills and hand Ex 1 her cut.

JESS (V.O.)  
We all make money.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Mae and Jess smile, expectantly. The Exes stare.

EX 1  
... that's it? I thought you were  
giving like a whole speech?

Mae and Jess look to one another. Nod.

MAE & JESS  
Yeah no / that's pretty much it.

EX 1  
Isn't this just a pyramid scheme?

EX 2  
There's RBG stickers in the boxes.  
It can't be bad.

The other exes nod in agreement.

MAE  
Who's in?

The exes raise their hands. Mae and Jess smile.

EXT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - A FEW WEEKS LATER

Mae and Jess hand off Mary Janes boxes to customers. The next-door neighbor, DEBBIE (50s, Real Housewife meets Kelly Anne Conway) a face that becomes more feline with every plastic surgery, shouts from her porch.

DEBBIE  
What are all these boxes? Why do  
you have so many deliveries? You  
can't just leave them on the porch  
you know--

Mae and Jess ignore her and walk back into the house.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stacks of Mary Jane boxes clutter the cramped living room. Jess stuffs cash into a large mason jar, then colors some of the progress bar.

JESS  
We're off to a good start! If we  
stay frugal and keep saving--

Mae watches PARKOUR VIDEOS on her phone. She kicks her feet out, like she's practicing and stuffs food in her mouth.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Are those tater tots with caviar?

MAE  
A perfect elevated snack. Like us!  
You're the tots. I'm the caviar.

JESS  
In what world are you the caviar?

Mae shrugs as she shovels more tots into her mouth.

JESS (CONT'D)  
You can be the caviar if you can  
tell me what caviar is.

MAE  
... salty boba?

JESS

Mae, we can't go blowing all this  
money on fish eggs--

Mae shrugs. Eats more tots.

JESS (CONT'D)

We put this money away, we become  
real business owners.

MAE

Agreed. Totally. You're right. But  
also...can't we celebrate a little?

Jess slowly gives in and smiles at Mae. *Let's. Fucking. Go.*

INT. LE WEED - 30 MINUTES LATER

*A bad bitch dance anthem* plays as Mae and Jess stroll in,  
light up their own Mary Janes weed beneath the chandelier.

SLO-MO: they dance past the fancy glass cases, fanning  
themselves with \$100 bills and blowing rings of smoke. Wind  
blows their hair. They point to the GOLD WEED NUG.

The Model begrudgingly retrieves it from the case. Mae and  
Jess enjoy their *Pretty Woman* moment.

JESS

Big mistake.

MAE

HUGE.

Mae holds a clamshell container of gummies. Jess goes to  
touch. Mae snaps the case. Jess giggles like Julia Roberts.

Mae and Jess toss \$100 notes in the air, making it rain. Mae  
smears her hand along the glass cases as the Model gasps in  
horror. Jess grabs Willa by her fancy lapel, pulls her in for  
a make-out sesh. Willa is into it. Mae dances aggressively.

HARD REVEAL: There is no music. Mae has a mini USB fan  
pointed at Jess. Willa pulls away from Jess, confused,  
snapping out of it - *WTF?* Mae shakes her ass in dead silence.

SECURITY approaches.

MAE (CONT'D)

Got it. Yeah. We'll go. But we're  
clearly not leaving this money.

Mae yanks bills from the Model's hand. Mae and Jess crawl on their hands and knees, scrambling to grab bills while everyone watches. It goes on for too long.

EXT. LE WEED - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Security tosses Mae and Jess on the sidewalk. They laugh hysterically and flip off the Le Weed sign.

JESS  
You hot bitches will be working for us soon!

Mae's phone buzzes. A text from Chad & Brad. Her smile fades.

MAE  
FUCK!

Jess looks at the text.

INSERT - TEXT:

CHAD: Yo bro. We decided we don't want you to work here anymore. So like, don't come back. Keep it loose, keep it real. Namaste 

Mae and Jess stare at each other. FUUUUUUCCCCKKKK.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mae paces and angrily knocks Mary Jane boxes off a table.

JESS  
Um, can we not do that please? We still need to sell those.

Mae throws fists at the air wildly.

MAE  
Those douchebag mother fuckers!  
What are we gonna do now? That was our only hookup to cheap weed.

JESS  
We're gonna make this work. I'm not going back to rubbing meat on my tits to pay rent. We just need to find a new, very inexpensive supplier. We can just hit up some of the growers you've worked with. How hard can that be?

Mae stares back, unconvinced.

*A Few Hours Later*

Jess on the phone.

JESS (CONT'D)  
--so really if you think about it,  
a 70% discount isn't that much.  
(beat)  
Hello?

Jess tosses her phone to the couch.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Screw this. We need to hit the  
streets. Let's find our supplier.

MAE  
(laughs)  
You think it's that easy? You  
aren't going to just find some  
cheap weed dealer on the street!

Jess is already out the door. Mae groans then begrudgingly follows, knocking one last box down as she leaves.

EXT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Jess hops on her bike, Mae on her skateboard. The blinds flick open next door. Debbie peaks through, watching. Mae and Jess run into Kai.

KAI  
Oh, hi Mae! Wow, cool board. We  
gotta get you off the pavement and  
into the water.

MAE  
Oh, right. Yeah water. Wet. With  
sharks. No.

KAI  
Oh okay. Got it. No surfing. Maybe  
we could--

MAE  
Okay bye gotta go! Nice to see you  
sir!

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jess catches up to Mae.

JESS

What the hell was that? He was  
trying to ask you out and you just  
blew him off-

MAE

No he wasn't. He was just looking  
for a surf buddy.

JESS

Your insecurity is really starting  
to annoy me.

MAE

Uh, sorry? That does not help.

(beat)

It's just like my Aunt Judy said. I  
will never be good at anything.

JESS

Wait, what!?

MAE

(sighs)

It was New Years Eve, 1998--

DRUNK HISTORY STYLE FLASHBACK:

INT. HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

YOUNG MAE (9) smiles, holding a sparkler. The rest of Mae's family cheers champagne and sing Auld Lang Syne. AUNT JUDY (40s) stumbles beside Mae, bumping into her, sloshing a gigantic cup of wine.

MAE (V.O.)

Aunt Judy was my cool aunt. She  
could drink a full bottle of wine  
in under 10 minutes. So cool.

JESS (V.O.)

So she was an alcoholic--

MAE (V.O.)

Shut up, this is my story. Anyways,  
Aunt Judy came up to me and said:

AUNT JUDY

(Mae's narration)

Oh, hi. You're the one that paints,  
right? Painting is weird. BORING.

(drunk hiccups)

Listen kid. I'm gonna tell you the  
secret to life: you'll never be  
happy. The guy you like, will never  
like you back. The thing you wanna  
do, you'll never get to do. And  
then you die. Happy New Year!

Mae's sparkler, and all her childhood joy, fizzles out.

END OF FLASHBACK.

JESS

Your aunt was a drunk bitch.

MAE

But she was the cool aunt! I looked  
up to her! I thought she had it all  
figured out.

JESS

She did not. Listen, Mae--

MAE

I don't want to talk about this  
anymore!

(beat)

Where's your easy-to-find street-  
side marijuana dealer? Hmm?

Jess sighs, scans the boardwalk: women run past in sports  
bras, a couple rides a tandem bike, a tween waves a baggy of  
weed. Jess smiles, points to the tween.

JESS

(smug)

There.

MAE

What the--

Mae and Jess ride over to the child drug dealer. This is  
BENJI (15), messy mullet, wearing a cool loud-print button  
up, exposed pink crew socks, and a crossbody. Speaks in a  
Geordie Boy/Love Island UK accent.

JESS

Hi little buddy. Where'd you get  
that weed?

BENJI

You a cop? You have to tell me.

JESS

What? Ew. No.

MAE

I got this.

(nods to baggy)

How much can you get your hands on?

BENJI

I don't know. Like, 100 pounds?

JESS & MAE

JESUS / WHAT THE FUCK!?

BENJI

You buying or not, OLD LADIES!?

JESS

Listen here, CHILD--

MAE

My friend will show you her left  
boob for your one hundred pounds of  
weed.

Jess turns to Mae, shocked. Then thinks about it. *Yeah. She'll do that.* Jess goes to roll up her top. Benji laughs.

BENJI

Old lady, I don't need to see your  
tiny titty. Do you know how much  
free porn I have access to?

MAE

That makes me really sad.

JESS

Excuse me. There are a lot of weird  
business men with food fetishes who  
pay top dollar to watch these  
titties get covered in ragu.

BENJI

(confused)

Uh. Okay... you lot aren't serious.

Benji walks away.

MAE

Wait, no. What do you want!?

BENJI  
Money.

JESS  
What *else* do you want?

Benji thinks.

BENJI  
Alcohol.

MAE  
That's it??

BENJI  
My dad doesn't keep it in the  
house. And it's impossible to buy  
alcohol here if you're not 21.

MAE  
It is ridiculous! Meanwhile we send  
our 18 year olds off to war--

JESS  
You've got a deal.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

Mae and Jess hold a list from Benji of top-shelf liquor. They look up to the price tags in front of the bottles: \$80+

JESS  
This is not going to work.

MAE  
Why are all of our ideas so  
stupid?!  
(beat)  
Fuck this. We're taking control of  
our own goddamn destinies! Let's  
just steal this shit.

Jess hesitates.

JESS  
Yeah. Fuck it.

(Jump to)

Mae and Jess have stuffed alcohol bottles into their pant legs, shirt, *anywhere on their bodies*.

They saunter down the aisles of the liquor store, saluting to nearby customers who gawk at the bottles sticking out of their clothing. In front of the exit they look at one another. Nod. Let's do this.

ANGRY MAN (O.S.)  
Hey! Stop!

Mae and Jess freeze. They turn and see an ANGRY MAN pointing in their direction.

KAREN CUSTOMER  
Well, if you would keep the line moving I wouldn't have to--

A 'KAREN' CUSTOMER moves her cart aggressively towards Angry Man. Angry Man takes his phone out and shoves it in Karen Customer's face.

ANGRY MAN  
Hit me with your cart again. I dare you.

KAREN CUSTOMER  
Are you filming me!? You don't have the right to film me!

Mae and Jess look at one another. They inch toward the door.

SOCIAL LIVE FOOTAGE:

Karen Customer stands her ground. Mae and Jess slowly inch towards the door.

ANGRY MAN  
You don't want everyone to see what a KAREN you are!?

KAREN CUSTOMER  
That's it!

Karen Customer rams Angry Man with her cart. Angry Man pushes her cart back at her, sending her stumbling into Mae and Jess. All the bottles fall and smash on the ground.

END SOCIAL LIVE FOOTAGE:

Everyone stops and stares at Mae and Jess. They stare back, then quickly flee the scene.

INT/EXT. JESS' HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

Mae and Jess speed away from the store. Jess pulls over.

JESS  
What just happened?

They look at each other and burst out laughing.

MAE  
Dude, I don't even know! That lady  
was crazy.

JESS  
We gotta figure out what we're  
doing here.

MAE  
Right, okay. Got it.

Mae sighs and looks out the window.

FOCUS ON: a WINE billboard. A PIGEON lands on top of it.

Mae sits up suddenly.

MAE (CONT'D)  
I have an idea! Head to the valley.

EXT. UNCLE BOY'S HOUSE - 30 MINUTES LATER

Mae and Jess approach a mid century modern house.

JESS  
I just can't believe Uncle Boy is  
real! I thought he was more of a  
family legend.

MAE  
What? Why would we make up a family  
member? You're so weird.

*Ding dong.*

UNCLE BOY (50s), long hair, mustache, bowling tee, swim  
shorts, and bare feet answers the door.

UNCLE BOY  
Mae-Mae!

MAE  
Uncle Boy!

Uncle Boy holds his hand out to Jess.

UNCLE BOY  
How's it going? I'm Boy!

Jess takes his hand, in awe.

JESS  
I'm Jess. Really, genuinely excited  
to meet you.

UNCLE BOY  
Awe thanks. You too! C'mon on in  
fam!

INT. UNCLE BOY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Mae and Jess follow Uncle Boy inside. They pass a photo on the wall of Mae's family, Aunt Judy holding a bottle of wine. Mae shutters as she passes it.

Mae and Jess sit on the couch.

UNCLE BOY  
So, what's happening Mae-Mae?

MAE  
Yeah, not much, not much. Jess and I started a cool weed business.

Mae sets one of the Mary Jane boxes on the coffee table.

UNCLE BOY  
Whoa! Look at this. Cool art. I'd recognize one of your designs anywhere. See? I still have one you painted in high school--

Uncle Boy points to a sick-ass abstract painting prominently displayed.

JESS  
I've been telling her she needs to put her art back out there again and--

MAE  
ANYWAYS. Our weed business. We ran into a snag. And we were wondering if you could help?

UNCLE BOY  
Sure, anything you need kiddo!

MAE  
So you know that wine you made that wasn't super great but got you really fucked up?

UNCLE BOY

Little Boy's Reserve! Got a bunch  
of cases out in the garage.

MAE

Okay awesome! So if we wanted to, I  
don't know, could we--

JESS

--we'd like to take all of your  
shitty wine to use as a gift for  
prospective business clients.

Uncle Boy claps his hands and gets up.

UNCLE BOY

Razzmatazz!

Uncle Boy leaves the room. Mae and Jess stare in confusion at  
each other. They sit in silence for too long.

UNCLE BOY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Yooooo hoooo!*

INT. UNCLE BOY'S HOUSE - GARAGE

Mae and Jess step into organized chaos. Shelves line every  
wall with labeled plastic bins for an array of hobbies.

*A huge cage with five pigeons inside sits in the center.*

JESS

Pigeons? As pets?

UNCLE BOY

Nah. These birdies are racers.

MAE

Pigeon racing, Jess. Don't  
embarrass me.

Uncle Boy stands beside the pigeon cage, offers his finger to  
one. The Pigeon nips him. *Draws blood.*

UNCLE BOY

That one's feral. But damn can he  
fly.

We see a black and white photo of Uncle Boy proudly holding  
his winning Pigeon, a tiny gold medal around its neck.

UNCLE BOY (CONT'D)

You should watch these babies in a practice session. I go to the park after dark. Helps improve their wing/eye coordination.

Uncle Boy opens a box labeled "LITTLE BOY'S RESERVE, 2010." He grabs a dusty bottle from the box.

UNCLE BOY (CONT'D)

Here it is. For some reason the restaurants wouldn't buy it. Something about "it made their sommelier go blind" but I don't believe it. Anyways, want some?

Uncle Boy pours 3 shots. Jess shakes her head, no. Mae shoots her a look.

UNCLE BOY / MAE

Gānbēi!

They all take the shot. Mae and Uncle Boy look satisfied. Jess dry heaves.

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - AFTERNOON - THE NEXT DAY

Mae and Jess return to Benji's spot, carrying a duffle bag. Benji wears another intimidatingly cool outfit.

BENJI

Alright, let's see it.

Mae unzips the duffle and reveals bottles and bottles of Little Boy's Reserve.

BENJI (CONT'D)

Let me test it first, make sure you old ladies didn't water it down.

Benji takes a sip. Shudders.

BENJI (CONT'D)

I thought you two grandmas were crazy. But shit, this is dripppp--

JESS

Our weed, please.

Benji hands over his duffle bag. Jess unzips it. Inside sit bricks of marijuana.

MAE

We also brought one of our  
subscription boxes.

Mae hands Benji the ultra feminine Mary Janes box.

BENJI

Sick. I love pink!  
(sees Unicorn sticker)  
Cool sticker.

MAE

Your generation is so cool.

JESS

Okay lets talk terms. We will meet  
in two weeks for the same drop.

BENJI

*Pfft.* Nah this is a one time thing,  
I can't keep giving my stash away--

Jess goes to grab the wine back.

BENJI (CONT'D)

Wait, wait! Um--

Benji looks over his shoulder, nervous.

BENJI (CONT'D)

Fine, yeah. Deal, old lady.

JESS

30 is the new 20--

Mae ushers Jess away.

MAE

Come on, old lady.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

The girls grind and load a bowl of their new product.

MAE

Holy shit.

Jess coughs. Hard.

JESS

This is the best weed I've ever  
had.

Mae loads their canisters labeled 'Beyonce Bowles' and 'Ruth Bader Ganja' with Benji's weed.

MAE  
Business is back, baby!

Jess walks into the kitchen, grabs an armful of munchies.

MAE (CONT'D)  
Oh, you got another super creepy  
death-threat letter.

Jess looks down to a stack of mail. She plops the munchies down and opens up a scary envelope addressed to 'Satan's Spawn.' It is a ransom-style note with magazine clipped letters.

JESS  
(reads, dryly)  
*Die whore. I live in my daughter's  
basement because your family's  
Ponzi scheme wiped out my savings.  
DIE!*  
(beat)  
It must have taken them forever to  
cut out all these little letters--

MAE  
Dude. Call the cops already.

JESS  
These people aren't serious, Mae.  
Besides, I got us covered.

Jess drags a chest out from behind the counter. Inside:  
hornets spray, marbles, curling irons, and CDs.

MAE  
Ummmm how is any of this helpful if  
someone tries to kill you?!

JESS  
You'll see.

MAE  
I don't want to see. That's what  
I'm saying!

Mae closes the lid on one of the newly assembled boxes.

JESS  
Mae, we're about to be rich  
bitches.

MAE

I know. We could probably afford  
like, a new couch soon.

JESS

Our only overhead is craft  
supplies. Dream bigger.

MAE

New beds??

Jess sits beside Mae and pulls up HomeSearch. They scroll  
through multimillion dollar beach homes.

MAE (CONT'D)

I could fuck with a home like that.

They click through pics of a \$7 million-dollar home made  
entirely of glass windows.

CLOSE ON: the exterior of this mansion with an ocean view.

INT/EXT. QUEEN SATIVA'S MANSION - MALIBU - A FEW WEEKS LATER

A pristine, beachside home with large accordion windows  
overlooking the ocean. On the balcony, Queen Sativa looks  
into the eyes of one of her crew with unsettling intensity.

QUEEN SATIVA

Whatever it takes, you get it done.

The crew nod and head inside. The Queen takes a drag and  
blows flawless smoke rings. She snuffs her blunt out on a  
crystal ashtray and walks inside. A MAID steps out and throws  
away the used ashtray, replacing it with a new crystal tray.

MAXIMUS (O.S.)

You little wanker, what were you  
thinking!?

The Queen spots Maximus, scolding his son. We recognize the  
boy - it's Benji. He sways back and forth, glassy-eyed. The  
Queen walks over.

QUEEN SATIVA

What's all this?

Maximus pauses. Queen Sativa raises her eyebrows impatiently.  
Benji vomits.

MAXIMUS

Benji traded his whole supply for  
wine--

QUEEN SATIVA  
You... what?

Queen Sativa towers over Benji.

MAXIMUS  
We'll get it back, this isn't your  
problem sis, I'll deal with it--

BENJI  
(slurring)  
It's not fair that I can't drink  
just because you're a bloody  
alcoholic!

MAXIMUS  
Watch your mouth!  
(vulnerable)  
...I didn't like who I was when I  
drank. It's why your mum left. I  
became a different person, a bad  
person who I didn't recognize in  
the mirror anymore--

QUEEN SATIVA  
Hey twats, this isn't therapy hour.  
Who did you make this trade with?

BENJI  
Just some old ladies.

Benji grabs his backpack. He pulls out the Mary Janes box. He  
hands it to the Queen. She looks through it.

BENJI (CONT'D)  
They gave me this. It smells like  
roses and weed, and I got this lit  
temporary tattoo.

Benji shows off his small bicep. A rainbow unicorn tattoo.

MAXIMUS  
(genuine)  
Cute.

She opens up a canister and smells it - it's her MF'ing weed.  
The Queen's eyes darken.

QUEEN SATIVA  
Let's pay these old ladies a visit.

MAXIMUS  
I don't know how I feel about  
beating up old ladies.

QUEEN SATIVA  
I don't care how you feel.

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Mae and Jess wait for Benji at their normal spot. Queen Sativa and her crew approach them.

JESS  
Hi. Love the suit. Who are you?

QUEEN SATIVA  
I'm looking for two old ladies.

JESS  
As you can see we are very young  
and beautiful. Sorry we can't help.

Queen Sativa spots a RAINBOW UNICORN tattoo on Mae's arm.

QUEEN SATIVA  
You are the old ladies?

JESS  
Why is everyone calling us old?

QUEEN SATIVA  
WALK.

The crew reveal guns inside theirs coats, push Mae and Jess along. The girls look wide-eyed at each other. *Oh fuck.*

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Queen Sativa pushes Mae and Jess into the bungalow. Her crew steps in behind her. Mary Jane boxes line the living room.

JESS  
Okay what exactly is going on  
here?!

Queen Sativa walks around, inspecting the space, disgusted.

QUEEN SATIVA  
Quite the business you've created.  
My nephew, *Benji*, is a fan.

Mae and Jess freeze.

QUEEN SATIVA (CONT'D)  
It seems Benji has been giving away  
his weed - MY WEED - for free.

Jess tries to correct her, Queen Sativa holds a finger up to Jess' lips. She gets in her face. *Is she gonna kiss or kill her?*

QUEEN SATIVA (CONT'D)  
 You are a problem for me. I don't like problems. I don't have problems in my life. You know why? Because I get rid of them.

MAE  
 Ohhh, okay. I got you. Benji was supposed to *sell the weed to you*.

JESS  
 We can totally sell you some.

Maximus groans and shakes his head. Queen Sativa laughs in manic disbelief. Mae and Jess look at each other. Mirror her laughter.

JESS (CONT'D)  
 Yeah. Funny!

MAE  
 Classic misunderstanding--

Queen Sativa abruptly ends her laughter, pulls out a gun. Mae and Jess jump back, hands up.

QUEEN SATIVA  
 Stop talking you fucking children.

JESS  
 ...You admit it, we look young.

MAE  
 Dude, not the time.

QUEEN SATIVA  
 Let me make this very simple for your daft little American brains. You took my weed. This is my business. And you have now fucked with my business. First, it was the Russians in London. So of course, I had to take them out. Then, I come here and after 10 years of a thriving business, weed is legalized and Uncle Sam thinks he can tax me. Well he cannot. And now you two idiots.

Queen Sativa flicks Mae's nose.

MAE

Ow.

Jess stares, jealous.

QUEEN SATIVA

These are your options. Option 1:  
You supply me with triple the  
amount of product to make up for my  
loss. You will shut down this  
little subscription business. You  
will never sell weed again.  
Anywhere.

MAE

Yes. Absolutely.

JESS

What's the other option?

Queen Sativa shoots one of her crew in the leg.

JESS / MAE

Oh Jesus. / FUCK!

QUEEN SATIVA

He ate my sandwich. It was clearly  
labeled. You've got 48 hours.

The Queen walks toward the door. Jess steps forward.

JESS

Wait. Who are you?

The Queen turns, dramatic. Wind blowing in her glossy hair.

QUEEN SATIVA

They call me Queen Sativa.

Maximus places a fedora on The Queen's head. Another crew  
member hands her a bedazzled cane.

QUEEN SATIVA (CONT'D)

It suits me, yeah?

Mae and Jess nod in horror.

QUEEN SATIVA (CONT'D)

Maximus, please give him your  
jacket. He'll need to cover that  
blemish before we leave.

EXT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - FRONT YARD

Queen Sativa and her crew get into their SUV. The injured crew member limps, blood dripping onto the sidewalk. The next-door-neighbor, Debbie, waters her roses. Queen Sativa lights a joint as they drive away. Debbie's eyes go wild with suspicion.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS  
Jess shuts their front door. A moment of silence.

MAE  
Oh my god-- she's going to kill us!

JESS  
She is so... *intriguing*.

MAE  
I've never seen someone-- like, in  
real life -- just right there. SHE  
SHOT HIM.

JESS  
Like, yes she could hurt me, but...  
you saw that moment right? There  
were vibes.

MAE  
Did you hear her!? Are you even  
listening to me?

JESS  
She's just strong-arming us.

MAE  
SHE SHOT SOMEONE IN OUR LIVING ROOM  
OVER A SANDWICH.

JESS  
Okay yeah. That is scary.  
(beat)  
But maybe... a little hot?

MAE  
No. Stop that! I'm not going to get  
killed because your broken trauma  
brain can't process real danger.

Mae starts throwing stuff together into piles.

JESS  
What are you doing?

MAE

We'll move! Maybe Nevada. Or  
Arizona--

JESS

I would *rather die* than live in  
Arizona--

MAE

--Don't your parents have money in  
an illegal account in, like, the  
Caymans or something? That's what  
bad, rich white people do right?

JESS

Even if I knew where their blood  
money was, we couldn't use it.

MAE

She gave us an impossible task!  
There's no way we can get that much  
weed in time. Which means she's  
going to kill us.

JESS

Hey, it's okay. We are smart,  
capable women. We can figure this  
out. We'll do what we always do.

Jess pulls out Friendship Bong. Mae looks at Jess,  
exasperated, then nods. *Sure, yeah, what the fuck.*

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Smoke wafts through the room. Mae and Jess move their hands  
through the air, amazed by the weightlessness of it. Light  
bounces off plants and metallic surfaces around the  
apartment, creating a kaleidoscope of colors.

ON TV: Thelma and Louise drive their car on a canyon road.

TV VOICES

"Let's keep going... what do you  
mean... Go!... You sure!?.. Yeah!"

Mae hits pause on the TV. A freeze frame of Thelma & Louise  
holding hands heading for the cliff. Mae stands up, restless.

JESS

What are you doing?

MAE

I can't sit and watch TV right now!

JESS

We come up with our best ideas  
after a bong rip and a movie--

MAE

This is different!

JESS

Okay, fine. What do you wanna do?

MAE

I would love to NOT DIE! We need to  
be drawing up plans or like fucking  
I don't know dude, not sitting on  
our asses watching some movie which  
clearly ends happily, with them  
driving off into the sunset. Which  
is not how our story is about to  
end!

Mae paces again.

MAE (CONT'D)

I shouldn't have complained about  
how things were before. I should  
have just put up with Chad & Brad.  
Watching porn at work isn't that  
bad! I should have shut up about  
the strains! I shouldn't have  
pestered them *daily* about their  
shoddy security system - *stupid Mae*  
*running your stupid mouth--*

JESS

Whoa, whoa wait. What did you say?

MAE

I'm an undeserving idiot who should  
have been happy with my stupid  
shitty life!

JESS

No. God, stop that. The part about  
shoddy security?

MAE

Oh. Yeah. Their security is trash.

Jess stares at her - *hello?!* Mae catches up. They share a  
lightbulb moment.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM

The girls step into the living room in all-black. Jess, in pleather pants and a crop top and Mae in a cargo jumpsuit.

MAE

Damn dude! You look like a sexy  
vampire slayer.

JESS

Well you're serving sexy mechanic.

MAE

Oh fuck yeah.

EXT. CHAD & BRAD'S WEED - THAT NIGHT

The Security Guard sleeps out front on a stool.

MAE (V.O.)

Here's the plan: we steer clear of  
the guard. He'll be drunk and  
asleep--

JESS (V.O.)

What if he wakes up?

MAE (V.O.)

We leave his Kryptonite.

Mae scurries over and sets a BOTTLE OF WINE next to the snoring Security Guard.

CLOSE ON: Little Boy's Reserve label.

EXT. CHAD & BRAD'S WEED - BACK ALLEY

Mae and Jess sneak around the back of the building, doing somersaults and using cryptic hand gestures.

MAE

What--what does that mean?

JESS

(frantic hand gestures)

MAE

What are you saying??

Jess sighs. Grabs a brick and prepares to throw it through the window. Mae stops her.

MAE (V.O.)  
And always remember... they are  
idiots.

Mae holds out a key. They unlock the door.

INT. CHAD & BRAD'S WEED

MAE (V.O.)  
Once inside, we sneak past the  
cameras - I know where their  
blindspots are.

Mae and Jess keep their heads low as they roll, leap, and dash. They reach the door to the office.

MAE (V.O.)  
We get to the office and trip the  
breaker.

INT. CHAD & BRAD'S WEED - OFFICE

Mae stands on top of a desk, pumps herself up.

MAE  
Parkour, parkour!

She very confidently attempts to run across the wall to land on top of a filing cabinet next to the breaker box. She fails and eats shit massively.

Jess walks over to the breaker box. Flips a switch. The green light on the security cam shuts off.

JESS  
Done.

Mae jumps up, dusting herself off.

JESS (CONT'D)  
What is that disgusting smell?

MAE  
A Fish Butt for Fish Butt.

Mae places a fish from a deli bag in the 'Suggestion Box.'

MAE (CONT'D)  
The one place they'll never look.

INT. CHAD & BRAD'S WEED - HALLWAY

Jess goes to smash the handle of the storage room door, Mae stops her.

MAE  
Stop trying to smash everything  
with a brick.

Mae easily opens the unlocked door.

MAE (CONT'D)  
Again. They're idiots.

INT. CHAD & BRAD'S WEED - STORAGE ROOM

MAE (V.O.)  
And hopefully there is enough weed  
to pay Queen Sativa back.

Their flashlights reveal: *endless weed*.

*A hallelujah chorus.*

The girls shove bricks of weed into their reusable tote bags  
(*The Ripped Bodice Bookstore, LA Pride 2019, Thank you for  
supporting your local PBS.*)

They high-five, chest-bump, and get into a finger-gun battle.

MAE  
Pew-pew-pew! Bang-bang!

JESS  
Zip-zap-zop!

MAE  
Zip-zap? What the fuck kinda gun  
goes zip-zap?

JESS  
I don't know. A space gun? Like the  
Disney Channel Original movie  
*Zenon, Girl of the 21st Century?*  
(beat)  
Man I wanted to bang that 21st  
century space gal.

MAE  
OH. OKAY. So it's okay for you to  
want to bang little hot space  
girls. But not for me to want to  
bang little hot ghost boys!?

JESS  
Ew!

Jess knocks over a shelf. It crashes to the ground loudly. Mae and Jess freeze. *Oh shit.*

EXT. CHAD & BRAD'S WEED

The Security Guard jumps awake from the noise. He looks around concerned. He takes a step towards the door, kicking over the wine bottle. A delightful surprise. He picks it up and chugs.

EXT. CHAD & BRAD'S WEED - BACK ALLEY

Mae and Jess slink out the back, their canvas bags full.

MAE (V.O.)  
They'll never know what hit 'em.

INT/EXT. JESS' HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

Mae and Jess squeal with delight.

MAE  
I'm so glad those shit-stains never listened to me!

JESS  
I am so jacked up! This reminds me of the time my parents hid me in a trash can inside Jeff Skilling's office at ENRON to shred evidence that linked my parents.

MAE  
Jesus, Jess.  
(beat)  
You're killing my buzz.

JESS  
Sorry.

MAE  
Let's go out, celebrate! I heard about a sick pop up bar in WeHo.

JESS  
Perfect, we need an alibi.

MAE

Dude, SMART! Sometimes you being  
from the most corrupt family in the  
history of the world is CLUTCH.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - NEIGHBORHOOD - 30 MINUTES LATER

Mae and Jess walk through a neighborhood.

JESS

Which pop-up is this, again?

MAE

Face Smash, Children.

JESS

Excuse me?

MAE

You know... Face Smash, Children.  
The 80's classic.

JESS

I do not know. Do children  
literally get their faces smashed?

MAE

No, of course not you psychopath.  
It's Face Smash... Children! You  
know, like the t-shirt I wear  
everyday.

JESS

I thought that was the name of one  
of those weird alt bands.

MAE

Face Smash, Children is the  
greatest movie of all time. As the  
cyborgs say: "Metal is life. Life  
is space. Space is the enemy. Let's  
gooooo!"

EXT. FACE SMASH, CHILDREN POP UP BAR - CONTINUOUS

A group of 10-yr-olds wear hospital gowns. One teen looks  
like Rufio from *Hook*. The kids stand motionless, staring  
ahead. Humming softly. *Terrifying*.

Mae and Jess walk past - Jess full of fear, Mae beaming with  
excitement.

INT. FACE SMASH, CHILDREN POP UP BAR - HOSTESS STAND

Mae and Jess walk inside what appears to be a HOSPITAL ROOM. A CHILD lies in a gurney, a heart rate monitor *beeping*. The Child sits up suddenly. Mae and Jess jump.

CHILD  
(scary cyborg voice)  
ENTER WHEN THE MOON STRIKES 33.

The Child points to a BANK VAULT DOOR. It creaks open, revealing a teenage werewolf in a ballerina outfit. *He howls.*

JESS  
Oh my god, what is happening.

Mae and Jess slowly walk past the teenage werewolf.

INT. FACE SMASH, CHILDREN POP UP BAR

Red strobe lights. *Agro Euro-house music.* TV screens on the walls play different parts of *Face Smash, Children* - explosions, rogue waves, fully choreographed dance scenes in empty warehouses.

On one screen, a MOTHER holds her child's hand through the bars of a cage in the forest.

MOTHER  
What did the cyborgs do to you?

On another screen, that same Mother strips for a cyborg.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
You fuck me, I fuck you!

The Mother pulls out a bazooka from... *we don't know where.* She blows the cyborg's head off.

JESS  
What is this movie about!?

MAE  
It's an apocalyptic action movie  
that's a metaphor for global  
warming and the war against  
American shopping malls.

JESS  
WHAT?

Jess looks to a TV screen where the scantily clad stripper Mother aggressively grinds upon a dead, headless Cyborg.

