

INT. ELLIE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Ellie sits, dressed to the nines, with her hands folded on the table. She glances down the hall.

ELLIE

Ugh. Your hair's perfect. I know it.
You know it. Dogs know it.

BRUCEY (O.C.)

Pipe down, wife. I got water on my
pants when I washed my hands. Gotta
change my pants.

ELLIE

Good grief.

She fiddles with her phone and sends a text to Amber that reads "Baby, Please." BLOOP. Sent.

She stares at the lack of response.

ELLIE

Your sister's aware that she has to
send me pictures of the baby every
fifteen minutes at least or I'll set
her car on fire, right?

Brucey appears in the doorway. He looks pretty spiffy. He glances down at himself, then at Ellie.

BRUCEY

OK?

She wrinkles her nose and shakes her head.

ELLIE

I'm not a hundred percent sold on
those pants with those shoes.

He holds up his foot to inspect his high-end sneaker.

BRUCEY

Shit, right. Keep the shoes or keep
the pants?

ELLIE

Hmmmmmmmmmmmm.

BLOOP. A text of their baby comes in from Amber. Ellie's eyes immediately drop to the screen.

ELLIE
Shoes. Go go go.

Brucey darts down the hall, hopping out of his shoes.

INT. UBER - BACKSEAT - DAY

Ellie and Brucey each play on their phone. Ellie frames, filters, and fusses with the picture Amber sent.

She hums a little tune to herself.

ELLIE
I miss my baby, I miss my baby girl,
I miss my baby, I miss my baby girl,
and parties are du-u-u-umb.

Brucey compares his Map Apps GPS route with the the Uber drivers. His is possibly three minutes faster.

He leans between the seats.

BRUCEY
Hey, get off at the next exit and go
down Melrose.

ELLIE
Baby. We're not in any great rush or
anything.

BRUCEY
The quicker we get this over with,
the quicker we get home to the baby.

Ellie slaps the back of the drivers seat. Twice.

ELLIE
Yeah, take Melrose.

They both sit back. They look out their own windows. Their hands join in the middle of the seat.

What a delightful silence. The car bumps around the curve of the exit. They both shoot each other the same glance.

ELLIE/BRUCEY
Max.

Ellie checks her phone. There are several new texts from Max that she ignored to look at pictures of the baby.

EXT. MAX'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Max sits on her front steps. She clutches her phone. Hard. She styled up a bit. It looks pretty boss.

BLOOP. Ellie texts an emoji based apology for not picking her up. Max offers the world a fairly appropriate response -

MAX
Mother fuckers.

- and gets to her feet. She pops back inside, grabs her car keys, and locks up behind her.

She mutters the whole way to her car.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - FREE FLOATING TABLE - NIGHT

Ellie & Brucey stand kind of stiff. You know. Like dorks. Ellie MOM-BOPS to the music. Brucey scopes the scene.

The party's about to get going. Coats are off. Everyone's on their second drink. A DJ sets up on a small stage.

Ellie eyes Brucey. She smooths down his lapels and uses them to pull his face in for a quick smooth.

ELLIE
You look rather fetching tonight,
Mister Walker.

BRUCEY
Thanks, Missus. You look pretty hot
yourself.

She touches the pearls at her neck and smiles.

BRUCEY
You OK on your own? I want to grab a
drink before the line gets nuts.

ELLIE
Go, go. Get me a beer.

BRUCEY
No way. We don't want no drunk baby
smashing up her nursery.

ELLIE
One beer. So I can feel like a normal
human being for the first time in
months and months and months.

He walks off shaking his head.

ELLIE

But. But pump & dump.

He's out of earshot.

ELLIE

Nuts.

BLOOP. New picture of the baby. She grins and stares and zooms in and out. She actively adores her daughter.

WHAP. Max punches her hard on the exposed shoulder.

MAX

What the fuck?

ELLIE

Ow. Jeez.

MAX

I had to pay like twenty bucks for parking.

ELLIE

What do you want from me? I got mom brain.

MAX

You better use up all your mom brain nonsense now. Shit will get old fast.

ELLIE

I've been up since quarter to five in the morning. What? Do something.

MAX

I got up at 2:30 to start prepping for a breakfast job.

ELLIE

Aw, man. You win. Oh wait. I grew an eight pound baby girl in my belly and they cut me open and yanked her out.

MAX

Fair enough.

She leans on the table and looks around. Ellie leans in right next to her and follows her looks.

ELLIE
Which one is she?

MAX
Ugh.

ELLIE
Is she super pretty or super cool or both? Is that her? Is that her?

MAX
I knew I shouldn't have said anything.

ELLIE
You had to. I had depressions. Is she tall? Short? Medium?

MAX
Elle. Leave it.

ELLIE
I think it's great. When was the last time you had a crush on someone? I mean. You were with Shelly for eight years and you never had a crush on her. So...college? High school?

MAX
I'm gonna get a drink before the line gets out of control.

ELLIE
Get me a beer.

Max struts off.

MAX
No way.

Ellie watches all the beer bottles in all the hands.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - BAR - DANCE FLOOR SIDE - LATER

Brucey leans on the bar. It's not crowded but MAN that BARTENDER is ignoring him. He waves. He taps the bar.

Nothing. Max slides up next to him.

MAX

Did Ellie sneak a double espresso or what? She's energetic Ellie. Like pre-pregnant energetic Ellie.

BRUCEY

Tell me about it. Keep it under your hat, but I'm gonna get a little drunk. She's driving me kind of nuts.

Max catches the Bartender's eye. He smiles a big smile and grabs a bottled beer. She holds up two fingers.

They turn to look at Ellie, who knocks over the flowers on the table. It's a multi-tiered process to fix them.

MAX

Good to have her back.

BRUCEY

Yeah.

The Bartender slaps two beers on the bar.

BARTENDER

Holy shit. Max. Wuddup.

Max points her beer from Brucey to the Bartender.

MAX

Good to see you. Former employee, brother-in-law. Brother-in-law, former employee.

BRUCEY

Bruce.

BARTENDER

Yo.

MAX

How's tricks?

BARTENDER

Meh. I make more when I work, but I work wayyyyy less.

SCOTT and SAMMI appear at the other side of the bar. The Bartender looks from them to Max.

BARTENDER

Look at those toddlers. What do you think? Card 'em?

MAX

Bruce?

BRUCEY

Don't get kids drunk.

MAX

Card those kids.

BARTENDER

On it.

He walks off. Brucey turns to Max.

BRUCEY

No idea who that dude is, do you?

MAX

None.

They sip and look around. A big CLOUD of GOD DAMN COOL KIDS approaches the nearest corner of the bar. All women.

Brucey turns to watch. Max stares too.

BRUCEY

I'm glad you came out tonight, you know? It's about time you made a play for some new trim. Shelly was an ass. Sorry, but it's true. Me and Ellie were both psyched when you split.

EVA, bubbly smile at the ready, moves out of the cloud of cool kids. She appears to be their leader.

Brucey does a double take.

BRUCEY

Whoah, check it. Is that girl your type or is she your type?

He looks back at Max. Whose nowhere in sight.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ellie holds on to Max's arm and plants her feet. Max tugs against it, kind of. She could easily get away.

ELLIE

You have to stay. Please please please?

(MORE)

ELLIE

Brucey won't dance unless I'm already dancing and I'm not gonna start dancing all by my lonesome. How ridiculous would that look?

MAX

Ain't stayin'.

She drags Ellie a few steps forward.

ELLIE

Joanna Maxwell.

Max stops. Ellie lets her go.

MAX

Elanor Maxwell Walker.

ELLIE

Stay. Have fun. I won't bug you about your love life or try to play cupid or any of the stuff you don't like me doing. I won't even play the mom card. Except. You know. This one last time. I miss you. We don't get to goof around anymore. Let's goof around. Fun, goof, fun, goof goof, fun. I know you want to.

Max eyes the back door to the party.

ELLIE

I'll show you a really cute picture of you and the baby you haven't seen.

Max cocks an eyebrows.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Ellie and Max sister dance. Meaning - they have fun in a way they've had fun for years and don't care how it looks.

Brucey dances like a frat guy. He mostly jumps up and down and puts his arm around people.

Especially when a popular songs comes on. Like. I dunno. "Song 2" by Blur. You know - "who hoo."

A GUY WHOSE JUST SWITCHED FROM BEER TO COCKTAILS bounces his way over to their group. "Who hoo."

Brucey puts his arm around him. They bounce around in between Ellie and Max.

