

# *Blueberry Special*

by

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*"Imperfection is beauty, madness is genius  
and it's better to be absolutely ridiculous  
than absolutely boring."*

- Marilyn Monroe

Chapter 1

MAD ADDY

**INT. DINER - NIGHT**

A typical lonely all-American diner with its bubblegum pop playing and neon sign glowing against its widescreen glass and gleaming stainless steel features.

AMOS, a gruff elderly fellow with all the trappings of a lifetime drunk, is sitting at the bar alone with a beer.

He gazes around the diner. Just one other CUSTOMER sitting in a booth. Outside, visible through the windows, BILL, a middle-aged greaser, smokes as though his life depends on it.

Bill stubs his smoke out and enters via a back door. Amos guzzles back what remains of his beer as Bill exits the kitchen behind the bar and tends to cleaning glasses.

AMOS

You ever feel that?

BILL

Feel what?

AMOS

When nothing's actually perfect, but, for a moment, you feel the most comfortable you've ever felt?

BILL

Only when I'm smoking myself into an early grave.

Bill loads the dishwasher. Amos nods slowly to himself and signals his bottle is empty. Bill sees to that.

AMOS

Present. That's what people call it. Feeling present.

BILL

That right? See, I'm pretty sure what you're feeling is something people call drunk.

AMOS

Hey, I don't care if it's intoxication or meditation, I'll take whatever I can get.

Bill reflects with a long, troubled sigh.

BILL

You know what? I've had enough enlightenment for one lifetime.

AMOS

You ain't even had a lifetime.

BILL

Yeah but, you see, you're the ugly proof it only gets worse.

Amos almost laughs.

AMOS

I may be a bitter and twisted old bastard, but I've never regretted a truth I've learned. But you, Bill, you're angry, too angry.

BILL

I am, because every time I learn something new about the world, I feel less like becoming a Buddhist and more like becoming a vigilante.

AMOS

You don't think the Dalai Lama wants to throw his toys out the pram and tell everyone to go fuck themselves from time to time?

BILL

I think that, if he does, he's bottling it up well.

AMOS

Well, that's where you're wrong. The Dalai Lama's an angry old fuck just like you. He's just smart enough to know there's little point dwelling on it.

BILL

Maybe. Either way, the crazy thing is, as much as I'd like to be like that, I know I'd fucking hate it.

AMOS

And you'd be out of a fucking job.

Bill ponders what that means and works it out.

BILL

We have vegetarian options available, so cut your crap.

AMOS

You cut your crap. It's not exactly the crux of your business model, is it? And even if it was, an all-American Diner without the burgers? Without the steaks? No beer? No homemade meatloaf? Is that even an all-American Diner any more?

BILL

You're vastly underestimating the power of my charming personality.

AMOS

At least you're honest about it. Places like this may be old-fashioned, they may be out of touch, but you don't bullshit about who your customers really are.

Bill stares back, a little confused.

AMOS (CONT'D)

I like that. Hell, I'd like to live in a world where all companies are forced to show us their target demographic in their advertising. I want to see Coca-Cola tell us the holidays are coming while having to show us some poor obese diabetic fuck getting his foot removed a week before the office Christmas party. I want to see a BMW commercial where the whole thing is just some grade-A-asshole trying to cut his way into a line of commuters while repeatedly screaming obscenities at his wife. I want Jack Daniels to have to parade by a bunch of barely-functioning twenty-something alcoholics, explaining which ones are going to make it to thirty and which ones will be last seen being identified in a morgue by a grieving parent.

(MORE)

AMOS (CONT'D)

I want the campaign for the next Republican presidential nominee to just be some buzz-cut good-Christian man-child tightening up a tactical laser-sight to his Chinese-made AR15 knockoff while shedding a tear over a poster of some troops invading a country he's never heard of, all before trying to tease one out to those bikini pictures his neighbors' wife uploaded to Facebook three years ago.

BILL

Really? I always had you down as a Republican.

AMOS

I am, and I jacked off to those pictures before I got here tonight. I'm just saying, it's about time we were honest about things.

Bill smirks and gets back to work.

BILL

You know, I stole a whole traditional rotisserie chicken from Walmart once. Just walked straight out the door with that slow-roasted motherfucker.

AMOS

Save money. Live better.

BILL

It was delicious too.

AMOS

You feel guilty, when you ate it?

Bill pauses for a moment.

BILL

I felt like, for once in my life, I'd gotten even.

Bill's attention turns to the entrance, toward which walks MAD ADDY, a statuesque woman with a confident stride, dressed for business, and trailing a small luggage suitcase.

She enters and pauses, scanning the whole restaurant before eventually heading for the bar with the tiny wheels of her suitcase droning over carpet and clattering over tiles.

Bill wipes down the bar top, although it isn't really needed, as she takes a seat and smiles.

BILL (CONT'D)

How you doin'?

MAD ADDY

Shit.

(beat)

You got Kahlua?

BILL

Sure.

MAD ADDY

You got Grey Goose?

BILL

Yeah.

MAD ADDY

Canada Dry?

BILL

You want a Brown Russian.

MAD ADDY

Please.

He gets a glass and fills it with ice.

BILL

You know, it's a lot easier to just say, "Brown Russian".

MAD ADDY

Yeah, I get that, but then I just end up with your interpretation of whatever a Brown Russian is. Which could be anything. At least this way I get your interpretation of whatever those items add up to.

She has a point. Bill carefully makes the cocktail while catching Amos's eye and raising his eyebrows. Amos grins and keeps quiet, clearly enjoying the show.

The ginger ale fizzes as it fills the glass. Bill proudly places it on a napkin in front of Mad Addy. She takes a sip.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

Good.

Silence for a few long awkward moments.



MAD ADDY (CONT'D)  
 So, isn't anybody going to ask  
 about my shitty day?

BILL  
 Please, by all means, tell us all  
 about your day.

MAD ADDY  
 Just people failing to act like  
 professionals, you know?

Another long silence as she drinks and gasps. There's an  
 urgency and frustration to her.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)  
 This is the part where you keep  
 asking questions to tease  
 information out of me, so it  
 doesn't look like I'm sitting here  
 venting to complete strangers.

Bill can't help but laugh. Amos cracks up too.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)  
 (amused)  
 What? Is that so bad?

BILL  
 Believe me, if you're here to rant,  
 you're in the perfect place.

Amos raises his drink to her.

MAD ADDY  
 Well, that's no fun. I want my  
 tirade of frustrations coaxed out  
 of me. What are your names?

BILL  
 Bill, and this is Amos.

Mad Addy and Amos share a mutual nod.

MAD ADDY  
 Well, it's a pleasure to meet you,  
 Bill and Amos. May I ask you a  
 question? Why can't people just do  
 their fucking job?

AMOS  
 Well, that depends, what kind of  
 job you're talking about?

MAD ADDY

Okay, well, I represent a sizable client who was willing to make a very reasonable deal today. All people had to do was show up, go through the process, and go away happy. But no, people had to lie. People had to break the terms we had agreed to. People had to try and take what wasn't theirs, and, long story short, I had to stab someone in the back.

BILL

It's okay to feel guilty.

Maddy seems almost offended at that comment.

MAD ADDY

Oh, I don't feel guilty, I feel cheated!

AMOS

Guilt is an emotion lawyers tend not to be able to feel, along with shame, compassion, loyalty-

MAD ADDY

-Woah! Screw you! I'm not a lawyer. I'm a representative.

AMOS

I don't even know what that means.

MAD ADDY

It means there's a big fucking difference, old man.

AMOS

Really? I find it hard to believe a "sizable client" would have any business interests out here.

MAD ADDY

Well, you find the best deals in the strangest places. Sadly, that also means you find the strangest people too.

AMOS

Takes one to know one.

Amos raises his glass. She raises hers back.

BILL

I'm sorry to hear about your day.  
Could I interest you in our fine  
selection of food options?

MAD ADDY

Actually, you know what, you could,  
Bill, you could.

Bill ceremoniously offers over a menu, which Mad Addy keenly scans through. He deadeyes Amos. Amos deadeyes him back. She nods as she reads and takes a moment to look up.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

Excellent vegetarian options, by  
the way.

She goes back to reading. Bill shoots Amos a smug smile.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

Can I get... The quinoa burger...  
And... can I get... some sweet  
potato fries?

BILL

You vegetarian?

MAD ADDY

Vegan. Yeah, erm, no more White  
Russians for me anymore.

BILL

Coming right up.

Bill takes her menu and goes to enter the kitchen.

AMOS

(to Mad Addy)

You know, you shouldn't say-

BILL

-No, Amos! You've been told!

AMOS

I'm just saying.

BILL

It bothers you! It doesn't bother  
me! Enough! Pack it in!

(to Mad Addy)

Ignore him. He's drunk.

Mad Addy looks intrigued.

AMOS

I just think people ought to know,  
Bill. Can't blame a guy for trying.

BILL

You keep this up, I'll cut you off.

AMOS

Cut me off? I'm your biggest  
customer!

BILL

You're costing me customers!

AMOS

She just looks like someone who  
would care about making a common  
social faux pas, that's all.

BILL

Faux pas? That's two strikes, Amos.  
Making my customers feel  
uncomfortable and speaking French  
in my restaurant.

AMOS

I apologize about the French.

BILL

You know how I feel about the  
French.

AMOS

Bill, none of us understand your  
issues with the French.

MAD ADDY

Guys?

They both look round.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

I don't know what it is you want to  
say, but I think I can handle it.

Bill sighs.

AMOS

"Can I get" implies you're asking  
permission to go fetch your food  
yourself. It's wrong. Unless you  
were genuinely requesting to go  
back to the kitchen and gather up  
the items you want to eat.

MAD ADDY

Oh.

BILL

Yet, it's pretty damn clear what it really implies.

AMOS

It also discredits the role of waiting staff, suggesting they are little more than a proxy for you to have food transported to your table. Which is bordering on rude.

BILL

(frustrated)

Yet still, nobody is actually offended.

Mad Addy mulls that over.

MAD ADDY

I see.

(beat)

I'm embarrassed.

BILL

Don't give him that power over you.

Bill glares at Amos.

BILL (CONT'D)

You see what I have to deal with? I put vegetarian items on the menu, you mock me. Then a goddamn, no offense, lentil-eating vegan walks through the door. I tell you to pipe down on the whole "can I get this" BS, and there you are, pissing off my customers-

MAD ADDY

-It's fine. Seriously, it's fine. I'm not pissed off. Sure, it sucks a little to find out you're doing something others believe is wrong, but it's always better to know, so you can change and better yourself.

