

The Mary Janes

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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

Yesss. 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 nuggets. 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

Okayyy, 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 DeBose 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 alllll 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. *FUUUUUCCCCCKKK.*

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, fizzle 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)
Yoooo 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. Shutters.

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
Ummm 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 creeks 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 coooool!

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
 Yes!

FISH BUTT
 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.