

INT. MULLIGAN'S - NIGHT

SENATOR/LOVER, a 5-person improv-group, performs a typical improv act in front of a good-sized crowd.

A WEATHERED POSTER for their show "A Clockwork Tea Set" is visible on a cork board, covered by newer flyers.

A small, handwritten sign taped to the poster reads "Tickets Still Available" with a few FESTIVE EMOJIS drawn on it.

BRETT, a handsome, almost pinch-faced man, stares hard at one of the members. His expression is both stern & confused.

HANK, one of the feistier performers, makes a JESUS reference that gets a huge laugh. Brett is not amused.

CHARITY, a slightly nervous performer with the air of a RETIRED MANIC PIXIE DREAM GIRL, scowls when she notices.

She GRIPS a HEAVY GOLD CROSS around her neck. At the next opportunity she moves the skit away from Jesus.

Brett narrows his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. MULLIGAN'S - BOOTH - LATER

Hank slides into a booth with a round of drinks for -

ADELAIDE, a severe blonde with a matter of fact look on her face, gets a white wine spritzer. She kisses Hank. Quickly.

ZAPPA, a good natured fella who compulsively looks around the room, holds on to his G n T for dear life.

VIVIAN, a lean man with a composed air of restraint about him, reaches for his pint of lager ale.

With his other hand he quickly pats the bun atop Adelaide's head three times.

VIVIAN

Beep Boop.

ADELAIDE

What did I tell you about BeepBoop?

VIVIAN

That it was fun when we were kids and it's still fun now.

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CONTINUED:

Hank slides a White Russian across the table to Charity.

CHARITY

Ew, no.

ADELAIDE

Come on, Henry. You know she doesn't drink anymore.

HANK

Right, sorry. Force of habit, as they say.

ZAPPA

Yeah, Hank. Head out of your ass.

ADELAIDE

Henry. Henry Henry Henry. Hen. Ry.

A PORTLY MAN chatting with Brett catches Hank's eye and raises his pint in a grand salute.

PORTLY MAN

Yo, Hank - sick improv, bro.

Brett remains impassive. All the members of Senator/Lover look over. Except Charity. She grips her cross & looks down.

CHARITY

(Deep breath)

Guys, I have something to ask you.

Adelaide cuts her off by sliding a SUPER GIRLY TRAPPER KEEPER onto the table. She's met with a collective GROAN.

ADELAIDE

Groan all you want, but we've got our work cut out for us. Another review went up today. It was not good. Not good at all.

She flips through the notebook with real purpose.

ADELAIDE (cont'd)

"While the overall structure was good, and the plot was a breath of fresh air, the comedy itself was stagnant, the laughs few and far between, and the overall effect one of discordant disharmony."
Overwritten, yes. Good? No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZAPPA

Who said that? What soon to be internet trolled mother fucker said that silly shit about us?

HANK

Was it the elderly chap what doth interviewed us? Because, anon, methinks he was a scoundrel.

Charity's hand drifts away from her cross and she looks up. Her face is eager and excited.

CHARITY

See, I told you guys. I should have talked about the characters, Adelaide should have talked about the plot, and Hank should have talked about the jokes. That way...

Brett catches her eye. A grumpy look spreads across his face. She trails off. Hank notices.

CHARITY (cont'd)

Or. You know. Whatever.

ADELAIDE

When we're on the mountain we've really got to dig in and figure out where we went wrong. And also the other thing.

She - very obviously - jerks her head at Charity. Everyone shuffles uncomfortably. After a breath Hank BANGS the table.

HANK

Come come to the palace, come come.

He looks at Zappa, whose lost in his phone. He looks up and responds reflexively, with little enthusiasm.

ZAPPA

Come come to the palace and see what she's brung.

Zappa looks to Vivian, who rolls his eyes.

VIVIAN

Y'all guys, can we please cool it with the "Frivolity"?

HANK

It's just "Frivolity."

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CONTINUED:

VIVIAN

Even so, lets give it a rest. I know y'all think its the Cat's Pajama's, and you've been at it since long before I joined the group, but it is old and it is tired.

Hank opens his mouth to object. Adelaide cuts him off.

ADELAIDE

Viv's right. I've got a brand new game for us to get in to once we're up there. And believe you me - it's killer. Everyone's good for nine AM Saturday, right?

ZAPPA

Yes, mom. Jeez. You've only been sending out email reminders for the last month. Scootch. I want to see if I can get Brett's friend to buy me a drink.

He shoves Vivian to the edge of the booth.

CHARITY

Dude, please don't.

Too late. He's gone. Adelaide follows him with her eyes and finds EUGENE (40), boringly handsome, looking at her.

ADELAIDE

Gene looks like he means business. He must have seen the reviews. Come on, Viv. You can wave some razzle and some dazzle in his face and maybe he won't drop us.

She drags Vivian off. Hank and Charity share a look.

CHARITY

That dude gets a nickname but we can't call you Hank?

HANK

"Viv's" not a nickname, it's a short for.

CHARITY

So's Hank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK
(Terrible British
accent)

Come come Mr. Bond, you derive just
as much pleasure from letting Addie
be Addie as I do.

CHARITY
Dude, I have to get real with you
guys. About tomorrow. I know we all
have to get ready for the retreat,
but -

HANK
Pfft. Why is it you only ever "get
real" when it's one on one?

CHARITY
I know we all have to get ready for
the retreat, but -

HANK
Wait, let me guess - you're becoming
unborn again born again? Kidding,
kidding.

CHARITY
No, but it's about that. I need you
guys to do something for me. And for
Brett. And I need you to be cool
about it.

She throws him her best serious face. He puts his hand
somewhere weird, like the small of her back.

HANK
Anything for you. You know that. Just
so you know, though, Addie has a list
of shit she wants us to do a mile
long.

She fingers the CROSS around her neck.

CHARITY
That's cool. It won't take long.

Her gaze wanders to the -

INT. MULLIGAN'S - BAR - NIGHT

Eugene looks Vivian up and down, all lustily. Adelaide tries
desperately to get his attention.

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CONTINUED:

EUGENE

Don't worry about it for a second. It was just one review. I'm not dropping you guys.

ADELAIDE

Thank Christ.

EUGENE

Fuck Christ. Just get funnier.

Brett sidles past them with a glare on his way to the bathroom. Eugene watches him go.

EUGENE (cont'd)

That guy wigs me the fuck out. What on earth does Charity see in him?

VIVIAN

Salvation, y'all.

ADELAIDE

That reminds me. She wanted me to find out if you're coming tomorrow.

EUGENE

No. I wouldn't be caught dead at one of those things. My Jewish ancestors would rise up and strangle me in my sleep.

An old, weird BEARDED guy heads for Hank and Charity at the booth. Eugene turns Adelaide to face him.

EUGENE (cont'd)

That's the critic from the weekly. Do not let Charity god at him.

ADELAIDE

Shit, right.

She drags Vivian away, posthaste.

EXT. VIVIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small, squat back-house sits at the end of a long garden path atop a hill. Darkness swells around it. CLICK.

The outside light comes on. A faint SCUFFLE sounds behind the door. It opens.

Vivian tosses a very drunk Eugene onto the grass.

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CONTINUED:

VIVIAN

What is wrong with you? I'm not that kind of fella.

Eugene tries to get up but slips on his ass.

EUGENE

You're hot as fuck.

VIVIAN

Go home and sleep it off, nitwit.

He closes the door. CLICK. The light goes off. Eugene slips around a bit before making it to his feet.

He takes a step toward the house. CLICK. The bedroom light comes on. Vivian stands at the window. Staring.

He slowly shakes his head. CLICK. The light goes off. Eugene takes the hint. He stumbles for the stairs to the street.

Once he's out of sight there's movement at the window.

EXT. STAIRS TO THE STREET - NIGHT

Eugene approaches the top of a long, crooked flight of steps. It's overgrown with bushes and hanging branches.

He stops at the top to consider his best course of action. A foot CRUNCHES gravel behind him.

Before he turns a noose drops around his neck and pulls tight. He throws all of his weight back.

AN OBSCURED FORM IN A YELLOW RAIN COAT falls backwards on its ass. Eugene flips on his back.

The FORM still holds the end of the rope. It tugs. Eugene jerks his head back. The rope slips from the Forms grasp.

It advances on Eugene. He kicks, sending the form flying back. He flips onto his stomach and crawls for the stairs.

SCHUNK. A switchblade plunges into the back of Eugene's calf. RIPPP. It rips downward, cutting cloth and flesh.

He screams. Blood SPURTS all over the yellow rain coat. A GLOVED HAND wipes it away.

The switchblade lifts in the air. And descends -

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. BODY OF WATER - BRIGHT ASS DAY

A very haggard Senator/Love stands all in a row. Sunglasses and Gatorade bottles abound.

They're dressed in WHITE ROBES. Down by the water Charity waits in a line of three people, Brett beside her.

A DEACON in a white suit dunks someone under the water.

ZAPPA

The. Hell.

HANK

This is a step too far.

ADELAIDE

Yeah. Epic baptism, bro.

Vivian makes a joyful sound along the lines of "Zah Zah Zah Zah" and digs his fingers into Adelaide's armpits.

She barely notices. Hank does, though.

ZAPPA

This is some bargain basement shit right here. There's only four people. And where did they find that Deacon, Creeps R' Us?

HANK

The only creep down there is Brett.

VIVIAN

And a little bit Charity.

Hank shoots him a dirty look. Adelaide slips a cigarette out from under her robe.

ADELAIDE

So since we're all here, lets figure out the driving situation for tomorrow. We shouldn't need more than two cars.

Vivian takes the cigarette out of her mouth and drags.

VIVIAN

I'll go with Charity if she's the odd man out. I want to get to the bottom of all this fancy religion. Really dig in there.

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CONTINUED:

HANK

Really? I was thinking I could get
some one on one time with her.

ADELAIDE

No, it makes more sense for Viv to go
with her. Zap can't be trusted.

ZAPPA

Trusted to what? Not commit a venal
sin for an hour and a half? Oh
christ. Look at that freak.

Charity makes her way into the water and gets her baptism
on. Brett testifies for all he's worth.

He rushes into -

THE WATER

- and helps the Deacon hold Charity down.

UNDERWATER

Charity struggles for a second until a calm smile crosses
her face. Her body goes limp.

She makes no move to resurface. Bubbles slip out of her
mouth and nose. Brett and the Deacon finally pull her out.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Adelaide lifts her wet face from the sink and stares at
herself in the mirror.

Her phone chirps with a new text. She's about to ignore it
until she see's it's from Charity.

The text reads "Thanks for making my baptism so sick! Sorry
I had to bounce." Followed by a ton of ridiculous emoji's.

Adelaide swipes through to a picture of Charity in a bikini.
She zooms in and studies her body, her red lips.

Her hand goes to her throat and slowly moves downward. Her
fingers lightly trace her collar bone. She inhales sharply.

HANK (O.S.)

Babe?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She quickly closes the photo app and turns the phone's screen toward her body, like she's done something wrong.

HANK (O.S.) (cont'd)
Babe, shouldn't we talk about this more?

ADELAIDE
I'm just not as worried as you, that's all.

She grabs a towel and walks into -

THE BEDROOM

- where Hank sits in bed with a laptop on his knees. All Adelaide's got on is a long Tee.

HANK
Babe, we're both equally as worried as the other. I'm just more vocal about it. It's like, first we're planning to have an intervention intervention, because of all the boozing and fornicating -

ADELAIDE
Just say fucking.

HANK
- and now we have to have some kind of weird God Slash Comedy intervention? For Charity. Like that makes any sense.

Adelaide stares at the bare parts of Hank's body that are visible. The muscles of his legs. His shoulders.

ADELAIDE
(Absent Mindedly)
That the video?

He nods. She hops on the bed and sidles up on him. He shows her a cut of a TWEE ASS MUSIC VIDEO. Starring them.

HANK
What do you think?

ADELAIDE
It's so much better, babe. I love the cut from the cardigans to the bird cages.

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CONTINUED:

HANK
I know, right?

He keeps his eyes on the screen and noddles around. She stares at him a second before going in for a kiss.

He barely returns it.

ADELAIDE
Put the computer away.

HANK
I want to finish.

ADELAIDE
We can both finish then you can finish. You catch my drift?

She gets super handsy. He sort of pulls away.

HANK
I'm saving it up for Friday.

ADELAIDE
Babe, it is Friday.

HANK
Can you just...? Thanks.

She pulls away from him, frustrated.

ADELAIDE
Fine.

She stares at him hard. He gives her an apologetic look.

ADELAIDE (cont'd)
Fine, but when I bring up that there's no way in hell we're sticking with Senator/Lover, you better have my back.

She grabs her phone (dramatically) and heads to the bathroom.

HANK
But I like Senator/Lover.

ADELAIDE (O.S.)
I know you do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The second the door closes Hank minimizes Final Cut & opens a folder on his desktop. Then a folder in that folder & so on.

With a glance at the bathroom door he opens the final folder. It's full of pictures of Charity in a bikini. Lots of them.

He lingers on the same one Addie did. His expression changes.

INT. SPLIT-SCREEN - ZAPPA'S HOUSE/VIVIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Zappa's face fills the whole screen of Vivian's computer. Vivian sits a fair distance from his web-cam.

The two Facetime each other. Vivian at his desk, Zappa moving around with the laptop in his palm.

He scrolls through the groups YouTube videos.

ZAPPA

Lookit this. Look at it! Belle Pepper video. Belle Pepper video. Belle Pepper video. Oh look, a two minute video from our show last month. Belle Pepper video. How much does Adelaide love her band?

VIVIAN

Very much, I know. But not as much as Hank.

ZAPPA

She's got no chill. None.

VIVIAN

Well... it's probably good for us, isn't it? The traffic.

ZAPPA

Get her dick out yo' mouth. We need to make our own damn video's. Comedy video's. That don't sound like Belle & Sebastian puked on a synthesizer.

VIVIAN

It's fine, I feel fine.

ZAPPA

Well, look. You'll have my back for Regular Toast, right?

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CONTINUED:

VIVIAN

Yes, that'll be fine.

ZAPPA

I'm fucking serious. We need a name. How you gonna build a brand without a name?

VIVIAN

Now, now. I think everyone's on edge because the reviews weren't as good as we hoped. That doesn't mean we have to redo everything from the ground up.

ZAPPA

You're the one that wants us to ditch Frivolity.

VIVIAN

(Joyful screech)

It's stupid! It's a stupid way to get ideas.

ZAPPA

But where would we be without it?

VIVIAN

Wellsir, I couldn't tell you.

ZAPPA

Then there's this Charity shit to contend with.

VIVIAN

Why is everyone so squirrely around her? Just tell her you don't like the lord as much as she does. No fuss. No Muss.

ZAPPA

Dude, have you met us? That would be super healthy and functional. Not to mention the fact that we've all been hot to trot for her at some point. Even Mercy.

VIVIAN

Mercy?

ZAPPA

Even me! Sophomore year I let her ravish me like a Turk.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

ZAPPA (cont'd)

And I already knew I was gay as a window. You know what? Whatever. Fuck it. I gotta go pack. Have fun in the car with the God Warrior tomorrow. You gay Judas.

Zappa signs off. After waiting to make sure the connection is dead, Vivian clicks over to a social networking site.

He tilts his head as he stares at a picture of Charity in a bikini. Well...?

INT. CHARITY'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brett paces in front of the closed bathroom door. He's in the middle of a dead earnest - and manic - monologue.

BRETT

- and after tonight I'm even more convinced I have to be there with you. They need to learn that the Lord gives with one hand and takes with the other.

(To himself)

Christ is my savior, hallelujah, amen.

(Back to the door)

There's so much sin there and they'll be happy to have it held up to them in the light, their shame like a beacon from which they'll flee. This is our moment. Our time to do His work. They're your friends and they have so much love for you. Lets grab that love by the lapels and force them on the righteous path. Let's promise the Lord we won't be afraid to get fierce if we have to.

INT. CHARITY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Charity sits in the tub, her hand firmly gripping her cross.

BRETT

It will be easier with some than others. But it bodes well that they agreed to have me join your retreat and spread the word -

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CONTINUED:

His words get MUFFLED when Charity abruptly slips underwater. She holds her breath until the MUFFLED VOICE stops.

It takes a while.

She THRUSTS herself out of the water and chokes out an -

CHARITY

Amen!

INT. MOUNTAIN HOME - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

We move through a darkened house. From a hallway lined with doors into a huge living room.

There's an EERIE SILENCE as the journey continues - past a kitchen, into a foyer, on to the attached guest house.

We stop moving at THE SOUND OF BROKEN GLASS.

CUT TO BLACK: