

1 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT {SIN CITY NOIR} 1

CHARLEY and TAYLOR, in trench coats, stride down an abandoned sidewalk with the LA lights behind them, arriving at--

2 EXT. FRONT PORCH - JIMMY'S CONDO - NIGHT {SIN CITY NOIR} 2

Charley thumps her fist on the door--

The door flies open to reveal SAM(ANTHA), her hair teased up, wearing a black leather bustier.

With calculated efficiency, Charley pulls a REVOLVER from her coat and BLASTS Sam point blank in the forehead.

Sam's head snaps back! BUT then she straightens up and looks Charley dead in the eyes--

SAM
Seriously?!

SMASH TO:

3 INT. GIRLY BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

Charley, Taylor, and Sam, drinking wine and painting toenails, two on the bed, one of the floor, in a pink palace of female adolescence.

CHARLEY
What?

SAM
This is about the "Money Pit" you're dating, not about the girls he's two timing you with.

CHARLEY
Oh, by "Money Pit" you mean the tone deaf child who uses the "concerts" I book for him as a personal pussy parade?

TAYLOR
If you shot every girl that monster has ever slept with, we're left with, like, Sam, and that's it.
(beat) Wait, no and me...

CHARLEY
Fine. I won't shoot her in her ugly stupid fat face...

SMASH TO:

4 INT. PORCH - JIMMY'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT {BUFFY - FANTASY} 4

The second Sam opens the door, Charley PUNCHES her square in the nose.

CHARLEY
(off Taylor's look)
What? She surprised me!

Charley, in one swift move, flings off her trench coat to reveal a sexy fighting outfit underneath.

CHARLEY
Honey, I'm home.

Charley marches into the apartment.

Taylor cinches her coat tighter.

TAYLOR
We were supposed to wear something
under these?

5 INT. LIVING ROOM - JIMMY'S PLACE - {BUFFY FANTASY} 5

JIMMY, an unassuming, hip little fellow, stands strumming an acoustic guitar and singing horrendously, by a candle lit staircase.

JIMMY
(sets down the guitar)
Hey babe. Uh, that chick was just
singing backup on my new song.

CHARLEY
Well she's out of the band.

Charley grabs Jimmy's guitar and smashes him in the chest with it, sending him flying backwards.

CHARLEY
Your guitar never sounded better.

Jimmy immediately pops back to reveal HE'S A DEMON!!!

Charley does a matrix flourish with the handle of the now broken guitar when suddenly -- we see a glass fly past Jimmy's head and CRASH into the wall. They both turn to...

Taylor, drinking wine at the wet bar who clearly just threw a glass. She yells "WOOO! Fuck you, guy!"

(CONTINUED)

Before Charley can turn back around, Jimmy takes advantage of the distraction and hammer fists her in the back, knocking her down.

CHARLEY

You surprised me. How THOUGHTFUL.

On "THOUGHTFUL," Charley back-fists his stomach, then uses a fist sweep to knock him off his feet.

She stands up and puts her feet on his chest. Suddenly he grabs her leg and brings her down crouching over him. He immediately rolls her over. On top of Charley--

JIMMY

I'm going to FINISH you.

CHARLEY

Really? Usually I have to do that myself afterwards.

Charley double palms his chest, sending him flying. They both leap up, but she's faster. In between her punches--

CHARLEY

I clothe you, feed you, buy your fancy custom guitar picks--

JIMMY

(catching her fist)

I need some more of those by the way.

CHARLEY

Then I discover a myspace page (she hammer fists his arm to break his hold on her other fist) chronicling your rock n roll sexcapades.

On "chronicling" Charley throws a wild hook. Jimmy ducks and elbows her in the face, sending her backwards.

She recoups as he grabs his guitar, doing a flourish with it until he stands in a defensive pose with the guitar in front of his face.

Without warning, Charley kicks the guitar, a roundhouse kick that breaks the body of the guitar off, immediately following with a punch to the stomach and a crescent kick to the face.

She approaches him.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLEY

This is for the 60 grand you owe
me, plus 20 dollars for an STD
test.

Satisfied, Charley grabs her coat and turns to walk away.

JIMMY

(straining to his knees)

Baby?

Their faces get very close.

CHARLEY

Sorry Jimmy, no encore tonight.

Charley's foot kicks up the neck of the broken guitar,
sending it flying up. As we watch the close up of their
faces, she STABS him in the gut. Blood geysers from Jimmy's
abdomen and Charley joyously bathes in the torrent of his
blood.

TAYLOR

It's like a chocolate fountain! I
love those.

Charley smiles as she licks Jimmy-blood off her lips.

CHARLEY

Tastes like it too.

A slow smile breaks onto Charley' face.

SMASH TO:

6 INT. GIRLY LIVING/BEDROOM - NIGHT

6

Sam has been painting Charley's toenails while Taylor looks
through a box a makeup while drinking, but now both stare at
Charley, mouths agape.

TAYLOR

Dude.

CHARLEY

What?

TAYLOR

If blood tasted like chocolate, I
would drink so much blood.

She shudders with joy and turns back to her makeup.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
That is totally unrealistic.

CHARLEY
It's a fantasy.

SAM
C'mon, it's no fun if it could
never happen.

CHARLEY
I found it pretty satisfying.

Taylor pulls out a compact of blush.

TAYLOR
Found it! This is gonna look so
good!

CHARLEY
OK fine. Let's hear your fantasy.
But, good luck thinking of
something better than
stomach-fucking your boyfriend with
his own guitar neck.

Sam gives an "Uhm, Okay?" look.

SMASH TO:

7 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT {MAD MEN}

7

Taylor and Charley are now in maid uniforms.

CHARLEY
This is demeaning.

Sam sweeps in looking like sheer 50's perfection. She stops
Taylor just as she's about to steal a sip from a GLASS OF
RED WINE.

SAM
Uh uh uh, I wouldn't do that.

TAYLOR
Why?
(sotto)
Did you poison it?

SAM
No, I meant mixing red and white.

Taylor gasps. Her hand creeps in holding her REAL WORLD
white wine glass. She drinks and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

SAM
 (claps her hands)
 Chop chop, ladies, we've work to do!

QUICK CUTS: The ladies prepare food, a roast, veggies, potatoes and each time Charley and Taylor try to add POISON to their dish, but Sam stops them. When it's ready...

CHARLEY
 Your fantasy is cooking him dinner?
 What are you going to do, kill him with cholesterol?

SAM
 I'm not going to kill him. I'm going to serve him his favorite dinner and show him what women's lib is really about!

Sam grabs a tray of deliciousness and the girls follow her through the door into:

8 INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

8

An immaculately dressed dining room with a long table set for two.

SAM
 Places everyone, Roger will be home any minute!

Sam sits at the head of the table while the girls move to the sideboard.

And they wait. And wait. Time passes. They wait. Then FINALLY...

The front door opens and Roger comes strolling in. Sam perks up! Roger immediately sits at his end of the table, ignoring everything. She nods to the girls who serve Roger his dinner as Sam settles at her end of the table.

SAM
 You're so late, you must be famished.

He grunts, opens his newspaper.

The girls stare. He doesn't notice. Reads his paper.

Finally, he lays down the paper and looks like he's about to eat. The girls watch expectantly. BUT Roger just lights up a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Don't you want to eat anything,
dear?

ROGER

Not hungry.

He goes back to the newspaper, Sam tries to smile. She's frozen... losing it...loooosing it...loooooooosing it...

He ashes the cigarette in his food.

AND SHE SNAPS. She claps her hands and Charley and Taylor race to the sides of Roger's chair, pinning his arms behind him. Sam walks over.

ROGER

Hey, what's this?

Sam pulls the cigarette from his mouth and flings it.

SAM

I told you I was making dinner
tonight.

ROGER

I already ate.

SAM

Well you are going to fucking eat
again!

Sam grabs Roger's hair and yanks his head back. He opens his mouth to argue and she CRAMS A HANDFUL of dinner into his mouth with a huge unflinching grin.

SAM

I painstakingly prepared this
AMAZING meal for you, Roger.
(he tries to argue and she
CRAMS MORE IN)
...so you would see what an AMAZING
girlfriend I am to you Roger!
(he is SMOTHERED in food as he
struggles to breathe)
...and finally appreciate me,
ROGER!!!!

Sam's "feeding frenzy" is too much for him...when he stops struggling, the girls all let go and his face SPLATS down onto into his soup dish. Sam sits next to him, dejected.

Charley plops down across from her and eats some mashed potatoes from the serving bowl.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLEY

See, that's better, right?

With a gasp Roger pops back up! Sam immediately grabs the candelabra and smacks him in the face, then carefully polishes it before setting it back where it was.

SAM

Yes, better.

Taylor joins them, DOWNING her glass of pinot grigio. She flings the glass and bellows...

TAYLOR

It's time for my fantasy!!!

STAR WIPE TO:

9

EXT. STREET - DAY {SUPERHERO FANTASY}

9

On the street corner, Charley and Sam are dressed as a newspaper delivery boy and lady of the night, respectively.

SAM

What am I wearing?

CHARLEY

Extra, extra, Sam is a prostitute!

Taylor, in a flamboyantly-colored PowerPuff-Girl-esque superhero outfit stumbles in, ready for action.

TAYLOR

Have no fear, I--

A MANIACAL LAUGH-- Brad, Taylor's boyfriend, smashes onto the scene in a SEXY EVIL OVERLOAD costume.

Looking at Brad, a deep purrrrr forms in Taylor's throat. She slowly advances on the bewildered Evil-Brad and they start SUCKING FACE, hardcore-style.

SAM

Taylor! What are you doing?

TAYLOR

(sexily)

When I'm drunk I get so -

SMASH CUT:

10 INT. GIRLY BEDROOM - NIGHT

10

CHARLEY
 Seriously, you're cut off.

TAYLOR
 Why?! I'm not even skronk!

SAM
 What?

TAYLOR
 Huh?

SAM
 You said you're not even "skronk."

TAYLOR
 What's skronk?

SAM
 You said it. (BEAT)

TAYLOR
 I'm gonna tell you my fantasy now.

11 EXT. SEANCE "DECK" - NIGHT

11

All three girls are in MONK ROBES. Charley has the slutty robe.

CHARLEY
 Great. Now I'm the prostitute.

TAYLOR
 (slurring)
 Shh-h-hh!
 (chanting)
 Latin latin latin latin...

Their eyes roll back and all three girls chant as the camera pulls back to reveal...

A GIANT PENTAGRAM on the floor highlighted by candles around it.

Taylor's boyfriend, Brad, burly, but generally sweet-seeming, races into the middle of the pentagram.

BRAD
 Babe! I got your voice mail, are you alright?
 (looks around)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRAD (cont'd)

Wait, where's your bike? I thought you had an accident. Why are we in this creepy location?

(looks at girls)

Why are the girls here? Why are you all wearing black? Why are you chanting? Why does Charley look like a prostitute?

The chanting builds in intensity... We cut back to see Charley with an owl head and Sam exorcism-style, crying blood.

Chanting continues as the lights flicker and we see WEIRD people emerge from the shadows...a BUNNY MASK GIRL in a LeeLo costume with a chain saw, an ENORMOUS MAN with an axe and some doll heads attached to a rope, a GUY IN WADERS holding a baseball bat full of nails, etc. They all CHANT ALONG. Brad's body freezes, but he can still speak...

BRAD

Whoa, why can't I move?

Taylor's eyes clear and she unsheathes a RITUAL KNIFE, steps forward and STABS it into Brad's heart. He sucks in a DYING BREATH...except it's not:

BRAD

(GASPS)

Now I gotta change my shirt before dinner. I thought I'd take you to that new little French place?--

Taylor, grabs the AXE from the Enormous man and with a VICIOUS SWING EMBEDS it in the side of Brad's neck. His eyes close and his head falls, THEN he coughs up blood onto Taylor's robe.

BRAD

I'm so sorry, do you guys have any club soda?

TAYLOR

ARGH!

Bing! Bing! Taylor looks down at her phone to see a meme of an adorable kitten, being adorable.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

It reminded me of you.

TAYLOR

When did you even do that?!!

Taylor pulls back, holds up her hands and unleashes a LOUD TERRIFYING SPELL... FLAMES reflect orange.

BRAD

OH GOD! WHY AM I ON FIRE!!!!?

TAYLOR

Because you text me too much!!!!!

SMASH TO:

12

INT. GIRLY BEDROOM - NIGHT

12

Sam has been doing Charley's hair and they now gape at Taylor.

SAM

Texts you too much?

TAYLOR

Oh my god, it's like non-stop:
 "Thinking about you." "I'm going to
 the store, do you need anything?"
 "Just saw the Sports Illustrated
 Swimsuit issue is out, you're
 prettier than all of them!" Ugh!

CHARLEY

So he's sweet and attentive?

A beat. They all ponder.

SAM

Ladies, we shouldn't focus on
 revenge, we should focus on
 empowerment.

TAYLOR

It's like I once said, "I'm tough,
 I'm ambitious, and I know exactly
 what I want. If that makes me a
 bitch, okay."

SAM

Honey, that was Madonna.

Taylor shakes her head "naah".

(CONTINUED)

CHARLEY

Yeah, Jimmy will starve without me,
so I don't really need to kill him.

Taylor pours herself and the girls a new FULL glass of grig
and toasts.

TAYLOR

To empowerment!

SAM

Friendship!

CHARLEY

Popcorn! We should make some!

They clink glasses and drink. Then...

Sam looks off camera...

SAM

So what the fuck do we do with
them?

PAN TO REVEAL:

Jimmy, Roger, and Brad, all in normal clothes, Brad with a
FACE FULL OF MAKEUP, tied up and gagged, eyes panicked and
pleading. They scream behind their gags as we--

SMASH TO BLACK.