

LITTLE TRIGGERS

Written by

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INT. ARTHUR'S FACE - EVENING

Lying on the floor ARTHUR MCBRIDE, (50's), forces his eyes closed and adjusts a huge pair of HEADPHONES on his head.

A makeshift neck-brace crafted of duct tape and a leopard print pillow circles his neck. He fusses with it.

One hand points a shotgun-mic connected to an old reel-to-reel tape recorder at the ceiling. He stops fussing.

Everything is completely silent. The microphone twitches like a mechanical erection. He stops it at an angle.

His tired face keeps perfectly still. The microphone moves a fraction of an inch. His eyes shoot open.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES SIDE STREET - EVENING

RIGBY(30) stands near an alley that cuts between a long brick wall & a colorfully festive shop, clutching a worn paperback.

She's over-dressed for L.A. Thermals poke out the bottom of a thrift-store-dress with a few holes in it.

She's pretty, what with her long brown hair & pale skin, but squints like someone who never adjusted to contact lenses.

She rests her coat on the suitcase at her feet. A cellphone CHIRPS an ugly, factory-set ringtone. She taps the screen.

RIGBY

Yeah, where are you?... Ok, well
I'm right where I said I was,
around the corner from that place
you told me you had that best thing
ever that one time... I don't know,
French Toast maybe?... Ok. Great.

She pockets her phone and takes out a pack of cigarettes in one motion. She checks the pack. Only a few left.

She eyes the newsstand on the corner. A CHUBBY KID (13) huffs away from a SMALL KID (11). The Small Kid catches up.

SMALL KID

Hey, Jumbo-Tron. Hold up, hold up.

The Chubby Kid backs up against the brick wall. The Small Kid slaps a candy bar out of his hand and grabs him by the shirt.

SMALL KID (CONT'D)
 Nah, you don't want any of that.
 You want some of this.

He takes a cigarette from behind his ear and forces it into the Chubby Kids mouth.

CHUBBY KID
 Aw man. Come on, man. Come on.

SMALL KID
 You told Ginger you loved 'em. You said.

The Small Kid FLICKS a zippo open.

CHUBBY KID
 But Ginger hates me.

The Small Kid slaps him in the face and brings the flame to the cigarette. The Chubby Kid starts to cry.

SMALL KID
 Smoke it. Smoke the whole damn thing.

The Chubby kid inhales. Rigby watches in disbelief.

RIGBY
 Jesus.

A car pulls up in front of her. Its hazards come on and CRICKET (27), a real pip of a pixie-blonde, hops out.

CRICKET
 Rigby!

She bolts over to Rigby and pulls her into an enormous hug. Rigby tries to pivot so she can see the kids.

The Small Kid runs off as the Chubby Kid coughs and shuffles in the opposite direction. Cricket looks into Rigby's eyes.

CRICKET (CONT'D)
 Welcome to L.A, Kid.

RIGBY
 (Under-whelmed)
 Hoo-Ray.

INT. CRICKET'S CAR - EVENING

Cricket guides the car through Los Feliz.

CRICKET

You hate it, right? Tell me how much you hate it. I dare you.

Rigby looks out the window, hands clutching the paperback. It's cover reads "Cautionary Tales With Happy Endings".

RIGBY

You said it got cold at night.

CRICKET

It gets really cold at night.

RIGBY

It's crazy person hot.

The car stops at a red light. Cricket rubs Rigby's arm.

CRICKET

Hey, Kid. I'm really sorry about Flo'. Really. Sorry.

RIGBY

Yeah.

CRICKET

How was the funeral?

RIGBY

I wouldn't know. It was this morning.

CRICKET

You -

Cricket stops. The two exchange a long glance before the light turns green. Rigby taps a cigarette on her book.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

No way are you smoking that in here.

RIGBY

But -

CRICKET

No way in hell, Kid.

Rigby plants it between her lips.

RIGBY

Are you sure?

She brings her face close to Cricket's with a smile.

RIGBY (CONT'D)
Are you... poz-ah-tive?

She talks in a made-up foreign accent and pokes Cricket on the cheek with the cigarette.

CRICKET
Fine, fine. You win. I'll pull over. Some people, I swear.

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - EVENING

Rigby leans against the driver's side door, smoking. Cricket pokes her head out the window.

CRICKET
There's a party tonight. People are meeting at a bar first.

RIGBY
Can we go to a bar before that bar, me and you?

CRICKET
Sure. You want to eat first?

RIGBY
I want to eat whiskey first.

CRICKET
Back on the brown, are we? Ok. I know just the place. I'll give Harper a call. She's dying to meet you.

Rigby looks right at her and shakes her head. Cricket lowers her phone.

CRICKET (CONT'D)
You're right. We'll play a game of singles's catch up first. Just me and you. She'll be at the party anyway. I hope.

She leans back in the car, rolls up the window, and tilts her phone away from Rigby's line of sight to send a text.

Rigby dangles her cigarette in the corner of her mouth and flips to the page in her book right before the bookmark.

She gives the page a good stare. Cricket HONKS the horn.

EXT. GPS MAP - LOS ANGELES

A blue dot moves about three blocks and stops.

INT. THE BURROW OWL - NIGHT

Rigby and Cricket sit at the back of a cramped, neon heavy dive bar. It's mostly empty, as are their whiskey drinks.

Cricket talks fast and fidgets with nervous energy.

CRICKET

- so I'm there at this audition, right, and this in-sane person is asking me all "so do you know your method?" and telling me to tell her something that will make her mad - room full of folk, remember - so I glance her up and down and say "Ok. Well, that dress is fucking hideous." Without missing a beat she shoots back "First of all, this dress is a Victoria's Secret, so I know that's not true. And second of all, this isn't working. I need a minute to reconnoiter." And she up and leaves the room. Nonsense.

Cricket motions at the WAITRESS for two more drinks. She watches Rigby nudge her glass around the table.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

It got nasty, right? At the end.

RIGBY

Yeah. She died.

Cricket takes Rigby's hand.

CRICKET

You know what I mean. I'm trying, Kid. I'm trying not to say all the stupid shit people say when someone dies, and I'm sure as hell trying not to ask why you skipped the funeral, but... I loved her too. When I got my period she told me maxi-pads were for assholes.

Rigby laughs.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

So give. Spill. Pony up, Kid, or the next round's on you.

RIGBY

I don't know. I'm trying not to say all the stupid shit people say too. It's...

CRICKET

Stupid.

RIGBY

Sad. It makes her life - her death - seem small somehow. Like it happened on a greeting card.

CRICKET

Pfft. Why do we even have greeting cards anymore? Now that's stupid.

RIGBY

Greeting cards were always stupid.

Rigby's phone RINGS. She mutes it without a second thought.

RIGBY (CONT'D)

People still send them, though. I could cover a whole wall with them. Mass cards too.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB - NIGHT

A WOMAN with an unnecessarily large hat slips into a cab at L.A.X. Her phone calls Rigby. It goes to voicemail.

RIGBY (V.O.)

That's why it's so dumb. People don't care, but they want you to know that they know they're supposed to care.

The Woman leans forward and shows the driver an address.

RIGBY (V.O.)

So they send cards. Or fruit baskets, or Babka. No one ever did anything useful before she died, like offer to pick up her dry cleaning or buy her groceries.

The Woman flops back as the cab pulls away from the curb.

BACK TO:

INT. THE BURROW OWL - NIGHT

RIGBY

So don't think I don't appreciate
that you're being so on the level.
Because I do.

CRICKET

Who the hell gave you a Babka? Who
looks at a Babka and thinks "Yeah,
this'll help with the grief. Polish
cake. Perfect." People. I swear.

Rigby absentmindedly spins her book on the table. Cricket
grabs the bookmark. It's a photograph. She holds it up.

It's of a TEENAGE RIGBY on Halloween, dressed in a very
elaborate Pigeon costume.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

The hell? When did you go as a
pigeon for Halloween?

RIGBY

I -

The Waitress appears with their drinks. Rigby lifts hers in
the air & discreetly slips the picture back in the book.

RIGBY (CONT'D)

To Florence.

Cricket lifts hers.

CRICKET

Who was entirely correct - maxi-
pads are for assholes!

They tap glasses. Rigby drains hers in one shot and stands.

RIGBY

Drink up. We have a stop to make
before we leave this bar for the
other bar.

Cricket looks up at her with a real "huh?" look on her face.

EXT. GPS MAP - LOS ANGELES

The blue dot moves from Los Feliz to Mid City. The previous route stays on the screen as a dotted line.

EXT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rigby walks onto the second story of a grungy, badly painted apartment building. She swigs from a pint of whiskey.

Cricket looks down at the pool in the courtyard. Things you don't want floating in the pool float in the pool.

CRICKET

I'm all for a road-soda every now and then, but you could be at least a little discreet. I have to drive in this town, you know.

Down in the courtyard two KIDS sneak up behind a MIDDLE AGED MAN, push him in the pool, and bolt.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

Yikes. Did you see that?

Rigby stops in front of Number 21. Cricket joins hers.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

What are we doing here again?

RIGBY

Looking for something.

CRICKET

And how do you even know about here again? Considering you've never been to L.A before, I find it weird that you're taking me to a neighborhood I've barely been to before. It's not even a neighborhood. It's a place between neighborhoods.

RIGBY

Hush.

She gathers her wits and knocks on the door. Harsh RUSSIAN flows from the window. She knocks again.

CRICKET

You're being vague, Rigby. You know I hate it when you're vague.

RIGBY

And you know I hate it when you use my first name for emphasis. Now really. Hush. This might be a thing. If it's not, we'll split.

CRICKET

If it is?

Rigby knocks again. The door swings open on MORTON (60s), a joyful man in a stained T-Shirt and boxers. He rubs his face.

RIGBY

Hey. Hi. Sorry to intrude but - I think - I don't want to bug you or anything, but I used to -

Morton's whole face brightens. He throws his arms around Rigby and laughs. Even his laugh has a Russian accent.

MORTON

Rybka!

CRICKET

Um... huh?

INT. MORTON'S HAGGARD APARTMENT - KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

Rigby and Cricket sit side by side at a small, formica table, a plate stacked with plain meat set in front of them.

Morton sits across the table, happily tucking in to his own plate of meat. Cricket wears a look of amused disbelief.

MORTON

Go on, go on. It's good. The boar was castrated, so the taste is better. The soup is almost ready.

He gets up and trots to the stove. Cricket whispers to Rigby.

CRICKET

If you don't tell me what the hell is going on, I will flip this table on it's ass. Boar meat everywhere, I promise.

RIGBY

Shh.

CRICKET

How have you been to LA before?
Have you been secret travelling?

Morton returns from the stove and plops a bowl in front of them. It appears to be filled with potatoes and hot water.

MORTON
Eat. Drink. Talk to me.

Rigby cuts into her meat. Cricket swigs the whiskey.

MORTON (CONT'D)
Oh! Also this!

He shuffles out of the room.

CRICKET
Rigby. Rigby. RigbyRigbyRigby.

RIGBY
Wait.

Morton returns with a yellow WALKMAN. He pops a tape in and advances on Rigby with the headphones. She forces a smile.

MORTON
It's waves, like you said.
Woooooshhhh!! Like the beach. Like
where you moved.

He watches Rigby to make sure she enjoys the tape. She nods. He takes the headphones off, stops the tape, and sits.

He wags a finger at Rigby.

MORTON (CONT'D)
You didn't like to drink so much
before. You said it wasn't so nice
sometimes, doing drinks.

CRICKET
This Kid? You're joking. If you
hooked her up to a polygraph and
asked her if she was "in love with
beer" she'd have to say yes.

Morton bursts out laughing. He laughs for a while.

MORTON
I like your new friend. So please.
Tell me why I own the pleasure.

RIGBY
Right. OK.

Rigby takes in the apartment. It's mostly stacks of books and piles of clothes on the floor. She takes a deep breath.

RIGBY (CONT'D)
 Have I gotten any mail here? It's
 just that the new place -

MORTON
 At the beach!

RIGBY
 - right, the beach. It's - the mail
 is... slow? I feel like I missed a -
 very important document. Um -

A LANDLINE RINGS. Morton bolts for a phone on the kitchen
 wall. It's got a chord and everything.

MORTON
 Super Morton, hello!

He listens.

MORTON (CONT'D)
 Yes, yes. Right away, Mrs. Page.

He hangs up with a smile.

MORTON (CONT'D)
 Well, my Little Fish, I have to
 tend to a degenerate sink.

He takes a toolbox out from under the sink and reaches for a
 pair of pants from a pile on the floor.

MORTON (CONT'D)
 Stay. Eat more. Don't drink too
 much. Ha ha. I have none of your
 mail, but my office, right there,
 has a box I found when I moved in
 from downstairs. After you left for
 the beach. No one has used the pool
 since. No one likes the water like
 you like the water.

He's at the front door.

MORTON (CONT'D)
 You'll wait and talk to me?

RIGBY
 Uh... sure thing.

A look of happiness crosses his face.

MORTON
 Good. Good good.

A few more "goods" sound from the landing. The door slowly CLICKS closed.

CRICKET
Just what the hell?

INT. MORTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The small, boxy room is pristine. Leather couch, tasteful rug, framed photo's on the walls, all well cared for.

A humongous makeup vanity circled with lightbulbs takes up one wall. Makeup & accessories are neatly arranged on it.

Rigby and Cricket sit on the couch. Rigby holds up the picture of herself dressed as a Pigeon.

CRICKET
Fuck you mean that's not you? It's quite clearly you, Kid.

RIGBY
It's absolutely not me. I never wore a pigeon costume. Look closer. Did I ever have braces?

Cricket squints at the picture.

CRICKET
No, but you always wanted them, which I always thought was - Jesus. Those are braces. What the shit?

Rigby turns the picture over. The words "Rigby's Twin, '98" are written in purple ink, above an LA address in red.

CRICKET (CONT'D)
Whose handwriting is that?

RIGBY
Sister-Cousin Sara's.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOST ANGELES SIDE STREET - NIGHT

CRICKET (V.O.)
Sister-Cousin... that cunt?

RIGBY (V.O.)
That cunt.

A cab pulls up in front of the same corner newsstand. SARA (40's) steps out. She's tall, reedy, dressed in stylish black.

She pays the cab driver and looks around. The Chubby Kid sits on the curb, smoking through tears.

SARA
Hey kid, got a smoke?

CHUBBY KID
Just - just - this one.

He exhales messily.

SARA
Alright, give it here.

The Chubby Kid tentatively hands it over. She flips it in her mouth, drags, and exhales, with what she hopes is menace.

BACK TO:

INT. MORTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cricket takes the photo and studies THE TWIN.

CRICKET
This is a really incredible costume. Look at how elaborate it is. Those feathers look so real. Remember that time you wanted to go as a Penguin, and you just wore black and white clothes? Awful.

Rigby moves to a desk in the corner. A shoebox with the word "Rybka" written on it sits dead center.

CRICKET (CONT'D)
Wait. So. OK. Processing here. What, you have an identical twin? Where did you even get this?

RIGBY
The day Florence - passed. Or died. Or whatever - I went through all of her shit. The whole place. That was in a file cabinet with some other stuff. Bills and things.

She looks at the pictures on the wall and the outline of where a picture used to be. Cricket comes up behind her.

CRICKET

Sweetie... Jesus. I don't even know what to say. That is darn tootin' a picture of your identical twin. It's batshit.

Rigby taps one of the pictures. It's of a younger, well put together Morton beside a bright, handsome man in a tuxedo.

RIGBY

Is this our host? God aging is rough.

IN THE PICTURE

They stand in front of THE CLANDESTINE CABARET. Morton holds a makeup case. The man in the tuxedo points an umbrella cane.

A group of a dozen people behind them are made up like barkee autumn trees. Their makeup is terrific.

Cricket reaches for the shoebox. Rigby stops her.

RIGBY

Not yet. Not here.

INT. MORTON'S APARTMENT - LATER

Morton hums his way through the door. All the lights are on.

MORTON

Rybka! Friend!

Nothing. No breath, no rustle of fabric. They're gone. The plates sit untouched on the table.

Morton deflates. He walks over to the table, plops down still holding his toolbox, and puts on the Walkman headphones.

He presses play. A SONG THAT SOUNDS LIKE WAVES starts up.

EXT. FAST FOOD PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rigby sits on the trunk, the shoebox on her lap. A full moon shines enormous in the sky. Cricket BOPS the horn.

CRICKET

You sure you don't want to do that in here where it's warm? I can hop inside for a burger if you want.

RIGBY
I'm not cold.

CRICKET
Well. OK. Just let me know.

The window rolls up with a dim ELECTRIC HUM. Rigby lights a cigarette and opens the box. It contains:

A Hard Cover copy of "Cautionary Tales With Happy Endings."
A bikini.

A book of matches from The Burrow Owl, with the words "Text Away" scrawled inside it above a phone number.

An old, dead FLIP-PHONE, with the wrong charger.

A VHS tape with no label.

A postcard with an unappetizing photo of Aebleskiver on the front and a Santa Monica address on the back.

A framed picture the size of the one missing from Morton's wall. It's of The Twin with a SANDY HAIREd chap and Morton.

Morton holds a heavy looking box. Sandy Hair has his arm around The Twin, eyes glued to her face. The Twin IS Rigby.

It's no mere resemblance. Everything is identical. The face, the hair, the posture. Except she looks happy. More vivid.

Rigby runs a finger over every point of contact between Sandy Hair and The Twin and starts to cry.

INT. CRICKET'S CAR - NIGHT

Cricket adjust the rearview mirror to get a better view of Rigby. She scowls as a puff of smoke drifts at the window.

Her phone VIBRATES. A picture of her smooching a round faced man fills the screen below the name HOOVER.

She smiles and moves to answer it instinctively. Her finger hesitates at the last second. She checks the rearview again.

Rigby is gone. The passenger door opens. She turns the phone face down in her lap. Rigby slides in and SLAMS the door.

RIGBY
I know what everyone will think.

CRICKET

Rig... you don't have to explain.
Not to me.

RIGBY

Everyone will think I flipped out because of Florence. "Her mother died in a car accident when she was a baby, you see" they'll say "Her aunt raised her. She just couldn't take it. Long illness, Father in the wind. Poor thing snapped." Well fuck. That. I was there. I watched her die by inches for two years. And you want to know something? When she finally let go, it was a relief. I won't apologize for that. I won't.

CRICKET

No one expects -

RIGBY

I didn't run away from something. I ran toward something. Toward her.

She holds up the recent picture of The Twin.

RIGBY (CONT'D)

I have to know what the hell. I have to. OK?

CRICKET

OK. Anything you need.

Rigby takes a swig of whiskey.

RIGBY

I need you to drive.

CRICKET

Where?

RIGBY

Anywhere. That bar you mentioned when we were at that other bar.

CRICKET

But what about -

RIGBY

Drive, OK?

Cricket turns the key in the ignition.

EXT. GPS MAP - LOS ANGELES

The blue dot winds its way west, all the way to Santa Monica. It stops a few blocks from the ocean.

EXT. THE BURROW OWL WEST - NIGHT

They stand across the street from a bar that looks like a large-scale replica of the first Burrow Owl. It's packed.

Rigby drains most of the whiskey. Cricket rubs her shoulder.

CRICKET

We don't have to do this. There are people here. I've got some people here, and there are... other people here too. If it's too much we can -

RIGBY

I'm fine. I feel fine.

Cricket eyes the empty bottle.

RIGBY (CONT'D)

Go on. I'll chuck it and have a cigarette. Be there in a mo'.

Cricket hugs Rigby. Rigby hugs her back, sincerely. She pulls away and pushes Cricket's hair behind her ear.

They're both a little tearful.

RIGBY (CONT'D)

Gonna be a weird trip, huh?

CRICKET

See you inside, Kid.

Rigby lights a cigarette and watches Cricket cross the street. She offers a quick look as she opens the door.

A loud, DRUNK VOICE rises above the din inside.

DRUNK VOICE (O.C.)

Let's have some fuckin' steel drums!

The door closes behind Cricket. The din subsides. Rigby drains the bottle and chucks it behind her without looking.

SMASH.

She plants the cigarette in her mouth and crosses the street.

EXT. GPS MAP - LOS ANGELES

The Blue Dot moves away from The Burrow Owl West. It zigzags a confused path throughout all of Los Angeles.

It stops and BLINKS somewhere in Atwater Village.

INT. BRIGHT SUNNY LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rigby groans awake on a leather couch. The sun bullies its way in to the room through high windows.

She wears a different dress, a set of fabric cupids wings, and a pretty severe black-eye. She's haggard.

WILSON (30), an eager, excitable red-head in a suit, steps forward, blocking some of the light.

RIGBY
(Barely audible)
Wilson?

WILSON
Rig, I'm so, so sorry. I have no
idea how she found out where I
live. She forced her way in. She -

Sara steps forward, blocking more light.

SARA
Where the hell is my mothers will?

Rigby teeters to a sitting position. The cupids wings droop. She scans the mess on the coffee table in front of her.

A huge bouquet of flowers sits dead center, along with a tastefully nude polaroid and a restaurant receipt.

RIGBY
Fucked if I know, kemosabe.

She rubs her face but stops at a CRINKLE. Her eyes fall on the plastic and bloody bandage of a new tattoo on her arm.

RIGBY (CONT'D)
(Quiet)
Fucked if I know.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER: Part II - A Phil Ochs Song

INT. BEV LAUREL'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

BEV LAUREL (22), stands on a narrow, screened balcony. It looks out on a block of square Hollywood Apartments.

She's slight, pretty. Her messy honey-hair is cut to the chin, her shoulders hunch a little. She rotates her jaw.

BEV

Around the rugged rocks the ragged
rascal ran. Around. The rugged.

She moves in to her -

SINGLE ROOM APARTMENT

- and rubs her jaw again. The tidy room has a kitchenette, very few personal effects, and a Murphy bed.

The wall around the bed is covered with shelves. The shelves are filled with wigs on mannequin heads. Lots of them.

BEV

Big black bug bit a big black bear
and the big black bear bled black
blood. Big. Black. Bug.

She grabs a toiletry bag from the kitchen counter and moves to the door.

INT. BEV LAUREL'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY

Bev pokes her head out of a door marked 15 C. Perpendicular to her door is a communal bathroom.

BEV

Can I cook a proper cup of coffee
in a copper coffee pot?

Seeing it's empty, she hops for it. A silhouette appears and disappears on the dark landing at the far end of the hall.

She turns to look just after it disappears. A smile crosses her lips. She enters the bathroom and leaves the door ajar.

The room is almost charming.

BEV (CONT'D)
 Don't doubt the doorbell, but
 differ with the doorknob.

She steps from her kimono to the claw-foot tub. The shower
 HISSES to life. A WIND blows the door shut.

The silhouette appears on the dark landing long enough for
 its cigarette cherry to flare, then moves down the stairs.

INT. COMMUNAL BATHROOM - LATER

Bev stands at the sink. The door is open, as is her kimono.
 She's comfortable with the exposure.

BEV
 Peter Prangle, the prickly pear
 picker, picked three perfectly
 prickly pears. Prickly. Pears.

She arranges a lipstick, an eye liner, and a blush on the
 sink. The lipstick CLATTERS into the sink.

She puts on makeup. The amount isn't drastic, but the change
 to her face sure is. It's sharper. Her eyes are larger.

BEV (CONT'D)
 Queen Catherine wakes the cat, and
 the cat - the cat... shit.

She stares at herself in the mirror and stops talking. She
 gathers her things and quickly returns to her -

SINGLE ROOM APARTMENT

- where she stands in front of the bed, tucked into the wall,
 and studies her wigs.

BEV
 The thirty three thieves thought
 that they thrilled... the... throne
 throughout...

She runs her hand through her hair. It starts to rain.
 Quietly, until the wind blows it against her windows.

She shudders her posture straight. She grabs her bed and
 pulls it down. It smacks the floor with a METAL CRASH.

She sits on it and listens to the rain. She reaches for a
 tissue and almost removes her makeup. But stops.

She glances back at her wigs. Her face saddens. She grabs a brush, straightens her hair, and sprays it in place.

She straps on a pair of heels, CLICKS over to a wardrobe, grabs a yellow dress, rips off the tag, and steps into it.

A few determined steps get her to the door. She pauses, looks down, and whispers something. She leaves without a glance.

INT. BEV LAUREL'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bev stands in front of a door marked 15 B. She reaches to knock, but doesn't.

She takes a baby-blue envelope with no writing or postage out of her purse and slips it under the door. Then hurries away.

EXT. BEV LAUREL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bev walks away, her balcony behind her. The rain picks up. An OLD TIMER across the street tips his hat. She waves.

BEV

Zoologists illogically love to read
astrology.

She quickens her pace to an almost-run.

INT. THE BURROW OWL WEST - BACK BOOTH - NIGHT

Inside look as much like a large-scale replica of the other Burrow Owl as the outside does. The neon coats everything.

Bev sits in a puffy red booth, ZOE on one side of her, COLIN on the other. Zoe is mostly stylish, Colin mostly handsome.

A hand reaches from the crowd in front of their small table and grabs a drink from the absolute sea of scattered drinks.

Colin puts his hand on Bev's thigh and whispers in her ear.

COLIN

You're wearing a new perfume.

BEV

I don't wear perfume.

Zoe whips her head around in Colin's direction.

ZOE

Colin! Colin!

COLIN

Zoe! Zoe!

They yell at each other over Bev. She shrinks away from them.

ZOE

Oh shit! You guys are definitely coming to Zan's after, right?

Colin moves his hand farther up Bev's thigh and moves in even closer for another whisper.

COLIN

We'll go for a while maybe, then head back to my place?

Bev nods. A PRETTY BOY slides next to Zoe, a PRETTY GIRL next to Colin. They turn their respective attentions.

Bev's packed in tight, but no one touches her. She extends her arms across the table and rests her head on them.

The neon throbs. The neon flares. Bev's eyes close and every voice dissolves into a general din.

The Pretty Girl plants one on Colin. He pulls away. Eventually.

PRETTY GIRL

Oh shoot. I got lipstick on your collar.

COLIN

Lucky for you it's the same shade as my girlfriends.

Bev opens her eyes. Colin's voice gets lost in the din. A hand with a bleeding thumb gestures across the table.

A single drop of blood spills into a drink. Bev slowly sits up. She watches the blood change the drinks color.

ZAN (O.S.)

Hey, man, that cut looks nasty. Better get some napkins on it.

Zanzibar, a man with a very angular, very dark complexion, pushes through the crowd. He greets them with a look.

BEV

Zan! Zanzibar! Zanzibar Z!

She reaches across the table and puts two fingers through two of his belt loop. They tear off immediately. Her hands drop.

COLIN
Bev, what the hell? Don't fuss
around with a mans slacks.

Bev looks up at Zan.

BEV
I owe you a new pair of pants.

ZAN
Don't worry about it. I get these
for free. You all are coming over
later, right?

ZOE
We are. I think we are. Are we?

Colin leans back into a pout.

COLIN
Yeah, we are

ZAN
Groovy. Cool. Later.

He glides into the crowd. The Pretty Girl grabs the bloody
drink off the table. Bev watches her drink it, fascinated.

Colin tries to get her attention.

COLIN
Hey. Why don't we just skip Zan's
and go right to my place?

Bev stares at the drinks swirling colors.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Beverly. My place or what?

She looks at him with no expression. He turns away with a
grumpy shrug. She pulls his face back and kisses it.

He pulls away, mollified. She moves to kiss him again. He
looks past her at Zoe.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Hey, so I don't want to drink Zan's
shitty booze. Lets get a few more
here and head out.

ZOE
Sounds good.

Colin tugs on the Pretty Girls dress. Zoe gets close to Bev.

ZOE (CONT'D)

What an old Tom Cat. It's adorable.
You look great, by the way. I
always loved that dress.

BEV

It's brand new.

Zoe turns back to the Pretty Boy. Bev sits perfectly still.
The din absorbs the voices again.

Time speeds up. People slide in and out of the booth around
her. The empties pile up. She barely moves. The neon flashes.

A very drunken voice slows everything down and breaks the
din. Bev's eyes shoot instantly in its direction.

DRUNK VOICE (O.S.)

Alright fucksticks?! Which one of
you bums wants to buy me some gin?

Her eyes scan the crowd. MULLIGAN, a rumpled, drunk, bearded
man stumbles through the crowd.

ZOE

Bev! Here's your boyfriend.

Mulligan comes to rest in front of a COUPLE. She's EARNEST.
He's ENTHUSIASTIC. Bev leans forward. Mulligan looks at her.

He doesn't recognize her. He turns his attention to the
couple's conversation.

EARNEST

I mean, I have to tell my mom over
and over again "Mom, I'm a young
adult. Emphasis on the young."

ENTHUSIASTIC

I know. I know, right? It's like, I
came to L.A because I need to be in
L.A. You know?

EARNEST

Kind of.

Mulligan pivots into their personal space.

MULLIGAN

Fuck is a "young" adult?

They offer him a look of wounded indignation. He snatches
Enthusiastic's drink, polishes it off, and returns the glass.

Before they react he turns to a crowd at the jukebox.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
Let's have some fuckin' steel
drums!

BEV
Awesome.

Mulligan tumbles onto the table. It tilts back. All the drinks spill. Zoe and Colin hop to their feet. Bev doesn't.

She gets soaked.

INT. THE BURROW OWL WEST - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bev shoots the ladies room door an impatient look. The wet stains on her dress form a pattern that looks intentional.

Zoe sidles up. She nudges Bev in the ribs and motions at the bar where Colin throws his arms around Cricket.

ZOE
He's such an old tomcat. It's
adorable.

Bev shoots her a look.

BEV
Whose that?

Zoe does a small bump of cocaine from the crook of her hand.

ZOE
Hoover's gal, but we're not
supposed to say anything about
Hoover. On account of reasons.

BEV
Not Cricket. The tall one.

She looks at Rigby, who sips a drink. Zoe's only response is to thrust her cocained hand in Bev's face. Bev snorts.

ZOE
Chop chop, Bev. We're heading over
to Zan's.

She breezes past her and pushes into the unlocked bathroom.

INT. THE BURROW OWL - BAR - NIGHT

Bev appears at Colin's side. His arm goes around her waist automatically. Cricket waves at her.

CRICKET

Hi Bev.

Colin points his drink at Rigby.

COLIN

Babe, this is Rigby. These two - what - went to college together?

CRICKET

Actually we -

RIGBY

We grew up together.

COLIN

It's her first time in LA.

CRICKET

First time out west at all. She's never even been -

RIGBY

I've never even been out of Manhattan, actually. Except to Brooklyn and Queens.

COLIN

But you went to college together too, though, right? Say hi, Bev.

Bev offers a silent greeting. Her eyes scan the crowd. They land on Rigby's hand, clutching her book.

Behind Bev, Mulligan chats to a GIRL at the bar.

MULLIGAN

What say me and you break in to the T-Burge museum with a case of gin and some real shitty black ski-masks. No one - and I mean no one - will see it coming.

(Best Newscaster Voice)

This just in - two crazed Americans have broken in to the Anthony Burgess museum tonight. Apparently they tidied up a bit and organized the books in what can only be called a "more respectful manner."

The Girl spins her stool away from him. He spins his and it comes to rest with Bev next to him. He looks her up and down.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

When did you change clothes?

He falls off the stool. Colin BANGS his empty on the bar.

COLIN

Lets make a move. Where's Zoe?

CRICKET

Entertaining.

She points at a corner table. Zoe sits on the Pretty Boy's lap, her shoes in her hand. She ignores them.

EXT. SANTA MONICA SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Bev stands in the center of a small crowd which includes Colin, Zan, and Cricket. They move over the wet pavement.

Zoe charges past Bev and links arms with Zan.

ZOE

Here I am!

ZAN

You are here.

Bev reaches for Zan's back belt-loop. She misses. He looks at her over his shoulder.

ZAN (CONT'D)

Great wig tonight, Bev. Puts a real shine on your face.

She stops dead. The crowd moves past her.

BEV

But I'm not wearing a wig...

They don't notice she's not with them. Rigby walks up.

RIGBY

Hey. Beverly, right?

Bev nods. She and Rigby move forward at a slower pace than the crowd.

RIGBY (CONT'D)

Does your friend have no idea what a wig looks like?

BEV
 He's not really my friend. We sleep
 together sometimes.

Rigby cocks an eyebrow.

BEV (CONT'D)
 Sorry. I'm really, really high.
 It's great, isn't it? I met him
 once. The author.

She motions at Rigby's book.

RIGBY
 Huh? Oh. I don't know, I'm not
 reading it. I shoved something in
 it, that's all. I guess I never
 took it out.

BEV
 Oh.

RIGBY
 So... what do you do in LA?

BEV
 Live here. Some days I wander
 around expensive hotels and pretend
 I'm only visiting. That way I can
 go home when I leave.

RIGBY
 You can't go home anyway?

BEV
 This is home.

They walk in silence for half a block.

RIGBY
 Hey, do you know the city well?

BEV
 Pretty well.

RIGBY
 Can you tell me where this is?

She shows Bev the apartment listing with "Yay! Home!" on it.

BEV
 Yup. It's right here.

They look up at -

ZAN'S HOUSE

Bev starts across the lawn. Rigby compares the addresses.
They match. She's dumfounded.