

INT. EMPTY ONE BEDROOM - DAY

Dust motes swirl through even shafts of light from a good amount of windows. The blinds are down, but open.

A MAJOR AMOUNT OF MUTTERING gets louder and louder. CLUNK. Someone drops something. FUCK. Someone swears about it.

The door swings open. SAMMI, fashion-punked as ever, backs her end of a roll top desk into the room.

OLIVIA, in over-sized sweats, peaks into the apartment over the desk. She drops her end. Sammi slips backward.

SAMMI

What on earth do you need this  
fucking thing for anyway? It's  
massive and cumbersome and stupid.

She kicks and slaps the desk. The desk doesn't care.

OLIVIA

Sammi. Just. Calm down.

Olivia smiles and bounces on the balls of her feet. She points over the desk into the empty room.

OLIVIA

(giddy)  
Apartment!

Sammi leans on the desk and lights a cigarette.

SAMMI

Fuck yeah.

INT. SAMMI & OLIVIA'S - LIVING ROOM - BRIGHT AND EARLY

Boxes litter the room. The only piece of furniture is the roll-top, shoved in the corner.

Olivia sleeps on a half inflated air mattress. Sammi runs in and out of the room, getting dressed and re-dressed.

The sun is barely up. She grabs her hoodie and bounces the air mattress up and down.

SAMMI

Rise and shine, ducky. We gotta jet.  
Don't want to be late my first day.

OLIVIA  
(groggy)  
The hell?

SAMMI  
You're driving me to work. Chop chop.  
Independent film waits for no woman.

Olivia groans upright.

INT/EXT. SAMMI'S SHIT CAR - LOCAL PARK - PARKING LOT - DAY

Sammi bolts from the car to a FILM CREW off in the distance. Olivia slides into the drivers seat from the passenger seat.

She yawns. She checks out how tired she looks in the rear view mirror. She looks through Sammi's glove compartment.

Her eyes linger on the TENNIS COURTS off to the side. A few people warm up for an early morning game.

She makes a FART SOUND and turns the key in the ignition. Nothing happens. She turns it in earnest. Nothing.

The car is a lifeless hunk of metal. She's not all that surprised. Her head drops on the steering wheel.

INT. SAMMI & OLIVIA'S - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A HUGE & FILTHY recliner dominates the center of the room. Sammi and Olivia sit on the floor, emptying the boxes.

SAMMI  
See. You can never talk shit about my car again. That sweet old gal.

OLIVIA  
I was gonna head into Pasadena around that time anyway, so I totally would have run in to Louis without having to deal with that shit-box.

SAMMI  
Pfft. My left tit, you were gonna get up that early unless I forced you to.

BLOOP. Olivia gets a text.

OLIVIA  
It's him.

SAMMI

Nice.

OLIVIA

Should I wait? I should wait.

SAMMI

Nah, fuck all that mess. If you want to text him, text him.

OLIVIA

I want to text him.

SAMMI

Text that boy! Ask him to come hang out. In our new apartment!

BLOOP. Olivia does so. BLOOP BLOOP. Louis texts back. Sammi unrolls some scuffed up posters of the WILLIAMS SISTERS.

She holds them up for Olivia. Olivia waves them away. BLOOP. She texts again.

SAMMI

Oh, hey. I was thinking. You should take the bedroom.

OLIVIA

Sammi. No.

SAMMI

Blah blah blah, I paid the first and last and shit. Blah blah blah. I don't care. I'm in and out. I stay up later than you. I don't want to have to skulk in my own room like a prisoner. You take it.

Olivia shrugs.

OLIVIA

OK.

The box she opens has a PS4 in it. She holds it up with a skeptical look at Sammi.

OLIVIA

The hell is this?

SAMMI

I stole it from my dads office. Pretty sweet, right?

Olivia drops it back in the box like it has the plague.

OLIVIA  
Consoles are for suckers.

INT. SAMMI & OLIVIA'S - OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Olivia sits at a makeshift desk in over-sized PJ's. She plays hell out of a game on her PC.

Sammi appears in the door. Olivia doesn't look up.

OLIVIA  
You're home early.

SAMMI  
Dude. We went like three hours over.  
It's almost midnight.

OLIVIA  
No way.

She pauses the game on the inventory screen and looks around in a daze. Her hand stays on the mouse.

Sammi looks around the room. It's filled with unpacked boxes and piles of clothes.

SAMMI  
It looks like shit in here. You better be going for a platinum trophy, otherwise you're just the laziest human.

OLIVIA  
I restarted my game.

Sammi rolls her eyes and looks backs into the living room. Tons of unpacked boxes in there too.

SAMMI  
If you're not gonna be a better 1950's housewife you're gonna have to get a job. Or be a bum.

OLIVIA  
I'll be a bum, thanks.

She gets back into her game. Sammi shoves the door closed and disappears into the living room.

SAMMI (O.C.)  
 Button it up. We got company coming  
 tomorrow.

Olivia doesn't really hear her. Her focus is elsewhere.

INT. SAMMI & OLIVIA'S - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Olivia and Delia sit around a few pizza boxes and six packs  
 on a wagon wheel coffee table.

There's now a raggedy couch and a few mismatched chairs.  
 Still tons of unpacked boxes, though.

DELIA JANE  
 I can't believe you pay less than a  
 thousand.

OLIVIA  
 What are you talking about? Our  
 rent's fifteen hundred.

DELIA JANE  
 Oh. Sammi said it was eight fifty.

Sammi walks in from the kitchen with two open beers.

SAMMI  
 OK. I was fibbing a little. But it's  
 a totally boss place, right?

GRUNTS and GROANS sound from the wide open front door. Jo-Jo  
 struggles with an awkwardly shaped table.

JO-JO  
 Oof. Where you want it?

OLIVIA  
 Kitchen.

SAMMI  
 Mush, mush!

They watch Jo-Jo get the table through the door and carry it  
 directly into the kitchen.

He takes a breath and wipes sweat off his face.

DELIA JANE  
 Sorry, babe. We jumped the gun on the  
 pizza and beer part.

JO-JO  
No worries. Almost done.

He leans down to peck her on the lips and heads back out.  
Sammi nudges Delia the second he's out of sight.

SAMMI  
Tell me that dude fucks like a  
jackhammer

OLIVIA  
Sammi.

SAMMI  
What? He's a big dude.

DELIA JANE  
Can we get back to the part about how  
you lied about your rent?

Sammi swigs her beer and sits up straight.

SAMMI  
Oh, oh! Did you hear about Louis?

DELIA JANE  
What about him?

SAMMI  
He's got a crush on Olivia.

OLIVIA  
Nah.

SAMMI  
Totally. Massive crush. Huge.

OLIVIA  
We text sometimes. That's all.

BLOOP. Sammi glances at Olivia's phone. New text from Louis.

SAMMI  
Speak of the devil.

DELIA JANE  
You guys used to hang out in Junior  
High, didn't you? Me and Jo-Jo just  
went out to the beach and hung out  
with him. College really suits him.  
He seems chill. And lean.

Sammi reads Olivia's text over her shoulder. She doesn't approve and snatches the phone.

SAMMI

God. Bore me to tears, why don't you?

Her fingers absolutely FLY across the keys before Olivia can protest. Sammi tosses her the phone once she's done.

SAMMI

Now you have a date tomorrow night.  
I'll bet you fifty bucks.

OLIVIA

Arg! You're such a menace.

BLOOP. BLOOP. Olivia reads Louis's new texts. And smiles.

SAMMI

What did I tell you?

OLIVIA

OK. Yeah. Fine. He's coming over.

Sammi holds up her beer. They all drink.

INT. SAMMI & OLIVIA'S - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Olivia lies on her side, eyes glued to a TV set up on an empty crate. HELENA P. LOVECRAFT plays.

It's a SUPERNATURAL P.I show. There is supernatural P.I stuff going on in the show. AGNES is the star.

Her character is SOAKING WET.

AGNES AS HELENA (ON TV)

I feel for this girl. I do. Being done in like that on your wedding night? In your own claw-foot, no less. Awful. But this is too damn much. Have you smelled Hogan when he gets wet? I love the guy, but ouch. What a stench.

A key GRINDS in the lock. She presses pause. But that's it. She doesn't even sit up.

Sammi rushes in. She has a walkie-talkie clipped to her pants and an ear piece threaded up her back.

SAMMI

Holy shit. You scared the bejesus out of me. What are you doing home? I thought you had to pick up some shit at your moms.

OLIVIA

Meh. Helena P. popped up on Netflix.

SAMMI

Haven't you seen that shit like fifty times already?

OLIVIA

I like the show, yeah.

Sammi looks at the still of Agnes on the screen.

SAMMI

Holy shit. I know that broad. That broad's directing the flick I'm on.

Olivia sits up.

OLIVIA

Shut. Up.

SAMMI

That's her.

OLIVIA

You're working with Agnes Mills?

SAMMI

Yeah.

OLIVIA

Oh my god. What's she like? Is she cool? God she better be cool. You have to get me her autograph.

Sammi looks around at the still unpacked boxes.

SAMMI

You know you have a date tonight, right? Like. In a few hours.

Olivia sinks down to her lounging position.

OLIVIA

I'm aware.

SAMMI

You don't want to maybe make the place look more festive?

OLIVIA

After the next episode. It's a two parter.

Sammi steps in front of the TV.

SAMMI

Hey. Liv. I don't want to grind your nuts or anything, but you know this is my bedroom right? All this shit is yours. If you don't finish unpacking it I will. OK?

Olivia mimics Sammi with her mouth.

SAMMI

OK?

OLIVIA

OK, god. What are you even doing home? Shouldn't you be at work?

SAMMI

We're on lunch and I really have to drop a deuce. Speaking of which.

She hurries to the bathroom and closes the door.

SAMMI (O.C.)

Handle your shit, Olivia.

OLIVIA

Run the faucet or something. The door is super thin.

SAMMI (O.C.)

Press play on your show.

Olivia does show. She turns the volume WAY UP.

INT. SAMMI & OLIVIA'S - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The volume comes WAY DOWN on the TV. Candles gutter next to some take out and a bottle of wine on the coffee table.

Olivia and Louis sit next to each other on the couch. He looks pretty dressed up in a casual way.

The boxes are still unpacked but they're in a neat stack in the corner. The rest of the room looks cozy.

Olivia wears the top half of her lounging outfit and a pair of jeans. She holds the remote and looks at Louis.

OLIVIA

But you get it, right. Hogan's an empath so he has to keep the bandages on all the time otherwise he'll freak out from feeling everyone's feelings.

LOUIS

Yeah. Got it.

OLIVIA

I know the effects are dated and it's kind of hokey, but it gets so much better. Trust me. Season two is epic.

LOUIS

Liv, it's cool. It's a cool show.

OLIVIA

OK. Cool.

She smiles as wide as she can and presses play. Louis looks around like he has no idea what's going on.

He puts his arm around her. She neither shrugs it off nor leans in to it. After a bit of the episode he withdraws it.

AGNES AS HELENA (ON TV)

Where's Hogan? Why isn't he out here bitching along?

ACTRESS PLAYING POLLY (ON TV)

He won't come out of his office. I think he's embarrassed because his bandages are so sweaty.

AGNES AS HELENA (ON TV)

I think he's embarrassed because he tried to kiss Claudia.

ACTRESS PLAYING POLLY (ON TV)

Yeah. I know. I was being polite.

AGNES AS HELENA (ON TV)

Telling tall tales is polite?

Olivia watches Louis watch the show for the whole scene. He squirms a little when he realizes.

He was clearly supposed to laugh. He didn't laugh. She slips out from under his arm and pauses the show. Again.

EXT. SAMMI & OLIVIA'S - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Louis hops down a narrow flight of steps and exhales a long held breath. He takes a second to enjoy it.

Sammi leans smoking on her car, a little down the street.

SAMMI

Yo.

Louis jumps.

LOUIS

Fuck's sake. Why are you creeping?

SAMMI

I'm a creep.

She stays where she is. He leans on the car next to her.

LOUIS

Do you not smoke in the house or something?

SAMMI

Olivia didn't text me back and I didn't want to walk in on anything hot & heavy.

LOUIS

No worries there. I don't think she's into anyone that doesn't live in "The Spooky Occult World Of Siren City."

SAMMI

She made you watch the show?

She passes him the cigarette.

LOUIS

She made me watch the show.

He takes a drag and hands her back the cigarette.

LOUIS

Is she good? She seems kind of blah.

SAMMI

I dunno, man. I think she's fucked up about not getting in to college, but she acts like it's the best thing ever. I worry, you know?

LOUIS

Yeah. Oh shit. How's film school?

SAMMI

Easy as shit. I talked them into letting me PA on this flick that's shooting in the neighborhood for credit. So clutch.

LOUIS

Cool. Cool.

She passes him the cigarette. They exhale at each other.

LOUIS

I don't want to head west yet. You feel like grabbing a six pack and hanging out at the park?

She doesn't hesitate for a second.

SAMMI

Yeah, OK.

INT. SAMMI & OLIVIA'S - LIVING ROOM - CRACK OF DAWN

Olivia lies wrapped in a blanket on the couch. Her date pants are on the floor. Her sweatpants are on her body.

Sammi nudges her. She half-wakes up.

SAMMI

Hey, yo. So. I slept in the bedroom last night. If you think you're gonna keep passing out on the couch I'll just take the room, if that's cool.

OLIVIA

Yeah, whatever. Whatever works.

She turns on her side. Sammi stares at her as she threads the walkie chord up the back of her shirt.

SAMMI

Hey. Yo. Listen up for a sec.

Olivia turns back to face her.

OLIVIA

What?

SAMMI

I totally hooked up with Louis last night. We didn't fuck or anything but we made out like bandits in the park.

Olivia doesn't say anything.

SAMMI

I tried to get you psyched on him but you didn't seem to care.

OLIVIA

I don't care.

SAMMI

OK.

OLIVIA

OK.

SAMMI

I'm kind of in to him. If you really don't care I'm gonna see him again.

OLIVIA

So see him again.

SAMMI

OK.

OLIVIA

OK.

Olivia thrusts her face into the side of the couch.

SAMMI

I don't need a roommate, you know? I only asked you to move in with me to get you psyched on something. Anything. I'm gonna stop trying and let you get yourself psyched on something for a change. Cool?

OLIVIA

Can I go back to sleep now?

Sammi grabs her shit off the coffee table and walks out.

INT. SAMMI & OLIVIA'S - KITCHEN - DAY

Olivia plops a couple of heavy boxes marked "Kitchen Shit" on to the narrow counter. BLOOP. New text from Louis.

It pretty much says verbatim what Sammi said earlier, only the way a dude would say it.

She texts back a "Thumbs Up" emoji and chucks her phone on the table behind her. Her shoulders sag.

She looks like she's about to cry. Her hands shake and her shoulders straighten. She stops herself from crying.

RIPPPPPP. She opens the first box. Her shoulders sag again. Her eyes fill with tears.

There are TENNIS TROPHIES in the box. She reaches for one.

CUT TO BLACK: