

INGRID GOES WEST

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FADE IN ON:

A MONTAGE OF PHOTOS AND VIDEO FROM A YOUNG COUPLE'S WEDDING WEEKEND SET TO CLASSICAL MUSIC --

A PHOTO of a wedding altar and rows of empty chairs set out on a lawn in front of a glistening lake.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
*Is this real? Hashtag no filter.*

A VIDEO of CHARLOTTE, 29, the bride-to-be, and a group of her friends doing yoga in front of a LAKE HOUSE.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
*Namaste, bitches. Prayer hands emoji.*

A PHOTO of a mouth-watering plate of eggs Benedict.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
*Brunch game strong. Flex emoji.*

A VIDEO of the groom-to-be diving off a pier in SLOW-MOTION.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
*Yep. That's how we roll.*

A PHOTO of a bunch of WASP-y looking girls and a token gay guy in cocktail attire, holding glasses of rosé.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
*Getting the band back together.  
Hashtag all the wine.*

A VIDEO of the bride and groom kissing at the altar.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
*So glad I married this weirdo.  
Fluttering heart emoji.*

CUT TO:

ECU: The images are reflected in the eyes of a YOUNG WOMAN.

CLOSE on her THUMB scrolling through Instagram, compulsively 'Liking' EVERY SINGLE POST. *Tap-tap, tap-tap, tap-tap.*

CUT TO:

THE IMAGES ARE COMING FASTER NOW, VOICES BLENDING TOGETHER, THE DOUBLE-TAP OF THE THUMB CREATING AN ANXIOUS RHYTHM --

A VIDEO of Charlotte and her bridesmaids dancing. *Tap-tap.*

A PHOTO of champagne glasses clinking. *Tap-tap.*

A VIDEO of cake being shoved in the groom's face. *Tap-tap.*

VARIOUS SHOTS of people smiling, laughing, drinking, dancing.

*Tap-tap, tap-tap, tap-tap, tap-tap...*

CUT TO:

A PHOTO of Charlotte barefoot on the dance floor, still in her wedding dress, surrounded by friends and family.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)

*Happy to be sharing this day with  
all of my favorite humans. Hashtag  
blessed.*

**I/E. CAR - NIGHT**

INGRID THORBURN, 29, stares at the photo of Charlotte on her phone, the hood of her sweatshirt pulled up over her head, mascara tears running down both cheeks. She looks up.

HER POV - She is parked outside the LAKE HOUSE from the photos. A wedding party is in full swing, music thumping.

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Ingrid steps out of the car, wearing running shoes and a cocktail dress underneath her sweatshirt. We TRACK with her as she makes her way across the lawn, towards a large TENT filled with tables and people dancing.

Ingrid weaves her way through the crowd, unnoticed. She grabs a glass of champagne from a passing caterer and slugs it, tossing the empty glass aside as she notices --

CHARLOTTE

-- sitting at her table, still in her wedding dress, telling an animated story to a group of enthralled WEDDING GUESTS.

INGRID

Hi Charlotte.

Charlotte and a few of her guests turn, smiling. Charlotte recognizes Ingrid and just as suddenly her smile vanishes.

CHARLOTTE

Ingrid...?

INGRID  
 Congratulations.

Ingrid holds up a PEPPER SPRAY GUN and blasts Charlotte in the face. Charlotte squeezes her eyes shut, screaming.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
 THANKS FOR INVITING ME, CUNT!

The party erupts into chaos. Charlotte's bridesmaids rush to her aid. Ingrid tries to make a run for it but is tackled to the dance floor by a couple of athletic GROOMSMEN.

CLOSE on Ingrid writhing on the floor and sobbing as we --

CUT TO:

A STATIC SHOT of the Pacific Ocean shimmering under a pink and orange sky. We HEAR the sound of waves crashing against the shoreline as the TITLE FADES IN --

### INGRID GOES WEST

We PULL BACK to reveal that the beach is a motivational poster hanging on an otherwise empty wall.

INGRID (V.O.)  
 Dear Charlotte.

A calmer, healthier-looking Ingrid sits on the edge of a twin bed inside the sterile room, staring up at the poster. She looks down at the notebook in her lap and continues writing --

INGRID (V.O.)  
 I just want you to know how sorry I  
 am about what happened.

### INT. HALLWAY - THE MEADOWS - MORNING

Ingrid steps up to a window where a nurse hands her a paper cup filled with medicine. She tosses back her pills and opens her mouth wide, sticking out her tongue.

INGRID (V.O.)  
 In a lot of ways, having this time  
 apart has been good for me. It's  
 given me a chance to reflect.

### INT. REC ROOM - THE MEADOWS - DAY

Ingrid plays ping-pong against a pale 15-YEAR-OLD GIRL.

INGRID (V.O.)  
I'm learning how to be present.

**INT. CAFETERIA - THE MEADOWS - DAY**

Ingrid is eating a sandwich and reading a worn copy of *The Language of Letting Go*, highlighting her favorite passages.

INGRID (V.O.)  
How to live in the moment.

**INT. REC ROOM - THE MEADOWS - DAY**

Ingrid sits in a circle with a small group, nodding in sympathy as a female patient shares a harrowing story.

INGRID (V.O.)  
How to listen.

**INT. REC ROOM - THE MEADOWS - NIGHT**

Ingrid and her fellow patients are sitting in chairs watching *Clueless* on a pull-down projector screen. Ingrid laughs, then pauses, remembering something.

INGRID (V.O.)  
Sometimes I'll hear a joke or see something that reminds me of you and I feel sad because I have no way of telling you about it.

**EXT. GRASSY AREA - THE MEADOWS - MORNING**

Ingrid sits cross-legged, meditating next to a large oak tree.

INGRID (V.O.)  
But maybe that's okay. Maybe it's good to feel alone once in a while.

**INT. REC ROOM - THE MEADOWS - DAY**

Ingrid waves goodbye to the other patients, exchanging hugs.

INGRID (V.O.)  
I don't know what the future holds for me. I just know that things are going to be different now.

**INT. LOBBY - THE MEADOWS - DAY**

Ingrid is waiting at the front desk clutching a faded L.L. Bean backpack with her name stitched across the top. She makes sure no one is watching then reaches over the counter and slides a stamped envelope into the OUTGOING MAIL bin.

INGRID (V.O.)  
 Hopefully someday you and I can  
 look back on all of this and laugh.

A NURSE appears, handing Ingrid a plastic bag filled with her personal items. Ingrid opens the bag, taking out her IPHONE.

CLOSE on the phone. We SEE Ingrid's face reflected in the glass. She cradles it in her hand, caressing the screen.

INGRID (V.O.)  
 Your friend, always --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 Ingrid!

Ingrid turns, snapping out of her reverie.

HER POV - Ingrid's sister, ERIN, 32, pregnant and dressed in catalog casual, stands in the lobby. She waves, hopeful.

**I/E. ERIN'S SUV (MOVING) - DAY**

Erin drives while Ingrid rides shotgun with her head out the window, staring out at the Pennsylvania suburbs as they pass by. She notices a Corona billboard with the slogan "*Find Your Beach*" and smiles.

ERIN  
 Sorry I'm late. I had to pull  
 Logan out of karate class. His  
 sensei had a cold sore.

Ingrid turns towards the backseat, still glowing.

INGRID  
 How's my little black belt, huh?

Erin's son, LOGAN, 4, sits in the back with headphones on, staring at his iPad. He doesn't look up.

ERIN  
 Oh, by the way, if anyone asks, we  
 told people you were at a yoga  
 retreat.

Ingrid looks at Erin, confused. She laughs uncomfortably.

INGRID  
For eight weeks?

ERIN  
We thought it'd be easier for you  
to not have to keep explaining to  
everyone where you were.

INGRID  
Yeah, the thing is... a big part of  
the healing process is learning how  
to talk about what happened and not  
care what other people think.

ERIN  
Totally get it. Keith and I just  
feel like all the hospital stuff  
might be a little heavy for Logan.  
He's only in Pre-K.

INGRID  
So what? You want me to pretend  
like everything's perfect?

ERIN  
No! Of course not. You can talk  
about it as much as you want. Just  
as long as we're talking about yoga  
and not, you know...

Ingrid is silent. This doesn't sit well with her.

ERIN (CONT'D)  
So... do you want to talk about it?

INGRID  
Not anymore.

They continue driving in silence. Ingrid turns back towards  
the window, her glow fading a bit.

**EXT. ERIN AND KEITH'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING**

A single-story Colonial house with a big yard. A police  
motorcycle is parked next to Erin's SUV in the driveway.

**INT. NURSERY - ERIN AND KEITH'S HOUSE - DAY**

The door opens and Erin's husband KEITH, 39, enters wearing a short-sleeved cop uniform, his shirt unbuttoned revealing a white tee underneath. He flicks on the light.

KEITH

-- and last but not least, I give you the Ingrid Suite. *Voila.*

Ingrid enters, looking around, with Erin close behind.

HER POV - A baby's nursery has been transformed into a temporary guest room. There is a cozy-looking bed with fresh flowers on the nightstand, a flat-screen TV, a basket filled with snacks and a banner that reads: "WELCOME HOME, INGRID!"

INGRID

(touched)

You guys, this is so nice.

ERIN

Stay as long as you want.

KEITH

Our casa is su casa.

INGRID

You didn't have to do all this.  
I'll only be here a few days.

Ingrid sets down her backpack and opens the closet. Erin and Keith exchange a worried look.

ERIN

Where were you planning on going?

INGRID

(read: obviously)

Back to Mom's house? Where all my stuff is?

Ingrid turns on the closet light and pauses. It's filled with clothes and cardboard boxes labeled: "INGRID"

ERIN

We were gonna wait until you were settled in to tell you but --

KEITH

(ripping off the band-aid)  
We sold the house, Ingrid.



Ingrid stares at them, completely blindsided.

CUT TO:

Erin and Keith are standing outside the bathroom door.

INGRID (O.S.)

Half that house was mine! She left  
it to both of us!

ERIN

Exactly. Which is why we put half  
of the money in a checking account  
under your name.

KEITH

Big ol' chunk of change, Ingrid.

No response.

ERIN

We figured you could use it. How  
else were we supposed to pay for  
all your medical bills?

The door flies open and Ingrid appears, eyes red.

INGRID

Don't you mean my *yoga retreat*?!

KEITH

Easy, Ingrid --

INGRID

No! Ever since Mom died, you guys  
have been waiting to kick me out.  
You just couldn't help yourselves,  
could you?!

ERIN

Ingy, that house was a dump. It  
was not a healthy environment for  
you.

Ingrid sits on the bed and closes her eyes, doing a breathing  
exercise, trying to calm herself.

INGRID

I'd like to be alone now, please.

KEITH

(to Erin)

Why don't you tell her how much we  
got for it?

INGRID

Why don't you go fuck yourself?

Silence. Erin gives Keith a look telling him to wait outside.

KEITH

Okey-dokey.

Keith exits. Erin sits next to Ingrid on the bed.

ERIN

Look, I know how close you were with Mom. I can't even imagine how hard that must have been for you. And after what happened with Charlotte --

INGRID

Erin...

ERIN

My point is, try and see this as an opportunity. A chance to put all that negativity behind you and start fresh. You can build a whole new life for yourself. The life you always wanted.

INGRID

I don't know what life I want.

ERIN

Don't worry. It'll come to you.

Ingrid says nothing. Erin takes her cue and exits, leaving behind a BANK FOLDER with Ingrid's name on it.

Ingrid buries her face in a pillow and SCREAMS. She lies there for a moment, then tosses the pillow aside, pulling out her phone and powering it on. The warm glow of the screen lights up her face as she stares at it longingly.

ON THE SCREEN - She opens Instagram and searches **@badcharlotte**. Charlotte's profile appears with a message:

*"This User Is Private."*

Ingrid sighs. She lies back on the bed, listening to the muffled family sounds downstairs, feeling empty and alone.

**INT. DRUGSTORE - DAY**

ECU: A series of items being scanned -- an at-home facial kit, a bag of gummy worms, the latest issue of *Vanity Fair*, a six-pack of Corona, a bottle of prescription pills...

Ingrid stands at the pharmacy counter with her earbuds in, listening to an audiobook while a PHARMACIST rings her up.

MELODY BEATTIE (V.O.)

*Maybe our pain is showing us we need to set a boundary. Maybe it's showing us we're going in a wrong direction...*

Ingrid looks up to see two of CHARLOTTE'S FRIENDS (JENNY and NICOLE) walking past. They make knowing eye contact with Ingrid, who quickly turns the other way.

The pharmacist hands Ingrid a plastic bag. She grabs it, throwing down cash and making a beeline for the exit.

MELODY BEATTIE (V.O.)

*It's okay to feel hurt; it's okay to cry; it's okay to heal; it's okay to move on to the next feeling, when it's time...*

Ingrid is almost to the door when she sees Jenny and Nicole rounding the corner right in front of her. Ingrid hides behind a cardboard display filled with candy.

We HOLD on Ingrid's face as she waits for them to pass, removing her earbuds so she can hear them whispering --

JENNY (O.S.)

-- what is up with her hair?

NICOLE (O.S.)

Seriously. Who's your stylist?  
Helen Keller?

They laugh. Ingrid touches her hair self-consciously.

JENNY (O.S.)

Didn't they send her to an insane asylum?

NICOLE (O.S.)

Yep. Her sister told everyone she was at a yoga retreat.

JENNY (O.S.)

So dark.

They disappear around a corner. Ingrid puts her earbuds back in and heads for the exit, trying not to show any emotion.

MELODY BEATTIE (V.O.)  
*Today, I will not strike out at  
 those who cause me pain. I will  
 feel my emotions and take  
 responsibility for them...*

**I/E. NICOLE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

A popsicle stick picture frame with a photo of Nicole and her family dangles from the rearview mirror.

We RACK FOCUS to Ingrid through the windshield as she exits the drugstore, recognizing Nicole's car.

**ANGLE - OUTSIDE THE CAR**

Ingrid makes sure no one is watching, then reaches into her purse and pulls out Erin's CAR KEY. She drags the key along the length of Nicole's car, leaving a jagged white scratch.

**I/E. ERIN'S SUV - EVENING**

Ingrid is parked in a suburban housing development, eating gummy worms and staring out the window.

HER POV - A brand-new two-story home. Charlotte and her husband exit, carrying a wrapped gift and a bottle of wine. As they get into their car, Charlotte glances over at us --

Ingrid ducks down. She peers over the steering wheel.

HER POV - Charlotte is squinting in our direction. She whispers to her husband, who looks over at us, alarmed.

Ingrid throws the car into reverse, knocking over a garbage bin. She jams on the gas and peels off, tires squealing.

**INT. BATHROOM - ERIN AND KEITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ingrid is lying in the bathtub, drinking a Corona, wearing a green face mask and flipping through her copy of *Vanity Fair*.

She pauses on an article featuring a photo of a confident, bohemian-looking young woman in faded overalls sitting cross-legged on her front porch. The headline reads:

**MEET TAYLOR SLOANE, YOUR NEWEST GIRL CRUSH**

CLOSE on the photo of TAYLOR SLOANE, 29. Her elegant beauty is offset by an effortless style and laid-back warmth.

CLOSE on Ingrid's face. Something inside her has shifted. She is transfixed. *Who is this perfect-looking creature?*

**INT. NURSERY - ERIN AND KEITH'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER**

Ingrid is in bed with her phone and a towel around her head.

ON THE SCREEN - She types the name "*Taylor Sloane*" into the Instagram search bar. Her handle pops up - **@welltaylor**.

Ingrid opens Taylor's profile. She has 267K followers.

INGRID

Whoa.

She taps on Taylor's most recent PHOTO.

CUT TO:

**CLASSICAL MUSIC MONTAGE**

A PHOTO of Taylor on a beach in Malibu, wearing a halterneck swimsuit and covering her face with her hands --

TAYLOR (V.O.)

*"Live in the sunshine, swim in the sea, drink the wild air." Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

A SLOW-MO VIDEO of her dog, ROTHKO, hanging out the window of an old Mercedes, tongue flapping, speeding through L.A. --

TAYLOR (V.O.)

*My muse. Hashtag Rothko The Dog.*

A PHOTO of the sun setting over a perfectly-restored desert cabin in Joshua Tree --

TAYLOR (V.O.)

*There is science, logic and reason. And then there is... California.*

A VIDEO of a TALL HANDSOME GUY with long ombre hair (EZRA) setting off bottle rockets on a rooftop in Downtown L.A. --

TAYLOR (V.O.)

*Baby, you're a firework. American Flag emoji.*

A PHOTO of Taylor and Ezra wearing Jean-Luc Godard-inspired Halloween costumes --

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
*Pierrot Le Fou? Oui.*

We see perfectly-composed PHOTOS of Los Angeles, Joshua Tree, vintage cars, flower arrangements, whimsically-patterned wallpaper, Navajo rugs, designer shoes, artisanal cocktails, restaurants, music festivals, travel, travel, more TRAVEL --

We see VIDEOS of Taylor showing off her house, riding around Venice on a beach cruiser, being interviewed for *Vanity Fair* --

THE IMAGES SPEED UP AS WE ZOOM THROUGH THE LAST FIVE YEARS OF TAYLOR'S LIFE, HER VOICE OVERLAPPING WITH ITSELF, THE IMAGES CUTTING FASTER AND FASTER UNTIL WE --

CUT TO:

A VIDEO of Taylor on her wedding day in Big Sur. She stands at the altar wearing a 1930s lace dress and flower crown across from Ezra who wears a white tux and black felt hat --

VOICE (O.S.)  
*... You may now kiss the bride.*

Taylor and Ezra kiss. It's an incredibly intimate moment.

**INT. BATHROOM - ERIN AND KEITH'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING**

Ingrid is watching the video in bed, wiping away tears.

ECU: Her thumb presses the 'Follow' button.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - ERIN AND KEITH'S HOUSE - DAY**

Ingrid and Logan are on the couch in their pajamas watching cartoons while Erin makes dinner in the background. Ingrid scrolls through Taylor's Instagram on her phone.

ON THE SCREEN - A PHOTO of an enchilada on top of a plate emblazoned with the phrase "What are you grateful for?" --

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
*I Am Grateful for this vegan  
enchilada with raw cacao mole  
sauce. Praying hands emoji.*

Ingrid taps on the 'Comment' bubble, thinking of what to say. We hear INGRID'S VOICE as she types --

INGRID (V.O.)  
*Damn, girl! That looks yummy.  
 What's your email address?*

Ingrid pauses. Something doesn't feel right. She deletes her comment and tries again.

INGRID (V.O.)  
*I am SUCH a foodie. Should we be  
 best friends?*

Ingrid frowns. Still not right. She tries again.

INGRID (V.O.)  
*OMG! Where is this place??*

She adds a 'Licking Lips' emoji to the end of her comment.

Ingrid smiles. *Nailed it.* She presses SEND.

Keith enters from the garage, taking off his cop helmet, a serious look on his face.

KEITH  
 Hey, Ingrid, can I talk to you for  
 a second? In private?

Ingrid freezes, looking worried.

CUT TO:

Ingrid and Keith are standing in the hallway, whispering.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
 Did you stop by Charlotte's house  
 yesterday?

INGRID  
 No.

KEITH  
 Ingrid. Don't lie to me.

INGRID  
 I'm not lying.

KEITH  
 Should I get Erin in here? Maybe  
 you'd feel more comfortable telling  
 her what happened.

Erin appears in the doorway, drying her hands with a towel.

ERIN  
Tell me what?

KEITH  
I got a call from Charlotte's  
lawyer this morning. Apparently  
she saw Ingrid lurking outside her  
house last night.

INGRID  
(defensive)  
I wasn't *lurking*. I was just  
feeling low and I wanted to see if  
she got my letter --

KEITH  
You sent her a letter?!

ERIN  
Ingrid, why would you do that?!

INGRID  
I needed to apologize and let her  
know there were no hard feelings.

ERIN  
What do you mean *no hard feelings*?

INGRID  
I mean, none of this would've  
happened if she'd just invited me  
to her wedding in the first place.

Keith and Erin stare at Ingrid, dumbfounded.

ERIN  
Ingrid, Charlotte didn't invite you  
because you're not her friend.  
She's just a girl we went to high  
school with who reached out to you  
after Mom died. That's it!

INGRID  
I'm sorry, okay? It won't happen  
again.

ERIN  
That is such bullshit!

KEITH  
Babe, calm down --



ERIN

No, I can't do this anymore.

(to Ingrid)

It's clear you don't want our help so you know what? I'm done. Do whatever you want. This is your problem, not ours.

Erin storms off. Keith gives Ingrid one last disapproving glance and exits. Ingrid stands there, looking hurt.

**INT. BATHROOM - ERIN AND KEITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ingrid is sitting on the toilet, crying softly to herself.

Her phone BUZZES. She looks down. A new notification.

ON THE SCREEN - Taylor has responded to Ingrid's comment.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

*Cafe Gratitude. It's the best.  
Come check it out next time you're  
in L.A.! Winking face emoji.*

Ingrid's expression changes. She smiles, wiping away tears.

**INT. NURSERY - ERIN AND KEITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ingrid is staring at the *Vanity Fair* profile of Taylor.

HER POV - The caption beneath the photo reads "*Taylor and her dog, Rothko, at home in Venice, California.*"

PUNCH IN on the words: "*Venice, California.*"

TIME CUT:

Ingrid opens the bank folder Erin left her and checks her account balance sheet. We scroll down a page filled with useless financial jargon until we land on --

"AVAILABLE BALANCE: **\$91,234.21**"

Ingrid stares at the number in disbelief.

**INT. BANK - MORNING**

Ingrid watches, mesmerized, as \$100 bills are spit out of a counting machine and arranged into neat piles by a BRANCH MANAGER. One by one, Ingrid places the stacks of money into her old L.L. Bean backpack.

**EXT. ERIN AND KEITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The house is asleep. A window opens on the top floor and Ingrid's backpack is tossed out onto the lawn followed by a duffel bag. Ingrid climbs out, carefully lowering herself to the ground. She grabs her bags and runs to a waiting CAB.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - SUNRISE**

The Pacific Ocean shimmers under a pink and orange sky, waves crashing against the shoreline.

We PULL BACK to reveal Ingrid sitting in the sand with her bags, staring out at the sea. She looks down at her phone.

ON THE SCREEN - Ingrid is creating a new Instagram account. The cursor blinks in the empty 'Username' field. She thinks for a moment, then types in the words:

INGRID (V.O.)  
*Ingrid Goes West.*

Her new profile POPS UP. A completely blank canvas.

Ingrid raises her phone, snapping a picture of the sunrise. She pauses, thinking of the perfect caption.

She glances around, her eyes landing on a CORONA AD plastered to the side of a nearby building, then types:

INGRID (V.O.)  
*Finally found my beach. Happy face emoji.*

ECU: Ingrid's thumb presses the 'Share' button.

**EXT. VENICE STREETS - DAY**

QUICK SHOTS of Ingrid pedaling a brand-new beach cruiser through the streets of Venice, soaking it all in.

She pauses in front of an old Victorian house. There is a brand-new black pick-up truck parked out front with a Batman symbol in place of the Toyota emblem. A sign posted in the yard reads: "AVAILABLE: 1 BR + 1 BATH"

**INT. GUEST HOUSE - DAY**

Ingrid looks around while the owner, DAN PINTO, 34, rides a two-wheeled scooter around, talking on his phone and puffing on a vape pen. He wears a flat-brim hat, an XXL Jordan Bulls jersey, board shorts and Adidas slides with tube socks.

DAN PINTO

(into phone)

Last night was haywire, dude. You see that girl I was talking to? Total smoke show. Bounced her back to my place for some YouTube and chill. We were up all night.

Pinto glances over at Ingrid, clearly saying this for her benefit, but she isn't paying attention at all.

DAN PINTO (CONT'D)

Nah, we didn't hook up, but it's all good. I'm juggling too many bitches right now anyway. Gotta whittle down my body count --

Ingrid clears her throat. Pinto lowers his voice.

DAN PINTO (CONT'D)

Hey listen, I gotta run but hit me up later if you wanna blaze.

(awkward beat)

Okay, yeah, no worries. Maybe some other time --

(beat)

Hello...? Jeremy?

Pinto hangs up and turns to Ingrid.

DAN PINTO (CONT'D)

Bad connection.

(extends his hand)

Hey. Dan Pinto.

INGRID

Ingrid.

(confused beat)

Are you the landlord?

DAN PINTO

I don't really like the term landlord. Just think of me as the chill guy who lives next door and collects rent every month.

INGRID

But... this is your place, right?

DAN PINTO

It's really more of a side hustle to keep me cash-positive while I pursue my true passion.

Pinto hands her a card that reads "DAN PINTO // SCREENWRITER" in *Batman Forever* font with all of his social media handles.

INGRID

You write movies?

Pinto nods, exhaling a thick cloud of smoke from his vape.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Anything I've seen?

DAN PINTO

You familiar with Batman?

INGRID

Wow. You wrote that?

DAN PINTO

Not exactly. But I am working on a script for a new installment in the franchise. It ain't exactly "authorized" but my producer Jeremy used to be Joel Schumacher's assistant and he pretty much guaranteed he'd forward it along once I finish this new draft.

Ingrid has already stopped listening and is making her way into the bedroom. Pinto chases after her.

INGRID

How much is this place?

DAN PINTO

All business, huh? C'mon, Ingrid.

(Dr. Evil voice)

*Throw me a frickin' bone here!*

Pinto grins, expecting a laugh. Ingrid looks uneasy.

DAN PINTO (CONT'D)

(clearing his throat)

It's, uh, twenty-nine hundred a month plus two month's security deposit. No pets allowed but we are most certainly 420-friendly.

Pinto offers Ingrid a hit of his vape pen.

INGRID

No thanks.

DAN PINTO

Very cool. I'll just run a quick credit check and I'll also need some proof of income --

INGRID

Can I pay you in cash?

Silence. Pinto seems impressed and a little turned on.

**INT. PINTO'S HOUSE - DAY**

The place is a glorified dorm room filled with wall-to-wall Batman merchandise, framed posters of classic 90s movies like "The Matrix" and "12 Monkeys" and a giant fish tank.

Pinto watches as Ingrid digs through her backpack, counting out nine grand in cash on a table littered with weed jars.

DAN PINTO

Don't take this the wrong way, but... are you a prostitute?

INGRID

Nope.

DAN PINTO

Drug dealer?

(no response)

'Cause if you were, my producer Jeremy has a legit hook-up --

INGRID

I'm not a drug dealer, okay? My mom died and she left me some money and I just want to start over.

Pinto takes a solemn drag on his vape pen.

DAN PINTO

My condolences.

INGRID

Thanks.

Ingrid hands him the cash. He smiles, handing her the keys.

DAN PINTO  
 Welcome to La La Land, Ingrid.  
 (pause)  
 So, uh... what are your plans the  
 rest of the day? Wanna grab some  
 In & Out animal-style? My treat.

INGRID  
 I'm pretty tired but thanks anyway.

Ingrid heads for the door. Pinto calls out after her.

DAN PINTO  
 If you need help moving, lemme know  
 and I'll fire up the Batmobile.

INGRID  
 Okay! Will do.

Ingrid exits quickly, the screen door slamming behind her.

DAN PINTO  
 Peace out, roomie!

**INT. GUEST HOUSE - MINUTES LATER**

Ingrid stands inside her empty apartment, looking around contentedly. Her phone DINGS. A new notification POPS UP:

*"@officialdanpinto is now following you."*

Ingrid opens Pinto's profile. A measly 178 followers. She taps on his most recent post.

ON THE SCREEN - A PHOTO of Pinto at Six Flags, crouching and throwing up double peace signs in front of BATMAN: THE RIDE.

DAN PINTO (V.O.)  
*Six Flags solo mission. Shit just  
 got real.*

Ingrid frowns. She opens Taylor's page instead, pulling up her vegan enchilada photo. She taps on the geotag for "Cafe Gratitude" and a MAP appears showing the exact location.

**INT. CAFE GRATITUDE - DAY**

Ingrid sits at a table alone. She cranes her neck, looking around for any sign of Taylor.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 What's your biggest emotional  
 wound?

Ingrid turns. A WAITRESS with a nose ring is smiling at her.

INGRID  
 I'm sorry?

WAITRESS  
 That's our question of the day.

She points to a chalkboard hanging on the wall that reads:

*"Today's Question: What is your biggest emotional wound?"*

WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
 Mine's my relationship with my dad.  
 It's cool if you don't want to  
 answer. We have to ask everyone  
 who comes in. Company policy.

INGRID  
 Uh... I'm good, thanks.

WAITRESS  
 In that case, welcome to Gratitude!  
 My name's Eden. How can I nourish  
 you today?

INGRID  
 I'm meeting a friend of mine for  
 lunch. Have you seen her?

Ingrid holds up a PHOTO of Taylor on her phone that's been  
 cropped to look like an original.

WAITRESS  
 Taylor Sloane? Yeah, she comes in  
 all the time. She was just here  
 like an hour ago.  
 (confused)  
 You say you're meeting her for  
 lunch?

INGRID  
 Oh, uh... shoot. I must have  
 gotten the time wrong.  
 (quick beat)  
 Do you remember what she ordered?

CUT TO:

Ingrid sits in front of a plate of yam cauliflower samosas, concentrating as she takes a birds-eye PHOTO of it.

ON THE SCREEN - Ingrid posts the photo on her Instagram account. We HEAR her voice as she types out the caption:

INGRID (V.O.)  
*Well, I made it. Thanks for the  
 rec @welltaylored! Hashtag I Am  
 Grateful.*

Ingrid taps 'Share' and smiles, feeling good about herself.

Ingrid sets down her phone to take her first bite. She immediately gags, spitting the half-chewed food onto her plate, drawing stares from some of the other customers.

**INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ingrid sits cross-legged on the floor of her empty apartment, eating an In-N-Out burger and looking at Instagram.

ON THE SCREEN - A street-style PHOTO of Taylor in front of a row of surfboards, wearing a linen sack dress, suede boots and a straw hat, holding a Claire Vivier clutch.

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
*New @stevenalan threads got me  
 like... Princess emoji.*

**EXT. STEVEN ALAN - DAY**

Ingrid walks out wearing the exact same outfit as Taylor and carrying two shopping bags. She looks down at her phone.

ON THE SCREEN - A PHOTO of Taylor getting a haircut.

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
*Summer chop courtesy of the lovely  
 ladies @trimsalon.*

**INT. TRIM SALON - DAY**

Ingrid sits in a chair, scrolling through her phone, as the stylist applies highlights to her hair with bits of tin foil.

ON THE SCREEN - A PHOTO of a first edition of Joan Didion's *The White Album* framed next to an Intelligentsia coffee cup.



TAYLOR (V.O.)  
*"We tell ourselves stories in order  
 to live."* Joan Didion.

**INT. INTELLIGENTSIA COFFEE - DAY**

Ingrid is at the coffee bar, hair styled exactly like Taylor's, sipping a latte and reading a first edition of *The White Album*. Her phone DINGS. A notification POPS UP:

*"@officialdanpinto has commented on your post."*

ON THE SCREEN - Ingrid swipes on the notification. Her PHOTO from Cafe Gratitude appears, now with one like from Pinto.

DAN PINTO (V.O.)  
*Cauliflower samosa game on fleek.  
 Devil Horns emoji.*

Ingrid sighs, disappointed.

**INT. CORNER STORE - MORNING**

Ingrid is wearing sweats and flip-flops, her hair in a messy bun, grabbing a sixer of Coronas out of the fridge. As the door closes, she hears a familiar voice and turns to see --

TAYLOR SLOANE

-- standing at the register, buying a *New York Times* and making small talk with the CASHIER.

TAYLOR  
 ... I love the feel of ink on  
 paper. It's so *tactile*.

Ingrid turns back around, trying not to freak out. She pulls out her phone and uses the front-facing camera to check her appearance then immediately closes it, disgusted.

INGRID  
 Okay. Relax. Just be cool.  
 (cheerful voice)  
*Hey! How are you?! I'm a huge  
 fan! Fuck...*  
 (beat)  
*Oh my god! Hi! It's me! Ingrid!*  
 No! Shut up! Just be yourself...

A MOM pushing a stroller comes around the corner. She sees Ingrid standing there with her eyes closed, muttering to herself, and immediately turns the other way.

Ingrid takes a deep breath and turns, opening her eyes. As she looks at the counter, her expression changes.

HER POV - Taylor is gone.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Ingrid rushes out of the store looking both ways.

HER POV - We PAN AROUND frantically then ZOOM IN on Taylor, across the street, walking into a store.

Ingrid is about to cross the street when Pinto cruises by in his pick-up truck, grinning, music thumping.

DAN PINTO  
'Sup, Ingrid!

Ingrid tries to see past Pinto's truck, but it's too big.

INGRID  
Get out of the way!

Pinto watches, confused, as Ingrid dashes across the busy intersection, cars honking as she runs past.

**INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY**

An upscale Venice boutique. Taylor is browsing a table of knickknacks. Ingrid walks up, eyeing Taylor and pretending to flip through a coffee table book about bread.

INGRID  
Mmmm. This looks so bread.

Ingrid winces, realizing her mistake. Taylor looks up.

TAYLOR  
Sorry?

INGRID  
I mean good. This bread looks so good.  
(awkward)  
Sounds like somebody didn't have their coffee this morning!

Ingrid forces a laugh. Taylor smiles politely and looks away. Ingrid remains frozen, a grin plastered on her face.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
I think I'll buy this.

Taylor pretends not to hear her. Ingrid approaches the register, glancing back at Taylor longingly.

**EXT. VENICE STREET - LATER**

Taylor is walking with her earbuds plugged in, scrolling through her phone. In the background, we see Ingrid following her at a safe distance.

**EXT. TAYLOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Taylor opens the gate of her beautiful Craftsman house, checking the mail. There is an Airstream and a vintage Mercedes in the driveway. A dog YAPS from inside.

Ingrid hides behind a parked car, watching Taylor as she enters her house. Ingrid pauses, noticing something.

HER POV - Taylor's dog, ROTHKO, sits at the window, panting.

**EXT. TAYLOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Taylor exits, followed by her husband, EZRA O'KEEFE, 33, now sporting an impressive beard. They hop into Taylor's Mercedes and she backs out of the driveway.

ANGLE ON - INGRID

She watches them from the shadows of a nearby alleyway, holding an In-N-Out bag and sucking on a milkshake.

Ingrid tip-toes up to the gate, looking both ways. Rothko appears at the window, BARKING incessantly. Ingrid crouches low, hurrying around the side of the house. She tries one of the windows. Locked. Then another. Also locked.

Ingrid continues around to the back of the house, trying every window until finally one OPENS revealing a small powder room. Ingrid tries climbing inside but it's too small.

ANGLE - INSIDE THE HOUSE

Rothko comes sprinting up to the window with his teeth bared. Ingrid pulls out a loose hamburger patty, holding it up.

INGRID  
Here! Want some?

Rothko stops barking and sits, eyes trained on the patty. Ingrid dangles the meat inside the window, just out of his reach. Rothko JUMPS up and down, trying to get at it.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Come on, Rothko. Come on, boy...

Ingrid grabs Rothko mid-jump, pulling him outside.

**INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT**

ECU: Rothko's face, barking incessantly.

Ingrid stands above him, desperately trying to placate him.

INGRID  
(hissing)  
Shh! Please stop barking!

There's a KNOCK at the front door. Ingrid looks startled.

She grabs Rothko, looking around frantically, placing him in the cabinet under the sink. She tosses an already-opened bag of Flamin' Hot Cheetos inside and shuts the cabinet door.

CUT TO:

The front door opens, revealing Pinto.

DAN PINTO  
Hey, sorry to bug you, but... did you by any chance get a dog?

Ingrid stares at Pinto blankly.

INGRID  
Nope.

DAN PINTO  
Oh... Really? Maybe it's the kush talking but I swear I heard barking coming from your place.

INGRID  
I was watching a movie. About dogs.

DAN PINTO  
Like *Beethoven*?

INGRID  
Yes! *Beethoven*! Love that movie.

DAN PINTO  
What! Me too! Wanna finish it at my place? We can take my new bubbler for a test drive.

Before Ingrid can respond, Rothko wanders into the living room with orange dust all over his face, violently ripping apart the Cheetos bag. Pinto gives Ingrid a look.

INGRID

My friend asked if I could dog-sit for a few days.

DAN PINTO

Yeahhhh. Unfortunately, it's kind of a "no dog" situation up in here.

INGRID

Totally. It's not my dog though.

DAN PINTO

Right. The thing is, I'm actually super allergic to pet dander. One whiff of that guy and I could go into anaphylactic shock.

INGRID

It's only for one night. He won't come near you, I promise.  
(pouty face)  
Please?

Pinto looks at Rothko, then back at Ingrid.

DAN PINTO

Well I guess I can let it slide this one time.

INGRID

Thanks, Dan. You're the best.

Pinto goes to leave, then quickly turns back around.

DAN PINTO

Oh, by the way, I'm putting together a little table read for my script this weekend and I'd love to have you in the mix.

INGRID

(winces)  
Ooh, this weekend? I don't think I can.

DAN PINTO

You sure? There's free sushi.

INGRID

Yeah, no. Sorry.

Awkward beat. Pinto is disappointed but plays it off.

DAN PINTO  
 Hey, all good. More sushi for me,  
 right?

Pinto grins, lingering in the doorway. Ingrid raises her eyebrows, indicating the conversation is over. He takes a step back and she closes the door, heaving a sigh of relief.

**EXT. VENICE STREET - MORNING**

ECU: A "MISSING DOG" poster with an artfully-shot photo of Rothko from Taylor's Instagram is tacked to a telephone pole.

REVEAL Ingrid staring at the poster. She rips it down and slips it into her purse, walking away quickly.

**INT. GUEST HOUSE - DAY**

Ingrid is on the phone, holding the MISSING DOG poster.

EZRA (V.O.)  
 Hello?

Ingrid freezes. She wasn't expecting a man's voice.

INGRID  
 Um, hi... I'm calling about your  
 dog? I saw your poster --

EZRA (V.O.)  
 Oh my God! Rothko! Is he okay?

INGRID  
 Yeah, he's totally fine.

Rothko is lying on the floor, chest heaving, surrounded by empty fast-food wrappers and Cheetos bags.

EZRA (V.O.)  
 Where do you live? I'll come by  
 right now.

Ingrid looks around the empty apartment.

INGRID  
 Oh, I'm... stuck in traffic. Why  
 don't I swing by your place in,  
 like, twenty minutes?

EZRA (V.O.)  
Perfect.

INGRID  
Great! See you then.

EZRA (V.O.)  
(confused)  
Don't you need the address?

Ingrid silently curses at herself for being so careless.

INGRID  
Yep. Ready when you are.

**INT. GUEST HOUSE - DAY**

QUICK SHOTS of Ingrid styling her hair, putting on make-up, slipping into a brand-new Rachel Comey dress...

**EXT. TAYLOR'S HOUSE - DAY**

Ingrid walks up to the front gate with Rothko in one arm and her Claire Vivier clutch in the other.

The door opens to reveal Taylor, wearing an embroidered white Mexican peasant dress and Birkenstock sandals.

TAYLOR  
Rothko! We missed you!

Rothko leaps out of Ingrid's arms and runs to Taylor. Ezra appears behind her, wearing a chambray apron covered in paint splatters. He leans over, letting Rothko lick his mouth.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Oh my god, thank you! We were so worried. You have no idea.  
(extends her hand)  
Hi. I'm Taylor.

CLOSE on Taylor's perfectly-manicured hand. Ingrid stares at it. She's been waiting for this moment. Their hands touch.

INGRID  
Ingrid.

TAYLOR  
This is my husband, Ezra.

EZRA  
Hola. Where'd you find him?

INGRID

Oh, just... a few blocks from here.

Ezra inspects Rothko's eyes, looking concerned.

EZRA

He looks sick. Must have been eating garbage or something.

TAYLOR

Poor Rothko.  
(to Ingrid)  
Hang on, before I forget...

Taylor reaches into her Clare Vivier clutch and pulls out her checkbook. Ezra notices Ingrid's matching bag and smiles.

EZRA

Hey, you guys have the same purse.

INGRID

(feigning surprise)  
Oh my God. So random.

TAYLOR

Should I make it out to cash?

INGRID

Oh, I can't take your money.

TAYLOR

We insist.

INGRID

I'm just glad he's okay. Really.

TAYLOR

Are you sure?

EZRA

Why don't you stay for dinner? Let us cook for you.

TAYLOR

Yes! I love that idea.

SLOW PUSH IN on Ingrid. She is freaking out on the inside but trying to play it cool...



**INT. TAYLOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Taylor and Ezra lead Ingrid through their house. It's even more perfect in real life -- Midcentury modern furniture, color-coordinated bookshelves, macrame plant hangers, Moroccan rugs, and tons of natural light.

TAYLOR  
Can we get you something to drink?

INGRID  
I'd love a Corona.

Taylor laughs. Ingrid joins in on a slight delay.

TAYLOR  
I think we can do better than *that*.

EZRA  
Taylor makes a killer South Side.

TAYLOR  
It's the same recipe they use at the 21 Club in Manhattan.

INGRID  
(so confused)  
Um... sure.

**INT. KITCHEN - TAYLOR'S HOUSE - DAY**

Ingrid watches as Taylor pours freshly-made cocktails into copper mugs, adding muddled lime and a sprig of mint.

TAYLOR  
Sorry, we've been so stressed about Rothko that I haven't had a chance to run to the farmer's market.

Ingrid looks over at Ezra, searing a fresh piece of tuna with a blowtorch. He places the wilted dandelion greens atop the plate of seared tuna using a pair of tweezers.

EZRA  
Hope you don't mind if we improvise a little.

Ingrid seems slightly intimidated by how nice everything is.

INGRID  
I feel like I'm at a restaurant.

Taylor smiles, handing the finished drink to Ingrid.

TAYLOR  
More like *Kitchen Nightmares*.

Ingrid takes a sip. It's the best drink she's ever tasted.

INGRID  
Holy shit. This is amazing.

Taylor stares at Ingrid with a flicker of recognition.

TAYLOR  
Have we met before?

INGRID  
(nervous)  
No. Definitely not.

TAYLOR  
Huh. Your face looks so familiar.

Awkward silence. Ingrid is desperate to change the subject.

INGRID  
You mind if I use your bathroom?

**INT. HALLWAY - TAYLOR'S HOUSE - DAY**

Ingrid wanders down the hallway towards the bathroom.

She pauses, eyeing a cluster of photos on the wall. Each one is of Taylor and Ezra in a different desirable location -- on a beach in Tulum, standing atop Machu Picchu, eating sushi with Jiro, wearing costumes at Burning Man...

Ingrid leans in closer, noticing a graduation photo of Taylor and her brother, NICKY, a handsome puckish young dude.

Ingrid notices an open door. She peers through the crack.

HER POV - A bright, minimalist bedroom with a few art pieces on the walls and even more books and plants. Ingrid scans the room like a Terminator, taking note of every detail.

**INT. BATHROOM - TAYLOR'S HOUSE - DAY**

Ingrid turns the faucet on full blast. She throws back the shower curtain, opens the medicine cabinet and digs through the trash can, snapping pictures with her phone. Perfume, shampoo, make-up, candles, feminine hygiene products --

**INT. KITCHEN - TAYLOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Ingrid sits back down. Taylor snaps her finger, realizing.

TAYLOR

I know where I saw you!  
(off Ingrid's look)  
The Echo Park Craft Fair! You were  
selling those Bolivian clay pots.

INGRID

I actually just moved here a week  
ago.

EZRA

Maybe you're confusing her with one  
of your crazy internet fan-girls.

Ingrid tenses up. Taylor touches her arm, reassuringly.

TAYLOR

He's giving me shit because I  
happen to engage with people on  
social media like the rest of the  
known universe. My husband suffers  
from chronic technophobia.

EZRA

That's not true. I just don't want  
someone forming an opinion of me  
based on what kind of shoes I wear  
or what I ate for breakfast.

TAYLOR

(teasing)  
Here we go...

EZRA

No, wait a second. Let's ask  
Ingrid what she thinks.

Taylor and Ezra both shift their attention to Ingrid. She  
pauses, choosing her words carefully.

INGRID

I think you can tell a lot about a  
person based on what they like.

TAYLOR

Yes! Thank you. I mean, in an  
ideal world we wouldn't all be so  
judgmental but we can't help  
ourselves, so why pretend  
otherwise?

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
 (to Ingrid)  
 Like with you. I knew I'd like you  
 the moment I saw you just based on  
 what you were wearing.

Ingrid smiles, pleased with herself. Ezra shakes his head.

EZRA  
 I prefer to keep some parts of my  
 life private, that's all. I want  
 my work to speak for itself.

TAYLOR  
 (proudly)  
 Ezra's an artist.

INGRID  
 What kind of stuff do you do?

**INT. GARAGE - TAYLOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

A three-shot of Ingrid standing between Taylor and Ezra,  
 staring thoughtfully at a painting out of frame.

EZRA  
 I guess you could label it "pop  
 art" but I'm not sure yet.

REVERSE SHOT of a wall of canvases featuring Ed Ruscha-style  
 paintings of popular phrases like "CURRENT MOOD" and "ON  
 FLEEK" and "I CAN'T EVEN" over classic American landscapes.

INGRID  
 I love this.

Taylor smiles at Ezra, squeezing his arm encouragingly.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
 Are any of these for sale?

EZRA  
 Uh... I mean, not technically --

TAYLOR  
 (cutting him off)  
 Yes. Of course they are.

Ingrid approaches a painting that reads "SQUAD GOALS" over an  
 image of wild horses galloping through a field.

INGRID  
 How much is this one?

Ezra looks to Taylor for guidance.

EZRA  
How much did we say "Squad Goals"  
was, babe?

TAYLOR  
I think it was twelve hundred?

Taylor and Ezra watch as Ingrid reaches into her clutch and pulls out a wallet filled with CASH. She counts out twelve hundred dollars and hands it to a stunned Ezra.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
(smiles)  
I'll grab the champagne.

**EXT. BACKYARD - TAYLOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ezra is filling Taylor and Ingrid's glasses with champagne.

TAYLOR  
To Ingrid. Rescuer of dogs, patron  
of the arts, and all around good  
neighbor.

EZRA  
Salut!

They all cheers. Ingrid blushes, smiling as she takes a sip.

CUT TO:

VARIOUS SHOTS of Ingrid, Taylor and Ezra hanging out, talking and laughing, sipping cocktails and smoking cigarettes. For the first time, Ingrid feels like she's where she belongs.

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - TAYLOR'S HOUSE - LATER**

It's late. Taylor and Ezra are saying goodbye to Ingrid, who is carrying Ezra's enormous painting with both hands.

TAYLOR  
So great meeting you, Ingrid.

INGRID  
Yeah, you too.

Ingrid lingers for a moment, not wanting to leave...

Taylor's phone BUZZES. She looks at it, frowning.

TAYLOR  
Oh, you've got to be kidding me.

EZRA  
What's wrong?

TAYLOR  
Ahna cancelled on me again. I  
can't even deal with her right now.

Ezra rubs Taylor's back, consoling her.

EZRA  
Babe, don't worry. We'll figure it out.

INGRID  
(concerned)  
Is everything okay?

Taylor sighs, gesturing to the AIRSTREAM in the driveway.

TAYLOR  
We bought that monstrosity at an  
estate sale and I've been trying to  
move it out to our place in Joshua  
Tree but my old Mercedes can't tow  
it. My friend has a truck but she  
keeps flaking on me --

INGRID  
(blurting out)  
I have a truck.

Taylor and Ezra look at Ingrid, surprised.

TAYLOR  
Oh, no... I couldn't. You've done  
so much for us already.

INGRID  
No, really. I don't mind.

EZRA  
Great. Problem solved.

Taylor gives Ezra a look, feeling put on the spot. Ingrid  
picks up on this, adding:

INGRID  
I was actually thinking of going  
out there soon anyway. I don't  
really know anyone here yet and you  
both seem like nice people.

BEAT. Taylor smiles, warming to the idea.

TAYLOR  
Okay, yeah. How's this Saturday?

INGRID  
Perfect!

TAYLOR  
Here, I'll give you my number.

Ingrid hands Taylor her phone. She watches as Taylor punches in her info, struggling to contain her excitement.

**EXT. PINTO'S HOUSE - DAY**

Ingrid knocks on the door. It opens, revealing a shirtless and sweaty Pinto. He looks completely caught off-guard.

DAN PINTO  
Ingrid! Hey. Sorry, you caught me  
in the middle of a workout sesh --

We HEAR the unmistakable sounds of porn emanating from his laptop. Pinto exits quickly, shutting the door behind him.

INGRID  
Is this a bad time?

DAN PINTO  
Nope. All good. What's up?

INGRID  
(wincing)  
Can I borrow your truck?

DAN PINTO  
The Batmobile? Sure thing. Where  
we headed? Ikea? Home Depot?

INGRID  
I actually need it this Saturday.

DAN PINTO  
Ooh, sorry, Ingrid. No can do.  
Got my big table read that night.

INGRID  
Is there any way I could borrow it  
during the day? Without you?

Pinto laughs, then realizes Ingrid isn't joking.

DAN PINTO  
Are you for real?

INGRID  
Please? I'll do anything.

Pinto pauses to consider this, stroking his chin.

DAN PINTO  
Well, now that you mention it, one  
of my actresses booked a  
Nickelodeon show so we're looking  
for someone to fill in as Catwoman.  
(grins)  
Whaddya say, Ingrid? You ready for  
your close-up?

We HOLD on Ingrid as she swallows uncomfortably...

**EXT. PINTO'S HOUSE - DAY**

Pinto is leading Ingrid around his pick-up, all business.

DAN PINTO  
No texting and driving. No  
smoking. Premium fuel only. Oh,  
and there's a little blind spot on  
the passenger side. You're not  
gonna be towing anything, are you?

INGRID  
No. Why?

DAN PINTO  
Her engine's been supercharged so  
she'll overheat if she's pulling  
too much weight. Guess that's the  
trade-off you gotta make if you  
wanna burn rubber, am I right?

Pinto laughs. Ingrid laughs with a slight delay.

DAN PINTO (CONT'D)  
Well, that concludes the tutorial.  
Just be back here by five on  
Saturday and we'll cruise to  
Jeremy's dad's house for the read.

INGRID  
Dan, thank you so much.



DAN PINTO  
No worries, Ingrid. Or should I  
say... *Catwoman*?

INGRID  
Ingrid's fine for now.

Pinto puts his arm around her in a friendly but awkward way.

DAN PINTO  
It's funny. I always said I'd  
never let anyone else drive the  
Batmobile, but... I have a good  
feeling about you, Ingrid.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

Pinto's truck flies down the highway with Ingrid behind the wheel and the Airstream hitched to the back. She attempts to change lanes and narrowly misses a HONKING SEDAN.

**I/E. PINTO'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY**

Ingrid drives with both hands gripping the wheel, looking stressed out. Taylor rides shotgun, scrolling through her Instagram mentions and firing off replies.

TAYLOR  
I can't believe you've never been  
to Joshua Tree. We should swing by  
the Integratron for a sound bath.

Ingrid nods, confused. Taylor pulls out a CD case from the center console, holding up the *Batman Forever* soundtrack.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Wow. I had no idea you were so  
into Batman.

Ingrid laughs uncomfortably. Taylor pops in the CD.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
You would love my brother. He was  
obsessed with this movie when we  
were kids.

INGRID  
You have a brother?

TAYLOR  
Nicky. We're twins, actually.  
He's the best.

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
 He's so funny and, like, genius-level smart. I keep telling him to move out here but he and Ezra don't really get along.

INGRID  
 Why's that?

TAYLOR  
 Nicky used to be a bit of a party animal. He had a few brushes with the law but he's totally sober now.

A loud CHIME sounds from inside the truck. A RED EMERGENCY LIGHT flashes on the dashboard.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
 Yikes. Should we pull over?

Ingrid checks the time on her phone. It's past noon already.

INGRID  
 I'm sure it's nothing.

Ingrid turns up the music but the CHIME is still audible.

TAYLOR  
 It sounds pretty serious. I'll check the manual.

Taylor pops open the glove and a bunch of crap tumbles out, including a box of MAGNUM CONDOMS and a baggie of COCAINE.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
 Jesus Christ, Ingrid!

INGRID  
 Oh no, those aren't mine.

Taylor picks up the vehicle registration, reading aloud.

TAYLOR  
 Who's "*Daniel Pinto*"?

We HOLD on Ingrid's face as she thinks of what to say --

**EXT. ROY'S MOTEL & CAFE - DAY**

Ingrid and Taylor are sitting underneath the iconic sign while a MECHANIC works on Pinto's truck in the background.

TAYLOR

I can't believe you didn't tell me you had a boyfriend.

INGRID

It's not serious or anything.

TAYLOR

How long have you guys been dating?

INGRID

A little over a week?

TAYLOR

And he's already letting you borrow his truck? Wow, you move fast.

The mechanic approaches, wiping grease off on his coveralls.

MECHANIC

Car's good to go, ladies. Just needed to cool down a bit.

TAYLOR

Oh my God, thank you. You're the best. Would you mind snapping a quick picture of us before we go?

Ingrid's heart skips a beat. Taylor hands the mechanic her phone and stands next to Ingrid while he lines up the shot.

MECHANIC

Say cheese.

Ingrid smiles wide. Taylor touches her arm, whispering.

TAYLOR

Don't smile. Here. Put these on.

Taylor gives Ingrid her sunglasses. Ingrid puts them on, her smile vanishing. They pose while the mechanic snaps a few.

MECHANIC

Okay, I think we got it.

He hands Taylor back her phone. She swipes through the pictures and frowns, shaking her head.

TAYLOR

Sorry, but would you mind taking a few more? This time, try framing it with the two of us in the middle and the sign right above our heads.

She hands her phone back to the puzzled mechanic.

MECHANIC

Um... sure.

Taylor tries out a series of different poses as the mechanic steps back and continues snapping, growing impatient.

TAYLOR

(to Ingrid)

Should we do one with a peace sign?

MECHANIC

(annoyed)

Last one!

Taylor flashes a peace sign. Ingrid flashes one too. *CLICK.*

**EXT. JOSHUA TREE HOUSE - DAY**

A picturesque 1950s-era homestead cabin surrounded by cacti and desert flowers. The Airstream is parked out front.

Ingrid and Taylor wander around the property, enjoying the outdoors and sipping fresh-squeezed lemonade from mason jars.

INGRID

This is heaven.

TAYLOR

You should've seen it when we moved in. It was *vile*. The inside smelled like cat urine and the roof was caving in. Ezra and I did all the renovations ourselves.

Ingrid nods, impressed. Her phone DINGS.

ON THE SCREEN - A text from Pinto: "*Yoooo! Where u at?*"

INGRID

Should we head back?

TAYLOR

(laughs)

Are you crazy? We just got here.

Taylor turns to Ingrid with a mischievous smile.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I have an idea.

**I/E. PINTO'S TRUCK - EVENING**

ECU: A fingernail with a tiny palm tree painted on it dips into the baggie of cocaine.

The truck is parked outside a desert bar called PAPPY & HARRIET'S. Ingrid watches Taylor do a lady-like bump off her nail, tipping her head back to sniff the drip like a pro.

INGRID

(alarmed)

Do you do this a lot?

TAYLOR

Not anymore. I went through a brief coke phase in college but I haven't done any since Burning Man. I know Ezra and I may *seem* like a couple of old fogies but we still know how to cut loose every once in a while. Have you been to Burning Man? You should totally join our camp next year.

Taylor rubs her gums as she passes Ingrid the bag of coke.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I'm so glad we came here, by the way. Pappy's is the best. The crowd's a bit sketchy but they always have great live music and the most amazing desert vibes --

Ingrid's phone DINGS repeatedly from inside her bag.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Um, is everything okay?

Ingrid reaches into her bag and subtly checks her phone.

ON THE SCREEN - Ingrid's has 13 MISSED CALLS from Pinto and a series of frantic text messages: *"Is everything OK Ingrid?" "Why aren't u answering ur phone??!" "Helloooooooooooooo."*

INGRID

Just Dan checking up on me.

TAYLOR

That is so sweet. Ezra never texts me when I'm out of town. His communication skills are atrocious.

Ingrid's phone LIGHTS UP with another call from Pinto.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Come on, let's dance!

Taylor hops out. Ingrid hesitates for a beat, then presses "Decline" and powers her phone OFF. She dips her nail into the bag of blow and accidentally does a HUGE BUMP as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. PAPPY & HARRIET'S - NIGHT**

Ingrid and Taylor are at the bar, toasting margaritas. Taylor holds up her phone, snapping a photo of them together.

CUT TO:

Taylor and Ingrid are on the dance floor. Taylor moves her body with a sexy confidence, while Ingrid shuffles around self-consciously, trying to imitate Taylor.

CUT TO:

Ingrid and Taylor are doing Fireball shots by the pool tables with a group of DRUNK MARINES. Taylor snaps another photo.

CUT TO:

Ingrid, Taylor and the Marines are all on the dance floor. Ingrid is starting to get loose. One of the Marines tries grinding with Taylor but Ingrid wedges herself between them.

CUT TO:

Ingrid, Taylor and two of the Marines are crammed inside the bathroom stall, doing lines. Taylor is talking non-stop while Ingrid nods, hanging on her every word.

CUT TO:

The Marines have formed a circle, cheering as Taylor and Ingrid tear up the dance floor. Ingrid lets herself go, her body erupting into a series of bizarre spasms. Taylor follows Ingrid's lead, allowing her own moves to get bigger and weirder. They jump up and down, sweating and laughing.

**I/E. PINTO'S TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Ingrid and Taylor are tearing down a desert highway, smoking cigarettes and singing along to Seal's "KISS FROM A ROSE".

We hear HONKS off screen. The Marines from the bar pull up alongside them in a Jeep, whistling and cat-calling.

TAYLOR

Watch this.

Taylor lifts her shirt and FLASHES the soldiers her breasts.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Spring break! Woo!

The Marines are cheering and HONKING like crazy. Ingrid turns and lifts her shirt, taking both hands off the wheel.

INGRID

Spring break, bitches!

Taylor looks ahead, eyes widening.

TAYLOR

Ingrid! Look out!

HER POV - A RABBIT is standing in the middle of the road...

Ingrid jerks the wheel, swerving sharply onto the shoulder.

REEEEEEEEEEEE! The passenger side of the truck SCRAPES loudly against the guard rail, sparks flying everywhere...

Ingrid SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, all the color draining from her face. She and Taylor exchange a concerned look.

**EXT. JOSHUA TREE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Pinto's truck is parked in the driveway with a HUGE SCRATCH running down the entire passenger side.

Taylor and Ingrid are sitting on the porch, wrapped in Navajo blankets. They pass a joint back and forth, both coming down hard. Ingrid stares at the damaged truck.

INGRID

Dan is gonna kill me.

TAYLOR

Relax. It's just a scratch. You can buff that right out.

INGRID

What do I say happened?

TAYLOR

Just tell him it was an honest mistake. He'll understand. Come on, don't let one little scratch ruin an otherwise perfect night.

INGRID  
Yeah, I guess you're right.

Silence. Taylor takes a thoughtful drag and exhales.

TAYLOR  
So... what made you wanna move to  
L.A.?

Ingrid stares at Taylor, looking hopeful.

INGRID  
You really want to know?

TAYLOR  
Yeah, why? How bad can it be?

INGRID  
Pretty bad.

TAYLOR  
Try me.

Ingrid pauses, taking a long drag. She exhales.

INGRID  
Well, let's see. My mom died about  
a year ago, so... that happened.  
Then my best friend decided not to  
invite me to her wedding and we had  
this big falling out. And if that  
wasn't enough, my sister sold our  
mom's house behind my back while I  
was still living there.

Taylor is staring at Ingrid with a mix of pity and sadness.

TAYLOR  
Oh my God. You poor thing.

Ingrid pauses, suddenly feeling self-conscious.

INGRID  
Sorry. Am I being too intense?

TAYLOR  
No! Not at all. I love how *real*  
you are.  
(beat)  
Can I tell you a secret?

INGRID  
Um, yes! Hello! Spilling my guts  
over here...



Taylor laughs, easing the tension.

TAYLOR

Okay. See that house over there?

Taylor points toward a similar-looking HOUSE next door.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I've been thinking about buying it.

(beat)

I know it sounds crazy, but... I have this idea of opening a boutique hotel filled with all of my favorite things where everything in it is for sale.

Ingrid stares at Taylor in stoned amazement.

INGRID

That is *such* a good idea.

TAYLOR

Right? It's so simple. Basically, if you see something you like, you can take it with you and we'll add it to your bill. It would be like my Instagram but *in real life*.

INGRID

Okay. That sounds incredible and you need to do that right now.

TAYLOR

I'm thinking of calling it... *Desert D'Or*.

INGRID

How did you come up with that?

TAYLOR

It's from this Norman Mailer book. *The Deer Park*. I'm obsessed with it. Promise me you won't repeat any of this. I haven't even told Ezra about it yet.

INGRID

Why not?

Taylor takes the joint and drags on it, sighing.

TAYLOR

I dunno. Ever since I convinced him to quit his job and become an artist full time he's been kind of weird about money.

INGRID

(confused)

I thought his paintings were really popular.

TAYLOR

Oh, they are. Don't get me wrong, he's *absurdly* talented but he refuses to self-promote. He thinks it's phony or something --

(catching herself)

God, listen to me rambling on like an insane person. You must think I'm the worst.

INGRID

Are you kidding? You're perfect.

Taylor laughs, faux-embarrassed.

TAYLOR

Yeah. Perfectly *fucked up*.

INGRID

No, I'm serious. You're by far the coolest, most interesting person I've ever met.

Taylor cocks her head to the side, staring at Ingrid as if she just said something incredibly profound.

TAYLOR

Oh my God. Thank you.

She leans her head on Ingrid's shoulder.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You're a good friend, Ingrid.

Ingrid's heart flutters at the word "*friend*". She smiles.

**INT. BEDROOM - JOSHUA TREE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Taylor is passed out on the couch, fast asleep, while Ingrid lies next to her, wide awake, watching her. She takes out her phone, snapping photo after photo of them together.

**EXT. TAYLOR'S HOUSE - DAY**

Pinto's truck rolls to a stop in front of the house. Taylor gives Ingrid a big warm hug. She pauses before she gets out.

TAYLOR  
Hey, so... about last night.

INGRID  
Oh no, don't worry about it.

TAYLOR  
All that stuff about Ezra --

INGRID  
My lips are sealed.

TAYLOR  
Thanks. And tell Dan sorry about the truck. Can't wait to meet him!

Taylor exits. Ingrid's smile disappears as reality sets in.

**I/E. PINTO'S TRUCK (MOVING) - MINUTES LATER**

Ingrid pulls onto her block to see a COP CAR parked outside of Pinto's house. Pinto is talking anxiously to a pair of COPS, gesticulating wildly and chain-vaping his e-cig.

Pinto sees his truck and a look of angry relief washes over him. He runs over as Ingrid pulls up in front of the house.

DAN PINTO  
Ingrid! Where the fuck were you?!

INGRID  
I'm so sorry. I can explain.

Ingrid parks the car and jumps out. Pinto turns to the cops.

DAN PINTO  
Sorry, fellas. False alarm.

The cops shake their heads and walk back to their car. Pinto sticks his head inside the truck, sniffing the air.

DAN PINTO (CONT'D)  
Were you smoking in here? I specifically said "No Smoking"!

INGRID  
My friend might have had, like, one cigarette --

DAN PINTO  
Your *friend*...?!

INGRID  
My friend Taylor. I told you she  
was coming with me.

DAN PINTO  
No. You didn't.

Ingrid nervously watches Pinto make his way around the truck.

INGRID  
So... how was the table read?

DAN PINTO  
Cancelled, obviously.

Pinto sees the damage and freezes, lowering his vape pen in shock. Ingrid tries to remain upbeat.

INGRID  
You can buff that right out.  
(no response)  
It was an honest mistake.  
(more silence)  
Don't worry, I'll pay for it.

Pinto leans against the truck with his head down, fighting back tears. He bites his lip, trying to remain gangster.

DAN PINTO  
Anything else I should know about?

INGRID  
Well... we may have found something  
in the glove box --

DAN PINTO  
Are you fucking kidding me?!

INGRID  
One thing led to another --

DAN PINTO  
You stole my coke too?!

The cops, still idling in their car, both look up at Pinto.

DAN PINTO (CONT'D)  
Thanks again, officers!

Pinto angles Ingrid away, leading her back to the house.

DAN PINTO (CONT'D)  
I don't know what to say to you  
right now, Ingrid. I trusted you.

INGRID  
I said I was sorry!

Pinto looks away, shaking his head.

DAN PINTO  
I thought you were Catwoman. Turns  
out you were Two-Face all along.

Pinto storms back to his house, SLAMMING the door behind him.  
Ingrid stands there, feeling guilty. DING! She looks down  
at her phone. A new notification:

***"@welltaylored has tagged a photo of you."***

Ingrid opens her Instagram excitedly.

ON THE SCREEN - A PHOTO of her and Taylor standing under the  
Roy's Motel & Cafe sign, looking like best friends.

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
*Feet on the ground, head in the  
sky. Twin Ladies Emoji.*

ECU: The photo already has 2,487 'Likes' while the COMMENTS  
section is littered with phrases like "Great shot!" and  
"beauties" and "#squadgoals" and "Inspiring!!"

CLOSE on Ingrid as an elated smile spreads across her face.

INGRID (V.O.)  
Dear Erin.

MUSIC CUE: MOZART'S "EXSULTATE, JUBILATE, K.165"

**INT. GUEST HOUSE - DAY**

QUICK SHOTS of Ingrid printing out the INSTAGRAM PHOTO of her  
and Taylor, cutting it out and sliding the finished image  
into a standard-sized photo frame.

INGRID (V.O.)  
You're probably wondering what I've  
been up to the last few weeks.

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - MORNING**

Ingrid is wearing a brand-new halterneck swimsuit, straw hat and sunglasses, reading Norman Mailer's *The Deer Park*.

INGRID (V.O.)  
Well, I decided to take your advice  
and give myself a fresh start in  
beautiful, sunny Los Angeles.

Her phone BUZZES. She lifts her sunglasses, squinting at it.

ON THE SCREEN - A text from Taylor reads: "*Gallery opening tonight. Wanna come?*" Ingrid replies with a Thumbs Up emoji.

**EXT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT**

Through the front window, we see Taylor and Ezra introducing Ingrid to a bunch of hip L.A. people.

INGRID (V.O.)  
L.A. is the best. I found an  
amazing house right by the beach  
and I can't believe how nice and  
cool everyone is.

**INT. CAFE GRATITUDE - DAY**

Ingrid is having brunch with Taylor and a group of her girlfriends. Ingrid cracks a joke about their waiter and everyone laughs. She smiles, feeling a little boost.

INGRID (V.O.)  
I'm making a ton of new friends.

**INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY**

Taylor leads Ingrid through the store, helping her pick out stuff for her apartment. She hands Ingrid a ceramic pendant lamp, gushing over how amazing it is. Ingrid waits until Taylor walks away then peeks at the price tag: \$1,350.

INGRID (V.O.)  
My friend Taylor's been helping me  
explore my creative side, a part of  
myself I never knew existed.

**INT. GUEST HOUSE - DAY**

The ceramic pendant lamp now hangs from the ceiling. The apartment has been transformed into a miniature version of Taylor's house, with Ezra's "SQUAD GOALS" painting hanging prominently on the wall amidst books and hanging plants.

Ingrid holds up her phone, snapping a photo of her space.

INGRID (V.O.)  
Lately, I've been getting really  
into photography.

IN QUICK CUTS we see Ingrid add a filter to the photo, post it to Instagram, and watch as it starts racking up 'Likes'.

INGRID (V.O.)  
You should follow me on Instagram.  
I have almost a thousand followers  
and I'm adding new ones every day.

**EXT. PINTO'S HOUSE - DAY**

Ingrid walks up to the front porch, leaving an envelope labeled "INGRID RENT" on the door mat.

INGRID (V.O.)  
I have a boyfriend now too. His  
name is Dan and he's an absurdly  
talented screenwriter.

Ingrid walks away, glancing back over her shoulder.

HER POV - Pinto is spying on her from a second-floor window. He quickly disappears behind the curtain.

INGRID (V.O.)  
He's writing the new Batman movie.  
How cool is that?

**INT. GUEST HOUSE - DAY**

Ingrid unzips the L.L. Bean backpack. There is noticeably less cash than before. Ingrid frowns and quickly zips it back up, trying not to think about it.

INGRID (V.O.)  
Turns out you were right. All it  
took was some money and I finally  
have the life I always wanted.

**EXT. VENICE STREET - DAY**

ECU: A letter with no return address drops into a mailbox.

INGRID (V.O.)  
With love, always... Ingrid.

Ingrid pedals away on her bike, wearing a light-colored sundress, a bottle of rosé in her front basket. We hear LOUD ROCK MUSIC blasting from an approaching car as --

A red Mustang convertible blows through the stop sign just as Ingrid is crossing the intersection. She swerves, crashing into a row of trash cans and flipping over the handlebars.

Ingrid sits up just in time to see the driver, a DUDE in a backwards *"Make America Great Again"* hat, speeding away.

INGRID  
Fucking asshole!

**EXT. TAYLOR'S HOUSE - LATER**

Ingrid walks up, flustered, her dress covered in dirt. She pauses, noticing the RED MUSTANG parked in the driveway.

**EXT. BACKYARD - TAYLOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Ingrid enters to see Taylor laying out food on a small table surrounded by floor pillows. Ezra is crouched in the corner, flipping through a crate of LPs. Taylor looks up, concerned.

TAYLOR  
What happened to you?

INGRID  
Some idiot ran a stop sign and almost killed me.  
(re: Mustang)  
Whose car is that in the driveway?

The screen door slams O.S. Ingrid turns to see the DUDE in the Trump hat (NICKY SLOANE, 29) emerge from the house wearing Chubbies shorts and a Patagonia fleece, drinking milk from the carton. Ingrid freezes, instantly recognizing him.

NICKY  
God I love L.A. I just saw two homeless chicks on the street duking it out bumfight-style.

Nicky notices Ingrid and stares at her, confused.



NICKY (CONT'D)

Who are you?

TAYLOR

Nicky, this is Ingrid. Ingrid, this is my brother Nicky. He flew in from Paris this morning without telling us.

Nicky nods at Ingrid indifferently.

NICKY

'Sup.

Ingrid flashes Nicky a tight-lipped smile.

INGRID

So nice to meet you. How long are you in town for?

NICKY

(shrugs)

Haven't decided yet. I figure at least a few weeks.

EZRA

(looking up, alarmed)

A few weeks?

Taylor smiles, hugging Nicky and leaning on his shoulder.

TAYLOR

Best surprise ever.

CUT TO:

Brunch is underway. Nicky is dominating the conversation, chain-smoking and drinking La Croix. Taylor is hanging on his every word while Ezra feigns interest. Ingrid glares at Nicky, eyes filled with contempt for this unwelcome intruder.

NICKY

-- so I'm in the Ritz lobby minding my own business, when I happen to strike up a conversation with this Chinese billionaire named Bruno.

TAYLOR

(to Ingrid)

Nicky and I took Mandarin in college.

Nicky says something to Taylor in Mandarin that makes her CRACK UP. Ezra and Ingrid both watch, feeling excluded.

NICKY

Anyway, next thing I know, we're at some random wedding with our shirts off, having a push-up contest. I'm winning, obviously, when all of a sudden the groom's dad grabs us from behind and jacks us up by our throats like he's Darth Vader or some shit. So I decide it's a good idea to take a swing at him --

EZRA

You were sober during all this?

NICKY

(raises his right hand)  
Scout's honor. Of course the cops show up and everyone scatters. I end up hitching a ride to the airport only to realize I left my credit card at the hotel. So there I am, stranded at De Gaulle with my dick in my hand, when who do I see?

Nicky pulls his eyes into two slits.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Herro, Nicky!

Ingrid blanches. Taylor's smile fades a little. Ezra looks like he's had enough, standing up.

EZRA

Great story, Nicky. If anyone needs me, I'll be in my studio.

Ezra walks into the garage, the door slamming behind him. Nicky rolls his eyes at Taylor, who says nothing. Ingrid looks between them, uncomfortable.

NICKY

Anyway, this little fucker Bruno is so grateful to me for showing him a good time, he buys me a first class ticket to L.A. I watched twelve hours of Family Guy and got a hand-job from some fashion chick named Harley something or other --

TAYLOR

Harley Chung?!

NICKY

Bingo. That's the one.

TAYLOR

I'm *obsessed* with Harley. Her stuff is the best. She has, like, over a million followers.

NICKY

We're having dinner tomorrow night at the Chateau if you wanna join?

TAYLOR

Um, obviously!

Ingrid leans forward, sucking air.

INGRID

Actually, we're supposed to see *Willy Wonka* at the Hollywood Forever Cemetery tomorrow. I already bought the tickets, so...

Taylor looks crestfallen.

TAYLOR

Oh yeah... that's right.

NICKY

Hey, no worries. You guys should totally go see a forty year old dogshit kids movie at a cemetery instead. That sounds way more fun.

Ingrid blushes, feeling embarrassed.

TAYLOR

Don't be a prick, Nicky.

NICKY

I was joking! I'm sure you can meet her some other time.

Taylor turns to Ingrid with an apologetic smile.

TAYLOR

Do you mind if I bail? Nicky and I literally never see each other. But you should absolutely go without me. You can bring Dan!

INGRID

(deflated)

Oh, um... yeah, sure --

NICKY  
 (to Taylor)  
 Hey, remember that girl from  
 Andover who looked exactly like  
 Gene Wilder?

TAYLOR  
 Oh my God, yes! What a weirdo!

Taylor and Nicky crack up. Ingrid feels left out.

**INT. GUEST HOUSE - EVENING**

Ingrid is sitting on her couch, sipping a Corona and scrolling through Instagram when she pauses.

ON THE SCREEN - We see a PHOTO of Taylor, Nicky and HARLEY CHUNG doing silly poses inside a candy-themed photo booth.

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
*Wonka vibes with @harleychung at  
 the Hollywood Cemetery tonight.*

Ingrid stares at the photo, feeling a torrent of emotions.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY - EVENING**

A swarm of people are seated on the lawn with chairs and picnic blankets, eating and drinking. A DJ spins music in front of a giant mausoleum that doubles as a movie screen.

Ingrid appears, sweaty and out of breath, holding a Navajo blanket. She frantically scans the crowd for Taylor.

HER POV - Taylor, Ezra and Nicky are sitting in a VIP SECTION filled with pillows, blankets and ATTRACTIVE L.A. PEOPLE.

INGRID  
 Hey guys!

They all turn as Ingrid approaches. Taylor looks surprised.

TAYLOR  
 Ingrid! What are you doing here?

Ingrid is hurt but tries not to show it.

INGRID  
 Um... I invited you, remember?

TAYLOR

Oh, right! Turns out Harley knows the guy who runs this and she hooked us up with VIP passes.

Ingrid stands there, expectantly, for an awkward beat.

INGRID

Is it cool if I sit with you guys?

EZRA

Yeah, totally.

(turning)

Harley, this is our friend, Ingrid.

Nicky's date, HARLEY CHUNG, 30s, smiles up at her, looking like a prettier, more polished version of Taylor.

HARLEY CHUNG

Hey. Nice to meet you.

Ingrid nods. Nicky peers over at her, smiling mischievously.

NICKY

What up, Ingrid? Where's your imaginary boyfriend?

Taylor punches Nicky's arm, whispering.

TAYLOR

Stop.

(to Ingrid; explaining)

We were just talking about how we still haven't met Dan and Nicky made a joke about him being your imaginary boyfriend. It was dumb.

Ingrid forces a laugh, trying to be a good sport about it.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

So... when can we meet him?

INGRID

Oh, Dan's really busy with work stuff right now. He's a writer --

NICKY

(singing)

*Oompa loompa doopity doo, I lied about my boyfriend to you.*

Harley laughs. Ingrid's smile vanishes.

EZRA

You should bring him this weekend.  
Harley's house-sitting this rad  
place in Malibu.

(to Harley)

I mean, if there's room, obviously.

NICKY

No no, go ahead, Ezra. Invite  
whoever the fuck you want.

HARLEY CHUNG

(to Ingrid)

It's totally fine. You guys are  
more than welcome.

INGRID

(cheery)

Great. Sounds fun!

Just then, a FRAT GUY stumbles by, accidentally spilling beer  
all over Harley's dress without noticing. She gasps.

NICKY

Hey! Watch where you're going,  
jackoff!

The frat guy turns, realizing.

FRAT GUY

Oh shit. My bad.

NICKY

You call that an apology?

FRAT GUY

Sorry. Didn't see you there.

Nicky stands, getting in the guy's face.

NICKY

Can you see me now?

FRAT GUY

Dude, relax. It was an accident.

Nicky shoves the guy, causing him to stumble backwards.

NICKY

Sorry. Didn't see you there, *dude*.

Taylor quickly pulls Nicky away, holding him back.

TAYLOR  
 What the hell is wrong with you?  
 Are you trying to get arrested  
 right now?

NICKY  
 He started it.

A SECURITY GUARD with a clipboard comes lumbering over.

SECURITY GUARD  
 Is there a problem here?

HARLEY CHUNG  
 No, no, everything's fine.

SECURITY GUARD  
 Can I have everybody's name please?

HARLEY CHUNG  
 Harley Chung?  
 (adding)  
 I'm friends with John.

SECURITY GUARD  
 (scanning his list)  
 Okay, you're good.  
 (to Ingrid)  
 Your name, miss?

INGRID  
 Ingrid Thorburn?

The security guard scans his list, shaking his head.

SECURITY GUARD  
 I don't have you on here.

INGRID  
 Right, well... I'm not technically  
 on the list but these are my  
 friends, so --

SECURITY GUARD  
 Sorry, but if you're not on the  
 list you can't be here.

Ingrid looks to Taylor, who flashes a conciliatory smile.

TAYLOR  
 We'll hang this weekend! I'll text  
 you all the info.

Ingrid nods, getting the message. Nicky waves 'bye-bye' as the security guard escorts her out of the VIP area.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY - NIGHT**

The screening is underway. Ingrid is sitting alone on the steps of a mausoleum, looking miserable.

WILLY WONKA (V.O.)

*Yes, the danger must be growing,  
'cause the rowers keep on rowing,  
and they're certainly not showing  
any signs that they are slowing!*

HER POV - Taylor and Harley are sharing a joint while Nicky cracks jokes. They all laugh, having a blast without Ingrid.

**EXT. PINTO'S HOUSE - DAY**

Pinto glides up on his two-wheeled scooter, rounding the corner to find Ingrid sitting on his doorstep. He pauses.

INGRID

Hi Dan.

Silence. Pinto looks past Ingrid, avoiding eye contact.

DAN PINTO

What do you want?

INGRID

Nothing. Just wanted to say hey.

DAN PINTO

(long beat)

Hey.

INGRID

I brought you something.

She produces a box from behind her back and hands it to Pinto. He reluctantly opens it, revealing a mint-condition *Batman Forever* varsity bomber jacket. Pinto rolls his eyes.

DAN PINTO

Nice try, Ingrid.

INGRID

What? You don't like it?



DAN PINTO  
Of course I like it. That's why I  
bought one off eBay two years ago.

INGRID  
Check the front pocket.

Pinto finds a JAR OF WEED in the pocket. He shakes his head.

DAN PINTO  
This is indica. Everybody knows I  
only smoke sativa. Besides, a  
replacement eight-ball would have  
been more appropriate.

INGRID  
Look, I'm trying, okay?

DAN PINTO  
You did eight grand worth of damage  
to my car, Ingrid! Try harder!

INGRID  
Fine! You're right! I took  
advantage of you and I'm really  
sorry! I just wish we could start  
over and pretend like none of that  
stuff ever happened.

DAN PINTO  
(curious)  
You mean, like a reboot?

INGRID  
Um... Sure.

Pinto nods, considering this. He takes a quick vape hit.

#### **INT. THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

A cheesy tiki restaurant with bamboo and faux-Polynesian tchotchkes everywhere. Pinto and Ingrid are sitting in a booth wearing matching *Batman Forever* jackets and sharing a Flaming Volcano with two straws.

DAN PINTO  
I read somewhere that Darren  
Aronofsky was attached to direct  
*Batman: Year One*. How sick would  
that have been?

Ingrid is clearly bored but trying to seem engaged.

INGRID  
Oh my God. So sick.

Pinto leans back, taking in the ambiance.

DAN PINTO  
This place is fucking tight.

Ingrid glances around, visibly unimpressed.

INGRID  
You come here a lot?

DAN PINTO  
I'm what you'd call a regular.  
(calling out)  
Hey, Cindy! What up, girl?

A waitress (CINDY) walks by. She pauses, confused.

CINDY  
Hi. Can I help you?

Silence. Pinto laughs.

DAN PINTO  
Cindy, it's me. Dan Pinto.

CINDY  
(awkward beat)  
Oh! Right. Well, um... Let me  
just finish with this other table  
and I'll be right with you, Don.

DAN PINTO  
Dan.

She smiles politely and walks off. A long, painful silence.

INGRID  
I'm sure she's just really busy.

DAN PINTO  
Yeah, no, totally.

Pinto sucks on his straw. More silence.

INGRID  
Can I ask you something?

DAN PINTO  
Go for it.

INGRID

Why do you like Batman so much?

DAN PINTO

Gee, I don't know. Maybe because he's the most dynamic bad-ass in the history of entertainment?

INGRID

Really? That's it?

Pinto looks down, uncomfortable.

DAN PINTO

Actually, uh... both my parents died when I was a kid, so... I guess I related to him since we're both orphans.

Ingrid stares at Pinto with newfound sympathy.

INGRID

Oh my God. I'm so sorry. I had no idea.

DAN PINTO

(shrugs it off)

It's cool. At the time, I didn't really know how to cope so... I started wearing a Batman mask to school every day and made the teachers call me Bruce. The other kids made fun of me, but I think it kind of helped me to pretend like it happened to someone else. Like, even though I was wearing a mask, I felt more like myself, you know?

(beat)

What about you?

INGRID

Oh, I don't really like Batman.

DAN PINTO

No, I mean, how did your mom die?

Ingrid is caught off-guard by Pinto's sincerity.

INGRID

Heart attack.

(adding)

She drank a lot.

DAN PINTO  
Were you guys close?

Ingrid pauses, as if considering this for the first time.

INGRID  
Yeah. We were. It felt like I  
lost my best friend, you know?

Ingrid shrugs it off, eyes welling with tears. Pinto looks concerned. He scoots over to Ingrid's side, consoling her.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
(sniffing)  
God, listen to me. You must think  
I'm the worst.

DAN PINTO  
No way. Are you kidding?  
(reassuring)  
I know I might seem like a cold-  
blooded gangster on the outside,  
but... I really like you, Ingrid.

Ingrid stares at Pinto like no one has ever said this to her before. They lock eyes for a long moment, then --

**INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ingrid and Pinto are having sweaty, alcohol-fueled sex. Ingrid lies face-down on the bed while Pinto jackhammers her from behind. He pauses, catching his breath.

DAN PINTO  
Wait.

Ingrid looks back at him, confused.

INGRID  
What's wrong?

DAN PINTO  
No, nothing, it's just...  
(awkward)  
Would you mind calling me Bruce?

INGRID  
You want me to call you Bruce?

DAN PINTO  
Like Bruce Way--

INGRID  
 Yeah, no, I got it.  
 (turns back around)  
 Fuck me, Bruce.

Pinto resumes thrusting with renewed vigor.

DAN PINTO  
 Say "Gotham Needs You."

INGRID  
 Gotham needs you.

DAN PINTO  
 Say it like Catwoman.

INGRID  
 (sexy voice)  
 Gotham needs you.  
 (then)  
 Meow.

DAN PINTO  
 Oh shit I'm gonna come --

CLOSE on Ingrid's face turned to the side as Pinto finishes on her back. She stares longingly at something O.S.

HER POV - The framed Instagram photo of her and Taylor in Joshua Tree is propped up on her bedside table.

CUT TO:

Ingrid and Pinto are lying on their backs. Pinto is enjoying a post-coital vape while Ingrid stares at the ceiling.

DAN PINTO (CONT'D)  
 You were really great, by the way.

INGRID  
 Thanks. So were you.  
 (awkward)  
 Hey, so... some friends of mine are going up to Malibu this weekend if you wanna come?

Pinto looks conflicted.

DAN PINTO  
 Man I'd love to, but my producer Jeremy's getting married in Martha's Vineyard this weekend.

INGRID  
(surprised)  
Oh. Okay. Nevermind then.

Ingrid rolls over on her side. Pinto looks panicked.

DAN PINTO  
You know what? Fuck it. I didn't  
feel like schlepping all the way  
out there anyway. Count me in.

Ingrid smiles. She turns back, cuddling up to Pinto.

INGRID  
You're the best, Dan.

Pinto places his arms around her, stroking her skin.

DAN PINTO  
Whaddya say? You ready for round  
two? I can feel the Dark Knight  
rising...

INGRID  
I'm pretty tired actually.

DAN PINTO  
(disappointed)  
Yeah, no, me too. I'll just run  
and grab my toothbrush.

INGRID  
Actually, um... Is it okay if you  
don't sleep over tonight? I have  
trouble falling asleep when there's  
somebody else in bed with me.

DAN PINTO  
Oh. Yeah, no worries.

Ingrid picks up her phone and starts scrolling through her Instagram. Pinto slips out of bed, getting dressed.

DAN PINTO (CONT'D)  
Excited for this weekend.

INGRID  
(distracted)  
Yep.

Pinto stands there, nodding awkwardly, then quietly heads out. He pauses at the door, turning back and smiling.

DAN PINTO  
Sweet dreams, Ingrid.

INGRID  
Goodnight.

Pinto exits. Ingrid sighs, feeling relieved.

**EXT. MALIBU HOUSE - DAY**

Pinto's truck pulls up outside a beachfront house in Malibu. Ingrid jumps out followed by Pinto, who is now dressed exactly like Ezra in a felt hat, chambray shirt buttoned all the way, white jeans, and a pair of Red Wings.

INGRID  
Hurry up! We're already late.

DAN PINTO  
(tugging his collar)  
Do I seriously have to keep this buttoned up all the way?

INGRID  
Yes. It looks better like that.  
Don't be such a baby.

DAN PINTO  
(whiny)  
I'm not.

They make their way down a footpath towards the beach.

INGRID  
Let's go over some ground rules.  
First, I kind of need you to act like you're my boyfriend.

DAN PINTO  
Seriously?

INGRID  
It's a long story and I can't really get into it right now but --

DAN PINTO  
Ingrid, I get it. You don't have to make up some elaborate story to hide your feelings. It's obvious you're into me.

INGRID  
Huh?

DAN PINTO  
Relax. I'm into you too. Of course I'll be your boyfriend.

INGRID  
Um... okay, fine, whatever. Rule number two. No Batman talk.

DAN PINTO  
I'm sorry, what?

INGRID  
These people don't care about superheroes, okay? They care about stuff that's actually cool. Like food and clothes and Joan Didion.

DAN PINTO  
(sighing dramatically)  
Anything else, your majesty?

INGRID  
Yes. Whatever you do, stay away from Nicky.

DAN PINTO  
Who's Nicky?

NICKY (O.S.)  
Yo, Thorburn!

They turn to see Nicky walking up from the beach, wearing his Trump hat and neon swim trunks, carrying a bunch of firewood.

INGRID  
(hushed; to Pinto)  
Taylor's brother. He's a liar and a drug addict and he's not to be trusted under any circumstances.  
(to Nicky)  
Hey! Sorry, bad traffic --

NICKY  
(re: Pinto)  
Who's this fuggin guy?

INGRID  
Nicky, this is Dan Pinto.  
(no response)  
My "imaginary" boyfriend?

Ingrid smiles. Nicky squints at Pinto, trying to place him.



NICKY  
Wait... Dan Pinto? From Chicago?

DAN PINTO  
Do we know each other?

NICKY  
You're Mark Pinto's son, aren't you?

DAN PINTO  
Uh...

NICKY  
Get the fuck out! Thorburn, why  
didn't you tell me?

Ingrid looks between Pinto and Nicky with a confused smile.

INGRID  
Tell you what?

NICKY  
Your boyfriend's dad runs one of  
the biggest hedge funds in the  
world. He pulled in over three  
hundred mil last year. Dude's a  
fucking Viking.

Ingrid stares at Pinto, who now has a guilty look on his  
face. He glances awkwardly up at the sky.

DAN PINTO  
Gonna be a scorcher today, huh?

**INT. BEDROOM - MALIBU HOUSE - DAY**

Ingrid and Pinto are in the middle of a heated argument.  
Pinto is wearing Nicky's hat for some reason.

INGRID  
You told me your parents were dead!

DAN PINTO  
I'm sorry, okay? I didn't want you  
thinking I was just some spoiled  
rich kid.

INGRID  
What was all that shit about you  
wearing a Batman mask to school?

DAN PINTO  
That part was true actually.

INGRID  
You're unbelievable.

DAN PINTO  
Me? You're the one dressing me up  
like your little twink so you can  
impress these hipsters --

There is a KNOCK. Taylor peeks inside, looking concerned.

TAYLOR  
Hey. Is everything okay?

Ingrid's demeanor changes completely. She smiles.

INGRID  
Totally! We were just talking  
about how incredible this place is.

TAYLOR  
Can I grab you guys a drink?

DAN PINTO  
Yeah, I'd love one.

TAYLOR  
Nicky won't stop talking about you  
by the way. I think somebody might  
have a little man crush.

They look out the window to see Nicky building a fire in the  
backyard and holding a lit cigar. He glances up at them.

NICKY  
Pinto! Get your ass down here! I  
got a Cohiba with your name on it!

DAN PINTO  
Hell yeah! One sec!

Taylor smiles and exits. Pinto turns back to Ingrid.

DAN PINTO (CONT'D)  
Why did you tell me to stay away  
from Nicky? From what I can tell,  
he seems like a pretty chill guy.

INGRID  
He's only being nice to you because  
of your dad! Can't you see that?!

DAN PINTO

Oh, right, because there's no way he could possibly like me for my personality. Is that it?

Ingrid sighs, feeling bad.

INGRID

Fine. You can hang out with him if you want. Just don't embarrass me.

(re: Trump hat)

Where did you get that hat?

DAN PINTO

Nicky gave it to me.

INGRID

Take it off. Now.

Ingrid glares at Pinto. He sighs, taking it off.

**INT. MALIBU HOUSE - LATER**

Ingrid comes downstairs to see Taylor and Harley making dinner in the kitchen. She pauses, eavesdropping.

HARLEY

Nicky tells me you guys have a place in Joshua Tree.

TAYLOR

Yes! Have you been?

HARLEY

No, but I'm dying to go. I've been thinking of doing a pop-up out there for our resort collection.

TAYLOR

Okay, can I tell you a secret?

(beat)

It sounds crazy, but I've been thinking of buying the house next door to us and turning into a boutique hotel where everything in it is for sale. I'm calling it *Desert D'Or*.

CLOSE on Ingrid as she overhears this, looking hurt.

HARLEY CHUNG

That's genius. Would you ever consider doing a collaboration?

TAYLOR

Yes! We should totally join forces.

Ingrid steels herself and enters the kitchen, smiling.

INGRID

Hey! Either of you *noble humans* need a hand?

Taylor and Harley turn, exchanging a confused look.

TAYLOR

"Noble humans"...?

INGRID

Yeah, you know. The last lines of *Deer Park*? You said you were obsessed with it so I figured I should read it. So good!

TAYLOR

Oh, cool. Glad you liked it.

(to Harley)

Hey, why don't you and Nicky come out next weekend? We'll take you to Pappy's. They have great live music and the best desert vibes.

Ingrid feels a stab of jealousy. She is about to speak when Nicky and Pinto enter from outside wearing swim trunks.

NICKY

Who wants to go skinny dipping?!

Nicky pulls down his trunks, revealing a MANGINA. Taylor and Harley burst out laughing as Nicky prances around the room like Mick Jagger. Ingrid looks isolated and miserable.

**EXT. BEACH - MALIBU HOUSE - NIGHT**

Dinner has ended and everyone is drinking around a crackling fire. Ingrid takes out her phone, punching in her password. Feeling eyes on her, she looks up to see Nicky sitting next to her, glancing over her shoulder. He turns away quickly.

EZRA

I was at some tech start-up the other day and they had this absurd art collection... which really bugged me, you know? Like, what kind of statement are they trying to make?

(MORE)

EZRA (CONT'D)

That they, as a company, have good taste? That's bullshit. You can't just *acquire* taste. It's something you earn, something you cultivate over years and years --

Nicky looks at Pinto making a jerk-off motion. Pinto laughs.

EZRA (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

Something to add, Nicky?

NICKY

I just don't think you'd be saying that if they had one of your paintings up on their walls.

Ezra pauses, looking flustered.

EZRA

You're missing the point.

(to Taylor)

C'mon, back me up here, babe.

TAYLOR

I mean... I kind of agree with Nicky. If someone likes what you're doing and wants to be a part of it, why does it matter what their intentions are?

Ezra looks at Taylor, feeling betrayed. He gets up and quietly trudges off down the beach.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Ezra, come back.

Ezra gives her the finger. Taylor looks embarrassed.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

So, Dan. I hear you're a writer?

DAN PINTO

Screenwriter, actually.

HARLEY

What are you working on?

DAN PINTO

I just finished a draft of my new feature, but --

INGRID  
(cutting him off)  
He can't really talk about it yet.

NICKY  
Fuck that Hollywood bullshit.  
We're all friends here. Give us  
your elevator pitch.

Pinto looks at Ingrid, not sure what to say.

DAN PINTO  
Well, it's kind of a re-imagining  
of a classic superhero story.

TAYLOR  
Is it Batman?

DAN PINTO  
How'd you know?

TAYLOR  
Ingrid and I were admiring your CD  
collection on our way to J-Tree.

NICKY  
I always thought the third movie was  
the most underrated.

DAN PINTO  
Dude, that's exactly how I feel!

NICKY  
So when can I read this thing?

DAN PINTO  
Ehh, it's sort of a work in  
progress. I was supposed to do a  
table read a few weeks ago but one  
of my actresses flaked on me.

Pinto shoots a pointed look at Ingrid.

NICKY  
Let's do that shit right now. You  
have it on you?

DAN PINTO  
No, but I can email you guys a PDF  
and we can read it off our phones.

Ingrid tenses up.

INGRID

Come on, guys. Do we really want to be sitting here in this amazing house just staring at our phones the whole night?

TAYLOR

Yeah, I'm with Ingrid.

Ingrid smiles, relieved. Harley shrugs.

HARLEY

I dunno. I've never acted before. Could be fun.

TAYLOR

(backpedaling)

I mean, I'm down if everyone else is.

NICKY

Sorry, Thorburn. Majority rules.

Pinto is psyched. Ingrid looks at Taylor, feeling betrayed.

TIME CUT:

A live read of Pinto's script is underway. Pinto reads the action aloud while the others follow along on their phones.

DAN PINTO

"Catwoman removes the blade from his back and does a backflip off of the roof."

Pinto looks at Ingrid. She reads her lines aloud:

INGRID

(monotone)

"Sorry, Bruce. If you play with cats, you're bound to get scratched."

Pinto mouths along to this line, satisfied, as he scrolls.

DAN PINTO

"Batman collapses onto the ground, clutching his wound. Through the darkness, we can see blood seeping out from beneath his cape. As the camera cranes upward, we see that the pool of blood has formed into the shape... of a BAT."

(dramatic beat)

Fade out.

A long silence. Ingrid glances around, trying to gauge everyone's reaction.

NICKY  
Holy shit, Pinto.

DAN PINTO  
That bad, huh?

INGRID  
I told him it needed more work.

NICKY  
No. It's fucking incredible.

DAN PINTO  
Come on. Seriously?

TAYLOR  
Yeah. That was *really* good. And I don't even like those movies.

HARLEY  
Me neither. I feel like I need to catch my breath. I mean... wow.

Pinto blushes. Ingrid looks completely bewildered.

NICKY  
I got one note. You ready for it?

DAN PINTO  
Bring it on, brother.

NICKY  
You gotta lose the Batman shit.

Pinto's smile fades. A deafening silence.

DAN PINTO  
What? That's the whole movie.

NICKY  
No. Fuck no. This is a movie about discovering your true identity in a world where everybody wears masks. Don't get me wrong, that stuff kills, but I'm just gonna go ahead and assume that you don't own the rights to the Batman franchise.

DAN PINTO  
Correct.



NICKY

So just change all the names and you've got a completely original script on your hands.

(shrugs)

But hey, what do I know? You're the artist. I'm just a fan.

Pinto is scrambling to type all of this into his phone.

DAN PINTO

No, keep going. This is great.

NICKY

I don't like to talk shop in mixed company. What do you say we continue this conversation in private over some fine Cuban cigars? Excuse us, ladies.

Nicky leads Pinto away. Taylor looks around, confused.

TAYLOR

Has anyone seen Ezra?

HARLEY

He's been gone for a while.

TAYLOR

Shit. I'd better go look for him.

HARLEY

I'll come with you.

INGRID

(standing)

Me too.

TAYLOR

We should split up actually. Harley and I'll look by the beach. Ingrid, you check the house.

Taylor and Harley walk off together, leaving Ingrid alone.

**INT. MALIBU HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ingrid is walking through the house, knocking on doors and peering inside.

INGRID

Ezra...? Hello...?

All the rooms are empty. As she heads for the stairs, she pauses, hearing VOICES coming from a nearby bedroom.

**INT. BEDROOM - MALIBU HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ingrid opens the door and freezes. Nicky and Pinto are hunched over, shirtless, chopping up gorilla fingers of coke on Pinto's *Batman Forever* CD case.

INGRID  
What is going on here?!

NICKY  
What's it look like, Thorburn?  
Keep your voice down.

Nicky snorts a line, rapidly pumping his fist. Ingrid shoots Pinto a look, grabbing the bag of coke and holding it up.

INGRID  
Is this yours?

DAN PINTO  
Yeah, I mean... you guys did so much in Joshua Tree, I just assumed you were all huge cokeheads.

Ingrid starts cleaning up all the drug paraphernalia.

DAN PINTO (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

INGRID  
Getting rid of this shit.

NICKY  
Whoa, whoa, hang on --

INGRID  
Do you know what would happen if your sister found out about this?!

Just then, the door opens, revealing Taylor and Harley.

Ingrid turns, frozen, still holding the bag of coke.

TAYLOR  
Seriously, you guys?

NICKY  
Pinto and I were just talking about the script when Ingrid came in and started racking lines --

INGRID  
What?! That is not true!

Taylor shakes her head, disappointed.

TAYLOR  
Whatever, Nicky. It's your life.  
If you wanna waste it, be my guest.

Taylor and Harley exit. Nicky makes an 'eek' face at Pinto.

**INT. MALIBU HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ingrid comes downstairs, chasing after Taylor.

INGRID  
Taylor, wait! I can explain!

TAYLOR  
(turning around)  
What is there to explain? You knew  
Nicky was sober.

INGRID  
It was Dan's! I had no idea!

TAYLOR  
Oh, come on, Ingrid. I saw how  
much you did that night at Pappy's.  
I was there, okay?

INGRID  
Nicky's lying! I wasn't doing any!

TAYLOR  
Doing hard drugs a couple times a  
year is one thing, but every  
weekend? Not a good look.

Taylor walks off. Harley consoles her, flashing Ingrid a look. Ingrid is speechless.

**EXT. BEACH - MALIBU HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ingrid is sitting by herself, smoking a cigarette and staring out at the ocean, when she notices Ezra perched on a rock, wearing a towel and drinking wine from the bottle.

INGRID  
(squinting)  
Ezra...? Is that you?

He ignores her, taking another swig. Ingrid walks over.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Where have you been? We've been  
looking for you all night.

EZRA  
(distant)  
I went skinny dipping.

INGRID  
By yourself?

Ezra says nothing. Ingrid sits down next to him.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Is everything okay?

EZRA  
No. Not really.  
(long pause)  
Do you ever wish you could just  
walk into the ocean and disappear?

Ingrid stares at Ezra, genuinely confused.

INGRID  
Why would you say that? Your life  
is perfect.

Silence. Ezra stares off into space.

EZRA  
Nicky's right, you know. I'm not an  
artist. I'm a fucking charlatan.

INGRID  
Hey, come on. Don't listen to him.  
I think your paintings are awesome.

EZRA  
Yeah, well... that makes one of  
you. So far, you're my only sale.

INGRID  
(confused)  
I thought Taylor said they were  
really popular.

EZRA  
She would say that, wouldn't she?  
Everything's "the best" with her.  
You have to try this restaurant.  
It's "the best".

(MORE)

EZRA (CONT'D)  
 Have you seen these clothes?  
 They're "the best". It's  
 exhausting after a while.

INGRID  
 Yeah. I know what you mean.  
 (confessing)  
 When we were in Joshua Tree she  
 told me this secret and she said  
 not to tell anyone, but then I  
 heard her telling the exact same  
 thing to Harley earlier tonight.

EZRA  
 What secret?

Ingrid looks at Ezra, debating whether to tell him or not.

INGRID  
 Okay, don't tell her I told you,  
 but... she wants to buy the house  
 next door to you guys and turn it  
 into some hotel-slash-store thing  
 called... *Desert D'Or*.

EZRA  
 (incredulous)  
*Desert D'Or*...?

INGRID  
 It's from her favorite book. *The  
 Deer Park*. Which fucking sucks by  
 the way.

Ezra laughs to himself, shaking his head.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
 Why are you laughing?

EZRA  
*The Deer Park* is my favorite book.  
 Taylor's never even read it.

Ingrid considers this. Ezra pauses, looking wistful.

EZRA (CONT'D)  
 I wish you'd known the old Taylor.  
 Back when she first moved here.  
 She didn't know anyone yet. She  
 was this total preppie sorority  
 chick. Her favorite band was  
 Coldplay, for fuck's sake.  
 (faint smile)  
 (MORE)

EZRA (CONT'D)

It was refreshing how earnest she was. Kind of like you, actually.

Ingrid seems unsure of how to take this remark. Ezra sighs.

EZRA (CONT'D)

I miss how things used to be. When it was just the two of us. I miss having a day job. I miss waking up and going to the office. I miss being around *people*...

More silence. Ingrid places a hand on Ezra's shoulder.

EZRA (CONT'D)

Sorry to burden you with all of this, it's just... Sometimes I feel like I don't have anyone I can talk to about this stuff, you know?

Ezra looks at Ingrid, placing a hand on her thigh.

EZRA (CONT'D)

You're a good listener.

INGRID

(blushing)

Aw, thanks. So are you.

A sweet moment. Ezra smiles at her, his gaze lingering a beat too long. Ingrid looks down, noticing Ezra's hand making its way up her thigh, towards her crotch --

INGRID (CONT'D)

Ezra...

He leans in suddenly, kissing her on the mouth. Ingrid pauses, stunned, then pushes him away.

INGRID (CONT'D)

What is wrong with you?!

Ezra freezes, looking stunned.

EZRA

I thought this is what you wanted.

INGRID

What?! Why would you think that?!

EZRA

I dunno. Why else would you have bought one of my shitty paintings? I've seen the way you look at me.

Ingrid stares at Ezra in disbelief then storms off towards the house. Ezra chases after her, looking scared.

EZRA (CONT'D)  
Ingrid, wait! You're not gonna tell Taylor about this, are you?

Ezra grabs Ingrid's arm, pleading with her.

EZRA (CONT'D)  
Please don't tell her. I'm begging you. She's all I've got.

Ezra's face contorts into a sad grimace. He hunches over, crying softly. Ingrid watches, not sure what to do.

EZRA (CONT'D)  
Oh fuck...  
(sobbing)  
Please don't tell her. *Please.*  
I'll do anything.

We HOLD on Ingrid, an idea dawning on her...

**INT. KITCHEN - MALIBU HOUSE - MORNING**

Ingrid comes downstairs, rubbing her eyes, to see Taylor making coffee and cleaning up from the night before.

INGRID  
Morning.

TAYLOR  
Hey.

INGRID  
Did Ezra ever come home last night?

Taylor sighs, wiping her brow.

TAYLOR  
Yeah. He and Nicky got in this huge fight and Ezra told him he can't live with us anymore. He was acting really strange. You didn't talk to him, did you?

INGRID  
Nope.

TAYLOR  
The whole coke thing must've set him off I guess.  
(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Anyway, Nicky got pissed and made Harley drive him back at five in the morning.

INGRID

Oh my God. That's horrible.  
(extends her arms)  
Come here.

Taylor leans in for a hug. Ingrid wraps her arms around her.

TAYLOR

I'm sorry I freaked out at you last night. I was really stressed out and... I know it wasn't your fault.

INGRID

No, I'm the one who should be sorry. I had no idea my boyfriend was such a loser.

They glance out at the deck, where Pinto is passed out on the ground wrapped in a Garfield blanket.

INGRID (CONT'D)

So what's the plan for today?

TAYLOR

Ezra thought he and I could use a romantic night together so he booked us a room at the Chateau.

INGRID

(slightly disappointed)  
Oh... Okay.

TAYLOR

Maybe we can grab lunch tomorrow?

Ingrid's face brightens immediately.

INGRID

Great! Sounds good.

Ingrid turns away, a tiny smile forming on her face.

#### **I/E. PINTO'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY**

Pinto and Ingrid are driving in hungover silence. Ingrid unplugs her phone and powers it on. She pauses, frowning.

ON THE SCREEN - The background image is a PHOTO of Nicky doing the "eat pussy" gesture with his fingers.



Ingrid turns to Pinto, confused.

INGRID  
Did you change the background on my  
phone?

DAN PINTO  
Why would I do that?

Ingrid tries typing in her password but it doesn't work.

INGRID  
I think I have someone's else's  
phone. Can you try calling me?

Pinto dials Ingrid's number. Waits a beat.

DAN PINTO  
Straight to voicemail.

INGRID  
(suddenly anxious)  
We have to go back.

DAN PINTO  
Are you crazy? We're almost home.

INGRID  
Well what the hell am I supposed to  
do without my phone, Dan?!

DAN PINTO  
I don't know. Buy a new one?

Ingrid gets an idea. She pulls out Rothko's MISSING DOG  
flyer from her purse. Ingrid grabs Pinto's phone and dials.

DAN PINTO (CONT'D)  
(under his breath)  
You're welcome...

Ingrid rolls her eyes, turning away.

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
Hello...?

INGRID  
Taylor?! Hey! It's Ingrid. Have  
you seen my phone anywhere? I  
think I may have left it there.

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
Oh no, we found it.

INGRID  
You did? Thank God...

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
Yeah, Nicky has it. He said he  
grabbed it this morning by  
accident.

All the blood instantly drains from Ingrid's face.

INGRID  
Nicky...?

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
Don't worry, I gave him your  
address. He said he'd be in touch.  
(silence)  
Hello...?

**EXT. GUEST HOUSE - DAY**

Ingrid walks up. There is a note taped to the door that  
reads: "*Mélisse, 8 PM. Love, Nicky :-)*"

**INT. MÉLISSE - EVENING**

A fancy French restaurant. Ingrid enters to see Nicky seated  
at a table with an array of food, talking to a WAITER and  
consulting a wine list. He looks up as she approaches.

NICKY  
Thorburn! You made it. Have a  
seat. You prefer red or white?

INGRID  
Uh... I'm good, thanks.

NICKY  
No, no. I insist.  
(to Waiter)  
What's your most expensive bottle?

WAITER  
That would be the '82 Chateau  
Lafite.

NICKY  
And how much is that?

WAITER  
Three-thousand nine-hundred, sir.

NICKY

Perfect.

The Waiter scuttles off. Ingrid takes a seat across from him, watching as Nicky garnishes a plate of oysters.

NICKY (CONT'D)

I don't know about you but I could really use a drink right about now.

INGRID

Where's my phone, Nicky?

NICKY

Phone? What phone?

(quick beat)

Oh, you mean this?

He pulls out Ingrid's phone from his pocket.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Funny. My sister has the exact same case. You guys are so similar it's almost... *creepy*.

INGRID

Give it back.

Ingrid reaches for her phone but Nicky yanks it away.

NICKY

I gotta hand it to you, that was a bold move, convincing Ezra to throw me out on my ass like that.

INGRID

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

NICKY

Come on, Thorburn. You might have my sister fooled but not me. That's the thing about Taylor. She only wants to see the best in people. Me? I'm the exact opposite. I knew you were bad news from the moment I saw you. And now I have proof.

Ingrid watches as Nicky punches in her password.

NICKY (CONT'D)

It's amazing how much you can learn about someone just by looking through their phone.

(swiping through)

Here's a picture of you with my sister's dog. Here's the inside of her medicine cabinet. Here's one of her sleeping. There's a lot of those. But my personal favorite are the notes. These really kill me.

(reading)

"Taylor's favorite brunch spots"  
 "Taylor's favorite books" "Taylor's favorite music"... This one's just called "TAYLOR" and is basically a list of everything she owns --

INGRID

Look, I'm not a bad person, okay? I just want to be her friend. Can I please have my phone back?

Nicky winces, sucking air.

NICKY

Can't do it, Ingrid. This is just too good an opportunity to pass up. You're fucked here no matter what. So here's the deal. I'm not gonna give you your phone back, but... I would consider renting it to you. For a nominal fee, of course.

INGRID

(sighs)

How much do you want?

NICKY

You pay me, let's say... five grand once a week and I promise not to tell my sister and everyone else in L.A. what a fucking loser you are.

INGRID

Once a week? For how long?

NICKY

What do you mean? For however long you want your friendship with my sister to continue.

INGRID

I don't have that kind of money.

NICKY

Sure you do. Disco Dan told me all about your dead mom and your backpack full of cash. Makes sense. How else could someone with no job afford to drop everything and move to L.A.

Ingrid swallows, panicking.

INGRID

I can pay you the five grand but that's it.

NICKY

This isn't a negotiation, Ingrid.

Ingrid stares at Nicky, shaking her head in disbelief.

INGRID

Fine. Now can I have my phone back, please?

Nicky smiles. He slides her phone across the table.

NICKY

I'm staying at the Jolly Roger down by the marina. Room 237.

The waiter appears, presenting the bottle of expensive wine.

WAITER

Here you are, sir. This is the Chateau Lafite 1982 --

NICKY

Thanks, boss. I got this.

The waiter leaves the bottle on the table and exits. Nicky pours a glass and holds it up to his nose, inhaling deeply.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Cheers.

Nicky downs the entire glass. He grabs the bottle of wine and stands, motioning to all of the half-eaten food.

NICKY (CONT'D)

This one's on you by the way.

Nicky exits, whistling to himself. We HOLD on Ingrid, eyes burning with hatred...

**EXT. VENICE STREET - NIGHT**

Ingrid rides her bike home, looking spun out. She pauses at a stoplight and stares up at a billboard.

HER POV - A battered woman's face with the caption, *"IF YOU CAN SEE IT, YOU CAN CHANGE IT. DON'T TURN A BLIND EYE."*

She hears laughter nearby, noticing a group of TEENAGE BOYS smoking weed at a playground across the street.

**EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT**

The boys all look up, whispering as Ingrid approaches.

FAT BOY  
Can we help you?

INGRID  
I'll give one of you two hundred  
bucks to punch me in the face.

Silence, then... the boys burst out laughing.

FAT BOY  
Yo, get the fuck outta here!

Ingrid pulls out two hundred in cash. The boys get quiet.

INGRID  
If you pussies can't handle it I'll  
find someone else.

The boys all shake their heads, muttering to themselves. Ingrid is about to leave when one the boys steps forward.

TALL BOY  
Fuck it. I'll do it.

The other boys start shouting and covering their mouths.

OTHER BOYS  
Oh shit! Hell yeah!

INGRID  
(to Tall Boy)  
You ready?

TALL BOY  
Let me see that money first.

Ingrid hands him two hundred dollars. One of the other boys starts filming the whole thing with his cell phone.

INGRID  
Hit me as hard as you can. Right  
in the face.

The Tall Boy readies himself, having second thoughts.

TALL BOY  
You sure about this?

Ingrid nods, closing her eyes. The Tall Boy winds up and  
PUNCHES HER RIGHT IN THE FACE...

Ingrid doubles over, clutching her face and moaning. The  
Tall Boy feels guilty. He puts his arm on Ingrid's back.

TALL BOY (CONT'D)  
You okay?

Ingrid nods. She stands, revealing her face. It's bright  
red and she has a cut on her nose that is bleeding profusely.

OTHER BOYS  
Oh shit! Damn! You got fucked up!

Ingrid gets in the Tall Boy's face, egging him on.

INGRID  
That all you got, bitch?

TALL BOY  
(backing away)  
Yo, let's get the fuck out of here.

The boys look disturbed, turning and sprinting away.

PRE-LAP: A fist pounding urgently on a door.

**EXT. PINTO'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT**

Pinto opens his door, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

DAN PINTO  
Ingrid? It's four in the morning--

His expression falls when he sees Ingrid, now sporting a  
prominent shiner under her left eye and crying profusely.

**INT. PINTO'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ingrid is on the couch, wrapped in a blanket and sipping a  
Monster Energy Drink while Pinto paces back and forth.

INGRID

-- when I got home, I turned on the lights and Nicky was there waiting for me. He seemed drunk or on drugs or something. I asked him for my phone back but he wouldn't give it to me. He said he wanted fifty thousand dollars.

DAN PINTO

Are you fucking serious right now?!

INGRID

I told him I didn't have that kind of cash, but he didn't believe me. He said you told him about the money my mom left me.

(hurt)

Is that true?

Pinto is speechless.

DAN PINTO

I mean... I don't know! We were so fucked up! I may have mentioned it at some point --

INGRID

Dan! Why would you do that?! I told you how dangerous he was!

DAN PINTO

Fuck it. I'm calling the cops.

Pinto reaches for his phone but Ingrid stops him.

INGRID

No! He said he'd kill me if I told anyone. Please. You don't know what he's capable of.

DAN PINTO

This is bullshit! We can't let him get away with this!

(beat)

You want me to go pound his ass?

INGRID

No, Dan. Believe me, I don't like this any more than you do but if we're going to do something we have to be smart about it.

Pinto looks at Ingrid, intrigued.



DAN PINTO  
What'd you have in mind?

**I/E. PINTO'S TRUCK - NIGHT**

Ingrid and Pinto are parked outside of the JOLLY ROGER MOTEL. Pinto is wearing a trenchcoat and dressed in all black.

DAN PINTO  
You really think this'll work?

THEIR POV - Nicky's red Ford Mustang is parked in the lot.

INGRID  
You're asking me this now? After I just bought a thousand dollars worth of cocaine? Yes, I'm sure.

DAN PINTO  
What if someone sees me?

INGRID  
You'll be in and out in two minutes. Just break into his car, plant the drugs, and leave.

Pinto pulls on a BATMAN MASK and picks up a crowbar.

DAN PINTO  
(deep breath)  
Rock and roll.

**EXT. JOLLY ROGER MOTEL - NIGHT**

Pinto hops out of his car and zig-zags through the parking lot, keeping his head low. He pulls out a walkie-talkie.

DAN PINTO  
(into walkie talkie)  
Ingrid, do you read me? Over.

**INTERCUT WITH -- I/E. PINTO'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

Ingrid speaks into her walkie-talkie.

INGRID  
(annoyed)  
Yes, Dan. I can hear you.

Pinto arrives at Nicky's car. He notices Nicky has left his driver's side window slightly cracked.

DAN PINTO  
 We got an open window here. I think I can fit my arm inside so we should be good to go.

INGRID  
 Copy that. Great work, Dan.

DAN PINTO  
 10-4. Commencing radio silence.

CLICK. Pinto switches off his radio.

INGRID  
 Wait, what? No. Keep your radio on. Hello? Dan...?!

Ingrid sighs. She puts down the walkie-talkie and picks up her phone, dialing 9-1-1. The EMERGENCY OPERATOR answers.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (V.O.)  
 9-1-1. What's your emergency?

INGRID  
 (frantic)  
 Help! I'm at the Jolly Roger Motel in Marina Del Rey and there's a man dealing drugs out of his car! It's a red Ford Mustang convertible!

EMERGENCY OPERATOR  
 Okay, ma'am, try and stay calm. What is your name, please?

INGRID  
 Oh my god, he has a gun! Hurry!

Ingrid hangs up the phone and smiles.

Pinto rolls up his sleeve and squeezes his arm through the window, tossing the bag of coke onto the driver's seat.

DAN PINTO  
 (smiles)  
 Mission accomplished.

He tries pulling his arm back out but it won't budge. The gap is too narrow. He tries again. Still nothing.

Ingrid watches as Pinto struggles to free himself.

INGRID  
 Use the crowbar!

But Pinto can't hear her. Ingrid notices something out her window and her expression falls. She slides down in her seat, peering over the steering wheel to see --

NICKY

-- walking up with a RANDOM COLLEGE GIRL, drunk and laughing.

Ingrid picks up the walkie-talkie, panicking.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
(hissing; into radio)  
Dan! Abort! Abort mission!

Not knowing what else to do, Ingrid HONKS the horn.

Nicky pauses, hearing the car horn. He looks around, seeing Pinto with his arm stuck in the car window.

NICKY  
Holy shit. That's my car, you son  
of a bitch!

Nicky starts sprinting towards his car at full speed.

Pinto turns just in time to see Nicky running towards him --

DAN PINTO  
Oh shit!

Pinto SMASHES THE WINDOW with the crowbar, freeing his arm, and takes off in the opposite direction.

Ingrid watches, helpless, as Nicky sprints towards Pinto at full speed, tackling him onto the pavement.

INGRID  
(covering her mouth)  
Oh my God!

CLOSE on Nicky as he pulverizes Pinto with a string of relentless punches. The girl comes running over.

RANDOM COLLEGE GIRL  
Stop! You're gonna kill him!

Nicky pauses, catching his breath. He looks down at Pinto, unresponsive, the mask still covering his face. Nicky cocks his head to the side, reaching down to lift up the mask as --

A COP CAR comes barreling around the corner, screeching to a halt. Nicky turns to see TWO COPS jump out, guns drawn.

COP #1  
 PUT YOUR HANDS UP! GET ON THE  
 FUCKING GROUND, ASSHOLE!

Nicky stands, confused, raising his hands in the air. The COPS run over and forcibly throw Nicky on the ground, cuffing him from behind. The girl is yelling at them to stop.

One of the cops comes over to Pinto, surveying the damage.

CLOSE on masked Pinto, mouth bloody, a few teeth missing...

COP #2  
 Jesus Christ.  
 (into radio)  
 Send an ambulance, now.

The first cop shines his flashlight through Nicky's car window, noticing the bag of coke on the driver's seat.

COP #1  
 Well, well. What do we have here?

Ingrid quietly slips out of Pinto's truck, tip-toeing away from the scene unnoticed.

PRE-LAP: EKG MACHINE BEEPING SFX

#### **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

Pinto is lying in a hospital bed, unconscious, wearing a neck brace, his forehead wrapped in bandages and a tube sticking out of his mouth. An EKG machine BEEPS continuously.

Ingrid is sitting next to his bed, watching a commercial on TV for Dominos Cinna Stix. Her phone RINGS. It's Taylor.

INGRID  
 (excited)  
 Hey, girl! What's up?

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
 (flatly)  
 Hey. You called me?

Ingrid reacts to her tone. Her voice seems cold and distant.

INGRID  
 I was... just checking in. Hadn't  
 heard from you in a few days so --

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
 Now's not really a good time.

INGRID  
What's wrong?

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
Nicky's in jail.

INGRID  
Oh my God. Have you talked to him?

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
No, not yet.

Ingrid closes her eyes, giving herself a little fist pump.

INGRID  
Taylor, I am so sorry. Do you want to grab a coffee and talk about it?

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
Shit, I gotta go. It's my mom.

INGRID  
Okay. Feel better --

CLICK. Ingrid hangs up, feeling uncertain.

**I/E. PINTO'S TRUCK - DAY**

Ingrid is sitting in Pinto's truck, wearing the same clothes from the night before, eating a box of Dominos Cinna Stix.

HER POV - She is parked across the street from Taylor's house. Taylor's car is gone and the curtains are drawn.

Ingrid looks at her phone, refreshing her Instagram feed.

ON THE SCREEN - A recent INSTAGRAM PHOTO of Taylor's Joshua Tree house with the caption:

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
*Last minute escape to J Tree. Joni Mitchell on repeat. Hashtag blue.*

**I/E. PINTO'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY**

Ingrid is driving at full speed through the desert, blasting Joni Mitchell's "Blue" through the speakers.

**I/E. PINTO'S TRUCK (MOVING) - LATER**

Ingrid pulls up outside of Taylor's house in Joshua Tree.

HER POV - The driveway is empty. No one's home.

**INT. JOSHUA TREE HOUSE - DAY**

We are inside the house looking out through the sliding glass doors leading out to the patio. Ingrid appears, pressing her face against the glass and peering inside. She KNOCKS twice.

INGRID  
(muffled)  
Hello?!

**EXT. JOSHUA TREE HOUSE - DAY**

Ingrid walks up to the Airstream and KNOCKS on the door. She tries the handle and it opens. She peeks inside.

HER POV - The trailer is empty, its contents undisturbed.

Ingrid sighs, frustrated. She checks her phone again.

ON THE SCREEN - A recent INSTAGRAM PHOTO of Taylor at Pappy & Harriet's holding a margarita with the caption:

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
*It's five o'clock somewhere.  
Umbrella drink emoji.*

**INT. PAPPY & HARRIET'S - DAY**

Ingrid is sitting by herself at the bar, sipping a margarita.

HER POV - Regulars mill about but there's no sign of Taylor.

Ingrid types out a text message to Taylor on her phone.

INGRID (V.O.)  
*Hey girl! Saw your Instagram. I'm  
actually in Joshua Tree with some  
friends for a yoga retreat. Wanna  
hang later? Dancing Ladies Emoji.*

She hits SEND and downs the rest of her drink.

**EXT. ROY'S MOTEL & CAFE - DAY**

Ingrid stands in front of the sign, talking on the phone.

INGRID

Hey! It's Ingrid. I'm at Roy's right now. Remember when we took that picture? So fun.

(awkward beat)

Anyway... just wondering if you got my text message. Still haven't heard from you. Hope everything's okay. Talk to you later!

**EXT. JOSHUA TREE HOUSE - SUNSET**

Ingrid is sitting in their driveway. Her thumb hovers over Taylor's name, debating whether or not to call again.

She presses the CALL button. A beat as it rings, then --

EZRA (V.O.)

Hello?

INGRID

Ezra! Hey! Where are you guys?

EZRA (V.O.)

We're at dinner. Why?

INGRID

Oh. Well, I saw on Taylor's Instagram that you guys were in Joshua Tree and I'm actually here randomly on a yoga retreat so I thought maybe we could --

EZRA (V.O.)

Ingrid. We're not in Joshua Tree.

INGRID

You're not?

EZRA (V.O.)

No. We're in L.A. staying at a friend's house. Funny how you just happened to be there right when Taylor posted about it.

INGRID

What do you mean?

EZRA

(sighs)

Look, I don't know how to say this, but... Taylor doesn't want to see you anymore.

Silence. Ingrid feels a sharp pain in her chest.

INGRID  
Ezra, put Taylor on the phone.

EZRA (V.O.)  
She doesn't want to talk to you  
either.

INGRID  
Okay, well... should I call back  
tomorrow?

EZRA (V.O.)  
Ingrid. It's over, okay? Nicky  
told us everything. Don't call us  
anymore.

INGRID  
Ezra, wait --  
(click)  
Hello...? Ezra?

The line is dead. We HOLD on Ingrid's face for a long beat  
as she tries to process what just happened...

CUT TO:

Ingrid is on the phone, pacing the driveway.

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
Hi, you've reached Taylor. Leave a  
message. (BEEP)

INGRID  
Hey. It's Ingrid. I just had a  
weird call with Ezra and I feel  
like we should talk about this. I  
don't know what Nicky said to you  
but... he's lying. The fact is,  
he's a drug addict and he can't be  
trusted, so...  
(beat)  
Call me back.  
(quick beat)  
It's Ingrid.

TIME CUT:

TAYLOR (V.O.)  
Hi, you've reached Taylor. Leave a  
message. (BEEP)



INGRID

Hey! Me again! Still haven't heard back. I'm starting to worry. This isn't like you. Call me!

TIME CUT:

Ingrid is sitting in Pinto's truck, polishing off a Corona.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Hi, you've reached Taylor. Leave a message. (BEEP)

INGRID

You think you're so cool, huh?

(Taylor voice)

Ooh, look at me. I'm Taylor. I take lots of pictures and my life is so perfect... *NOT*. Turns out, I'm a huge *bitch* who won't admit that my brother's a criminal and my husband is a sad loser who still uses a flip-phone. I saved your dog's life! The least you could do is pick up your fucking phone!

TIME CUT:

Ingrid is laying on the hood of Pinto's truck. BEEP.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Hey! Sorry about that last message. I was just kidding... Gotcha! I'll be around for the next hour or so if you wanna talk --

(beep)

Oh, hang on, you're beeping in.

(perking up)

Hey!

EZRA (V.O.)

Listen, you fucking psycho. If you don't stop this shit right fucking now, I'm calling the fucking cops, you understand? It's five in the fucking morning. Just leave us the fuck alone!

CLICK. Ingrid looks stunned. She hits redial.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)

The voice mailbox you are trying to reach is full and cannot accept new messages. Goodbye.

Ingrid closes her eyes, breathing heavily.

**I/E. PINTO'S TRUCK - MORNING**

Ingrid is asleep in the front seat, her hair matted to her forehead, her lips dry and cracked. A MAIL MAN walks up and peers through the window. He knocks, startling her awake.

MAIL MAN

(muffled)

You okay, miss? You shouldn't sleep in your truck. It's too hot.

Ingrid squints at the Mail Man, confused and dehydrated.

INGRID

(a whisper)

I'm fine. Thanks.

She starts her car. As Ingrid pulls away, she notices the empty house next to Taylor and Ezra's place and stops.

HER POV - There is a "FOR SALE" sign in the front yard with a photo of a long-haired man in a grey suit and bolo tie.

**INT. REALTOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

Ingrid sits across from the realtor in the photo, GARTH LAFAYETTE, 60s, long hair, grey suit and bolo tie.

GARTH LAFAYETTE

Which property did you say you were interested in?

INGRID

22 Flamingo Lane.

GARTH LAFAYETTE

Unfortunately, the couple who lives next door already made an offer on that house. I do have a handful of other properties in that same price range --

INGRID

I don't want another property. I want that one.

Garth looks at her for a beat, puzzled. He chuckles.

GARTH LAFAYETTE

Well, I'm sorry, Miss Thorburn, but there's not much I can do. If you'd like, I can add your name to a waiting list and we'll give you a call if anything changes --

Ingrid places her L.L. Bean backpack on the table, unzipping it to reveal the last of her cash.

INGRID

It's all the money I have. Please.

Garth leans back in his chair, scratching his chin.

**EXT. 22 FLAMINGO LANE - DAY**

ECU: The "FOR SALE" sign now has a "SOLD" slapped across it.

Ingrid is unloading her things from Pinto's truck when she HEARS a screen-door slam. She looks up to see Taylor storming across the yard towards her. Ingrid waves, beaming.

INGRID

Hey! There you are! I've been trying to reach you all week --

TAYLOR

I don't believe this! I specifically told you I wanted this house!

INGRID

I bought it for both of us.

TAYLOR

What are you talking about?

INGRID

I figured we could join forces.

TAYLOR

On what?

INGRID

Um, hello? *Desert D'Or*. Our little secret, remember?

TAYLOR

My brother is in jail right now because of you. I can't believe I actually thought we were friends.

INGRID  
We are friends!

TAYLOR  
No, we're not! You're just some  
stranger who found me on Instagram!

INGRID  
Okay, I think we're both feeling a  
little emotional right now. Why  
don't we go to Pappy's, have a  
margarita and just talk about this?

Taylor turns to leave.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Taylor, wait!  
(beat)  
I really didn't want to have to be  
the one to say this but... Ezra  
cheated on you.

Taylor turns around, stunned.

TAYLOR  
What...?

INGRID  
He tried to finger me in Malibu.  
He made me promise not to tell you,  
but I just don't want to see you  
get hurt.

Taylor backs away. She looks like she's about to cry.

TAYLOR  
You're a fucking liar. Stay the  
fuck away from me.

Taylor walks off. Ingrid calls after her.

INGRID  
I'll be right here if you need me!

**INT. 22 FLAMINGO LANE - NIGHT**

Ingrid sits on the floor, looking through her back window  
with a pair of binoculars, eating popcorn from a bag.

HER POV - Through the back window, we can SEE Taylor and Ezra  
having a heated argument. Ezra storms outside, gets into his  
car and speeds off. Taylor collapses on the couch, sobbing.

**EXT. 22 FLAMINGO LANE - MORNING**

The door opens. Ingrid steps outside and freezes.

HER POV - Pinto's truck has been keyed with various curse words and derogatory terms for the female anatomy.

Ingrid turns, looking back at the house.

A WIDER ANGLE reveals the words "EAT SHIT AND DIE" have also been spray-painted across the entire front of the house in the same font that Ezra used in his artwork.

MUSIC CUE: THE LOUVIN BROTHERS "SATAN IS REAL"

**INT. 22 FLAMINGO LANE - DAY**

We TRACK through the living room, revealing the place is a Grey Gardens-style mess. The house is falling apart and there are clothes and fast food wrappers strewn around. Dirty dishes are piled in the sink and swarming with flies.

REVEAL Ingrid sitting on the toilet, talking on the phone. She has no make-up on, her hair is a mess and she's wearing a designer dress covered in food stains.

INGRID

I sent you a check two weeks ago.

CUSTOMER SERVICE AGENT (V.O.)

Unfortunately, your account is still showing as past due.

INGRID

Look, just give me one more week.

CUSTOMER SERVICE AGENT (V.O.)

Ma'am, this is simply a courtesy call. If you don't pay your bill in the next twenty-four hours we're going to have to shut off your electricity. Now, we do offer a payment plan for customers experiencing financial hardship --

Ingrid hangs up the phone.

INGRID

Asshole.

She reaches for the toilet paper but the roll is empty. She sighs, looking around for something she can use.

HER POV - Her vintage copy of Joan Didion's *The White Album* is sitting on the floor.

CUT TO:

Ingrid plunges the toilet, angrily. The book lies open on the floor, a handful of pages torn out.

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY**

Ingrid is at the register. A teenage CASHIER rings her up.

CASHIER  
Fourteen eighty-six.

Ingrid empties her pockets, dumping a handful of crumpled up bills and coins on the counter. The cashier watches as she sifts through. It's clear that she does not have enough.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
Maybe we can take something off?

Ingrid looks at her items. A six-pack of Corona and a big thing of toilet paper.

**I/E. PINTO'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY**

Ingrid is driving up to her house when she notices a rental car parked out front. As she pulls into the driveway, she sees Erin and Keith are standing in front of the house with the words "EAT SHIT AND DIE" hanging above them.

**EXT. 22 FLAMINGO LANE - DAY**

Ingrid gets out of the truck with her grocery bag, confused.

INGRID  
What are you guys doing here?

ERIN  
We hadn't heard from you. We just wanted to make sure you were okay.

INGRID  
Didn't you get my letter?

ERIN  
Yeah, but you haven't responded to any of our calls or emails.

INGRID  
 Things have been pretty crazy.  
 (quick beat)  
 How did you find me?

KEITH  
 Your name popped up on a police  
 database after you bought this  
 place.  
 (re: plastic bag)  
 What you got there, Ingrid?

INGRID  
 Just some groceries.

CLOSE on the plastic bag which contains a six-pack of Corona  
 and nothing else. Ingrid looks uncomfortable.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
 Come on in. I'll give you the tour.

Ingrid heads inside. Keith and Erin exchange a look.

**INT. 22 FLAMINGO LANE - DAY**

Ingrid unpacks her "groceries" while Erin and Keith take a  
 look around, reacting to the squalor.

INGRID  
 Sorry about the mess. I've been  
 doing all the renovations myself.  
 (pause)  
 Can I get you guys anything?

KEITH  
 I'd love a water.

INGRID  
 My water's on the fritz right now.  
 How 'bout a Corona instead?

Ingrid pops the tops off of three bottles of Corona and hands  
 one to Erin and Keith, smiling.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
 Cheers! Welcome to Cali.  
 (they clink)  
 So... how's Logan?

An uncomfortable silence. Ingrid takes a long swig.

ERIN  
 Ingrid. We're worried about you.

INGRID

Why would you be worried about me?

ERIN

Look at this place. Look at how you're living.

INGRID

You're the one who told me to start over.

KEITH

This isn't what we had in mind.

ERIN

We think you should come home.

INGRID

I am home.

ERIN

Ingrid, this isn't healthy. The house is a mess. You're drinking beer at eleven A.M. on a Tuesday. It's like mom all over again.

INGRID

You know what? We're done here. So nice of you to drop by.

ERIN

You need help, Ingrid.

INGRID

Oh, now you want to help me?

ERIN

(confused)

What is that supposed to mean?

INGRID

You didn't seem so eager to help me when mom got sick.

Erin looks stunned.

ERIN

That is not fair. I did everything I could --

INGRID

Bullshit. You did everything you could for yourself. You're so selfish it makes me wanna puke.



ERIN

What did you want me to do? Mom was a black hole that neither of us was ever going to fill. So you know what? I moved on.

INGRID

No, you left me to clean up the mess. You abandoned us.

ERIN

I didn't abandon you! I did what I needed to do for my own sanity!

INGRID

Oh. Now I get it.  
(then)  
Well if I'm so crazy, then why you don't you do us all a favor and stay the fuck out of my life?

KEITH

(to Erin)  
Let's go. We're leaving.

Erin stares at Ingrid, eyes welling with tears.

INGRID

You heard me. Get the fuck out.

Keith ushers Erin outside, shaking his head at Ingrid.

We HOLD on Ingrid for a long moment, feeling guilty...

INGRID (CONT'D)

Erin, wait --

She opens the front door in time to see Erin and Keith pulling away. Ingrid watches them drive off, looking sad.

**INT. 22 FLAMINGO LANE - NIGHT**

Ingrid is sitting in the dark, staring at her phone, her face illuminated by the light of the screen.

ON THE SCREEN - She is posting an OLD PHOTO of her and her Mom on Halloween. Ingrid is dressed as Dorothy and her mom is on the couch, looking frail, dressed as the Wicked Witch.

INGRID (V.O.)

*Happy Birthday, Mom. Hashtag TBT.*

She is about to hit the 'SHARE' button when the screen suddenly goes blank. The battery icon appears.

INGRID

No no no no no...

She jams her thumb on the home button repeatedly.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Come on. Please.

Ingrid tries plugging the phone into the wall but nothing happens. She tries one of the light switches. Nothing.

Ingrid collapses onto the floor, moaning. The house is eerily quiet. A beat, then --

We HEAR voices, music and laughter drifting across the backyard. Ingrid looks up, peering through the blinds.

HER POV - Taylor is having a Halloween party. The lights are on and there are people in costumes, drinking and dancing.

**EXT. JOSHUA TREE HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT**

A costume party is underway. MUSIC blasts as Ingrid enters wearing a sheet with eye holes, weaving through the crowd.

She finds an outdoor outlet and plugs in her phone, noticing a platter of tiny sandwiches on the table next to her. She grabs one and lifts her sheet, devouring it quickly.

Ingrid stuffs a few more into her pocket and is about to head for the bar when she hears a familiar voice. She turns.

HER POV - Taylor is standing nearby, dressed as Cher from *Clueless* and talking to Harley who is dressed as Dionne.

Ingrid tries to quickly walk past them when someone steps on her sheet, pulling it off her in one fell swoop. She scrambles to cover herself when Taylor looks over, confused.

TAYLOR

Ingrid...?

Ingrid covers herself with the sheet, pretending not to hear.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Ingrid, I can see you. We all can.

Everyone turns, staring at Ingrid. Ingrid slowly removes the sheet, trying to play it cool.

INGRID  
Hey, Taylor. Happy Halloween.

TAYLOR  
What are you doing here? You weren't invited.

INGRID  
The music was really loud, so... if you wouldn't mind keeping it down, I have an important meeting tomorrow, so...

TAYLOR  
A meeting for what?

INGRID  
(sadly)  
What the fuck do you care?

A dude starts filming the confrontation with his phone.

Ezra appears from inside, sporting a new short haircut and moustache and dressed as Bernie from *Weekend at Bernie's*.

EZRA  
You want me to call the cops?

TAYLOR  
It's fine.

INGRID  
(re: Ezra)  
You're still with this guy?

TAYLOR  
Not that it's any of your business, but our marriage is fine. Unlike you, we're working through our issues.

EZRA  
I'm ninety days sober.

TAYLOR  
(proudly)  
Ezra's a concept designer for Levis.

INGRID  
I know, I saw your Instagram. Congratulations.

TAYLOR

Go home, Ingrid. People like you aren't welcome here.

Ingrid starts to leave then pauses, turning.

INGRID

Ezra told me everything, you know. How you used to dress like a sorority girl. How your favorite band was Coldplay. How when you moved here you didn't have any friends. You were just like me.

Ezra says nothing. Taylor looks at Ingrid with pity.

TAYLOR

I was never like you, Ingrid.

A long, painful silence. Everyone stares down at their feet.

CLOSE on Ingrid, fighting back tears. She nods, taking a deep breath, steeling herself...

INGRID

If you could keep the music down I'd really appreciate it.

Ingrid walks back towards her house. She pauses, turning around. Everyone watches as she walks across the entire party and unplugs her phone.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Forgot my phone.

Ingrid exits once again. A long beat, then --

Everyone resumes dancing and partying as if nothing happened.

We TRACK with Ingrid as she walks across the desert, the party continuing behind her, tears running down her cheeks...

## **INT. 22 FLAMINGO LANE - NIGHT**

ECU: A cheap tealight candle being lit with a match.

Ingrid is seated on the floor of her now-spotless living room, surrounded by lit candles. She stares at her phone.

POV - THROUGH AN IPHONE CAMERA

We are CLOSE on Ingrid's face as she presses the red RECORD button on an Instagram video. She takes a deep breath.

INGRID

They say that friends are the family  
you choose, but... What if the  
people you choose don't choose you?

(pause)

I thought moving to L.A. would be  
my chance to start over. A chance  
to live the life I always wanted --

The video STOPS at the 15-second limit. Ingrid sighs. She  
presses 'Share' and hits the record button again.

INGRID (CONT'D)

I thought if I made my life seem  
perfect and happy, maybe someone  
would choose me, but... it didn't  
matter. I guess the problem is me.  
The only person who ever chose me  
is gone now, so... why even bother?

(pause)

I'm so tired --

The video STOPS recording.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Shit!

Ingrid presses 'Share' and hits the record button again.

INGRID (CONT'D)

I'm tired of having to pretend to  
be something I'm not. I guess the  
reason I'm doing this is because I  
wanted to show people the real me,  
if only this one time. So...

(shrugs)

Here I am.

Silence. Ingrid picks up a bottle of prescription pills and  
dumps it into her mouth, washing it down with a Corona and  
wincing. She hits the 'Share' button and sets down her phone.

Ingrid lies back onto the floor, surrounded by candles, and  
presses play on her laptop. Seal's "KISS FROM A ROSE" plays.

She sets up the framed Instagram photo of her and Taylor and  
smiles at it one last time. She leans her head back and  
closes her eyes, drifting away, finally at peace...

FADE TO BLACK:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Ingrid?

(beat)

Ingrid? Can you hear me?

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

CLOSE on Ingrid's eyes. After a beat, they flutter open...

HER POV - A NURSE is hovering over us, smiling warmly.

NURSE

There she is.

Ingrid looks down at her body, realizing she is in a hospital bed. She tries to sit up but the nurse eases her back down.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa. Slow down, girl.

INGRID

(groggy)

Where's my phone...?

Ingrid glances around the room. It is filled with FLOWERS, BALLOONS, CARDS and STUFFED ANIMALS.

INGRID (CONT'D)

(re: gifts)

What's this?

NURSE

Apparently you've got a lot of fans out there. As a matter of fact, one of them is here to see you.

Ingrid stares at the nurse, confused.

INGRID

Taylor...?

We HEAR the sound of a motorized wheelchair coming down the hall. DAN PINTO enters, wearing a halo brace. He smiles.

DAN PINTO

'Sup, Ingrid!

Ingrid seems disappointed.

NURSE

Dan's the reason you're still with us. You're a lucky girl.

DAN PINTO

I saw your three-part suicide note  
on Instagram and called 9-1-1.

Ingrid stares at him, bewildered.

INGRID

You still follow me?

Pinto looks at her as if he doesn't understand the question.

DAN PINTO

'Course. You're my girl, Ingrid.

Ingrid looks touched. Her eyes well up with tears.

NURSE

I'll leave you two alone.

She smiles at them and exits.

DAN PINTO

Whaddya think of my new wheels?

Pinto spins around in his wheelchair.

DAN PINTO (CONT'D)

Turns out getting my neck broken  
was the best thing that ever  
happened to me. I had so much time  
on my hands that I completely  
retooled my script. And guess  
what?

INGRID

You sold it?

DAN PINTO

Not quite. But people are really  
responding to the material. I have  
an agent now and I just got staffed  
on a TV show. How sick is that?

Ingrid manages a weak smile.

INGRID

That's great, Dan. I'm really  
happy for you.

Pinto frowns, sensing something is not right.

DAN PINTO  
 Hey. Why so serious?  
 (smiles)  
 I know what'll cheer you up.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out INGRID'S PHONE.

Ingrid's face lights up. She looks at the home screen. Her notification list is flooded with comments from people on Instagram. A headline at the top reads:

**"You have 27,683 new followers."**

Ingrid stares at the number in disbelief.

DAN PINTO (CONT'D)  
 Some chick from the Huffington Post  
 got hold of your suicide vids and  
 re-posted the shit out of 'em.  
 Your face is all over the internet.  
 You've even got your own hashtag.  
 (beat)  
 Hashtag... *I Am Ingrid.*

Ingrid opens up her Instagram. As she scrolls through all the comments, we HEAR each one being read aloud:

COLLEGE GIRL (V.O.)  
*We love you, Ingrid!!!*

COLLEGE BRO (V.O.)  
*Stay strong, Ingrid. Flex emoji.*

ARGENTINIAN WOMAN (V.O.)  
*Hello, Ingrid. I'm from Argentina.  
 I saw your video. I think you are  
 beautiful inside and outside.*

TEENAGE GIRL (V.O.)  
*I feel like we should be best  
 friends. Please follow me?*

THE VOICES START TO BLEND TOGETHER, WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT AND PRAISE COMING FASTER AND FASTER...

CLOSE on Ingrid as she feels this outpouring of love from so many complete strangers. Her heart swells. Her breath shortens. Her face scrunches up as tears roll down her cheeks. A SMILE spreads across Ingrid's face as we --

CUT TO BLACK.