BILL

You don't need to change for anyone, honey, believe me.

Exasperated, Bill bumbles through the doors to the kitchen, leaving Mad Addy feeling a little embarrassed. Amos and Mad Addy sit in silence for a few moments.

AMOS

You said, the people you were dealing with today lied to you?

MAD ADDY

Unequivocally and unabashed.

AMOS

You know, sometimes, I just can't figure how we got here. You know? Society? What happened to truth?

MAD ADDY

What happened to integrity?

AMOS

Honesty, loyalty, compassion, empathy. It's all trickling away from us, ain't it?

MAD ADDY

Dig this, I had a guy cut me off the other day on the four-o-five. You know what really bothered me though? It wasn't them cutting me off. No. It was them acting like it never happened. I mean, I honked. I honked that fucker good but nothing. No apology. No anything. They didn't even give me the finger. Hell, they didn't even look at me. It was like I either didn't exist or I was so inconsequential I didn't matter. I don't think I've ever wanted, no needed, someone to flip me off or curse me out, just to validate my existence.

Bill exits the kitchen and spots Amos' bottle is empty.

BILL

Another?

AMOS

Sure, and one for yourself, and another for our new friend here.

Bill doesn't hang about serving up a fresh round.

MAD ADDY

Aww, thank you.

AMOS

You're welcome. I erm... didn't catch your name.

MAD ADDY

Okay, you have to promise not to laugh, but people call me Mad Addy.

BILL

Mad Addy, well ain't that a hell of a moniker?

MAD ADDY

It's a bit much, I know.

AMOS

And are you truly mad, Mad Addy?

She thinks and seemingly drifts away into thought.

AMOS (CONT'D)

(to Bill)

We were talking about how honesty doesn't seem to matter anymore.

BILL

I had a friend tell me the other day, we're in a post-truth world, and I think he might just be right.

AMOS

We were living in a post-truth world the day politics started. Which I imagine was the day after the whole Adam-Eve-apple debacle. All that's changed is the stigma.

Bill stares, confused.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Your friend's way behind the times. There's no repercussion anymore. There's no shame. You can be a politician and you can flat out lie, or you can be a cop and flaunt whatever laws you want. Not because people won't notice, not because people won't care, but because nobody will hold you to it.

BILL

Well, you've got to face the music  
at some point.

AMOS

Yeah? When?

BILL

When the authorities deal with it.

AMOS

What do you think's out there? The  
Lie Police? The Department Of Doing  
What's Right? The Federal Bureau  
Of, excuse my language, fucking  
Integrity? What do you think's  
gonna happen? You're gonna see  
people dragged through courts and  
charged with multiple counts of  
"liar liar, pants on fire"?

BILL

Don't you mock me-

AMOS

-There isn't a cavalry coming. You  
know how we used to deal with lies?  
By calling people out on them.  
Holding them to account, and not  
letting each other forget. Shit  
don't stick no more. You're  
deluded. Adorable, but deluded.

Somewhat chagrined, Bill puts a fresh, fizzing Brown Russian  
down in front of Mad Addy, who remains despondent.

BILL

(to Mad Addy)

Back me up here, will ya?

Mad Addy snaps out of her trance.

MAD ADDY

What were we talking about?

BILL

(To Amos)

Great, first you offend my  
customers, then you put them to  
sleep.

MAD ADDY

Something about integrity?



BILL  
 (beat)  
 You okay?

MAD ADDY  
 Yeah, I erm-

BILL  
 -My distinguished bar prop here  
 thinks we live in a world without  
 repercussion. You agree?

She thinks long and hard and raises her finger.

MAD ADDY  
 Actually, not only do I think  
 that's fair to say, but I think I  
 may be proof of it.

Amos and Bill stare back, a little perturbed.

AMOS  
 So, you do feel guilt?

She slowly nods, as if realizing something.

MAD ADDY  
 Sometimes so much I'm overcome by  
 it.

She stares into the middle distance and takes a long sip of  
 her drink. Bill and Amos look to each other, confused.

BILL  
 Well, whatever you've done, it  
 can't be that bad.

MAD ADDY  
 Oh, it's bad, alright. It's real,  
 real bad.

AMOS  
 Stabbed a lot of people in the  
 back?

MAD ADDY  
 And worse.

She looks guilty and upset.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)  
 You ever wondered if you're going  
 to hell?

AMOS

So, you get to kick it with James Brown. Big Deal-

MAD ADDY

-Seriously though. Have you ever genuinely thought that you could be going, and what it might be like?

She stares into her drink with complete sincerity.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

Have you felt that fear? I mean, that would be the ultimate consequence, wouldn't it? The perfect justice? You go through your whole life with nobody calling you out on your bullshit, and you think, yeah, fuck it, I can get away with this, I can do anything I want. And then one day, when you least expect it, boom, you're dead. No second chances. No do-overs. Nobody ever forgets now. Apathy's gone, and you're trapped in a world of reckoning with no way out. For eternity. That's life's punchline. You thought you could get away with it, but no, joke's on you, asshole.

She looks up from her drink at Amos and Bill to find them staring back shocked.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

You ever seen the devil? I saw him in a mirror once.

(dwelling)

Through me you pass into the city of woe. Through me you pass into eternal pain. Through me among the people lost for aye. Justice the founder of my fabric moved. To rear me was the task of power divine, Supremest wisdom, and primeval love. Before me things create were none, save things Eternal, and eternal I shall endure. All hope abandon, ye who enter here.

(sighing)

Like I say, I've had a pretty shitty day.

BING! Bill startles as her burger and fries appear at the serving hatch.

Chapter 2

THE SOMEWHAT AWKWARD ACT OF HAVING TO  
RECRUIT PARTNERS IN CRIME

**INT. DINER - NIGHT**

Sitting in a booth across from one another, DESHAWN and TYRONE, two black men in designer attire, appear to be locked in a moment of deliberation as they drink coffee.

DeShawn stares down at Tyrone with an incredulous look.

DESHAWN  
Don't go pretending it  
motherfucking isn't what is  
motherfucking is.

Tyrone thinks about that. He's unconvinced.

TYRONE  
Nah. Nu-uh.

DeShawn stares back with infallible confidence.

DESHAWN  
You wanna throw down?

TYRONE  
Fo' real?

DESHAWN  
Fiddy says he'll say it.

Tyrone sits back and sighs with an air of arrogance.

TYRONE  
Fiddy says you're full of shit.

Bill crosses over to the table with his waiter pad in hand.

BILL  
You guys ready to order?

DESHAWN  
Yeah, sure. Hey, you mind if I ask  
you a question?

BILL  
Sure, go ahead.

DESHAWN  
My buddy here, he look like a thug  
to you?

Bill looks at Tyrone, then back at DeShawn, then back and forth between them as he tries to maintain composure and think of the right thing to say.

BILL

What the hell did I just walk into?

TYRONE

Apparently, I'd be no good for no high-flying job because this fool says I don't have no baby face.

DESHAWN

Fool? I read this shit in Forbes magazine.

BILL

They say, you shouldn't believe everything you read in magazines.

TYRONE

True dat. He got a point.

DESHAWN

It's a fair point, but you did not answer my question. In your eyes, does my ugly-ass friend here have a face like a thug?

BILL

Honestly?

DESHAWN

Honestly. As a white dude, honestly.

BILL

(long beat)

Yeah... you kinda have that... "thug vibe" going on.

A painfully long silence ensues. Tyrone seems appalled to hear it. DeShawn stares matter of fact. Bill winces.

TYRONE

Well, there it is.

DESHAWN

We appreciate the honesty.

BILL

I want to say you're welcome?...

DESHAWN

May I have a double cheeseburger please, with onion rings, and can you make sure it's medium-rare?

BILL  
I sure as hell can.

DESHAWN  
Thank you.

Bill turns to Tyrone.

TYRONE  
Country-fried steak, broccoli,  
mashed potatoes.

BILL  
No problem. Anything else.

They shake their heads.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Coming right up.

DESHAWN  
Thank you.

Bill leaves.

DESHAWN (CONT'D)  
As motherfucking requested. You  
heard it from the white man  
himself. You a thug.

TYRONE  
I am a thug, and so the fuck are  
you. In fact, you even more one  
than me!

DESHAWN  
Guilty as motherfucking charged.  
So, you see the problem?

TYRONE  
I don't see any problem that can't  
be fixed with a whole lotta fuck  
you attitude and an R15.

DESHAWN  
You know who we dealing with here?  
These motherfuckers work for Cooch.

TYRONE  
So?

DESHAWN

So, that's what I'm telling you, motherfuckers who work for Cooch are some scary ass motherfuckers. That's why I'm saying we need an in, and that in can't look like it grew up in South Central.

TYRONE

And I'm telling you, I don't know any cat prepared to double cross on a deal who doesn't look like they came from the hood.

DeShawn leans in confidently.

DESHAWN

But, I got an idea.

DeShawn surreptitiously gestures to two young women sitting in another booth, tucking into a share platter of nachos and chicken. This is AMEENA who's black, and STEWY who's white, both of whom look pretty street but hardly scream gangster.

TYRONE

A white girl?

DESHAWN

That a problem?

TYRONE

I dunno, I mean, white girls are pretty fucking used to taking whatever the fuck they want, right? So, she'd be over-qualified.

(beat)

Nah, they don't even look like they got an outstanding parking fine.

DESHAWN

That's the point.

TYRONE

You know 'em?

DESHAWN

I know of 'em.

TYRONE

Wait a minute. That's why we here?

DeShawn sagely nods.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Cooch's people, they likely to know of 'em too?

DESHAWN

Un motherfucking likely.

TYRONE

So, let me get this straight, you're gonna ask a couple of Valley girl bitches if they wanna come do some serious hood shit with a couple of brothers who, you yourself, admit look like a pair of no good motherfucking thugs?

DESHAWN

This is LA, bitch, everybody wants to be gangsta.

They look around at Ameena and Stewy who are too far away across the diner to be heard, but appear to be in the midst of a heated debate themselves.

STEWY

Faceless corporation? What? Are you fucking high right now?

AMEENA

You know what everyone'll be smoking in ten years? Fucking Emerald Triangle Skank T.M. Whatever's cheapest to grow. Whatever can be shipped out and stored indefinitely in every WallyWeed superstore in L.A. Giving that mediocre high that should just, just, be enough to stop you giving a fuck about how wrong that actually is.

STEWY

Look, as long as people are high, they don't care why. That's business. Why's that such a problem to you?

AMEENA

Don't you see? The government couldn't kill the marketplace so they took the marketplace. Now every hippy motherfucker with a trust fund can stop selling dream catchers and start selling product.



STEWY

Good! That's a good fucking thing!  
This is America! Land of the free  
market, right? So, goodbye  
criminalization and hello  
capitalization. Go on, tell me why  
we shouldn't be selling through a  
drive-thru rather than getting shot  
in a drive-by.

AMEENA

Because it's the small business  
people who get fucked, Stewy!  
People who've been serving their  
community for years, and I mean  
serving every profile of  
motherfucker around too, from  
homeless to Hollywood!

Stewy shakes her head, frustrated.

AMEENA (CONT'D)

You know what pot legalization is  
really about? Building a goddamn  
thrillitary industrial complex.

(miming smoking)

It's not about the green.

(miming money)

It's all about the green.

STEWY

I can't keep selling meth, Ameena.  
It fucks people up, and while I  
know this sounds ridiculous, I  
didn't get into selling drugs to  
fuck people up.

AMEENA

Listen to me, pot, if we go legit,  
will fuck us up. Just like places  
like this, it will ultimately and  
sadly become a race for the bottom.  
It's inevitable.

STEWY

Oh please! A race for the bottom?  
Seriously? You not saying Denny's  
is good, that Burger King is good,  
that Maccy D's is fucking goooooood?

AMEENA

Believe me, I could destroy a Grand Slam right this second, Whopper, fucking Filet-O-Fish, I'm down with that shit, motherfucker, but that's the whole damn problem.

STEWY

Good food is the problem? You're crazy! Will you please just stop and listen to yourself?

AMEENA

Mediocrity is the problem.  
Homogenization is the problem.  
That's what commerce does to an industry, and you know it. It monopolizes, it kills creativity, and it kills curiosity, and before you know it, the best you're ever gonna get in life is slightly better or slightly worse.

Stewy rolls her eyes at Ameena's impassioned rant.

AMEENA (CONT'D)

And then, after exposure to that mindset, day after day, year after year, that's how your blinkered ass sees the world. All until you fall into the trap of thinking that's how the world sees you, slightly better or slightly worse than the next cat that walks in the room.

STEWY

(beat)

You can't make the world perfect, Ameena, and you know what?

Ameena shrugs.

STEWY (CONT'D)

There's nothing wrong with accepting it, either.

Tyrone and DeShawn stop watching Ameena and Stewy and confidently slouch back in their seats.

TYRONE

What you gonna do with your cut?

DESHAWN

Don't be asking me that shit. Hell, don't be asking yourself that shit. You know better than to act like the payoff be guaranteed.

Tyrone grins childishly.

DESHAWN (CONT'D)

Fuck, you done drawn up a shopping list ain't you?

TYRONE

Don't you sit there all cold and considered as if you're some business-headed motherfucker. I see what's going on behind them eyes of yours, and it's all bitches and popping bottles.

DESHAWN

Okay, I ain't saying a brother doesn't like to get turnt up once in a while, but I got that white boy ethic, see? Work hard, play hard, motherfucker.

TYRONE

You goin' fuck some bitches.

DESHAWN

Oh, I'm goin' fuck the shit out of some motherfuckin' bitches. Hell, I'm goin' be like some top secret government scientist motherfucker fused Snoop Dogg and Ron Jeremy's dicks together and sent my experimental ass to fuck island with one mission; destroy all they hoes. But only, only, once I've diversified my motherfucking portfolio, and I ain't doing that till I know I got paid fo real.

TYRONE

So, you do know what you gonna do with yo money?

DESHAWN

I guess, in essence that is correct, yes.

TYRONE

I got a Ferrari, 488 GTB all waiting for me to just drop the dollar on its fine red ass.

DESHAWN

488? How'd the fuck you afford that? You been saving?

TYRONE

Fuck no.

DESHAWN

Then explain.

TYRONE

Well, story goes, there's this supercar dealership in Miami that got busted for bringing in yeyo because, well, they're a motherfucking supercar dealership in motherfucking Miami. The cops confiscated everything, 'cause, of course, they corrupt as fuck too. And they auctioned it all off real cheap like. That's where my boy picked up this ride.

DESHAWN

Miami?

Tyrone nods.

DESHAWN (CONT'D)

Shit doesn't strike you as strange?

Tyrone shakes his head.

DESHAWN (CONT'D)

A motherfucker drives a car from Miami to LA to sell it, and that doesn't make alarm bells go off in your motherfuckin' dumb ass skull? What, you think he crossed the country because he'd enjoy the road trip?

TYRONE

They're good cars, Dee.

DESHAWN

The car's stolen, you dumbass.

TYRONE  
Maybe it is, maybe it ain't.

DESHAWN  
Is it cheap?

TYRONE  
Yeah.

DESHAWN  
Is it being sold by a thug like you  
and me?

TYRONE  
(beat)  
Yeah.

DESHAWN  
Stolen. Motherfuckin'. Car.

TYRONE  
Convertible. Motherfuckin'. Car.

DESHAWN  
Well, that just makes it worse.

TYRONE  
Worse?

DESHAWN  
Yeah, Ferrari's are what rapists  
drive, son, straight up.

TYRONE  
And a convertible makes that worse?

DESHAWN  
Nah, a convertible, in LA, just  
makes it impractical.

TYRONE  
That's where you wrong. You see, I  
got you now. Listen up. The whole  
point of a convertible ain't that  
you ever put the motherfuckin' roof  
motherfuckin' down.

DeShawn pauses drinking and stares back in disbelief.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Boom! You see, that's some real  
talk, right there. Look at your ass  
all frozen up! I just blew your  
goddamn mind!

DeShawn still doesn't know what to say.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Listen up, shit's all about intent. When a bitch sees you ridin' in yo whip with that ragtop ready to drop. She already thinking in her mind about what it would be like to be cruising wit you with the wind in her hair. She already picturing all they jealous ratchet bitches envying her ass in the passenger seat. But you, you one cool motherfucker in the shade, with your climate control chillin' your sophisticated ass. That's what's up, intent, motherfucker, intent. Bitches love intent.

DeShawn mulls that statement over.

DESHAWN

Tyrone, I don't say this often, and I don't say this lightly, but that's a good motherfuckin' argument, son. I concede, convertible cars do indeed have their purpose. However, I stand unwavering in my view that Ferraris, like all supercars, are driven by motherfucking rapists.

TYRONE

Lamborghini's too?

DESHAWN

Richer, uglier rapists.

TYRONE

Porsche's?

DESHAWN

Older, poorer rapists.

TYRONE

Bentley?

DESHAWN

Pimps, who are also rapists.

Tyrone thinks for a few moments.

TYRONE

Aston Martin?

DeShawn mulls that one over.

DESHAWN

I could second-guess a motherfucker  
in an Aston Martin.

TYRONE

We allowed to even buy Aston  
Martins? 'Cause they won't even let  
a brother play James Bond.

They laugh.

DESHAWN

Well, that ain't gonna stop this  
boy putting on a five-thousand-  
dollar suit and getting in an Aston  
Martin, fo' real.

They continue laughing. Tyrone thinks.

TYRONE

I gotta think over this whole  
Fararri thing. Damn, can't even  
dream without fucking up my  
imaginary life.

DESHAWN

Well, I hope you do, 'cause last  
thing we need after this job is  
your shady-looking ass driving  
around town in a bright red stolen  
Ferrari, roof up or not.

Tyrone spots Stewy get up. He nods to DeShawn. They watch her  
walk out the entrance, take out a cigarette, and light it up.

TYRONE

There's your cue. Fifty says she  
don't talk to thugs.

**EXT. DINER - NIGHT**

Stewy smokes in the moonlight. Insects chirp. The lights of  
LA in the distance. This place is pretty remote.

DeShawn exits the diner and takes out a cigarette. He makes  
sure to make eye contact with Stewy. They exchange smiles.

DESHAWN

You gotta light?

STEWY

Sure.

She offers over her lighter.

DESHAWN

Appreciate it.

He lights up while staring at her. She laughs awkwardly. He chuckles and hands the lighter back, maintaining his stare.

STEWY

Do I know you or something?

DESHAWN

Nah. I was just thinkin', I wish I knew somewhere I could get something a bit stronger.

STEWY

You from outta town?

DESHAWN

Up here from Lynwood.

STEWY

Then you should have no problem getting hooked up.

DESHAWN

Yeah, but I'm a long way from friends. Know what I'm sayin'?

STEWY

Did your mom never tell you not to talk to strangers?

DESHAWN

Peace out. Didn't mean to bother ya'll.

He walks away and takes in the view.

STEWY

Whereabouts in Lynwood?

DESHAWN

Palm & Oak.

STEWY

You ever come over to Broadway?

He nods. She crosses over.



STEWY (CONT'D)  
How much stronger you looking for?

**INT. DINER - NIGHT**

Stewy and DeShawn reenter and head for their respective tables. DeShawn sits back down by Tyrone while Stewy stands talking to Ameena.

DESHAWN  
Son, if I had just a few less  
morals, I'd make a first-class  
fuckin' detective.

TYRONE  
They in?

DESHAWN  
They talkin'.

TYRONE  
You a top negotiator.

DESHAWN  
The best negotiator.

TYRONE  
True dat.

Stewy whispers in Ameena's ear. She looks over suspiciously at Tyrone and DeShawn, who avoid looking directly back.

She gets up, taking the chicken and nachos with her.

STEWY  
Jeez! Leave the food!

AMEENA  
Hell no! This better be worth it!

Ameena and Stewy cross over to the guys. DeShawn moves across beside Tyrone and, like a gentleman, ushers the girls to take a seat. They all sit and stare at one another.

AMEENA (CONT'D)  
You want some nachos? Chicken?

TYRONE  
Thought you'd never ask.

Tyrone is quick to take up her offer. DeShawn remains cool. Ameena looks him up and down, she's a fierce woman.

AMEENA

Yeah, I seen you.

DESHAWN

I seen you too. Aameena, right?

AMEENA

Mmmhmm. Don't know your name.

DESHAWN

Well, I stay on the down low.

AMEENA

The fuck you do. You used to drag on Gardena, every weekend. And you used to win a lot. Black Mustang. The kind with a trunk, not a hatch.

TYRONE

Shit! That your old notchback, dawg? That must be ten years ago.

DESHAWN

That was a fast car and every one in Compton knew it. But you didn't know my name, see, and that's how I've always kept it.

AMEENA

Now, I'm proud of my name.

DESHAWN

You should. From what I know, your father was one respectable gang leader motherfucker. Not sure what he'd think, knowing his girl was slanging dope on the street mind.

Aameena glares.

AMEENA

Negro, fuck you.

The tension rises.

DESHAWN

BUT, I know you gotta be better than that. That's why I'm coming to you with a job offer that might just change yo whole life.

AMEENA

Try me, motherfucker.

DESHAWN

It's just an exchange, is all.  
Money, product. Product, money.

AMEENA

Then, with all due respect, why you  
need anybody else to come along?

DESHAWN

Well, you see, here's the thing,  
there ain't gonna be no product.

Ameena stares confused.

STEWY

You're planning a double cross.

DESHAWN

Funny how white folk get that so  
quick.

AMEENA

Motherfucker, I don't know if you  
huffed too many exhaust fumes on  
the strip, but you turn up to an  
exchange without either money or  
product, you leaving in a bodybag.

DESHAWN

Good thing things ain't even gonna  
get to the exchange itself. We got  
a plan for that. To make it happen  
though we need a special somebody  
who fits a certain profile.

AMEENA

Me?

DeShawn shakes his head and points at Stewy.

DESHAWN

Little Miss Perfect right here.

STEWY

So, say we take you up on this,  
what's in it for us?

DESHAWN

Five figures. Each. And a VIP  
ticket into the big league. You two  
just gotta do what we say, and  
nothing can go wrong.

Stewy and Ameena look at each other.

Chapter 3

NEVER BRING A GUN TO A KNIFE FIGHT

**INT. DINER - NIGHT**

Bill is busy cleaning a table and stacking dirty dishes when something suddenly catches his eye.

Stewy, Ameena, and Tyrone enter with pensive looks painted on their faces. Something looks wrong with this picture.

They stay close together as they pace through the diner.

Ameena hides an old M1911 pistol in the back of her pants.

They split off, Ameena and Stewy making a b-line for the restroom and Tyrone heading for an empty booth.

Stewy clutches her gut and winces, distressed.

Tyrone proceeds to slump down in the booth in a manner which can only fairly be described as "low-key as fuck." He hides behind a menu, his hands trembling.

Bill takes the plates and crosses to the kitchen.

Tyrone glances back outside, where DeShawn paces back and forth while making calls on his cell phone.

**RESTROOM**

Stewy grimaces as she rocks on the can. She releases her hand from her gut to reveal a weeping stab wound.

She quickly covers it again and gasps in agony.

**DINER**

Bill makes his way over to Tyrone, coffee jug in hand. Tyrone continues to stare at the menu intensely.

BILL

Coffee?

Tyrone nods, fixated on the menu. Bill pours a cup.

BILL (CONT'D)

You okay?

Tyrone nods unconvincingly.

BILL (CONT'D)

Your friends okay?

Tyrone is clearly hiding something. Bill turns and heads to the restroom.

TYRONE

Wait! Umm.. what's the umm... soup of the day?

BILL

Tomato. I'll be honest, it's more of a soup of the year thing here.

Bill turns again to the restroom.

TYRONE

Say, what tomatoes are in the, you know, tomato soup?

BILL

(beat)

The big red round kind.

## RESTROOM

Stewy trembles and sweats. Ameena squats by her.

AMEENA

Look at me. Look at me. It's just a flesh wound, okay?

Ameena unrolls toilet paper and tries to pack the wound.

STEWY

How about I stab you, and you tell me it's just a fucking flesh wound.

AMEENA

Listen. You know we can't call an ambulance, right?

Stewy grits her teeth and nods.

AMEENA (CONT'D)

So, I need you to hold on while we try to get some agreeable help.

STEWY

I can't.

AMEENA

You can. You held on this long.

STEWY

Go!

AMEENA

I can't go!

STEWY

We had a deal!

AMEENA

Motherfucker, you goin' be okay!

STEWY

Ameena, this is way more than a flesh wound and you know it. Go, like we always said. Cut the cord and run. Don't let me hold you back. Please. Just go.

Ameena shakes her head, but she knows Stewy is right. Stewy fumbles for her phone and tries to hand it over.

STEWY (CONT'D)

Go. Now.

Ameena takes the phone and nods respectfully.

AMEENA

We'll see.

## DINER

Bill polishes glasses while eyeing Ameena as she makes her way to the booth where Tyrone nervously waits.

Outside, DeShawn continues to pace and prod at his phone with an increasing concern and urgency to his step.

Tyrone taps the table nervously as Ameena eases down into the booth opposite him. By comparison, she is dead calm.

TYRONE

So, what's the deal?

AMEENA

Calm the fuck down. We look suspicious enough, motherfucker.

TYRONE

She gonna bleed out?

Ameena stares back "Yes".

TYRONE (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that back there?

AMEENA

Cooch's people. That's what it was.  
Why the fuck didn't you tell me who  
you were trying to fuck over?

TYRONE

I seen some cold motherfuckers, but  
that was some ungodly fire and  
brimstone shit.

AMEENA

You listen to me. My best friend is  
probably gonna die. So you better  
pull your shit together and-

Bill crosses over and pours Ameena coffee. They sit in  
silence as coffee sloshes.

Bill shows Tyrone a large, shiny, fresh tomato.

BILL

Yes? No?

Tyrone stares at the tomato, surprised, and nods approvingly.  
Ameena watches, baffled.

BILL (CONT'D)

Glad it passes muster.

(to Ameena)

Can I get you anything?

AMEENA

No. Coffee's good. Thanks.

Bill walks away, thinking to himself. Ameena starts pouring  
heaps of sugar into her coffee.

They watch Bill make his way toward the restroom and look at  
each other, worried.

Bill suddenly turns to the kitchen and goes in. They sigh.

He exits again, sans-tomato, and heads back toward the  
restroom. They watch wide-eyed.

AMEENA (CONT'D)

(to self)

Don't you dare, motherfucker. Don't  
you dare.

She reaches for her gun as he disappears into the corridor.



**CORRIDOR**

Bill approaches the women's restroom door and knocks.

**RESTROOM**

Stewy glances around worried and steadies her panting.

INTERCUT BILL AND STEWY

BILL  
You okay in there, miss?

STEWY  
(pained)  
Yeah!

BILL  
You know, usually, my customers end  
up groaning in there AFTER they've  
tried my cooking.

Bill chuckles at his own joke. She struggles to conceal a pained gasp. He checks around and moves up to the door.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Maybe I got the wrong impression  
here, but I could maybe make a  
call? And maybe I can make it look  
like you didn't have a choice in me  
making that call? You understand?

She grimaces and writhes.

STEWY  
I'll be out in a minute! Thanks!

BILL  
Do what you gotta do, honey.

He winces for a moment and leaves.

**DINER**

Tyrone and Ameena, almost out of their seats now, watch Bill exit the corridor and head for some other customers.

They look at each other, relieved, and sit back with a sigh.

DeShawn enters and sits in the booth beside Ameena.

AMEENA

Well?

DESHAWN

(defeated)

I tried my man on Crenshaw, he on duty. I tried my other man on East Side, he not picking up. I must have made twenty calls...

He shakes his head.

TYRONE

Fuck, man! So she gonna die?

DESHAWN

Who you called? Who you motherfuckin' called?

TYRONE

Fuck you! You know damn well I ain't connected like you-

AMEENA

Hey! Chill the fuck out and calm the fuck down.

She stares them down and turns her attention to DeShawn

AMEENA (CONT'D)

Motherfucker, you should have told me and my girl who you were trying to fuck with.

DESHAWN

Would you have gone ahead if I had?

Ameena knows he has a point, and the man's full of regret.

Bill crosses over again with his trusty coffee pot and stares down at DeShawn.

BILL

Coffee?

DeShawn nods and fumes while Bill pours. Ameena swigs hers back and slides her cup over for a top-up. Bill obliges.

BILL (CONT'D)

You go steady now, or you'll end up like your friend. She's really unloading in there, ain't she? It's always the little ones.

Ameena forces a somewhat queasy smile.

BILL (CONT'D)  
(to DeShawn)  
You eating, my friend?

DESHAWN  
No, I'm good, thanks.

Bill points at Tyrone as he walks away.

BILL  
One tomato soup, comin' right up,  
buddy.

DeShawn shoots Tyrone a look of pure WTF?

TYRONE  
Jus' tryin' be lowkey.

DESHAWN  
Soup? You ordered fucking soup?

Tyrone winces. DeShawn lays his hands on the table and tries his best to remain calm.

DESHAWN (CONT'D)  
Let me help you get with the program. At some point, probably in the next five minutes or so, various motherfuckers pertaining to this establishment are going to start getting pretty fucking suspicious as to why one of our party is held up in the bathroom. Of course, that's all assuming no females here need to take a shit in the next two minutes, in which case, our cover is blown. But you, you busy getting one of your five a day. We need to put some distance on this place fast, whether we saving this girl or not.

DeShawn and Tyrone just stare intensely, neither one looking away as Bill saunters over and places a bowl of steaming tomato soup in front of Tyrone.

BILL  
Bon appetite.

Bill leaves quickly, probably before Tyrone can ask any more tomato related questions, while the stare out continues.

TYRONE

Ju-

DESHAWN

-Eat yo soup.

TYRONE

J-

DESHAWN

Eat yo motherfuckin' soup or, so help me god, I reenact what went down back there right here in this motherfuckin' diner in front of all these motherfuckin' people.

Tyrone takes a spoon and starts slurping.

TYRONE

Damn! Shit's hot!

AMEENA

She's probably not gonna make it, and she wants us to go.

DESHAWN

Good, 'cause we ain't got no choice.

AMEENA

We always had a deal worked out for a situation just like this. She's sticking by it.

DESHAWN

Can she talk?

AMEENA

She gave me her phone herself.

DESHAWN

Let me be serious with you, it's bad enough that we be running out on a white girl, stereotypes an' all, but I gotta know you okay with leaving your girl behind. 'Cause if you ain't, I ain't cool with giving up now.

She thinks and looks at him with admiration.

AMEENA

You fucked up real bad, but I can see you're a good man.

DESHAWN

I lied to your ass, and I'm pretty fucking sorry about that right now, but, a good man I am not. I just know that walking out on a friend is some bad shit you gotta live with your whole goddamn life.

AMEENA

We take her to a hospital, we all go down. She knows that. I got a record. One more strike, I'm done as done, motherfuckers.

DESHAWN

Believe me, she talks, we all done as motherfuckin' done.

Tyrone stops eating and appears to have regained some composure. DeShawn glares back at him.

DESHAWN (CONT'D)

Motherfu-

TYRONE

No! Hear me out! I told you. We can take her to the hospital, dump her outside, and split, no problem. They don't have to report no crime. That shit's the law.

