

INT. BEDROOM - BED - DAY

PENNY (25) a stunning young woman, lies on her back. A warm smile covers her entire face.

PENNY
And the bear says - "You didn't come here to hunt."

Strained, full LAUGHTER sounds on the floor below her. It quickly turns into WRETCHING.

SASHA (30's) a delicate, large eyed red head with a sallow look, lies on the hard wood floor.

She leans over a bucket and vomits. Penny flips on her stomach. She waits until Sasha lays down to speak.

PENNY
Time for a change?

Sasha nods. Weakly. Penny grabs the bucket.

PENNY
Tell me a story. One of those romantic ones you like so much. With lots of heartbreaking detail.

She moves off to the bathroom. Sasha closes her eyes and puts her hand on her forehead.

SASHA
I got nothing. Except one of my favorite song lyrics ever.

PENNY (O.C.)
Let's hear it.

The tub turns on. The sound of WATER SPLASHING IN THE BUCKET comes from the bathroom.

Sasha's lips move. She presses her hand to her eyes.

SASHA
(Singsong)
"Scratch my name on your arm with a fountain pen...this means... you really love me."

The water stops. Sasha opens her eyes. Penny gently presses a damp washcloth to her brow.

She sets down the clean bucket and hops on the bed.

PENNY
That's a good one, all right.

Sasha takes deep breaths. Penny looks at her phone. She swipes through a dating app.

There are some REALLY GOOFY DUDES vying for her attention.

PENNY
Man. These nitwits just get worse and worse. Goofy weirdos.

Sasha's head slowly pops up over the side of the bed. She rests her chin on her arms.

SASHA
I want to see.

Penny shows her the phone screen. A SHIRTLESS DUDE in a Native American vest strikes an absurd pose.

SASHA
Sheesh. He's got an ab, at least. One big ass ab.

She zooms in on his beer-belly.

SASHA
A flab, if you will.

She hands the phone back to Penny, rests her cheek on her arms, and closes her eyes.

SASHA
You should swipe right. I bet it would be an entertaining as hell distraction.

Penny stares at the picture of the guy. She looks at Sasha's labored breathing.

SWIPE RIGHT. She runs her hand through Sasha's hair.

INT. THE RINKY DINK TAVERN - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Penny sits on a bench at the back of a narrow backyard. Her back is to the door to the bar.

There's a half full drink in front of her. She checks her phone. A text reads "running late - be there at 8."

The time reads 9:15. She happily swipes over to a text window between her and Sasha.

She types - "An hour and a half late!!"

BLOOP. Sasha responds instantly. "Get a picture of the flab, get a picture of the flab!! XOXO."

Penny grins. A HUGE MALE FORM slides across the table from her. She looks up at it.

SHIRTLESS DUDE (O.C.)
Hey, sorry I'm tardy. But all good things to those who wait, right?

Penny discreetly SNAPS a picture across the table.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Penny sits against the headboard. Sasha has her head in Penny's lap. Her face is red from laughing.

SASHA
There's no way he said "tardy."

PENNY
He totally said "tardy."

SASHA
What else, what else?

PENNY
He had several "flabs."

Sasha laughs.

PENNY
I'm serious. His profile pic must have been from high school. He was a mountain.

SASHA
What did you guys talk about?

PENNY
Him.

Sasha giggles.

SASHA
Did you let him get to second base?

PENNY

Only on accident. We moved to the bar and he dropped his beer on the ground and when he bent over to pick it up he head butted me in the tittie.

SASHA

(Through laughter)

"Dropped his beer."

PENNY

The whole bottle. Totally full. It landed upside down in my bag.

Sasha has to sit up to laugh more. The laughter turns into coughing. Penny rubs her back.

SASHA

Jesus. I'm really...I'm really gonna miss this kind of stuff. I think.

She looks at her hands.

PENNY

I know, lady. I know.

Sasha messy cries. Tears. Snot. A little bit of drool. She wipes it away with the back of her hand.

She leans back and grabs Penny's phone.

SASHA

Whose next?

She swipes to a picture of an ODD LOOKING GUY. Penny makes a sour face. Sasha SWIPES RIGHT.

EXT. THE RINKY DINK TAVERN - BACKYARD - DAY

Penny sits on the same bench. The backyard is filled with a brunch crowd. Bloody Mary's abound.

She sits across from the Odd Looking Guy.

ODD LOOKING GUY

I'm not saying I mind or anything, but you're quite clearly five pounds heavier in person than you are in your picture. Or more, maybe.

He tries to keep on speaking. She holds up her finger.

PENNY

One sec.

She points her phone at him.

PENNY

Smile.

CLICK. The Odd Looking Guy makes an odd looking face.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sasha shakes and cold-sweats through her slip. Penny burrito's her in a blanket. Sasha stares at the picture.

SASHA

His hair looks like a broken helmet.

PENNY

Or like a cartoon dog.

SASHA

Look at that expression. You just know a guy like that gets furious about sandwiches.

PENNY

Furious about sandwiches. What could that even mean?

SASHA

Like. If you tell him you don't want celery in your tuna salad he'll drop a plate in the sink and pout about it for the next two hours.

Penny stares at the picture.

PENNY

Yup. That dude would pout about that, for sure.

SASHA

So there was no fluid calamity this time? No exploding Bloody Mary's or tossed Mimosa's?

PENNY

No. But when we left - as soon as I finished eating, by the way - he leaned over to me and asked "Even though I stand by doing it, if I hadn't mentioned your weight, would we have made out a little."

Sasha slowly shakes her head.

SASHA

No.

PENNY

Hand to god.

SASHA

What did you say?

PENNY

I said yes. Duh. He looked really sad about it, too.

Sasha throws the blankets off.

SASHA

Ugh. Now I'm hot again.

Penny watches her thrash. She reaches over to the bed side stand and grabs a glass of water.

She waits for Sasha to stop moving. Sasha chugs the water.

SASHA

Thanks.

She turns her pillow over before lying back on it.

SASHA

Oh, can you tell Max I can't get my review in just yet? I tried writing today but...no dice.

PENNY

Don't even sweat it, lady.

Sasha's eyes droop closed.

SASHA

You can write it if you want.

PENNY

Nah. It's not my blog.

Sasha turns on her side. Penny spoons her. She dramatically brings her phone in front of Sasha's face.

PENNY
 (Best Sean Connery)
 Choose...wisely.

Sasha grins. It's weak, but it's a grin. She swipes past a few normal looking guys to a SHINY SURFER LOOKING GUY.

EXT. THE RINKY DINK TAVERN - BACKYARD

Penny sits at the same bench. Her jaw is on the table. A Shiny Surfer Looking COUPLE sit across from her.

They make out. Furiously. Penny takes a video.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Penny rushes into the room.

PENNY
 (Giddy)
 Did you see, did you see? It was a couple, it was a couple.

She stops in the doorway. Sasha sleeps on top of the covers. One leg is smooth and newly shaved.

The other is covered with shaving cream. As is one of her armpits. Penny sets her bag on a chair.

She grabs a washcloth from the bathroom and cleans up the shaving cream. Sasha jerks over the side of the bed.

She vomits. The bucket is too far away so she misses it. She coughs out the last of it, along with a heartbreaking -

SASHA
 (Delirious)
 I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm this half dead thing that lives in the room across from yours. Sorry sorry..

Penny eases her back onto the pillow. She wipes her mouth.

PENNY
 Don't worry about it, Lady. Go back to sleep. I'll be right here.

Penny sets about cleaning up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Penny sits with her head in her hands and sobs. She does so quietly, with frequent glances at Sasha's bedroom door.

She curls up on her side on the couch and pulls a blanket over herself. She sobs herself to sleep.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Penny opens her eyes. The room comes slowly into focus. Sasha sits in a chair. Staring at her.

There's a little color in her cheeks - or less gray, rather. She holds a bowl in one hand. It's filled with iced cream.

Penny sits up.

SASHA

I found the perfect one.

PENNY

Lady...are you eating?

SASHA

Kind of.

She scoops a spoonful of iced cream into her mouth and leaves it there until it melts.

SASHA

Great video of the couple, by the way. You can see nipple.

PENNY

Blech. His or hers?

SASHA

Both. So...did you orgy with them?

PENNY

Hell no. They disappeared into the bathroom for like half an hour. I put a couple of drinks on their tab and split. Overall not a bad evening.

Sasha takes the spoon out of her mouth. DEEP BREATH.

SASHA

Hey. I know it was rough last night. I wouldn't feel right about myself if I didn't say it. Again. You don't have to do this. You really -

PENNY

Stop it. Sasha, we are not having this conversation. The only person this is rough for is you, OK?

Sasha stares at Penny.

PENNY

OK?

Sasha nods and scoops ice cream into her mouth. Penny pats the couch next to her.

PENNY

Show me what you got.

Sasha cozies up next to Penny on the couch and shows her a picture of a BAT SHIT CRAZY LOOKING GUY.

One eye is half closed. His striped shirt is unbuttoned over a disorganized patch of chest hair.

He's either smiling or has just been punched in the mouth. They look at each other. Sasha SWIPES RIGHT.

EXT. THE RINKY DINK TAVERN - BACKYARD - DAY

Sasha pushes a drink around the table. She vibrates with excited energy. She keeps looking at the guys picture.

A shadow falls on the table.

ARTHUR (O.C.)

Hey. Penny, right?

She looks up. ARTHUR (30's) a normal, friendly looking guy with a nice face stands there.

ARTHUR

I'm not too late, am I?

She watches him as he sits. She stares. He nods.

ARTHUR

Right, right. The picture. Yeah, sorry about that.

He's nervous but sure of himself.

ARTHUR

So, my buddy was having a shitty week. Lousy break up. Hell for leather at work. You know, she was losing it a little. We were texting and I told her I would use that picture as my only profile picture for a month to cheer her up. She texted back "ha ha." It was her first "ha ha" in days. So I did it.

Penny smiles.

PENNY

That's pretty ballsy of you.

ARTHUR

Yeah, I gotta ask. Why on earth did you swipe right? I'm not complaining, but...you living dangerously these days, or what?

BLOOP. She gets a text from Sasha. It reads "How is he? Is he full blown deranged or only partly deranged? Pic please."

Penny slides her phone in her bag.

PENNY

It's funny. My friends have a pretty shitty time of it too.

He leans forward to listen.

EXT. FIGUEROA AVENUE - MORNING

Penny walks down the deserted avenue. The new morning light splashes over everything, giving it a pleasant shine.

She passes a bus stop. A Taco Fiesta. Her pace is slow. Almost whimsical. She swings her bag back and forth.

She looks at her forearm. Written there - by a fountain pen, no doubt - are the words "Arthur Likes Penny."

BLOOP. A new text sounds from her bag.

CUT TO BLACK: