PARTY GIRLS

Written by

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INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

A disco ball glitters over a warehouse party in East LA. The dance floor is packed, people are doing drugs-- this is a good party.

In a crowded booth, the DJ is flanked by THE TWO COOLEST GIRLS YOU’VE EVER SEEN. They’re hip, they’re chic-- it’s like, do you want to hang out with them or be them?!

The girls raise their arms and yell to the crowd:

COOL GIRL 1 COOL GIRL 2
Wooooo!!!!-- Wooooo!!!!--

INT. WAREHOUSE PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Same party, same girls, but now we’re out of their heads and in reality-- they’re not the two coolest girls you’ve ever seen, but they’re up there for hot mess.

They’re FIONA (26, impulsive Armenian princess) and KATE (26, spends 20 min thinking she’ll die every time she does drugs, but does them anyway), and they currently have a nipple and toilet paper hanging out of their dresses, respectively.

KATE/FIONA
(now annoying)
--ooooooooooo!!!!

Fiona bends over and flips her hair. It slaps the DJ across the face, going fully into his mouth.

DJ
Dude! Stop it.

A HIPSTER IN CHARGE (30’s) springs to action.

HIPSTER IN CHARGE
Okay it’s too crowded up here.
Anyone who doesn’t need to be in VIP needs to go.

Fiona and Kate stay put, dancing on either side of the DJ.

HIPSTER IN CHARGE (CONT’D)
(to Fiona and Kate)
You two. I’m not seeing VIP bands.
Who do you know up here?

Kate picks up a pair of headphones and pretends to DJ.

HIPSTER IN CHARGE (CONT’D)
Nope. Put that down.
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)
Suuuuuuuuuuuuucks!!!!

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-yee,
   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 unibrowed 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 lacy 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
Fiime. 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
Oooohhhhh!!!!!

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
criimes?! 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 hit 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.

(them)
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.

(them)
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