Ameena and DeShawn stare back plain-faced.

AMEENA

You one naive, knuckle-headed negro.

DESHAWN

That ain't how shit works. You think the cops play fair? They the biggest gang in the country.

AMEENA

You see the mess we left behind?

DESHAWN

We left a car. That shit's traceable.

AMEENA

We got Cooch on our backs and the LAPD, and hell, I'm not sure which I trust less.

DESHAWN

You know why Lady Justice always be wearing that blindfold? Bitch can't stand to see the corruption.

AMEENA

You need to get with the program. We ain't much better off than stabbed right now, we outlaws. That life you had this morning, that's your old life now. You dig?

Tyrone mulls that over.

TYRONE

Well, I guess I'll just get back to eating my soup.

They sit in silence as Tyrone slurps away. They look pretty fucking troubled.

DESHAWN

Something don't feel right about this. Something don't feel right at all.

They sit thinking. Tyrone keeps scraping his bowl with his spoon. DeShawn shoots him a look which shows he's close to flipping out.

AMEENA

Wait! Bushido! That's it!

DESHAWN

Say what?

AMEENA

The Way of the Warrior! Bushido!

DeShawn doesn't know what the fuck she's saying.

AMEENA (CONT'D)

Okay, listen up. For five hundred years, samurai have been building their philosophy of ideals, honor, bravery - you know, all that high-integrity warrior shit you see in anime movies?

DESHAWN

Not exactly, but go on.

AMEENA

Well, the Gukushu, those were like these hardcore monk motherfuckers that studied Bushido, they had a solution for a situation as fucked up as the one we face right now.

DESHAWN

Which is?

AMEENA

The Karmic Solution.

DeShawn is still none the wiser.

AMEENA (CONT'D)

It's like a reverse Ultimatum Game?

She looks at them. They look back, completely perplexed, Tyrone with his spoon in his hand.

AMEENA (CONT'D)

Just for the record, you are some strategically ignorant motherfuckers. Okay, divide and choose, let's say there's a cake, and you want the slices between two kids to be equal, but they have to negotiate between themselves, so-

TYRONE

-One cuts the other chooses.

Ameena points at him.

AMEENA

Right on.

DESHAWN

Soup, motherfucker.

AMEENA

That's how people usually do it. But how about this, one kid divides the cake, but then the kid who cut it gives the other kid the knife.

DESHAWN

And then what?

AMEENA

Well, that first kid better have played pretty motherfucking fair in the eyes of that second kid, right?

(MORE)

AMEENA (CONT'D)

But here's the thing, what's worse, being a little greedy or stabbing a motherfucker over a piece of cake?

TYRONE

Wait, wait, wait, that depends on how much cake this little punk keepin' for himself.

DeShawn sternly points at Tyrone's bowl.

AMEENA

Exactly! There's a chance that motherfucker pushed their luck too far. But, either way, they're choosing to hand the knife over to show their honor and bravery. That's what makes the difference. That means they're inviting the karma to balance out. They are passing on their giri.

DESHAWN

Their giri?

AMEENA

Their debt of gratitude. Their sense of honor. Their duty. I do something bad to you, but in exchange I give you the power to correct my wrong by doing something way, way worse to me.

DESHAWN

Ancient samurai warrior tradition and all, I see how that helps me cut cake in the hood, but I don't see how it solves the motherfuckin' problem we have right now.

AMEENA

We have to leave our girl behind, right? We got no choice? I got nobody I can call? You got nobody you can call?

DESHAWN

That's how it is.



AMEENA

So, that's what we're going to do.  
We can twiddle both thumbs up our  
asses all night long trying to come  
up with a solution, but their ain't  
one coming, no way, no how? We  
gotta go, we gotta run now?

DESHAWN

Yeah.

AMEENA

So, we do this, we leave her behind  
BUT we let her keep her phone.

DESHAWN

(beat)

Yeah?

AMEENA

Yeah.

TYRONE

Yeah?

AMEENA

That's our debt of gratitude,  
putting the power in her hands.  
That's our loyalty to her. Think  
about it, we're giving her the  
ultimate choice, and she'll know  
it. She can choose to fall on her  
sword, or save herself. However, if  
she does choose to save herself,  
she does it knowing she's throwing  
three motherfuckers who had no  
better choice under the bus.

Deshawn and Tyrone gradually process what she's proposed.

DESHAWN

Why do you know this shit?

AMEENA

The game. Takes a damn fool to play  
without some hustle.

DeShawn nods. Tyrone finishes the last of his soup.

DESHAWN

That's the plan then. Play it cool.  
Drop the burner on her. Get the  
fuck out of dodge. Hope karma  
doesn't come bite us on our asses.

Ameena goes to get up. DeShawn holds her back and looks across the Diner. Bill enters the kitchen.

DESHAWN (CONT'D)

So the old man thinks she's gone.

She gets up and paces toward the restroom, passing by innocent diners who know no better.

She opens the door to the--

#### CORRIDOR

It's Empty. The door clatters behind her, she opens a door and enters the--

#### RESTROOM

Ameena crosses to the cubical she left Stewy in. She opens the door to find--

Stewy slumped on the can with her eyes closed. Ameena is overcome by emotion. Stewy comes around.

STEWY

I told you to go.

Ameena hugs Stewy.

AMEENA

We goin' okay, we goin'. We tried our best. I'm so sorry.

STEWY

Don't be. I knew what I was getting into, okay?

Ameena shakes her head, upset.

AMEENA

You didn't. They lied.

STEWY

Either way, what's done is done.

Ameena turns to the basin and, with a degree of uncertainty and conflict, she takes out a tiny black zip-up case.

She stares at it for a few moments and unzips it. It's a drug kit in very poor condition.

She runs a tap, then clinks down a dirty old spoon.

She takes out a lighter and starts burning a murky substance in the spoon while Stewy fights through the pain.

STEWY (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Just go!

The dirty brown liquid draws up the syringe. Ameena takes it along with the tie-off and squats, facing Stewy, looking deadly serious.

AMEENA

If it gets too much, this might help take the pain away.

Stewy tries to grab them but Ameena holds back. Dirt floating within the mixture of the syringe.

AMEENA (CONT'D)

Now look, I found this shit in the car we took. I can't vouch for the purity. Who knows where this needle's been. Who knows what this even is. So it's on your ass, okay?

Stewy snatches the items and nods appreciatively. Ameena takes out Stewy's phone and offers it over.

STEWY

No phones. That was the deal.

AMEENA

I trust you.

STEWY

Then I don't need the phone.

AMEENA

No. I gotta do this. I trust you to make the right choice.

STEWY

Please tell me this isn't some of your way of the warrior bullshit again?

Ameena smirks through her tears and places Stewy's phone in her blood-soaked hand.

She reaches around her back and retrieves the M1911 from the back of her jeans. It's old. It's just a .22 caliber.

STEWY (CONT'D)

No. They'll be looking for you.

AMEENA

And if they find you first, you can  
slow them down.

Ameena leans in and slips the gun into Stewy's jeans. She hugs her tight, clutching her clothes with her hands and struggling to hold back crying.

Stewy keeps her bloody hands away from Ameena's clothes and starts to cry.

AMEENA (CONT'D)

You my girl.

STEWY

I'm your girl.

They sniff back tears and share a resigned smile for a few moments. How did things end up like this?

STEWY (CONT'D)

Now, get the fuck outta here, and  
Ameena-

Stewy stares, deadly serious.

STEWY (CONT'D)

-If that crazy motherfucker finds  
you first, give 'em hell.

Ameena nods just as seriously, puts her game face on, closes the cubical door, and leaves.

## **CORRIDOR**

Ameena eases the restroom door closed behind her. She takes a death breath, composes herself, and opens the door to the--

## **DINER**

Ameena looks around for Bill. He's entering the kitchen. Now's their chance.

She looks to Tyrone and DeShawn, who are getting up and leaving cash on the table.

She walks with purpose across the restaurant, blood smeared on her hands and clothes.

She joins Tyrone and DeShawn and, as best as she can given the situation, holds her head up high as they exit the diner and disappear into the night.

Chapter 4

ANIMAL PEOPLE

**INT. DINER - NIGHT**

Sitting at a table by a window alone, MAX, a casually dressed Irish guy, prods busily at his phone as he sips a milkshake. Something outside catches his attention.

He looks up above a window sign to see Stewy outside, peering in, scanning the restaurant with a goofy stare. Max sits awkwardly, unsure where to look. He looks back up at Stewy to find she's still pulling that stupid face.

She takes out her phone and taps away. Max's phone buzzes. He checks it and, somewhat sheepishly, leans around the poster and waves. While it can't be heard, Stewy curses to herself before pacing around the diner and making her way in.

Max stands up and offers out his hand as she crosses over.

MAX

Max, a pleasure to be meeting you.

She shakes his hand.

STEWY

Stewy, pretty fucking embarrassed.

MAX

I'm not going to lie to you. As first impressions go, you've made an arse of it.

They both sit down.

STEWY

I love your accent, by the way.

MAX

I have an accent? My hole! Will ye fek off with that shite, ye ejit?

STEWY

It's just there, if you listen out for it. You know, like, real carefully.

MAX

Thanks. I like yours too. I mean, the surfer twang you got there, it's very attractive.

STEWY

I'm not a surfer.

MAX  
Well, you got the twang,  
nonetheless.

STEWY  
What twang?

MAX  
Say "yeah" for me.

STEWY  
Yeah.

MAX  
Now say it with, you know, some  
actual enthusiasm, like this isn't  
turning into the worst date of your  
life. Like, "Spring break! Y..."

He signals her to continue the line.

STEWY  
Spring break ye-urgh!

MAX  
There it is! You got the twang, so  
you have!

She smiles and laughs.

MAX (CONT'D)  
It's a masculine thing.

STEWY  
Oh wow, thanks? I sound like a man?

MAX  
Better than the vapid airheads I'm  
sick of suffering.

She stares back, confused. He winces innocently.

MAX (CONT'D)  
That said, the fact you don't sound  
like a vapid airhead doesn't mean  
you necessarily aren't one.

He cringes.

MAX (CONT'D)  
I'm the one fecking this right up  
now, aren't I?

She nods to herself as she opens a menu and reads it.

STEWY

Not feeling so embarrassed now.

MAX

You have very green eyes, do you,  
by any chance, have any family from  
Ireland?

STEWY

Close. Australia.

MAX

Oh, just Irish criminals then?

They laugh as Bill makes his way over.

BILL

Can I get you two lovebirds some  
drinks?

Their gaze averts from one another, and they quickly become  
awkward. Bill sighs with remorse.

BILL (CONT'D)

First date?

Max nods uneasily.

BILL (CONT'D)

Ah shit. I need to stop doing that.  
Drinks?

STEWY

I know what I want, like, I already  
know what I want to eat.

MAX

That really the case, or do you  
just want to get out of here as  
quickly as possible?

STEWY

No, I really want a grilled cheese  
and a Budweiser.

Bill notes it down and turns to Max.

MAX

That's probably the least romantic  
meal I've ever heard of.

STEWY

Well, it's what I want.



MAX

Could I get a cheeseburger and another vanilla milkshake, please?

BILL

You sure can. Coming right up.

Bill leaves.

STEWY

That's like, the least original AND least romantic meal I've ever heard of.

MAX

You ever had a cheeseburger in Ireland?

STEWY

No. I've never been to Ireland.

MAX

Well, if you do, take my advice and stick with the grilled cheese.

She smiles and laughs. They sit in silence for a moment.

MAX (CONT'D)

Look, I'm going to get right to the point. You're young, you're pretty, you got a cracking sense of humor, so why the fuck are you single?

STEWY

That is pretty forward. You got a plane to catch, or something?

MAX

Do ya snore real loud?

STEWY

No.

MAX

Do ya talk too much?

STEWY

Maybe.

MAX

Do ya talk too little?

STEWY

Definitely not.

MAX

Are you a clumsy fucker? Like dangerously clumsy? Have you ever, like, gone to slice an onion and accidentally stabbed someone in the face with the knife?

STEWY

I am proud to say, I have never done that.

MAX

Do ya smoke?

STEWY

...No.

Max tries to work her out.

MAX

Are you, like, a massive racist? Like a nazi racist with the boots, and the little armband, and everything?

STEWY

No, my best friend is black.

MAX

You steal, don't ya? That's what it is.

STEWY

Actually...

MAX

I knew it! Ya thieving fucker. Stay away from me Lucky Charms.

STEWY

I cheated.

She stares deadpan.

MAX

So?

STEWY

I had an affair.

MAX

And you think that makes you no good for anybody?

STEWY

I think it makes me no good in a lot of people's eyes, yeah.

MAX

The sex kind of affair or the other kind of affair?

STEWY

Seriously? We're having this conversation?

He waits. She can't believe it.

STEWY (CONT'D)

The emotional kind, NOT that it's any of your business. Who goes there on the first date?

MAX

Well, you tell me then, when's the right time to have this conversation?

STEWY

Whenever isn't now.

MAX

Did you come clean to your fella, or did he find out?

STEWY

SHE didn't find out, I told her.

Max wasn't expecting that. Stewy raises her eyebrows.

STEWY (CONT'D)

Yeah, trying to work it out now, aren't you? Which way did she go? I wonder. A little more pussy, or a little bit of peen?

MAX

The big question is, did she lose her mind and throw you out, or did she try to see things from your point of view?

She doesn't want to answer.

MAX (CONT'D)

Like I say, you either have these conversations now, or you have them when it's too late.

Stewy shakes her head and looks around the restaurant. She snaps back, shocked.

STEWY

Woah!

She points to ROCKSTAR, a pretty normal if not fashionably dressed looking woman sitting alone at a table, thanking Bill for topping up her coffee while she studies a notebook.

Max shrugs.

STEWY (CONT'D)

Seriously? You don't know who that is?

Stewy pinches the band-top she's wearing and shakes it.

STEWY (CONT'D)

Okay, that, sitting right over there, drinking coffee and taking notes, is my fucking hero, yeah?

MAX

You should go over and introduce yourself, so you should.

STEWY

No. She'd think I'm a crazy asshole?

MAX

Really? Why's that?

STEWY

Because I am a crazy asshole.

#### **INT. DINER - LATER**

Max sucks on the dregs of his milkshake. He's finished his meal way before Stewy. She eats her grilled cheese.

STEWY

I think you're the one trying to get out here as quick as you can.

MAX

You Americans really underestimate the quality of your cuisine.

He stares.

STEWY

What?

MAX

I'm still dying to know, your ex,  
how did she respond?

She sighs. He's never going to let this drop.

STEWY

You really wanna know?

He nods.

STEWY (CONT'D)

Well, to be honest, she was really  
understanding about things.

(beat)

And I hated her for it. I figured,  
if she felt passionate enough,  
well, she'd have been angry.

MAX

Just 'cause someone can control  
their anger doesn't mean they lack  
passion.

Stewy shakes her head, sure.

STEWY

No, you see, I think it does.

MAX

Do you not think it's through love  
that all the other emotions seem  
insignificant?

STEWY

No. Not really. I think love makes  
all other emotions come alive.

MAX

Okay, let me ask you, do you really  
think it was her passion that was  
the problem, or do you think it was  
that you had to face the burden of  
your shame alone that angered you?

Frustrated, Stewy turns her attention back to a menu.

MAX (CONT'D)

So, who left who?

She looks up from the menu with a bit of a glare.

STEWY

I left her.

MAX

Why?

STEWY

Because, despite all that, I figured she deserved better. Don't pretend to understand.

MAX

I'm not saying I do understand. I'm just saying I've been there.

STEWY

You got cheated on?

He looks back guiltily.

STEWY (CONT'D)

You had an affair?

He looks more guilty.

STEWY (CONT'D)

The sex kind or the other kind?

He gestures penetration with his fingers. She's shocked.

MAX

I know what it's like to take your guilt and your shame and ball it up inside yourself, pretending it's not there while still obsessing about it. You ever thought that what really killed your relationship wasn't both of you losing faith in your love, but you losing faith in yourself?

He has her full attention and his words are hitting her hard. Stewy doesn't even notice Bill has returned, and him picking up her plate jolts her back to reality.

BILL

Can I get you guys any desserts?

Stewy fumbles for the menu.

STEWY

Sure. Can I be really weird?

BILL  
You're in LA, take your best shot.

STEWY  
Can I get the Blueberry Special but  
without the blueberries?

BILL  
(very long beat)  
You want the Blueberry Special, but  
without the special?

MAX  
She can have what she wants,  
surely. Is that now how it is?

BILL  
Well, I do aim to please, as if my  
cheery demeanor doesn't scream that  
anyway. Honey, you want the  
Blueberry Special without  
blueberries, then that's no  
problem.

STEWY  
I'd just prefer it like that.

He looks to Max.

MAX  
Can I have the Brownie, please?

BILL  
You want her blueberries?

Max sits thinking for a few moments.

MAX  
Yeah. Is that allowed?

BILL  
It's my pleasure. Two bastardized  
versions of the chef's best efforts  
coming right up.

MAX  
Hey, you did offer, so you did.

BILL  
I'm not complaining. I mean, what  
gives one guy the right to tell us  
all how we like to eat, right?

MAX

Right.

STEWY

Right.

BILL

(to self)

I should have a word with that asshole.

Bill leaves. They stare in silence for a few moments.

MAX

Maybe I got it all wrong, but the way I see it is, until we can face our own failings and not be ashamed of them, how can we expect to criticize anybody else?

STEWY

I fucking hate myself so much for cheating.

MAX

That's why I can't be anything but straight about what I want, or no relationship is gonna work out for me. I know we see our flaws in others, but the fact is, I'm tired of people who choose candles by the name and cars by the color.

STEWY

Yeah? I wanna use my car for road trips and not to just get to places I have to be.

MAX

And while I'm at it, I don't understand people whose lives revolve around sports teams-

STEWY

-and share in their glory! I want to stop being criticized for the things I try to do by the people who do nothing at all.

MAX

I want to read more books-

STEWY

-and watch less chat shows!



MAX

I'm tired of feeling like I have to choose between being a dog person or a cat person. Why can't I be-

STEWY

-an animal person!

MAX

(long beat)

That last one a quote or something?

Stewy shrugs.

MAX (CONT'D)

You normally finish other people's sentences?

STEWY

Honestly, normally, I struggle to finish my own.

They stare, the diner's lights glistening in their eyes.

STEWY (CONT'D)

I'm going to use the restroom.

Stewy ejects from the booth leaving Max sitting stunned. She looks just as overwhelmed as him as she paces by booths toward the restroom. Tonight was the wrong night to lie about her smoking.

She passes the Rockstar, who glances up from her notebook and smiles. Stewy, so consumed she barely notices, shoots her a confident one back before bustling through the door.

## **RESTROOM**

Stewy's hands shake as she braces herself against the basin. She looks like she is about to have a panic attack.

She runs the cold tap, soaks a towel, and puts it on the back of her neck. She paces back and forth, her well-worn Chuck Taylors squeaking on the tiled floor.

Feverishly, she takes out a pill bottle and clicks open the top. She pours a little powder out onto her finger.

Sniff! She snorts it back. She pauses, grits her teeth, and struggles to fight back tears.

With a gasp and a clenched fist against the wall, she whimpers a little as her heaving chest slows, and she gradually calms.

Seemingly too ashamed to be alone with herself, Stewy exits.

## DINER

Stewy wipes her nose as the diner's music floods into her senses. She heads back toward Max.

ROCKSTAR (O.S.)

Hey!

Stewy snaps around to see the Rockstar smiling back. She gestures to Stewy's t-shirt.

ROCKSTAR (CONT'D)

Don't think I'm going to let a fan just walk by without having a chat.

While this is no doubt way cool, Stewy is in the wrong headspace to be dealing with this shit right now.

ROCKSTAR (CONT'D)

Please.

She gestures for Stewy to take a seat, which, with all the grace of a stoned zombie, Stewy does.

ROCKSTAR (CONT'D)

Fuck! This isn't one of those situations where you're wearing the shirt ironically, is it?

STEWY

No, I, umm... I'm a fan.

ROCKSTAR

Thank fuck for that.

The Rockstar laughs. Stewy laughs a little too much and struggles to maintain focus as her world turns surreal.

STEWY

(re: notebook)

You writing? I like to write. Songs and poetry mainly... I mean, I try too, but... I... I suck pretty bad.

ROCKSTAR

You think you suck?

STEWY

People have literally told me I suck.

Stewy has the wide-eyed stare of an addict.

ROCKSTAR

You okay, dude? You seem, like, a little on edge?

STEWY

I'm on a first date.

ROCKSTAR

Fuck! I'm sorry. You wanna get back?

STEWY

I don't know?

ROCKSTAR

What?

STEWY

You ever suddenly got exactly what you wanted and then questioned if you really deserve it?

ROCKSTAR

Wow, this band really does appeal to the neurotic demographic. Look, I know nothing about your relationship, but let me put it in terms of music. You will never believe you're worthy, and there will always be people telling you you're not. That never changes. You will only ever either feel like a hack who's never made it or a hack who never should have made it. That's life.

Stewy isn't sure how to react.

ROCKSTAR (CONT'D)

But the thing is, some people are lucky, and some people are unlucky. But, for want of a better cliché, nobody's ever perfect.

STEWY

What if you're so bad people tell you to, like, go kill yourself?

ROCKSTAR

You know who the biggest rejectors of hip-hop were? R&B fans. Now people can't tell the fucking difference. It took twenty years to unite two genres that shared the same movement, the same audience, and the same hurdles. You know who it took to unite them? Dr Dre.

Stewy doesn't get it, and her world's getting stranger.

ROCKSTAR (CONT'D)

People who make a difference are rebels, and rebels are feared before they're accepted. Is easy to be terrified of that, to want the glory without the hardship, without the rejection, without being stripped down and having to rebuild.

The Rockstar stares deadly serious for a few moments. Stewy stares back, pretending to be on the same wavelength.

ROCKSTAR (CONT'D)

So, you can either put on a mask and delude yourself, or you can be brave and accept that you're weird, that you don't fit in, that not everyone is going to be cool with you, and yeah, sometimes that person who hates you the most is yourself, and you've got to accept that sometimes the shit you tell yourself doesn't matter either. Because that's you being afraid of who you really are and what you're really capable of.

The Rockstar points to the entrance.

ROCKSTAR (CONT'D)

And the fact is, you never know who's going to walk through that door and change your life. You just better be ready for the fact someone may like you for the freak you actually are.

The Rockstar sits back and sighs. Stewy remains silent.

ROCKSTAR (CONT'D)

Fuck! I need to write some of this shit down. That was deep, right?

Stewy nods as if she understands.

ROCKSTAR (CONT'D)

So, if your date hasn't left to go gather up a search party, go get 'em, dude.

STEWY

Thanks for the advice.

Stewy gets up and leaves, totally baffled by what she's listened to and barely able to function.

She returns to the booth where Max waits and finds their desserts already there. She sits down against the backboard and draws her feet into the fetal position.

MAX

You get her autograph?

STEWY

Turns out she's even crazier than you are.

MAX

You okay?

STEWY

Yeah? Why?

She picks at her dessert. He eats his fast.

STEWY (CONT'D)

She has that manly twang you said you like.

MAX

Still dwelling on that, I see.

STEWY

Isn't that what we do? Fish for compliments and take home just the negatives?

MAX

When it comes to any kind of criticism, good or bad, I prefer the practice of catch and release.

Stewy stares at Max eating, and suddenly--

STEWY

I sell drugs... Pot mainly, but a little meth now too.

He stops. She stares.

MAX

And you take 'em too.

STEWY

How'd you know that about me?

MAX

Because it's pretty fuckin' obvious, that's how.

She stares innocently.

MAX (CONT'D)

And you can save me the puppy dog eyes, too.

STEWY

Do you hate me for what I do?

He shakes his head and averts his eyes.

MAX

The problem is, now's not a good time for me to be around someone like you.

STEWY

Because you hate me?

He sighs, frustrated.

MAX

Quite the opposite, if you must know-

He stares. There's something in his eyes. Maybe love.

MAX (CONT'D)

-But I can't do this, Stewy.

STEWY

Because I'm not perfect?

MAX

Because I'm not perfect.

She doesn't know what to say. He takes out his wallet and flicks through it. He takes out a card and slides it to her.

MAX (CONT'D)

We've all got our secrets. If you ever want to know mine, you have my number.

He places cash on the table and gets up. He looks troubled.

MAX (CONT'D)

But take that card and deal with your own first.

He leaves. Stewy watches him pacing toward the entrance. Her chest heaves. Her pupils dilate.

She gets up and stands tall in the middle of the diner and, just as he's about to step through the door--

STEWY

Max!

He turns back. Everyone in the diner looks to her.

STEWY (CONT'D)

Nobody's perfect.

He looks back and gradually smirks. She beams a loving smile and crosses to him. He crosses to her. The music in the diner builds. The lights glow bright.

They embrace one another and kiss as they spin while everyone in the diner applauds.

BILL

I called it! Lovebirds! Free drinks for everybody!

The Rockstar shoots Stewy the horns.

ROCKSTAR

That's my fucking girl, right there!

Max and Stewy nuzzle their heads together and--

Stewy snaps back to reality, still sitting curled up in the booth watching Max make his way across the car park.

Life in the diner goes on. The bubble gum pop. The chat of diners. The clinking of plates and cutlery.

Stewy stares into nowhere.

Chapter 5

NOBODY'S PERFECT



**INT. DINER - NIGHT**

Mad Addy, very satisfied with her meal, eats her last remaining sweet potato fry and scrunches up her napkin. Bill sweeps her plate away while Amos guzzles back beer.

BILL

You feeling any better? I'm used to people coming in here hangry, but You were getting a little dark back there. Can I get you a dessert, coffee, an exorcism?

She nods and smiles.

MAD ADDY

You know, not a lot of people know what a Brown Russian is.

AMOS

I didn't know what a Brown Russian was until tonight. Old dog, new tricks.

MAD ADDY

I once asked a bartender for a whiskey with an "e", and he thought I wanted some speed with my drink.

AMOS

That's a Scotch thing, right?

Bill grabs his trusty coffee jug.

BILL

Coffee?

She nods. He pours. She watches the pitch-black liquid trickle from the jug and gradually fill a cup.

AMOS

Did we put the "e" in or take the "e" out?

BILL

We put it in because, you know, more is always better over here.

AMOS

That's what we always do, don't we? Fucking piece of shit country.

BILL

Don't start on this again.

AMOS

You said it yourself, more is better. That's all we bring to the world. We have no revered quality because all we are is brash. We're not classy like the British. We're not artistic like the French or amorous like the Italians. We're a well kept studio backlot, a facade, a tired old show that peaked in the 60's and has been eternally on repeat ever since. Our idea of culture is turning everything into a sports event. The best we can do is cheer "USA USA" like a bunch of air-headed cheerleaders when we convince ourselves we've actually won something. We talk tough but act cowardly, and when our actions come back to bite us, we cry like spoiled brats about it.

BILL

Enough already!

AMOS

No! Hear me out! This country was built on the principle of liberty, yet we suppress and incarcerate millions under the guise of patriotism. But here's the thing, despite all of that, we do have this, we're a nation of dreamers, we all aim for an ideal, every one of us, and I don't think there's anything more admirable or more showing of the human spirit than that. So god bless the USA.

Amos is pretty impressed with his speech. Bill not so much.

MAD ADDY

It was actually the Irish who put the "e" in whiskey.

AMOS

Oh. Well, the point still stands. We're dreamers until we die, and I, for one, am pretty damn proud of it.

MAD ADDY

Good for you, but do you ever dream of dying?

Amos and Bill stare at Mad Addy confused.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

C'mon? You must? The ideal way to go? You dream about the perfect life so why not the perfect ending?

BILL

The chef tells me he wants to die on the job. That might work for him, seeing as he's the one who doesn't have to face the hungry customers.

MAD ADDY

So, what about you?

BILL

I've got a rough idea of what it's going to be like, yeah. My cholesterol is seven point six. So it'll be too soon, too pathetic, and too unexpected.

AMOS

Seven point six makes you the picture of good health in Alabama. Maybe you should move there?

MAD ADDY

That's how you THINK you'll go. But how do you WANT to go? Ideally?

Bill sighs and thinks about it.

BILL

Quick and when I least expect it. I don't want to know I'm going. Too many regrets.

He forces a smile. Mad Addy turns her attention to Amos.

AMOS

You see, that's where you're wrong. You know what I wanna do? I wanna stare death right in the eye. Face it like a man.

Amos and Bill wait for Mad Addy to tell hers.

BILL

Well?

MAD ADDY

Oh, me? In a blaze of glory,  
preferably. All while knowing I'd  
taught somebody a lesson, that I'd  
made a point, and winning the  
argument once and for all.

BILL

That's a hell of a dream.

MAD ADDY

Proud to be an American!

They laugh.

AMOS

She's just being a patriot!

BILL

USA USA!

AMOS

USA USA!

They are drunk enough and tired enough that this is all  
hilarious. Bill turns to get his coffee jug.

MAD ADDY

Gentleman, it's been a pleasure!

BANG! She shoots Bill in the back. He crashes to the floor.

She turns to Amos, with a black 9mm Beretta in her hand. He  
freezes, stares back down the barrel, and winces.

BANG! She blows him away, sending him toppling off his stool  
and tumbling to the tiles.

Mad Addy drops from her stool and takes up a well-practiced  
shooting stance, aiming across the diner.

Footsteps. A customer makes a run for it. She aims, leading  
them perfectly and--

BANG! They go down hard at full speed, hitting a booth.

She moves through the bar and into the kitchen.

BANG! From inside. After a few moments, she exits with a  
handful of sweet potato fries and scoffs them shamelessly.

She perches back on her stool and sips on her coffee, staring  
into the middle distance with a vacant look in her eyes and  
complete indifference to what she's just done.

**RESTROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

A toilet flushes. Mad Addy leaves a cubical and meticulously washes her hands. As she checks herself in the mirror, she spots something on the floor of the other cubical. It looks like a phone.

She readies her gun and moves in slowly, creeping to the door. She sweeps it open to find--

Stewy slumped on the can against the wall, eyes closed, pale white, and lifeless, the empty syringe in her arm which has been tied off to reveal a vein.

She prods Stewy. Nothing.

She looks down at her feet. Stewy's cell phone on the floor with Max's contact details open, ready to dial.

Mad Addy pulls a doleful face. She stares at Stewy with her waist covered in blood and her arms hanging.

MAD ADDY

You called your boyfriend? That's so... sad!

Mad Addy goes to leave and walks right back.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

You know, what happened today was nothing personal. I'm just... I'm a bit of a cunt, if I'm honest. And, for what it's worth, most people don't slip away from me. So, good for you. You're in, like, at least the top ten percent of people I've killed.. ever.. and that's lots.

She goes to leave and walks back again.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

(long beat)

I'm sorry, okay? I don't get to pick who tries to double-cross me. That's kinda on you too, when you think about it. So, yeah, that pretty much makes us even. The other people out there not so much, admittedly. I just get frustrated when I can't find who I'm looking for. That's kinda on you too. You should probably think about that.

Mad Addy stares at Stewy a little longer. There's a hint of regret in her eyes, which are drawn to the empty syringe still stuck in Stewy's arm. She seems disappointed.

She walks away and leaves the restroom. The door slowly squeaks to a close behind her. The fluorescent lamp hums, basking Stewy in a eery cold light.

The volume of the music in the diner turns up, echoing through the restroom, and--

Stewy's eyes creep open, filled with vengeance.

She reaches down in pain and picks up her phone. She stares at it, confused. While tripping on a very strange high, she tries to compose herself and get her bearings.

The light goes out. She struggles up and stumbles out of the cubical in the darkness. The light flickers back on.

Stewy steadies herself and gazes around, disorientated.

She opens the door. The music blasts, causing her to wince.

#### **CORRIDOR**

Stewy staggers out of the restroom and stares at the door to the diner. She retrieves the old M1911 from the back of her jeans and raises it, ready to fire.

She stares down the barrel and advances step by step to the door. Hesitantly, she eases the door open and enters the--

#### **DINER**

Through her crosshairs, Stewy scans for Mad Addy. The music continues to blast. She's nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly, a head behind a table. Stewy concentrates.

Mad Addy stands up with her back to Stewy as she searches through a wallet and nods along to the music. She takes all the cash out and tosses it aside.

Stewy squeezes the trigger, and--

Nothing. She checks the gun and flicks off the safety.

She peers back through the sights. Mad Addy, still unbeknownst of Stewy's presence, walks across the diner with her coffee cup in hand and groove to her step.

Stewy tightens her finger on the trigger and--

Nothing. Frustrated, Stewy cocks the slide and re-aims, struggling to keep her arms outstretched

Mad Addy walks out of Stewy's sight, behind the bar, and turns her attention to the register.

Stewy slowly eases sideways as the register rings. She circles the bar until she has Mad Addy in her crosshairs.

She can see her taking cash. She firms up her aim, and--

Mad Addy moves away. Stewy tries to re-aim, but Mad Addy ducks again, disappearing behind the bar.

With her cup of coffee daintily in her hand, Mad Addy unzips her travel bag, revealing it's full of neatly stacked bills. She adds the takings from the register and wallets to it and stands back up, right in Stewy's sights.

Stewy concentrates. Mad Addy crosses across the diner again.

Stewy follows her, the gun bobbing as she struggles to keep her shaking arms outstretched. But she's locked in now.

Mad Addy stops, thinks, and turns around.

There's Stewy, gun pointed. And here's her, standing there with her metaphorical dick in her hand. She goes for her gun.

BANG! Mad Addy hits the floor along with her coffee and gun.

Stewy collapses through weakness and slumps down a wall.

Mad Addy clutches her bleeding thigh and looks around for the gun. It's not been thrown far. She drags herself toward it.

Stewy finds the energy to aim and--

BANG! Mad Addy takes a hit to her arm. She screams and desperately reaches into her boot. She pulls out a large sharp, glistening knife, and--

Swings around with everything she can muster.

THWACK! Stewy, now panting heavily, looks down at the knife impaled in her arm and back up at Mad Addy sitting upright.

Stewy, feeling no pain, aims right for her.

BANG! Mad Addy goes down with a shot to the shoulder.

Stewy waits while the music plays, trying to keep the gun aimed until the last of her strength gives out. She sits panting, unsure of what to do and barely able to move.

The track ends. She tries to get up. No. She's got nothing left now.

Just Stewy's heavy breathing in a room littered with bodies.

MAD ADDY  
(long beat)  
Seriously?

Mad Addy cringes in pain on the floor.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)  
You do realize, if you'd just waited five minutes, I'd have left?

Stewy smirks to herself a little.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)  
You scared?

Mad Addy glares at the ceiling and coughs up blood.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)  
I said, are you scared?

STEWY  
Of what?

MAD ADDY  
Of death, obviously.

STEWY  
Are you?

MAD ADDY  
I asked first. You have to answer first.

STEWY  
I don't know.

MAD ADDY  
That's not a real answer.

They both lie, panting.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)  
I mean, do you have any regrets?



STEWY

Look, can we just die in peace?

MAD ADDY

No! I want to know. Do you have any fucking regrets?

Stewy rolls her eyes and tries to move again. Nope.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

Well?

STEWY

Yeah! I have regrets! Of course, I do! Okay?

MAD ADDY

Is it that guy you called? On your phone? I saw it. Max?

Stewy is surprised, her privacy violated.

STEWY

I didn't call him.

MAD ADDY

Well... maybe you should have...

Stewy doesn't appreciate the advice.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

What were you going to tell him?

STEWY

You honestly want to know?

MAD ADDY

You think I'd waste my dying breaths if I didn't?

Stewy looks at the knife and needle stuck in her arm.

STEWY

You promise not to laugh?

MAD ADDY

I'm not sure I'm even capable of that right now.

STEWY

Actually, I was going to call him, and tell him he's perfect.

Mad Addy tries not to laugh.

MAD ADDY  
He your boyfriend?

STEWY  
No.

MAD ADDY  
So, what's so perfect about him?

STEWY  
You wouldn't understand. I just thought he deserved to know it, and know he deserves someone special.

MAD ADDY  
Wait! Woah! You were going to tell him he could do better than you?

Stewy pouts.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)  
That's fucking weak, dude. I know I promised not to laugh and everything-

STEWY  
-Well, it's true!

MAD ADDY  
You do suck at double-crossing people, I'll give you that.

STEWY  
That and everything else. You know what I've wanted to do for the last few months, more than I've ever wanted to do anything?

MAD ADDY  
What?

STEWY  
Quit being a crook, get clean, and start being an artist. How pathetic is that?

MAD ADDY  
And then pursue this guy?

STEWY  
Yeah.

MAD ADDY  
Wow, you really did fuck up.

Their panting calms. Silence for a few long moments.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

Well? You gonna ask me if I'm  
scared too?

STEWY

Are you?

MAD ADDY

Yeah! I'm pretty fucking scared,  
thanks for asking!

STEWY

Because you didn't do the things  
you wanted to do?

MAD ADDY

Fuck no.

(long beat)

I've never done anything other than  
what I wanted to do, for me and  
myself only, regardless of how  
others may have seen it.

STEWY

So, what's the problem?

Mad Addy tries to move and winces in pain.

MAD ADDY

What's your name?

STEWY

Stewy.

MAD ADDY

Addison. Hey.

STEWY

Hey.

MAD ADDY

I'm not going to lie to you, Stewy.  
People like the whole badass image,  
but you don't clear up after  
yourself like I do unless you're  
running from something.

STEWY

It can't be that bad.

MAD ADDY

Does this room not look like  
somebody has a serious problem?

Stewy looks at the carnage of dead bodies.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

You're angry because you're not  
perfect? Fuck me. Try being  
fundamentally fucked up in the  
head. Try that for a lifetime.

Mad Addy reflects.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

I'm gong to hell, Stewy. I'm pretty  
sure being a vegan isn't going to  
make up for all the cold-blooded  
killing I've done.

Mad Addy thinks and seemingly has a revelation.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

Hey, you still have your phone?

STEWY

Yeah.

MAD ADDY

Look, there's no way I'm gonna make  
it, but there's a chance you will.

STEWY

If I call an ambulance, they'll put  
me away.

MAD ADDY

For long?

STEWY

I sell drugs.

MAD ADDY

Big deal. I've stabbed you twice,  
one of those times from the other  
side of a room. No offense, but I  
get the impression you're far from  
a fucking crime lord.

STEWY

They'll go after my best friend.

MAD ADDY

Listen to me. It's your word against nobody else's. This is what you do. You call the cops. They come. They save you, but there's no saving me. When they question you, you say some crazy fucker started shooting people, and you fought back. Said crazy fucker stabbed you twice, because she's a fucking badass, but you grabbed a gun off a victim and unloaded into her as per your god-given right.

STEWY

And the drugs?

MAD ADDY

Well, given the rather obvious needle hanging out your arm, you get charged with possession, but you live, and you walk.

STEWY

Why are you helping me?

Mad Addy doesn't answer. Stewy looks at her gun.

STEWY (CONT'D)

You know what I really feel like doing? I feel like calling that guy, saying my piece, and blowing my fucking brains out.

MAD ADDY

Or, you could not be so fucking stupid, Stewy. You want to be an artist, right? That's what you said? You want to stop being a crook and start being an artist?

Stewy starts to cry.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

Don't fucking pussy out on me, Stewy! You want to be an artist, is that correct?

STEWY

Yes.

MAD ADDY

What kind of fucking artist?

STEWY

I want to sing.

MAD ADDY

Why?

STEWY

To make people happy. That's all this ever was supposed to be, a way to make people happy.

Stewy shakes with tears.

MAD ADDY

Then get with the program! You walk away from this, you go after what you want!

STEWY

I can't!

MAD ADDY

Why not!

STEWY

Because, I don't know if you've noticed, but life doesn't work out how we all want it to!

MAD ADDY

Look, this guy you're in love with. I hate to tell you, but he isn't perfect. Nobody is. And being an artist won't be perfect either. Life will be nothing like you wanted to be, okay?

STEWY

So why bother?

MAD ADDY

Fine. Don't listen to me. Listen to the advice my dad gave me when I was a kid. I never took it, but maybe you will. Nothing is ever perfect, and nothing ever goes perfectly, because imperfection is the shadow cast by the light of dreams. And, as long as you have dreams, you have everything.

Stewy calms her crying and sniffs back tears.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

Because, no life is worth living,  
no matter how imperfect, if a  
person can't appreciate their flaws  
and mistakes are only visible  
because they have the ambition and  
aspiration to better themselves.

STEWY

I think a rockstar tried to tell me  
that too once. You remembered all  
that from when you were a kid, yet  
never acted on it?

MAD ADDY

Well, before he died, I thought it  
was pretty sappy. Now it seems  
pretty much on the money. Fucking  
hindsight's a bitch, right?

Silence again as they both think while fading out.

MAD ADDY (CONT'D)

So, what's it going to be?

STEWY

I think I'm tired of people telling  
me how to live my life.

Stewy takes her phone and prods at it. Mad Addy's eyes dart  
around as she listens. Stewy puts the phone to her ear.

MAD ADDY

You know I'm right! You know I'm  
fucking right!

Stewy is just about holding on. Tears stream from her eyes.

Maddy manages to roll to her side and look up at Stewy.

STEWY

(into phone)

Ameena... I gave 'em hell.

Mad Addy's eyes widen with pure terror.

With the last ounce of energy Stewy has left, she raises the  
gun, aims carefully for Mad Addy's head, and with a look of  
pure righteousness in her eyes--

BANG!

THE END