

INT. POSH BEDROOM - DAY

PENNY lies in bed. Even lines of sun curve around her in a comfortable way - there's no light on her face.

Her eyes flicker open. She's awake but not awake, you know? An instinctive smile forms on her face.

BLARTCH. Someone bokks up in a distant bathroom. Penny forces her eyes shut and GROANS. BLARTCH BLARTCH.

Soft footsteps move in the direction of her bedroom door. Penny does her best to look asleep. SHUNK.

A huge patch of light lands square on Penny's face when her bedroom doors fly open. SASHA stands backlit in the doorway.

SASHA
I feel like boiled nonsense.

Penny is careful not to remain completely still. She doesn't want her ruse to seem too obvious.

Sasha takes a running leap and bounces her way across the bed until she's next to Penny.

She props herself up on one elbow. Penny turns on her side. Away from Sasha.

SASHA
No. Seriously. My guts hurt.

Penny lets out a half-snore.

SASHA
(Whisper)
Penny.

Nothing. Sasha pokes her shoulder.

SASHA
(Whisper)
Hey Penny, guess what?

Nothing. She leans closer to Penny's neck.

SASHA
(Whisper)
I know you're awake.

She inhales a huge breath. Penny knows what's coming. She hops out of bed, dragging the sheet along with her.

PENNY

Ok,ok, I'm up, I'm up. Fuck. You know
I hate it when you blow on my neck.
I'll feel spiders on me all day.

She shudders at the thought of it. Sasha flops on her back.

SASHA

I'll bet you fifty bucks you've never
had a spider on you a day in your
life. Not one single spider.

Penny pulls a comfy chair closer to the bed. She pulls the
sheet around her and puts her feet on the mattress.

PENNY

Well, lady. You were a real treat
last night.

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - NICE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS - SASHA MENACES PENNY WITH HER FRIENDSHIP

- Penny reads a script on the couch. A drunk Sasha dances
her way over, singing a song with made up lyrics.

- Penny tidies up a desk. An UNHOLY CLATTER sounds. She
bolts for the kitchen.

Sasha kneels on the floor. She's trying to mop up spilled
champagne, clean up broken glass, and pick up pots & pans.

At the same time. She looks up. Her only explanation is -

SASHA

Champagne.

- Penny lies in bed. She flips through her phone. Loud and
decidedly non-nighttime music BLARES abruptly.

Penny gets up and storms to the -

LIVING ROOM

- where Sasha sits in front of a record player. Surrounded
by records. Wearing what appears to be a prom dress.

BACK TO:

INT. POSH BEDROOM - DAY

Sasha turns her head to look at Penny.

SASHA

Oh yeah. Why was I wearing a prom dress again? That seems pretty foolish.

Penny tries to hide an incredulous expression. Sasha keeps her eyes on the ceiling, so she doesn't notice.

SASHA

It sucks that hang overs get worse and worse as time marches on. It doesn't seem fair.

PENNY

I dunno. It's probably just the beers and shots of gin saying "OK, we had some good times, but it's time to wrap that shit up now."

SASHA

Foey. Oh. Oh. Oh oh oh.

She bolts upright.

SASHA

Trevor asked about you last night.

Penny cocks an eyebrow.

PENNY

Trevor?

SASHA

Yeah, that producer dude. Who does all that producing.

PENNY

Oh?

SASHA

Yeah. I told him you were brill.

PENNY

Didn't you ask him out a few times?

A SUPER ANNOYING phone alarm sounds two rooms away.

SASHA

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck.

She swings her legs off the bed.

SASHA
Gotta go. Got a meeting.

She slides her feet quickly to the door, then turns on her heel and slides right back to Penny.

She shoves her armpit in Penny's face.

SASHA
How smelly? Like. Absolutely have to shower smelly, or maybe splash the booze stench off in the sink smelly?

PENNY
Dude. Shower smelly.

SASHA
On it.

She hurries for the doors.

PENNY
Wait -

She's gone.

PENNY
(To herself)
- I need a rent check.

CLUNK. A door closes across the apartment. A tension leaves Penny's body and she sags out a breath.

INT. NICE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Penny walks through the room. Her eyes dart from messed up spot to messed up spot.

At least three glasses, sticky with booze, sit directly beside - but never on - a coaster.

There are a stack of records on top of their sleeves. One appears to have a bite taken out of it.

The once tidy desk is a mess of printed out recipes and pictures of dudes dating profiles. I mean - huh?

A plate sits next to a laptop. A fork sticks out of a single uneaten bite of pancake.

Penny touches the keys. Yup. Syrup sticky. Her jaw clenches. Her fingers CLACK out an annoyed refrain on the desk.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK ART ROAD - DAY

Penny waves a cup of coffee through the air, mid-rant. REX, a handsome, energetic chap, listens. He's well amused.

They walk down a road filled with artfully placed junk.

PENNY

- it's not even that she doesn't have the money. All she does is work. And pine. Oh my god, she pines for every boy she meets. Fella, it's driving me fucking nuts.

She waits for him to agree. He shrugs it off.

REX

I dunno, man. I like Sasha. She's got moxie. And charm. Plus she's down to get loaded pretty much any day of the week. Makes for exciting barbecues and birthday parties. And. You know. The occasional baby shower.

Penny lets out a major "ARG."

PENNY

You're supposed to just say "Yeah, she's gone off the rails. Time to ask her to find a new place to live."

Rex stops walking.

REX

Wait. Isn't it her place?

PENNY

She found it first. But she's also the one that leaves maple syrup stickies everywhere. Plus I love it there. It's my favorite apartment.

REX

Yeah, but them ain't kosherized rules. If you have the beef, the onus is on you to move out.

PENNY

You can take your onus and shove it
right up your ass.

He chuckles. They stop to look at some of the art-junk.

PENNY

Hey. So. I heard you guys might be
holding auditions soon.

He pretends to be super interested by a piece of junk.

PENNY

Come on, fella. Give.

REX

Don't look at me. I just make the
lights all pretty every now and then.

He walks on. She stares after him. BLOOP. A text comes in.
BLOOP. BLOOP BLOOP BLOOP.

Penny looks at her phone. Sasha has sent one long
conversation broken up into fifteen single lines.

There are a few screencaps from OKCupid. She groans.

PENNY

Why do I even live with her?!

EXT. DECK - DAY

Penny sits on an enormous deck with an insane view of
Highland Park. A few pages of a script sit in front of her.

She tries to balance a phone on the table to record herself.
It keeps slipping. Sasha COUGHS inside.

PENNY

Hey dummy, come help me with this.

Sasha appears in the doorway, laptop in her hands.

SASHA

Oh boy. Are you self taping?

PENNY

Yes. Just come read with me. Don't -

Sasha zips back inside.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. DECK - LATER

Penny sits draped over the chair, doing her best to look casual. She tries not to look at the script.

Sasha sits across from her. She's wearing a HOODED ONESIE. She points a phone at Penny. They've been at it a while.

She feeds Penny a line.

SASHA

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

PENNY

(Pretty stiff acting)

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

Penny kerfuffles a line. Sasha stops recording.

SASHA

Take a breath. You're almost there.

PENNY

You really didn't have to dress up.

Sasha looks down at herself.

SASHA

But it's my self-tape onesie.

Penny rolls her eyes.

SASHA

Let's go through it again without the camera. Take it from the next part. You're fucking killing the next part.

Penny nods. Sasha may be dressed in a stupid onesie, but she's genuinely reassuring.

Penny takes a breath and glances at the pages. Her eyes move over the lines as she memorizes. Sasha sits patiently.

PENNY

(Natural acting)

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

She takes a second to drop the character. Sasha applauds.

SASHA

That was it. That was the one.

PENNY

It was good?

SASHA

Killer.

BLOOP. Sasha gets a text that reads "Need those pages YESTERDAY or we'll run something else."

She barely glances at it.

SASHA

Ready?

She nods. Sasha presses record with a smile.

EXT. SYCAMORE GROVE BANDSHELL - DAY

Rex eats an apple in a stone chair facing a shuttered, outdoor stage. He gets up when he see's Sasha.

She charges him down and sticks a finger into his chest.

SASHA

Hey, buster. I got a bone to pick with you. Big time.

He puts his hands up.

REX

Whoah, whoah, whoah, don't shoot. I'm unarmed. Except for my wits. Obviously.

She stares him down with mock anger.

SASHA

What's the big idea not letting Penny audition for you guys, big shot? She's dead brilliant and you know it. Hi, by the way.

They hug. He gestures at the stone chairs. They sit. She checks a dating app periodically.

REX

You really think she's there yet?

SASHA

I know she is. Don't you?

He makes a so-so motion with his hand.

SASHA

But come on. You could have let her try at least. She might have balls the size of Volkswagen's, but they're filled with marshmallow.

REX

Marshmallow?

SASHA

Soft and gooey in the center.

REX

How's tricks with you guys back at the palace, by the way?

SASHA

Good. Great. Grand. She's a little uptight, but I'm a total slob, so I don't really blame her.

REX

You don't ever think about living alone? Maybe to have some privacy for all that fancy writing and such?

SASHA

No way. Half the shit that ends up on the blog comes out of Penny's mouth. I'm telling you, hombre. She's dead brilliant. For serious.

He watches her swipe right on a few guys. No matches.

REX
What ever happened with that one
dude? The producer dude.

She shrugs.

SASHA
(Distracted)
'twasn't meant to be, alas.

She snaps her full attention at him.

SASHA
Oh, but he was hell of into Penny.
Hell of. I'm trying to set them up.
You know. On a date. Maybe hear all
about his wang second hand.

REX
Yuck.

SASHA
You can take your yuck and shove it
right up your ass. Because that dude
is gorge.

Her eyes drop to her phone.

SASHA
But not as gorge as this dude.

She shows him the screen. He shrugs.

REX
Dude. Swipe left.

He swipes left for her. She looks at the next profile.

INT. NICE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Penny's heels CLACK over the hardwood floor to Sasha's
bedroom door. She wears a stunning, unzipped dress.

PENNY
Hey, dummy. Come zip me up.

She waits. No response. She pushes the door open. Sasha
dozes on top of her sheets in a slip.

PENNY
Wake up, you lazy tart. This whole
thing was your idea.

Sasha sits up. It's an effort to shake off her nap.

SASHA
Ugh. The hell? Did I nap? I haven't
napped since I was a kid. Gross.

Penny moves to fuss with her purse by the couch. Sasha pulls a cardigan over her shoulders as she enters the room.

SASHA
Wow. A vixen is you. C'mere.

Penny turns around and holds her hair off her neck. Sasha zips up her dress. Penny turns to face her.

PENNY
Thanks.

Sasha gives her the once over.

SASHA
(Horrible British
accent)
You look right buggerable.

PENNY
Thanks, mom.

Penny gathers her things. Sasha slides over the arm of the couch into a proper lounging position.

SASHA
Unless. Uh oh. Are our cycles still
synched? Things could get messy.

PENNY
Lady. Just. Settle down.

Penny is ready to go. She smooths down her dress and strikes a pose for Sasha.

PENNY
Thumbs up?

SASHA
You look terrific. Really.

PENNY
OK. Wish me luck. I feel like I
haven't been on a date in forever.

SASHA
He'll go bananas. Trust me.

Penny nods and moves for the front door. She glances over her shoulder before she opens it.

PENNY
Don't fall asleep in my bed.

CLICK. The door opens.

SASHA
Hey. We're cool, right? Living together and everything?

Penny doesn't turn.

PENNY
I'm about to go on a date, Sasha. OK?
I'm literally out the door.

Sasha sits up.

SASHA
I - OK.

PENNY
OK.

CLICK. The door closes. Penny is gone. Sasha touches her lower lip with two of her fingers.

A worried look crosses her face. She CLEARS HER THROAT.

INT. POSH BEDROOM - NIGHT

Penny lies on her side on top of the covers. She's crying. Her shoes are on the floor, her dress unzipped but still on.

CREAK. The door opens. Sasha peeks in.

SASHA
Hey. I thought I heard...

Their eyes meet. Sasha steps into the room.

SASHA
Are you OK.

Penny tries to regain her composure. She's equally as frustrated that she's upset as she is upset.

PENNY
That dudes a jerk, by the way. A huge fucking jerk.

SASHA
You want to talk about it.

Penny shakes her head.

SASHA
Be right back.

Sasha slips out. Penny pulls a blanket over her and wipes her eyes. She calms down a little.

Sasha slips back in with a book in one hand and her reading glasses in the other.

She flops into the comfy chair and pulls it close to the bed. CLICK. She turns on a lamp.

Penny pulls the sheets tighter. Sasha reads from a book called "Behind The Attic Wall."

SASHA
Maggie sprang away and stood at the window, her back to the room. They were coming to tell her she had to go. "Maggie, why is it that you always turn up in the last place I look?"

Penny closes her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK: