

CUT AND RUN

Written by

Zoë McCarthy

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Planes. Shuttles. Taxis. Busses. Palm trees. PANDEMONIUM.

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

QUICK CUTS FROM VARIOUS INTERNATIONAL GATES/AIRLINES/
TERMINALS -

A bodacious BRAZILIAN GIRL, 17, struggles to lift her giant brightly-colored suitcase.

A petit, Japanese decora-style HARAJUKU GIRL, 16, impatiently taps a neon pink six-inch heel in the CUSTOMS LINE.

A skinny SCANDINAVIAN SNOW PRINCESS, 15, takes off *another* furry layer before being allowed through security.

As we JUMP AROUND the airport starts to feel like a SUPER HOT YOUNG ADULT MELTING POT.

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - DAY

A white CADILLAC ESCALADE LIMO circles picking up: a gorgeous AUSTRALIAN GIRL, a stunning AFRICAN GIRL, a beautiful INDIAN GIRL, a balletic CHINESE GIRL etc.

The limo, now stuffed with girlie excitement, parks illegally in front of the Lufthansa terminal and waits -

Finally, a UKRAINIAN KNOCKOUT, 17, rushes outside, lost and overwhelmed.

The driver-side window rolls down slowly. We don't see the driver as we stay on the girl.

RAY (O.S.)
Irina Obuchowa?

Irina stares at the limo, stunned.

IRINA
Yes! That is me!

Irina dives inside the vehicle.

INT./EXT. ESCALADE LIMO - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Irina stares at the young, eclectic sorority and smiles as tears of hope fill her weary grey eyes.

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON: A numb, wrinkly, pinkish SACK that appears to be breathing. Alien life? A SHARP HEMOSTAT punctures the terrified sack like a claw of an arcade game digging for a prize. The sharp instrument opens the sack and retrieves a pale colored tube which is held in place with a small ring clamp. The hemostat sneaks under the tube--SNIP.

ANNA (O.S.)
You should feel a little pressure--

INT. SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - EXAM ROOM - DAY

ANNA ROCKPORT, 34, a lovably neurotic and romantically frustrated urologist performs a no-scalpel vasectomy on cranky ALBERT BERGSTEIN, 52.

ALBERT
Pressure? You kidding? Dr. Rockport
I got five kids! This here snip
snip's the greatest gift the Good
Lord's brought me in years.

ANNA
(winks)
You have *modern medicine* to thank
for your vasectomy, Mr. Bergstein.

ALBERT
Call me Albert.
(beat)
You got kids?

ANNA
No. Not yet. Maybe one day.
(beat)
Now hold still for me--

Albert closes his eyes as Anna seals up the tissue.

ALBERT
My advice: Don't have more than
two. The novelty wears off and you
still gotta do the diapers.
(beat)
You married at least?

Anna puts the instruments down, snaps off her gloves, and raises a neurotically threaded eyebrow.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Didn't mean nothing by it, Doc--
'specially when you got me by the
balls. Just, at your age--

Not taking the bait, Anna steps back and admires her work.

ANNA

Everything looks great. Ice your testicles tonight, take it easy for the next few days, and I'll see you in six weeks to test your sperm count.

(excited)

Don't worry about me, Albert. I have a date tonight.

INT. WAXING SALON - SOUTH BEACH - AFTERNOON

The apathetic WAXER, 40s, preps Anna for a Brazilian.

ANNA

(nervous)

So, I've never done this before, but my vision is put-together-potential-life-partner, not prepubescent moon rock.

(gushes)

His name is Dennis--

The waxer RIPS OFF ANNA'S ERRANT PUBES.

ANNA (CONT'D)

AAAHHH!!!

INT. BLOW DRY BAR - SOUTH BEACH - LATER

Anna perspires profusely while getting a BLOW OUT from a trendy STYLIST, 30s.

ANNA

(over the BLOW DRYER)

...We haven't met in person yet, but I just feel so comfortable around him, which is huge because I haven't been able to be myself around a man since working with cadavers in med school.

INT. SEXY DRESS BOUTIQUE - SOUTH BEACH - LATER

Anna, barefoot and wearing a sexy, sequined dress she hasn't yet paid for, blocks the exhausted SALES GIRL from the line of IMPATIENT CUSTOMERS at the register.

ANNA

...It's not like I have any expectations or anything, I just want to make sure I've done everything in my power to ensure a nice evening. This might shock you, but I don't date that much--

The customers GROAN/EYE ROLL.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'll take the dress if it makes my butt look big in that good way... thoughts?

The sales girl SIGHS.

EXT. PACKED TRENDY ROOFTOP BAR - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

Anna, very out of place despite her efforts in the sea of SEXY MIAMIANS, sits at the bar sipping white wine, alone.

Anna waves the stupidly hot, bikini-clad BARTENDER, 25, over -

BARTENDER

Another Chardonnay?

ANNA

Make it one of those skinny-bitch drinks that's mostly tequila and keep 'em coming.

(SIGHS)

No, everything's not okay... I got stood up... Again...

The bartender pours Anna tequila shots as she rants.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm a urologist. My love life's an ironic failure loop...

ANNA'S PREVIOUS DATES -

FANCY RESTAURANT - A SLICK BUSINESSMAN WATCHES ANNA SLICE HER SAUSAGE WITH A SHARP KNIFE, TERRIFIED

MOVIE THEATER - A CHRISTIAN MAN CROSSES HIMSELF LIKE SHE'S THE DEVIL

BEACHY BAR - A BRO IN A TANK TOP PROTECTIVELY GRABS HIS CROTCH AND BOLTS

ROMANTIC PICNIC - A HIPSTER UNZIPS, HOPING FOR A FREE CHECKUP

IN BED - A PEACE CORPS DUDE THROWS ANNA OFF OF HIM DURING SEX
BACK TO PRESENT -

Before the bartender can comment -

ANNA (CONT'D)
Pity only makes it worse.
(leans in, whispers)
I need to get laid tonight.
(takes a shot)
I wanna go home with someone hot
and dangerous, in a white collar
way. Someone deep and Don
Drapery... Someone like...

Anna scans the scene and feasts her eyes on EDDIE CHARROW,
38, tall, tan, and intense with great hair, holding court at
the best table in the house.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Him.
(throws a shot back)
But, who am I kidding? I could
never get a guy with a full head of
hair...

BARTENDER
(chirpy)
Sounds like someone's lacking
confidence.

ANNA
(ignores her)
Unless... What if I turned my
handicap into a handiCAN? WHAT IF,
and I realize I might be a little
drunk, but when did that ever hurt
a female person trying to get
laid... What if THIS WHOLE TIME
I've just been lacking confidence?!

The bartender opens her mouth when Anna, like she's done it a
million times, tucks a couple twenties in the bartender's
bikini top and pats her bouncy breast.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Good talk.

EXT. PACKED TRENDY ROOFTOP BAR - EDDIE'S TABLE- MOMENTS LATER

Anna drunkenly CLOMPS over to Eddie's table, interrupting his conversation with two DULL AS SHIT HOT GIRLS, 25, and snatches his scotch and drains it -

ANNA

How'd you like to share a wild but respectful night with a woman who knows more about your ding-a-ling than you do?

The hot girls glower at Anna.

EDDIE

Do I know you?

ANNA

No... That's the point. But, if you insist I'm Anna, The Dick Doctor.

EDDIE

Sorry, but it's not my birthday and I didn't order a clown.

Eddie turns back to the hot girls who prattle at him, boring him to death.

ANNA

Good cause I hate birthdays and I'm a urologist.

Eddie LAUGHS.

EDDIE

(bemused)

You're really a dick doctor?

Anna summons every ounce of confidence inside her and nods.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What's the craziest thing you've ever seen on a dude's sack?

ANNA

A dick mole with an uncanny resemblance to Oprah.

Eddie BURSTS OUT LAUGHING as the grossed out hot girls stomp back to their table.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Too weird?

EDDIE
Refreshing.
(beat)
Anna, I'm Eddie.

Eddie flashes his killer smile and points to the three tallest buildings on the South Beach skyline.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I own a couple hotels on Collins.

ANNA
You wanna keep bragging or do you
wanna buy me a drink?

Eddie grins at Anna, intrigued.

**INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - LOFT STYLE LIVING ROOM - SOUTH BEACH -
MOMENTS LATER**

Anna and Eddie stumble inside his art deco-inspired luxury home, making out.

Eddie unbuckles his belt.

EDDIE
I wanna show you something.

Anna rips open her blouse.

ANNA
I'm tingling in places I didn't
know I could tingle!
(beat)
You've been tested recently, right?

Eddie kisses her neck.

EDDIE
Of course.

Eddie starts to leads her upstairs -

ANNA
Wait! Give me your phone first.
("sexy" off his confusion)
I want to put my number in it in
case you forget to ask for it in
the morning.

Eddie patiently grabs his phone from his pocket.

EDDIE
Go ahead.

ANNA
305.453.4859.

EDDIE
Got it.

Eddie reaches for her hand, when -

ANNA
Really quick call me so I have
yours. Also, what's your last name?

Eddie smiles tightly and calls Anna--her phone *vibrates*.

EDDIE
Charrow.

Eddie heads for the stairs. Satisfied, Anna follows.

INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - UPSTAIRS - "HEAVEN" - SECONDS LATER

Eddie flips the light on to reveal his white, mirrored, Disneyland-meets-50 SHADES-MIAMI-meets-Liberace style sex playroom complete with every profligate sex toy, prop, fantasy, and costume imaginable including a video camera.

Anna, in shock and awe, selects a slutty My Little Pony winged unicorn costume.

ANNA
Ohmygod! Is this a Princess
Twilight Sparkle costume? I had one
of these when I was a kid!

EDDIE
She's one of my favorites.

Anna touches the pearlescent horn, accidentally turning the VIBRATOR ON.

ANNA
(gets it)
Ohhhhh.
(LAUGHS)
You're into this?

Eddie smiles.

INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - "HEAVEN" - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie watches drunken Anna, wearing the pony costume, crawl around on all fours SINGING HER HEART OUT to the original My Little Pony theme song -

ANNA

My Little Pony, My Little Pony,
what will today's adventure bring?
(winks at excited Eddie)
My Little Pony, My Little Pony will
there be exciting sites to see?

Eddie bends over, assuming the position.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Will there be wonder? Hither and
yonder? Letting your heart be your
guide!

Anna paws the ground, ready to peg him, but suddenly feels sick.

ANNA (CONT'D)

My Little Pony, My Little Pony I'll
be there right by your side. I'll
be thereeeee, right by your--

She grabs her stomach and PUKES ALL OVER HIS DICK.

Eddie jumps up.

EDDIE

Fucking disgusting!!

Anna mortified, takes a few steps, and runs out.

Eddie darkens as he presses a button on the video camera.

His phone immediately BUZZES as he yells to his assistant -

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Ray, I got a mess for you.

RAY PLOVER, 36, a blonde but brooding asthmatic with an inconveniently strong moral compass, labors up the stairs, starts wheezing, whips out his inhaler and sucks on it.

RAY

(despises Eddie)
I got it, boss. No problem.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - BAD NEIGHBORHOOD, SOUTH MIAMI - SAME

Angel's apartment is a claustrophobic, brightly-colored dump.

ANGEL OLSEN, 32, our modern day "pretty woman," *sarcastic*, resourceful, and, like most Americans, really hates her job, lies prone, in mismatched jammies, on her tired, orange chaise watching *Pretty Woman*.

VIVIAN

Let's watch old movies all night...we'll just veg out in front of the TV.

EDWARD

Veg out?

VIVIAN

Yeah. Be still like vegetables. Lay like broccoli.

EDWARD

Look, I'll tell ya what. I'll be back. We'll do broccoli tomorrow.

Angel takes a hit from a Hello Kitty bong.

ANGEL

(as the smoke billows out)
What a load of crap.

Angel reaches for the remote when her phone RINGS - *Piece of Shit calling*.

A picture of "Piece of Shit," aka TOMMY, 42, rocking a trendy mohawk, a tarantula face tat, and a blunt, flashes on the screen.

Angel GROANS, watches it RING, and RING, and finally -

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Make it quick Tommy, I'm tryin' to keep the line clear in case someone calls to tell me I've won the lottery.

Angel takes another hit from Hello Kitty.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

...But, Tommy, my sense of humor's all I got... Who?...No way, that guy's a prick...Yes, I do realize I've only got a few solid earning years left...

(MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Actually, I *have* put thought into it...

(cracks herself up)
I was thinking of running for political office...Angel Olsen for City Council has a nice ring to it, yeah? ...You know what, Tommy, go fuck yourself!

Angel hangs up and glares at her low ceiling wishing she could eject herself into another universe when -

Her phone CHIMES with a reminder - *Kayla's birthday's tomorrow.*

Angel instantly softens as she stares at the only pristine item in her place -

CLOSE ON: A FRAMED PICTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRL BUILDING A SAND CASTLE.

Angel grabs her phone and calls Tommy back.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Alright fuckhead, I'm in. But, I want five-hundred and tell the prick I want the money up-front.

Angel hangs up and walks to the bathroom.

She stops in front of the TV - *Julia Roberts prances along Rodeo Drive with shopping bags.*

Angel grabs her makeup bag and faces herself in the mirror.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Guess you're more the Kit De Luca type, huh.

EXT. EDDIE'S SOUTH BEACH MANSION - LATER THAT NIGHT

Angel, oozing angry sex appeal, pulls up in a busted red car.

ANGEL
Get in, get your money, get out. Do not lose your temper.

INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - "HEAVEN" - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie, like Simba presiding over all the light touches, leads Angel inside his kingdom as he futzes with his phone--uploading something.

ANGEL

Eddie, this time I want the money
first--then you get it in the back.
(gags)
Why does it smell like puke in
here?

Eddie's phone BUZZES--upload complete.

EDDIE

You get your money if and when I'm
satisfied.

ANGEL

No fuckin' way. That ain't fair!

Eddie SLAPS ANGEL ACROSS THE FACE.

EDDIE

No more small talk.

Angel touches her searing flesh, SNAPS, and they ERUPT INTO A
RIDICULOUS FIGHT using all of the sparkley sex toys to beat
the shit out of each other.

ANGEL

Eddie, what happened when you were
little that made you so fucked up?

EDDIE

I didn't have the best relationship
with my mother.

Angel grabs a string of pink plastic anal beads and CHOKES
HIM WITH IT.

ANGEL

Well, I'm a hooker not a therapist.
And I quit.

INT. BURGER JOINT - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Angel devours a burger while holding a cold soda to her
cheek.

Her phone RINGS - *Piece of Shit calling.*

She immediately starts CHOKING but swallows successfully and
silences the phone.

Her phone CHIMES - text from Tommy - *u r dead.*

Angel SIGHS, realizing she can't go home as Tommy knows where she lives.

Her phone CHIMES again.

ANGEL
(irritated)
For the love of...

She stares at the screen - *Kayla's birthday's today!*

Angel's heart sinks.

INT. ANNA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - MORNING

Anna's home is the opposite of Angel's--an extremely clean, but lonely, beachy oasis.

Anna wakes up, hungover.

She sits up in bed and tries to put the pieces together.

She gets up, pops some Advil and reaches for her phone--she has hundreds of messages and missed calls.

ANNA
What the...?!

CLOSE ON: THE PHONE SCREEN - THERE'S A VIDEO, POSTED ON A REVENGE PORN SITE -

ANNA (CONT'D)
(as she reads)
*Watch Anna Rockport, The Dirty Dick
Doctor Horsing Around!*

Anna turns white.

ANNA (CONT'D)
OHMYGOD!!

Anna hits play and last night quickly and terrifyingly returns. Her mouth drops as she watches her drunk self -

ANNA (THE VIDEO) (CONT'D)
My Little Pony, My Little Pony,
what will today's adventure bring?
My Little Pony, My Little Pony will
there be exciting sites to see?--

Anna quickly shuts it off as every vein in her face pops out -

ANNA (CONT'D)
Trending??!

INT./EXT. ANGEL'S CAR/BURGER JOINT PARKING LOT - SAME

A groggy Angel wakes up to a CARTMAN-ESQUE KID pressing his face against her window and making lewd gestures.

Angel rolls down the window and pours warm soda on his head.

He runs off, SCREAMING.

ANGEL
That's what I thought, perv!

Angel checks her face in the rearview mirror, and touches the spot where Eddie hit her.

She checks her phone--twenty-three missed calls and seventeen *u r dead* texts from Tommy, some of which have dead animal emojis.

Angel SIGHS and searches Craigslist for jobs when her phone CHIMES - it's an e-mail from a daily/best of video website featuring Anna's video--now with a million views.

Angel, hoping for a laugh, PLAYS THE VIDEO and scratches her head -

ANGEL (CONT'D)
The fuck is wrong with the world?!

She calls Kayla.

KAYLA (O.S.)
Hello?
(beat)
Mommy, no one's there again...
(beat)
Hello?
(beat)
Who are you?

Angel lingers on the line and nervously hangs up.

INT./EXT. - ANNA'S PRIUS - EN ROUTE TO WORK - LATER THAT MORNING

Anna crawls through terrible traffic and frantically calls Eddie.

EDDIE'S VOICEMAIL
Hey, it's Eddie--

Before the VM beeps -

ANNA
(irate)
Hi Eddie, it's Anna Rockport,
otherwise known on the internet as,
"the dirty dick doctor"... I'm on
my way to work, wondering if I'll
still be employed when I get
there... Eddie, I don't understand
what would possess you to humiliate
me, but I can assure you, even
though my med school loans might
not afford me the best and most
expensive lawyer in Miami, I will
be getting a reasonably priced and
VERY mean one, and she or he,
though it'll likely be a she as I
currently have severe male trust
issues, will ruin you--

AUTOMATED VOICE
(via bluetooth/speaker)
I'm sorry, but the mailbox
belonging to: Eddie Charrow is
full. Please hang up and try again.

Anna STRIKES THE STEERING WHEEL as she flies into her
company's parking structure.

ANNA
NO YOU HANG UP AND TRY AGAIN!

**INT. SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS
LATER**

Anna flies from her car and slips into the very CROWDED
ELEVATOR.

She presses her floor and shields her face.

Anna's phone BUZZES - She reaches for it, hoping it's Eddie,
but it's an e-mail with a link to the video.

Anna, is this you? Love, Mom.

Anna throbs with fury.

INT. SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

South Beach Medical Group is an esteemed, architecturally stunning, private practice with an insane ocean view.

The elevator doors open and Anna flies past DANI, 22, the hot receptionist, who gleefully watches THE VIDEO ON HER COMPUTER.

Anna halts.

ANNA

Working woman to working woman--
we're supposed to support each
other.

Anna restarts the receptionist's computer and runs -

BODY CHECKING, EVAN, 29, the snickering male nurse who carries a tray of urine samples--the cylindrical piss containers go flying.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(fuck you)
My bad.

Anna runs into her boss' office.

INT. SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - DOCTOR GRAHAME'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Anna SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HER and faces renowned urologist, DOCTOR JASON GRAHAME, 60. Anatomical models and specimens of the male reproductive systems adorn his fancy office.

ANNA

Doctor Grahame, there's something I
have to tell--

Grahame quickly closes the window on his computer that PLAYS HER VIDEO.

Anna SIGHS.

ANNA (CONT'D)

So, you've seen it... Well, please
allow me to explain. As you can
imagine I am beyond mortified--

GRAHAME

Anna, have a seat.

Anna sits, terrified.

ANNA

Before you do anything drastic, you should know that I would never *knowingly* compromise myself or this practice.

(beat)

I had no idea I was being recorded.

Beat.

GRAHAME

I have to let you go.

ANNA

But...But I'm the *victim* in the situation!

(beat)

How is that not painfully obvious?

Grahame SIGHS and wheels his chair over to his computer.

GRAHAME

Anna, would you trust this woman to remove one of your testicles?

He opens the window with her video on his computer.

ANNA

Please don't play it.

Grahame, meaning to close the window, starts the video again.

GRAHAME

(while trying turn it off)

Look, I don't know what happened. And I'm relieved you're okay, but I can't have my patients thinking their surgeon's a sexual deviant.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Anna's head spins.

After a long moment she stands up, takes a DEEP BREATH, and with as much dignity as she can muster -

ANNA

You should be. I'm a great urologist and this is BULLSHIT!

MANAGER (PRE-LAP)

(power trip)

What brings you to Burrito Heaven?

INT. BURRITO HEAVEN - FAST FOOD PLACE - SAME

Angel sits in the back-office with the MANAGER, 19, bad acne.

ANGEL

There's this thing called rent. You might've heard of it...Once a month you have to pay it...?

MANAGER

(disappointed)

So, you don't have a passion for burrito making?

ANGEL

(sarcastic)

Yeah, it's been my life's ambition since I was six.

The manager, offended, rips up her application.

INT. SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - ANNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Anna, mid-breakdown, violently throws her life's work into a single box.

She picks up a framed picture of her father, SIMON ROCKPORT, 40s, from her desk and stares at it.

CLOSE ON: THE ENGRAVED FRAME - *SIMON ROCKPORT 1955 - 1981.*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - 1981

Anna, 12, a curious tomboy, sits at the feet of her exhausted (post-surgery) father Simon Rockport, 40s, in his hospital bed. A beautiful urologist, DR. JANE HSU, 40, reviews his chart.

ANNA

Daddy, what's a prostrate?

Silence. Dr. Hsu smiles at Anna's faux pas.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Do I have one?

(beat)

Will I ever have one?

SIMON

No, and you don't want one.

Anna's tiny eyes widen--she looks like a giant beanie baby.
Dad gives Dr. Hsu a look. Dr. Hsu kneels next to Anna.

DR. HSU

A prostate is a walnut-sized gland
located between the bladder and the
penis.

ANNA

(scandalized)

You said penis!

Simon LAUGHS at his darling daughter as Anna's tired MOM, 36,
enters with flowers.

MOM

(to Dr. Hsu)

How's he doing?

Beat.

DR. HSU

The radical prostatectomy was
successful, but his bone scan
indicates the "c-word" has spread.

Mom bites her lip. Anna snuggles up next to Dad.

ANNA

What's the "c-word?"

Simon's eyes tear up.

BACK TO PRESENT -

Anna's eyes tear up as she furiously grabs her phone and
calls Eddie--Voicemail AGAIN.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Hi Eddie, it's Anna again... So, I
got fired and I'm calling because
I'm wondering if you have any idea
what it takes to become a
urologist?...

(beat)

FOUR YEARS of college, FOUR YEARS
of med school, and FIVE YEARS of
residency, whooooo, bye bye
twenties... the point is, Eddie, I
can't get a new job as long as that
video's online, if ever, so, before
your phone hangs up on me again, I
want you to know, I HAVE A TEN
BLADE AND I KNOW WHERE YOU LIVE!

She hangs up and HURLS A STATUE OF THE MALE REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM AT THE WALL--parts everywhere--and BURSTS INTO TEARS.

INT. KID ZONE - LOW RENT DAY CARE CENTER - SAME

Angel sits on the floor next to MANDY, a 24, mousey senior employee who supervises color time--KIDS EVERYWHERE!

MANDY

Do you have any experience working
with children?

A rambunctious BOY punches Angel in the leg. She resists the urge to hit him back.

ANGEL

Not technically, but I raised
myself and I'm a fast learner.

(beat)

Nobody'll diddle them on my watch.

Mandy looks very uncomfortable.

EXT. GUN STORE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Anna, totally out of her element, checks out all sorts of dangerous firearms with a crazy look in her eye.

The southern GUN GUY, 45, approaches excitedly.

GUN GUY

Excuse me, ma'am, are you "the dick
doctor?!"

ANNA

(hisses)

WHAT'S IT TO YOU?!

GUN GUY

...I don't think I should sell you
a firearm today, but this here's
our basic starter rifle--

ANNA

I want something I can put in my
purse.

GUN GUY

You got a concealed weapon permit?

Anna grabs a sleek handgun and starts waving it around.

ANNA

What if I don't conceal it?

The gun guy grabs it back.

GUN GUY

There's a mandatory, three-day waiting period for all handgun purchases in the state of Florida.

Anna bares her teeth like a dog and GROWLS.

GUN GUY (CONT'D)

Please stop growling at me, ma'am.

INT. DEPRESSING TELEMARKETING CENTER - SAME

Mark, 25, his tank top reads, *The Boss*, gives Angel the tour of his operation.

MARK

Did yah bring a resume?

ANGEL

(laughs)

Am I applying to NASA or something?

(realizes he's serious)

I mean, I could write one, but it'd just be lies, so, how 'bout we discuss my fuckin' work ethic and my goddamn skill set?

Mark frowns condescendingly.

EXT. LINCOLN ROAD MALL - ICE-CREAM SHOP - AFTERNOON

Anna, humiliated and on the phone with mom, walks through the outdoor mall devouring a chocolate banana.

People immediately recognize her.

ANNA

No, mom, I *don't* wanna talk about it... Yes, I'm sure I wasn't trying to get famous... No, please don't tell grandpa!...

(SIGH)

I don't have AIDS because I didn't have intercourse mother!--No, he's not my boyfriend...What do you mean, "Why not"?!

INT. FRATTY DIVE BAR - EARLY EVENING

Angel trails a beachy BARTENDER, 30, as he preps for his shift.

ANGEL

Lookit, Helen Keller could pour a shot, but, me, I get *people*.

BARTENDER

That's cool, but I'm gonna hire someone who's actually worked at a bar--doesn't make me a bad guy.

ANGEL

I've worked at the bar called *life*.
(off his non-response)
C'mon, please. I'm kinda desperate.

The bartender pours her a shot of tequila.

BARTENDER

Wish there was something I could do.

Angel throws back the shot and checks her bank balance on her phone...*thirteen dollars*.

Angel SIGHS and munches on handful of free nuts.

Anna walks inside carrying her boxed up office and Angel pounces.

ANGEL

You look familiar...

ANNA

(to the bartender)
I'll have one of those tall blue drinks that tastes like electro-shock therapy.

BARTENDER

Adios motherfucker?

ANNA

Yeah, sure. Maybe make it two.

Angel wiggles very close to Anna.

ANGEL

Don't wanna drink alone, huh?

ANNA
 (uncomfortable)
 Actually, I intend to get
 inappropriately inebriated--alone.

Angel scoots even closer.

ANGEL
 You sure we haven't met?

ANNA
 I don't mean to be rude, but, I
 don't want to talk to you.

ANGEL
 Sorry. Jeez. We're both in a bar
 during daylight hours--figured we
 could both use a friend...

The bartender hands Anna two electric blue beverages.

Anna, guilty, pushes one over to Angel.

ANNA
 I'm sorry. I've had a terrible day.

Angel drains the drink.

ANGEL
 I don't get why women hate each
 other so much, you know?

ANNA
 I think that all the time!--It's
 part of the reason I mostly work
 with men.

ANGEL
 Me too, but I'm turning over a new
 leaf.

Anna smiles.

CUT TO:

MANY BLUE DRINKS LATER -

ANGEL
 HOLY SHIT! You're an actual doctor--

ANNA
 --Surgeon--

ANGEL
--With a medical degree?!--

ANNA
--Multiple degrees.

ANGEL
--And they just kicked you to the
curb like a--

ANNA
I got publically slut-shamed and...
(embarrassed)
You don't even wanna know how long
it's been...

Angel rubs Anna's shoulders.

ANGEL
How long?

Anna blushes.

ANNA
Two years, three months, and a
fortnight.
(off Angel's blanket-of-
safety face)
So, um, I never do this, which
might be why I don't have many--any-
-girlfriends, but, do you, maybe,
wanna come over and watch a movie?
I'm too drunk to find a lawyer and
I don't feel like being alone.

Angel smiles.

ANGEL
Anything but *Pretty Woman*.

INT. ANNA'S CONDO - EVENING

Anna and Angel burst inside like tipsy besties.

Anna signs onto Netflix as Angel marvels at the space.

ANNA
I don't know about you, but I'm in
the mood for a compelling female
protagonist and a bottle of Rosé.
What do you like better? *Hard Candy*
or *The Accused*?

Angel scoots closer to Anna.

ANGEL
Your place. Your pick.

ANNA
Ooh! What about *Thelma and Louise*?!

Angel unzips Anna's skirt and buries her head between her legs.

ANNA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

ANGEL
Don't sweat it. We all get ingrowns
now and then.

Angel yanks Anna's head up.

ANNA
Wait! I don't--I'm not a--

ANGEL
(sarcastic)
Yeah...Neither is Rachel Maddow.

ANNA
I LOVE Rachel Maddow!

Angel goes to slip a finger inside Anna.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Not like that!

Anna leaps from the couch and pulls up her skirt.

ANNA (CONT'D)
NOT like that.

Angel shrugs.

ANGEL
You owe me five-hundred.

ANNA
Wait, you're a...prostitute?! Like
a REAL one?!

ANGEL
I'm retired now, but--

ANNA
I thought you wanted to be my
friend!

Angel LAUGHS.

ANGEL
Why the fuck would I wanna be your
friend?!

Anna's crestfallen.

ANNA
Get out.

ANGEL
Not 'til I get my money.

ANNA
This is ridiculous!

ANGEL
No, what's ridiculous is you doing
butt-fuckin' nothing to the guy who
wrecked your life! It's like
someone just walks up to you, blows
his load on your face, and you just
sit there and let it dry! WHO DOES
THAT?!

Anna gags, repulsed.

ANNA
For your information I was going to
go to the police tomorrow. Today
was obviously an emotionally
incapacitating day!
(whispers)
I tried to buy a gun!

Angel LAUGHS.

ANGEL
The police?! Yeah, you can count
the number of fucks the police
don't give about girls like us on
no hands.

ANNA
Girls like us? Oh, no. We are not
in the same category.

ANGEL
 You're right. I shouldn't lower
 myself to the level of: On all
 fours on YouTube...

Anna LUNGES AT ANGEL, but Angel effortlessly puts Anna in a
 headlock.

Anna SQUEALS and squirms.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 Look, I had a nice time tonight,
 so, I'm gonna give you something
 better than sex for your money.

ANNA
 (sneers)
 Like what?

Angel lets Anna go.

ANGEL
 Revenge against the twerp that got
 you fired.

Anna rolls her eyes.

ANNA
 I already called said twerp and
 left two strongly worded
 voicemails.

ANGEL
 Who is this dilwad anyway?

ANNA
 (gags)
 He who shall not be named is "Eddie
 Charrow."

ANGEL
 No way! Eddie Charrow?!
 (eyes narrow)
 I fuckin' HATE that guy!

ANNA
 ...How do you know him... Wait, did
 you and Eddie...?--Thank God I
 didn't--
 (off Angel's look)
 I mean, what makes you think he'd
 listen to you?

Angel pulls a switch blade from her bra and winks.

ANGEL
I'm a people person.