Ellie tries to grab Brucey's beer. He holds it high above his head. She mock-pouts and eyes Max's. It's empty.

She indicates with a pretty elaborate set of finger gestures that she's going to pee.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - BAR - PHOTO-BOOTH SIDE - NIGHT

Ellie darts behind taller people to make her way to the side of the bar farthest from the dance floor.

She keeps her eyes on the spot in the crowd where she left Brucey and Max. The crowd is thick. She can't see them.

The two people in front of her move off with their drinks - at a snails pace, as far as she's concerned.

She holds a twenty dollar bill at the ready. The Bartender moves back and forth while he takes her order.

She matches his movements.

ELLIE

A bottle of beer. Frosty as you please, thanks.

He leans down to grab her a Corona. Brucey pops into view on the other side of the bar, by the edge of the dance floor.

The second the beer hits the bar so does the twenty. Ellie rockets off. The Bartender calls after her.

BARTENDER

Hey. Hey. Open bar!

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - PHOTO-BOOTH - NIGHT

Ellie hops into the empty booth and CLOSES the curtain. She kicks off her DISTINCT shoes and puts them on the seat.

She holds up the beer. It's like GOLDEN RAYS OF LIGHT shine off it's bountiful liquid. Only -

- it's not open. And, obviously, not a twist off.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - OUTSIDE THE PHOTO-BOOTH - SAME TIME

ELLIE

Arrrrrrrrrrrrrg.

Eva and some STYLISH CHUMS stop by the booth. The curtain WHIPS open. Ellie leans out.

ELLIE

Can someone. For the love of god.
Please open this beer.

She holds it aloft.

EVA

I got you.

She takes the beer and pops it open on a belt-buckle-bottle-opener. Ellie grabs it and WHIPS the curtain closed.

ELLIE (O.S.)

Thanks.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - PHOTO-BOOTH - NIGHT

Ellie stares at the beer.

ELLIE

Hello, my fine, frosty friend. It's
been a while.

She lifts the beer. Before it gets to her lips she makes a face and grabs her breast with her free hand.

It's tender. She looks down at her dress. Two stains form on her chest. She's milk-leaking.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - BAR - DANCE FLOOR SIDE - NIGHT

Brucey leans on the bar next to the NO LONGER SOBER GUY. He has the Bartender set up two shots.

They hold them aloft.

BRUCEY

To liberty and freedom, one night at
a time. Here's mud in your eye.

They take the shots. The SOON TO BE DRUNK GUY wanders off. Brucey looks out the huge warehouse doors.

A crowd packs up against a food truck. A few pockets of people drift back and forth. Smoke drifts through the air.

His eyes light up. A BURST OF LAUGHTER gets his attention over by the photo-booth. He glances over.

Eva and her Stylish Chums head outside. He looks at the gap under the curtain. A pair of bare feet STOMP the ground.

He shrugs and looks back at the puffs of smoke outside.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - FRONT LOT - NIGHT

Max leans against a chain-link fence. She checks out what's going on at the food truck. The crowd. The staff.

Sheesh. All work with this broad. Eva and her Crew join the line. Max picks her out instantly.

She stares. Eva turns around quickly, looks right at her, and whispers something to one of her pals.

The whole group of Stylish Chums turn as one. They look right at Max and explode in fits of giggles.

One of them snaps a picture. BLOOP. Max gets a text from Eva. Emoji's and a question mark. Fucking millenials.

The group turns to look at her as one. Eva makes a wuddup motion. Max lowers her head and shuffles inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - PHOTO-BOOTH - NIGHT

Ellie adjusts and readjusts a cardigan over her dress until she's satisfied the stains aren't showing.

She stares at the lens. What the hell. She's here, right? BLEEP BLOOP. She poses four different ways. CLICK x 4.

When the camera stops she makes herself comfortable and picks the (still full) beer off the floor.

She stares at it. She lifts it to sip. But she doesn't. Her hearts not in it anymore.

Someone KNOCKS on the side of the booth.

SAMMI (O.C.)

You writing War & Peace in there or what? God.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - OUTSIDE THE PHOTO-BOOTH - SAME TIME

The curtain SHIMMIES open.

ELLIE

Can I help you?

Sammi leans around Scott to poke her head in the booth.

SAMMI

Yeah, man. We want a turn.

Ellie's eyes land on a cardboard sleeve in Scott's hand. It's got a single slider with a bite taken out of it.

She points at it and looks directly at Scott.

ELLIE

Where?

SCOTT

Oh. Um. Food truck.

Ellie hops out. Sammi hops in. Scott's about to join her when Ellie pops back.

ELLIE

I'll trade you an only sort of room temperature beer for that tiny little sliver of delicious treat.

SCOTT

I took a bite out of it.

She shoves the beer in his hand and snatches the slider. CHOMP. She eats it in one bite and pops off.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - SIDE ALLEY - NIGHT

Brucey pokes his head down a narrow alley. A few solitary folk lean against the wall. Smoke fills the air.

He tries to look casual as he approaches the FIRST SMOKER. Before he can even ask he notices it's an E-CIGARETTE.

No problem. He strolls on to the NEXT SMOKER. Reefer-Joint. Harumph. He moves on to the THIRD SMOKER.

A GUY WITH A STREAK OF BLUE IN HIS HAIR. Who vapes. Big time vape, like it's going out of style.

Brucey's almost at the other end of the alley and he's running out of smokers. He approaches the last one.

Huzzah! Actual paper wrapped around some herbs attached to a filter. It's about god damn time.

He sniffs the air before he gets close enough to bum one. Something's off. He moves closer anyway.

BRUCEY

Hey, hi. You think you could spare a cigarette real quick?

FOURTH SMOKER

You don't want none of this, man.
It's a ginseng cig. I'm on a cleanse.

He stares in vague disbelief and shuffles out the other end of the alley, which takes him to -

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - PARKING LOT

- where he shakes his head.

BRUCEY

(mutters)

Fucking millenials, I swear.

A KERFUFFLE sounds. He turns to look at it. JULIETTE & CASSAVETES struggle over a bottle of bourbon.

JULIETTE

Give it.

CASSAVETES

I'm getting wasted. I told you.

Juliette wins the kerfuffle.

JULIETTE

What am I, your mom? I don't give a care what you do. You were bogarting.

CASSAVETES

Oh. Sorry.

Juliette swigs and passes the bottle back to Cass. They notice Brucey looking at them.

CASSAVETES

Sup, yo. Want a taste?

Brucey shrugs.

BRUCEY
Yeah, what the hell.

INT/EXT. MAX'S CAR - HOLLYWOOD & LA BREA - NIGHT

Max sits in bumper to bumper, stand still traffic.
Spotlights fill the night sky. Must be a premier.

She fiddles with the radio. She fiddles with her rear view
mirror. She fiddles with the AC.

The car moves. About two inches.

MAX
This is the worrrrst.

She looks at her phone. It's open to a text chain between
her and Eva. The last emoji one gets a face.

SWIPE. Deleted. She flips over to her contacts. SWIPE.
Deleted. She drops the phone immediately.

Drive. Drive. Stop. Fiddle. Fiddle. Stop. BLOOP. New text.
She looks at it - it's from a number not in her phone.

"You hangin'? Come say hi."

It's clearly from Eva. Max stares at it. The car in front of
her moves forward a inch. She doesn't step on the gas.

Why bother when she's clearly going back to the wrap party?

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - FRONT LOT - NIGHT

Ellie stands next to a trash can with a great view of the
huge warehouse doors.

She holds a slider above the cardboard sleeve, ready to drop
that shit in the garbage toot sweet.

Brucey appears at the mouth of the alley. She shoves the
half-a-slider in her purse and throws out the sleeve.

Brucey paces out of view behind a small crowd. She wheels
around on her heel and walks down the street.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - PARK - NIGHT

Ellie walks up to a bench on the street side of the park. Her eyes are glued to her phone.

PAULINE sits rigidly upright on the bench. Ellie sits next to her without paying much attention.

Pauline glances at her a couple of times, then looks down at her phone at a picture of THE BABY.

Pauline talks in a halting, dazed fashion.

PAULINE
Is that...your baby?

Ellie thrusts the phone in front of Pauline's face.

ELLIE
Uh huh. Perfect, right?

She looks up at Pauline to make sure she thinks her baby is perfect. Recognition fills her face.

ELLIE
Oh. Hi. You come in to my sisters place sometimes. With that actress. What's-her-name.

PAULINE
Yeah. Me and whats-her-name are thick as thieves. Like this.

She holds up two entwined fingers.

ELLIE
What is her name? Shoot. I've been chowing down on free food at her party all night. Dang it.

PAULINE
Helena. P. Lovecraft.

ELLIE
Yeah. That stupid show. That was her. Did you work on that with her?

PAULINE
Noooooooooooo. I'm her agent.

ELLIE

OK, neat. I have a question for you.
Do you have to watch all your clients
stupid stuff and pretend to like it?

PAULINE

I like everything. Every. Thing. Hey.
Is the party over yet?

HONK. HONK. A guy parked in a car with an Uber sticker
leans on his horn. Ellie looks over. Pauline doesn't.

The driver motions at Ellie to come over.

EXT. UBER DRIVERS CAR - NIGHT

The driver leans over the passenger seat. Ellie holds her
cardigan closed and leans down to the window.

UBER DRIVER

You know that broad?

ELLIE

No, not really.

UBER DRIVER

You know where she belongs?

ELLIE

Like. In a universal sense?

UBER DRIVER

No. What? Jesus.

ELLIE

I don't know what you're asking me.

UBER DRIVER

A friend of hers called me and put
her in the backseat. The second we
pulled around the corner she made me
come back here and said there would
be a hundred bucks in it if I waited
until she was ready to go home. Cash.

ELLIE

Did she give you the money?

UBER DRIVER

Yeah, but that was like over an hour
ago. She was my first ride. I'd like
to get back to work.

ELLIE

I still don't understand what you're asking me.

UBER DRIVER

Just. Look. She's stoned out of her mind. Like a crazy person. OK?

Ellie looks over at the back of Pauline's head.

ELLIE

Is she?

UBER DRIVER

Obviously. How could you not know?

She leans back down to the window.

ELLIE

I don't do weed. It's stupid.

The driver throws up his hands.

UBER DRIVER

Here's fifty back. Just make sure she doesn't try to eat a phone book or something. I gotta jet.

He hands her a fifty dollar bill and starts the car. Ellie stares at the money. The driver shakes his head.

The car pulls off.

ELLIE

Ohhhhh. You want me to mind her.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT

Ellie leads Pauline down the street, arm in arm. Eva leans, cool as can be, against the wall.

EVA

Yo. Sup, Paul.

ELLIE

Oh my god. Does she belong to you?

Eva shrugs her way over to them.

EVA

You ate all the weed chocolate, didn't you?

PAULINE
I am incredibly stoned, yes.

EVA
Didn't Agnes put you in an Uber?

ELLIE
Agnes. Agnes Mills. Thank you.

PAULINE
She did, but I had to come back for her speech. Rally the troops. Get everyone on the same page.

EVA
Let's get some booze in you. Level it out. Sound good?

Ellie hands Pauline off to Eva.

ELLIE
Thank you.

EVA
Yeah, no worries.

Ellie watches them walk off.

ELLIE
And thanks for opening my beer earlier. Don't think I don't remember. I do.

Eva turns Pauline out of sight around a corner. Ellie's eyes land on a GUY WITH AN ICE CREAM CONE.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - SIDE ALLEY - EARLIER

Brucey cups a cigarette and walks away from LUCY, who stares daggers at him. Her phone BLOOPS.

LUCY (O.C.)
What!?

He turns into the -

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - FRONT LOT

- and offers Lucy a quick glance. She smiles down at her phone screen. He shakes his head.

BRUCEY

Nut job.

He turns around in time to see Ellie turn around and walk down the street. He ducks behind a crowd.

He doesn't exhale his last drag until she's out of sight. He looks at the cigarette. He looks back at where Ellie was.

The cigarette hits the ground. He steps it out. A shadow falls on his super high end sneakers.

SAMMI

Got another one of those?

He looks her over. She looks as young as she is. Which is pretty damn young.

BRUCEY

Nope. Even if I did? Nope. It's a crazy person thing to do. You know that, don't you? Are you even old enough to buy your own? You know they just changed the law to 21, right?

SAMMI

Settle down, Gramps. It's not even for me. It's for a grown up.

She spits the words "grown up" at him with all the sarcasm nineteen years on this earth can muster.

She zips off before he thinks of a comeback.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - PHOTO-BOOTH - NIGHT

Brucey checks out the dance floor. It's in pretty full swing. He rubs his face. LAUGHTER comes out of the booth.

A BURST OF FOUR PEOPLE pour out. They cluster around where the pictures come out. He grins and hops in to the booth.

INT/EXT. MAX'S CAR - WAREHOUSE STUDIO - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Max sits parked across the street from the back lot. She stares at her phone.

The text from Eva was sent 34 minutes earlier. She actively stares at the time until it advances to 35 minutes.

She immediately types "Sup?" and sends it. She tosses the phone - face down - on the passenger seat.

She pretends she isn't desperately waiting for a response. Her hands try to find something to do. Meh. Doesn't work.

Her eyes wander from group to group behind the warehouse. They linger on Juliette and Scott.

A quick exchange is made. They couldn't look more suspicious if they tried. Scott drops the drugs.

Juliette puts her head in her hands. BLOOP. Max WHIPS the phone in front of her face.

New text from Ellie. God dammit.

INT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - FREE FLOATING TABLE - NIGHT

Ellie sets her phone down on the table. She doesn't expect Max to write back. An ice cream treat sits in front of her.

She looks around. Brucey appears at the bar. She waves at him like a maniac. He see's her and walks over.

ELLIE

Look, look. Halfsies?

She motions at the ice cream. He sets a pint of water on the table and waves a photo-strip at her.

BRUCEY

Sure, why not. Date night, right?

ELLIE

Whatcha got there?

BRUCEY

Oh this?

He holds the strip away from her. She rolls her eyes.

BRUCEY

I gotta warn you. It's adorable.

He hands her the strip. All the pictures in the booth are of him holding up his phone with a picture of her.

He used zooming & perspective to do a fairly convincing job of making it look like they were both in the booth.

ELLIE

Aw. That's me.

BRUCEY

That's us.

He cuts the ice cream treat in half. They share it as the party zooms on around them.

The lights go out. A spotlight shines on a microphone on the stage. Agnes strides over to it amid some serious APPLAUSE.

Brucey and Ellie lock eyes.

ELLIE/BRUCEY

You want to get the hell out of -

She nods and smiles. He holds out his arm. She takes it and they walk off through the crowd as Agnes starts her speech.

INT/EXT. MAX'S CAR - WAREHOUSE STUDIO - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Max sits at her post. Her seat is back all the way. She's so bored she's actually kind of entertained by it.

BLOOP. Phone. Face. Whipped to. Etc. It's another text from Ellie that reads "As promised..."

BLOOP. An insanely cute picture of Max and The Baby fills the screen. There's something absurd going on.

Max laughs. It breaks her mood. She jolts the seat upright and puts the key in the ignition.

A major SCENE unfolds in the parking lot as Cassavetes and Juliette fight. Agnes watches from a distance.

She takes the key out of the ignition.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Brucey steps off the curb and looks down the street. He strikes a somewhat dramatic pose.

BRUCEY

Where the fuck is this guy?

Ellie takes a picture of him. His hand comes up in front of his mouth and he sniffs his breath. He looks back at her.

BRUCEY

You got any gum or anything?

She opens her purse. The crushed remains of half a slider look up at her. SNAP. She closes the purse.

ELLIE

Nope.

He turns back to the road. Headlights approach.

BRUCEY

This better be him.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STUDIO - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eva waves to a group of her Stylish Chums as they disperse into the night. She leans against the wall.

A joint comes up to her lips. She checks her pockets for a light. FFFFT. A flame appears in front of the joint.

Max shields the flame from the wind until the joints lit.

MAX

Yo.

Eva smiles and inhales at the same time.

EVA

About fucking time.

Their eyes meet.

INT. UBER - BACKSEAT - NIGHT

The car stops at a red light. Brucey leans between the seats and shows the driver the GPS app on his phone.

BRUCEY

Hey, man. Don't take Melrose. It's all fucked from some premier.

He flops back. He and Ellie look out their own windows. Their hands join the the middle of the seat.

He sniffs the air.

BRUCEY

Did you eat a burger?

She sniffs the air.

ELLIE

Did you smoke?

They turn their heads to look at each other.

ELLIE/BRUCEY

No. Nope. No way. Nuh uh. Not even a
little. Absolutely not.

CUT TO BLACK: