

**PETAL TO THE METAL**

written by

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**INT. WEDDING - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT**

A bouquet of roses goes cartwheeling through the air, petals clinging on for dear life.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
Some people think everything happens for a reason.

A mosh pit of silk and chiffon. A symphony of heels SCREECHING against hardwood. Heavy metal guitar riffs WAIL.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My sister was sure of it.

The orgy of pastel dresses disbands to reveal: SIERRA REILLY (29), a shoo-in for any sorority, holding the remnants of a bouquet, collapsed on her knees. Victorious.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And for her, tradition easily slipped into superstition.

Sierra's tousled hair, nor the stream of blood snaking down her forearm, distract from her elated look to the heavens. This is her Olympic gold.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Almost as fast as she went into septic shock from a moldy rose thorn.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Sierra sits in a hospital bed, plugged into an IV, surrounded by floral arrangements.

MAGGIE (27), purposely camouflaging from life, sits nearby, reading a magazine while a NURSE does a routine checkup.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Still, her subscription to superstition was in a state of constant renewal. Because, well, everything always worked out for her.

NURSE  
Sierra, this is Dr. Keller.

DR. KELLER (36), dreamy enough to warrant a too-regular routine checkup, walks into the room with his clipboard.

DR. KELLER

Ms. Reil-

Dr. Keller and Sierra's eyes meet. Instant beakers-overflowing CHEMISTRY. They simultaneously blush.

DR. KELLER (CONT'D)

Uh, may I have your hand?

Dr. Keller regret-cringes.

DR. KELLER (CONT'D)

(awkward)

I mean - can I see your hand?

Sierra bites her lip, smitten. She lifts her infected hand, it's pretty gnarly, but the two are still in deadlock eye contact.

Maggie and the nurse look at each other in confusion and just leave the room awkwardly.

**EXT. PIER - BOARDWALK - NIGHT**

An engagement ring, evident of a doctor's salary, slips onto Sierra's now-healed hand. The city skyline twinkles in the background.

SIERRA

YES!!!

Sierra throws her arms over her doctor-turned-fiancé, Ben (Dr. Keller). The end of the pier has been decorated with giant light-up block letters to spell "MARRY ME."

MAGGIE (V.O.)

As a skeptic, it was hard to ever truly look up to her, but luckily I never had to.

They kiss.

POP!

Sierra turns to the source of the sound.

Out of the bushes emerges: EVIE (29), needlessly competitive, ZARA (28), status-obsessed, and KIRA (29), daily affirmations topped her annual Spotify wrapped.

The gleefully weeping trio storm the newly engaged couple with a foam-flowing bottle of bubbly. Ben, clearly didn't even know they were there.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 She had three stand-in sisters who didn't just look up to her, they worshiped her.

Immediate ring ogling. Ben no longer exists at this moment.

EVIE  
 It's absolutely stunning! Do you know how *hard* this was to keep a secret?!

ZARA  
 (dominantly)  
 I knew first!

KIRA  
 I can't stop crying. Did you have any idea?

SIERRA  
 Guys, my finger was *literally* itching for the past week.

REVEAL: Maggie's been filming the entirety of the engagement in a hoodie from behind a tree, staring blankly.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
 If she were to drink the Kool-Aid, they'd butt chug it.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK]**

A massacre of bridal magazine pages scattered among uncapped glue sticks and glitter pens.

Pre-teen Sierra, Evie, Zara, and Kira sit on the floor making vision boards while a daytime soap plays in the background.

SIERRA  
 All I know is I want a lot of flowers. Flowers everywhere.

KIRA  
 Me too! Maybe in a barn? Is that still cute, or too overdone?

ZARA  
 Overdone. I want a city rooftop overlooking everything.

EVIE

All I know is I want a live jazz band and, like, one of those champagne towers?

KIRA

Oh! I want one of those too. Super classy.

Sierra pastes a happy bride onto her board.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

In the Venn diagram of our lives, Sierra was the only thing keeping me and them from being balls rolling in two very different directions.

Zara looks up to Maggie, sitting away from the group on a recliner, tongue out, playing a handheld game console.

ZARA

(curiously)

What about you, Mags?

Maggie looks up to the unanticipated spotlight.

MAGGIE

I'm good as long as it's not open casket.

#### **EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY**

Sierra, a Pinterest-worthy bride, stands with her dapperly dressed husband, Ben, in front of a sprawling, well-manicured golf course.

Kira, Evie, Zara, and their WEDDING DATES stand nearby in frilly peach bridesmaid dresses.

A little to the side stands Maggie, solo, in a maid-of-honor dress she definitely didn't pick out herself.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

I had to give it to them, though. They manifested, and the results of their painfully customary dreams were coming true.

A PHOTOGRAPHER and a cluster-fuck of ASSISTANTS all snap away wildly at the group's plastered-on smiles.

**INT. WEDDING - NIGHT**

Light from a disco ball dances around the high-end country club. Guests mingle among their tables while the dance floor starts to garner some traction.

Maggie sits alone at the head table, shoveling cake into her mouth. She looks to Sierra, playing the part of the bride she's been training for her whole life. She smiles, proud.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
Sierra had done it, and her loyal  
triangle were setting up to follow  
suit in perfect formation.

She looks at Kira, Evie, and Zara, jovially canoodling with their dates in a way that's not envious but almost analytical.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I just didn't realize I was about  
to go bowling.

Maggie YAWNS and then washes down the cake with what's left of her champagne flute.

The music stops.

DJ  
(enthusiastically)  
Can I get all of the unmarried  
women and gays up on the dance  
floor!??

Evie spits her mouthful of wine and almost shatters her glass on a nearby table.

Maggie lets out a heavy SIGH and makes her way over to a bar at the back of the room. She approaches a coldly "seen-everything" BARTENDER (40).

MAGGIE  
Can I get anything with a  
percentage over forty? Straight.

The bartender nods understandingly and pours without even looking.

DJ  
Hope y'all are ready! It's time for  
the b-b-b-b-bouquet TOSSS!

The older crowd disperses as a gaggle of young women race to the spotlight floor. Kira, Evie, and Zara: front and center.

The bartender slides Maggie her drink. She slams it and slides the glass back.

MAGGIE  
(blankly)  
Encore.

The bartender's eye-line quickly veers behind Maggie to only instantly widen.

BARTENDER  
(terrified)  
Holy SHIT!

Maggie, confused, spins around to see a *Lion King*-like stampede of women, whose mouths might as well be foaming, unapologetically darting toward her.

The bouquet, notably rose-less and stem-wrapped with ample precaution, comes HURDLING toward Maggie.

Maggie instantly recoils and throws her hands up in defense only to have the bouquet land RIGHT. IN. HER. PALMS.

Silence.

A GASP.

DJ  
Looks like the maid of honor's  
gonna have the favor returned S-S-  
S-SOOOOON enough! Waka waka!

Maggie unclenches one eye to see the tattered flower arrangement piercing through her fingers.

The crowd all CLAP and CHEER drunkenly - all except Kira, Evie, and Zara, who look like they just saw a school bus erupt in flames.

MAGGIE  
(to herself)  
Fuck.

Sierra comes rushing through the crowd for one overwhelming big sister hug. She kisses her on the cheek proudly.

SIERRA  
You're next!

MAGGIE  
(quietly)  
That sounds like a threat.

The photographer emerges, like his life depends on it, to snap the moment.

Sierra poses with a beaming smile next to Maggie.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

The thing about superstition is that the events that follow don't always bring good luck. Sometimes, it's bad luck.

Maggie, distracted, makes eye contact with the wildly unimpressed trio.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And bad luck can come in threes.

CUT TO:

**BLACK SCREEN.**

TITLE APPEARS: PETAL TO THE METAL

BACK TO:

**INT. EVIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

An apartment that might as well be sponsored by Urban Outfitters. Evie sits on her velvet couch staring at ZACH (30's), coder slash raver, whose mid-video game, headset included.

EVIE

Zach?

ZACH

(agitated)

In a second.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Evie suspiciously gets up and walks over to the door. She swings it open to a large flower arrangement shielding a DELIVERY PERSON.

Evie instantly lights up.

DELIVERY PERSON

Evie?

EVIE

Yes! Oh my god, YES!



She snatches the bouquet and dives her hand in for the card, shutting the door without any further acknowledgement. She unfolds the card with her one open hand.

Evie nearly cries out of happiness. She tucks the flowers under her arm and rocket launches herself over the couch into a non-consensual hug with Zach.

ZACH  
BABE! I said a sec!

EVIE  
(beyond relieved)  
I thought you forgot.

She kisses him on the cheek. Zach looks at her confused, then notices the flowers.

ZACH  
Of course not. How could I ever?

He pauses the game, smiles and gives her a kiss. She slinks down onto the couch. He returns back to game-mode.

EVIE  
(seductively)  
How about after that game, we play something else?

Zach side-eyes a horny wink.

BU-BEEP. Evie looks over to her phone and reads a text. Moment of bliss drained instantly.

EVIE (CONT'D)  
Zach?

ZACH  
Yeah?

EVIE  
(testing)  
I *really* love the flowers.

ZACH  
Knew you would, babe.

Evie stares at him with complete repulsion.

EVIE  
Are you kidding me? My mom just texted me asking if I got the flowers she sent.  
(MORE)

EVIE (CONT'D)

Were you *seriously* just going to take credit?

Zach re-pauses the game, busted. He looks over to her clenched-jawed.

ZACH

She sent flowers... for our anniversary? That's kind of weird, no?

EVIE

It's my fucking birthday!

ZACH

Again?

EVIE

WHAT?!

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

ZARA, dressed to the nines, walks through people like anyone else who exists is in her way, down a sidewalk with her phone glued to her ear.

ZARA

Barry, I'm not doing another stock photo shoot. I've done runway, I'm not smiling and holding a fucking banana to my ear.

She stops mid-walk, angrily listening. She looks up to a takeout place across the street.

ZARA (CONT'D)

Then tell them to stop sending them. You know what? You're going to make me rage-eat a limo sandwich. I don't care. Call me back when you have a real lead.

Zara b-lines across the street.

**INT. SUB SHOP - DAY**

Zara walks into the chain fast food restaurant, pissed. She scans the LED menu until -

VOICE (O.S.)

Mayo?

Instant recognition. Zara looks down to see COSMO (26), objectively handsome, serving an elderly customer.

ZARA  
(disbelief)  
Cosmo?!?!?

Cosmo winces hard as he spins to see Zara.

COSMO  
Zara, it's not what it looks like.

ZARA  
Do you - Do you fucking work here?!

Another EMPLOYEE spots the tension and immediately runs and takes over.

Cosmo shame-rips his apron off and runs around the counter. Zara, shell-shocked, approaches him.

COSMO  
I didn't want to tell you. It-It's temporary.

ZARA  
What's temporary? What am I looking at right now?

COSMO  
I haven't had any good bookings in awhile, okay? You're not the most wallet-friendly girlfriend?

ZARA  
Cosmo, you were the one who ordered a bottle of Dom at the bar last night.

COSMO  
Listen, I'm still hot. I make really good tips here. We don't even have a tip jar, so I don't even have to split with anyone.

ZARA  
I can't believe this. How long has this been going on for?

COSMO  
Three months.

ZARA  
THREE MONTHS?! I've been dating a  
sandwich artist for three months?

COSMO  
Zar - common.

Zara looks him up and down in disgust.

ZARA  
No... No.

One more look.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
Absolutely not.

**INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

A try-hard candlelit restaurant filled with starry-eyed couples and overpriced dainty meals.

Kira sits across from CALLUM (32), epitome of Wall Street sleaze. The two lovingly finger each other's palms in the middle of the table.

CALLUM  
This place is really romantic, hon.

Kira smiles.

KIRA  
That's the point.

CALLUM  
Oh yeah?

Kira blushes, hesitant. She squints then unleashes.

KIRA  
You know how our relationship has  
been - I don't know, I guess you  
could say, non-traditional?

CALLUM  
How so?

KIRA  
Well, I mean, I met you because I  
dated your brother.

CALLUM  
Let's not -

KIRA

But obviously, I made the right choice because it's been a couple of years now.

CALLUM

Has it?

KIRA

Yeah?

CALLUM

(schmoozy)

Feels like it's only been a week to me.

Kira melts.

KIRA

Well, I never thought I'd be the one to do this, but it's not the nineteen hundreds anymore, right?

CALLUM

What are you talking about?

Kira sifts through her coat pocket. She awkwardly stands up and then gets down on one knee. People start to notice.

CALLUM (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Kira, what the fuck are you doing?

KIRA

Cal, I love you. I want it to feel like it's just been a week for the rest of our lives.

Kira pulls out a ring box, pops it. Callum's jaw drops - not in a good way.

KIRA (CONT'D)

(cutely)

Will you... marry me?

Callum shuts it out of embarrassment. He laughs it off to the surrounding patrons, then closes in on Kira seriously.

CALLUM

This is a joke, right? Like a TikTok thing?

KIRA

No?? I'm literally on my knee.

CALLUM

Not for the reason I want you to be.

KIRA

(offended)

What?!

CALLUM

Is this just because Sierra got married? This is psychotic.

KIRA

I thought -

CALLUM

Kira, sweetie. I don't really know how to tell you this. I didn't even know we were that level of "exclusive."

Kira stays there, on her knee, realizing that the past couple years of her life might have very well been a complete delusion.

**INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

A humble basement apartment with little care for the clothing piles or scattered dishes.

Sierra's wedding bouquet rots in an empty wine bottle vase - intentional or not.

Maggie lies starfish in her bed, the centerpiece of the apartment. A phone RING sends a twitch to her leg.

She rolls over and one-eyes her phone screen. She puts it up to her ear.

MAGGIE

Hey sis, how's paradise?

SIERRA (O.S.)

Mags! It's everything. Seriously. You have not *LIVED* until you've been to Sandals.

Maggie sits up in her band tee, likely hungover.

MAGGIE

Why are you calling, then?

SIERRA (O.S.)  
I hate to do this. Are you busy today?

MAGGIE  
Not really?

SIERRA (O.S.)  
Then can I have some extended maid-of-honor coverage?

Maggie eye-rolls.

MAGGIE  
What's up?

SIERRA (O.S.)  
So, Kira was supposed to feed and let out Spud today, but she got called into work. You're the only other one who has the key.

MAGGIE  
Okay, I can sub in, I miss the little devil anyhow.

SIERRA (O.S.)  
He also needs more food.

MAGGIE  
Okay, anything else?

SIERRA (O.S.)  
I'm so sorry, but she was actually supposed to run a few errands for me today.

MAGGIE  
How the hell do I find lifelong interns? Why can't the other disciples take the latter?

SIERRA (O.S.)  
I wouldn't be asking you if they could. Please, Mags?

Maggie inaudibly sighs.

MAGGIE  
(reluctantly)  
Sure.

SIERRA (O.S.)  
 Thanks so much! Sending you the  
 list now.

BEEP. Maggie checks her phone, surprised by the sudden hangup. She scrolls through a list, which is quite extensive.

MAGGIE  
 (to herself)  
 You've gotta be kidding me.

**INT. PET STORE - DAY**

A compact boutique of narrow toy and dog food aisles. You can just smell it.

Maggie repeatedly peers from her phone to the selection of similarly branded dog food bags - all with a smiling chipper pooch making direct eye contact.

Maggie turns to the side to unexpectedly catch eyes with a MAN (30's), skater boy-cute, looking directly at her. She looks back to the dog food then back for reassurance. He's still looking.

She grabs a bag.

MAN  
 Need help with that?

Maggie, clearly able to hold a bag of dog food, looks at him confused by his attentive nature.

MAGGIE  
 I think I've got it, thanks.

Maggie starts to walk away.

MAN  
 Maggie, right?

Maggie spins back into conversation.

MAGGIE  
 Yea?

MAN  
 James.

She searches for recognition.

MAGGIE  
 So nice to meet you?



JAMES  
Dogs are sick.

MAGGIE  
Sure. I guess. I don't actually  
have one.

JAMES  
Just like the taste?

MAGGIE  
No. What? No. I'm dog-sitting.

JAMES  
Right. Well, do you wanna maybe go  
grab a drink somewhere, or?

Maggie looks around like "Is anybody else seeing this?"

MAGGIE  
No? I'm sorry but I've got a few  
things to do.

JAMES  
All right. No offense taken. Wasn't  
meant to be.

Maggie studies him like he's an unknown species.

MAGGIE  
(partingly)  
Cheers.

Maggie bolts to the checkout.

**INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY**

A harmony of SPINS. Maggie sits on one of the worn chairs  
boredom-scrolling on her phone.

She sits, feeling eyes on her, only to turn to see XANDER  
(40), a likely ex-club promoter, fake reading a magazine,  
making aggressive eye contact.

Maggie looks up to the dry cleaning booth.

MAGGIE  
How much longer?

Xander slides over to Maggie. Extends a hand.

XANDER  
X.

MAGGIE  
Uh- I'm sorry, but -

XANDER  
Mind if I call you Mags?

Maggie studies him as if to say "how the hell could I possibly know this person?"

MAGGIE  
Were you the DJ at my sister's wedding?

XANDER  
What? No, I wish.

MAGGIE  
What?

XANDER  
Shouldn't have given that up. What makes you think that?

MAGGIE  
Same scent, I guess?

XANDER  
It's CBD oil. So, busy girl, huh?

Maggie looks around to see if anyone else is seeing this.

MAGGIE  
Excuse me?

XANDER  
Squeezing in some fun into those errands, I see how it is. Listen, if you're not into it, I can take a hint -

MAGGIE  
(genuine)  
Can you???

DRY CLEANER  
(projecting)  
Sierra Reilly?? Si-

Maggie jumps up.

MAGGIE  
YES! THAT'S ME!

Xander shakes his head in disbelief.

XANDER  
Yo, sorry. I thought you were  
Maggie.

Maggie grabs a bag of clothes and power walks to the exit.

MAGGIE  
No, sorry.

**EXT. LAUNDROMAT - FRONT - DAY**

Maggie does a quick look back before reshuffling the clothing bags sliding off her forearms.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Maggie?

Maggie nearly drops the bags.

MAGGIE  
What the fuuuu- Oscar?!

OSCAR (27), oozes ex-theater kid, stands a few feet away with a cautious do-you-remember-me wave.

OSCAR  
Yeah. It's been a minute, huh?

Maggie registers, relieved. She throws the clothing bags on the ground for a hug.

MAGGIE  
How are you?

OSCAR  
I'm good, I'm good. It's really nice to see you. You look - productive.

MAGGIE  
(awkwardly)  
Thanks, yeah, I'm just trying to keep my eye on the prize I suppose.

Xander exits the laundromat looking a little hopeless.

XANDER  
Bye, Sierra.

Maggie cringes.

OSCAR  
You start stealing your sister's  
identity? I think I saw a Lifetime  
Original about this.

MAGGIE  
What? No. I'm just picking up her  
dry cleaning.

Oscar looks down at the clothes and nods.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Not that this is something I  
usually do.

OSCAR  
I believe you?

MAGGIE  
It's not-I've got to go.

OSCAR  
Uh, okay?

MAGGIE  
Sorry, errands and- just a weird  
day overall. We should catch up  
some time, though.

OSCAR  
For sure -

MAGGIE  
I'm sure were following each other  
on something?

OSCAR  
Yeah?

Oscar can't help but slightly tilt his head.

Maggie reshuffles the bags in her arms and darts across the  
street, poorly shielding her embarrassment.

**INT. SIERRA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Sunlight beams through designer curtains on an apartment  
ready for an Architectural Digest video tour.

The front door swings open as Maggie throws the clothing bags  
over an ottoman, struggling to get the keys out.

JINGLE. JINGLE. A loyal-to-anyone PUG comes waddling down the runner. Maggie bends down excitedly.

MAGGIE

Spud!

Spud nuzzles into her legs. Maggie soaks in the cuteness until she notices three pairs of shoes loosely toppled in the foyer - a contrast to the meticulous tidiness.

Her eyes guide up the runner to see Evie, Kira, and Zara sitting on dining room chairs in the living room like they are hosting an audition.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What the hell are you guys doing? I just ran all around the city because I thought you guys were -

ZARA

Come here. Sit.

Maggie studies the situation.

MAGGIE

Well, this is confusingly unnerving.

Maggie cautiously walks into the living room and plops down on the couch. Spud jumps in her lap.

KIRA

(friendly)

How was your day?

MAGGIE

It was disturbingly invasive, actually.

Maggie studies the three skeptically.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Wait, did you guys have something to do with-

EVIE

Listen, you know how important tradition is to us, right?

MAGGIE

Enough to get canceled, I'm sure.

ZARA

There's a reason everything works out for Sierra, you know?

Zara nods to their beautiful surroundings.

EVIE

Well, one of those traditions, which we take very seriously is -

MAGGIE

(groaning)

If this is even about -

KIRA

(bursting)

You caught the bouquet, okay?!

MAGGIE

(defensively)

It bludgeoned me.

ZARA

Whatever. You fucked up the queue.

MAGGIE

The *queue*? Seriously?!

KIRA

YOU T-BONED FATE, MAGGIE!

EVIE

How do you explain all three of our relationships suddenly collapsing into nothing? At the same time?

MAGGIE

Stuff like this, probably.

Maggie thinks for herself for a moment.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Wait, what does this have to do with the meet-cute multiverse I just narrowly escaped?

Zara CLICKS on the television to a PowerPoint. James, Xander, AND Oscar's profile pictures.

EVIE

(hopeful)

Any sparks?

MAGGIE

What?!?

ZARA

We set up a dating profile for you. We had to take things into our own hands. There were more options, this was just who was available to meet you today at these random places. A lot *did* say no.

MAGGIE

You realize how fucked up that is, right?! You guys are absolutely insane. I could have been murdered.

Maggie's visible outrages the girls' completely calm demeanor.

KIRA

(quietly to Zara)

Would that set the queue back?

EVIE

We pre-screen. Obviously. I will disclose that Kira has slept with Xander. But it was a one-off.

KIRA

He's a nice guy, though.

ZARA

And Evie does communications for Fling™, so we got app data we usually wouldn't be able to.

Zara clicks to the next slide. A pie chart.

ZARA (CONT'D)

196 people in a 5 mile radius are "Down to Mag."

MAGGIE

I did not need to know that.

ZARA

2,341 are not, but don't take it too personally, we only had the wedding sneak peek photos to work with and a time limit.

MAGGIE

I can't believe this. You can't just romantically market me behind my back. You do realize that's morally wrong, right? Know what?

The girls sit unbothered.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Wait until Sierra hears about this. If you guys care so much about what she thinks, just wait until she hears how her "best friends" made her little sister -

Maggie begins to fake cry for dramatics.

ZARA

She's in on it.

Maggie stops the theatrics.

MAGGIE

What?

ZARA

She sent you the list of errands, didn't she? It's not like we don't all have keys.

Maggie stands up, fuming.

MAGGIE

Well, I hope you guys learn to get comfortable waiting because I'm about to go buy a shipping crate full of cats.

Maggie sticks up both middle fingers just before she SLAMS the door shut.

MAGGIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(through door)

FUCK YOU!

KIRA

I feel like she's not going to love the idea of a makeover.

**EXT. SIERRA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Maggie storms out of the manned entrance. She frantically taps away at her phone, then places it to her ear.



RING. RING.

SIERRA (O.S.)

(Voicemail)

You've reached Sierra. I'm at SANDALS!! Wooo!! Only on my phone to post. Reach back in two weeks. I won't check these.

MAGGIE

(into phone)

Enjoy it while you can because I'm going to make sure Ben won't even be able to identify you when you get back.

Maggie hangs up her phone. She takes a deep SIGH to exhale the chaos.

She looks at her phone again, a different reaction. She thinks for a moment, psychs herself up.

**INT. CONDO - HALLWAY - DAY**

DING! An elevator opens to a condo hallway that's half under construction.

Maggie paces down the hall nervously as she looks repeatedly from her phone to the door numbers.

19. A confirmation look. She takes a deep breath and KNOCKS.

PETRA (34), insecurity-inducing levels of cool, opens the door, incense billowing in the background.

MAGGIE

Hi.

PETRA

Hey.

MAGGIE

Disclaimer. I don't usually do this.

PETRA

It's cool.

Maggie stands there awkwardly.

PETRA (CONT'D)

Do you want to come in?

Maggie nods, she walks into the foyer.

Maggie turns to Petra almost as if she's waiting. The eye contact is intense.

Suddenly, the two begin MAKING OUT hard just as Petra kicks the door shut.

**INT. PETRA'S CONDO - DAY**

Petra and Maggie lay tangled in a tapestry blanket asleep. The morning light peeks through the blinds. Garbage trucks BEEPING at various distant volumes.

Maggie winces an eye open. She quietly collects her belongings.

PETRA  
You're closeted, aren't you?

Maggie stops, busted.

MAGGIE  
No?

PETRA  
(disbelief)  
My mistake.

Maggie shamefully starts walking to the front door.

PETRA (CONT'D)  
My advice -

Maggie looks over reluctantly.

PETRA (CONT'D)  
(genuinely)  
Figure that shit out now before you  
end up hurting someone you actually  
like. Trust me.

Maggie gulps and nods.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Evie, Zara, and Kira walk down the sidewalk with purpose while the sun creeps up the nearby buildings.

KIRA

Okay, so Xander's out. James unmatched. Oh wait a second, new message from Oscar.

ZARA

Perfect! He's the only guy she's ever dated. He's our best bet.

KIRA

(reading)

"Guess I caught you at the wrong time. Question mark. Not sure if you actually meant you wanted to hang out sometime, but-"

EVIE

Ooooh, this is good! She must've left things open-ended. Not a complete bust after all.

KIRA

Shit. He's asking for her number.

EVIE

Give him yours.

KIRA

I guess I could use the text-from-a-boy serotonin boost.

EVIE

We could always speed things up by finding her someone whose Visa's about to expire.

KIRA

There's gotta be a Facebook group for that we can mine.

ZARA

Guys, I think this is going to be harder than we thought.

EVIE

Well, unless you want a geriatric wedding, we're going to have to figure it the fuck out.

ZARA

GUYS! WAIT!

The three stop as they spot Maggie, more disheveled than ever, leaving a condo building that's clearly foreign to them.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
Is *that* Maggie?

KIRA  
In the same outfit as yesterday?

EVIE  
Maybe that's why she was so mad.  
She's already seeing someone.

ZARA  
You don't leave *this* early if  
you're in a relationship.

The three stand still and watch her curiously as she walk of shames alongside the morning commuters. Zara looks particularly intrigued.

**INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Maggie lies in bed, laptop on chest, switching tabs between a creative brief and Photoshop.

She sifts through fonts for the "VALENTINE'S DAY SALE" call out. Switches tabs again to a stock photo website. She scrolls through all of the faux-happily posed couples.

MAGGIE  
(to herself)  
Gross.

She looks up past her laptop at the rotten bouquet from the wedding like it's staring back at her.

She checks her phone. No notifications.

She walks over to a makeshift bar cart and pours a whisky.

She eyes the bouquet again, a stand off.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
Not today.

Maggie bolts over to a nearby cupboard and whips out a garbage bag.

She bags the flowers like she's suffocating the life out of them, and then heads to her door with them flung over her shoulder.

**EXT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - BACK - DAY**

The back door CREAKS open. The sun beats down on a few parked cars and a lone picnic table beside a dumpster.

Maggie, still in slippers, marches over to the dumpster and hurls it open.

VOICE (O.S.)

Which of your sister's limbs is  
that?

Maggie turns to see Oscar on a bicycle with a food delivery backpack.

MAGGIE

(to herself)

Shit.

Past the point of no return, she lobbs the bagged flowers in the bin.

OSCAR

I swear I'm not stalking you. No  
one was buzzing me in at the front?  
I'm working.

MAGGIE

Don't you work in tech or  
something?

OSCAR

Yeah. Gig's not really for the  
money. I just get kind of lonely  
working from home all day. It's  
kind of nice to interact with  
strangers for a bit.

MAGGIE

Don't most people ask to leave it  
at the door?

OSCAR

An excuse to get out then?

MAGGIE

Fair. I get that. I'm getting  
pretty subject to bed sores myself.  
What apartment number?

OSCAR

Four.

MAGGIE

Oh, he's a dick. He steals people's laundry sheets. Like, the whole box.

OSCAR

I guess tip will tell, but I've gotta pre-judge anyone who orders cheese pizza AND cheesy bread. It's just cheese on bread in different shapes.

Maggie laughs.

MAGGIE

(insinuating)

So, I take it you don't take this job too seriously?

Oscar smiles.

CUT TO:

Maggie and Oscar sit at the weathered picnic bench eating the pizza and cheesy bread.

OSCAR

I'm glad we could do this.

MAGGIE

(surprised)

Yeah, same.

BU-BEEP. Oscar checks his phone.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Apartment four?

Oscar looks at his phone quizzically, flips it over to share the screen.

OSCAR

No, it's you?

MAGGIE

(irate)

Holy shit! They are ruthless!

OSCAR

They?

MAGGIE

I don't know what I've technically "said" to you via chat bubble, but do you remember my sister's friends?

OSCAR

(too fast)

Yeah.

MAGGIE

I found out yesterday that they are organizing my dating life behind my back, which is why you matched with me. That was all them. Messages. Everything.

OSCAR

Wow. That's, uh, that's really fucked up. Which one was I talking to then? Wait. Why are they doing this?

MAGGIE

Oh, that's the best part. They genuinely believe that I have somehow derailed their chances of getting married.

Oscar stares at her mid-bite in confusion.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Why? Because I caught the bouquet at Sierra's wedding.

OSCAR

Wait, you what?

Oscar takes a serious demeanor. Maggie squints in confusion.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

I caught the bouquet. At my brother's wedding. Last month.

Maggie blinks in disbelief.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Just kidding. That's insane. Plus, aren't you gay?

Maggie nearly chokes on her pizza slice, taken aback.

MAGGIE

Uh, yeah.

OSCAR

Or is - Oh, do they not know that?

MAGGIE

It's not like I'm in the closet.  
My, like, outer circle knows.

OSCAR

And how big is this outer circle?

MAGGIE

Like people I meet nowadays in my  
adult life. Acquaintances. Doctors.  
Coworkers.

OSCAR

Don't you work from home?

MAGGIE

Listen, I know. It's embarrassing.  
I just never wanted it to be a big  
deal, like some sort of re-brand.

Maggie studies Oscar for a reaction but he's not giving her  
much.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(defensively)

I like how things are. I was hoping  
I'd just find someone eventually,  
and *then* I'd be like, "Here we are.  
Deal with it." But... it's still  
just me.

OSCAR

You don't have to explain yourself  
to me. I'm not going to pretend I  
can understand, though a lot of  
people *do* think I am gay.

MAGGIE

Yeah. Guilty.

Oscar nods, taking no offense.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I was, before this anyway, getting  
by pretty invisibly, and that was  
good. That was comfortable for me.  
Now, it's like those girls -  
they've put a giant magnifying  
glass over me. Just was a feeling I  
thought was over, y'know?



OSCAR  
 Hm. Well, then. Maybe... move the  
 glass?

MAGGIE  
 What do you mean?

Oscar pulls up his phone screen to a new message conversation with "MAGGIE" with a devilish smirk.

OSCAR  
 Let's move the glass.

Maggie smiles, genuine.

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

Evie sits bored at her desk in a start up office that tries way too hard to be hip. Her phone lights up. Immediate answer.

EVIE  
 Which one? Oscar?

**INT. KIRA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME**

Kira sits in her bed giddily as a teenager smiling at her glowing phone.

KIRA  
 Yeah, so... He wants to go on an  
 actual date. Dinner.

**INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION**

EVIE  
 How are we going to get her there?

KIRA  
 Zara's working on it.

EVIE  
 We can't just surprise-date her...  
 Again. She's pissed.

KIRA  
 Zar's taking more of a cool down  
 approach. Sorry, are you at work? I  
 hear old people laughing.

EVIE

Yeah, but it's chill. I actually found a bunch of security flaws in their app since we set up Maggie's profile, so everyone's being pretty nice to me.

KIRA

Gorgeous. Plan is The Blue Moose at 8 if Zar gets Maggie on board. You in?

EVIE

It's two-for-one taco night, of course I'm in, but Maggie saying yes to this? I won't hold my breath.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - PHOTO SHOOT - DAY**

Clothes are being transported like hot potatoes. A few FLASHES from the set around the corner.

Zara sits in a waiting chair, full-editorial makeup, with her phone wedged between her ear and shoulder while she paints her nails.

ZARA

Listen, I'm sorry we did - what we did, but I feel like you should really give Oscar another try. You should see the things he's been saying to you. We'll fill you in, don't worry.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

(through phone)

You guys are still talking to him?

ZARA

Yes. Nothing personal, obviously. Just moving things along so you don't have to.

Silence.

ZARA (CONT'D)

How about this? One date. *ONE DATE* and we'll leave you alone.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

No more meddling?

ZARA  
No more meddling.

MAGGIE (O.S.)  
(complacent)  
Okay.

ZARA  
Wait, really?

MAGGIE (O.S.)  
Yeah. Just tell me where and when.

ZARA  
(surprised)  
Oh. Okay. Great. Does the Blue  
Moose tonight at 8 work for you?

MAGGIE (O.S.)  
Sounds perfect.

Zara checks her make up-smearred phone screen to confirm the caller ID then places it back to her ear.

ZARA  
Great.

**EXT. THE BLUE MOOSE - FRONT - NIGHT**

A large, arched brick-lined window looking into an upper-scale pub. Maggie and Oscar sit laughing to one another across a plaid clothed candlelit table.

KIRA (O.S.)  
Why doesn't my textual date  
foreplay work as well for me?

REVEAL: Kira, Zara, and Evie standing across the street watching the date-in-progress live.

EVIE  
Oh my god, are they *Lady and the Tramp*-ing?

Maggie and Oscar are, indeed, sharing a spaghetti noodle. A full-on performance.

ZARA  
Ew. I never thought Maggie was one  
for PDA.

KIRA  
Listen, if they're both novice daters, things are going to move double-time. Trust me.

EVIE  
(to Kira)  
Maybe sprinkle a little more urgency in the post-date follow up. We need to strike while the honeymoon phase is hot.

KIRA  
Never worked on Cal, but I can try. I always ended up in honeymoon craters.

The trio continue to survey the scene. Oscar lovingly boops Maggie on the nose. She coyly giggles.

EVIE  
This might be it.

Zara stares the two down, skeptical.

ZARA  
Seems too good to be true.

KIRA  
Isn't that what we want?

**INT. AIRPORT - HALLWAY - DAY**

A large commercial plane touches down on the tarmac through a long stretch of wall windows.

Sierra, tanned to perfection with a floppy sunhat that challenges the radius of headwear, glides down the hallway via travelator. Ben, on a business call, trails behind.

Sierra holds up her phone in selfie-mode. Evie, Zara, and Kira pop onto the screen like *Hollywood Squares*.

SIERRA  
BACK, BITCHES!

EVIE (O.S.)  
I thought you were supposed to get in this morning?

SIERRA  
The plane had an odd number of rows.

(MORE)

SIERRA (CONT'D)

I couldn't do it, but luckily Ben was able to move some work things around.

Ben looks fucking stressed in the background.

ZARA (O.S.)

So, tell us! How was it?

SIERRA

Saving the full rundown for dinner tonight, but spoiler alert: it was transcendent.

KIRA (O.S.)

Amazing. I was living vicariously through your stories. I'm so excited to hear all about it.

SIERRA

Ugh, it's nice to be home though. I have so much to tell you guys.

ZARA (O.S.)

Same.

SIERRA

By the way, have you guys heard from Maggie? Is she still super pissed about the surprise date-a-thon?

EVIE (O.S.)

Uh, what do you mean?

SIERRA

It's just really weird for her not to check in on me after landing. I invited her to dinner tonight and haven't heard anything.

KIRA (O.S.)

Uh -

SIERRA

She's not answering her phone either.

ZARA (O.S.)

(fast)

She's probably just busy.

KIRA (O.S.)

Busy getting b-

EVIE (O.S.)  
 Can't wait to catch up tonight.  
 Kira, let's save all updates till  
 then, okay?

KIRA (O.S.)  
 Okay?

SIERRA  
 I'll try her again.

**INT. SIERRA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

A Le Creuset dog bowl gets filled to the brim with food. Spud excitedly dives in flat-faced first.

Maggie walks around Sierra's apartment eating a bag of chips and drinking a bottle of rosé from the bottle.

She grabs various toiletry items and a few pieces of clothing casually like she's the Grinch.

She bends down and gives Spud a farewell pat.

MAGGIE  
 Later, Spud!

**INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY**

Kira stands in a server uniform eating leftover fries off the kitchen-mouth rail. She looks at her phone, stops mid-fry in awe.

Incoming text message from Evie: "REGROUP NOW!!"

Kira promptly puts her phone to her ear.

ZARA  
 You guys better not be bailing on  
 dinner.

KIRA  
 Oh my god, Oscar unmatched Maggie.  
 I can't find his profile. What the  
 fuck?

EVIE (O.S.)  
 Guys!

ZARA (O.S.)  
 I knew it was too good to be true.  
 Men are all the same.

EVIE (O.S.)

Guys!

KIRA

Or maybe they are already  
exclusive?

EVIE (O.S.)

GUYS! SERIOUSLY!

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING - RESTROOM - SAME TIME**

Evie paces back and forth in the confinements of a restroom stall, on edge.

ZARA (O.S.)

What?

EVIE

It's worse.

KIRA (O.S.)

What could be worse?

EVIE

I just got a work email -

KIRA (O.S.)

Fair.

EVIE

No. I just got an email reporting  
Oscar's profile.

ZARA (O.S.)

What?! For what?

EVIE

It had, like, screenshots of a past  
conversations? Now the sender's  
friend has been MISSING for two  
weeks. Two. Weeks.

KIRA (O.S.)

Ghosting happens all of the time.

EVIE

You don't ghost the FRIEND, Kira!  
What the fuck do we do?

KIRA (O.S.)

Fuck, do we call the police?

EVIE

We set this up! This is on us!

ZARA (O.S.)

Let's not jump to any conclusions -

EVIE

More of a bunny hop, Zar.

ZARA (O.S.)

Let's just check on her. She's probably at home.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MAGGIE'S DOOR - DAY**

Kira, Zara, and Evie all nervously stand in front of Maggie's apartment door with a pastry box.

Zara KNOCKS away anxiously.

ZARA

(projecting)

Maggie?

KIRA

(yelling)

Maggie, we're really sorry! We just need to talk to you!

Evie lowers her phone from her ear, defeated.

EVIE

No answer.

KIRA

She should be working right now, no? Maybe she's at a coffee shop or something?

Zara clenches her fist in frustration, then starts POWER-KNOCKING on the door.

**INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME**

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Maggie's hat hook rattles against the inside of the door.

Maggie and Oscar sit across the room on the floor barely able to hold in their laughter while drinking beers.

ZARA (O.S.)

MAGGIE?! OPEN UP!



KIRA (O.S.)  
MAGS?! WE HAVE SORRY SOUFFLÉ!

EVIE (O.S.)  
(screaming)  
MAGGIE!!!

Maggie soaks in the win with a smile. The ball is now fully in her court.

**INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Abnormally attractive SERVERS. Overpriced cocktails. Ball lights. Your typical of-the-moment restaurant that will likely close down in a week.

Sierra mid-ramble couldn't be more aloof to the sweat that might as well be beading down Kira, Zara, and Evie's faces.

SIERRA  
I thought it was *actually* Michael Jackson, but apparently he's, like, dead. *That* good. So, anyway, day three we did this thing where the locals covered us in mud, which is some sort of exfoliation thing I wasn't on board with at first, but then -

Sierra can feel herself losing the girls' attention. Unusual.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Sorry, should I stop? You guys aren't going to want to have to hear this all over again.

ZARA  
What do you mean?

SIERRA  
Well, when Maggie gets here.

Evie GULPS.

ZARA  
Is... Maggie coming?

Kira slams back her wine glass.

SIERRA  
Yeah?

EVIE

I thought you couldn't get a hold  
of her?

SIERRA

No, I talked to her this morning.  
She's just going to be late.  
Apparently, she's seeing someone?

KIRA

OH THANK FUCK!

Kira slams back Zara's glass of wine.

SIERRA

That's what I said. Do you guys  
know anything about this guy?

EVIE

Uh -

CRASH. A server's plate slaps the ground.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

(slurred)

S-so sorry.

The group looks up to see Maggie, dressed in one of Sierra's  
skimpy mini-dresses from yesteryear and a pound of makeup on,  
with Oscar around her arm.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm so late.

SIERRA

Is that my dress?

Maggie sits down, slides herself in. Her eyes can barely open  
due to the poorly glued false lashes. She looks like a  
defective Barbie.

Oscar sits beside her.

OSCAR

(introducing)

Hi. Oscar.

Evie not-so-subtly scoots her chair away from him.

SIERRA

From high school?

OSCAR  
 (surprised)  
 You remember me?

MAGGIE  
 (drunkenly)  
 Who could forget you, my little  
 pamplemousse?

OSCAR  
 (quietly)  
 Let's reel it in a bit, huh?

EVIE  
 Uh, Maggie -

Maggie spins to Evie abruptly, one eye unable to open from  
 the eyelash glue.

EVIE (CONT'D)  
 Want to come to the ladies' room  
 with me for a second?

KIRA  
 We really need to talk to you.  
 Privately.

MAGGIE  
 (drunk baby voice)  
 No. I can't leave my Boo. He's my  
 everything. I'm nothing without  
 him.

KIRA  
 (whispering)  
 Did he drug you?

OSCAR  
 What?

Sierra looks to the other girls with a serious "What the fuck  
 is going on?" glare.

SIERRA  
 You're telling me the person you  
 met is Oscar? From high school?  
 Again?

MAGGIE  
 Some things don't change from high  
 school.

Maggie sends a death stare to Kira, Zara, and Evie.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

At all.

Oscar cringes. This isn't what he signed up for. Maggie slides over to sit on Oscar's lap.

SIERRA

Um, Maggie is everything -

MAGGIE

(sarcastically)

OH! Sorry, I didn't ask. HOW WAS  
THE MOON?!

Sierra puts her head in her hand.

Maggie pretends to feel something below her. She nearly SHRIEKS at Oscar.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(fake surprised)

Oh, what's that in your pocket?!

OSCAR

(begrudgingly)

Maggie--

Maggie stands, she now has the restaurant's attention with her theatrics.

MAGGIE

Do you - do you have something to  
ask me?

SIERRA

(embarrassed)

Maggie, sit down.

Oscar SIGHS, knowing he's not going to win. He begrudgingly gets down on a knee and pops open a costume ring.

OSCAR

(unenthusiastic)

Will you marry me?

Maggie SCREAMS in faux joy.

MAGGIE

(overdramatically)

A MILLION TIMES YES! OH I THOUGHT  
THE DAY WOULD NEVER COME! MY  
SPINSTRESS DAYS ARE FINALLY A THING  
OF THE PAST! NOW, I, MAGGIE, CAN BE  
A REAL WOMAN OF WORTH!

The restaurant patrons have no idea how to react.

KIRA  
(bursting)  
MAGGIE, HE'S A SERIAL KILLER!

SIERRA  
WHAT?!

ZARA  
(sinking)  
Oh my fucking god.

MAGGIE  
He's not a serial killer, Kira. No,  
it's actually you three, sorry  
four, who are the fucking  
psychopaths.

The girls all look at each other, confused.

SERVER  
Ms, can you please take a seat?

Maggie ignores.

MAGGIE  
Oscar isn't a serial killer. I just  
made you think that for fun.

Maggie holds up the gaudy costume ring on her finger like  
she's flipping the bird to the girls.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
But isn't this what you guys wanted  
so desperately?! Now you can all  
get off my dick!

Maggie chugs one of the drinks. She stares down the girls  
with condescending rage.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
I'm never going to plummet to the  
level of basic in which you all  
love to tread in like it's some  
sort of utopia. Guess what,  
marriage? It's only the finish line  
for you guys because you have  
nothing else to offer the world.

Oscar gets up and tries to guide Maggie out of the  
restaurant.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
 (while being dragged away)  
 And you know what? Maybe I didn't  
 fuck up the queue! Ever think of  
 that? Maybe the reason no one's  
 asking you to get married is  
 because you just fucking suck!

Evie, Zara, and Kira all sit there completely silent. Sierra  
 studies them hopeful for any type of answer.

SIERRA  
 Uhhh -

Zara takes the table wine and pours her glass to the rim.  
 Downs it.

**EXT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - FRONT**

The restaurant MANAGER (40's) shields the front door,  
 watching Maggie outside like a loose cannon.

Oscar finally takes his hands of guidance off her shoulders,  
 unimpressed.

OSCAR  
 Maggie, what the fuck was that?

MAGGIE  
 (slurred)  
 It was the bit, remember?

OSCAR  
 This was supposed to be fun. You  
 took it - I don't even know where  
 the hell you just took it.

MAGGIE  
 We moved the magnifying glass,  
 didn't we?

OSCAR  
 In a boomerang direction.

MAGGIE  
 Well, I for one, feel so much  
 better now.

OSCAR  
 (genuine)  
 Do you?

Maggie stops to think about that for a second.

MAGGIE

I guess I had a lot more pent up in me than I initially thought.

OSCAR

Maggie, you can't blame them for everything, you know?

Oscar puts his hands in his pockets, sighs under his breath, and starts walking away from her.

MAGGIE

What? It's their fault.

Maggie stands there. A drunken HICCUP. She starts stumbling the other way.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

It is their fault.

**INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Maggie lies in bed with her laptop on her chest and a tea towel as a bib, a takeout bag beside her.

She takes a bite of a burger.

On the laptop screen: Sierra's wedding photo preview. She flips through the photos of the bridesmaids all together. She zooms up on their faces: happy.

She scrolls over to her own face, studies it. Her smile can't mask the inner turmoil.

She closes her laptop.

She looks around her apartment, unsatisfied. She crawls under the covers and extends an arm out of her cocoon to shut off the light.

**INT. KIRA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

Kira gets ready for work. Throws on her uniform.

Her phone BUZZES on her nightstand. She opens to a text message from Oscar: "Who was I talking to, then?"

Kira smiles. She thinks about it for a second, sitting down on her bed.

She starts typing.

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

Evie twiddles her thumbs at her desk, frustrated in thought. She pulls up her email. Her mouse hovers over the subject: "REPORTING OSCAR NELSON!"

She analyzes the screenshots. Some shoddy Photoshop work.

Evie thinks about it for a moment. Squints for an idea. She opens up a blank presentation deck. She starts typing.

**INT. BUILDING - WAITING ROOM - DAY**

A narrow waiting room with similarly beautiful WOMEN sat along the wall all glued to their phones holding photos of themselves. A casting call.

Zara looks around impatiently. She pulls her phone to her ear. RINGS.

EVIE (O.S.)  
Hey, can't talk - meeting.

ZARA  
I just need a sec.

EVIE (O.S.)  
I can't. I'm working on a presentation.

ZARA  
Of what? I'm sure your end of report can wait.

CLICK. Zara looks down at her phone, offended. Scroll-taps. RINGS.

KIRA (O.S.)  
Hi.

ZARA  
I have an idea.

KIRA (O.S.)  
Love ideas, but I am actually getting ready to go on a date.

ZARA  
You're going on a date?

KIRA (O.S.)  
Yeah? Why wouldn't I be?



ZARA

I don't know. I just. Okay, hear me out. I think I know how we can get back at Maggie.

Silence.

ZARA (CONT'D)

Kir?

KIRA (O.S.)

We're still doing that?

ZARA

What do you mean? Of course we are. So, listen, you know how-

KIRA (O.S.)

I just - I think maybe we've already done more than we should have.

ZARA

But the wedding queue.

KIRA (O.S.)

Yeah... Maybe Maggie had a point. Maybe we should really just focus on... ourselves?

Zara's caught off guard. She looks around at the other girls silently judging her conversation.

ZARA

But Maggie -

KIRA (O.S.)

Zar, I've really gotta go. I'm going to be late.

Zara takes a moment. Accepts. Hangs up.

VOICE (O.S.)

Zara Patterson?

Zara snaps out of her train of thought. A blasé RECEPTIONIST (30's) holds out a form. Zara forces a work-smirk, gets up and grabs it.

**EXT. BUILDING - FRONT - DAY**

Pedestrian power-walk by the downtown skyscraper. Zara sits on a bench nearby smokers, casually trying to dodge the clouds.

She pulls her phone to her ear, frustrated. RINGS.

SIERRA (O.S.)

Hey, me and Ben are just about to go apple picking.

Zara's face judges it.

ZARA

Oh. I was just calling because I wanted to check in on the whole "Maggie" situation.

SIERRA (O.S.)

Uh, yeah, I've been meaning to talk to you about that.

ZARA

(interested)

Yeah?

SIERRA (O.S.)

When you told me what you guys were doing, I was on board, but I feel like it might have gone too far?

ZARA

Oh? I was actually thinking maybe we could set her up with -

SIERRA (O.S.)

Yeah, no. I think maybe we should leave her alone.

ZARA

But if -

SIERRA (O.S.)

No. No but. Listen, Zar - honestly, I don't know why you're so obsessed with this.

ZARA

Obsessed?

SIERRA (O.S.)

Well, this whole thing was your idea, right?

(MORE)

SIERRA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Which, listen, I want to see her  
happy with someone too, but -

ZARA  
Then we can keep -

SIERRA (O.S.)  
No, you've always been so invested  
in her romantic life. Maybe she's  
happy on her own. Maybe she's got  
one. I don't know, but it's not  
really our business. She made that  
clear.

Zara stops and thinks to herself.

ZARA  
Right.

SIERRA  
But see you this week?

ZARA  
Sure.

SIERRA  
I'm making apple cinnamon macaron -

Zara hangs up.

She sits there for a moment in a daze. She looks up to a  
flower shop across the street.

**INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Maggie, child's pose on her bed with her head under a pillow,  
GROANS in self loathing.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Maggie lifts the pillow. She waits and listens intently with  
a sense of routine.

From behind the door: sounds of CRINKLING as something's  
dropped on the floor. FOOTSTEPS leaving.

Maggie sighs in relief and walks up to the door. Opens it.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MAGGIE'S DOOR**

Maggie, without looking, routinely bends down to pick up her  
would-be food order, but instead: A bouquet of flowers.

Maggie shudders with realization, looking at the arrangement in complete repulsion.

MAGGIE  
What the fuck?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Maggie?

Maggie stands up, holding the flowers like they're dirty diapers. Zara turns around the corner, cautiously approaching.

MAGGIE  
What are you doing here?

ZARA  
I, uh. I need to apologize.

MAGGIE  
It's okay. I think I tipped the scales back enough that you don't have to.

ZARA  
No, I do. Maggie, this whole thing was my idea.

MAGGIE  
Why?

ZARA  
It wasn't Sierra's. Evie and Kira went along with it, sure. But, I was the one who orchestrated it. All of it.

MAGGIE  
What did I do to you?

ZARA  
I know, I know. I pushed for it the entire time. In fact everything that's happened so far, in a really fucked up way, is exactly what I'd hoped would happen. I never wanted or thought you'd get married all of the sudden. I'm not insane. Well... I just wanted to see for sure if - Or I wanted to, fuck. I don't know how to say it.

Maggie stares at Zara like she's a complete sociopath.

MAGGIE

What?

Zara approaches her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Why the fuck would you do this?

ZARA

Because-

Zara starts to jitter.

ZARA (CONT'D)

Ah, fuck it.

Zara puts her hand around Maggie's head and pulls her in for an intense **KISS**. Zara pulls back for a status check.

Maggie's mouth remains agape. She looks at Zara in complete disbelief.

ZARA (CONT'D)

Let me know if I'm reading into this wrong or -

Maggie grabs Zara's head back and jumps right back into the kiss. The two stumble attached at the mouth into Maggie's apartment. Her door flings shut.

**INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Maggie and Zara are still kissing, less clothing, now against a wall. Maggie stops mid-session.

MAGGIE

(still kinda pissed)

So, what? Your plan was to force me to come out?

ZARA

I don't know. Not consciously. I don't know why I was trying to push you instead of myself.

MAGGIE

What were you using me as your test subject?

ZARA

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to project. I shouldn't have done that.

Maggie looks at Zara, still in the heat of the moment. Fuck it. She goes back in for another embrace.

**INT. ZARA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Maggie and Zara are still making out, now on Zara's uncomfortably modern couch. Zara brushes hair from Maggie's face.

ZARA

You know I always had a thing for you, right? Didn't you notice that I was absurdly nice to you?

MAGGIE

Yeah, when we were younger?

ZARA

Then I started doing shit to see if it would make you jealous. Like dating guys. But you never seemed to care?

MAGGIE

I literally never even allowed myself the fantasy. I thought you actually hated me because of how you treated me.

ZARA

Well, that's kind of my style.

MAGGIE

That's really fucked up.

ZARA

I know. But at least we can make up for a million missed sleepover opportunities now.

Maggie SWOONS. She restarts the make out session with a new level of heat.

**INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Maggie and Zara continue to kiss against the fridge. Cheap magnets rain onto the ground below them carelessly.

Maggie slows down, looks at Zara.

MAGGIE

Can I ask you something?

Zara nods.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Why haven't you told anyone?

ZARA  
I guess I just thought one day I  
wouldn't have to.

MAGGIE  
How so?

ZARA  
I thought I'd find someone and then  
I wouldn't have to.

Maggie smiles.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
Like we could just be like, "Here  
we are," and that'd be that.

The tongue twister reignites.

**INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Maggie sits in bed blissfully drinking coffee while Zara buzzes around the apartment collecting belongings.

MAGGIE  
I was thinking about what you were  
saying. About being, like, "Here we  
are."

Zara's reaction is a little different outside the heat of the moment.

ZARA  
Yeah?

MAGGIE  
What if we, like you and I, did  
that.

ZARA  
Together?

Zara sits down on the bed, thinking.

MAGGIE  
I mean, yeah. Doesn't seem as  
scary, does it?

Zara smiles.

ZARA

No.

MAGGIE

Why not? What do we have to lose?

Zara bites her lip.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I mean I don't want to force you,  
but you kind of owe me there.

ZARA

I know, it's just -

MAGGIE

Do you really think they'd care?

ZARA

No. I guess I. Shit. You know what?  
Fuck it. Let's do it.

MAGGIE

Really?!

ZARA

(enthusiastic)  
Yeah!

MAGGIE

Okay. Wow. We're doing this.

Maggie sits up, excitedly.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

How should we do it though?  
Something causal, of course.

ZARA

Oooh, Kira keeps mentioning wanting  
to go on a picnic. Those girls  
fucking love picnics.

MAGGIE

Perfect. I think you should  
organize though, considering I'm  
probably blacklisted right now.  
Maybe, actually, I should just be a  
surprise guest.

Zara smiles. She pulls out her phone.



ZARA  
Branford Garden? Two-thirty?

Maggie smiles bigger.

Zara awkwardly grabs the rest of her stuff. Contemplates going for a goodbye kiss but walks toward the door instead, awkwardly.

She turns back before leaving, a contagious smile.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
Bye.

Zara leaves.

Maggie has an excitement-exorcism moment in the bed. Probably the first day she's been alone in quite a few.

She gets out of bed, starts blaring some pop music, and gets ready with newfound zest.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Zara walks down the street with a smile still clinging on. The smile fades as she spots a sign she recognizes.

She stops for a moment in contemplation. Enters the sub shop at the corner of the street.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

A picture perfect park day. PARK GOERS enjoy the lush landscape as dogs pull towards the food plates.

Sierra, dressed for the post, finishes setting up an elaborate picnic display.

Kira takes a photo of Evie putting a macaron up to her mouth. Kira reviews. Evie puts down the macaron and starts shoveling down a burrito.

EVIE  
Do you think it's wrong were doing this underneath the tree that old woman was mauled to death by a dog under?

SIERRA  
It's the only spot ever available. Guys, I'm really glad Zara planned this.

(MORE)

SIERRA (CONT'D)

You guys have all been seriously MIA since the dinner my sister got possessed by a drunk Barbie.

EVIE

I've got news!

KIRA

(excitedly)

Oh, me too! You go first.

EVIE

I'm - Well, I'm moving to London.

KIRA

(somehow already crying)

WHAT?

SIERRA

How? What do you mean?

EVIE

I don't know. I just started finding ways to tell my company they suck by pointing out their flaws, and it somehow got me a job with their security team in the London office?

KIRA

(sobbing)

Well, I mean. Congratulations?

SIERRA

Yeah, congrats! Holy shit!

EVIE

What's your news?

Kira collects herself, regains giddy.

KIRA

Uh, okay, well after that dinner I started texting Oscar, and he told me everything, how him and Maggie were just friends and were pranking us. And so, well, I kind of kept texting him? We're seeing each other is I guess what I'm saying.

Evie and Sierra look at each other quizzically. They look back to her, she's happy.

EVIE

I mean, that's good, right?

KIRA

Yeah. No, it is. It's really great. I feel like happy but relaxed? I think that's how I'd feel when I finally got married? Like, that would have magically locked down Callum, and he'd finally stop cheating on me.

SIERRA

That's not how that works.

KIRA

But it's so different with Oscar. I don't know. You guys think it's weird?

EVIE

Quasi, but I'm happy you're happy.

Sierra looks back and forth between Evie and Kira look at each other, deeply connected in their life realizations.

SIERRA

Guys, I'm bored.

The two look to her.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

(rant)

I mean, you leaving at least gives me the going away party to plan, which will be like 40 different tasks, but I am just like clawing at something to do, and Ben is always fucking working. Saving lives and shit, which is completely fair, but like -

Sierra takes a deep, ashamed breath.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

(confessional)

I talked to an AI chatbot yesterday while drinking a sangria alone. That's not okay.

Evie and Kira stare at Sierra, unsure how to react.

KIRA

Okay, that's literally insane and I really want to circle back to that, but since I've gone public with the Oscar thing, can he come to this?

SIERRA

What? Sure? I guess?

KIRA

Amazing.

Kira texts. Oscar comes from behind a tree, he's been there the whole time.

Evie and Sierra question it with their eyes. Oscar sits with the group, dives right into the food.

KIRA (CONT'D)

Okay, Sierra. Back to you.

SIERRA

(Re: Oscar)

Really?

EVIE

Uh, guys -

Evie nods into the distance.

All eyes shift as Maggie approaches the group, sending shade over the group. She looks fucking awesome.

**INT. SUB SHOP - DAY**

A line of customers wait anxiously as only one EMPLOYEE mans the check out.

Cosmo sits in uniform across from Zara, twiddling her thumbs.

ZARA

I just want you to know that it was not because of you. You're a really great guy. Most of the time.

COSMO

I don't get it. I can quit if you really want me to?

ZARA

No, I don't want to be with you.  
I'm just softening that by saying  
that it's not your fault that I  
don't want to be.

COSMO

Well, can you tell me why then? I  
think you owe me at least that.

Zara looks at him, testing.

COSMO (CONT'D)

You're like no other girl I've  
dated. You're weird and I want you  
to want me but -

ZARA

I, uh -

COSMO

You what?

Zara stares at him, her voice suddenly gone.

COSMO (CONT'D)

Zara?

Zara's confidence sizzles.

ZARA

I can't.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

Sierra, Evie, and Kira all study Maggie curiously as she  
stands awkwardly just outside on their giant picnic blanket.

SIERRA

Were you just walking by?

KIRA

You look great. Like, really great.

EVIE

Yeah, you do look really good  
actually.

Maggie twitches, unsure how to react.

MAGGIE

Thanks? I was not really expecting  
this.

KIRA

Not to discount the other night.  
You went full goblin on us. It's  
haunted me.

EVIE

Yeah, if you weren't Sierra's  
sister, I probably would have  
ruined your reputation. Globally. I  
know PR.

MAGGIE

That would have sucked. Can I?

Maggie points to an open spot in their triangle. They  
reluctantly nod out of sequence.

Maggie sits, her eyes quickly to the display of delicious  
premium-priced appetizers, thinks about asking, snaps out of  
it.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Never mind. I, uh, first came to  
apologize. The other night was  
wrong. I will own that. And I  
shouldn't have let my own personal  
demons roast you publicly.

EVIE

I'm willing to admit that what we  
did was pretty fucked up too.

KIRA

Likewise.

SIERRA

I still have questions.

Sierra looks to Oscar in particular.

MAGGIE

But that's not the only reason I  
came here today.

Maggie studies them. They've already started eating,  
distracted.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Anyone know where Zara is?

Kira wipes some cupcake off her mouth while checking her  
phone.

KIRA

What the fuck? Apparently she can't make it anymore?

SIERRA

She fucking organized this?! Do you know how much I spent on cheese?

EVIE

What's her excuse?

Maggie sinks into the grass, heartbroken.

KIRA

She said she had a last minute gig, which whatever, but it's like, who also plans a last minute picnic to begin with?

SIERRA

Don't even get me started on that bull shit.

Maggie, lost in her own thought, takes a moment. She clenches her eyes closed and bursts with forced confidence.

MAGGIE

Guys, I'm gay.

The group looks at her, still uninterruptedly eating. Oscar smiles.

**EXT. SUBWAY STOP - DAY**

Zara, discouraged, walks towards the subway entrance. She does a last-minute phone check. MESSAGE: KIRA: "CALL ME NOW! YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT!!!"

Zara stops, frozen.

She walks over to the side of a shop for some privacy. Takes a deep breath. Calls Kira.

KIRA (O.S.)

Finally! Okay, guess what? It's impossible to, but try!

Zara thinks for a second, already taken aback.

ZARA

I don't know? Ants stole your food?

KIRA  
Evie's moving to London!

ZARA  
Wait, what?

KIRA  
Yeah! Can you believe it? Guess she's not coming to my disco thirtieth. I just- I can't afford a ticket to go visit her. What if she doesn't come back?

ZARA  
Oh. That was the news?

KIRA  
Yeah! What do you mean? That's HUGE?!

ZARA  
Nothing else happened?

KIRA  
I mean, Maggie crashed the picnic and told us she was gay, but can you believe fucking Evie? I'm happy for her but common -

Zara smiles, tears well up a bit.

ZARA  
Me too.

KIRA  
Oh my god, are you crying? You're going to make me cry again.

Zara wipes a tear before it has the chance.

ZARA  
Listen, I've got to go. Work's calling.

KIRA  
(blabbering)  
I LOVE YOU!

Zara hangs up the phone. Makes another call.

ZARA  
(into phone)  
Barry? Hi, yeah, no I know.  
(MORE)



ZARA (CONT'D)  
I'm going to do it. But only if I  
can have one request.

**INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Maggie sits on the floor slumped against the wall, mentally unloading.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Maggie looks to the door, no intention of getting up.

KEYS. The door opens to Sierra.

SIERRA  
Hey.

She closes it behind her, walks over Maggie and slumps down beside her. She looks at her lovingly.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
I'd hope you know I wouldn't care,  
right? I'm never going to stop  
loving you.

MAGGIE  
Did you have any idea?

SIERRA  
I mean you always wanted to be  
Charlie when playing Charlie's  
Angels as kids.

Maggie cringes.

MAGGIE  
I should have just told you.

SIERRA  
You could have. Whatever. It's  
already literally in the past.

Maggie smirks.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Listen, I'm sorry for what they  
did. I, I wasn't pitched that. I  
wouldn't have done anything to make  
you feel uncomfortable.

MAGGIE  
No, I know. It's okay.

SIERRA

I do have a confession, though.

Maggie looks to her.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

When I threw the bouquet... I threw it to you.

MAGGIE

What?

SIERRA

I mean, I was the star pitcher of the female varsity baseball team. I know how to throw for fuck's sake.

MAGGIE

I know. Your lucky glove is still on the fireplace mantle.

Sierra proudly laughs reminiscently and then reverts back to big sister mode.

SIERRA

Know why I did it? I threw it to you because I wanted you to be open to the idea of love. Because you deserve it. I just want to see you happy.

Tears well in Maggie's eyes. They hug.

MAGGIE

I love you.

Sierra winks. She stands up and brushes herself off. That's enough floor time.

SIERRA

I love you too.

Maggie wipes a tear.

MAGGIE

And I'm sorry for reaming out your best friends.

Sierra walks to the door, looks back and smiles.

SIERRA

Ah, they probably needed to hear it.

Maggie cracks a laugh.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Are you going to be all right?

Maggie nods with confidence.

MAGGIE  
I think so.

Sierra leaves.

**INT. EVIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Evie's apartment has been condensed into several mountains of cardboard boxes. She finishes taping up one on the floor.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Evie walks over to the door and swings it open, uninterested. Zach stands coyly against the door frame.

EVIE  
Hi.

ZACH  
Hey. You said I left some stuff?

EVIE  
Yeah.

Evie swings open the door. She grabs a small box of various toiletries on display.

EVIE (CONT'D)  
It's genuinely concerning how you've gone so long without some of this stuff.

Zach grabs the box before noticing the stacks of boxes taking up the rest of the room.

ZACH  
Holy shit, how much did I leave?

EVIE  
No, it's just this.

ZACH  
You moving?

EVIE

(duh)  
Yeah.

ZACH

Well, let me know which hood you end up in if you ever feel like hooking up again.

Evie studies him like he's insane.

ZACH (CONT'D)

I finally got a Metro Pass.

EVIE

I don't think it's going to take you to where I'm going.

Evie tries to close the door, Zach stops it with puppy dog eyes.

ZACH

You know, today actually is our anniversary. Or, would have been.

Evie thinks about it for a moment. He's right.

EVIE

Huh. I guess it would have been.

She smiles to herself, proud for not remembering herself.

ZACH

See? I can -

EVIE

(cold)  
Bye, Zach.

She shuts the door in his face.

**INT. FITTING - DAY**

Zara stands like a human mannequin as stylists pin a garment around her. WORKERS rush among the fitting room in a frenzy.

ZARA

Ow, fuck!

STYLIST

Sorry. Last time, I promise.

Zara looks at her phone from her extended hand. The stylists move to a lower area. She brings the phone closer.

STYLIST (CONT'D)  
Okay, I'll be right back. Don't move.

ZARA  
(sarcastic)  
Can't wait.

Zara pulls up a new message with Maggie. She starts to type. Deletes. Types again. Deletes.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
Fuck.

She opens Google. Searches: "Apology templates." She rolls her eyes and just re-opens the blank message. Starts typing.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
I know I'm probably the last person  
you want to hear from right now,  
but-

STYLIST  
Okay, arms back out.

Zara SIGHS. She throws her phone to the side and complies.

#### **INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Maggie sits in bed with gel under-eye patches on. She watches some bad reality television show while eating sushi with chopsticks.

REALITY CONTESTANT (O.S.)  
(sobbing)  
I didn't think it would hurt this  
bad.

Maggie stops almost surprised that tears are starting to well up in her eyes.

MAGGIE  
(to herself)  
Shit.

She adjusts her under-eye patches then shuts the laptop.

Maggie pulls out her phone, hopeful. No new messages. She stares at the screen. Reluctantly pulls up a new message with Zara. She hesitates.

Mid-thought she brings another piece of sushi to her face only to have one of her gel under-eye patches slide down directly into her mouth.

Maggie nearly CHOKES on the eye patch. She coughs it up onto a counter. Deep breathes in a mix of relief and shame.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 This is how I die.

Maggie pulls up her phone again. Starts typing: "I almost just died. Not that you'd care." She immediately starts deleting that.

A CRACKLE of pebbles hitting a window. Maggie puts down her phone, curiously makes her way to her basement window. She steps on a shoe rack to peek out. Smiles at the sight.

**EXT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - BACK - NIGHT**

Parking lights preemptively light the sky as the orange melts into a dark purple.

Maggie sits on top of the picnic table with Oscar, a cluster of delivery bags between them.

MAGGIE  
 What was on the order for number  
 four today?

Oscar sifts through the bags. He pulls out a cake box, nods to her. She lifts the lid.

A sparkler-topped cake with "PROUD OF YOU" written on it.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
 (lovingly)  
 You nerd.

Oscar lights them. Maggie can't contain that his little surprise worked like a charm.

Oscar slides over the rest of the delivery bags.

OSCAR  
 He ordered a shit ton of "Taco  
 Fries" and a weird amount of  
 edamame.

MAGGIE  
Ah, yeah. I think he hosts poker  
tonight.

OSCAR  
(regretful)  
Yikes.

MAGGIE  
(comfortingly)  
They don't allow women over 40.

OSCAR  
Justified then. The cake was me  
though. I made an extra stop.

MAGGIE  
I would hope so.

Maggie smiles.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
So, you and Kira?

Oscar shrugs as if it's too good to be true.

OSCAR  
I guess some good came out of this  
whole thing?

Maggie's smile fades.

MAGGIE  
Yeah.

The two begin shoveling food in their faces.

Oscar takes note of Maggie's fading demeanor.

OSCAR  
You know, I knew you were gay, but  
I still matched with you on that  
dating app.

Maggie looks to him, confused.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
I guess I was hopeful things  
changed?

MAGGIE  
What?

OSCAR  
What I'm saying is, you're a catch  
Maggie Reilly.

Oscar playfully nudges her. Maggie almost spits out her food from a contained laugh.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
Don't let someone out there miss  
out on that.

Maggie leans her head on his shoulder.

MAGGIE  
You're right.

She shoves another huge bite into her mouth.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
(mouthful)  
I am a catch.

The two burst into laughter.

#### **INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Maggie sits in front of a full-length mirror, getting ready with a newfound sense of purpose.

She stands up, looks herself up and down with confidence.

MAGGIE  
(to herself)  
Here I am.

She grabs a jacket and heads out the front door.

#### **INT. GAY BAR - NIGHT**

A dive-y gay bar that's no where near hitting capacity. Few WOMEN mingle on the dance floor.

Sierra and Maggie sit on bar stools sipping cocktails. Sierra, continually tries to catch the eyes of passersby, to no avail.

MAGGIE  
Sierra, stop it.

SIERRA  
What? How have I not been hit on  
once?



MAGGIE

I can't believe I'm here with you  
right now.

SIERRA

Maybe if you just go wander for a  
bit. I think people think I'm with  
you.

MAGGIE

(offended)

Who are we here for?

SIERRA

Sorry. This is so fun. We have so  
much to cover. Like what is your  
ideal girl?

Maggie cringes.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

What about high pony, stage right?

MAGGIE

I don't know. This is weird. Please  
stop.

Maggie swivels her cocktail. Sierra can sense her  
distraction.

SIERRA

Have you already met her?

Maggie looks to Sierra.

MAGGIE

Kind of.

SIERRA

Spill! Tell me! You've been holding  
out for me for forever, projectile  
that shit on me.

MAGGIE

I can't. It's complicated.

SIERRA

Because you think I wouldn't like  
her?

MAGGIE

No, trust me. You would like her.

SIERRA

Then what's the problem? Invite her out!

MAGGIE

That is the problem. She's not out. I thought maybe me coming out would nudge her, but she doesn't care as much as I do. Clearly.

The reminder of Zara is an instant visible buzz kill for Maggie.

SIERRA

Well, I don't know if I'd be too big of a fan of anyone who makes you feel like this.

MAGGIE

How do I make it stop?

SIERRA

Make what stop?

MAGGIE

It's like I got this expansion pack of emotions that I did not ask for, and it fucking sucks. It feels more like a virus.

Sierra downs her drink.

SIERRA

Cheers to that.

MAGGIE

I thought Ben was perfect?

SIERRA

Oh, he is, but it was an insanely long audition process, you know? Believe me, the virus is going to fuck up your hardware one way or another.

MAGGIE

Yeah. I don't know. I think I'm going to call it a night. This isn't really how I want to meet someone.

SIERRA

Wait, no! We're going to Evie's going away party tonight!

MAGGIE

Were you going to tell me or just drag me? Isn't she leaving in like three weeks?

SIERRA

It's part one. Everyone's going to be there. Please. You never know who you're going to meet-

MAGGIE

Is Zara going?

SIERRA

If she didn't she would be starting a friendship forest fire.

Maggie thinks about it for a second.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Forget that girl. If she wanted to be with you, she'd be here right now.

Advice backfire.

MAGGIE

I think I'm just going to go home.

Maggie collects her things and gets up. Sierra sits with no intention of moving.

SIERRA

Well you know who you're going to meet there? No one.

MAGGIE

And I pay for exactly that!

Sierra shakes her head as she exits. Fixes her hair. She looks around the room for any eyes on her.

#### **INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Maggie schleps herself around the apartment, organizing clothes, toothbrush in her mouth, foam drool.

A DING from her laptop catches her attention. She goes over, jolts the mouse. New email. She opens it. A new work brief.

She wipes her mouth and runs her toothbrush back before pulling the laptop onto her in the bed.

MAGGIE  
 (to herself)  
 What groundbreaking piece of  
 digital art are we conjuring up  
 this evening?

Maggie scans the creative brief. An attached zip file of images. She opens, startled at first.

The images click through on the screen. Cliche and overacted stock photos of: Zara.

Maggie nearly CHOKES on her own spit.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 What the fuck?

The images grow in absurdity: Zara holding a "SORRY" balloon, Zara holding up a drawn sad face in front of her own, Zara looking out a rainy window. Zara dressed as a sad clown.

Maggie BURSTS into laughter. Her smile nearly levitates her.

She scans the email. It's a throwaway.

Maggie slams her laptop down and jumps out of bed. She starts speed-getting ready.

She calls Sierra then puts her phone on speaker on the nightstand. The ringing screen of her overjoyed selfie.

**INT. SUB SHOP - NIGHT**

Cosmo sits, wildly unimpressed, across from Zara, dressed for a night on the town. Again, the sub shop is in complete dismay without Cosmo's naive absence.

ZARA  
 Okay, let's try this again.

COSMO  
 Really? I swear this time I'll be  
 more -

ZARA  
 No, sorry. That's not what I meant.

COSMO  
 What the fuck do you want from me?

ZARA  
You're a really great guy Cosmo,  
and you don't deserve to think any  
less of yourself because -

COSMO  
Because?

ZARA  
I'm not being truthful with you.

COSMO  
Are you, like -

ZARA  
Like what?

COSMO  
Dying?

Zara stares at his face of dead seriousness. She recoils.

ZARA  
No.

She shakes her head to herself.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
I'm in love with someone. Else.

COSMO  
Okay?

ZARA  
And it's a girl.

Cosmo studies her.

COSMO  
Well, shit.

Zara's surprised by the reaction.

COSMO (CONT'D)  
I can't compete with that.

Zara smiles in relief.

ZARA  
I really did like you though,  
Cosmo. I just wasn't being honest  
with myself.

Cosmo nods.

ZARA (CONT'D)

I never really cared that you worked here. I fucking love this place.

COSMO

Same.

ZARA

I'm sorry for wasting your time.

Zara stands up and starts walking away.

COSMO

Hey.

ZARA

Yeah?

COSMO

I appreciate you telling me.

Zara nods, happy with herself for once.

**INT. KARAOKE BAR - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

A zoo of sounds emit from each closed off room, varying degrees of drunk harmonizing.

Maggie runs down the hallway, hesitating in front of each door to recognize the singing/song choice.

She tries calling Sierra to no avail.

One SHRIEK in the distance registers familiar. She bolts over and swings open the door to:

**INT. KARAOKE ROOM - NIGHT**

Sing-WAILS erupt through the speakers of a leather bench-walled Karaoke room. 8-bit highlighting words fill the giant screen glowing the room into sight.

Sierra fights over the microphone with the confidence only a private karaoke room can warrant against another GIRL (20s).

Maggie walks in.

She scans the room. She spots Evie and Kira. No Zara. Maggie's energy dwindles.

Maggie grabs a beer from an ice bucket. She walks over to the bench and sits alone, defeated.

Sierra's song comes to a close. The group CLAPS, Maggie halfheartedly.

SIERRA

You came!

MAGGIE

Yeah -

SIERRA

Let's do Jessica and Ashlee!  
Please? Basement counter stage  
style?

Maggie smirks.

MAGGIE

Maybe in a bit.

Maggie looks again to the empty spot aside Kira and Evie, a growing sting.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

The hustle of the city is in full night out swing. Cars idle bumper-to-bumper. Party-goers stumble throughout the intersections.

Zara, on a mission, half-eaten sub gripped in hand, bolts through the crowds.

EVIE (O.S.)

I just wanted to thank everyone for  
coming out tonight.

Zara runs across the street to a symphony of HONKS.

**INT. KARAOKE ROOM - NIGHT**

Evie stands in front of her half-in-the-bag friends and coworkers with the microphone in hand.

EVIE

You haven't gotten rid of me quite  
yet, but I can't wait to have a  
proper send off with each and every  
one of you before I go.

Kira's a blubbering mess.

GIRL (O.S.)  
We love you, Evie!

EVIE  
Love you too. Okay, who's up next?

Maggie gets up to leave.

Zara bolts through the door, grabbing the room's attention, out of breath.

Maggie lights up. Their meet eyes.

KIRA  
ZARA!

ZARA  
One second.

Zara walks over and grabs the microphone from Evie.

KIRA  
Oh my god, she's going to do "Black Velvet"!

ZARA  
I'm not -

KIRA  
Everyone, you *have* to hear Zara do this song, it gives me CHILLS. Seriously.

GIRL #1 (O.S.)  
(offended)  
Uh, I'm next??!

GIRL #2 (O.S.)  
(bitchy)  
Yeah, there's a queue.

Zara holds the microphone to her mouth.

ZARA  
FUCK THE QUEUE!

Zara looks to Maggie, she smiles.

The cheapened vocal-less track of a classic 80's love song starts to play over the speakers. The words highlight in sequence, ignored, behind Zara.

Zara looks at her compact audience, takes a breath.



ZARA (CONT'D)

Evie -

Evie puts her hand to her heart, triggering Kira's weeping once again.

ZARA (CONT'D)

When I first heard you were leaving, I thought, "Well, fuck!"

GUY (O.S.)

(drunkenly)

Hear! Hear!

ZARA

Not because of this incredible, life changing opportunity you have. That, I'm really proud of you for. I thought, "fuck!" because, well, I've taken for granted decades of unlimited time with you.

Evie looks to Zara, confused.

ZARA (CONT'D)

With all of you.

Zara looks to Evie, Sierra, and Kira who dart glances to one another suspicious to where this is going.

ZARA (CONT'D)

You guys have been nothing but amazing to me, and I've wasted that because I never really let any of you in. The idea of one of my most loyal cheerleaders missing any future milestone sucks, which is why I want to make sure that I get this one out of the way first.

Kira leans over to Evie.

KIRA

(whispering)

Maybe she's gonna do "Hey Mickey!"

Zara takes a moment.

ZARA

I'm in love.

The confused faces continue to contort.

ZARA (CONT'D)

And the person I'm in love with is  
in this room.

Maggie smiles.

Evie stands up, awkward.

EVIE

Zar - Listen, I love you too and  
I'm beyond flattered, believe me,  
but -

Zara cringes.

ZARA

No, fuck. No, not you. I love you  
but not like that.

EVIE

Oh.

Zara collects herself from the sidestep.

The music SWELLS into the chorus.

ZARA

Maggie.

Sierra is putting the pieces together. She GASPS.

EVIE

Wait, what?

ZARA

I'm sorry.

Tears well in Maggie's eyes. Eyes dart toward her.

ZARA (CONT'D)

I know that I really fucked up our  
origin story, and I would  
completely understand if it's  
actually our finale. I deserve that  
but when you caught the bouquet at  
Sierra's wedding, I freaked out.

Evie and Kira look to one another.

ZARA (CONT'D)

I freaked out because I thought  
what if you do meet the love of  
your life, and it's not me.

Maggie smiles.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
 My execution isn't always, well,  
 redeemable, but I know what I want,  
 and I want -

Maggie walks up to Zara, grabs the microphone from her hand and places it back in its holster. She shuts her up mid-sentence with one head-grab of a kiss.

The room is silent, in shock.

The two smile at one another, look around awkwardly to the mouth agape room.

Maggie leans into the microphone.

ZARA (CONT'D)  
 Here we are?

MAGGIE  
 Deal with it.

The room bursts into APPLAUSE.

Kira's transitioned to happy blubbering. Evie smiles proudly. Sierra is on cloud fucking nine.

**EXT. KARAOKE BAR - FRONT - NIGHT**

Evie, Kira, Sierra, Zara, and Maggie all sit on a bus bench winding down from the night.

KIRA  
 Zara, I know you're competitive,  
 but this is a bit much to jump the  
 wedding queue.

ZARA  
 (lovingly)  
 Fuck off.

EVIE  
 Ugh, I'm gonna miss you guys.

KIRA  
 Don't -

EVIE  
 But I'm happy that's all I'll have  
 to do.

(MORE)

EVIE (CONT'D)

I don't have to worry about any of you. That's a good feeling to tap out on.

Sierra throws her arms around the girls.

SIERRA

Lucky number five.

The girls embrace.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

You know in numerology, that means pursuit of freedom.

Zara rolls her eyes, sarcastically.

ZARA

Free me from this sweaty octopus tangle, please!

Sierra laughs.

DING! DING! Oscar rides up on his bike with a box of pizza in the back. The girls' eyes all light up.

OSCAR

Who wants dibs on these pizza orphans?

The girls lunge for a slice and start shoveling it down back in their positions.

EVIE

This is such a better outcome than you murdering Maggie.

MAGGIE

Yeah, we still need to go over what your strategy was in that scenario

-

KIRA

On that note.

Kira excitedly jumps on the back of Oscar's bike. Gives a salute.

KIRA (CONT'D)

(mouthful)

Love you guys!

SIERRA

Be safe.

The two uncoordinatedly bike off into the distance.

EVIE  
Shit, my Uber's here.

A car pulls up, Evie does a goodbye round of hugs. She walks up to the car door, does one final look at her friends. Smiles.

EVIE (CONT'D)  
Pretty solid opening ceremony to my departure, I'd say.

SIERRA  
(to herself)  
I don't know how I'm going to top this. Fuck.

Evie gets into the car as it veers off into the slow after midnight traffic.

Sierra sits between Zara and Maggie, beaming. The two observe her, embarrassed.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Seriously though, how am I going to top this?

She looks at Zara and Maggie, instantly taken back to love-contagion mode.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Ah, this is going to be so fun!

ZARA  
Don't jinx it.

SIERRA  
I have so much more planning to do now.

Sierra thinks for a moment, becomes serious. She gets up.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
But actually.

She takes another look at Zara and Maggie, smiles, then starts walking away tapping at her phone.

Maggie and Zara sit on the bench. Take a deep breath of relief. Smile.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
I still wouldn't consider myself a  
superstitious person.

They slowly slide closer to one another.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But I do know now that  
consequences, good or bad, require  
action.

Maggie looks to Zara. She returns the look.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And sometimes that action can end  
up being explosive.

The two gently kiss.

#### **INT. PENTHOUSE WEDDING - NIGHT**

An elegant black tie affair with the guests dipping in deep  
to the bubbly.

The overgrown goatee hair of Xander bristles the microphone  
grille. He's living the dream with his low-end DJ set up.

XANDER  
Hope everyone's having a good  
night. Imma slow it down for y'all.

Maggie and Zara, their personalities on full display in  
white, chuckle to one another by a tiered cake.

Maggie can't take her eyes off Zara who's basking in the  
room's attention.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
I wasn't the next to get married.  
Or the second. In fact, we surfed  
the wedding wave for a good five  
years before I finally said yes.

Maggie leans in and kisses Zara on the cheek.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But hey, if relationships are about  
compromise, and if mine is  
celebrating *this* forever?

The two look around the room, lovingly.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Then I finally got lucky for once.

The music stops.

XANDER (O.S.)  
Can I get the bride-suh to come up  
to the stage, please?

Maggie's smile fades. She looks over to Xander and shakes her head.

Zara laughs.

MAGGIE  
One second.

Maggie runs up to the stage.

XANDER  
How did you want to do the bouquet  
toss? I've never done it with two  
brides before.

MAGGIE  
No bou-

XANDER  
We could do a monkey in the middle  
sort of thing?

MAGGIE  
What? No.

Xander leans into the microphone. He starts to raise a bouquet as dance floor bait.

XANDER  
Can I get all of -

Maggie stops him, aggressively.

MAGGIE  
Xander, no airborne arrangements  
tonight, got it?

Maggie grabs the bouquet.

XANDER  
Okay, okay. Any song suggestions at  
least?

Maggie whispers into his ear.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Oh, you tryin' to start a party? I see you.

Maggie smiles.

Xander spins a track, which is immediately followed by SHRIEKS of joy.

The dance floor populates quickly.

Maggie walks to the side of the stage, taking the wedding into view. She watches Zara, Kira, Sierra, and Evie all dancing and poorly lip-syncing in the middle. She smiles.

She looks over to a FLOWER GIRL (8), sitting by herself at one of the tables, swinging her feet back and forth on the chair.

Maggie walks over to her with the bouquet, crouches down in front of her like some sort of sports huddle.

MAGGIE

Hey.

FLOWER GIRL

Hi. You look really pretty.

MAGGIE

So do you. See this?

Maggie points to the bouquet.

FLOWER GIRL

Ya!

MAGGIE

Catch.

Maggie gently tosses it into her eagerly open arms.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Know what that means?

FLOWER GIRL

I get to keep them?

MAGGIE

Yeah, but it's also much more symbolic than that.

This girl doesn't know what symbolic means.



MAGGIE (CONT'D)

It means that love is going to find you no matter what. You know why?

FLOWER GIRL

Why?

MAGGIE

Because you deserve it.

The girl smiles.

Maggie looks back at the dance floor. Zara is waving her over to join.

She looks back to the flower girl with a nod then grooves her way to Zara, Kira, Evie, and Sierra.

The group dance their hearts out.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

I still don't believe in weddings.  
In fact, I think they're a crock of  
shit.

The girls start a childhood dance routine that causes some unwarranted gawks from other guests.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But what I do believe in, is that  
love like this deserves  
celebration. I just hope it never  
ends.

Maggie dips it low, subtly putting one hand out towards the floor.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Knock on wood.

She knocks on wood.

CUT TO:

BLACK.