JESS (CONT'D)  
You watched this movie as a child?

MAE  
Like every night before I went to  
bed from ages 5 to 10.

JESS  
That explains so much.  
(beat)  
Okay, remember. Talk to as many  
people as you can. Get receipts.  
Any proof that we were here.

MAE  
Got it. Alibi time!

Mae and Jess step up to the bar. The BARTENDER looks like a character from *Mad Max Fury Road*.

BARTENDER  
Have you come to receive mouth  
nourishment from the mother?

MAE  
Shall the milk be blessed by the  
Gods of Narthos!?

Jess watches, so confused.

MAE (CONT'D)  
I'll take a Unicorn Sunset, no ice,  
I'd hate to melt--

COSPLAYER (O.C.)  
--It wouldn't go with my outfit!

Mae turns to a COSPLAYER dressed in a futuristic neon outfit.

MAE  
Oh my god, you remember the dream  
sequence at the end of Act One?

COSPLAYER  
Um, you mean when Gweneth the Giver  
rides her ice dragon upon the lakes  
of Edith and declares the prophecy?

MAE  
Yes! Dope Cricket Cyanide costume.

COSPLAYER  
Thanks, I made it myself!

Jess turns to the bartender. She reads the drink menu.

JESS  
I guess I'll have a '*Comatose Charlie*'?

Mae turns to the bar.

MAE  
Two shots of Cyborg Blood, please!

JESS  
And the receipt. And a big tip to remember me by. Me - Jessica Archibald. Who was here, buying a drink from you and arrived earlier in the evening.

The Bartender ignores Jess. Pours two shots. Mae and Jess hold them up.

MAE  
To *building* a business, *losing* a business, and not being murdered, with my best friend!

JESS  
Cheers! You are the only person I would stay at this bar for.

They clink glasses, toss 'em back, and go to the dance floor.

INT. FACE SMASH, CHILDREN POP UP BAR - DANCE FLOOR

Mae and Jess party it up with an array of costumed patrons. They grind up on Cricket Cyanide girl.

*More shots.*

Mae dances up to a guy in a Cyborg costume.

MAE  
(shouting)  
MY NAME IS MAE! IT'S 11:55PM! LET'S  
TAKE A SELFIE TO TIME STAMP THAT!

Mae takes a selfie with the Cyborg guy.

*More shots.*

Jess makes out with Cricket Cyanide girl.

*More shots.*

## PHOTO BOOTH:

- Mae & Jess smile beside hospital children, a werewolf, and an old lady in a nun costume.
- Mae and Jess attack a cyborg holding a chainsaw - a person in a sheet-ghost costume stands behind them.
- Mae and Jess hug the ghost-sheet person.
- The ghost-sheet person takes off the costume - It's DEVON. FUCKING. SAWA. Mae gapes, wide eyed.
- Mae is fainting into Devon Sawa's arms.

EXT. FACE SMASH, CHILDREN POP UP BAR - 2 AM

Mae and Jess stumble out of the bar, very drunk, wearing beads, crowns, and furry gloves. *They're slurring.* They wave to the CCTV camera outside of the bar.

JESS

We were here! See us?

MAE

Where'd we park the car?

JESS

Are you nuts? We can't drive home.

MAE

Right. We gotta be 'sponsible. We are former adult business women--

JESS

*Essactly.* I'm ordering a car meow.

A TOW-TRUCK drives by, Jess' Hybrid on the tow-bar. Jess and Mae are too drunk to notice.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - THE NEXT MORNING

Mae and Jess are passed out in the living room. The infernal beep-beep-beep of a noisy garbage truck wakes them.

MAE

Ughhh. I hurt.

JESS

Too much Cyborg Blood.

MAE

Good luck going all the way back to  
West Hollywood for your car.

Mae snuggles back into the couch. Jess throws a shoe at her.

JESS

You're coming with me. Get up.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - SIDEWALK - 30 MINUTES LATER

Mae and Jess stand in an empty parking spot.

JESS

This was definitely where we  
parked, right?

MAE

My brain isn't super functional  
right now... but yeah? I think so.

They look up to the sign post. TEN DIFFERENT RESTRICTIONS,  
all contradicting one another.

JESS

Wait. So, free parking after 8--

MAE

But no parking after 2--

JESS

But only between May and September?

MAE

But always on Sundays. Wait, what?

JESS

My car was towed. Ugh. I hate  
dealing with impound lots.

MAE

Yeah, such a pain.

*Beat.*

Sudden realization.

MAE & JESS

THE WEED!

Jess glances at the time on her phone.

JESS

We have 4 hours to get this weed to  
Queen Sativa or end up in the Los  
Angeles River.

MAE

Los Angeles has a river!?

INT. IMPOUND LOT - CONTINUOUS

Mae and Jess approach the desk at the impound lot.

JESS

Just play it cool. They're probably  
not allowed to search a vehicle.

Mae waves to the IMPOUND EMPLOYEE, a Nick Offerman type.

MAE

Yes, hello kind sir. We are here to  
retrieve our vehicle. A lovely  
hybrid with nothing special inside.

JESS

You don't look through the cars,  
right?

The Impound Employee appraises them with suspicion.

IMPOUND EMPLOYEE

Is there a just cause for me to  
look inside your vehicle, ma'am?

JESS

Absolutely not. Just a normal  
Hybrid, with a large poop stain in  
the backseat. Ha!

The Impound Employee focuses his gaze on Jess, who is sweaty,  
pale and hungover.

IMPOUND EMPLOYEE

Prior to my employment at the  
impound lot, I was a security  
officer for the Century City Mall.  
Prior to that I worked at a  
rehabilitation facility for cuckoo  
birds and meth heads--

JESS

That's problematic--

IMPOUND EMPLOYEE  
--a bunch of lying little children  
who would hide k-bombs up their  
rears and tell me *I was mental.*

Mae and Jess look at each other.

IMPOUND EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)  
So I can sniff bullshit from a mile  
away.  
(sniffs aggressively)  
And you two smell of bullshit.

The Impound Employee looks over at Jess' Hybrid.

IMPOUND EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)  
That your vehicle there? Perhaps  
it's time we do a full inspection--

He snaps on a rubber glove. Mae and Jess freeze. The Impound Employee shines a flashlight into their eyes... *even though it is broad daylight.*

A MANAGER steps into the office. *Sighs.*

MANAGER  
Jerry, are you giving these girls a  
hard time?

JERRY  
Well ma'am, I detected some  
probable funny business and I  
decided I should apprehend--

MANAGER  
Nope. We've been through this. Take  
the money. Give the car. That's it.  
That's the job.

JERRY  
But ma'am--

MANAGER  
I didn't even want to hire you  
Jerry. I did this for your step-  
mother. I will fire you.

Jerry looks back to Mae and Jess, gives them one last  
intimidating look.

JERRY  
That will be \$400.

Mae & Jess let out a sigh of relief.

INT/EXT. JESS' HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

Mae and Jess drive back in silence.

JESS

That was--

MAE

Yeah. Lesson learned. Next time, we drive drunk.

INT. CHAD & BRAD'S WEED - OFFICE

SECURITY FOOTAGE: two figures wearing black hoodies and balaclavas enter the shop from the back alley.

Chad, Brad, and Fish Butt watch security footage in confusion. The thieves leave with canvas bags. They zoom in on Mae's canvas bag - *femme uterus art*.

CHAD

I've seen that bag before-- that's the crazy chick who nagged us about making our "business better."

Brad pauses the video. Cracks his knuckles.

FISH BUTT

Why does it smell like sour cooch in here!?

BRAD

Shut up! Here's what we're gonna do-

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The girls hand over their canvas bags full of marijuana bricks to Queen Sativa's crew as they weigh the bags under Queen Sativa's watchful eye.

JESS

Did you happen to bring your own bags? We use these totes a lot.

Maximus stares back at Jess.

JESS (CONT'D)

It's cool. We can get more.

Maximus nods. *It's all here.* The crew head out the door.

QUEEN SATIVA  
I'm shocked you were able to come  
up with all of this. I was so  
looking forward to killing you.  
(sighs)  
But what a mess that would have  
been.

Queen Sativa turns to leave.

QUEEN SATIVA (CONT'D)  
Oh. If I do see you selling again,  
I will have you murdered and your  
bodies melted with acid until you  
are goo. *Cheers.*

EXT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW

Debbie intercepts Queen Sativa and her crew as they leave.

DEBBIE  
Excuse me. What is your business  
here??

Queen Sativa walks past Debbie. The crew load THE TOTES FULL OF MARIJUANA. Debbie gasps. She fumbles for her phone to take a photo. But she's too late.

Queen Sativa and her crew drive away. Debbie is frazzled, exhilarated - *she hasn't felt this alive in years.*

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
I KNEW IT. I'm going to blow the  
lid off this thing.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM

Mae and Jess watch through the window as they pull away.

MAE  
Okay. Wow. We did that. We came out  
alive. And that is more than I  
expected.

JESS  
I have to show you something.

INT. JESS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jess opens her closet. Beneath her framed Columbia diploma sit several BRICKS OF WEED.

JESS

There may have been a little left over. Enough to keep business going.

MAE

Are you insane? No. No way. We're done Jess. It was fun, but we flew too close to the sun.

JESS

If we sell what we have left, we have enough for our license. Then we can go back to awful side jobs and save enough for a brick and mortar. Totally legit!

Mae and Jess stand-off. Mae caves.

MAE

Ugh. Okay. Fine. But we have to come up with a totally new way of doing this. I don't ever want to see Queen Sativa again.

JESS

Already a step ahead of you. We cut the MLM model, we are the only ones selling our shit, cash only, we leave no trail. We keep this low-key.

INT/EXT. JESS' HYBRID - NIGHT

Jess sits in the driver's seat. A CUSTOMER gets in the front.

JESS

Were you followed?

CUSTOMER

What? No...

Mae pops up in the back seat.

MAE

Drive!

The Customer jumps in shock. Jess drives down the block.

JESS

There. Now we're safe.

CUSTOMER

Okay. What is happening?

MAE

We have your Mary Janes boxes.

The Customer goes to take the boxes. Mae pauses.

MAE (CONT'D)

Do you have any known affiliation  
with Queen Sativa?

CUSTOMER

Who?

JESS

If you ever want to buy from us  
again, you will make sure this  
never gets back to Queen Sativa.

CUSTOMER

I don't know who that is.

MAE

LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY, PUNK!

The Customer hands over money and gets out of the car.

JESS

You were so intimidating!

MAE

Shut up. You think so? I thought  
you were a stone cold bitch!

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - A FEW WEEKS  
LATER

Mae and Jess color in more of their thermostat progress bar,  
up to a point that reads "LICENSE FEE." They nod at one  
another, satisfied.

EXT. DOWNTOWN VENICE - SIDEWALK - LATER THAT DAY

Jess grabs a to-go order from a restaurant and runs into  
Willa.

JESS

Oh. Shit. Hi.

WILLA

Hey.

JESS  
It's good to see you.

WILLA  
Oh. Is it? Okay.

Willa goes to walk away. Jess gently grabs her arm.

JESS  
Maybe we could see each other  
again. On purpose.

WILLA  
The thing is, I'm actually  
interested in genuinely getting to  
know people. And having, like, real  
relationships. So...

