

T H U M B

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IAG
Untitled Entertainment
Jen Au Management

A SEVERED THUMB...

... laid over butcher paper on a desk otherwise littered with CAR EQUIPMENT -- tools, detached radios, screws.

The thumb is bloody and pale. But otherwise well-groomed.

We stay ON IT as we hear several things happening O.S:

Footsteps.

GROANS of pain, muffled, from a room nearby.

Then a MALE VOICE:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Where's a pen? I need a pen.

More steps. Someone rummaging around, opening drawers.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
I need a pen! Shawn. Shawn. Shawn!
I need a --

A door OPENING. The groans of pain louder for a beat:

MALE VOICE 2 (O.S.)
What?!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
-- pen. I need a pen.

MALE VOICE 2 (O.S.)
What? I don't -- there. There's a
pen. I'm trying to stop a bleeding
here, Bug!

MALE VOICE 3 (O.S.)
(further away)
God-fucking-damn-it it hurts!

A door CLOSING. The groans muffled again behind the closed door.

More steps. More shuffling. We're still on the thumb.

Suddenly: someone DROPS A CARDBOARD BOX right in front of us, next to the thumb. A YOUNG MAN with a BUZZCUT -- we see him from behind only -- plops on a chair.

He holds a pen to a label on top of the box. Hesitates.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Shawn! What's the address again?!
Shawn! Shawn! Sha --

Door opening again. Louder groans. FEMALE VOICE now:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 What the fuck do you need?!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Address. The dad's office address.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Address.

MALE VOICE 2 (O.S.)
 3852 Olive Street, Unit 17 for
 fuck's sake, we're kind of busy
 here, Bug!

MALE VOICE 3 (O.S.)
Oh, God, I'm gonna pass out.

Door closes. Distant, faded, over the groans:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Put pressure on it! Put pressure,
 Shawn, he's going to bleed out!

MALE VOICE 2 (O.S.)
 I'm trying! I told you we didn't
 need to do the thumb!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 What, you wanna put it back now?!

Our buzzcut man turns back to the cardboard... then writes:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 8352 Olive Street. Unit 17.

He GRABS the thumb, wraps it in the butcher paper, stuffs it
 in the box. Slaps a stamp on it...

... and off he goes.

We stay behind. On the empty desk, slowly dripping blood from
 the severed thumb. The muffled groans of pain continue in the
 back.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD

T H U M B

CUT TO:

ADDIE...

... stares vacantly. She is in her late 20s. Her clothes are a number too big for her. She cuts her hair at home.

Someone's talking to Addie right now -- but we hear it faded and distorted, as if we're deep underwater.

Because Addie's not listening. Her eyes and attention are instead fixed on...

A COCKATIEL IN A CAGE

... just in front of her. It cocks its head, curious, staring back at Addie.

That voice keeps droning on somewhere O.S. but Addie ignores it, her eyes fixed on the cockatiel, unblinking.

She GETS UP. Slowly makes her way to it.

Opens the cage. Removes the cockatiel. Pets its head. Smiles at it.

DOUG (O.S.)
*... Addie, are you listening? What
 are you doing? Addie, what --*

Then BRINGS IT TO HER LIPS, opens WIDE, sticks its head inside her mouth, wraps her teeth around its neck and...

DOUG (O.S.)
*-- Hey, hey, what the fuck are you
 doing, Addie, what the fuck --!*

... JUST AS SHE BITES ITS HEAD OFF we --

DOUG (PRELAP)
 Addie.

CUT TO:

INT. HAPPY HAPPY SHOPPERS, MANAGER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Yanked from her daydream, Addie is back on her seat. She turns from the cockatiel in its cage, at the corner of this crammed office, back to...

... DOUG -- a skinny praying mantis of a man in his forties whose mustache threatens to take over his angular face whole. He wears an absurdly beige outfit that would be right at home in a 1970s bowling competition. His name tag reads:

HAPPY-HAPPY SHOPPERS -- REGIONAL MANAGER. :)

DOUG
Are you listening to me?

ADDIE
I wasn't, no. Sorry.

Addie studies the decor around: a BIRD CALENDAR. A row of STUFFED BIRD TOYS. A bird-themed WALL CLOCK.

ADDIE
You're very fond of birds, Doug.

DOUG
You -- yes. Yes, I am.

ADDIE
Is the trophy bird-related as well?

She asks, of a dusty trophy on his desk.

DOUG
It's for birding, yes.

ADDIE
Birding?

DOUG
The art of bird-watching. Listen, let's get back to --

ADDIE
Bird watching... that seems like something that would have a thriving community.
(beat)
Could I go bird-watching with you?
Is that something that has a thriving community?

DOUG

No. I mean, yes, the community is great, they got me through my divorce, if I'm honest, I --

(catches himself)

Addie. We're not here to talk about birds. We're here to talk about your performance.

ADDIE

Okay, but we'll be done with that soon, and then we can talk about --

DOUG

Listen.

Addie shuts up, looks down, nods. Doug turns his computer monitor towards her, hits play on SECURITY FOOTAGE of...

... Addie, working as a BAGGER at the end of a cashier line. A customer's bag RIPS and ALL HER GROCERIES fall on the floor, scattering.

DOUG

Do you think this is appropriate behavior for a Happy Happy Shoppers employee?

Onscreen, the customer kneels and begins collecting her things back in her bag. Addie stands two feet from her, looking down but not moving a muscle to help.

ADDIE

(genuinely unsure)

... no?

DOUG

What do you think you should have done in this situation?

The longer the scene plays out onscreen the more ridiculous it gets that Addie is just standing there watching, not helping.

ADDIE

(not sure)

I -- should have helped her?

DOUG

You should have helped her.

ADDIE

But when I tried to help a customer last week you said I shouldn't do it!

DOUG

Addie, you gave him advice on homemade hemorrhoid treatments. In front of other customers.

ADDIE

Yes, because he was buying Preparation H which by itself won't help! What I do with *my* hemorrhoids is --

DOUG

(hangs his head)

Jesus H. Christ -- Addie, I don't want to hear about your hemorrhoids.

ADDIE

I'm sorry.

DOUG

Just -- help the customers, okay?

ADDIE

But last week you said --

DOUG

Help them without talking. How about that?

ADDIE

Okay...

(beat)

Okay.

INT. HAPPY HAPPY SHOPPERS -- LATER

Addie bags groceries in silence for a SOCCER MOM. Her HUSBAND says something to her, she turns, smiles, they share a quick KISS.

Addie NOTICES, eyes on them as they kiss. Then quickly looks away.

The CASHIER notices Addie feeling down:

CASHIER

Doug give you a hard time?

Addie nods, doesn't reply.

Doug goes by in the back. They turn to look at him.

CASHIER

Don't mind him. He thinks he looks cool with that mustache -- no one told him he looks like if Geraldo Rivera decided to do porn.

Addie LAUGHS, then catches herself -- tries to stifle it.

SOCCER MOM

(to Addie)

Actually, can I get plastic for those?

Addie nods, still trying to stifle the laughter. Switches her groceries to a plastic bag.

SOCCER MOM

Thanks.

Again, Addie smiles and nods without saying a word.

EXT. HAPPY HAPPY SHOPPERS PARKING LOT -- AFTERNOON

End of afternoon. Shift over, Addie returns shopping carts to their place by the parking lot.

She pauses -- watches as families and couples pack into cars and drive away.

Looks down. A TINY SPIDER crawls its way past her foot.

Addie stares. Hovers her foot over the spider, ready to crush it...

A FLASH -- A MOBILE HOME

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD ADDIE sits on the floor of this piece of shit mobile home. Dirty, broken windows, stained curtains...

She tortures a SPIDER on the floor. Plucks its legs one-by-one. Playing with it like its a toy and not a living thing.

The spider wiggles in Addie's grasp. Little five-year-old Addie smiles, amused by its pain, fully detached.

She turns around to look at --

ADDIE

Mom. Dad. Look. Mom. Dad. Mom-Dad!

-- her junkie PARENTS. Out of focus. Passed out on the couch. Beer bottles scattered. She nudges their legs. They don't move.

Addie looks disappointed at the lack of attention. But not surprised.

She grabs a SYRINGE from the coffee table.

Turns back to the spider. Grabs it again. Points the needle, ready to resume her torture, and we go --

BACK TO SCENE

Addie takes A DEEP BREATH -- and if struggling *really hard* to contain the impulse...

... then finally pulls her foot away and lets the spider go. Turns around and --

-- collides with NATHAN, stepping out of the grocery store.

Nathan is in his thirties. His nice jawline, charming smile and six feet two stature have all conspired to give him the false impression that adult life is a lot easier than it really is.

ADDIE

Sorry -- I'm sorry!

NATHAN

It's okay. I'm okay.

She grabs his arm to keep from falling. They recompose themselves.

Addie notices her hand touching his very well-toned arm. He notices her noticing.

And then she notices *that* and quickly pulls away.

Nathan flashes a charming smile...

NATHAN

(re: nametag)

You okay... Addie?

Addie nods.

NATHAN

I'm Nathan. It's good to meet you.
Though I wish I hadn't almost
knocked you out doing it.

She chuckles. Says nothing.

NATHAN

Addie. I'm guessing that's short
for...?

Addie takes a moment to realize he's cuing her in:

ADDIE

Oh! Adeline. Yeah. Adeline --
Addie. It's a nickname.

NATHAN

It's a good one.

ADDIE

Thanks. I gave it to myself.

She looks around, worried. Nathan notices:

NATHAN

What?

ADDIE

What?

NATHAN

Why do you keep looking around?

ADDIE

It's just -- I'm not allowed to
talk to the customers.

NATHAN

What, is that like an actual rule
they have here?

Addie nods.

NATHAN

Well, that's not cool.

Addie's boss Doug steps out to inspect the shopping carts.
Addie nudges her head at him:

ADDIE

It's my boss' idea.

NATHAN

That him?

ADDIE

He thinks he looks cool with that mustache but he doesn't. He looks like if Geraldo Rivera decided to do porn.

Nathan laughs -- caught off-guard by her remark.

NATHAN

He does look like porn star Geraldo.

Addie is THRILLED he laughed at 'her' joke. She smiles, proud.

NATHAN

Well -- tell you what, I might have to start shopping somewhere else, then, cause I liked talking to you just now, Addie.

Nathan flashes a very charming smile --

NATHAN

See you around.

-- and walks away. Addie watches him go. Hesitates.

ADDIE

(a bit too loud)
See you around, too!

He turns back, frowns -- then smiles and waves.

EXT. SHITTY NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- EVENING

Addie rides her bike down a rundown street -- sidewalk crowded with tents, garbage, shopping carts.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Small, crammed and old, but well-cared for and generally clean.

Addie arrives home. Looks around at the quietness of her place.

QUICK CUTS

-Addie grabs PRINGLES CHIPS

-ICE CREAM

-M&Ms

-A 2 LITER BOTTLE OF COKE

CUT TO:

LATER

Addie sits on her modest couch watching a NATURE DOCUMENTARY. She alternates drinks of Coke, bites of M&Ms, ice cream and Pringles.

Onscreen, lions surrounds a zebra and go for the kill. Bloody teeth, skin ripping, flesh flying in bits.

Addie's 100% absorbed, almost in awe of the detached violence onscreen.

BEDROOM -- LATER

Addie sleeps by herself on a twin-sized bed. Next to her in bed, her phone plays a PODCAST Addie's no longer listening to:

PODCAST HOST (O.S.)
*-- for a lot of people social
interactions can feel daunting and
inscrutable, but that doesn't mean
they necessarily have to lead
lonely lives. If you're feeling
alone and disconnected from people,
there are things you can do to
improve your situation. Many
hobbies have thriving communities
that are very welcoming to --*

Addie turns around in bed, asleep.

INT. SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR, OFFICE -- MORNING

TYLER HENDERSON is 25-years-old and the kind of guy who has said the phrase "Do you know who my dad is?" at least twice in his life.

He's currently blindfolded and has BLOODY BANDAGES wrapped around his right hand. He's sweaty. He's bruised. He's tied to a chair. He looks unconscious.

We're in a crammed auto shop garage OFFICE -- old dusty files, tools and car-themed posters line the walls and shelves.

Facing Tyler are SHAWN -- 30s, generic sleeve tattoos, wants real bad to come across as tough but can't quite get it right...

... and DAKOTA -- 20s, piercings, streaks of green in her hair, the one who's actually in charge here.

An awkward silence for a beat.

Shawn CLEARS HIS THROAT. Once. Twice. VERY LOUDLY the third time...

... which wakes Tyler up with a start:

TYLER

What?!

(beat)

Oh...

Shawn turns to Dakota, uncertain. She nods her head towards Tyler, impatient. He grabs a water bottle, kneels in front of Tyler, presses it to his lips. Tyler pulls back.

SHAWN

It's water.

Tyler hesitates. Then drinks with the enthusiasm of a very thirsty man. Chokes on it a bit.

SHAWN

You good?

Tyler nods. Shawn gets up. Turns to leave when...

TYLER

Hey.

Dakota and Shawn turn back to Tyler.

TYLER

I think it's infected, man.

SHAWN

What?

TYLER

My thumb. My hand. I have a fever.
I think it's infected.

DAKOTA

(eye-roll)

You don't have a *fever*. Don't be a
bitch.

TYLER

I'm pretty sure it's infected.

Shawn and Dakota exchange looks. She nudges her head again --
you do it.

Shawn crouches. Grabs the bandages and begins undoing them --

TYLER

Uuugh -- fuck!

Shawn gets to the hand -- and the stump where a thumb should
be:

It looks gross.

INT. SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR -- MOMENTS LATER

Shawn and Dakota close the door to the office and step out
into this small, greasy garage.

SHAWN

Pus means infected, right?

DAKOTA

Okay. So? There's nothing to do.

SHAWN

Couldn't he like, die?

DAKOTA

It's an infection, Bug's had an
infected tooth for three years now
and he's fine.

SHAWN

No, but, like, I think some
infections can kill you. Isn't that
what happened before they invented
penicillin and shit?

DAKOTA

Penicillin? What are you, a doctor
now?

SHAWN

No. I'm just saying --

DAKOTA

Then you don't know what the fuck
you're talking about! He's not
going to die!

BUG -- 20s, skinny, half-toothless, methamphetamine
enthusiast, the buzzcut guy we saw from behind in our intro --
emerges from a bathroom nearby, zipping up, wiry and fidgety
and talking fast:

BUG

Hey-ooo, you're outta toilet paper,
Shawn.

Tyler GROANS from behind the closed door.

BUG

What happened? Why do you look
worried? Is everything okay?!

SHAWN

We think his thumb might be
infected.

DAKOTA

It's not infected.

BUG

... the one we mailed off?

SHAWN

No, how would that even -- the
stump, the little -- whatever's
left of it.

BUG

Shit...
(long beat, eyes vacant)
Oh, shit.

SHAWN

Are you high, Bug?

BUG

No. Yeah, so?

SHAWN

It's 9 am.

BUG

Is he gonna die? Cause his father's like a big deal man, we can't have that kind of heat on us. I told you that when I agreed to the whole thing, man, I told you!

SHAWN

(to Dakota)

Maybe we can get a doctor to come here to --

DAKOTA

No! No one's coming here!

They turn to Dakota.

DAKOTA

Look. His dad's going to get the package today, right? With the... demands?

SHAWN

(to Bug)

You mailed that, right?

BUG

Shit, with a stamp on and everything.

Shawn turns to Dakota, who softens, approaches Shawn, tucks his hair behind his ear, playing to his ego:

DAKOTA

So there you go. Everything is fine.

(beat)

The man wants his son back, and not just the thumb. He'll take the money to the drop spot, we'll give his kid back and they'll go to the hospital together. No one is going to die, Shawn.

SHAWN

Right.

He composes himself.

SHAWN

Dakota's right. Let's hold tight. This will all be over tomorrow.

Tyler groans behind the closed door.

INT. TACKY MCMANSION, JACUZZI ROOM -- DAY

A naked man plunged deep in a regal-looking ice bath propped up on a marble platform, only his head and forearms out.

This is CAMERON HENDERSON -- 60s and balding from all the fucked up shit he's done to get to where he is.

We're in a vast, lavish JACUZZI ROOM off an equally huge sauna. This is a wealthy person's home.

Sitting next to Cameron on a wooden sauna bench outside the tub, DETECTIVE GARCIA -- early 30s, a rule-abider to a fault and eager to prove himself -- looks nervously at his notes.

Behind Garcia, DETECTIVE FINCH -- also 30s, graduated along with Garcia from the academy but with a lot less merits and a lot more friends -- paces around and studies the room behind ridiculously anachronistic aviator sunglasses.

DETECTIVE FINCH
(re: paintings on the
wall)
Are these originals? Aren't you
worried about the moisture?

Cameron ignores him, eyes closed, seemingly fully focused in his current activity of being very cold.

Detective Garcia looks down at his notepad. The note reads:

Drug connection?

He looks up at Cameron. Opens and closes his mouth a couple of times -- not sure how to start on the subject.

He takes a deep breath and, ever the professional, goes for it:

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Mr. Henderson -- there *is* one more
thing. It's my understanding that
Tyler had some... previous
interactions with the police
involving... controlled substances.
Of an illegal nature.

Nothing from Cameron. Garcia clears his throat, then continues:

DETECTIVE GARCIA
It's just that -- given the nature
of his relationship to... the
aforementioned substances...
(MORE)

DETECTIVE GARCIA (CONT'D)
is it worth exploring the
possibility that his disappearance
could be related to his
participation in activities
involving said substances? In a
commercial manner, I mean.

DETECTIVE FINCH
Mr. Henderson, I believe what my
partner is asking is if you think
your kid was dealing drugs before
he went missing.

Cameron opens his eyes. Throws an annoyed look at Finch.

CAMERON
I know what he was asking...
(beat)
You like using big words,
detective. That's a sign of
insecurity. You might want to look
into that.

Garcia pauses, unsure how to respond. Opens his mouth to
answer...

DETECTIVE GARCIA
I --

Cameron cuts him:

CAMERON
Tyler lost a quarter of a million
dollars in twelve minutes last year
investing in a cryptocurrency
called ButtLicker Coin.

A beat.

CAMERON
Does that sound like someone who's
running a secret drug empire to
you?

He takes a deep breath and lets it out irregularly --
struggling hard against the cold, but keeping a steady voice:

CAMERON
The boy's a smooth talker and he's
got a way with the ladies, I'll
give him that. But he's too much of
an idiot to be a drug dealer. An
addict? Sure. But not a dealer.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

And you mentioned there's been no contact from anyone with demands or anything of the like since he failed to return home, correct?

CAMERON

No one's called, no one's sent anything.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

It's an unusual situation, indeed.

Cameron looks up at the Garcia.

CAMERON

Is that your professional assessment? That my son's abduction is an 'unusual situation'?

A stare down. Finch approaches:

DETECTIVE FINCH

Mr. Henderson, to Detective Garcia's point, I think that the unusual part here is not so much the abduction but the lack of contact from --

One look from Cameron shuts Finch up.

DETECTIVE FINCH

Just clarifying.

Detective Garcia regroups, clears his throat:

DETECTIVE GARCIA

With situations like this we're usually looking at a simple ransom demand. My guess is your family's wealth ended up on the radar of one or more of your son's... well, his... fellow narcotic... huh --

DETECTIVE FINCH

Your kid hangs out with junkies, junkies find out he's rich, junkies kidnap him, junkies ask rich daddy for money.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Even without a ransom request -- I think this is still the most probable scenario.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE GARCIA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Now. There's a couple of names of associates from Tyler's previous police record we have on file -- mainly drug dealers. What we want to do is talk to these people, see if they heard anything or if they can --

Cameron motions to his PERSONAL ASSISTANT, who steps into the room and stops by his side.

He RISES from the cold plunge tub. Fully naked. Steps down from the Jacuzzi platform.

His assistant wraps a bathrobe around his body. Which he leaves open, so his penis is still fully visible (though we don't need to see that, Garcia and Finch certainly do).

He stops by Garcia -- rests a hand on his shoulder.

CAMERON

Detective.

Cameron's penis is at Garcia's eye level -- the detective tries very hard to look any other direction but there.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Yes, Mr. Henderson?

CAMERON

Just find my fucking idiot son alive.

He walks away, shaking his head -- more annoyed at the inconvenience than worried for his son.

INT. HAPPY HAPPY SHOPPERS -- AFTERNOON

Addie bags groceries, distracted, in her own world.

A FAMILY goes by her cashier -- mother, father, young daughter.

Addie studies them. The daughter plays lovingly with the FAMILY CHIHUAHUA, dangling from inside the mother's purse.

Off Addie, a --

FLASH -- SOCIAL WORKER'S OFFICE

A NINE-YEAR-OLD ADDIE sits across from a SOCIAL WORKER, eyes down to the floor. We stay on Addie and just hear the Social Worker's voice, never seeing her face:

SOCIAL WORKER (O.S.)
... and that made the Ericsons very sad. They gave that hamster to you because they love you. Can you understand that?

ADDIE
I didn't mean to do it.

SOCIAL WORKER (O.S.)
I know you didn't, Addie. You --

ADDIE
I just like hurting things.

A heavy beat. A WORRIED SIGH from the Social Worker.

ADDIE
I'm sorry.

Then, in the same professional tone:

SOCIAL WORKER (O.S.)
It's okay. It's not your fault that you think you like that. As long as you understand that it's *wrong*. And you *never do it*. You can't hurt... anyone. Insects, hamsters, people... even if you think you like it.
(beat)
Hurting people is wrong. Okay?

Addie nods, obedient.

ADDIE
Did my parents die because I hurt things?

SOCIAL WORKER (O.S.)
No, Addie. They died because they -- well, because they were very sick. That's why they had all those needles around the house.

Addie nods again.

ADDIE

Do the Ericsons still want me to
live with them now?

A silence.

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE -- LATER

Young Addie sits by the door, ajar, overhearing as the social worker talks to a MIDDLE-CLASS COUPLE.

We stay ON YOUNG ADDIE the whole time, SLOWLY PUSHING IN on her as she overhears them:

SOCIAL WORKER (O.S.)

... lack of empathy and difficulty
relating to other human beings,
heightened no doubt by the neglect
she experienced from her birth
parents.

(beat)

These things are usually a mixture
of genetics and environmental
influences.

MIDDLE CLASS MOTHER (O.S.)

So what's wrong with her? What's
the diagnosis? What are you saying?

SOCIAL WORKER (O.S.)

I'm saying Addie displays early
signs of antisocial personality
disorder.

MIDDLE CLASS FATHER (O.S.)

Antisocial persona -- she's a
psychopath?!

SOCIAL WORKER (O.S.)

That's not the current terminology,
but, essentially, yes, Addie --

The sound of the father getting UP.

MIDDLE CLASS FATHER (O.S.)

No, sorry. We can't do this
anymore.

SOCIAL WORKER (O.S.)

I understand it's a lot to take in.
But I do believe Addie can overcome
this.

(MORE)

SOCIAL WORKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

She has a *desire* to be better, you don't see that in all patients like her. She wants to connect, she just doesn't know how. If someone's willing to let her in, work with her in developing her sense of empathy, then maybe someday she can lead a normal life.

(beat)

But if not... she'll get more and more alienated. And eventually there'll be a point of no return.

A silence.

MIDDLE CLASS FATHER (O.S.)

No. Sorry. No.

MIDDLE CLASS MOTHER (O.S.)

Maybe we could try and --

MIDDLE CLASS FATHER (O.S.)

Hon, you're pregnant! You really want our kid to grow up in a house with a *psycho*?!

(hushed)

She decapitated the fucking hamster we gave her, for God's sakes.

On Nine-Year-Old Addie, sitting quietly just outside, listening.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Addie?

And we go:

BACK TO SCENE -- HAPPY HAPPY SHOPPERS

Addie looks up from the groceries to find...

... behind a mountain of PROTEIN SHAKES, FRUIT and REDUNDANT EGG CARTS...

... a smiling Nathan!

NATHAN

Hey.

Her eyes go wide. Then she smiles a slightly exaggerated smile. But says nothing.

NATHAN

Nathan.

ADDIE

I remember.

They talk as she bags his protein shakes and eggs:

NATHAN

Okay, good, I felt bad for a second.

ADDIE

You almost knocked me out. I mean you said that. That you almost knocked me out. I remember.

NATHAN

I did say that, yeah.

A beat as he pays. Awkward silence from Addie. She looks up at him. Then again. Then, finally:

ADDIE

(whispered)

How have you been?

He turns to her.

NATHAN

What's that?

ADDIE

Oh, nothing, I just --

(beat)

I asked. How have you been. It was stupid.

NATHAN

Good, yeah. You?

ADDIE

Good. You?

NATHAN

Good, you? Oh no, look at that, looks like we're caught in a loop.

Addie laughs. A moment between them. Nathan grabs his groceries.

NATHAN

Good seeing you again, Addie.

ADDIE
Yeah! You too!

He turns around to leave. Addie watches him go. He turns back -- catches her still looking at him. She smiles, waves.

He smiles back. Turns. Then stops himself. Turns back:

NATHAN
Listen, this is going to sound random, but -- do you like sushi by any chance? Cause there's a place that opened just two blocks over that's supposed to be really good and I wanted to try it tomorrow, but none of my friends eat raw fish so... I'm in a pickle.

ADDIE
Okay.

NATHAN
So... ?

ADDIE
What?

NATHAN
... do you like it? Sushi?

ADDIE
Oh! No, sorry. I don't.

An awkward beat.

NATHAN
Got it.
(beat)
Probably best to stick to the diet, anyway.

He smiles politely and goes around her.

Addie seems to only now realize he was *inviting her* to go with him. She panics for a beat, then:

ADDIE
But I like other things! I mean -- I could eat something else there. I could eat lots of other things there.

Nathan turns back.

NATHAN
That works. Should I get your
number so we can --

ADDIE
(eager)
Okay!

He pulls his phone and offers it to her. She holds it, no
idea what to do now.

NATHAN
Do you want to just put your number
there so --

ADDIE
Right! Sure!

She starts typing her number.

Doug (the manager) goes by, nudges her, and, without breaking
stride:

DOUG
No talking to the customers.

Addie looks up -- and for a moment there's a flash of
absolute HATE in her eyes. It's fast and intense and it TAKES
OVER HER as she GRABS ONE OF NATHAN'S PINEAPPLES, marches
over to Doug...

ADDIE
Hey, fuck-cunt!

He turns and Addie HITS HIM ON THE FACE with the pineapple.

Knocks him to the floor, straddles him and proceeds to CAVE
HIS FACE IN with the ever-bloodier pineapple.

Doug's face is nothing but mush and blood when she's done.
She turns around, bloody and spent, to find everyone staring.

They all CLAP and CHEER for her. She smiles. Finds Nathan in
the crowd, clapping and smiling at her and nodding his head
in approval and we go --

BACK TO REAL LIFE

All is calm. Addie hate-stares as Doug walks away.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Addie? Can I have my phone back?

She turns back -- the anger dissipates and she's back to her awkward persona. She gives Nathan his phone back. He holds it up to her, smiling:

NATHAN
Twelve-thirty tomorrow?

ADDIE
... what?

NATHAN
The sushi. I'll text you the address.

ADDIE
Yeah. Yes!

NATHAN
Looking forward to it.

ADDIE
(a bit too loud)
Yeah. Yeah! Me too! Looking forward to it, too!

She smiles -- a bit too wide. Offers her HAND for a HANDSHAKE.

Nathan frowns at this, then: *all right*. Shakes it.

NATHAN
You're a funny girl, Addie.

He turns and leaves. Addie can barely contain her excitement.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

A very chirpy Addie grabs her MAIL from the lobby.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Addie steps in, carrying the mail, talking to herself:

ADDIE
"You're a funny girl, Addie."
(beat)
"You're a funny girl, Addie."
(beat)
I'm a funny girl.

Throws the mail casually on the coffee table: bills, junk mail and...

... a CARDBOARD BOX -- the one we saw in our intro.

QUICK CUTS:

-Addie FRIES CHICKEN NUGGETS

-Fries FRENCH FRIES

-Opens a pre-packed SUPERMARKET CHEESECAKE

-Pulls a 2-liter bottle of Coke from the fridge

CUT TO:

LATER

Addie watches another nature documentary on the couch, munching on chicken nuggets, french fries, cheesecake and Coke simultaneously.

As a gruesome predator attack ends onscreen, Addie's eyes drift -- they move from the TV to... the cardboard box on the coffee table.

She notices...

... a smear of blood? On the side? Is that what it is?

She grabs it, brings it close. Studies the stain. *Looks like blood.*

She SHAKES the package -- something solid inside.

Hesitates.

Then...

... tears the box open.

Pulls one lid... then another... then a third... then a fourth...

... and looks inside.

Wrinkled butcher paper.

She pushes it aside, but sees nothing else.

Then she TURNS THE BOX UPSIDE DOWN over the coffee table...

... and the THUMB falls from it.

Addie freezes at the sight.

A beat. Then she gets up in a sudden movement -- like she just saw a wasp inside and is trying to decide how to deal with it.

She stares at the thumb.

And the thumb seems to stare back.

She looks around as if for help. She's alone.

Goes for the BOX -- pulls out the butcher paper, looks inside...

... finds a NOTE.

Unfolds it. It reads, in comically-clichéd cut-out magazine letters:

*OnE mILLioN dOLLArS -- UnMarKeD -- 4AM -- 3th St, HoLLow
Drive -- GrEEEn DuMpSter.*

If yoU CaLL tHe PolICe He diEs aNd iTs yOuR FAULt

Addie studies the note. Then the thumb. Then the note.

She falls back down on the couch.

On the coffee table, the thumb lies next to a chicken nugget, its edge stained red from its blood. She grabs it (the nugget) and chews on it, distracted.

LATER

On her old LAPTOP, Addie scrolls down Google, where she wrote:

What do I do if I get a thumb in the mail.

She scrolls down the links. Nothing useful.

She grabs her phone. Dials 911. Twirls the thumb around her fingers as she waits.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
*Nine-one-one, what's your
emergency?*

She stops her eyes on the note again. Specifically this part:

If yoU CaLL tHe PolICe He diEs aNd iTs yOuR FAULt

FOCUS ON:

ItS yOuR FAULt

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Hello?!

Addie stares at the note. Hangs up the phone.

LATER

The alarm clock by the bed reads 2:59am.

Addie lies in bed fully awake staring at it.

It turns to 3:00am.

Addie gets up.

MOMENTS LATER

Addie heads for her front door... stops herself. Turns back.

MOMENTS LATER

Opens her closet. Rummages around and, from the back, produces an old...

... TASER GUN.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

Addie rides her bike. She stops at a deserted corner. Steps off as she spots, at the edge of an alley...

... Bug. Hiding behind a BUS STOP. Hands in his pocket. Restless. Waiting on something, peeking out every five seconds across the street at a dumpster by an alley.

Addie looks down. Opens her hand: she has the thumb.

BEHIND THE BUS STOP

Bug is restless. Looks around. No one. Pulls his phone. Calls a number:

BUG
Yo, Shawn. Bro. There's no one here.

SHAWN (O.S.)

What no one there, it's been ten minutes, just wait.

BUG

I've been dry all day, man, I gotta score something. Cheesesteak's house is like ten minutes away, maybe I can run over there real quick and --

SHAWN (O.S.)

You can't leave! You have to be there to see if they make the drop.

BUG

Yeah, but it's like ten minutes, I -
-

Someone grabs the phone on the other end of the line.

DAKOTA (O.S.)

Bug?! Bug? You move from there and I'll make you eat your own balls, do you understand me? And don't let anyone see you!

They hang up. Bug shakes his head -- *fuck!*

He's restless. Fidgety. He turns around and --

-- there's Addie.

BUG

Hey-ho! What the fuck?!

ADDIE

Why do you keep looking at that dumpster?

Bug hesitates.

BUG

The fuck is it to you?

Addie looks down at her closed fist. She fidgets.

BUG

... what do you have there?

He looks from her hand to her face to her hand...

... she opens her hand...

... and reveals THE THUMB.

Bug looks up, WIDE-EYED --

-- pulls a POCKET KNIFE --

-- BZZZZ --

-- he spasms and collapses, hitting his head HARD on the sidewalk.

His eyes roll -- he makes a throaty sound. Then he's still.

Blood oozes from the back of his head.

Addie looks down at him, still holding her TASER.

She's at a loss -- but she does NOT react emotionally -- no sign of visible panic or adrenaline. Just a very measured and calm confusion as to what to do.

She crouches, checks his PULSE on his neck. Slaps his face a couple of times to no reaction.

Looks around. The street is deserted.

She gets up. Motions to leave. Then stops herself. Turns back.

Walks back to Bug's body. Looks around.

LATER

Addie DRAGS Bug's body towards her bike. Drops him. Studies her bike, then his body. Studies his SHOELACES.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

Addie rides her bike. Tied to her by the forearms with his own shoelaces, an unconscious Bug is slumped on the seat behind her, back-to-back with Addie. It's clumsy, but she manages.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Addie drags Bug's body in and closes the door behind her. Props him up on the floor, sitting with his back slumped on the couch.

She crouches in front of him. Motions to check his pockets...

... when:

BUG

Ugh.

Bug GRUNTS and blinks - *not dead, after all.*

Addie JUMPS, startled -- grabs the taser gun --

-- and TASES HIM back into unconsciousness.

And he's out. Again.

ADDIE

You're alive.

(beat)

You're alive...

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT -- DAWN

Bug is duct-taped to a chair in Addie's living room. The chair itself tied to the radiator with his shoelaces.

Across from him, Addie stares, eating from her can of Pringles.

She studies Bug's unconscious demeanor. Frowns. Then grabs a BLANKET from her couch and places it over his legs so he's more comfortable.

Bug wakes up with the movement, groggy. Looks around. He's sweaty. He's fidgety. He's an addict who hasn't had his fix in a while.

BUG

What the fuck... what the fuck --

ADDIE

Hi. Hi. Sorry. You slept for a really, really long time. You hit your head and I tased you twice so that might be why.

(beat)

Well, I tased you, then you hit your head, then I tased you again. I'm sorry about that.

He stops his eyes on Addie.

BUG

Where am I?

ADDIE
Whose thumb did you mail me?

BUG
I didn't mail you --

Addie pulls the thumb from her pocket and shows it to him again.

Bug looks from it to the open cardboard box on the coffee table.

He does some calculations in his head.

BUG
Is this 3852 Olive Street?

ADDIE
No, it's 8352 Olive Street.

BUG
Ah, shit. Shawn's gonna fucking kill me.

ADDIE
Do you want a Pringles chip?

Bug blinks long and hard -- he's finding it hard to focus. Going through withdrawal.

BUG
... what?!

ADDIE
A Pringles chip. Do you want one?

BUG
Why am I taped to a chair?

ADDIE
(in a single breath)
Yeah, okay, I knew you'd ask that.
I did that to you because when I brought you here I thought you were dead and I didn't want to leave your body on the sidewalk but then it turned out you were alive and then I thought 'Okay, he's alive, he's going to be very mad when he wakes up' so I put you on the chair so you wouldn't attack me.

(beat)

(MORE)

ADDIE (CONT'D)
I don't get a lot of mail but I
think getting thumbs is unusual.
Yes, I'm pretty sure.

Bug dry heaves. Spits. Groans.

ADDIE
Are you sick?

BUG
Do you have any speed? I can't
think straight, I need something --
I might have a seizure if I don't
get it.

ADDIE
What's speed?

BUG
Meth.

Nothing.

BUG
Methamphetamine! Drug, it's a drug!

ADDIE
I don't use drugs. My parents used
drugs and they died.

BUG
Great...

ADDIE
Did you kidnap someone? Is that why
you mailed me the thumb? Was it
Doug, from work? Or my aunt Sandra,
I have an aunt -- Sandra -- though
we don't speak. I don't know anyone
who could be missing right now --
and I don't have money, so if you
kidnapped my aunt Sandra or someone
else and you expect me to --

BUG
It wasn't for you! The thumb wasn't
for you! Fuck! I got the address
wrong. Okay?! Why the fuck did you
do this to me? Is this some kind of
vigilante shit?!

Addie SMILES -- genuinely excited at this clarification:

ADDIE

Oooh! *That* makes more sense!

She frowns.

ADDIE

Wait. Who was the thumb for, then?

Bug dry-heaves, sweats through his shirt.

ADDIE

Excuse me. Sir? Who was the thumb for?

She grabs the cardboard box and reads the label:

ADDIE

Cameron Henderson. Who's Cameron Henderson?

(beat)

Hey. Hey. Who's Cameron --

BUG

Fucking -- the father! Cameron Henderson is the father -- that's who was supposed to get it! Can you untie me?!

ADDIE

(interested)

Whose father?

Bug considers his situation -- and his withdrawal symptoms.

BUG

Will you let me go if I tell you?

ADDIE

Maybe. I think so, probably. If you don't attack me.

A beat. Bug recomposes himself.

BUG

Okay, look. There's this guy, this rich asshole, Tyler. He'd come to my dealer's place to smoke with us all the time. Always overpaid, didn't give a shit. Guy has like millions of dollars, total methhead, daddy's boy. And I told my roommate Shawn about him one day and his girlfriend Dakota had this idea...

(MORE)

BUG (CONT'D)
that we'd, you know, take him and
ask his dad for the ransom. So we
took him, you know, tied him up in
Shawn's dad's old auto shop.

ADDIE
You have him tied up in an auto
shop?

BUG
But we didn't want to call or
anything so our phone wouldn't get
traced by the police, so we cut the
fucker's thumb and mailed it with a
letter to his dad telling him where
to drop off the money.
(beat)
Now I know why he didn't show up.

ADDIE
Cause you sent the thumb to me
instead!

Bug studies her. Seems to calm down a bit.

BUG
... what are you going to do to me?

As she stares at the thumb, Addie seems to realize something
that troubles her.

ADDIE
... you hurt someone.

BUG
What?!

ADDIE
(re: thumb)
This person. Tyler. You hurt him.

BUG
We cut his fucking thumb off. Not
like we killed him. We're not
killers.

ADDIE
No, but you shouldn't hurt people.
You shouldn't!

She paces, suddenly nervous.

ADDIE

Even if you want to, really, really bad...

(a rehearsed line:)

Even if you feel like it's the only way you can connect with other living things, you shouldn't hurt anyone, because hurting other people is wrong. Do you understand?

BUG

What?!

ADDIE

You have to put yourself in their place! Imagine you are feeling their pain! Can you imagine that? Can you try to imagine that for me? It's called empathy.

BUG

I -- we had to send a message, okay?! I'm sorry, Jesus, is he your friend or...

Addie sits across from him, shakes her head.

ADDIE

Hurting people is wrong. You did something wrong.

Bug seems to realize he's not dealing with the stablest person in the world. He plays along:

BUG

Yeah. I agree. It was very wrong. And I'm very sorry I did it.

(beat)

If you let me go, I can go and tell Tyler I'm sorry. Huh?! How about that?

She looks up at him. A beat.

ADDIE

I suppose that works. I mean, but you have to promise not to hurt him again, because --

Then --

-- her PHONE BUZZES. She checks it.

Nathan -- still on for 12:30? ;)

Addie's eyes go wide.

ADDIE
The sushi!

BUG
... what?

She gets up, goes to the kitchen, back to the living room.
Looks around, frantic.

She spots a PLASTIC BAG on the counter. Grabs it, starts
putting shit from the fridge and the pantry in it.

BUG
What are you doing?

She turns around, bag in hand.

ADDIE
I'll be right back. I have a date!
With a really cool guy! You stay
here and -- we'll talk more when I
come back.

BUG
Don't fucking leave me here, I --

She drops the Pringles can on his lap.

ADDIE
Here, you finish this. Okay. Okay.

She turns on the TV -- a NATURE DOCUMENTARY playing for Bug.

BUG
Hey, yo, yo! Don't fucking -- don't
leave me --

She leaves.

INT. SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR -- SAME

Shawn and Dakota sit across from one another, Shawn's phone
in his ear. They both look restless.

Dakota checks her phone for the time. Puts it down, upset:

Shawn puts *his* phone down.

SHAWN
Nothing... no answer.

DAKOTA

Fuck! I told you we should have done this without Bug.

SHAWN

Well, he's the one that knew the guy, what was I supposed to do?

DAKOTA

It's always like this with you two! Every time you do something together it's like this stupid version of the thing you were supposed to do! And then I have to go and fix it. You two are like a machine where normal things come in and stupid shit comes out!

SHAWN

I did *my* part, I cut the thumb off, didn't I?! You think I liked doing that?!

Dakota shakes her head. Gets up.

DAKOTA

I'm heading there.

Shawn gets up, motions to follow her.

DAKOTA

What are you doing?

SHAWN

Going with you.

DAKOTA

Then who's watching Richie Rich over there?!

Shawn pauses.

SHAWN

I mean, he's tied to the chair. It's fine.

Dakota eye-rolls.

DAKOTA

Stay. And keep watch.

SHAWN

But I want to --

Dakota stares daggers.

Defeated, Shawn sits back down.

SHAWN

Fine. Fine. I'll stay. Whatever.

DAKOTA

And keep trying Bug's phone.

Dakota leaves.

EXT. SUSHI PLACE -- NOON

A very sweaty and out-of-breath Addie steps off her bike in front of this unassuming-but-cozy sushi place, sweat stains under her armpits, carrying her Happy Happy Shoppers bag.

She checks the time. Smells herself, tries to put her hair together best she can.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Bug -- now alone -- squirms and wiggles in his chair, trying futilely to set himself free.

He notices a BIG STEAK KNIFE on the kitchen counter.

Could he reach it?

Slowly he starts pushing his body forward -- one slow bump at a time -- in little jumps towards the counter.

Behind his back, the shoelaces tied to the radiator stretch.

He FALLS on his back.

BUG

Shit...

Struggles to get up again, pushing and wiggling himself. It's going to be a long process.

INT. SUSHI PLACE -- SAME

Inside, Addie looks around. The HOSTESS smiles at her:

HOSTESS

For one?

ADDIE
No. I'm meeting Nathan.

HOSTESS
Okay.

ADDIE
Is he here already?

HOSTESS
Do you have a last name?

ADDIE
I --

She spots Nathan at a table in the back -- he smiles, waves her over.

She smiles back, so giddy.

AT THE TABLE -- MOMENTS LATER

Addie takes a seat.

ADDIE
Sorry I'm late, I rode my bike as fast as I could.

Nathan notices her stay-at-home clothes, sweaty face and untidy hair. Then:

NATHAN
It's fine, I just got here.

She looks up at him, smiling, but saying nothing. It's a bit unsettling.

Nathan picks up a menu.

NATHAN
Hey, good news! You said you didn't like sushi -- but they do have noodles here, too, I don't know if they're any good but we can --

ADDIE
Oh, no, it's okay, I brought something!

Proud of herself for having thought this through, she produces, from the grocery bag, the assorted items she picked out from her kitchen:

A warm coke can. An old donut. Five Kit Kat bars. A Tupperware with what looks like stale chicken nuggets and mac and cheese inside. A bottle of ketchup.

Nathan is frozen, mouth agape for a second.

NATHAN

Wow... that's one way to get the food you want every time, I guess.

Addie mistakes his flabbergasted reaction for something genuine:

ADDIE

Right? When you said you wanted to eat sushi I thought **Oh my God no I don't like sushi!** But then I thought 'well I can eat anything, there's not like a law that says I can't eat something else while he eats the sushi...' right? Hah!

NATHAN

Right...

Nathan's face betrays he's trying very hard to find where this stands in the gradient of 'endearing quirkiness' to 'batshit insanity'.

Is This Something Zooey Deschanel would do? Or Patrick Bateman?

The WAITRESS shows up, all smiles:

WAITRESS

Are we ready to ord --

She pauses as she notices Addie removing an old chicken nugget from her tupperware and casually eating it.

Addie goes for the ketchup, drops the bottle on the floor by accident.

The waitress turns to Nathan, who looks apologetic and embarrassed.

NATHAN

Maybe give us another minute?

ADDIE

(mouthful)

You can order if you want, I --

As Addie lowers herself to grab the ketchup bottle, the THUMB rolls from her pocket and lands on the floor right next to Nathan's foot.

Addie notices -- but she can't reach it without calling attention to the thing.

WAITRESS
I'll be back.

The waitress leaves. Addie is frozen, her head lowered, hand on the ketchup bottle, eyes on the thumb.

NATHAN
Addie...

ADDIE
Yeah?

NATHAN
What are you doing?

She slowly lifts herself up so she's facing him again. She throws a glance at the thumb -- completely exposed!

She swallows her mouthful of chicken nuggets.

ADDIE
I dropped my ketchup.
(beat)
Why? Is something wrong?

Nathan studies her.

NATHAN
No. Nothing wrong.

Addie throws glances at the thumb every three seconds. The awkward silence stretches.

Nathan tries to salvage the conversation:

NATHAN
So. Like. Is it food allergies?

Addie's eyes are back on the thumb -- totally distracted.

ADDIE
What? Allergies?

NATHAN
Cause like, it's kind of weird to
bring your own food to a
restaurant.

ADDIE
Yeah. I mean, no, it's not weird!
I'm not weird!

Nathan frowns at her sudden outburst.

ADDIE
It's what you said. It's an
allergy. I have allergies.

NATHAN
Like a doctor thing?

ADDIE
Uh-huh. Yeah. Doctor.

She keeps glancing at the thumb, still there, super exposed
by his foot.

NATHAN
(not buying this)
Right...

He moves his foot -- almost kicks the thumb. Addie's eye
widens for a beat.

NATHAN
When I was a kid I was allergic to
Kiwi. Then one day it just went
away. I didn't know allergies did
that.

Addie turns from the thumb to Nathan:

ADDIE
What? Yeah. Yeah! Yes! I didn't
know about that either.

NATHAN
What's your allergy, like gluten
or... ?

ADDIE
... sushi.

NATHAN
Like... seafood and fish and stuff?

ADDIE
No, just sushi.

NATHAN
So, like, if the fish is cooked
you're not allergic to it anymore?

ADDIE
(distracted)
Uh-huh.

NATHAN
(*wtf is wrong with her?*)
Sushi allergy...

Addie tries very hard to not look at the thumb, but it's still very much THERE.

The waitress returns:

WAITRESS
Are we ready now?

Nathan looks from the menu to Addie to her sad little Kit Kats and nuggets.

NATHAN
Are you sure you can't have
anything from here? They have other
stuff if you want to look at --

With Nathan eyeing the menu, this is her shot!

She MAKES A MOVE FOR THE THUMB, trying to be quick --

-- but the WAITRESS moves back and STEPS ON IT just as Addie's about to grab it!

WAITRESS
Sorry, I didn't --
(notices the thumb)
Oh my God! What is that?!

She says, as she pulls her foot and notices the thumb -- and Addie, leaned down about to grab it, frozen.

Nathan sees it too.

NATHAN
What the fuck?!

Addie quickly grabs the thumb, sits back up on the chair.

NATHAN
Was that a... thumb?

Silence. Addie panics.

ADDIE
No. Yes. Yeah. Just one, though.
It's not mine.

NATHAN
Why do you have a thumb?!

ADDIE
It's okay! It's okay! It's someone
else's.

She swallows, hyperventilates, complete panic.

ADDIE
It's fake.

NATHAN
What?!

ADDIE
... magic.

NATHAN
What the hell are you talking
about?

ADDIE
It's a fake thumb for magic tricks.

The Waitress looks from Nathan to Addie.

WAITRESS
You know what? Someone else will be
here for you in a minute.

She just walks away.

NATHAN
A fake thumb for magic tricks?

ADDIE
Yes. Like this, see?

She grabs the thumb and does the 'thumb-slide' magic trick --
but with an actual severed thumb.

Nathan frowns -- profoundly weirded-out by this.

Then he throws his hands. Laughs to himself. Throws the
napkin on the table.

NATHAN
Okay. You know what? I think I have
to go.

ADDIE
No. No, wait! Nathan! It's fine,
really! I'm sorry!

NATHAN
It's just not working out, okay?

ADDIE
That's not true. It's working. I'm sorry. I'll keep the thumb in my pocket. I won't -- it's fine! Just stay. Please.

She holds his arm. He pauses.

NATHAN
Let go of me. I don't want to stay, okay?

ADDIE
Why?

NATHAN
I don't know, I just --

ADDIE
No, but why, though, why do you --

He chuckles. *Fuck it:*

NATHAN
Because you're crazy! Okay?!
Because I think you're crazy.
That's why.

ADDIE
I'm not crazy. That's not true.

NATHAN
You brought *cold leftovers* to our lunch! Which is still weird even if you have an allergy to 'sushi', which I'm not convinced you do.

ADDIE
Why is that weird I told you I was going to eat something else when you --

NATHAN
(cutting her:)
And you're sweaty and poorly-dressed and you smell....

ADDIE
I had to ride my bike, I was late, I told you I --

NATHAN
*... and you have a fake thumb in
your sweat pants pocket!*

Addie looks on the verge of tears -- desperate to say something to fix this, but she doesn't know what.

He turns to leave -- she holds on to his wrist:

ADDIE
Please don't go.

NATHAN
Let go of me. Now!

He PULLS HIMSELF free and walks away.

On Addie.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Bug manages to push himself to sitting position again.

He restarts his slow approach -- slowly getting closer to the steak knife on the counter, dragging himself one little jump at a time.

His PHONE RINGS in his pocket.

BUG
(to the phone)
Yo -- not the best time, Shawn!

The shoelaces behind him stretch to their full length, taut.

This is as far as he's getting.

But it's enough. He manages to stretch his neck, reach over with his mouth and GRAB THE KNIFE with his teeth.

He turns around. Calculates. 1, 2, 3... he TOSSES the knife over his shoulder with his mouth...

... catches it with his right hand behind his back!

Yes!

Turns it around on his hand so its facing his back -- and the duct tape rolled around his wrists.

But just as he's about to start cutting...

... he LOSES BALANCE...

... and FALLS BACKWARDS...

... with the KNIFE POINTING STRAIGHT UP TOWARDS HIS BACK --

-- he HITS THE GROUND WITH A LOW THUD and we --

CUT TO:

INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT -- SAME

CLICK, ZUP -- PSSST. A lighter clicks aflame, pressed to the bottom of a bong. BUBBLES, a DEEP BREATH and in it goes, inhaled by one CHEESESTEAK -- a gigantic beast of a man in an XXX-Large *Female Body Inspector* shirt.

Cheesesteak leans back on his ripped couch in his piece of shit apartment, blows up smoke, eyes half-mast. He pulls his phone.

CHEESESTEAK

I'm getting Popeye's, you want in on it?

Pacing across from him, sober and pissed off, is Dakota -- on the phone as it rings. She throws an eye-roll at Cheesesteak and returns her attention to her phone:

SHAWN (O.S.)

Yeah?

DAKOTA

He's not at Cheesesteak's. He says he hasn't seen him.

SHAWN (O.S.)

Did you check the dumpster?

DAKOTA

(eye-roll)

Yeah, Bug was inside with the money, I forgot to mention it.

(beat)

Of course I checked it, there was nothing there! Did you try calling again?

SHAWN (O.S.)

He's still not answering.

DAKOTA

The dad either didn't get our package -- or he ignored it. Or worse, he got Bug.

SHAWN (O.S.)
You think we should --

DAKOTA
Just keep trying his phone.

She hangs up. KICKS a nearby piece of furniture holding an IGUANA in an tank.

DAKOTA
Fucking Bug!

Dakota puffs her cheeks.

CHEESESTEAK
Yo, don't take it out on the iguana, he's blameless. What do you need to find Bug so bad for, anyway?
(re: phone order)
Shit, they have tartar sauce. You had tartar sauce on chicken before? I always thought it was a fish thing.

She eye-rolls at Cheesesteak. Turns and walks away.

INT. SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR -- SAME

Shawn hangs up, runs his hand through his hair, stressed out.

He UNMUTES the small TV by the wall -- turns on a Rams' game.

Shawn watches, trying to get his mind off of the stress of the day.

IN THE OFFICE

Tyler turns his blindfolded head towards the door, where he can hear the game coming from across the wall.

He considers something -- then:

TYLER
Hey. Hey, hi! Excuse me?

Shawn sticks his head in.

SHAWN
Water?

Tyler nods. Shawn grabs the bottle, touches it to Tyler's lips.

TYLER
Thanks, man...

Shawn steps back. He lingers on Tyler -- guilt in his eyes. He turns to leave.

TYLER
So you a Rams fan?

A beat. Shawn turns.

SHAWN
What?

TYLER
The game. On TV. I can kind of hear it from here.

SHAWN
Oh. Yeah, big fan.

TYLER
Me too.

SHAWN
No shit?

TYLER
All my life.

A beat. Shawn turns around to leave again:

TYLER
Hey. You think I could watch it, too? The game?

On Shawn -- conflicted.

TYLER
It's getting kind of boring in here...

SHAWN
I can't take off your blindfold, you'll see my face.

TYLER
Right...

Tyler nods.

Shawn pauses. Considering Tyler -- pitiful in his chair, dirty and sad.

SHAWN

Sorry.

TYLER

It's okay. Worth a shot...

Shawn goes to step out. Turns back:

SHAWN

I can leave the door open. So you can hear it better.

TYLER

Yeah? Thanks, man!

Shawn leaves the door open. Sits near it, facing the TV. Turns to Tyler.

SHAWN

Is this good?

TYLER

Kind of, yeah, thanks. What is it, third quarter now?

SHAWN

Second. Ten to nothing.

TYLER

Nice...

Shawn TURNS UP THE VOLUME for Tyler's benefit.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- SAME

Tears streaming down her face, Addie rides her bike back home.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON

A sniffing, upset Addie gets home, closes the door, turns around:

ADDIE

Well, *that* was a mistake. He didn't even --

She freezes at the sight in front of her:

Bug. Lying on the floor, motionless, still duct-taped to the chair.

The BIG STEAK KNIFE handle sticking out of his back, the blade all the way in.

A pool of blood around him on the floor.

Addie is speechless. She slowly approaches him. Puts down her groceries bag. Looks at him from all different angles.

Suddenly he COUGHS a stream of blood -- alive, but barely.

ADDIE

Oh. Oh.

She looks around, trying to decide what to do. Stops her eyes at the blade.

She GRABS THE HANDLE and PULLS IT in ONE SWIFT MOTION.

Big mistake.

BUG

Agh... blah.

Blood GUSHES OUT, pouring onto the carpet and around Bug.

ADDIE

Uh. Ahnnn... no. No. Not that.

(to Bug)

It's okay. It's okay, I'm helping you, you're going to be okay!

She motions to put the knife back in, but thinks better of it.

She looks around. Grabs a ROLL OF PAPER TOWELS. Starts laying them around the cut. Tries to press it. It soaks in a second, turning red.

ADDIE

There. There, it's all better, now, isn't it?!

It isn't.

BUG

Uuuugh. Argh.... Ugh.

And he's out. Addie looks around. Rolls him over. Tries CPR -- doesn't seem to be working.

What to do?

She pulls him up against the wall. Tries mouth-to-mouth. Nothing -- except now her mouth is covered in his blood.

Addie realizes it's hopeless. Bug is pale, motionless -- dead.

She leans back -- blood all over her lips like poorly applied lipstick.

Just stares at Bug for a beat. She sighs -- frustrated. Shakes her head.

Then scoots over and sits down next to the body. The blood flow slows down to a trickle on his back. Bug's eyes stare vacantly. They sit side-by-side against the wall.

His head tips over and falls on her shoulder.

She throws a glance his way.

ADDIE

I'm sorry you died. I hope it
didn't hurt too bad.

She looks around at the MASSIVE amount of blood on the floor.

ADDIE

Well. I guess it probably did.
(beat)
But it's over now, at least...

She looks down at the bloody knife. Stares at her reflection on the blade.

ADDIE

I suppose if people ever find you
they are going to think *I* did this.

A long moment in silence.

She looks at him again. Just sitting there. Right next to her.

Like a friend.

ADDIE

He called me crazy. Can you believe
that? Just because I brought food
over. He said that was 'weird'.

She turns to Bug.

ADDIE

I don't -- maybe it *is* weird. What do I know? I don't go out much.

(beat)

But it's not *crazy*. Right? That's not crazy.

Bug stares vacantly -- a captive audience.

ADDIE

I don't like sushi! We could have gone somewhere else. We could have gone to Jack in the Box. I like Jack in the Box. I like the fries there. I don't understand why --

She pauses. Swallows dry. Sniffs. Red-eyed.

ADDIE

Everyone thinks I'm weird. And I try really hard not to be. I try really, really hard. But they still think I'm weird.

A beat.

ADDIE

Doug thinks I'm weird. Nathan thinks I'm weird. The neighbors think I'm weird.

(to Bug's body)

You probably thought I was weird too.

She produces the thumb from her pocket and twirls it around in her hand.

ADDIE

Even my parents thought I was weird... my mom used to tell people I was a freak. She'd say it in front of me and everything.

(beat)

You know they didn't even stay in the hospital with me when I was born? I was alone. For like days. I heard the neighbor tell the story once.

(MORE)

ADDIE (CONT'D)

My dad wasn't even there for the birth cause he was out partying, and then mom just told the nurses to take me away and take care of me as soon as I was out, 'cause all she wanted was for the doctor to discharge her so she could go and buy drugs. I was in the hospital for three days by myself before they tracked them down and gave me back to them.

(beat)

And I'm the freak? Hah! Right. Pff.

A beat.

ADDIE

You were lucky. You had friends. Two! This Shawn person with the auto shop you said... and his girlfriend Dakota.

(beat)

Shawn and Dakota... they sound really nice.

(dreamy:)

I wish I had two friends...

She lowers the thumb. Takes a deep, sad breath.

ADDIE

I don't know what I'm doing wrong.

(beat)

I just want people to like me.

Bug's body shifts position -- his head rolls off of Addie's shoulder and he slips to the floor.

On Addie -- sitting sullen against the wall in the midst of this bloody mess around her.

CUT TO:

AN IGUANA

... flashes its tongue to us from inside its tank.

We're in:

INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON

Popeye's bags and leftover containers litter the coffee table.

Cheesesteak -- the gigantic stoner-slash-dealer we met before with Dakota -- sits on the same ripped couch, wearing the same *Female Body Inspector* shirt, this time staring at...

... Detective Garcia (from earlier at Mr. Henderson's house). Garcia stares back, a notepad in hand, waiting patiently.

Behind him, his partner Detective Finch -- in his aviator glasses -- taps on the iguana's tank, curious.

On Cheesesteak -- staring right at Garcia. A beat. Then:

CHEESESTEAK
I plead the fifteenth.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Excuse me?

CHEESESTEAK
The fifteenth amendment. I plead it.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
The fifth.

CHEESESTEAK
... what?

A SIGH from Garcia.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
The fifteenth amendment granted African American men the right to vote.
(beat)
You plead the *fifth*. Not the fifteenth.

CHEESESTEAK
Sure, that one, then.

From the back, still tapping the iguana tank:

DETECTIVE FINCH
You know we can take you in for possession.

CHEESESTEAK
I ain't holding nothing.

He follows Garcia's eyes to the very obvious cocaine line still on the coffee table between them.

CHEESESTEAK
Man, that's baby powder.

DETECTIVE FINCH
(re: iguana)
Is this thing alive? It's not moving.

CHEESESTEAK
It hibernates.

DETECTIVE FINCH
That doesn't sound right.

Garcia shakes his head.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
A man's missing. A man known for his proclivities towards illicit substance abuse. A man we know has bought drugs from you in the past, and whose phone records indicate has made a lot of calls to you in the recent past.
(beat)
Now, if you don't give us *something* to work with, we'd be forced to consider the possibility that you --

CHEESESTEAK
Bug was the one that was asking about the rich boy, okay? I didn't even know him that well, he'd just come over to --

He catches himself.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
He would come over to buy drugs from you. Talk more or we'll get a warrant to arrest you for *that*.

CHEESESTEAK
You said the guy went missing on the third?

DETECTIVE GARCIA
That's right.

CHEESESTEAK
Bug was here that day --

DETECTIVE GARCIA
First thing's first. Who's Bug?

CHEESESTEAK

He's a friend. Can I tell the story or not?

Garcia motions for him to go on.

CHEESESTEAK

So Bug was here, and he kept talking about the rich dude, Tyler - asking me to invite him to hang out and shit. I don't know why, guy's just a rich asshole, whenever he comes over he just talks about himself all the time, but Bug wanted him to be here real bad, so I called him over, said I had some new shit for him to try. Then when Tyler left Bug left right after him, didn't even finish his beer.

(beat)

Anyway. This was before he went missing.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Obviously.

CHEESESTEAK

Not Tyler, I mean Bug.

Even Detective Finch looks up from the iguana tank at this.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Wait. This person who was last seen with Tyler -- 'Bug' -- he's missing too?

CHEESESTEAK

This friend of his came over asking about him and shit. Skinny chick, I think she's his roommate's girl. Name's Dakota or Darlene or Dalmatian or something...

DETECTIVE FINCH

No one's called Dalmatian.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

You have a last name on this Bug individual?

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Bug's grey dead body sprawled on Addie's blood-soaked, now empty living room. No movement for a beat.

Then -- the front door comes open. Addie gets home with a HOME DEPOT bag. Places it on the counter, then turns to face Bug's body and the bloody mess around it.

A DEEP BREATH.

QUICK CUTS:

-Addie MOPS THE BLOOD from the floor.

-Cleans the KNIFE.

-Puts the CHAIR away, throws the duct tape out.

Then turns to the body itself. Looks from it to her BATHROOM DOOR.

BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Addie SLOWLY and LABORIOUSLY drags Bug's body by the ears inside, then, with effort, rolls him INTO THE BATHTUB.

Catching her breath, she pulls, from that HOME DEPOT bag... a BIG SAW. Turns to Bug's body.

One DEEP BREATH, then, in...

QUICK CUTS:

Addie CHOPS BUG'S BODY in the bathroom tub with the saw: legs, arms, torso.

Moves on to the:

KITCHEN

Where she sticks the body parts in the fridge one by one: legs, arms, torso. Packs it to full capacity.

CLOSES the fridge, turns around and stares at...

BUG'S HEAD.

On the kitchen counter. Grey and dead and terribly still.

Out of breath, Addie considers it. Bug's face is rigor-mortis stuck with his lips pursed, giving him a perpetually dissatisfied expression.

Addie stares at it. Then PURSES HER OWN LIPS in the same expression.

ADDIE
I know... I know...

Bug's head just stares, vaguely displeased.

CUT TO:

INT. SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR -- AFTERNOON

TOUCHDOWN!

Shawn jumps from his seat, celebrates.

From the office right next to him:

TYLER
Did he get it?! Did he get --

SHAWN
He got it! Seventeen to nothing!

TYLER
Nice!

Shawn gets too excited -- he gets up, moves towards Tyler, raises his hand to high-five him...

... remembers Tyler is blindfolded...

.... and also that he's currently being held captive by Shawn.

Shawn catches himself. Slowly puts his hand down.

He turns around. A beat. His phone rings:

Call from Dakota.

He steps outside, lowers the television volume:

SHAWN
Hey, babe.

INT. DAKOTA'S CAR -- SAME

Dakota drives, phone to her ear, on the edge:

DAKOTA (O.S.)
Shawn! Any news?

INTERCUT DAKOTA / SHAWN

SHAWN
From what?

DAKOTA
What do you mean from what, from
fucking Bug! Any news from Bug?

SHAWN
Well -- you told me to stay here, I
thought you were looking for him.

DAKOTA
You didn't even try calling him
again, or calling his mom, or some
of his dealers or --
(beat)
What the fuck have you been doing
there all this time, just sitting
on your ass?

Shawn eyes the game on the TV, the empty beer cans around it.

As this conversation happens, ON: Tyler. Ears open, listening
intently, looking around, trying to figure out a move.

SHAWN
Well, the Rams game...

DAKOTA
Oh, fuck me, the Ram's game!
Really?! You're watching the game
while I drive all over town trying
to find your dumbass roommate?!

SHAWN
Babe. Calm down. I'll try calling
him again as soon as we hang up,
okay?

DAKOTA
You know what, forget it, just go
back to your fucking game!
(as she hangs up:)
Fucking idiot.

She hangs up.

Shawn stays on the line. Eyes Tyler. Then says to no one:

SHAWN
I love you too, babe.

He sits back down on his chair facing the TV -- all excitement from the game deflated. Turns up the volume. Sighs.

From the office, through the open door:

TYLER
You know, it's not cool, man, how she treats you.

SHAWN
What?

TYLER
I'm just saying -- I've been hearing the two of you all this time. It's a really toxic dynamic.
(beat)
She shouldn't talk to you like that.

Shawn hesitates.

SHAWN
I mean, I say shit to her too, it's not like --

A beat. Shawn looks down, struggling with this.

Tyler senses he's on to something -- there's an angle here. He keeps pushing it:

TYLER
This was her idea, right? This kidnapping thing? I can tell.

SHAWN
It was both of us.

TYLER
Was it? Are you sure?

Nothing from Shawn.

TYLER

I'm not surprised, man. Like, she stands to gain the same as you if it works but... but this goes off the rails? You're the one who's fucked.

SHAWN

What are you talking about, we're in it together.

TYLER

I mean -- not really. She's a chick. She goes to prison, she's in Orange is the New Black.

(beat)

You go to Oz, man. The gangs, the beatings, the whole dropping the soap in the shower thing; women don't have to worry about that. But you...

On Shawn, struggling.

TYLER

But you probably like know people inside and shit. You've been in prison before, right?

SHAWN

... no.

TYLER

Oh. Well... it's gonna be rough, then.

On Shawn, worried.

OUTSIDE OFFICE -- LATER

Dakota pulls up into the garage. Shawn steps out of the office to meet her:

SHAWN

Hey...

Carrying grocery bags, she goes past him, dumps them over a desk.

DAKOTA

I got food for him, and antibiotics in case the fever comes back.

SHAWN
Anything new on Bug?

Dakota shakes her head, eye-rolls.

DAKOTA
If I had found Bug, I'd have led
with that, wouldn't I?

Shawn hesitates. Then:

SHAWN
You don't have to say it like that.

Dakota turns. Frowns:

DAKOTA
... *what?*

SHAWN
I'm just saying -- you don't have
to be rude.
(beat)
This is a toxic dynamic...

Dakota approaches Shawn, who cowers as she approaches:

DAKOTA
Bug is missing, Shawn -- the cops
could have him, and if they have
him they'll come for us. Plus, we
still don't have our money. *And*
we're running out of thumbs to cut
off from that guy. So excuse me if
my dynamic is a little *toxic*.

She turns around.

SHAWN
It's not *your* dynamic, it's -- us.
The relationship dynamic is --

She turns around, fuming. He shuts up. She turns back.

SHAWN
We could let him go...

She stops, but doesn't turn to face him.

SHAWN
I'm just saying -- he hasn't seen
our faces.
(MORE)

SHAWN (CONT'D)
 We could still like back off and
 the police would probably drop
 everything or -- I mean, we won't,
 we won't, I'm just saying we could.

Dakota shakes her head. Walks right past Shawn, goes into the office. On her way in...

DAKOTA
 I hope the fucking Rams won, at
 least.

... and her SLAM of the door sends Shawn's shoulders jumping.

He checks his phone -- no answer from Bug yet. He closes the texts and is faced with his phone's wallpaper: a picture of him and Dakota smiling from some happier place in their past.

Shawn considers this -- melancholic.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

On the couch and sullen-looking, Addie watches a nature documentary and eats Hot Pockets straight from the cardboard containers. Not as invested as she used to be.

She cradles Bug's head on her lap, running her fingers through his head distractedly.

EXT. HAPPY HAPPY SHOPPERS -- MORNING

To establish. Early morning.

INT. HAPPY HAPPY SHOPPERS -- MORNING

A gloomy Addie bags SOME HIPSTER DUDE'S groceries.

SOME HIPSTER DUDE
 I'll do the oranges in the
 plastic... no, sorry, that can go
 in the paper bag... the milk has to
 go in the plastic one... no, sorry,
 actually, can you not put the
 detergent with the food? Thanks.

Addie moves groceries from bag to bag, on auto-pilot. Hands him his food, turns around and spots, by the produce section...

... Nathan!

Addie's eyes go wide.

She looks around. Turns to the CASHIER:

ADDIE
Hey, Sylvia, may I go to the
bathroom?

CASHIER
Addie, we've been through this, you
don't have to ask for permission
every time.

ADDIE
Great. Thanks!

She steps away.

PRODUCE SECTION -- MOMENTS LATER

Nathan picks fruit by himself, distracted. He looks up at the
aisle next to him and...

CLEANING AISLE

... Addie STEPS BACK and hides herself from view. When the
coast is clear, she peeks at Nathan again. She takes a deep
breath -- gearing up for something. She mutters to herself,
practicing what she's going to say:

ADDIE
(whispered)
*Cherry tomatoes are on sale. Cherry
tomatoes are on sale! Cherry
tomatoes!*

Deep breath -- and off she goes.

PRODUCE AISLE -- MOMENTS LATER

Nathan turns from the potatoes to find --

ADDIE
Can I help you find something?

-- a smiling Addie.

NATHAN
Jesus Christ.

ADDIE
Cherry tomatoes are on sale!

Nathan considers his moves -- then:

NATHAN
I'm okay, thanks.

He turns away from her. She follows. Lowers her voice:

ADDIE
I'm just joking, I remember you.
(beat)
Nathan? Hey, Nathan. I was just
joking.

He shakes his head, keeps walking, says nothing. Addie follows:

ADDIE
I'm sorry about our lunch before.
It was my fault.

NATHAN
I'm just trying to shop here, okay?

ADDIE
I can eat sushi. I can, I promise!
I never tried it but if we go
again, I will eat it.

NATHAN
Please just leave me alone.

ADDIE
But if you don't want to, I was
thinking we could go to Jack in the
Box, too, I mean, if you like it.
Their french fries are very good.
And then, also, maybe we can go
birding some day? It's just
something I thought could be fun to
do if --

NATHAN
Just leave me the fuck alone,
weirdo!

People stare.

Addie freezes, wide-eyed, scared by his outburst and the anger in his voice.

Nathan shakes his head. Leaves his cart and marches away.

On Addie, starring dully.

BY THE CASHIER -- LATER

Addie bags groceries aggressively, anger boiling inside. In line at her cashier, a couple plays with one another, kissing each other's noses.

Addie hate stares, barely paying attention to the stuff she's shoving into the bags.

She offers the next client in line -- a BALD GUY -- his bagged groceries:

BALD GUY
Actually, can I get a second bag
for those?

She looks from him to the bag.

BALD GUY
That's a lot of stuff, it might
rip.

She offers the bag again, insisting:

ADDIE
It won't rip.

BALD GUY
Still -- if you don't mind double-
bagging it.

ADDIE
It won't rip! Just use both
handles.

She offers him the bag a third time. He chuckles, looks around.

BALD GUY
I'd really prefer if you --

ADDIE
Just take your food and fuck off,
you bald fuck!

She shoves the bag in his face. The cashier stares at her, flabbergasted.

To the side, her boss Doug catches this.

INT. HAPPY HAPPY SHOPPERS, MANAGER'S OFFICE -- LATER

Doug signs Addie's termination documents, shakes his head.

DOUG
Can't do that, Addie. Can't talk to
customers like that.
(beat)
With this I can't even get you a
severance package, it's just cause.
I'm sorry.

Addie stares at the floor, frustrated.

ADDIE
It wasn't going to rip.

She looks up at the cockatiel on its cage. They lock eyes for
a beat.

Doug offers her the documents.

DOUG
Good luck on your future endeavors.

She takes the document. Stares at it numbly. Then:

ADDIE
(small)
Could I still go birding with you
and your friends?

On Doug -- frowning.

ADDIE
I'll be really quiet, I promise.
And I won't be weird.
(beat)
Please?

Doug SIGHS:

DOUG
No, Addie. I'm sorry, but you
can't.

She looks up at Doug, then looks back down to the floor.

EXT. SHITTY NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- AFTERNOON

Addie rides her bike as fast as she can, breathing heavily,
very distressed.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON

Addie gets home, bangs the door behind her, throws her Happy Happy Shoppers apron on the floor.

Goes to the fridge, digs in between body parts to find a jar of NUTELLA. Eats it straight from the jar with her hands.

Heads for the living room, turns on the TV -- the nature documentary she was watching earlier.

Onscreen, lions attack a lonely giraffe.

Addie raises the volume, eyes focused.

Something's stirring inside.

She raises the volume -- more and more, as loud as she can.

ONSCREEN, QUICK SHOTS:

-Bits of ripped flesh, blood spurting, teeth tearing skin.

Addie watches, unblinking -- shoving Nutella in her mouth like she's trying to drown in it.

Her breath goes shallow. She gets angry. And then angrier. And angrier, and angrier, and angrier until --

-- she GRABS BUG'S HEAD and THROWS IT at the TV, knocking it off its mount and sending it crashing to the floor -- cracked, but not broken, the carnage still playing onscreen.

Addie covers her ears with her hands and SCREAMS HER LUNGS OUT:

ADDIE
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH! --

SILENCE.

Addie keeps screaming, but, CLOSE ON HER FACE, we hear NOTHING but a high-pitched ringing.

And she screams...

... and screams...

... and screams.

She stops, panting, out of breath.

Opens her eyes.

Slowly, sound returns to her awareness.

She spots the KITCHEN KNIFE that killed Bug, still on her coffee table.

Considers it.

For a long time.

Then, almost casually, she grabs it --

-- and slits her left wrist.

Blood spurts. She doesn't react much.

Places the knife back on the coffee table.

Leans back on the couch.

She waits.

Shoves another finger-full of Nutella in her mouth.

Blood starts dripping from her wrist to the floor.

She SIGHS, growing calmer. Paler. Fainter.

Closes her eyes. Waits for the end.

Then...

... a low, distant, RINGING PHONE.

She opens her eyes. Frowns. *Where is this coming from?*

INT. BEDROOM ABOVE THE GARAGE -- SAME

Dakota has her phone to her ear, pacing around the room.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT -- SAME

The phone keeps ringing.

Addie looks around. It's coming from behind her.

Slowly and with difficulty, she gets up.

Makes her way to the kitchen.

Leaves a trail of dripping blood behind her.

Looks around for the source of the noise.

Then...

... opens the FRIDGE.

Bug's RIGHT LEG. That's where it's coming from.

Addie sticks her hand inside his PANTS POCKET in the fridge...

... and pulls out his phone:

Call from Dakota.

Along with the name onscreen, a PICTURE OF DAKOTA smiling, holding a BURGER at a fast food place, winking at the camera.

Addie hesitates. Turns to look at Bug's head, staring vacantly back at her.

Then...

ADDIE

Hello?

INTERCUT DAKOTA / ADDIE

Dakota stops on her feet.

DAKOTA

Who is this?

ADDIE

This is Addie.

DAKOTA

Are you with Bug?

Addie throws Bug's half-decomposed head another look.

ADDIE

In a manner of speaking.

DAKOTA

God damn it, finally! Can you put this asshole on?!

ADDIE

Not really.

DAKOTA

What? Is he there or isn't he?

ADDIE
He can't really talk right now.

Addie takes notice of the blood pooling around her feet from her dripping wrist.

DAKOTA
Look, bitch, I don't have time to deal with whatever --

ADDIE
You're Dakota. You're Shawn's girlfriend. Your friend told me about you.

DAKOTA
... what?!

ADDIE
I have your thumb here. Or -- the thumb you took for yourself from someone else. Not *your actual* thumb.

She grabs the thumb from her pocket and studies it.

Dakota freezes.

DAKOTA
Who are you?

ADDIE
I told you. I'm Addie. It's short for Adeline.

DAKOTA
You with the cops or something?

ADDIE
No. I'm not with the cops.

Addie has a thought. Then, tentative, nervous:

ADDIE
You like Jack in the Box.

DAKOTA
I wanna talk to -- *what?*

ADDIE
Your picture. On the phone, when you called just now. You're eating a Sourdough Jack, I recognize it.
(MORE)

ADDIE (CONT'D)
It's a great sandwich. I like it,
too.

Addie even smiles, shaky and pale from the loss of blood.

DAKOTA
What the fuck are you on about?

ADDIE
I'm just saying we have that in
common. We both like the Sourdough
Jack sandwich.
(beat)
We can bond over that.

DAKOTA
I don't wanna bond with you, bitch,
I wanna talk to Bug, is he there or
not?

Addie has tears in her eyes, but she tries to hold on to her
smile.

ADDIE
Why don't you wanna bond with me?
We like the same sandwich. That's
something. It's all you know about
me and you're already dismissing
this. That makes *no sense*.

DAKOTA
Just put Bug on, fucking weirdo!

Addie can no longer hold on to her smile. She just cries in
silence for a beat.

DAKOTA
Hey! Are you there?!

ADDIE
I'm not weird. Don't say I'm weird.

DAKOTA
What is this, a little game you're
playing with us? You Tyler's
girlfriend or his friend or some
shit?

Addie pauses. Sniffs, gathers herself, wipes her tears.
Thinks. Something about what Dakota just said...

She looks down at the thumb, still in her hand.

She swallows her tears. Smiles.

ADDIE

Yes. I'm Tyler's friend. I'm his best friend.

She studies the thumb affectionately.

DAKOTA

Well. If you got the thumb, then you got our message, too, right? You know what we're going to do if you don't pay.

Suddenly, Addie turns SERIOUS.

ADDIE

You hurt him. And you shouldn't hurt people. It's called having *empathy*. Do you know that word?

DAKOTA

... what?

ADDIE

It means to put yourself in another person's position. It's how human beings connect with one another.

(beat)

You hurt Tyler. You didn't have *empathy* for him.

DAKOTA

Okay, so? The fuck you gonna do about it?!

A beat. Addie -- eyes on the thumb.

ADDIE

I'm going to save my friend.

She hangs up.

She browses on Bug's phone -- first the messages, then the photos, scrolling until she finds...

... a photo of Shawn and Bug in front of something called SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR.

She zooms in on the name.

MOMENTS LATER

Addie's bloody hands google *SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR* on her laptop.

A hit. She opens Google Maps.

There's the address.

Very pale, Addie blinks a long, faint blink -- about to pass out from lack of blood. She turns to the BATHROOM.

INT. POLICE CAR -- AFTERNOON

Carrying two cups of coffee, Detective Garcia steps into his car just as Detective Finch finishes a call:

DETECTIVE FINCH
(on the phone)
Yeah, we're on it. Thanks.

Garcia offers him the coffee. Finch is smiling.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
What?

DETECTIVE FINCH
That guy we had HQ run a background
and put the APB on? Bug?

DETECTIVE GARCIA
What about him?

DETECTIVE FINCH
Station just got a ping from the
phone company network. Our guy just
answered a phone call. Or someone
did on his phone.
(shows his phone)
We got a location.

Detective Garcia nods. Starts the car and off they go.

INT. GARAGE -- AFTERNOON

The HBO show OZ plays on a cell phone screen.

A very worried-looking Shawn watches the violence onscreen with apprehension.

He looks from the door leading upstairs where Dakota is...

... to the half-opened office door, where he can see Tyler through the crack.

Something on his mind.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- AFTERNOON

Standing over her bathtub, Addie puts pressure on the wound on her wrist. Slowly the bleeding stops.

She wraps it in duct tape.

MOMENTS LATER

Addie SEWS something onto the thumb -- makes a careful cut from the digit flesh past the nail on the other side.

MOMENTS LATER

Addie tapes a CARDBOARD BOX closed.

MOMENTS LATER

In front of the mirror, Addie ties a STRING around her neck like a necklace -- dangling from it like a talisman, the THUMB.

EXT. STREETS -- AFTERNOON

OVER MUSIC:

Addie rides her bike. Thumb dangling from her neck.

The CARDBOARD BOX under her arm.

On a mission.

INT. POLICE CAR -- SAME

Detective Garcia and Detective Finch drive towards Addie's street.

They go right past Addie on her bike without looking twice.

INT. BEDROOM ABOVE THE AUTO REPAIR -- SAME

Dakota paces, restless. Eyes a drawer.

Goes for it. Grabs a PISTOL, loads it.

Deep breath. *Whatever's coming is coming.*

EXT. SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR -- LATER

Addie stops her bike facing the closed garage. She studies it, contemplating her options.

She pulls Bug's phone and TYPES A MESSAGE.

INT. BEDROOM ABOVE THE AUTO REPAIR -- SAME

Dakota gets the text:

BUG: *The alley behind you.*

Dakota bites her lip.

Then checks to see the gun is loaded...

... and steps out.

INT. SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR -- MOMENTS LATER

Dakota steps past a nervous Shawn, who looks up from his phone:

SHAWN
Where are you going?

DAKOTA
Shut up and watch the rich asshole.

She steps out.

Shawn turns to Tyler.

TYLER
Is everything okay out there?

EXT. ALLEY -- LATER

Dakota turns a corner on the deserted alley behind the auto repair shop.

DAKOTA
Hello?
(beat)
I'm here bitch, you can come out.

No one around. Dakota looks left and right. Nothing.

DAKOTA
You want money?! You want your
little friend back?!

A BACKFIRING CAR in the distance sends her JUMPING.

She gets mad at herself for being startled.

DAKOTA
The fuck do you want, then?! Get
out here if you --

She shuts up when she sees...

... the CARDBOARD BOX. On the floor, by a wall.

Dakota frowns.

EXT. SHITTY NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- SAME

Detectives Garcia and Finch pull over by Addie's building.

DETECTIVE FINCH
This is it...

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Quite bedraggled. But I guess
that's not surprising.

Finch hesitates. Then turns back to Garcia:

DETECTIVE FINCH
You know, maybe the rich guy had a
point. You do use big words a lot.
(beat)
What are you running from? Who are
you trying to impress?

Garcia does a double-take. Then:

DETECTIVE GARCIA
What about you and those glasses?

He says, then steps out. Finch considers his Aviator glasses
in the rearview mirror...

... then follows Garcia out.

EXT. ALLEY -- SAME

Dakota approaches the cardboard box, slow-step-by-slow-step.

She brings her hand to the pistol tucked in her waistband.

INT. SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR -- SAME

Shawn looks from his phone -- where Oz is paused on a particularly gruesome scene -- to the office door ajar and Tyler behind it.

TYLER

Hello? Is anyone there?

(beat)

I could use some water...

Shawn struggles with a decision. Then puts his phone down. Seems to make up his mind about something.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- SAME

Detective Garcia hears from an OLD LADY leaned against her doorstep:

OLD LADY

Sorry. No one with that name.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

What about your next door neighbor?

OLD LADY

She never has people over, so I
don't think --

Behind Garcia, Detective Finch SNAPS HIS FINGERS repeatedly.

Garcia turns to find him looking through a crack in Addie's apartment door -- which is unlocked and ajar.

Garcia smiles at the lady, goes to meet Finch:

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Finch, we don't have a warrant for -

-

He shuts up when he sees what Finch is seeing inside:

Addie's trail of blood from her attempted suicide.

Both pull their guns and slowly step in.

EXT. ALLEY -- SAME

Dakota stops in front of the box. Looks around one last time.
No one in sight.

 DAKOTA
 The fuck is *this*?

She grabs the box. Opens it.

One lid...

... then another...

... then a third...

... then a fourth and --

-- there's BUG'S DECOMPOSING HEAD.

 DAKOTA
 Shit!

She drops the cardboard and the head rolls away. She PULLS
HER GUN, turns around, scanning the empty alley frantically --

-- but there's no one around.

She turns, blinded by the sun for a beat --

-- and OUT FROM BEHIND A DUMPSTER COMES ADDIE --

-- with her HAPPY HAPPY SHOPPERS PLASTIC BAG --

-- which she WRAPS AROUND DAKOTA'S FACE --

-- and proceeds to SUFFOCATE HER.

Dakota drops her gun.

Struggles to break free.

But Addie's grip is TIGHT.

Dakota CLAWS at Addie's face -- scratching her over her
shoulder.

She draws blood -- scratching again and again with long
nails, really doing a number on Addie's face.

But Addie takes it in stride -- no reaction as she keeps
tightening the bag's grip.

ON: the *smiley face* logo sucked into Dakota's mouth as she struggles to pull a breath.

... until her legs give in.

She collapses.

Addie goes down with her.

Keeps her grip tight.

Dakota spasms.

Blood soaks the inner part of the bag.

Then she goes limp.

Addie -- panting and bloody in the face from all the scratching -- lets go of Dakota.

Leans back. Catches her breath.

Looks down at Dakota's body.

Smiles a deranged smile at it.

Then gets up. Grabs Dakota's pistol...

... and heads towards the auto shop.

INT. SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR, OFFICE -- SAME

Shawn steps into the office in a hurry, closes the door behind him.

SHAWN
Hey, hey. Tyler.

TYLER
What's going on?

SHAWN
Keep your voice down.

Shawn kneels in front of him.

SHAWN
Listen to me. I'm gonna let you go.

TYLER
What? Really?!

SHAWN
Shh! Voice down!

Shawn looks around, on edge. Turns back to Tyler.

SHAWN
You have to promise you won't go to
the police, though.

TYLER
I won't. I won't -- I haven't even
seen your face, I don't know who
you are.

SHAWN
Okay... okay.
(beat)
I'll get you out of those ropes and
put you in my car, then I'll drive
you to like, whatever, the edge of
a road or something. Then you wait
until I'm gone before pulling the
blindfold. Don't cheat! You can't
see my face!

TYLER
I swear! I just want out, man.

SHAWN
Okay. Okay. We have to do it
quickly, before Dakota comes back.

Shawn looks behind his back. Then back at Tyler.

He goes around him. Starts working on the knot.

TYLER
Thanks, man.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Garcia and Finch comb the apartment, guns in hand -- but
there's no one here.

They exchange looks.

Garcia smells something. Makes a face. Finch nods -- I smell
it, too.

Garcia follows the trail to the kitchen...

... and then to the fridge.

Stares at it. Like he knows whatever's in there won't be pretty.

Finally...

... he opens the door.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Ugh...

Finch looks over his shoulder at the butcher shop of human parts that is Addie's fridge:

Bug, disassembled and packed in.

Finch pulls his Aviator sunglasses off.

DETECTIVE FINCH

That's not what you want to see.

Garcia steps away, speaks into his radio:

DETECTIVE GARCIA

We're going to need a biohazard team at 8352 Olive Street, Unit 17.

VOICE ON RADIO (O.S.)

Copy that, Detective, what's the situation like?

Garcia risks another glance at the fridge.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Dire.

Finch moves around him, heads for Addie's desk.

Garcia closes the fridge, takes a breather.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Jesus Christ...

DETECTIVE FINCH (O.S.)

Look at this.

Garcia turns. Heads over to Finch, who's leaned over Addie's laptop.

Garcia looks over his shoulder. Sees what he is seeing:

Addie's Google search from before:

SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR.

They exchange looks.

INT. SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR, OFFICE -- SAME

Shawn works hard on the knot behind Tyler's back -- but it's tied tight.

TYLER
Try from the back, the back part
feels looser.

SHAWN
I'm trying! Just -- stand still!
Bug tied this too tight.

A NOISE from outside. Shawn looks up.

Someone's in the garage.

SHAWN
Shit, Dakota's here.

He starts working faster.

STEPS approach the office.

TYLER
Hurry up man, come on!

SHAWN
Just wait a minute, I'm trying to --

He manages to make a loop a bit looser, pulls at it.

SHAWN
Got it, just --

Before he can pull the other loops loose, the office door comes open --

-- and Shawns turn to face --

-- not Dakota, but --

-- Addie.

And what a sight:

Half her face bathed in blood and cuts, clawed out by Dakota's scratching just now.

Chest going up and down with heavy breathing.

The cut on her wrist open and bleeding through the tape.

Hair a mess. Sweaty and bruised and dirty.

Holding Dakota's PISTOL in her hand.

SHAWN

Who the fuck --?

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Just like that -- she fires at Shawn three times, sending him stumbling back and to the ground.

TYLER

What the fuck! What the fuck!
What's happening?! Who's there,
who's --

Addie steps into the room. One leg on each side of a squirming, rapidly fading Shawn.

He coughs blood. Tries to blink the figure that towers over him into focus.

SHAWN

Who -- who --

Addie just stares -- bloody and completely devoid of emotion.

SHAWN

-- who are you?

She smiles.

ADDIE

I'm Tyler's friend.

She raises the gun and BANG! Finishes the job with a headshot.

Turns to Tyler, who shakes like a leaf on his chair.

She goes to him.

Pulls up his blindfold.

He blinks her into focus -- panting and out-of-his-mind-panicking.

ADDIE

Are you Tyler?

He manages a shaky nod.

Addie BEAMS -- a truly genuine smile.

ADDIE
Hi Tyler, I'm Addie! It's short for
Adeline!

She produces the THUMB she's been wearing as a necklace from
under her shirt:

ADDIE
(smiling wide)
I have your thumb!

On Tyler -- so scared, so confused.

INT. POLICE CAR -- SAME

Sirens on, Detective Garcia threads rapidly through traffic --
Finch by his side. Both dead serious, focused on the task at
hand.

Finch is on the car radio:

DETECTIVE FINCH
Backup at 3021 Garden, SOS Motor
Auto Repair, possible suspect and
kidnapping victim.

He hangs the radio back on the dashboard. Exchanges a look
with Garcia.

Off they go.

INT. SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR, OFFICE -- SAME

Tyler looks frantically from Addie to what's left of Shawn's
bloody head on the floor.

He shakes.

TYLER
Is that the guy -- that was -- was
he -- did you do that?

Addie looks down at the body.

ADDIE
Uh-huh. Yes! Just now!

TYLER
... are you with the police?

ADDIE

People keep asking me that! No! I'm just here to give you your thumb back! And so we can be friends!

She looks around at the office:

ADDIE

This isn't a very nice place. I hope they haven't kept you here long...

Tyler could not be more confused.

TYLER

Can you untie me?

ADDIE

Hey, do you want to go birding some day?

TYLER

... what?

ADDIE

It's the art of bird watching. Maybe it's something we can do together after this. We can meet other people doing it. It's supposed to have a thriving community.

(laughing to herself)

Imagine when we tell them the story of how we met! *I got his thumb in the mail, then we became best friends!*

Tyler stares, wide-eyed, trying to understand what's happening here.

Addie stops her eyes on Shawn's dead body.

TYLER

Listen, I --

ADDIE

(not even listening)

It's a shame we had to kill Shawn and Dakota. If we had been able to work this all out we might have all been friends together!

(beat)

But they *hurt* you. And that's not okay. You shouldn't hurt people.

Tyler takes a deep breath.

TYLER

Can you just let me go? Please?

Addie takes a seat facing him.

ADDIE

Well -- of course I'm going to let you go! But we're talking now.

TYLER

Please, I don't want to talk. I just want to go home...

On Addie -- this doesn't sit well with her.

ADDIE

Well. You were talking to *him* just now. I heard you.

She points at Shawn.

ADDIE

How come you don't want to talk to *me*?

TYLER

I don't want to talk to *anyone* okay? My legs are numb, my hand hurts so bad I'm almost --

ADDIE

I mean I just saved your life. Don't you think that makes us friends?

TYLER

-- passing out and I --

ADDIE

(laughing)

If saving someone's life doesn't make you their friend, then I don't know what --

TYLER

-- am very thirsty and --

ADDIE

-- else a person can do to get a friend, cause believe me, I tried everything and all I wanted was for you to be my friend now but --

TYLER

I DON'T WANT TO BE YOUR FRIEND,
LADY! I DON'T WANT TO BE ANYONE'S
FRIEND RIGHT NOW, OKAY?! *PLEASE*.
JUST LET ME GO HOME! THAT'S ALL I
WANT.

(sobbing)

All I want is to go home. Please.
Just let me go home...

A long beat.

ADDIE

(small)

... you don't want to be my friend?

TYLER

Look. I'm sorry -- I'm just. I'm in
a lot of pain. This has been a very
weird, crazy --

ADDIE

No. No. No!

She gets up -- now it's her turn to get agitated.

ADDIE

There's nothing *weird* about this.
There's nothing *crazy* about it.

(beat)

*God, you sound just like Nathan and
the others!*

TYLER

... who?

ADDIE

Is that why you don't want to be my
friend? Cause I'm weird? Cause I'm
crazy?!

She paces around:

ADDIE

What is it with you people and 'oh
this is weird' and 'oh this is
crazy' -- why can't things be
different? Why does everything and
everyone have to be the *same*,
always the same, the same, the
same, the same.

She gestures wildly, pointing the pistol at Tyler here and
there.

ADDIE

Some people don't know how to be that. Okay?! They look around and you know, they try really hard to act like other people act, to be the same, but maybe they can't, right?! Maybe the other people are weird to them. Right?! Right? Didn't you ever think of that?!

Tyler stares. Addie is still holding the pistol. And looking completely deranged.

He swallows dry.

TYLER

Yeah. No -- totally. Listen, I agree. Other people -- yeah, they suck. Totally. I'm with you, man.

A beat. Addie stares.

ADDIE

You're patronizing me.

TYLER

I'm not. Really!

ADDIE

I don't need you to do that. I don't need you to pretend to like me. I don't need Nathan to do that, either. Or Doug, and his *bird people*.

She walks toward the desk. Leans down, hangs her head in her hands.

ADDIE

I just wanted a friend. Or -- you know, at this point, not even a friend, just one conversation like, with a person that's friendly and not put-off by me and they ask me things and I say things back and maybe we laugh and tell jokes and I don't feel like I'm always having to think about what to say next or if I'm being weird or --

Pulls her hair hard:

ADDIE

It's just -- *uuuuuuugh!*

Behind his back, Tyler tries to undo the knot around his wrist -- trying to pull at the loops Shawn didn't make loose.

Addie turns back to him.

ADDIE
(small)
What's it like?

TYLER
What? What's what like?

ADDIE
... to be normal.

TYLER
(stalling)
I -- don't know. I don't think
anyone is normal, man. I'm
certainly not...

ADDIE
You're more than me... everyone's
more normal than me.

Addie shakes her head.

TYLER
Okay. Tell me, then. Tell me about
that. What's it like to be *you*?

ADDIE
You don't really want to know,
you're just being nice.

TYLER
No, I do! I totally do!

Addie thinks about this.

Behind his back, Tyler keeps trying to work on the knot.

ADDIE
I don't know. I don't feel much...
of anything.
(beat)
Other than sad. I feel sad all the
time.

TYLER
That must be really hard, man. For
real.
(beat)
I feel sad, too. I feel sad a lot.

Addie glances at him, not quite buying his friendly persona, but softening a bit.

ADDIE

You're patronizing me again.

TYLER

No -- I'm not! For real. Like, with my dad, all the time when I'm with him. Like, he's this big shot investor, and he never says it with words but -- he's not proud of me. Like at all.

(beat)

Like *every time* we talk, it's so clear he wishes I was somebody else... and I just get this hollow feeling whenever he leaves the room... and sometimes it stays with me for days.

She looks up.

TYLER

So that's one thing. You know, that makes me sad.

Addie does a double take. Then, slowly:

ADDIE

My parents weren't nice, either.

TYLER

Yeah?

ADDIE

They did drugs and ignored me and then they both died. They died together, so that was nice, I guess.

(beat)

Then I was raised by a bunch of strangers.

TYLER

It must have been tough.

ADDIE

I never had anyone to talk to. About anything. Other than just like normal things like 'can you hold the door for me, ma'am,' or

(doing Doug:)

'Get back to work, Addie!'

(MORE)

ADDIE (CONT'D)
(beat)
Things like that.

A beat. Tyler's eyes go to Addie's pistol briefly. Then, gaining time, he keeps her attention on the conversation:

TYLER
That sounds really tough...
(beat)
So what do you do, like, to pass
the time by yourself?

Addie thinks.

ADDIE
I don't know. I watch nature shows.

TYLER
Yeah? No shit.

ADDIE
I like Planet Earth a lot. But
there's other ones. Animal Planet
used to have good ones. They don't
anymore.

TYLER
Animal Planet -- yeah, for sure, I
remember when they had
documentaries. Now it's all reality
shows about ugly dogs or finding
Bigfoot or whatever.

She smiles.

ADDIE
Yeah, they're stupid. I don't like
the reality stuff.

TYLER
So stupid! Like, Big Foot, really?!
It's like 'I thought you were *real*
animal planet, not *fake* animal
planet!'

ADDIE
Right? Right? Because Big Foot
isn't even real!
(beat)
That's it, right? That was the joke
you were making?

TYLER
Totally!

They laugh together.

A moment between them. Addie steps closer to Tyler.

TYLER

So what is it about nature shows?
What do you like about them?

ADDIE

I don't know. They're peaceful.
Even when they're really violent
and bloody and all that, it's never
really a *bad* thing. It's just...
nature. Nature can be violent and
it's okay, no one really cares.

(beat)

And also there's never any people
in these shows... just the voice of
the narrator. I like that about
them.

TYLER

Yeah, people can be a lot
sometimes...

They exchange a genuine glance -- Addie smiles, caught in the
moment of having an *actual, real conversation* with someone.

Behind his back Tyler keeps working on the knot. Little by
little, it's coming lose.

EXT. SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR -- SAME

Garcia and Finch step out from their car. They go around the
garage towards the entrance.

DETECTIVE FINCH

Shit...

Finch pulls his gun.

Garcia turns and looks at where he's looking.

The alley. And Dakota's body lying on the pavement.

On cue, two other police cars arrive on the scene.

Garcia pulls out his gun and whisper-shouts orders to the
cops behind him:

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Hey, hey, hey -- there!

He motions towards Dakota's body. The cops head for her.

Garcia and Finch, guns trained, go around the garage towards the entrance.

INT. SOS MOTOR AUTO REPAIR, OFFICE -- SAME

A calmer Addie inches closer to Tyler. She considers the pistol in her hand, unsure what to do next.

Tyler still works the knot behind his back.

He notices Addie regarding the pistol. Gets her mind off of it:

TYLER

Hey, Addie, can I ask you something?

Addie turns to him.

TYLER

Do you think you could, like, let me go? I won't leave right away, I'll stay -- we can still talk. And you know, be friends.

She studies him in silence.

TYLER

It's just that I've been tied to this chair for a long time. And I'm really tired. And I'm in pain.

Addie approaches him slowly, still carrying the pistol.

Behind his back, Tyler works the knot.

TYLER

And I really wanna see my family at some point.

ADDIE

... even your dad?

Tyler chuckles.

TYLER

Even my Dad.

Addie smiles too, getting closer to him still.

Behind his back, Tyler's hands are almost loose.

Addie considers him. Nods.

ADDIE

Okay. Yeah.

She gets closer. Still holding the pistol. Stops for a second.

ADDIE

You know I wasn't going to leave
you there forever. I just wanted to
give you this first.

She removes the thumb on a string from around her neck, shows
it to him.

ADDIE

And I wanted talk to you for a bit.
Because I saved your life and all,
and I thought that would make us
friends.

TYLER

We're friends, Addie.

ADDIE

Yeah?

Tyler nods. Eyes go from the pistol in one of Addie's hand to
his own thumb in the other.

TYLER

Of course.

Addie smiles a genuine smile. This moment lingers in a quiet
peacefulness for a beat...

... and then...

... LOUD, URGENT BANGS ON THE GARAGE DOOR sound, followed by:

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Police, open now!

Tyler gives ONE LAST PULL and finally manages to get his
hands free from the rope --

-- he GETS UP --

-- as Addie looks back at the door, startled --

-- Tyler moves to get out of the way, but stumbles forward,
too weak to walk properly --

-- FALLS ON ADDIE --

-- who STUMBLES and turns to face the --

GARAGE

... just as the cops BRING UP THE GARAGE DOOR --

-- and Detective Garcia SEES THE GUN IN HER HAND --

-- and what to him looks like ADDIE RUSHING THEM --

-- and he FIRES.

For a moment everything is QUIET and CALM. Addie FROWNS.

Then. In SLOW-MOTION, the chaos resumes:

Tyler cowers at the gunshot. Looks up at Addie, then RUSHES OUT THE DOOR toward the cops, stumbling on the way.

Addie stares, almost confused, at the smoking gun in Garcia's hand, then touches her neck, where blood gushes out from a bullet hole.

CLOSE ON ADDIE'S FACE...

... as she stumbles forward into the garage and collapses on the ground, blood flowing in an expanding pool around her, the thumb rolling away from her and stopping a few inches from her face.

She watches the cops come in, still in SLOW MOTION, their voices distorted as if they're deep underwater like the first time we met her.

Some attend to Tyler. Others head toward her, guns pointed.

They BARK ORDERS she doesn't listen to.

She turns from them to her hand -- she's still holding the PISTOL.

She looks confused. The slow-mo chaos around her overwhelming.

Slowly we make sense of Garcia's voice -- he's pointing his gun right at her and ordering:

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Drop the weapon! Now! Drop it!

Addie blinks slow, confused blinks. She turns from her hand holding the pistol to...

... the floor, where the THUMB rests next to her face, staring back at her.

She slowly reaches for it, her free hand barely following her commands.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
(distant)
Drop the gun now!

Addie touches the thumb with the tip of her fingers. Pushes herself a bit further...

... turns around in fetal position...

... and finally wraps her hand around the thumb. Like a newborn.

She closes her eyes. The world forgotten. Just her and the thumb.

And in this moment she's at PEACE.

Garcia slowly approaches, COCKS HIS GUN. His eyes go to the pistol, still in Addie's other hand --

-- he PLEADS, no sound, for her to DROP THE GUN --

-- as Addie moves her arm (and the pistol along with it) --

-- Garcia's eyes GO WIDE --

-- he's about to PULL THE TRIGGER AGAIN when:

TYLER
Wait, wait, wait.

Tyler approaches Detective Garcia in stumbling steps:

TYLER
Lower your guns. She didn't do anything.

Detective Garcia turns to Tyler.

Addie opens her eyes.

She looks around. Frowns, confused.

All the other cops stop what they're doing and turn to them. The chaos subsides.

For a moment all is calm in the garage.

So calm it's almost awkward.

Addie watches from the ground as Tyler smiles at her, a hand on Garcia's shoulder.

TYLER

She's a good person.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Sir, we're responding to a suspected kidnapping in this location.

TYLER

No. No! Addie didn't kidnap me. And she didn't hurt me, either.

(beat)

She saved my life.

He smiles at her.

TYLER

She's my friend.

The cops look around, confused.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

I'm not sure if --

NATHAN (O.S.)

It's true! I know her!

Nathan steps into the garage, carrying grocery bags from Happy Happy Shoppers.

NATHAN

She wouldn't hurt him. She wouldn't hurt anyone. She's a great lady.

(to Addie)

Addie, I'm sorry about our date, I was a dick. I just had never met anyone as unique as you. All the stupid girls I go out with, they're all the same. You're different. Good different.

Addie smiles from the ground.

NATHAN

And, you know, I totally get it if you say no but...

(MORE)

NATHAN (CONT'D)
would you ever want to go out with
me again some day? It can be just
as friends, I just want to be in
your life.

Addie props herself up on her elbows, looking at them from
her little pool of blood.

DOUG (O.S.)
Oh, just say yes already, Addie!

Doug emerges -- dressed in birding clothes, hat, binoculars
and all -- followed by a crew of other BIRDERS, all in
costume too.

Addie frowns at him.

DOUG
Hey, Addie. I came here to
apologize too. I shouldn't have
fired you. It's just that I'm a
giant asshole. But I'm working on
it. And I really appreciate you
helping out that customer with the
hemorrhoids, too.

BIRD WATCHER 1
I have an idea! Why don't we all go
birding together?!

BIRD WATCHER 2
Yeah, let's go birding!

TYLER
I'm up for some birding.

NATHAN
Actually, me too. That sounds
awesome.

DETECTIVE FINCH
(to Garcia)
You ever gone birding?

DETECTIVE GARCIA
No. But it sounds fun, right?

Addie slowly picks herself up from the ground.

Detective Garcia moves to help her.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Here. Let me just...

From his pocket he pulls a single BAND-AID and places it over the bullet hole on her neck, stopping the bleeding at once.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

There you go. Sorry about that.

She turns to face Tyler, Nathan, Doug, the cops, the bird people...

They all stare at her, smiling, friendly, lovingly.

Tyler takes a step toward her, offers his thumb-less hand like a prince:

TYLER

So? What do you say, Addie? Wanna go birding with your new friends?

Addie looks around at all the smiling faces. She swallows, emotional, eyes red with tears. Sniffs.

Then... she SMILES at everyone.

NODS, smiling through the happy tears.

Everyone CHEERS! The birders blow on their bird whistles. Detectives Garcia and Finch shoot their guns in the air in celebration.

Addie takes Tyler's hand and he guides her to the group:

They all hug her and pat her and tousle her hair and embrace her.

OVER MUSIC:

We STAY BEHIND as...

... they turn around and start their way together down the street towards the sunset, everyone trying to get Addie's attention -- to ask something, say something, make a joke...

Addie laughs and responds excitedly to everyone, at home in the center of attention.

Then she stops. Says something to everyone. Turns back...

They all wait as she...

... walks back to the garage...

... as we slowly PAN DOWN to reveal...

... the thumb.

Addie grabs it from the floor.

Turns around and races back toward her friends, holding the thumb over her head like it's a baseball she just caught.

ADDIE
Almost forgot this!

Everyone laughs.

And off they go, together, happy as can be, into the sunset.

END.