

PARTY GIRLS

Written by

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FIONA
 (re: DJ)
 We're with him.

DJ
 No they're not.

FIONA
 Well, who's to say.

HIPSTER IN CHARGE
 He did. You guys need to clear out.

KATE
 But everyone cool is up here.

HIPSTER IN CHARGE
 (pointed)
 Yup.

KATE
 So we should be up here too.

HIPSTER IN CHARGE
 Jesus, did you eat a diaper
 earlier? Come on-- get out, don't
 make me call security.

FIONA
 Okay, geez, we were just leaving,
 you can unclench.

They start to leave, then Kate whips around and runs back.
 The hipster is too cool to chase her, but powerwalks around
 behind her trying to catch her arm.

FIONA (CONT'D)
 Paws off her, you perv! We're
 going, this place is beat.

KATE
 Yeah, this place is beat.

They start to leave for real this time.

KATE (CONT'D)
 But for the record, you're very
 rude. We could totally be DJ's for
 all you know.

They're outside the booth now and back in the regular part of
 the party.

KATE (CONT'D)
 (drunk emotional)
 Fiona, I didn't eat a diaper.

FIONA
 I know. He's just a mean little
 man.

Fiona lifts her skirt, revealing a stolen bottle of vodka.

FIONA (CONT'D)
 Suuuuuuuuuuuuuucks!!!!

INT. FIONA'S HOUSE - FIONA'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Fiona, not fully awake yet, lays in bed watching a contouring-tutorial video on Instagram.

CAM (O.S.)
 Hey, I'm gonna head out.

Startled, Fiona looks up and sees the DJ from the last scene.
 He's CAM.

FIONA
 Holy shit, you scared me. Where did
 you come from?

CAM
 The bathroom?

FIONA
 Oh. Did we hook up?

CAM
 You yelled at me to go down on you,
 and then you made me watch you do a
 dance you choreographed to
 "Milkshake."

FIONA
 So... no?

CAM
 No. Anyways, I'm gonna go, but I
 can't find my vape.

Cam holds up double hang loose-es and shakes 'em.

FIONA
Of course you vape.

INT. KATE'S WORK - CONTINUOUS

Kate and a small group of coworkers stand around a lit birthday cake in a depressing conference room. Kate's coworkers are polished, professional, and "got the memo" on a coordinated neutral palette. Kate looks like she crawled in from a swamp.

ALL
(singing)
-- *happy birthday dear Beck-yyy,
happy birthday to you.*

"BECKY" (20's, aggressively basic) blows out the candles. Everyone cheers. Kate tries to hide a big burp. DEBRA (40's, Kate's boss) steps forward.

DEBRA
Congratulations Becky on two years
at Hathaway Analytics!

A smattering of claps and cheers.

COWORKER
(to Kate)
I love work birthdays. Aren't they
so good for morale?

KATE
Yeah.

COWORKER
What's wrong?

KATE
Nothing. I'm fine. I'm hungover and
I keep thinking I'm gonna yak but
then it's a burp-- it's stressful.

Debra pops a bottle of Veuve.

KATE (CONT'D)
(coming alive)
Yes! That's what I'm talking about.

INT. FIONA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fiona shuffles through stuff on a messy dining table while Cam takes in the cluttered, Middle Eastern living room. From the wall above, an 8 x 10 school pic of young Fiona smiles down on them. She has a unibrow-- this was clearly a rough chapter for her.

FIONA

Are you sure you even brought a
vape over here?

CAM

Yeah dude. I never leave home
without it. It's a Jewl.

Fiona accidentally knocks a pile of junk mail off the table.
She starts to pick it up.

FIONA

Ugh, my roommate never throws
anything away. Like why do you need
900 credit card offers and a Tums
sample?

(then)

Actually-- my gerd is killing me.

Fiona starts to unwrap the Tums as Cam gleefully picks up an
enormous flesh-colored bra from a dining chair.

CAM

Sexay!

FIONA

Can you not? That's my roommate's.

Cam drops it and they continue to search for the vape.

CAM

(disbelief)

Is this you?

Cam looks at a framed photo of kids sitting on a couch at
Christmas-- also featuring young unbrowed Fiona.

CAM (CONT'D)

You low key look like Timothee
Chalamet--

FIONA

Alright, let's get you outside.

Fiona ushers Cam to the door.

CAM

But my vape--

FIONA

Yeah, I'll mail it to you.

