

DON'T BORROW TROUBLE

Written by

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INT. INDOOR POOL - DAY

A varsity diving competition. TEENAGE DIVERS perform for a PANEL OF METICULOUS judges. SPECTATORS are jammed into the stands, eager to catch a glimpse of future D1 athletes and Olympians.

A distance away from the fray, PARKER (18) sits in a razorback swimsuit wearing a giant pair of headphones, trying to focus.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Girls' heat one.

Parker yanks off the headphones and stands. There's something slightly OFF about her left knee. Almost unnoticeable except for a small, JAGGED SCAR on the side of her leg.

Her COACH approaches. Before he can say a word -

PARKER  
I'm fine.

COACH  
Parker -

PARKER  
PT cleared me.

COACH  
You don't have to do this.

Parker doesn't bother dignifying that with a response because of course she fucking does.

TIGHT ON Parker as she makes her way through the groups of other divers. As she glances at the crowd - no one is there for her. As she SCALES the ladder up to the diving board.

At the top, she takes a moment to collect herself. The pool looks impossibly far beneath her.

An announcer blares through the speakers, but she can't hear it over the ringing in her ears, the blood pulsing through her chest.

She takes a breath in, then takes a step, another, and then -

A bounce. Then she jumps again, harder, and her body SHOOTS UP into the air, STICK STRAIGHT. Her form is BEAUTIFUL.

She SOARS out in a forward dive over the pool, body twisting into a double SOMERSAULT to finish in a TWIST PIKE -

But her knee contorts under her - a shape almost INHUMAN.

Parker COLLAPSES MID AIR. Icarus in a swimsuit.

And as she comes HURTLING towards the pool, she lets out a SCREAM -

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

The SCREAM MELTS into the SCREECH of a 6 TRAIN coming to a STOP.

PARKER (now 25, a pretty face but scrappier than she looks) hops off amidst the throngs of COMMUTERS.

DELIA (PRE-LAP)  
I see under special skills, you listed...diving?

INT. UPSCALE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

PARKER sits in the middle of an informational interview.

DELIA (40s) a recruiter for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, sits across from her, eyeing a printed resume.

PARKER  
I like to include it as a little fun fact. I was a competitive diver in high school.

DELIA  
Wow. That's impressive.

PARKER  
It's easier than it looks. You make a path in your mind and follow it straight down, no distractions.

DELIA  
Do you still compete?

Parker shakes her head.

PARKER  
I was supposed to dive for Stanford, I had a scholarship. I was actually on track for the Olympics.

DELIA  
What happened?

PARKER

I had - a bad fall senior year.  
Messed up my knee and I couldn't  
compete anymore.

Despite her even tone, the flicker in her eye tells us she  
still hasn't moved past it.

DELIA

And that's how you ended up at -  
(reading)  
*North Shore Community College?*

Parker nods. She can feel the condescension, the judgement  
radiating from Delia, but refuses to let it sink her.

DELIA (CONT'D)

How did you become interested in  
art?

PARKER

Since I was a kid, I was fascinated  
by how it could evolve over  
decades, centuries. How the past  
informs our present. I was a huge  
art history nerd. My favorites were  
the Pre-Raphaelites.

DELIA

(dry)

You're a fan of beautiful, doomed  
women, huh?

PARKER

Everyone writes them off as women  
in peril. But what I love so much  
about those paintings is their  
sense of agency. Sure they're  
meeting tragic ends, but in their  
own way, The Lady of Shalott and  
Ophelia are taking control of their  
lives. I think they're brave.

Delia doesn't agree with that logic, Parker moves on quickly.

PARKER (CONT'D)

But anyway, The Met has always been  
my white whale. Just the chance to  
interview for this position is a  
dream come true.

DELIA

What have you been doing since you  
graduated?

PARKER

Freelancing, mostly. A couple internships. Nothing glamorous.

Delia smiles, sighs.

DELIA

I so appreciate your proactiveness in following up with me on LinkedIn so many times. But Parker, I think I owe you frankness - this is an extremely competitive position. It's been wonderful speaking with you, but I'm afraid right now you're a little under-qualified.

PARKER

(with a slight edge)

How so?

DELIA

The Met is highly - *particular* - in selecting research assistants. It's serious business. You're up against candidates with MFAS from Yale. People who've been studying their entire lives to rise up to be a curator.

PARKER

And because Yale wasn't in my budget, it means I haven't?

DELIA

(flustered)

No, of course not. Community college is a wonderful form of higher education, it's just that...the curriculum isn't quite as - *rigorous*...

PARKER

Any gaps from my college education I more than made up on my own. I devoured every single Ivy League course I could find online. I read the textbooks, I studied the Masters -

DELIA

And I so respect that. But...

PARKER

The only thing that separates me from a kid from Yale with an MA in *Medieval Studies* is opportunity. It's a broken playing field. I don't fault them for seizing the opportunity they had and running with it. If that kind of opportunity fell into my lap, if, say, you gave me that kind of shot, I would take it. I know I'm not a typical candidate, that I don't match up to all the qualifications exactly, but if you even just let me onto the next round, I promise you wouldn't regret taking that chance on me.

A beat.

DELIA

I'm sorry, Parker.

EXT. FLATIRON DISTRICT - DAY

Parker dejectedly walks to the subway. It's early spring in New York, the sun just started to peak out from under the gloom.

Her IPHONE 8 rings, a person named JAY is calling. She frowns, ignores it.

Then it pings, a flurry of texts - "Parker Hello?????" "Where's my money?????"

Parker frowns, shoving it back in her pocket. She can't deal with that right now.

She passes a MR. SOFTY truck. Considers, then stops at the window.

INT/EXT. MR. SOFTY TRUCK - DAY

PARKER

Can I get a chocolate/vanilla cone?

WORKER

That's \$5.

Parker opens her wallet. She has a couple \$1s.

PARKER

Damn, I only have three.

WORKER

I'll give it to you for free if you show your tits.

Parker considers.

INT. L TRAIN - DAY

Parker licks her ice cream cone, scrolling on her phone. She gets a corny BUZZ BUZZ notification from a Taskrabbit-esque app called WORKER BEE.

Some guy will pay her \$30 to build an Ikea table. She declines.

Another text from JAY - "You can't run from me Parker"

She puts her phone down.

PRE LAP: WET SQUISHING SOUNDS

CLOSE ON: A TUB OF PINK SLIME.

A beautifully manicured FOOT steps in, slime oozing through her toes.

DIGITAL COMMENTS APPEAR ONSCREEN:

- fuckkkkk
- oh she thiccc
- i'm gonna cum

INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A cramped Bushwick two bedroom. Parker's roommate HALLIE (mid 20s, extremely neurotic) films her feet playing in the slime.

Above the knee, she looks like an ordinary young woman her age - a messy ponytail, bright pink headphones, and sweats.

We can see a steady stream of comments and likes on her phone as she luxuriates each toe in the slime, letting it drip slowly.

Rather than looking titillated or aroused, Hallie is stone-faced. Focused on clinical precision.

She gets a VENMO NOTIFICATION - someone's sent \$200. She swipes it away and continues.

INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Parker climbs the stairs and goes to her rundown door. Searches her purse for her key, and realizes she forgot it.

PARKER

Shit.

Parker jiggles the knob, knocks on the door.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Hallie? Are you there?

No response.

Parker fishes a PIN out of her hair and picks the lock.

INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Hallie pulls a headphone off one ear as she sees the door jiggle.

HALLIE

*Oh my god.*

SOMEONE'S BREAKING IN. She abruptly ends the livestream and tiptoes to the kitchen, leaving a trail of pink footprints in her wake.

She grabs the first weapon she sees - the KEURIG off the countertop.

Hallie creeps to the front door, holding the keurig over her head just as IT OPENS -

PARKER

What the fuck are you doing?

Hallie nearly drops the keurig in surprise. She sets it down, hands on her knees to collect herself.

HALLIE

You scared the shit out of me!!!

PARKER

I forgot my key.

HALLIE

How do you even know how to do  
that?

PARKER

Client liked handcuffs too much.

HALLIE

I thought you were the L train  
serial killer!

PARKER

I don't know what that is.

HALLIE

Didn't you get my texts?

PARKER

My phone died at like 50%. Apple  
wants me to upgrade.

HALLIE

I saw a TikTok about an article  
that girls' bodies are being found,  
like, within walking distance of L  
stops. I'm freaking out -

PARKER

It's New York. People die all the  
time. You don't know they're  
connected.

HALLIE

All of them were barefoot.

Parker grimaces, but remains unperturbed. She goes to the  
fridge for water, Hallie flitting behind her like an anxious  
little bird.

HALLIE (CONT'D)

That means he keeps the shoes,  
Parker. *What's he doing with the  
shoes?*

Parker steps in a spot of slime and makes a face.

Embarrassed, Hallie rushes to grab a paper towel and wipes  
the footprints off the ground.

HALLIE (CONT'D)

I was really nervous about driving  
at night, cause, you know, what if  
he orders my uber -

PARKER

I thought it was established he  
takes the subway.

HALLIE

- so I got us each a pepperspray.  
For your keychain. Where is it -

She races into her bedroom.

PARKER

If he's into feet maybe he's  
watching your stuff. Maybe he's  
checking each girl's foot to find  
your match. Like Cinderella.

Hallie emerges holding a TURQUOISE CANISTER and gives it to Parker.

HALLIE

(genuinely distressed)  
That's not funny.

PARKER

FUCK!

She winces, hands flying to her KNEE.

HALLIE

Jesus, are you okay?

Parker gently stretches it, fighting through the pain.

PARKER

It gets stiff when the weather  
changes.

HALLIE

Is that your party knee?

Parker shoots her a withering stare. Hallie drops it.

HALLIE (CONT'D)

How'd your interview go?

PARKER

(a tiny pause)  
It was great! She's gonna reach out  
about next steps.

HALLIE

Yay!!! I have good news too - I got a callback tomorrow for that cop show! I'd be this college girl who gets murdered by an incel -

PARKER

Original.

HALLIE

It's a cop show. The NYPD is awesome and women die. That's their whole thing. And if I book it I'll be done with Uber and foot slime forever -

PARKER

Are you ever worried you'll get famous and someone'll recognize you?

HALLIE

No, that's why I keep things below the knee.

A KNOCK on the door. More like a POUNDING.

Hallie peaks in the peephole.

HALLIE (CONT'D)

Do you have your rent? Tony's been stalking the halls all day -

PARKER

*Shit. I forgot it was due -*

MORE POUNDING.

HALLIE

One second!  
(to Parker)  
Hide.

Parker slips into the other room as Hallie opens the front door to TONY (50s, schlubby landlord).

TONY

Where's Parker?

HALLIE

She's not here.

TONY

I heard your door open.

HALLIE

It must have been the neighbors.

Tony eyes the empty apartment behind Hallie. He takes a step forward, but Hallie blocks him.

HALLIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, you have to provide advanced notice to come in.

Tony sneers.

TONY

Well if you *happen* to see her, tell her that this is her FOURTH LATE PAYMENT, and if the \$900 is not IN MY HANDS by 8 AM TOMORROW MORNING, you're both OUT.

HALLIE

...I'll let her know.

Tony leaves. She shuts the door as Parker emerges from the bedroom.

HALLIE (CONT'D)

I need this apartment. We have a great deal, I can't afford to move -

PARKER

I'll figure it out.

HALLIE

That guy you were seeing last year paid well, didn't he?

PARKER

Mark? That's actually not a bad idea.

HALLIE

And the other one, what was his name - Jay?

PARKER

Any chance you wanna drive me into the city?

HALLIE

I can't, I need to nail my lines for tomorrow.

PARKER

All good.

She starts for the door, then thinks better of it. Instead, she opens the window leading to the FIRE ESCAPE.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Parker climbs down the iron stairs, then jumps to the ground.

EXT. PARKER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Parker emerges onto the sidewalk, where TRAVIS (26, emotional maturity of a 16 year old) is waiting for her. He's Gen Z hot - tall and skinny, with the bone structure of a malnourished Victorian orphan.

He's dressed in early 2000s core with a GIANT PC KEYBOARD SOAKED WITH BLOOD strapped to his chest.

PARKER

What the fuck are you doing here?

TRAVIS

Brendan's Y2K party's tonight, we were gonna go together.

PARKER

Yeah, last week before you cheated on me. Fuck off.

TRAVIS

I'm not locked in on the costume. I thought of a couple's one on the way here - we each wear matching grey and smoke a cig and we're the Twin Towers.

PARKER

9/11 was after Y2K, you dipshit.

She starts walking. He hurries to keep up with her, keyboard banging against his chest.

TRAVIS

Parks, I know I fucked up. I made a mistake, okay? I know. But I miss you, baby. I miss waking up next to you, I miss your smell -

PARKER

I can't do this right now.

TRAVIS

Please, give me another chance. All  
I'm asking for is one more chance.  
I promise I won't let you down. I  
swear, I'll do anything.

Parker stops. Turns to look him in the eye.

PARKER

Fine. I need \$900.

TRAVIS

What?

PARKER

If you give me \$900, I will forgive  
you. We'll start over.

TRAVIS

(taken aback)

I -- no?

Parker shrugs.

PARKER

Well, you can't say I didn't give  
you a chance.

EXT. BUSHWICK SIDEWALK - DAY

Parker crosses the street, dialing Mark's phone number.

She passes a BILLBOARD FOR A VAGUELY MEN'S RIGHTS CODED  
MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER - JONATHAN LOWE - WITH GIANT SHITEATING  
GRIN.

Note: we will see this AD CONSTANTLY. On the subway, on  
street leaflets, face graffiti'd on bus stops. Jonathan Lowe  
follows Parker EVERYWHERE.

VOICEMAIL

You've reached *Mark Roberts*. Please  
leave your name and phone number  
after the tone.

PARKER

Hey Mark, I miss you. I want to see  
you tonight. Call me.

VOICEMAIL

If you are satisfied with your  
message, press 1. To rerecord,  
press 2.

That was too casual. Parker presses 2.

PARKER  
(sexy baby voice)  
Hey baby, it's been so long. I  
can't stop thinking about you I  
miss you. I need to see you  
tonight. Call me back - FUCK YOU  
YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE WATCH WHERE  
YOU'RE GOING!

A TAXI narrowly swerves around her.

VOICEMAIL  
To rerecord, press 2.

Parker presses 2.

PARKER  
(extreme sexy baby voice)  
Mark, honey, it's been too long. I  
need you. What are you doing  
tonight, I wanna see you. Call me  
back.  
(for good measure)  
I'm wet.

A MOTHER walking past with a stroller stares daggers.

INT. L TRAIN - DAY

Parker browses Worker Bee, the pay for these jobs is marginal.

She's interrupted by another text from JAY - "Last chance, answer me right fucking now"

Parker BLOCKS his number.

She accepts an ad looking for someone to assemble furniture.

INT. WEST VILLAGE APARTMENT - DAY

LENA (30s, makes six figures answering maybe three emails a day) answers the door for Parker.

LENA  
Hi, are you with Worker Bee?

PARKER  
Yeah.

LENA

Awesome, so we're just redecorating  
and need a bit of help with our new  
furniture.

She shows Parker into an empty living room stacked with WEST ELM boxes.

LENA (CONT'D)

Let me know when you're done.

Lena disappears into the kitchen, leaving Parker alone.

LENA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Babe, can you order Sweetgreen?

INT. WEST VILLAGE APARTMENT - LATER

Parker pokes her head into the kitchen where LENA and her husband CHARLIE (30s, consultant at somewhere evil) are eating Sweetgreen.

PARKER

Hey, I'm done.

LENA

Oh great! Thank you so much.

Parker stands awkwardly, waiting for a tip. It takes Lena a second to realize.

LENA (CONT'D)

Oh - oh! Right!

She looks in her wallet.

LENA (CONT'D)

Shit, All I have is a few ones.  
Babe?

CHARLIE

I went cashless.

PARKER

I take Venmo -

Lena hands her two crumpled \$1 bills.

LENA

Sorry.

BUZZ BUZZ!

INT. COLLEGE KID APARTMENT - DAY

Parker cleans the filthy aftermath of an NYU party while HUNGOVER COLLEGE KIDS watch tv.

In the corner of the room, a LIFESIZE SEX DOLL sits dressed in a bucket hat and low rise jeans. A clichéd imagining of their female peers. Parker stares at it in revulsion.

ONE GUY (21, ironic mullet) notices her looking at it.

GUY

That's Kelly. She's a good time.

Parker notices the guy's GUCCI LOAFERS. They retail for thousands, and they're covered in scuff marks and vomit stains.

He ogles her ass while she bends down to pick up a solo cup.

GUY (CONT'D)

If you, uh, wanna stay over and hang out when you're done, I'm around.

Parker sighs.

INT. BEN'S TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - DUSK

GRACE (early 30s, dim) fucks BEN (mid 30s, blueblooded fuckboy obsessed with himself on a near profound level) in a fancy apartment on the Upper East Side.

Ben finishes and rolls over to check his phone. Grace snuggles up to his back.

GRACE

That was amazing.

BEN

FUCK! The Longhorns won??!

Grace kisses the back of his neck. Ben pulls the blankets off the bed and gets up.

BEN (CONT'D)

Babe, I'm sorry, I have a call...

Grace sits up.

GRACE

You're working this late on your birthday?

BEN

You are too. You have to deliver  
the painting to storage, remember?

Grace groans, lies back down.

GRACE

Can't I do that tomorrow?

BEN

No way, I don't want it in my  
apartment.

GRACE

But you said we were gonna go out  
to a special dinner.

BEN

I'm sorry sweetheart, I wish you  
didn't have to. But we'll celebrate  
at some point.

He kisses her.

GRACE

I love you.

BEN

You too.

He slaps her ass and walks into the bathroom.

BEN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna hop in the shower real  
quick.

(thoughtful)

Do you need to pee first?

INT. BEN'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Now dressed, Grace carries a LOCKED BRIEFCASE to the front door.

Suddenly, she stops.

Grace takes out her phone and OPENS WORKER BEE.

EXT. NYC STREET - DUSK

Parker gets a Worker Bee notification - "Deliver extremely  
fragile package from UES to Chelsea. \$300."

Parker's face lights up at the pay day. She accepts it IMMEDIATELY.

EXT. BEN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Parker walks up the front stoop of a lovely Upper East Side townhouse and knocks on the door.

Eagle eyed viewers will notice a FIGURE loitering ACROSS THE STREET.

Grace opens the door.

PARKER

Hi, I'm Parker from Worker Bee?

GRACE

Hi! I have this for you.

She extends the briefcase to Parker.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You have the address in Chelsea?

Parker checks her phone.

PARKER

Yeah.

GRACE

Be very careful. It's fragile. I'll give you a tip if it's there by 7.

EXT. 59TH STREET TRAIN - NIGHT

Parker weaves through pedestrians as she descends the stairs into the subway terminal.

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

Parker waits for the Downtown N train, checking her texts from Mark. Nothing since she wrote "Hey call me :)" an hour ago.

A MAN (30s, tall with darting eyes) shoves past her, his shoulder slamming against her hard. Parker looks up, but he's already gone.

The train pulls up.

INT. N TRAIN - NIGHT

The car is packed with people. Parker stands, gripping the pole with one hand and the briefcase in the other.

The train rolls to a stop, and a flood of passengers gets off. Parker struggles to keep her balance.

ANOTHER MAN (late 20s, 5'6 but absolutely shredded) brushes past her, his hand GRABBING HOLD OF THE SUITCASE -

PARKER

Hey!

Parker YANKS it away from him. He disappears into the crowd.

A little unsettled, Parker walks across the train to an empty handicapped seat by the emergency exit and sits down with the briefcase in her lap.

The train starts moving again.

The first man comes to stand in the isle in front of her, hand grasping the bar over her head. There's no personal space.

When she looks down at her phone again, he REACHES FOR THE BRIEFCASE -

PARKER (CONT'D)

Get away from me!

Parker WHIPS away from him, KNEEING HIM IN THE GROIN.

She's starting to realize SOMETHING'S VERY WRONG.

She HURRIES OUT THE EMERGENCY EXIT.

EXT. N TRAIN - BETWEEN CARS - NIGHT

Parker's hair whips around her and she forces herself not to look down as she crosses into the next car.

The train jostles in the tunnel, Parker nearly loses her balance -

INT. N TRAIN - NEXT CAR - NIGHT

Parker enters a less crowded car and keeps walking. Behind her, the two men enter one by one.

And they're gaining on her.

The train stops. Parker hurries off.

INT. 42ND STREET SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Parker speedwalks down the platform.

A BUSKER (30s) drums on overturned plastic buckets to a PULSING, FRANTIC BEAT.

Parker glances back and sees those men still hustling to follow her.

Then, she breaks out into a RUN.

They give chase.

THE BUSKING GETS FASTER AND LOUDER, SETTING A RELENTLESS, BREAKNECK PACE THAT CARRIES OVER AS -

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Parker races up the station's stairs into -

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

A Friday night in Midtown. Hell.

Parker weaves through the throngs of COSTUMED PERFORMERS, THEATERGOERS, TOURISTS, and EIGHTH GRADERS ON FIELD TRIPS (my middle school took us to a Broadway show to teach us about culture) packed so tightly together Parker can't BREATHE without hitting someone in the face.

But fortunately, the mobs of people are enough of a cover for Parker to get some distance from her pursuers.

Parker runs through the street, nearly getting RUN OVER by a CARRIAGE CYCLIST.

CYCLIST  
WATCH THE FUCK OUT!

Parker glances back, the men are still coming for her. They're momentarily stopped on the other side of ROARING TRAFFIC.

PARKER  
FUCK!

Her PARTY KNEE gives out underneath her and Parker STUMBLES to the ground in the SWELL OF PEOPLE.

NO ONE NOTICES SHE'S ON THE GROUND.

She's going to get CRUSHED.

With a grunt, Parker forces herself back to her feet as the men run through the gridlock.

She needs to shake them.

Parker limps into the closest available option -

INT. M&M STORE - NIGHT

Hell part 2 with more screaming children. Candy EVERYWHERE. Every shirt, jacket, chair, lip gloss - *any tangible object* has a dumb fucking M&M face on it.

It's a madhouse, but Parker keeps moving. She dashes up the ESCALATOR, nudging past shoppers who are content to just stand on the way up.

She accidentally SHOVES a KID -

PARKER  
SORRY!

INT. M&M STORE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Parker glances over the balcony to see the men just entering.

PARKER  
*Shit.*

Parker flags down an EMPLOYEE.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Excuse me, do you know where the restroom is?

EMPLOYEE  
We don't have a public bathroom.

PARKER  
(wide eyed)  
I understand, but I'm pregnant so it's a bit of an emergency. Please?

The employee sighs, hands her a KEY.

EMPLOYEE  
Go right and then to the end of the hall.

PARKER  
Thank you.

INT. M&M STORE - EMPLOYEE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Parker kicks open the handicapped stall and opens the KOALA CHANGING TABLE, throwing the briefcase on top.

She notices a TRACKER that has been stuck to the side of it. That's how these men have been following her. She moves to step on it, but thinks better of it. Puts it aside.

She tries to open it - locked.

Parker fishes a PIN out of her hair and picks it.

A few beats later, she hears a CLICK.

Parker opens the briefcase.

There's only a POSTER TUBE inside.

PARKER  
What the fuck...

She uncaps the tube and removes a VERY OLD LOOKING CANVAS.

Slowly, gently, she unrolls it to reveal -

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Oh my god.

She nearly drops it in shock.

Parker whips out her phone and googles "MANET CHEZ TORTONI."

*A painting stolen from the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum 30 years ago and never recovered. Estimated worth north of \$50 million.*



An EXACT MATCH to the painting she's holding right now.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Oh my god.

For a beat she just stands there in awe, shaking hands holding the painting.

The man in the top hat just stares right back.

Then, Parker snaps to. Delicately rolls the canvas back into the tube, puts the tracker IN the briefcase, and emerges from the stall.

INT. M&M STORE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Parker stashes the briefcase behind a shelf of sweatshirts, and heads off down the escalator.

INT. M&M STORE - NIGHT

Parker seamlessly grabs a GREEN M&M BACKPACK off a rack and walks out the door. She puts the tube inside.

INT. BEN'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grace is touching up her lipstick when Ben emerges from his meeting.

GRACE  
You're done! Yay! I made us a reservation at Zero Bond -

BEN  
How are you back already?

GRACE  
BIRTHDAY SURPRISE! I hired someone from Worker Bee to deliver it for me so I wouldn't ruin your birthday dinner.

BEN  
WHAT?

GRACE  
Relax, I picked a girl who was highly vetted -

BEN  
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND?  
You gave a fucking stranger fucking-

He can't even finish the sentence, he's doubled over. This is what he gets for picking his assistant just cause she was hot.

GRACE

I'm sorry, I thought it would be a nice surprise.

BEN

Are you STUPID? You're my assistant, this is what I *hired* you to do -

GRACE

Babe, babe, it's okay. Everything's okay. We're - we're connected on the app.

She scrambles to open her phone to show him.

GRACE (CONT'D)

There's a map, I can see where she is - wait.

(then)

What the fuck?

ONSCREEN: A blinking dot near Times Square.

EXT. MIDTOWN - NIGHT

Parker walks west of Times Square down 50th. Her phone rings with Worker Bee's familiar BUZZ BUZZ! Parker knows it's Grace.

She steels herself, then answers.

PARKER

Hello?

INTERCUT:

INT. BEN'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ben is pacing. Grace has the phone on speaker.

GRACE

(trying to sound calm)

Parker, what's going on? I looked at the app and it says you're in Midtown. Are you lost?

A beat. Parker's last chance to change her mind...

PARKER

I know what's in the briefcase.

She's going all in, baby.

Ben nearly trips over himself.

GRACE

Wh - what?

PARKER

I know the painting in the  
briefcase is worth \$50 million. So  
you can either pay for it back, or  
I'll destroy it.

Ben grabs the phone, but he is completely out of his depth.

BEN

Do you have any idea who I am? Who  
my family is? I'll -

PARKER

- go to the police and tell them  
you're trafficking stolen art? Go  
for it.

BEN

Who the fuck are you?

PARKER

My name's Parker, I'm your Worker  
Bee.

BEN

Listen you little cunt -

The line goes dead.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hello? HELLO????

EXT. MIDTOWN - NIGHT

Parker watches her iPhone DIE, the screen going BLACK. Tries  
to turn it back on, but the screen shows it needs to be  
charged.

PARKER

Shit. Shit. FUCK APPLE.

INT. BEN'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BEN  
(in disbelief)  
She thinks she's hot shit.

GRACE  
(horrified)  
The map's off, she turned the map  
off -

Ben GRABS HER BY THE THROAT and SHOVES HER AGAINST THE WALL. He wraps his hands around her neck and squeezes, watching Grace choke --

- But can't do it. He releases her, she falls to the ground gasping for air.

He sits down, his head in his hands.

BEN  
My dad trusted me with this job. I  
found the buyer and *everything*. I  
was supposed to be *proving myself*.

Grace slowly crawls toward him, puts a gentle hand on his back, rubbing in slow circles. Almost maternal.

GRACE  
Do you want to call him and -

BEN  
No. He'll never speak to me again.  
He already thinks I'm a fuck up.

GRACE  
You're not a fuck up.

BEN  
Why couldn't you have just  
delivered it like I told you?

Grace pulls away from him, looks him dead in the eye. The ditziness turns somber.

GRACE  
(devastated)  
This wasn't - I never imagined  
she'd...I'm so sorry Ben. Do  
whatever you want, I deserve it.

Ben sighs. He's not gonna hurt her.

BEN  
And on my BIRTHDAY of all days.  
This is so *unfairrrrrr*.

GRACE  
(resolute)  
We'll get it back, baby. I promise  
you.

EXT. MIDTOWN - NIGHT

Parker tries desperately to resuscitate her phone before finally admitting defeat.

She looks around for somewhere with a charger, then sees a CVS in the distance. She RUNS.

INT. CVS - NIGHT

Parker hurries through the store, before spying a RACK OF IPHONE CHARGERS.

She grabs one, moves to quickly stash it in her pocket -

- When she locks eyes with a TIRED EMPLOYEE.

She smiles, keeping it in her hands.

Parker goes to self checkout. Scans the charger, then removes her CREDIT CARD from the back of her phone to pay.

DECLINED.

PARKER  
Shit.

She glances at the door, if there's any chance she could grab it and run -

But the BORED SECURITY GUARD is watching her like a hawk.

EXT. CVS - NIGHT

Parker emerges emptyhanded.

PARKER  
Fucking Midtown. *Fucking Midtown.*  
(an epiphany)  
*MARK!*

Mark lives in Midtown. Mark lives in Turtle Bay.

Parker takes off running.

EXT. MIDTOWN EAST - NIGHT

Parker runs down the sidewalk, passing another MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER BILLBOARD. His smile is so goddamn creepy.

PARKER

*Please be home. Please be home.  
Please be home.*

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Parker jogs up the steps of a fancy brownstone. The DOORMAN looks up at her.

PARKER

Hey Jim.

He nods, opens the door for her.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Parker assumes her game face. Knocks.

MARK (late 40s, wedding ring) opens the door.

He's an architect that sometimes spends nights in the city. He is cursed with a rare depth of mind and spirit that only women twenty years younger than him can understand (because their brains haven't fully developed.)

MARK

Well, this is a surprise.

He lets her in.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hyper modern. Neat. Sterile but elegant in its total lack of warmth. It's difficult to imagine to someone living here.

Note the Jonathan Lowe self help guide on the coffee table.

PARKER

Did you get my messages?

MARK

I've been working.

PARKER

I can't stop thinking about you.

MARK

I'll remind you that you ended things because you got a boyfriend.

PARKER

I fucked up.

He's not convinced. She pulls out the big guns.

Her eyes well up with a perfect amount of tears - enough to pull his heartstrings, but not too hysterical to turn him off.

PARKER (CONT'D)

He wasn't a good guy. He - hurt me. Made me do things that I didn't want to do. And the entire time I just kept thinking about you and what we had. And our - arrangement - wasn't perfect, but I didn't realize until you were gone that it was enough. I'm sorry.

A single tear spills down her cheek. Mark gently wipes it away with his thumb. She's got him.

PARKER (CONT'D)

(bashful)

Plus with sex, he - well, there was really no comparison.

She looks down at his dick. It's already half hard.

Parker drops the backpack and wraps her arms around him. His arms slide around her, resting on her backside.

MARK

Is that an M&M backpack?

PARKER

Yeah.

Mark chuckles.

MARK

I swear I'll never understand your generation.

They make out. He uses too much tongue.

Parker pulls away after a while.

PARKER

Hey, do you have a phone charger I could borrow? I was on my way here when it died and I usually uber if it's too late.

MARK

'Course.

He retrieves a SPEED CHARGER and Parker plugs her phone into the wall socket.

MARK (CONT'D)

(so fucking psyched)

I just got this, it's a prototype. It can charge your phone in 30 minutes.

PARKER

(old men and their gadgets)

So cool.

She notices a FRAMED PAINTING PRINT on the wall and smiles.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Is that a Kandinsky? I love him.

MARK

Dunno, my wife got it for me. I don't get modern art. My kid could paint the same thing and it'd be a hell of a lot less expensive.

A misstep. She's losing him. Parker looks for a subject he'll want to talk about.

She sees a FLOOR PLAN sprawled out across his work desk.

PARKER

Are you working on something new?

MARK

A condo building.

PARKER

Can you show me?

Mark leads Parker to a MAP OF A LUXURY HIGH RISE BUILDING, proud.

MARK

Check this out.

PARKER

It's so pretty.

MARK

They want a *modern farmhouse* but vertical type of vibe.

PARKER

Where's it gonna be?

MARK

The Boonies. BedStuy. Where else would they have enough room?

PARKER

Totally.

MARK

It's gonna have a full fitness center, sauna, and a pool.

He flips a piece of paper to show her the design for an Olympic sized INDOOR POOL.

PARKER

It's so big!

MARK

She's gonna be a beauty.

Mark stares at the pool for a moment, pensive.

MARK (CONT'D)

You ever look at a pool and think - huh, Gatsby *died* in one of those things?

A beat as Parker calculates the correct way to respond to this.

PARKER

You're so smart it's like kind of intimidating.

Parker steals a look out of the corner of her eye at her phone. It still hasn't turned on.

Mark basks in the compliment, kisses her.

MARK

We have a good thing going, don't we?

PARKER

Mm-hmm.

MARK

In the olden days, I could've set you up in an apartment in the city that I could visit whenever. We wouldn't have to *sneak around* so much. Everything's so *complicated* now.

He takes her hand and leads her to the couch.

Mark takes a remote control of the coffee table and clicks it.

GERRY RAFFERTY'S 'Right Down the Line' blasts through the apartment.

Parker is good enough at her job to not look mortified.

And the seduction begins. They make out some more, he moves to her neck, VERY INTO IT. Parker stares at her charging phone. STILL BLACK.

He moves to take off her shirt. Parker dutifully raises her arms. He goes to unclasp her bra.

Tries again.

Tries again.

Tries again.

PARKER

I got it.

She unhooks it. Mark then goes for her jeans. He is still fully clothed.

MARK

(singing along)

*It's been you, woman, right down the line.*

He lies down on top of her, wet mouth on her boobs.

Parker stares at her phone. FINALLY, IT TURNS ON.

Parker grabs his belt buckle, deciding to speed this up. She's about to unzip his pants when THE DOORBELL RINGS.

They FREEZE.

LAURA (O.S.)  
Mark, honey, can you get the door?  
I forgot my key.

Parker's eyes widen. Mark jumps off of her and yanks her to her feet.

MARK  
(hushed)  
Get your clothes, go in my room. Do not come out until I say.

PARKER  
Mark - Mark wait -

He shoves her clothes in her arms and SHOVES HER BACKWARDS into his bedroom.

INT/EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark is about to close the door when Parker darts out and SWIPES THE PHONE AND CHARGER from the wall socket just in time.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mark zips his fly up and finger combs his hair.

MARK  
Coming, honey!

He opens the door to his wife LAURA (40s, deserves better) and daughter ANNIE (8, undiagnosed ADD).

MARK (CONT'D)  
Well, this is a surprise.

ANNIE  
Daddy!

She hugs him tight.

Laura kisses him briefly on the lips as they enter.

LAURA  
I know, I know, we just felt so horrible about you working all these late nights. We're here for moral support.

MARK  
That's very sweet of you, but -

LAURA

Are you playing *Gerry Rafferty*  
while you work?  
(lovingly)  
You're such a dork.

ANNIE

DAD! IS THIS FOR ME?

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Parker turns ASHEN as she realizes -

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

- ANNIE IS HOLDING THE M&M BACKPACK.

MARK

I - y-yes sweetie, I was gonna  
bring it home tomorrow as a  
surprise.

Annie hugs it to her chest.

ANNIE

I love it I love it I love it!!!

She runs into her bedroom.

MARK

(to Laura)

You want a drink?

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

PARKER

(barely a whisper)

SHITSHITSHITSHITFUCKSHITFUCKSHIT -

Through a crack in the door, she watches as Mark and Laura disappear into the kitchen.

Parker quickly puts her shirt on.

Slips her jacket on top.

Moves to grab her pants and then realizes THERE ARE NO FUCKING PANTS.

Only the top half of her is clothed.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
(whisper-scream)  
FUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
!!!!!!  
!!!!!!

She whips out her phone and texts Hallie - "PICK ME UP"  
"DROPPED PIN" "EMERGENCY"

An INSTAGRAM DM flashes over her screen - it's from a sockpuppet account - "DID YOU THINK YOU COULD BLOCK ME AND I'D GO AWAY???"

Parker blocks the account and pockets her phone, looks around Mark's bedroom. There's a COUPLE LOOSE 20s and a FANCY WATCH on his dresser.

She puts them in her jacket pocket.

LAURA (O.S.)  
Annie, you want some ice cream?

ANNIE (O.S.)  
YES!!!!

Parker exhales in relief as Annie skips out to the kitchen.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Parker creeps out of Mark's bedroom. This is fine. This is gonna be fine.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Parker very gently clicks the door shut behind her.

Glances around the room - everything is purple. It's a little girl's dream come true. Even if it isn't where she usually lives, you can tell Mark put a lot of care in making it extra nice for his daughter.

For a moment, Parker looks very sad.

Then she sees the BACKPACK hanging on the closet door.

She grabs it. Unzips it to make sure the poster tube is still there.

LAURA (O.S.)  
Annie, you don't need your iPad at  
the kitchen table.  
(MORE)

LAURA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We didn't come all the way to daddy  
just for you to watch cartoons.

ANNIE (O.S.)  
It's the new Spongebob episode,  
Lily's gonna ask if I watched it at  
gymnastics tomorrow -

Footsteps outside the door. *Shit.*

Parker rolls UNDER THE BED just as the door opens.

She holds her breath for a few tedious seconds as Annie looks around for her iPad, finally finding it in her desk drawer.

LAURA (O.S.)  
Annie, come on!

ANNIE  
I'm coming!

Annie grabs it and goes.

When she's gone, Parker slides back out.

She opens Annie's closet door, grabs a pair of Gap Kids pants to try on -

They don't even get halfway up her legs. It's a lost cause.

She rifles through her drawers, there has to be something -

Parker finds a makeshift COSTUME CHEST. There's a GREEN HULA SKIRT that fits well enough around her waist.

PARKER  
Whatever.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hula skirt swishes as Parker creeps to the edge of the hall that borders on the living room.

It's a straight shot to the door...

BUT it leaves her with nowhere to hide if one of them comes out of the kitchen.

Fuck it. She doesn't have time for this.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Parker takes step after step to the door.

She's close. She's so *fucking close*.

She keeps a diligent eye on the entrance to the kitchen, but none of them seem to notice.

She's nearly to the door now.

Just five paces -

LAURA  
*Who the fuck are you?*

Parker spins around - Laura is behind her, GINGERLY HOLDING HER PANTS.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Is that - are you wearing a *hula skirt*?

Parker is genuinely speechless.

Laura's lips curl with revulsion as she realizes -

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Oh my - oh my god. Mark, do you have a *woman over right now*?  
(then)  
Is that my daughter's backpack?

Before Parker can register what's happening, Laura reels her hand back and SLAPS Parker across the face, leaving a BRIGHT RED HANDPRINT and a DEEP INDENT from her wedding ring.

PARKER BOOKS IT FOR THE DOOR.

Behind her, we can hear -

LAURA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU, MARK? DID YOU HIDE HER WHILE YOUR CHILD WAS HERE? OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD -*

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Parker races for the elevator. She can still hear muffled shouting.

She SLAMS her palm on the elevator button.

PARKER  
COME ON COME ON COME ON -

The elevator is taking its time.

Parker gives up and heads for the emergency stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Parker sprints down flights of stairs, backpack flying out behind her.

PARKER  
*MOTHER OF GOD* -

She grips the railing, doubled over. Her party knee is flaring up again. She forces herself to inhale.

BUZZ BUZZ! Her phone is ringing. Grace is calling her again.

Parker gathers her breath, then answers.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
You ready to make a deal?

INTERCUT:

INT. BEN'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ben has the phone, Grace curled around him like a blanket.

BEN  
I'm open to a discussion.

PARKER  
There is no discussion. I want \$50 million tonight.

BEN  
It's impossible to get that amount of money so quickly -

PARKER  
You people move shit around in your offshore Swiss accounts all the time. This is pocket change. You'll wire it to me.

BEN  
The bank'll flag you for laundering.

PARKER

Then set up a payment plan, I don't give a fuck. Let's start with a down payment of \$50,000 in cash by 1 am.

GRACE

(almost concerned)

Parker, you don't know who you're fucking around with -

Ben looks at her, she shuts the fuck up.

BEN

Meet back at my townhouse to make the exchange.

PARKER

You're not in control here, babe. We meet on neutral ground.

BEN

Did you have somewhere in mind?

Parker wracks her brain.

PARKER

East River Park. I'll pick a spot.

A text from Hallie - "I'M HERE"

PARKER (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

BEN

*Excuse me?*

Parker hangs up.

INT/EXT. HALLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Hallie sits outside the building in her 2015 Mazda. She holds PRINTED SIDES for her audition, rehearsing.

It is an old person's idea of what a teenage girl talks like, but Hallie is determined to nail it.

HALLIE

(reading)

*No cap, this salad is bussin'...Oh, hey Charlie...God, you're such a little simp.*

(MORE)

HALLIE (CONT'D)

*Why are you so obsessed with me?  
It's never gonna happen. Wait - is  
that a gun?*

BANG! BANG! Hallie makes bullet noises as she mimes getting shot and dying.

It looks like something out of a Vietnam movie.

She's interrupted as Parker comes BARRELING towards her.

INT. HALLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Parker jumps in the car and buckles her seatbelt. Hallie glances down at her hula skirt.

HALLIE

...I think that's cultural appropriation.

PARKER

Fucking DRIVE.

Parker turns her head to reveal the RED HANDPRINT seared into her cheek. Hallie gasps.

HALLIE

Did he - touch you?

Hallie reaches into the center console and grabs a HANDFUL OF LAFFY TAFFYs from the candy basket she keeps for her Uber passengers. She chews anxiously.

PARKER

What - Mark? No. I'm fine.

HALLIE

Dude, you texted me *emergency*. I thought he was Epsteining you -

PARKER

No, this was from his wife. Do we know anyone with a gun?

HALLIE

What?

PARKER

There are sketchy people after me and I need protection -

HALLIE

PARKER. What the actual fuck???

Parker sighs.

PARKER

I got hired to do a Worker Bee delivery gig and it turns out they wanted me to deliver a 50 million dollar stolen painting. So I stole it and it's in this backpack.

Hallie SLAMS on the brakes and the car SCREECHES to a halt. The girls slam against their seats.

PARKER (CONT'D)

JESUS.

HALLIE

5150. You need to be 5150'd.

PARKER

Hallie -

HALLIE

Those people are like, literal *criminals*. You can't go up against them.

PARKER

It's under control -

Hallie grabs another handful of candy.

HALLIE

(panicking)

You know my callback is tomorrow, this is the furthest I've ever gotten, why the fuck would you involve me in this? I can't help you exchange stolen art -

Hallie unwraps a pack of smarties, and Parker BATS it out of her hand.

PARKER

SHUT UP!

(then)

Do you know why men watch your foot porn? Why you even get auditions? Because you're young and hot. In five years you're gonna be thirty, and someone younger and hotter is gonna come around, and you'll be washed. In sugar baby years, I'm, like, almost geriatric. And what happens when they stop paying?

(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)

We didn't go to college, we don't have parents who worry about us. This is a chance to secure our futures, and people like us don't get another one.

A beat as Hallie takes that in.

HALLIE

You - you really think this will work?

PARKER

I know it will. But I can't do this without you. You're my *best friend*. Do you trust me?

Parker knows this is what Hallie *craves* to hear more than anything. Hallie softens.

HALLIE

Of course I trust you.

PARKER

Good. Cause you're the only person I trust.

A beat. Hallie's starting to be swayed.

HALLIE

Can we - can we come up with a safe word for an *actual* emergency? I thought Mark was - you scared me.

Her eyes well up with tears.

Parker smiles. She knows she's won.

PARKER

Like what?

Hallie thinks for a moment.

HALLIE

Ladybird slay pudding dessert.

PARKER

Sure. Fine. Ladybird slay pudding dessert. Now, do we know anyone with a gun?

Hallie shakes her head, thinking.

HALLIE

I mean - uh - isn't Rockbottom Katie's boyfriend, like, a right to bear arms republican?

PARKER

Ugh, *Robo Katie?* She sucks.

HALLIE

I...I don't think you can be picky.

Parker whips out her phone and texts ROBO KATIE - "U around tn?"

IMMEDIATELY, Rockbottom Katie texts back "yaaaas, come thru"

PARKER

Okay, go to West 72nd.

HALLIE

Wait - you're just gonna waltz into their apartment and ask to borrow his gun?

PARKER

Of course not, I'm gonna steal it.

INT/EXT. HALLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Hallie pulls up to a quiet tree-lined block on the Upper West Side.

PARKER

Stop here.

Hallie's hands are shaking.

HALLIE

Parker - *Parker*, my heart's going way too fast. Oh god oh god oh god my arm hurts. Is this Emphysema? No, this is a heart attack. No, this is a stroke. No, I'm too young for a stroke so it's a heart attack. But I'm too young for a heart attack -

PARKER

It's anxiety. Just breathe -

HALLIE

I'm gonna be sick.

Hallie starts to retch NEON CANDY COLORED VOMIT. Parker jerks the backpack as far away from her as possible.

PARKER  
Jesus Christ! Open your window!  
Open your window!

Hallie vomits out her window. Parker rolls her eyes.

Sheepishly, Hallie looks back at Parker.

HALLIE  
Sorry.

PARKER  
Whatever. Go. I'll find someone else. Just keep your phone on in case I need you.

Parker gets out of the car and Hallie drives off.

EXT. ROCKBOTTOM KATIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A formidable looking brownstone. It should be clear that this is Katie's family's apartment that she's living in rather than her own.

Parker starts towards the stoop when she is GRABBED BY THE HAIR AND YANKED BACKWARD.

It's the TWO MEN FROM BEFORE. For convenience's sake, though Parker will never learn their names, we will call them JOEY (beefy short one) AND FRANK (tall one with crazy eyes).

Joey WRAPS his arms around Parker's torso from behind while Frank goes to her front.

Parker goes LIMP, her body shaking, TEARS streaming down her cheeks -

PARKER  
*Please don't hurt me, please don't  
hurt me, please don't hurt me -*

Frank and Joey relax their grip JUST BARELY and Parker seizes her window. She turns FERAL.

Parker BITES Joey in the arm so hard he SCREAMS, dropping her. She SPITS OUT a glob of blood and sprays Frank in the face WITH THE PEPPER SPRAY Hallie gave her.

Frank yelps and lets her go.

Parker RUNS.

The men take off after her. She maybe has a five second head start.

Parker rifles through her jacket pockets and pulls out a TRACKER identical to the one that had been slapped on the briefcase.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
DAMMIT!

They're gaining on her. Parker looks up at the towering buildings around her.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
HELP! PLEASE, SOMEONE HELP!

Someone must have heard her, but no one comes.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
BYSTANDER EFFECT! BYSTANDER EFFECT!

Still, nothing.

EXT. AMSTERDAM AVE - NIGHT

The crosswalk light turns red the second Parker reaches it, but she can't afford to wait.

The traffic light turns green and Parker races into oncoming traffic.

Right into the path of a CITY BUS.

PARKER  
Sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry.

She BRACES herself and sprints past it. The bus SCREECHES to a halt, holding down its HORN.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
OKAY I FUCKING GET IT.

It's like a demented game of Frogger.

Half way now. Don't look back -

Fuck it, she's looking back.

Joey and Frank are right on her heels. Joey's eyes are RED and MELTING from the pepper spray.

O-kay. Not looking back again.

A TOYOTA nearly hits her, Parker is LOSING IT.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
YIELD, BITCH!

Finally, she makes it to the other side.

There's barely anywhere she can hide, and she needs to get away FAST.

EXT. 72ND STATION - NIGHT

Parker races down into the subway.

INT. 72ND STATION - NIGHT

Parker VAULTS over the turnstile. She can hear people getting on the train.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*STAND CLEAR.*

INT. 72ND PLATFORM - NIGHT

Parker makes it to the platform JUST AS THE TRAIN'S DOORS CLOSE.

PARKER  
WAIT! WAIT!

But the train speeds off. And the next one isn't coming for four minutes.

She's ALONE.

The motivational speaker Jonathan Lowe poster grins at her.

And Joey and Frank are just joining her.

Parker sprints down the platform where she hits a -

INT. 72ND PLATFORM - DEAD END - NIGHT

There's nothing past it except the tracks.

Parker turns back around, but Joey and Frank have cornered her.

PARKER  
I don't have it.

FRANK  
Give me the backpack.

PARKER  
Fuck you.

BANG! Joey fires. A bullet nicks THE VERY TIP OF PARKER'S EAR.

Parker touches her hand to it, it's bleeding.

JOEY  
Give us the backpack or you die.

PARKER  
Suck my dick.

Parker takes another few steps back until she hits the REAR WALL.

Joey and Frank advance towards her. They're maybe three steps away from shooting her in the head.

Step.

Step.

Step.

Parker glances at the tracks - in the distance, she can *maybe* see the outline of a service door.

But she could be wrong. It could be locked...

Joey raises his gun to SHOOT -

- WHEN PARKER LEAPS ONTO THE TRACKS. She's out of options.

FRANK (O.S.)  
Is she outta her fucking mind?

JOEY (O.S.)  
She's gonna get away.

INT. 72ND TRACKS - NIGHT

Parker falls on her ass, the hula skirt billowed out around her.

She brushes herself off and starts running, leaving a trail of NEON GREEN SHREDS in her wake.

JOEY lands on the tracks behind her.

He fires again and again, but she zigzags.

PARKER  
Fuck, fuck!

Then she reaches the SERVICE DOOR.

She grabs the handle, tries to open it. It's STUCK.

She jiggles it, she can feel the mechanism give a little.

She jiggles HARDER -

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Come on, come on!

SUBWAY ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
THE NORTHBOUND 3 TRAIN IS NOW  
ARRIVING.

Parker YANKS IT OPEN and runs inside.

INT/EXT. SERVICE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Joey grabs the door handle and tries to open it.

JOEY  
LET ME IN! LET ME IN, YOU FUCKING  
BITCH!

Parker throws her body against the door, using ALL THE STRENGTH she has to keep it shut.

SUBWAY ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
PLEASE STAND AWAY FROM THE PLATFORM  
EDGE.

Joey's frantic now, BANGING on the door.

JOEY  
LET ME - OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!!!!  
(desperate)  
PLEASE!!!!!!

Parker SQUEEZES her eyes shut at what's about to happen, but doesn't budge.

The BANGING GETS HARDER AND THE TRAIN GETS LOUDER AND THEN -

*WHOOSH.*

The banging stops.

Parker's eyes open. Her heart is beating out of her chest.

She slowly opens the door -

All that's left are two BLOODY STUMPS.

Parker puts her hand over her mouth, tears welling up in her eyes. Only able to make whimpering noises.

She forces herself to continue down the tunnel.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

KAYLA (38) and MARIE (35) shut the door of their UHaul van. Bright-eyed normies who just finished moving in together. We will never see them again.

KAYLA  
Is that really everything?

MARIE  
That's everything.

They embrace.

KAYLA  
Ugh, you're so sweaty!

MARIE  
Shut up.

They giggle, Marie wraps her arms around Kayla's shoulders.

KAYLA  
I can't wait to spend the rest of  
my life with you.

MARIE  
I love you.

KAYLA  
I love you too.

They share a sweet kiss.

Behind them, a POT HOLE slides open and Parker emerges from the ground.

The women stop and stare at her.

Parker stares back.

Then, she projectile vomits.

Marie and Kayla watch, speechless, as Parker scurries away.

EXT. ROCKBOTTOM KATIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A dazed Parker returns to the stoop and hits the intercom.

She checks her phone - another sockpuppet INSTAGRAM DM - "I'm coming for you bitch"

Parker glances behind her, but there's no one there.

She texts back "I will get you your money back plus interest tomorrow"

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE (O.S.)

Helloooo?

PARKER

It's Parker.

The buzzer sounds.

INT. ROCKBOTTOM KATIE'S BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Parker knocks on the door, it opens immediately.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE (20s, inevitably blacks out and ruins every gathering she is invited to) stands on the other side.

Rockbottom Katie is a starving artist struggling to contend with the fact that she was born into a wealthy family and has never wanted for anything.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE

AHHHH! PARKER!!!!

She pulls Parker, currently shellshocked from having just watched a man die, into a big hug.

INT. ROCKBOTTOM KATIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Parker enters a SPACIOUS, ELEGANT apartment.

In the background we can hear Teen Mom Farrah Abraham's profoundly schizophrenic song "The Phone Call That Changed My Life." (An attempt at dance pop that has been reclaimed as iconic outsider art, 100 gecs owes her their career <3)

There's about a DOZEN HIPSTERS (20s) locked in a silent battle to be the weirdest dressed person in the room. A COQUETTE fetishizing Lolita, A MAXIMALIST GUY in mismatched loud patterns, A GIRL WHO CONVERTED TO CATHOLICISM for the aesthetic.

No one bats an eye at Parker's hula skirt.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE

Oh my god I LOVE your backpack. So chic.

PARKER

I - I didn't know you had people over.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE

Oh. Yeah, we're pregaming and then going out to karaoke downtown.

PARKER

Like, for fun?

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE

How have you been, bestie?

You can tell she's already browning out.

PARKER

Oh. You know. Hustling.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE

*Totally. You have to hustle. One of these days, it'll pay off for us.*

Her earrings are real diamonds.

PARKER

Yeah.

Rockbottom Katie grabs Parker's hand and pulls her into the -

INT. ROBO KATIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Robo Katie pours herself another drink.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE

I have to tell you something crazy.  
Can I tell you something crazy?

PARKER

Okay?

## ROCKBOTTOM KATIE

I was partying last night with this, like, pink-haired instagram influencer/social justice bitch - you know the type? She looked like a mermaid. So we were on a roof somewhere taking a TON of Adderall and I've found that Adderall makes me kind of a genius so I started trying to, like, understand as much of the world as I could. And so I was like, do you think evil is in your DNA? Or do you become evil? And Margot was like, "You definitely become it." And I was like, "I dunno. There's a lot of weird diseases that can get passed down." And she was like, "It's not hereditary, and I can prove it. Hitler is my great grandfather." And her face turned sheet white after she said it, so I knew she wasn't lying. Cause, also, why would you lie about that? That's not, like, a brag. And then she was like, "You can't tell anyone." And I was like, "What the fuck? You're Hitler's granddaughter? I thought he didn't have any kids." And Margot was like, "Secret kid. He was a bit of a dog." - *Men, am I right?* - Before you ask, she didn't look anything like him. Like I'd say she's about an 8, and Hitler is, *based strictly on looks alone*, like a 4.5. She was like, "You can't tell anyone, I'm really fucked up, this can't get out. My family hired lawyers to bury it online." And then that reminded me - her family's super rich. She's a trustfund kid, it's how she launched her career. Does that mean it's Nazi Gold?

## PARKER

I need to sit down.

Parker takes a seat at the kitchen table.

Never one for respecting boundaries, Robo Katie sits right beside her.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE  
 I just, y'know, I had to tell  
 someone. Like, that's not something  
 you can keep to yourself.

PARKER  
 (blurts out)  
 Is your boyfriend a republican?

Rockbottom Katie spits out her drink.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE  
 What? Oh my god, no! He just  
 doesn't vote.  
 (then)  
 Let's do shots!

She grabs a bottle of GREY GOOSE off the counter and pours  
 two generous shots.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE (CONT'D)  
 Cheers, babe!

PARKER  
 Can I use your bathroom?

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE  
 For sure, we have three.  
 (then)  
 Actually, don't use the one next to  
 the master bed, my mom's super  
 weird about outside people using  
 her toilet.

INT. ROBO KATIE'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Parker clicks the door shut and flicks the light on.

PARKER  
 Jesus!

What was once a middle aged person's idea of mid century  
 modern luxury has been turned into an ART FREAK HELLHOLE.

Weird, nefarious looking SPLATTER PAINTINGS hang on the  
 walls. BARBIE STYLING HEADS have been stuck to the walls with  
 antlers sticking out, like mounted DEER.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck?

She doesn't have time to dwell on how weird Robo Katie and  
 her boyfriend are. She gets to work looking for the gun.

Parker rifles through the dresser - no gun, but she SNAGS A PAIR OF JEANS and stashes them in her backpack.

Then she checks inside the nightstands, peeks under the bed, but there's nothing.

She opens the closet door and pushes the clothes rack aside. No gun, but a small TERRARIUM where they are growing MUSHROOMS.

Parker climbs the lower shoe shelf and reaches up to the top shelf, her fingers brushing against a LOCKBOX.

She removes it to the ground and tries to open it. Locked.

Parker takes her hairpin out and picks the lock.

It opens a few moments later, revealing a HANDGUN and a BOX OF BULLETS.

She grabs them and zips them snugly into the FRONT POCKET of the backpack.

Parker is about to put the box back on the shelf when she hears FOOTSTEPS outside the door.

She doesn't have time. She kicks it UNDER THE BED and LEAPS back to the center of the room as it opens.

MICAH (mid 30s millennial, a solid decade older than anyone there, a baseline of barely concealed rage at the world) walks in.

MICAH  
You lost?

PARKER  
I, um, was looking for the bathroom.

Micah eyes her warily. Parker does the only thing she can.

She sighs.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Sorry, I'm having a panic attack  
and I just went in the first door I  
found. I'll go -

Micah softens, stops her.

MICAH

Parker, right? Katie's friend?  
(Parker nods)  
Are you okay?

PARKER

(trembling)

I got stalked on the train on the way here. A guy was chasing me and I got away, and I thought I was okay, but then I remembered that serial killer guy who's targeting women -

She puts a hand over her mouth, muffling a sob.

MICAH

Hey, hey, you're okay.

He pulls her into a hug. It's a little forward, but Parker doesn't have the option to reject him.

MICAH (CONT'D)

Panic attacks are no joke. Like your brain's rattling around. I used to get those.

He rubs her shoulders. She smiles gratefully, trying to distance herself as much as she can get away with.

She sits on the bed, subtly KICKING the lockbox further underneath. Micah sits beside her, way too close.

He fishes a bag of HARIBO BEARS out of his pocket.

MICAH (CONT'D)

Gummy bear?

PARKER

You a smoker or an alcoholic?

MICAH

I just like them.

PARKER

Oh. No thank you.

A beat as Micah pops a gummy bear in his mouth and gnaws.

MICAH

Yeah, I got panic attacks all the time till I figured out what was really going on.

PARKER  
(confused)  
Sorry, I don't -

MICAH  
5G.

PARKER  
.....oh.

MICAH  
The microchips in the covid vaccine thing was a psyop to distract us from the real problem. Haven't you noticed how the internet makes everyone so anxious? Being online used to be so baller, what happened? HELLO!!! Bill Gates is creating 5G frequencies in our BRAINS to make us weak so we won't fight back when the day of reckoning comes.

PARKER  
I always kinda thought it was because social media makes people depressed.

MICAH  
Nah, social media owns. I go on Twitter, I feel like a king. Twitter makes me feel *GOOD*.

He's getting heated. Parker changes the subject.

PARKER  
Is this art, um, yours?

MICAH  
Yeah, do you like it?

His hand slithers to brush against hers. Parker gently moves hers away.

PARKER  
It's so cool.

MICAH  
I've gotten into, like, really experimental stuff lately - Can I tell you a secret? You have to promise not to tell.

She can feel his breath against her face as he leans in.

He's so unnerving the only thing Parker can do is keep him calm.

PARKER

Okay.

MICAH

I'm in the middle of this new project - do you see that chest over there?

He points to a chest across the room.

PARKER

Yeah.

MICAH

Every night when Katie's asleep, I move it out exactly one inch. At first, she'd wake up in the morning and think something had changed but the difference was so small so she couldn't figure out what it was. I've been taking secret footage of her looking at it every day. I've been doing it for a month now - it's almost three feet out from the wall - and she's asking me if I moved it, and I'm like no, it's always been like that. And she feels like she's going crazy.

PARKER

So you're gaslighting her?

MICAH

Exactly! I'm gonna see how far I can push her until she fully loses it, and then I'm gonna screen it as a short film.

PARKER

That's so creative.

Micah softens.

MICAH

I didn't mean to scare you with that 5G thing. Game recognize game - I actually think Bill Gates is pretty alpha and pimp as a businessman and how he kicked Melinda's ass to the curb but he's gotta be stopped.

PARKER

Totally.

MICAH

God, you're beautiful.

He leans into kiss her just as Rockbottom Katie bursts in.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE

There you guys are!

Parker jumps up from Micah.

PARKER

Katie, we were -

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE

All good! We're open.

(then)

Can I join?

PARKER

Actually, I think I might head home. I'm not feeling well.

MICAH

(knowing)

Make sure your phone's turned off.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE

We'll miss you at karaoke.

PARKER

Next time.

Parker hurries out. Micah and Robo watch her go.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE

She's so pretty.

(kidding but not)

Not prettier than me though, right?

But Micah's distracted. He notices something just barely peaking out under the bed.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE (CONT'D)

Right?

Micah bends down and pulls out - his lockbox?

INT. ROCKBOTTOM KATIE'S APARTMENT - HALL - NIGHT

Parker heads for the door.

MICAH (O.S.)  
Did she take my fucking gun?

PARKER RUNS.

EXT. 72ND STREET - NIGHT

Parker dials Travis's (ex-boyfriend from earlier) phone number as she heads for Central Park West.

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
Hello?

PARKER  
I wanna talk.

She hails a passing cab.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT

Parker gets out of the cab wearing Rockbottom Katie's JEANS and hands the driver the cash she stole from Mark.

She dashes towards an RUNDOWN WALKUP.

INT. TRAVIS'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It was probably a closet in a past life. A messy, cramped shoebox shared by three boys in their 20s.

Travis is the only one home. He's crossfaded watching FIRST WIVES' CLUB, still wearing his Y2K costume.

TRAVIS  
(reciting dialogue along  
with Ivana Trump)  
*Don't get mad, get everything.*  
(to self)  
That's some true fucking shit right  
there.

There's a knock at the door.

He gets up from the couch and opens to find Parker anxiously waiting for him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
What made you change your mind?

He turns down the movie to the lowest volume (instead of muting it) as Parker sits beside him on the couch.

PARKER

Tonight has been...kind of crazy,  
and I just kept thinking about how  
much I wished you were with me.

TRAVIS

I fucked up. I know I did. The  
second it was over, I regretted it.  
I was drunk, it meant nothing.

PARKER

I know. I'm willing to give you  
another chance if we take it slow.

TRAVIS

I can do as slow as you want. We  
are end game, Parker. I'll spend  
everyday making it up to you.

Parker considers. A beat.

Finally, she throws her arms around his shoulders and pulls  
him into a hug.

PARKER

I missed you so much.

Travis holds her tight.

TRAVIS

I knew - I knew when I saw you  
today you didn't mean it. You act  
tough, but I know you.

Parker laughs ruefully.

PARKER

Speaking of acting tough...

She shakes her head.

TRAVIS

What?

PARKER

It's so dumb - I wanted to buy  
ketamine so I asked Robo Katie for  
her dealer and he asked me to meet  
him at East River Park tonight.

TRAVIS

Are you trying to get jumped? You  
can't go alone!

PARKER

Hallie's busy tonight, I didn't  
want to bother anyone...

TRAVIS

You're like five foot nothing. I  
won't let you.

PARKER

Travis, I'm not gonna make you come  
with me. We just made up -

TRAVIS

What time are you meeting him?

PARKER

1.

TRAVIS

We'll go together, and then we'll  
Postmates some soft serve.

PARKER

Oh, baby!

She kisses him gratefully.

His phone chimes with a text. He ignores it, pulling Parker  
onto his lap.

It chimes again.

And again.

And AGAIN. In quick, relentless succession.

Travis pulls away, grabs his phone.

TRAVIS

What the fuck is going on?

Parker gets off his lap.

PARKER

I'm gonna grab some water. Do you  
want some?

She walks over to the tiny KITCHENETTE in the corner, pours  
herself a glass with the Britta pitcher.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Travis?

Travis reads his phone, not listening.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Travis?

Travis looks up at her, eyes narrowed.

TRAVIS  
Read this.

PARKER  
Excuse me?

TRAVIS  
Out loud.

He hands her his phone. Parker looks down and reads.

PARKER  
"Thought you should know your  
girlfriend is a liar, a temptress  
and a whore. We've been seeing each  
other on and off for over a year -"  
What the fuck is this?

TRAVIS  
Keep going.

PARKER  
It's spam, no -

Travis grabs his phone from her and resumes reading.

TRAVIS  
"She ruined my marriage. She was  
just over at my apartment tonight.  
She said you were abusive and your  
dick is small."

PARKER  
Come on, Travis. I don't know who  
this is -

TRAVIS  
"I know we don't know each other  
but boys gotta stick together.  
Don't let her fool you like she  
fooled me. As proof, she's lugging  
around a green M&M backpack."

He looks pointedly at the backpack leaning against the couch.

PARKER  
Okay, alright! I lied. Before I met  
you, I dated older guys for money.  
(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)

But once we got together, it stopped. That was it, I hadn't seen him or anyone since we broke up.

TRAVIS

You were at his place *right before* you came here.

PARKER

Our breakup was bad. He called me, he begged me to come over. He said he was gonna kill himself. I went because I was scared, nothing happened, I swear. He's crazy, He wants to break us up because he's jealous -

TRAVIS

BULLSHIT!

(then)

You're a fucking *whore*!

PARKER

Travis, I swear to god -

TRAVIS

(paling in realization)

*Oh god, you're a whore.* How many dicks did you suck while we were together and then you came home to me, oh god -

PARKER

I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM -

TRAVIS

I LOVED YOU. I WAS ON MY KNEES BEGGING FOR YOUR FORGIVENESS AND ALL THIS TIME -

PARKER

- I DUMPED HIM FOR YOU -

TRAVIS

And you loved it, didn't you? You sick fucking -

Finally, the mask drops. Parker SNAPS.

PARKER

Sure. Sure, let's follow that *immaculate* line of logic. You think I loved it.

(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)

You think as a little girl I dreamed that one day I'd be giving old men handjobs in hotel bathrooms for marginal amounts of money. That I was thrilled to dumb myself down into a - a *husk* that just smiles and nods. Fuck you, Travis.

TRAVIS

You're a fucking - *black widow*.

PARKER

I SURVIVE! You are so pea-brained you have no concept of people struggling outside of you -

TRAVIS

GET THE FUCK OUT!

PARKER

Fine.

Parker moves to grab her backpack, but Travis is too quick for her.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Hey -

TRAVIS

What is in this fucking backpack -

He unzips it and pulls out the POSTER TUBE.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

PARKER

Give it to me. Right now.

Travis ignores her and uncaps it.

Parker grapples to take it from him, but he's over a foot taller than her - he swats her away like a fly.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Give it to me -

Travis unrolls the canvas. Looks at the man in the hat. He doesn't know exactly what it is, but he knows it's expensive.

TRAVIS

What. The. Fuck.

PARKER

Travis. *Travis, listen to me. I was tasked to hold onto to it by some very important people who are expecting me -*

Travis looks from Parker to the poster tube to Bette Midler, Diane Keaton, and Goldie Hawn highfiving each other after getting revenge on their ex-husbands.

He takes strength from them.

TRAVIS

*Don't get mad, get everything.*

PARKER

What?

TRAVIS

*You're a thief and a whore.*

PARKER

GIVE IT BACK!

SHE CHARGES AT HIM.

Travis shoves her away. Hard. HARDER THAN HE INTENDED.

Parker stumbles back, and her head hitting the COUNTERTOP.

She falls to the ground, UNCONSCIOUS.

TRAVIS

*Shit. Shit.*

He rushes to her. Checks her pulse.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

*Fuck. FUCK.*

What the fuck is he supposed to do with her? He's frozen in terror.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

*Goldie Hawn, what the fuck do I do?*

GOLDIE HAWN

(through the screen)

*Get her out of the apartment,  
Travis!*

TRAVIS

*Good idea.*

Travis hoists her over his shoulder like a fireman, but his knees buckle underneath him. He doesn't have the upper body strength.

NEW PLAN - Travis opens his front door and then grabs Parker by the arms, DRAGGING HER OUT.

ONSCREEN: The First Wives begin their climactic rendition of "You Don't Own Me."

INT. TRAVIS'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

THE FIRST WIVES' CLUB SINGING "YOU DON'T OWN ME" carries over as -

Travis drags Parker down two flights of stairs.

FIRST WIVES CLUB  
I DON'T TELL YOU WHAT TO SAY/ I  
DON'T TELL YOU WHAT TO DO

It's a bumpy ride. Parker's head lolls to the side as her body hits each step.

TRAVIS AND FIRST WIVES  
(together)  
SO JUST LET ME BE MYSELF/ THAT'S  
ALL I ASK OF YOU.

EXT. TRAVIS'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Travis finally makes it to the stoop and HOISTS Parker's body onto on a PILE OF GARBAGE BAGS on the sidewalk.

FIRST WIVES CLUB  
YOUNG AND FREE YOUNG AND FREE YOUNG  
AND FREE YOU DON'T OWN ME

Throws the M&M backpack on top of her.

He moves to run away, then reconsiders.

Travis returns to Parker and PULLS HER SHOES OFF. Anything to slow her down when she wakes up.

With her shoes and poster tube, Travis skips off into the night much like the ladies at the end of the film.

EXT. TRAVIS'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A few minutes later.

Parker slowly comes to on the bed of trash bags. A large gash on her forehead is BLEEDING.

It takes her a second to recalibrate to her surroundings, and then she remembers and SITS UP -

The backpack. She's holding the backpack.

She checks the front pocket. THE GUN IS STILL THERE. She pockets it and leaves the backpack.

Parker takes a shaky breath in.

PARKER

Okay. Okay.

She forces herself to her feet and her eyes narrow.

She turns around and walks right back up the front steps, punching in the entry code -

INT/EXT. TRAVIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Parker PICKS THE LOCK of Travis's front door and BURSTS IN. She makes a beeline for -

INT. TRAVIS'S APARTMENT - TRAVIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's a cramped shithole.

She grabs Travis's laptop from under his bed and enters his password. Of course she knows it.

Parker opens the Find My app and can see the location of Travis's iPhone blinking on the map.

She shares his location with herself.

PARKER

I gotcha, bitch.

Then the FRONT DOOR OPENS.

Parker slams the laptop shut and presses herself against the wall, peaking out -

Travis's ROOMMATE shuffles in, grabs a Red Bull from the fridge.

Parker watches as he heads into his bedroom and shuts the door. She waits three seconds, then creeps out.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT

Parker walks down the sidewalk barefoot.

She checks her pockets for any more cash, but she's out except for the \$3 she was tipped from building furniture.

PARKER  
FUCK!

She calls Grace.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
I need more time.

INTERCUT:

INT. BEN'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ben crumples at the first sign of adversity. He isn't used to not getting his way.

BEN  
No - no. That wasn't the deal.

PARKER  
I'm in the middle of a family emergency.

BEN  
It'll be a bigger emergency when I kill your fucking family.

PARKER  
I just need a few more hours -

BEN  
I DON'T FUCKING CARE! IF YOU'RE NOT THERE AT 1 AM, YOU'RE FUCKING DEAD. DO YOU HEAR ME?

He hangs up before Parker can reply. He's fuming, but underneath you can tell he doesn't have the stomach for this.

GRACE  
Babe, babe, listen - you can't let her hear you weak.

BEN  
(he will not do any of this)  
WEAK? WEAK? I'll kill her, I'll kill her whole FUCKING FAMILY -

Grace grabs his hand and puts it on her heart. Surprised, Ben just stares at her breasts.

GRACE  
Breathe with me.

They breathe. In and out. Ben's almost in a TRANCE.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Once you get mad, she has the upper hand. She could take it to the feds or try to sell it to someone else. You can't let her get you mad.

A beat.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
You're gonna get it back.

BEN  
I'm gonna get it back.

Grace kisses him softly.

GRACE  
That's my man.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT

Parker dials Hallie but the dial tone suddenly stops.

She glances down to see her phone POWERING DOWN at 60%.

She glances at the MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER JONATHAN LOWE grinning at her from a BUS STOP. That fucker HAUNTS her.

Parker lets out a SCREAM.

When it's out of her system, she collects herself and begins to walk.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD DINER - NIGHT

Parker stops in front of a 24 HOUR DINER and peeks inside. It's pretty dead. She goes in.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

There's a couple scattered DINERS seated at the counter, minding their own business.

Parker spies an OUTLET beside the booth in the back corner. She starts towards it, but is stopped by a waitress, DEE (50s, deeply bored with her life).

PARKER  
Can I get a table, please?

Dee gives her a onceover, eyes lingering on her feet, but nods.

DEE  
Follow me.

PARKER  
Could I take that table in the back? I need to charge my phone.

INT. DINER - BACK BOOTH - NIGHT

Parker slides in and plugs in Mark's charger that she stole. Dee hands her a menu.

DEE  
Can I get you anything to drink?

PARKER  
Just a coffee.

Dee nods, but doesn't walk away.

Parker notices her staring.

DEE  
Hon, you're barefoot.

Parker looks down at her feet, startled. She's been so preoccupied, she hadn't noticed.

PARKER  
I am? I am.

DEE  
Are you...alright? You're bleeding.

PARKER  
Where?

Dee points to her forehead.

Parker puts a hand to her the gash on her face and stares at the blood.

PARKER (CONT'D)

...oh.

She tries to come up with an explanation, but she's a little dazed.

PARKER (CONT'D)

I - my boyfriend - I mean my ex...

DEE

Where are you coming from?

PARKER

Over on, um, 1st...

DEE

I'll get you some water.

PARKER

I'm fine -

Dee isn't listening.

INT. DINER - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dee walks behind the counter. RON (60s, chill fry cook) works at the grill beside her.

RON

I told you to stop letting in homeless.

DEE

She's not homeless. I think she was attacked. She needs help.

RON

Do not get involved.

He turns back to his burgers.

DEE

Ron.

Ron doesn't turn around.

DEE (CONT'D)

Ron, she's not wearing shoes. And

do you know where she came from?

1st avenue. You know what stops on 1st avenue?

RON  
Don't borrow trouble.

DEE  
THE L TRAIN.

RON  
You need to stop listening to true  
crime podcasts.

DEE  
Ron, I'm serious. What he tried to  
kill her and she got away? What if  
she needs our help?

RON  
If she'd just run away from a  
serial killer, she'd be shouting it  
from the rooftops, not charging her  
phone.

DEE  
She's obviously a prostitute. She's  
probably afraid of cops.

RON  
Obviously.

INT. DINER - BACK BOOTH - NIGHT

Her phone turned on again, Parker tries Hallie. It rings, but  
goes to voicemail.

PARKER  
Hallie, please call me back. I need  
help. I texted you my address. It's  
an emergency, for real this time.  
Fuck - *Ladybird Slay Pudding*  
*Dessert*. Do you hear me? LADY BIRD  
SLAY PUDDING DESSERT.

She doesn't notice Dee approaching the table with a glass of  
water.

Dee sets it down and Parker hangs up.

DEE  
I'll be back with your coffee.

INT. DINER - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dee returns to Ron.

DEE

Ron, she's spouting nonsense. I think she has a head injury.

RON

Why don't you try talking to her before you jump to conclusions?

INT. DINER - BACK BOOTH - NIGHT

Parker ices HER PARTY KNEE with the water glass, trying Hallie again. It rings and rings...

INT. HALLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Hallie drives with A MOTHER, FATHER, AND LITTLE BOY in the backseat.

MOTHER

So the plan tomorrow is to go to the Museum of Natural History and then Serendipity -

Hallie's phone rings. She has no choice but to take the call on speaker. She turns to face the passengers.

HALLIE

Would you guys mind keeping it down, for just, like, a second?

The family stares at her open-mouthed.

HALLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(thankyousomuch)

Just like *one second*.

(answers call)

Hello?

INTERCUT:

PARKER

Hallie? Thank god. Did you get the address?

HALLIE

Yeah, but traffic's bad. I'll be there in, like, 20.

(aggressive smile to passengers, thumbs up, mouthing)

FIVE STARS?!

PARKER  
Hurry. Travis stole the tube.

HALLIE  
What?

Hallie awkwardly gestures for the family to help themselves to the candy console as if that would make up for this.

PARKER  
He STOLE the TUBE.

Dee sets her coffee down, eavesdropping.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
I have to go.

She hangs up. Sets the glass back on the table.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

DEE  
I also brought you these.

She sets a pair of PURPLE CROCS on the floor beside Parker's feet.

DEE (CONT'D)  
They're my rest shoes, but I thought you might need 'em.

PARKER  
(touched)  
Thank you.

She slips her feet into them. While she's distracted, Dee sits down across from her.

DEE  
I'm sorry to bother you, but I'm a mom so I worry - are you alright, dear?

Maybe it's because it's the first time someone has shown her genuine kindness in ages, or maybe Parker's crazy night is catching up to her - Parker tears up.

You can tell it's real because she looks away and immediately tries to hide it.

PARKER  
I'm fine. Just had a rough night.

Dee nudges the coffee forward.

DEE  
Drink. Get something warm in you.

Parker drinks.

DEE (CONT'D)  
Is there someone I can call to come  
help you? Maybe your parents?

PARKER  
No. They're not...my friend is  
coming to pick me up.

DEE  
Not that boyfriend I hope.

Parker stares at her. Dee leans back, knowing she  
overstepped.

DEE (CONT'D)  
Can I get you anything to eat?

PARKER  
I only have enough cash for a  
coffee.

DEE  
I'll get you some eggs on the  
house.

Parker opens her mouth to protest, but she's so hungry she  
can't argue.

PARKER  
Thank you.

DEE  
What happened to your shoes?

Parker starts laughing at how fucking stupid the situation  
is.

PARKER  
I don't know! He threw me against  
the wall and I blacked out and I  
came to on a pile of garbage  
barefoot. I don't know if he  
thought I was dead, or if he just  
left me there but...

She realizes she's said too much.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Can I use your bathroom?

DEE  
Right behind you, second door on  
the left.

INT. DINER - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dee practically sprints back to Ron.

DEE  
She just told me. He left her for  
dead and she survived.

RON  
Wait *what*?

DEE  
(thrilled)  
I'm calling 9-1-1.

INT. DINER - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Parker stares at herself in the dirty bathroom mirror.

She looks like HELL.

She reaches under the sink and grabs an old FIRST AID KIT.

She dampens a paper towel and touches it to the gash on her forehead.

It's excruciatingly painful.

PARKER  
FFFFFF - AH!

Wincing, she applies some antiseptic and then a bandaid. It's the best she can do given the circumstances.

Then, she wipes off the melted liner underneath her eyes.

Runs her fingers through her hair until the knots come out.

Until she looks somewhat less crazed.

Somewhat.

INT. DINER - BACK BOOTH - NIGHT

Parker returns to her seat as Dee brings her a hot plate of scrambled eggs.

DEE  
Here you go. Ron's specialty.

PARKER  
You really didn't have to do this,  
thank you.

DEE  
After what you went through honey,  
it's the least I can do.

Parker doesn't know what that comment means, but is too hungry to question it. She scarfs the eggs down.

In the distance, she can hear SIRENS. But it's New York. There's always some kind of siren going.

But this siren's getting CLOSER and CLOSER.

Until Parker can see RED BLINKING LIGHTS outside the diner. And the ambulance isn't passing, it's PARKING.

Parker gets up and goes to Dee.

PARKER  
Is someone hurt? Did you call an ambulance?

DEE  
Hon, I don't want to scare you, but we thought it'd be best for you to get checked out by professionals.

PARKER  
WHAT?

She staggers backward.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
WHAT? I'm fine.

DEE  
Calm down, dear. You were attacked. You're in a state of shock.

PARKER  
What are you talking about?

The MEDICAL TEAM is walking through the door. Behind them are TWO COPS.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
You're fucking kidding me. You're  
fucking kidding me.

She SPRINTS OUT THROUGH THE BACK.

DEE  
HONEY! HONEY, WAIT!

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Parker runs down a dark alley in crocs.

They're too big for her and not meant for running. She struggles to keep them on.

Is anyone behind her? She can hear yelling. Is that for her? She doesn't know. She doesn't care.

A CATCALLER WOLF-WHISTLES as she passes.

EXT. 1ST AVE - NIGHT

Parker walks down 1st Avenue. She calls Hallie again.

PARKER  
Hallie? I moved. Just track my  
location.

She does not notice the BLACK SUV pulling up behind her.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
How far are you -

A MAN grabs her and shoves her inside. She's too caught off guard to fight him.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

The man sets Parker in the middle seat, she tries to reason with him.

The DRIVER is blasting JOE ROGAN on Spotify.

PARKER  
Please, please, you're making a  
mistake. I'm not -

JAY (O.S.)  
Parker. Long time.

Parker stills.

She slowly turns around to see JAY (40s, elegant and calculating with a Tom Cruise-esque mania behind the eyes) grinning at her.

This is the motivational speaker from all the posters. His teeth are blindingly white in person.

JAY (CONT'D)  
I'm glad I finally got ahold of you.

His DRIVER starts driving. Parker is sandwiched between Jay and his goon. She tries not to panic.

PARKER  
How did you find me?

JAY  
I waited by your apartment for a while, and then I figured you were probably at your idiot boyfriend's. And what do you know?

PARKER  
I'm sorry about the text stuff. I -

JAY  
The "text stuff?" You mean you blocking me?

PARKER  
I was just dealing with - a lot, and -

JAY  
I say this thing to my guys a lot - *think global, act local*. Society is pushing men into the background. And that's cool, that's fine, we've only been leading for a cool 200,000 years or so, but sure, let's let the pronoun people give it a whirl. And we can't control where the culture is pushing us, but what we can control is how we react to it. Think global, act local. Show them they're making a mistake through good actions.

(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)  
So when I very nicely and very generously loan an escort \$10,000, I consider it a good deed.

PARKER  
Jay -

JAY  
And when said escort doesn't pay me back, you know what society will say? *Good for her. She is "mothering."* But did she go on an East Florida motivational tour to earn that \$10,000?

PARKER  
Can you just -

JAY  
*Did she?*

PARKER  
No?

JAY  
*No. She didn't. But I'm the evil bad guy for wanting the money that I made back and being a little upset when I'm forced to chase it for months.*

PARKER  
I have the money.

JAY  
Oh good, did you tuck it into your crocs?

PARKER  
I have a painting. It's a Manet, worth \$50 million. I'm supposed to make an exchange for the money tonight at 1 am. I was waiting to get it before I told you, I swear to god.

Jay watches her curiously.

JAY  
You never stop fighting, do you?  
You're a little fighter.

Jay considers this. It really seems like she's telling the truth...

JOE ROGAN

*...They live off the land, he eats caribou and fish. And his whole life is like hunting and gathering. And he's like this is how people are supposed to - and this is a very intelligent man. Very articulate.*

JAY

Where's the painting?

PARKER

What?

JAY

Where's this Manet?

PARKER

I hid it.

(then)

I mean - I can't be running around New York with an original *Manet*.

Jay taps his nose, chuckling to himself.

JAY

You're good at bullshitting. You almost had me.

Parker thrusts out the WATCH she stole from Mark.

PARKER

In the mean time, I have this. It's worth at least two thousand -

Jay just keeps laughing.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Where are you taking me?

Jay doesn't answer.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Jay? Jay, *please*. I know it was fucked in the end, but think about all the nights we spent together. You *know* me.

Jay says nothing.

Parker looks desperately at his goon who just stares straight ahead.

She's so fucked.

JOE ROGAN (V.O.)  
*So when you hear him talk, he's not  
some weirdo who lives in the woods.  
This is a guy that recognizes  
there's something that resonates  
with humans, this life, you're  
connected the way you're supposed  
to be.*

Parker's hand brushes against the GUN in her pocket.

She glances at Jay, as if he somehow has X-RAY vision and can see inside her jacket. But he's enraptured by Joe's soliloquy.

Slowly, so slowly, Parker gently reaches into her pocket and wraps her fingers around the handle. Puts her index finger on the trigger.

For a beat, she hesitates. But she's out of options.

IN A FLASH, Parker removes the gun from her pocket and SHOOTS JAY IN THE LEG.

A FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD shoots out of Jay's THIGH.

JAY  
FUCK! FUCK, DID YOU JUST SHOOT ME?

Blood FLIES in Parker's EYE -

PARKER  
Oh, fuck!

Distracted, the driver narrowly SWERVES away from an oncoming car -

ONLY TO GET T-BONED BY A CAB coming from the other direction.

The SUV SKIDS across the road, WHIPPING IN CIRCLES.

Parker holds onto the front seat for DEAR LIFE -

Then, the car stops.

It takes everyone a second to get their bearings as we hear -

JOE ROGAN

*He thinks that what we've done by creating cities and electricity and electronics and, you know, social media, and all the bullshit that we deal with today - that we've disconnected ourselves from the things that really make us human. And that his life is more connected to it. But there's even a deeper connection, and that's how the NA'VI live.*

The goon beside her is UNCONSCIOUS. Parker slowly unbuckles her seatbelt, reaches over the goon to unlock his door -

JAY

You - fucking - bitch -

Parker opens the door and crawls over the goon. Jay tries to grab her leg, but Parker KICKS HIM IN THE FACE and jumps out.

EXT. THIRD AVE INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Parker falls onto her hands and knees. She slowly gets to her feet, party knee wobbling.

Looks around, a PEDESTRIAN has their phone to their ear calling 911.

Parker hobbles away.

EXT. THIRD AVE - NIGHT

Parker jogs down the sidewalk. It's busy with NIGHTLIFE. She checks her phone - the SCREEN IS CRACKED, but it still works. Small miracles.

She needs to rest.

She ducks into the least likely place they'd find her -

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Almost as bad as the M&M store.

A hole in the wall that's PACKED TO THE BRIM with people. It is decorated with shitty Party City streamers and galaxy lights.

A REALLY DRUNK GUY stands on a makeshift stage against the rear wall, singing Lana Del Rey's "Born to Die" in a BORED MONOTONE.

DRUNK GUY  
*...The road is long/ We carry on/  
 Try to have fun in the mean time...*

Parker worms her way through the crowd. DRUNK REVELERS sing along - sloppy, emotional. They HOWL the lyrics in a JOINT CATHARSIS.

DRUNK GUY (CONT'D)  
*Come take a walk on the wild side/  
 Lemme kiss you hard in the pouring  
 rain/ You like your girls  
 insaaaane...*

Parker makes it to the bar in the far corner. It's a little quieter over here. Just a little.

DRUNK GUY (CONT'D)  
*Choose your last words/ This is the  
 last time/ Cause you and I/ We were  
 born to die.*

Parker sits down on an empty stool and catches her breath. Stretches her knee. Checks her phone, still nothing from Hallie. Checks Travis's location, still on the Lower East Side, hasn't moved.

She grabs a menu and pretends to look at her drink options even though she can't afford any of them.

Waiting for some guy to buy her a drink.

SHAWN (O.S.)  
 Can I buy you a drink?

Parker smiles and turns around to see SHAWN and ASHER (sweet, naive) coming to sit beside her.

They are very obviously 18 YEARS OLD. They are the most normal people in this movie.

Parker smiles.

PARKER  
 Sure.

SHAWN  
 What can I get you?

PARKER  
Vodka soda.

Shawn nods at the BARTENDER.

SHAWN  
Two please.

ASHER  
And a jack and coke.

PARKER  
How old are you guys?

SHAWN  
23.

He says it way too fast, but Parker plays along.

PARKER  
You have baby faces. What are your  
names?

SHAWN  
I'm Shawn.

ASHER  
I'm Asher. What's yours?

PARKER  
I'm Alice.

Parker extends a hand and they shake.

SHAWN  
What do you do for work?

PARKER  
I'm a research assistant. At the  
Met.

ASHER  
Woah, that's so sick!

SHAWN  
That's awesome.

PARKER  
It *is* awesome. I get so used to  
being there everyday, sometimes I  
forget.

SHAWN  
So you like art?

PARKER

There isn't a ton in the world that makes sense to me. But people wanting to create something better than themselves - that makes sense.

The bartender hands them their drinks. Parker watches Shawn sign the check without even looking at the price.

SHAWN

It's like that with music for me. We're in a band.

PARKER

Cute. What do you play?

SHAWN

I play guitar, Asher plays drums -

PARKER

I meant what kind of music!

SHAWN

Oh! Sort of like this oldies band - do you know *Weezer*?

PARKER

Is that why you guys went to a karaoke bar?

The music's loud, they can't hear her.

SHAWN

What?

PARKER

IS THAT WHY YOU GUYS WENT TO A KARAOKE BAR?

They laugh.

PARKER (CONT'D)

You're not from here, are you?

ASHER

Why do you say that?

Parker sips her drink.

PARKER

You just have that look in your eye. Like New York's gonna deliver everything you ever wanted. I had it too.

(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)  
(rueful)  
Don't worry, it goes away.

SHAWN  
WHAT'D YOU SAY?

Parker's phone lights up - texts from Hallie. She's here.

PARKER  
It's been a pleasure boys, but I  
gotta go.

Parker stands up.

SHAWN  
Wait!  
(trying to play it cool)  
I mean - you're fun to talk to.

PARKER  
Thanks.

SHAWN  
Can I have your number? Maybe we  
can hang out some time?

Parker considers.

PARKER  
How about you give me your number?

SHAWN  
Okay, sure! It's 555-2390.

PARKER  
See you around.

She starts to walk towards the door when ROCKBOTTOM KATIE, and her FRIEND GROUP walk in.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
You're fucking kidding me.

Rockbottom Katie has reached the rock bottom portion of the evening.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE  
(sobbing to friend)  
No one ever talks about how  
traumatizing it was for the people  
on the other side. I always knew  
her as Aunt Ghislaine, so when the  
news broke -  
(sees Parker)  
(MORE)

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE (CONT'D)  
EEEEEEEEE!!!!!! PARKER!!! YOU  
CAME!!!!!!

PARKER  
Yeah, I rallied.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE  
DID YOU TAKE MICAH'S GUN? He's  
suuuuuuper pissed that you took his  
gun. But I was like, if she took  
it, she obviously needs it for a  
good reason - *OH MY GOD!*

(she leans in closer)  
Do you see that girl with the pink  
hair behind me??! THAT'S THE GIRL!  
THAT'S LITTLE HITLER!

Parker glances behind her. A GIRL WITH PINK HAIR (20s) talks  
Robo Katie's tradcath friend. She doesn't look anything like  
Hitler.

PARKER  
I'm gonna run to the bathroom, I'll  
be right back.

ROCKBOTTOM KATIE  
Hey, how did you know we were gonna  
be at this -

Parker's already gone.

As Parker passes the pink haired girl, she hears a snippet of  
her conversation.

PINK HAIRRED GIRL  
Yeah, after I got rejected from art  
school...

Parker WHIPS her head back -

NO. Nope. She doesn't have time for this. She walks out the  
door.

INT. HALLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Hallie waits outside the karaoke bar, on her phone. We can  
see open tabs reading "*am I codependent or just a really good  
friend*" and "*lesbian masterdoc.*" She opens a new google  
search - "*is 25 old*"

Parker jumps in.

HALLIE

What's going on?

PARKER

38 Ludlow. Start driving.

INT/EXT. HALLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Hallie pulls out into traffic.

HALLIE

Parker. You said Ladybird slay  
pudding dessert.

PARKER

I went to Travis for help and he  
stole the painting.

HALLIE

WHAT?

PARKER

He's at his dumbass friend  
Brendan's Y2K party. Probably  
because he has no idea what the  
fuck to do with a \$50 million  
painting himself.

Hallie glances at the bandaid on Parker's forehead.

HALLIE

What happened?

PARKER

Oh, that's just from Travis  
throwing me into a wall. I'm fine.

HALLIE

And you want to go *find him*?

PARKER

That painting is the only thing  
that matters. I need that money.

HALLIE

For rent? It's not worth -

PARKER

I stole \$10,000 from a client a few  
months ago. Borrowed it. I meant to  
borrow it, but I couldn't pay it  
back.

HALLIE

\$10,000? What did you do with  
\$10,000?

PARKER

Paid my rent, bought nice clothes,  
tried to groom myself into a  
productive member of society but  
the only version of me that people  
are interested in "whore." So  
fucking drive.

EXT. BRENDAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Parker gets out of Hallie's car.

PARKER

Wait here. If I'm not back in  
twenty minutes, call for help.

Parker walks up the steps - there's already a rock wedged in  
the door. She goes inside.

INT. BRENDAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Parker opens the door - unlocked - into TRAVIS'S RAGING Y2K  
PARTY.

She opens a door into a -

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

- And makes a beeline for the closet. Nope, these are men's  
clothes. She walks out.

INT. OTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

This is a woman's bedroom. Parker opens the closet door and  
finds women's shoes.

Parker quickly takes the crocs off and swaps them for a PAIR  
OF CONVERSE.

INT. BRENDAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Crammed with 20-SOMETHINGS decked out in late 90s memorabilia  
partying like the computer overlords are about to put them to  
death.

Parker looks around the party for Travis and Brendan, but they're nowhere to be found. She checks the Find My app, but it can't pinpoint the exact location beyond the address.

Then Parker spies ALLY (mid 20s, basic, Brendan's girlfriend, Britney costume) across the room.

PARKER

Ally! Hey!

ALLY

Parker! It's so good to see you.

PARKER

You too. Have you seen Travis and Brendan anywhere?

ALLY

They went out onto the roof for some alone time. The bromance is real.

Parker laughs along with her.

PARKER

So true.

ALLY

We gotta do another double date soon.

PARKER

100%.

Ally's phone lights up and Parker watches her unlock it to read a text.

PARKER (CONT'D)

You wanna do shots?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ally sets her phone on the COUNTER to pour them each tequila shots.

ALLY

1...2...3! Wooooo!

They giggle.

SOME GUY (O.S.)

Yo Ally!

ALLY

Hi Tim!!

Ally turns, Parker swipes her phone.

PARKER

I'm gonna run to the bathroom, I'll be right back.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Parker unlocks Ally's phone using her passcode and sends a text to Brendan - *"can u come downstairs for a sec? need help"*

He texts back - *"be right there"*

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Parker returns to Ally, who is looking around the countertop.

ALLY

Have you seen my phone?

PARKER

I don't know if it's yours, but someone's phone is on the shelf out there.

While Ally goes to look for it, Parker walks out into the -

INT. BRENDAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A few seconds later, BRENDAN (mid 20s, the Butthead to Travis's Beavis) walks in. Parker hides her face as he passes.

BRENDAN

Ally?

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Parker exits Brendan's place to head up the stairs as a DRUNK GIRL (20s) teeters on the edge of the landing, talking to her friend below.

DRUNK GIRL

HANG ON A SEC, I'M COMING WITH YOU!

She starts to walk down to meet her friend, but her legs are wobbly and she loses her balance.

Almost in slow motion, her RIGHT LEG GIVES OUT underneath her and is about to send her tumbling down the stairs - WHEN PARKER GRABS HER AND PULLS HER TO SAFETY.

The girl catches her breath with a little laugh, but Parker isn't smiling.

PARKER

Do you know how fucking stupid that was? Do you realize if I hadn't been here, you would have fallen and your life would be *fucked*?

The girl laughs uneasily at her, like *okay, weirdo*. But Parker keeps going.

PARKER (CONT'D)

You would have FUCKED yourself. And you couldn't take it back, no matter how hard you wished you could. You'd spend the rest of your life wishing you could.

(softer)

I was gonna be an Olympian.

DRUNK GIRL

Get the fuck away from me.

She disappears back into the apartment.

A beat as Parker watches her go, then continues up the stairs.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Parker climbs the last flight of stairs to ascend to the -

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Parker opens the door to find Travis sitting in a foldout chair, the TUBE on the ground beside him.

TRAVIS

Did you get more beer -

He stops when he sees her, his mouth falling open.

PARKER

Why'd you take my shoes?

TRAVIS  
...I dunno.

Parker takes a step towards him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
I was trying to slow you down.

PARKER  
I want my painting back.

Travis picks up the tube protectively.

TRAVIS  
Come get it.

Parker removes the GUN from her pocket and points it at him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
JESUS CHRIST!

PARKER  
Give it to me.

TRAVIS  
Is that loaded?!

PARKER  
Throw it to me.

She extends her hand out. Travis ignores her.

TRAVIS  
There's no way - you're fucking  
with me.

PARKER  
Fucking try me.

TRAVIS  
You're a crazy bitch, you know  
that? You're *out of your mind*.

But he tosses her the tube. She catches it.

But she's not as satisfied as she hoped she'd feel.

PARKER  
Take off your shoes.

TRAVIS  
What?

PARKER

Now.

TRAVIS

You're gonna kill me if I don't  
take off my shoes?

PARKER

No, I'm gonna shoot you in the leg.  
Have fun paying for the ambulance.

Travis reluctantly takes his shoes off.

TRAVIS

Happy now?

PARKER

Throw them to me.

He does. But she still isn't satisfied.

A beat.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Strip.

TRAVIS

What?

PARKER

Take all your fucking clothes off,  
or I swear to god, I will shoot you  
in the thigh.

TRAVIS

You're bluffing.

Parker starts toward him, out of patience.

PARKER

You have no idea what I'm capable  
of.

Travis, a little frightened despite himself, begins to take  
his clothes off.

Parker says nothing, just watches as he removes his jacket,  
shirt, and jeans, until he stands only in his -

PARKER (CONT'D)

Boxers too.

TRAVIS

It's fucking 40 degrees outside.

PARKER

*Do it.*

Travis does. He stands naked before her, shivering in the cold. She devours him with her eyes.

Then, she grabs his clothes, and THROWS THEM OVER THE LEDGE.

TRAVIS

You CRAZY FUCKING WHORE -

PARKER

Bye, Travis.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Parker hides the tube in her jacket and locks the rooftop door. She hurries down the stairs.

On her way down, she shields her face as Brendan passes her.

When she's half a flight below him, he turns back in recognition, and then SPRINTS UP THE STAIRS -

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Parker emerges from the building and jumps back into Hallie's car.

PARKER

I got it!

INT/EXT. HALLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Hallie races through the city.

Parker uncaps the tube and gently rolls out the painting to look at the gentleman in the hat.

As if to make sure he's still there.

And he is, watching her knowingly.

A beat as she takes in this legendary piece of artwork. As an art nerd, holding something like this in your hands is unimaginable. And in a matter of minutes, Parker's just gonna give it away.

They pass a series of Jonathan Lowe posters papered against a chain link fence and an IDEA seizes Parker.

PARKER  
Pull over for one sec.

INT/EXT. HALLIE'S CAR - LATER

Hallie pulls up to East River Park.

PARKER  
We're early.

HALLIE  
How are you so calm?

PARKER  
Stay in the car. I'm gonna scope  
out a hiding place.

She starts to get out when -

BANG! BANG!

Hallie's back window SHATTERS.

Hallie ducks and SCREAMS.

Parker looks back to see FRANK coming towards them on a motorcycle.

She jumps back in the car.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Go! GO!

INT/EXT. HALLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Hallie floors it through the EAST VILLAGE, Frank close behind her.

PARKER  
How the fuck did he find me?

HALLIE  
HE'S NOT WITH THE ART PEOPLE?

PARKER  
Go right, go right!

INT/EXT. HALLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Hallie hits complete gridlock. Rows of cars aimlessly honk, going nowhere.

PARKER  
FUCK!

She looks back, Frank is weaving between cars behind them.  
He's a HAIR'S DISTANCE AWAY FROM THEM.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
We have to run.

HALLIE  
WHAT?

PARKER  
C'mon -

Frank FIRES, a bullet hits the WINDSHIELD.

Parker and Hallie duck.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
You need to trust me. We have to go  
now.

HALLIE  
I can't leave my car, it's all I  
have -

ANOTHER GUNSHOT.

Parker gets out. Hallie reluctantly follows, left with no  
choice.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT

Parker and Hallie run, dodging PARTIERS.

GUY  
Watch where you're going!

PARKER  
This way!

Frank jumps off his motorcycle and takes after them on foot.

HALLIE  
Parker - Parker, I can't run -

Parker spies a -

EXT. GAY CLUB - NIGHT

A BOUNCER stands with a line of PEOPLE outside.

PARKER  
In here!!

WOMAN IN LINE  
How long is this gonna take?

While bouncer turns to address her, Parker and Hallie run inside.

Frank right after them.

BOUNCER  
Hey, STOP!

INT. GAY CLUB - NIGHT

Parker and Hallie enter a PULSING GAY CLUB. It is a vibe. Neon everywhere, THRONGS OF MEN (and straight women who think they're unique) dance their fucking hearts out to Reba's cover of "You Keep Me Hangin' On."

So many people packed into the space, there's barely enough room to breathe, let alone run.

Parker grabs Hallie's hand and pulls them through the rush of the crowd. Frank's head bobs somewhere the sea behind them.

They reach the rear edge of the dance floor and continue through a door marked EMPLOYEES ONLY -

INT. CLUB - CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

Parker and Hallie stumble into a small DRESSING AREA where a two DRAG PERFORMERS are applying makeup.

They stop and look at them. KARMA EMISSIONS (30s) cocks her head.

KARMA  
Can I help you?

It takes Parker a second to catch her breath.

PARKER  
I'm sorry. My ex is stalking me, we ran in here to hide.

CONNIEPIN (30s) stands up.

CONNIEPIN  
Shit, are you okay?

PARKER  
I'm fine, he's just right behind us-

The DOOR starts to open, Karma shuts it.

KARMA  
PERFORMERS ONLY!

INT/EXT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank shoves himself against the door.

CONNIEPIN  
Security!

Karma rolls her eyes.

KARMA  
*Please.*

She opens the door just a crack so she can make eye contact with Frank.

KARMA (CONT'D)  
Get the fuck outta my club.

FRANK  
Stay out of this -

KARMA  
Take one step closer and I will drive my stiletto through you fucking eye.

Finally, the BOUNCER catches up and GRABS HIM.

KARMA (CONT'D)  
Get him out of here, Rob.

BOUNCER  
There were girls -

KARMA  
They're with us.

Karma shuts the door, and turns back to Parker and Hallie.

KARMA (CONT'D)  
You can go out the back.

PARKER

*Thank you. Thank you so much.*

KARMA

*Girls gotta stick together.*

CONNIEPIN

*Karma, we're on.*

KARMA

*Come back some time and see the show!*

They walk out the door, leaving Hallie and Parker are alone.

PARKER

*Let's go, we can still make it -*

But Hallie doesn't move.

HALLIE

*Are you joking?*

PARKER

*All that's left is to exchange the painting.*

HALLIE

*My car is gone. I've had it since I was 16. That was my *livelihood*.*

PARKER

*I'm really sorry, we can buy you a new car -*

Hallie is struck by just how little Parker seems to care.

HALLIE

*You don't give a shit.*

PARKER

*Of course I -*

HALLIE

*I drove you all over the city tonight. I told you I had a callback and that I was scared but you insisted it was an emergency so I came. I *always* come.*

PARKER

*Hallie, I hear you, but we have to go now -*

HALLIE

I always come! Because you're my best friend and I'd do anything for you! But you'd never ever do that for me.

PARKER

I can't do this right now.

She turns, but Hallie yanks her back.

PARKER (CONT'D)

I NEED TO GET TO THE FUCKING PARK!

HALLIE

What if there's a reward? What if you call the FBI and tell them you found it?

PARKER

No reward is gonna be worth -

HALLIE

You think they're actually going to give that money to you? They're going to fuck you over or...worse, can't you see that?

PARKER

This is my only chance. Without that money, I have *nothing*.

HALLIE

You're fucking LOSING IT.

PARKER

I'M SORRY HALLIE, I'M SORRY I'M TIRED OF FUCKING SHITTY MEN AND LIVING IN A SHITTY APARTMENT AND HAVING A SHITTY LIFE -

HALLIE

Do you think you're the only person in the world whose life sucks? Do you think you're *special*?

(then)

Just because you want to blow up your life, doesn't mean I do.

Now, Parker's *really* mad.

PARKER

(icy)

And do you think you're actually gonna be an actor? Still? You've been trying for THREE YEARS, and the best you can do is a single callback? You're a mid actress AT BEST, and not hot enough for people to look past it. But whatever. Throw millions of dollars away and keep making fetish videos for divorced guys. Make sure to thank them for their support in your Oscar speech.

Hallie's eyes well up with tears. She's HEARTBROKEN.

Parker knows she went too far but says nothing.

They stare at each other. Hallie steels herself.

HALLIE

Even if you get that money, I want you out of the apartment tomorrow. We're done.

Parker goes.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT

Parker hurries towards East River Park. She checks Google Maps, she's still 30 minutes away on foot and she's out of money.

She opens her PHONE CONTACTS, looking for someone who can help. Realizes that without Hallie, she doesn't really have anyone.

And then she lands on "SHAWN KARAOKE."

Parker calls him. It rings twice, then he picks up. Parker's voice goes up two octaves.

PARKER

Hey, Shawn? It's Parker, from the bar...Yeah. Yeah, hiiii. Where are you guys right now?...Oh, *amazing*. Listen, I have a massive favor to ask. I was out with my friend in the village and she just ditched me and now I'm out of a ride.

(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)

Do you think you could call an Uber  
for me?...Really? Wow, that would  
be awesome. See you soon! Bye!

Parker's expression returns to neutral. She waits.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - LATER - NIGHT

An UBER pulls up beside her. Parker goes to the door.

PARKER

For Parker?

INT. UBER - NIGHT

PARKER

I need to change the drop off.

DRIVER

You have to do it through the app.

Parker shows him Mark's watch.

PARKER

I'll give you this watch.

EXT. PARKER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Hallie walks up the stoop, eyes red from crying.

JAY comes out of the shadows.

JAY

*Where is she?*

Hallie looks from Jay to the JONATHAN LOWE Flier on the telephone pole beside him.

Jay grins.

OFF HALLIE -

INT/EXT. UBER - NIGHT

Parker checks her phone. She notices a voicemail notification from 7 pm - she must have missed it when her phone died.

She clicks it and listens.

DELIA (V.O.)

Hi Parker, this is Delia. I thought a lot about our conversation this afternoon - you're right. It's an unfair system, and you deserve a chance to prove yourself. Our costume archive needs extra help for the upcoming gala in May - I'd like to offer you a contract job with the option of extension into full time employment if we feel this is a good fit. Thanks so much.

Parker stares at the phone.

A beat.

This is everything she ever wanted.

But that was before she knew she could do better.

Parker hits the CALL BACK icon.

INT. DELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Delia is asleep in bed.

Her phone rings loudly beside her. She jerks awake, a little frazzled, and answers.

DELIA

Hello?

INTERCUT -

PARKER

Hi Delia, I got your voicemail. My answer is no.

DELIA

I - what?

PARKER

My circumstances have changed. You can keep the minimum wage temp job.

DELIA

Parker that wasn't -

PARKER

This morning I would've leapt at the chance to prove myself to you. I would have done *anything*.

(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)

But you know what? It never really hit me until tonight that I have nothing to prove.

She hangs up.

The uber is a few blocks away from the park, in a sea of high rise buildings.

Parker glances out the window for any sign of Grace and Ben. Nothing.

PARKER (CONT'D)

This is fine.

She gets out.

EXT. HIGH RISE BUILDINGS - NIGHT

Parker hurries down the street towards the park.

EXT. EAST RIVER PARK - NIGHT

Parker creeps through the park, and selects A LARGE TREE a distance away from the MEETING POINT overlooking the water.

She moves to crouch behind it, then thinks better -

She darts to ANOTHER TREE, and HIDES THE PAINTING IN THE BRANCHES.

Then returns to her own.

EXT. EAST RIVER PARK - GRACE POV - NIGHT

Grace and Ben get out of their SUV and walk towards the meeting point. Grace carries the DUFFEL full of money.

BEN

I don't see her.

GRACE

She'll come, baby, she'll come.

A MOTORCYCLE sounds in the distance.

EXT. EAST RIVER PARK - FRANK POV - NIGHT

Frank rolls up a little ways behind them and gets off.

He sees Parker isn't at the meeting point, his eyes darting to the darkened trees around them.

EXT. EAST RIVER PARK - PARKER POV - NIGHT

Parker presses against the tree trunk, holding her breath as she watches Frank start towards her with his gun.

He checks one tree, then another.

It's like he can *sense* her.

She forces her hand to stop shaking as she readies her gun -

BEN

*Who the fuck is that?*

EXT. EAST RIVER PARK - GRACE POV - NIGHT

Ben spots Frank near the meeting point.

BEN

He has a fucking gun -

Grace SHOOTS BEN IN THE GROIN.

Parker nearly screams, clasping a hand over her mouth.

Ben falls to the ground, holding his dick in his hands.

BEN (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK???

GRACE

(genuinely apologetic)

I'm sorry, hon.

BEN

I don't - understand...

Grace drops beside him, cups his cheek in her hand.

GRACE

It wasn't supposed to be like this.  
My guys were gonna grab it from her  
and it would have been wrapped up  
in a few minutes.

BEN

You - you *did* this on purpose?!

(tearful)

On my *birthday*?

GRACE

It would have been fine if she'd  
just let it go.

BEN

You think I was gonna keep you  
around after one of my paintings  
got stolen?

Grace pats his head affectionately.

GRACE

You'd forgive me. You always do.

Grace shoots him in the HEAD. He bleeds out on the ground as  
Frank walks over to her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What the fuck happened? You were  
supposed to rob her on the train.

FRANK

She's slippery.

GRACE

Where's Joe?

FRANK

Dead.

GRACE

Jesus Christ.

FRANK

She's tougher than she looks.

GRACE

Is she here yet?

Frank looks around.

FRANK

Probably.

Parker is terrified.

Her phone rings - BUZZ BUZZ!

Parker answers, hand shaking -

GRACE

Are you here, Parker? Are you  
hiding somewhere?

Parker forces herself to be strong.

PARKER  
Send me the money.

GRACE  
Uh-uh. I want proof of life. Come out and get it.

Parker slowly gets to her feet. Takes a deep breath, then steps out from behind the tree. They turn to look at her.

She takes a few steps towards them, but still maintains a decent distance.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Where's the painting?

PARKER  
Where's the money?

Grace kicks the duffel bag towards her.

GRACE  
Your turn.

But something's off.

PARKER  
Open it.

GRACE  
You don't trust me, Parker?

PARKER  
Open it.

A beat.

There is no money in that duffel bag.

There was never any money.

The realization hits hard and fast.

A \$50 million dream dead.

But Parker can't let the devastation linger too long as -  
Frank and Grace raise their GUNS at her. Parker points her gun at Grace.

FRANK  
Drop it.

Parker is outnumbered. She does.

GRACE  
Give me the painting, Parker.

PARKER  
You kill me, you'll never find it.

FRANK  
GIVE HER THE FUCKING PAINTING!

Parker looks between them. She knows she's cornered.

PARKER  
Fine!  
(then)  
Fine, okay. I hid in that tree.

Parker points to the TREE about ten paces behind her.

Grace stares at her, trying to suss her out, maybe a little amused.

GRACE  
Go check, Frank.

Frank is skeptical but does as he's told. Grace keeps her gun trained on Parker.

Grace and Parker watch each other as Frank walks step by step towards the tree.

Parker's heart is beating out of her chest.

THEN -

FRANK  
It's there.

Grace smiles, relaxes just slightly.

GRACE  
Did you actually think we were just gonna put \$50 million in your bank account? Like your fucking fairy godmother?

Parker is silent.

Frank uncaps the poster tube, unrolls the canvas -

GRACE (CONT'D)  
In our line of work hon, you can never let yourself get cocky -

FRANK  
WHAT THE FUCK?

REVEAL: The "CANVAS" IS THAT STUPID JONATHAN LOWE POSTER.

Startled, Grace turns to Frank and Parker seizes the opportunity to RUN.

EXT. PARK - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Parker SPRINTS down the esplanade as Grace and Frank take off behind her.

As she runs, she pulls out THE REAL CANVAS rolled up against her back and clutches it tight.

PARKER  
FUCK!

HER GODDAMN FUCKING PARTY KNEE IS FLARING UP AGAIN. She has to STOP.

Parker DUCKS BEHIND A TREE to wait for the pain to pass -  
Wait. She's not alone.

Beneath her is A WOMAN'S BODY WITH NO SHOES BESIDE HER.

Slowly, her head turns to the right and Parker comes face to face with THE L TRAIN SERIAL KILLER.

(He's just some white guy in his 30s like they all are.)

For a beat, they stare at each other in complete SHOCK.

*They are in walking distance of an L stop.*

Then, Parker gives him a short, sharp, SHOVE.

The L Train Serial Killer stumbles backward in surprise and Frank shoots him in the back.

Parker uses the distraction to take off running again.

There's an ON DUTY CAB across the street. It's so, SO CLOSE.

Parker laughs in disbelief as she nears it.

She did it. She actually got away with it.

EXT. CAB - NIGHT

Parker crosses the street, hurtling towards the cab, waving her arms like a maniac.

PARKER  
HEY! HEY! I NEED A RIDE -

The passenger door OPENS.

JAY GETS OUT.

Parker FREEZES.

Jay smiles.

JAY  
You're a lousy shot.

Parker starts to back up in the direction she was coming from. She awkwardly hides the painting behind her back.

PARKER  
Jay - Jay, listen to me. I'm sorry about the car, but I got the money. I got it! I just exchanged it, it's in my bank account. I can pay you a million for your trouble. More than that. However much you want. Jay.  
Jay, please -

JAY  
You really are so good at bullshit.

Parker turns around and RUNS back toward the river's edge.

Jay FIRES his gun, narrowly missing her.

But then Parker's back in GRACE AND FRANK'S CROSSHAIRS.

SHE'S CORNERED.

Parker turns to face the East River.

There's only one way out of this now.

She climbs up ONTO THE LEDGE as Grace, Frank, and Jay near.

She looks down at the East River.

It's pitch black, soft waves lapping.

Parker takes a shaky breath in.

All the noise and the movement and the pain and her heartbeat and her party knee and Hallie and Travis and fucking Hitler's granddaughter - everything dissipates except for this single moment. This is her swan song.

She makes a path in her mind. She tunes out the distractions.

Parker SOARS out in a forward dive over the river.

A pale apparition gliding across the water's inky surface.

Her body twists into a double SOMERSAULT. So precise, so fluid, a human ouroboros.

Her body straightens into a TWIST PIKE. Her form is breathtaking.

In the water's reflection, the lights of the city shimmer around her, welcoming her home.

This time, SHE LANDS IT FLAWLESSLY.

Parker disappears into the water with hardly a splash.

She was going to be an Olympian.

A beat.

A few air bubbles, and then nothing.

Jay, Grace, and Frank rush to look down from the ledge.

They wait for her to surface.

And wait.

And wait.

And wait.

CUT TO BLACK.

WE HEAR A GASP OF AIR -

THE END