

LOVE HURTS

"PILOT"

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INT. UTAH PRISON - EXECUTION VIEWING ROOM - AFTERNOON

WE OPEN wide on an EXECUTION VIEWING ROOM. Emotional people sit in rows, waiting to watch it all go down. They exchange condolences, stories - "I can't believe this day has come." "What he did to my mother." "May god have mercy on his soul."

As CAMERA tracks across the scattered people, it ANGLES ON **HARPER O'NEILL** (25, A-list pretty), who is more distraught than anyone. A PRISON GUARD opens a curtain in front of glass windows, revealing an ELECTRIC CHAIR. Everyone gives some final hugs, then braces themselves. A **GIRL** (20s) turns to Harper --

GIRL
(crying to a crying
Harper)
After today we can finally put all
of this behind us.

The Girl's words don't appear comforting to Harper.

GIRL (CONT'D)
One day you will move on.

HARPER
Move on??? I can't just move on.
Chad's about to die!

The Girl finds this to be an odd response, but she shrugs it off. Everyone deals with grief differently, right?

CHAD STANLEY, (30s, handsome) enters in shackles.

CAMERA MOVES across the faces in the room. We register shock, agony, hatred, pain, and more pain. Some chatter suggests this is a man no one will miss... until we see Harper make eye contact with Chad. There's a hint of lust in both their eyes. There is a sense of longing from Harper, as if she can't bear to watch what is about to happen to Chad.

CAMERA stays on Harper's face as we hear Chad being strapped into the electric chair. She reaches out to the glass, as if to touch Chad one last time. Others in the group notice Harper's reaction to Chad and find it utterly strange, but they are so distracted by what's about to happen, they don't think anything more of it --

HARPER (CONT'D)
(to herself, to Chad)
Be brave. Just be brave.

A lot of noise is heard, heads turn. Harper keeps her eyes locked on Chad as he dies slowly.

EXT. UTAH PRISON - LATER

Harper and the small group reach the gated exit, they brace themselves for a MEDIA CIRCUS. Cameras are flashing, and a host of **REPORTERS** rush over to question them all at once --

REPORTER 1

Mr. Stanley is the first person to be executed in Utah in 17 years, do you feel justice was served?

REPORTER 2

Do you feel a weight lifted off your shoulders?

A few people step up, but Harper pushes them out of the way to get to the mic first, as if this is all about her.

HARPER

(standing out in the crowd)

CHAD STANLEY WAS THE LOVE OF MY LIFE! This is a huge loss for all of us, but mostly me! Our love was deeper than the cuts he left in bodies!

Record scratch moment. Silence except for Harper's sobbing. Everyone turns to face Harper in one fell swoop. Wide-eyed and shocked. Reporters fight to shove their mics in her face. In an instant, Harper is the main attraction... and she likes it. She lifts her head to face the press.

REPORTER 1

You were in love with a murderer?

REPORTER 2

Can you tell us more about Mr. Stanley on a personal level?

Harper pauses. Flips her hair. She flashes a brief smile, that turns into a deepened frown and glossy eyes.

HARPER

Chad was so much more than his reputation. I spent my whole life looking for a real connection with someone and once I found it, the state of Utah took it away from me!

Everyone is disgusted, in shock, in an uproar, and Harper is oblivious to all of it. The reporters are elated.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Chad was funny, caring, he loved
slasher flicks...

GIRL
Caring?! He killed my sister!

HARPER
(casual, instant
personality change)
Was it Jenny or Christina?

GIRL
Chelsea!

HARPER
Oh, right. I forgot there was a
third sister.

MAN
He butchered my niece!

HARPER
(offended)
Um, Chad was a SLASHER. He didn't
even own a meat cleaver. His cuts
were precise, engineered. The man
was a Harvard educated surgeon,
have some respect!
(ready for next question)
Next?

REPORTER 2
Were you married?

HARPER
(back to fake tears)
No, some judgemental people would
say it was time to move on. But I
knew he had his reasons for not
popping the question.

More chatter ensues, and then --

REPORTER 1
Harper, what now?

CUT TO:

INT. HARPER'S HOUSE - EVENING

CAMERA IS CLOSE on Harper's utterly distraught face. As we
pull out, we see remnants of a typical break-up: ice cream
tub, candy wrappers and tissues. FRIDAY THE 13TH plays on TV.

Next to her is **STACEY BUTLER** (25, "best friend" aka minion).

STACEY
(gently, re: movie)
You should turn this off, Harper.
It'll only make the pain worse.

HARPER
(sniffle breathy cry
thing)
I can't help it. It was Chad's
favorite movie!
(motioning to Jason
slashing on screen)
He learned from the best!!

Stacey grabs the remote and changes the channel.

STACEY
You need to watch something like
THE NOTEBOOK, PITCH PERFECT 2,
JUWANNA MAN - normal movies people
watch during a break-up.

Harper groans. Stacey strokes Harper's hair and brushes her
cheek, almost too lovingly, and tries to hold eye contact.

STACEY (CONT'D)
The girls are out together right
now, maybe we should go...

Harper points to her face. It's covered in streaks of mascara
and lipstick stains.

HARPER
I look like I just blew a bus full
of circus clowns.

STACEY
You know the girls are the only
ones who can really understand what
you're going through. But if you
want to stay in, just you and me,
that's cool. I can spend the night!

Furious KNOCKING on the door is heard.

LOUD MOUTH WOMAN (O.C.)
Ms. O'Neill! Harper O'Neill! I need
to speak with Harper O'Neill, the
woman in love with Chad Stanley!

Harper's face turns to the door with magical curiosity in her
eyes - as if she knows that voice.

HARPER
...Is that?

Harper rips the door open and it's **NANCY FUCKING GRACE**, shoving a tiny podcast microphone in Harper's face.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Nancy?!

Harper hugs her tightly.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Oh I've dreamed of this day! Nancy, what happened with HLN? I thought you were gone for good??

NANCY GRACE
Fuck HLN. Sons of fuckers. I want to murder them all, chop them into pieces, eat them and make myself more famous than Dahmer, but that's for retirement. This is where I've always wanted to be - in the streets. Dirt in my boots. Wind in my helmet. Face to face with some of America's most fucked up people.

She pulls out a flask and takes a giant rip. Nancy is drunk.

NANCY GRACE (CONT'D)
You, Harper O'Neill, are my next star. I made Chad a household name, and I'm gonna do the same for you.

Nancy is now chain smoking the fuck out of some Camels.

HARPER
(dreams are coming true)
You want to do a story? On ME?

NANCY GRACE
Yes.
(then)
But I need a place to crash and rations for a week. Ever since HLN kicked me to the curb I've gone rogue. That's my podcast - GRACE GONE ROGUE. I had a crew but when I maxed out my credit cards and all my accounts were frozen, their wives wouldn't let me pay them in Arby's gift cards, so I had to cut bait. Did I mention I'm homeless?

HARPER
Please! Come in!

Harper's never looked so happy. As she guides Nancy in --

NANCY GRACE
(into mic, getting to
work)
I'm here with Harper O'Neill - who
was in love with Chad Stanley - the
Sioux City Slasher, convicted of
killing AT LEAST 7 people. He was
EXECUTED in the state of Utah
today, but the real story I know
all you Grace Gone Rogue-ers want
to hear, is about the GIRLFRIEND
who stood by him through it all.

HARPER
(sotto: to Stacey)
OH MY GOD. OH MY GOD. Our Goddess,
the woman who loves serial killers
THE MOST... KNOWS WHO I AM!!

Stacey and Harper Eeeeeek! Stacey tries to hold Harper's
hands, but her phone dings. She pulls it out, annoyed it
ruined another chance to get close to Harper. But then --

STACEY
You're trending on Twitter!

HARPER
I am?!

STACEY
#HeartbrokenHarper is fourth!

Nancy has unloaded a garbage bag filled with her shit. She's
spending the night alright.

HARPER
Fourth? Nancy fucking Grace is
putting pajamas on in my living
room. What could possibly be
trending more than me?

STACEY
Gandhi's birthday, a charity
fighting human trafficking... Bill
Pullman's dead??

HARPER
OH. MY GOD. WHO THE FUCK CARES?
Clearly we need a new social media
strategy.

(MORE)

HARPER (CONT'D)

Keep hashtagging my hashtag 'till
your fingers can't flick your clit.
If we're going to see the girls, I
need you to make me look hotter
than the hottest girl in the room
which is usually me so make me
hotter than me --

(then, to Nancy)

Nancy, I'll do your interview when
we get back --

Nancy is already passed out, with a still-lit cigarette in
her mouth. Stacey pulls out an emerald green dress and gold
accessories adorned with the classic MICHAEL KORS logo.

STACEY

Your curves look amazing in this.

HARPER

Michael Kors was always Chad's favorite.

Off Harper admiring her dress --

INT. ROOM - LATER

We're TIGHT on an table of 6 WOMEN, dressed like they're at a
Southern Belle-Style mixer. Resting bitch faces, fake smiles,
snobs galore. **CHLOE NICHOLS** (27, stuck-up for no reason) sits
at the head of the table next to her sidekicks **LINDIE** (20s,
hopeless romantic) and **ROXANNE** (20s, rule-follower).

CHLOE

So, Lindie, what's up with you and
Mr. Bank Robber?

LINDIE

Well, at our visit the other day,
he said he wants to see each other
exclusively!

EEEEKKKSSS all around.

LINDIE (CONT'D)

So, I think he may be the one!

More eeks! But, Roxanne looks a bit down.

CHLOE

Roxanne, what's wrong?

ROXANNE

Frank and I can't have kids.

CHLOE
But what about all those conjugal
visits?

ROXANNE
(gesturing to her belly)
No, I can't.

All the girls hold her hand in support.

CHLOE
What about in vitro?

ROXANNE
(hopeful)
If the prison will allow it.

Suddenly, the sound of POWER HEELS WALKING DOWN THE HALL are heard, causing the girls' heads to turn.

We focus TIGHT on Harper in the distance, approaching with confidence. Stacey is in tow, furiously tweeting.

We come back CLOSE ON Chloe - some whispers ensue.

CHLOE
Girls. Ssh. We have to have a
serious talk with Harper. Chad's
dead, so she's no longer top titty
around here, until she somehow
convinces another dangerous
criminal to date her.

ROXANNE
Those are the rules.

CHLOE
And guess who has the baddest boy
now? ME.

ROXANNE
Which means you're the group's new
leader. To Chloe!

Chloe makes a "DUH" face. The girls raise a glass and CHEERS.

CHLOE
(emotional)
I didn't think this day would ever
come. We've been living in the
shadow of that bitch's glamorous
love life for too long.

ROXANNE

But, it's not a total loss for
Harper. At least she can sit at the
singles table...

The girls snicker as they look over at the sad display of
FRUMPY UNATTRACTIVE WOMEN sitting at "the singles table." A
plain plastic table with fold out chairs around it. Some of
them are drinking coffee from styrofoam cups and nibbling on
wafer cookies and bananas.

As CAMERA PANS back WIDE to Chloe's table, we notice that the
table they've been sitting at this whole time looks exactly the
same as the "singles table." These women aren't at a rich bitch
mixer - this is a VFW Hall, that hosts support group meetings.

INT. VFW HALL - CHECK IN AREA - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA FOLLOWS Harper from behind, strutting her stuff. She
cruises past a "check-in" station - a plastic table with a
sign-in sheet. The SAD-LOOKING GIRL manning it (remember her,
she's important!) steps up and opens her mouth to say
something to Harper but she blows past her and heads into --

INT. VFW HALL - CONTINUOUS

Harper strides to Chloe's table. Stacey is still tweeting.

HARPER

My girls. Come, hug me. I need you
now more than ever.

No one says anything. No one moves. And it's awkward. Stacey
tries to get some "touching Harper" time in but Harper
extends her arms to the others, smacking Stacey in the face.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Ladies, I know I usually don't let
any of you touch me, but today,
please, the emotional support needs
to be on high.

Again, nobody moves.

HARPER (CONT'D)

What's going on? AND Chloe, what
are you doing in my seat?

CHLOE

It's not your seat anymore, Harper.
The singles table is over there.

HARPER

I'm not single, I'm a widow.
There's a difference.

CHLOE

You know the rules. "If you don't
have a criminal for a man, you must
be banned."

HARPER

Chad had his life taken from him 8
hours ago. It's not my fault the
jury gave him the death penalty.

CHLOE

You knew the risks!

HARPER

I was in love!

CHLOE

Whatever. You made that rule.

HARPER

And now I say it's fucking stupid.

CHLOE

(re: Stacey)

What about your sad sidekick? Why
does her dried up pussy get to sit
with us?

HARPER

Stacey is my apprentice.

CHLOE

Then what about Julie? When you
found out Julie was single, you
made her be the check-in girl!

Everyone turns their attention to that SAD-LOOKING GIRL we
met before. This is **JULIE** (30s, tired eyes, dressed simply,
wearing a name tag that says "S.H.E.P.W.R." - will explain
this real soon, promise!). Julie walks over to their table.

HARPER

One of the single girls has to do
it! I wanted her to feel special!
But fine, if Julie wants to sit at
the singles table, she can.

JULIE

Once again, Harper, I am not a "single," I am the court-mandated facilitator for this cooperative healing circle.

We notice the SIGN at Julie's check-in station. It's an acronym that says: S.H.E.P.W.R - Self Help Empathy Project For Women's Rehabilitation.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(gesturing to the room)

This is SHE POWER: Self Help Empathy Project For Women's Rehabilitation. I'm your counselor.

HARPER

But, you're single?

JULIE

Well, yes, but -

HARPER

Okay, so Julie, you can sit at the singles table. After you check everyone in.

Julie sighs. She's not getting through to these women and it looks like she doesn't have the confidence she ever will.

JULIE

(still trying)

Ladies, this is your space for healing, spiritual growth and empowerment. I urge you, use this time to reflect on your addiction to dangerous men, and the negative choices you're making and how they affect your lives.

CHLOE

(ignoring)

Harper, you do not have a criminal for a man, and even when you did, we've all been questioning for a long time if Chad even loved you.

Gasps. Some chatter suggests the group agrees with Chloe.

HARPER

Now you're just making shit up. More pathetic than usual.

CHLOE

No ring? I mean, Dave got me one in less than 2 months.

Chloe flashes her wedding ring.

JULIE

Chloe, those are not supportive words for Harper.

HARPER

Well I just got an exclusive interview on Nancy Grace's new podcast -

CHLOE

That washed up HLN hasbeen whore??

HARPER

Don't you dare talk about Nancy like that! She's one of us!

CHLOE

How much money did Chad even leave you, Harper? Is that a Michael Kors dress? Shame. You know they sell his stuff at TJ Maxx now. Glad I get Valentino.

Harper's eyes fire up.

HARPER

You're just jealous because you were in love with Chad but he didn't want you!

JULIE

Harper, that was a hard time for Chloe. What can we learn from it?

CHLOE

Well at least my man is still breathing!

HARPER

Yeah and I set you up with him! You wouldn't even know Dave without me!

CHLOE

You only helped me find a man because you felt guilty about Chad!

HARPER

Oh, speaking of "guilty." Dave is probably gonna be proven innocent, Chloe, so you might as well start filing for divorce now -

CHLOE

(looking around to everyone)

That is not true!

HARPER

That's not what his defense team said when they discovered that new evidence. I wonder what they're gonna name the documentary? "THE DAVE MILLER STORY: Innocent Man Fools Dumb Bitch!"

Chloe smacks Harper across the face and they pull each other's hair. Julie tries to break them up. Harper finally pushes Chloe hard enough to break free.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Fuck all you bitches. I am the reason you all even have this.

JULIE

Actually, the Utah office of faith-based public partnerships is the...

HARPER

Before me, you were just a group of women who loved criminals and only dreamt of them from afar while masturbating to their news footage.

JULIE

Before you these ladies had some grounding. And a chance.

STACEY

Thanks to Harper, you get to masturbate with them on the phone.

JULIE

OKAY! No one should be reaching out to these dangerous men! They are not good for you!

HARPER

Roxanne, you couldn't even get a date with a Freddy Krueger impersonator, and now, thanks to ME, you're in a steady relationship with the hottest arsonist in Utah!

STACEY

A man with REAL burns on his face!

HARPER

And Lindie, when your family exiled you for having sex with a kidnapper, I was there to be your friend when literally everyone in your life wouldn't go near you. I was there for all you bitches in your darkest hours. But sure, bite the hand that feeds.

STACEY

And not the hand you finger yourself with.

CHLOE

No. Either you sit at the singles table or you're banned from this group for life.

HARPER

You can't do that.

JULIE

You can't do that.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

As new leader, yes, I can. Everyone who thinks Harper should be banned raise their hand.

Slowly the ladies start to raise their hands.

JULIE

Ladies, that is not how this works.

Chloe smiles at all the hands raised in the room.

CHLOE

Well. Sorry, Harper. Looks like no one wants you here. So, BYE.

Harper can't believe it. Tears form around her eyes.

JULIE

Harper, I'm here for you!

HARPER
Bullshit, Julie! It's crystal clear
that you're only here for Chloe.

Harper violently clears everything off the snack/coffee table in one swipe, and leaves in a huff. Stacey follows.

INT. BAR - LATER THAT EVENING

Harper sits at the bar, crying her eyes out. (Stacey tweets the shit out of #heartbrokenharper throughout the scene.)

Stacey puts the straw from her own drink into Harper's mouth.

STACEY
Don't let those girls get to you,
Harper. You're a hero. A visionary.
With skin as soft as Ballantyne
cashmere... eyes bluer than the
rooftops of Santorini...

Okay, this is getting kind of weird.

STACEY (CONT'D)
You've been there for them year
after year, helping them find the
right guy. Before you, it was just
a group of all talk and no action.

HARPER
True. Especially you. The men you
try to get are such losers. It's
like you're trying to sabotage
yourself on purpose. Like you don't
actually want a man in your life.

Stacey looks down, awkward chuckle.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Like when you brought me to Vegas
for that guy who killed hookers?
Come on! Such easy prey. No skill
required. They sometimes don't even
bother convicting in those cases.

STACEY
But that was a really fun weekend
we had together.

HARPER
Uhh, you booked us a room at
Harrah's. With only one bed. And
you queef in your sleep.

A ding goes off - it's Twitter.

STACEY

Harper, look! Your hashtag is the
number one trend -

Harper grabs Stacey's phone and reads her Twitter feed -

HARPER

OH MY GOD, it's working! You did
it!

STACEY

And I can still flick a clit!

Stacey moves her index finger up and down excitedly. Harper
hugs Stacey. Stacey holds on for too long.

STACEY (CONT'D)

(while holding Harper)

Does this mean you're ready to let
someone new into your life?

Harper breaks free and gives Stacey a glaring look.

HARPER

(extremely loud, on purpose)

You want me to start dating again
right after the love of my life was
KILLED?

Heads turn, giving Stacey bad looks. A **BARTENDER** approaches.

BARTENDER

Miss, I am sorry to hear about your
loss. Here, have this on the house.

Harper sucks it down in one giant, unattractive sip.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Can I ask how he passed? My wife
died a year ago. From cancer.

Harper outstretches her hand.

HARPER

He was killed by an electrode to
the head, and two-thousand volts of
electricity resulting in paralysis
of his brain's respiratory centers
and heart fibrillation.

Harper starts to sob. The bartender is freaked out and tries
to lightly pull his hand away. She hangs on to it tighter.

STACEY
 (trying to get Harper's
 attention again)
 Harper, I was just thinking, if you
 want to get back on top of Chloe,
 there's only one way to do so...

Off Harper's inquisitive look --

INT. VFW HALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Chloe is feeling on top of the world at the head of the table. Julie is trying to be a part of the conversation.

CHLOE
 Lindie, I'm thinking you and Mr.
 Bank Robber can have a spring
 wedding. Have you picked out a
 color palette?

JULIE
 Chloe, we're not here to talk about
 Lindie's wedding plans. In fact -

Everyone ignores Julie.

LINDIE
 I'm thinking salmon and sage -

Lindie pulls up pictures on her phone and right as she shows it to the group, a Twitter alert pops up: "Trending now: #heartbrokenharper"

CHLOE
 What the fuck is that?

Chloe grabs the phone and scrolls through the #heartbrokenharper feed, not believing what she's reading.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
 Oh my god Harper's trending.

One tweet after another starts to pop up. "I loved seeing #heartbrokenharper on CNN!"

CHLOE (CONT'D)
 Bitch was on the national news AND
 Nancy Grace is doing a piece on
 her?!?!

Chloe throws Lindie's phone at the wall, shattering it.

INT. BAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Stacey and a less sad Harper are still at the bar.

HARPER

Okay, I am really torn up from the loss of Chad, but you're right. If I want to be back on top I need to find a new man. The most dangerous criminal Chloe and those bitches have ever seen.

STACEY

You're so brave. Like Harriet Tubman.

HARPER

I need a list of every convicted serial killer within a 100 mile radius. NOT on death row.

Stacey pulls out her iPad.

STACEY

Well, you haven't dated in a while, so maybe you should start slow. How about online? It's all the rage.

HARPER

Ew, online?

STACEY

FindAnInmate.com guarantees to get you a match, or your money back!

HARPER

Ah, I am such a sucker for a good deal. Let's do it.

Stacey does some tapping on her iPad.

STACEY.

Eligible bachelor number one... this guy hasn't killed anyone but -

HARPER

PASS!

STACEY

Number two then... is a killer of three also currently on trial for a fourth killing -

HARPER

A maybe four people? Stacey - PASS!
Are you *trying* to set me up with
nobodies?? I am a beautiful woman
who has attained very powerful men,
I do NOT need to settle.

Just then Harper is distracted by a NEWS STORY BREAKING on TV. An **ANCHOR** is reporting and in the corner of the screen there is a picture of a REALLY HANDSOME MAN.

ANCHOR (ON TV)

Convicted serial killer Scott Baker
escaped from prison yesterday
morning and has been on the loose
in the small town of Chesapeake,
Colorado ever since -

Harper is so astounded by this news, she spits out her drink.

HARPER

Oh, sweet, sweet Jesus. He's more
fuckable than Bundy!

STACEY

(meh)
He's cute.

HARPER

Cute? I'd take my IUD out for him.
That man is a catch.
(then, an idea)
A catch. Exactly! I need to know
everything about him!

Harper gathers her things and makes a dash toward the door.

STACEY

Wait, where are you going?

Harper is already long gone.

STACEY (CONT'D)

I'll take care of the tab! No prob!

Stacey pulls out her credit card, like it's habit.

INT. HARPER'S HOUSE - 3 AM

Papers are strewn about, a laptop is hooked up to a TV.
Harper is packing clothes into a large suitcase.

NANCY GRACE is still passed the fuck out on Harper's couch.

HARPER

Stacey, pull up Scott's Wiki. We need to do an in-depth analysis before we go to Colorado. Also, check Amazon, see if he has any books. If not, this may be a good time to talk to him about that.

STACEY

Now? Harper, it's 3 AM. I have to be at work in four hours.

Harper pauses.

HARPER

You're right. There's no time.

Harper starts shaking Nancy awake.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Nancy! Wake-up. I need to know everything about Scott Baker.

Nancy jolts up, unlit cigarette vibrating between her lips.

NANCY GRACE

(as if she's LIVE at 6 pm)
Scott Baker GREW UP in Colorado. Has lived there all 33-years of his life. AVERAGE family. EXCELLED in school. Considered an OUTCAST because of his HIGH IQ. Prime story for being a KILLER. Known for strictly attacking women leaving the gym, he ADMITTED the sweat glistening on their bodies in the moonlight turned him on. Because of this, he was dubbed "The Cardio Killer."

(then, super fast)
Cardio Killer is a registered trademark of Nancy Grace.

HARPER

Hot. Wait, how did he kill them? That's very important to me.

Nancy takes the cigarette out of her mouth, and pulls out a CAN OF COMPRESSED AIR and starts huffing it.

NANCY GRACE

(eyes lighting up)
Strangler.

Harper swoons and dreams about all the possibilities, as Nancy takes another HUGE HUFF and passes out, for good.

HARPER

I think this could be the man I marry. This could be my chance to get back on top. I could finally banish that ass-whore Chloe FOR GOOD. We're going to Colorado.

STACEY

This can't wait a day or two?

HARPER

Stacey, do you know how many women are gonna go after him?

STACEY

I... I can't. I have to go to work.

This is taking everything Stacey has to stand up to Harper.

HARPER

Listen to me - I'm your mentor. Helping me get a man gets you one step closer to finding your true love too. Or something like that.

STACEY

(softens)

Okay. Yeah. And most important, you and I will get more time to bond.

HARPER

Yeah, sure.

STACEY

So what's the plan? What happens if we get to town and the police haven't found him yet?

HARPER

That's the easy part! I'll use you to lure him in, then I'll call the police, they'll catch him in the act, and BAM! Arrested. The old bait and switch!

STACEY

(horrified)

What?! No, Harper, I can't!

HARPER

We've done all the research, this'll be a piece of cake!

STACEY

But, but...

(searching for excuse)

He's worked so hard to escape. You could find him, and we could all go on the run together instead!

HARPER

(appalled)

Are you kidding me? I need him behind bars so I can keep him on a short leash. He's so sexy and lethal he might as well be a Greek god, or a jaguar. Safer to admire on the inside of a cage.

STACEY

Seems like he wasn't really happy in that cage though.

HARPER

It's not so bad! The stability, the healthcare, the book deals, the TV TIME! PLUS, there's NO women working at that prison. I can keep the snatch to dong ratio around him low. And think about it, Stacey. There's no death penalty in Colorado. So when Scott and I say "til death do us part," our fate will be in god's hands, not some dumbass governor's.

(to a blacked out Nancy)

Nancy! Don't you agree?! Nancy!

Harper tries to shake her awake, but she's limp.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Nancy, it's okay. You stay here and rest up. It's like I've been called upon to do this. It's all because of you. This is my destiny. You should know you're my spirit animal. We'll come back for you.

Harper tucks Nancy in.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Stacey, we leave in an hour.

Stacey takes a deep breath, nervous for what's to come. Off Harper's eager look --

INT. UTAH COURTROOM - NEXT DAY

A nervous Chloe, wearing her hottest Valentino outfit, sits in court. She squeezes Lindie and Roxanne's palms.

The courtroom is crowded, but Chloe has made sure to get the first row, directly behind the defendant, her hubby **DAVE MILLER**, (30s, in prison clothes). A **JUDGE** speaks up.

UTAH JUDGE

Has the jury reached a verdict?

The FOREMAN hands the BAILIFF the VERDICT. Bailiff hands the verdict to the JUDGE and he reads it --

UTAH JUDGE (CONT'D)

On the count of murder in the first degree, the jury finds the defendant Dave Miller... NOT GUILTY.

A host of immediate mixed reactions are heard/seen: Chloe SCREAMS. The girls GASP. Dave breaths a huge sigh of relief. His LAWYERS pat each other on the backs.

UTAH JUDGE (CONT'D)

On the lesser, included charge of involuntary manslaughter, the jury finds Dave Miller... GUILTY.

More mixed reactions are heard. A disgusted Chloe approaches Dave and SLAPS him in the face.

CHLOE

You lied to me! This whole time you made me believe that you were a cold blooded killer!

DAVE

I fell in love with you -

CHLOE

And what? You just didn't have the heart to tell me you never killed that woman on purpose?! Pathetic.

Chloe throws her ring in Dave's face and storms off.

DAVE

Babe! I'm still technically a killer!

Off Dave's confused face --

INT. STACEY'S CAR - DAY

Stacey and Harper drive into a small ski town in Colorado. They pass a sign: "WELCOME TO CHESAPEAKE, Where Everybody is Somebody!" News vans, reporters and camera crews are scattered all over. Everyone is on high Scott alert.

HARPER

We're here! It's happening!!

Stacey and Harper eeeek!

HARPER (CONT'D)

Oh my god, look!

Harper takes in the following: FEMALE PEDESTRIANS wearing T-shirts that say "HOT FOR SCOTT," a bakery with a "Baker's Dozen" special on RED VELVET CUPCAKES, a HARDWARE STORE with a "Prices slashed!" sign next to a painted knife on its window.

HARPER (CONT'D)

He's SO famous -

Off Harper's mesmerized face we --

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

A **WAITRESS** in a "HOT FOR SCOTT" T-shirt serves the girls.

WAITRESS

Afternoon, ladies.

HARPER

Nice shirt.

WAITRESS

Yeah I know it's a bit morbid. But he's just so handsome, and he's put our little town on the map. Thanks to Scott, the diner's been packed with customers.

HARPER

Too bad he's already taken.

WAITRESS

The police caught him??

HARPER

No, but it's being taken care of.

WAITRESS

Huh?

HARPER

We'll have the "Buy One Burger, Get One Scott Free" deal. Extra bloody.

Harper hands the menus back to the Waitress, who appears utterly confused by this whole exchange. She leaves.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go over the plan.

Harper notices Stacey is off in la-la land, deep in thought, appearing worried. Harper throws a SALT SHAKER at her.

HARPER (CONT'D)

What the fuck is wrong with you?

STACEY

This whole thing is getting really real. I haven't been this scared since my last pap smear...

HARPER

(severely disappointed)

Wow, Stacey... Do you honestly think I'd let Scott kill you? I'm hunting a jaguar, and I need to use live bait. So I... need... you.

Stacey appears so touched by this, she can't even believe it.

STACEY

You need me?

HARPER

Yeah. Whatever. I need you. Let's get you sweaty, sexy and prepped for attempted murder.

Off Stacy's eager to please Harper face --

INT. LULULEMON DRESSING ROOM

Stacey is behind a curtain in the dressing room. Just outside, Harper is eating a red velvet cupcake with Scott's face on the frosting (from the Bakery we saw in town). She stares at his face, then moans into it with the last bite.

STACEY (O.S.)

Can you help me get these on?

HARPER

(eye roll)

Ugh.

(MORE)

HARPER (CONT'D)
Are you capable of doing anything
on your own? Next you'll be asking
me to change your tampon.

STACEY
You'd do that for me?

Harper opens the curtain and helps Stacey get the pants on.
Stacey is turned on by Harper's every touch. She awkwardly
maneuvers her vagina towards Harper's hands.

HARPER
I shouldn't have let you eat that
burger. Like I said, I'm a sucker
for a deal.

Harper finally pulls the pants over Stacey's ass. The elastic
waist SNAPS against Stacey's skin. Ouch.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Vast improvement.

STACEY
They look the same to me, but if
you think my butt looks nice...

HARPER
They would look the same to you.
Get some class, Stacey.

A Lululemon **DRESSING ROOM WORKER** (20s) chimes in.

DRESSING ROOM WORKER
You could land any man in those.

HARPER
See, Stacey? Scott Baker won't be
able to resist you.

DRESSING ROOM WORKER
Scott, the serial killer on the
loose?

HARPER
Yeah, duh. What other Scott Baker
would we bother with?

DRESSING ROOM WORKER
(not believing)
So you're buying these pants to
lure him in?

Harper panics.

HARPER

Why? Are there better pants you
guys have in the back??

The Worker is weirded out. She leaves the dressing room.

Stacey looks at the price tag and is shocked: 100 bucks!

STACEY

These are really expensive, Harper.
And tight. And I've already spent a
bunch on gas and the hotel.

HARPER

Are you trying to put a price tag
on LOVE?

Harper saying "LOVE" takes Stacey's breath away. She's caught
in a trance, admiring Harper's beauty.

STACEY

No. Never. I would do anything for
love -

HARPER

But you won't buy these pants?

Stacey's lips long for Harper's...

STACEY

No. I would. I would do that.

HARPER

Great!

Harper shuts the curtains, leaving Stacey alone, again.

INT. COLORADO HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Assorted shopping bags are all over the room. Harper puts a
wig on Stacey to conceal her identity, then sprays water all
over Stacey's face.

HARPER

Scott only attacks women who are
majorly perspiring.

Harper sprays Stacey's under-boob until it's soaking wet.

STACEY

Hey, that's cold!

HARPER
Stop acting like I'm giving you a
3rd trimester coat-hanger abortion.
A sweaty rack could seal the deal.

Stacey looks overwhelmed, but she wants to make Harper happy.

INT. STACEY'S CAR/EXT. HOTLEGZ FITNESS - LATER

Harper looks through binoculars for Scott. He's nowhere to be seen. Fuck. Stacey hangs out by the gym's door awkwardly. She looks back at Harper in the car and SHRUGS.

HARPER
(to herself)
Where the fuck are you hiding,
Scott Baker?

Stacey gets back in the car.

HARPER (CONT'D)
I don't get it. This is the only
other gym in town.

Harper notices a COP CAR sitting in the shadows.

HARPER (CONT'D)
(pointing)
Cops! Of course! Scott *knew* the
cops would surveil Hotlegz Fitness
so he changed his venue to avoid
getting caught. He's so smart.

STACEY
Where do you think he is?

HARPER
I can believe that he'd change
venues, but there's no way he would
change his *type*...

STACEY
When we were driving into town, I
noticed signs for a girls track
meet at the high school tonight.

HARPER
Yes! The track meet! That's
perfect. God, I have such great
ideas.

Harper drives off.

INT. STACEY'S CAR - LATER

They're parked at the high school. Harper sprays more cold water all over Stacey. It gets in her eyes, mouth.

HARPER
Don't fuck this up.

Stacey gives Harper a determined look.

STACEY
I won't let you down.

Stacey gets out of the car and heads toward the track.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK/INT. STACEY'S CAR - LATER

Stacey hangs out as the GIRL'S TRACK TEAM leaves the field.

Harper watches through binoculars. No Scott. She looks in another direction, desperate. Still no Scott. This isn't working! Stacey heads back to the car.

STACEY
There's always tomorrow. One more night in the hotel together isn't the worst thing!

HARPER
(beat, looking)
Scott??

WAIT - is that him?! SHE SPOTS **SCOTT** off in the shadows. He's about to attack another GIRL (18, one of the track runners).

HARPER (CONT'D)
Stacey! My husband. Don't let that bitch steal him!

Stacey dashes out.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - CONTINUOUS

Stacey pushes the would-be Scott victim.

STACEY
Save yourself!

The WOMAN runs away. Stacey realizes she is alone with Scott. Some fear sets in. She screams. Scott tackles her.

STACEY (CONT'D)
Please don't kill me! BUT do keep
strangling me!

Harper dials 9-1-1 excitedly.

Scott holds Stacey down as she tries to get away.

HARPER
(impressed)
Look at those arms! He's so strong!
The skill, the precision!

STACEY
Help!

Stacey's wig starts to come off in the struggle. Scott, confused, backs off, stops holding her down.

SCOTT
What the fuck?

Stacey grabs the wig and tries to put it back on straight.

STACEY
Pretend you didn't see that!
Please! Strangle me!

Scott hesitates, weirded out, but goes back to strangle her.

SUDDENLY the POLICE VEHICLES storm in. Scott didn't see this coming! Shit! He releases Stacey from his grip. He tries to run, but an OFFICER tackles him, cuffs him. Every NEWS STATION is on scene. It's a media circus all over again.

OFF HARPER'S FACE, covered in ecstasy --

INT. VFW HALL

The group has come together to support Chloe. Julie is there, no name tag, looking like it's her "day off."

JULIE
Well, Chloe, you called us here for
an emergency She Power meeting.
What is on your mind?

CHLOE
I'm the victim of an incompetent
legal system!

ROXANNE

I know Dave lied, but he's still in jail for manslaughter so you're still technically married to the most dangerous criminal in the group which means you're still technically on top -

Julie tries to steer the conversation in another direction.

JULIE

Chloe, maybe this is your chance to - make amends with Harper, she was your best friend once and now you're going through the same thing. You could help her look for a man... who doesn't have a criminal background and you could do the same...

CHLOE

WAIT - oh my god. I can't believe I didn't think of this before. Harper was the one who introduced me to Dave. What if Harper KNEW that Dave wasn't a cold blooded killer all along and set me up with him anyway so she could stay on top?!

WHOA. Light bulb moment for the entire group, sans Julie.

JULIE

I don't think that's -

CHLOE

(realizing bit by bit)
Harper knew that I had potential. She knew I had what it took to land a prolific serial killer. She knew I possessed excellent leadership skills. I almost won Chad over her and she got scared. That skank pulled a long con!

JULIE

I am sure Harper didn't -

CHLOE

(whips out her phone)
First, I'm gonna destroy her reputation all over social media.

Chloe pulls up a photo of Harper and uses an app that enables her to photoshop dicks into her mouth. It's a masterpiece.

She laughs to herself maniacally, and is about to tweet the photo but she notices something in the trending topics feed first: "The Cardio Killer" Scott Baker's capture. Chloe looks up, an idea. A big one. She smiles.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

And then I'm going to bury that bitch below me for good.

JULIE

(to self)

Jesus Christ, only four more of these and I am a certified psychologist. FOUR MORE. JUST FOUR.

CHLOE

(piping in)

Julie, I doubt you're going to find a criminal to love you in four years, never mind four weeks.

Julie is beyond dumbfounded. These ladies just don't get it.

EXT. COLORADO PRISON - NEXT DAY

Stacey, wearing a neck brace, preps Harper to see Scott. She has a "KIT" of supplies: breath mints, make-up, floss.

HARPER

I'm really about to meet the man of my dreams. Do I have anything in my teeth? Whatever. Floss them anyway. Not worth the risk.

Stacey gets deep into Harper's mouth with the floss, her lips coming really close to Harper's. She pushes Stacey away.

STACEY

Sorry, you never know where plaque is hiding.

HARPER

How's my hair?

STACEY

Smooth, shiny and perfect.

HARPER

It's because you didn't fuck up and buy me knockoff Moroccanoil this time. Nice job.

Stacey appears touched by this "compliment."

HARPER (CONT'D)
Update Twitter. We need to let my fans know I've found love again. And call Nancy. She'll need this for her piece.

Stacey nods and pulls out her phone.

INT. COLORADO PRISON - VISITOR'S AREA - CONTINUOUS

Harper approaches a female **PRISON GUARD**.

HARPER
Hello, I'm here to see Scott Baker.

PRISON GUARD
He already has a visitor. She's in line to see him right now.

Harper is taken aback.

HARPER
Who could he possibly be with??

STACEY
It's got to be his lawyer. We can come back tomorrow. It'll be okay.

PRISON GUARD
If she's his lawyer, that's the hottest lawyer I've ever seen. Rockin' that Valentino...

WAIT - Valentino?! Harper whips her head, looks at the line of visitors and is horrified to realize that Scott's visitor is CHLOE!!!!!!!!!!

HARPER
Oh FUCK NO.

Harper runs up to the glass separating her from Chloe and the visiting area. She bangs on it.

Chloe turns around and is super pleased to see Harper there. She gives her a bitchy little wave. Harper is furious.

The Prison Guard pulls Harper away from the glass as Harper violently resists.

PRISON GUARD
Ma'am, you need to leave.

HARPER
 (to Guard)
 You can't let her go in there!
 She's smuggling 20 kilos of heroin
 in her ass!

Harper tries to run into the visitor's room, but the Guard
 grabs her. She's about five-feet off the ground, legs flailing.

HARPER (CONT'D)
 SCOTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Just then, Harper sees Nancy Fucking Grace approaching, and
 she lets out a sigh of relief.

HARPER (CONT'D)
 Nancy! Thank god you're here! That
 SLUT is trying to steal my -

Nancy ignores Harper, keeps moving. Harper is confused.

NANCY GRACE
 (calling out)
 Chloe! Chloe Nichols. I need to do
 an exclusive on you!

HARPER
 Nancy! How could you!?

NANCY GRACE
 Who the fuck are you?

HARPER
 You slept on my couch!

Harper watches in disgrace as Chloe and Nancy walk in to meet
 Scott, who looks hotter than ever.

HARPER (CONT'D)
 (to Nancy)
 That bitch called you a whore!

For a MOMENT - just a moment - Harper and Scott's eyes lock.
 Harper feels an ounce of hope... Is he noticing her?!

Nope. He is instantly distracted by the sight of Chloe
 approaching him. Nancy, mic out, records Scott and Chloe's
 first moments together.

Harper watches in agony as Scott smiles at Chloe. GROSS. HOLY
 FUCKING GROSS. It's too much for Harper to take. Chloe looks
 back at a crazed Harper, loving it. Harper screams.

SMASH TO:

INT. DINER - LATER

Harper looks completely dishevelled. She stares down at her "Buy One, Get One Scott Free Burger," seething. Stacey sits across from her, searching for the right words to say.

STACEY

Maybe it just wasn't meant to be.

Harper looks up, fire burning in her eyes.

HARPER

(appalled)

How could you say that?

STACEY

There are many paths to love. Maybe the best path is in front of you.

Stacey places her hand on Harper's. Harper quickly retracts.

HARPER

Why am I even letting you talk! You don't know what love is. You don't even know what sex is! You broke your hymen by falling crotch first on a picket fence.

Stacey lowers her head.

STACEY

Even Nancy thinks you should move on.

Harper seethes, Stacey regrets having spoken so boldly.

HARPER

NO. There is absolutely no fucking way I am giving up.
(slams her fists on table)
Scott Baker is my soulmate, goddammit!

Stacey is rattled, and NEARBY PATRONS are too.

HARPER (CONT'D)

So if Chloe doesn't back the fuck off...

(maniacal)

I'll murder her myself.

Harper picks up a knife and stabs it into her burger.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END.

*