Fiona opens the door, pushes Cam out, then stands so she
blocks the view inside. On the step is an Amazon delivery.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Well, this was a delight--

Cam bends to pick up the delivery for Fiona, but the bag tears, revealing several bottles of white wine and a package of Depends.

CAM

Dang! You lit as fuck--

FIONA

Leave it. I'll get it later. Bye!

Fiona shuts the door, leaving the bottles, diapers and Cam outside. GAMMY (80's, Armenian grandma, hoarding tendencies) has heard the noise and come out to investigate. She's in a wheelchair with an ankle boot.

GAMMY

Who was that?

FIONA

Oh, hey Gammy. No one. Just another Jehovah's witness.

GAMMY

Another one?! It sounded like he was inside the house this time.

FIONA

He insisted on coming in. It was bananas!

GAMMY

Should we call the police?!

FIONA

No. No, no. It was scary, but I'll be alright.

GAMMY

We've had so many people coming to the house, maybe we should get one of those "no solicitors" signs for the front door.

FIONA

Excellent idea, Gammy. We could definitely stand to be more selective with our front door.

INT. KATE'S WORK - CONTINUOUS

Kate's coworkers hold plastic cups with miniscule pours of champagne. Kate's is filled to the brim.

KATE
You guys doing anything tonight?
It's Friday-- wassup?!

COWORKER
I'm going bowling.

COWORKER 2
I'm gonna go home, put on my
sweatpants, and watch *The Crown*.

There are some appreciative oo's from the group.

KATE
Are you, like... sick?

COWORKER 2
No.

KATE
(like it's embarrassing)
Are you sad?

The coworker gives her a look.

COWORKER
Wait, so whose work birthday is
coming up next?

Kate's coworkers discuss-- "I just had mine"/"Is it Kelly?"
Kate takes big sips of her champagne and cringes as:

COWORKER (CONT'D)
It must be Kate!

DEBRA
How long has it been, Kate?

KATE
Coming up on five years.

COWORKER
Five?!

COWORKER 2
No way.

COWORKER

You've been here longer than everyone except Debra!

KATE

I mean, it's not like I did it on purpose. It just happened.

DEBRA

Against all odds.

(forced laugh)

I'm just messing with you Kate-- you know you drive me crazy.

Debra reaches out an arm to put around Kate, who moves away, warily. An alarm dings on Debra's iphone.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Uhp-- fifteen minutes of fun time is over. Back to work until our four minute dance party at 2. Ariana Grande!

Debra picks up the Veuve, which is still mostly full, and drops it in the trash on her way to the door. Kate is horrified. After a beat, she reaches in to retrieve the bottle-- just as Debra comes back in.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Did you ever find those exit reports you-- what are you doing?

KATE

...I honestly don't know.

INT. FIONA/GAMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gammy watches Home Shopping Network in a LaZBoy chair.

HSN HOST (ON TV)

--And for just three payments of 9.95, you too can own this six-teen point bust-to-thigh super shaper--

Fiona enters in a beautiful vintage white dress. She does a little pose, draping herself against the wall, but Gammy doesn't notice. Fiona does the pose again, this time in front of the TV.

GAMMY

(touched)

Fiona-- where'd you find my wedding dress?

FIONA

Awww, this is your wedding dress? I was bored so I went through the storage closet.

GAMMY

It looks lovely on you. When Dede and I got married, we didn't have money for a dress, so my mother made that from a curtain we brought from Aleppo when we fled the Turks.

FIONA

I love it, it's like old Hollywood meets Bride of Chucky. Could you take some pictures of me in it? For modelling.

GAMMY

Of course.

Fiona hands Gammy her phone, then starts to arrange herself on a couch.

GAMMY (CONT'D)

It's so nice to see you representing models who are a more normal size and value modesty--

Fiona turns her back, revealing the dress is fully unbuttoned down the back, and showing a lot of lacey black thong. Fiona pulls the shoulders down, slips on a pair of razor-thin cat eye glasses, and bites her lip at the camera.

GAMMY (CONT'D)

Oh.

FIONA

(sweetly)

I'm ready!

Gammy hesitates for a moment, not loving this, then snaps a few pics with the phone.

GAMMY

I don't know if these are any good. You're sure your agency can't send a professional photographer?

FIONA

No one uses those in the industry anymore. I'm sure you're doing great. Can I see?

Fiona gets up and looks through the photos.

FIONA (CONT'D)
 Ugh, I do low key look like
 Timothee Chalamet. I only have one
 angle, it sucks.

Fiona pulls up her Instagram, and we see basically the same
 photo/angle of her face repeated in infinite squares. Her
 followers are in the 800 range.

FIONA (CONT'D)
 I can edit one of these pics to be
 good. Thank you so much, Gammy.

Fiona kisses Gammy's cheek, then starts editing the photo.

GAMMY
 You're welcome. I hope this one
 makes it into the magazines. It's a
 shame how often they end up not
 printing your photos.

FIONA
 Yeah...

GAMMY
 Can you help me up?

Fiona gets up to help Gammy into her wheelchair.

FIONA
 Where are you going?

GAMMY
 I'm going to see my friend Navart
 in the hospital. She mixed up the
 gas pedal and the break and hit a
 mailbox.

FIONA
 (disappointed)
 Oh. I was thinking we could go
 shopping or make manti--

GAMMY
 We made manti yesterday. You need
 something to do. Why don't you work
 on your grad school applications?

Fiona makes a face.

FIONA

It takes so much time before they let you be an architect, and it's like, who's to say I won't be a creative director or cultural icon by then?

A beat.

GAMMY

When your dad asks me about this I'm going to say I don't know.

FIONA

Me too, girl.

(then)

I think there's a water aerobics class today at three, we could put your boot in a bag--

GAMMY

I have to go to the hospital.

FIONA

Fiiiine. Everyone's always "going to the hospital" or "can't get fired"... I guess I'll just follow and unfollow people all afternoon.

GAMMY

...You mean on the Internet, right?

FIONA

Yeah.

Gammy looks relieved.

GAMMY

Whatever you do, don't get into my hair dye again. It looks like someone had a bowel movement all over the counter.

FIONA

I know, sorry. But the important thing is I learned something about myself. Dark Chestnut is too warm for my skin tone.

(then)

Thank you for letting me wear your dress Gammy, this pic is fire.

GAMMY

What?!

FIONA

Sorry. I'm trying to stop saying
that, I know it's stressful for you.

We go close on the photo. Fiona has edited the shit out of
it, and she looks like a stone cold babe... facing right.

INT. SUBWAY EAT FRESH - A LITTLE LATER

Kate logs into her mobile banking app as she finishes up
ordering a sandwich.

KATE

Banana peppers, spinach, onions,
and double mayonnaise please.

SUBWAY EMPLOYEE

What?

KATE

Double mayonnaise.
(watching)
Even more would be great.

CANDACE (O.S.)

Kate?

Kate whips around and sees CANDACE (late 20's, one of those
people where everything looks casual but you know it's
expensive).

KATE

Oh, hey, Candace!

Candace hugs Kate, going for the double-cheek kiss and
catching Kate off guard so they almost kiss on the mouth.

CANDACE

Like in Europe, babe.
(then)
It's been forever, what's up?

KATE

Oh, you know. Nothing. What's up
with you?

CANDACE

So much. Let's see-- I just got back
from volunteering in Puerto Rico, it
was horrible. I got a promotion at
work-- I'm VP of social at Goop now.
And remember my best friend Nikki?

(MORE)

CANDACE (CONT'D)

We just launched a new side hustle-- importing rock-rubbing rocks from Indonesia. It's so great when you and your best friend are creative and can collaborate together.

KATE

What are rock-rubbing rocks?

CANDACE

Oh Kate, you need to start rubbing. Rock-rubbing rocks are rocks you rub on your face.

KATE

Oh wow.

The cashier puts Kate's now-bagged footlong on the counter.

SUBWAY EMPLOYEE

Ma'am, would you like chips and a drink with that?

Kate sneaks a look at her bank balance: \$14.68.

KATE

That's okay, thank you.

Kate hands over her card.

CANDACE

You're not going to eat that, are you?

KATE

Nooo.

(then)

I mean, yeah, I was planning to. Why, should I not?

CANDACE

They found yoga mat in the bread, Kate. Peoples' feet have been on those.

KATE

Yeah, I'll probably just put it in the trash...

Kate doesn't put it in the trash.

KATE (CONT'D)

...Later.

CANDACE

I honestly wouldn't even feed their food to my dog. I just come here to get veggies for my compost pile.

KATE

(muttering)

I still need to start my compost pile--

(then)

Could I actually do my answer again? I thought we were doing that thing where you're like, what's up? Nothing, you? Nothing. I actually have a lot going on too.

CANDACE

Oh?

KATE

Yeah. Lots of great stuff, doing really well, also-- collaborating with my best friend. Fiona and I are... DJ's now.

CANDACE

Oh wow, that's great! Makes sense, you guys were always so into music in college. What was that horrible place you were working at forever?

KATE

Hathaway Analytics.

CANDACE

God, can you even imagine if you got stuck there for your whole life? I'm so happy you're finally making moves for yourself.

KATE

Me too.

CANDACE

I get why the universe had me run into you now-- Kate, I need to ask a lil favor, s'il vous plaît. I'm throwing a warehouse party tonight and one of my DJ's cancelled. Would you guys be willing to do a set?

INT. ??? - LATER

We are tight on Fiona and Kate as they give an interview.

FIONA

I always knew we were destined for greatness. Kate and I weren't meant to be like everyone else-- slogging through some shit-hole nine-to-five, living for girls' night at Chili's on the weekend.

KATE

It's like, I always thought we were really chic and amazing, but it didn't seem like other people did, so I started doubting-- like, maybe we're not really chic and amazing.

FIONA

I always knew we were.

KATE

You're so strong. But I was--

FIONA

Yeah you were-- she was in this weird corporate environment where everyone was like, errrr, I'm gonna buy my clothes from Express and be on time.

KATE

And my boss was always singling me out like, Kate, where were you, Kate, why'd you lose that, Kate, we all think the bathroom bandit is you.

(then)

Do you think I need to tell her I don't work there anymore?

FIONA

If she can run a-- whatever you guys do there, she can figure it out.

(then)

Today is just the biggest testament that lives can change in a single instant. We manifested this.

Fiona smugly holds up a vision board. It's a bunch of photos of Taye Diggs.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Okay, so it's more of a boyfriend board, but a hot boyfriend is something you have when you're a DJ.

KATE

I hope mine is Asa Butterfield. Is that weird?

We reveal we're at--

INT. BEST BUY - CONTINUOUS

--And a bored-looking BEST BUY EMPLOYEE (20's, female) has been waiting for this to be over.

BEST BUY EMPLOYEE

...So that's a no, you haven't DJ'd before.

KATE

Technically... no. But we've been around it a lot.

FIONA

Lord knows we've slept with it.

KATE

Which should count for something, right? Like transitive property?

FIONA

Yeah! If I fucked you, and you're a DJ, I equal... C.

A beat.

BEST BUY EMPLOYEE

Okay, I'm gonna go ahead and suggest this--

The employee reaches for a box: "PIONEER XDJRR PROFESSIONAL DJ CONTROLLER". Kate and Fiona put on studious faces.

BEST BUY EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

This here is your basic CDJ system. It's got Quantize, decent size jock wheels, and better track browsing than the 1000MK2.

They stare at her blankly.

BEST BUY EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
It's turntables.

KATE
Can it do beat drops?

BEST BUY EMPLOYEE
...Yes.

KATE
K, cool. 'Cause we're gonna be
doing a lot of those.

KATE/FIONA
Oooohhhhhh!!!!!!

They high five.

BEST BUY EMPLOYEE
Would you like me to bring this up
to the front for you?

KATE
S'il vous plaît.
(then, quietly)
Yes, please.

BEST BUY EMPLOYEE
Great. I'm Sarita, if you'll follow
me up to the front we'll get you
checked out.

Fiona starts to follow, but Kate pulls her back, pointing to
the price on the shelf where the CDJ's came from: \$1099.

KATE
Holy shit, that's expensive.

FIONA
Fuck.

KATE
I don't have enough room for that
on my credit card, do you?

FIONA
No. This was a bad month-- I had
that dead tooth pulled, my car got
towed, and I bought all that
Lululemon when I thought I was
gonna date a fitness influencer.

KATE

Mike was never going to prioritize you over leg day.

FIONA

I know. No regrets, but they're insane about returns at Lulu.

KATE

Fiona, I don't think we can do this.

FIONA

What? Stop it. We'll find a way. We'll go down fighting!

Kate flinches.

FIONA (CONT'D)

What?

KATE

Nothing, it's just-- that's what you said right before the at home brazillian.

FIONA

Oh god. Has that healed yet?

Kate closes her eyes and shakes her head silently.

FIONA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I'm so sorry.

(then)

Okay, I think I know how we can pay for this. But we have to pay it all back.

KATE

That seems reasonable.

FIONA

Cool. Let's quit this bitch.

Fiona starts to leave, but Kate lurks behind the TV's.

FIONA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

KATE

Sarita's waiting for us to follow her up to the front.

Angle on Sarita, who politely lingers towards the front.

FIONA
Kate, we can't live our lives in
fear of Sarita.

INT. FIONA/GAMMY'S HOUSE - FIONA'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Kate and Fiona sit on Fiona's bed. Fiona holds one of the credit card offers from the pile we saw earlier. She has her iphone on speaker.

IPHONE VOICE
--Okay, just a couple more things
before your new Chase Sapphire
Reserve card is up and running. Can
you confirm your birthday for me?

Fiona looks down at a license in her hand. It's Gammy's.

FIONA
(old person voice)
October 7th, 1936.

IPHONE VOICE
Great, thanks. And the last four
digits of your social?

Fiona, alarmed, doesn't have it. Kate freaks.

FIONA
(old voice)
Sure, it's...

KATE
(whispering)
Hang up! They're gonna come after
us and take us away!

FIONA
(whispering)
Who is they?! Keep looking! It's on
the insurance stuff from her ankle
surgery.
(then, old voice)
Sorry, memory isn't as sharp as it--

Kate finds it and holds it frantically in Fiona's face.

FIONA (CONT'D)
(old voice)
Just kidding, sharp as a tack. It's
4956.

IPHONE VOICE
Great, you're all set.

Kate and Fiona silently celebrate.

IPHONE VOICE (CONT'D)
Your billing cycle will begin on the 6th of each month, and you have an eight thousand dollar credit limit. Anything else I can help you with today?

FIONA
(old voice, now relaxed)
Yeah. How bad is it really not to pay your bill for like, a long time?

Kate frantically gestures to her to hang up.

FIONA (CONT'D)
(old voice)
Never mind, bye!

Fiona ends the call.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Wow, who knew credit card fraud is so easy? Should we do other crimes?! My uncle Vahe is rich and kind of a dick--

KATE
Wait fraud? This isn't actually fraud, right?

FIONA
No. Well, kind of. But it's fine-- the deal when I moved in here was that I would take care of Gammy.

KATE
I'm not seeing how those two things connect.

FIONA
Well maybe Gammy wants a new credit card and needs my help. Who's to say what Gammy wants? She was talking about going home to Beirut. Airfare is expensive, you know.

KATE

You said she asked to take a taxi there and you're worried she has alzheimers!

FIONA

(sadly)

Yeah. Aging is a cruel mistress.

(then)

I'm just saying it'll be fine. She never checks her mail and I'll catch the bills as they come in. We'll pay it all off as we start getting gigs.

(then)

This is what Gammy would want, bless her sweet soul.

KATE

She is the sweetest.

A beat.

FIONA

So shall we go shopping?

KATE

(reassuring herself)

This is fine. We'll just buy the essentials and it won't be that expensive.

FIONA

Exactly.

Fiona looks at the card in her hand.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Dang, how'd my gels chip already?

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Fiona's hand is now blinged out with an acrylic claw-like rhinestone manicure as it brushes a professionally blown-out lock of hair from her face.

We pull out to see Kate and Fiona are both blinged out, wearing all new outfits and full faces of makeup. With their hair blowing in the wind, they strut in slow-mo past a line of people.

At the front of the line is a DOOR GIRL (20's, too cool) at a folding-table with a clipboard.

KATE
 (confident)
 Kate and Fiona, we're DJ Feete.

DOOR GIRL
 Feet?

KATE
 Yup.
 (defensive)
 With an e at the end, not like feet
 feet. It was the first combo of Fiona
 and Kate that popped into my head.
 Someone asked me to DJ and I had to
 pick a name on the spot, okay?!

FIONA
 (gently)
 She was just verifying the name.

KATE
 Oh.

DOOR GIRL
 (apathetic)
 ...You guys can go in.

The door girl pulls out two glittering gold wristbands. Fiona and Kate's eyes light up as they see the lettering on the bands: V-I-P.

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - VIP AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Kate and Fiona take in the VIP area. It looks exactly like the regular part of the party, but it's roped off with a sign and it's--

KATE
 Paradise. Fiona, we've made it to
 Paradise.

We montage through the following:

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - VIP AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Kate and Fiona dance happily in the VIP area. They double fist drinks.

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - VIP AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Kate and Fiona hold court in the VIP area.

FIONA
 --I mean, have we DJ'd before? No.

KATE
 But did we think it was worth a
 try? Yeah!

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - VIP AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Kate and Fiona do key bumps of blow from a baggie. They hand the baggie to Candace, who does a bump, then hands it back.

FIONA
 Please, it's for the table.

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - VIP AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Kate and Fiona dance. A guy lightly bumps into them. Fiona clocks his wrist: no VIP band.

FIONA
 (looking around, yelling)
 Non-VIP person infiltrating VIP!

KATE
 (looking around, yelling)
 Could we get some help here? Not
 sure what the protocol is!

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - VIP AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Kate and Fiona hold court in VIP with a different crowd.

FIONA
 Have we always known we would be
 DJ's? Yes. Have we been DJing for
 years? Yes!

A new girl approaches the group and Kate holds out her hand, kissing her on both cheeks.

KATE
 Like in Europe, babe.

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - VIP AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Kate and Fiona take selfies holding their DJ gear as props.

CANDACE (O.S.)
 Cuuuute!

They turn to see Candace.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
You girls ready to kill it?

KATE
You mean DJing?

CANDACE
No, I mean the lamb we're
sacrificing.
(off Kate's look)
Yes I mean DJing.

KATE
Now?

CANDACE
Yes, Kate. God, your face. You're
so funny!

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - DJ BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Fiona and Kate have a mess of tangled wires and equipment.

KATE
Shit. Everything got mixed up
taking our selfie.
(re: wires)
This is all so complicated, it's
freaking me out. Do you think we
should have practiced?

FIONA
Practiced? We have incredible taste
in music. What would we have
practiced, picking songs? Our time
was better spent planning our first
tour route.
(nervous)
I just hope they let me back into
Croatia.

KATE
Fiona, focus. We need to figure
this out. Where's the user manual?

FIONA
I threw it away, it was
embarrassing.

KATE
Oh god.

A beat.

KATE (CONT'D)

Fiona, what if DJing is like, hard?
 (starting to spiral)
 Everything felt so clear an hour ago--
 why did I blow off work for this? I'm
 gonna be fired-- I'll have to move
 back to Montana and marry some
 uncircumcised farmer-- I won't make my
 kids be homeschooled like I was. They
 can't make me--

FIONA

Whoa whoa. You will obviously never
 leave Los Angeles-- you would move
 in with me and Gammy. Although I'm
 starting to think she doesn't like
 living with me, which is rude-- the
 point is, everything will be fine.
 We'll figure out how to plug all
 this shit in. As I've said before
 and will say again--
 (winking)
 --There are only so many holes.

KATE

It does weirdly make me feel better
 when you wink.

FIONA

I know you.
 (then)
 You know what's so much more
 important than "knowing how to set
 up your equipment" or "being able
 to DJ?"

Kate shakes her head.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Believing.

Fiona pulls out the vision board.

KATE

Oh geez, you brought that?

FIONA

Kate, has it ever felt like your
 destiny was working at Hathaway
 Analytics?

KATE

I mean, sometimes on Donut
Wednesday-- but no, in general, no.

FIONA

Exactly. Because your destiny is
being a DJ. Your destiny is this.

She points to the board.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Are you seeing it? Are you
manifesting? Not Taye specifically,
but--

KATE

Yeah, I'm manifesting.

FIONA

Good! Believe. We can do this. We
will do this. Now are you ready to
fucking slay it?!

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - MOMENTS LATER

Kate and Fiona take their positions as DJ's at the helm of
the party. The crowd waits expectantly. Kate and Fiona are
lit dramatically. Fog drifts up in puffs over them, and
behind them, gold balloons letters spell out "DJ FEETE."

This is it. This is the moment. They give each other a solemn
nod, then close their eyes and put both arms in the air as
they play their first song-- or rather, a dull, irritating
static.

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - MOMENTS LATER

Kate and Fiona frantically turn knobs on their turntables
while dancing to the static like it's music.

FIONA

It's fine! They probably think this
is the intro.

KATE

It's been twenty minutes!

FIONA

I know. Shit. I'm going rogue!!
(grabbing mic)
Whatup everyone, we're DJ Feete.
(MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)
That's Fiona plus Kate equals
Feete.

KATE
(into mic)
With an e, not like, feet feet--
cause, ew!

FIONA
Anyways, just wanted to give you a
little backstory. Kate and I met
the first day of college. We were
both in the clinic for alcohol
poisoning and I was like, sick this
chick parties--

Candace steps in with another DJ, who begins setting up.

CANDACE
(to DJ)
You can just unplug their shit.

KATE
Uh, excuse me? What are you doing?

CANDACE
Shutting this down. You're ruining
my party.

FIONA
Disagree. Some people are really
digging our sound!

Angle on the crowd, which is now gone, except for a couple
making out furiously against the wall.

FIONA (CONT'D)
(pointing to couple)
They're loving it.

CANDACE
They're on drugs. They'd love C-
Span right now.

The new DJ tries to unplug their turntable. Kate blocks her.

KATE
Please, Candace-- please just give
us a chance. Just a few more
minutes. We need this.

CANDACE
No. You made everyone leave. Get
out.

FIONA
Are you being serious right now?!

CANDACE
Yeah. Get out.
(then)
Actually...

Candace reaches out and rips the VIP bands off their wrists.

FIONA
Candace, no! We've tasted paradise!
We can't go back to... regular P.

CANDACE
I don't care where you go, but you
need to leave. You're bad vibes.

EXT. FIONA/GAMMY'S HOUSE - FIONA'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Kate and Fiona are in Fiona's bed. There's a pizza box and sauce stains on the comforter. Fiona wakes up, chugs half a Gatorade, then looks over at Kate. A beat, then:

FIONA
Last night wasn't very good, was
it?

KATE
No.

Fiona chugs the other half of the Gatorade, then:

FIONA
Do you think maybe it was one of
those things that felt bad, but was
actually good?

KATE
No.
(then)
In fact, I would say it was so bad
that we should probably move and
start new lives.

FIONA
We could go off the grid and live
from the land.

KATE
I know you think you'd like that,
but it's a lot more redneck than
whatever you're picturing.

A beat.

FIONA

Kate, I feel terrible.

KATE

Me too. And I've come to the conclusion that what it is is a really profound sense of shame.

FIONA

Okay, yes. I thought maybe I was hungry but your thing sounds more right.

KATE

We had this opportunity to totally change our lives last night and we blew it. And we looked like fucking idiots. And the whole thing was so expensive-- we're thousands of dollars in debt--

FIONA

I know, everything's the worst. But there is a silver lining.

Fiona shows Kate the selfie they took with their DJ gear.

KATE

Wow. That's the cutest picture of us I've ever seen.

FIONA

(profound)

This is the only good picture I've ever taken from the left.

KATE

I knew something was different! I know how much of a struggle that's been for you. I really wish we could post it.

FIONA

...Why wouldn't we post it?!

KATE

Because everyone will know we're full of shit?

FIONA

Kate. I hate to have to point this out, but everyone already does.

(MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)

We played quiet static at a warehouse party for over twenty-five minutes and tried to pretend it was music.

Kate thinks for a sec.

KATE

Fuck it. Post it. We deserve a small crumb of happiness in this cruel world. But keep it vague.

FIONA

The vaguest. It'll be like, like did they DJ? Did they not? Who knows!

We see the caption Fiona is writing: "When DJ Feete kills it in the mix. #DJ #Killedit #WeareDJs #GoodAtDJing"

KATE

Alright. Guess it's time to start looking for a new job. I wish I was qualified to do stuff I don't hate--

FIONA

What are you talking about? We fixed that last night.

KATE

Fixed what?

FIONA

You don't remember?

KATE

No. I don't remember anything after we prank called Candace.

FIONA

(matter of fact)

We sent Debra an email explaining why you were MIA all afternoon.

Kate grabs her phone and her eyes widen in horror.

KATE

Oh god. Fiona!

FIONA

I know. It's an opus.

INT. KATE'S WORK - DAY

Kate's coworkers sit at their desks. One by one, their heads turn towards a commotion at the entrance. We follow Debra, who gets up to investigate. She stops in her tracks.

Kate, wearing a neckbrace and cartoon-like head bandage, is being pushed in by Fiona in a wheelchair. Her leg is outstretched in a boot, which has gotten stuck in the recycling bin by the door. Fiona moves Kate roughly, trying to free her leg of the bin-- and sprinkling trash everywhere.

KATE
(seeing Debra)
Ow, Fiona. Ow. Ow.

Fiona sees Debra and stops shaking Kate.

FIONA
(casual)
Oh hey. I'm Fiona.

DEBRA
Debra, nice to meet you. Kate, how are you? You look terrible.

KATE
Thank you. I'm-- I'm hanging in there. Can't turn my head, but I'm alive, right?

DEBRA
That's what matters. Your email was so frightening-- so you hit a mailbox and got thrown from the car?

KATE
(gravely)
Yes. I mixed up the gas and the break. It's a common error.

DEBRA
Wow. Is that what happened that time you hit my car in the parking lot?

KATE
...Yes.

DEBRA
And the time you his Jessie's car in the parking lot?

KATE

Yup.

DEBRA

And the time you took that tree out
on--

KATE

(getting annoyed)
Okay--

FIONA

She's a little fuzzy right now.
Doctor said not to press her.

DEBRA

(delicate)
Ah.
(then)
And to think we were dancing to
Ariana Grande, while just a little
ways away you were fighting for
your life.
(to Fiona)
I'm so glad she has you to look out
for her.

FIONA

I am a dedicated caretaker.

INT. FIONA/GAMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gammy wakes up from a nap in her LaZBoy. She looks and sees
that her wheelchair is not there.

GAMMY

Fiona? ...Fiona?

INT. KATE'S WORK - MOMENTS LATER

Kate and Fiona are at Kate's cubicle.

FIONA

It's what she would have wanted.
Gammy loves to help, bless her
sweet soul. Also she was taking a
morning nap in her LaZBoy, so I
doubt she'll even notice it's gone.
(then)
So what do you do here all day?

KATE

Honestly... not much. I sit. At 11,
I usually eat a cheese stick.

(pointing to papers)

I'm supposed to file that but I'm
gonna wait a couple hours and then
throw it away.

FIONA

Nice.

KATE

I was so nervous about keeping this
job, but now that I'm back here
it's pretty meh.

FIONA

Is it always this quiet?

Kate nods.

FIONA (CONT'D)

This place is beat.

A beat. Kate looks at her phone.

KATE

Holy shit, my phone is going crazy.
(then, annoyed)
Someone called "Hot DJ Sluts"
regrammed our photo. That's fucking
gross.

FIONA

They called us hot?

KATE

...And sluts, Fiona.

Fiona now has her phone out.

FIONA

Wait, I have 16,000 followers now.

KATE

Me too. It's all gross dudes.

FIONA

Same. But these are influencer
numbers, Kate. I think we might be
influencers now!

KATE

You're not bothered by the fact that it's 100% perverts?

FIONA

Not really. They're gonna be perverts whether or not they're following us. So they may as well help us get some free shit. What do you think Emily Ratajkowski built her empire on?

KATE

(totally on board now)
Wait, you think we can get free shit?!

FIONA

Oh yeah. At the very least teeth whiteners and diarrhea tea-- even low grade Bachelor contestants can slang that. But if we play it right, we can live off of this. Free clothes, hotel rooms-- Kim Kardashian charges 10,000 dollars just to do a post.

KATE

Really?!

FIONA

Yeah. Why did you think I went through teaching Gammy to use an iphone?

KATE

I dunno, I thought you wanted her to find a boyfriend. This is amazing!

FIONA

Hold on, Debra's looking. Act crippled.

Kate turns around like Frankenstein and waves to Debra.

KATE

Why am I waving?

FIONA

You're doing great.

Kate slowly turns back around. A beat.

FIONA (CONT'D)
You wanna get out of here?

Kate picks up the stack of papers and puts them in the trash.

KATE
Yeah. I've done my work for the
day.

INT. KATE'S WORK - MOMENTS LATER

Fiona pushes Kate towards the door.

DEBRA (O.S.)
Kate!

Debra trots towards them.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
You taking off?

KATE
Yeah, it's really hurting.

DEBRA
No problem. Feel better. We are all
so happy that you're alive and back
at work.

KATE
Thanks, Debra.

They turn to leave. Kate and Fiona share a smug look.

DEBRA
Oh, one other thing-- I will need
to see a doctor's note. Just a
formality, of course.

KATE
...I can do that. Not a problem.

INT. FIONA/GAMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Gammy is back in her wheelchair. Kate and Fiona sit with her.

GAMMY
...So someone stole the wheelchair
and then returned it?

FIONA
Yep.

GAMMY

(skeptical)

I guess that's nice of them.

(then)

I don't know what's happening to Los Angeles. For ten years, I've lived here and have never had a problem. Now, there are people coming, going, stealing things, putting them back-- all in the last six months.

KATE

Maybe it's cause the neighborhood is changing. More money around here, gentrification, young people moving in--

(off Fiona's look)

--Oh.

FIONA

Gammy, we got you a present.

Fiona pulls out a package of fancy chocolates.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Nuts and chews. Your favorite.

GAMMY

Aww, what's this for?

FIONA

For always believing in us--

KATE

And helping make our dreams come true.

GAMMY

(confused)

Oh. Alright. Well that's very sweet.

Gammy starts unwrapping a chocolate.

KATE

(sotto)

You put that on her card?

FIONA

(sotto)

Yeah. Drop in the bucket at this point.

END OF SHOW