

CAPTURING ANNABELLE

by

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INT. EACKO SPEAKO GALLERY - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

ANNABELLE STERLING, early 30s, energy as fiery as her red banged bob, makes psychotic love to OZ BABCOCK, mid-30s, artistically awkward. They reach a crescendo. Finish.

She straightens his clothes. Grabs his face. Plants a kiss.

ANNABELLE

Knock 'em dead, cowboy.

INT. EACKO SPEAKO GALLERY - SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Close on a terrifyingly volatile sculpture of Annabelle atop a pedestal, growling like a wild animal, Texas-shaped birthmark on her shoulder. Plate says: "Volatile Part Deux".

FOUR GUESTS in the crowd admire it as they look closer.

GUEST #1

Visceral.

GUEST #2

Terribly unsettling.

GUEST #3

I haven't seen this kind of anger since DeCapo.

GUEST #4

(sad)

Oh, DeCapo...

(looks around)

Where *is* the artist?

CLAUDE EWING, 50s, the uncomfortably fashionable gallery director hears and quickly waves Oz over. A fan gives Oz flowers as he walks to them.

CLAUDE

Gentleman. Please allow me the pleasure of introducing the artist of the Volatile Series, which includes Volatile, Volatile Part Deux, and the upcoming, yet-to-be-seen, Volatile Part Trois. Oz Babcock.

OZ

Thank you so much for coming.

GUEST #2

Very impressive work.

GUEST #1

The anger is palpable. It looks like she's ready to jump right out of the clay.

CLAUDE

They were just comparing you to DeCapo.

GUEST #2

Huge compliment, of course. He was ahead of his time, a goddamn alien of the arts. Interesting fact: his paintings were abstract because he could barely see straight. He was always completely shit-faced.

GUEST #3

How fitting that he was found face-down in a bucket of paint and his own vomit.

GUEST #1

"Find what you love and let it kill you", as they say.

GUEST #4

Are we talking about the art or the alcohol?

OZ

They turned the police photos into an exhibit, right?

GUEST #3

"DeCapo's Last Dance." I thought it was in bad taste, but you know how the art world loves its death and destruction.

ANNABELLE

(joins them)

Ugh, must we talk about the departed all night?

GUEST #1

And you are?

OZ

(hands her the flowers)

She's--

GUEST #2

She's right, some of us are still breathing.

GUEST #3

Barely.

Guest #1 zeros in on a purple bruise under Oz's arm.

GUEST #1

What's that?
(gestures)
Under your...

OZ

(pulls down sleeve)
That's uh, my tender meat.

GUEST #2

Your tender...?

OZ

Well... thank you all for coming.
Enjoy the rest of your night.

CLAUDE

Enjoy your evening.

GUEST #1

I look forward to the third.
Volatile--?

OZ

Part Trois.

GUEST #1

Yes.
(to guest #4)
Let's head to Sydell's exhibit.
It's supposed to be divine.

ANNABELLE

Be right back.

CLAUDE

Wonderful night, amazing night. So glad to hear you've already started on the next one. You have started on it, right?

Oz watches as Annabelle takes off into the crowd.

OZ

Yes.

CLAUDE

That's what I like to hear and we
didn't even have to brave the rough
seas tonight--

A commotion erupts behind them.

GUEST #5

Oh my god!

GUEST #6

The Sydell exhibit is on fire!

CLAUDE

The Sydell exhibit is on fire?

They turn to see a fire where Annabelle disappeared.

CLAUDE

Fire! Fire!

Annabelle quickly rejoins him.

OZ

What have you done?

ANNABELLE

(moves sculpture)

Help me, just in case it spreads.
We can put it in the basement.

OZ

There's a basement?

He hesitates for a moment before helping her move it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Oz and Annabelle look up at a big abstract painting of a
figure with "DeCapo" across it.

ANNABELLE

You can be bigger than him, I
believe that. They loved you
tonight, they don't say those
things to everyone.

OZ

(slightly amused)

You think they think I'm better
than Sydell?

She searches his face. Smirks.

OZ

I guess we should talk about that.

ANNABELLE

It's in the past. No good has ever come from drudging up the past.

OZ

It happened tonight--

ANNABELLE

So, we agree.

MRS. DONDELINGER (O.S.)

Good evening.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PORCH - NIGHT

Oz and Annabelle see THE DONDELINGERS, late 70s, sitting super close together, holding hands. Stinky Cat, a half-dead calico, lies tied to a bench, blocking the door.

OZ

Good evening.

MR. DONDELINGER

Good evvvvening.

Oz leans over to turn on the porch light. Flips it.

OZ

Bulb must be out.
(looks down at cat)
Is your cat okay?

MRS. DONDELINGER

That's just Stinky Cat.

ANNABELLE

I'm going inside.

OZ

I'll be in after I check the mail.

They both step over Stinky Cat.

OZ

Good night.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oz goes through the mail as he enters. He glances over at the unfinished sculpture, next in the series: Volatile Part Trois.

Annabelle screams from the other room. Mellow, an orange tabby, runs in, making a low "rowl" noise.

OZ

Hello?

Annabelle comes out holding a sculpting caliper to PAULY ABRUZZESE, 50s, an underworked, disoriented maintenance man.

ANNABELLE

I found him passed out in the tub with a deflated balloon in his mouth.

PAULY

I must've lost consciousness, just for a little bit. You know, the whippits. I came to fix the tub--

OZ

I texted you about the refrigerator, Pauly.

PAULY

Was it? The refrigerator? Not the tubs in both bathrooms?

ANNABELLE

Should I gut him here or you want me to take him outside?

OZ

(eyes her, hesitates)
Outside, don't mess up the carpet.

PAULY

No!

OZ

Or... Or you can let him go if he promises to give us a heads-up next time.

PAULY

Yeah... okay!

She lets him go. Drops the calipers. Snort laughs.

OZ
Sorry, she's into theatrics.

PAULY
(eyes her anxiously)
Pretty good performance.

They both watch Annabelle as she takes off her combat boots. Pauly puts the balloon on a whippits breaker. Inflates it.

PAULY
I saw your show. I don't really do art, heard about it because of the fire. They said someone set it. Who would do something like that?

ANNABELLE
(in the distance)
Obviously, somebody mentally disturbed.

OZ
Let's just get the refrigerator fixed.

PAULY
Yeah, I'll get it switched out.

OZ
And maybe the porch light too. For the Dondelingers.

PAULY
There's something about those two I just can't stand.

Pauly leaves. Oz turns and Annabelle is right up on him.

ANNABELLE
He's right, those old people are freakin' creepy. An indistinguishable blob just feeding off itself. Gross.

OZ
I think it's sweet. They found their forever person.

ANNABELLE
Is my Ozzy a little softy?

OZ
A little bit.

ANNABELLE
Aw, Big Head. You wanna fool
around?

OZ
Not until we talk.

ANNABELLE
(teases)
What if I--

OZ
Don't.

ANNABELLE
I'm going to.
(pinches back of his arm)
Tender meat!

OZ
Ow!

Another pinch. He falls onto the couch. She crawls on top of him like a spider, stripping his clothes off.

ANNABELLE
Let me choke you, okay?

OZ
Not too much.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oz lays sweaty and exhausted, his arm around Annabelle.

ANNABELLE
How was it?

OZ
Definitely top three. My big toe
won't uncurl, I think it's broken.

They look at his toe together. He sighs, time to address it.

OZ
You know you shouldn't have set the
Sydell exhibit on fire, right?

ANNABELLE
I was trying to support you.
Besides, it was just one exhibit
and how was I supposed to know it
wasn't non-flammable?

OZ

It was an overreaction. Just like when you flooded the first one. And to end the night with you holding the maintenance man hostage with my sculpting caliper, it's just, it's a lot. I'm going to need you to dial it down.

(kisses her head)

I love you.

He smiles. Closes his eyes. All is okay. Down to Annabelle who is pissed. Her lip curls. Twitches.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Oz awakens to the sound of things crashing down. He stares at the flowers from the night before now upside down in a vase as his things fall outside the window.

PAULY (O.S.)

She's at it again!

Oz looks down at Pauly, who is staring up from his window below, exasperated.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Annabelle stomps in just as Oz goes to the front door.

OZ

You are out of control!

ANNABELLE

Yeah, baby that's the way I like it!

She starts dumping things over. Tearing the place up. He tries to stop her. She goes into the...

KITCHEN

He follows her. She turns over the toaster. He flips it back.

OZ

You are the most destructive person I have ever known.

He looks down at her setting balls of paper on fire and tossing them in the sink.

OZ

Don't.

Oz turns on the water to put them out as she picks up Mellow. Puts him on the table.

OZ

Take him down.

ANNABELLE

Mellow Bellow Bockatello is a free, independent spirit. He should be able to express himself.

Mellow immediately starts knocking things over. She eyes him.

ANNABELLE

What? He's *my* cat.

OZ

(puts him down)
That we got together.

ANNABELLE

(puts him back)
Leave him!

She opens the refrigerator. Pulls eggs out. Throws them.

ANNABELLE

How about eggs, you got a problem with eggs too?

OZ

(tries to take them away)
What are you five?

She lets go, causing him to fall back. She goes into the...

LIVING ROOM

She turns things over. He's behind her, turning them back.

ANNABELLE

You should be showering me with thank yous, but instead, I'm told to restrict myself. "Don't express yourself Annabelle", god forbid that. The Volatile Series is the best work you've ever done, your stuff before me was laughable.

OZ

NYT said my early work was ground-breaking, emotional. They called me ahead of my time--

ANNABELLE

Ha! That old crap?

She points and laughs at his past creations on the shelf. They are remarkable but not as great as the Volatile series.

ANNABELLE

The article was on the back page, it didn't even have a photo. Who was the model "Carrie"? Or was it "Jennifer with a y"? Blah. Boring.

Oz backs up. Eggshells crack loudly underneath his feet. She whirls around angrily.

ANNABELLE

You think this is funny?

He watches as she picks up one of his past works. Taunts him.

OZ

You wouldn't.

She slams it, creating a domino effect as each piece crashes down, shattering into pieces. Oz drops to his knees.

ANNABELLE

Are you... crying? Oz...
 (tries to comfort him)
 I was just trying to make a point.
 I didn't mean to get all of them.

He shrugs her off as he stares down at the broken art.

ANNABELLE

It's just beginner art, your past. You don't see me bringing up everything I was before you, do you? No, that would be ridiculous.
 (teases)
 What if I--

OZ

Don't.

ANNABELLE

I'm going to.

She tries to pinch his tender meat. He shrugs her off.

OZ

Stop!

She gets pissed. Goes to the work in progress, Volatile Part Trois. Begins to squish it. He jumps in front of it.

She smirks. Leaves it. Grabs her things ridiculously quickly. Opens the door, Mellow in her hands.

OZ

Where are you going?

ANNABELLE

Good luck with the rest of the series.

She leaves, slamming the door. She kicks a hole through it from the other side.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oz dumps his ripped clothes recovered from the alley. He examines the broken art. It's unfixable.

OZZY

Jeez.

He goes into the...

BATHROOM

All of her stuff is gone except a bottle of body spray.

BEDROOM

He looks over at the upside-down flowers. He turns them right side up, but they seem even more wrong as they drip.

CLAUDE (V.O.)

(audio text)

Helloo, it's Claude. Guess who I just got a call from? Oprah! Yes, the Oprah. She wants the series for her private collection, every one of them, including Trois. Exciting. Happy creating, can't wait to see it! Glad you've already started...

Oz looks over at the unfinished sculpture.

He hears a noise outside the front door. He opens it. Pauly is sitting on the ground, taping up the hole.

PAULY

Don't worry, it'll hold. But, how about you, buddy, you alright?

OZ

I think I might be in shock.

PAULY

Sounds about right. I should know, I'm recently separated myself.

He continues to tape. The noise is loud and obnoxious.

PAULY

She was a wackadoodle, just like your ex. You like that, it's cute, huh? Makes them sound less dangerous than they are.

OZ

Annie's from California, they do things differently over there.

PAULY

Ah, it doesn't even matter anymore. Look at us. Me and you, we're practically the same person now. Live in the same building, both single. A poet and an artist.
(off his look)
Yeah, I write poems. All about Paula.

OZ

Your ex's name is Paula?

PAULY

You got a problem with that?

He pulls out his phone. Shows him a photo of him and PAULA, 40s, the female version of him.

PAULY

Cheated with my brother. They're all toxic, every last one of them.

Pauly inhales the whippits balloon as he moves to let them go. He twists the breaker and pumps it up again. Inhales.

OZ
Isn't that stuff bad for your
memory?

PAULY
The worst.

Pauly finishes taping. Grabs Oz's phone. Types.

PAULY
A number for a little paid girly
action. Don't ask how I know, huh?

He gives the phone back. Oz holds it with two fingers.

PAULY
Whatever you do, don't look at her
social media. It'll just piss you
off, trust me.

OZ
I can't anyway, she's blocked me
everywhere.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oz sits in front of the unfinished sculpture, not sculpting.

Something comes underneath the door. He looks out. Nobody.

He stares down at a flyer. It says: "Volatile?: The Real
Truth. 106 58th street."

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

Dread as Oz looks up from the flyer to the theater that has
the same address. He cautiously turns the knob. Goes in.

ANNABELLE (O.S.)
A lot of people don't know this but
Oz Babcock was an absolute horror
to be with.

INT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Oz enters. Annabelle is on stage in a revealing outfit, a
sign around her neck that says, "Volatile?: The Real Truth."

ANNABELLE

People appreciate his art and that's okay, I have my favorite pieces, but no one knows the real story.

OZ

What's this, you're talking shit about me now?

Neither she nor the audience acknowledges him.

ANNABELLE

He checked all the boxes of a typical deranged artist. Severely selfish, it was all about him. Controlling. Woo, was he controlling. He wanted everything just so, didn't want me to have any fun at all.

OZ

That's not true, I went along with everything, no matter how destructive it was. All I asked was that you not turn my whole life completely upside down--

ANNABELLE

We'd be at home and he'd just be, turning things upside down. Breaking things and... can I share something with you guys and you not judge me? He used to pinch me.

The audience says variations of "what?" And "no he didn't."

ANNABELLE

(shows bruises under arms)
Called it a "quirk". I'll take Dali walking an ant-eater over Oz
Babcock's pinches any day.

OZ

She's a liar! She was the pincher, she bruised me. I'm the victim in all this.

He heads to the front, showing his bruises.

OZ

You're a real Fatal Attraction, what'd you pinch yourself?

ANNABELLE (O.S.)

But, at the end of the day, I just want to say, I'm glad it happened because this experience has made me stronger.

The audience claps. "That's right!" And "you glow girl!"

Oz turns to see the audience has flat emoji masks strapped to their faces. He recoils.

ANNABELLE

Thank you for letting me have a platform to present the real truth. Good night, New York.

The audience applauds loudly. What a woman. She takes a bow.

OZ

I'm not the bad guy here.

ANNABELLE

(into mic)

He's absolutely the bad guy.

She walks across the stage. He runs to keep up with her.

OZ

You know for a minute I was actually sad that you left. I'm not anymore, I don't care.

He hollers after her as she exits the stage.

OZ

I don't need you!

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oz stares at the lump of clay. Nothing.

He pours a glass of wine. Gulps it down. He takes a hit off a small pipe with weed in it. Puts Jazz on. Drinks more wine. Still nothing.

He takes out his photos of Annabelle.

FLASHBACK: Their relationship in one quick vomit. Kissing, coming together, sculpting, her breaking things, her pretending to stab him with the caliper, her leaving, kicking a hole in the door.

BACK TO THE APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY

Pauly bangs on the door. Opens it. Comes in to find Oz seizing.

Mr. And Mrs. Dondelinger drag their cat in as they look on curiously behind him. Oz looks at the cat's far-off eyes.

MRS. DONDELINGER
What's wrong with him?

PAULY
Stay back. He's going to be fine.
This happens.

MR. DONDELINGER
But, *why* is it happening?

SOPHIA (V.O.)
It's called addiction, people!

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

SOPHIA PUGLIOSI, late 40s, thin and slightly drunk, stands in front of the group. Photos of people flash behind her, beside Pauly in a chair.

SOPHIA
An addiction to people.

It stops on the photo of Pauly's ex, Paula.

SOPHIA
Give him a jolt!

KRYSTLE TOLEDO, late 20s, bulky woman with a fade haircut shocks Pauly with a stun gun as Oz looks on horrified in a small group who are nodding their heads.

SOPHIA
Now they're going to try and mess with your head. Gaslight you. Some of you won't even be able to tell what's up or down because you're just coming off the love bombing and they're already monkey-branching onto a new supply.

It lands on Paula's photo again.

SOPHIA
Again!

PAULY
Argh!

SOPHIA
I'm Sophia Pugliosi and I'm living
proof my program works. My husband--

GROUP (IN UNISON)
Ex!

SOPHIA
Ex-husband is old news, I don't
think about him at all.

Pauly falls out of the chair.

JOSH STOUT, 30s, chubby-sensitive, anxious, and red-eyed,
plops down in the chair as the photos move, finally landing
on one of him and his ex-boyfriend.

SOPHIA
Give him a jolt!

Krystle zaps Josh.

JOSH
Gau gau.

SOPHIA
Emotional freedom is just around
the corner!

Pauly stumbles towards them.

OZ
Are you okay?

PAULY
Never better.

OZ
What is this place?

Pauly points to a sign that says, "Get Over Them!" with a
stock photo of a couple, one of them blacked out.

PAULY
The Get Over Them Group! Sophia
runs it, she's practically a god at
helping people move on from toxic
relationships. She even wrote a
book about it. Nobody's ever read
it, but it's supposed to be good.

SOPHIA
They should be associated with pain
because they are pain.
(MORE)

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Don't let those pesky "good memories" of them mess with you. Reprogram your mind, so that your body recoils at the very thought of them.

Josh struggles to stand as Krystle hands him the stun gun.

PAULY

Did you eat some of my whore derbs?

Oz looks down at what he's gesturing at as "hor d'oeuvres": a whole chicken, ripped apart, a tub of mayonnaise beside it.

OZ

I'm allergic.

PAULY

To chicken?

Oz watches as he peels off a piece of the chicken. Dips it aggressively into the mayonnaise. Shoves it into his mouth.

OZ

To mayonnaise. Mayonnaise chicken.

PAULY

(to the group)

Hey, everybody, this is my friend, Oz. His girl left him and now he can't create.

OZ

You don't have to--

EVERYONE (IN UNISON)

Hey, Oz!

OZ

Hello.

DAKOTA GERMAINE, early 30s, grunge chick with few boundaries, leans into Oz.

DAKOTA

It's not as radical as it looks. Pretty much just shock treatment with an added psychological angle. They used to do it in insane asylums.

OZ

That's reassuring.

DAKOTA

Well, how badly do you want to get over your ex?

SOPHIA

It will be torturous, it will be excruciating, no one said it was going to be easy.

SALVATORE CONTI, 50s, wormy, jumps into the chair. The photos start flipping.

DAKOTA

You're Oz Babcock, right? I recognized you because of the fire. I like your work though, very aggressive. My name's Dakota. I'm a... drawer.

OZ

Oh--

DAKOTA

I've only ever really drawn my ex. He was my boyfriend at the time. And only ever with a rat head.

She shows him a photo of a drawing of a man with a rat head.

OZ

That's exactly how you described it.

Salvatore stares up a photo of a girl way in the distance, blurry. Josh zaps him.

SALVATORE

Aghh.

DAKOTA

He, of course, hated them. He didn't believe I was even an artist. Like he would emphatically say, "you are not an artist." That's why I have trouble saying it. My therapist, well, she's more of a virtual pen pal, said they're great, but I pay her so who knows--

Pauly finishes his chicken. Taps Oz as Krystle walks up.

PAULY

Here comes Krystle, she's cool.

KRYSTLE

What's up. Can you believe my girlfriend--

SOPHIA

(from a distance)

Ex!

KRYSTLE

Ex met someone on the apps? I just downloaded all of them. So far all I'm seeing are a bunch of old, desperate bitches with too much facial hair. What do they got that I don't?

Josh hands the stun gun to Dakota. She goes. He sits.

JOSH

Hey, I'm Josh.

OZ

Hey.

JOSH

My boyfriend drained my bank account and took off to Morocco with a new guy. I've been researching different ways to kill myself. Got any ideas or--

Salvatore pushes Josh out of the way.

SALVATORE

Heyo, I'm Salvatore.

(whispers)

I saw my girl on Monday. Snuck into the bathroom at her job.

JOSH

Sophia's not going to like that.

SALVATORE

I was in the neighborhood and I had to go.

PAULY

(inhales, whippits voice)

Sounds like a valid excuse.

Pauly passes out.

SALVATORE

She peed in the stall right next to me. I was so close to her it was almost like we were together again.

OZ

Then what happened?

SOPHIA

(comes up behind them)

It doesn't matter what happened because we're in this group to "get over them!" We're not here to "get them back!" Or "wait for them in a bathroom and listen to them pee," no, that's not what the sign says and that's not what we do. What's Chapter One?

GROUP (in unison)

"Don't Stalk (in Person or Online)."

SOPHIA

That's your third strike, Salvatore. You're suspended from the group.

SALVATORE

No, I'm not strong enough, I can't do this by myself. It was an accidental stalking at worst.

SOPHIA

Let's not make this a big deal.

DAKOTA

(whispers to Oz)

Here we go again.

SALVATORE

Sophia, please.

SOPHIA

Besides the fact that she wasn't even technically your girlfriend. You hadn't even gone on one date. No, I've bent the rules for you before, but this is the last time.

Sophia leads him to the door as the rest look on. He puts his arm in the door, holding on.

SALVATORE

Give me one more chance. I promise
I won't stalk anymore. *At all*. Not
in person and not online.

OZ

(to Pauly)

I don't think this is for me.

PAULY

Wait! It gets worse. I didn't want
to scare you, but it gets worse.
They say it gets better as time
goes on, but it doesn't. The pain,
the heartache, the loneliness, all
of it gets worse. Stay. We're your
friends, we'll help you through it.

SOPHIA

Someone, give me a hand.

KRYSTLE

I got you.

SOPHIA

Just push his arm back.

OZ

Yeah, I think I'm going to go.

Krystle pushes Salvatore out the door. Sophia slams it,
blocking Oz and suddenly he's in a semi-circle with them.

SOPHIA

Say it loud, say it proud.

GROUP (IN UNISON)

I'm strong enough, I'm ready, and I
know I can, "get over them"!

Everyone claps. Oz claps, unsure of what to do as Pauly opens
his poetry book.

PAULY

So, in closing,
Dear Paula,
I hate you...

EXT. PARK - DAY

Oz walks through the park.

PAULY (V.O.)
And your lying, horrible, ugly mug.

He stares up into the clouds as they shape into Annabelle.

PAULY (V.O.)
High in the sky,

EXT. STREET - DAY

Oz watches ice cream melt into Annabelle's face on the sidewalk.

PAULY (V.O.)
Melting down below.
Makes me want to kill or
die or,
I don't know.
But, I'm doing fine...

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - DAY

A photo of Annabelle making a wacky smile projects on the screen. Oz tries to run but Sophia has Krystle zap him.

PAULY (V.O.)
Making friends,

Over to Dakota showing him another photo of her rat ex.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Josh stands on the roof of the warehouse. Right on the edge.

PAULY (V.O.)
Living the good life.

JOSH
I'm gonna jump, I swear I'll do it!

Down to the rest of the group that's trying to get him down.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oz watches the debut of "Volatile Part Deux" on his phone. He zeros in on Annabelle. Studies her as she goes to start the fire.

Stop. Rewind. Close up. Her smile. Her laugh. Her eyes.

PAULY (V.O.)
Soon I won't even think about you
at all.

Sad, he looks down at the bruises on his tender meat fading.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Sophia and Pauly pull a half-conscious Josh out of a car filled with carbon monoxide. He falls to the ground. Coughs.

SOPHIA
He's fine, everybody!

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oz tries to sculpt. It looks lumpy and distorted, amateur.

He dials Annabelle's number. It rings endlessly. He throws the phone. Kicks the tape, exposing the hole in the door.

He angrily pulls clay off the sculpture. Throws it. Rips off the head. Screams at it. Tries to put it back together in a panic.

OZ
No, no, no, no, no.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oz lies staring at the ceiling. He turns to the side, becoming fetal. Hugs himself. It's over.

Then, he notices something. He stands. Goes into the closet. Pulls Annabelle's dress with the punk rock patchwork out.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Oz gently puts the dress down on the couch. He slowly spreads out the arms like she's in it. He goes into the...

BATHROOM

He grabs her body spray. Goes into the...

LIVING ROOM

He sprays the body spray on the dress. Hesitates only for a moment before wrapping the arms around his neck. He inhales.

Dakota pops her head through the hole in the door.

DAKOTA

Hello?

He jumps.

DAKOTA

Why is there a hole in your door?

OZ

How do you know where I live?

DAKOTA

I followed you home a couple of times. You got a minute?

He looks at the dress. Puts it behind his back.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM INTERCUT APARTMENT HALLWAY

Oz sits, back against the wall beside the hole, talking to Dakota who is sitting on the other side in the hallway outside.

DAKOTA

...and Sophia never lets anyone talk. Maybe some people just want to vent, you know? Like my boyfriend... ex was into a poly lifestyle and I wasn't. And maybe I need to say that out loud more to make it click that it's not going to work because I believe if you're in a relationship with someone, you should be with just that person.

OZ

Yeah.