INT./EXT. ANNA'S PRIUS - EDDIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Anna, driving, wears a black, Lululemon breaking-and-entering ensemble with matching beanie.

Angel, in the passenger seat, SMACKS GUM, pumped up.

Anna clips a pepper spray necklace around her neck.

ANNA
I have an extra pepper spray
necklace in the glove compartment
if you'd like to borrow it.

ANGEL
(snorts)
Oh boy! You got an extra pair of
bougie twat pants too?!

Anna grimaces, yanks away her camel toe (for now), and turns onto Eddie's street.

Anna drives up the street and parks in front of Eddie's house, kills the lights, and pouts, offended.

Angel pulls her switch blade.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
We gonna do this or not?

EXT. EDDIE'S MANSION - BACKYARD - POOL AREA - SECONDS LATER

Anna, cradling her pepper spray, and Angel, switch blade drawn, stand in front of a locked sliding glass door.

ANNA
(whispers)
Now what?

Angel, having done this before, uses her knife to pick the lock. She's almost got it when the door handle FALLS OFF.

Anna dramatically ducks and covers, expecting the door to shatter.

Angel shakes her head and slides the broken door open.

INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Anna and Angel enter the immaculate chef's kitchen.

ANNA
(loud whisper)
I haven't been this nervous since I
took the Hippocratic Oath!

ANGEL
Sssshhh!

Anna mimes: *Zippering her lips and throwing away the key* when she accidentally backs into the hanging pot-rack--CLANG.

Angel glares at Anna.

Anna winces: *Sorry.*

Anna's phone BUZZES - CLOSE ON: PHONE SCREEN - Text from Mom - *Grandpa saw the video.*

Anna turns purple and shows the screen to Angel, who LAUGHS.

Anna covers her mouth and the girls silently compose themselves, when, from upstairs -

EDDIE (O.S.)
You'll get your passports and
phones back when you've completed
training. We need to hang onto them
in order to process your work
visas. Any questions?
(off silence)
Now, in the modeling world
connections are key.

Anna and Angel climb the staircase following his voice.

EDDIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're all gorgeous girls, but this
is Miami--even the smart girls are
gorgeous.

Anna and Angel exchange a confused glance as they approach Eddie's living room to find -

Eddie, standing with his back to Anna and Angel, seemingly talking to Irina, the Ukrainian knockout from earlier, who stands in front of him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I have connections. All I need to
know is how badly each of you want
your face on the cover of *Vogue*.

Anna's eyes bug out and she starts into the room but Angel
stops her.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Irina, show everyone how much you
want it. Show everyone you've got
what it takes.

Eddie UNZIPS HIS PANTS.

Irina stares at Eddie realizing her journey has been for
naught -

EDDIE (CONT'D)
This will be required from all of
you. So, watch and learn.

Irina kneels down, takes Eddie in her hands, stares
wrathfully into his eyes, and opens her mouth as -

Angel mimes the count: *One, two, three--*

ANNA AND ANGEL BURST INSIDE, WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IS A SERIES OF
LIGHTNING FAST CUTS -

Angel puts her blade to Eddie's throat as Anna trips over her
own two feet and falls flat on her face--THUD.

Irina, startled, clamps her jaws shut.

ANGEL
Surprise, motherfucker!

ANNA
(getting up)
And not the good kind.

EDDIE SHRIEKS -

IRINA BOLTS UP AND STAGGERS BACKWARDS IN TERROR, HER HAND
COVERING HER MOUTH -

ANNA (CONT'D)
(to Eddie)
We're here to discuss your taking
down my video--!

ANNA STOPS ABRUPTLY WHEN **SURPRISE** SHE SEES THE GROUP OF NOW TERRIFIED GIRLS THAT WERE PICKED UP FROM THE AIRPORT AND RAY STANDING GUARD OVER THEM -

ANGEL
What the fuck?

THE ASPIRING "MODELS" STARE AT ANNA AND ANGEL.

RAY STARES AT ANGEL FOR A SECOND AND QUICKLY DRAWS HIS GUN -

IRINA STARTS CHOKING -

EDDIE ROARS, AND REELING IN PAIN CLUTCHES HIS CROTCH AND COLLAPSES -

ANGEL (CONT'D)
(re: Irina)
What's wrong with that bitch?

ANNA
(realizes)
She's choking!

Everyone is frozen, staring in horror as Anna performs the Heimlich on Irina who GAGS AND COUGHS AND -

SPITS OUT AN OBJECT THAT FLIES THROUGH THE AIR -

CLOSE ON: ANGEL CATCHING **EDDIE'S SEVERED PENIS** WITH ONE HAND.

ANGEL
SHE BIT HIS DICK OFF!!

ANNA
SHE BIT HIS DICK OFF??!

EDDIE
SHE BIT MY DICK OFF!!!

RAY
Oh, shit!!!

EVERYONE SCREAMS -

IRINA GASPS FOR AIR -

ANNA
OHMYGOD!

RAY
OH, SHIT!!!

Irina wipes the blood from her mouth as Eddie GROANS and forces himself up.

EDDIE
 (to Irina)
 YOU'RE DEAD.
 (beat)
 YOU'RE ALL FUCKING DEAD.

ANGEL
 RUN!

TOTAL CHAOS AS -

Irina, terrified, RUNS SCREAMING OUT OF THE ROOM followed by Anna and Angel.

RAY CORRALS THE GIRLS, STOPPING THEM FROM FOLLOWING.

EDDIE
 (to Ray)
 DON'T LET MY DICK LEAVE THE
 PREMISES!

EXT. EDDIE'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Irina flees darting up the street and disappearing around the corner.

Angel drags Anna to the Prius.

ANGEL
 This is where we get the fuck outta
 here and you give me my money!

ANNA
 Angel, do you not realize what's
 happening?! Eddie's a sex
 trafficker! We have to get the
 girls and go to the police!

ANGEL
 Listen up white Oprah, this ain't
 fun and games no more. You have no
 idea what you're dealin' with.

ANNA
 You knew??!

ANGEL
 No!!
 (off Anna's look)
 I knew he was an asshole.
 (MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I didn't know how BIG an asshole--
Jesus Christ we gotta go!

ANNA
What about all those girls?

ANGEL
What do you care about some girls
you don't even know?

ANNA
Every one of those girls is
somebody's daughter.

Thinking of her own, Angel looks as if she were punched in the stomach.

ANGEL
Lookit, I'd love nothin' more than
to destroy a man who preys on girls
who ain't got options, but we ain't
got the resources to do nothin'
like that!

Anna takes Angel's hand. Angel bristles but stays with Anna.

ANNA
I'm going to go ahead and venture
you've had a hard life.
(off Angel's eye roll)
But, even if it's broken, you *do*
have a heart *and* an opportunity to
make a difference.

Angel stares at Anna, inspired but afraid of disappointment.

ANGEL
So, what's your plan? You wanna
make a citizen's arrest? Hold his
dick hostage until he turns himself
in? Ain't gonna happen!

ANNA
Do you think I'm an idiot? We're
going straight to the police.
(beat)
Do you have the penis?

Angel gingerly takes Eddie's penis from her bra and stares at it, mad at the world.

ANGEL

(gesticulates with the
penis as she speaks)

The police will tell you to go fuck
yourself. And I'm not settin' foot
in there--they'll arrest me for
breathin'.

ANNA

You can wait in the car. Now, stop
waving it around, you'll damage the
tissue and I won't be able to
reattach it.

Angel stares at the penis. She stares at Anna. *Reattach it?!*

INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - BEDROOM - SAME

Ray squeamishly applies a pillowcase tourniquet to what's
left of Eddie's dick and looks for a place to wipe his hands.

RAY

The girls are in the garage. Eddie,
you need a doctor.

EDDIE

That bitch IS a doctor. Now get her
back here and make her fix me!

RAY

She's not gonna want to help you
considering what she saw.

EDDIE

Kill her friend in front of her if
she needs convincing! And bring
Irina back here so I can kill her
myself.

RAY

(ambivalent)

But, boss--

EDDIE

Just call your brother, you fucking
pussy.

RAY

My brother?

EDDIE
 Yeah, you know, the guy who looks
 like you, but *isn't* a total
 disappointment?!

Ray stares at the floor shamefully.

INT. MIAMI BEACH POLICE DEPARTMENT - WASHINGTON AVE - MORNING

Anna marches up to two cops, TY JORDAN, 26, a sweet-faced African American rookie, and CAL WHEATON, 33, his crooked senior partner.

Cal, in hysterics, plays Anna's video on his computer for Ty.

ANNA
 Excuse me, um, Sirs.

They don't look up.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 (pissed)
 I said, EXCUSE ME!

Ty looks up, sees Anna, blushes, and immediately shuts off the monitor and awkwardly tries to hide his GIANT BONER.

Anna furiously tries not to stare at it.

CAL
 Well, I'll be damned!
 (looks Anna up and down)
 How 'bout an encore of *Care Bears*
Care for the boys in blue?

Anna's jaw drops.

TY
 (nervous)
 He didn't mean that.

ANNA
 I'd like to report a mister EDDIE
 CHARROW, the man who degraded me,
 which you're clearly familiar with.
 (off their blank stares)
 Right, so, first I'd like to report
 him for that, and secondly, and
 this is even more nefarious, if you
 can believe it, I'd like to report
 him for...
 (expecting a big reaction)
 Sex trafficking!

Cal's stone-faced.

Ty's eyes widen but he immediately apes Cal.

CAL

Look, you're not the first gal in Miami to get drunk and make a bad decision.

ANNA

Are you implying I deserved this cause I was drunk? The video wasn't my *decision*--that's the point!

Ty's visibly concerned.

CAL

Do you have any proof?

ANNA

Well, not on me, no, but if you go to his house--

CAL

I don't have time for this. Ty, escort the dick doctor outta here.

Ty attempts to shuffle Anna towards the door but she won't budge.

ANNA

This is ridiculous! There's a REAL CRIMINAL out there abusing women and you are THE POLICE! You have to DO SOMETHING!

Not one head turns.

Ty awkwardly opens the door and ushers Anna out.

TY

(whispers/guilty)

Sorry, it's my first week on the job and you don't have any proof...

Anna's faith in the world SHATTERS.

ACROSS THE OFFICE -

Cal stares at Anna, slinks off, and calls Eddie -

CAL

Eddie, we got a problem.

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH FROM CAL IN THE OFFICE TO EDDIE IN BED -

EDDIE

I pay you to get rid of problems.

CAL

That's why I'm calling.

Eddie grits his teeth.

EDDIE

Cal, you shouldn't be *calling*. You should be *handling*.

(off Cal's silence)

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

CAL

(whispers)

Are you responsible for the *Dirty Dick Doctor* video?

EDDIE

I film everyone I hookup with, so what? Nobody sees the videos but me. The dick doctor had it coming. She puked on my--what was once my--goddamn it--she pissed me off!

Cal sighs.

CAL

Eddie, revenge porn's a federal offense. Take the video down, now.

Cal hangs up.

INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - EDDIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - A FEW STREETS OVER FROM ANNA AND ANGEL - SAME

Ray and older brother, WES PLOVER, 38, a roided-out ex-cage fighter with a coke habit, fly down the wrong side of the street in Wes' black monster truck (with devil horns and license plate, BEAST) looking for Irina.

After a moment they spot her running through a topiary garden.

WES

That her?

RAY

Yes!

Wes digs into a baggie of coke with his thumb and SNORTS.

WES
I spotted her so I get first fuck.

RAY
(disgusted)
C'mon Wes, don't be a dick.

Wes guns the engine and drives onto the sidewalk, blocking Irina.

WES
Don't worry little bro, you can
stay in the car and finger yourself
in your VAGINA while big bro takes
care of business.

Wes leaps from the truck and captures a SCREAMING IRINA.

WES (CONT'D)
Don't even think about trying to
piranha my cock.

Irina spits in his face.

**INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - ELSEWHERE IN EDDIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD -
SAME**

Wes, driving, snorts some more coke.

Irina's tied up with colorful bungee cord in the back.

Ray's phone RINGS - *Eddie calling.*

RAY
Yeah, boss.

QUICK CUT TO EDDIE SNARLING AND TAKING THE VIDEO DOWN -

EDDIE
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TWO DOING?!
THE GIRLS ALREADY WENT TO THE
POLICE!

Wes snatches the phone from his little brother like a six-year old in a sandbox.

WES
We got the Russian bitch. We're
picking up the other two next.

Irina scowls as Wes makes an abrupt turn--his stupid car almost tips over.

**INT./EXT. ANNA'S PRIUS - MIAMI BEACH POLICE DEPARTMENT -
PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

Angel, in the reclined passenger, is on her phone pinning (and quietly gushing over) fancy wedding gowns from a *Style Me Pretty*-esque wedding blog when Anna jumps into her car, incensed.

Angel quickly pockets her phone.

ANGEL
(can't help herself)
I'm "gonna go 'head and venture" it
didn't go too good with the cops.
(secretly disappointed)
Can I have my money now?

Anna starts the car.

ANNA
We're not finished yet.

ANGEL
Anna, it was real cute the first
time, but--

ANNA
Angel, part of getting what you
want is not giving up.

ANGEL
You reverse psychologizin' me so I
stick around to watch you fail?

ANNA
I don't fail. I'm single. I have no
friends. I'm a little OCD. I'm
awkward and dogmatic, but I don't
fail.

ANGEL
...But, you can't do this alone.

ANNA
Correct. I'll give you five
thousand dollars for your help.

Angel flips the seat up.

ANGEL

Done, but if "reattachment" doesn't work I'm the one who gets to flush it.

ANNA

Great. We're officially in business.

Anna excitedly turns the car on--it BEEPS and the gas tank flashes: EMPTY.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Soon as we get gas.

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Angel's in the car while Anna gets gas. She locks the pump's nozzle, stands back, and waits for the tank to fill up when she spots ETHAN, 34, balding but cocky, filling up his red BMW 3-series at the catty-corner pump.

Anna cringes and quickly scuttles behind her car and ducks.

Ethan sees her, does a double-take, grins, and walks over.

Anna crab-walks around the vehicle trying to hide as she watches Ethan's feet get closer and closer.

FROM INSIDE ANNA'S CAR -

Angel watches Anna, very confused. She cracks the window and listens.

Ethan walks up behind Anna -

ETHAN

Anna Rockport?! Is that you?

Anna stands up, pretends at first not to recognize him, and flashes a crazy fake smile -

ANNA

Ethan! Ohmygod! It's great to see you! I was, uh, just checking the air levels er, air pressure or whatever on my tires.

(off his suspicion)

How've you been?

ETHAN

(smug)

Can't complain.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

My practice has had a meteoric rise--
-Yelp says I'm South Beach's eight
best podiatrist. I'm super happily
married, baby numero dos is on the
way, and I've taken up snorkeling--
I saw a manatee this morning.

(grins)

The universe really started saying
YES after you kicked me to the
curb.

FROM INSIDE THE CAR -

Angel rolls her eyes.

BACK TO ANNA -

ANNA

I see the facts have blurred a bit
over the years... I didn't dump
you. I decided not to pass up an
opportunity I'd worked for my
entire life simply because it
wasn't offered to you.

ETHAN

(smacks his forehead
"playfully")

Ohhh that's right. You just ditched
me in residency for the elitist
urology clinic.

Anna's pump CLICKS -- all done.

ANNA

It's been fun catching up, Ethan,
but I gotta go.

Anna opens the driver's side door when -

ETHAN

My wife and I saw your video.

Anna freezes as Ethan twists the knife.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

We agreed it was a desperate,
lonely cry for--

Angel jumps out of the car, struts over to Anna, puts her arm
around her, and stares right at Ethan, and kisses Anna on the
lips--it's hot.

ANGEL
Ethan, is it?

Ethan turns into a giant, speechless boner.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I hope you're not givin' my
girlfriend a hard time... *I'm* the
one who dared her to make the
video. It was a joke, Ethan. Kinda
hilarious it got so much attention
considerin' all the much more
important stuff the world *should* be
focused on right now. The economy,
race relations, gender equality...
(flirty, to Anna)
I'm real sorry I got you in hot
water, babe. But, we had a lotta
fun that night, didn't we?

ANNA
Yeah, babe... So much fun...

ANGEL
Now, if you don't mind, Ethan,
we're gonna be up real late
tonight, so we're gotta split.

Anna jumps in the car.

ANNA
Bye, Ethan. Say hi to the manatees
for me.

The girls close the car doors and Anna turns to Angel -

ANNA (CONT'D)
That's the coolest thing anyone's
ever done for me.

Angel beams purposefully.

INT. 24 HOUR CHAIN PHARMACY NEXT TO POLICE STATION - LATER

Empowered Anna tosses Purell, small plastic bags, cold water, ice, and a sterile, preservative-free saline solution into the cart a newly invigorated Angel pushes.

ANGEL
Alright, doc! What's the time
window we're lookin' at to sew the
little guy back on? Couple hours?

ANNA

Actually...The types of tissues in the penis make it more durable than you're average severed appendage.

Anna calls Eddie.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Eddie, it's the dick doctor.

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH from the girls to Eddie in his fancy bloody bedding with a crystal candy bowl full of Vicodin.

EDDIE

YOU FUCKING CUNT--

ANNA

(supercilious)

Eddie, it's very important that you stay calm right now.

Anna grabs a small hot pink cooler and some sealed washcloths and puts them in the cart.

EDDIE

I don't think you realize who you're fucking with.

ANNA

The thing is...we do. That's why you're not getting your dick back unless you confess and turn yourself in.

EDDIE

I took the video down! That's what you wanted, right?

ANNA

It was... but, unfortunately, the damage to my livelihood has been done. This is bigger than me now.

ANGEL

And me!

Angel holds her fist out for the bump.

Anna jerks backward, but realizes it was a high-five.

EDDIE

You're both dead.

Eddie hangs up.

ANNA
Hello? Eddie?
(beat)
He hung up on me!

ANGEL
Call back. Men really hate that.

Anna smiles and tries him again.

EDDIE
WHAT?!

ANNA
I wasn't finished.... The situation
is: We're gonna put your penis on
ice while you think about your
options. You have eighteen hours,
give or take, to make a decision.

ANGEL
(yells into the phone)
The good news is, you've still got
your balls.

Anna grins and stays on the line.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Anna, hang up.

Anna hangs up.

ANNA
I LOVE being in control!

Angel gives Anna a perturbed look when - BANG BANG BANG.

SCREAMS ARE HEARD THROUGHOUT THE STORE as bullets fly past
the girls' head.

ANNA	ANGEL
AHHHHH!	(unflappable)
	Shit.

Wes, with a compensation handgun, and Ray, charge up the
aisle towards the girls.

Anna looks around frantically.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Angel, there's nowhere to hide!

CLOSE ON: WES' COKE-FUELED FACE - SWEAT DRIPS AND TEETH GNASH AS HE RUNS, SHOOTING AT ANGEL AND MISSING EVERY SHOT.

The girls duck behind the cart.

ANGEL
The fuck is my ex doing here?

ANNA
You let that inside of you for free?

ANGEL
Never lasted very long.

Wes reaches Angel and points the gun at her head.

WES
Miss me?

ANGEL
(snarky/romantic)
'Course baby. Every time a client got hard. What are you doing here?!

WES
(proud)
We work for Eddie now.

ANGEL
Turds of a feather...

Angel quickly rolls the cart over Wes' feet, grabs a beach umbrella and stabs him in the throat.

Ray laughs and gets distracted staring at Angel while Wes grabs his throat, dropping his gun.

Anna races for it.

WES
(fucked up, throaty voice)
Ray! The gun!

Ray rips his eyes off of Angel and runs for the gun, but Anna gets there first.

Anna picks up the gun, but hyperventilates and the gun FIRES, hitting nobody.

ANNA
(covering her head)
I'M SO SORRY! I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE!

Angel grabs the gun.

ANGEL

I do.

Angel SHOOTS AFTER WES but misses and the boys run to the next aisle.

ANNA

Now what?!

ANGEL

(to Anna, re: the cart)

Get in.

Anna leaps in the cart and Angel, with a running start, hops on the back of the cart.

The girls, like Thelma and Louise, careen down the aisle and through the electric doors which fly open just in time.

The girls disappear into the white Miami sun.

INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - 24 HOUR CHAIN PHARMACY - PARKING LOT - SECONDS LATER

Irina, having wrestled out of the bungee cord, notices the keys are in the ignition.

IRINA

(in Ukrainian)

Stupid cunts.

She climbs into the driver's seat, starts the car, backs up, and HITS THE GAS, WHEN -

Angel and Anna, in the cart, ROLL IN FRONT OF THE TRUCK!

Anna buries her face in her hands.

ANNA

NOOOOOOOOOO!

ANGEL

It's the girl!

Irina SLAMS ON THE BREAKS--SCREECH.

The truck, ever so slightly, TAPS THE CART KNOCKING IT OVER--the girls hit the pavement.

ANNA

Owww!

Irina puts the truck in reverse when Angel jump/climbs onto the hood and points the gun through the windshield in Irina's face.

Irina reluctantly puts her hands up as Wes and Ray come charging out of the pharmacy.

Ray sucks on his inhaler as Anna shoves the supplies in the cooler, runs, and flies through the air towards the passenger seat, but Wes rips her off of the vehicle.

WES
Hands off my baby!

Angel jumps off the hood and pistol whips Wes in the temple.

ANGEL
Hands off my paycheck!

Wes drops and Anna scurries out of his grasp.

Ray, wheezing, walks briskly to Wes--his eyes are closed.

Angel pulls Anna inside the truck and points the gun at Irina.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Drive.

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK -

Wes isn't moving.

Ray attempts CPR.

After a moment Wes gags, spits, and shoves Ray off of him.

Wes sits up and punches Ray in the face.

RAY
What the fuck?!

WES
We would've had those bitches and the dick if you weren't trying to tap my sloppy seconds.

RAY
I liked Angel first!

WES
But you did nothing about it, cause you're a pussy.

Ray loses his shit and starts kicking Wes when -

A hot COLLEGE GIRL in last's night little black dress, 21,
pulls into the parking lot in a white, VW Beetle convertible.

Wes shoves Ray off and steps in front of the car.

WES (CONT'D)
Sup blondie--

COLLEGE GIRL
Not now, I need Plan B.

Wes throws her out of the car.

WES
Next time use a condom.

COLLEGE GIRL
OHMYGOD WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

Ray jumps in the passenger seat.

RAY
Sorry, it's an emergency.

Wes smacks Ray upside the head and speeds off.

COLLEGE GIRL
I BET YOUR MOM REGRETS NOT HAVING
PLAN B EVERY TIME SHE SEES YOUR
FACE!

INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - SOUTH BEACH STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Angel keeps the gun pointed at Irina.

ANNA
(to Angel)
Okay, where is it?

Angel whips it out of her bra.

ANGEL
(snarky)
Close to my heart.

Irina sees Eddie's member and PUKES OUT THE WINDOW.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Come on, it was way worse when
Eddie was attached to it.

Anna Purells her hands.

ANNA
Washcloth and saline solution
please.

Angel obliges.

ANGEL
What's a saline solution?

ANNA
Sodium chloride. I'm going to use
it to clean it.

Angel watches, curious, as Anna prepares the dick-preserving package.

ANGEL
Kinda cool that you know this shit.
(softens)
My first boyfriend, Derrick, was
into science. He was always
explainin' why plants grew and why
some people have blue eyes and how
fish can breathe underwater and
stuff like that. I got a real kick
outta it.

Anna smiles as she pours the cold water into the cooler,
sprinkles a couple handfuls of ice, and wraps the penis in
multiple plastic bags.

ANNA
Why'd you let him go? Sounds like a
catch.

ANGEL
(quickly)
Doesn't matter.
(beat)
Why so much plastic?

ANNA
Direct contact with the ice could
cause frostbite and damage the
tissue.

Irina PUKES AGAIN.

Angel notices Wes and Ray behind them in the Beetle.

ANGEL
Cher and Dionne are back.

Irina turns too quickly onto Fifth Street--the truck dips.

ANNA
(slow/loud, to Irina)
This truck is really large so you
have to make turns SLOOOOWLY or we
are all going to die, okay?

ANGEL
She's Russian, not deaf.

Irina glares at the word, "Russian."

INT./EXT. BEETLE - BEHIND THE GIRLS - SAME

Wes tries to catch up to the girls but is appalled by the Beetle's weak(er) engine.

WES
I am LITERALLY driving a vagina.

RAY
Wes, when was Plan B invented?

WES
Fuck off, Ray.

INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - SOUTH BEACH - FIFTH STREET - SAME

Anna notices the Beetle is gaining on them.

ANNA
They're to catch us! And then
they're going to rape us! And then
they're going to kill us! And then
they're going to rape us again!
(beat)
Do something!

ANGEL
I've got an idea! Wes loves doggie
style.

Angel STOMPS ON THE BRAKE PEDAL.

Anna and Irina SHRIEK AS truck STOPS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET.

The Beetle skids and CRASHES INTO IT FROM BEHIND.

INT./EXT. BEETLE - SOUTH BEACH - FIFTH STREET - SAME

Wes FLIES THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD.

RAY
Holy shit! Wes! Seatbelt!

INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - SOUTH BEACH - FIFTH STREET - SAME

The girls' hearts pound as Ray drags Wes through the street and back to the totaled Beetle nearly getting runover by ONCOMING TRAFFIC.

IRINA
YOU BOTH ARE CRAZY!

Anna and Angel exchange an excited glance.

ANGEL
The Russian speaks English!

Irina SPITS and steps on the gas.

IRINA
Fuck Russia! I am from Ukraine!

ANNA
Why didn't you tell us you spoke English?

IRINA
You didn't ask. You just kidnap me and wave gun in my face like gangster.
(beat)
Don't know who is worse--you or them.

Irina points to Ray pulling his brother out of the street.

ANNA
We're obviously the good guys.
(realizes/excited)
Wait, you thought I was a gangster?

POLICE SIRENS START SCREAMING.

Angel points to the MacArthur Causeway entrance.

ANGEL
Turn here. We need to get our ducks in a row and I want a torta.

IRINA
What is torta?

INT./EXT. BEETLE - FIFTH STREET - A BIT LATER

Wes, bloody and enraged, pulls out his baggie of coke and snorts himself back to life.

Ray tries to start the car when his phone BUZZES - *Eddie calling.*

RAY
(nervous/on the last ring)
...Eddie, how you feeling?

EDDIE (O.S.)
Put Wes on.

Ray, disappointed, hands the phone to Wes.

WES
We're on it.

Ty, in a patrol car, pulls up behind the Beetle and gets out.

RAY
Wes, hang up.

WES
(ignores Ray)
Don't worry, I want them dead as
much as--

Ty raises his eyebrows and KNOCKS on what's left of the driver side door.

RAY
(to Ty, re: Wes)
He's kidding.

TY
License and registration.

Ray rummages around in the glove compartment.

RAY
It's, uh, my girlfriend's car...

TY
(to Wes)
Sir, why are you bleeding?

Wes gestures to Ty, *I'm on the phone.*

TY (CONT'D)
This car was just reported stolen
and you've clearly been in an
altercation.

WES
Hang on, Eddie.

Wes hands the phone to Ray to hold and PUNCHES TY IN THE
FACE.

RAY
Wes, that's a police officer!

EDDIE (O.S.)
What's going on?!

Ty reaches for his gun.

TY
(to Wes)
You are under arrest!

Wes KICKS TY IN THE NUTS and wrestles the gun from Ty, puts
it to his head, and takes the phone back from Ray.

WES
Sorry 'bout that Eddie.

TY FLASHES BACK TO ANNA AT THE POLICE STATION -

ANNA
I'd like to report a mister EDDIE
CHARROW, the man who degraded me...

BACK TO PRESENT -

TY
...Eddie? Eddie Charrow?

Ray freezes.

Wes instantly hangs up and headbutts Ty, knocking him
seemingly out cold.

WES
He's onto Eddie! We gotta move the
other girls.

Wes does a bump.

Ray is staring at a BACHELORETTE PARTY OF HOT GIRLS SPILLING
OUT OF A PARTY BUS parked in front of a Mexican restaurant
across the street.

RAY

It's my turn to handle something.

Ray grabs Ty's gun from Wes, sucks on his inhaler, and hops out of the car.

From the pavement Ty's eyes open WIDE.

INT. CUBAN RESTAURANT - LITTLE HAVANA - DAY

Anna, Angel and Irina grub on yummy, greasy tortas.

*From now on the cooler, maintained by Anna, never leaves her side and the gun remains in Angel's waistband.

IRINA

Torta rocks!

Anna queasily sops up the grease from her sandwich with a paper napkin.

ANNA

Eat up because our next stop is the police and you're gonna need to be energized and focused--

ANGEL

(to Irina, sensitive for once)

Life back home must've been rough if Eddie was your best option...

(off Irina's trepidation)

I'm sayin' I get it.

(beat)

I was born in the sewer of Opa-Locka.

IRINA

Opa-Locka?

ANGEL

If the beach had an asshole that would be it.

(beat)

I got pregnant young and kept it cause I thought me and Derrick were in love, but that asshole peaced out on me, and then my junkie single mom peaced out too, if you know what I mean, so, now I'm a baby takin' care of a baby who's gotta earn. But honest livings for high school dropouts ain't shit...

IRINA

Same in Ukraine! What did you do?

ANGEL

I got hooked up with Tommy. He sent me on "dates." They paid okay, but I didn't want my baby girl seein' that and followin' in my footsteps so I gave her to a couple who couldn't get pregnant so she'd have a fightin' chance.

(beat)

One day she's gonna meet her mama but not 'til she can be proud of me.

Anna's quiet, shaken to the core.

ANNA

You have a child?!

ANGEL

Today's her 8th birthday.

ANNA

Wow.

IRINA

Could be one of my little sisters.

Irina stares at Anna and Angel, sizes them up, and takes a folded up picture from her pocket and places it on the table.

CLOSE ON: THE PICTURE OF IRINA PLAYING WITH HER DARLING BUT IMPOVERISHED SISTERS, SONYA, 6, and ZLATA, 8, IN UKRAINE.

IRINA (CONT'D)

(as she points)

Sonya and Zlata. They mean everything to me. This is why I come here. To make money and give them future.

ANNA

What about your parents?

Irina takes a sip of water.

IRINA

I am from Slavyansk. Eight people in two room apartment--one bed. No water. No electricity.

(MORE)

IRINA (CONT'D)

Each day is hiding with sisters in bathroom waiting for explosions or carrying water home from nearby well. Most days, if lucky, we eat only borscht. This is not life...

ANGEL

No kiddin'. How'd you get out?

IRINA

When possible I go to internet cafe in Kiev for escape--this is how I meet Eddie. He send me facebook message saying he make me model. I am not stupid only desperate. I know coming here is risk, but with risk comes hope.

Anna bursts into tears of guilt.

ANNA

I...I have no words--only--

Anna gets out her phone and plays her video for Irina.

IRINA

You go off medication?

Beat.

ANNA

(stammers)

Each of us, from our respective backgrounds, has been uniquely wronged by Eddie Charrow. It is our duty to prevent him from further abusing underserved women, or, perhaps, a woman who's spent her entire life alone, studying, or coming out of surgery hoping to meet someone, who, gets stood up one time too many and takes a risk for the first time in her otherwise completely controlled life...

ANGEL

Eddie must've really charmed you...

Anna nods, ashamed.

Irina carefully folds the picture of her sisters and puts it back in her pocket.

ANNA

Irina, we might have Eddie's penis in a cooler, and I'm not sure what this says about the world, but we really are the good guys and we need your help.

Beat.

IRINA

How I can help?

ANGEL

Tell your story.

ANNA

They will try their best to humiliate and discredit you, but you'll just have to stay strong because they can't ignore hard evidence.

After a moment -

IRINA

...Okay, I do it.

Anna and Angel SQUEAL.

IRINA (CONT'D)

But, I first use bathroom.

Angel's unsure.

ANNA

Absolutely! Treat yourself to the best thing America has to offer: toilet seat covers.

Irina looks puzzled, then gets up.

ANGEL

Really, one-percent?

ANNA

I'm unemployed!

INT. CUBAN RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Irina, sitting on a stack of toilet seat covers, PEES.

IRINA
 (in Ukrainian)
 This *is* luxurious.

She reaches around and grabs more of the covers and stuffs them inside her blouse.

She stares at the bathroom door, wondering if she can trust her new friends, and then stares at the window...

INT. CUBAN RESTAURANT - A FEW MORE MOMENTS LATER

Anna, queasy, pops a Tums.

Angel's phone BUZZES - text from Tommy - *Ur cunt ass is gonna bleed and not cuz itz ur period.*

ANGEL
 Ukraine's in Europe, right?

ANNA
 (almost not condescending)
 Yes, Angel.

ANGEL
 You ever been?

ANNA
 My mom took me to Paris when I graduated college.

ANGEL
 Was it as special and romantic as it looks on TV?

ANNA
 Yes, but my mother spent the entire trip pointing out how much more fun I'd be having if I were visiting with a *boyfriend*.
 (beat)
 I almost threw her off the Pont des Arts Bridge.

ANGEL
 (tries to hide her excitement)
 That the bridge where couples "lock their love?"

ANNA
 Yep.

Angel smiles, closes her eyes, and imagines as Anna checks the time on her phone.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Not to be impatient with our
forsaken immigrant friend, but we
kinda have a ticking cock--

Angel snaps out of her reverie.

ANGEL
Shit!

Angel jumps up and runs to the bathroom.

Anna follows.

The girls burst inside the now empty bathroom.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I fuckin' knew it!

Angel points to the open window--Irina's gone.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

The bus is parked in front of the garage obscuring the spectacle of Ray and Wes herding the girls from the garage to the bus as Eddie, holding the Vicodin bowl, watches.

WES
C'mon ladies, move those illegal
asses.

EDDIE
Do either of you think life without
your dick is worth living?

RAY
Never thought about it... Wes?

Wes scowls at Ray.

WES
(uncomfortable)
Eddie, we gotta move the girls
before that cop--

EDDIE
I'll deal with the cops. If you
don't get my dick back I'm taking
one of yours.

The boys sweat.

BRAZILIAN MODEL
Where are we going?

RAY
Tsunami, so you can, uh, experience
the model *lifestyle*.

JAPANESE MODEL
(terrified)
Tsunami?

INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - LITTLE HAVANA - PARKING LOT - SAME

Angel hops into the driver's seat and helps Anna inside.

ANNA
I just have to say, you made the
right decision for your daughter
and I admire your courage.

The truck snarls out of the parking lot.

ANGEL
Thanks, white privilege.

Anna gives Angel a quizzical once-over.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Dad was half Filipino, half white
and mom was half Cuban, half black.

ANNA
...Which makes you...

Angel speeds through the colorful, Cuban streets looking for Irina.

TOURISTS and SHOP OWNERS jump out of her path.

ANGEL
The future. Now help me find the
Russian.

ANNA
Ukrainian.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Ty walks past the open and empty garage and rings Eddie's
DOORBELL.

Eddie, dressed and doped up to hide his pain, opens the door.

EDDIE
(faux surprise/charming)
Officer, how can I help you?

TY
Are you Eddie Charrow?

Eddie puts his hands above his head playfully.

EDDIE
Guilty.

TY
(stone cold)
I'm following up on a complaint.
Mind if I take a look around?

Eddie shrugs.

EDDIE
I got nothing to hide.

Ty looks Eddie up and down and steps inside.

IRINA (PRE-LAP)
Please. I beg you. I am in trouble.

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - LUFTHASNA COUNTER - SAME

Irina stands across from an irritated AIRLINE EMPLOYEE, 40s, taking out cash, and, accidentally, toilet seat covers from her clothes.

LUFTHASNA EMPLOYEE
Ma'am, for the third time, I can't
sell you an international flight if
you don't. have. a. passport.

IRINA
For third time. I tell you. They
take passport when I come!

LUFTHASNA EMPLOYEE
So get a new one.
(beat)
NEXT.

Irina scoops up her savings and from the counter and throws the toilet seat covers at the employee.

IRINA

Take toilet seat cover and fuck
yourself!

The employee is very, very confused.

INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - LITTLE HAVANA - AFTERNOON

Anna stares out the window, depressed.

Angel's on edge.

ANNA

You think Irina will be okay?
Where's she gonna go? What's she
gonna do?

(hurt)

I really thought we had a nice
lunch.

ANGEL

Don't take it personal. A girl like
that can't trust nobody. Now what
do you wanna do?

ANNA

I wanna go back in time and wear
more pink. And major in
communications. And do a keg-stand
at a dreadful "pimps and hos" party
the pre-meds were never invited to.
And drunkenly laugh really hard at
some avocado-shaped budding tax
attorney's stupid jokes so I'd be
married with avocado-shaped
children and swilling Chardonnay
right now instead of being on this
completely delusional journey with
you because when it's over, if I
don't end up in jail, I'm going to
have nothing to come home to!

Anna starts to cry.

ANGEL

What did you expect?! You're a dick
expert.

ANNA

So?!

ANGEL

No matter how big your heart,
brain, or tits, at the end of the
day, men ain't lookin' for gals
with our qualifications to bring
home to mom.

ANNA

(sniffles)

So, what do we do?

ANGEL

Take down this sex traffickin' scum
so he can't hurt nobody else
instead of bitchin' cause shit is
how it is and sometimes we get
lonely.

ANNA

(shocked)

You get lonely?

ANGEL

Of course I get lonely! All I ever
wanted was a family of my own.

(beat)

When Derrick left I gave up. Yeah,
I had a shit start, but I never
believed in myself neither. I
never believed nothin' I could ever
do would make any difference... But
now here I am in this car with
you... Believin' in somethin'!

Angel takes Anna's hand the way Anna took Angel's earlier.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Don't disappoint me, Anna. I ain't
sure I could take it.

Anna wipes her tears as Angel reaches for the phone.

ANNA

I'm sorry, Angel. You're right.
Give me a minute to get back into
the insurgent headspace.

Angel stops the truck abruptly.

ANGEL

You got five minutes to work on
your "headspace." I'm gettin' a
coco frio.

Angel parks and hops out of the truck.

ANNA

Angel! Wait! Come back!

Angel keeps walking. Anna gets out and follows her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You can't leave me. I'll just sit here agonizing over missing out on a delicious Cuban treat the whole time. And speaking of time we've gotta make this quick.

Angel smiles in spite of herself.

ANGEL AND ANNA DO LITTLE HAVANA'S CALLE OCHO -

IN A CAFE - ANGEL AND ANNA SIP DELICIOUS CHILLED COCONUT MILK FROM COCONUT SHELLS AND EAT GOYABA CON QUEESO

IN FRONT OF A GORGEOUS MURAL - ANNA AND ANGEL TAKE SELFIES IN FRONT OF STREET ART FEATURING CELIA CRUZ, TITO PUENTE, SIMON BOLIVAR, RUBEN DARIO-POETA, ETC.

IN A CIGAR SHOP - ANGEL LIGHTS UP A CIGAR. ANNA REFUSES TO PARTAKE. FINALLY, ANNA GIVES IN, TAKES A PUFF, GAGS AND COUGHS, TRIES IT AGAIN AND KIND OF LIKES IT

IN THE PARK - ANNA AND ANGEL WATCH OLDER CUBAN GENTLEMEN PLAYING DOMINOS

FINALLY, ANNA WATCHES ANGEL LIGHT A CANDLE AT THE FOOT OF THE FAMOUS CEIBA TREE BEHIND THE STATUE OF THE VIRGIN MARY AND PLACES IT WITH THE OTHER SANTERIA OFFERINGS AT THE TREES' ROOTS -

ANNA (CONT'D)

You're not contacting dead people or evil spirits are you?

ANGEL

The candle's for good luck on our mission--you ain't the only one who hates failure.

Anna smiles proudly.

INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie, losing patience, follows Ty as he pokes around the house leaving greasy fingerprints all over the immaculate pad.

EDDIE
You about done here?

Ty notices nail marks on the doorway to "Heaven." He tries to open the door, it's locked.

TY
Why is this door locked?

Eddie's phones BUZZES - Anna calling.

EDDIE
(answers)
This is Eddie.

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH from Eddie with Ty to Anna and Angel in Little Havana looking for the truck.

ANGEL
You want your dick back?

ANNA
On?

ANGEL
Then listen up cause we need to make a deal...

EDDIE
I'm very interested in that type of, uh, property, but it's gonna come down to location and price.

ANNA
The location is Mount Sinai Medical Center.

ANGEL
The price is confessing you're a sick fuckhead sex trafficker.

EDDIE
I am open to discussing those terms, let me text you the address to my office.

Eddie hangs up and texts Anna the address.

TY
Can you open this door?

Eddie puts his arm around Ty.

EDDIE

Officer Jordan, I've been more than accommodating, but I have a meeting in fifteen minutes and you don't have a warrant.

Ty traces the nail marks with his fingers as his suspicion swells.

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA - CALLE OCHO - IN FRONT OF THE TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Anna receives the address on her phone.

ANNA

Sixteen-eighty-four Collins Ave, penthouse...

ANGEL

It's one of his fratty, date rape poolside castles--killer view though.

Anna grimaces as the girls climb into the truck.

ANNA

Eddie just expects me to steal a sterile, fully stocked operating room and bring it to his hotel?!

ANGEL

I think he's mostly thinkin' about his dick.

ANNA

Which is, ironically, why he's in this mess! I'll text him that. You take a left at the next light.

EXT. TSUNAMI - SOUTH BEACH LUXURY HOTEL - COLLINS AVE - SAME

Hot, half-naked Miami TWENTY-SOMETHINGS frolic under the palm trees sipping cocktails to a kaleidoscope of BASS LINES.

Ray pulls the party bus into the driveway.

Wes does a line off of some model titties.

The girls eyes widen--they've arrived.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. TSUNAMI - PENTHOUSE SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Ray and Wes herd the flock of models inside their opulent new cage--a separate section of the suite that locks from the outside.

ALBANIAN MODEL

This is like heaven!

RAY

(guilty)

Only the best for Eddie's girls.

WES

Sit tight now. We'll be back later.

Wes blows the girls a kiss as he locks them inside with a key that hangs from the gold necklace previously camouflaged by his rainforest of chest hair.

The girls stare at each other...*what's going on?*

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - SAME

Irina watches PASSENGERS greet their families, hop into cabs, etc.

Desperate, she approaches a southern businessman, KENT, 45, getting into a town car.

IRINA

Excuse me, you know where I get
passport?

(whispers)

Illegal.

Kent freezes, incapacitated by her hotness.

KENT

...Actually, I might have a friend
who can help.

INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Ty walks into Eddie's garage and discovers skimpy female clothing all over the floor... oh, and Eddie's Lambo.

Suddenly the door to the garage flies open and Eddie, CURSING and gnashing his teeth at his excruciating pain, limps to his car.

Ty scurries behind a shelf and watches Eddie as a blood spot appears through his white pants in his groin area.

Ty's confused as Eddie gets into the lambo and tears out of the garage.

Ty comes out of hiding, grabs his phone, and snaps pictures of all the clothes.

INT.EXT. WES' TRUCK - SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - A BIT LATER

Anna hands Angel the cooler.

Angel hands Anna the gun.

ANGEL

Practice safe stealing, use protection.

Anna jerks violently away from the weapon.

ANNA

Thank you, Angel, but your street savvy has no bearing on the place where I work.

ANGEL

Used to work.

Angel smugly hands Anna the gun.

INT. MIAMI BEACH POLICE DEPARTMENT - SAME

Cal's on the phone with Eddie.

CAL

Eddie, I had no idea! Of course I didn't tell him to show up at your house.

EDDIE (O.S.)

If you can't control your people you're no good to me.

Eddie hangs up on a frustrated Cal.

Ty walks in.

Cal drags Ty into the bathroom, and pins him against the wall.

CAL
I thought I told you not to mess
with Eddie Charrow!

Ty pulls out his phone and shows Cal the pictures on his
phone of Eddie's garage.

TY
I know, but look!

CAL
You can't arrest someone for cross-
dressing!

TY
There's more. The guys who stole
the Beetle work for him!

Cal gives Eddie a death stare.

CAL
Half of South Beach works for him.
Do you copy?

Ty's stomach churns.

INT. SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - MOMENTS LATER

Anna's in the supply room loading suture scissors, forceps, a
needle, a needle holder, suture thread, and loupes into her
purse when -

Doctor Grahame walks by.

GRAHAME
Anna?

ANNA
(nervous)
...Doctor Grahame, hi.

GRAHAME
What are you doing?

Anna awkwardly "hides" her purse, drops to her knees, and
squints at the floor.

ANNA
Oh, I, uh lost an earring.
(nervous laugh)
(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

I tore apart my *entire* condo this morning only to realize--I never had a life outside of work so it must be here!

Grahame checks Anna's ears: two earrings.

GRAHAME

I'm calling security.

Anna leaps up.

ANNA

You will do no such thing!

Grahame reaches for his phone and Anna pulls the gun and points it at him.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Doctor Grahame, this is a loaded gun. A *real* one.

Grahame PISSES HIMSELF.

INT./EXT. WES' TRUCK - SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - SAME

Angel watches a happy country clubby COUPLE, 30s, enjoying a romantic lunch at the business park across the street.

Angel closes her eyes and imagines herself as the woman in pearls -

PREPPY GUY

Would you like a glass of Bordeaux, dear?

ANGEL

Why Tripper, I don't know what that is, but it sounds French and expensive, so yes!

The preppy guy pours Angel a glass of Bordeaux into a plastic wine glass.

Angel puts her pinky up, swirls the wine, sniffs, drinks, and makes a sedate-rich-person-o-face.

PREPPY GUY

Not nearly as French or expensive as...

The guy pulls out a Cartier box and opens it to reveal a FABULOUS ENGAGEMENT RING -

ANGEL
 Oui! Oui! Oui!

They kiss as -

BACK TO PRESENT IN THE CAR -

Angel's phone BUZZES - Piece of Shit calling.

She ignores it when -

KNOCK KNOCK.

Angel turns to see who's knocking on the window when THE DOOR FLIES OPEN AND SHE'S DRAGGED OUT OF THE TRUCK AND DROPPED ON THE PAVEMENT.

She looks up at a slim, tank-top clad gent with gold Cuban link chains, a bedazzled trucker hat that reads, *i AM miami bitch!*, and head to toe (including a familiar tarantula one on his face) tattoos.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 (obviously lying)
 Tommy, I was just about to call you
 back!

Angel reaches for the gun but remembers she gave it to Anna.

She grabs her knife, but Tommy kicks it--it skids into the street and falls through a grated gutter.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 (demoralized)
 My mom gave me that!

Tommy grabs a gun from an arsenal of weapons strapped to his calf and puts it to her lips.

TOMMY
 Shut up!
 (beat)
 Eddie was a good client.

Tommy cocks the gun.

ANGEL
 (actually afraid)
 Tommy, wait!
 (thinks quickly)
 I got a business proposition for
 you.

Tommy spits.

TOMMY
Hos don't know shit about business.

ANGEL
Give me two minutes, Tommy. Two minutes and if you ain't impressed you can send me straight to heaven.

Tommy smirks.

TOMMY
We both know that ain't where you're going.

INT. TSUNAMI - HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - LOCKED UP AREA - SAME

The terrified models try to find a way out of the room, but none of the doors or windows open.

AFRICAN MODEL
We're trapped!

SCANDINAVIAN MODEL
(hopeful)
Maybe this is some kind reality show?

BRAZILIAN MODEL
Like "Survivor?" Where there can only be one of us...

The girls stare at each other, suspicious.

INT. TSUNAMI - OPULENT BAR - SAME

Irina and a smitten Kent have a cocktail.

KENT
Tell me about Ukraine. Is it a nice place to live?

IRINA
Not so nice right now, but is home.

KENT
You here on spring break?
(winks)
You ruined your passport winning a wet t-shirt contest, didn't yah?

Irina grimaces.

IRINA

No. I am not "Girl Gone Wild". I try to be model to earn money to help family.

Beat.

KENT

What are some of your interests besides family?

IRINA

Punk rock--*real* punk rock like *Ramones* and *Sex Pistols* and *Pussy Riot*--not that *Good Charlotte* shit. I also like crossword puzzles, computers, and poodles--they are such regal creatures.

(beat)

You help with passport now?

KENT

(shifty)

Sure, but I'd prefer to call my friend from my room... where it's private.

Irina nods, now wary.

**INT. SOUTH BEACH MEDICAL GROUP - LOBBY - GROUND FLOOR -
MOMENTS LATER**

In SLOW MOTION to Miami rapper, *Stitches'*, *Brick in Yo Face*, Anna, carrying the surgical contraband, struts out of the building with a FUCK YEAH grin.

She hops in the truck.

ANNA

You should've seen me in there! I was like an episode of *Miami Vice*!

From the backseat Tommy slaps the gun from Anna's hand.

TOMMY

You ain't no Crockett and Tubbs.

ANGEL

Anna, meet Tommy, my, uh, manager. He's coming with us and the price went up to ten g's.

Anna's mouth drops.

ANNA

WHAT?!

TOMMY

You wanna fuck with Eddie you're gonna need protection.

Anna's blood boils with betrayal and she PULLS ANGEL'S HAIR.

ANNA

(to Angel)

I'm *already* paying enough!

Angel tries to pry Anna off, but she hangs on like a feral monkey.

ANGEL

Anna, calm down!

ANNA

I will NOT calm down! This was obviously premeditated and I won't stand for it!

Anna RIPS OUT ANGEL'S EXTENSIONS.

Angel SLAPS ANNA ACROSS THE FACE.

ANGEL

Fuck you, Anna! The reason we're a threesome is CAUSE I GAVE YOU THE GUN AND COULDN'T PROTECT *MYSELF*--

Tommy FIRES A SHOT out the window.

Anna jumps.

TOMMY

Enough!

(beat)

Damn. You guys fuckin' or somethin'?

ANNA

No!

(right to Angel)

We're not even friends.

Anna grabs the cooler.

ANNA (CONT'D)

The deal's off.

Anna reaches for the door when Tommy puts a gun to her head.

TOMMY
(grins)
Say it ain't so.

Anna glares at Angel, angry and heartbroken.

Angel stares at the floor, feeling genuine guilt.

EDDIE (PRE-LAP)
Come closer.

**INT. TSUNAMI - PENTHOUSE SUITE - EDDIE'S BEDROOM - EARLY
EVENING**

Eddie, clutching his Vicodin bowl, lies in bed in an entirely white room flanked by his armed ladies in waiting, Wes and Ray.

WES
You alright boss?

Eddie stares straight ahead as if he's having a vision.

EDDIE
When I was six, my best friend was
a white pony named Buttermilk. She
was smart, tough, and loyal. One
time, Buttermilk was chasing her
pink, jolly ball around my feet and
accidentally stepped on my foot--
breaking my toe. My dad saw, and
dragged us both over to the stable.
He handed me a revolver and said if
I didn't shoot Buttermilk, he'd
shoot me. "Hunt or be hunted, son."
(beat)
That was my first life lesson.

Beat.

RAY
(sickened)
You killed a pony?

WES
(sweats/sotto)
Why's he telling us?

EDDIE
Because that's why I'm in the
penthouse.

Eddie points to Tsunami's glistening saltwater pool stuffed with the previous crop of his GIRLS fluffing drunk, sunburnt men under white cabanas -

EDDIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Each of my girls is Buttermilk with tits. They could run. They could fight. But they don't. They are the hunted.

Eddie grins as we PAN TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL -

The locked up girls are POUNDING ON THE WALLS.

BACK TO EDDIE'S BEDROOM -

Wes pounds on the wall to shut them up.

WES
KNOCK IT OFF!

Eddie reaches for another Vicodin.

RAY
Eddie, take it easy on the Vics.

EDDIE
Don't tell me what to do. Now, what's the ETA on my cock?

INT.EXT. WES' TRUCK - COLLINS AVE - SOUTH BEACH - EVENING

Anna, Angel, and Tommy are stuck in terrible traffic.

Anna and Angel do not make eye contact.

TOMMY
Doc, you sure you can handle the "surgery" when you're in a beef with your bitch?

ANNA
Surgery is the only time my overactive brain is ever truly at ease.

ANGEL
She ain't lyin'. Workin' with her is like operatin' a suicide hotline.

ANNA

Oh, please. If you worked on a suicide hotline the human race would be extinct.

The girls glare at each other.

Tommy lights a cigarette.

TOMMY

...So, why *dick* surgeries?

Anna reaches around, takes the cigarette, and puts it out in the cup holder.

ANNA

I lost my father to prostate cancer when I was twelve.

(beat)

I thought if I became a urologist maybe I'd save some other little girl's dad one day...or something.

Angel softens, surprised by how much she feels for Anna.

ANGEL

You didn't tell me that...

ANNA

Well, maybe I didn't want to talk about my deceased father with a conniving, usurious--

ANGEL

Anna, FOR REAL, I DIDN'T PLAN ON THIS BEIN' A THREESOME!

Anna stares out the window, wanting to believe Angel.

TOMMY

(grins)

So you are fuckin'.

Tommy lights another cigarette.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, doc, can you take a peek at my junk? It's been burnin' when I piss and I ain't got health insurance.

Anna throws her hands up at life.

ANNA

Sure, Tommy. Why the fuck not?!

INT. MIAMI BEACH POLICE DEPARTMENT - TY'S CUBICLE - SAME

Ty, on his computer, stares at Anna's and Eddie's personal information/"files" looking for clues/connections.

Cal walks over.

Ty quickly shuts off his monitor.

CAL

The boys are goin' to happy hour,
you down?

TY

For sure, let me just finish this
paperwork and I'm there.

Cal leaves and texts Eddie - *Everything's under control.*

Ty waits until Cal's out of sight and turns his monitor back on.

INT. TSUNAMI - KENT'S ROOM - SAME

Irina and Kent watch Pussy Riot's *Putin Lights Up the Fires* music video on his laptop.

Irina quietly but excitedly SINGS ALONG in Russian.

KENT

(re: the half-naked *Fight*
Club-esque scenes)
Whoa! This is pretty hot.

Irina SIGHS.

IRINA

You miss point.

Kent smiles and inches closer to Irina.

KENT

What are they saying?

IRINA

(playful)
They say...

Irina rocks out -

IRINA (CONT'D)

*Putin ignites the fires of
revolution.*

(MORE)

IRINA (CONT'D)

*He was bored and frightened people
in silence. Whatever punishment he
had - that rotten ash, with no time
in many years - the reason for
pollution.*

Irina's spirited teenage self starts to emerge as she loses herself dancing around the room throwing punches like the band when Kent closes the laptop, not into it.

Irina plops on the bed and catches her breath.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Badass, right?

Kent sits on the bed next to her.

KENT

(uncomfortable)

Girls that look like you don't
usually have such--

Irina raises her eyebrows, amused.

IRINA

Strong will? Point of view?

Kent LAUGHS and hands Irina a glass of champagne.

KENT

Irina, I have a confession to
make...

IRINA

(exasperated)

No friend to help with passport?

Kent stares at her blankly.

Irina starts for the door but he pulls her onto the bed.

KENT

Don't go!

Irina grabs the heavy, glittering glass conch from the night table and CRACKS KENT IN THE HEAD.

He staggers and falls.

IRINA

(in Ukrainian)

Shit.

Irina nervously checks his pulse--he's still alive.

IRINA (CONT'D)
You'll live.

She picks up the glass conch and runs out of the room.

INT. TSUNAMI - HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

Anna, Angel, and Tommy, ready to rumble, walk to the elevator through the quintessential South Beach hotel experience: gauzy white curtains, tufted white leather furniture framed by white pillar candles, white faux fur pillows and throws placed to look strewn, a hip, poolside DJ wearing white sunglasses and pretty PARTY PEOPLE of all colors.

They reach the elevator and the doors open on Irina, carrying the conch, who sees the trio and frantically presses the close-door button.

Angel jumps in front of the doors, shoving them open.

Anna scurries inside the elevator.

ANNA
("tough", to Irina)
I bet one of us wishes elevators
had windows right now...

IRINA
Please... I just want to go home.

TOMMY
(to Angel)
Who's the Babubshka?

ANGEL
She's Ukrainian, fuckhead.

Angel and Tommy get in the elevator as the doors close.

ANNA
We just wanted to help you!

IRINA
How I believe? You have *penis* in
cooler!

ANGEL
Anna was so hurt you ran, she
thought you were *friends*.

Angel LAUGHS.

ANNA
Really, Angel?! Really?

TOMMY
(to Irina)
They're fuckin' huh?

IRINA
I think the same when I first meet!

ANNA
I would rather fill my vagina with
cement than let her inside of it!

Angel pokes Anna in the chest.

ANGEL
Say the word, bitch. A former
client pours concrete.

Anna pulls her scalpel as Tommy pulls a gun.

TOMMY
NOT! ANOTHER! WORD!
(beat)
You are grown ass bitches.
(beat)
Now, can we use Anna Kournikova or
not?!

Beat.

IRINA
Please. I need passport. I do
anything.

Anna's phone BUZZES - Text from Eddie - *Hurry the fuck up!*

ANGEL
(to Irina, re: the conch)
The shell ain't worth shit. He buys
'em in bulk in Little Havana.

INT. TSUNAMI - PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

The elevator doors open.

Anna, Angel, Tommy, and Irina, now carrying the cooler and
the conch, step into the hallway.

ANGEL
(to Irina)
Wait here. Don't move.
(MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Eddie's dick's our life insurance
and he ain't gettin' it 'til we get
our confession.

(beat)

You fuck us and she'll chop you
into little pieces and bake you
into a pierogi.

TOMMY

--The fuck's a pierogi?

ANNA

A dumpling--

IRINA

I understand.

Anna's phone BUZZES - *Unknown number.*

ANNA

(answers)

Hold on, Eddie--

TY (O.S.)

Anna, this is Officer Ty Jordan,
Miami PD, we met earlier today--

Anna throws the phone like a cockroach landed on it.

Everyone stares at her.

ANNA

That was the police! Doctor Grahame
must've reported me!

(beat)

I'm going to jail! I'm going to--

ANGEL

You're ain't goin' to jail. You
didn't kill nobody!

Anna leans against the wall, dizzy.

ANNA

I can't do this.

Tommy puts a gun in her face.

TOMMY

We get paid either way!

Anna slides down the wall into panic attack-asana.

ANNA
I can't breathe. I can't--

TOMMY
(to Angel)
Do something'!

Angel, scrambling, grabs Anna's phone and plays Anna's video.

Anna, gasping for air, watches the video as she slowly gains control and descends into fury.

Anna's phone BUZZES - Eddie calling.

ANGEL
Anna, what's it gonna be?

Anna stares at the group.

IRINA
Eddie is bad man. He deserve to
rot.

Anna stares at Irina, nods, takes a deep breath, and KNOCKS
ON THE DOOR.

EDDIE (PRE-LAP)
Where is it?

**INT. TSUNAMI - PENTHOUSE SUITE - EDDIE'S BEDROOM - SECONDS
LATER**

Anna, Angel, and Tommy stare at Eddie, Ray, and Wes. The boys, except Eddie, who's still high, point guns at each other.

ANGEL
It's in the building. Soon as you
record your confession, it's yours.

ANNA
Which is, to be clear, exactly what
we agreed upon. And we should
really hop to it as our success
rate window is closing.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL -

The models hear Anna and Angel and rush to the wall and POUND
ON IT -

MODELS
HELP US!/SAVE US!

BACK TO EDDIE'S BEDROOM -

Wes POUNDS THE WALL BACK -

WES
SHUT, THE FUCK UP!

ANNA
What was that?

RAY
Don't worry about it.

ANGEL
(realizes)
It's the girls from the house!

TOMMY
Who?

EDDIE
Tommy, what the fuck are you doin'
here?
(to Anna and Angel)
We didn't agree on him being
involved.

WES
(mouths, to Tommy)
Traitor.

TOMMY
I know, Eddie. I know. But, I'm in
trouble. I owe my connect some
money--

Eddie nods.

BANG BANG BANG - Wes smokes Tommy.

ANNA
OHMYGOD!!!!!!!

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL THE GIRLS SHRIEK -

WES
SHUT UP!

Angel lunges for Tommy's gun, but Ray grabs Angel and puts
his gun in her mouth, albeit awkwardly.

Anna turns in circles.

ANNA
(points to Tommy)
He's dead! He's actually dead!

Eddie smiles, professionally.

EDDIE
In light of these new circumstances
the terms are: No confession. Do
the surgery or... die.

Anna looks at Angel like a baby seal about to get clubbed by
an Eskimo.

ANGEL
(to Anna)
Go get it!

Anna stands, frozen.

Wes FIRES ANOTHER SHOT.

WES
NOW!

Anna puts her hands up.

ANNA
Okay! Okay! I'm going!

Anna opens the door and peers into the hallway...

QUICK CUT TO:

IRINA RUNNING FOR DEAR LIFE DOWN THE STAIRS CARRYING THE
COOLER AND THE CONCH.

BACK IN THE PENTHOUSE -

Anna stares at the empty hallway, totally fucked.

ANNA
I'll, um, just be one minute.

Anna takes off running like a rabid gazelle.

INT. TSUNAMI - HOTEL - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Anna, hysterical, shoots out of the elevator.

ANNA
IRINA!!!!

No Irina.

Anna's heart pounds.

