

# Sisters

Iris Sobottke

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sobottkeiem@gmail.com

MODERN DAY: PORTLAND, OR: LATE EVENING, OUTSIDE A TYPICAL  
SUBURBAN MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE

Doorbell rings

We see EMILIA (22) waiting outside the front door with a  
bottle of port held carefully in both her hands, looking  
expectant.

Door opens after a pause.

MATHENA

Hey! You're on time!

EMILIA

(Playfully) Excuse me, I am always on  
time...Mostly. But I brought a bottle  
of port from work.

EMILIA holds up the bottle of port into the front porch light

MATHENA

Even better. I'll put it in the globe.

MATHENA (28) steps back, grabbing the bottle of port from  
EMILIA. EMILIA walks into the house, looking around, a bit  
uncomfortable at the fine furnishings and pristine living  
room.

EMILIA

The globe? What does that even mean?

MATHENA walks directly back to the corner of the living room,  
gesturing to an old vintage looking globe on a tall roller  
stand. MATHENA smirks at EMILIA as she opens the top half of  
the globe to reveal a secret bar held in the hollow.

EMILIA

What the fuck!? When did you get that?  
That is too cool.

MATHENA

COURTNEY gave it to me for my  
birthday. I know she's my best friend  
and all, but sometimes I think she  
knows me entirely too well.

EMILIA

Really MATHENA... anyone can tell just  
by looking at you that you're  
pretentious, ostentatious and

Bourgeoisie as fuck.

MATHENA

I will take all of those descriptions as compliments. And congratulations on using such expansive vocabulary by the way, it is much improved from the last time I saw you. Although you did ruin it with the "as fuck" bit at the end.

EMILIA

Yes, well. What can I say? I'm a millennial. Everything is described to be "...as fuck" these days.

MATHENA closes the globe, walking to the kitchen.

MATHENA

You want a martini? Dinner is still in the oven, and I'm sure it will be a while until RENATA gets here.

EMILIA follows MATHENA to the kitchen, sitting on a bar stool and watches MATHENA open the freezer.

EMILIA

Sure, I guess. I don't know that I've had a martini before though.

MATHENA whirls around at this statement.

MATHENA

Never had a martini! what kind of life have you been living up until this point?

EMILIA

A minimum wage one. I'm a waitress, not some Dean at a Medical University like my sister here.

EMILIA points at MATHENA

MATHENA

Well then allow me as your big sister to be the first to introduce you to the drink that is the dry gin martini with a twist.

MATHENA turns back and grabs a bottle of gin from the freezer.

EMILIA

What? You don't keep your gin in the globe?

MATHENA

Don't be absurd. Gin is best kept in the freezer. I'm not a barbarian.

EMILIA rolls her eyes and laughs watching as MATHENA artistically makes two martinis.

MATHENA

So...

MATHENA continues as she adds vermouth and dumps the contents into the sink.

MATHENA

Have you even heard that RENATA is coming tonight? I mean, I texted her last week, and she said she would be here...but you know how that goes.

EMILIA crosses her arms, digging her nails into the palms of her hands. Her typical stance that showcases her awkwardness.

EMILIA

Yeah, she just texted me before I got here. Said she would be a little late, but she's for sure coming.

MATHENA rolls her eyes, pushing the finished martini in EMILIA's direction. EMILIA picks it up and takes a quick sip.

MATHENA

"A little late", that could literally mean anything from she'll be here in a few minutes to tomorrow morning. Our sister has no concept of time.

EMILIA winces at the comment or the strong alcohol. It's hard to tell.

EMILIA

Yeah... well. You know she's always been that way. And she is trying. It's just harder for her. But I think this is a good idea... this Girl's Night thing.

MATHENA takes more of a gulp than a sip from her martini,

arching her eyebrows.

MATHENA

Yeah, well if anything, we'll be able to keep better track of her if we make it a weekly thing.

EMILIA

And... I think it would be nice if the three of us could be close again. Like when we were kids?

EMILIA looks at MATHENA pointedly. MATHENA looks back, setting down her martini, giving a smile that doesn't quite reach her eyes.

MATHENA

We'll see.

Doorbell rings

MATHENA

(with sarcasm) Oh my, who could that be. Surely not RENATA.

EMILIA laughs halfheartedly, gets up and walks to the front door.

EMILIA

Stop being a bitch already.

EMILIA says this jokingly, except not really.

The doorbell rings in rapid fire five more times despite the short distance EMILIA walks until she opens the front door.

EMILIA

Hey! Look who's here!

EMILIA says this with true joy, grabbing RENATA (26) into a quick hug before stepping back. RENATA hesitates in the doorway.

RENATA

Well yeah, I said I was coming.

RENATA steps inside, drops a full duffel bag on the living room floor. EMILIA closes the front door.

RENATA

Jesus Christ... It's like a goddamn

museum in here... or a funeral home, I can't decide which.

MATHENA

Been in many funeral homes have you?

MATHENA walks in from the kitchen, martini glass stem grasped firmly in hand.

MATHENA

I suppose that wouldn't surprise me.  
What's with the duffel bag? You trying to move in?

RENATA sighs and flops down on the couch in the living room, tucking her combat boots underneath her. MATHENA looks at the offensive boots on her furnishings with distaste.

RENATA

Thanks for the offer, but no. My washer broke and I have some laundry to do. I knew you wouldn't mind.

MATHENA

Did you happen to bring anything else with you? Aside from the duffel bag full of dirty clothes?

RENATA

Like what?

MATHENA

I did tell you it was a dinner party right?

RENATA

Right... Dinner Party means dinner included...

MATHENA says nothing, walks back into the kitchen.

EMILIA

I think what she means is most people bring something extra to a dinner party. You know to be polite.

RENATA

Well excuse me, I didn't realize this was a swanky event; I thought it was just a "sisters thing." If she wanted us to bring something then she should

have said potluck. Did you bring something?

EMILIA looks down guiltily

EMILIA  
I did bring some port from work.

MATHENA yells from the kitchen.

MATHENA  
It's fine, don't worry about it. I'll throw together a salad or some shit.

RENATA  
Well if your taking votes, I prefer the salad.

MATHENA walks in from the kitchen, sits on the lazy boy, martini still in hand.

MATHENA  
The prime rib is still an hour away, so I'll start the salad later.

RENATA looks up at MATHENA, confusion written across her features.

RENATA  
Is prime rib all were having?

MATHENA  
and port... and apparently salad. Sorry, but I did ask you guys to bring something.

RENATA  
What am I supposed to eat then? Aside from a thrown together salad?

MATHENA  
Sorry? Prime rib not up to your standards?

Again, MATHENA eyes the combat boots on the leather furniture.

EMILIA  
MATHENA are you trying to be funny?

MATHENA looks genuinely confused. Looking from RENATA to

EMILIA

MATHENA

Not presently. Why? What am I missing?

RENATA

Oh, I don't know, maybe the fact that I'm a vegetarian, and I don't eat meat.

MATHENA sets her martini down on the adjacent table.

MATHENA

Seriously? Since when.

RENATA

Only for about 16 years now.

MATHENA

Oh wait, are you referring to that time when we were kids and you watched Food Inc. and Supersize Me back to back and then proclaimed that you were a vegetarian?

RENATA

Uh, yeah actually. That's exactly the point in time that I became a vegetarian.

MATHENA

And you've been one since?

RENATA

Yes! I'm sorry, but how can you not know this? I have literally never eaten meat since that day. You have never seen me eat meat and I'm sure I've told you only a billion times that I am a vegetarian!

MATHENA

Don't you like, still eat bacon though?

RENATA

Bacon is a different matter entirely.

EMILIA

It's true, bacon is a different matter. That's stuff is the essence of



life.

MATHENA

Well sorry, I am fresh out of bacon.  
Never did much like the stuff.

RENATA and EMILIA stare at MATHENA with equally horrified looks on their faces. MATHENA rolls her eyes.

MATHENA

I probably have some tofu and rice  
somewhere. I can make you some stir  
fry.

RENATA's mood immediately brightens.

RENATA

Thank you. Oh, and fix me whatever  
that is.

RENATA gestures to the martini on the table.

EMILIA

(with confidence) It's a dry martini  
with a twist.

RENATA waves her hand dismissively.

RENATA

Yeah whatever, alcohol. I'll take some  
alcohol and stir fry. Oh, and could  
you throw my laundry into the wash;  
just wait until I tell you about the  
week that I have had...

KITCHEN, APPROXIMATELY HALF AND HOUR LATER.

EMILIA and RENATA are sitting on bar stools, EMILIA still sipping the majority of her martini. RENATA has given up and mixed hers with Redbull and MATHENA is on her second, prepping the stir fry.

EMILIA

So to conclude, RICHARD is a dick.

RENATA

I know, I know. Surprise. Surprise. I  
just wanted to give it one more shot  
you know?

MATHENA

By going on a cruise? With a person you were pretty sure you were going to break up with anyway?

RENATA

It was a motherfuckin cruise, which he was paying for. I figured the least I could do was let him wine and dine me before I decided to break up with him "officially."

RENATA makes air quotes around the word "officially"

MATHENA

See, that's what I don't get. There's either together or broken up. There is no in between. I never understood that whole, "on a break thing."

RENATA

Yes, well relationships are complicated. You'd know, if you were in one.

MATHENA sets down the spatula she was cooking with and looks at RENATA pointedly.

MATHENA

I have chosen to focus on my career instead of shallow and inconsequential relationships.

EMILIA

You can't do both?

MATHENA picks up the spatula, resumes cooking.

MATHENA

Apparently not. In my line of work, men have very fragile egos and get their feelings hurt easily by women in positions of power. Did he really break your phone though?

RENATA, in the midst of taking another drink.

RENATA

What?

MATHENA

RICHARD. You said he broke your phone.  
Or you think he did.

RENATA take another long swig. Finishes the drink.

RENATA

Well, I left it out on the dinner  
table when I went to the bathroom.

EMILIA

After you told him you "officially"  
wanted to break up with him.

RENATA

Yes. And when I came back, it was back  
in my purse, the screen completely  
smashed. When I asked him about it, he  
said he didn't know, that maybe it was  
already like that.

MATHENA

How old is this guy again?

RENATA

I know right. After that it was  
basically torture. No one tells you  
about the super tiny cabins, lack of  
space and lack of privacy on these  
cruise ships. I spent the remainder of  
the trip on deck as much as possible.  
Oh! And did I tell you he left me on  
an island?

MATHENA and EMILIA stop at this and look at RENATA

MATHENA

An island?

EMILIA

How?

RENATA

Well we stopped at this port in  
Mexico, and there was this peninsula  
that they were boating people out to,  
and we both went. Anyway we got into  
this huge fight; I was upset with him  
because he had used all my drink  
tickets...

MATHENA

The man must have had a death wish.

EMILIA

To steal all your drink tickets... I'm surprised you didn't lead with that.

RENATA

Right! Anyway, he left, saying he needed to clear his head. I thought he meant like take a walk or some shit. But apparently, "clearing his head" meant taking the motherfuckin boat back to the mainland...without me!

MATHENA

They came back for you right?

RENATA

Well obviously, I'm here right? Yeah, they sent another boat and I made it back to the cruise ship, but seriously? Who abandons their girlfriend on a peninsula in Mexico?!

EMILIA

Well, technically you guys were still on a "break" right. So maybe he saw it as, abandoning his sorta, kind of, almost, was once, but still is girlfriend on a peninsula in Mexico.

EMILIA and MATHENA both laugh and high five. RENATA is not amused.

RENATA

Fuck both of you, and your little high five.

MATHENA still laughing.

MATHENA

Relax relax, we know RICHARD is a douchebag.

EMILIA

(in agreement) Yeah, DICK is a total dick.

RENATA smiling a little.

RENATA

Yes, well. Thanks for that. And hey if anything, it forced me to finally upgrade my piece of shit phone.

RENATA, digging into her jacket pocket, goes to pull out her new phone when she stops and smiles.

RENATA

Oh hey! I totally forgot! Who says I didn't bring anything to this Dinner Partay.

RENATA holds up a plastic bag of weed. EMILIA smiles but MATHENA immediately shakes her head.

MATHENA

No way, absolutely not. Not in my house.

RENATA rolls her eyes. EMILIA looks disappointed.

RENATA

Seriously? You couldn't sound more like Mom if you tried.

EMILIA

Oh come on MATHENA, when is the last time you smoked?

MATHENA

I only smoke on special occasions. Like my Birthday, or Christmas, or... Arbor Day.

RENATA drops the bag of weed on the bar, a look of disbelief on her face.

RENATA

So let me get this straight, you'll smoke for Jesus and trees, but you won't smoke for a bonding experience with your sisters?

MATHENA has finished the stir fry and is dumping it into a serving bowl.

MATHENA

We bond plenty. Why does everything have to be about weed and drinking with you.

RENATA

Woah, ok. That was aggressive. Who says that everything is about weed and drinking with me?

EMILIA with a panicked look on her face.

EMILIA

You guys, seriously can we just not do this. Were supposed to be having a fun Sister's Night, not fighting.

EMILIA turns to RENATA

EMILIA

Look, this is MATHENA's house, I think we should respect her wishes...

MATHENA

Thank you.

EMILIA

...so maybe, we don't smoke in the house, we smoke on the deck...

MATHENA rolls her eyes, goes to check the prime rib in the oven.

MATHENA

Don't you guys ever get sick of doing the same things all the time? I mean really, I feel like every time I open Instagram, all I see is the two of you getting drunk and high once a week. Are we not adults now?

RENATA

Fuck yeah were adults, but were also really fuckin cool adults that like to have a really cool fuckin time.

MATHENA closes the oven, the prime rib is not done yet.

MATHENA

Yeah, well some of us have to worry about random drug testing and I for one like my job.

RENATA

Bitch please, you work at a Naturopath Medical College in Portland, I mean

your logo is nothing but green, green, green. I'm sure that 95% percent of the people you work with are hotboxing in their Priuses during their two hour lunch break while they drink kombucha and talk about things like white privilege and hacky sacking.

MATHENA snatches up her martini and takes a big gulp.

EMILIA

Do they really drug test you at work?

MATHENA

Not consistently...no...but I mean there's always a possibility that we could be drug tested. Just because weed is legal in Oregon does not mean that we don't have to worry about Federal Law.

RENATA

Federal law, good god you really need to get laid. You know what, you should most definitely smoke tonight and potentially every night after tonight until you find yourself a man that can provide a decent enough distraction for you from all of these hypotheticals you find yourself obsessed with.

MATHENA is starting to loose her cool.

MATHENA

I am not obsessed. I simply like to be focused.

RENATA is about to respond with a potentially escalating comment when the timer goes off in the oven.

EMILIA

Oh good!! The prime rib must be done.

EMILIA grateful for the opening, hops of the bar stool and opens the oven. MATHENA and RENATA continue to stare at each other, each unwilling to look away first.

EMILIA

You know what, let me help you carve the rib, I have to do it all the time

at work and I could always use the practice.

RENATA snatches up her weed from the bar and storms outside to the back deck. MATHENA takes one last gulp of her martini and goes directly to the cabinet for her secret stash of dark chocolate pretzels, shoving two in her mouth. MATHENA catches EMILIA's glance in her direction.

MATHENA

What?!

EMILIA smiles, teeth clenched.

EMILIA

Nothing

OUTSIDE HOUSE, BACK DECK, APPROX. 15 MIN. LATER

RENATA is smoking a rolled joint, taking deep breaths. EMILIA walks out of the house, closing the back door behind her, she walks up beside RENATA, says nothing.

RENATA

(after a pause) Seriously, what is with her. It would take some serious strength to pull out the colossal stick that is up her ass.

EMILIA

(parrots)...(hesitates)... Yeah... well. You know she's always been that way. And she is trying. It's just harder for her you know? But I think this is a good idea... this Girl's Night thing...

RENATA

Yeah, whoop whoop. Girl's Night. Sometimes I wonder if she even likes us.

EMILIA

Of course she likes us... I mean she loves us, we're her sisters...

RENATA takes a long drag of her blunt.

RENATA

That's not what I mean. Of course she says she loves us, she has to, because



to say the opposite would mean admitting that she's an asshole, which Miss Perfect would never do. I mean, does she "like" us. Like, if the three of us weren't related, would be even be friends? Would we even hang out?

EMILIA

(with complete conviction) I would hang out with you. We would still be friends.

RENATA looks at EMILIA and smiles a true smile.

RENATA

I know kid. You're solid. You would be my first choice. It's just, MATHENA is so hard to get close to, to the point that I don't think she wants us to be close with her.

RENATA hands EMILIA the blunt, EMILIA looks back at the house, back to RENATA and shakes her head no. RENATA rolls her eyes, takes another drag.

RENATA

Meanwhile, you still look up to her and think the sun shines out of her asshole.

EMILIA

It's not that. It's just, MATHENA has always been good at the whole "adulthood" thing...

RENATA

True, that girl came from the womb knowing how to do her taxes, argue insurance denials and run 6 miles a day... and make fuckin prime rib... I mean who does that?

EMILIA

...and, I think that maybe out of the three of us, she's always seen herself as the responsible one.

RENATA

Yeah, well, we already have a mom. But what I've always really wanted is a big sister.

EMILIA starts to say something then stops distracted.

EMILIA

Hey... isn't that RICHARD's car?

RENATA looks in the direction EMILIA is referring to. Sure enough, we see a four door black pickup, parked down the street, but not so far as to not have a direct line of sight to the back deck and even the dining room inside. The lights are off, but a shadow of a silhouette is visible.

RENATA

Motherfucker.

RENATA tosses the half finished blunt on the deck, stamps it out quickly and retreats inside, EMILIA close at her heels.

INSIDE, KITCHEN, IMMEDIATELY AFTER

EMILIA

DICK is here. Like here here, as in parked outside your house.

MATHENA pauses after laying a place setting at the table.

MATHENA

What? Seriously? Why?

EMILIA closes the back door behind her, RENATA makes a beeline for the front door, an intense look on her face that promises an ass kicking.

RENATA

Not sure, but let's go ask him, shall we?

RENATA grabs the fire poker from the stand on the fireplace, ready to exit the front door. EMILIA see's this and rushes to the entrance first, blocking RENATA's path.

EMILIA

Whoa, Whoa, Whoa. What's going on?  
What's with the weapon?

MATHENA has also joined the fray. Dinner forgotten.

MATHENA

Was there something else you forgot to mention that may have happened on that cruise?

RENATA

Not so much the cruise, as to what may have happened after. Look, don't worry about it, I'll handle it, you guys sit down, eat some prime rib, I'll be back.

EMILIA

Like hell! What, were supposed to have a candlelit dinner while you go out there and shish kabob your boyfriend?

RENATA

Ex-boyfriend.

MATHENA

Seriously RENATA, what is going on?

RENATA sighs, puts a hand to her forehead.

RENATA

Look, I don't want to go into details, but he's been a little unstable after or most recent breakup. Calling me 19 times a day, parking outside my apartment, and yesterday he came by my work...

EMILIA

Whoa, seriously?

RENATA

I had to have security escort him out of the marketing department and he got pretty violent about it... said some stuff that freaked me out... and yeah, I don't want to talk about it... What I do want to do is jam this poker in his eye socket.

EMILIA

Well, we're not letting you go by yourself!

EMILIA reaches for the same stand on the fireplace, grabbing without looking.

EMILIA

We're coming with you! Let's wup his ass!

EMILIA holds up her weapon, only to realize it's the fireplace broom. MATHENA and RENATA look at it, unimpressed.

MATHENA  
(shaking her hands) Everyone just calm down. We're not going to "wup" anybody. We'll just call the police.

Doorbell rings. All three sisters jump, taking a step back from the door.

RENATA too EMILIA.

RENATA  
Open it.

MATHENA  
Don't open it!

EMILIA still clutching the fireplace broom is frozen with indecision.

RENATA  
Seriously? A second ago you were ready to sweep him to death. Now you can't open the door?

BOOM BOOM BOOM. Three pounds on the front door.

RICHARD  
(from outside) Come on RENATA, I know you're in there, I just want to talk. Please!

MATHENA to RENATA

MATHENA  
He sounds drunk.

RENATA  
He's always drunk.

EMILIA  
(to RICHARD from inside) Are you drunk?

BOOM BOOM BOOM. Three more pounds on the door. RENATA rolls her eyes, pushes EMILIA out of the way and unlocks and opens the front door, fire poker still in hand.

RENATA to RICHARD

RENATA

What do you want RICHARD? Pretty sure  
I told you to leave me and my family  
alone.

RICHARD (32) looking disheveled and pathetic, eyes red and  
swollen.

RICHARD

Jesus woman, I said I was sorry. What  
more is it gonna take? I wan't you  
back!

RENATA

We cannot keep doing this RICHARD,  
don't you see this is just a vicious  
cycle repeating itself over and over?  
And after what you said about...

RENATA looks away, a look of disgust on her face. Turns back  
to RICHARD.

RENATA

We're done. You need to accept that.  
Now leave, or we'll call the cops.

RENATA goes to slam the door shut, RICHARD jams his boot in  
at the last second.

RICHARD

Look, I didn't mean what I said, I was  
just drunk.

RENATA, still trying to close the door.

RENATA

Gee, kind of like now? Kind of like  
always? Kick rocks DICK.

RICHARD

Will you just listen to me!

RICHARD shoves hard against the front door, effectively  
swinging it open so hard it dents the wall behind it. RENATA  
takes a step back, RICHARD is now fully in the house.

RICHARD

No one is ever going to love you as  
much as I do!

RENATA and EMILIA take a step back, holding their weapons (a

fire poker and fireplace broom) in front of them protectively, RENATA shifts so she is standing in front of EMILIA.

RENATA

RICHARD, I swear if you don't leave  
right fuckin now, I'll...

RICHARD

You'll what! Huh? Go ahead RENATA!  
What are you going to fuckin do!?

RICHARD advances, RENATA raises her weapon when suddenly...

BANG! BANG!

RICHARD stops, looking stunned, then looks down. Blood is soaking his shirt and we can make out two bullet wounds.

RICHARD looks up, RENATA and EMILIA look in the direction he's staring at. It's MATHENA, still holding the smoking gun, looking equally stunned herself.

RICHARD

Ghah. (hand over chest).

RICHARD falls to the floor grasping his chest, wailing in agony.

EMILIA

Holy shit!

RENATA goes to the floor next to RICHARD, placing her hands with his over the wound, trying to stop the bleeding.

RENATA

Ok... ok... ok, ok, ok. RICHARD you've  
been shot, but your going to be  
alright you piece a shit.

EMILIA springs into action, running back to the dining table passing a still stunned and potentially in shock MATHENA and grabbing a dinner napkin that's been folded into a swan.

EMILIA runs back and drops to the floor next to RENATA, adds the napkin to STEVEN's chest wound to stop the bleeding.

EMILIA

It looks like it was a through and  
through for both shots. I think he  
might make it if we can get him to the

hospital quick.

RENATA

"A through and through?" Are you a goddamn detective now?

EMILIA

I binge watched all the CSI: Las Vegas episodes last week. Looks like it was fate.

RENATA

Oh! Las Vegas? I always thought those were the best ones out of the series.

RENATA lifts up a little on RICHARD's chest, the blood flowing more freely.

EMILIA

RENATA! Focus!

RENATA

Oh shit! Sorry, I think... I think I might be in shock.

EMILIA looking back at MATHENA

EMILIA

Yeah, well it looks like your not the only one. Hey MATHENA! Anytime you want to jump in with those "adulting" skills, now would be the time.

MATHENA starts, as if waking from a dream.

MATHENA

I'll...I'll call an ambulance.

RENATA

Yeah, I think they may not get here in time.

As RENATA says this, RICHARD starts to cough up blood, splattering EMILIA in the face. EMILIA screams.

EMILIA

Oh shit! That's gross! Please tell me I have nothing to worry about because I think I swallowed most of that.

RENATA

With this guy? No promises.

EMILIA turns to RENATA horrified.

MATHENA

Here, use this.

MATHENA has returned with towels and an ironing board. She hands the towels to both RENATA and EMILIA. EMILIA starts to wipe her face with the towel.

RENATA

Not you, you idiot, the man bleeding  
from two bullet holes lying in front  
of you.

EMILIA stops, uses the towel to put more pressure on RICHARD's wound. MATHENA sets the ironing board down on the other side of RICHARD.

EMILIA

Seriously? You're going to iron? Right  
now?

MATHENA looks at EMILIA hopelessly.

MATHENA

No. Obviously not.

MATHENA moves to RICHARD'S other side with the ironing board laid flat in front of her.

MATHENA

You said the ambulance might not get  
here in time. So we're going to have  
to move him to my car somehow. We can  
use the ironing board as a stretcher.  
Here, help me.

MATHENA grabs RICHARD's right shoulder and with EMILIA's help, lift him on his left side. RICHARD hollers in pain at this action. MATHENA pushes the ironing board up against him, then lowers him down so he is now flat against it.

RICHARD

You fucking crazy bitches! I'm going  
to sue your asses so hard for this.  
I'll put you psycho broads in jail. I  
will personally make sure you're wages  
are garnished for my pain and



suffering for the rest of your lives!

EMILIA

Why are we saving him again!

MATHENA to RENATA

MATHENA

This is what you get for dating a lawyer.

RENATA

Can we just focus on getting his ungrateful ass to the hospital?

MATHENA

Together then. Remember ladies lift with your legs.

The three sisters lift the ironing board as if it were a stretcher, RICHARD hollering the whole time, and carefully step out the front door.

OUTSIDE HOUSE, DRIVEWAY, APPROX. 1 MIN. LATER

The sisters approach MATHENA's car.

RENATA

A god damn Prius. I knew it.

MATHENA

Shit!

EMILIA

(straining) What? What? Hurry up because this mofo is heavy as shit.

MATHENA

I forgot the keys, I'll just be right back.

MATHENA lets go of the ironing board, quickly turns away to head back into the house. The loss of support is too much for the younger sisters and they can't hold on any longer.

BANG.

RICHARD

(in pain) God dammit! Jesus Christ!

RICHARD and his ironing board have fallen to the cement and

he grasps his chest screaming in agony. The pain proves to be too much and he passes out.

EMILIA

Oh shit! Did he just die?

RENATA

No, I think he's just unconscious.  
What a fuckin pussy.

EMILIA

To be fair, he was shot twice in the chest.

RENATA

Oh please, I highly doubt 50 cent behaved this way.

MATHENA returns with the keys to the car and a protein bar.

MATHENA

Seriously?! What the hell did you guys do?

RENATA

Us?! The dude weighs like 200 pounds!  
What's with the protein bar?

MATHENA

My blood sugar is low and with present events, I think it's best I stay focused!

RENATA

You couldn't have grabbed us some? Or maybe even some of that fuckin prime rib!

MATHENA

I thought you were a vegetarian.

RENATA

Oh now you remember! After you've just shot my ex-boyfriend twice in the chest, you can suddenly recall that I am a vegetarian!

EMILIA

You guys please! Let's just get the douchebag to the car.

The three sisters move to the ironing board, and once again, together, lift.

OUTSIDE, CAR, INTERIOR OF PRIUS, SOMEWHERE ON 1-84 WEST,  
APPROX. 5 MIN. LATER.

MATHENA is driving, EMILIA is in the front seat and RENATA is in the back, the seats folded down so RICHARD and his ironing board can lay flat. RICHARD is still passed out.

MATHENA

The hospital shouldn't be much further away. I wish we'd have called and let them know we're on our way, but I forgot my cell phone.

RENATA

Me too.

EMILIA

Oh! I have mine!

EMILIA reaches into her pocket and pulls out her smart phone, but her hands are shaking so much she drops it into the floor.

RENATA moves from RICHARD to the head rest of the front seat, coming into view. RENATA to MATHENA.

RENATA

What I want to know is since when have you had a gun? Who did you get it from?

MATHENA

What do you mean who did I get it from? It's not like I bought it off some gang banger in a back alley. I got my gun safety license, bought one from the sports store and registered it in my name. Of course I went through the proper channels.

RENATA

Still, I can't imagine someone like you even wanting a gun.

MATHENA

Someone like me? You mean someone independent, successful, not afraid to defend herself from intruders and/or

the patriarchy.

RENATA

Never mind. Whatever. Sorry, I asked.

EMILIA

What about all those things he said?  
He said he was going to sue us! He  
said we would go to jail!

MATHENA

Yeah, not freakin likely. He broke  
into my house, threatened my sister  
and refused to leave, I was well  
within my rights to shoot him.

EMILIA from the floor of the Prius, still trying to retrieve  
her cell phone.

EMILIA

Technically he didn't break in, we  
opened the door.

MATHENA

(hesitates)...DICK forced his way  
in...Don't worry, they will see our  
side of things and it will all be OK.  
We have to trust in our criminal  
justice system.

RENATA

You realize that same criminal justice  
system is made up of that patriarchy  
you were just speaking so fondly of  
right?

MATHENA

You said he had been bothering you!  
Harassing and stalking you! He even  
had a violent encounter with you at  
work that other people saw. Which, by  
the way, you told us nothing about  
earlier. Why didn't you tell us what's  
been going on?

RENATA

Oh, come on. It's not like you really  
want to hear it! And besides I didn't  
want to worry anyone...

RENATA looks pointedly at EMILIA who has given up on trying

to retrieve her phone.

RENATA  
...or inconvenience anyone...

RENATA looks pointedly at MATHENA

RENATA  
...so I chose to say nothing.

EMILIA  
What did he say?

RENATA, looks at EMILIA, still exacerbad.

RENATA  
What?

EMILIA  
Earlier, when RICHARD was first at the door. You said that he said...something... the way you looked, like he said something unforgivable.

RENATA  
Believe me it was unforgivable and believe me that, that is also something I will not be sharing with you.

MATHENA  
Well you realize this all could have been avoided right?

RENATA  
I'm sorry what does that mean?

MATHENA  
This is only happening because your dating this douchebag in the first place!

RENATA  
Ah, correction, I was dating him. I'm not anymore, and how can you even say that all of this is my fault?! You're the one that shot him!

MATHENA  
In self defense! And in... group

defense!

RENATA

Which I thought was pretty badass but then you had to go and ruin it, like always, by opening your mouth!

MATHENA

Oh really? Really? Is that what happens??

RENATA

Yes, that is exactly what happens!

EMILIA

OH MY GOD ENOUGH! Please just shut the fuck up!

Suddenly we see RICHARD, very much not unconscious with a temporary surge of energy pop up from the backseat. He grasps both his hands around MATHENA's neck and squeezes. MATHENA's scream is cut off from his choke hold and her eyes bulge from the pressure of his hands as her oxygen is quickly becoming cut off. The Prius swerves.

EMILIA and RENATA scream and both try to pry him off of her, an impossible feat given the small space available in the Prius.

EMILIA

No stop! Stop! Stop! Oh my god, he's killing her!

RENATA

Let go of my fucking sister DICK!!

But RICHARD is a man possessed. He squeezes harder, the veins in his own neck becoming more prominent and his face red from the exertion. He means to kill MATHENA.

RENATA goes for RICHARD's eyes, attempting to distract him, injure him, anything to get him to let go of MATHENA. RICHARD elbows RENATA in the face hard, causing blood to gush forth from her nose.

RICHARD's grip lets up temporarily, allowing air to rush forth into MATHENA's lungs for a few seconds. She gasps desperately before RICHARD's hold resumes once more. EMILIA continues to tug on RICHARD's hands but it's no use. MATHENA is beginning to fade.

RENATA, recovered from her blow, goes for RICHARDS's bullet wounds and shoves her fingers into the holes. Blood pours forth. RICHARD lets go of MATHENA immediately, screaming, and MATHENA is breathing gratefully once more, tears spilling down her eyes.

However...RICHARD has turned his rage on RENATA and yanks her wrist away from his chest, wrenching it in the process. RENATA hollers and RICHARD delivers a blow to her jaw, knocking her to the floor of the Prius.

Suddenly, perhaps possessed herself, RENATA spies the fire poker in the back corner of the Prius, having brought it with her unknowingly in the confusion and rush from before.

RENATA seizes the fire poker and stabs RICHARD in the chest, once, twice, three times, and suddenly she can't stop. Harsh and firm squishy sounds are coming from the back seat and RENATA cannot stop stabbing RICHARD, though he has ceased moving.

MATHENA spies a turn off on the highway. She takes the exit and pulls down an rural looking road. Stops and lays her head against the steering wheel, still catching her breath. EMILIA gets out and runs around to the back of the Prius opening the hatch, RENATA stumbles out, having stopped her attacks on RICHARD and vomits onto the road.

EMILIA peers into the back of the Prius, blood spatters the interior and RICHARD's eyes are open, staring up at nothing. Dead.

EMILIA

OK (pause), I think he is definitely dead this time.

MATHENA, having recovered, opens the front door and gets out, moving slowly.

MATHENA

(rasps) OK then. (attempts to clear throat) Now what?

OUTSIDE, ON THE SIDE OF A RURAL ROAD, APPROX. 2 MIN. LATER

MATHENA has her hands on the temples of her head, staring into the back of the Prius at the corpse that was once RICHARD. MATHENA is concentrating, trying to will a solution to this absolute mess of a situation.

RENATA is attempting to light another joint off to the

opposite side of the road, but the lighter is out of juice and clicks away uselessly and RENATA begins mumbling vulgarities at it.

EMILIA is pacing back and forth across the gravel, attempting to take deep, calming breaths.

EMILIA

OK, OK, OK. So what do we do now?

EMILIA is speaking to herself.

EMILIA

We could still go to the hospital. And just tell them the truth...

RENATA

(laughs) yeah, and what is the truth exactly?

EMILIA

We tell them that he attacked us not once, but twice, and we were defending ourselves! This was self defense!

RENATA

EMILIA, I stabbed DICK with a fire poker like 50 times. No one is going to believe that was done in self defense, I mean look at him! He looks like Swiss cheese!

MATHENA

42.

RENATA turns around and looks at MATHENA, joint still hanging from her lip.

RENATA

What?

MATHENA

You stabbed him 42 times, not 50.

MATHENA says this, still facing the Prius, back turned from RENATA.

RENATA

Oh, well, thank goodness. I only stabbed him 42 times, not 50. I guess we can all just go home now.



EMILIA is still pacing and talking to herself.

EMILIA

Oh my god, I cannot go to jail. I just got my bartender's license!! I was going to go back to school, become a park ranger or some shit and now I'm going to be someone's wife in the clinger!

RENATA

Calm down EMILIA, no one is going to Prison. No one except me that is. I am the one that slaughtered him after all.

EMILIA

What if we just dropped him off at the hospital, and left? Or took him to a Morgue and left? Or what if (pause) we just leave him here on this road? Maybe someone will think he got hit by a car. We could run him over with the car!

RENATA

No matter where we take him or leave him there will still be a chance of him being traced back to us, to me! I mean I was his girlfriend up until recently! I will probably be the first person they contact when his body is found.

MATHENA

If his body is found.

RENATA and EMILIA both stop at this and look at MATHENA with their full attention. MATHENA finally turns away from the Prius and looks at both the younger sisters.

MATHENA

If there is no body, there is no crime. We simply have to take DICK somewhere where he won't be found.

EMILIA

Like where?

MATHENA

Do you remember that show we saw on

Netflix? Peaky Blinders?

EMILIA

I remember Cillian Murphy.

MATHENA

Right well, remember that scene, when they tied a cement block around this guys ankles with a chain and then dropped him off a bridge. He sank to the bottom of the river and no one ever found his body?

RENATA

I think you mean the Sopranos.

MATHENA

Whatever. His body was never found. We could take him to a bridge, weight him down, and throw him off. Problem solved. No one would ever have to know it was us.

RENATA

Yeah, except that was a TV show and this is real life. On top of which, it's not like people aren't going to realize that RICHARD is missing. His car is still at your house!

MATHENA

We'll go back to the house and take care of that, after we take care of the body. And if on the off chance his body is found...

(pause)

RICHARD was a lawyer, a defense lawyer for pharmaceutical companies. Surely the police will look at the list of enemies I'm sure he's built up over the years before they look at three women. The criminal justice system is gender bias as shit, RICHARD was stabbed 45 times, there's no way they're going to believe a woman did that.

RENATA

42 times. And this being the same

criminal justice system you were  
championing not even 5 minutes ago?

MATHENA

That was before you sprayed at least 3  
gallons of blood all over the interior  
of my Prius. Which you're paying to  
get those stains out, by the way.

EMILIA

OK (pause), so which bridge? Portland  
has plenty to choose from.

RENATA

Hang on, we're actually talking about  
doing this?

MATHENA

(ignoring RENATA) No, it needs to be a  
bridge that doesn't have a ton of foot  
traffic or people that could see us.

RENATA

Well that rules out essentially all  
the bridges that connect the west side  
to the east side. No matter what time  
a day, there is always a chance  
someone could be out there.

EMILIA

The Bridge of the Gods!

RENATA and MATHENA both turn to look at EMILIA.

EMILIA

You know! The Bridge of the Gods out  
by Cascade Locks. I went hiking in  
that area recently, there weren't a  
ton of people out. And it's 11:00 PM  
on a Friday night, most people would  
be downtown.

MATHENA

OK. Yeah, OK.

MATHENA starts to shake her pointer finger in the air and  
pace, her mind beginning to construct some semblance of a  
plan that will allow them to get away with manslaughter.

MATHENA

First things first, we need supplies.

And... we need to clean out the Prius.

RENATA

Oh my god MATHENA, relax, we can worry about your upholstery later.

MATHENA

No, you idiot. We can't drive an hour away to the Bridge of the Gods with a dead body in the back of a blood stained Prius and expect that no one is going to notice!

EMILIA

So then, how do we get him there?

MATHENA stops and points at RENATA and EMILIA.

MATHENA

You two are going to walk back to the highway and call an Uber that will take you to the nearest hardware store. Get a tarp, some heavy chains, a cement block and wait for me to pick you up.

EMILIA

What are you going to do?

MATHENA

I am going to move douche-bag here to that brush off to the side of the road and conceal his body. Then, I'm going to take the Prius to that 24/7 Quick Stop Spray and Wash and clean the blood out of the interior. I'll pick you guys up and the three of us we'll head back here, pick up DICK and then head to the Bridge of the Gods.

MATHENA smiles and puts her hands on her hips, clearly proud of her master plan. RENATA raises her hand.

RENATA

Yeah, ah question. I don't suppose you know of any hardware stores that are open at 11PM at night?

MATHENA's smile falters a little as she considers this.

EMILIA

Oh! Walmart! They have a 24/7 Superstore. We could go there.

MATHENA's smile brightens and points her finger at EMILIA.

MATHENA

Yes, yes you can! We'll drive to the Bridge of the Gods, chuck DICK over the edge. Burn any remaining evidence we find, and this will just be a horrid, traumatic and ulcer inducing night that we will all forget about and never speak of again.

RENATA raises her hand again.

RENATA

Question. Again, what about douchebag's car. It's still at your house.

MATHENA

You'll drive it back to his house when we've finished chucking the body.

RENATA

Why me?

MATHENA

In case they find fingerprints. You guys were dating up until recently, it wouldn't look that weird if they knew you had been driving his car.

EMILIA raises her hand.

EMILIA

Question. Is dinner included in any part of these plans.

MATHENA

Seriously? You're still hungry? After all of this?

RENATA

Well... it's not like we got any part of that protein bar you ate earlier. Thanks for offering by the way.

MATHENA

We'll worry about food later. For now,  
let's just get this shit done and over  
with.

MATHENA to RENATA

Give me your shirt.

RENATA

What? Why?

MATHENA

Because you've got essence of DICK all  
over it.

EMILIA

(looks to RENATA) Ew really...oh...

RENATA looks down and sees that MATHENA is indeed right. The  
fire poker sprayed a good amount of blood on her shirt and  
face.

EMILIA

Actually, I think we all do.

The girls look down and see that they all have blood on their  
hands with spots of blood here and there on their clothing,  
none so covered as RENATA though.

MATHENA zips her jacket closed and runs back to the Prius,  
bringing back a couple of water bottles. She chucks them at  
RENATA and EMILIA.

MATHENA

Clean yourselves up as best as you  
can. But RENATA you'll have to chuck  
the shirt, there's no saving it.

RENATA

But, I'm wearing a cardigan. It's not  
going to close. What? I'm supposed to  
run around town, trying to cover up a  
murder in my bra?

MATHENA

Manslaughter. And this is Portland, no  
one is going to look twice. Just screw  
your hair up a little, mumble to  
yourself at random intervals and burn  
some incense, you'll fit right in.

RENATA takes off her blouse and throws it at MATHENA who catches it. MATHENA turns to the Prius and throws it in the back. MATHENA then goes to RICHARD's body and starts going through his pockets.

EMILIA makes a face while washing the blood of her hands.

EMILIA

Ew. What are you doing?

MATHENA

We need his keys.

MATHENA tosses RICHARD's keys to RENATA who pockets them.

RENATA

Hold up.

RENATA goes to the back of the Prius, starts digging around in STEVEN's pockets. She pulls out his wallet, grabs a couple twenties than puts the wallet back in RICHARD's pocket.

MATHENA

Oh my god, seriously RENATA. We already killed him. We don't have to rob him too.

RENATA

I'm reimbursing myself for the Uber!  
No way I'm adding that cost to the  
list of shit this guy has put me  
through.

MATHENA starts to say something, then looks down at RENATA's chest and makes a face.

RENATA

What? Why are you looking at my tits?  
What's wrong now?

MATHENA

I'm sorry...it's just... You have dead  
DICK in your cleavage.

RENATA looks down and sure enough, there is a piece of flesh hanging out of her cleavage. RENATA turns away and quickly flicks the piece of flesh out of her chest.

RENATA

Oh my god, seriously. Like I haven't  
been bombarded by you enough enough

tonight. Do you have to criticize every little thing about me?

MATHENA

Seriously!? You're mad that I pointed it out? I'm sorry, do you want to walk around with dead douchebag in your cleavage?

RENATA

No! It's just...

MATHENA

I'm sorry, you want to walk around with dead douchebag in your cleavage. My mistake, next time I won't say anything.

RENATA

You could do it a nicer way! Maybe not in front of everybody.

MATHENA looks around the abandoned road and waves her hands around the open space.

MATHENA

Who is everybody? Are you talking about me? EMILIA? The dead douche-bag? Cause relax, I don't think he noticed.

RENATA

I'm talking about all the time. This is why I stopped wanting to hang out with you. You have these crazy standards and expect everyone to be just as competent as you are and when they don't perform, you judge the shit out of them.

MATHENA

I do not judge the shit out of everybody. You are just a walking disaster that solicits chaos wherever she goes. I'm trying to protect you and anyone that may come into contact with you!

RENATA

Why? Huh? Who asked you?



MATHENA

I'm your sister! It's my job.

RENATA stops, takes deep heaving breaths. MATHENA crosses her arms, looking a little guilty.

RENATA

Yes, well, I am so sorry that your relationship with me feels like work and something you have to manage. But you can relax, after tonight, there really will be no reason for us to hang out ever again.

MATHENA

That's not-

EMILIA

You guys... please... I'm exhausted and starving, and I'm about to go buy a manslaughter clean up kit from Walmart using money for an Uber that we stole off the guy we killed. Can we table this discussion for later?

RENATA

There's nothing to table. We're done here. Let's go.

RENATA turns and starts to walk for the highway. EMILIA hesitates, looks one last time at MATHENA

EMILIA

She didn't mean it. She's just stressed, like we all are.

MATHENA

(pause)... I don't have my phone, so when you're done buying everything, just wait for me outside of Walmart. Look for the Prius. Tell RENATA to use the cash for the gear.

MATHENA turns, slams the hatch of the Prius closed and moves to the front passenger seat. MATHENA retrieves EMILIA's phone and tosses it to EMILIA, who barely catches it. MATHENA then gets back in the front seat of the Prius.

EMILIA sighs deeply, turns, then runs to catch up with RENATA who is walking purposefully down the abandoned road.

OUTSIDE, ON THE SIDE OF 1-84 WEST, APPROX.15 MIN. LATER

RENATA and EMILIA are waiting for the Uber they called. RENATA is staring at the ground intently and EMILIA is running her hands together.

EMILIA

I'm sure it will all be fine.  
MATHENA's plans typically work out. I  
don't think I've ever seen her fail at  
anything.

RENATA

Yes, well. Thank goodness for Miss  
Perfect.

EMILIA looks down the highway, crossing her arms feeling the need to fill the silence. EMILIA is surprised when RENATA breaks it first.

RENATA

She's right you know.

EMILIA

What?

RENATA

I am a walking disaster. Everything I  
touch turns to shit. This is all my  
fault.

EMILIA

That's crap. You didn't make DICK do  
anything. This is his fault. I'm only  
sorry we didn't kill him sooner.

RENATA looks at EMILIA, a little startled.

EMILIA

Kidding. Sort of. Look, don't be so  
hard on yourself. And MATHENA may feel  
like it's her job to manage you. But  
that's her thing, not yours. And we  
have to learn to work together if we  
are ever going to make it past  
tonight.

RENATA looks up at EMILIA.

RENATA

Why are you helping me?

EMILIA starts.

EMILIA

What do you mean?

RENATA

I mean MATHENA shot RICHARD, I sort of get why she feels involved. But you didn't really do anything. You could walk away from this and be totally unaffected.

EMILIA

What are you talking about, of course I would be affected. You're my sisters, what affects you affects me. There's no way I would just abandon you guys.

RENATA is not sure what to say.

EMILIA

We're in this together. And before you say anything else, I would much rather be your sister than your friend. Friends come and go, but Sisters are forever.

RENATA's eyes gloss over with emotion, she's about to respond when a ding from EMILIA's phone interrupts them. Their Uber has arrived.

EMILIA

Finally, I can't wait to get off this highway.

The Uber rolls up, another Prius, and the girls can see it's not entirely empty. There are two guys in the backseat and the Uber driver slows to a stop giving the girls a thorough up and down, his eyes fixing on RENATA's exposed chest.

RENATA

(under her breath) You've got to be shitting me... another Prius...

UBER DRIVER

All right! All right! Looks like this Party Uber just cranked it up a notch!

RENATA and EMILIA say nothing and just stare at their predicament.

UBER DRIVER  
You guys called for an Uber right?

RENATA  
No.

EMILIA  
Yes! Yes, we did.

UBER DRIVER  
Well then jump on in ladies. Let's  
Vroom Vroom Vroom!

EMILIA opens the front door of the Uber, motions for RENATA to get in.

EMILIA  
After you.

RENATA sighs.

RENATA  
Well, I've already killed one DICK  
tonight, what's one more notch in my  
belt?

EMILIA  
(whispers) Shut up!

RENATA gets in the front seat. EMILIA hops in the back.

UBER DRIVER  
Buckle up ladies! Let's get this party  
started!

The Prius races off at a speed entirely too fast to be within the legal limit.

OUTSIDE, ON THE RURAL ROAD, INTERIOR OF PRIUS, DURING THE  
SAME TIME

MATHENA is attempting to back the Prius up as close to the off road brush as possible. She stops, gets out of the driver seat and walks back to the open hatch of the Prius, looking down at the corpse that was once RICHARD.

MATHENA  
Shit...

MATHENA looks back at the brush and climbs in the back of the Prius, attempting to shift RICHARD so that his head and

shoulders face the opening of the hatch. She heaves with the effort.

MATHENA  
God dammit.

RICHARD shifts an inch. MATHENA heaves.

MATHENA  
Jesus Christ.

RICHARD shifts half an inch. MATHENA heaves.

MATHENA  
Son of a bitch.

RICHARD shifts one more inch and then MATHENA can move him no further. She heaves with the effort.

MATHENA  
You are one heavy asshole.

MATHENA puts her hands on her knees, hunching over in the Prius. She looks towards the front seat of the Prius then back to the brush, back to RICHARD, back to the front of the Prius and arches her brows.

OUTSIDE, INTERIOR OF PRIUS, APPROX. 30 SECONDS LATER

MATHENA is sitting in the driver seat of Prius, motor running a concentrated look on her face. The hatch is still open. She puts the Prius in drive and drives as far forward into the brush on the opposite side of the road as she can.

MATHENA puts the Prius in reverse and slams on the gas. The Prius arches abruptly backward, MATHENA slams on the brakes, the force of which moves RICHARD's body about five inches toward the hatch opening. MATHENA looks back, smirks.

MATHENA puts the Prius back in drive, and repeats the same motion twice more, each time moving RICHARD's body further and further down the Prius and toward the hatch.

When RICHARD's head is now hanging off the end of the hatch opening, face up, MATHENA gives it one more go, slamming it in reverse. The force effectively launches RICHARD's body from the back of the Prius and the body somersaults out out of the hatch making a sickening crack as it rolls to the underbrush.

MATHENA looks behind her from the driver seat, a horrified

expression on her face. She puts the Prius in park, gets out, and runs around back, peering into the underbrush. She covers her mouth with her elbow at the sight and turns away, then reluctantly turns back.

MATHENA slowly and carefully squats down and inches closer to the body, making some adjustments to the brush so that RICHARD is now completely hidden from sight. MATHENA stands up and steps back quickly, taking some deep breaths, putting her hands on her hips.

MATHENA

Right then. Be back soon.

MATHENA runs back to the driver seat of the Prius, hops in, takes a deep breath, and speeds off.

OUTSIDE, INTERIOR OF UBER, SOMEWHERE ON I-84

RENATA is in the front seat, having tied her cardigan in a knot, somewhat covering her bra, a sour look on her face.

EMILIA is in the back, sitting on the hump in between the other two male drivers, a look of uncertainty on her face.

The radio is on, and Wannabe from the Spice Girls is playing.

The UBER DRIVER is singing all the lyrics and looking intermittently from the road to RENATA, making aggressive hand gestures, causing EMILIA to jump in alarm.

RENATA is peering at him out of the corner of her eye, a grim frown covering her features.

UBER DRIVER

Come on then sour face!! Sing along, I  
know you know this song!!

The UBER DRIVER keeps singing and the two young men in the back have joined in, making the same gestures at EMILIA who is smiling uncomfortable and nodding, scooting closer and closer to the front, away from the two men.

Perspective from a front windshield view show all the characters in the car as this display continues.

The UBER DRIVER reaches off camera and brings up a mound of jelly beans and presents them to RENATA, the beans spilling from his hand.

UBER DRIVER

Jellybeans?? Just don't eat the green ones! They give you the shits!

OUTSIDE, INTERIOR PRIUS, 24/7 QUICK STOP SPRAY AND WASH, APPROX. 20 MIN, LATER

MATHENA has arrived at the 24/7 Quick Stop Spray and Wash. She parks in a stall and looks around her in every direction, skittish. The SPRAY and WASH is empty, for now.

MATHENA gets out quickly, still looking around. She dives into the door handle, grabbing some quarters and makes her way quickly to the spray gun.

She is aggressively spraying the interior of the Prius when headlights blind her. MATHENA stops, covers her eyes, and looks frantically for the source.

A jeep has pulled into the Spray and Wash. It's a souped up, high tire, headlight mounted beast of thing covered in mud and two men park in the stall next to MATHENA and hop out. Lynard Skynard is blaring through the speaker system.

MAN 1

So yeah...she's still pissed at me.  
But give her a few days, she'll get over it.

MAN 2 frowns at this statement.

MAN 2

I don't know man. I mean you did sleep with her sister and her cousin... and her stepmom...

MAN 1

I was grieving! You know how much Earl meant to me! That dog saw me through many a successful hunt! Both of the animal and female variety.

MAN 1 goes off on a rant and MATHENA, who is in full blown panic mode, is now cleaning the Prius at a vigorous speed, praying she'll continue to be ignored.

MATHENA

Just my luck to be this far east...Encountering male toxicity for miles...

MAN 2 cuts MAN 1 off.

MAN 2

Look, all I'm saying, is if you don't treat people with respect, you're not going to get any. Women aren't objects or animals to be hunted or tossed away and you're never going to find the one with that kind of attitude.

MATHENA can't help but look over at MAN 2 at this statement. It's a mistake, the men had been glancing over at her with relative disinterest upon first arrival, but now, MATHENA and MAN 2 have locked eye contact.

MAN 2

Evening. Sorry about my step brother here. He's a bit of a meathead.

MATHENA stutters out a response.

MATHENA

Oh...yeah... no worries...at least he's not a redhead. Then you'd have a real problem...

MAN 2 laughs and MAN 1 scoffs.

MAN 2

Yeah, well even so. He's still a real pain in my ass.

MATHENA turns back to the Prius, trying to use her body to block any vision to it's interior. But MAN 2 continues to address MATHENA.

MAN 2

Yeah, uh... We just got done going off roading. Up in Brown's Camp. If you don't get the mud off sooner rather than later, it's like cement...harder to get out then blood (laughs).

MATHENA whips around with a horrified look on her face before she bursts out with an awkward laugh.

MATHENA

Ha ha ha! That's so funny!

MAN 2 laughs, but looks a little startled at MATHENA's response. MATHENA turns back to the Prius, keeping an eye on



MAN 2 in her peripheral.

MAN 1 has put quarters in the Spray Wash and has started hosing down the jeep. MAN 2 has started walking closer to MATHENA's stall to avoid the spray.

MATHENA reluctantly turns around.

MATHENA

Yeah, well... I wouldn't know much about off roading. I never really leave the west side.

MAN 2

Oh, that's a shame. I mean don't get me wrong, downtown is nice and all, but the Pacific Northwest should definitely be explored. You just move to Portland?

MATHENA takes a deep breath. She is annoyed. But has an inner urge to be polite. And despite herself, she's interested. MAN 2 is handsome.

MATHENA

Nope, lived here all my life actually. I'm just a bad Portlander. I've never even been to Crater Lake.

MAN 2 raises his eyebrows at this admission.

MAN 2

Never been to Crater Lake! Oh my god you are a bad Portlander. Ha, you should be arrested.

MATHENA laughs too loud and too long, a bit delirious with the irony of the comment. MAN 2 laughs a little awkwardly. MAN 2 is still advancing to her stall.

MAN 2

My name's Elliot, that lug over there pumped full of steroids is my step brother Jim.

JIM yells from the Jeep.

JIM

It's an all natural probiotic that helps with muscle mass!! It's basically the same as Kombucha!

ELLIOT

(to MATHENA, under his breath) It's really not though... it is straight up juice. He's a little sensitive these days if you can't tell.

MATHENA

Yes, I heard. A tragedy about Earl.

ELLIOT

What about you? What brings you to the Spray and Wash at the witching hour?

MATHENA

(hesitates) uh...well... you know....cleanliness is godliness...or you know something like that...I just, like to keep my car extra spotless, and I just, so prefer this particular Spray and Wash in this particular location...at this particular time of night...

ELLIOT nods, a little confused.

MATHENA

Not a fan of crowds you know...I like my me time.

ELLIOT

And the Spray and Wash with your Prius is your me time...which I am intruding on, I am so sorry (laughs).

MATHENA

No no no! You're not intruding (laughs awkwardly) I mean I have nothing to hide! Or... I mean...you know...whatever (tries to shrug in a casual way)

ELLIOT

(laughs) Well I like a girl with a routine. Even if it's a really weird, kind of random routine. What's your name?

MATHENA

(hesitates) MA... ATHENA.

ELLIOT

Sorry what?

MATHENA

ATHENA. ATHENA, that's my name. You know like the greek goddess...the one with the spear.

MATHENA holds up her spray gun like it's a spear and makes a growling sound.

MATHENA

Grrrrr.....

ELLIOT

(laughs) Oh my god. I wonder why I didn't see it before. YOU are the very depiction of ATHENA. The goddess of War and Wisdom!

MATHENA

Oh yeah, that's me! All the above!  
(says awkwardly).

ELLIOT

Well ah... I hope you don't think this is too forward but...we (thumbing over his shoulder at JIM) were going to get a beer after this. And I would so appreciate it, if you could help me get out of that by saying you would go get a drink me me instead...Seriously (under his breath) you have no idea how grateful I would be, I've been stuck with this MAGDA all day.

MATHENA

Oh...wow! That sounds so nice. But I'm not quite done here yet and it might be a little while longer.

ELLIOT peers over at the Prius, stepping closer into the stall.

ELLIOT

Well, I could help you out if you need.

MATHENA

NO!

ELLIOT stops, startled.

MATHENA

No No No No No... it's totally cool. I am...just so picky... when it comes to my Prius and I would hate to see anyone else put their hands on it.

MATHENA says this, trying to be casual and cool, except not really.

ELLIOT

Oh...well that's cool. I mean I get it, I'm a stranger and you don't know me.

JIM from the Jeep, which is now clean of mud.

JIM

Just ask her for her number already and let's get out of here!

ELLIOT

(Turns back to JIM) (laughs awkwardly)  
Um... yeah. (Back to MATHENA) Sorry, you don't have to give me your number.

MATHENA

Oh no! I can do that! Except... I don't have my phone on me, so I won't be able to take down yours.

ELLIOT

Oh, that's cool.

ELLIOT, pulls out his phone, JIM has started the Jeep and is getting ready to pull out of the stall.

MATHENA

Yeah... it's 503...5-

ELLIOT

Uh...sorry. But what's that?

MATHENA stops and looks in the direction he's pointing too. It's RENATA's blood stained shirt, now clearly visible from the back of the Prius. MATHENA turns back to ELLIOT.

MATHENA

Oh that? (nervously) That's nothing! Nothing to see there.

ELLIOT

Really? (uncertain) Because it look's like blood.

ELLIOT steps closer to the Prius, MATHENA panics.

MATHENA

It's not! I mean it is!

ELLIOT stops, surprised at MATHENA's admission.

ELLIOT

It is? You mean, that's really blood? There sure is a lot of it? What happened? (with concern).

MATHENA

(blurts out) It's period blood!

JIM hears this from the Jeep and looks up from his phone, a look of disgust on his face. ELLIOT takes a step back and also looks a little alarmed.

ELLIOT

Seriously?

MATHENA

Yeah... you know... I have this whole condition... where whenever I get my period... it just squirts out of me! Like a goddamn geyser. I have a really heavy heavy flow and so this is a routine thing for me...it's so not a big deal...nothing to be alarmed at...and you know, lots of women have this condition, it's not just me-

ELLIOT

(cuts off MATHENA) It's cool. It's cool. You know, my step brother's waiting for me... so I think I should go.

MATHENA

Oh, ok cool. Let me give you the rest of my number.

ELLIOT

Yeah um... actually I'm going to...uh yeah...

ELLIOT turns abruptly and heads back to the Jeep, hopping into the front seat.

MATHENA

(shouts) Oh ok cool...well... see you later!

The jeep speeds off, and MATHENA is once again alone at the Spray and Wash. She heaves a big sigh, and turns back to the Prius, continuing with the spray gun.

OUTSIDE WALMART, DURING THE SAME TIME.

The Uber has finally arrived at its destination, the 24/7 Walmart Superstore. RENATA and EMILIA stand at the entrance, bidding the UBER DRIVER an eager farewell.

UBER DRIVER

Happy to have carted you to your destination ladies! If you need a pick up, just send me a request and I will be here pronto!

EMILIA

Oh thanks, that's nice of you. But actually our sister is going to-

EMILIA is cut off by a swift pinch to her rear by RENATA.

EMILIA

Ow!

RENATA

Thanks, but no thanks UBER DRIVER, we're good.

UBER DRIVER

My name is Stan.

RENATA ignores the UBER DRIVER and marches swiftly into the Walmart with EMILIA casting a quick awkward smile back to STAN before following RENATA.

EMILIA

Thanks DAN!

STAN

It's STAN! (said angrily) And I lied by the way! It's the red jelly beans that give you the shits!

STAN speeds away.

RENATA

He is so not getting a tip.

INSIDE WALMART, APPROX. 2 SECONDS LATER

RENATA winces at the florescent lighting in the Walmart and EMILIA's eye's have grown large at the sheer number of aisles squeezed into an average floor plan.

RENATA

Just how I wanted to spend my Friday  
Night, at the fucking Walmart  
Superstore.

RENATA walks over to a sales stand selling sunglasses, grabs a pair and puts them on, the sales tag hanging in between her eyes.

EMILIA

Let's just get what we need and go. I  
think we'll cover more ground if we  
split up.

RENATA

Fine, I'll get the chain and cement  
block. You get the tarp and whatever  
else we might need to put this fucking  
night behind us.

EMILIA

No! You can't be seen with those  
things together! It will look too  
suspicious!

RENATA

To who? No one in their right mind is  
going to believe that our sole  
intention of coming to this soul  
sucking void of a Superstore is to buy  
supplies so we can cover up the murder  
of my ex-boyfriend.

EMILIA

Manslaughter of your ex-boyfriend. And  
actually, Walmart apparently is the  
number one place people buy supplies  
in preparation and or clean up for a  
murder/ manslaughter.

RENATA tilts her head down, her stare towards EMILIA visible above the sunglasses.

EMILIA

What? I saw it on Forensic Files!

RENATA rolls her eyes and slides the sunglasses back up on her nose.

RENATA

Fine then genius, I leave the  
procurement of our manslaughter clean  
up kit in your very capable hands.  
I'll get the chain, you get the cement  
block and tarp and we'll pay  
separately with douchebags cash.  
Everything sound copacetic?

EMILIA

Yeah, ok. Let's try to meet back here  
in 15.

RENATA departs swiftly. EMILIA takes a deep breath glances at the signs above all the aisles, attempting to pinpoint where she'll start first.

EMILIA

Jesus...

EMILIA too departs swiftly.

OUTSIDE, INTERIOR PRIUS, SOMEWHERE ON 1-84, DURING THE SAME TIME

MATHENA is driving down I -84 attempting to speed, but not actually speed towards the Walmart. The Prius is now blood free as is the ironing board still folded down in the back.

MATHENA keeps an eye on the odometer and is actively letting her foot on and off the gas so she stays right at 50mph, lest she be pulled over.

MATHENA takes a deep breath, another, but it doesn't seem to be enough to prevent the sob that escapes from her mouth and the tears that leak out of the corners of her eyes.

MATHENA cries and sobs as she continues to drive and scrunches her face up into an ugly expression and hiccups and gasps, becoming snotty like a 5 year old kid.

MATHENA quickly wipes away the snot and tears from her face



and turns on the RADIO.

RADIO

And in other late night news, a Cougar  
has been spotted out by Cascade Locks,  
so hikers beware-

MATHENA switches the channel. The RADIO plays some spanish music. MATHENA switches the channel; a commercial; MATHENA switches the channel.

RADIO

If, you wanna be my lover, you gotta  
get with my friends...

MATHENA stops, hesitates, puts her hand back on the wheel. MATHENA drives a few more seconds, still sniffing before glancing down at the RADIO, then back to the road.

MATHENA takes a hand off the steering wheel and off camera turns the volume up on the RADIO. MATHENA continues to drive, listening to Wannabe from the Spice Girls, her sobs starting to subside and transform into a humming of the song.

INSIDE, WALMART, APPROX. 10 MINUTES LATER

We see a montage of EMILIA walking swiftly/ borderline jogging down aisles in Walmart. Grabbing a tarp, grabbing a cement block, sniffing some air freshener, coughing from the smell, then also chucking it into the cart; looking frantically up and down the Walmart aisle before putting a couple gallons of bleach and gloves into the cart.

RENATA on the other hand is sauntering down an aisle, eating a bag of Talkies, sunglasses still on, a long chain with a bike lock wrapped casually around her shoulder.

We then cut to EMILIA, still walking swiftly down an aisle when she comes to an abrupt stop. EMILIA looks to her left at the item on the shelf, tampons. She picks up a box, thinks, then chucks it into the kart. Then another box, and another, and another until she has cleared the shelf of tampon boxes, filling the cart.

EMILIA then speeds off to the checkout area. RENATA meets her moments later and glides the sunglasses up off her face, pushing back her hair. RENATA glances down at EMILIA's cart.

RENATA

Uh... sis, you planning on running  
away to a remote country where tampons

are not readily available? Or do you just have an insane flow?

EMILIA turns swiftly away so that her back faces RENATA.

EMILIA

(whispers) Don't speak to me directly! We have to keep this covert. We don't want people watching to know we're together.

RENATA

(speaking normally) Seriously? Who the heck do you think is watching? And what's with the tampons?

EMILIA

(still whispering) Shh! That's just the thing, you never know. We should be careful and try to minimize attention as much as possible.

RENATA

(still speaking normally) I'm pretty sure we blew that when we arrived in an Uber and walked in here together. And again, what the hell are you doing with this lifetime supply of tampons? I find it kind of weird that I have to ask twice.

EMILIA

(voice raising, but still trying to whisper) For cover! Together these items could still look suspicious. But if you throw in a couple boxes of tampons, no one asks questions. Especially if it's a dude.

RENATA

Yeah...maybe a couple. But you have a straight up armada happening in this cart.

EMILIA looks down into the cart and blushes.

EMILIA

Yes, well. I suppose I was a little overzealous.

RENATA  
(sarcastically) Then may I suggest you  
check out at Register 4.

RENATA points to register 4 and EMILIA looks to see a clerk  
around the age of 16, face covered in acne, black horned rim  
glasses and actively picking his nose quite aggressively.

EMILIA  
(slowly nodding) ...yeah, that looks  
about right.

RENATA pops another handful of Talkies in her mouth, chewing  
and talking with her mouth full.

RENATA  
Yup, he'd melt into a puddle the  
minute you said clitoris.

EMILIA  
Give me the cash.

EMILIA holds her hand behind her back, not looking at RENATA,  
still trying to be covert. RENATA rolls her eyes and shoves a  
hand in her jeans pocket, frowns, then checks the other.

RENATA  
Uh...

RENATA drops the empty bag of Talkies and checks her pockets  
again, this time a little frantic as she checks the front  
pockets and even glances down into her bra.

EMILIA  
(still not looking at RENATA) What the  
hell, hurry up, let's pay for this  
shit and go.

RENATA  
Yeah, about that...I don't have the  
money...

EMILIA whips around and looks at RENATA, cover forgotten.

EMILIA  
What? What are you talking about? You  
had the cash!

RENATA  
(defensively) Yes, I know I had it.  
But what I'm saying is that I don't

have it anymore.

EMILIA

Oh my god...

RENATA

It must have fallen out of my pocket  
in the fucking Uber.

EMILIA

Oh my god! What are we going to do?!  
How could you forget the cash in the  
Uber! You didn't check to make sure  
you had everything?

EMILIA has started to draw the attention of the Walmart greeter, who is now glancing over at the sisters with interest. RENATA also notices this, and grabs EMILIA's elbow.

RENATA

(trying to whisper) No! EMILIA I  
didn't! I was in a bit of a rush to  
put as much distance between myself  
and DAN as possible.

EMILIA

(speaking normally) STAN. Oh, shit,  
what are we going to do? I don't have  
any money, and we need these supplies.  
MATHENA is counting on us!

RENATA

(still trying to whisper) Seriously?  
After everything that has happened to  
us tonight, you're still worried about  
disappointing her Holy Highness?

EMILIA

(speaking firmly) Oh, enough RENATA!  
Start taking some responsibility for  
Christ's sake. MATHENA may have her  
faults, but at least I know I can  
count on her to follow through. You,  
on the other hand treat everything  
like it's no big deal or you bury your  
head in the sand hoping problems will  
go away. If you want MATHENA to lay  
off, then show her you can do  
something. Show Up!

RENATA lets go of EMILIA's elbow and takes a step back in

surprise at this outburst. EMILIA looks even more surprised herself.

EMILIA

(nervously) I'm sorry... it's just...  
I wasn't trying to be mean...I'm just  
saying that we all need to do our  
part...and, I know this is even harder  
for you...cause you know, DICK was  
your boyfriend and you did bludgeon  
him to death with a fire poker...and  
(deep sigh) I'm sorry-

RENATA

Ex-boyfriend. And stop apologizing.  
Not unless you mean it. And you  
shouldn't. Because your right.

EMILIA stops and looks at RENATA in surprise.

RENATA

I'm not reliable, and I do ignore my  
problems hoping they'll just go away.  
And MATHENA does drive me nuts, but  
not necessarily because she's  
egotistical, narcissistic-

EMILIA

RENATA...

RENATA

She's totally all those things, but  
honestly, I could get past all that.  
The real reason why I can't stand  
MATHENA is because she's always had  
her shit together... she makes it look  
so effortless to just...always know  
what to do...and I'm jealous. I'm  
jealous of MATHENA because I wish I  
was more like her. I wish I could  
always "Show Up."

EMILIA is quiet and looks at RENATA with newfound clarity.

RENATA

I'm sorry...look, I didn't mean to  
leave the cash in the Uber and I  
didn't mean to kill my ex-boyfriend,  
it all just happened. But...if this  
night has taught me anything...it's  
shown me that I need to do better...I

can't keep coming to my sisters when I have problems and expecting them to fix everything-

EMILIA

But that's what we do. Because we're sisters.

RENATA stops and looks at EMILIA.

EMILIA

I think maybe that's what you and MATHENA never seemed to get. We don't have to be exactly alike, or even best friends joined at the hip...we just have to be "there"...present, when it matters most. "Showing up", when it matters most, no matter what...always having each other's backs.

RENATA looks away from EMILIA, but appears to be processing what EMILIA has just said.

EMILIA

And as much as I love MATHENA, I wouldn't be surprised to learn that she has a good poker face. I don't think she necessarily knows what to do all the time, I think she's just really good at hiding it when she doesn't.

RENATA is still processing.

EMILIA

Plus, she did shoot a guy for you...twice actually. I think you mean more to her than you think.

RENATA is now looking with interest at the Walmart greeter. Who is no longer interested in them.

EMILIA

Look...maybe one of us can wait outside for MATHENA and see if she happens to have enough cash-

RENATA

No.

EMILIA looks at RENATA.

RENATA

No. This time it's my turn. I'm going to fix this. We're going to walk out of Walmart with all our gear and not pay a single cent for it.

EMILIA

What do you mean, how are we going to that?

RENATA

(smirks) With something called a five finger discount.

EMILIA

(confused) You mean you have a coupon?

RENATA sighs, exacerbad.

RENATA

No, you idiot. We're going to steal it.

EMILIA gasps. Looks to the Walmart greeter.

EMILIA

No! No, we can't do that! We'll get caught-

RENATA

No, we won't. Because I am going to go over there and distract that Walmart greeter, and you are going to calmly saunter out of this Walmart like you own the place.

EMILIA

Oh my gosh, no way, I've never done that before... I mean, yeah, I've stolen before... you know like a shot glass from work... or maybe a pen here and there, but not a whole cart full of manslaughter clean up gear!

RENATA grabs both of EMILIA's elbows, locking eyes.

RENATA

Yes, you can. You can do this. Because you are Badass EMILIA and you can count on me to do my part. Time to "show up" right?

EMILIA, still looks uncertain.

RENATA

Trust me.

EMILIA sighs, nods.

EMILIA

Ok, ok, lets fucking do this. I mean  
we've already killed a guy tonight.  
What's a little shoplifting?

RENATA

Oh, up to 3 years in prison and  
potentially a 250,000 fine with the  
amount of merchandise we have here,  
but try not to think about that.

EMILIA, resumes a look of panic. RENATA chucks the chain in  
EMILIA's cart and slaps EMILIA's rear.

RENATA

It's all relative.

RENATA walks away, casually toward the Walmart greeter.

INSIDE ENTRANCE OF WALMART, APPROX 1 MINUTE LATER

The WALMART GREETER (35) is standing by the front entrance,  
eyes glossed over, hands behind his back, says robotically as  
customers walk in and out.

WALMART GREETER

Thank you, come again...Welcome to  
Walmart, where all your hopes and  
dreams can come true...

CUSTOMER

Excuse me, can you tell where I can  
find dish soap?

WALMART GREETER

Aisle 5 please...

CUSTOMER

Excellent! Where's aisle 5?

WALMART GREETER

The one with the big 5 over it it...



RENATA

Hello there sir! Fine evening we're having today, am I right!

WALMART GREETER

(big sigh) Welcome to Walmart...

RENATA

Yeah yeah, that's great. I actually have a very important question to ask you.

WALMART GREETER

(still not making eye contact) Of course ma'm. What ever can I do to help?

RENATA

Well, you see. I was wondering...where do you get off?

WALMART GREETER

(still not making eye contact) All comments and complaints about how we can better improve our customer service can be made over in...

RENATA

No, no, no. You misunderstand. What I'm trying to say is, where do you get off...on being so damn handsome?

The WALMART GREETER looks at RENATA, eyes narrowed in suspicion and annoyance.

WALMART GREETER

Excuse me?

RENATA

Really though dude! What is your secret? I mean from the minute I walked in to this...wonderful superstore...my eyes found you, and I have been enamored ever since...

The WALMART GREETER looks at RENATA.

WALMART GREETER

(with disinterest) Ma'm, you're not wearing a shirt.

RENATA looks down and see's that her cardigan has come open, exposing her bra.

RENATA

(trying to be seductive) Ha ha. Oh my!  
This darn thing, always coming  
undone...

WALMART GREETER

(with disinterest) Ma'm, I must remind  
you of our policy with customers when  
it comes to no shirt, no shoes...

RENATA

(offended) Oh, please. I'm sure I'm  
far more decently dressed then most of  
the yuppies who actually intend to  
come to Walmart on a Friday night!

The WALMART GREETER is still looking at RENATA with  
disinterest. RENATA laughs loudly.

RENATA

(back to cheerful) Ha ha! And by that  
I mean, what on earth is a good  
looking guy like you doing working  
here? Ha ha...

RENATA stretches both of her arms up above her head, trying  
to look natural as she glances over her shoulder at EMILIA,  
who is hovering by a magazine rack near the last checkout  
stand by the exit. EMILIA is reading a Men's Health magazine,  
attempting to look nonchalant, and failing miserably.

WALMART GREETER

Ma'm, do you have an actual question,  
because I'm actually working right  
now...

RENATA

(sarcastically) yes, I can see you are  
so busy...(changes tone) because you  
are a top notch Walmart Greeter there  
Mr...(looks at name tag)...SANDRA?

SANDRA

SANDRA's out and they haven't made me  
a name tag yet.

RENATA

Then, what's your real name?

The WALMART GREETER frowns at RENATA.

SANDRA

SANDRA's fine. Like I said, I'm working.

RENATA

(Another attempt at seduction) Well then, what time do you get off, SANDRA? Or do you have a break coming up soon? Maybe a ten? A five? Do you ever get to leave the entrance, or is that grounds for firing and being forbidden from ever working at another Walmart again? Ha ha...

RENATA waves a hand behind her back at EMILIA who is slowly navigating the cart full of soon stolen goods towards the exit, still pretending to read the Men's Health magazine.

RENATA

Because...I know this really great bar, that serves shwarma after midnight, and you look like the kind of guy who likes his lamb.

EMILIA has made it to the exit, still moving at a glacial pace. RENATA grabs SANDRA's arm and attempts to turn him in her direction, but SANDRA does not budge.

RENATA

(hand on WALMART GREETER/SANDRA's arm)  
Oh, my! Biceps! So you work out? Me too, totally! I like, do that thing, you know where you run in place...with other people that run in place...and sometimes you do some of these.

RENATA goes to squat and then makes a painful sound in the back of her throat. RENATA is unable to get up from her squat without bracing her hands on the floor.

RENATA

Ugh... (breathes heavily)...oh my god...I'm sorry...I'm just super sore from my last workout...that I just did...like an hour ago. The Iron Man...ever heard of it?

WALMART GREETER/SANDRA

(to RENATA) Ma'm are you planning on

paying for any of those things?

RENATA

(in mock confusion) which things? Oh, you mean these sunglasses?

RENATA whips the sunglasses off her head and shows them to SANDRA. EMILIA is halfway out the exit.

RENATA

Oh my god of course! I was just trying them out first. Trying to get a feel for them you know. Try before you buy, that's what I always say!

SANDRA

Yes, those. And the cart full of items your sister is attempting to steal right now.

EMILIA

(stops in surprise)(gasps) You can tell we're sisters?

RENATA

(in mock outrage) How dare you sir! I have never seen that woman before in my life! Oh my god...are you racially profiling me right now! This is so offensive! And I thought Walmart was a safe place!

SANDRA

Ma'm, I'm not racially profiling anyone, especially not you, because your white. Your sister is clearly trying to walk out of the Walmart with a cart full of goods she has not paid for.

RENATA

Sir! I will have you know that I am part French...Danish...German...

EMILIA is frozen at the exit. Half way in, half way out. RENATA looks her way, and winks. EMILIA shakes her head confused.

RENATA grabs her heart, and fakes a sound of pain and surprise.

RENATA

Oh god! This pain! A pain I have never felt before! A seizure! Oh god, I'm having a seizure!

RENATA drops to the floor, still grabbing her heart and making dramatic sounds of fatigue and pain.

RENATA

Oh god! It burns! It burns!

SANDRA

(unconcerned and unimpressed) You realize that you're faking a heart attack, while saying your having a seizure. You know that right?

RENATA

(rolling on the floor in pain) Oh my brain! (grabbing head) my aching brain!

RENATA looks pointedly at EMILIA who is starting to leave the store again.

SANDRA

This is ridiculous. Stop. Please for the love of god stop.

RENATA

Help me SANDRA! Please help me! I need your absolute attention SANDRA! I may die on your watch SANDRA!

SANDRA

If you guys are planning on walking out of this store with all those items, you know there is absolutely nothing I can do about it right?

RENATA looks up in confusion, hear attack/seizure forgotten. EMILIA is also struck dumb.

RENATA

Sorry, what was that SANDRA?

SANDRA

I'm just the WALMART GREETER, I'm not Security or the Police. If you two are insistent on not paying for those items, I can't stop you.

RENATA jumps up from the floor and peers at SANDRA. EMILIA also looks at him disbelieving.

RENATA

Seriously? You can't do anything? My god SANDRA, what purpose does your life serve?!

SANDRA

I can radio other personnel and blacklist you from entering all Walmarts across the United States, for the rest of time.

RENATA

(Sarcastically) Oooooooooohhhhhh! Scary! Never to enter a Walmart for the rest of my life, how will I ever cope!

SANDRA

(stares RENATA down) I can also judge you...very very harshly...

RENATA

(stares back) Go ahead then, SANDRA. Judge me! I'm invincible!

RENATA fakes left, then right, then left again. SANDRA does not react in the slightest. RENATA then veers right out the exit, pushing a still flabbergasted EMILIA out the door with the cart of gear.

RENATA

Run! Run like your life depends on it! SANDRA's chasing us!

SANDRA

(replies with disinterest off screen)  
Not chasing you. Not even looking at you.

EMILIA and RENATA sprint off anyway, pushing the cart of stolen goods out of the Walmart and into the parking lot.

OUTSIDE, INTERIOR OF PRIUS, APPROACHING WALMART, DURING SAME TIME

MATHENA is approaching Walmart and the RADIO is now on full blast with Wannabe from the Spice Girls playing.

MATHENA is invigorated with energy and doing the most with

singing the lyrics and making her own hand gestures.

MATHENA

I'll tell yeah what I want, what I  
really really want; so tell me what  
you want what you really want--what  
the fuck...

MATHENA trails off when she sees what appears to be her two sisters sprinting down the road away from the Walmart parking lot with a cart full of...are those all boxes of tampons?

MATHENA slows, rolls down the window and yells at her sisters from across the road, Wannabe still blaring from the speakers.

MATHENA

Hey! Hello! What the hell are you guys  
doing?

RENATA

(still running) What!

EMILIA

(still running) What!

MATHENA

I said- Screw this!

MATHENA does a U-Turn, the tires screeching across the pavement as she pulls up alongside her sisters, who are still running with the cart.

MATHENA

(yells) Why are you guys running? And  
what is with all the tampons?

RENATA is the first to push off the cart, heaving as she puts her hands on her knees and breathes.

RENATA

Oh god, oh god I'm so out of shape. I  
can feel those Talkies coming back up.

EMILIA also comes to a stop, a little out of breath, but not struggling as much as RENATA.

EMILIA

I can't believe we did that. I can't  
believe we just stole all this stuff  
and then just fled the Walmart!

MATHENA

You did what!

RENATA

Yeah, I was sure that SANDRA was a chaser, but it looks like we're in the clear.

MATHENA

Will someone please explain to me what the fuck is going on!

EMILIA

Is that the Spice Girls?

MATHENA abruptly turns the radio off. Puts the Prius in park.

MATHENA

Seriously, what is wrong with the two of you!

RENATA

Later. Let's just load up and blow this depressing Popsicle stand.

RENATA and EMILIA make their way to the trunk of the Prius. MATHENA exhales in disbelief and pops the trunk.

OUTSIDE, INTERIOR OF PRIUS, SOMEWHERE ON 1-84 E, APPROX. 5 MIN LATER

MATHENA is still driving, both hands on the steering wheel. Both RENATA and EMILIA are sitting on the floor in the back of the Prius, going through the gear they recently stole.

MATHENA

Nothing is ever simple with you two, is it?

EMILIA

Don't blame me! RENATA was the one who lost our money and decided to undertake the acting Olympics and fail horrendously. Now, not only am I an accomplice to murder, but I'm also a thief!

RENATA

Accomplice to manslaughter. And, excuse me, but you gave me no choice when you decided to freeze face all the way out the exit at the slowest pace in the world. How was "that" walking out of Walmart like you own



the place!?

EMILIA

I was trying to be inconspicuous!  
Unlike some! Is that how you typically  
seduce men? By showing off your shitty  
squats? A great place to get shwarma?

RENATA

Is this why your in much better shape  
than me (holds up Men's Health  
Magazine)? Thinking of bulking up?  
Cause you should! You moved so slow  
NANA could have run circles around  
you, even after her most recent hip  
surgery.

MATHENA

Look, enough. All the matters is you  
got the gear and maybe this is a  
blessing in disguise. At least now  
there's no paper trail, because you  
know, you stole everything.

RENATA

Tch. Yeah, even so. I wouldn't be  
surprised if we were all over that  
surveillance. That would make one hell  
of a movie night.

MATHENA

RENATA, please. Let's focus on the  
positive. We've got the gear, the  
Prius is clean. We are nearly home  
free.

RENATA

(reluctantly) Yes, I suppose your  
right.

MATHENA

Sorry, what was that?

EMILIA

Bang up job on the Prius by the way.  
You can hardly tell that only hours  
ago, DICKS's brains were splattered  
all across the interior.

RENATA

Yeah, any issues with that by the way?

MATHENA  
(abruptly) What do you mean?

RENATA  
I mean, how did it go? Anyone see you?

MATHENA  
(hesitates) No...no one. No one  
whatsoever. Everything was great. So  
great. I was in and out. No problems  
at all.

EMILIA  
Well, that's a relief.

RENATA  
Hey, you think we can stop for some  
food soon?

EMILIA  
Oh, yes, please can we! I'm starving!

MATHENA  
No! Are you nuts! We are going  
straight to the Bridge of the Gods!  
Straight to Cascade Locks! We are not  
stopping for food! We're not stopping  
to go pee! We are not passing go, not  
collecting 200 dollars, we are going  
to finish this once and for all, and  
that's final!

RENATA looks briefly behind her into the back of the Prius.

RENATA  
OK, MOM. That's all fine and dandy.  
But can I ask one more teensy little  
question?

MATHENA  
Jesus, what!?

RENATA  
How are we going to chuck a body off a  
bridge, when we don't have the body?

MATHENA brakes and the Prius screeches to a stop on the  
highway.

OUTSIDE, THE RURAL ROAD, APPROX. 15 MINUTES LATER

We see the Prius driving down the rural road, approaching the body dump sight. The three sisters get out and make their way toward the underbrush.

RENATA

Wow. Nice job, you can't even tell  
there's a corpse somewhere down there.

MATHENA

Yes, add that to my resume under  
skills and expertise: body dumping.

The three sisters slowly make their way down the short dip off the road and move the underbrush out of the way to reveal RICHARD's now horribly disfigured, mangled and recently chewed on cadaver.

All three sisters gasp in horror and disgust.

EMILIA

My god MATHENA! What did you do to  
him?

RENATA

Seriously. I almost feel bad for the  
poor guy.

MATHENA

I didn't do this! I mean...not all of  
it. The postmortem bone breakage was  
probably when I launched him out of  
the back of the Prius...

EMILIA

Come again?

MATHENA

But, it looks like a wild animal might  
have been snacking on him in our  
absence.

EMILIA looks around in alarm.

EMILIA

A wild animal! Like what? A bear? A  
wolf? Oh my god! A Moose?!

RENATA

Chill EMILIA. This isn't the Yukon.

Those bite marks are small, it was probably a raccoon or some shit.

EMILIA

(coos) awww. Do you think he's still nearby?

MATHENA

Let's just get him in the Prius and get out of here. Help me with the tarp.

The girls quickly hike back up to the Prius and pop the hatch, grabbing the tarp. RENATA grabs the gloves and odor spray.

RENATA

(to EMILIA) Good call.

EMILIA

Yeah, well it seems were all getting better at this...not sure how to feel about that.

MATHENA

Let's spread the tarp out first and see if we can't roll him onto it.

RENATA

Maybe we can put him back on the ironing board to carry him back up. It worked decently the first time.

MATHENA looks at RENATA, a little surprised.

MATHENA

(hesitates) yeah...good idea.

RENATA

(awkwardly) Tch...yeah well don't look so surprised. I'm not a complete idiot all the time.

MATHENA

(laughs a little) Just some of the time right?

RENATA smiles a little. MATHENA returns it. The two look away from each other, uncomfortable then hike back down the slope, gear in hand, missing EMILIA's smile.

EMILIA finds a flat spot on the ground and RENATA and MATHENA roll the tarp out. The three sisters glove up.

EMILIA

OK, let's do this. Oh god, this is going to suck.

The three sisters start rolling RICHARD's body onto the tarp, a harder task than initially thought as rigor mortis has begun to set in. The body squelches and cracks as it's moved onto the tarp and the sisters wince in disgust.

EMILIA

Oh god, the sounds he's making!

RENATA

Try the smell! I think I may vomit.

MATHENA

Just hold your breath, breathe through your mouth.

EMILIA

Gross, now I can taste it!

The sister's successfully roll RICHARD's body onto the tarp. EMILIA quickly douses herself and RICHARD's body with odor spray.

EMILIA

(sniffs) Hopefully that helps.

RENATA

Yes, now it smells like Pine and Lilac scented Au la Corpse.

MATHENA

Let's wrap him up, then get him on the ironing board. EMILIA you take the feet, I'll take the head. RENATA, I think it will be easier if you spot towards the middle.

RENATA

(nonchalant) Cool, I can do that.

The sisters take their places and EMILIA and MATHENA lift, RENATA hovers in the middle, supporting when necessary.

RENATA

Steady. Steady. OK, the incline is

directly behind you. EMILIA, you good?

EMILIA

(grunts) As good as I can be while  
hauling a malformed corpse up a  
hillside.

MATHENA

You're doing good EMILIA, just try to  
keep him steady.

MATHENA makes her way up the hillside, trying to go slow,  
EMILIA has just started to ascend the slope and is starting  
to sweat from the effort.

RENATA

EMILIA, you need me to tag in?

EMILIA

I've got it! Let's just hurry.

MATHENA

We can't go too fast or we'll lose him  
off the edge of the ironing board.  
It's a pretty narrow fit. We're almost  
there.

MATHENA looks behind her to reiterate this point, she can see  
the back end of the Prius, hatch open, ready to receive.  
MATHENA is so focused on this in fact, that she misses the  
sharp edged rock, jutting out of the hillside directly in her  
path.

RENATA, however, doing the most as spotter, doesn't miss the  
rock and attempts to warn MATHENA.

RENATA

Yo! MATHENA watch out!

MATHENA. Still looking toward the hatch.

MATHENA

We're almost there!

But all the effort proves to be fruitless.

MATHENA trips on the rock, makes a sound of surprise and  
pain, tipping the ironing board at a slight upward angle,  
just enough for RICHARDS's body to come careening down the  
decline...directly into EMILIA.

The loss of support on the front end causes EMILIA to fall backward with RICHARDS's body, having come partially unwrapped from the tarp, laying on top of her, face to face.

EMILIA

(screams) No! No way! Oh god, get him off me! DICK ! DICK! DICK! Oh god!!

RENATA

(hand over mouth) Oh Jesus, that's nasty!

MATHENA hops up from the slope, having recovered and heads down to help RENATA roll the body off of EMILIA.

MATHENA

Shit EMILIA! I'm sorry! Are you OK?

RENATA and MATHENA roll RICHARD off of EMILIA, who is staring straight ahead, up at the sky, hands in front of her, in a state of shock.

RENATA and MATHENA both kneel down, attempting to console EMILIA.

RENATA

Hey, it's OK! Nothing a shower won't fix!

EMILIA

(muttering) face to face...I looked into his eyes...

MATHENA reaches down and grabs the odor spray, gives EMILIA another douse.

The smells seems to snap EMILIA out of her trance and she hops up from the ground, making squeamish sounds as she wipes off any remaining essence of RICHARD.

EMILIA

Oh god! That was the single most terrifying thing that has ever happened to me in my life!

RENATA

Really? Even after everything else?

EMILIA whips around to look at RENATA.

EMILIA  
I looked into his eyes! His cold dead  
fish eyes!!

EMILIA makes two fingers and points them at her eyes to  
emphasize this point.

MATHENA  
Sorry, I think that was my bad.

RENATA  
Ya think?

MATHENA  
Look, we'll be more careful next time.

RENATA and EMILIA both look at MATHENA, annoyed.

MATHENA  
I will be more careful next time.

EMILIA  
Whatever, except this time I get to be  
spotter, and you can be the ass end!

EMILIA points at MATHENA. MATHENA relinquishes, putting both  
her hands up in the air.

RENATA  
Right, let's try this again then shall  
we.

OUTSIDE, INTERIOR OF PRIUS, SOMEWHERE ON 1-84 EAST, APPROX.  
40 MIN. LATER

The Prius is making its way down the highway at a consistent  
speed. RENATA is driving, EMILIA is in the front seat and  
MATHENA, oddly enough is in the back of the Prius with the  
body, now firmly burritoed in the tarp.

MATHENA  
Tell me again why I'm not allowed to  
drive my own car?

EMILIA  
Because it's your turn to be seat  
mates with the douche bag.

RENATA  
(mockingly) Yeah MATHENA! You have to  
learn to share with your sisters!



MATHENA

Just don't go over 55 mph. We cannot afford to be pulled over. Not now that we are so close.

EMILIA

How much longer do you think it will be?

RENATA

(looking at EMILIA's phone) GPS says only 30 more minutes.

MATHENA whips her head in RENATA's direction.

MATHENA

(gasps) Your using GPS? Have you lost your mind! Turn it off! Turn it off right now!

MATHENA makes a grab for EMILIA's phone, RENATA dodges, causing the Prius to swerve on the highway and drift slightly in the next lane.

RENATA

What the hell is the matter with you! Are you trying to cause an accident!

MATHENA

Me! What about you! Are you trying to make it easy for the police to arrest us?

EMILIA

I thought the whole point in dumping RICHARD's body off the bridge was so he wouldn't be found?

MATHENA

There's still going to be an investigation when he turns up missing. And even so, we should always prepare for the worst case scenario!

RENATA

Worst case scenario being?

MATHENA

The police find out the two of you were dating. They subpoena your phone records. Find you made a trip out to

Cascade Locks at midnight the night of his disappearance when you were supposedly having a quiet night at my house...maybe that kind of worst case scenario!

RENATA

Oh please MATHENA, you're whole life is a worst case scenario. Have a little faith that maybe for once, things will turn out fine without your divine intervention!

EMILIA

I don't know RENATA...maybe MATHENA is right. I feel like we shouldn't push our luck at this point.

MATHENA makes another grab for the phone, RENATA dodges again, except this time she over corrects.

MATHENA

Just give it to me! Turn it off!

RENATA

Stop it! Your distracting the driver!

EMILIA

Both of you quit it!!

RENATA jerks her hand back aggressively in an attempt to avoid MATHENA, which is precisely the moment when the phone slips from RENATA's hand right out the open driver side window, tumbling along the highway in the rearview mirror, lost.

EMILIA

Oh my god are you serious! My phone! I just paid it off!!

MATHENA and RENATA both wear shocked and guilty expressions on their faces.

MATHENA

RENATA did it. It wasn't me.

RENATA

Oh now who needs to grow up! That was totally your fault.

EMILIA

Jesus enough! You both have been driving me nuts all night long! I'm the youngest and yet I find myself feeling more and more like MOM everyday. How that woman ever put up with the two of you is mind boggling.

EMILIA turns in her seat so that both RENATA and MATHENA can see her face, wanting to get her point across and standing up for herself for the first time in potentially her whole life.

EMILIA

Both of you need to get a grip and get out of your own way! You want to know the real reason why we haven't been close these past few years, it's because you two seem intent on making it that way!

MATHENA starts to say something, but EMILIA holds up a finger and cuts her off.

EMILIA

No! It's my turn MATHENA. You are so insistent on bossing everyone around, believing you always know best that you never even stop to think about other people! It's not always about you!

RENATA turns to look back at MATHENA.

RENATA

Yeah-

EMILIA turns back to RENATA.

EMILIA

I'm not done, RENATA. Your no better! You think that the things you do don't affect other people, but your wrong. Your bad decisions and lack of responsibility affect everyone!

EMILIA's eyes gloss over, but she refuses to cry.

EMILIA

You both kind of suck! Meanwhile I'm supposed to straddle the line and play referee, but I am done. I am so

fucking done! I am no longer the enabler. Maybe that's my part in all of this? Maybe I should have been calling you both on your bullshit from the start instead of wanting everyone to love me. But you know what, screw it!

EMILIA turns back in her seat so she faces the front, breathing heavily, arms crossed across her chest. She sniffles, but doesn't shed any tears.

MATHENA remains silent in the backseat, appearing to be processing.

RENATA

(hesitates) EMILIA, I'm sorry if you've been feeling that way. We...I didn't mean for you to feel like you had to prove yourself in order for us to love you. I fucking love you no matter what.

MATHENA is still silent in the back seat. EMILIA takes some deep breaths then, sits forward, spying something off the side of the road.

EMILIA

Pull over.

RENATA

What? Where? Why what's wrong?

EMILIA

I'm starving, that's what's wrong. And I want a goddamn cheeseburger.

EMILIA points to the dive bar down the highway, just off the road. There appears to be only a few cars in the parking lot and there's a blinking neon sign that flashes OPEN intermittently.

MATHENA

No way! We can't stop! We have a body in the backseat!

EMILIA

The parking lot has no lights and there is barely anyone here. DICK is not going anywhere, but I might faint if I don't eat something now.

MATHENA  
RENATA, we can't-

RENATA  
Sorry, MATHENA but you're outvoted. I  
could use a basket of fries to top off  
this night. We'll be in and out. 20  
minutes tops.

RENATA pulls over and parks on the far end of the parking  
lot, away from the bar and other cars.

MATHENA  
Oh god, I don't like this.

EMILIA  
Yes, well you don't have to, but it's  
still happening.

EMILIA hops out and heads to the bar without a backward  
glance. RENATA and MATHENA share a look, then exit the Prius,  
following after EMILIA.

INSIDE DIVE BAR, APPROX 5 MIN. LATER

The girls have chosen a booth next to the window where they  
can spy the Prius. MATHENA sits on one side and RENATA and  
EMILIA have squeezed together on the other.

Orders have been placed. MATHENA sits uncomfortably, looking  
intermittently at the Prius, to assure herself that it's  
still there. RENATA is massaging the corners of her eyes,  
trying to will away a headache that has been coming on for  
the last hour, and EMILIA is sitting with her hands in her  
lap, attempting to look nonchalant and almost succeeding.

MATHENA  
(to RENATA) I can't believe you  
ordered a pint. We won't be here long  
and we're going to be driving soon.

RENATA  
It's an IPA relax, no danger of  
getting drunk there.

EMILIA  
I just cannot wait until that  
cheeseburger gets here, I am so going  
to destroy it.

RENATA

(To MATHENA) You sure you don't want anything?

MATHENA

Thank you, but no. I couldn't eat right now even if I tried.

The food comes out, along with RENATA's pint and it's mouth watering, even MATHENA is becoming distracted by it's smell.

EMILIA takes a gigantic bite.

EMILIA

Oh my god...oh my god... I might die, that tastes so good...

RENATA

Yeah, the fries aren't bad either. You sure you don't want any?

RENATA holds a fry up to MATHENA, dangling it tempestuously in front of her face.

RENATA

They're cajun...

MATHENA

I said no thank you...and I have something to say.

Both RENATA and EMILIA pause in their eating, look up at MATHENA expectantly.

MATHENA

I'm sorry.

RENATA drops her fry and EMILIA's eyes get big.

RENATA

Ermagad... did you hear that?

EMILIA

(surprised) I think MATHENA just...apologized...

MATHENA rolls her eyes and crosses her arms.

MATHENA

Shut up. Look. I...sometimes I get so concerned with taking care of other

people, that I don't stop to think  
first if that's something they even  
want...or need...

RENATA and EMILIA have still not moved, enraptured by this  
monumental moment.

MATHENA

It's just... the stuff that I do. My  
solutions I guess...work really well  
for me...so I guess I just assume that  
they should work for everyone. And I  
suppose I get very frustrated when  
things aren't done my way...and that's  
not fair.

MATHENA looks up at both RENATA and EMILIA, RENATA is now  
shoving fries into her mouth, unwilling to miss a moment of  
this exchange but starving as hell.

MATHENA

We're all our own people. We have  
different personalities, different  
ways of doing things, and I should  
respect that. Just because we're so  
different, doesn't mean we can't be  
friends...or even hang out...and I  
think I lost sight of that...what's  
really important. I love you guys.

EMILIA fake grabs her heart and makes an emotional face.

EMILIA

Oh MATHENA! I am so proud of you, that  
hit me right in the feels!

MATHENA

(rolls her eyes) Yes, well I hope you  
have stored that away into your  
memories, because it is never going to  
happen again.

RENATA

I love you too. And I also have  
something to say.

RENATA puts the handful of fries down into the basket, wiping  
the salt from her hands as she prepares her own admission.

RENATA

We all may handle things differently.

But that doesn't mean I handle things well.

RENATA looks at EMILIA and MATHENA.

RENATA

I mean, look at where we are. We're in this mess because of me. Because I have shitty taste in men, and I don't ask for help. Even when I really need it. Why? Because I'm embarrassed? Because I'm afraid of looking weak? Especially when the two of you seem to have things handled pretty well?

EMILIA

Remember what DAD used to say?

EMILIA drops her voice to a baritone.

EMILIA

"It's all relative." I never really understood what that meant until I got older. I think it's easier to assume everyone else's life is so much better than your own, but really? We don't know shit...

MATHENA

Really, did DAD say that? Cause I don't know whose voice that was supposed to be, but it certainly didn't sound like DAD's.

EMILIA rolls her eyes and laughs and RENATA joins in.

RENATA

Yeah, that sounded more like Sam Elliot or something. Are you sure it wasn't Sam Elliot that said that?

EMILIA

Ha ha ha. You bitches know what I mean.

MATHENA laughs then looks at RENATA.

MATHENA

You're wrong you know. When you said this was all your fault. I mean, I know I said that too. But I was wrong.



None of this is your fault.

EMILIA

Yeah, it was DICK's! I mean, he was so totally crazy!

MATHENA

You can't be held responsible for his actions. He got what was coming to him and that's that.

RENATA

Want to know why I broke up with him? Or rather, why he broke up with me?

MATHENA

Oh? You mean there was a singular reason? I thought there might be a list.

EMILIA

Wait, I'm confused. Who broke up with who?

RENATA

We broke up, because I can't have children.

MATHENA and EMILIA stop laughing, though RENATA has said this matter of factly, it is profound and the first time that the other sister's have heard of it.

EMILIA

(hesitates) What?

RENATA

(sighs) Yeah... I know it was stupid, but there was a time when I thought he might've been the one. So we started...sort of trying to have kids. I mean neither of us believe in marriage, but I knew I wanted to be a mother. And RICHARD wanted to be a father, or at least he said he did.

RENATA waves her hand dismissively.

RENATA

Anyway, I was having some stomach issues and period irregularities, went to my doctor, who made some referrals

and apparently my estrogen levels are too low. So low in fact that, I will never be pregnant and I will never have kids. Like ever.

MATHENA and EMILIA look at RENATA, shocked and dismayed on her behalf.

EMILIA

Is that what you were talking about? With RICHARD? When you said that he said...something...

RENATA

(smiles bitterly) Oh yeah that. Yeah, he had the audacity to make some comment about me not being much of a woman. Cause you know I can't perform the "only thing I'm supposed to be good at."

MATHENA and EMILIA both look outraged.

EMILIA

Fuck that guy.

MATHENA

Yeah, now I don't feel bad about trying to kill him.

RENATA looks at MATHENA in surprise.

RENATA

You mean when you shot him? I thought you were just trying to injure him. It was one hell of a shot.

MATHENA

No. I was aiming for his head. I was trying to kill him.

It's now RENATA and EMILIA's turn to look surprised.

EMILIA

(says admirably) Damn MATHENA, you are stone cold.

MATHENA

The guy was trying to hurt my younger sisters.

MATHENA grabs RENATA's pint and takes a big gulp. Finishes the drink. Slams it back down on the table.

MATHENA

No mercy.

RENATA and EMILIA smile and shake their heads.

MATHENA

(to RENATA) And hey. Don't worry about the estrogen thing. At the rate in-vetro is improving these days, I'm sure we can figure something else out.

RENATA

(smiles) Oh yeah. We?

MATHENA

Totally! If I have to find a young and robust 20 year old to carry your babies, I will literally go out there and personally interview each one! Only the best host for nieces and nephews.

RENATA

Host? God, you make it sound like something out of Alien.

MATHENA

Actually, from my understanding, it's the same basic concept. Except you know the baby is coming out of your vagina and not bursting out of your chest.

EMILIA

(to RENATA, waving her hand) I'm young, I'm robust! I will totally carry your babies for you!

RENATA

(laughs) No thanks!

The sisters all begun to laugh quite loudly. So loudly in fact that they have caught the attention of the two men at the booth in the corner. MATHENA, grabs a handful of fries and looks in their direction, then immediately spits the mouthful out all over the table.

RENATA

Whoah! What the hell. (laughs) Geez, there must be something about this bar. Making us all spill our guts and shit.

EMILIA

(laughs) Yeah for some of us literally.

MATHENA, who had been coughing after the embarrassment, recovers then whispers vigorously to her sisters.

MATHENA

Yeah, well I have one more confession to make. You see those two guys over in the booth? Wait, don't look!

But the warning comes too late and RENATA and EMILIA immediately turn in their seats to see the two men in the booth across the bar, who are now waving at them. It's JIM and ELLIOT.

RENATA

(waves back confused) Yeah, why?

EMILIA

Do you know them?

MATHENA

Unfortunately yes. They were at the Spray and Wash. You know, when I was cleaning out the mass carnage that was DICK!

EMILIA and RENATA immediately whip around to face MATHENA, both gasping and looking thoroughly alarmed.

RENATA

What the hell! Seriously?

EMILIA

You said no one saw you though!

MATHENA

I lied. Look, they didn't actually see anything...well that's a lie too... they did see RENATA's bloody shirt.

RENATA

(gasps) What the fuck!

MATHENA

But I was able to explain it and they left. I don't think they suspected anything, but them seeing us here is not good.

EMILIA

Wait! How did you explain RENATA's shirt? I mean it was covered in blood.

MATHENA

Later. For now, let's get the hell out of here before they decide to stop by for a chat.

MATHENA throws down a 20, then quickly gets up. The other two sister's follow suit. ELLIOT looks up as they leave and attempts to say something to MATHENA, but MATHENA smiles in his direction very briefly before practically sprinting out of the bar.

OUTSIDE, BAR PARKING LOT, APPROX 3 SECONDS LATER

The sisters approach the Prius and MATHENA hops in the driver seat. EMILIA gets back in the front and RENATA settles in the back with the still tarp rolled body of RICHARD.

RENATA

(cringes) Ugh. Together again...

MATHENA

Soon, you'll be rid of him forever.

MATHENA starts the Prius and attempts to pull out only for the car to make screeching sound and not reverse. MATHENA frowns in confusion and puts more pressure on the accelerator only for the noise to increase and the Prius begins to tailspin.

MATHENA

Jesus, what the fuck now?

EMILIA rolls down the window, sticks her head out and looks towards the front of the Prius.

EMILIA

I think we're stuck in a mud patch. We might have to get out and push.

MATHENA

Well hurry up then, we need to put as

much space between us and this bar  
pronto!

RENATA and EMILIA both look at MATHENA pointedly.

MATHENA  
(chagrined) And when I say that, I  
mean, please, if you don't mind, both  
of you get out and push so we can get  
the hell out of here.

RENATA rolls her eyes, then makes to get out of the back of  
the Prius. EMILIA follows suit.

RENATA  
We would've settled for a change in  
tone, but I suppose that's progress.

RENATA and EMILIA both position themselves at the front of  
the Prius and lean down. Getting ready to push.

RENATA  
Ok, gun it.

MATHENA does just that as RENATA and EMILIA both shove at the  
Prius, trying to get it unstuck from the mud. It doesn't  
succeed, though the Prius does move back slightly.

MATHENA  
I think if we do it once more  
together, it should work!

EMILIA  
Ok, let's go.

The sisters repeat the action, this time RENATA and EMILIA  
really putting all their strength into it as MATHENA pumps  
the accelerator. It works, and the Prius becomes unstuck.

We see a brief flash of celebration on RENATA and EMILIA's  
faces in the beam of the headlights before it quickly turns  
to terror and both sisters put their hands up to flag down  
MATHENA, attempting to warn her; but it's too late.

The Prius reverses rapidly, right into a very familiar souped  
up Jeep, parked toward the front of the bar. The impact is  
damaging enough for MATHENA to jerk forward in her seat.

MATHENA freezes, both hands on the steering wheel, unwilling  
to believe what just happened.

MATHENA

Shit...

MATHENA looks behind her, checking on the body, which is still thoroughly wrapped. MATHENA also see's JIM and ELLIOT coming out of the bar, alarmed at the sudden accident that has taken place. MATHENA quickly exits the Prius and is soon joined by RENATA and EMILIA who have run to meet her from across the parking lot.

EMILIA

Oh shit, that was intense.

RENATA

(under her breath) And very much unneeded. We can't let them see the body, otherwise it's all over.

MATHENA runs over the the back of the Prius, blocking sight into the rearview hatch. JIM and ELLIOT are inspecting the damage to the front of the Jeep.

MATHENA

Oh my gosh...gee...I am so sorry about that. We got stuck in the mud, and I guess I just gave it a little too much gas.

Both JIM and ELLIOT look up from their inspection. JIM more upset than ELLIOT.

JIM

A little too much! How is it even possible for there to be this much damage to my grill when you were parked clear across the parking lot!

MATHENA

Yeah...sorry. It's so dark out here you know...and we were kind of in a hurry. Here, I'll give you my information!

MATHENA turns back to RENATA, and lifts her shoulder toward the back of the Prius. EMILIA understands the motion before RENATA does and quickly scoots up alongside MATHENA, blocking vision into the back of the car, enabling MATHENA to run back to the passenger side glove box to grab her information.

RENATA

Hey, sorry dude. Shit happens you

know?

RENATA has also come up alongside EMILIA to block vision into the Prius.

JIM

Shit happens! This is insane! Look at my Jeep! It might be totaled!

RENATA

(rolls her eyes) Geez, settle down. It's a fender bender. Nothing to get your panties in a wad.

JIM

What the hell is wrong with you broads! You crazy bit-

RENATA takes a step forward.

RENATA

(smiles intensely) I'm sorry, were you just about to call us bitches? Cause you might want to watch it, you don't want to mess with us, trust me.

JIM

Seriously, are you some kind of psycho or something?

EMILIA has also taken a step forward.

EMILIA

You did not just call my sister a psycho! We will end you!

At this point ELLIOT has quickly stepped forward to intervene and MATHENA has made her way back to the fray.

ELLIOT

Hey come on, lets everyone calm down.

ELLIOT looks to JIM.

ELLIOT

Dude, relax. I know it sucks, but they've got insurance.

MATHENA quickly hands over her license and insurance card.



MATHENA

Here, you can take a picture of these.  
I'll grab your information and make a  
call to my insurance agent tomorrow.  
But, we really are in a bit of a  
hurry.

ELLIOT

(looking at MATHENA's license)  
MATHENA?

MATHENA looks at ELLIOT, a little startled.

MATHENA

Yeah?

ELLIOT

I thought you said your name was  
ATHENA? You know like the goddess of  
war?

Both RENATA and EMILIA look at MATHENA, thoroughly confused.  
MATHENA decides to play dumb.

MATHENA

I'm sorry, sir. But do I know you?

ELLIOT's brow furrows and he laughs.

ELLIOT

Yeah, yeah you do. We met at the Spray  
and Wash? You said your name was  
ATHENA. You said you had a...you  
know...a heavy-

MATHENA

OH YES! Now I remember! Of course!  
ELLIOT. How lovely to see you again!  
Though I wish it was under better  
circumstances. Sorry, it was so dark  
in this parking lot, I had trouble  
seeing you!

ELLIOT

I waved to you in the bar.

MATHENA

(still playing dumb) Did you! Oh gee,  
I must have missed that!

ELLIOT  
But you smiled right at me-

RENATA  
(interrupts) Yes, well. My sister here  
is a bit tired, and as she said, we  
are in a bit of a hurry.

ELLIOT  
(looking embarrassed) Yeah, I totally  
get it. We'll just let you be on your  
way-

JIM  
Uh...what the hell is that?

JIM points inside the Prius. The sisters don't have to turn  
around to know that he is referring to the oddly shaped tarp  
wrapped body in the back, and instead, choose not to react.

EMILIA/MATHENA/RENATA

What?

JIM  
The tarp thing in the back? Is  
that...is that a body?

Brief pause of silence.

MATHENA  
(laughs) What? No, no way!

RENATA  
(laughs) A body? Please, do  
we look like crazy killers  
or something!?

EMILIA  
(freaking out) Yes, god yes it is and  
please, please don't call the police.  
We can explain!

RENATA and MATHENA both look at EMILIA in shock and horror.

ELLIOT  
Wait, your joking right. That's a  
body?

MATHENA recovers first and RENATA swiftly pinches EMILIA's  
rear, causing her to yelp.

MATHENA  
(laughs) Oh my gosh. Not a human body,

no! What she means is...it's a...well  
it's a...

RENATA

A buck! It's a buck body...or you know  
the body of a buck! We hit it on the  
highway on our way here...and we  
thought...

EMILIA

Why let precious meat go to waste! And  
wouldn't that head (grimace) just  
look fine and dandy on our living room  
wall.

MATHENA

Yes! It's one of those, what do you  
call it, a 6 pointer!

JIM

Really a 6 pointer? That's not very  
large...

MATHENA

Did I say 6! I meant twice that! Try  
12!

EMILIA

Yeah, and it was 17 hands at least!

RENATA

(under her breath to EMILIA) That's  
for horses!

ELLIOT

Well damn, that was a stroke of luck.  
Hey, do you need any help cleaning it?  
Cause we're both pretty good at that.

EMILIA/MATHENA/RENATA

NO!

Another brief pause of silence.

MATHENA is again the one to recover first.

MATHENA

What we mean is... we take buck  
cleaning...very seriously. It's kind  
of like a sister bonding thing for us.

EMILIA  
Yeah, like a ritual!

JIM  
(shocked) A what?

Another pinch from RENATA to EMILIA.

RENATA  
Not a ritual per say. More like a club. A girls only club.

MATHENA  
Yes, and I only just neatly and firmly wrapped it up in that tarp and would hate to unravel it. I take tarp wrapping very seriously.

RENATA  
She does. It's under her skills and experience section on her resume. Tarp wrapping.

Both JIM and ELLIOT are now looking more confused than ever, but have also decided to end this crazy exchange.

JIM  
(hurried) Ok, well have fun with that. We're just gonna go now.

ELLIOT  
Yeah...it's getting late and all.

MATHENA  
Ok, yeah, sure no problem! I'll have my agent give you a call tomorrow.

JIM  
You know what! Now that I've given my eyes time to adjust. I'm realizing it's actually not that bad.

As JIM says this, the bumper of his Jeep falls off. He steadily ignores it, and is starting to back away slowly from the three sisters.

EMILIA  
Cool! Well no problem. We'll just be going now too.

Both parties separate and head to their vehicles. MATHENA

jumps back in the driver seat and RENATA gets in the passenger. EMILIA hops in back and spies JIM still looking in at her and she gives the tarped body a swift pat on the rear and gives JIM a thumbs up. JIM looks away quickly and hops into his Jeep.

MATHENA

God. I don't know how I can humiliate myself any further tonight.

RENATA

I don't know. That ELLIOT guy seemed into you.

MATHENA

Are you crazy? He probably thinks were in a cult. Or some nutty feminist group! And EMILIA, what the hell?

EMILIA

What?

RENATA

You folded so damn quickly! We're supposed to be united!

MATHENA

Yes EMILIA, I think we all lost a bit of respect for you back there.

EMILIA

Well, I'm sorry! But I panicked! What was I supposed to say!

RENATA

How about anything that's not an admission to murder!

MATHENA

Manslaughter.

A knock on the driver side window causes the three sisters to jump and yell. It's ELLIOT and he's waving at MATHENA to roll the window down. MATHENA cracks it.

ELLIOT

Hey, uh sorry to bother you guys again...but I was wondering. MATHENA or ATHENA... I never got the rest of your number...

MATHENA looks shocked and both EMILIA and RENATA look at her, RENATA smirking a little.

MATHENA

Oh, yeah. Right. And it's actually  
MATHENA. ATHENA is...my nickname...Um  
my number is...

MATHENA gives ELLIOT the rest of her number, which he swiftly dials into his phone.

ELLIOT

Thanks. You know, I thought I would  
ask in case JIM changes his mind about  
the whole accident thing...and  
also...if you ever wanted to actually  
meet on purpose and not in dark and  
mysterious places with blood and  
bodies, we might actually find  
something to talk about.

MATHENA

(tucks her hair behind her ear  
nervously) Oh yeah, totally. Sounds  
nice.

ELLIOT

Cool...well stay safe out there  
ladies. Enjoy the rest of your night!

ELLIOT smiles then heads back to the Jeep which swiftly pulls out of the bar parking lot. MATHENA has not put the Prius in drive yet, still a little shocked from the encounter.

RENATA

Oh my god, MATHENA, that guy actually  
likes you.

EMILIA pops her up in the front seat.

EMILIA

He totally does! You have to meet up  
with him. He's cute and he actually  
finds you charming!

MATHENA

(incredulous) What do you mean,  
actually? Am I not charming? Am I not  
likable?

Both RENATA and EMILIA say nothing.

RENATA

Look, it would just be nice if something positive came out of this night.

EMILIA

I don't know. The three of us have gotten closer through all this I think. That's something positive right?

MATHENA

True. But next time, I say we doing something normal, like take a trip or do some trust exercises; you know instead of murder and body disposal.

RENATA

Manslaughter and body disposal. And yeah, a trip sounds good; you know, depending on whether we end up in prison or not. I'll take a look at my calendar.

EMILIA

Hawaii! I vote Hawaii!

MATHENA pulls out of the bar parking lot and the sisters resume the last leg of their journey.

OUTSIDE, INTERIOR OF PRIUS, APPROACHING THE BRIDGE OF THE GODS, APPROX 20 MINUTES LATER

It's almost 1:00 AM and the radio is on, scanning for a station, but all the sisters are getting is static.

RENATA

Damn. I was hoping for some music.

EMILIA

I can't believe we're almost there. It kind of felt like the Bridge of the Gods was some mythical place we were never going to get to, like Mordor or something.

RENATA

Nerd.

MATHENA

I know what you mean. But this night

is nearly over.

EMILIA abruptly gets up and moves RENATA's shoulder.

EMILIA

Schooche over. I'm done sitting with  
DICK.

RENATA

Seriously? We're almost there.

EMILIA

Yeah, but I keep getting an ominous  
feeling anytime someone says that, and  
I've decided to not bank on that  
anymore. Move, I'm small enough, I can  
squeeze into the front seat with you.

RENATA

Stop bragging.

RENATA moves over and EMILIA sits on the far right of the  
front passenger seat, uncomfortable, but unwilling to admit  
so.

A that moment the radio scanner stops on a station and a very  
familiar tune plays out into the Prius. Wannabe from the  
Spice Girls.

RENATA

Holy shit! I love this song!

EMILIA

Me too!

MATHENA

(laughs) Yeah...me too.

MATHENA turns the music up and soon the sisters are singing  
all the lyrics at each other, making hand gestures, and  
pointing and eventually laughing their asses off.

The sisters are having so much fun in fact, that they miss  
the noise from the back of the Prius coming from the hatch,  
at which point the locking mechanism fails and the hatch  
begins to come open slowly.

The gust of wind eventually alerts RENATA first, who turns  
back around and sees the open highway behind them.



RENATA

Holy shit! MATHENA!!!

MATHENA also turns around, spying the open hatch and gasps. At this same moment, a dark figure emerges on the highway in front of the Prius, of which none of the sister's see, except EMILIA.

EMILIA

Look out!

EMILIA points to the front of the highway at the figure, which appears to jump in front of the Prius. MATHENA turns back and reacts fast, swerving out of the way of the shadowy figure, causing the Prius to do a 360 on the highway, hatch open, and RICHARD's body flies out of the back.

The body comes unraveled from the tarp and bounces sickeningly down the highway, snapping bones and pieces of flesh flying off as it encounters the asphalt.

Eventually the body comes to a stop, in front of a sign that reads "Welcome to the Bridge of the Gods." and the Prius stops spinning out, coming to a halt in the middle of the highway.

EMILIA

We're here.

RENATA

(hyperventilating) What the fuck was that thing! And why did the hatch come open?

MATHENA

The lock must have broke when I backed in into the Jeep.

The sisters quickly get out of the Prius, thankful for the lack of cars on the freeway this time of night and make their way to what remains of RICHARD's body, which is basically unrecognizable at this point given the night it's been through.

EMILIA

(covers mouth) Oh god.

MATHENA

(gags) Oh shit that's awful.

MATHENA stumbles away toward the Bridge of the Gods, heading

to the railing.

RENATA

Yeah, when I die. Please just cremate me. I don't ever want to be reduced to this shit.

EMILIA

Yes, well I highly doubt most mourners put their loved ones through what poor RICHARD has been through tonight.

RENATA

Let's just get him off the highway and over the Bridge. And then I am going to need some serious therapy and old Bourbon after tonight.

MATHENA

(from the bridge railing) Uh...you guys, we have a problem.

RENATA and EMILIA look in MATHENA's direction, MATHENA is staring down into the Columbia River with disbelieving eyes. EMILIA and RENATA jog over to the Bridge and look over the railing, jaws dropping in shock.

RENATA

You've got to be fucking kidding me.

The sister's stare down into the river, which is incredibly low. So low in fact that the bed can be seen from up top the Bridge and there is not near enough water present to sink a body.

EMILIA

(whispers) Oh shit, that's right. It's January...The ice caps haven't melted yet...

MATHENA begins to giggle. A little at first as she walks slowly away from the Bridge back to the highway. The giggle eventually transforms into a full blown laugh as she hysterically heaves, holding her belly from the effort.

EMILIA

Oh, God she's lost it.

MATHENA

(still laughing) You think... you think we would have had the

forethought to check the river  
levels...before we... before me...oh  
God we are so screwed! (still  
laughing)

RENATA and EMILIA quickly make their way to MATHENA's side,  
torn between wanting to console her and give her as much  
space as possible.

EMILIA  
MATHENA, it's ok. We'll figure  
something else out. Maybe....

MATHENA  
(whips around, no longer laughing)  
What EMILIA? WHAT? What do you think  
we should do now? Oh, I know! Let's  
find an acid vat to throw him into! Or  
wait, hot lava! Or no! Let's prop in  
him up in his truck, dap a little  
concealer under his eyes and wheel him  
to work Monday morning, maybe no one  
will notice that he's dead!!

MATHENA is pacing the highway, waving her hands madly in the  
air. RENATA and EMILIA are staring at her in alarm.

MATHENA  
Hold everything! I have it. We will  
just tie him to the front of the  
Prius, like a goddamn hood ornament!  
And no one will notice that's it  
actually a corpse and not the latest  
trend. Come on, help me prop him up.

MATHENA runs over to RICHARD's body and hoists him up under  
his armpits. MATHENA has become unhinged.

EMILIA runs over and restrains MATHENA.

EMILIA  
Stop acting crazy! Enough! We will  
figure something out!

RENATA  
No we won't. Because MATHENA's right  
that is enough.

MATHENA stop's squirming in EMILIA's hold and looks at RENATA  
who has sighed deeply and put her hands on her hips firmly.

RENATA

This ends here. We tried we failed.  
And now it's time to stop. I'm turning  
myself in.

EMILIA, let's go of MATHENA.

EMILIA

No! You can't! RENATA, you'll be  
arrested for sure! They'll put you in  
Prison!

RENATA

Yeah, probably. But we've exhausted  
all other options and there is no way  
I'm letting you guys go down for this.  
Not when it started with me. You guys  
take the Prius and head back to  
MATHENA's place. I'll tell the police  
it was all me. There's no reason for  
the two of you to get involved.

RENATA is resolute, and looks oddly relaxed at this final  
decision, despite the fact that it means her future is  
officially headed down the toilet. MATHENA takes a deep  
breath, then steps toward RENATA.

MATHENA

Like hell.

RENATA

MATHENA, really, it's ok-

MATHENA

This did not start with YOU! I shot  
DICK. If anyone should go down for  
this, it should be me! You take the  
Prius and head back to my place, I'll  
turn myself in and say it was all me.

RENATA

There is no way that is happening!

MATHENA

Fine, then I'm going with you! We'll  
go together. After all, that's  
basically the real truth of it right?

RENATA

What?

MATHENA

You heard me. Killing DICK was a joint effort on our parts. If you go, I go.

RENATA's eye's gloss over and a tear slips free. RENATA smiles then shakes her head in defeat, smiling a little.

RENATA

Ok, fine then you stubborn asshole. We'll go together. EMILIA, take the Prius and head back.

EMILIA

Fuck no! Don't you two even dare try and leave me out of this! You always exclude me from everything! I'm turning myself in too!

RENATA

(sighs) EMILIA, you can't.

MATHENA

You didn't even do anything.

EMILIA

(outraged) I did so! I helped mutilate and remove his body! I also stole the supplies meant to get rid of his body! I am a glorified accomplice! We were all involved in this and we should all go together!

RENATA

This isn't-

EMILIA

And before you say anything RENATA, I'm not doing this because I feel like I have to. I'm not doing it because I can't do anything else except what my older sisters do. I'm doing this because I want to. This is my choice, and whether the two of you like it or not, I'm going.

RENATA looks at MATHENA, smiling a little. MATHENA smiles back and shrugs.

RENATA

All right then kid, fine. We'll all go together.

The sisters all stand around, looking at each other, smiling, happier than they've been in a while together despite the odd and dire circumstances.

MATHENA takes a deep breathe.

MATHENA

Well then, I suppose we should load up  
douchebag and take him to the nearest  
Police Station.

MATHENA heads over to RICHARD's body. Grimacing, MATHENA kneels down and flips him over so he's face down.

EMILIA

I'll go grab the ironing board, that  
thing truly has been a lifesaver  
tonight.

EMILIA leaves to head back to the Prius. MATHENA, still kneeling by the body, turns back to smile at RENATA who is also smiling, until suddenly she's not.

RENATA looks at something over MATHENA's shoulder and the expression on her face can only be described as pure fear.

RENATA

(whispering) MATHENA, don't move.

MATHENA furrows her brows, and naturally doesn't listen to RENATA's instructions.

MATHENA

What-

MATHENA turns back to RICHARD's body, only to come face to face with a cougar. It's face is so close to MATHENA's, his breath can be seen in the cold night air as it causes the hair around MATHENA's face to move and his whiskers are practically touching MATHENA's face. MATHENA is not moving and cannot speak, in fact she may have pissed her pants.

RENATA has also become frozen to the spot, however, EMILIA, completely oblivious to the situation has grabbed the ironing board from the back of the Prius and is now heading back in their direction.

EMILIA

Ok, I got it. So should I spot again  
or do we need to bring the car  
around...

EMILIA has finally noticed the cougar and has trailed off, also becoming frozen.

EMILIA

Oh...my...go...go (sputtering)

EMILIA is unable to finish her sentence and her body starts to shake uncontrollably, causing EMILIA to drop the ironing board. It makes a loud clanging sound and the cougar turns in EMILIA's direction and gives a loud and terrifying growl.

EMILIA

Oh shit! Oh God! It's real!

RENATA

EMILIA don't move! It can't see us if we don't move!

EMILIA

It's a cougar RENATA, not a Goddamn T-Rex!

The cougar turns back to MATHENA and starts licking her face. The force of it's tongue causing MATHENA's head to sling back. MATHENA's expression is still frozen in shock.

The cougar then turns it's attentions away from MATHENA and begins licking the top of RICHARD's head before it starts to tear into his flesh, chomping down on the body and bracing it with it's paws.

MATHENA has come back to herself and makes a disgusted sound in the back of her throat but is still not moving.

Suddenly, the cougar gives a another loud growl and chomps down again hard on RICHARD's shoulder, then begins moving backward, slowly but surely dragging RICHARD's body away into the forest off the side of the highway.

It takes some time, and the sisters do not speak or move until the cougar is completely out of sight with RICHARD's body. MATHENA is the first. She lets out the breath she had been holding upon the cougars arrival then collapses on her hands and knees, quads on fire.

MATHENA

Oh, my god. What the hell. I cannot believe that just happened.

RENATA

That must have been what we saw jump

out on the road. It was a fucking cougar! I've never even seen a cougar!

EMILIA

Me either. And now I've just seen one drag away a dead body.

MATHENA starts up at that, a shocked expression on her face.

MATHENA

The body...it took the body...

RENATA has also recovered and has been gulping in fresh air after the cougar's departure.

RENATA

Yeah...no body. We no longer have the body...

EMILIA

And if there's no body...there's no crime...

The sister's all look at each other, disbelieve on each other's faces. Then burst out laughing.

RENATA

(still laughing) Well shit! That was fucking easy!

EMILIA

I wonder why we didn't think of that in the first place...feeding the DICK to a wild animal.

MATHENA gets up, still laughing and puts her hands on her hips.

MATHENA

Oh jesus... let's go home. I'm exhausted.

EMILIA

Sounds good to me.

RENATA

(smiles) Me too.

The sister's all come together in a hug then start heading back to the Prius.



EMILIA

Do you think that Prime Rib is any good. Because I am still starving.

RENATA

Yeah, I think I could use another martini...

INSIDE, MATHENA'S HOUSE, THAT MORNING, APPROX 7 HOURS LATER

The sister's are sitting around the dining table eating breakfast, looking exhausted.

RENATA

Geez, what a night. And to have to go all the way out to the Bridge of the Gods, only to come back and go out again...

EMILIA

Yeah, well we didn't have a choice. We had to drop DICK's truck off at Cascade Locks...

MATHENA

Yeah, at this point, the police are free to make of it whatever they will. But something tells me we might be in the clear.

RENATA

(looking at MATHENA with smugness) Oh yeah? How do you know for sure though!

MATHENA

(smirks back) I don't. But I suppose I have faith. Maybe things will work out, even without my divine intervention.

EMILIA

Well it certainly felt like the universe was rewarding us back there on that highway.

Both RENATA and MATHENA look at EMILIA with confusion.

RENATA

What do you mean?

EMILIA

Think about it. It was only when the three of us came together that a solution literally fell into our laps. It was fate.

RENATA and MATHENA both pause before bursting into laughter.

MATHENA

That's the sappiest shit I've ever heard.

RENATA

Right! Although it would be nice to believe that it was RICHARD's divine fate to be shot, stabbed to death with a fire poker and then consumed by a cougar.

MATHENA

Mmmm, yeah. I could get on board with that.

EMILIA

Oh screw you guys, you know what I mean.

At that moment, RENATA's phone dings. RENATA picks it up and smiles.

RENATA

Ohhh! Looks like he got back sooner than expected. That's promising...

MATHENA

Who's that?

RENATA vigorously texting.

RENATA

Oh no one yet. But maybe someone soon.

EMILIA

(with surprise) Your kidding, it's a guy? Already? But you just killed- or you know broke up with your last one.

RENATA

It is never too soon to get back on the horse dear sister. And this one is no DICK. At least I don't think he

is...

MATHENA

What's he do?

RENATA

He's a car salesman.

MATHENA puts her coffee cup down and looks at EMILIA, who looks back. They both look at RENATA pointedly.

RENATA

What! That doesn't mean anything! He could be a really cool guy!

MATHENA smiles. Takes a drink of her coffee.

MATHENA

Yes well, be sure to let us know if he ever treats you with disrespect.

EMILIA

Yeah, because you know otherwise...

MATHENA

Otherwise...

The sister's pause then burst out laughing. RENATA shakes her head then hold up her coffee cup for a cheers.

RENATA

(sarcastically) Ha ha ha. Here's to all future girls nights. May they be far less eventful.

EMILIA

For douchebag 2.0's sake.

The sister's cheer and laugh. We fade out.

NEWS STORY, A FEW DAYS LATER

ANCHORMAN

...Man those Timber's really showed those Sonic's last evening and Portland is in good standing for the MLS cup. In other news, the body of RICHARD LAWRENCE was found out in Cascade Locks. Authorities have ruled that apparently, his death was the result of a vicious cougar attack. It

would seem that MR. LAWRENCE went hiking out on his own Friday evening, sealing his own doom. You'd think a defense attorney for a pharmaceutical company would know better than to play with Karma like that, anyway, stay safe out there folks and always pack bear spray. To continue your afternoon news at 6, it's snowboarding season! And just look at the view from Timberline...

We zoom out from the TV and see a living room. The camera then cuts over to the three sisters who are watching the TV, martini's in hand all wearing shocked expressions on their faces.

They burst out laughing, grabbing each other and we fade out for the final time.

The End.

