

BAR CRAWL

FADE IN:

INT. "THE STARTING LINE" BAR - NIGHT - EARLY 2000'S

SUPER: TEN YEARS AGO

A party rages. CO-EDS and BROS grind to a shitty pop-song of the era.

TRACY SUTHERLAND, 21, cute conformist, CHEERS as she gets the HIGH-SCORE on the Dance Dance Revolution console.

She hops off and coyly looks over to see BEN FORRESTER, 20s, straight out of a J. Crew catalogue, tend bar as if it were the sequel to Cocktails.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Trace, will you stop worrying about impressing the male sex and go talk to him?

The voice belongs to JULES HERNANDEZ, 21, strong, driven, judgemental. She copies notes from a notebook onto her hand.

TRACY

Ugh. Ben Forrester's perfection makes my uterus hurt. We would make such beautiful children together.
(noticing Jules)
What are you doing?

Jules rolls up her sleeve, her entire arm covered in notes.

JULES

(duh)
Prepping for finals?

Tracy takes a sip of a vodka cran as she watches Ben. She playfully bites the end of her straw. Ben looks up when...

WHAM! A COUPLE making out hits Tracy's arm, splashing the red fruity drink all over her face and shirt. She's soaked.

TRACY

(sotto)
Awesome.

JULES

(to the couple, annoyed)
Rachel!

RACHEL BEACH, 21, a free spirit, hard to tell if she's a genius or an idiot, probably both, separates her lip-locked face from YOSEF, a squirrely dude with frosted tips.

RACHEL

(wiping the slobber off)
Oh, hey. I was looking for you guys
but then I... ran into TJ's mouth.

YOSEF

Yosef.
(off Rachel's blank stare)
Not TJ.
(more blank stares)
I'm Gwen's cousin?

GWEN (O.S.)

Did someone say my name?!

GWEN GREENBERG, 21, the group's charismatic leader, carries over a round.

GWEN (CONT'D)

(to Yosef)
Yo-yo, grab us a round, will ya?

YOSEF

(re: the drinks)
But --

GWEN

Thanks. Bye!

Gwen shoos a confused Yosef away. She turns to the girls.

GWEN (CONT'D)

(dead serious)
Who's ready to fulfill their
destiny?

The girls hoot and holler.

GWEN (CONT'D)

That's right. Tonight is the night
we finally attempt *and* complete the
official, unofficial Hudson Bar
Crawl.

Gwen ceremoniously unrolls the list.

GWEN (CONT'D)

A list of twenty items spanning
across ten of Hudson U's finest
establishments.

(MORE)

GWEN (CONT'D)

All to be completed in one night by
a team no larger than four. A rite
of passage for all graduating
seniors.

JULES

Here, here!

GWEN

Memorialized here, on the Hall of
Crawl.

The girls turn to admire the wall behind them. It reads,
"HALL OF CRAWL" below, HUNDREDS OF PHOTOS from years past.

Gwen raises her glass.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Ladies, this is our last chance to
leave our mark on H.U. before we
graduate. We complete this crawl
and they'll remember us forever. We
fail, well, I'll still remember
you. I love you all.

The girls raise their glasses.

JULES

To being the better sex!

RACHEL

To better sex!

TRACY

To any sex!

The girls squish in, Gwen pulls out an era-appropriate
digital camera.

GWEN

To being immortal!

With unbridled glee our girls CHEER. Gwen SNAPS the perfect
group selfie and we...

SMASH CUT TO:

TIGHT ON A PHOTO OF GWEN (now 30s). A caption reads, "IN
LOVING MEMORY OF GWYNETH GREENBERG 1984 - 2017."

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DR. CHRISTINA MILLER, 40s, heavysset, sits behind her desk. She jumps as Tracy barges in.

DR. CHRISTINA MILLER
Tracy, I thought you cancelled.

TRACY
I'm sorry, but I just don't know if I can do this funeral. I can't be around any more... shittiness.

Dr. Miller gets up and walks Tracy towards the door.

DR. CHRISTINA MILLER
A funeral is not a 'shitty thing,' it's a celebration of someone's life. It's like we talked about --

TRACY
I know. Positivity.
(sigh)
It's just, all my old friends are gonna be there and it'll be so awkward. We've all just grown apart. They probably have families. Ugh.

DR. CHRISTINA MILLER
Tracy, unfortunately I do have another appointment --

Dr. Miller encourages her to go. Tracy doesn't seem to care.

TRACY
Steve can't even go, he's on some work trip. You know, I've been withholding sex for the last five months like you suggested, but he doesn't seem any more interested. Do you think he's cheating on me?

DR. CHRISTINA MILLER
Noooooooooooo...

STEVE (O.S.)
Hellooooo... is the doctor in?

STEVE, 30s, sweater vest, handsome enough for the husband type, saunters in and unbuttons his pants.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Because I need a professional to check out this thing in my pants --
(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

(seeing Tracy)

Oh, shit! I mean... I shit my pants
and I need a doctor... and you are
not the right type of doctor.
Because I have shit my pants.

TRACY

You shit your pants?

STEVE

Yes.

(then)

No.

(then)

Metaphorically.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Tracy lays down on the couch, a state of shock. Steve and Dr.
Miller sit across from her, holding hands.

TRACY

How long, Steve?

(beat, then)

HOW LONG?

STEVE

Five months.

Tracy shoots Dr. Miller a death stare.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Trace, I'll always love you. It's
just... enough with the kid talk.
Between adoption and surrogates and
your cycle... it's too much
pressure! I just want to you
know...

Steve pantomimes sex with his fingers.

STEVE (CONT'D)

It's sex, if you couldn't tell.

DR. CHRISTINA MILLER

(clears her throat)

Why don't we try some role play. It
can help patients gain insight into
themselves and others. Steve, you
be Tracy. Help her understand.

STEVE

(unsure)

Well...

DR. CHRISTINA MILLER

Just give her some details.

STEVE

Okay.

(beat, mimicking Tracy)

I'm Tracy. I want Steve's sperm to travel out of his penis into my vagina, break through an egg wall and then nest deep inside my belly for nine months or so and then I want to be able to take that baby out of my fertile womb and do it again, like several times. And then I want to take those kids to baseball games and ballet and Christmas dinners and birthdays where people say, 'oh my gosh your kids looks just like you.' You know, it's just all the things you do as a family.

Steve looks to Dr. Miller for approval.

DR. CHRISTINA MILLER

Very detailed.

TRACY

I'm going to be sick.

INT. GUIDO'S BEDROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Rachel, now 30s, her hair wild just like her life, throws up in a toilet. She slowly lifts her head, she's a hot mess.

INT. GUIDO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A muscular GUIDO, 20s, SNORES face down on a mattress on the floor surrounded by whiskey bottles, beer cans, and laundry.

Rachel tip-toes as quietly as she can, beer cans CRUNCH under every step. She grabs her jeans off the floor and tries to wiggle them on. She gives a hard tug and topples over into the pile of garbage. CRASH!

Rachel looks to the guido. He stirs, then falls back asleep. Rachel breathes a sigh of relief and heads to the door.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (sing-songy)
 I made waffles.

RACHEL
 (under her breath)
 Fuck.

GUIDO'S MOM, an elderly woman, comes in, carrying a tray of waffles. The Guido sits up and rubs the sleep from his eyes.

GUIDO
 (childlike)
 Mooooom. Five more minutes.

GUIDO'S MOM
 (re: Rachel)
 Sweetie, you didn't tell me you had a guest. Don't be a lump, introduce us.

GUIDO
 Uhhhhh... this is... Heaaatherrrr --

RACHEL
 Rachel.

GUIDO
 -- raaachel. Wait, were you about to bounce without saying goodbye? Am I just a one-night stand?

The Guido bites into a waffle, syrup drips down his chin.

GUIDO (CONT'D)
 (mouthful)
 That's so immature, Heather. You really need to grow up.

The Guido's Mom licks her thumb and wipes syrup off the Guido's chin.

INT. LAKSHMI INVESTMENTS - JULES OFFICE - DAY

MANOLO BLAHNIK HIGH HEELS pace back and forth. They belong to JULES, 30s, all class with a sense of authority and entitlement.

An e-mail ALERT DINGS. Jules picks it up: "IN LOVING MEMORY - GWYNETH GREENBERG 1984 - 2017." Jules' forehead crumples with concern as she clicks.

JULES

Fuck.

NEGATIVE NANCY (O.S.)

Fuck is right.

Jules turns to her partners, NEGATIVE NANCY and POSITIVE PATTY. They sit at a table in front of a half-eaten spread of lobster tails. Behind them, a wall full of framed magazine covers. Jules' face on all with headlines like: "The First Girls' Club" and "The Best 40 Investors Under 40."

NEGATIVE NANCY (CONT'D)

Let's just call this what it is, a giant fucking failure.

POSITIVE PATTY

Or a rebirth!

Jules looks at the bullpen, FEMALE EMPLOYEES sadly box up their cubicles.

JULES

We have to make payroll.

POSITIVE PATTY

That would be nice!

NEGATIVE NANCY

Cards are maxed, your personal account is empty. We need to file Chapter 11 now or pray to God someone buys us out.

(then)

They've already started repossessing the company cars.

POSITIVE PATTY

Collectors are such mean beans.

Jules takes a bite of lobster as Nancy stares her down.

JULES

We can't tell anyone...

NEGATIVE NANCY

You're incapable of taking responsibility, aren't you?

JULES

(mouthful)

Pft.

NEGATIVE NANCY

Every single issue here stems from one thing: Your obsession with keeping up the appearance of success. I mean, for shit's sake, we're ordering lobster tail for a meeting about a financial crisis!

Jules chews this over figuratively and literally.

JULES

People don't want to invest in the weak. They want leaders, people who have the look of success, people who are on the cover of magazines. I'm sorry if you don't have the stomach for this.

NEGATIVE NANCY

The overcooked lobster or your bullshit?

POSITIVE PATTY

I like the lobster.

INT. LAKSHMI INVESTMENTS - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

In a daze, Jules walks through the bustle of a busy bullpen packed with a female workforce. They move at a frantic pace.

Jules catches the eyes of a TALL WORKER and offers a slight smile. The worker snorts and shakes her head with disgust. The bullpen slows as they become aware of Jules' presence. One by one they turn their full attention to her.

The Tall Worker picks up a framed photo of her family and holds it up for Jules. The other workers follow suit. Every one of them holds up photos of kids, husbands, families, and in the case of a HOMEY GIRL, a photo of a bunch of cats.

Jules nods knowingly. Patty manages her way up to Jules' ear.

POSITIVE PATTY

(whispering)

Maybe we offer them some lobster? I have extra lemon.

EXT./INT. JULES' TESLA MODEL S (DRIVING) - DAY

As Jules drives, she sees a closed down furniture store with a giant "GOING OUT OF BUSINESS" sign in front. A HOMELESS FAMILY sets up a shelter in front of the door.

EXT./INT. TRACY'S MINIVAN (DRIVING) - DAY

A red light. Tracy looks out the window to an identical Minivan. Inside, HAPPY KIDS and their mom laugh as if they've heard the funniest joke ever. The light turns green and they drive off, leaving Tracy behind.

EXT./INT. GREYHOUND BUS (DRIVING) - DAY

MALE BUS RIDERS huddle over Rachel as she watches porn on her iPhone. No headphones. It's loud.

EXT. THE GREENBERG'S HOUSE - DAY

A dozen cars fill the driveway to a big white colonial style house with a large porch.

INT. THE GREENBERG'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

RELATIVES cry and sit shiva.

Tracy somberly stands next to a LARGE MEMORIAL PHOTO OF GWEN with an URN next it. She runs her finger over Gwen's face. The picture CRASHES to the ground. Tracy fumbles to put it back on the easel. She smiles sheepishly at the relatives.

JULES (O.S.)

Tracy?!

Jules enters with a plate of food. They awkwardly hug.

TRACY

Jules... hey. Nice to see you. Wish it were under better circumstances.

JULES

Tell me about it. I can't believe this isn't catered.

TRACY

Yeah...

(a beat)

So, uh, what's new? You have one of those big Latin families now?

JULES

God, no. Work's my family. 24/7.

TRACY

That's right, your own company. All women or something?

JULES
Investment firm. Pays the bills...
mostly... how about you?

TRACY
Stay at home mom.

JULES
Oh, nice, how many kids?

TRACY
Well, none, yet. Working on that.

JULES
Worse things to 'work' at.

Tracy chuckles and the two look around the room, another awkward moment.

JULES (CONT'D)
So...

RACHEL (O.S.)
There's my bitches!

TRACY
Rach!

JULES
Oh, dear God.

Rachel bursts in and tightly hugs her old friends, too tight.

RACHEL
Look at you two. Jules, all sexy
and everything. You get lipo? You
totally got lipo. And Trace, we got
old and ugly. So not fair. Fun top,
though.

Rachel takes a piece of salami off Jules' plate and eats it.

TRACY
(wtf?)
Uh, thanks. Target, half-off.

JULES
(cringing)
Would never know.

RACHEL
I can't believe it's been like
what, ten years?

Rachel gives them another, all-too-big hug. In the process, Rachel knocks into Jules, who spills her wine on Tracy.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

TRACY

It's okay. It's okay.

JULES

I actually think it looks better...

TRACY (V.O.)

What about this one?

INT. GWEN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tracy pulls out a SEQUINED DRESS from Gwen's closet. Rachel sits on the bed. Jules looks over a lifetime of knick-knacks.

RACHEL

(laughs)

Is that from H.U. Sing?

TRACY

I still remember the moves. We got robbed.

JULES

We should've done "Bye, Bye, Bye," like I suggested. Joey Fatone is a national treasure.

The girls laugh. Tracy pulls out another top.

RACHEL

Oooh, put it on!

TRACY

This isn't weird, right?

JULES

You know Gwen, she'd give you the shirt off her back.

Tracy takes off her shirt, revealing a sexy lacy bra.

RACHEL

Sexy momma!

TRACY

(proud)

Seventy percent off TJ Max. Trying to help out the baby making.

Jules raises a judgemental eyebrow, as Tracy dresses.

RACHEL

I just ask a guy if he wants to fuck me in my ass. That seems to get 'em going. But if a red bra keeps your man happy --

TRACY

I also have one in blue, so...

Rachel nods as Jules looks over a wall of framed photos.

JULES

These photos are incredible.

Every photo captures Gwen in the act of something amazing. She shakes hands with the President -- She builds a well with underprivileged kids in Africa -- She sits atop the great Pyramids in Egypt -- it goes on and on.

JULES (CONT'D)

I can't believe she did all of this.

RACHEL

She's like Ghandi, but with really perky tits.

TRACY

Look at this one.

In the far bottom corner is a photo of the four girls at the starting line, the one we saw them take. They look happy.

TRACY (CONT'D)

We were so happy back then.

Tracy grabs the photo off the wall. A folded paper falls out of the back, Tracy picks it up and opens it.

TRACY (CONT'D)

No way. The old bar crawl list!

JULES

I can't believe she kept it.

RACHEL

I can't believe we never finished. I wonder if any girls have.

JULES

God, I hope so. Would've been cool if we were the first, though.

Tracy looks at the list. We read along with her.

TRACY

Chug a glass of wine at "The Starting Line," take a condom from a stranger, complete the Belly Buster Bonanza --

JULES

Gross.

TRACY

Get the whole bar to sing karaoke, take a photo with a cop, score a bartender's phone number, get a golden shot glass...

(then)

Gwen spent all senior year planning for this. One last night with us all together. It was more important to her than anything.

RACHEL

She even tried to get us to come out for that five year reunion. She said she had something crazy planned.

JULES

I couldn't. I had that conference in San Fran.

TRACY

And I was planning the wedding. You don't think...

JULES

No way.

(laughs)

I mean could you imagine if we tried this now?

The girls LAUGH. Tracy looks longingly at the list.

EXT. THE GREENBERG'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Tracy looks at the list.

ACROSS THE PORCH

GWEN'S MOM bawls while GWEN'S DAD tries to comfort her.

GWEN'S MOM

I'm so sorry to even ask, could I please get some tissues?

GWEN'S DAD
Someone bring a fuckin' tissue!

On the other side of the porch, Rachel leans on the banister as Jules and Tracy sit on a porch swing.

JULES
I feel so bad for Gwen's parents.

RACHEL
Yeah, this is like dead puppies
level of sad.

JULES
(nods)
Ugh, Gwen's cousin.

YOSEF, late 30s, walks out in a tweed jacket and Doc Martins, he looks intellectual or maybe just stoned. He gives his aunt a hug and gives her a tissue.

TRACY
I heard Yosef's a professor here
now.

RACHEL
Gross.

JULES
(to Rachel)
You're the one who hooked up with
him during Welcome Week.

RACHEL
I don't remember that.

TRACY
That's probably because you took
twelve shots of tequila before we
even left the dorms.

RACHEL
Now *that* I remember.

Yosef spots Rachel. He gives a nod, bites his lip, and gives her a wink as he walks back inside.

JULES
(to Tracy)
Why do you keep looking at that?

TRACY

Isn't crazy to think that Gwen was able to accomplish everything on that wall except for this? I mean, what if we did it? What if we completed the bar crawl?

JULES

(realizing)

You're serious. Trace, come on. I mean, no, right? That's when we were kids.

TRACY

Campus is only ten minutes away --

JULES

We're in our thirties. That's like actors in a high school movie. Way too old.

RACHEL

Age, bottles of bourbon, and tacos are three things a woman should never count.

TRACY

Jules, I need this...

JULES

No way. Absolutely not. I wouldn't do this if you gave me ten-percent interest on my IRA. And I'm talking pre-tax.

Tracy looks down at the ground. A beat.

TRACY

Steve's cheating on me. He's sleeping with my therapist.

JULES

Like The First Wive's Club...

RACHEL

Love that movie!

(realizing)

I mean, married guys are the worst. They always say they'll be with you but then when things get serious they're always like "I have to go back to my wife." Well, except for Steve.

Tracy tears up. Jules timidly taps her on the shoulder.

TRACY

(to Jules)

Don't you sometimes wish you could just turn back the clock? I would do things so differently.

This hits a nerve. Jules understands.

TRACY (CONT'D)

This could be our chance. For Gwen. We can go out and celebrate her by completing the one thing she was never able to finish.

JULES

Look, even if I wanted to go, which I don't, it just wouldn't be the same without... all of us.

Tracy SIGHS -- Jules is right.

RACHEL

Too bad we can't take her with.

Tracy smiles and looks through the window at the URN. Jules catches on.

JULES

Oh, no. Absolutely not. There is no way in hell I am letting you take Gwen's ashes on a bar crawl.

CUT TO:

A ZIP-LOCK BAG FILLED WITH GWEN'S ASHES. IT'S TIED WITH A PINK RIBBON. We pull out to see...

INT./EXT. JULES' TESLA MODEL S (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Rachel holds the ashes, sitting shotgun. She fiddles with all of the cars' buttons. Jules drives, annoyed. Tracy in back.

RACHEL

(re: the ashes)

Isn't it amazing how dead people can look just like a kilo of coke?

TRACY

Jules, this car is ridiculous. I mean I knew you were doing well, but wow!

RACHEL
Looks like we know who's footing
the bill tonight.

JULES
Me?!

Jules laughs nervously and over-dramatic.

BUZZ! Tracy's phone vibrates. It's Steve. Tracy hits ignore.

JULES (CONT'D)
You don't have to touch everything,
it's like a normal car.

RACHEL
You have air conditioning.

EXT. HUDSON UNIVERSITY - THE STRIP - CONTINUOUS

The girls drive past a sign that reads: "WELCOME TO HUDSON
UNIVERSITY."

Tracy looks through the window as neon bar signs illuminate
the sky. COLLEGE KIDS are out and about, mostly focused on
their iPhones and other dumb millennial-hipster-folky-indie-
activities: vaping, frisbee, etc. A ONE MAN PROTEST holds up
a sign that says "COLLEGE IS A SAFE SPACE."

RACHEL (V.O.)
Why does everyone look like their
balls haven't dropped?

They drive past FOUR COLLEGE GIRLS, who oddly resemble our
crew except for the fact that they look like they're sixteen.
The young girls LAUGH as they stumble around the strip.

TRACY (V.O.)
They're just going to think we're a
bunch of seniors.

JULES (V.O.)
Senior citizens.

Jules snorts as she laughs at her own bad joke.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The girls get out of the car, which is hidden by overhanging
tree branches.

TRACY
You want to park here?

RACHEL
(laughs)
What, you evading repo or something?

JULES
(lying)
I heard, uh, drunk kids have a thing for breaking into cars.

RACHEL
Yeah, this is smart. Thieves totally hate cars hidden in shadows behind big vacant buildings.

A siren SQUEALS. Lights flash. OFFICER DANIELS, 22, fresh-faced, overzealous, rolls out of his cruiser on a Hoverboard SLURPING a Capri Sun. He aims his flashlight onto the girls.

OFFICER DANIELS
What's going on here, ladies?

The girls look at each other, not sure of their crime.

OFFICER DANIELS (CONT'D)
Checking up on your daughters or something?

Jules shoots a look -- *how old you think I am?*

OFFICER DANIELS (CONT'D)
I know, okay? I'm hip to the report. Yeah?
(off blank stares)
There's a hot new drug that gets you high just by inhaling it. Been breaking out all over campus. Gives you psychedelic hallucinations.

RACHEL
That sounds so -- !
(off Daniels' look)
Bad... I was so going to say bad.

JULES
You think we're here to buy drugs?

Officer Daniels rolls his Hoverboard right up to Tracy. He takes a long SIP of his juice.

OFFICER DANIELS
I didn't say that. You did, not me.
That's interesting. Yeah?

RACHEL
And what's it called? You know, so
we can totally avoid it...

OFFICER DANIELS
Stank.

JULES
Stank? That's an awful name.

RACHEL
Sounds like taint.

TRACY
Well, happy to say we are not here
to buy any Stank or taint.

OFFICER DANIELS
Good. Good. Good.

Daniels rolls back to his car. He quickly rotates.

OFFICER DANIELS (CONT'D)
Oh and ladies. Let's go easy on the
drinks tonight. Little old, yeah?

Jules shoots a look to Tracy -- *Told you so.*

RACHEL
Oh, officer?

Rachel runs over and snaps a selfie with him. The flash
blinds him.

GRAPHIC: TAKE A PHOTO WITH A COP - CHECK!

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

A few college kids enter and exit.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Apparently we're the new black. Now
I know how Ice Cube felt.

INT. CONVEINCE STORE - NIGHT

The ATM spits out a receipt. Jules reads it. "INSUFFICIENT FUNDS. ACCOUNT BALANCE: \$19.67." Jules lets out a pained sigh. Rachel holds a Slim Jim and a giant pickle.

JULES
(nervous)
Uh, ATM is broken.

RACHEL
Bummer.
(bites the pickle,
realizing)
Probably shouldn't have taken a
bite out of this then.

Jules checks her wallet, only \$20 cash. Tracy runs up.

TRACY
EEEEK! Look who's in frozen foods!
(whispers)
Ben Forrester!

As she says it, Ben, now in his 30s, turns. A slight beer gut, receding hairline. Not the stallion he once was.

TRACY/RACHEL/JULES
Whoaaaa/Holy shit/Ewww!

JULES
Good God, he looks awful!

RACHEL
He kinda reminds me of Bradley
Cooper, but if Bradley Cooper
didn't have money to continue
looking attractive.
(then)
Let's say hi.

TRACY
Huh?! No, no, no --

RACHEL
You aren't seriously still scared
to talk to him, are you?

Tracy snorts -- *of course not.*

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Cool. BEN! BEN FORRESTER?

Tracy looks horrified as Ben spins to see our three Amigas.

TRACY
 (through clenched teeth)
 I'm going to kill you.

Ben heads over with a big smile.

BEN
 Wow, blast from the past.
 (then somber)
 I'm really sorry to hear about
 Gwen. So sad --

RACHEL/JULES/TRACY
 (sad)
 Yeah.

BEN
 Happy to know she had good friends
 like you.

RACHEL/JULES/TRACY
 (ever sadder)
 Yeah.

BEN
 (thinking)
 Tracy, right? The dancer?

RACHEL/JULES/TRACY
 Yeah.

Ben puts his hand on Tracy's shoulder, consoling. Tracy laughs. She tries to play it cool and leans on an end-cap. She slips and everything, including her, topples to the ground. Ben helps her up.

BEN
 You okay?

TRACY
 (ow!)
 Yeah.

EXT. THE STRIP - NIGHT

The three walk. Tracy hides a smile.

TRACY
 I can't believe he remembered me.

JULES
 You dodged a bullet with that one.

RACHEL

Yeah, he kinda reminded me of Bradley Cooper, but if Bradley Cooper didn't have the money to continue looking like Bradley Cooper.

They walk up to...

EXT. "THE STARTING LINE" BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jules looks at the bar disgusted. Rachel, confused. Tracy, with a sense of wonderment. The bar is in desperate need of a paint job and the sign is half-torn off.

JULES

This place looks like shit.

Tracy points to a sign, "TOWN'S BEST WINE SELECTION."

TRACY

They upgraded their wine list.

RACHEL

Do we *all* have to drink for this?

JULES

Why? Are you in AA or something?

RACHEL

What? No! Although, probably should be if I'm being honest.

Jules side-eyes Rachel.

TRACY

Everyone has to participate in everything. That's the rule!
(takes a deep breath)
The funeral doesn't start until ten tomorrow, which gives us plenty of time before anyone realizes --

RACHEL

That we desecrated our friend's final remains so we could spend a few hours chugging cheap booze?

JULES

Speak for yourself. Nothing but top shelf touches these lips --

TRACY

Look, as soon as we cross off everything on the list, we'll bring Gwen back. This is our last night with her so let's just have fun. Make some memories. No worrying about husbands or work or...

(to Rachel)

Whatever it is you do. Let's just go in there and have the greatest time of our adult lives!

INT. THE STARTING LINE - NIGHT

The trio walk into what has become a real shit hole. It's an assortment of SUPER NERDS and HOMELESS LOOKING HIPSTERS who drink, eat, and play on Macbooks. Everyone looks twelve.

Tracy lets out a long sigh.

RACHEL

You did see the outside, right? I know you gave that big pep talk and everything, but just making sure you didn't expect to come in here and be like 'oh my god' it's exactly how I remember it.

INT. "THE STARTING LINE" BAR - LATER

The girls sit at a high top. A WAITRESS, early 20s,, perpetually disengaged, approaches, on her phone. Her name tag reads SAGE.

SAGE

(on auto-pilot)

Restrooms are for customers only...

TRACY

Huh? No, we don't -- we're here to drink. Well, actually, first we would like to declare our intentions to complete the Hudson Bar Crawl!

SAGE

The what now?

TRACY

The bar crawl. You have a whole wall of photos over there...

Sage looks over at the Wall of Crawl.

SAGE

Whoa. Retro. Yeah, no one does that anymore.

TRACY

Well, we're going to. And we would like to declare.

SAGE

(lame, whatever)

K.

Sage goes back to her phone. It's awkward.

TRACY

Okay then...

(re: the list)

The list says to start with wine at the Starting Line! Do you guys happen to --

SAGE

Sorry! Um, can you not to use the word, *guys*? Micro aggressions are kind of a big deal here and I mean, women deserve to be represented in language, too.

JULES

I can respect that. Three glasses of Alicante Bouschet, please.

(to the girls)

This is one of the few teinturier grapes that belongs to the *Vitis vinifera* --

(to the girls)

It's like the Voltaire of wines.

TRACY/RACHEL

Ooooooh.

SAGE

Yeah, no go on the Voltron. All we have is organically boxed red. Locally sourced of course.

JULES

But the sign says 'best wine selection in town.'

Jules points to the neon sign to show Sage.

SAGE
It's ironic.

Jules shoots Tracy a look -- *this is fuckin' stupid.*

TRACY
Uh, well, three of those, please.

RACHEL
And let's order the food cause I'm ready to mouth fuck some pizza.

TRACY
(to Sage)
And one Belly Buster Bonanza. It's the first item on the crawl!

The girls hoot and holler. Sage takes a beat.

SAGE
(emotionless)
We're out of food.

JULES
All food?!

RACHEL
It's like seven-thirty.

SAGE
Yeah... we purposely under order to cut down on waste. Plus, it's a busy night.

Tracy looks around the mostly empty bar. A HILLBILLY HIPSTER COUGHS and then takes a puff of his inhaler.

INT. "THE STARTING LINE" BAR - NIGHT - LATER

Back at "THE HALL OF CRAWL" the three stare down history, all holding a box of wine.

TRACY
Ugh, we couldn't even get through the first bar.

JULES
It just wasn't our night.

Rachel SLURPS the boxed wine through a straw. With no one looking she sneakily spits it into an empty glass.

Tracy surveys the room and sees two PIMPLY NERDS eating a platter of assorted fried foods.

TRACY
Wait. Hand me that menu.

Rachel hands Tracy a menu.

TRACY (CONT'D)
(reading)
The Belly Buster Bonanza is the ultimate party platter with ten golden chicken fingers...

Tracy points to her right, where we see a table with sizzling chicken fingers.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Twenty spicy buffalo wings...

Tracy points to people eating buffalo wings at the bar.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Fifteen mouth-watering mozzarella sticks, one towering loaded nachos supreme...

She nods to patrons eating mozzarella sticks. Another table with nachos.

TRACY (CONT'D)
And a whole cheese pizza...

A BEANIE WEARING NERD sits near with almost an entire pizza next to him. He plays a computer game, unaware. Tracy inches her way over to the pizza.

JULES
(whispers)
What are you doing?

Tracy grabs three slices without being detected.

TRACY
We made a pact.

JULES
No, we didn't.

TRACY

Well, we should have! Do you really want that wall to stand for one more day reinforcing some crazy idea that there's something that a man can do that a woman can't?

RACHEL

Like getting a boner?

TRACY

Not what I was thinking, but sure that works. And no matter what, we're going to finish the crawl
(holding up the pizza)
For Gwen.

Rachel nods, grabs the slice, and shoves it in her mouth.

Tracy gives a Jules a look that says -- *are you in?* Jules looks at the pizza, then at Tracy, then the pizza.

JULES

Is this gluten free?

INT. "THE STARTING LINE" BAR - MOMENTS LATER

BELLY BUSTER EATING MONTAGE BEGINS:

-- Tracy army crawls on the ground. Under the table, she reaches up for a handful of nachos.

-- Jules grabs twenty napkins for its holder and gingerly dabs the grease off one piece of pizza.

-- Rachel seductively sucks in a mozzarella stick. She then sucks away the excess grease off her finger tips. A STUDENT WITH A BAD PEACH FUZZ MUSTACHE looks at her, confused.

-- Tracy inhales various fried foods from two tables right next to each other.

-- Rachel takes a few half-eaten wings off of an empty table.

-- Jules takes a tiny bite of the pizza. She puts it back down, disgusted.

-- Tracy rips a half eaten piece of pizza from a customer's mouth and shoves it into her own.

INT. "THE STARTING LINE" BAR - MINUTES LATER

Tracy eats a piece of pizza crust. Rachel counts the number of chicken wings.

RACHEL
We're still five wings short.

JULES
I think we're close enough.

TRACY
Doesn't count if we don't finish.

Rachel BURPS. Tracy sees a BUSBOY throw a plate of half-eaten wings into a trash bag and carry it out the back door.

TRACY (CONT'D)
I'll be right back.

Tracy runs off. Rachel looks over the left overs and GAGS. She eyes the bathroom.

RACHEL
Yeah, me too.

EXT. "THE STARTING LINE" BAR - ALLEY - NIGHT

Tracy opens the trash bag and immediately GAGS. She holds her nose and wades through rancid food. She pulls out a chicken wing and eats, sauce all over her face. She takes a selfie.

BEN (O.S.)
Hey! What are you doing?!

Tracy slowly turns to see Ben.

BEN (CONT'D)
Tracy?

Tracy's eyes go wide. She fixes her hair and wipes her mouth, but she just smears more sauce all over her face. Ben lowers the stick.

TRACY
(mouthful, sexy)
Hey there.

GRAPHIC: BELLY BUSTER BONANZA - CHECK!

INT. "THE STARTING LINE" BAR - NIGHT

Jules cringes as she takes the last sip out of her boxed wine, making a SLURPING SOUND.

GRAPHIC: CHUG A GLASS BOX OF WINE -- CHECK!

Sage holds up Jules' credit card.

SAGE
Card's declined.

JULES
Shit. Seriously? Okay. Well, I, uh,
have another here. Let's see --

Jules digs through her purse. Sage examines the card.

SAGE
Wait. You're Jules Hernandez? Like
the Jules Hernandez?!

Jules looks confused. Sage turns into a giddy school girl. She gets cheek to cheek with Jules and snaps a selfie.

SAGE (CONT'D)
I can't believe I didn't recognize
you. You are like such an
inspiration!

JULES
I am?

SAGE
Totes! As a woman of color, you've
given me so much hope that I can
make it in this Anglo male-
dominated world.

JULES
Wow, seriously? That's so sweet.

Uncomfortable, Jules pulls a new credit card out.

JULES (CONT'D)
Hopefully this one will work.

SAGE
Please, so not worried. It's not
like you're one of these dumb
college kids that think they can
just get away with not paying their
bill here.

(MORE)

SAGE (CONT'D)

I even took a Krav Maga class at the union to help hunt those fuckers down! Like you said in that Forbes interview last year, "Everyone must pay."

JULES

Everyone?

SAGE

(dead serious)

Everyone.

(cheerful)

Now, lemme go run this. Jules Hernandez. So cool!

Sage skips off. Jules watches, horrified.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - NIGHT

Rachel throws up in the toilet. She wipes her mouth.

RACHEL

Ugh.

A furious KNOCK on the door.

JULES (O.S.)

We have to go.

RACHEL

Just give me a min --

Jules kicks open the door. Rachel jumps up.

JULES

Now!

EXT. THE STARTING LINE - BACK ALLEY

Tracy climbs up off the ground and dusts herself off.

TRACY

Well, this is embarrassing.

BEN

Getting caught eating rancid meat out of a back-alley dumpster while taking a selfie? Noooooo.

TRACY

What are you doing back here?

BEN

Oh, just cutting through, going to hang out with my grandpa for a bit.

TRACY

Nice. Yeah, I was like he doesn't still bartend here, does he? That'd be sad.

BEN

Totally. No, I bartender over at Y2Keg. Where Roy's used to be?

TRACY

(shit!)

Oooooohhh. That's so --

BEN

It's all good. I'm happy. That's what matters, right?
(noticing the list)
Wait, are you doing the old crawl?

TRACY

Yeah, that's why I was eating out of the trash. Wanted to honor Gwen. That sounded bad, doing the crawl to honor, not eating trash -- didn't quite finish last time, so trying again.

BEN

You guys are brave.

Jules runs up with Rachel and saves Tracy from her rambles.

JULES

Hey sorry, but we need to go.

RACHEL

Hey, it's Ben again!
(to Tracy)
You have sauce all over your face.

Tracy wipes, bigger mess.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(re: the mess)

Perfect.

BEN

Well, I hear the bar crawl beckons yet again. I'll let you get to it.
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)
 I think you'll find a lot has
 changed in this town sense you last
 tried to destroy it.

Ben picks up a napkin off the ground and pulls a pen out of
 his pocket. He scribbles something on it.

JULES
 (re: Ben)
 Yeah, already noticed a few things.

Ben hands the napkin to Tracy. It reads, "Ben: 555-0192"

BEN
 I believe this is on the list.

RACHEL
 Wait, need a photo!

Rachel SNAPS a pic of Ben and Tracy with her phone.

**INSERT: GET A BARTENDER'S NUMBER -- CHECK! - BELLY BUSTER
 BONANZA -- CHECK! - CHUG A GLASS BOX OF WINE -- CHECK!**

EXT. THE STARTING LINE - BACK ALLEY

Tracy longingly looks at the napkin as the girls walk.

TRACY
 I can't believe Ben Forrester
 caught me eating out of the trash.

JULES
 Kinda looked like there was
 something between you too.

TRACY
 Salmonella? Oh, wait, did you pay?

JULES
 It's taken care of.

INT. "THE STARTING LINE" BAR - NIGHT

Sage runs Jules' card -- DECLINED. She looks up, Jules is
 gone. Sage looks concerned and runs the card again.

EXT. THE STRIP - MAIN DRAG - NIGHT

The three girls walk. Rachel in mid-conversation.

RACHEL

-- and then I said to him, my spirit animal would totally be a kitten and kittens grow up to be cats and cats don't give a fuuuuck.

Tracy spots Yosef. He talks with a FRAT GUY.

TRACY

Is that Yosef?

Yosef and Hudson are making an exchange.

RACHEL

(yells)

FREEZE! IT'S THE COPS!

Yosef freezes. The frat guy bolts.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Just kidding! Yosef, it's us!

YOSEF

Are you f'in kidding?! You just blew that deal for me!

(to a passerby)

Hey, need any "school supplies"?

The PASSERBY waves him off.

TRACY

Wait, you're a drug dealer?

YOSEF

Whaaat?! No. More like -- actually, yes. Exactly like a drug dealer.

JULES

I thought you're a professor?

YOSEF

(sighs)

Adjunct professor.

TRACY/JULES

Ooooh/Yikes.

RACHEL

(whispers)

What the fuck is an adjunct?

JULES

Part-time.

Rachel makes a face like, *"oh that fuckin' sucks."*

YOSEF

Yeah, I'm fuckin' broke. I mean sure we're trying to unionize and everything, but I'm class by class.

(to a group of students)

Hey, you! Looking for a fun time?

The STUDENTS walk by, they give Yosef a weird look.

YOSEF (CONT'D)

I'm not even good at it. I already lost half my stash.

(then, with gusto)

But I can get whatever. THC, PCP, DMV... Shit gets you so high, you don't even mind waiting three hours for your license renewal.

TRACY

(blunt)

Your cousin's funeral is tomorrow.

YOSEF

(to a skateboarder)

My man! Need a lil' smokey smoke?

The SKATEBOARDER rolls by.

YOSEF (CONT'D)

Why do you think I'm getting high? Did you see my aunt? She's a wreck. Gwen was everything to her.

TRACY

I know. Is there anything we can do?

Yosef again offers the drugs. Rachel sticks out her hand to accept, Tracy swipes them away.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Yeah, we're gonna pass.

YOSEF

Your loss. If you change your mind, huge house party behind the Starting Line tonight.

Yosef points to some DUDES rolling kegs into a house.

YOSEF (CONT'D)
 I'll be there making that cheddah,
 'cuz ya boy needs some dental.
 (to some Asians)
 Yo, you need something?!

Yosef runs off after the ASIANS.

JULES
 Fucking drugs, man.

EXT. "THE OLD FOX" CLUB - NIGHT

The girls walk up to the world's skinniest BOUNCER with an amazingly high pitched voice.

HIGH PITCH
 Private party.

JULES
 How do you know we're not invited?

HIGH PITCH
 Not exactly the right age.

JULES
 Okay, we tried. Karaoke anyone?

RACHEL
 (to Jules, whispers)
 Give him some money.
 (off Jules' dead stare)
 Cash. Dinero. Yen. Monopoly.
 (then)
 Slide him that twenty.

JULES
 I already used it to buy your
 stupid salted meats.

Jules walks away. Tracy frantically chases after her.

TRACY
 Where are you going? The golden
 shot glass is on the list. This is
 the only place to get them.

Jules slyly looks over her shoulder and watches the Bouncer. Once he looks the other way, she grabs Tracy and Rachel and the three run behind the building.

JULES

Quick business lesson, never pay
for what you can get for free.

RACHEL

Are you talking about sex?

EXT. "THE OLD FOX" CLUB - ALLEY - NIGHT

Jules struggles to open a window. It won't budge. Tracy and Rachel survey the building.

TRACY

This was your idea?

JULES

(struggling with the
window)

Remember how we got in freshman
year? Before our fakes.

TRACY

You're a genius.

Tracy helps Jules push the window. Still no luck.

TRACY (CONT'D)

There's gotta be a weak point.

JULES

It's a window, not the Greek
economy. Shit. It's not working.

Rachel walks to the back door and turns the knob. It OPENS.

RACHEL

What if we just used the door?

Jules looks at Tracy -- *this motherfucker*.

INT. OLD FOX CLUB - NIGHT

The girls tip-toe like cat burglars.

TRACY

This was way too easy.

The light flicks on as ALVAREZ, a Latin man who's had twenty cups of coffee in the last hour, frantically enters.

ALVAREZ

AGGHHH!! Why you in the dark?

RACHEL
 Couldn't find a light switch?

Alvarez notices Tracy and Jules.

ALVAREZ
 Three?! No, no, no. I just asked
 for one.
 (sotto)
 Ay Dios Mio, never letting mi
 hermano puto do the hiring again.
 (to the girls)
 I'm only paying for one.

The girls question each other with looks.

JULES
 How much were you paying again? I
 can't remember what Hermano said.

ALVAREZ
 (skeptical)
 Hablo Espanol?

JULES
 Muy mal.

ALVAREZ
 One hundred fifty, cash. And don't
 bargain price me. The guys have
 been waiting.

JULES
 Cash?

ALVAREZ
 I get the cage, you go to stage.
 Let's go! Andale! Andale!

Alvarez grumbles a few Spanish curse words as he exits.

TRACY
 What's he talking about, show?

JULES
 What's he talking about, cage?

RACHEL
 I don't see a tiger anywhere. So
 I'm guessing go-go dancing.

TRACY
 Go-Go dancing?!

RACHEL

It's just dancing around in your underwear. For strangers. For money.

TRACY

Gross. Let's just find those shot glasses and get outta here.

JULES

Hang on. The ATM was broken we need some cash, and this is an opportunity to get some cash.

TRACY

By becoming strippers? I'll take my chances on finding another ATM.

RACHEL

Not *strippers, go-go dancers*. It's like a totally different thing.

Jules puts her hand on Tracy.

JULES

Now go out there and put on a show.

TRACY

Me?!

JULES

You were the DDR champ! Plus he's only paying for one and I refuse to give someone something for free.

RACHEL

You do have that sexy bra on. If I had a dick, I'd do you.

TRACY

Steve had one, he didn't want to.

Jules pulls out Gwen's ashes.

JULES

What would Gwen do?

TRACY

Are you seriously holding up our friend's ashes in an attempt to get me to take off my clothes?

JULES

Is it bad if I say yes?

INT. OLD FOX CLUB - BACK STAGE - NIGHT

Jules looks at a laptop and sound board. Tracy takes off her pants. Rachel peeks through the curtains.

RACHEL
Big crowd tonight.

TRACY
I don't wanna see.

Rachel hurries back to Jules.

JULES
You'll be fine.
(to Rachel)
Okay, I think you can just plug
your phone in this jack for music.

RACHEL
You're introducing her?

JULES
I guess, he wanted that, right?

Jules picks up the mic and inspects it. Tracy opens and closes her shirt, rehearsing.

TRACY
Maybe I leave this on and I can do
like a big reveal when I walk out?

Jules cringes, full of guilt. Tracy buttons up her shirt.

JULES
We ready?

Tracy reluctantly nods, Rachel follows suit.

JULES (CONT'D)
Here we go.
(into the microphone)
Gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen, I
hope you're ready for some fun,
fun, fun!

TRACY
Why are you saying everything three
times?

RACHEL
She's talking to men.

JULES
 (covering the microphone)
 What's your stripper name?

Tracy cocks her head -- *as if*.

RACHEL
 Diamond? Sierra? Chastity? Jasmyn?
 Bambi? Allure? Charisma?

TRACY
 What are you doing?

RACHEL
 Trying to help you with a name.

TRACY
 Just do Traci, but with an i.

RACHEL
 An i?

TRACY
 Yeah, I normally spell it with a
 "y".

JULES
 We're not spelling -- never mind.
 (on the mic)
 Put your hands together, for the
 one, the only, only, only...
 Seeeexy Traci -- with an i not a y,
 in case you're writing this down.

Rachel hits play on the laptop, the song: "Bye, Bye, Bye" screams out through the PA system. Jules gives Rachel a smile. Rachel points to a switch: "Party Lights."

TRACY
 I hate you guys.

JULES
 Love you!

Tracy heads to the center of the curtain. Jules throws the switch and Tracy pushes trough, ripping open her shirt.

ON STAGE

She confidently gyrates around with her eyes closed. The hall is dark with colored lights circling around her. Her moves are solid for a mom or at least moves good enough for DDR.

BACK STAGE

Alvarez wheels out a BINGO CAGE.

ALVAREZ
What's with the music?

JULES
What's with the bingo cage?
(realizing)
Oh, shit.

Alvarez flips the light switch back on.

ON STAGE

The hall lights turn on, ugly neon floods the room.

Tracy slowly swivels to see a GROUP OF OLD MEN with bingo cards. Their jaws dropped. A DECREPIT MAN takes a hit from his oxygen tank. Ben sits next to him!

Jules and Rachel push out the BINGO CAGE. The cart's SQUEAKY wheel cuts through the silence. Rachel gives the cage a turn, a ball pops out and she holds it up in front of Tracy. Jules holds up the microphone. Without missing a beat...

TRACY
(into the microphone)
B9.

INT. "THE OLD FOX" CLUB - ON THE FLOOR - LATER

Rachel flirts with an ELDERLY MAN WITH THICK GLASSES. Jules checks her phone.

RACHEL
Do you have a condom?

THICK GLASSES
Huh?
(re: his shirt)
Oh, yes, it is cotton.

RACHEL
No. A condom.
(blank stare)
CON-DOM! For your penis?

ACROSS THE ROOM

BEN
Wow. Two for two tonight,
Sutherland.

TRACY

Yeah, such a fun way to find out
this became a retirement center.

BEN

Nice moves though. Brought back
some memories of watching you dance
at the Starting Line.

TRACY

You watched me dance at the
Starting Line? No one watched me do
anything anywhere.

BEN

Well, I did. You were great.

The Old Decrepid Man enthusiastically nods his head yes.

BEN (CONT'D)

See? Pop-pop's a big fan.

TRACY

Thanks.

POP-POP

Best. Bingo. Game. Ever!

Alvarez pops in from the other side. He slides an envelope
filled with cash over to Tracy just as Jules and Rachel show
up. Jules picks up the envelope and counts.

ALVAREZ

Sí-Sí, come back next week, please,
Old people bought so many cards.

RACHEL

Told you you're hot!

Tracy grimaces at the thought of it all.

TRACY

(to Alvarez)

You don't have any of those golden
shot glasses laying around, do you?

BEN

They're doing that old bar crawl.

ALVAREZ

Shot glasses? Those are, how do you
say, adios?

RACHEL
I think you just say adios.

Tracy slumps down.

ALVAREZ
Maybe I have something else.

INSERT: GET A GOLDEN SHOT GLASS -- CHECK

EXT. THE STRIP - MAIN DRAG - NIGHT

Tracy holds up tiny yellow Dixie cups as the three walk.

TRACY
(re: Dixie cups)
This was smart.

JULES
I could've skipped slamming a shot
of Pediasure though. Felt like I
was flying to Miami, in coach.

RACHEL
Had to shoot something for the
list. I kinda liked it.

Tracy pulls out the bar crawl sheet.

TRACY
Next... Karaoke at Jericho's. Take
a shot, get the whole bar to sing.

Jules comes to a complete stop. In front of her a vibrant
sign that reads: GREEN MELON FROZEN YOGURT.

RACHEL
Wait, this was Jericho's, right?

JULES
Let's just mark it off and move on.

TRACY
We can't just mark things off, we
need pictures.

JULES
Okay, so we fake them at another
bar, who's gonna check?

A HAPPY FAMILY LAUGHS and GIGGLES as they exit the yogurt
shop. Tracy takes a moment.

TRACY
(emotional)
I don't wanna cheat.

JULES
Tracy, it's not cheating, there's
no bar here.

TRACY
I DON'T WANNA CHEAT! I DON'T LIKE
CHEATERS! They fucking ruin
families. Or people trying to
have... whatever!

Tracy wipes away the tears in her eyes.

In the distance, Jules spots Sage, the waitress, as she
creeps down the street. Sage looks into the door of a coffee
shop, clearly on the hunt.

JULES
You know, maybe we do go in?

TRACY
But they don't have karaoke...

Jules sees Sage getting closer.

JULES
I have a plan!

TRACY
(to Jules)
Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

JULES
(no)
Yes!

Tracy holds up the Dixie cups. A smile grows on her face.

INT. GREEN MELON FROZEN YOGURT SHOP - NIGHT

The girls stand surveying the bright pastel colored interior.

TRACY
Fro-yo shots!

Jules rolls her eyes.

SLOW-MO YOGURT MONTAGE

-- HANDS grab the yogurt machine levers

-- Big smiles on their faces as they load their Dixie cup shot glasses.

-- The yogurt piles higher and higher.

-- Rachel throws gummy bears into Tracy's mouth.

-- Jules makes it rain sprinkles ala LeBron James.

-- Tracy cries, Jules comforts her.

-- Rachel sucks the yogurt machine nozzle.

-- The girls throw toppings at each other.

EMPLOYEE (O.S.)
The fuck're you'all doing?!

The girls freeze -- *oh, shit.*

JULES/TRACY/RACHEL
Sorry.

END SLO-MO YOGURT MONTAGE.

INT. GREEN MELON FROZEN YOGURT SHOP - LATER

The girls sit devouring enormous cups of fro-yo. The BAGGIE filled with Gwen's ashes sits on the table. It has its own tiny sample cup. Jules reads her phone.

JULES
(reading)
Jericho's shut it doors in 2014.

RACHEL
How are we going to get the whole bar to sing when there isn't even a bar to sing in?
(then)
This is just like Inception.

JULES
It's nothing like Inception.

RACHEL
That's exactly what they'd say if this were Inception.

TRACY
There's only one thing we can do.

JULES

Eat our sugar free lychee tart and
go back to the hotel?

TRACY

No...

Tracy takes a moment and stands up. She takes a deep breath.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(sings softly)

Baby, look at me/And tell me what
you see...

It's "FAME" by Irene Cara.

JULES

(sotto)

What are you doing?

TRACY

Pretty sure it's impossible to out
embarrass myself from earlier.
C'mon, just like H.U. Sing.

Tracy nods to the girls -- *you in?* Rachel nods. Stands up.

TRACY/RACHEL

(singing)

You ain't seen the best of me yet/
Give me time, I'll make you forget
the rest.

Jules looks around the shop. PATRONS ranging from TOWNIES to
SORORITY GIRLS stare at them, including a BIKER GANG.

TRACY

I thought you could do anything?

JULES

Uh, yeah, anything doesn't include
getting dismembered by the Wild
Hogs over there.

Jules nods to the biker gang. Their leader, DIRTY FOX, wears
a leather jacket and a "don't fuck with me" expression.

TRACY

(sotto, to Jules)

If we die, we die together.

JULES

Or we could not die.

Tracy smiles and pulls Jules up. Tracy serenades her. The sorority girls GIGGLE. The townies roll their eyes.

TRACY/RACHEL/SORORITY GIRLS

(sings)

I've got more in me and you can set
it free...

JULES

(to Gwen)

The things I do for you.

(sings)

I can catch the moon in my hand.

Jules grabs Tracy and Rachel by the hand.

TRACY/RACHEL/JULES

(sings/yells)

Don't you know who I am?!

DIRTY FOX

Enough!

Dirty Fox stands up. A scowl on his face. His boots STOMP as he slowly makes his way towards the girls, who GULP. Dirty Fox leans in to the girls, nice and close.

DIRTY FOX (CONT'D)

I can't take this anymore. There's
only one thing I have to say...

(stern)

You're off key.

TRACY

(nervous)

Excuse me?

DIRTY FOX

(cheerful)

Two, three, four...

(high falsetto)

REMEMBER MY NAME!

BIKERS

(sings)

FAME!

MUSIC kicks in out of nowhere.

BIKERS (CONT'D)

(sings)

I'm gonna live forever. I'm gonna
learn to fly high... (song
continues)

The yogurt shop has turned into a flawless choreographed a-cappella production.

Rachel, Jules, and Tracy's jaws hang open.

Dirty Fox spins around. The back of his leather jacket is bedazzled and an EMBROIDERED FLAMINGO ON FIRE with the words "THE FLAMING FLAMINGOS" etched on the jacket.

DIRTY FOX
You gonna join or what?

Tracy looks at Jules and Rachel. They smile. A beat.

ALL
I'm gonna live forever/Baby
Remember My Name/Remember my
name/Baby remember my name...

THE TOWNIES and SORORITY GIRLS join in.

TOWNIES
Remember/ Remember/ Remember/
Remember...

It's the big finish...

TRACY/RACHEL/JULES
(sings)
Baby remember my name!

Tracy pulls Jules and Rachel in close and thrusts Gwen's ashes to the sky.

GRAPHIC: GET THE WHOLE BAR TO SING A SONG - CHECK!

INT. Y2KEG - NIGHT

DRUNK COLLEGE KIDS scream/sing a hit song from the early 2000s.

HAMMERED GIRL
I love the oldies!

PAN TO: Our girls giggling in a booth. Tracy and Jules are clearly wasted. Rachel scrolls through photos on her phone. We see the photos as she flips.

RACHEL
Ice Luge, Jersey Turnpike, Human
Beer Pong, get kicked out of the
bar.

PHOTO: We see a Jules mid-flight, flipping double birds, as she is thrown by an ENORMOUS BOUNCER.

JULES

(drunk)

That guy was a fffffffuckin' pussy.

Rachel puts her phone and the bag of ashes into her purse.

TRACY

(looking at the list)

I can't believe we're almost --

She falls off her chair, plastered.

TRACY (CONT'D)

-- done!

BUZZ! Tracy's phone vibrates. It's Steve. Tracy hits ignore as Rachel notices Yosef in a booth.

Ben appears with giant glasses of water.

BEN

Well-well-well, look who's here.
Thought you guys could use these.

RACHEL/JULES

Do you have a condom??!!!

RACHEL

New or used. Doesn't matter.

Ben shakes his head "no."

TRACY

(looking around)

So this is the new Roy's?

JULES

(re: The décor)

It's... what's a nice word for tacky?

TRACY

Jules!

Jules stands up. She's wobbly.

JULES

(to Yosef)

I bet that guy has a condom!

RACHEL
Not if I remember correctly.

Rachel grabs Jules' arm and drags her away.

TRACY
Sorry.

BEN
I work in a bar, I'm pretty used to
people like her.
(re: the list)
Making progress?

TRACY
Yeah, we're almost done --

BEN
That's awesome. Oh! Let me show you
something. You're gonna love this.

TRACY
Okay?

Tracy tries to stand up and falls straight to the ground.

ACROSS THE ROOM AT YOSEF'S BOOTH

Yosef sits at a table with someone that we can't quite see.
Rachel bum rushes the table.

RACHEL
FREEZE, IT'S THE COPS!

Yosef JUMPS. Spills his drink. Jules CACKLES and then sees
Officer Daniels at the table.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Oh, shit, it really is --

OFFICER DANIELS
Customers of yours, yeah?

YOSEF
I don't know what you're talking
about.

RACHEL
Probably talking about the --

Yosef covers her mouth.

YOSEF

My cousin just passed away.
 (pointing to Jules)
 These are friends. Here for the
 funeral.

JULES

(to Officer Daniels)
 Hi. Again.

Officer Daniels notices Rachel.

OFFICER DANIELS

Looking for another picture?

RACHEL

No, but we are looking for a
 condom, do you happen to have one?

Yosef does a spit take.

OFFICER DANIELS

Well, I -- I don't have any on
 me... A bunch at home. Of course. I
 get all kinds of ladies. Well not
 all kinds, but I get my fair share,
 yeah? I just --

A beat. Officer Daniels grabs his hoverboard and quickly
 makes his escape. Except for the fact that the hoverboard has
 a max speed of 6.2 MPH.

RACHEL

(shrugs)
 Maybe he's getting us one.

YOSEF

What the hell are you doing?!

JULES

Oh, come on. We totally just got
 the fuzz off your back. That sounds
 weird but --

YOSEF

Shhh! Come on, not so loud. He
 can't prove anything.

Yosef rummages through Rachel's purse. She smacks his hand.

YOSEF (CONT'D)

You guys getting hammered? Cause if
 you want, I've got a fifth in my
 office. Well, cubicle.

(MORE)

YOSEF (CONT'D)

I share it with a T.A. But it's *all* mine on Tuesdays --

JULES

We're doing the crawl. Of bars. The bar crawl. Gwen always wanted to finish it, so yeah.

YOSEF

Cool. Cool. Cool. Isn't making out with a professor on the list?

JULES/RACHEL

No.

YOSEF

(to Rachel)

Although I guess technically, we could already check that one off. Amirite?

Jules rolls her eyes as a BUSTY WAITRESS dressed like Brittny Spears walks by with a plate of food. Rachel gags.

YOSEF (CONT'D)

Ah, come on, wasn't that bad.

RACHEL

No, it's --

(gagging)

Will you watch my stuff?

JULES

Like a hawk.

Rachel leaves her purse and bails. Yosef gives Jules a once over and then strokes her arm. It's creepy.

JULES (CONT'D)

Yeah, no.

Jules spins and stumbles away.

ANGLE ON Rachel's purse. Yosef looks around and then opens it. He removes Rachel's wallet, just a couple of singles. He SIGHS, then pockets the cash.

AT THE BAR

Jules motions to a CHUBBY BARTENDER, who's dressed like a boy-band member and looking quite similar to NSYNC's Joey Fatone.

JULES (CONT'D)

Kiss me, Joey Fatone.

She leans in to kiss the bartender, who moves out of the way.

INT. Y2KEG - YOSEF'S BOOTH - SAME TIME

Yosef pulls out the ziplock of Gwen's ashes. He looks to the bathroom, no sign of Rachel. The bar, Jules makes out with the Fatone look-a-like. He slowly gets up and eyes the door.

INT. Y2KEG - GAME ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Tracy eyes are wide as she looks around to see arcade games from the late 90s and aughts: NBA Jam, Street Fighter, Guitar Hero, etc. Ben unveils a Dance Dance Revolution console.

TRACY

No way! This is so cool!

BEN

Check out the high score.

Tracy sees her name on the top line.

TRACY

Wait... is this the actual one from the Starting Line?

(off Ben's nod)

I can't believe you have this. Your boss just lets you keep it here?

BEN

Yeah, he's a cool guy.

(then)

Because actually it's me. I'm the cool guy... I'm the boss.

TRACY

You're the boss?

BEN

Boss, owner. Yeah.

TRACY

Wait... you own this place?!

BEN

Turns out there's a lot of money in recycling stuff from twenty years ago. So far we're in Anaheim, Palo Alto, San Diego and Santa Cruz opens next month.

TRACY

Wow.

BEN

(laughs)

It's insane how much people love
reliving their glory days.

INT. Y2KEG - YOSEF'S BOOTH - SAME TIME

Yosef continues his dig through Rachel's purse.

YOSEF

(sotto)

Son of a --

Yosef pulls out the ziplock of Gwen's ashes. He looks to the bathroom, no sign of Rachel. The bar, Jules waits for some drinks. He eyes the door and slowly gets up.

INT. Y2KEG - GAME ROOM

Ben stands on the DDR machine and starts the game.

BEN

What do you say we give it a try?

TRACY

I think you've seen me dance enough
for one night.

BEN

Never. You know, I used to have
quite the crush on you.

TRACY

Right? Wait. What?

Ben starts the game.

BEN

C'mon dancing queen, get up here!

Tracy smiles and jumps on. They both have their flirt game on. The MUSIC starts and the two dance, both pretty good.

TRACY

You're good!

BEN

Not as good as I should be, I play
on here all the time with my kids.

TRACY
Kids? Cooooool.

Tracy dances, but the wind is now out of her sail.

INT. Y2KEG - YOSEF'S BOOTH - NIGHT

Jules lays on the bench. Rachel applies some lipstick while Tracy buries her head in her arms.

TRACY
He has kids. Plural. As in more than one.

JULES
Someone slept with him, twice?

RACHEL
I've done worse. I.e. Yosef.

TRACY
She's probably smokin' hot too, with all the money he's raking in.

Jules sits up.

JULES
What money?

TRACY
He owns Roy's or whatever this place is called now.

JULES/RACHEL
Y2Keg.

TRACY
That, and he's franchising it all over California.

JULES
The fuck? Is everyone successful but me -- you guys?

Rachel puts her lipstick back in her purse. She looks in the bag, something's not right. Rachel rifles around, a little more aggressively.

RACHEL
Jesus...

JULES
I'm sorry, I'm a mean drunk.

Jules lays back down as Rachel dumps her purse out and sifts through the junk. She then looks under the table. Nothing.

RACHEL

Remember junior year when I got
shit-faced on that handle of
Captain and passed out in the
Alumni Center?

JULES

(laughs)
Yeah?

RACHEL

Well, keep in mind how much you
loved me back then, because I can't
find Gwen.

Jules pops back up.

TRACY/JULES

What?!

EXT. Y2KEG - MOMENTS LATER

The girls run outside. Tracy retraces their steps, searching.

TRACY

YOU LOST GWEN? How did this happen?

RACHEL

I don't know --
(to Jules)
You said you would watch my purse.
Like a hawk.

JULES

You can't trust me. I took two
shots of *well* vodka back there.
(shivers)
I'm clearly not thinking. And I
don't even like hawks.

Tracy paces and tries to catch her breath.

TRACY

Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god.

JULES

What if Yosef took her? I mean, he
was going through Rach's purse.
Maybe he recognized her?

TRACY

(rationalizing)

Okay. Okay. Sure. He saw the bag of ashes and said, "oh hey, there's my cousin, in a ziplock, I should probably take her home for the funeral."

RACHEL

Orrrr he thought Gwen was a giant bag of cocaine, he stole her and is now selling her off a gram at a time to drunk freshman at that house party.

JULES

That seems more likely.

Tracy hyperventilates again.

TRACY

Wait, the house party! Where was that?

RACHEL

All the way behind the Starting Line.

TRACY

We have to go.

JULES

That's like a mile!?

(off Tracy's reaction)

What?

(Pointing to her shoes)

These are Manolos.

TRACY

Right, 'cause why wouldn't you wear three hundred dollar heels on a bar crawl?

JULES

Excuse me, they were six-hundred.

RACHEL

Bee-tee-dubs, love the maroon.

JULES

Thanks! They're actually oxblood.

RACHEL

So cute.

Tracy looks at her phone lets out a frustrated GROAN.

TRACY

(sotto)

How do they have like six fro-yo shops but no Uber?

She walks to the edge of the curb and sticks her thumb out.

JULES

You've got to be joking.

RACHEL

Yeah, Trace, this is no time to be showing off your Fonzie impression.

JULES

(to Tracy)

We are not hitchhiking. What if we get picked up by a murderer? Or worse, someone who drives a Kia?

TRACY

I have to take that chance. You refuse to walk and this is Gwen we're talking about!

Tracy holds out her thumb.

JULES

Tracy, you put that thumb down.

TRACY

Or what? You can't tell me what to do. I'm not one of your employees.

Tracy holds her thumb up higher.

JULES

I said... PUT. IT. DOWN!

Jules grabs Tracy's arm and tries to pull it down. Tracy fights to keep it up.

TRACY

(struggling)

Stop it.

Jules pushes harder. So does Tracy. Neither will let up.

JULES

(struggling)

No, you stop it.

Jules takes Tracy down to the ground. Tracy fights to keep that thumb in the air.

TRACY
(to Jules)
You're... being... ridiculous --

JULES
You're... being... ridiculous.

OFFICER DANIELS (O.S.)
You're both being ridiculous, yeah?

Jules and Tracy look up, arms tangled. Officer Daniels sits in his cruiser. He takes a long slurp from his drink.

EXT. Y2KEG - MINUTES LATER

A police car lights flash. The girls sit on the curb. Officer Daniels paces back and forth.

OFFICER DANIELS
Let's do a little test. You pass,
you can go. Yeah?

TRACY
Okay...

Rachel turns and throws up.

JULES
We're fucked.

Officer Daniels bends down. He's now eye-to-eye with Tracy.

OFFICER DANIELS
Question one, how do we all know
the little professor?

RACHEL
(wiping her mouth)
Yosef? Um, he has a small penis...
Or so I've heard.

TRACY
He's our friend's cousin. She
recently passed.

JULES
The funeral's tomorrow.

RACHEL
And he's definitely *not* a drug
dealer.

Daniels perks up. Tracy kicks Rachel and shoots her a look.

JULES
She meant he's not a drug dealer,
uh, because he's a professor.

RACHEL
Yeah... Like an ad-lib or ad-fib
professor?

OFFICER DANIELS
So he makes things up?

TRACY
Only part-time.

JULES
She means adjunct.

RACHEL
That's it! An adjunct professor.
Who also sells drugs.

Rachel!

TRACY

JULES
Shut the fuck up!

Officer Daniels triumphantly slurps the last bit of juice. He
lets out a satisfying "Ahhh."

OFFICER DANIELS
And the million dollar question.
Where's he selling tonight?

Tracy, Jules, and Officer Daniels all look to Rachel. Jules
gives her the eyes -- *not a fucking word!*

RACHEL
He... didn't say. Again, I don't
know him *that* well. Although, I am
confident about that penis size.

Daniels gets right into Rachel's face.

OFFICER DANIELS
(dead serious)
You're telling me, he's your best
friend's cousin, you've clearly
seen him tonight, you accurately
know the size of his genitals, but
yet you don't know where he is?

RACHEL

Yes?

OFFICER DANIELS

Okay! Thanks for the help!

JULES

Wait, what?

Officer Daniels stands up. He helps the women up.

OFFICER DANIELS

Yeah, she doesn't know. I believe her. Let me tell you, you ladies gave me a lot of great information! At least enough for some probable cause so I can search him.

RACHEL

I doubt you'll find anything.

Rachel holds up her fingers to indicate an inch. Officer Daniels and Rachel both laugh. Jules and Tracy also start to laugh.

TRACY

So we can go?

OFFICER DANIELS

Sure! You can go... to the drunk tank.

The laughter dies.

OFFICER DANIELS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but I wouldn't be doing my job if I release three clearly intoxicated women to their vehicles, yeah?

TRACY

No-no-no-no-no. You can't do that!

JULES

Seriously, please...

Rachel GULPS.

RACHEL

What if one of us was sober? Would you release us then?

Officer Daniels ponders for a moment.

OFFICER DANIELS

I mean --

RACHEL

(lighting fast)

Z-Y-X-W-V-U-T-S-R-Q-P-O-N-M-L-K-J-I-
H-G-F-E-D-C-B-A.

Rachel touches her nose with her index fingers as she stands on one foot.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The ladies walk.

JULES

You haven't drank at all, have you?
I knew you were in AA.

RACHEL

Uh...

TRACY (O.S.)

Jules, your car!

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - BACK ALLEY - SECONDS LATER

Tracy, Jules, and Rachel stand in the empty parking spot.

JULES

(faux outrage)

Oh, no! How could this have
happened?

RACHEL

Fucking college kid car thieves.

TRACY

If we hurry, we should be able to
catch up to the officer --

Tracy turns. Jules grabs her.

JULES

No. We can't. What will he do if he
knows we don't have a ride back? He
could lock us up in the tank and I
refuse to wear an orange jump suit.
It's a terrible color on me.

RACHEL
That's not how county works. Trust
me.

YUPPIE (O.S.)
Yo, hurry up!

A YUPPIE runs by as a GIRL IN A TUBE TOP straggles behind.

YUPPIE (CONT'D)
Orlando heard from Dunn that the
prof's new batch is the shiiiiit.

Our girls look at each other -- *oh shit!*

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM

MUSIC BUMPS. PEEPS dance. It's a solid party. The girls
enter, out of breath.

TRACY
I don't see Yosef.

A guy in a POPPED COLLAR walks by.

RACHEL
Hey. We're looking for a short guy.
Dressed like he's homeless --

Jules grabs him and slams him against the wall.

JULES
(overbearing)
Where's the midget drug dealer?!

SNOOOORT. The girls whip around to see TWO PARTY ANIMALS rail
a line of white powder off a coffee-table. A dime bag of
ashes next to them.

TUBE TOP (O.S.)
'ey Jimmy, time to get *fucked* up!

THEY WHIP to see two Tube Top and Yuppie from the parking lot
jiggle a dime bag of ashes as they giddily runs outside.

DRUNKEN SEX GIRL (O.S.)
You got it?

THEY WHIP to see A DRUNKEN COUPLE giddily running up the
stairs carrying a dime bag.

The girls look on in a state of shock.

JULES

Fuck.

Popped Collar loosens Jules' grip and runs away.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - BACKYARD

Jules' Manolos click with authority as she power walks towards the Yuppie and his crew, who laugh and toss around the bag of ashes. They toss to a girl, whose back is turned.

JULES

Hey, fuck face!

Jules grabs the baggie from the girl. It's Sage. Jules' eyes go wide. A beat. Jules turns and runs, but her heel gets caught in the grass and she topples.

JULES (CONT'D)

(drunk)

Muck you, Fanolos!

Sage stands over her, arms crossed.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The Drunken Couple giggle as they run into a bedroom furthest from the staircase and SLAM the door.

Rachel runs up the stairs a second later. She looks down the hallway. It's empty. Two doors -- which should she choose?

Rachel opens the door closest to the staircase.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - BEDROOM 1 - SAME TIME

Rachel enters. Yosef on the bed, counting money. Bags everywhere.

YOSEF

(flirtatiously)

Well, hello there.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM - THAT MOMENT

The room has a handful of PARTY-GOERS. Tracy enters and scans the crowd. She spots the Party Animals on the couch, they pull out a small mirror and a credit card.

TRACY
 (sotto)
 Shit.

She spots Ben across the room and gives a questioning look. He mimics her. She doubles down, with a second look to question his presence. He looks over his shoulder and then back to her -- *are you talking to me?*

Tracy chuckles. Ben does one small dance move. Tracy looks confused. He does it again and then gives her a nod -- *your turn.*

Tracy looks over the Party Animals. They spill the bag of Gwen's ashes onto the table.

Tracy throws an invisible "mime" rope over to Ben, he plays along and grabs it. She pulls him across the room to her.

TRACY (CONT'D)
 Little old for this type of party,
 aren't you?

BEN
 A mime party? Nah.

Tracy laughs.

BEN (CONT'D)
 I may or may not have heard you
 guys were coming to this party
 tonight.

TRACY
 Creepy... But also kind of cute.

BEN
 (laughs)
 Only to try to save you.

TRACY
 Good. Because I need your help.

Ben questions with a look.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - BACK YARD

Sage stands over Jules.

JULES
 Please, don't hurt me. I wanted to
 pay!

Sage reaches into her apron.

JULES (CONT'D)

Oh my god. She has a gun! SHE HAS A GUN!

Jules braces for the worst. Sage pulls out a billfold and hands it to Jules.

SAGE

You left your cards.

Baffled, Jules opens the billfold.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM

Tracy rushes up to the Party Animals just before they sort their first line. Tracy scoops the lines into a bowl.

PARTY ANIMAL 1

Whoa!

PARTY ANIMAL 2

What the hell are you doing?

TRACY

Shh, there's an undercover cop roaming around. Red shirt. Kinda looks like Bradley Cooper, but if Bradley Cooper didn't have the money to keep looking like Bradley Cooper.

Ben walks over. Tracy hides the bowl under a pillow.

BEN

Hey, fellow students. You don't happen to have any narcotics that I could buy, do you?

The Party Animals look like they are going to shit their pants. Tracy gives them a look -- *told you so!*

PARTY ANIMAL 1

(wiping his nose)

No, man, we don't do that stuff.

PARTY ANIMAL 2

Yeah, uh, we gotta go... home.

The Party Animals scurry off. Leaving the bag behind. Tracy grabs it, triumphantly. She hugs Ben.

BEN

(beat)

Did I just help you steal drugs?

INT. HOUSE PARTY - BEDROOM 1 - SAME TIME

Yosef moves in. Rachel moves out of the way.

YOSEF

I knew you couldn't resist.

RACHEL

I honestly had no idea you were even in here.

Yosef brushes back her hair. She grimaces.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You took something from my purse.

YOSEF

Are we talking about what you swiped from my aunt's?

RACHEL

We were going to bring it back.
(off Yosef's confusion)
We just wanted one last night out with Gwen. I know, we're weird.

YOSEF

Well, you know, I can get weird too.

Yosef pulls out a dime bag of ashes. He dangles it in front of Rachel.

YOSEF (CONT'D)

This what you're looking for?

Rachel reaches for it. Yosef pulls it back.

YOSEF (CONT'D)

There's something I want first.

Yosef unbuckles his pants.

YOSEF (CONT'D)

Office hours are officially open.
(off Rachel's blank stare)
You know, uh, office hours... open... like my pants.

RACHEL

Ohhhhh. I get it now. Sorry, the whole play on words... totally over my head.

She motions that it went over her head. They LAUGH.

YOSEF

So... are you gonna blow me or...?

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Tracy and Ben on the couch. Tracy holding the bowl of ashes.

TRACY

What are you doing out? Don't you have kids?

BEN

With the ex for the night.

TRACY

(with a laugh)
Divorced? Well, that seems popular.

Tracy's phone BUZZES. It's Steve. She hits ignore.

BEN

Speaking of popular.

TRACY

The husband.

BEN

The husband? Oh, good for you.

TRACY

Yeah, actually, not good. I caught him... ya know --

BEN

(realizing)
Ohhh. I'm sorry.

BUZZ. It's Steve again. Ben grabs the phone with a mischievous smile.

BEN (CONT'D)

(laughs)
Want me to talk to him?

TRACY

What? No!

She grabs the phone from Ben.

BEN
Relax, it was joke.

TRACY
You think this is a joke?

BEN
I was just --

TRACY
Just what?

BEN
I'm sorry.

TRACY
I don't know why you came here, but
I -- I just can't deal right now.

Tracy gets up and walks off, leaving Ben to himself.

Tracy abruptly returns. She grabs the bowl with Gwen's ashes and walks off again.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - BACK YARD

Jules sits in a lawn chair and signs the bill. Sage hands Jules a red solo cup filled with beer and joins her. A GROUP OF MULTI-CULTURAL GIRLS sit around them, including ASHA.

ASHA
I can't believe I'm having a beer
with Jules Hernandez. This is like
the greatest night of my life.

The students all chatter in agreement.

SAGE
I told you, you were a legend.

ASHA
Especially when your company is all
women. Total beast mode.

JULES
Well enjoy it, because this is
never happening again.
(off Sage)
Oh, not you. I meant me drinking
this piss water.

The girls laugh.

JULES (CONT'D)
What were you going to do with those, um, "drugs" anyway?

SAGE
We're pulling an all-nighter tomorrow for midterms. Need the boost to be the best, right?

Jules considers for a long moment and gets emotional.

JULES
You remind me a lot of myself back in college.

SAGE
Really?!

The girls excitedly chatter.

JULES
(then)
But if you want to be the best, you don't need to do drugs and you don't need to cheat.

Sage laughs. Jules is a bit thrown.

JULES (CONT'D)
I'm serious. I cheated. A lot. Still do. Always looking to take a short cut.

Tracy walks up behind Jules. Jules does not see her.

JULES (CONT'D)
(holding the credit card)
This card? I don't know how it went through, cause it's maxed, just like every other card I have. My car was repossessed. Bank accounts, empty. The company is a failing shit show with only two possible ways out and they both suck. Worst thing, it's completely my fault.

Tracy watches, fuming. Jules doesn't notice. Sage puts her hand on Jules' shoulder.

SAGE

Well, your main responsibilities as CEO are to your investors and employees. So which choice helps them the most?

JULES

Oh, you're actually thinking about this? Um --

BECKY

It has to be a buy out right?

The girls all chatter in agreement.

JULES

And lose everything I created?

SAGE

Isn't the hard thing usually the right thing?

Jules takes a moment to consider. She takes a sip of beer.

JULES

(playful)

You guys are kinda annoying... but also really smart.

SAGE

(stern)

Please, don't call us guys.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - BEDROOM 1

Yosef lies on the bed, his hands tied to the bed posts. Rachel seductively takes off his jeans with one pull. Yosef looks at her, impressed.

RACHEL

(shrugs)

I've picked up a few things since college.

YOSEF

Like what? Herpes? Kidding.

(laughing, then)

But seriously you don't actually have herpes, right?

Rachel climbs on top of him. She starts kissing his neck.

YOSEF (CONT'D)
Oh, I like this.

Rachel knees him as hard as she can in the balls. Yosef SQUEALS in pain.

YOSEF (CONT'D)
OW! I don't like this!
(looking down)
I think you just broke my dick.

Rachel gets in Yosef's face.

RACHEL
Just because I was something
doesn't mean I am something.
I'm a person, not some object for
you to use and abuse whenever
you're feeling horny.

YOSEF
(breathing heavily)
Yup, dick's definitely broken. Hoo
boy. I'm not covered for a
specialist.

Rachel grabs Gwen's ashes.

RACHEL
What would Gwen say?
(off Yosef's blank stare)
Well nothing, cause she's dead. But
if she were here she'd say...

Yosef SQUEALS as Rachel squeezes his balls with her hand.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
(through clenched teeth)
Be. Cool. To. Girls.

She goes to knee Yosef again, who winces and closes his eyes, bracing for impact.

YOSEF
(pleading)
Please. Please.

He opens his eyes, but Rachel is gone. Yosef WINCES.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - KITCHEN

Jules drinks from a handle as Tracy walks in.

JULES
Where have you been?

TRACY
Don't worry about it.

JULES
Okay... you get Gwen?

Jules holds up her bag. Tracy puts the bowl on the table.

TRACY
Some of her, I think.

Tracy opens her mouth to speak as COPS bust through the front door. The yuppie (from earlier) runs into the kitchen holding a bong.

YUPPIE
COPS!

Tracy and Jules share a look, slam their drinks and then follow the Yuppie out the back door.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - HALLWAY

Rachel runs to the stairs and sees the POLICE chase a heard of DRUNK KIDS. She surveys her options.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - BACKYARD

Jules and Tracy burst out the back door and run right into one of the Party Animals.

PARTY ANIMAL 1
Hey, hey! Where's my drugs?

Sage jumps in front of the Party Animal.

SAGE
Back the fuck up, asshole!

PARTY ANIMAL
Why don't you get out of --

Party Animal goes to push Sage. In one move she flips him backwards by his face and SLAMS him into the ground. It's badass.

SAGE
I know Krav Maga, bitch!

Sage then turns to Jules and Tracy, who stand shocked.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Go.

Jules whispers "thank you" as she and Tracy leave. Sage lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM as she runs into the chaos.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - BEDROOM 2

Rachel runs into a bedroom and locks the door behind her. She turns to see the Drunk Couple having sex in the bed. The couple doesn't seem to notice. Rachel spots a pile of condoms and the last dime bag on the night stand.

RACHEL

(sotto)

Yes!

(to the couple)

Is it cool if I -- ?

DRUNKEN SEX GIRL

(moans)

Yes! Yes! Yes!

RACHEL

Thanks!

Rachel grabs a ribbon of rubbers and with the bag of Gwen takes a selfie. The couple keep at it in the background.

GRAPHIC: GET A CONDOM (NEW OR USED) -- CHECK!

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - SIDE OF HOUSE

Jules and Tracy run to a small side yard. No one else is around but you can see the lights flash around them.

JULES

What about Rachel?

TRACY

She'll find us.

FROM THE WINDOW

Rachel sticks her head out and yells.

RACHEL

GUYS, THE COPS ARE HERE!

TRACY

See?

(to Rachel, yelling)

WE KNOW!

JULES

DON'T YELL! AND DON'T SAY GUYS!

RACHEL

I GOT GWEN!

TRACY

OH, THANK GOD!

RACHEL

I'M COMING!

DRUNKEN SEX GUY (O.S.)

ME TOO!

JULES

EVERYONE STOP YELLING!

Rachel puts one foot out the window. It's high.

RACHEL

I'M GOING TO THROW HER, CATCH!

Rachel throws the bag of Gwen - but the bag is not sealed!

TRACY/JULES

NOOO!!!

The bag does one revolution, opens up, and dumps its fine ashy powder out, completely covering Tracy and Jules. They stand speechless. Jules spits to get Gwen off her lips.

TRACY

This couldn't have gone any worse.

AND the sprinklers turn on. Tracy and Jules remain motionless. The bags of ashes in their hands that was Gwen turns to mud and drips off of them.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - HALLWAY

Rachel peeks out the door, coast is clear. She heads down the stairs. On his way up is Officer Daniels. They both stop. Officer Daniels cocks his head -- *what are you doing here?*

RACHEL

Upstairs.

Officer Daniels smiles and nods.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - BEDROOM

Officer Daniels BURSTS through the door. Yosef lays on the bed, his pants around his ankles.

OFFICER DANIELS
Freeze, it's the cops!

Officer Daniels looks into Yosef's backpack, where there are bags of weed and pills.

YOSEF
It's really not funny anymore.

Daniels stares at Yosef and his penis.

OFFICER DANIELS
Actually, it kind of is.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - FRONT LAWN

Rachel wraps Tracy and Jules in police blankets. They shiver and blankly stare off into the distance. A FEMALE OFFICER watches over them.

Tracy pulls a clump of muddied ashes out of her hair. She looks at them with a sense of sadness.

Officer Daniels beams as he comes out the front door with a cuffed Yosef.

FEMALE OFFICER
Yo, Daniels. Want me to take these three in? They're shaking like leaves.
(to the girls)
You on the Stank?

Tracy and Jules shiver as they shake their heads no.

RACHEL
They're soaking wet.

OFFICER DANIELS
It's okay. We got who we need.
(to the girls)
I expect you to call it a night.
Yeah?

The girls nod.

EXT. STARTING LINE - NIGHT

It's closed down. Across the street, a 24 hour WAFFLE HOUSE.

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - SAME TIME

The three warriors sit dazed. Tracy and Jules shake covered in Gwen mud and wrapped in blankets. Rachel eats a waffle and thumbs through photos on her phone. She holds up the phone.

JULES

What's that?

RACHEL

The condom.

Tracy pulls out the list and crosses off "STEAL A CONDOM."
The list is now complete.

TRACY

(realizing)

We did it. We actually did it. We finished the list. All is we have to do is take the final photo and --

JULES

Trace. I want you to listen and listen carefully. Fuck. The. List.

TRACY

Fuck the list? So I guess you want to fuck Gwen too?

(beat, then)

Oh, you know what I mean.

Jules rips the list away and trembles with emotion. She rips a clump of mud out of her hair and throws it on the table.

JULES

Gwen's gone, okay? And she's never coming back.

TRACY

I -- I know that.

JULES

Do you? I came back to pay my respects, not finish some inane list to make you feel better about the fact that your life didn't turn out the way you wanted it.

TRACY

(hurt)

You're right. I don't know how you associated with us *peasants* for so long. Sorry, we can't all be Jules Hernandez, CEO of a multi-million dollar -- oh wait, no. You're fucking broke.

JULES

What did you say?

TRACY

I heard you at the party. You've got nothing. No job, no company, and definitely not any friends. You're the biggest loser of us all.

Jules fights back a tear. She takes a deep breath and stands up. Shoulder back, head up, Jules heads for the door.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Good, leave. Go back to your ivory tower!

RACHEL

(a beat)

I thought we were staying at the Marriott.

EXT. WAFFLE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jules power walks away. Tracy rushes out of the door. Rachel behind her, a mouthful of waffle. Faint MUSIC plays O.S.

TRACY

Jules, come on.

JULES

Leave. Me. Alone -- Whoa!

Jules tumbles to the ground. She looks down. Her heel is broken. Jules SCREAMS in frustration.

TRACY (O.S.)

Are you okay?

Tracy and Rachel rush over. Jules dusts herself off.

JULES

I'm fine, I --

Jules climbs back to her feet. Her pupils are extremely dilated. The MUSIC starts to get louder.

JULES (CONT'D)
Do you hear that?

RACHEL
No...

Tracy looks up, her eyes are also dilated. She twitches.

TRACY
It's coming from --

Jules and Tracy turn to the Starting Line. The lights are suddenly turned on. We can hear the song better now, it's that same shitty pop song they danced to ten years ago.

INT. "THE STARTING LINE" BAR - HALLUCINATION SEQUENCE

The three walk in awe as a massive party rages around them. Tracy and Jules are magically cleaned up and the three girls are dressed exactly like they were ten years earlier. In fact, everything looks the same as ten years earlier.

JULES
Anyone else feel like they're in a time warp?

RACHEL
(confused)
What's going on?

TRACY
Let's just stick together...

JULES
I need a drink.

RACHEL
I have to pee!

Jules and Rachel take off.

TRACY
Perfect.

CUT TO:

THE "HALL OF CRAWL"

Tracy runs her fingers over the photos, which all come to life a la the Harry Potter movies -- *What's happening?*

VOICE FROM BEHIND

There you are!

Tracy turns. Gwen, 21, alive, hands her a shot.

TRACY

Gwen?!

GWEN

Hope you're ready to get crazier
than Tom Cruise in a furniture
store tonight!

TRACY

That's a really dated --

GWEN

Ooh, DDR just opened. C'mon!

Gwen pulls Tracy away.

THE BAR

Jules sighs and looks depressed as others party around her.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You look like you need a drink.

A glass of wine slides in front of her. She doesn't bother to
look to see where it comes from and takes a sip.

JULES

Mm, Alicante Bouschet?!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

They say it's the Voltaire of
wines.

Jules takes another sip and looks to the stool next to her,
JOEY FATONE (from freakin' NSYNC) gives a head nod. Jules
does a spit take.

JULES

(in awe)
Joey Fatone?!

JOEY FATONE

Sup, girl?

Off Jules' look of amazement...

RACHEL (V.O.)

You are so right!

THE GIRLS BATHROOM

Rachel sits on the floor. She talks to someone OFF-CAMERA.

RACHEL

I wasn't sure if it was the right move, but that's what I'm going to do. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

(beat, then)

Sorry, I didn't mean to dump this all on you, but you're just so easy to talk to.

We now see who she talks to, AN UNCONSCIOUS GIRL with sunglasses.

THE BAR

Jules and Joey drink.

JULES

... And that's when I realized I don't know what I'm going to do anymore. I mean, running a company was my whole identity.

Joey Fatone puts his hand on Jules' shoulder.

JOEY FATONE

Your story is tearin' up my heart. You know, when NSYNC found out that we were fucked out of millions and a VMA, I felt lost too. I even bought this priceless fifteenth century Chinese vase to help fix my flow, but then I realized I couldn't afford the matching rug.

JULES

(feeling for him)
That sounds terrible.

JOEY FATONE

(choking up)
It really was. But I knew I was better than that. I mean, I'm Joey Fatone. I was in a Chili's commercial!

JULES

So what did you do?

JOEY FATONE

I picked myself up by my Saint
Laurent bootstraps and got back out
there. Whatever it took: reality
shows, reunion tour rumors, bit
parts in shitty movies...

(beat, then)

And I'm proud to say that hard work
finally paid off and I was finally
able to score that matching throw
rug. My Pomeranian's pool house has
never looked better.

JULES

That's so cool.

JOEY FATONE

You're the fucking tits, Jules
Hernandez. As long as you keep it a
hundred, you're going to be
successful no matter what. This I
promise you.

JULES

Nice.

JOEY FATONE

What?

JULES

You used your song in the -- Hey,
can I ask you a question?

JOEY FATONE

Yes, you would've won H.U. Sing if
you sang 'Bye, Bye, Bye.'

JULES

I knew it!

THE HALL OF CRAWL

Gwen dances on the DDR Machine. Tracy, half-assing it,
clearly upset.

GWEN

Okay. Spill it.

TRACY

I don't know what you're --

GWEN

Spill. It.

TRACY

What do you want me to say? That I'm a total loser?

GWEN

Stop it. You are not a loser. In fact, from this angle you look -- Eh, never mind, might just be the lighting.

TRACY

I have no kids, no job, my husband's sleeping with our therapist --

GWEN

Oh, boo-hoo. I'm Tracy and my life sucks soooo much. How about this for a problem? I'm fucking dead!

TRACY

That is a problem...

GWEN

Uh, ya think? I'm never going to be able to drink mai thai's again, or spend the holidays with my family, or listen to Sisquo's 'Thong Song' while hooking up in the back of a PT Cruiser.

TRACY

That's oddly specific.

GWEN

They're much more spacious than you may think.

(calming)

Tracy, go live your life, because some of us can't. Do the things you want to do with who you want to do them with. Life is just one long road trip and all the moments, the highs, the lows... They're just pit stops to your final destination. But remember, it's never about the destination. The journey is always much more fun.

Tracy absorbs this. The game continues.

GWEN (CONT'D)
 (smelling herself)
 Whew, gonna need to rinse off
 later. This game always makes me
 staaaaank.

TRACY
 What did you say?

GWEN
 Come on, we need to get the high
 score!

CUT TO:

INT. "THE STARTING LINE" BAR - THE PRESENT - MORNING

Tracy asleep, suddenly wakes up like she's been hit with a
 shot of adrenaline.

TRACY
 YES! HIGH SCORE!

Tracy settles and looks around. The bar is back to normal and
 empty. Morning light streams in through the windows.

Rachel stumbles out of the bathroom.

TRACY (CONT'D)
 That was some trip, huh?

RACHEL
 What are you --

Jules MOANS O.S. Tracy looks over the bar to see Jules dry
 humping the floor.

JULES
 Mmm, Joey. You are soooo bad!

TRACY
 (to Rachel)
 Let's not tell her about this.

Rachel laughs as she records Jules on her phone.

RACHEL
 Sorry, what did you say?

INT. THE STARTING LINE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The three frantically try to groom themselves.

RACHEL

So if you guys were Robert Downey Junior high last night, that had to be real drugs I threw down. So, does Yosef still have the ashes?

TRACY

If he does, they're in some prison lock up.

JULES

We have to come clean.
(off Tracy's look)
No more cutting corners.

Rachel looks at her phone.

RACHEL

Hate to break it, but we've only got about thirty till the funeral.

JULES

And we don't have a car.

Tracy thinks for a moment. She smiles and reaches into her pocket. She pulls out a napkin.

TRACY

Wait --
(then, to Rachel)
Phone.

Rachel hands it to her. Tracy grabs it.

RACHEL

If you go into my photos, just don't swipe left. Those are private.

Tracy flips over the napkin. It's the one with Ben's number!

TRACY

(victorious)
Ladies, let's go to our best friend's funeral.

JULES

WOO!

RACHEL

FUCK YEAH!

TRACY

(beat, then)
Probably shouldn't have gotten so excited over that.

INT. BEN'S CAR - DAY

Ben drives, Tracy rides shotgun. In the back, between Rachel and Jules are BEN'S TWO DAUGHTERS. Ben seems cold.

TRACY

Thank you for picking us up.

Ben, eyes to the road. Tracy takes a deep breath.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I just want to apologize. To all of you.

(to Jules)

And you're right. My life didn't turn out the way I planned. But I don't think any one of ours did. And that's okay.

RACHEL

Tell me about it. I mean, who'd have thought I'd be pregnant?

SCREECH! Ben slams on the breaks and everyone jolts forward.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Overreaction much?

BEN

(sheepish)

Traffic.

Ben's car idles behind a procession of cars, all with their hazards on.

BEN (CONT'D)

(re: the traffic)

I wonder what's going on.

JULES

Rachel failed to mention that she has a human growing inside of her, that's what's going on.

RACHEL

Hey, you never asked me how I was doing. Not once.

Tracy just stares at her. Tears well in her eyes.

JULES

Uh, Trace? You okay?

TRACY

I can't believe it. *You're* going to be a mom? *You?*

RACHEL

I'm sorry. I wanted to tell you but I knew how hard you were trying --

Tracy cries.

TRACY

I'm *so* happy for you.

RACHEL

Really?

Tracy nods and smiles, a little pain but a lot of love.

TRACY

You're one of my best friends.

RACHEL

Get in here!

They awkwardly try to hug, but they still have their seat belts on, which restrict them. Tracy and Rachel laugh.

Jules reaches over the back of the seat and HONKS the horn.

JULES

Come on, you assholes! Move out of the way!

BEN

(re: the other cars)
I think it's another funeral procession?

JULES

The nerve of some people!

Jules takes off her heels, determined.

JULES (CONT'D)

Okay, that's it. We're gonna have to hoof it.

Jules hands the heels to Ben's daughters.

TRACY

What are you doing?

JULES

Sometimes there are more important things than looking the part.

Jules hands a heel to each of Ben's daughters.

JULES (CONT'D)

(dead serious)

Take care of these. They served me well, but they belong to you now.

(whispers)

Manolos.

The younger daughter puts the heel in her mouth.

JULES (CONT'D)

Oh, no. That's not how you --

Tracy pulls Jules away.

TRACY

Come on, we gotta go!

They take off.

BEN

(calling after)

Save us some seats!

In the backseat, the youngest daughter breaks the heel off.

EXT. CEMETERY - BURIAL SITE - MORNING

MOURNERS start to take their seats. Gwen's Dad shakes hands with the RABBI. Gwen's Mom dabs her eyes, she's been crying.

EXT. CEMETERY - PARKING LOT - MORNING

The girls run. The cemetery gates in view.

TRACY

Come on! Hurry up.

The girls run past cars in the parking lot.

STEVE (O.S.)

Tracy! Tracy!

Tracy turns to see Steve waiting by his car.

TRACY

What. The. Fuck.

Steve comes over to Tracy. He grabs her hands.

TRACY (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

STEVE
Babe, I'm so sorry. This whole thing -- I haven't been myself. I was feeling smothered and pushed into something and I wasn't sure if I was ready to take that plunge. But I am ready.

TRACY
You're seriously doing this now? At Gwen's service?

RACHEL
(whispers)
Told you they always come back.

Steve grabs Tracy's hands.

STEVE
I want my sperm to travel out of my penis and into your vagina. I want you to push a baby out of your fertile womb. Several times. And I want take them to baseball games and ballet and the whole shebang. We can get past this. Together.

Tracy breathes in deep. It's everything she's wanted to hear.

TRACY
Steve, this is all I've wanted to hear. You are the most special person in my life. You have changed me for the better.

Steve smiles. He grips Tracy's hands tighter.

TRACY (CONT'D)
And that's why, when I look into your eyes, the only thing I want to say is...

TRACY (CONT'D)
Fuck. You.

STEVE
I love you too-- wait what?

Tracy stares back, stone-faced. She's serious.

STEVE (CONT'D)

No, you can't -- Come on! We're the dynamic duo. T-Money. Steve-O.

Steve playfully punches Tracy in the arm. He LAUGHS nervously.

TRACY

You fucked our therapist. My best friend is dead. You turned my life into some warped version of the "First Wives Club" --

Steve, Rachel, and Jules all open their mouths to speak.

TRACY (CONT'D)

-- And I *hate* that movie! No one can beat, Meryl! No one!
(beat, then)
Steve, it's over.

STEVE

You're going to give up on me? On a *family*?

Yikes, the magic word. Tracy stares at Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Without me. You can't ever have that.

Tracy looks to Jules and Rachel, then back at Steve. She smiles. Steve smiles back. He has her and he knows it.

TRACY

Actually, Steve, I already have a family.

RACHEL

(sotto, to Jules)
What?! She's had a secret family this whole time? And she didn't tell us?!

Jules shoots her a look that says "shut up, you moron."

TRACY

Goodbye, Steve.

Tracy walks past Steve.

STEVE

You're not leaving me!

Steve grabs Tracy's arm. Rachel knees Steve in the balls. Jules strikes him right in the throat. Steve falls to the ground, gasping for breath. Tracy looks at the girls, stunned.

JULES

The waitress taught me some moves.

RACHEL

And I just like kneeling dudes in the balls.

Steve CHOKES UP IN PAIN. Tracy takes off her wedding ring and tosses it on top of his head. Rachel SQUEALS with delight. Jules flips off Steve, who looks up, dumbfounded.

Tracy, head held high, puts her arms around the girls as they walk away.

RABBI (V.O.)

In Judaism, we always look for reasons to celebrate, even in death...

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

The rabbi addresses the congregation next to the blown up memorial photo of Gwen. Tracy, Rachel, and Jules huff and puff their way in from the back. They stop just behind all the seats.

RABBI

Because like life, both have meaning. And for someone as special as Gwyneth Greenberg, it is both painful, yet reassuring --

IN THE BACK

The three whisper.

JULES

We're going to have to say something.

TRACY

I don't think I can --

BACK AT THE FRONT

RABBI

If anyone would like to add anything, a special memory, or a fun story.

Jules looks to Tracy and Rachel.

TRACY

Fine.

(speaking up)

Yes, we would. Thank you.

Jules leads Tracy and Rachel to the microphone just as Ben and his two daughters show up. Gwen's Mom is in the front row, her pain is very evident on her face.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(into the microphone)

Hello, I know we don't know a lot of you here, but we knew Gwen very well. We went to Hudson U with her, and it was the best four years of my life.

RACHEL

Six for me.

Tracy scans the crowd and sees Yosef, in a suit, an ice pack on his balls. He sits next to Officer Daniels, also in a suit. Yosef mouths to Rachel "I love you." Rachel looks away.

TRACY

(clears her throat, to the photo of Gwen)

You were our leader. Our rock. Our sister.

(to the crowd)

Gwen's passing has been so painful. We're all at a point in our lives where we could have really used her. But she's gone and that's okay, because she gave us so much when she was alive.

Jules and Rachel lower their heads. Gwen's Mom cries. Tracy spots Ben in the crowd. He gives her a nod to keep going.

TRACY (CONT'D)

And we just want to say thank you. To her, to Mr. And Mrs. Greenberg. Um and... Whew, that's why this is hard... You see, we thought if we were all together for one more night we could --

JULES
We lost Gwen.

Tracy swallows hard.

GWEN'S MOM
(choked up)
I know, dear.

TRACY
(huh?)
You do?

GWEN'S MOM
Yes. We *all* lost her.

RACHEL
Yeah... but, we *really* lost her.

Gwen's Mom looks confused, as does everyone.

TRACY
(nervous)
You see... We, uh...

RACHEL
We shoved your daughter's ashes
into a used Ziplock and took her on
a bar crawl.

TRACY
And now she's gone.

The girls hang their heads in embarrassment.

A faint CHUCKLE breaks out from the gallery. They look up.
It's Gwen's Mom. The chuckle turns into full-blown LAUGHTER.

RACHEL
(whispers)
Did we break her?

TRACY
(to the crowd)
We're so sorry!

Gwen's Mom LAUGHS so hard, there are tears. She finally
catches her breath.

GWEN'S MOM
Girls, girls, I'm not sure what
mishigas you were told, but Gwen
wasn't cremated.

TRACY/JULES/RACHEL

What's that now?

Gwen's Mom points to a CLOSED CASKET behind them. Tracy looks at Rachel and Jules, all dumbfounded.

JULES

So in the urn. Those weren't her ashes?

GWEN'S MOM

What urn? Ohhh, no. Sweetie, that was a fifteenth century Chinese vase.

The crowd murmurs with CHUCKLES.

TRACY

Oh, thank god!

The crowd laughs a little harder. The girls laugh too.

RACHEL

I guess all of that really was just Yosef's drugs after all!

RECORD SCRATCH.

Rachel continues to laugh as everyone is dead silent.

The audience turns to Yosef. He sheepishly waves, exposing the handcuff around his wrist. Gwen's Mom starts to BAWL.

At once, the entire congregation turns back to the girls.

TRACY

(nervous laughter)

And that concludes our speech.

(re: the mic)

Just gonna put this back here...

Tracy struggles to clip the mic back onto the podium. It SQUEALS with feedback. Guests shake their heads in disappointment. Ben stifles his laughter.

Tracy slowly backs up. Gwen's Mom's eyes grow wide.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Sorry again for the confusion.

JULES

Deepest apologies.

RACHEL
Our bad.

GWEN'S MOM
No!

Tracy backs up right into the casket.

CUT TO BLACK.

THUD!

SCREAMS.

GWEN'S MOM (V.O.)
Oh my god!

EXT. GREENBERG'S HOUSE - DAY

Ben gets out of his car. Tracy waiting for him. They walk towards the house.

TRACY
Thanks again for picking us up.

BEN
Sure thing.

TRACY
And I'm really sorry about how I acted last night. There's just been a lot of... confusion.

BEN
Understandable.

TRACY
But, you know, maybe we could, if you want, or have time, do some more DDR dancing?

Tracy flashes a nervous smile. Will Ben accept?

BEN
You do have a way of making things entertaining. Even funerals.

Tracy looks over to see the Rabbi through the window. He shakes his head in disappointment.

TRACY
Yeah.

BEN

Plus there was something I wanted
to do --

She turns back to Ben, who grabs her face, lays a romantic
kiss on her. Tracy lingers for a moment but then pulls away.

TRACY

I just ended it with my husband --

BEN

Probably not the best time.

TRACY

Yeah.

Tracy blushes.

INT. GREENBERG HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Rachel sits on the swing with Ben's two daughters. They have
a bunch of dolls.

BEN'S DAUGHTER #1

This one is the daddy.

RACHEL

And which one is this?

BEN'S DAUGHTER #2

That one is the mommy.

RACHEL

Really? Did you know that I'm going
to be a mommy?

Ben's daughters shake their heads no.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Wouldn't guess that, would you?

BEN (O.S.)

Hey girls, let's go inside and get
some nom-noms. What do you say?

Tracy and Ben walk up the steps. Ben's two daughters follow
him inside leaving Tracy and Rachel.

TRACY

You're going to make a really great
mom.

RACHEL

Thanks.

TRACY

If I can ever help you, just --

RACHEL

Trace, I'm gonna be fine.

TRACY

I know.

RACHEL

All I need to figure out is when to realize if the baby is hungry. Oh, and what if the baby is sick? Or gassy? And how do you change a diaper?

Jules, on her phone, walks over.

JULES

(on the phone)

Okay, great! Send me the red line version on Monday. Thanks.

She hangs up.

TRACY

Everything okay?

JULES

Just agreed to the terms to sell my company.

TRACY

I'm sorry.

JULES

Don't be. It protects my employees, which is the most important.

TRACY

That's good.

JULES

Plus, my lawyer told me I could get a huge severance. Jules Hernandez is back, baby. But this time, she's gonna do it the right way.

RACHEL

And apparently start referring to herself in the third person.

Jules shoots a look. Tracy takes out the completed list.

TRACY

Can I just say that this has been
the most fun I've had since
college?

JULES

Agreed.

RACHEL

Ditto.

The three smile at one another like best friends would.

TRACY

Although, there is one more thing
we need to do.

CUT TO:

A HAND HANGS THE FRAMED PICTURE OF THE FOUR GIRLS FROM
COLLEGE ON A WALL.

JULES (V.O.)

Just a little to the left. Little
more. Perfect.

We PULL OUT to see we are in...

INT. GWEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tracy, Jules, and Rachel look at the photo. It now hangs in
the middle of a newly assembled COLLAGE of the old photos
from Gwen's room. Their own "Wall of Fame."

RACHEL

You sure we shouldn't hang this
down at the Starting Line?

TRACY

This is where it belongs.

JULES

Yeah, we don't have to prove
ourselves to anyone. Plus, I have
an already-made copy to hang down
there.

(off the girls' looks)

What? We have to show people the
four girls who finished the crawl.

The girls smile at each other. Jules puts her arms around Tracy and Rachel. They look at the collage, taking it all in.

TRACY
(quietly sings)
I'm gonna live forever.

TRACY/RACHEL
I'm gonna learn how to fly.

JULES
(harmonizing)
Bye, Bye, Bye...
(off Tracy's look)
Fiiiine. But you're really off-key.

The girls LAUGH.

RACHEL
Ready?

TRACY/RACHEL/JULES
(beat, then serious)
Two, three, four --

CUT TO:

"FAME" BY IRENE CARA PLAYS OVER CREDITS.

FADE OUT.