She flies to the front desk where the stacked CONCIERGE, 22, takes sexy "work" selfies.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Have you seen a distressed
Ukrainian female carrying a pink
cooler?!

CONCIERGE
What happens at Tsunami stays at
Tsunami.

Anna reaches across the desk, grabs the letter opener, and grips it like a dagger.

ANNA
Tell me! Or I'll RUPTURE your
bargain boob job and the silicone
will MIGRATE to your LUNGS where
it's IMPOSSIBLE to remove and
you'll cough it up for eternity!

The concierge points to the door.

CONCIERGE
(quivering)
She went South on Collins...

Anna tosses the letter opener, races to the revolving doors, and shoves her way outside.

EXT. TSUNAMI - COLLINS AVENUE - SOUTH BEACH - SAME

Irina, with the cooler and carrying the conch like a football, runs down the pulsating street weaving through PEDESTRIANS.

She crashes through a group of BROS.

BRO 1
Sup caviar tits.

Irina bashes Bro 1 in the nuts with the conch--BAM.

IRINA
Not sorry.

Irina keeps running.

INT. TSUNAMI - PENTHOUSE SUITE - SAME

Nobody's moved.

EDDIE
(to Angel)
What's taking the doctor so long?!

ANGEL
Urologist--

EDDIE
You don't think I know that?!

ANGEL
What you don't know is she ain't
comin' back.

EDDIE
WHAT?!

ANGEL
You fucked up, Eddie. You're usin'
me as collateral, but Anna don't
give a shit about keepin' me alive.
(guilty/disappointed)
We got in a fight--She's probably
half way to Cuba by now.

EDDIE
WES!!!!

WES
On it.

Wes runs out.

Ray sulks.

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - SOUTH BEACH - SAME

Anna runs down the street when her phone BUZZES - Eddie
calling.

Anna grimaces.

ANNA
(answers/nervous)
Hi Eddie!... No, everything's
great!
(scrambles)
I'm in the elevator...
(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)
 This *special needs* child accidentally
 pressed ALL the buttons (he thought
 he was catching fireflies)... so,
 it's gonna be a couple minutes...
 Sit tight and I'll be there before
 you can say penile reattachment
 procedure...

Anna hangs up.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 IRINAAAA!!!

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - SECONDS LATER

Irina runs across the street, STOPPING TRAFFIC and CURSING AT
 THE CARS IN UKRAINIAN, when -

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - SECONDS LATER

Anna turns to see why everyone's HONKING and notices Irina
 running through the cars like a shooting star.

ANNA
 IRINA!! WAIT!!

Anna starts running when she notices a greasy, multi-pierced
 BIKER, 18, on a tiny BMX bike.

She crazily SHOVES HIM OFF.

BIKER
 What the fuck?

ANNA
 Fun fact: There's no justice in the
 world.

The biker stares up at Anna, shocked.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Seriously. Go rob a bank! Start the
 revolution!

Anna snatches his helmet and speeds across the street after
 Irina, looking both ways of course.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Wheeeeeee.

The biker stands up and yells after her -

BIKER
Wait! What revolution?

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Anna pedals after Irina.

ANNA
IRINA!!! I NEED THAT PENIS!

PEDESTRIANS regard Anna strangely.

Irina looks over her shoulder, terrified and confused to see Anna chasing her on the bike.

IRINA
Where such tiny bike come from?

ANNA
I'm asking the questions here. Not you. And my first question is: Why did you run again when you PROMISED to STAY PUT!?

IRINA
What choice I have? I hear BANG BANG! I think you and prostitute girlfriend dead!

ANNA
Tommy's dead and the rest of your friends from the house are locked up in the penthouse--

Irina's eyes narrow.

IRINA
They have girls?

ANNA
Yes! And to be clear, Angel's a *retired* prostitute and Eddie's holding her hostage because YOU ran off with his DICK!

Anna swerves in front of Irina, blocking her path.

ANNA (CONT'D)
(actually scary)
Give it back, NOW!

IRINA
(panting)
Going back to hotel is suicide.

Anna jumps off the bike and gets in Irina's face.

ANNA
I can't abandon Angel!
(beat)
We might not be on speaking terms
right now, but this whole thing
with Eddie was my idea and if she
dies I could never forgive myself.

Beat.

IRINA
I understand. I have special friend
back home.

ANNA
(blushes)
Oh, Angel's not my--

IRINA
If you go back, you go back alone.
I will not end up locked up with
other girls or dead like face
tattoo.

Anna snatches the cooler.

ANNA
I hope you find your way back to
Ukraine cause we don't need any
more cowards in this country.

Anna hops on the bike, swerves, falls, but gets back up.

IRINA
Rather be alive coward than dead
moron.

Irina contemplates her declaration as Anna pedals off.

EXT. EDDIE'S MANSION - SAME

Ty, knowing he shouldn't be here, nervously presses Eddie's
DOORBELL.

No answer.

He peers inside the window as the knot in his stomach metastasizes.

He presses the DOORBELL again.

Nothing.

TY

Fuck it.

Ty scales the property until he notices the sliding glass door Angel damaged.

He tugs on it carefully and lets himself inside.

EXT. COLLINS AVE - SOUTH BEACH - LATER

Anna, steering the bike with one hand and gripping the cooler with the other, pedals furiously toward Tsunami when -

Wes, like a coked up Tarzan, RUSHES HER -

WES

Hey, doc, Cuba's the other way.

Anna keeps pedaling--forcing Wes to trot alongside her like a tiny dog.

ANNA

...Did you just learn how to read maps? Or is that some kind of cryptic addict speak?

Wes grabs her tire--the bike STOPS.

WES

(snarls)

It means your escape's over!

Anna rolls her eyes.

ANNA

Escape? I'm obviously already en route to the hotel. You get zero credit for capturing me.

Wes GRUNTS.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - BEACH PARALLEL TO COLLINS AVE - BACK TO PRESENT - NIGHT

Irina watches drunken, careless TWENTY-SOMETHINGS play beach volleyball as she contemplates the injustice in the world.

She takes out the picture of her sisters and stares at it.

IRINA

I am not coward.

Irina stands up and the volleyball lands at her feet.

She kicks it in the opposite direction, grabs the conch, and runs as the PUSSY RIOT SONG FROM EARLIER SWELLS.

INT. TSUNAMI - PENTHOUSE SUITE - SAME

Eddie, in bed, sweats profusely. His skin is grey and his breathing is irregular.

Ray keeps the gun on Angel but makes sure she's comfortable as she's splayed on the snow leopard sectional.

ANGEL

(whispers)

Look, Ray. I know you're gonna have to kill me, but I need to make a call before you do it.

RAY

(whispers)

Don't say that. Your friend's coming back. Wes'll find her.

ANGEL

(whispers)

Ray, I have a daughter I've never, um, met.

Ray's eyes widen sympathetically.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I just wanna say hi, you know, introduce myself... Or maybe just hear her voice one more time...

EDDIE

(fading)

The kid's better off not knowing you.

Angel bristles.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 My mom was a whore.
 (beat)
 I used to tell people she died in a
 car accident.

Angel, like a feral animal, leaps up and lunges towards
 Eddie.

Ray struggles to contain her.

ANGEL
 (to Eddie)
 Fuck you, you dickless piece of--

EDDIE
 (to Ray)
 Shoot her.

Ray freezes.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 SHOOT HER, GODDAMNIT!

Ray shakes as he reluctantly points his gun at Angel.

ANGEL
 Ray, don't do it!

EDDIE
 DO IT YOU FUCKING CUNT!

Ray doesn't.

Eddie reaches for his gun when BANG - Ray SHOTS it out of
 Eddie's hands.

RAY
 Angel, I have to tell you
 something... I've been waiting for
 the right time, but now there might
 not be a right time...

ANNA AND WES BURST INSIDE as Ray realizes what he's just
 done.

ANNA
 (thinking Angel was shot)
 Angel!

ANGEL
(can't believe it)
Anna!

ANNA
You're alive! We heard a gunshot...

EDDIE
(quietly to Wes)
When this is done, we need to talk
about your brother.

Wes gives Ray a look. Ray notices and knows what it means.

ANGEL
I can't believe you came back for
me...

ANNA
Of course I did! I care about you.
And you don't have to say it back,
as I know hearts, flowers, and/or
feelings are not your forte, but, I
know you care about me too.

ANGEL
I swear I was tellin' the truth
about Tommy.
(beat)
If we get outta here I'm buyin' you
the biggest fuckin' margarita!

ANNA
I would LOVE that!

EDDIE
Nobody's getting any margaritas
until I have a dick!

INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

Ty stands in front of the locked door to "Heaven."

He tries to unlock it with:

A CREDIT CARD -

A HANDCUFF KEY -

A TASER -

Finally, frustrated, he CHARGES THE DOOR--no dice.

Ty runs outside to his patrol car and starts tearing apart the trunk looking for something...

INT. TSUNAMI - PENTHOUSE SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Anna, completely and officially suited up for surgery--mask, loupes, gloves, etc., sits next to Eddie on the bed.

Angel stands next to Anna gripping the cooler a la her medical assistant.

Eddie's on his back in bed.

Coked up Wes and strung out/anxious Ray have their guns on the girls at a non-intrusive distance.

Everyone takes a deep breath as -

Anna peels off Eddie's bandage -

ANNA
(sotto)
What a mess.
(to Eddie)
You ready?

EDDIE
Aren't you gonna numb it or something?

Anna cleans the wound.

ANNA
(didn't forget)
You know, I was in such a rush I must've forgotten local anesthetic.

Eddie GROANS.

Angel smirks.

Wes and Ray tremble.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Angel, the penis.

Angel opens the cooler and unwraps the penis--miraculously it's seemingly intact, actually -

ANGEL
He feels a tad stiff.

ANNA
(shit)
Frozen?

ANGEL
Should I blow dry it or somethin'?

FROM THE PENTHOUSE HALLWAY -

Irina races through the hall, sees the fire alarm, SMASHES THE GLASS WITH THE CONCH, PULLS THE ALARM, runs to the penthouse door and BANGS ON IT AS THE FIRE ALARM BLARES -

IRINA
FIRE! FIRE!

BACK INSIDE THE PENTHOUSE -

Wes suspiciously opens the door when IRINA SMASHES HIM IN THE FACE WITH THE CONCH--

IRINA (CONT'D)
WHERE ARE GIRLS?!!!

ANNA SCREAMS -

THE TRAPPED GIRLS BANG ON THE WALL -

STARTLED, ANGEL THROWS THE PENIS IN THE AIR -

IRINA INTERCEPTS THE PENIS, RUNS TO THE BALCONY, AND HOLDS IT OVER THE LEDGE -

IRINA (CONT'D)
FREE GIRLS NOW OR SAY BYE BYE TO
LITTLE FUCKER!

WES SPITS OUT HIS TWO FRONT TEETH AND REACHES FOR HIS GUN -

WES
FUCKING, BITCH!
(beat)
Don't worry, Eddie!

ANNA
IRINA, DON'T! HE'LL KILL US ALL!

EDDIE
LET THEM OUT!

Beat.

Wes RUSHES TO THE DOOR AND UNLOCKS IT -

THE GIRLS STAMPEDE INTO THE ROOM, TRAMPLING WES AND RAY -

EDDIE (CONT'D)
(to Irina)
NOW GIVE IT BACK!

IRINA
FUCK YOU!

IRINA SMILES AND LAUNCHES THE PENIS THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A
HAIL-MARY-GAME-WINNING-TOUCHDOWN -

ANGEL
OH.MY.GOD.

EVERYONE GASPS as Irina leads the girls out of the room--
TOTAL PANDENOMIUM -

WES AND RAY RUN TO THE BALCONY, BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE
ANYTHING AS THE FRENZIED POOL PARTY BELOW RUNS FROM THE
"FIRE" -

WES RACES BACK INSIDE -

WES
It's gone.

Eddie SHAKES VIOLENTLY AND STARTS TURNING BLUE -

RAY
What's happening?

Anna picks up the phone -

ANNA
I need an ambulance at the Tsunami
hotel on Collins STAT! The owner
has gone into hypolovemic shock!

INT. EDDIE'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER, STILL DARK

Ty strains to pull the door to "Heaven" with a pry bar -

He sweats and GRUNTS and just as he's about to give up the
door pops open -

TY
Booya--WHOA...

He steps inside and picks up a canister of glittery lube,
grimaces, and puts it back when he notices a staircase that
leads to the bedroom.

He diligently snaps pictures of the scene on his phone as he walks over to the costume rack when, like a rabid teradactyl, the terrified Chinese model flies at Ty from the clothes, latches onto him, and swats him with her twiggy limbs.

TY (CONT'D)
What the hell?! OW!
(tries to pry her off)
Stop that!

Ty finally tears her off of him.

She pants and stares at him, scared.

TY (CONT'D)
It's okay, I'm not gonna hurt you.

Ty slowly reaches for his badge and flashes it in her face.

TY (CONT'D)
See?
(re: badge)
Police.

The model's eyes widen. She relaxes for a second... and jabs him in the face in the exact spot Wes punched him earlier.

TY (CONT'D)
DAMN IT!
(beat)
NOT COOL!

The model runs for the door, but Ty leaps over the bed and blocks the entrance.

TY (CONT'D)
You're coming with me.
(off her look)
And NO hitting!

**INT. MOUNT SINAI MEDICAL CENTER - SOUTH BEACH - WAITING ROOM -
CRACK OF DAWN**

The hospital bustles with overworked NURSES and adrenaline fueled EMERGENCY CONTACTS.

Ray is slumped next to Angel who is slumped next to Anna who is slumped next to Wes--all waiting for Eddie to get out of surgery.

Wes yawns and reaches for his little baggie of coke--it's empty.

Wes snarls, gets up, fondles his gun-bulge and points it at Anna and Angel.

WES
Don't go nowhere.

Anna and Angel glower at Wes as he embarks on a sleepless five-foot sojourn to the coffee cart.

ANGEL
Hey, Ray...

Ray instantly sits up -

RAY
("cool")
...Yeah?

ANGEL
What secret were you gonna tell me?

Wes, crashing from coke and lack of sleep, comes back chugging black coffee from both hands.

Ray STUTTERS as everyone notices Wes pass out.

RAY
...It doesn't matter.

Anna surreptitiously attempts to detach Wes' gun from his waistband when he sleep/FARTS in her face.

ANGEL
It does to me.

Anna chokes on the smell and drops the gun down his butt crack.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
You saved my life.

Anna, breathing furiously through her mouth, retrieves the gun from Wes' butt crack, but accidentally COCKS IT - *Shit!*

RAY
Angel, I've been in love with you
since the first time I saw you.
(off Angel's blank look)
When Wes felt you up at Broken
Shaker and you knocked him out...

Anna abandons her mission as she stops and swoons over Ray's declaration.

RAY (CONT'D)

Tell me you could love me back and
I'll do whatever it takes to earn
an honest living so I can buy you a
fancy dress for you to wear to meet
your daughter.

(beat)

I can't believe that little girl
doesn't know how funny and tough
and gorgeous her mom is.

ANGEL

(touched)

You really mean that?

ANNA

(whispers)

He so totally means it!

Angel kisses Ray.

Anna, back to business, UN-COCKS the gun, wriggles it out of
Wes' pants, wipes it neurotically on her sleeve, and slips it
into her waistband as -

Wes' eyes shoot open.

A cute NURSE clad in hippopotamus scrubs taps Wes on the
shoulder.

NURSE

Eddie's awake. You can see him now.

**INT. MOUNT SINAI MEDICAL CENTER - EDDIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS
LATER**

Angel, Wes, and Ray stare in horror as Anna tilts a mirror so
Eddie can see himself--ALL SEWN UP with two balls.

Eddie is eerily still.

RAY

(timorous)

Eddie, say something.

Eddie solemnly motions for Anna to put away the mirror -

EDDIE

We had a deal and now I have a
pussy with a double-chin.

ANNA

Eddie, the absence of part of your
male reproductive system doesn't
equal a female sex organ.

ANGEL

(to Anna)

So, he's still a man...but, like...
(gestures re: genitals)
On airplane mode?

EDDIE

(to Wes)

Get rid of them.
(points, including Ray)
ALL OF THEM.
(beat)
And make it hurt.

WES

(to Ray)

What did you do?!

RAY

I quit.
(off Wes' disbelief)
And I told Angel I love her.

Wes snarls.

ANGEL

And I kissed him and got these
little butterflies in my tummy.

ANNA

It was so cute!

WES

That's my ex-girlfriend, bro!

Wes reaches for his gun when ANNA PULLS IT AND POINTS IT AT
WES -

ANNA

Looking for something?

Everyone is SHOCKED that Anna has the gun.

EDDIE

What the fuck?!

ANGEL

That's my bitch!

WES
(to Anna)
You don't scare me.

Wes GRUNTS, and THRASHES THROUGH THE AIR TOWARD ANNA WHEN -
BANG.

ANNA
I SHOT THE GUN! I SHOT THE GUN!

Wes drops as blood spills from his chest.

WES
(shocked)
You shot me!?

Eddie slowly climbs out of bed and starts towards the door
WHEN ANGEL JUMPS IN FRONT OF HIM AND KICKS HIM IN THE NUTS -

ANGEL
You ain't goin' nowhere!

Eddie HOWLS and collapses in the doorway.

NURSES rush into the room--it takes five of them to lift Wes
onto a stretcher and whisk him out.

Anna points the gun at Eddie.

EDDIE
Don't shoot!

ANNA
No need! This is a citizen's
arrest!

INT. MOUNT SINAI MEDICAL CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Angel wheels Eddie out of the hospital in a wheelchair.

NURSE
Uh, excuse me! Mr. Charrow is not
clear to be released from surgery
yet!

Anna points the gun at the nurse.

ANNA
Yes, he is.

ANGEL
(off the nurse's fear)
It's okay, she's a doctor.

Eddie looks grim.

INT. MIAMI BEACH POLICE DEPARTMENT - LATE MORNING

The department SWARMS WITH ACTIVITY as Cal furiously stares at the Chinese model.

CAL
(hisses)
You broke into Eddie's house?!

TY
Yeah, I did. And guess what? Anna Rockport was telling the truth!
(re: the model)
She was hiding in Eddie's closet.

CAL
Illegally obtained evidence is inadmissible.

ANNA (O.S.)
Ours isn't.

Cal and Ty and the Chinese model STAGGER IN SHOCK when they see Anna and Angel wheel Eddie inside as -

Irina leads the sexiest single-file-evidence-line of all time with Ray as the caboose.

ANGEL
(mouths to the cops)
Suck it, pigs.

ANNA
Eddie here wants to make a confession.

EDDIE
No, I don't.

All the BOYS IN THE DEPARTMENT cream their blues as the stately CHIEF OF POLICE, 55, walks over, agitated.

CHIEF
(to Anna)
Ma'am who are all these...very young girls who do not appear to be lost or selling cookies?

RAY
Cal knows who they are.

The Chief stares at Cal.

CAL
I'll talk if I can keep my pension!

RAY
I'll talk if you drop the felony
charge that prevents me from
getting a job!
(off Angel's look)
Long story--I took a hit for Wes.

Eddie puts his head in his hands.

EXT. TIKI BAR - SOUTH BEACH - AFTERNOON

Anna, Angel, and Irina sip celebratory craft cocktails.

Anna slathers Irina's face with sunscreen.

ANNA
Irina, the first thing you're going
to need to assimilate to Miami life
is an oil-free sunscreen with a one-
hundred SPF.

ANGEL
Then you're gonna need an big pair
of shades so you can tune out when
people talk.

Angel puts on a pair of sunglasses on Irina.

Irina LAUGHS.

IRINA
You girls are too much.
(beat, hopeful)
Maybe one day my family come here
and meet both of you?
(to Angel)
Mom and dad are very accepting.
(to Anna)
And sisters are very well behaved.

ANGEL
Sure.

ANNA
Ohmygod, that would be
awesome!

Suddenly Irina GASPS and points to the TV.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Look!

The girls turn to watch Eddie's arrest on the NEWS.

REPORTER ON TV

A pillar of the South Beach community was arrested this afternoon on multiple felony counts: kidnapping, human trafficking, murder, and sexual harassment. And one count of revenge porn...

CLOSE ON THE TV: THE POLICE ARREST EDDIE BUT THE GIRLS ARE CROPPED OUT OF EVERY SHOT -

IRINA

(outraged)

They leave out real heroes--us!

ANNA

Have you ever heard the expression,
Virtue is its own reward?

Irina shakes her head, no.

ANGEL

Speaking of rewards...

Anna slips Angel a check for five grand.

ANNA

(can't help herself)

"I think you got a lotta potential,
Kit DeLuca... Don't let nobody tell
you different."

Angel looks like she might strangle Anna, but instead BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

IRINA

Who is Kit DeLuca?

Anna and Angel stare at each other--*Seriously?!*

ANNA

Irina, I'm going to have to write
you a prescription for a slumber
party!

Angel's eye roll turns to a genuine smile as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

SLUMBER PARTY MONTAGE IN ANNA'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

ANNA, ANGEL, AND IRINA WATCH *PRETTY WOMAN* AND SNIFFLE AT THE FINAL SCENE

ANNA, ANGEL, AND IRINA PLAY *NEVER HAVE I EVER*

ANNA, ANGEL, AND IRINA WEARING GREEN FACIAL MASKS MAKE UNBELIEVABLE ICE-CREAM SUNDAES

ANNA, ANGEL, AND IRINA DO EACH OTHER'S NAILS

ANNA TAKES HER UROLOGY WORK THINGS (DIPLOMAS, ETC.) OUT OF THE BOX AND SHOWS ANGEL AND IRINA -- THEY'RE IMPRESSED

ANNA, ANGEL, AND IRINA FALL INTO ANNA'S BED AND FALL ASLEEP

CHYRON: ONE YEAR LATER

INT. CROWDED YOGA STUDIO - DAY

Anna, wearing a brightly colored Lululemon ensemble (instead of her usual black) flows through a tough warrior sequence while lusting after the glistening shirtless YOGA BRO, 30s, on her right, when the cute but dorky first timer in front of her, COLLIN, 40, attempts a standing split and KICKS ANNA, who's successfully holding the pose, IN THE FACE.

Anna plugs her bloody nose, runs from the room, quickly closes the door behind her, and SCREAMS.

A concerned Collin runs after her.

COLLIN

Ohmygod, are you alright?

Anna tilts her head back and applies pressure to her nose with her hand towel.

ANNA

(snarky to keep from crying)

It's not broken, but I'll probably have to withdraw my Miss America application...

COLLIN

Thank you for making a joke.

(off Anna's slight disappointment)

I'm really sorry. I've never done yoga before...

(MORE)

COLLIN (CONT'D)

To be honest, I'm only here cause
my buddy said it's a great place to
meet people...

Anna notices Collin is contrite... and cute.

ANNA

Actually, I've heard that too, but
I've been a yogi for years--

COLLIN

--I can tell, you're very graceful--

ANNA

--And nothing.

(blushes)

Oh, thank you.

(beat)

I excel at sports without balls or
teammates.

They both sort of laugh as a bloody snot gob falls from
Anna's nose onto her clavicle.

COLLIN

(not phased)

Oh, you have a bit of mucus--

He takes Anna's towel and delicately wipes the snot gob off.

ANNA

(impressed)

What do you do that you're so
composed around bodily fluids?

COLLIN

(nervous)

...I'm a gynecologist. Which is
probably why I'm single... Though
my partner--the buddy who
recommended yoga--has a new,
scarily hot girlfriend every week,
so, maybe it's just me...

Anna's mouth drops, surprised and elated.

ANNA

Do you have plans tonight, Doctor?

Beat.

COLLIN

Are you asking me out?

ANNA

No, I'm laying the groundwork for
you to ask me out.

Collin smiles.

COLLIN

I see, well, I'm going to need your
name first so I can do it properly.

ANNA

It's Anna.

COLLIN

Nice to meet you, Anna. I'm Collin.

**INT. MODEST SINGLE FAMILY HOME - CORAL GABLES - LIVING ROOM -
MIAMI - DAY**

Angel, in Miami matron-chic and clutching a tastefully wrapped birthday gift, nervously squeezes a desk-job-uniformed Ray's hand as KAYLA'S ADOPTED MOTHER, 45, an earnest woman with mismanaged curls and an incipient fupa, sets tea and biscotti on the coffee table.

MOM

Kayla, come downstairs. There's
someone here who wants to meet you.

KAYLA, a pretty pre-teen with Angel's eyes, prances down the stairs.

Tears stream down Angel's face.

ANGEL

You're so beautiful.

Beat.

KAYLA

Who are you?

Angel looks at Ray who nods encouragingly.

RAY

You got this.

ANGEL

I'm the one who keeps callin' and
hangin' up.

(off Kayla's curiosity)

Kayla, I'm... your birth mother.

Kayla takes this in as Angel crouches down next to her.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I know I'm real late, and I'm sorry about that, but I want you to know, even though I haven't been with you all these years, I think about you every day.

(off Kayla's poker face)

Kayla, I'm doin' good now, and I'd like to be a part of your life, if you'll let me.

Kayla's quiet.

MOM

Kayla, what do you say? Would you like to get to know your birth mom?

Kayla, every bit Angel's kid, sizes up Angel.

KAYLA

(to Angel)

Cool, but you're gonna have to earn my trust.

ANGEL/MOM

That's my baby!/That's my girl!

Angel and Kayla's mom stare at each other awkwardly.

ANGEL

(nervous laugh)

Oh, I'm, uh, sure she gets her smarts from you.

MOM

Oh, no, no. They're genetic, of course.

Ray fills the uncomfortable silence by crunching into a biscotti.

RAY

Mmm this cook's delicious. What's in it? Hazelnut?

MOM

(polite, to Ray)

That's correct, Ray.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI - PARENTS' WEEKEND - DAY

Irina, wearing a ripped Buzzcocks t-shirt dress that's cinched at the waist with a hot pink camo print belt and knee-length combat boots, escorts her proud MOM and DAD, wearing matching U-Miami sweatshirts, and her excited little sisters, Sonya and Zlata, around the campus.

MOM

Miami is little slice of heaven!

Irina beams.

DAD

We are proud of you, Irishka, but you must make most of this opportunity. Have you picked major?

IRINA

Yes. I am pre-med and minoring in music, you know, for fun.

DAD

(laughs)

Fun?

(shakes head, to mom)

She's American already!

Irina and Mom exchange a bemused glance.

MOM

Do you have boyfriend yet?

IRINA

No. Boys are scared of me, which is not problem because I spend my time in library, at work, or rehearsing with my band.

ZLATA

You're in a band?!

IRINA

Yes, Zlata. I am singer. Cool huh?

SONYA

So cool! What is your band called?

IRINA

(grins)

The Piranhas.

INT. ROCKPORT MEDICAL GROUP - ANNA'S NON-PRETENTIOUS PRIVATE PRACTICE - RECEPTION DESK - SUNNY ISLES BEACH - MIAMI - DAY

Angel, now a drug rep, shows Irina, now Anna's receptionist, a foamy Rigidex stress ball--it's shaped like an erect penis.

The giant, glass conch is displayed proudly on the reception desk.

ANGEL

...And when you squeeze it the veins pop out!

Angel squeezes the toy to illustrate.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

How baller is that?

(beat)

My new shit, Rigidex, is the cocaine of Viagra.

Irina turns back to her textbooks.

IRINA

I can't believe you have a boyfriend.

ANGEL

I can't believe you have a green card.

Anna, in a white coat, escorts her HOT MALE PATIENT, 35, to the door.

ANNA

Everything looks great, Ted. Ice your testicles tonight, take it easy for the next few days, and I'll see you in six weeks to test your sperm count.

Angel and Irina give Ted a quick once-over, scribble on Post-its and turn them face down on the desk.

HOT PATIENT

Thanks, Doctor Rockport.

Ted leaves. Anna gives Angel and Irina a poker face.

ANNA

Let the games begin.

Angel holds up her Post-it--3.5 x 5.

ANGEL
Three and half by five.

Irina holds up her Post-it--6 x 3.

IRINA
Six by three.

Anna does a DRUM ROLE on her knees.

ANNA
(over the top)
Ladies and...ladies, today's pecker
was seven inches long with a three
inch circumference which makes
Irina our winner.

ANGEL
You kiddin' me? That guy had a
total chode vibe.

IRINA
(to Angel)
Pay up.

Angel begrudgingly gives Irina twenty bucks.

ANNA
Irina, your dick-dar is going to
put you through med school.

The girls LAUGH.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Oh, I almost forgot, I have a date
tonight.

ANGEL/IRINA
Ooooooooooh!

ANNA
I know! He's a gynecologist and I'm
ninety percent sure he's going to
show up.

INT. CUTE LITTLE ITALIAN PLACE - SOUTH BEACH - EVENING

Anna and Collin are on their first date--eating the exact
same meal.

COLLIN
You're a urologist?

ANNA

Guilty.

COLLIN

Why didn't you tell me?

ANNA

I already had a bloody nose. I didn't need to make myself less attractive. Also, I thought maybe you knew.

(off his confusion)

There was this incident last year that might ring a bell--my likeness unintentionally broke the internet...

(thrilled, off his blank stare)

You have no idea what I'm talking about, do you?

COLLIN

I'm not exactly mister social media. What did I miss?

ANNA

Let's save it for a rainy day.

(quick)

Can I ask you something?

COLLIN

That's why I'm here. And to make sure you're not a serial killer.

Anna smiles--totally gets it.

ANNA

What's the hardest part of being a gynecologist? I'm curious to compare.

COLLIN

Most of us would say being on call. For me it's explaining to teenage girls that condoms don't protect against STDs contacted via skin-to-skin contact. It's like, sorry, Santa's not real, but your herpes is!

Collin sighs and Anna nods understandingly.

ANNA

There really is no such thing as completely safe sex.

COLLIN

Exactly. It should be called safer sex.

ANNA

I like that. I'm going to use it.

COLLIN

To be clear, I enjoy sex very much.

ANNA

(blushes)

Oh.

(why not)

Me too.

COLLIN

I can get pretty wild once we've dotted the Is and crossed the Ts, if you know what I mean.

Anna giggles.

ANNA

I'm really glad you kicked me in the face, Collin.

COLLIN

Me too.

CHYRON: WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED TO EDDIE'S PENIS?

EXT. TSUNAMI - TOTALLY TRASHED POOL AREA - THE MORNING AFTER EDDIE WAS ARRESTED ONE YEAR EARLIER

A gloved CLEANING WOMAN sweeping up last night's party/"fire" chaos picks up a highball glass and squints at it. She reaches in and pulls out Eddie's booze preserved penis -

CLEANING WOMAN

What the?!

But it's snatched from her hand by a hungry SEA GULL.

WE FOLLOW THE SEAGULL as he soars across the sand, over the sea, and above the palm trees of Magic City.

THE END