JESS  
Right. Relationships are--

Willa walks away.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Wait. Just give me a second.  
(genuine)  
I didn't see many healthy  
relationships growing up. I don't  
know how to do this. But I like  
you.

WILLA  
Wow. That's the most you've ever  
talked about yourself.  
(beat)  
You wanna grab a drink right now?

JESS  
Yes! Wait, no. Sorry, I have plans  
with Mae.

Willa nods, disappointed.

JESS (CONT'D)  
But I'm free Thursday. Could I take  
you out?

WILLA  
That would be nice.

Jess nods and walks away, smiling to herself.

INT. QUEEN SATIVA'S MANSION - OFFICE - DAY

Queen Sativa sits at her desk. The Customer from earlier in Jess's car sets the Mary Janes box in front of her. Queen Sativa nods. She retrieves her gun from her desk. Cocks it.

QUEEN SATIVA  
(sighs)  
Maximus. Grab the vat of acid.  
We're off to Venice.

Maximus looks uninterested.

QUEEN SATIVA (CONT'D)  
Are you not excited by the acid?  
You used to love disintegrating  
bodies.

MAXIMUS  
Its lost a bit of its appeal.

She nods sympathetically.

QUEEN SATIVA  
I understand. Let's make this  
better for you, shall we?

Queen Sativa pushes a bottle of scotch towards Maximus. He stares back: no.

QUEEN SATIVA (CONT'D)  
Drink.

She rests the gun on the desk, facing him. He stares at her, enraged, standing his ground.

QUEEN SATIVA (CONT'D)  
Listen, little brother. You have  
become not good at your job. It  
would be really inconvenient to  
have to replace you. But if it's  
necessary...

Maximus knows she's serious. He grabs the bottle, hesitates for a second, but chugs. Then stares at her, furious.

QUEEN SATIVA (CONT'D)  
Good! You were so fucking boring  
sober. I'm looking forward to  
having you back.

Maximus turns to leave, defeated.

QUEEN SATIVA (CONT'D)  
Aren't you forgetting something?

He looks confused.

QUEEN SATIVA (CONT'D)  
Your chip? You're not sober  
anymore. So...

Queen Sativa holds out her hand. Maximus digs his sobriety chip out of his pocket and places it on the desk. He looks murderous.

QUEEN SATIVA (CONT'D)  
Okay well, let's get moving! We  
don't have all night.

Maximus and Queen Sativa exit. *Beat*. The Customer is left, eyes wide, jaw on the ground.

INT. UPSCALE SUSHI RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT

Jess and Mae pinch pieces of Yellowtail with their chopsticks and clink together: *cheers!*

JESS  
I applied for the dispensary license. By the time we run out of boxes, we'll have enough to pay the fee. Willa thinks we could get a small business loan approved. How are we doing on finding a distributor?

MAE  
There's a grower in Humboldt who knows Uncle Boy! He'll hook us up on some sick strains.

JESS  
Chad & Brad really fucked up when they fired you. You are a hustling genius.

MAE  
Thanks. I'm excited to be legitimate business women without a cannabis mob chasing after us. Also, you're talking to Willa?

JESS  
Shut up. I guess. Yeah, maybe. Shut up.

MAE

Dude, that's great. It's about time!

JESS

Whatever, it's not like it'll go anywhere.

MAE

But what if it does?! Stop worrying about getting hurt and--

JESS

I'm not the one who'll get hurt. My track record isn't great.

MAE

You haven't hurt me.

JESS

You're the exception.

Kai walks into the restaurant. Mae spills sake down her chin. Jess follows her gaze.

JESS (CONT'D)

Go talk to him.

Mae shakes her head no, as she wipes the sake off her chin.

MAE

Dudes like that don't go for stoner artists, Jess.

JESS

I think you mean a powerful, successful business woman.

(shouts)

HEY Kai!

Kai turns and sees Mae, grins like an idiot.

KAI

Oh hey Jess what's up.

(looks to Mae)

Mae, so good to see you!

MAE

I love raw fish. Better than raw chicken.

KAI

Me too!

JESS

Mae here was just about to go grab a drink at the bar.

KAI

Can I buy?

Mae gapes up at him.

MAE

(aggressively)

No. I AM buying. I am a legitimate business woman.

Mae jumps out of her seat, grabs his arm, and drags him to the bar. He goes happily.

INT. UPSCALE SUSHI RESTAURANT - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Kai laughs at something Mae said and leans in.

KAI

Can I ask you something? Why don't you ever talk to me?

MAE

What? I-um-I don't know...

KAI

I would try to talk to you after class, but you always seemed to be in a real hurry for something. I thought maybe you didn't like me. Which would suck because I really like you.

MAE

Wait, really!?

KAI

Are you kidding!? I've been crushing on you since that first watercolor class. I was so nervous when I saw you in the front row. I thought you were so pretty.

MAE

You thought I was pretty? I think you are pretty. I thought you thought I was weird.

KAI

You are weird. That's why I like you. I'm weird too.

Kai smiles warmly. Mae beams.

INT. UPSCALE SUSHI RESTAURANT - BOOTH

Jess glances over at Mae, still flirting with Kai and smiles. Her phone lights up.

INSERT - TEXT:

WILLA: *Remember when we did 🐐 yoga and you had to convince me not to take every single goat home with me?? 😂 Excited for Thursday!*

Jess takes a shot of sake.

INSERT - TEXT:

JESS: *Really excited to see you on Thursday x*

Jess smiles, proud of herself.

A home security notification pops up.

INSERT - NOTIFICATION:

A screen capture of Queen Sativa and her crew at the front door. Then inside the apartment.

LIVE FEED: Queen Sativa and her crew tear the place apart. They rip the Mary Jane boxes up, dumping the contents of the packages all over their living room.

JESS

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck--

Jess bolts towards Mae and Kai.

KAI

Are you free Friday night?

MAE

Ye--

JESS

We have to go.

Jess yanks Mae off the bar stool, towards the exit. Mae tries to pry Jess' hand away as she drags her outside.

INT/EXT. JESS' HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

The door slams. Mae sits in the passenger seat, fuming.

MAE

What the actual hell! You just  
jammed my clam back there.

Jess tosses her phone at Mae as she peels out of the parking lot. Mae watches the live home security footage in horror.

MAE (CONT'D)

Shit, how did they find out?!

Mae's phone rings.

MAE (CONT'D)

Aghhh!

CLOSE ON: Mae's phone. It's Chad & Brad.

MAE (CONT'D)

Oh god. Do you think they know!?

JESS

No. Everything is fine.

MAE

I'm not answering.

JESS

Do I have to do everything!?

Jess answers the call on speaker.

JESS (CONT'D)

(does Mae Impression)

SUP, dumb-asses?

Mae looks at Jess in approval.

BRAD (O.S.)

Sup Mae. The bros and I were just  
wondering if you were in the market  
for a job. Maybe you could come by  
the shop, say tonight, after hours--

CHAD

(whispering in background)

*Tell her to bring her friend!*

BRAD

Yeah, bring your friend, she can  
also have a job. We won't hurt you!  
Namaste.

FISH BUTT

(whispering)

*Dude, nice! So stealth!*

Jess hangs up the phone. Mae hyperventilates.

MAE

Why did you keep that weed, Jess!?  
That was a dumb stupid dumb idea.

JESS

Oh, I'm the dumb one?! You said we  
were in the clear with their shitty  
security. You clearly missed  
something in your brilliant plan.

MAE

They're idiots. How was I supposed  
to know they'd figure it out?

(beat)

Fuck their ancestors to the  
eighteenth generation!

Jess takes a deep breath.

JESS

Okay we need to chill the fuck out.  
We cannot lose our shit. We need to  
stick together, okay?

MAE

Okay, okay. Yeah. You're right. I  
really need to smoke right now!

A WWII AIR RAID SIREN goes off. Jess and Mae freeze and stare  
at each other in terror. Mae lifts up her phone.

INSERT - PHONE: *Warning. Period Imminent. Find shelter and  
marijuana.*

MAE (CONT'D)

Fuckkkkk!!!!

JESS

Nope. I am not dealing with your  
endo bomb right now.

Jess swerves.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Weed is not enough. We need  
something stronger this time.

EXT. BENEATH THE VENICE BEACH PIER - AN HOUR LATER

Waves crash behind Mae and Jess. Mae shivers.

MAE  
How do you know this person?

JESS  
Remember that one model from the  
Taylor Swift music video?

Mae's jaw drops.

MAE  
Gigi Hadid!?

Jess shakes her head.

JESS  
No, no. The other one.

MAE  
Karlie Kloss!?

JESS  
I don't remember her name. Anyways,  
we spent 3 days in bed high on  
opium. This is her dealer.

*Ca-caw! Ca-caw!*

Mae looks around, confused.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Bilbo!?

BILBO (O.S.)  
Say the code phrase!

JESS  
...one ring to rule them all.

From out of the shadows steps a menacing man. BILBO (40s), a  
skinhead, wearing baggy cargo pants, tattoos running up his  
neck. Mae looks to Jess - WTF?

The girls and Bilbo stare at each other. Bilbo breaks the  
silence. He has a sweet boy-ish voice - his r's are  
pronounced as w's. Most noticeably on the word *CRACK* (*cwack*).

BILBO  
Good evening, ladies. Want some crack?

MAE  
No we fucking don't.

JESS  
We want opium.

Mae winces, grabbing at her abdomen.

MAE  
We are too late. It has begun.

BILBO  
Dagnabbit. I'm so sorry girls. I only have crack. That's my bad.

JESS  
Bilbo, I texted you. We asked for your White Rock Opium.

BILBO  
(face palms)  
Ahhhh my misunderstanding. I thought you meant white rock... like crack. Well, since you're here... do you want to buy crack?

Mae doubles over in pain.

MAE  
(demonic growls)  
GIVE ME THE CRACK I WILL EAT THE CRACK!

Bilbo smiles. Jess steps in front of Mae

JESS  
She will not eat the crack.

Bilbo frowns sadly. He hands them a bag of gummies.

BILBO  
Here, take these for free. A token of my apologies.

Jess takes the bag, unsure.

JESS  
(mom voice)  
Bilbo... is there crack in these gummies?

Bilbo smiles sheepishly.

BILBO  
There may be a little crack in  
these gummies.

Bilbo whips out two roses, hands them to Mae and Jess. Bilbo dances away, frolicking in the waves, singing a 60s surf bop. Mae still holds her fupa.

MAE  
Thanks for not letting me eat *cwack*  
in my weak moment.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - 20 MIN LATER

Mae and Jess stand surrounded by mayhem. Couch cushions torn apart. Their boxes ripped to shreds. The weed canisters, empty. Their whiteboard now reads: PREPARE TO DIE, OLD LADIES.

MAE  
Fuuuuuck.

They notice a body bag on the ground. Mae unzips it and jumps back. The body bag is filled with dismembered, partially melted creepy old Victorian dolls.

JESS  
Jesus.

They sort through the doll limbs. *Un-nerved*.

MAE  
...How long did this take them?

JESS  
Right? Like, someone just sat there doing this?

MAE  
This is their way of saying they will very slowly take our bodies apart.

Jess holds up two dolls in excitement: one doll is shushing the other doll's mouth. She looks pointedly at Mae.

JESS  
You see this, right? The Queen is clearly sending me a message that she wants to fuck me.

MAE  
I actually can't with you anymore.

Mae tosses the crack gummies onto the coffee table, already littered with other debris.

MAE (CONT'D)  
I cannot be sober right now.

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Jess opens the closet door to see their Friendship Bong shattered. Mae and Jess pick up the broken pieces.

MAE  
Friendship Bong...

JESS  
It survived so much over the years.

MAE  
I feel sick.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jess sits on the couch, heart-broken. The shards of Friendship Bong scattered on the coffee table. Mae grabs a bottle of Little Boy's Reserve and two mason jars.

MAE  
All we have is Little Boy's Reserve.

JESS  
I'm not drinking any more of your Uncle's backyard moonshine.

Mae pours.

MAE  
WE ARE GOING TO DIE. Shut up and drink.

Mae clinks Jess' mason jar and downs the whole glass. Jess sighs and follows suit. Coughs.

MAE (CONT'D)  
What do we do when Queen Sativa comes back?

JESS  
We'll be ready.

## MONTAGE:

- Jess opens up her chest of odd weapons.
- Jess plugs the curling irons into multiple sockets and cranks them up to 400 degrees.
- Mae tosses the marbles in front of the door.
- Mae holds up the mason jar of wine to Jess. Jess shakes her head no. Mae insists. Jess plugs her nose and drinks.
- Jess grabs the stack of shitty reggae CDs. They practice slinging the CDs like they're throwing-stars.
- Mae and Jess tipsy dance, clink glasses, drink more.
- The girls dump a pile of munchies onto the coffee table. They finish the bottle of Little Boys Reserve. They watch *Home Alone* and eat anything and everything on the coffee table. Without looking, Mae grabs the bag of CRACK GUMMIES. They eat fist fulls, laughing at the TV.

CLOSE ON: the now empty gummy bag, a note inside that reads:  
*"Enjoy the crack. Love, Bilbo."*

EXT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Debbie and a NEIGHBORHOOD SECURITY guy (40s) whisper.

NEIGHBORHOOD SECURITY  
 You do realize I can't actually  
 arrest them, right? Why don't you  
 just call the cops?

DEBBIE  
 The cops don't take me seriously.  
 But *this time I know I'm right* and  
 now I'll have proof.

Neighborhood Security looks at her, dubious.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
 Those are violent drug dealing  
 criminals in there. I'll film them  
 when they open the door and you  
 protect me if things get violent.  
 You're packing, right?

NEIGHBORHOOD SECURITY  
 I have a flashlight.

Debbie frowns.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM

*Knock. Knock. Knock.*

Mae and Jess peer through the window, high off their asses, and see two blurry people in the darkness of their unlit porch. They press themselves against the wall. They twitch and sweat, their eyes bloodshot.

MAE  
Who is that?!

JESS  
It could be anyone!

MAE  
It's gotta be the Queen.

JESS  
What if it's Chad & Brad?

MAE  
Or your murderous penpals have  
finally come to chop you up into  
little bits!

JESS  
Jesus! How many people want to kill  
us right now?!

MAE  
Technically, your penpals only want  
you dead... *unless* they don't want  
a witness, so they kill me too. Oh  
my god if I die because of you and  
your fucking family--

JESS  
I-- AM NOT-- MY FAMILY!!!

Jess growls, throws a lamp at the wall, then charges the door. Mae box-jumps onto the glass coffee table, drumming her chest like Tarzan. The table shatters beneath Mae's feet.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

The front door flies open. Jess, looking feral with eyes like black saucers, lunges at Debbie and Neighborhood Security.

Debbie and Neighborhood Security duck to the side, narrowly escaping her tackle. Jess stops herself mid run. She turns back to them, scrapes her foot like a goat, and charges.

Debbie and Neighborhood Security run inside the bungalow.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM

Debbie and Neighborhood Security slip on the marbles in the entryway. Limbs flailing, trying to regain their balance. Debbie's phone falls to the ground. They both hit the floor.

When they look up, they are face-to-face with Mae. A glass shard is sticking out of her leg. She tilts her head and smiles, then lifts two cans of hornet spray.

Debbie and Neighborhood Security turn to run, but Jess charges at them. Frozen, they turn back to Mae and take huge blasts of hornet spray to the face.

DEBBIE

*Agghhh!*

Debbie and Neighborhood Security fall to their knees, holding their faces. Jess slo-mo aerial flips over their crouched bodies, landing in a super hero fighting stance.

MAE

Duuuude! What was that? So cooooool!

Neighborhood Security fumbles for his flashlight.

JESS

Position two!

Mae and Jess retreat to their next positions. Debbie and Neighborhood Security feel around blindly.

NEIGHBORHOOD SECURITY

Where'd they go?? Where'd they go?

DEBBIE

Call 911 you idiot!

Debbie staggers toward the kitchen. Mae jumps off the kitchen counter swinging the hot curling irons like nunchucks, connecting with Debbie's face. She goes down.

Mae maintains her fighting pose.

MAE

You'll take it curly, not straight.

Jess grabs the other curling iron and leaps behind Neighborhood Security, wrapping the cord around his neck. She slowly wrestles him down to the ground as he gasps for air.

JESS  
Shh. Shh. Let it happen.

Debbie limps to the front door.

SLO-MO: Debbie's body flinches left and right as she's pelted in the back with Reggae CDs. She falls to her knees. One last CD hits her in the back of the head. She's down for good.

Jess and Mae stand panting. Their eyes wild. Soaked in sweat. As their breathing slows, they look around.

REALITY HITS THEM:

Destruction everywhere.

JESS (CONT'D)  
What happened?!

MAE  
*Little Boy's Reserve.*

JESS  
Mae! Your leg!

Mae looks down to see glass protruding from her calf.

MAE  
Shit! Holy shit! Why can't I feel it? I should be able to feel that!

JESS  
I blacked out. Did I do a flip?!  
Can I do flips?! We need to get out of here!

Jess helps Mae out of the house. They step over Debbie.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Is that--

MAE  
Oh shit that's the crazy lady who's always looking in our windows!

JESS  
Why does she want to kill us?!

INT. JESS' HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

The girls fly through red lights, cut off cars.

MAE  
I'm gonna be sick. Pull over.

Jess pulls over. Mae scrambles out.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - BEACH SIDE

Mae vomits. Jess gets out of the car, tears streaming down her face. She reaches up and feels her wet cheeks.

JESS  
How long have I been crying?!

MAE  
I can feel my leg now. I need to  
get this glass out. GET IT OUT OF  
ME JESS!!

Jess attempts to get it out. Mae screams.

MAE (CONT'D)  
Ow fuck, you stupid cow vagina!

Jess holds her hands up in surrender.

MAE (CONT'D)  
Just take me to a hospital.

JESS  
I know you're in pain, but if we go  
to a hospital they will ask  
questions. How do you feel about a  
veterinarian?

MAE  
I'm not a rabbit! I don't know how  
your criminal ass family does  
stuff, but my family would take me  
to a normal fucking hospital!

JESS  
This isn't a normal situation! Just  
calm down--

MAE  
Don't tell me to calm down!

JESS  
Well someone has to keep it reeled  
in--

MAE

Just because you don't have normal  
human emotions--

JESS

I don't have the luxury of losing  
my shit all the time--

MAE

YOU DON'T WASH YOUR DISHES!

JESS

What?

MAE

Every morning I walk in to see your  
dirty dishes. Every pan is a  
"soaker", my ass!

JESS

That pan is the only nice thing we  
own! Excuse me if I want to  
properly remove grime and OILS--

MAE

What're you fuckin' Mr. Clean--

JESS

What are we even arguing about!?

MAE

You being broken and dragging me  
into your bullshit!

JESS

I'm broken?! You're completely  
codependent on me! Without me,  
you'd be so fucking lost. You're  
weak Mae--

MAE

I'm not weak! I just don't feel  
good most of the time--

JESS

No. I'm not talking about your  
endo. You're not *emotionally*  
strong. As a person.

Mae's jaw drops.

MAE

Oh. Okay. Cool. Glad to know how  
you *really* feel.

(MORE)

MAE (CONT'D)

(beat)

You're exactly like your family.  
You use people. You probably never  
even cared about me.

JESS

If you honestly think that I don't  
care about you, then I'm not even  
sure what I'm doing here.

MAE

Enjoy being alone the rest of your  
life.

Mae rips her FRIENDSHIP BRACELET off, throws it in the dirt  
and limps away. She is DONE. Jess stares after her.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - SIDEWALK - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Mae mutters to herself as she hobbles along.

MAE

It's okay Mae. You shouldn't feel  
guilty! You said what needed to be  
said. Great job Mae. Thanks Mae. I  
think we accidentally did crack.  
Yeah Mae we definitely did. We also  
may be dying slowly of blood loss.

Mae staggers in a zig-zag.

MAE (CONT'D)

I sure would've liked to lick the  
rails of Kai's abs one time before  
bleeding to death on the side of  
the highway.

A CARGO VAN pulls up beside Mae. The van door slides open.

Mae's vision blurs.

MAE (CONT'D)

Is that an ambulance? Mae, we're  
saved!

Through Mae's blurred vision we see three large bodies  
approach. They grab her, shove a bag over her head, and throw  
her in the van.

INT. JESS' HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

Jess sits in her car and wipes a tear. She opens her 'favorites' on her phone. Mae is her only favorite. Jess throws her head back and sighs.

She opens her ONLINE THERAPY APP.

INSERT - TEXT:

JESS: *Help! I need an emergency session NOW!*

THERAPY AUTO REPLY: *You've reached me outside of office hours. If you need immediate assistance, call 911. Otherwise I will call you back at my earliest convenience.*

Jess throws her phone.

INT. GRIMY GARAGE - THE NEXT MORNING

Pitch black. Panicked breathing. Heavy footsteps.

VOICE 1  
(whispering)  
I don't think we're suppose to give  
her food--

VOICE 2  
But she may be hungry--

VOICE 3  
Get out of the way.

The burlap sack is ripped off of Mae. We see Chad, Brad, and Fish Butt. Mae is tied to a metal folding chair. Her legs crusted with blood. The shard of glass still protruding.

She searches the room frantically. Baseball bats, heavy weights, and old rusty tools line the garage. The windows are covered with Playboy centerfolds.

Gym decals cover the walls: '*Hustle to get that muscle*', '*The Weights Aren't Gonna Lift Themselves*', '*When in Doubt, Just Workout*'.

BRAD  
Welcome to the Thunderdome, WHORE.

The bros high-five each other. Mae's eyes go wide.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jess zips a suitcase. She takes one last look at their shitty, torn up apartment and closes the door behind her.

INT. GRIMY GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Chad, Brad, and Fish Butt circle Mae as she squirms.

CHAD

You thought you and your little friend could outsmart us? This isn't Charlie's Angels!

FISH BUTT

Would be dope if it was though. Those girls are smokin'.

Brad steps in and smacks Chad & Fish Butt.

BRAD

Enough! Where is our weed!?

MAE

Listen you dumb fucking meat head assholes. I don't have your weed. I know you're too chicken shit to--

BRAD

If you don't tell us--

Brad picks up a baseball bat.

BRAD (CONT'D)

--this is gonna get really ugly.

Chad and Fish Butt look alarmed.

CHAD

Whooaa dude.

FISH BUTT

We're not actually gonna hit her with a bat... right?

BRAD

Not if she tells us where the weed is.

Chad & Fish Butt share a look. One of Mae's wrists wriggles free from the rope. She slyly grabs her phone from her back pocket and finds the side button. Her eyes light up.

MAE

Once I get out of here, I'm going  
to--

Mae holds down the AI HELPER button.

MAE (CONT'D)

CALL JESS - and she is gonna, you  
know, come do bad things to you.

FISH BUTT

Like, in a sexy way?

INT. JESS' HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

Jess' phone lights up - a call from Mae. She rolls her eyes, letting it go to voicemail.

JESS

Shocking. Mae already needs me. TOO  
BAD. Because I do not need you.

Jess keeps driving. But her tough facade crumbles as she faces the long road ahead... alone.

INT. GRIMY GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Chad, Brad, and Fish Butt hover over Mae.

BRAD

You have one minute to tell us  
where our green is at! Or your pain  
will be our gain!

Brad points to another wall decal which reads '*Your Pain Will Be Our Gain*'. Brad cracks the bat in half over his thigh and steps toward Mae. Chad intervenes.

CHAD

Whoa, Brochacho. Let's think about  
this.

Brad pushes Chad aside and heads towards Mae again.

MAE

Wait, stop, I have a family--

FISH BUTT

Whoa. I have a family too. In that  
family do you have a sister--

MAE

Uh-- yeah yeah. Sure. I'm someone's  
sister--

FISH BUTT

Shit. What if I'm someone's sister?

Mae shakes her head. Chad stops to think, too.

CHAD

My mom's a woman.

MAE

Yeah. She is. A woman *just like me.*

Chad and Fish Butt look at one another: *what have they done.*

BRAD

Focus!

Brad approaches. Mae hits the side-button on her phone again.

INT. JESS' HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

A call from Mae pops up on Jess' phone. Jess lets out an annoyed huff and answers.

JESS

You got what you wanted! I'm on my way to LAX. I'm going back to New York and be the toxic rich bitch I was meant to be--

BRAD (O.S.)

Time's up skank!

JESS

Who is this? Where is Mae?!

MAE (O.S.)

Chad, Brad, listen. I can get you your shit, you just need to untie me and put those jagged shards of baseball bat down--

Jess pulls over. She finds Mae's location on her Find My Friend app. A determined look on her face.

JESS

No one fucks with my family!!!

INT. GRIMY GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

BRAD  
Time to cut a bitch.

CHAD  
I don't wanna cut a bitch.

FISH BUTT  
I don't even think we should use  
the word bitch...

BRAD  
What the fuck is wrong with you  
guys?

Mae pales. *Think. Think. Think.*

MAE  
Brad. You are so smart. How did you  
know it was me who broke in?

BRAD  
Your canvas bag. It had a vagina on  
it. I remember that bag.

MAE  
That was actually a uterus, but...  
wow, genius!

BRAD  
Yeah. I'm pretty smart. Business-  
minded. Invested in crypto.

MAE  
Crypto? What is that?

FISH BUTT  
I will tell you *everything* there is  
to know about crypto.

Mae smiles - *it's working.*

EXT. GRIMY GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jess tip toes to the side of the garage.

CHAD (O.S.)  
Dude no. Doge coin is way better  
than crypto.

FISH BUTT (O.S.)  
Dude no. I'm telling you it's the  
same thing.

INT. GRIMY GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The bros stand around Mae, arguing with each other.

MAE  
Wow. So, you're saying bitcoin is  
the same as doge coin?

CHAD FISH BUTT  
Yes! No!

Mae spies a hand waving in an exposed corner of one of the  
covered up windows.

BRAD  
Would you two shut the fuck up!?

Mae eyes the weight bench in the corner of the garage. Dawns  
a flirty smile.

MAE  
How much are you lifting these  
days, big boy?

CHAD  
Like 180.

MAE  
Not you. I said *Big Boy*.

Mae nods her head to Brad, who puffs up his chest.

BRAD  
250.

MAE  
*Prove it.*

Brad smiles greasily.

INT. GRIMY GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jess peeks through the side door. Sees Mae tied to the chair.  
Brad turns on bad country rap music and straddles the bench.

BRAD  
This is how real men lift.

JESS  
(whispering)  
*Psst. Mae.*

Mae turns her head to see Jess through the crack in the door.

CHAD  
I can do 350, easy.

FISH BUTT  
Dude no way are you lifting 350.

Chad pushes Fish Butt. They slap-fight. Brad continues to lift. Jess slips inside, crawling behind Mae, and unties her.

MAE  
(whispering)  
I wasn't sure if you'd come.

JESS  
You're the Thelma to my Louise. I can't go anywhere without you.

MAE  
We still need to finish that movie.

JESS  
I bet it's a happy ending.

Mae and Jess smile at each other. *Hopeful.*

EXT. GRIMY GARAGE - DRIVE WAY - CONTINUOUS

Queen Sativa and her crew step out of their SUV. The Queen glances at a GPS APP on her phone. She points to Jess' car.

QUEEN SATIVA  
Fetch that GPS tracker. We can return it. It was \$29.99.

Maximus removes the GPS TRACKER from underneath Jess' bumper. The Queen glares towards the garage.

INT. GRIMY GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mae rubs at her sore wrists. Jess and Mae scamper toward the door. The bros turn to where Mae was sitting.

CHAD  
Mae, look at this!!

They see the empty chair. Then turn and see Mae and Jess.

BRAD  
(to Jess)  
Who the fuck are you?

FISH BUTT  
Wait! I recognize those titties!

Jess quickly hits the garage clicker on the wall.

The garage door rolls up to reveal Queen Sativa in the driveway, in the middle of her armored crew.

CHAD  
Who are you guys?!

QUEEN SATIVA  
I'm Queen Sativa, you twat.

Queen Sativa lifts her bedazzled cane, revealing the barrel of a gun. She shoots a bosu ball to bits. Mae and Jess duck.

BRAD  
Oh, it's fucking ON!

The bros dive behind the weight bench, holding plate weights like shields in front of them. The Queen's crew shoot at the bros, bullets ricocheting off the weights. The Queen and her crew duck for cover.

Mae and Jess hide behind a truly disgusting recliner.

JESS  
Her cane was a gun this whole time?

MAE  
A gun-cane?! God you were right!  
She's so fucking cool!

JESS  
Obsessed!

Fish Butt chucks a dumbbell at one of the Queens' crew. It hits him square in the face. The Queen looks enraged.

Mae and Jess see their opportunity.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Now!

Jess helps Mae hobble out of the garage toward the car.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Debbie and Neighborhood Security hold icepacks to their heads.

DEBBIE

You have to believe me! Those two girls turned into rabid beasts!

Debbie pulls the ice pack away from her face. A huge goose egg on her forehead. Her eyes red and swollen. Neighborhood Security stares into the abyss.

NEIGHBORHOOD SECURITY

They were everywhere. They had superhuman strength. And bad Reggae CDs. It was a nightmare.

A POLICE OFFICER jots down notes.

RADIO TRANSMISSION (V.O.)

*Reports of a residential shooting. We need any available officers on the scene. This is a 10-0, use caution. A white hybrid was spotted leaving the scene, license plate R-B-G-4-E-V-A.*

Debbie and Neighborhood Security look at one another.

DEBBIE

THAT'S THEM!

INT. JESS' HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

Mae and Jess fly through residential neighborhoods.

MAE

I'm so sorry about everything I said, I didn't mean any--

JESS

*It's okay. I needed to hear it. I'm sorry! I didn't mean--*

MAE

I know you didn't. I love you.

JESS

I love you too.

Jess pulls out Mae's friendship bracelet. Mae gapes.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Did you think I was going to just  
leave it there?

MAE  
You are such a softie.

Sirens sound. Jess looks to her rear view mirror. A police SUV swerves behind the hybrid.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S)  
*This is the police. Pull over.*

JESS  
Shit.

MAE  
Maybe they aren't talking to us.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET - CONTINUOUS

BIRDS EYE VIEW: Jess' Hybrid is the only car driving on the road being pursued by the police SUV.

INT. JESS' HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

Mae and Jess look at one another.

JESS  
...guess the jig is up?

Mae nods sadly. Jess pulls over to the side of the road.

JESS (CONT'D)  
We had a good run.

MAE  
As they say in Face Smash,  
Children, "The bumpy road to ruin  
only goes so far, because it's  
already ruined."

JESS  
I wish I understood literally  
anything about this movie.

MAE  
Okay, the first thing you have to  
understand is that the cyborgs are  
only cyborgs when the moon is in  
the waxing gibbous phase and the  
prodigal goblin child is--

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET

The police SUV pulls up behind the hybrid.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S)  
Stay in your vehicle! Put your  
hands out of the window where I can  
see them!

INT. POLICE CAR

The Police Officer speaks into his radio.

POLICE OFFICER  
I have the suspects. Requesting  
backup before approaching.

INT. JESS' HYBRID

Mae and Jess hold their hands outside the windows.

MAE  
--so really the prophecy of Edith  
says there can be no true peace  
until Cyborg and humans can co-  
exist. And the mother-stripper who  
procreates with the robot, ends up  
creating harmony with the first  
cyborg-human offspring.

JESS  
That's really beautiful.

MAE  
Dude. I know.

In the rear-view mirror the police officer walks up slowly. A large black SUV races up.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET

Queen Sativa's SUV smashes into the back of the police SUV.

INT. QUEEN SATIVA'S SWANKY SUV

Queen Sativa sits behind the wheel with eerie calmness.  
Maximus nurses a head-wound from the crash.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET

The Police Officer now approaches the SUV.

POLICE OFFICER  
Get out of the car!

One of Queen Sativa's crew shoots the officer in the leg.  
Jess peels away.

INT. QUEEN SATIVA'S SWANKY SUV

The Queen reverses and chases after the hybrid.

QUEEN SATIVA  
You think you can run from me in  
your silly little clown car, you  
stupid cunts!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET

The Officer grabs his walkie talkie.

POLICE OFFICER  
I need backup! Officer down!  
Suspects heading west on Sunset!

INT/EXT. OVERPRICED EV

Debbie gets into her car in the police station lot. A Police Officer rushes past.

POLICE RADIO  
*All units respond. Suspects are in  
an SUV following a Hybrid with  
fallopian tubes giving the middle  
finger.*

Debbie shifts into gear.

INT. JESS' HYBRID

MAE  
Take a right! Ugh, fuck. How does  
your car still smell like shit!?

JESS  
That poo poo not coming out.

Jess hits the gas as they swerve up a canyon hill. Mae growls in pain as an ENDO cramp hits her.

MAE  
FUCK NOT AGAIN! Aggh. LET'S LOSE  
THESE MOTHER FUCKERS!

Mae aggressively pushes Jess' leg down on the pedal. The car flies forward.

JESS  
Oh my god, I kind of love your Endo-  
Monster right now.

Queen Sativa pursues them. A DROP TOP swerves onto the road following close behind. Inside, Brad drives with fury, Chad and Fish Butt holding on to the roll bar.

EXT. CANYON ROAD

AERIAL VIEW: The hybrid whips around canyon roads, followed by the swanky SUV, the drop top, and 3 cop cars.

INT. JESS' HYBRID

Jess swerves and accelerates around another corner, Mae clutches the passenger door for dear life.

