

BETTER HALF

Written by

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OVER BLACK

BRIDGET (V.O.)
Soulmate. Twin flame. Better half.
These are the sort of lies that
modern romance is peddling.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

As Bridget speaks, we see a few quick vignettes.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
Oh, "the right person will
understand you completely."

2005. On a suburban street, YOUNG BRIDGET (10) waits at a busy bus stop. She spots YOUNG RAE (10) writing in a journal, separate from the other kids.

Bridget watches for a beat, then taps her on the shoulder.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
"You'll never feel alone with them."

2013. At HIGH SCHOOL PROM, TEENAGERS slow dance. TEEN RAE & BRIDGET (17) make out with THEIR DATES.

As they sway back and forth, they each crack an EYE OPEN and HIGH FIVE behind the backs of their dates.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
"They'll love you, not in spite of
your flaws, but because of them."

2017. BRIDGET & RAE (21) comfort a CRYING FRIEND (21). Behind her, we see a GUY walking away. Rae and Bridget exchange a KNOWING GLANCE behind the back of their sad friend.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
"So never stop dating! Someone out
there can complete you."

PRESENT DAY. ADULT BRIDGET and RAE sit at an ENGAGEMENT PARTY. A WOMAN excitedly shows off her ring. Bridget, nudging Rae, ROLLS HER EYES cartoonishly.

She's not as subtle as she thinks she is.

INT. RAE'S BEDROOM - NEW YORK - NIGHT

Rae makes out with HANK (30), gentle and intimate. He kisses her on the forehead. She smiles in spite of herself. We PAN ACROSS Rae's bed, her headboard, THROUGH THE WALL, into --

INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

These girls live in a very tiny apartment.

Bridget is on top of SOME GUY (20s). She's sweaty, having clearly just finished. The guy stares up at her, bewildered, as she trudges on while catching her breath:

BRIDGET

What a farce. You can't have trust, laughter, sex, shared values, and intimacy all with one person. Listen to how that sounds. The pressure alone is grounds for homicide.

SOME GUY

I can't believe you talked that entire time.

Bridget dismounts and plucks a bathrobe off the floor, shrugging it on. As she speaks, she begins handing clothing to the guy, gesturing for him to get dressed.

BRIDGET

So, for us? I choose sex.

INT. RAE'S BEDROOM

Rae, also getting dressed, checks her watch.

RAE

You gotta go. Bridget and I have plans.

Hank wraps his arms around her waist.

HANK

And what if I don't want to?

RAE

That's -- too bad.

Rae's heart is not fully in the dismissal.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridget stands impatiently, watching her guy (now wearing a hat that says "BOSTON") put his shoes on.

Hank walks by Bridget, holding his hand up in a friendly wave. She barely acknowledges him.

BRIDGET
(still lecturing)
I'm committed to preserving the
spark between us. So committed that
I refuse to poison the well with
anything further.

SOME GUY
But I didn't even... (finish)

BRIDGET
Ah. Well. Consider it reparations.

SOME GUY
Not an okay use of "reparations".

She gestures for him to leave.

GUY
Y'know, having this attitude is a
self-fulfilling prophecy. A
connection takes investment. And
risk. You're going to miss out on
all the magic of intimacy! Not the
sex. The other stuff.

Bridget looks at him with a mix of pity and compassion.

BRIDGET
I already have the other stuff.

She gestures with her chin towards Rae, watching this unfold from her doorway.

Bridget's eyes WELL UP with PURE, UNADULTERATED, BEST FRIEND CODEPENDENCE! Rae, seeing this, ALSO brims with tears!

They stare at each other for WAY TOO LONG, mouthing sweet nothings: "you're perfect, no notes", "blood sisters", "you could totally pull Liam Hemsworth. He'd be excited. He'd pursue you".

Boston Hat guy just stands there, in frame but forgotten.

TITLE OVER PICTURE: BETTER HALF

EXT. STREET - MANHATTAN - MORNING

Rae and Bridget walk up Second Ave holding coffees.

RAE

Last night, I installed a thing on Chrome that auto-refreshes my window every fifteen seconds. Takes the edge off.

BRIDGET

You're telling me you're refreshing your email every fifteen seconds?

RAE

I'm not. Chrome is.

BRIDGET

That's not going to change the day and time admissions decisions come out.

RAE

I'll know I'm not missing one.

BRIDGET

I don't understand what you're worried about. You had perfect grades. You're literally an LSAT tutor. And we already went to NYU once. Obviously they'll let you go again.

At the mention of NYU, Rae's face darkens.

RAE

Getting into law school is the culmination of every decision I have ever made.

BRIDGET

I've heard this song before.

RAE

Every party I skipped. Every date I didn't go on.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Every party you skipped. Every date you didn't go on.

RAE/BRIDGET

The sacrifices need to have been worth something!

BRIDGET

Right now you just have to wait. I know that's hard for you.

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

But maybe you should see this as,
like, your Rumspringa. Distract
yourself with some frivolity before
you go back into academic
hibernation.

RAE

Law school. Returning to the Amish
community. Both isolating. Both
voluntary. Both offer a certain --
exclusivity.

BRIDGET

We're gonna unpack that later.

They reach the doors of a modern-looking office building.

RAE

Okay, have a great day. Maybe
today's the day you finally tell
your boss you're a brilliant
writer.

They effortlessly switch roles, Rae comforting Bridget.

BRIDGET

What if I'm not? What if I'm bad?

RAE

You're not bad. You've never been
bad at anything.

BRIDGET

I was bad at field hockey.

RAE

You weren't bad, you were
progressive. You passed to the
other team. You had a gentle touch.

BRIDGET

And I have this weird feeling my
boss doesn't like me.

RAE

Nobody has ever not liked you.
(off Bridget's face)
Your mom doesn't dislike you. She's
jealous of you. It's actually very
common. I don't blame her, you're
like if Emrata had a baby with
Dolly Parton.
(off Bridget, again)
And Einstein.

Bridget is temporarily mollified. Her and Rae HUG EACH OTHER SUPER TIGHT! While squished together:

BRIDGET
You're my best friend.

RAE
No you're my best friend.

BRIDGET
Your face could bring world peace.

RAE
I miss you. Right now. In this moment.
(still hugging)
Okay see you tonight.

They let go. Bridget heads into the building.

INT. COATES PUBLISHING HOUSE - RECEPTION

A modern looking PUBLISHING HOUSE. Huge posters of BOOK COVERS paper the walls and lo-fi hip-hop plays.

A GIRL (MONICA, 24) steps out of the elevator and walks to the imperious looking RECEPTIONISTS.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME

An austere conference room with TALL GLASS WINDOWS. The desk is stacked with BOOK GALLEYS and literary magazines. COATES (50s) sits opposite Bridget and her co-editor, ALEX (30, snarky but gentle, think DYLAN O'BRIEN)

COATES
Let's be upfront. Publishing is a dying industry. We can barely justify two senior editors making your caliber of money.

BRIDGET
What, seventy-five thousand?

ALEX
A hundred and ten?

Bridget and Alex stare at each other for a second.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
How are you making so much more than me?

COATES

The point is, nobody reads. Soon, robots will write all books, and most of your job will be defunct. But there's one thing robots can't write. What do you suppose that is?

ALEX

Historical fiction. Using primary sources. Written in dead languages?

BRIDGET

A poignant reflection on the human condition?

Coates makes a "buzzer sound".

COATES

The autobiography of a child of a famous person. Or a war criminal. In either case, ideally a sex offender. You need to bring me something like that. By June.

He turns back to his computer. Alex and Bridget exchange a distraught look. Bridget nudges Alex.

ALEX

Coates, with all due respect, we got into publishing to amplify important stories --

COATES

How dare you talk back to me!

He looks up.

COATES (CONT'D)

Oh, it's the boy. Fine, due respect felt.

EXT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alex and Bridget walk back to their desks. We should feel a playful camaraderie between them:

BRIDGET

I can't edit another Jamie Lynn Spears memoir. The third one really dragged.

ALEX

You sound depressed, and yet you said nothing.

BRIDGET

If you talk back, you get a raise.
If I talk back --

She trails off.

ALEX

Are you still holding out hope he's going to publish your "meditation on the human condition"?

BRIDGET

Reflection. And no. Are you?

ALEX

That dream died when the "Buzzfeed Listicle of Listicles" got a book-to-film deal.

They pass two RECEPTIONISTS (20s) who watch them approach, looking pissed.

BRIDGET

Uh, hi? Good morning.

Neither receptionist responds. Alex holds his hand up in a sheepish wave. They glare. As they walk away:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Don't tell me you slept with both of them.

ALEX

Not at the same time.

BRIDGET

They're sisters!

ALEX

They're not identical twins. They each offer a unique experience.

They arrive at the BULLPEN and take their seats. The girl from earlier, Monica, is at the desk next to theirs.

BRIDGET

You're the STD of this office, and my association with you is infecting me.

Alex raises his eyebrows towards Monica, who is listening.

ALEX
(holding hand out, flirty)
Hi. Alex. You're the new publicist?

MONICA
Yes. Monica. And I heard that whole conversation so if you don't mind, I'm not gonna touch your hand.

Alex, unphased, laughs with confidence. Bridget appraises Monica; She seems cool.

ALEX
Welcome to the team. Not sure if you've heard, but it's tradition that senior editors take associates out for a drink.

BRIDGET
That's not a tradition.

ALEX
It's my tradition. You never show.
(to Monica)
What do you say?

He puts his arm on her desk. She looks at it.

MONICA
Let's just get this out of the way.
I'm gay. Fully have a girlfriend.

ALEX
(pulling his arm back)
Wow. I did not sense that.

He recovers from this loss for a moment. Then:

ALEX (CONT'D)
Would still get a drink though.

MONICA
Fine. My goal for the year is to like my coworkers.
(re: Bridget)
But only if I have a witness.

BRIDGET
Oooh. Aaaahh. I'd love to, but I have a lot going on tonight.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SPA - EARLY EVENING

Bridget and Rae get massages in a COUPLES MASSAGE room.

RAE

You think you'll see that guy again? What was his name, the one with the Boston Hat?

BRIDGET

His name was Boston Hat. And no, we hit the third schtup limit.

RAE

You're never gonna like these guys if you don't give them the chance.

BRIDGET

I already know I don't like them. Dating is pure sexual necessity. Like getting the poison out of a snake bite.

RAE

So you're just gonna live like this. Forever?

Bridget lifts her head a little bit out of the massage hole.

BRIDGET

How I live is how you live. And what's wrong with it? We have what most people dream of. Intimacy, connection, trust. Without the risk of betrayal and heartbreak. And gonorrhea.

She puts her face back in the hole, smug.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Trust me, we've hit the jackpot.

On Rae'S FACE, looking a little less sure.

RAE

Is that codependency?

BRIDGET

No. Codependency is when it's bad and not working.

Rae reaches her hand out and squeezes Bridget's hand. The masseuses flip them over. Rae and Bridget hold hands again in the new position.

FIRST MASSEUSE
 (in subtitled Thai)
*I think it's fucking creepy when
 sisters get a couples massage.*

SECOND MASSEUSE
*It's okay. Look. They're not
 sisters. They're lesbians.*

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

It's still light out. Rae and Bridget, now oily from their massage, walk to their apartment.

BRIDGET
 If we were the Golden Girls, which
 ones would we be?

RAE
 You're Dorothy. I'm Rose. What if
 we were --

BRIDGET
 Miranda. We're both Miranda's.

RAE
 Yeah. And you're an obvious
 Mussolini. I'm more --

RAE/BRIDGET
 Che Guevara.

When they get to the stairs, Rae hesitates for a beat.

RAE
 I might hang out with Hank.
 (comes out so forced)
 Only cuz I'm super horned up.

BRIDGET
 I thought we were cooking. I
 bookmarked a recipe. I got leeks.

RAE
 I saw people wrote in the college
 chat that they were free, maybe one
 of them wants to -- ?

BRIDGET
 I've had that on Do Not Disturb for
 years. Not exactly eager to hang
 out with the skanks who still talk
 to Cooper.

This hangs in the air for a moment.

BRIDGET (CONT'D) Wow. I should not have said skanks. That is not who I am. I lost myself for a second there.	RAE I was going to let it slide, but that was rough. We're better than that. We're not those girls.
--	---

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

The wound is still raw. The wound is still raw.

RAE

It's healed a bit. You guys broke up four years ago.

BRIDGET

With time comes wisdom. And that wisdom says: time can't heal everything.

RAE

I trust you on that. But I am gonna go. Get my freak on.
(so cringe)
Playa respect playa?

BRIDGET

Rachel.

RAE

Ok fine but still coming to lunch with my parents tomorrow? They want to plan their anniversary trip with you specifically.

BRIDGET

Be careful with this Hank. You're rapidly lapping the three-schtup limit. He's gonna get ideas.

RAE

He's not gonna have ideas. He's idealess. He's an empty vessel.

INT. BRIDGET AND RAE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Bridget makes dinner alone. She watches TV alone. She brushes her teeth alone.

At her desk, she recycles some papers before she finds one with her company logo, labeled BRIDGET MOORE - BOOK PROPOSAL. She looks at it for a moment, wistful. Then trashes it.

LATER: Bridget scrolls through all her unread texts. We see messages from a "COLLEGE GIRLIES" group chat, from ALEX, and COUNTLESS people from dating apps (all monikered like: TOM #4 TINDER, BACK HAIR HINGE). She responds to none of them.

EVEN LATER: she intently watches a Youtube video titled "Everything You've Ever Wanted to Know about the Spanish Revolution." She starts to nod off, then JOLTS awake.

INT. BRIDGET AND RAE'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Bridget fills her thermos with coffee. For a moment, she's waiting for Rae to come out of her room and walk her to work. Then, catching herself, she remembers Rae isn't home.

Before she leaves, she checks Rae's bedroom for good measure.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Bridget sits at her desk, next to STACKS of BOOK GALLEYS, each labeled with different famous people's children's names. Alex and Monica sit across from her.

BRIDGET
Adonis Graham?

ALEX
That's Drake's son. He's five. I think there's something to that one, actually.
(holds out tickets)
Also, there's a reading tonight, if you want to go. All unpublished authors - chapbooks and stuff.

Before Bridget can respond, Alex turns to Monica.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Watch. I'm not even trying to get you alone, but she never comes with me. To anything. I think she's juggling a second family.

BRIDGET
I'm an incredibly busy person. And in my valuable free time I don't cherish watching you sleep with the publishing community.

ALEX
An exaggeration. But please? I could really use a wingman.

BRIDGET
Why, who's gonna be there?

ALEX
Kimberly. From Knopf.

MONICA
(repeating, unserious)
Kimberly from Knopf.

ALEX
She's my white whale.

MONICA
She sounds white.

BRIDGET
Alex continues to strike out with her.

ALEX
I don't strike out. I never strike out. They call me Lucky Strike.

MONICA
Who is "they"?

BRIDGET
Nobody talks about you.

ALEX
I'm barely going to talk to her tonight. This is a scouting mission.

Monica takes one of the tickets and puts it in her bag.

MONICA
I'm bored. I'll watch that car crash.

BRIDGET
Pretty sure I'm busy tonight --

Trailing off, she opens her phone to her messages with Rae. We see she's texted her several times ("signs of life pls" "does my toe look different to you than it did yesterday?" "HUGE NEWS I can finally roll my r's")

She opens Find My Friends and looks for Rae's dot. It doesn't load. As the clock hits 12:30, she pushes back from her desk.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Gotta go. Lunch meeting.

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT - LUNCHTIME

Bridget speed-walks to an outdoor table where Rae sits with RAE'S MOM and DAD (60s/70s, so Jewish). When they see Bridget approaching, Rae's parents CHEER and HOLLER warmly.

RAE'S MOM
There she is!

RAE'S DAD
Our second daughter!

BRIDGET
(hugging them)
My favorite family.

RAE'S MOM
I wish you didn't have work. We
just took Rae to a matinee. It was
beautiful. But haunting.

RAE'S DAD
Incredibly topical. And
devastating. But necessary.

BRIDGET
Which -- ?

RAE'S PARENTS/RAE
So sad. The Holocaust one. / World
War II. / You know.

Rae makes eyes at Bridget, they exchange POTENT BEST FRIEND
TELEPATHY.

BRIDGET
They really never run out of those.
I'm glad you -- enjoyed it?

RAE'S PARENTS
We really did. / We just love 'em.

Rae's parents start fussing with the menu and bickering.

BRIDGET
(sotto, to Rae)
Glad to see you're alive. I don't
think we've gone 12 hours without
speaking since 2005.

Rae holds up her phone guiltily. It's dead.

RAE
Forgot my charger.

BRIDGET
And he couldn't share his? Asshole.

RAE
He has an Android.

Bridget pours everyone water but stays focused on Rae.

BRIDGET
When a man doesn't use Apple products, that's like, political asylum. Why don't you want the Cloud? What are you hiding?

RAE
I'm sure Google has its own cloud system?

BRIDGET
I'm just saying that he seems suspicious.

RAE'S MOM
Who's suspicious?

Rae's parents have tuned back in.

BRIDGET
Just a guy.

RAE'S DAD
A guy. Tell us more.

RAE'S MOM
We haven't heard you talk about boys since -- well, what was his name -- ?

RAE
Oh, let's not go there.

RAE'S MOM
Curtis? Carter?

RAE'S DAD
Cooper, that's who it was!

They smile at a pained looking Bridget.

RAE'S DAD (CONT'D)
You're back on the dating wagon, finally? Good for you, Bridget. Maybe you can bring him to our anniversary party!

RAE'S MOM

We were worried about you. Weren't we, Rae? So worried. Tell her.

RAE'S DAD

We recommended a therapist. Family friend. Nice guy. Practices that, what's it called, DMT?

BRIDGET

Nothing to be worried about. I'm thriving. Don't need a boyfriend. Got everything I need right here.

RAE'S MOM

So who were you talking about then?

Rae bites her lip. She looks to Bridget, then her parents. Then back to Bridget.

RAE

Well. His name is Hank. And I guess -- as of today -- we're dating.

Rae's parents looked shocked and even OVERJOYED. Her mom BURSTS INTO TEARS OF JOY!

RAE'S MOM

Oh thank god! I'd given up! I was going to adopt a grandchild!

RAE

Is that -- an option?

Off Bridget, still frozen in a state of numb shock:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - A LITTLE LATER

The meal is over. Rae's parents are gone. On BRIDGET, her face frozen in the SAME EXPRESSION, still in her seat while Rae rambles anxiously next her.

RAE

It all happened so fast. He was like, "we should do this," and I said, "I can't, I don't have time," and he was making all these points, like -- *he might actually be thoughtful? The points were good?*

(Bridget is lost for words)

(MORE)

RAE (CONT'D)

I fully told him that dating is a fool's errand, but somehow now we are. Dating, I mean.

Bridget finds her voice.

BRIDGET

You've never even been on a date.

RAE

I agree! I said that! And he said, okay. Let's go on a date.

(breaking more bad news)
Tonight.

BRIDGET

But I thought you were focusing on school.

RAE

Isn't this, like, classic Rumspringa? That's what you said, right? Fun before I go back to school?

They have a silent facial tug-of-war: Rae wanting Bridget to tell her it's okay, Bridget wanting Rae to backtrack.

BRIDGET

Okay it's just that I printed out the recipe we didn't make yesterday. I'll throw it out. It's just wasteful. A turtle will probably gag on it. A pregnant turtle.

RAE

You could recycle it?

BRIDGET

Recycling in the city is a scam. You know that. It's too late for the turtles. The damage is done.

We hold for a strained moment. Rae exhales slowly.

RAE

I haven't been on a date in maybe ever. I don't know what --
(hesitates, bails)
-- to wear.

INT. RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bridget sits on the sink wearing Rae'S OLD CLOTHES. Rae comes out of the stall, wearing BRIDGET'S OLD OUTFIT, the literal clothes off her back.

RAE
Is this better?

BRIDGET
Way.

Rae takes her by the shoulders.

RAE
This is just for fun. Nothing is going to change. Except in the "better" direction.

BRIDGET
I know. It's not like you're in love with this guy.

RAE
No way. We've never even had a meal together. It's been strictly copulatory.

BRIDGET
You might not have fun.

RAE
I might hate him.

BRIDGET
I already hate him.

Bridget's phone lights up with a TINDER MATCH, and she stares at HIS PHOTO, thinking of the previous night she spent alone.

INT. BRIDGET'S APARTMENT - A FEW HOURS LATER

Bridget makes out with a PRETENTIOUS GUY from Tinder.

PRETENTIOUS GUY	BRIDGET
I've never gone on a date at 5:30pm.	This isn't a date.

PRETENTIOUS GUY (CONT'D)
I like that the sun is still out. Reminds me of that Borges quote, "there is an hour of the afternoon when the plain is on -- "

Bridget kisses him to shut him up.

PRETENTIOUS GUY (CONT'D)

Oh, okay! I see! Shakespeare.

"Though she be but little, she be fierce." And you be but little --

Bridget pushes him off her gently.

BRIDGET

Okay, yeah, no. No. You gotta go.

The TICKET to the READING lies face up on her nightstand.

INT. SUBWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Bridget, in fresh clothes, catches some GUYS checking her out. She entertains it briefly, making eyes, then, as if realizing what she's doing, retreats to her phone.

INT. INDEPENDENT BOOKSTORE - BROOKLYN - THAT NIGHT

Inside a small independent bookstore (think Lighthouse or Center For Fiction). Bridget arrives, a little late, and spots Alex and Monica in two fold-up chairs in the corner. She creeps over to them as an EMCEE takes to a tiny microphone stand.

EMCEE

That was Didi with a reading from her chapbook, "Abject Suffering". Next, we have a reading from our benefactor, Earl --

Bridget sits down. Alex gapes at her. In whispers:

ALEX

I'm just realizing, I don't think I've ever seen you outside of work. On some level, I didn't think you had a physical form outside the office. Are you lost? You hit your head and realized you were lonely?

BRIDGET

I'm here for work. To find the next great biography. Although I noticed there are no celebrities here.

ALEX

I figure we can preserve our integrity if we find a novel written by a regular person. We just have to live with that person not being us.

Bridget groans.

MONICA

I'm glad you came. I need an ally. All the women here are mad at Alex?

ALEX

Not Kimberly.

He gestures to the back of a BLONDE HEAD (exactly what you pictured Kimberly's head to be).

MONICA

No. She doesn't seem to know you at all.

(to Bridget)

Plans fall through?

BRIDGET

Hmm?

MONICA

Oh, just -- you'd said you were busy tonight.

BRIDGET

Oh, yeah. My best friend's having a crisis and had to bail. It's fine.

MONICA

Shit, what's the crisis?

BRIDGET

She's on a date.

Bridget holds for a response that doesn't come.

MONICA

What's the crisis though?

BRIDGET

She just knows better.

("you know how it is")

You date. It's fun for a while.

You're coaxed into a false sense of security. Open up, let him see your night guard.

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Talk about baby names, the meaning of partnership, then one day, bam! He's at his cousin's baptism and meets a family friend, hypothetically, from the Cape. Probably named Meg. And all the stuff he wants with you, he doesn't want anymore. He wants it with Meg. From the Cape. Hypothetically.

She shrugs, "casual". Monica stares at her.

MONICA

Sorry, what -- ?

The reading starts. Alex SHUSHES them.

BRIDGET

Relax. This guy's essay about how his dad did Vietnam isn't going to change your life.

ALEX

I have dad stuff. It might.

BRIDGET

(back to Monica)

You know, I want to shake her. Like, wake up! This is not the future we want! We're different! We choose each other. Since we were kids, we've always said we --

She feels too vulnerable and pivots.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

-- want a world free of "The Cape", "The Vineyard", "Nantucket". Like, how many New England beach destinations do we need?

Monica puts a gentle hand on Bridget's arm.

MONICA

I hear you. This has happened to me too. For what it's worth, it's not like this forever.

BRIDGET

Ugh, that's so good to hear, as long as she eventually gets past --

MONICA

Yeah. It's hard when it feels like you're being replaced.

Bridget pulls up, defensive.

BRIDGET

Wait. I don't feel replaced. She can't replace me. Nobody else knows all her allergies.

MONICA

Oh. Right. I meant more, like, it's a hard transition.

BRIDGET

It's not a transition. Transitions are permanent. This is a phase. It's Black Plague rules, I hunker down and wait for it to pass.

MONICA

Sure. Sorry. I guess I just wanted to say that it's okay to be jealous?

BRIDGET

I'm not jealous. I go on way more dates than Rae. I sleep around a lot. I've had three gonorrhea scares.

MONICA

Don't -- don't tell people that.

Alex can't help but chime in.

ALEX

I've had a crisis about this before. It's because we're at that age where people shift their friends to the secondary position and start to get serious.

BRIDGET

(way too loud)

Friendship is serious!

Everyone in the reading turns to look at her.

INT. INDEPENDENT BOOKSTORE - A LITTLE LATER

The AUTHORS are signing copies of their books. Bridget scrolls Instagram, looking at a photo Rae posted of chicken parm, with Hank tagged. She zooms in on the tag, looking incredibly skeptical.

BRIDGET
(showing the photo)
Is this a cry for help?

ALEX
This Rae thing is impeding your career. You didn't hear a word of that man's beautiful story of when his horse died.

BRIDGET
Did you grow up rich? That story is not relatable.

MONICA
If it's annoying she's dating, I could set you up with someone?

BRIDGET
I'm good. I'm dating.

ALEX
You are? Who?

BRIDGET
Like, I date. I go out. On dates.

ALEX
I think you need to go on at least two dates per person to use the present participle.

BRIDGET
Imagine a world where you shut the fuck up?

MONICA
Maybe you should tell Rae how you feel. I mean, you're best friends.

BRIDGET
No. We're whatever is after best friends. We're one soul.
(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

When I go to a wedding and the maid-of-honor pours her heart out, I'm like, literally dry-eyed, "that's how I felt about Rae fifteen years ago." You know? Like, "that's introductory, that's 101, at best."

Alex raises his eyebrows at Monica.

ALEX

Sounds like you'll be fine then.

EXT./INT. BRIDGET AND RAE'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

In the stairwell, Bridget hypes herself up.

BRIDGET

I'm just having some irrational anxiety. Like how your dad gets about robots becoming lawyers --
(trying again)

I don't want to see you become another mindless cog in the domesticity machine --

(then)

I love you and I'm scared things are gonna change.

She grimaces, pushing the door open --

-- into a DARK APARTMENT. Light from the TELEVISION flickers and illuminates Rae, ASLEEP ON THE COUCH.

Bridget looks at her for a second. *Hank isn't even here! Ha!* Bridget drapes a blanket over Rae and makes sure the air isn't on. Maybe she fills a glass of water for Rae and puts it on the coffee table. Bridget does love Rae and we feel it.

INT. BRIDGET'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Bridget wakes up slowly. When she remembers finding Rae alone last night, she has a smug look on her face.

BRIDGET

Shortest plague ever.

Her hair is sticking straight up, her makeup smudged down her face. She rises, in just a t-shirt, and inches to the bathroom. The shower is running, so she gives a perfunctory KNOCK.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
(calling to Rae)
S'just me.

She lets herself in and sits on the toilet. As she starts peeing, the shower turns OFF, and -- A NAKED, WET HANK PULLS BACK THE SHOWER CURTAIN, HIS ENTIRE BODY EXPOSED.

THEY BOTH SCREAM.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Intruder!

HANK
Jesus Christ!

He moves to cover himself. Bridget stands, still peeing, and fumbles around for something to use as a weapon. She picks up the toothbrush holder and LAUNCHES IT AT HIM.

HANK (CONT'D)
Whoa --

He ducks and slips in the tub.

BRIDGET
Get away from me!
(as she runs)
Shit, my pee's still coming out!

Bridget sprints back INTO THE LIVING ROOM, where Rae has just emerged, having heard the noise. Bridget picks up a poker from the fireplace.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Get in your room! There's a dude in our shower! I've got it!

RAE
I know! Oh my god, sorry, I know, that's my dude! Sorry!

Bridget's pulse slows down as her brain catches up to the obvious reality of the situation. A little bit of pee trickles down her leg.

RAE (CONT'D)
Bridge, you're -- leaking.

BRIDGET
There's a man. In our shower. We let men go in our shower? Whose products is he using?

RAE
I didn't -- I'll make sure they
were mine.

BRIDGET
But I saw you. You were alone last
night.

RAE
Oh was that you who put the blanket
on me? I thought that was Hank.

BRIDGET
The guy in the shower is Hank?

RAE
You know that's Hank. We went out
last night. He's been in this
apartment like, thirty times.

BRIDGET
I didn't recognize his flaccid
penis. Which I saw all of.

HANK (O.S.)
(calling from bathroom)
Not really! It was partially
obscured by the curtain!

BRIDGET
Did you call him your dude?

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - A LITTLE LATER

Bridget and Rae walk the running path, holding coffees.

RAE
So how was your night?

BRIDGET
It was good. What about yours?

RAE
It was also -- good. We had fun.

It's awkward how little they're sharing. Bridget opens her
mouth to talk, but stops herself. We PULL OUT a little to
reveal Hank is walking next to them.

HANK
What did you get up to last night?
Hot date?

Bridget ignores him for as long as possible. Rae elbows her.

BRIDGET

Who, me? No. Oh -- god, no. I only want to be single. Enjoying meeting people. Having novel experiences. Never boxing myself in. Loving my independence. Taking pride in it. Cherishing it like a rare jewel that you can never, ever get back once you relinquish it.

HANK

Cool. I'm gonna toss my coffee.

Rae hands him her cup, too. He takes it.

Bridget holds out hers. He also takes that one, trying to finagle holding all three cups, and walks towards the trash.

RAE

He's great, right?

BRIDGET

Great. Super great. And your night was -- great?

RAE

It was -- intense. I feel like I just really opened up? Like, I can be honest with him --

BRIDGET

Yeah, so nice, I mean, to be fair, you and I are radically honest --

Hank rejoins them. They walk in silence for another moment.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

(to Hank)

Big plans this weekend? Gotta jet? Busy busy?

Hank reaches for Rae's hand gently.

HANK

My buddies are away skiing. Rae suggested I hang with you guys.

BRIDGET

Oh wow! Ugh, normally that'd be perfect, but I randomly made a lot of plans --

RAE
I thought Hank could tag along.

BRIDGET
Well we have that appointment. For two.

RAE
I'm sure we can make it for three.

BRIDGET
The whole point is you can't make it for three.

RAE
You can make anything for three.

BRIDGET
(smiling with every tooth)
Great.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - A LITTLE LATER

The same room we saw Bridget and Rae getting couples massages, only now there's a THIRD BED and NO CONVERSATION. The masseuses work quietly.

After a beat, The BODY ON THE LEFT reaches a hand out to the BODY IN THE MIDDLE. They HOLD HANDS peacefully for a moment.

Then, the BODY ON THE RIGHT **ALSO** REACHES THEIR HAND OUT. The BODY IN THE MIDDLE holds THEIR HAND, TOO.

The masseuses exchange a look. They shrug.

INT. BROADWAY THEATRE - NIGHT

Bridget sits, stone-faced, watching WICKED. We pan over to Rae, who is singing EVERY WORD, CRYING. We pan further over to Hank, who is crying TWICE AS HARD. Rae notices and puts her head on his shoulder.

Bridget squeezes her face up and tries to cry. She GRUNTS.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

HANK
That was amazing, right?

RAE
Amazing. I was moved.

BRIDGET

Same. Super same. I'm still...
moving.

Rae and Hank hold hands. He kisses her in a chaste way.

An OLD WOMAN fondly watches Rae and Hank. Bridget catches her eye and sticks her finger down her throat, like, "gross, right?"

The old woman turns away, disturbed.

INT. BRIDGET AND RAE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Bridget comes out of her room into the living room, where the curtains are drawn and the light are dim. Hank and Rae are watching a movie, Rae's feet in his lap.

Bridget pulls up a chair and puts her feet in Rae's lap.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - A DIFFERENT AFTERNOON

Bridget works dutifully at her desk. Monica and Alex come in with lunch and sit down, chatting.

MONICA

(to Bridget)

Wanna hang out?

Bridget barely looks up.

BRIDGET

Ugh, I wish.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - DAY

A LONG QUEUE snakes around for the roller coaster. At the front of the line stand Rae and Hank. Hank boards and slides in to make room for Rae.

Rae turns over her shoulder and we SEE BRIDGET, also waiting in line.

RAE

I'll be right back.

BRIDGET

No prob. So fun.

She gets on. The roller-coaster takes off. It LOOPS and SPINS. Bridget watches, her face unreadable.

The RIDE FINISHES and Hank exits. Rae STAYS ON THE SAME CAR and Bridget slides in. Rae RIDES THE RIDE AGAIN with Bridget.

OVER A SERIES OF TIME JUMPS, this happens SEVERAL TIMES: Rae doing everything twice so Hank and Bridget each get a turn.

At the last Cyclone ride, Rae steps off and THROWS UP.

INT. SUBWAY - A LITTLE LATER

A nauseated Rae has her head between her legs. Hank and Bridget flank her, each rubbing a different section of her back in calming circles.

EXT./INT. BRIDGET AND RAE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bridget comes into the living room. Rae and Hank are cooking dinner together sweetly. They laugh and tease one another, not noticing Bridget is there.

Bridget goes into HER ROOM. The sound of sweet laughter and whispering wafts under the closed door. Bridget's not part of it. It's an incredibly lonely feeling.

INT. ELEVATOR/INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridget INHALES DEEPLY, hyping herself up. She's carrying a BIG LL BEAN TOTE. When the doors open, she strides purposefully over to her desk, where Monica and Alex both work quietly.

BRIDGET
(as she sits down)
So. I was thinking about something
you said.

Alex looks up, excited.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Not you. Her.

MONICA
What'd I say?

BRIDGET
That it's normal to feel bad when
your friend is -- distracted.

MONICA

Oh, yeah. Totally. It's natural. A feeling's a feeling. That's one of my mantras.

BRIDGET

So, following that logic, I just have to make Rae feel the way I feel. She'll realize she's taking me for granted and she'll want more time with me, which will mean less time with Hank. It's math, everything will cancel out.

ALEX

That's not math. That's strategy, like chess. Sounds fun.

BRIDGET

I was thinking I'd hang out with you guys. Like, as friends.

MONICA

Has this happened to you before? Like, feeling -- discarded?

BRIDGET

What are you doing right now, psycho-analyzing me?

MONICA

I'm asking you a question.

Bridget groans.

BRIDGET

Why?

MONICA

Well you just said I'm your friend. Friends ask friends questions.

BRIDGET

Ok cool, because I have a question. Do you guys have other --
(hesitates, then)
-- plans? For this week?

ALEX

Were you about to ask if we had other friends?

BRIDGET

I just don't have any. Plans.

ALEX

There it is again. You were gonna say friends.

BRIDGET

Can you go easy on me? I'm doing vulnerability.

Monica types something on her laptop. She swivels the screen around to a BOLD, FLASHY EVITE.

MONICA

It's my girlfriend's birthday party tonight. You guys could come to that?

Bridget slams her BIG TOTE on the desk.

BRIDGET

I accept. But I haven't dressed myself without a friend's input in twenty years so I can't start now.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridget tries on SLUTTY OUTFITS for Monica. Alex bursts in.

ALEX

We don't have time for this. Coates just walked by and said "*June fast approaches*" like the girl from The Ring.

Bridget emerges in her final outfit. She looks WAY BETTER AND SEXIER than she normally does. Alex looks away.

BRIDGET

You have a weird face on, what are you thinking right now?

ALEX

I'm thinking --
(clears throat, to Monica)
Can I invite Kimberly tonight?

MONICA

Fine but she can't bring any friends named Ashley or Stacy. It's not that kind of party.

INT. KOREATOWN KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

A PACKED karaoke lounge filled with MONICA'S VERY COOL FRIENDS, one GUY screaming into the mic. People openly smoke so the entire room is HAZY.

ALEX

Tonight's my night. I can feel it.

BRIDGET

I've heard this song before.

ALEX

Nope. I'm really gonna close. I'm the closing act! They call me "the Closer."

MONICA

They really don't.

BRIDGET

Nobody talks about you.

Monica spots someone and WAVES.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Okay, that's the birthday girl.
Come get me if you need a life
raft.

She walks off, leaving Bridget and Alex alone. Bridget looks around awkwardly, out of her element.

BRIDGET

Soooo --

ALEX

We have two choices. We stand on the outskirts and make it obvious we're the people who weren't invited. Or we lean in and act like we belong.

BRIDGET

Outskirts. I want outskirts.

ALEX

What's the worst thing that can happen?

BRIDGET

I fail to assimilate and people think I'm weird? Or they feel sorry for me? I hear it, it's not compelling, we're doing the other thing.

They CHEERS their glasses and down them.

ALEX

Step one. Act natural.

He takes her hand and pulls her through the PACKED CROWD.

A LITTLE LATER, we see them DANCING with MONICA'S FRIENDS, MINGLING A BIT. Bridget gets into a dance circle with a few other GIRLS, they egg one another on as Alex watches.

A LITTLE LATER, a RANDOM GIRL offers Bridget a joint. Alex nods encouragingly, like, "go for it."

A LITTLE LATER, letting loose a bit, closer to the karaoke stand. Alex catches a glimpse of the GIRL AT THE MIC, then DUCKS his head and starts pulling Bridget's hand.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Quick, to the jukebox.

REVEAL: The girl on the mic is looking straight at Alex. She's singing something vengeful, like ALANIS MORISSETTE.

BRIDGET

Let me guess. You know her?

ALEX

No. Well. In the biblical sense.

BRIDGET

Alex, you need the hospital.

ALEX

I'm sorry! I relent, should we switch to your plan of going in the corner?

BRIDGET

Now you're definitely not hiding.

She turns to the JUKEBOX and slides a few quarters in, and starts searching for a song.

ALEX

What's happening right now?

BRIDGET

Just trust me.

CUT TO:

Alex and Bridget perform the ENTIRE RAP BATTLE from 8 MILE in front of THE PARTY. (Bridget is Eminem and Alex is Anthony Mackie, duh). (I would also accept NO AIR by JORDIN SPARKS).

They pass one microphone back and forth. Alex watches Bridget -- her movements, her mouth. She shoves him, "in character". The WATCHING AUDIENCE whoops and hollers.

In the audience, we catch a glimpse of Monica's knowing expression. Letting them have their moment.

EXT. KOREATOWN KARAOKE BAR - LATER

Alex and Bridget sit on a bench, Bridget's feet in his lap. She noodles away on her phone.

BRIDGET

I'm gonna post, like, a hundred of these videos on Instagram so Rae sees I'm out with my new friends. And before you say it, I know that posting on Instagram to elicit a specific reaction from an individual is not something a "mentally well" person would do.

ALEX

I wasn't going to say that. I haven't thought about Instagram that deeply.

Bridget POSTS. She watches her own story back, satisfied. Have you ever seen someone do this? I've done this. It's kinda pathetic.

BRIDGET

This is part of my grieving process. A feeling's a feeling.
(putting phone away)
It's a lost cause anyway. Rae's fully gone to the dark side.

ALEX

Is that actually how you feel? There are two sides, and she's on one?

BRIDGET

Honestly. Yes. She says I'm her number one, but all of her choices suggest otherwise. She's not aware, it's like having a brain parasite --

Alex's phone RINGS. It's Kimberly. Bridget clocks it.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Holy shit. Jackpot!

He ignores the call. Bridget gawks.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Is this because I just said that
thing about the dark side? That
doesn't apply to you. Answer it!

ALEX
No, that's not -- I'll call her
later. It's fine.

BRIDGET
What? Why?

He shrugs.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I'm serious. What's up?

ALEX
What are you doing right now?

BRIDGET
What do you mean? I'm asking you a
question.

ALEX
Yeah, that. Why?

BRIDGET
Because -- because according to
Monica, friends ask each other
questions.

Alex pulls a face.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Oh buddy, we're way past that.
We're bona-fide friends.

She daps up his limp hand. He doesn't react. She ruffles his
hair. He moves his head away.

ALEX
You guys act like I'm some
intentional bachelor, but really,
I'm just in my thirties, and it
hasn't happened.
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

So maybe it's not in the cards. Or -
- it's not something that exists
for me.

BRIDGET

Why would it not exist for you?

ALEX

I don't know.

BRIDGET

Try to know.

ALEX

Well. I'm a child of a loveless
marriage. Like, literally, my mom
says it's genetic, that the men in
my family can't feel love.

BRIDGET

Jesus Christ. She said that?

ALEX

She says it all the time.

Alex looks away, uncomfortable. Bridget bumps his knee.

BRIDGET

So much more about you is making
sense.

He gives her a look. She laughs.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm sorry, but of course it's
in the cards for you. Everybody is
capable of finding love if they
want to. It's more of an "opt in,"
not a "get selected".

ALEX

That doesn't sound like you.

BRIDGET

I'm serious. It's out there for
everybody.

(then, re: herself)

Minus one.

ALEX

Okay, now you explain that.

Bridget shakes her head.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Come on, that is so hypocritical.

BRIDGET
There's nothing to explain.
(off his look)
If I was going to have love, I'd
have it. I did have it. I already
had my whole "big love" experience.
The only other person I've ever
been that close with is Rae.

ALEX
Sure, and what happened?

BRIDGET
He met someone else. And dumped me.
Which is fine.

ALEX
That is fine. That's part of life.

BRIDGET
Yeah, fine, a full scale rejection
of me as a human being, but
genuinely, whatever.

ALEX
You can't write "the concept of
love" off because one person didn't
work out.

BRIDGET
I actually can.

She raises her eyebrows at him. Determined to be obstinate.
He surrenders, raising his hands.

ALEX
Well I'm sure this guy majorly
downgraded. I bet he misses you all
the time.

BRIDGET
No. I've stalked her online. She's
legitimately better than me. All
her Venmo charges are for Girl
Scout Cookies, and, like, walks for
cancer. She tips more than 20% on
haircuts.

Bridget pulls up a photo of COOPER'S GIRLFRIEND, MEG.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
 Look at her skin. Doesn't she just
 look fertile? She's like Mother
 Earth.
 (zooms in on her body)
 Look at her, like, overflowing
 bosom. Now look at mine.
 (to her small chest)
 Now back to hers.

It's undeniable. They laugh. Bridget smiles: vulnerable,
 letting other people in, finding it's not so bad.

EXT./INT. BRIDGET AND RAE'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Bridget, having actually had fun tonight, has a spring in her
 step as she crosses the threshold into her apartment. She
 pushes the door open --

-- into a CROWDED APARTMENT. There are at least TWELVE PEOPLE
 inside, all LAUGHING and YELLING at each other. It takes
 Bridget a moment to get her bearings, but everybody appears
 to be playing Charades.

She takes a second to scan and finds Rae, sitting in the
 center of the couch, clapping and yelling things out. Bridget
 lets the door shut behind her, but nobody hears her over the
 hubbub. She watches, her face saying: "who are these people?"

RANDOM GUY
 Don't let Hank go, Hank's amazing
 at Charades, it's not fair.

RAE
 Oh is he? I never heard that!

She reaches for Hank, who grabs her hand. Everybody's
 laughing, these are clearly Hank's friends.

FRIEND
 Let Rachel go, she's hilarious!

BRIDGET
 (to herself)
 Rachel?

All of Hank's friends razz her with familiarity.

RANDOM GIRL
 Someone put this video in the group
 chat!

Bridget watches, feeling invisible. After a beat, she sneaks by, unnoticed, and goes into her room.

INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM - MUCH LATER

The din of the living room can be heard through the door. Bridget lies on her bed, staring at the ceiling, wondering where she fits in Rae's new life.

After a moment, she takes her phone out and opens a NEW TEXT to ALEX AND MONICA.

INT. SHELKY'S BAGELS - THE NEXT MORNING

Bridget, Monica, and Alex hold bagels in a crowded deli.

ALEX
Why do you have two?

BRIDGET
One's for Rae. She's gonna feel like shit today. She was up really late last night.

MONICA
Isn't that her right there?

She points. Rae is sitting outside at a table with Hank.

BRIDGET
Oh. Wow. She's awake.

Bridget pushes outside. Rae notices and beams.

RAE
Hey! We were just wondering where you slept last night.

BRIDGET
I slept in my room.

HANK
Really? I didn't see you come home.

It annoys Bridget that Hank calls it "home".

BRIDGET
Well there were a bunch of random strangers in there so I must have blended in.

RAE

Aw, you should have said hi! I want you to meet the group, I've told them so much about you.

BRIDGET

The group.

HANK

My high school buddies. They're great. You'd like them, they're really eccentric.

BRIDGET

I'm sure nine guys who met because they lived in the same town in Maryland are very eccentric.

RAE

Bridget.

Bridget lifts the takeout bag with both bagels inside.

BRIDGET

I got you a bagel. I thought you'd be home and hungover.

RAE

You're the best! We already got ours.

She lifts her own takeout bag with two bagels. Bridget has a wild look in her eyes.

BRIDGET

Did you get one for me?

RAE

What?

BRIDGET

"We" is just you and Hank now? You didn't think to get me one?

RAE

I didn't know you were home.

BRIDGET

But I'd eventually be home. I didn't die last night.

HANK
(so earnest)
Is that how your mind works? That
is really interesting.

RAE
You're holding a bagel right now.

Bridget blacks back in.

BRIDGET
It's all good. Just teasing! You
guys are too much. Anyway, gotta
go, I left the group inside.

RAE
The group.

BRIDGET
Yeah, you know. Alex. Monica. Those
people. I have a group too. We're
both, uh. Groupies.

She holds a hand up in a wave. Rae's eyes follow Bridget out
the door, looking worried.

INT. SHELSKY'S BAGELS - LATER

Bridget, Alex, and Monica eat bagels. Alex and Bridget are
splitting two, swapping them back and forth.

ALEX
I have an announcement. Kimberly --

MONICA
-- from Knopf.

ALEX
Yes. She got us on the list for the
Saint Ann's graduation dinner Sunday.
Apparently they want adults with
"cool jobs" to speak to the
graduates, so I'm doing her a favor.
(leaning back)
I get the girl, I save our jobs.

BRIDGET
Aa prep school graduation dinner?
Am I in Pervs Anonymous?

ALEX

Famous kids. Famous uncles. Aunts, even. Teeming with potential memoirs.

BRIDGET

What happened to "we'll publish a novel by a regular person?"

ALEX

What happened is June is in two weeks, so we're two weeks away from getting fired.

BRIDGET

They're kids. Nothing has happened to them yet.

ALEX

That's the perfect time to write a book! Have you ever read those, we can just make up whatever!

MONICA

We show up Sunday, Alex gets laid, our jobs are saved, it's perfect.

BRIDGET

I have Rae's parents big anniversary party upstate. It's just a pivotal time with Rae, I'm a few moves away from a checkmate. It's the home court advantage. Her parents love me.

ALEX

Bridget, please, do me a solid, it'll make me look so good.

MONICA

Don't beg Bridget to save her own job.

BRIDGET

I got this, I can do both.

MONICA

And what happens to us when you win Rae back, or whatever?

BRIDGET

What do you mean? Obviously we'll still be friends.

Bridget takes a big bite and goes on:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I mean, Rae will always come first.
And then there'll be a sharp drop
because I have to keep second,
third, maybe fourth open in case
she requires extra attention.

She grabs Monica and Alex's hands.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
But you guys will be my most solid
fifth. You'll go dutch on fifth.

It's hard to tell if she's kidding. Monica opens her mouth to respond, but Alex's phone DINGS.

ALEX
I think I found your next chess move.

INT. CORPORATE HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

Bridget, Alex, and Monica stand under fluorescent lights as stuffy-looking adults mingle.

ALEX
This is a veritable "who's who" of
the publishing world. Book scouts,
agents, marketing execs --

BRIDGET
And Kimberly from Knopf, I have to
assume.

ALEX
If I'm lucky. They call me --

MONICA
Let's not. *

A BARTENDER walks by holding a platter of barely filled wine glasses. Bridget takes two, passes them to Alex, then takes two more.

BRIDGET
My plan is to get really drunk,
really fast. It worked at the
birthday party, people liked me
there!

She starts downing them.

MONICA
Are you sure this is a good idea?

BRIDGET
I'm gonna make so many friends
tonight. Rae who?

A LITTLE LATER, BY A CHARCUTERIE TABLE

Bridget, holding a new drink, talks with A COOL BRITISH WOMAN. They're hitting it off, lots of friend chemistry.

BRITISH WOMAN
I've only been in New York for a
few months, but it does seem --

BRIDGET
-- every single good editor is a
failed novelist. I can say that
because I am a failed novelist.

They both crack up.

BRITISH WOMAN
Here, maybe we can exchange drafts!
Meet up, give notes?

It feels like a genuine connection. Bridget is thrilled.

BRIDGET
I'd love that.

Bridget takes her phone out, as if to exchange numbers. She fumbles with her phone for a second until we realize she's actually taking A BUNCH OF SELFIES OF THE TWO OF THEM.

BRITISH WOMAN
Oh? Oh -- okay? What's -- ?

BRIDGET
Smile! New best friend alert!

She puts the phone at MORE EXTREME ANGLES.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Let do one where we cheers.

The British woman, now skeeved out, reluctantly holds her glass out.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Okay, now let's do a kissing one --

LATER: Bridget, drunker, talks to TWO BOOK SCOUTS.

SCOUT

I've read things that have never
been printed. Books that exist only
in the mind of the author.

SCOUT 2

What he means is, we're looking to
discover a new voice.

BRIDGET

Oh. Well. I'm a writer.

They look interested and Bridget is immediately nervous.

SCOUT 1

What do you write about?

BRIDGET

What do I not write about? The
human condition. Friendship. How
friendship transcends other, more
common bonds. Love. Like two ladies
who only care about each other.

SCOUT 1

So Grey Gardens?

They turn to each other. They actually seem intrigued.

SCOUT 2

There might be a market for
something about delusional
women --

SCOUT 1 (CONT'D)

Right, a tragic hero, someone
impeding her own path to
happiness --

SCOUT 1 (CONT'D)

Can you send us pages?

BRIDGET

I -- of course I can.

The scouts make eyes at each other.

SCOUT 1

Let me just get my card.

BRIDGET

We should film this.

SCOUT 2

-- why?

BRIDGET

So when they make the doc about the movie they make from my book, we can remember this moment.

(narrating the video)

Say hey guys! This is where the sausage gets made, literally, the meat-grinding process has begun --

The scouts exchange a wary look and wave to Bridget's camera.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

-- before it's encased in synthetic plastic and shipped to your kitchen!

A LITTLE LATER, Bridget, now VERY, VERY DRUNK, MAKES OUT with some RANDOM GUY who we only see the back of. He has a hat on. Her phone is out and she's LIVE-STREAMING IT.

POV: Monica and Alex, witnessing this all go down. The other attendees are openly staring at Bridget. It's very bright in the room and there's not even music playing.

MONICA

The two of you are like horny Beavis and Butthead.

They cock their heads, unable to look away. Alex whistles.

MONICA (CONT'D)

And you and she have never --

ALEX

Absolutely not. She's my co-editor.

MONICA

So that's where you draw the line?

ALEX

Yes. Or, maybe --

Bridget is attempting to mount the guy on a barstool. They both topple OFF THE BARSTOOL. Alex RUSHES OVER to her.

BRIDGET

Whassup?

We see that this GUY she was making out with is like 65 years old and has a LONG BEARD.

MONICA

Oh, god.

BRIDGET
Oh shit! Oh no!

MONICA
Could you not feel the hair?

ALEX
(to the guy)
Pardon us, Professor. Doctor?

They pull Bridget back. She lunges forward.

BRIDGET
Barkeep! I want a 'quila!

MONICA
There's no bartender?

ALEX
And no 'quilas. 'Quila ban.

EXT. CORPORATE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Bridget sits on a bench outside. Monica hands her a bottle of water. Bridget chugs it, and Monica smiles. THEN, Bridget begins to slowly spit it out, like a water fountain. Some of it hits Monica in the face. She snatches the water back.

MONICA
Are you okay?

BRIDGET
I'm amazing.

She takes a PHOTO of ALEX AND MONICA looking at her. She tries to post it with the caption "my two best friends!!!!" with every word spelled wrong. Monica snatches her phone away.

MONICA
Can you stop that?

ALEX
What's up with you?

BRIDGET
NM. Wassup with you?

ALEX
No, like. You've posted on your story forty times.
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

You made a twitter tonight that already had 58 tweets. You're mounting old men. What's this about?

BRIDGET

It's not about anything. I'm a young, virile woman. Okay. It's about virility.

ALEX

Okay, so you have -- what? Weird sex issues?

BRIDGET

You picked up eleven different girls in there. What are your sex issues?

ALEX

(shrugging)

I think it's a defense mechanism? My mom used to say to me that she hoped her divorce taught me to never fall in love.

BRIDGET

Stop one-upping me with your sad past!

ALEX

It does beat your whole "broken up with one time" thing.

BRIDGET

Let me live! All men experience one setback and use it as an excuse for bad behavior in perpetuity!

MONICA

I can't believe I didn't see this sooner.

(everyone turns to her)

You're in love with Rae.

She spreads her arms wide, like, "gotcha!"

BRIDGET

What? No I'm not. That is so reductive. And homophobic! *J'accuse!*

ALEX

She can't be homophobic. She's gay.

MONICA

That's not -- how that works.

BRIDGET

Rae is my family. We're not like sisters. We are sisters. And in our day-to-day, Rae's my wife. She knows where all my weird moles are. She can tell when they've changed.

(then)

And in a very real way, she's also my child. I make sure she eats. She takes all my clothes. You don't get it.

MONICA

So what's the problem here? Why are you determined to break up this relationship, is this guy she's with, like, a bad guy?

Bridget hesitates, she can't quite put words to it.

BRIDGET

The problem? The problem is she's turning into someone she's not. She hates party games! And -- and --

(searching)

She's going to get hurt, and she won't be able to take it! She's not like me, she's not strong!

Bridget BURSTS INTO HYSTERICAL TEARS.

MONICA

Maybe it's time to go home.

She takes Bridget's phone.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I'll call the Uber.

ALEX

I can't leave yet. I still haven't seen Kimberly.

MONICA

Bridget can't stay here.

BRIDGET

(through full tears)

I'm chillin.

MONICA

Do you want to go home? Wouldn't that be nice to go home?

BRIDGET

I can't go home! It's not my home anymore! I'm like a third-wheel in my own life! Hank's gonna be there.

("committing murder")

Eating. Or making me self-conscious for walking around in my underwear. He's always "watching a movie on the couch" with Rae. The couch isn't for a private date! Go to the theatre! The industry is dying!

MONICA

Okay your Uber is a minute away.

Bridget stands up.

BRIDGET

I need to say goodbye to that guy! We had a connection!

MONICA

You didn't. He was old enough to be your Father.

ALEX

Capital F. Like, God.

Alex catches sight of a BLONDE HEAD entering the bar as a car pulls up. He does a few Rocky-style air punches.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Okay, get in the car, I have a date with destiny.

MONICA

Her name is Kimberly.

BRIDGET

(to Monica)

Let's have a sleepover. I'll come over and braid your hair. We'll tell secrets!

MONICA

Pass. I have six roommates and a bunk-bed.

Alex opens the passenger side door and gently pushes Bridget into the seat. She flops into the back, looking pathetic.

ALEX

I can't look, it's like sending a dog to a kill shelter.

(shielding his eyes)

See you on Monday! Where you're going has a nice big field to run on!

BRIDGET

Please. I don't want to go home. He took my home from me!

MONICA

Don't you want Rae to be happy?

Bridget wipes her eyes and looks at her.

BRIDGET

Why does everyone say that? We are happy! Why should Rae's happiness be because of a guy? You know, nobody ever tells the story of the first time you and your best friend said I love you. Nobody celebrates those anniversaries! The happiest moment of someone's life is always like, "the day Greg and I moved in together" or "the day Greg said I was the one." But what does Greg even know?! Greg's love is younger and thus more shallow! Rae sat with me in the hospital until 5am when I had a parasite! Once, we saw Zendaya on the street and she was all, "hey ladies."

Bridget starts softly crying again. It's tender and affecting. Monica and Alex don't know what to do. They watch her for a second and Alex groans.

ALEX

Ugh, ugh, fine.

He looks back over his shoulder, where Kimberly was.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll go home with you.

He slides into the car and Bridget cries into his shoulder.

MONICA

I don't think you -- are you sure?

ALEX

Yeah, yeah. It's fine. Don't worry,
she's safe with me.

MONICA

That's not what I'm worried about.

EXT./INT. BRIDGET AND RAE'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

The Uber pulls up outside Bridget's apartment. After a beat, Alex steps out, carrying a sleeping Bridget. He very gently lowers her onto the stoop.

ALEX

Bridget -- hey, can you wake up? I
need your keys?

BRIDGET

(mumbling, asleep)
Please shut up.

Alex rifles through her purse.

MINUTES LATER, he carries her, fast asleep, up the narrow stairwell of her building, holding her keys in his mouth. He manages to open the door to her unit without waking her.

He steps over the threshold of the apartment. He's never been in here before. He looks around for a moment, appraising. Smiles at a photo of BRIDGET AND Rae AT THEIR COLLEGE GRADUATION, AS LITTLE KIDS.

IN BRIDGET'S ROOM, he lowers her onto the bed. Looks around for a moment and finds a quilt, which he drapes over her. Then walks back into the kitchen and fumbles around for a glass.

He fills it with water and places it on Bridget's nightstand. In this moment, we are ALL IN LOVE WITH ALEX.

He tucks her in and goes to leave. Bridget reaches out.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Can you stay?

He sits down on the bed next to her. She wipes her face.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Sorry for this.

ALEX

Maybe you're lonely. You need to
get out there.

BRIDGET
I'm not interested in going out there.

ALEX
What if there's a Greek prince waiting for you?

BRIDGET
Too far away. FOMO from not knowing the language.

ALEX
A professional athlete?

BRIDGET
Trust issues. On the road too much.

ALEX
So you don't have any fantasies?

Bridget levels with him.

BRIDGET
Okay. I'll bite. Yes, sometimes, if I'm really lonely, I imagine my dream guy.

She takes Alex's hand and looks into his eyes with gravitas.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
He would be smart. Snarky. He would never take my shit.

Alex moves infinitesimally closer to Bridget.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Dark hair. Good smile.

The chemistry between them is sizzling.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
He would have a sister who's a dermatologist, and does all my face work for free.

Alex freezes, a little puzzled.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
He'd have a summer home in Nice. Nothing crazy. Just the right amount of old money. Tasteful.
(Alex's face falls)
And not from oil.
(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
 From a great, great, great
 grandparent who founded the worlds
 first ethical orphanage.

She smiles at her fantasy groggily. Then, a beat, she rolls over and falls asleep, her hand still in Alex's. On the nightstand, Alex's phone rings, various girls calling him.

INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

An incredibly hungover Bridget cracks open one gunky eye. She sees the water glass and reaches for it eagerly. She puts the now-empty glass back on the nightstand and turns over, starting at the sight of Alex ASLEEP BESIDE HER.

INT. BRIDGET AND RAE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, Rae is in the kitchen, alone, in sweats, in front of her laptop. She watches BRIDGET'S INSTAGRAM STORY: the videos of Bridget laughing with Alex and Monica, and her series of posts with all these NEW, RANDOM PEOPLE.

When the door opens, Rae turns and sees Bridget.

RAE
 Hi.

BRIDGET
 Hey.

She looks around for a second.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
 Is Hank -- ?

RAE
 Not right now, no.

Bridget visibly relaxes, but nods, "cool".

RAE (CONT'D)
 Big night last night?

BRIDGET
 Ugh. I can't even talk about it.

There's a slight awkwardness between them.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
 What are you -- what's going on?
 Everything ok?

RAE

Yes. No. I just needed a minute to be as neurotic as possible by myself, without worrying that Hank will think I'm crazy.

BRIDGET

Why would he think that?

She softens and moves towards Rae. Rae sighs and puts her head down on the table.

RAE

Because I'm an insane person. I'm ruminating and irrational and I'm not going to be able to handle law school. And soon he'll know I'm not just crazy, but also an idiot, and nobody wants to be with a neurotic idiot. If you're going to be neurotic, you have to at least be high-achieving! That's a rule!

BRIDGET

If he doesn't like you -- I mean, Rae, you're a perfect specimen. Scientists will study you in a lab. They will display your skull in a museum.

RAE

I'm gearing up to do this insanely hard thing and it's so public. And if I don't do it right, if I fail -- everyone will know.

BRIDGET

In the nicest way possible, you're delusional. You are going to be the first law student to still be in school when you sit on the Supreme Court.

RAE

You sound delusional!

BRIDGET

I fully, with my whole heart, believe I am underselling you right now.

They laugh. As the laughter dies down they both realize it's the first time they've been alone in a while.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I miss you.

RAE
I miss you too. I've been all over
the place lately.

BRIDGET
It's okay. Soon you'll be in school
and focused on that and your
schedule will be back to normal.

Rae nods but her heart isn't in it. She trails off and looks
over Bridget's shoulder. Bridget whips her head around to see
Alex, sneaking out.

ALEX
Op. Hey.

RAE
Hi. I'm --

ALEX
-- Rae. I've heard about you.

They all smile at one another uneasily for a second.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Thanks for letting me crash.

BRIDGET
No, thanks for taking me home.

ALEX
Right. Okay.

He runs a hand through his hair, unsure.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'll catch you later? Maybe you
help me gameplan for Sunday?

He leaves. Bridget turns back to Rae, who is grinning.

RAE
Oh, my god? Spill.

BRIDGET
No, no, that's just Alex.

RAE
Alex from work?!

BRIDGET
Stop trying to marry me off,
there's nothing there.

RAE
But he's so cute though.

BRIDGET
He is, isn't he?

They look at one another for a moment.

RAE
Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

A LITTLE LATER, Bridget and Rae -- both in Bridget's bed --
eat popcorn and watch a movie.

BRIDGET
I have something for you.

She reaches under her bed and pulls out an NYU LAW
SWEATSHIRT. She hands it to Rae. Rae looks like she's seen a
ghost.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I know what you're going to say,
but it's not a jinx! It's good
juju.

RAE
I love it.
(then)
I need to tell you something --

Bridget is back to being focused on the movie. She shushes
Rae and squeezes her hand.

TIME JUMP, Rae dozes off in Bridget's bed. Bridget smiles,
feeling order is restored.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridget is FLYING THROUGH a word document, typing manically.
A stack of UNREAD GALLEYS sits on her desk. She barely
notices Monica and Alex when they arrive.

ALEX
(re: the galleys)
Gonna get through all of those
today?

BRIDGET

Doubt it. I finally cracked my novel. Slept amazing. Worked out.

MONICA

Here's the plan for Sunday. I'm going to take all the A-list kids. You're going for the celebrity parents who are still working. Alex is going to go for the unfamous, bitter siblings.

Bridget is barely listening, riding her high.

BRIDGET

Yesterday, when I woke up, Rae was in the living room. Without Hank. Like, she was waiting for me. I think nature is healing.

MONICA

Right. And this couldn't be because you're branching out, getting more balance in your life?

BRIDGET

No. I think it's all the plotting.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - EARLY EVENING

Bridget walks with a SPRING IN HER STEP. She waves enthusiastically to all the ACTORS in CHARACTER BODY SUITS. Looking up at the billboards, she INHALES DEEPLY. All is right with the world. She closes her eyes, smiles, and --

EXT. TIMES SQUARE RESTAURANT - SIDEWALK TABLE - CONTINUOUS

RAE'S MOM (O.C.)

-- there were plenty of Jews in Russia, and yes, we mostly inbred, but every now and then one got loose --

RAE'S DAD (O.C.)

-- something in your profile is familiar, like a long-lost cousin. I wouldn't worry about it, I think you've definitely got some Jewish in you, no doubt, no stress --

Bridget opens her eyes at the familiar voices. Right in front of her, seated at an outdoor café, are Rae, Hank, and Rae's parents. Rae's parents take turns pawing at Hank's face.

RAE
Guys, stop -- leave him alone --
he's not worried about not being
Jewish, you're worried about it --

Bridget is rooted to the spot, watching them look very much like a happy family. Rae's mom spots her.

RAE'S MOM
Is that Bridget? Bridgitta! Over
here, honey!

Bridget has no choice but to walk over.

RAE'S DAD
Our second daughter!

RAE'S MOM
I had a premonition, you know, I
had a dream last night about four
birds, and a fifth one flew by --

BRIDGET
Hey guys. What are you doing here?

RAE'S MOM
Oh, we just saw the best musical.
It was beautiful. But haunting.

RAE'S DAD
Incredibly topical. And
devastating. But necessary.

BRIDGET
The Holocaust one? Parade?

RAE'S MOM / RAE'S DAD
Exactly! God, loved it. / Cried the
whole time.

BRIDGET
I've been wanting to see that.

Bridget looks at Rae, who smiles -- maybe with a hint of discomfort. Rae's Mom has no clue that anything is amiss.

RAE'S DAD
We'd been dying to meet this fella.

RAE'S MOM

Felt like we already met since we
hear about him nonstop!

RAE

Relax, it's not nonstop.

HANK

Don't be shy, you can admit it.

Bridget has never felt more abandoned in her life.

BRIDGET

(to Rae's mom)

I didn't know you were in the city.
We were just texting. You sent me
the three lady emoji. That's us.
You me and Rae. We're the three
ladies.

Rae's dad claps Hank on the shoulder.

RAE'S DAD

Now that you're here, I don't have
to be outnumbered in the family.
You have no idea how long I've been
waiting for this.

(whispering, pained)

I'm exhausted.

RAE'S MOM

Wanted to catch these two before
our big weekend upstate!

BRIDGET

Upstate?

She looks to Hank.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

You're going to Beacon? For the
anniversary party?

RAE'S MOM

Well she can't leave Hank alone
here! He'll be so lonely without
his Rachel!

(then, terrified)

What if he meets someone else?

RAE'S DAD

(to Hank)

One day, you'll pray for her to go
out of town.

HANK
I'm really looking forward to it!

BRIDGET
But that's our thing. This is mine
and Rae's big weekend.

RAE
Oh, are you still coming? Alex
mentioned you have that work thing
on Sunday.

HANK
Bridget, you should come too!

BRIDGET
What? You're not, like, inviting
me, obviously I'm coming, I'm an
integral part of the dynamic.

INT. CAR - A FEW DAYS LATER - LATE MORNING

Bridget, driving with one hand out the window, SINGS LOUDLY
from a playlist entitled "BREAK UP SONGS!" Rae sits shotgun
and Hank is squished in the backseat.

BRIDGET
(singing)
THE FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST / BABY
I KNOW --

RAE
Do you have anything more upbeat?

BRIDGET
Oh, you betcha.
(skipping it)
I SEE YOU DRIVING ROUND TOWN / WITH
THE GIRL I LOVE

At a red-light, she turns to face Hank.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
AND I'M LIKE/ FUCK --

EXT. RAE'S PARENTS HOUSE - BEACON - LATER

An elegant cottage-style home surrounded by dense woods. A
little spring TRICKLES beautifully and the sun BEAMS on the
small pool in the backyard. It's a beautiful day to be
trapped in the remote wilderness.

INT. RAE'S PARENTS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hank, Rae, and Bridget lug their bags through the MAIN HOUSE and out into the yard.

EXT. RAE'S PARENTS GUEST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A smaller, secluded guest house.

RAE
 (to Hank)
 Bridget and I have been staying here since we were kids. My parents would always want me to sleep in the main house with them, but I missed Bridget too much.

INT. RAE'S PARENTS GUEST HOSE - CONTINUOUS

It's snug and cozy inside. There's a small kitchen and couch with two bedrooms. Bridget walks into the master and puts her stuff down. Rae and Hank follow her in.

RAE
 Oh, I was thinking Hank and I would take this room.

BRIDGET
 Oh. Right. Obviously. Sorry, force of habit.

Bridget heads into a smaller, WEIRDER bedroom with children's bunk beds. There's a toy chest and an odd mural of unicorns on the wall.

This is where she's relegated. She sighs, then puts her things on the TOP BUNK.

INT. RAE'S PARENTS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

A PARTY for adults over 65. Big ANNIVERSARY BALLOONS that read "30" are in every room.

Rae, Hank, and Bridget sip wine in the corner and observe.

RAE'S DAD
 Oh, she's right over there. Rachel!

Rae's dad BECKONS Rae over to him. She strides over quickly. Bridget and Hank exchange awkward eye contact.

Bridget opens her mouth to make conversation --

RAE'S DAD (CONT'D)

The lucky man is here too. Hank,
Hank, can I borrow you?

Hank looks at Bridget, apologetic, and walks off. Leaving Bridget alone.

A LITTLE LATER, Rae's DRUNK parents are being LIFTED IN A MAKESHIFT HORA by their guests. They shove Rae and Hank into the chairs. Bridget watches, seething with jealousy.

MUCH LATER, Rae's mom gives a drunken toast:

RAE'S MOM

Thirty years of marriage to Daniel.
What to say, what to say. He's my
best friend. I can be my full self
around him, but I try to only be my
best self. He annoys the shit out
of me, but he's the first person I
want to tell when something strange
-- or sad -- or hilarious happens --

Rae reaches over and squeezes Bridget's hand. This is how they feel about each other!

RAE'S MOM (CONT'D)

Love is real!

Everybody clinks glasses. Rae's mom makes her way over to Bridget, Rae, and Hank.

BRIDGET

You crushed it. You should be a
motivational speaker.

RAE'S MOM

Love is hard work. You all know
that. It's exhausting.

HANK

So far it's been pretty easy, I
can't complain.

Bridget chokes a little on her wine. Rae blinks hard.

RAE

What?

HANK

Sorry, I meant --

RAE
You love me?

BRIDGET
He didn't say that verbatim --

Hank looks embarrassed. Rae's mom is flustered.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Macro-level, it's been pretty easy,
is what he meant --

Rae is staring at Hank. He's staring back.

HANK
I mean, I do.

RAE
You do?

HANK
Yeah. I do. I love you.

This is the FIRST TIME this has ever happened to her.

RAE
Oh my god.
(to Bridget)
Did you hear that?
(to Hank)
I love you too! Oh my god, I love
you too.

She gets up and throws her arms around him. Bridget can't help it, her jaw hangs open. Hank picks her UP and SPINS HER AROUND. They start kissing. Music is playing. People are dancing. Bridget looks dumbstruck.

The party CARRIES ON, the sound of laughter and drinking and Rae and Hank's HAPPINESS slowly pressing in on her...

EXT./INT. BRIDGET'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Bridget is lying awake, staring at the ceiling. Her phone lights up with messages and missed calls from MONICA AND ALEX. At the sound of voices outside the door, she sits up immediately, and rushes outside, aggressively chipper.

BRIDGET
Good morning everybody!

Hank and Rae are in bathing suits.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Wow, you're ready to go.

RAE
I know you have to get back for
your work thing. We can drop you at
the train on the way to kayaking.

Hank puts his arm around her.

BRIDGET
Oh, no. I'm gonna stay, I'm
staying. I don't want to miss out
on any fun! I'm gonna be here the
whole time. I'm part of this! Love
you! Say it back!

She manically rushes into her room to change. Her phone rings
AGAIN, it's ALEX.

RAE
(confused)
Love you back?

EXT. LAKE - AFTERNOON

The three of them, Rae's parents, and all of their friends
stand at the shore of a lake, loading into Kayaks.

RAE
Hank and I can split this one, and
Bridge you'll take the smaller one?

BRIDGET
(pleading)
Can't you and I go together? I feel
like I've barely seen you this
weekend.

RAE
Who would paddle? Because nose
goes, not me.

BRIDGET
Or maybe Hank and I could go
together?

Rae looks at her.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
You know. Bonding. Could be fun?

HANK
(too good to be true)
That's a nice idea.

Bridget hops in the kayak, a crazed look in her eye. Then she slaps the side of the kayak like a horse.

BRIDGET
Come on, Henry. Giddy-up!

He gets behind her and starts pushing her into the water.

EXT. LAKE - MINUTES LATER

Bridget and Hank paddle their kayak in silence. A FEW YARDS AWAY, Rae drags her kayak into the water.

BRIDGET
So. Listen. I want to call a truce.

HANK
A truce.

BRIDGET
I know we haven't quite --
established our balance of power.
But I don't want to be at odds with
you. I can see you make Rae happy.

Hank is suspicious, but genuinely relieved.

HANK
I appreciate that. I really want to
be friends with you. And Rae loves
you so much. She'd be devastated if
this tore you apart.

Bridget tenses a little.

BRIDGET
Why would it tear us apart?

HANK
What?

BRIDGET
It's way more likely it would tear
you guys apart.

HANK
Right, okay. For sure.

BRIDGET
Gun to her head --

HANK
(aghast)
Gun to her head?

BRIDGET
If she had to -- and it would be
devastating, but if she had to --

HANK
(losing patience)
Well she shouldn't have to.

Bridget flushes at his tone.

HANK (CONT'D)
Sorry. Just, it seems like a lot of
pressure when one person is your
everything. I'm sure you feel that
way too.

BRIDGET
Too? Did Rae say that?

POV: RAE'S KAYAK

Rae paddles up to them, watching them talk. Her parents are
in a kayak nearby.

RAE
Look at them. They're getting
along.

RAE'S DAD
I don't know... she is using a lot
of hand gestures.

Rae watches for another moment, getting worried. She paddles
up alongside them mid-argument.

HANK
No, but, like -- just, your
history, Rae has said a bit about
Cooper, and I notice you two are
very -- reliant on one another --

BRIDGET
Well, Rae has told me about you,
too. Do you think your dad has
Asperger's, or is he just not proud
of you?

HANK

(to Rae)

Why does she know about that?

BRIDGET

I know everything about you! And everything about Rae! You could never compete. I'm number one!

RAE

What is going on?

BRIDGET

I know the real Rae! I literally made her! Arguably, without me, you wouldn't even be here!

(hearing it)

Oh shit. It's a Frankenstein situation, you're the monster of my own creation.

HANK

Rae and I are in love. There's nothing you could say about her that would shock me.

BRIDGET

Trust me, there is.

HANK

Try it.

RAE

Bridget, stop. Hank, stop.

She tries to grab onto their kayak.

BRIDGET

I know stuff about Rae that Rae doesn't even know.

HANK

Okay, we each have our own dynamic with her. How's that?

BRIDGET

I know she sleeps like this --

Her and Hank make IDENTICAL sleeping faces, with their mouths slightly open, at the same time.

RAE

Hank, don't take the bait --

BRIDGET

I know she pees in the middle of the night at --

HANK

Exactly 3:11.

BRIDGET

I shared a wall with her for ten years.

Hank's brow furrows, *where is this going?* Then, Bridget IMITATES Rae's ORGASM PERFECTLY. Rae puts her head in her hands.

HANK

(to himself)

Am I horny?

Bridget is living for Hank's embarrassment.

BRIDGET

I'm in a chat with her parents that Rae's not even in. You think because you're her boyfriend you suddenly trump me? I could marry her too, the laws are there!

HANK

I don't see it like that. I don't feel competitive with you.

BRIDGET

I see how fucking smug you are. You act like like our apartment is your apartment! You take phone calls from there. You invite your friends over. You use the non-stick pan. That's my pan!

RAE

That's our pan. We split the cost.

HANK

I clean it every time I use it!

BRIDGET

You should pay utilities!

HANK

I'm open to that!

BRIDGET

I know her social security number!

HANK

I don't care!

BRIDGET

I've seen lots of guys come and go.
Like bags in the wind.

RAE

Bridget, that's enough.

BRIDGET

In a few months time, Rae will be
at NYU, doing nine hours of
homework a night and coming home to
me, and you'll just be a story we
laugh about --

Rae snaps, she can't handle it.

RAE

I'm not going to NYU!

Bridget turns to Rae, not understanding.

BRIDGET

What are you talking about?

RAE

I'm going to Stanford. I'm moving
to California.

BRIDGET

You're what?

There's a horrible stillness as she processes this.

HANK

You decided? Holy shit, Rae. This
is huge.

Bridget turns, in slow-motion, towards Hank.

BRIDGET

You knew about this?

Hank blinks in terror. He says nothing.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

You knew. Before me?!?!
(processing, traumatized)
She told you first?!

This is too much for Bridget to take. SHE SCREAMS and LEANS HER BODY WEIGHT fully onto the back of the kayak.

It FLIPS OVER. HER AND HANK FULLY SUBMERGE.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
(coming up for air)
Why don't you drown me?! Since
you've already killed me!

RAE
The water's eight feet deep! You're
not gonna drown!

Hank is FLAILING IN THE WATER.

HANK
Not a strong swimmer!

BRIDGET
Well good luck in California!

Something snaps in Rae. Rae SCREAMS TOO.

RAE
You don't have to swim in California!
That doesn't make any sense!

She DIVES off the boat towards Bridget. For ONE STILL MOMENT, she's underwater. Hank and Bridget both freeze, waiting for her to surface.

Then, suddenly, she does, and lunges for Bridget, pulling her hair. EVERYBODY IS SUBMERGED AND SCREAMING. CHAOS ENSUES. SWIMMING AND SPITTING OUT WATER AND GENERALLY LOOKING CRAZY.

Bridget KICKS towards Rae to get her off. Rae jumps on Bridget's back. Hank tries to get in between them, and Rae accidentally punches him in the face.

RAE (CONT'D)
Shit, sorry!

His mouth is bleeding but he gives a thumbs up.

RAE (CONT'D)
What is wrong with you?! Are you so
self-centered that you can't be
nice to Hank for two days?

BRIDGET
Self-centered? You mean, like
getting a boyfriend and immediately
demoting your best friend?

RAE

You're making me feel like I'm a bad person because I have a boyfriend. That's fucking normal!

BRIDGET

You said it was Rumspringa! You're not doing Rumspringa right! You don't fall in love! That's not Amish!

Bridget pushes Rae's head underwater. Rae pulls her foot and Bridget gets pulled under, too. When they surface:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

And now you're moving?! Who are we, The Americans? We have secret little plots now?

RAE

I only hid it because I knew you'd react like this! I knew you wouldn't be happy for me because it's not part of your plan for how my life should be.

BRIDGET

I'm sorry I'm not happy that my best friend turned out to be as mindless and domesticated as everyone else.

RAE

You're just jealous. I can fall in love, I can be happy, and normal, and you can't. You're just like, a damaged person, Bridget, and I can't be responsible for you forever.

Bridget lets go of her and Rae stops thrashing. The ENTIRE PARTY is watching them.

BRIDGET

Wow, okay.

RAE

No I didn't mean that.

BRIDGET

I'm holding you back.

RAE

You're not. I don't think that.

BRIDGET

You do. I see it. Without me you have all these new friends, and your parents are proud of you --

Rae's parents nod in spite of themselves.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

-- and you're moving, I guess.

RAE'S MOM

We're upset about the moving too!

RAE'S DAD

Yeah, like, California?! What about Pennsylvania?!

RAE'S MOM

No, Dan, still too far.

RAE

Bridget, that's not what I meant. I just wanted both, I wanted to get to share this -- not just school, but Hank, all of that, with you.

Rae swims closer to her and Bridget pushes her off.

BRIDGET

All this time we said we had this special friendship. We were going to be different. Our friendship was always going to come first. But we're not different, as it turns out. Which is fine. So let's just get into relationships, and drift apart, and pretend it's not happening like everyone else does.

She ducks underwater and SWIMS TO SHORE.

EXT. LAKE - SHORELINE - MINUTES LATER

It's late afternoon now. Bridget grabs her sandals, phone, and towel from the shoreline and sprints off.

INT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Bridget is RUNNING and CRYING while trying to place several phone calls. She cries INTO THE PHONE UNINTELLIGIBLY.

BRIDGET
SOS! SOS! Emergency! Emergency!

EXT. RAE'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

A CAR PULLS UP. Bridget RUNS TOWARDS IT.

INT. MONICA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bridget slides into the backseat and we see Monica is driving the car, Alex riding shotgun. As soon as the car pulls out, Bridget BREAKS DOWN.

ALEX
Jesus Christ, are you okay?

MONICA
What happened?! We've been so worried about you! You didn't show up to work, you missed the dinner --

ALEX
You haven't answered our calls in two days! I thought you were kidnapped!

MONICA
I explained you're obviously way too old to be targeted for that.

ALEX
I've never been texted "SOS" before. I felt like I was in a crime drama.

MONICA
Did someone die? Where are we?

Bridget is SOBBING.

BRIDGET
It's Rae. It's Rae --

EXT. RAE'S CAR, BY THE LAKE - SAME TIME

Rae and Hank load the back of the car with their suitcases, not speaking. Rae slams the trunk HARDER than normal. Hank looks to her, and she looks away.

HANK
Are you sure you're okay?

He reaches out for her.

HANK (CONT'D)
Are we okay?

Rae shrugs his arm off and gets into the drivers seat.

INT. MONICA'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

BRIDGET
(wailing)
I caught him at dinner with her family. They came to the city and didn't invite me! And before you say "it's just dinner," it's never just dinner. It's a subtle shift in the status quo that, over time, becomes the accepted new normal! Before you know it, I'm only invited on birthdays and holidays! And I'm just supposed to accept it because that's "how life is".

Alex and Monica stare straight ahead, expressions unreadable.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I was here first! I've been here for everything. I put in her first tampon. Literally, I inserted it. She'd be free-bleeding if it wasn't for me! I'm the one who built up her self-esteem gradually over a decade. And don't even get me started on her parents. They're lawyers, would it bankrupt them to take one extra person to dinner?
(a beat, then)
I'm just like, what's the point of investing in friendship if you're demoted when a guy comes along. Boyfriend years are like dog years!

Monica white-knuckles the wheel.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I get so mad. But then I think about when Cooper dumped me, Rae was the only one who stopped being friends with him. She's always there for me.
(realizing)
And then I think I might be a really horrible, selfish person.

MONICA
I mean, yeah.

Bridget pulls up, surprised.

BRIDGET
What do you mean, "yeah"?

MONICA
You are selfish. You couldn't be bothered to give me or Alex the time of day until your roommate, like, found joy in her life.

BRIDGET
Wait, you think she found joy?
(hearing it)
And that's not true.

MONICA
I mean, we were waiting for you at Saint Ann's. You blew us off. We drove two hours in the middle of the night. We thought you were in danger, you said it was an emergency.

BRIDGET
It's 9pm. And ok, I'm sorry, I didn't know it was that deep --

MONICA
And what you were doing was so deep? Terrorizing your friend and her boyfriend? Are you going to apologize to Alex?

Alex is looking out the window. Monica signals and roughly pulls over. They're now in UPTOWN MANHATTAN.

BRIDGET
Alex doesn't care. Right, Alex?

ALEX
It's fine.

MONICA
It's not fine. He went out of his way to do something nice for you and try to save your job.

BRIDGET
What -- no he didn't. He planned it to hang out with Kimberly.

Monica looks at Alex. Alex puts his head down on the dashboard.

MONICA

He did it for you. Because you're a writer and he wants to help you, so you can get your novel published, or whatever. He likes you.

BRIDGET

Yeah, he likes me. We're friends. We like each other.

Alex doesn't move.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Alex, tell Monica we're just, like, mindless sex machines who don't have real feelings.

Alex doesn't lift his head. Bridget's mouth is dry.

Monica unbuckles her seatbelt, turns around, and opens Bridget's passenger-side door.

MONICA

You want to be a shitty friend to me, fine. Maybe you don't owe me anything. But I'm not going to watch you treat Alex like this.

She gestures for Bridget to get out of the car.

MONICA (CONT'D)

And you know who you're an even worse friend to? Rae. Maybe you should think about why she was so eager to get a boyfriend or move away.

Bridget stands alone on the sidewalk next to her suitcase.

MONICA (CONT'D)

You owe me sixty dollars for gas. And four dollars and fifty cents for Sour Skittles. There's taxes on junk food now.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Bridget is sitting where we left her. After a beat, she stands up and starts WHEELING HER SUITCASE down the street. Maybe it's RAINING FOR GOOD MEASURE.

INT. SUBWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Bridget, with her suitcase and makeup down her face, rides the subway alone. She checks her phone. No messages. She checks Find my Friends. Rae has unshared her location.

INT. BRIDGET AND RAE'S APARTMENT - VERY LATER THAT NIGHT

Bridget opens the door and stops, her jaw dropped. We see that HALF OF THE APARTMENT HAS BEEN CLEARED OUT -- random stuff off the walls, one of the chairs in the living room, THE TV.

Rae is gone.

Bridget is completely alone.

MONTAGE: MAYBE "AS THE WORLD CAVES IN" PLAYS DURING THIS. OR SOMETHING SIMILAR. SOMETHING HOPELESS!

INT. BRIDGET AND RAE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Bridget, having slept on it, is in disbelief at the emptiness of her apartment. She goes into Rae's room and sees Rae hasn't been fully able to move out -- the bed still there, but the sheets are stripped, etc.

She goes to call Rae, but can't bring herself to do it. She puts her phone down.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridget sits at her desk, isolated. Monica is next to Alex, looking over his shoulder.

MONICA

This is it. You've finally landed
Kimberly from Knopf.

ALEX

My magnum opus. I've got the dinner
reservation. I've got her number
saved with her full name.

MONICA

You're a changed man.

Bridget acts as though she isn't listening.

INT. BRIDGET AND RAE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bridget hooks up with the PRETENTIOUS GUY from the first act.

PRETENTIOUS GUY
I'm so glad I came over.

BRIDGET
Oh yea. Same.

They keep kissing.

PRETENTIOUS GUY
I almost didn't. My friends told me
not to.

This slows Bridget for a second.

BRIDGET
Your friends. Told you. Not to hang
out with me?

PRETENTIOUS GUY
I mean, yeah. You're, like, mean
and selfish. But it's ok, these
violent delights have violent ends.
(a beat, then)
Shakespeare again.

He goes in to kiss her. She lets him, clearly distracted.

INT. BRIDGET AND RAE'S APARTMENT - ANOTHER DAY

Rae's PARENTS stand in the doorway, looking guilty, while
MOVERS pack up the rest of Rae's furniture. Bridget watches.

RAE'S MOM
(mouthing)
We still love you.

Rae's dad draws a heart with his hands.

BRIDGET
Can you guys not talk to me? Are
you forbidden to talk to me?

They both mime yes.

RAE'S DAD
(mouthing)
And Hank. We're not allowed to talk
to Hank either.

Bridget can barely make out what he's saying.

BRIDGET
Why not? Did she break up with
Hank? What happened?

Rae's parents once again attempt to mouth the response, but it's TOO LONG AND ELABORATE, and the MOVERS ARE CROSSING IN BETWEEN THEM EVERY FEW SECONDS.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridget looks at Rae's instagram, but there are no new posts. Monica and Alex watch her, furtively.

INT. RAE'S PARENTS HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rae packs away boxes of her clothes. She pulls out the NYU sweatshirt Bridget gave her and looks at it.

INT. BRIDGET'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bridget sits in front of a big word document, typing away. She stops for a second and realizes *she's done*. She saves the file and almost smiles for a moment.

EXT. STREETS - BROOKLYN - DAY

Bridget, on a run, stops at an intersection and checks her map, which is routing her somewhere. She slows to a walk and approaches a small BROWNSTONE where a BROKER stands.

BRIDGET
Hey. Bridget.

They shake hands.

BROKER
Got a few great studios around here
that should do the trick. Have you
lived alone before?

BRIDGET
This will be my first time.

INT. CUTE ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The place Rae and Hank went on their first real date.

Bridget sits there, across from A ROMANTIC PROSPECT, giving him the proper time of day, trying to focus and listen to him. She's not enamored, but she's doing her best.

EXT. RAE'S PARENTS HOUSE - BACKYARD

Rae reads a book with her parents in the background. She stops, putting her book down. Takes her phone out and goes to call Bridget. As the phone rings, she hangs up and puts it away.

INT. COATES PUBLISHING HOUSE - DAY

Bridget and Alex sit awkwardly in Coates' office. They avoid making eye contact.

COATES

Thank you, Alex, for submitting
"the Other Buscemi." I think we can
do something with that. And as for
Bridget --

He lifts a MANUSCRIPT with BRIDGET'S NAME ON IT.

COATES (CONT'D)

I'll be honest, I only read ten
pages of this because I just
couldn't be bothered.

He passes the galley back to Bridget.

BRIDGET

You're not gonna read the rest?

COATES

The assignment was to bring in a
celebrity manuscript. Do you or do
you not have a book that I can
sell?

BRIDGET

I mean, no -- I don't --

COATES

Not even from Julia Louis Dreyfus'
son? The one who's a "comedian"?

BRIDGET

Is he even famous?

COATES

No. But he will keep trying.

Her dream shattered, Bridget takes a swing.

BRIDGET

What I have there is really good.
And if you're not going to read it,
then I want a raise. I want to make
-- what Alex makes.

She points at Alex, who determinedly doesn't meet her gaze.

COATES

Bridget, you ignored your
assignment and have been openly
writing your own book on company
payroll. You're obviously fired.

Bridget is shocked. Alex looks devastated too.

EXT. STREETS - NEW YORK - A LITTLE LATER

Bridget, carrying a box of all her work stuff, walks down
Second Ave. A bit in a daze. We hear --

VOICE (O.S.)

Bridget? Is that you?

Bridget looks up and comes face-to-face with COOPER (30s,
Nice Guy).

BRIDGET

Cooper?

COOPER

Wow, it's crazy running into you!

He holds his arms out for a hug. Bridget clumsily shifts her
belongings from one arm to another before putting them down
on the ground and accepting the hug.

They hug for a beat. Bridget's eyes close -- *this is the guy
she's been pining for!* -- and she takes it in for a second.

BRIDGET

How are you? What are you doing
here? I thought you lived in
Boston.

COOPER

I do. But -- actually -- I just got
engaged. So I'm here celebrating
with my family.

Bridget's face freezes.

BRIDGET
Oh really?

COOPER
Yeah. I hope that's not weird to say.

BRIDGET
(gritted teeth)
No, no, that's great. That's awesome, that's amazing news.
(why is she saying this?)
How'd it -- happen? Tell me about her! Gimme the deets!

COOPER
Thanks! Yeah. It's the same girl -- Meg. She's great, she does healthcare marketing.

BRIDGET
Awesome. Really cool job.

COOPER
Isn't it?

BRIDGET
I understand healthcare marketing and think it is cool.

COOPER
Um, we live together. Obviously. And we have a cat named Brady. Oh, the proposal, so, basically we saw a Celtics game, and it was on the Jumbotron. She's a big sports fan. And it looks like we're gonna get married at her family's church.

Bridget is nodding, but a strange feeling is coming over her. She is not jealous at all of Cooper's cute, boring life.

BRIDGET
Wow. That's really great. That's actually -- so nice to hear.

COOPER
What about you?

BRIDGET
Oh. I just got fired, actually.

COOPER
Oh yeah? Shit, I'm sorry.

BRIDGET

No, it's actually kind of a good thing. I'm gonna be a writer.

As she says it, she realizes it's true.

COOPER

Wow. Whoa. Are you gonna -- is that a stable career choice?

BRIDGET

No. It's not.

She just beams at him.

COOPER

Okay. Well, that's cool. Good for you. Taking a risk, that's dope.

BRIDGET

Thanks. And I'm actually really happy you're happy.

COOPER

Thanks, Bridget.

They hug again, awkwardly, and Bridget bends down to pick up all her things. She is buoyant, lighter than air. She doesn't want Cooper's life at all!

COOPER (CONT'D)

Good luck with the adventure. Oh, and tell Rae I say hi, obviously.

BRIDGET

Right.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - MAYBE A FEW WEEKS LATER

Bridget writes at her laptop next to a FAT STACK OF REJECTION LETTERS. She looks up when there's a KNOCK ON HER DOOR. She gets up and opens it, cautious and unreadable.

BRIDGET

Oh, my god. Thanks for coming. I wasn't sure you would.

REVEAL: It's Monica. She stands there, trying to look stern.

MONICA

When you got fired I assumed you'd have a mental breakdown. So I came to see if it was true.

BRIDGET
Do you want to come in?

MONICA
I'm okay out here.

Bridget swallows.

BRIDGET
Okay. Fair. Okay. Well, here it goes: I'm sorry.

Monica waits for Bridget to elaborate. Bridget sighs.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Make me work for it. Okay. You're right. I was a really bad friend to you. I used you. I honestly didn't mean to, but I was just -- preoccupied. Which you know. And I'm sorry.

MONICA
Yeah. You made me feel like a total afterthought while you preached about the meaning of friendship.

BRIDGET
I honestly did -- and do -- really care about our friendship.

MONICA
You had a shit way of showing it.

BRIDGET
Does it make you feel better that everything backfired and I have no friends?

MONICA
I wouldn't say better. Vindicated, maybe.

BRIDGET
Relish it, by all means.

They share a wry smile. Monica relaxes. Forgiving her.

MONICA
Part of me thought maybe you were hitting me up so I would finally set you up on a date.

Bridget retches.

BRIDGET

Don't hold your breath. And how rude would that be, we get in a huge fight and then I text you for help on something?

MONICA

Rude would sort of fit your profile.

BRIDGET

Okay, I'm sorry!

MONICA

I'm gonna give you shit for a lot longer.

(then)

So, where are you at on your apology tour?

BRIDGET

You were my first stop.

MONICA

I feel worthy of that.

She steps over the apartment threshold.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Okay, well, now that we're friends again, should we --

She looks at Bridget's phone, which is buzzing. RAE'S MOM is calling her. Bridget answers and we hear the frantic sound of another voice on the line.

Bridget holds the phone away from her mouth.

BRIDGET

Well. I don't relish admitting this but I have to bail on you.

MONICA

Are you serious? That is classic.

BRIDGET

I swear this was an accident!

INT. SUBWAY STATION - SECONDS LATER

SWELLING MUSIC PLAYS as Bridget SPRINTS through the station.

EXT. A DIFFERENT SUBWAY STATION - LATER

Bridget transfers to another train, sweating, shoving past people. She SPRINTS UP AN ESCALATOR going the opposite direction.

EXT. APARTMENT DOOR

Bridget, panting heavily, knocks on a door. We wait, anticipating who it will be, and the door swings open, revealing... HANK.

HANK

Bridget?

BRIDGET

Oh no, you're here.

HANK

Yeah, I'm -- did you think I wouldn't be at my own apartment?

BRIDGET

I was hoping you wouldn't be! I was being thorough! Why aren't you with Rae?

HANK

She dumped me.

As he says it, he starts crying.

BRIDGET

Oh Jesus, don't -- do that.
(she pats him awkwardly)
What happened?

HANK

After you guys -- fell out, I don't know, broke up? -- she was just like, "oh, I need to focus on school, blah, relationships are unreliable, blah blah, they're a placebo for real accomplishment."

BRIDGET

Now she listens to me?!

She checks her watch.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Okay, we gotta go. We can talk on the way.

HANK

No, she doesn't want me, I have to respect her boundaries --

BRIDGET

You idiot, your breakup has nothing to do with you! It's about me! This whole thing has always been entirely about me and Rae.

She grabs his hand.

HANK

I think parts were also about me?

INT. SUBWAY STATION [MULTIPLE]

The same MANIC SPRINTING, only now BRIDGET AND HANK are RUNNING, HOLDING HANDS, THROUGH THE STATIONS.

They SHOVE UP crowded staircases and SLIDE DOWN ESCALATOR BARRISTERS. Hank hoists Bridget over a turnstile.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - SECONDS LATER

Bridget and HANK RUN through the terminal at JFK, having a full-on rom-com moment. Bridget's hair is streaming behind her, she's sweating, Hank's panting. FROM HER POV, we see thousands of STRANGERS, and then, finally, mercifully --

BRIDGET

There she is!

Rae is in line for security. She's wearing the NYU sweatshirt Bridget gave her. Bridget hands Hank a PLANE TICKET.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Take this. You need to go with her. She can't move to California without you! Who will carry the boxes?!

HANK

I can't! I can't do it!

BRIDGET

Please, I didn't factor in how slow you'd be on the uptake.

HANK

No. Really, I can't. She doesn't want me.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

She said I ruined the one thing she
cared about -- your friendship.

Bridget blinks.

BRIDGET

She said that?

HANK

You're her best friend.

BRIDGET

Well, I don't need to be. I
shouldn't be! Take the ticket and
go. Trust me. Just go explain
everything to her, she watches all
those movies, she likes gestures.

Hank takes the ticket.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Trust me, go.

He runs towards Rae. We watch Rae, looking confused, as he
talks to her for a second. Bridget just smiles, panting
heavily, as they EMBRACE. Then, Rae looks into the crowd, as
if looking for someone.

She turns to Hank, says something we don't hear, and then
ducks out of the security line and SPOTS BRIDGET.

RAE

You're not gonna say goodbye?

They just look at one another for a moment. Then, wordlessly,
they HUG! Bridget holds onto her for dear life.

BRIDGET

You moved out. You didn't call or
text or anything. But I couldn't
let you fuck things up with Hank --

RAE

You left Beacon! You didn't call
me! I thought you didn't --

She can't finish her sentence, her throat catches.

RAE (CONT'D)

I thought you didn't love me
anymore.

Bridget can't help it, she gags a little. Rae bursts out
laughing.

RAE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, don't gag at my insecurity!

BRIDGET

You're right, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I was jealous. I am possessive of you, because you're the most important person in my life. I'm scared nobody else will ever get me the way you do. And I don't want to meet a guy who becomes my emergency contact, or who is my go-to. I like that my person is you! I'm threatened that you have something more meaningful than this friendship. Because I know I won't.

RAE

Are you kidding?! I'm sorry! No guy could come close to meaning as much to me as you do. They don't fully get me! It makes me feel like I'm broken, like something went wrong in the lab. Am I that complicated?

(conspiratorial)

You know, when we were driving back from Beacon, Hank told me to "care less about being perfect". What does that even mean?

BRIDGET

I had to teach Alex and Monica all the choreography to the Hoedown Throwdown. Neither of them have seen the Hannah Montana movie. Not even clips!

RAE

I should have told you about this. About Stanford. That wasn't your fault. I was just blaming you, because I didn't want to face that things were going to change.

She takes Bridget's hands.

RAE (CONT'D)

And I mean this. If you want me to break up with Hank, I will. We can pretend this never happened.

It is so, so tempting. Bridget savors it for a minute. But:

BRIDGET

You can't break up with Hank. Your mom will kill me.

RAE

You're the love of my life. Hank is a love, it's not the same.

BRIDGET

I believe you.

(then)

This is the part where I say "don't get on that plane!" But you have to get on the plane, right?

RAE

Yeah, no, I need to get on the plane. I have orientation in 30 hours.

BRIDGET

California. This is the furthest apart we'll have ever been.

RAE

Are you -- are we gonna be okay?

BRIDGET

I can handle it.

They hug. A TOURIST DAD tries to get around them.

RAE

I miss you right now.

BRIDGET

In this moment. I already miss you.

TOURIST DAD

This is very rude! I'm in a hurry! My family only has 7.5 hours until our flight!

RAE

Shut the fuck up!

BRIDGET

Genuinely, you're not part of this, fuck you.

They turn back to each other, beaming.

RAE (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm going. I love you. Wish me luck.

BRIDGET

Luck.

RAE

Say it back.

BRIDGET

I love you.

Rae turns to go, but then stops and hugs Bridget ONE MORE TIME. They're both crying. Everything in their life is about to change. Bridget watches Rae weave her way back to her place in line.

INT. BRIDGET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE

Bridget changes into the OUTFIT SHE LENT Rae earlier, the "first date" outfit. She turns to Monica, who sits on her bed, watching.

BRIDGET

Okay. Am I ready?

MONICA

He's gonna love you.

INT. DANCE-Y BAR - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

At the bar, we see the BACK OF A GUY'S HEAD. Bridget checks her phone. A text from Monica reads: **BLUE BUTTON DOWN**. Bridget confirms that this is the guy.

She looks hesitant for a moment, even nauseous, but she grits her teeth and heads over with momentum. She TAPS HIM on the shoulder and he turns to reveal: IT'S ALEX. He looks a little stunned.

BRIDGET

Hi.

ALEX

Hi?

BRIDGET

Hi.

ALEX

What are you doing here? Are you --
oh god, are you on a date?

BRIDGET

Alex. I'm your date.

Alex shakes his head for a second.

ALEX

But no. Monica said she had someone to set me up with. She said I was the "guy of her dreams."

He hears himself out loud and gives Bridget a long look.

BRIDGET

Let me just say one thing and then you can totally leave. Obviously I'm kind of an idiot when it comes to being vulnerable. And I thought I was clever by only letting Rae in, and then I wasn't even really letting Rae in, because I was so fixated on controlling the relationship that I didn't even, like, experience it as a living thing.

(off his face)

Right, but this is about you, not Rae. My point is they're kind of the same? I wanted to beat you to the punch. And reject myself before you could reject me?

It looks like Alex might soften, but instead --

ALEX

Sometimes it felt like we were on the same page, and other times -- I was confused. I felt manipulated. I was a pawn in a bigger game for you.

BRIDGET

Yeah. I guess I was manipulating you, without meaning to. And I guess I'm also doing it now. Because I manipulated you into going on a date with me. Sorry.

ALEX

It's respectable. You did to me what I did to everyone else. Fair played. I learned something, you learned something.

BRIDGET

Truce?

She holds her hand out. Alex takes it.

ALEX

Truce.

They smile at each other. A little peace restored.

BRIDGET

Here, want to see something cool? I can say it now without even cringing: I did like you. I still like you. I totally fantasized about us being together.

(off his shocked face)

I'm working on myself. Brag.

He looks at her for a second, appraising.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I ran into my ex-boyfriend, and I thought it was going to make me even sadder. But all I was thinking was like, "Alex is so much cooler than this guy". Should I keep going? I'm not even embarrassed right now, honestly. That's how evolved I've become. I'm also distressingly charmed by --

ALEX

Wait. I still like you, too.

Bridget is genuinely shocked.

BRIDGET

What? But I was manipulative. And self-centered. And I made out with that really old guy.

ALEX

I like you. I want to undo all the damage other people have done to you. I want you to work out your intimacy issues on me.

Bridget can't speak for a few moments.

BRIDGET

You -- you want to fix me?

Alex nods. Bridget looks thrilled for a moment, then:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

But you have so many issues. You've never had a real relationship. You pursued a woman named Kimberly!

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I mean, don't even get me started on the Dark Mommy stuff. You're in no position to fix me.

ALEX

I am. They call me the Savior. They call me the Second Coming.

BRIDGET

Nobody calls you that. Nobody talks about you.

Alex raises his eyebrows.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Except for me.

Alex KISSES HER! They make out for a satisfying few moments!

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT - SOMETIME IN THE FALL

The air is bluer, the trees have gone ORANGE. MONTHS HAVE PASSED. Rae, Bridget, and Monica walk up to a restaurant.

MONICA

-- but you like Palo Alto? Could you see yourself staying there?

RAE

Yeah, I actually could. As long as Bridget moves with me.

BRIDGET

Yeah, you know that thing where your roommate moves with you when you go to grad school?

They push into the restaurant, all still talking --

CROWD

Surprise!

They look up. Rae and Monica are both shocked. An ELABORATE ENGAGEMENT is SET UP -- balloons and streamers hang from the ceiling. A CROWD of people start CHEERING.

MONICA'S GIRLFRIEND appears and gets down on one knee. Monica BURSTS INTO TEARS! Rae and Bridget scoot into the crowd and find Hank and Alex. Everybody starts cheering.

ALEX

Nicely done, I don't think she suspected a thing.

BRIDGET

Me neither. They're so cute.

Monica and her girlfriend are kissing and cheers'ing.

ALEX

What's your plan for after? Can I sleep over tonight?

Bridget shakes her head.

BRIDGET

No way. Rae's only in town for a week and I share custody with Hank. I get weekends.

HANK

I don't like when you say it like that! We're a team!

BRIDGET

I consider us a divorced couple with an incredibly amicable dynamic.

ALEX

(to Bridget)

Ugh, fine, but I miss you.

BRIDGET

Me too. You're the second most important person in my life.

ALEX

It's lonely at the almost top.

They kiss. He and Hank walk to the bar. Rae and Bridget observe the celebration for a moment in silence, smiling.

RAE

You know, for a second I thought the proposal was for me.

Bridget doesn't respond.

RAE (CONT'D)

But I would never do that to you.

BRIDGET

Yeah, no, we have to draw the line somewhere.

END CREDITS