DAKOTA

But that doesn't stop me from missing things about him, like, okay, and don't think I'm some kind of coo coo person but, one of my favorite things to do was sniff his armpits.

(MORE)

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

I don't know if it was a comfort thing or what, but the smell would stay on my nose and I would get little whiffs of him throughout the day. I miss that. Did you have any strange things in your relationship?

OZ

We didn't sniff each other's armpits.

DAKOTA

No! I mean, how'd you two meet?

OZ

She... uh broke into my apartment.

DAKOTA

Broke into your--

OZ

Apartment. Yeah. She climbed the fire escape, kicked the window in.

DAKOTA

O-kay.

(laughs)

I'm sorry, I know it's not funny, but what the hell, man?

OZ

She didn't even try to run when I caught her. She just said, "Hey Cowboy. Annabelle, how you doing?"

DAKOTA

Hilarious. I wish I could do something like that, something just out of left field, you know?

OZ

She stuck her hand out like this.

He puts his hand through the hole. She takes it. It's a moment. He pulls back.

OZ

We fell in love that night, were practically inseparable, and now she's over at a sleazy theater on fifty-eighth making shit up and pretending to be the victim.

DAKOTA

A smear campaign. Makes sense that you wouldn't be able to create. It's been the same for me. Start something, ball it up, throw it in the trash. Stare at the wall. Wish I was dead.

(realizes)

Not that I'm saying I'm anywhere on your level.

OZ

Nobody even cared about my art a few years ago. Before the series. Before her. The NYT article on me? It was on the back page, didn't even have a picture. After I met Annabelle, everything just kind of fell into place. I know there were bad times, I know that, so why does it feel like they're not so bad now?

DAKOTA

I draw him as a rat so I'll remember. Some people write down the terrible things their exes did so they won't forget. I think the way I do it is more effective. Like what would I look like knowing someone was a rat and still wanting to be with them? It doesn't make any sense.

OZ

I thrived in chaos for so long, now that it's gone... What if I've lost it altogether?

DAKOTA

Give me a break, the great Oz Babcock? No, I refuse to believe that. If you don't make it, what hope do I have for my little ol' drawings?

OZ

You want my advice, get out while you still can. Don't even let that monkey crawl on your back.

DAKOTA
 Sorry to tell you, it's too late. I
 think I would do just about
 anything for art.

Silence for a moment.

DAKOTA
 You're going to finish that series
 of yours, I just know it.

OZ
 You really think she's going to
 come back?

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oz awakens to Pauly looking down at him, holding Annabelle's
 dress up.

PAULY
 Do you want to explain this?

OZ
 What are you doing in my apartment?
 (gets up)
 I told you, you can't just come in
 whenever you want.

PAULY
 What, you been rubbing it against
 yourself, thinking it's a magic
 genie that's going to bring her
 back?

OZ
 Give me the dress.

PAULY
 I don't think so.

OZ
 (goes for it)
 Give it back.

PAULY
 (yanks it back)
Hell no, you've got a problem.
 We're doing this for your own good.

Oz looks at the whole Get Over Them group in the door. Dakota
 waves uncomfortably.

SOPHIA

Everyone, time for Chapter Two:
"Get Rid of All of Their Stuff". To
the river!

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY

Krystle stares into her phone, passing around a box to the
group members in front of an old-fashioned canon.

PAULY

(reads poetry)

You will not control me,
you poisonous, adulterous, succubus
no more.
I want you gone,
and I mean it this time,
you whore.

SOPHIA

Eloquently stated, Pauly. Memories
are tied to possessions.
Possessions that sit in your home,
taunting you like obnoxious,
ceramic married frogs that your
stupid mother got us, Tony! Today
we erase those torturous reminders.
Let's show these narcissists who's
boss.

OZ

I think that word is overused.

SOPHIA

Because there's a lot of 'em.

Dakota drops in a rat painting of her ex and his hoodie.

JOSH

How long do you think it would take
for me to run out of air if I put a
bag over my head and sealed it off?

KRYSTLE

Listen to this bio. "Not looking
for long term. Has to be okay with
VDs." Venereal diseases, that's
what she's choosing over me? *Plural*
venereal diseases?

JOSH

(in b.g. to Pauly)
 Maybe I'll go in that death machine, you know, the one in Switzerland that looks like a spaceship? It only takes ten minutes and boom you're out of here.

DAKOTA

You okay?

OZ

What the hell am I doing here?

DAKOTA

Funny, I was just thinking that myself. Sorry about barging in with them earlier, it wasn't my idea. You don't have to do this, you know.

OZ

What do I care about some dress?

KRYSTLE (O.S.)

First up, "Annabelle's dress".

Oz looks over at Krystle who is holding up the dress.

KRYSTLE

Oz has signed an agreement stating this is the last of her belongings and that he consents to blasting it into the Hudson River.

DAKOTA

(whispers)
 Well, I kept something.

OZ

What?

DAKOTA

His deodorant, an old pair of running shoes, and lots and lots of drawings.

OZ

You didn't follow the rules.

He watches as they shove the dress into the canon.

SOPHIA
Ready for blast off.

Krystle lights a long lighter. Goes towards the cannon.

OZ
Hey, she didn't follow the rules.
Hold your fire!

Oz rips the dress out, causing Krystle to fall into the river. Josh jumps in as well. He tries to submerge himself.

Krystle comes up spitting water, holding her phone up as Oz runs off. Pauly tries to stop him.

PAULY
I'm not going to let you do it, Oz,
not after all the progress you've
made.

Oz zigs. Dodges him. Pauly passes out. Sophia jumps in front of him.

SOPHIA
If you don't ball that dress up,
shove it into the cannon, and blast
it off into the Hudson River it's
going to haunt you for the rest of
your life. Break the trauma bond!

Dakota comes out of nowhere. Tackles Sophia.

DAKOTA
Go, go!

He bolts, the dress under his arm. Sophia struggles.

SOPHIA
You're out of the group!

Krystle looks at her drenched phone before helping fish Josh out of the river as he plays dead.

Dakota smiles. Watches as Oz disappears into the distance.

OZ (V.O.)
You know, Picasso painted Fernande
Olivier over sixty times. Almost a
whole decade of just her.

ANNABELLE (V.O.)
I love that, it's romantic. Like
penguins that mate for life.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oz sculpts Annabelle as she poses in the same dress.

OZ

Picasso, the penguin. I would sculpt you a hundred times if I could.

ANNABELLE

Mister Babcock, are you asking me to go steady? Why we barely know each other.

OZ

Maybe there are only so many hours left on this earth and I don't want to waste another one being without you.

ANNABELLE

That's very heartfelt.

OZ

That's the way I feel. You interest me more than any other human I've ever met.

ANNABELLE

You think I'm special.

OZ

I think I love you.

ANNABELLE

Are you sure you're ready for that kind of commitment? Because some people say they're ready, but end up not having it in them.

OZ

Did you know that I've been obsessed with art since I was a baby? I used to make mini sculptures, duplicates of my action figures out of Play-Doh. It was the only love I knew, the thing that always consumed me. Nobody, *no person* ever made me feel like that. Until I met you.

ANNABELLE

Aw Oz, I'm glad you said that.

OZ

Yeah?

ANNABELLE

Yeah. I think it's cute you're being all vulnerable with me. Makes me want to show you more of myself. Makes me want to...

(begins to undress)

Let you inside.

Tension builds like a huddle before a play, voices O.S:
"Ahhhhh..." She throws the dress. It lands on his head.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

The voices say: "break!" with a loud clap.

Oz jolts awake on the floor of the train, choking, the dress's arms wrapped tightly around his neck.

He looks up at the people staring down at him, their faces distorting with the flashes through the subway windows. How long has he been there?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Oz hurries through the street, clutching Annabelle's dress, DeCapo's abstract figures on buildings behind him.

CLAUDE (V.O.)

Just checking in. Haven't heard back, wanted to make sure things are on track. Call me... It's Claude.

SOPHIA (O.S.)

To hell with you, Tony!

He sees Sophia holding a bottle in a brown paper bag in the alley, yelling in the direction of a restaurant across the street.

OZ

What are you doing here?

TONY PUGLIOSI, 40s, a triangle tough guy in a suit, touches his young date's neck behind a window in the restaurant.

OZ
Is that--?

SOPHIA
No.

OZ
You're spying on your ex!

SOPHIA
Don't be silly, I was just...

Tony looks in their direction. Sophia ducks behind the wall.

OZ
Are you kidding me, you practically tore that one guy's head off for listening to her pee. You physically fought me to shoot her stuff into the Hudson River and here you are having a long-distance date night with your ex? You're a fraud.

SOPHIA
Okay, I followed him, are you happy?
(takes a swig)
Because this was our Tuesday night place. And he's in there with that tramp eating Quattro Formaggi with the little blue cheese on top and drinking a carafe of Rosati. *Our* meal, while I stand out here with a cheap bottle of corner store liquor.

OZ
What happened to leaving them alone, letting go, getting over them?

SOPHIA
(takes a swig, looks up)
Wait a minute, shut up, he's leaving. Here he comes. Act like we're together.

OZ
I don't think that's a good idea.

SOPHIA
Come on, just a little. Hurry up.

She goes in for a sloppy kiss just as Tony comes out with his date. His face instantly turns to anger when he sees them.

OZ

It's not what it looks like.

SOPHIA

It's exactly what it looks like,
we're together.

TONY

You want to date my wife right in
front of me?

Tony punches him in the face.

SOPHIA

He responds to jealousy, does he?

TONY

Don't trigger me, Sophia.

SOPHIA

We're in love!

OZ

We're not.

Sophia whales on Tony. Something falls out of her purse.

SOPHIA

You make me sick, make me want to
throw up!

TONY

(looks at Oz's bloody
face)
He's ugly as shit.

Tony takes off.

SOPHIA

Sorry. You can come back to the
group if you want.

She runs after Tony who is now joined by his new girlfriend.

SOPHIA

Tony, wait!

He looks at what she dropped: "The Get Over Them Book" by
Sophia Pugliosi.

He opens it. Chapter 1: "Don't Stalk (In Person or Online)"
Chapter 2: "Get Rid of All of Their Stuff".

He flips past that. All the rest of the pages are blank.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Oz staggers up the walkway. He touches his head. Blood. The porch is completely dark. He cautiously comes up.

He hears a noise. A kind of slurping. It gets louder. More aggressive. What is it?

OZ

Mr. and Mrs. Dondelinger?

He moves with his phone light until he shines it on the faces of The Dondelingers who are making out. All tongue. He quickly slaps the phone off. Hurries inside.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Pauly is standing in his doorway when Oz enters.

PAULY

Look who it is. What happened to your face?

OZ

(stomps past)

Fix the goddamn porch light!

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oz slams the door. Takes the dress. Goes into the...

BATHROOM

He delicately puts it on a hanger. It made it safely.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Oz finishes taping up the door again. A knock comes from the other side. He opens it to find Dakota standing there.

DAKOTA

Hi, it's me again. I'm thinking about taking him back, becoming a sister wife, I don't know, I'm all over the place. Hey... Who beat you up?

OZ

It's nothing.

DAKOTA

I'm coming in.

She pushes past him.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Dakota gently wipes the wound. Takes him in.

DAKOTA

You going to tell me what happened?

OZ

I ran into Sophia.

DAKOTA

She did this to you, about the dress? She is such a fanatic.

OZ

She's been spying on her ex. Tried to make him think we were together.

DAKOTA

Crazy. So, there really is no cure, it's all a sham?

OZ

The leader is a false prophet.

He hands her Sophia's book. She thumbs through it.

DAKOTA

At least we got your... *her dress* back, right? I almost lost it when you said, "she didn't follow the rules!" And that takedown, how badass was that? I was so pumped when I tackled her. I yelled, "go, go!" Remember?

OZ

I couldn't have done it without you.

DAKOTA

Sure you could've. Sophia would've given up sooner or later. Can you imagine her liver?

She zeros in on the lopsided sculpture without a head.

DAKOTA

Wow, a work in progress from a real artist, how cool is this? Can I look?

OZ

Don't... get too close.

DAKOTA

Amazing. When do you get to the head?

(focuses on the wall)

Is that egg on the wall?

OZ

I think I'm going to turn in--

DAKOTA

Please don't make me leave. If I go back to my apartment, I'm going to call him, I know I am... We can have sex. You know what they say, "to get over them, get under someone else". Maybe that can be Chapter Three.

OZ

I'm tired.

DAKOTA

Kidding, I was kidding! You thought I was serious?

(holds herself)

Ow! Oh, no.

OZ

What's wrong?

DAKOTA

Do you mind if I use your bathroom? It's an emergency, I got to pee. I have a UTI.

(MORE)

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

It burns and makes your pee smell like onion soup. Don't worry, it's not contagious.

OZ

(points)

That way.

She takes off into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

He waits. It seems to take forever. He gets impatient.

OZ

You okay in there?

He knocks on the door. Nothing. Tries the doorknob. Locked.

OZ

Dakota?

She finally opens the door. Exits in Annabelle's dress.

DAKOTA

This is inappropriate, isn't it?

OZ

What are you--

DAKOTA

I don't know, I just saw it there and I put it on. I don't know what I was thinking. What was I thinking?

(to herself)

What the hell, Dakota, get a grip.

(starts to take it off)

Sometimes I get impulsive and just go with the flow but, it was stupid to think... Really, I'm sorry for any distress I've caused you, I'm working through some things with my codependency.

(hands him a card)

Here, it's actually all written on here.

OZ

(reads the card)

"I'm sorry for any distress I've caused you, I'm working through some things with my co-dependency."

DAKOTA

My number's on the back.

He flips it over. "646-444-3461." Then in print, "Only if you want to. Call me." She heads to the front door.

OZ

Wait--

DAKOTA

Sorry. Sorry!

She leaves. He watches as she goes down the stairs and out the front door.

He slowly closes the door. Goes to his workstation. Something feels different.

He dips his hands into the clay. Grabs a big lump. Puts it for a head. Begins to recreate it on top of the old body.

He digs the eye holes out. Smears the brows. Shapes the chin. Stands back. Stares. Interesting. Very interesting.

He picks up Dakota's codependency card. Dials the number.

OZ

Hey. I have a proposition for you.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oz and Dakota sit on the couch facing each other.

DAKOTA

So like performance art?

OZ

Absolutely not. No, it would be purely inspirational. When I saw you in that dress...

(magical)

It all started coming back to me.

DAKOTA

It did?

OZ

I mean, I didn't get far, but there's definitely something there. So, I thought who needs *her*? We both don't have anyone right now. Me and you, we're both single, what's stopping us?

DAKOTA

So, you want me to put the dress back on so you can sculpt me as your ex?

OZ

Slightly more than that, but um, yes.

DAKOTA

This isn't some kind of messed up answer to what she's doing over at that theater, is it, because I don't want any drama--

OZ

That's not something you have to worry about.

DAKOTA

Wow, okay, huh, me and you working together. I think I like it.
(excitement building)
Woohoo, yes, this is terribly exciting. I'm getting goosebumps. Feel.

She puts her arm out. He feels it.

OZ

So, you're on board?

DAKOTA

Let's do it!

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Blood-red liquid washes down the sink. Dakota comes up, her head in a red-stained white towel.

She looks in the mirror beside a photo of Annabelle. Dakota smears red lipstick onto her lips. Smiles like her. Does the rest of the makeup.

She takes the dress off the hanger. Slips it over her head. Pulls the towel off. Brushes her red Annabelle-esque bob cut.

Oz draws a birthmark in the shape of Texas on Dakota's shoulder. Sprays her with Annabelle's body spray.

She stares into the mirror. She looks just like Annabelle minus the combat boots. She is Dakota as Annabelle.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
When do we start?

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Oz talks to Claude over speakerphone.

 CLAUDE (V.O.)
Good to hear your voice. I was starting to get worried when I didn't hear back. You know the final unveiling is right around the corner. I heard Annabelle took off, which I can imagine is complicating things--

 OZ
Claude, Claude, none of that matters anymore.

He stares at Dakota as Annabelle who is waiting.

 CLAUDE (V.O.)
Well, good. Amazing. When can I--

He hangs up. Takes in her in. She does look like her. He comes towards her with the sculpting caliper. She recoils.

 OZ
Just need to take your measurements.

He begins measuring her head.

 DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
Thanks for letting me know, I thought you were about to pull me out of a birth canal.

 OZ
Forceps joke, nice. The shapes of your heads are similar. Yours is slightly bigger, but not by much.
(off her look)
Sorry.

He puts the caliper up to the sculpture.

 OZ
You're easy to work with, she would've been screaming and complaining at this point.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
I'm pretty easygoing.

He kind of grimaces at that. He poses her. She eyes him, she's starting to like him.

OZ
Let's take it slow, ease into it.
This is new for both of us.

He starts to shape the head. Builds out the nose. Adds more clay for the lips. Everything feels so hopeful.

Then, things begin to go wrong. Too much off the eyelid. The nose lumps off. Trying to fix it only makes it worse.

OZ
This isn't working.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
Should I turn left instead?

OZ
Left or right, it's all wrong.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
I thought we were really onto something.

OZ
Me too.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
It's disappointing.

OZ
Yeah.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
Hey, you mind if I spend the night?
This took longer than I thought and
I'm really not in the mood to deal
with all the late-night crazies on
the subway.

OZ
Yeah, sure, make yourself at home.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oz stares at Dakota as Annabelle sleeping on his bed, still dressed. Why is it not working? He opens her sketchbook. It's empty. He sighs.

He gets into the bed beside her. Tries to push her over but she snuggles up to him. Pushes her nose into his armpit.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Dakota as Annabelle chomps on cereal in front of Oz.

OZ

I think I know what's missing.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

Ooh, okay, what?

OZ

It's just, I'm not plain not believing it. I mean, any ol' person can cut and dye their hair and put on a dress. The series is called what?

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

Volatile. The Volatile series.

OZ

That's what she's known for, right?
Hello.

INT. PAULY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pauly watches as Ozzy's things rain down outside his window.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Pauly opens his window. Sticks his head out to see Oz and Dakota as Annabelle staring down at him.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

Hey Pauly, remember me?

PAULY

Oh no, she's back.

She throws more of Ozzy's things down. Pauly ducks them.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oz shows Dakota as Annabelle how to turn things upside down. Lamps. Chairs. Photos. Plants.

OZ
You missed one.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
This is ridiculous.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Oz teaches Dakota as Annabelle to throw eggs.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
Although, somewhat satisfying.
What's her sign anyway?

OZ
Gemini. May twenty-third.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
Yikes, that explains a lot.

They move over to the sink. He shows her how to flood it.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
Just plug it and walk away?

OZ
That's it.

She does. He balls up the paper towels. Hands her a lighter. She lights one. Quickly throws it in the sink. Just as quickly puts it out.

OZ
You got to let it keep burning.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
That sounds dangerous.

OZ
Uh-huh.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Over to Dakota as Annabelle turning his laptop upside down. It cracks. She looks down, concerned.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
I think I broke it.

OZ
Walk away with disdain.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
You mind if I write this down?

 OZ
Please.

 DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
(writing)
"Walk away with... "

 OZ
"Disdain"...

She walks away.

 OZ
Don't forget the lip. The disgusted
lip. Just... curl it.

 DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
Like this?

Dakota as Annabelle curls her lip. Turns to go.

 DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
Slam the door?

 OZ
Kick another hole in it if you can.

She slams the door. Kicks a smaller hole in the side.

Dakota as Annabelle comes back in. She's excited. She nailed
it. She hugs him tight.

 DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
I'm having so much fun with you...

 OZ
"Bighead". She liked to call me Big
Head.

 DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
"Big head" Did that do it, you want
to get some work done?

 OZ
I was thinking maybe we could take
the night off. You like ice cream?

 DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
I love ice cream--

OZ
Annabelle likes mint chip.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Oz and Dakota as Annabelle eat ice cream as they walk. She's got mint chip.

OZ
I know it must seem bizarre as an outsider looking in. I'm sure you think she's a lunatic, but she could be very loving sometimes and she was very encouraging of my work... when we were agreeable. When I didn't question her antics. She used to grab my face with both hands and kiss me with her flowery, cushiony lips--

KRYSTLE (O.S.)
What's going on here?

They turn to see Pauly, Krystle, and Josh walking together. Pauly exhales from his balloon.

PAULY
See! I told you he was back with his ex.

Dakota as Annabelle leans into it. Goes in for handshakes.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
Hey Cowboys. Annabelle, how you doing?

JOSH
Wait a minute, that's not his ex.

PAULY
It's not?

KRYSTLE
Dakota?

OZ
Guys, relax. It's art.

KRYSTLE
Looks like you're trying to keep your ex in your life.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
It's inspirational. What would any
of you know about art, anyway?

OZ
Exactly. Thank you.

SOPHIA (O.S.)
Chapter Four!

Sophia hollers from a cab as she drinks out of a bottle in
the backseat.

PAULY AND KRYSTLE (IN UNISON)
"Don't Make Other People Into
Them."

The cab takes off.

PAULY
Oz, it's sick. You need to come
back and start from day one.

Dakota as Annabelle pops the balloon.

PAULY
What'd you do that for?

OZ
It was good seeing everyone.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
Always a pleasure.

Oz and Dakota as Annabelle walk away. Laugh together as the
group looks after them, mystified.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
We're terrible.

OZ
The look on Pauly's face.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
I know... hey... hey, stop walking!

She grabs his face. Presses her lips to his like Annabelle
used to. She shrugs. Smiles. He looks at her as if seeing her
for the first time.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oz stares deep into Dakota as Annabelle's eyes. Nods. She pinches him under his arm. His "tender meat".

OZ

Ow! Harder!

Another pinch. He collapses on the bed. She crawls on top of him. Begins to devour him.

FLASHES: Annabelle and Oz make love as he makes love to Dakota as Annabelle. Intertwining. Oz moans.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oz watches as Dakota as Annabelle kicks a hole in the bathroom door. It comes off the hinges. She pulls the whole thing off.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Oz poses Dakota as Annabelle. It all feels so right so how can it not be? But, it's wrong, wrong, wrong. She tries to comfort him.

DAKOTA

It happens to the best of them, I'm sure.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oz awakens when another flyer comes underneath the door.

He flips it over to see Annabelle in a skimpy outfit. It says: "Annie, Solo Act: Rate Me. 106 58th street."

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Oz enters. Annabelle is on stage posed like a sculpture in a skimpy outfit. The platform rotates so the emoji-masked people in the audience can see all her angles.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #1

Lookin' good mama.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #2

Beautiful.

OZ

I get it, you want me to see how much attention you can get on your own. How hot you are? Looks were never the issue--

AUDIENCE MEMBER #3

Hey, Miss Lady.

OZ

I don't even know why I even came. You know that I'm seeing someone and things are really well. I think she might be the one.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #4

Gorgeous.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #5

Flame. Flame.

OZ

We're spending a lot of time together.

She rotates without acknowledging him.

OZ

And she is better than you in every single way imaginable.

(throws flyer)

So quit sending me this shit!

AUDIENCE MEMBER #6

Flame.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PORCH - NIGHT

Oz puts his flashlight on. Stares at Mr. And Mrs. Dondelinger together snoring on the bench. Not making out.

He works at pushing Stinky Cat out of the way to enter.

OZ

Stupid... Cat?

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dakota as Annabelle is studying videos of Annabelle and taking notes when Oz comes in.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
Where did you go?

 OZ
Went to one of her performances.

 DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
Poor Big Head.

She tries to grab his face. He gently pushes her hands down.

 OZ
Stop. Listen. We need to crank this
up. Go full force. I've got an
idea. Follow my lead. Don't say
anything.

She follows him out into the hallway.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Oz puts his flashlight on. Mrs. And Mr. Dondelinger are still snoring. He quickly turns it off.

He puts a finger to his lip, "quiet". He unhooks the leash as she looks confused. Mrs. Dondelinger turns in the darkness.

 MRS. DONDELINGER
Who's there?

He snatches Stinky Cat. Makes a dash for it. Dakota as Annabelle freaks. Like "what the hell?" She follows him.

 MRS. DONDELINGER (O.S.)
Gerald?

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dakota slams the door behind them. Oz holds up Stinky Cat.

 DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
Why would you steal those old
people's... stinky cat?

 OZ
Mellow.

 DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
What?

OZ
 (dumps him into her arms)
 His name's Mellow.
 (to Stinky Cat as Mellow)
 Say, "rowl".

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
 He's really stiff, are you sure
 he's not dead?

OZ
 Dead? He's only four years old.
 Remember we got him from that
 rescue truck that stopped by the
 village?

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
 Oz.

OZ
 You said...

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
 This isn't right, you shouldn't
 have--

OZ
 You're the one that said you would
 do anything for art.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
 I know and I would--

OZ
 We can't do it without a cat. It
 won't work.
 (repeats gently)
 You said...

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
 But, those old people they don't--

OZ
 Say it.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
 I said... "look at this one!"

OZ
 And then you ruffled the tuft of
 his neck against your lips.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

Like this?
(rubs lips against tuft)
He smells like an old shoe.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oz shows Dakota as Annabelle how to put Stinky Cat as Mellow on the shelf. Tries to guide him to knock things off.

OZ

Don't be afraid to let him be destructive. Mellow Bellow Bockatello should be able to express himself.

Oz hands her a stack of bound papers.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

What's this, a script?

OZ

It's the last argument Annabelle and I had. I've been going over it for a while now, I think there's a lot to dissect.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

I don't know, maybe it's time to start sculpting. We've already been doing so much--

OZ

(explodes)

Not everyone can just slap a rat's head on something and call it a day! I apologize, that was out of line. You know how much I enjoy your drawings.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dakota hears Oz open the door to the Dondelingers.