MAE  
Where do we go?!

JESS  
You're the one who told me to go  
this way!

MAE  
I've been recently traumatized, you  
can't trust me right now!

Jess' receives a video call from ONLINE THERAPY.

JESS  
Oh now you're available.

INT. QUEEN SATIVA'S SWANKY SUV

Maximus is slumped face first on the dash, his head bleeding.

QUEEN SATIVA  
That is a custom Italian leather  
dashboard! Get your weakness out of  
my car.

The Queen slams on the brakes, opens the passenger door and kicks Maximus out of the SUV. She speeds away.

INT. BRAD'S DROP TOP

Brad closes in on Queen Sativa. Fish Butt hangs out the passenger's side, hollering.

INT. POLICE CAR

The Police Officer gives an update over the radio.

POLICE OFFICER  
We have 3 units in pursuit. Closing  
in on the suspects.

INT. JESS' HYBRID

INSERT - THERAPY VIDEO CHAT:

JESS  
--so we realized we needed each  
other. Mae pushes me to be  
vulnerable and when we aren't  
fighting while high on crack,  
reminds me I am not my family.

MAE  
Thank you for saying that.  
(beat)  
Ah shit! Go that way--

Jess cranks the wheel hard.

MAE (CONT'D)  
--and Jess pushes me to be brave  
and know my worth. And you know  
what? If we don't die today, I'm  
gonna start selling my paintings!

Jess and Mae look at one another, nothing but love. Counselor is quiet.

JESS  
Are you still there?

COUNSELOR

I'm checking what my legal obligations are when a client is in a high speed car chase--

EXT. CANYON ROAD

AERIAL VIEW: The swanky SUV, the drop top, and 3 cop cars still pursue the hybrid. Debbie's EV suddenly cuts in front of the last cop car, joining the pursuit.

INT. DEBBIE'S OVERPRICED EV

Debbie clicks GO LIVE on a social media app.

INSERT - SOCIAL MEDIA LIVE:

Front-facing view of Debbie manically driving.

DEBBIE

Hello internet. I am in hot pursuit of my two violent drug dealing neighbors who terrorized me and think they can get away with it. The police never took me seriously, but who's laughing now!

Debbie struggles driving and filming at the same time.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Hold on. This is a great moment to test out my autopilot. #ad

Debbie frantically hits multiple things on her car touchscreen. The car swerves left and right until it comes to a complete stop, blocking off this one-way canyon road.

The last cop car behind Debbie comes to a screeching halt. An officer gets out of the car.

POLICE OFFICER 2

Move your car! Move your car NOW!

INT. JESS' HYBRID

Mae and Jess sing "Graduation" by Vitamin C.

MAE & JESS

As we go on, we remember,  
All the times we've had together--

COUNSELOR  
Oh--okay. I'm gonna go now.

EXT/ INT. OVERPRICED EV

The doors open and close on their own. The car juts forward, then backwards. The windshield wipers turn on, then off. *It is possessed.* The radio blares A MURDER PODCAST.

MURDER PODCAST HOST  
*And that was the morning Adrian Castle found her father's mistress beheaded in their chicken coop.*

POLICE OFFICER 2  
Turn down the radio and MOVE YOUR VEHICLE!

DEBBIE  
It's on autopilot!

MURDER PODCAST HOST  
*--The chickens had pecked her arms clean.*

POLICE OFFICER 2  
If you don't move we will arrest you for obstruction of justice!

Debbie, points her phone at the camera.

DEBBIE  
Tell that to the camera!

INSERT - LIVE SOCIAL COMMENTS:

- *This bitch is insane* - @DianaRossOfficial
- *We support you Debbie!* - @WASPS4CHNGE

Police Officer 2 approaches her window.

POLICE OFFICER 2  
Ma'am, step out of the vehicle.  
You're under arrest.

Debbie is shocked.

INT. JESS' HYBRID

As Jess continues to deftly navigate the canyon roads, a police helicopter circles overhead.

LOUD SPEAKER (V.O.)  
*We have you surrounded--*

The canyon road comes to a dead-end ahead. Jess and Mae look to one another. They nod.

MAE  
Let's keep going.

JESS  
What do you mean?

MAE  
Go!

JESS  
You sure!?

MAE  
Yeah!

Mae and Jess grab hands, hold them up, and drive.

JESS  
Ride or die. Like Thelma and Louise.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Whatever happens, happens.

They smile at each other, then turn their attention back to the road, determined.

MAE  
I love you, Jess.

JESS  
I love you, Mae!

Jess floors it.

EXT. CANYON ROAD

The SUV and drop top skid to a halt as the hybrid goes soaring off the cliff.

INT. JESS' HYBRID

SLO MO: Jess and Mae grasp each other for dear life, eyes wide in elation and horror.

EXT. CANYON DROP OFF

The hybrid lands anticlimactically in a cluster of bushes five feet down.

INT. JESS' HYBRID

The girls clutch each other, eyes still closed.

JESS  
Are we dead?

EXT. CANYON DROP OFF

The cop cars park behind the SUV and drop top. Cops raise their guns towards both vehicles. The other cops walk towards the edge of the cliff with guns drawn.

INT. JESS' HYBRID

Mae and Jess open their eyes and take in the view.

JESS  
Wow. LA is kind of beautiful.

MAE  
Huh. Yeah, you don't realize it down in the traffic. This is nice.

The airbags go off, smacking Jess and Mae in the face.

CHYRON: SIX MONTHS LATER

EXT. LA WOMEN'S PENITENTIARY - DAY

Mae and Jess squint at the bright daylight as they walk past the prison gates. Uncle Boy pops his head out of a station wagon with a surf board strapped to the top.

UNCLE BOY  
Heya fam!

JESS  
Uncle Boy, I've never been so excited to see you.

UNCLE BOY  
Surprised you girls got out so quickly.

MAE

Jess traded dirty deets about her parents to the D.A. They created a real life *Squid Games*!

UNCLE BOY

Love that show! Well, get in the car kiddos!

JESS

Thanks again for letting me stay with you.

UNCLE BOY

You kidding? You're family!

Mae and Jess share a smile.

INT. OFFICE - DAY - A FEW WEEKS LATER

Jess sits across from an HR REP.

HR REP

Your educational background and skill set speak for themselves. We'd love to have you join our firm. PLUS, we get a neat little kickback for hiring a felon.

Jess grabs the contract. Takes a moment. Hands it back.

JESS

You know... I'm good.

Jess gets up and leaves.

HR REP

Cool. That's fine. Not like I have anything better to do than interview people who already know they don't want the job!!!

INT. SURGEON'S OFFICE - DAY

Mae sits in a paper gown while a SURGEON reviews her charts.

SURGEON

Let's get you scheduled for a laparoscopic surgery.

Mae sheds a single beautiful tear.

MAE  
Thank you.

Mae hugs the surgeon, her bare ass popping out of the gown.

INT. MAE & JESS' BEACH BUNGALOW - JESS' ROOM - NIGHT

Jess and Willa lie in bed. Willa notices a stack of letters.

WILLA  
Are those the letters I wrote to  
you while you were in jail?

JESS  
Hmm? No.

Jess tosses them off her nightstand.

WILLA  
Oh my god, they are! Behind that  
sexy cold fuck-girl exterior,  
there's a big ole' mushy lil  
softie.

JESS  
Thank you for calling me sexy.

Willa reaches for the letters. Jess stops her. They wrestle  
for them, falling into a fit of giggles before making out.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Mae and Kai stand together. They take in the view of a packed  
gallery. Mae's nude paintings of Kai displayed on every wall.  
Kai kisses Mae on the cheek and walks away to grab a drink.

PATRON  
Your work is incredible.

Mae and the Patron stand in front of a painting: Kai's lower  
half, nude. His top half covered by a sheet with two holes  
for the eyes.

MAE  
Thanks. It's the visual journey of  
my sexual desires which began with  
Casper The Friendly Ghost and  
evolved to my live-in boyfriend.

PATRON  
You wanted to fuck a ghost boy?

MAE

No, I was a LITTLE GIRL so--

Jess walks up.

JESS

No. Nope. Stop talking.

Jess ushers Mae away. Devon Sawa admires a painting in the background.

INT. THE MARY JANES STORE - DAY

Chad & Brad's is now, The Mary Janes. A large pink neon sign blinks in the window: 'The Mary Janes'.

It's giving boho chic cannabis boutique. Mae's artwork, featured throughout.

A large quote decal: *"If they don't give you a seat at the table, bring in a folding chair."* - Shirley Chisolm

Mae and Jess stand behind the counter. Willa helps customers at the cash wrap. Jess walks by, lovingly slaps her tush. Willa laughs and rolls her eyes.

Benji, wearing a Mary Janes tee, hollers towards someone off-screen.

BENJI

Hey bruv. Where should we put the Virginia Woolf pre-rolls?

Maximus, who also wears a Mary Janes shirt, emerges from the back room, holding supplies.

MAXIMUS

Next to the Florida Banned Book display.

Benji sets the pre-rolls by the book display and then walks out to the carpark. He passes boxes to Bilbo who nods and gets into a Mary Janes delivery van.

INT. MARY JANE'S VAN - DAY

Bilbo sings another 60s surf bop and drives past the men's prison.

INT. LA MEN'S PENITENTIARY - WORKOUT YARD - CONTINUOUS  
Chad, Brad and Fish Butt stand around a weight bench arguing.

CHAD  
Bro! I am telling you. Crypto is  
better than Binance Coin.

FISH BUTT  
The US is going to embrace China's  
ECI scores like in that episode of  
Black Mirror with a social credit  
system and none of these currencies  
will exist anymore dick wads.

Chad & Brad stare, jaws on the floor.

INT. JESS AND WILLA'S NEW APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Mae and Kai walk into a beautifully decorated apartment. Jess carries a charcuterie board of WEED. They all grab items from the weed board, then get cozy on the couch.

ON THE TV: Thelma & Louise.

WILLA  
Have you guys ever seen this?

JESS  
We never finished it. The ending is  
obvious.

MAE  
They clearly ride off into the  
sunset and become rich and powerful  
and marry whoever they want and  
make friends with celebrities.

KAI  
No. They die.

JESS & MAE  
WHAT!?

JESS  
I'm not watching this depressing  
fucking movie.

MAE  
You know what we *should* watch?!

*Beat.*

MAE & JESS  
Face Smash, Children!

FREEZE ON: Mae and Jess high-fiving.

**THE END**

**AFTER CREDITS TAG**

INT. PRISON CELL - ONE YEAR LATER

Queen Sativa sits on her bed, feet on floor, hands folded in her lap, perfect posture. She stares straight ahead.

A GUARD unlocks her cell.

GUARD

I don't know what strings you pulled, but you're getting out.

Queen Sativa smiles ruefully.

EXT. LA WOMEN'S PENITENTIARY - CONTINUOUS

Queen Sativa walks out into the sun as she finishes latching her diamond-studded watch. She picks a piece of lint from her shirt as A LARGE SUV pulls up.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

QUEEN SATIVA

Good work. You show promise. Much more than your father ever did.

REVEAL: Benji in the front seat with an evil grin.

BENJI

Let's make these old ladies pay.

QUEEN SATIVA

(sighs)

Fucking twats.

The Queen puts on her sunglasses and smiles.

**END OF TAG.**