OZ

Haven't seen him. We'll definitely keep an eye out though.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dakota as Annabelle stares at Oz as he sleeps. Her eyes go down to what she's drawing: Oz asleep, his face a rat.

She puts it aside. Wraps his arm around her. Puts her nose in his armpit.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Oz awakens to crying in the other room. He goes into the...

KITCHEN

Oz enters to find Dakota as Annabelle knelt down, bawling.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

I came in to give him food and his head was swimming in the water bowl. I think he couldn't hold it up, maybe he had arthritis or some other old thing?

OZ

Maybe he's just pretend-dead like he always is.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

No, he's really dead this time.

Oz checks the cat for himself. Yeah, dead. She wails. Oz comforts her, but can't help himself.

OZ

She has more of a guttural cry.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

(through tears)
What?

OZ

Her cry, it's more guttural.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

(pushes herself down)
Like this?

She does a harsh cry.

OZ

More in the throat.

She howls like a wild animal.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dakota as Annabelle and Oz bury Stinky Cat as Mellow as the Dondelingers call for him.

MRS. DONDELINGER
Stinky! Stinky!

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
I want to meet her.

OZ
Impossible--

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
I've lost all motivation for this,
I don't know where I'm going with
it and now with the cat--

OZ
Shh!

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
I refuse to continue unless I can
see her.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Oz and Dakota as Annabelle sit in the audience, wearing frown emoji masks.

She takes notes as Annabelle walks on stage and hangs a sign that says, "Annie Opens Up Her DMs". The audience gets excited. She smirks.

OZ
She's doing this because she knows
I'm looking.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
(touches his hand)
I'm so sorry.

OZ
(pulls hand away)
She wouldn't care.

Annabelle goes over to a circular art piece. She does a backbend, and ends up upside down, staring at the audience.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #1
This is going to be good.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #7
(catcalls)
Ow!

OZ
And to make a big show of it, it's
gross, isn't it? Thirsty.

Emoji-masked people stand. Go up to the stage.

OZ
Where's everyone going, wait a
minute.

They straddle Annabelle one at a time, robotically simulating
sex with their masks taunting him as the silence echoes.

OZ
Get off her!

He tries to block them. Fight them. They keep coming as
Dakota as Annabelle films her without him seeing.

OZ (IN B.G.)
All of them, really Annie? Real
classy.

Two of the emoji-masked people carry Oz out of the theater.

OZ
Real fucking classy!

Annabelle locks eyes with Dakota as Annabelle through her
phone as she continues to record.

She zooms in on her as the last tongue-faced emoji-masked
person pumps on top of her until the lights go out.

EXT. THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

They drop Oz outside. When he turns to go back, he sees that
there's a "no access" sign on the door. Locked out.

OZ
Fuck.

He bangs on the door. Goes around the side of the theater.

INT. THEATER - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dakota as Annabelle stands in front of the mirror with her frown-faced emoji mask on, washing her hands.

Annabelle comes out of a stall. Dakota as Annabelle watches her as she washes her hands. Their eyes meet in the mirror.

ANNABELLE

Hey.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

Hey. Hi.

Annabelle grabs a towel, pushing up against her.

ANNABELLE

I love your work.

Dakota as Annabelle exhales deeply as she leaves.

INT. THEATER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Pounding comes from a side door as Dakota as Annabelle walks by in a daze. She opens it. Oz comes in.

OZ

I think her dressing room is this way. Come on, let's get her things.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

Wait.

OZ

What, you can't wear that anymore.

She looks down at the dirty dress from the cat funeral as if just realizing.

INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE - LATER

Oz rummages through Annabelle's punk rock clothes and accessories as Dakota as Annabelle stands by the door looking out.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

Don't forget the boots, I like those.

He grabs Annabelle's combat boots. A low "rowl" comes from a shelf. Dakota as Annabelle sees Mellow. She snatches him.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

Let's go!

They take off together.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oz looks at Dakota as Annabelle head to toe in her new Annabelle gear as she holds Mellow. This feels real. This feels right.

OZ

Begin.

She begins turning things over. Breaking things as she performs the beautifully destructive dance of Annabelle.

She throws eggs at the wall. Starts a fire. Oz gets excited as he turns to sculpt.

Things start smoothly as he rounds out the nose. He glances at her. Back to the sculpture. Shapes the eyes.

Dakota as Annabelle's phone beeps. Then again. And again. Then, his phone.

OZ

Who is it?

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

(checks it)

Josh died.

OZ

Josh who?

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

Suicide Josh.

OZ

Did he kill himself?

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Oz and Dakota as Annabelle enter behind the group of mourners. The rest of the group is nowhere in sight.

FAMILY MEMBER #1 passes by talking to FAMILY MEMBER #2.

FAMILY MEMBER #1

No, it was a brain aneurysm. He's always been high-strung, ever since he was a boy. Very emotional.

They pass.

DAKOTA

I hate death. You know my grandma kicked the bucket right in front of me when I was a kid? Choked on a pancake. It was very traumatic.

OZ

A pancake?

DAKOTA

They're like sponges. We kept saying, "grandma, drink something, some juice, something", but she wouldn't listen.

OZ

There's Pauly.

Krystle stands with Pauly, who is ignoring Oz.

KRYSTLE

What's up?

OZ

Condolences. How's your phone?

KRYSTLE

Rice doesn't work. Pauly let me borrow his so I could get back on the apps. Check this out, this girl's profile pic is her whole boom boom, her bio just says, "thanks". I'm thinking about hitting her up.

OZ

What about your ex?

KRYSTLE

Who?

PAULY

Don't talk to him, are you kidding me right now?

Pauly reads his poetry as he writes it, directing it at Oz.

PAULY

I can have any friend I want,
who wants you?
who needs you--

SOPHIA (O.S.)

Hello? Hello, is this on?

Sophia tests the microphone in front of Josh in the casket.
She's definitely toasty.

SOPHIA

I just want to say a few words
about the deceased... Josh.
(taps it again)
Hello?

People get settled. Stare up at the stage.

SOPHIA

Death. It's a heavy thing. A dark
thing. It's the ultimate break
up... with the world.

FAMILY MEMBER #3

Who is that?

FAMILY MEMBER #4

I don't know, Margaret's sister?

OZ

Look at her, she's a mess.

SOPHIA

You think you're alone, but he's
dead. He's definitely not eating
stale popcorn after not showering
for three days. Or bawling his eyes
out as he drinks vodka with orange
juice, and sometimes just vodka
with a squeeze of lemon, and
sometimes vodka with nothing at
all, except for the whole bottle.

(points at Josh's body)

Uh uh, his tear ducts will never
work again. Because he's dead.
Dead. Dead. Dead. Dead.

FAMILY MEMBER #4 moans loudly.

SOPHIA

So, that's--

Someone tries to take the microphone from her.

SOPHIA

Let go! It doesn't matter who I am.
 (into mic)
 That's Chapter Five, "Be Grateful
 You're Still Alive". Thank you.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

Pauly walks out harassing Oz and Dakota as Annabelle.

PAULY

Surprised you came. Do you even
 think of your friends anymore while
 you deal in your sick perversion?

KRYSTLE

Lay off, Pauly.

PAULY

(hurries to keep up)
 Why don't you and your fake
 Annabelle take off, ya freak show--

Sophia's voice comes from behind them in a struggle.

SOPHIA (O.S.)

I am perfectly fine without an
 escort, thank you very much.

They turn as family members drag Sophia out. She almost trips
 down the steps but regains her composure.

When Pauly looks back, Oz and Dakota as Annabelle are gone.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY - DAY

Dreary day as Oz picks up the things that Dakota as Annabelle
 dropped off the roof. She stares at the broken bathroom door.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

I don't think that's going to go
 back on.

Oz grabs an old car windshield propped up against a wall.

OZ

Old trade secret: improvise.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oz sleeps, his back turned to Dakota as Annabelle who is quietly outlining a women's body on her sketch pad.

She smiles. Looks over at the video she took of Annabelle at the theater where the last emoji-masked person is on her.

Dakota as Annabelle's breath catches seductively as she begins to touch herself.

CU: Ozzy's face. His eyes are open.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Behind the car windshield used as a bathroom door now, Dakota as Annabelle carefully applies makeup as she looks at the picture of Annabelle. She hardly recognizes herself.

She slowly slips on one of her outfits. Zips it.

OZ (O.S.)

I sense a violence in you, a
wonderful simmering.

FAKE ANNABELLE #2 (O.S.)

I had kind of a rough childhood.

OZ (O.S.)

Use it. So, let's go over this.

She sees through the mirror that behind her is FAKE ANNABELLE #2, 20s, dressed in some of the stolen clothes.

Dakota as Annabelle grabs the sculpting caliper. Heads into the...

LIVING ROOM

Dakota as Annabelle enters to them going over the script.

OZ

(reads quickly)

"You should be showering me with
thank yous, but instead, I'm told
to restrict myself. 'Don't express
yourself Annabelle', god forbid
that."

(to Fake Annabelle #2)

See here she's trying to make
herself the victim. You see that,
right? It's nuts.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
 (holds caliper up
 menacingly)
 Who is *she*?

FAKE ANNABELLE #2
 I'm Annabelle, nice to meet you.

OZ
 She'd be cockier. Own it. You are
 Annabelle, remember?

FAKE ANNABELLE #2
 Got it.
 (to Dakota as Annabelle)
 I'm Annabelle, who the hell are
 you?

OZ
 Great start!
 (to Dakota as Annabelle)
 And you, nice work with the...
 (makes stabbing motion)
 Very intimidating.

She drops the caliper. He turns to leave, but she stops him.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
 I thought this was kind of our
 thing.

OZ
 What made you think that?

He leaves.

FAKE ANNABELLE #2
 Guess the stereotype about artists
 being a little off is true. Don't
 get me wrong, this isn't the first
 ad I've answered to pretend to be
 some guy's ex-girlfriend, but
 somehow I feel like this is going
 to be completely different. Are you
 an actress?

DAKOTA
 No.

She watches as Fake Annabelle #2 pets Mellow.

FAKE ANNABELLE #2
 I usually do music videos. Did a
 Hallmark movie on Staten Island
 though.

She watches as Fake Annabelle #2 ruffles the tuft of his neck
 with her lips. She curls her lip up. Snatches Mellow away.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
 The cat's mine.

They both curl their lips up. Snarl. Separate.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Dakota as Annabelle sits in the audience with an interested
 emoji mask on.

Annabelle takes a bow in a revealing outfit, holding a sign
 that says, "Annie, Solo Act: MY Series:"

AUDIENCE MEMBER #3
 Woo!

The audience claps. Dakota as Annabelle joins in, quietly.

INT. THEATER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dakota as Annabelle hides in the darkness watching Annabelle
 undress and redress. She moves to the other side, taking her
 in, only feet away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The mask off, Dakota as Annabelle watches as Annabelle takes
 off down the street. She follows behind her, looking like an
 out-of-place duplicate.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Dakota as Annabelle watches as Annabelle greets a BOUNCER.

BOUNCER
 Don't be causing any problems.

ANNABELLE
 You going to let me in or not?

BOUNCER
 I'm not going to repeat myself.

He moves so she can go inside.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Dakota as Annabelle moves towards the bar where Annabelle is laughing with a bunch of drunk guys like she's one of them. She stands behind her for what seems like an eternity.

DRUNK GUY
Looks like you got a fan.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
Hi, uh, it's me.

ANNABELLE
(turns, looks her over)
Hi "me".

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
Can we talk?

INT. CLUB - BOOTH - LATER

Dakota as Annabelle and Annabelle drink the same, big sip of vodka and soda water, no straw.

ANNABELLE
Guess you can say he's taking the breakup pretty hard, then.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
I didn't come here to talk about him. Am I insane or is there something going on between us? Me and you?

ANNABELLE
You can't be serious... The red looks good on you.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
(touches her)
Does it make you uncomfortable?

ANNABELLE
I don't know, I guess I'm trying to figure out if you want to fuck me or be me.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE
I feel *drawn* to you. Sorry, that was a very bad pun. I'm a...

ANNABELLE

You're a what?

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

An...

(can't say it)

Anyway, I would love to draw you, I hope that's not inappropriate to say. I should also disclose...

She hands her the co-dependency card.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

So... My number's on the back.

ANNABELLE

(flips it over)

Huh.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

But this isn't co-dependency, this is different. I don't want to say the L word but--

ANNABELLE

Okay, I want you to listen to me very carefully. When I leave at the end of the night...

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

Yeah?

ANNABELLE

(leans in aggressively)

Don't. Fucking. Follow me...

She tosses the card down as a 90s hip-hop song comes on.

ANNABELLE

(cups mouth, hollering)

DJ turn it up!

Annabelle dances backward into the crowd as she bites her lip, raising her eyebrow seductively at her.

Dakota as Annabelle looks down to find that everything on the table is turned upside down.

A WAITER stops. Gestures, "what do you want?"

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

Give me a whiskey this time.

She watches as people flock to Annabelle on the dance floor.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Dakota as Annabelle watches Annabelle leave, playfully shoving another CLUB GOER.

ANNABELLE

Next week, then!

(to the bouncer, mocking)

See, I was a good girl.

Annabelle glances over at Dakota as Annabelle. Grunts. Heads out. Dakota as Annabelle follows her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dakota as Annabelle tries to keep up with her in the crowded street.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Annabelle opens the door as Dakota as Annabelle comes up behind her.

She grabs Annabelle's hand. Annabelle lingers before going in, leaving her on the porch, locked out.

DAKOTA AS ANNABELLE

Hey.

Dakota as Annabelle goes down the steps. Watches as the light comes on in a lower unit.

Annabelle undresses in front of the open blinds. Teases her through the window. Dakota as Annabelle longs for her.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Annabelle stares at her reflection in the window where Dakota as Annabelle is standing so they match up. She turns away.

The window shatters behind her. She jumps. Spins around to find Dakota as Annabelle rushing up to her.

They fall into each other's arms. Grope hungrily.

Dakota as Annabelle strips off her clothes. Smears off the makeup. She's just Dakota from now on.

Annabelle pinches her. They fall to the floor, giggling.

Annabelle slides her legs open. Runs her tongue along Dakota's thigh. Pushes herself inside. Dakota gasps. Shivers as she breathes out.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oz's things rain down outside the window non-stop as an audio message from Claude plays.

CLAUDE (V.O.)
 Hello! Have you finished Part
 Trois? It's been weeks and you're a
 ghost again, I need to know
 something. Oprah needs to know!

Fake Annabelle #2, #3, and #4 read from scripts, practicing.

FAKE ANNABELLE #2
 The article was on the back page,
 it didn't even have a photo. Who
 was the model "Carrie"? Or was it
 "Jennifer with a y"? Blah. Boring.

FAKE ANNABELLE #3
 It's just beginner art, your past.
 You don't see me bringing up
 everything I was before you, do
 you? No, that would be ridiculous.

FAKE ANNABELLE #4
 Is my Ozzy a little softy?

Videos of Annabelle blast from numerous devices. Charts are everywhere, "Annabelle" written on top.

Fake Annabelles #5 and #6 dig through her clothes.

Fake Annabelle #7 draws a birthmark of Texas on Fake Annabelle #8's shoulder.

Fake Annabelle #9 turns things upside down.

Fake Annabelle #10 turns the water on in the sink.

Fake Annabelle #11 and #12 throw eggs at the wall.

Fake Annabelle #13 slams a door over and over.

Fake Annabelle #14 does a guttural cry.

Fake Annabelle #15 starts a fire in the sink.

Focus on Oz who points at a collage of Annabelle.

OZ

As you can see, this is her lip curl, she does it to show her disgust. It should be automatic. Her favorite ice cream is mint chip and if they don't have it when we go to the store, feel free to throw a fit.

FAKE ANNABELLES (IN UNISON)

My favorite ice cream is mint chip.

OZ

Right. Right. And her ring finger on the left hand is much smaller than the others so be mindful to kind of crunch it down.

He goes by, examining what they are doing.

OZ

How are we doing over here?
 (to Fake Annabelle #7)
 You call that Texas, looks like Tennessee.
 (to fake Annabelle #10)
 You need to go full blast. That trickle's not going to cause a flood
 (to Fake Annabelles #11 and #12)
 Eggs are looking good.

He goes by, posing Fake Annabelles like they're sculptures.

FAKE ANNABELLE #9

I've almost got everything upside down.

OZ

Leave nothing unturned.
 (to Fake Annabelle #15)
 Make sure to let it breathe, really get the flames going. Don't think about safety at all. She wouldn't!

He crunches on eggshells. Pauses. Kicks them out of the way.

He turns to Fake Annabelle #13 who turns the sculpting caliper almost into his gut. He moves just in time.

OZ

You're getting good at this!

Oz looks over at solo Mellow. No Dakota as Annabelle.

OZ
Where's Annabelle?

SEVERAL FAKE ANNABELLES (IN UNISON)
Me?

OZ
Not you.

SEVERAL FAKE ANNABELLES (IN UNISON)
Me?

OZ
No. No...

They all stare back. He sighs. Redirects.

OZ
Pop quiz. Annabelle's favorite song
is A. "Blue Velvet" from the
soundtrack. B. Three Six Mafia,
"Sippin' on Some Sizzurp". C. The
Weekend's "I Can't Feel My Face".
Or D. Tiny Tim's "Tip Toe Thru the
Tulips"?

They all answer at once with letters.

OZ
Wrong! The answer is: she could
never choose just one, so they are
all her favorite.

They take notes as he looks over at the empty space again.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Past the funeral pamphlet on the wall with a photo of Josh.
Over to Pauly who is huffing two balloons, shocking Krystle
with the stun gun when it stops on a photo of her ex.

Over to the "whore derb" chicken with flies on it.

PAULY (V.O.)
(reading poetry)
Rain, rain, go away.
My nightmares consist of you,
your horrible scent,
your horrible smile--

SOPHIA

Jesus, Pauly, give it a rest.
 (holds up vodka bottle)
 Hey, who filled this bottle with
 water? It's not funny, people!

They turn to see Oz with all the Fake Annabelles.

OZ

I'm here to officially quit the
 group. I've made a full recovery.

SOPHIA

This next chapter writes itself:
 Chapter Six, "Don't Lose Your
 Mind".

PAULY

Look at your arms, your bruises
 have bruises. It's written all over
 you.

OZ

I feel better than I ever have. And
 now, it's time to burn this bridge.

Oz gestures at the Fake Annabelles. They turn the table over.
 Chicken, chips, dip, coffee, everything goes flying.

They stomp the food. Laugh as the group members watch in
 horror.

They kick down the sign that says, "Get Over Them!" Rip it
 apart with their teeth.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Annabelle lays naked on her stomach, her Texas birthmark
 showing on her shoulder as Dakota draws her.

DAKOTA

I'm afraid I'm becoming quite
 obsessed with you.

ANNABELLE

Don't be afraid.

DAKOTA

It *does* scare me.
 (continues to draw)
 He thinks you're a monster.

ANNABELLE

What do you think?

Dakota breaks into a smile, she can't hide her affection.

ANNABELLE

Listen Gal-y-roo...

Annabelle stands. Begins turning things upside down.

ANNABELLE

An artist can only create something amazing, something magnificent if they're truly obsessed with the inspiration. I mean, who wants to see a painting of some bitch that Leonardo da Vinci just kinda liked?

DAKOTA

Gal-y-roo, you gave me a pet name?

Annabelle kicks a pile of clothes. Plops down again.

ANNABELLE

Maybe that's because I like you.

DAKOTA

Yeah?

Annabelle leans in but doesn't kiss her. She lingers, their lips just inches apart.

ANNABELLE

Yeah.

DAKOTA

Who's going to clean all that up?

ANNABELLE

Don't give a shit, not my apartment.

DAKOTA

(smiles grows)

You don't live here?

Annabelle grins. Shakes her head. Pulls away.

ANNABELLE

Where's my drawing? Hurry up, I'm getting antsy.

Dakota signs it. Hands it to her shyly. Annabelle stares at it, her face going through all the emotions.

ANNABELLE

It's love. It's hate. It's God. I
love it. All of them.

She gestures to the wall behind her that's covered with more of Dakota's drawings of her. An angry, powerful mass of Annabelle.

ANNABELLE

Say it with me, "I'm a real
mother...

ANNABELLE

Fuckin' artist.

DAKOTA

Fuckin' artist.

DAKOTA

Ahhh, that feels good.

ANNABELLE

You love me?

DAKOTA

I love you.

ANNABELLE

She loves me, everybody!

Annabelle tackles her. Grabs her face. Pulls it in. Kisses her with her cushiony lips. Dakota is in heaven.

OZ (O.S.)

So, this is what's going on.

INT. THEATER - SAME TIME

Dakota turns to see Oz, the Fake Annabelles, and an emoji-masked audience as she realizes that they are now on stage at the theater.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #4

Uh oh.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #5

Let's get it poppin'.

DAKOTA

I can explain.

Oz takes off. The Fake Annabelles follow.

ANNABELLE

Aw Ozzy, don't be such a baby.
(to Dakota)
(MORE)

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)

Go on, Gal-y-roo, and make a clean break so we can all get on with our lives.

(to audience)

Right?

AUDIENCE MEMBERS (IN UNISON)

Right!

DAKOTA

I'll be right back, then it'll just be me and you.

She pulls her clothes on. Runs down the aisle.

EXT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Dakota catches up with Oz and the Fake Annabelles.

DAKOTA

Will you slow down?

OZ

(whirls around)

What the hell is wrong with you?

DAKOTA

We're in love.

OZ

It's the honeymoon stage, it won't last.

DAKOTA

You don't understand her like I do.

OZ

That's what she does. You're the only person in the room, right? The world just seems to melt away. She's going to destroy you.

DAKOTA

It's better than not creating. Better than being a washed-up artist doing a poor man's performance art in his apartment.

OZ

It's not performance art! This is a betrayal.

DAKOTA
Oz. Big head--

 OZ
No! I wish you and her nothing but
the worst and I mean that from the
bottom of my heart.

 DAKOTA
Come on, don't--

 OZ
FUCK OFF!

He takes off. She sighs. Turns to go back into the theater
but sees that there is a "no access" sign on the door now.

 DAKOTA
Annie?
 (bangs on door)
Annabelle?

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Oz heads down the street as the Fake Annabelles struggle and
fail to keep up. He's in meltdown mode.

DeCapo's abstract figures and the police photo exhibit of him
drowning in the bucket filled with paint and vomit seem to be
taunting him at every corner.

 CLAUDE (V.O.)
Hello! Have you finished Part
Trois? It's been weeks and you're a
ghost again, I need to know
something. Oprah needs to know!

 PAULY (V.O.)
They're all toxic, every last one
of them.

 OZ (V.O.)
Annie's from California, they do
things differently over there.

Pauly, Sophia, and Krystle see Oz pass the alley.

 PAULY
There he is!

 KRYSTLE
Oz, have you checked out the apps?

SOPHIA

You're at your most vulnerable
right now, it's not surprising that
she chose this time to go in for
the kill.

Their shadows dance on the walls as they follow him.

OZ

Leave me alone!

He staggers away.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oz watches as the Fake Annabelles reenact the scene in the
theater. He's all in at this point.

FAKE ANNABELLE #3

It's love. It's hate. It's God. I
love it. All of them. Say it with
me, "I'm a real mother...

FAKE ANNABELLE #3
Fuckin' artist.

FAKE ANNABELLE #4 AS DAKOTA
Fuckin' artist.

FAKE ANNABELLE #4 AS DAKOTA

Ahhh, that feels good.

FAKE ANNABELLE #3

You love me?

FAKE ANNABELLE #4 AS DAKOTA

I love you.

FAKE ANNABELLE #3

She loves me, everybody!

Fake Annabelle #3 tackles her. Awkwardly kisses her.

OZ

Stop. Everyone just hold on. Turn
on the light.

(to fake Annabelle #3)

I'm sorry, but what was that?

FAKE ANNABELLE #3

Nobody said anything about a sex
scene.

OZ

It's a love story...
 (to everyone)
 Does everyone understand that?

FAKE ANNABELLE #6

What kind of love story, you love
 someone who loves someone else?

OZ

Have you read the script? The
 relationship we had was one of a
 kind. Can't be duplicated. Not with
 her or anyone else.

FAKE ANNABELLE #3

I'm confused, then why are we here?

FAKE ANNABELLE #7

Because he's obsessed with his
 crazy ex.

OZ

I have a sculpture to create.
 I'm doing all the hard work. All
 the heavy lifting. This is a very
 exclusive project that you're being
 asked to take part in--

FAKE ANNABELLE #6

Have you ever tried to, I don't
 know, just let her go?

FAKE ANNABELLE #7

Yeah, it's kinda pathetic.

OZ

Stay in character!

EXT. NOT ANNABELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dakota stares up at the boarded-up window. She tries the
 door. Locked. It begins to rain.

PROSTITUTE FAKE ANNABELLE (O.S.)

(syrupy sweet)

You love me?

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

All the fake Annabelles are gone. The devices toppled over,
 distorted images of her on all the screens.

Egg shells on the ground. Fires burning in metal trash cans from outside. A bulldog attached to the radiator barks.

His tender meat purple-green, Oz watches as two PROSTITUTES toss back malt liquor as they act out the theater scene.

PROSTITUTE FAKE DAKOTA
(syrupy sweet)
I love you.

PROSTITUTE FAKE ANNABELLE
That's *my* line!

PROSTITUTE FAKE DAKOTA
Nuh uh, I say it!
(to Oz)
Hey Og, it's me, ain't it?

Prostitute Fake Annabelle tackles Prostitute Fake Dakota. Grabs her face. She pulls away in disgust.

PROSTITUTE FAKE DAKOTA
I ain't kissing nobody's bitch.

Oz is on edge. This doesn't feel right. Of course, it isn't right.

The prostitutes fight.

EXT. CLUB - SAME

Dakota pushes back on the bouncer as he rushes her outside into the rain.

BOUNCER
"You're banned". What part of that
don't you understand?

He slams the door. She's blocked.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oz stares blankly at Prostitute Fake Annabelle and Prostitute Fake Dakota as they roll around, pull hair, and punch each other.

The dog bites him and he snaps.

OZ
That's it, everyone get the fuck
out. Take...
(MORE)

OZ (CONT'D)

(re:dog)

All your shit.

They start to take the clothes off as the dog gets aggressive.

OZ

Forget it, just get out!

PROSTITUTE FAKE DAKOTA

Pauly said he was a weird one.

PROSTITUTE FAKE ANNABELLE

You're out of your mind if you
think you can replace me.

He shuts the door. Slides down the wall. Takes a deep breath. It's over, it's finally over. The quiet is delicious.

Mellow rubs against him. He knows what he has to do.

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

Oz stares up at the "no access" sign. He slips an envelope under the door. Ties Mellow to the door. Ruffles his head.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Oz puts his collar up. Steps out into the rainy night.

INT. THEATER - SAME

Annabelle opens the door. Picks up Mellow. Begins to read the note in her hand.

OZ (V.O.)

Dear Annabelle...

EXT. STREET - SAME

Oz crosses the wet street.

OZ (V.O.)

I realize now that it's truly over.
That I have to let you go.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Sad, Dakota huffs a whippits balloon in the empty park.

OZ (V.O.)
Quit torturing myself.

Annabelle comes towards her. Pulls her in for a kiss before disappearing.

EXT. THEATER - SAME

Annabelle finishes the note.

OZ (V.O.)
I'll be leaving New York and the
art world for good. Take care of
Mellow... and yourself.

She ruffles Mellow's tuft against her lips.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oz, Pauly, and Krystle eyeball the clean(er) apartment. All the grime, the horrible gunk of his past relationship has finally been almost completely washed away.

SUPER: 3 months later

PAULY
Looks better than mine.

OZ
We did the best we could.

KRYSTLE
Cold turkey, no other way to do it.

PAULY
And moving to LA in a couple of
weeks. Hey, promise you won't
become a Lakers fan.

He tries to hand him the balloon, Oz waves it away.

OZ
Promise. I just want to let you
guys know that I appreciate you. I
don't know if it was the group or
what, but I'm glad it finally
clicked. I must've been out of my
mind.

PAULY
You kind of lost it for a minute
there, Oz.

KRYSTLE

The chicks on the apps in LA are wild AF. Check this one out.

(holds up phone)

A widow with a Beemer. She's got a messed up grill, her mouth, the Beemer's good. No kids.

OZ

I'll have to check her out. How's Sophia?

PAULY

They locked her up. For stalking.

OZ

Tony?

PAULY

No, she's got a new guy. What about Dakota?

OZ

Haven't heard from her.

PAULY

Probably best. Oh! I'm going to get that refrigerator in here before you leave per the building manager. Sorry, it couldn't've been sooner.

Pauly and Krystle head to the door. Pauly turns back.

PAULY

Proud of you.

He leaves. Oz closes his eyes. He feels good. It's interrupted by a knock behind him.

He turns to find a smiling Annabelle standing at the door.

ANNABELLE

Hey.

OZ

Wha... What are you--

ANNABELLE

I just wanted to thank you for bringing him back. I missed him.

OZ

You're welcome, have a nice life.

ANNABELLE

Hey! I've barely gotten here and you're already trying to throw me out?

(pushes past him)

What happened, you just disappeared. You don't miss me?

OZ

I'm in a good place, I've been at peace.

ANNABELLE

"At peace" that's what they say when someone dies. "They're finally at peace." You look like you've been taking care of yourself.

(walks around)

The place looks nice.

(teasing)

No art.

OZ

As I said in the note, that part of my life is over.

Annabelle pretends to tip something over to mess with him.

ANNABELLE

Sorry. My therapist said it's a defense mechanism, I'm working on it. Forty-four days and I haven't broken a thing.

OZ

You've been seeing a therapist?

ANNABELLE

I've actually really been working on myself. To be honest, that's kind of why I'm here. I realize that I did a lot of bad in the relationship. I let my anger get the best of me and let's just say I have big-time regrets.

OZ

That's apology adjacent, the closest you've come in all the years I've known you.

ANNABELLE

I've made a lot of progress.

OZ
 (softens)
 I'm happy for you, Annie. Okay?

ANNABELLE
 (vulnerable)
 Where are you going?

OZ
 LA. Going to stay with a friend
 until I can find a spot. Figured a
 fresh start was necessary.

ANNABELLE
 You're serious about all this.
 Leaving New York. Quitting art.

OZ
 Afraid so. Sorry to disappoint
 you... and Oprah.

ANNABELLE
 What?

OZ
 It doesn't matter.
 (off her look)
 She wanted the whole series.

ANNABELLE
 That would've been huge for you.

OZ
 Water under the bridge.

She watches him pack.

ANNABELLE
 I know you don't think I'm going to
 sit by and watch as you become a
 farmer-tanned guide giving tours on
 a tiny boat in Long Beach. I must
 be crazy but I'm willing to give it
 another shot if you are. Come on,
 let's finish the series.

OZ
 What? That's not--

ANNABELLE
 Of course, it is. All those times
 you watched me down at the theater,
 trying to see what I was up to,
 well here I am, in the flesh.
 (MORE)

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)

You don't have to play dress up anymore, I'll do it.

OZ

No way. After everything you've done? You destroyed any evidence that I ever even existed as an artist before you.

ANNABELLE

I loved every part of you, including that art. What about how I feel, don't you think that I hurt too?

OZ

Don't I care about you hurting because you destroyed my art? You're incredible, I mean you really should be selling classes. Put your tentacles away.

ANNABELLE

You never minded my tentacles before.

She caresses his face. He melts.

ANNABELLE

Feel this.

She takes his hands. Forces them gently into the clay. Shapes her shape with his hands. He moans. Got 'em.

Annabelle steps out of her dress. Goes backward as if being rewound. She does the devil's dance.

She takes his clay-covered hands. Rubs them over her body.

ANNABELLE

You remember? How I felt? How I made you feel?

She grabs his face. Kisses him passionately.

ANNABELLE

Tell me.

OZ

I missed you. I missed you.

She seductively pulls away. Drapes herself on the couch in her bra and panties. He turns, automatically begins molding.

It all seems to happen by magic, the sculpture coming to life as she breaks things. Turn things upside down. Makes a mess. It seems so easy to create this volatile piece of work now.

More and more it becomes Part Trois as the day turns to night.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The place destroyed again, Oz and Annabelle lay in each other's arms on the couch, the sculpture covered beside them.

ANNABELLE

(stares up)

This feels right, doesn't it?

OZ

I--

A key goes into the front door. It flies open.

PAULY

'Frig delivery.

An empty balloon hanging out of his mouth, Pauly moves inside, pushing a refrigerator, his vision obscured by it.

PAULY

Are you in here?

ANNABELLE (O.S.)

Heya Pauly!

Pauly turns to see Annabelle. He backs up, terrified.

PAULY

It's the real one. The worst one.
What's she doing here?

OZ

Pauly--

PAULY

You want to end up in the
newspaper, buried in the Sunday
obituaries with all the seniors and
miscreants?

OZ

I'm just finishing one sculpture.
It's different this time--

PAULY

Look around you, does this look any different? Here, I'll help you get her out of here. Both of us together should be able to manage it.

He turns around. Where is she? A twisted-up trash bag comes from behind. Quickly tightens around Pauly's neck.

OZ

No!

Pauly's hands go up, but her grip is solid as she curls her feet around him, gripping the bag tighter... tighter.

She locks eyes with Oz who is fighting to pull it off. Pauly's face turns red, then purple, then he drools.

OZ

(quietly)

No.

She jerks it tighter. Oz flinches. Pauly goes limp.

OZ

You... you killed him.

ANNABELLE

All I did was take care of an unhealthy problem that you couldn't. It was a cult, dummy.

(pushes Pauly's body off)

Of course, what would you know about being healthy, have you ever even been to therapy? Tried to work on yourself? No, I didn't think so, because I'm always the problem, right? You're never to blame for anything.

OZ

I thought you changed.

ANNABELLE

No, you didn't and why should I?

She throws everything she can at him. He grabs her. She head-butts him.

ANNABELLE

Aghhhh!

He bear-hugs her. She bites him. He wrestles her into the bathroom.

She falls backward, hitting her nose. Blood comes out. She grins, her teeth streaked with red as he attaches the bungee cords across the windshield.

ANNABELLE

Oz, you made me bleed!

She giggles.

OZ

I don't know what the hell I was thinking letting you back in. I was finally rid of you, over you, ready to move on, and then you just show up. It's like you can smell hope in the air.

ANNABELLE

Don't fool yourself. You don't want a calm life, that's why you didn't throw me out when I broke in and that's why you let me back in again. You need me. You crave my dysfunction. Come on, don't stop now, let's make Part Trois your greatest work ever.

OZ

A man is dead because of you. This isn't a flood that we can float out of, it's not a fire that can be put out, he's dead because you decided to choke the life of him.

(dials)

This ends here. I want off this psychotic rollercoaster.

ANNABELLE

Fine, call the cops. But, I think you might want to look at the situation a little more thoroughly. People kill their maintenance men over disputes all the time. Me, on the other hand, I barely knew him and I'm trapped in a grimy bathroom in my weirdo artist ex's apartment.

He thinks about it. She's right. A knock comes at the door. They both look at each other.

DAKOTA (O.S.)

Hello?

ANNABELLE

Gal-y-roo!

Dakota kicks a hole in the door from the other side. Oz rushes over. Pulls it open, blocking Dakota.

OZ

Not now, Dakota.

DAKOTA

Where is she?

She pushes her way in. Notices Pauly's body on the ground.

DAKOTA

What happened, did he have a heart attack?

OZ

She killed him.

DAKOTA

(goes to Annabelle)

I missed you so much, I tried to get ahold of you everywhere.

ANNABELLE

I'm so happy you're here.

DAKOTA

Why do you have her locked up?

OZ

Maybe you didn't hear me, she strangled him with a garbage bag. This is what happens when you tell her no. Have you ever told her no before?

DAKOTA

I never got a chance to. I'm sure she has a valid explanation.

(to Annabelle)

Do you?

ANNABELLE

I've never really liked him.

OZ

So, as you can see, I can't very well let her run the streets after this. Now that you're here, I can call them, you can verify my story, and we can finally put this nightmare behind us.

Dakota slowly pulls the sheet off the covered sculpture.

DAKOTA

How long has this been going on?

OZ

It just happened. She came over--

ANNABELLE

He left me a note--

OZ

A *goodbye* note.

ANNABELLE

He practically begged me, but I told him that my heart belongs to you.

DAKOTA

You locked me out in the cold, took all of my drawings, and never contacted me again.

ANNABELLE

I still have the drawings, they're fine. I love them and I'm sorry about the no-access thing. It's not you, it's me. Okay? I'm sorry.

DAKOTA

So, that's just it? "I'm sorry" and you get to just keep on hurting people?

OZ

I don't care how it looks, I'm calling them.

DAKOTA

Wait, you're not thinking straight. You've been through a lot--

OZ

Because of her!

DAKOTA

Why can't we just leave her where she is? You can finish, I can do more work, and she gets to be the center of attention. Everyone wins.

OZ

She's a maniac, what if she gets out? It's too risky.

ANNABELLE

Ozzy's such a scaredy. I'm beginning to wonder if he was ever a real artist in the first place.

(to Oz)

Maybe you could start a Youtube arts and crafts channel and make door decorations for the holidays.

OZ

She knows what to say to get under my skin.

DAKOTA

Listen, you've come this far, you can't give up now. What are you just going to run from your purpose?

Oz thinks about it. Looks down at Pauly's body.

OZ

What about him?

ANNABELLE

Better do something quick, he's starting to smell.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Oz and Dakota stare at Pauly who is in a fetal position in the refrigerator.

OZ

I don't know about this, it feels wrong. He was a human being, he deserves to have a proper burial.

DAKOTA

We've. Talked about this. He's gone, there's nothing anyone can do about that.

OZ
I'm sorry this happened to you,
Pauly. Maybe now you won't have to
try so hard to forget.

DAKOTA
I'll miss your angry little poems.
RIP.

He shuts the door.

DAKOTA
Hand me the tape.

He holds the door shut as she tapes around it.

DAKOTA
Where are you going to take him?

OZ
Downstairs, but not until Tuesday.
I don't want anyone finding him
before trash... before they pick up
the trash.

DAKOTA
We're just going to leave him in
here?

Oz plugs the refrigerator in. Shrugs uncertain.

ANNABELLE (O.S.)
If you're going to keep me locked
up in this shithole, at least feed
me.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Oz runs down. Grabs take out from the delivery guy.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Annabelle eats as Oz and Dakota watch her through the glass.

DAKOTA
Are you feeling inspired yet?

Annabelle goes off to the side. Comes back. Smoke begins to
rise behind her as she stares back defiantly.

DAKOTA
Looks like she came prepared.

OZ
She never disappoints.

Oz begins to get supplies together to sculpt as Annabelle disappears in the smoke.

DAKOTA
We can't just let it burn, can we?

OZ
She'll put it out. She's manipulative, not suicidal.

He continues with the supplies.

OZ
(after a moment)
She's not putting it out.

DAKOTA
Annabelle?

OZ
Annie!

DAKOTA
Annie!

He runs over to the windshield. Pauses for a moment. Starts to take the bungee cords off.

DAKOTA
And we're sure it's not a trap?

OZ
She could suffocate.

He yanks off the bungee cords. Opens.

OZ
Where are you?

Annabelle's arm comes through the smoke. Pinches his tender meat. He goes down as he attempts to fend her off.

Dakota rushes to the kitchen. Brings back a bucket. Dumps it. The fire continues as Annabelle and Oz struggle.

She brings another bucket. Finally extinguishes it.

Soaked in wet ash, Annabelle laughs as they shove the windshield back and snap the bungee cords in place.

ANNABELLE
Let's get this party started.

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS

--Oz lumps new clay onto the armature.

--Dakota's charcoal pencil hits the pad.

--He digs the eye holes out. Smears the brows.

--She draws Annabelle's curves. Dangerous.

--Annabelle opens her legs, flashing Dakota.

--Dakota and Annabelle's eyes meet.

--Oz and Annabelle's eyes meet.

--Dakota makes large, volatile lines as Annabelle's image comes to life.

--Annabelle pushes herself against the glass. Moans in pleasure. Bangs on it. Throws things. Screams.

--Ecstasy as the art becomes angrier. More Annabelle. Moving from Ozzy's sculpture to Dakota's drawing and back again, a sensual co-creation.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oz and Dakota sit together on the couch, looking at her drawing. It's her best work yet.

OZ

You've captured her brilliantly.

DAKOTA

Because I'm a real motherfuckin' artist.

He gives a small laugh.

DAKOTA

Will it always be this hard?

OZ

Yes.

They eye Annabelle, sleeping on the floor of the bathroom.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

The sun peeks through the window as Oz covers up the sculpture. He leans over to Dakota who is sleeping. Whispers.

OZ

It's done. It's also Tuesday.

DAKOTA

(sleepy)

Is it?

ANNABELLE

I get to see it first.

Oz walks into the kitchen.

ANNABELLE

Where are you going? Unveiling!

He comes out with the refrigerator on the dolly.

OZ

Got to go clean up your mess first.

(to Dakota)

Watch her.

Dakota closes the door behind him as Annabelle seethes.

ANNABELLE

How long do you think it will take for the cops to get here?

DAKOTA

What do you think he's wheeling the refrigerator down to the police station?

ANNABELLE

What are the other options? Jail or death.

DAKOTA

You're trying to manipulate me. Sophia says it begins with a tingling in your gut.

ANNABELLE

Sophia sounds like a drag. What do you say we get out of here?

DAKOTA

Why, so you can ditch me after, lock me out again?

ANNABELLE

I was scared, before, about my feelings for you. Boy-girl love is all so easy and impersonal, but what you and I had was soft. Gentle. *Loving*. I would do anything to have it back.

Dakota begins to clean up supplies, she's not going to fall for it. Annabelle watches her.

ANNABELLE

Come on, we can travel the world. You can draw me in the Caribbean, in Paris. We'll see all of Europe. Think about how great you could become if we had more time together.

DAKOTA

What about Oz?

ANNABELLE

Agh, Oz always wants to keep me in such a tiny box. You don't believe in that, you encourage my imbalances. Maybe because you feel imbalanced yourself?

(studies her)

I think me and you are a lot alike and I don't mean we share clothes or drink the same way. They say you know you've found your soul mate when you're able to see yourself in someone and I see myself in you. I see myself *with* you.

DAKOTA

(stops)

You think we're soul mates?

ANNABELLE

Don't you?

DAKOTA

(goes to her)

I love you with every fiber of my being, Annabelle, I do, I promise.

ANNABELLE

Then, take the cords off.

DAKOTA
 (fingers the cords)
 And you wouldn't hurt anybody else,
 we would just leave?

ANNABELLE
 Yes. Yes.
 (hisses)
 Let me loose, Gal-y-roo.

EXT. APARTMENT - ALLEY - DAY

Oz tries to slide the refrigerator off the dolly.

MRS. DONDELINGER (O.S.)
 What have you done with him?

He swings around causing it to tilt and fall over. The door bursts open exposing Pauly's arm. He tries to block.

OZ
 The Dondelingers--

MR. DONDELINGER
 Did you steal our Stinky Cat?

MRS. DONDELINGER
 It has to have been him, who else
 could it have been?

OZ
 I told you, I haven't seen your--

MR. DONDELINGER
 Liar!

He tries to push Pauly's arm back in the refrigerator with his foot as they start towards him.

OZ
 Don't come over here, just stay
 there.

MRS. DONDELINGER
 Sounds like someone's got a guilty
 conscious. Get him, Gerald!

Oz kicks Pauly's arm again, this isn't going to work.

MR. DONDELINGER
 What kind of animal are you, taking
 a poor, defenseless cat from old
 people?

They pound his head with their old fists as he tries to duck.

OZ

I swear, it wasn't me!

Windows light up in the surrounding buildings from the commotion. He takes a last look at the refrigerator. He has to leave it.

MRS. DONDELINGER

Where is your heart?

Oz pushes past them. They follow, still pounding him, leaving Pauly behind. He hurries inside, closing the door on them.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oz rushes in.

OZ

We've got a problem, the Dondelingers--

He sees the look on Dakota's face. Something is off. His eyes go over to the empty bathroom, the windshield ajar.

OZ

Where is she??

He turns to see Annabelle swiftly walking towards him with the sculpting caliper.

OZ

You stay back! Pauly fell out of the refrigerator. They'll see him and send the cops.

She hits him in the gut with the caliper. He staggers back, his eyes wide in disbelief as his shirt begins to turn red.

DAKOTA

You said you wouldn't!

ANNABELLE

DeCapo was unappreciative of my talents, too.

Annabelle follows Oz methodically as he slowly makes his way around the room trying to escape her.

ANNABELLE

He said he feared me.

FLASHBACK: DeCapo's abstract figures (we now see are Annabelle) dance on the wall as she tears things up.

ANNABELLE (V.O.)

That he drank every day hoping to find the courage to finally put me in my place.

DeCapo throws a drink. It hits the wall, shattering.

DECAPO

Enough!

ANNABELLE (V.O.)

So one night after he was looking for his courage a little too hard, he passed out.

DeCapo paints erratically before stumbling to the floor.

ANNABELLE (V.O.)

And "Abstract Annie" decided to make her own art.

FLASHES: The police photo art exhibit: "DeCapo's Last Dance" comes alive reversing to the moments right before his death:

Annabelle holds DeCapo's head down in a paint bucket as he struggles. He vomits. Chokes. Goes limp.

ANNABELLE (V.O.)

Held him under until all the little bubbles stopped.

BACK TO APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY

Oz tries to open the front door. He falls against the wall, smearing blood as he goes.

DAKOTA

Annie, stop!

ANNABELLE

Or how about the great Cuban-American artist, Ana Mendieta? She thought I was the love of her life... at first. We created masterpieces together, but no, it was not suicide.

FLASHBACK: 1980s - Artist, Ana Mendieta falls from a window on the top floor. Annabelle looks down from the roof.

ANNABELLE (V.O.)
Who can forget Pablo Picasso?

FLASHBACK: 1973 - Artist, Pablo Picasso coughs from his bed.
His family leaves.

ANNABELLE (V.O.)
The Penguin himself. He tried to
replace me after all those years
together.

Annabelle tears up all the paintings of other women. Puts a
pillow over his head.

ANNABELLE (V.O.)
So, I took his breath away for the
last time.

BACK TO APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY

Oz falls to the ground. Crawls backward, his eyes wide.

ANNABELLE
And everyone wants to know why I...
(breaks things)
Break things!
(turns things upside down)
Turn things upside down. Well,
maybe I wouldn't have to make so
much noise if I got some
recognition. It's always the artist
this, the artist that. What about
me, when do I get my credit?

Oz moves slower, the puddle of blood growing. His vision gets
blurry as he holds his leaking gut.

OZ
Please...

He stumbles, pulling the sheet off, revealing the meanest,
most volatile sculpture of all: Volatile Part Trois.

OZ
(hollers out)
Part Trois!

He collapses. Dakota watches in horror as Annabelle grabs
Ozzy's lifeless face. Kisses him. Whispers.

ANNABELLE

The series is complete.
(stares at sculpture)
There I am.

Red and blue lights and sirens come from outside. Dakota flinches as she comes towards her.

ANNABELLE

Get the drawing and I'll get the sculpture on the dolly so we can get out of here.
(shakes her)
Okay?

Annabelle grabs the dolly. Eases the sculpture onto it. Straps it in.

Dakota shivers as she searches for the drawing. She finds it. Rolls it up. She looks down at Ozzy's body. Touches him softly.

DAKOTA

Forgive me.

She sees blood on her hands. Won't wipe off.

DAKOTA

I found it.

ANNABELLE

Get the door.

Dakota goes to open it. Annabelle tosses a match onto the couch as she heads to the door with the sculpture.

The fire rages fast. Dakota watches as it grows, Annabelle in front of it like some kind of demonic beast.

Annabelle stops suddenly.

DAKOTA

What are you doing?

ANNABELLE

I'm stuck.

Dakota doesn't react as Annabelle looks down trying to figure it out, the fire getting bigger behind her.

ANNABELLE

I need help. Come and help me!

Dakota's eyes grow wide as she stares at her. Before she can stop herself, she quickly slams the door, shutting her drawing in it accidentally. Half in half out.

She panics trying to pull it out, but it's no use. She thinks. Should she open it?

A banging comes from the other side. Annabelle screams.

ANNABELLE

Let me out!

Dakota watches as the drawing drops from the door, half of it burned. It continues to sizzle until it's gone.

ANNABELLE (O.S.)

I just wanted you to love me.

Dakota closes her eyes. It hurts. The fire closes in. She jumps up.

DAKOTA

Get out of the building! The Dondelingers, there's a fire, go!

The structure begins to fall as Dakota runs down the stairs. She pounds on the Dondelinger's door as she runs out.

EXT. APARTMENT - PORCH - DAY

Dakota rushes out to find the Dondelingers safe. She ushers them further away from the apartment, shaking.

It all hits her. She breaks down as she looks up at the building.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

TWO COPS surveil the scene after the fire. Stand over Oz's burnt body.

COP #1

Another artist.

COP #2

(takes photo)

Do you think they'll make this one into an exhibit too?

COP #1

(snort laughs, looks over)

Hey, what's this?

They pull the windshield door from the bathroom. Look inside.

COP #2

Oh my god.

Close on Volatile Part Trois. The angry sculpture is untouched. Perfectly preserved.

INT. EACKO SPEAKO GALLERY - NIGHT

Part Trois now peers down at the guests as they discuss.

GUEST #2

Stabbed AND set on fire. The maintenance man was downstairs in a refrigerator. No one knows what happened.

GUEST #3

Hon-ey. I'm obsessed.

GUEST #2

I know.

GUEST #1

Let's get out of here before the cursed thing falls on us like that Denver horse at the airport.

GUEST #4

Want to head to the Meekers exhibit?

GUEST #3

He's greener than baby vomit.

GUEST #4

He shows promise, he just needs the right guidance.

GUEST #1

You just like that he's wearing leather pants. The night is over, let it go.

They walk off.

Focus on someone, her combat boots on a table in front of the sculpture. She's wearing Annabelle's dress, revealing the birthmark in the shape of Texas on her shoulder.

She stands, her face not showing as she walks.

MOMENTS LATER

Someone watches as MEEKERS, 30s, a newish artist in leather pants, packs up his art. Hands keys to his ASSISTANT.

MEEKERS

Parking in 2B.

INT. SUV - PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Meekers opens the driver's door. Gets in. Sees that the passenger side window is broken out.

MEEKERS

What the...?

He sees something out of the corner of his eye. He jerks his head to the backseat to find Annabelle sitting there with a grin.

ANNABELLE

Hey Cowboy. Annabelle, how you doing?

THE END