

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

GIRL'S GIRLS

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Rough Draft

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EXT. SKATING RINK - AFTERNOON

ABBY, 21, sits in a back alley of the skating rink, a little red-faced and greasy. Her hair hangs back in a loose ponytail and her wrinkled shirt clings to her sweaty pits. She scrolls past carefully curated "photo dumps" and mirror selfies. Her phone dings with a text from TYLER <3.

ON SCREEN TEXT: TYLER <3 "Can we talk?"

ABBY scratches her head, sighing.

ON SCREEN TEXT: ABBY "I'm at work, is everything ok?"

ON SCREEN TEXT: TYLER "i think we should call"

ABBY rolls her eyes, typing faster.

ON SCREEN TEXT: ABBY "I have like 2 mins left on my break, can u just tell me what's going on?"

ON SCREEN TEXT: TYLER "i think we should break up i can't keep arguing w u abt the same rumors and I need to just focus on myself lowk"

Abby slowly lowers her phone, eyes blank.

ON SCREEN TEXT: TYLER "u can still come pick up ur birthday present tho if u wanna"

An alarm on her phone rings. Break's over.

TITLE CARD - GIRL'S GIRLS

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Abby enters her shabby college apartment with eyes glossed over. We PAN AROUND, seeing a man's hoodie, an Xbox controller, a framed picture of the couple, and other keepsakes.

ABBY
(to herself)
Fuck.

Abby opens her phone, going to Instagram, where the most recent DM is from a girl, starting with "Hey Girly..." and screenshots of Tyler DM'ing her. Abby huffs, sending a text to Danny.

ON-SCREEN TEXT: ABBY "I'll be there tomorrow."

Abby stomps around, throwing his things in a trash bag, then throws it in her trunk and drives off as the sun sets, squinting and fiddling with the sun visor.

TRANSITION: CLT SKYLINE, HIGHWAYS

INT./EXT. GAS STATION - EVENING

The bell rings above Abby as she walks into the gas station mart, slumped and small. We briefly see a group of three loud girls, laughing by the drink case, but they disappear from view as Abby walks into the candy aisle. She stands in front of the gummy worms and stares at them.

FLASHBACK: Memory of her and Danny on the couch throwing gummy worms at each other.

Abby starts crying quietly, while at the end of the aisle, one the girls, QUEN, notices her. When Abby looks up, she disappears. Shortly after, the two other girls follow behind her, also stopping to look at Abby.

JESS

Are you okay?

JESS, 21, gorgeously intimidating, walks up to Abby, with MIA, 20, tiny and self-tanned, right behind. Quen, 21 and tomboy cool, leans against one of the shelves with her arms crossed in front of her.

ABBY

Y-Yeah, I'm okay. Sorry. Thanks.

Abby wipes her eyes, running her hands through her loose ponytail.

JESS

Babe, do NOT be sorry. Your emotions are valid.

MIA

Yeah, super valid.

JESS

So...what happened?

Abby looks up and girls are silent. Jess raises her eyebrows. Mia nods, waiting.

ABBY

(sniffling)

Yeah, I just like got broken up with over text and I drove d-

JESS

Wait, you got dumped today?

MIA

Oh, my god.

QUEN

That sucks, dude.

ABBY

Yeah, we had been dating for four years and there were some rumors of him like doing stuff, but he's a great guy..

JESS

Like, doing what?

Abby looked down at her hands.

ABBY

Um.. like.. like he cheated on me, probably.

Mia slaps a hand over her mouth, eyeballs huge. Quen grimaced. Jess placed a manicured hand on Abby's shoulder.

JESS

Oh, babe I am so sorry.

MIA

Yeah, fuck that guy!

QUEN

What a dick.

Jess looked back at Quen and Mia.

JESS

Guys, we have to bring her.

Quen raised an eyebrow.

MIA

Oh- um! We do?

JESS

Of course. We're girl's girls.

MIA

Yeah, duh. We're such girl's girls.

Mia and Quen side-eye each other so briefly you almost don't notice. Almost.

JESS

What are you doing tonight?

ABBY
Me? Um.. nothing, I don't think.

JESS
You should come out with us tonight.

Abby looked behind her, as if she could have been talking to someone else. She looked the girls up and down, noticing they're dressed to the nines.

ABBY
I don't-

MIA
C'mon, it'll be fun!

The jury of 3 girls looked at Abby again, waiting.

ABBY
I just didn't bring any clothes, I was going straight to my mom's house tonight.

JESS
You can borrow mine. I'm sure I'll have something that fits you.

MIA
Yeah, her closet is literally overflowing.

QUEN
We're just picking up stuff for the pre-game.

ABBY
But my car-

JESS
You can park it at mine.

Abby stutters, looking for another excuse.

JESS (cont'd)
So?

Abby met eyes with Quen, who tilts her head and lightly bites her lip.

ABBY
Okay..Okay, I'll go.

The girls burst into shrieks, dragging Abby into a huge, jumping hug.

EXT. CHARLOTTE SUBURB MANSION - LATER

A sleek red sports car swerves into the huge driveway, bass thumping, while an older SUV turns in cautiously behind it. Jess hops out of the car, slamming the door shut.

JESS

Anywhere is fine! Just watch out for the hedges, my dad is super anal about them.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The girls casually traipse into the huge house, while Abby stops at the doorway, looking around. They start up the stairs while she stands awkwardly taking her shoes off. Quen waits up.

QUEN

You don't have to do that.

Abby stops, standing straight up.

ABBY

Oh.

Quen smiles, tilting her head toward the stairs.

QUEN

Come on.

Quen turns back around toward the stairs as Abby wobbles back into her shoe and runs to catch up with her.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The girls stand in Jess' giant bathroom, surrounded by makeup, clothes strewn everywhere, passing around a bottle of Tito's and blue Gatorade for a chaser. Abby watches them off to the side with her hands folded in front of her.

MIA

Girl, get in here!

She extends the bottle to Abby, but then brings it back in.

MIA (cont'd)

Unless you don't drink. Which is like, totally fine.

JESS

Yeah, I went Cali sober freshman year, but I was lowkey so... bored.

Abby snatches the bottle from Mia, taking a swig. She winces, reaching for the Gatorade. Quen watches, laughing a little.

ABBY

No- ah Jesus, No I drink.

Quen grabs the bottle gently from her hands and takes a swig without breaking eye contact.

QUEN

Oh, yeah? Big drinker? Are we gonna be able to keep up?

Abby raises her eyebrows, unable to respond.

JESS

Quen, stop terrorizing her.

Jess turns to Abby, studying her hair and her outfit, sweatpants and a hoodie.

JESS (cont'd)

So what are we gonna do with you...?

Abby squirms while Mia and Quen step closer.

MIA

Ooh, what about that one Zara dress you never wear? Or maybe that Juicy top?

Jess puts a finger up to Mia, and she silently backs away from Abby.

JESS

Mia, can you just- Let me handle it.

Jess turns back to Abby, scanning her up and down.

JESS (cont'd)

You're like a size...6? 8?

Abby looks down at herself.

ABBY

Um- like, I wear a medium.

Mia chimes in, taking another shot and curling her hair.

MIA

Well, I wear a medium, and I'm super tiny...

JESS

But you know how sizes can be. I feel like "Small" is too big for me sometimes.

ABBY

Yeah, for sure-

Quen appears into frame holding a giant pile of clothes in her hands.

QUEN

How about you just try some shit on?

MONTAGE: Abby tries on different outfits, some barely fitting, some way too big. She struts in front of the girls in different shoes. They sit her down in a chair and do her make up, her hair. They spin her around in the mirror and stand behind her, smiling and nodding.

JESS

Wait, we ateeeeee.

Abby studies herself in the mirror, looking at herself from different angles.

MIA

You look amazing.

JESS

Literally unrecognizable.

Abby looks up and meets eyes with Quen in the mirror.

QUEN

You like it?

ABBY

I do. I love it.

Jess reaches for the bottle, halfway empty now.

JESS

Ok, we need to get to a good level before we get there. Quen, can you order the Uber?

Mia reaches for a giant pair of designer sunglasses propped on a shelf.

MIA
Jesssss, can I-

Jess downs her shot and turns from the mirror, stone-faced.

JESS
Put those down.

MIA
Whaaaaat? You said we can borrow
anything-

Jess goes to argue, but Quen interjects.

QUEN
Uber's here!

EXT. BAR - LATER

The Uber rolls up to a small but upscale bar buzzing with music and a line of people wrapped around it. Jess and Quen exit the car, turning heads, Mia follows behind, and Abby stumbles out of the car, thanking the driver.

ABBY
Oh, God, the line. Should we go
somewhere else? There's like an Ale
House nearby..

Quen and Mia look at each other and laugh, watching Jess go up to the bouncer and hug him.

QUEN
No need.

Jess turns to them, motioning them inside. The mortals in the line groan and roll their eyes.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Drinks are flowing, music is bumping. The girls snap photos on a digital camera. Abby holds her drink and her borrowed purse close to her. Jess shoves her camera in Abby's hands.

JESS
Will you take one of us, please?

MIA
Yessss Abbyyy!! Make us look skinny!!

The girls group together and Abby snaps a few photos.

ABBY
Ok, I got a few.

Quen grabs the camera from Abby's hand, pulling her close.

QUEN
Wait, Abby, you need a solo shot.

MIA
Yesss make that loser see what he
lostttttt!

Abby laughs, awkwardly smiling.

MIA (cont'd)
Awwww you're so cuteeee! Isn't she so
cute, Jess?

JESS
So cute! You need to give sexy,
though!

QUEN
Yeah, like give us a smize. A
smolder. You like don't even care
that you're here right now.

Abby laughs awkwardly, posing as the girls hype her up.
Suddenly, the music changes, and Mia shrieks.

JESS
Oh, we HAVE to!

Quen, Mia, and Jess basically run to the dance floor,
snatching the coveted center spot right by the DJ. Abby
watches them go, camera still in hand. She sighs, turning to
the bar to order another drink.

When she turns around, she sees the trio dancing like girls
in a Charli XCX music video. Sexy, cool, and impossible to
turn away from. Jess is in the middle, while Quen and Mia
press up against her. Quen spots Abby from across the bar,
locking eyes with her. They stay here for a beat until Mia
sees her, waving Abby into their circle.

Abby joins them, swaying and unsure what to with her hands
or the rest of her body. Quen drags her closer, spinning her
around. The girls whoop, and Abby can't stop smiling.

Suddenly, a giant man slams into her, sending her drink
flying.

JESS (cont'd)
(to the giant man)
Are you blind, you fucking clown?

MIA
What the fuck is wrong with
you?

QUEN
Grown man and you can't
watch where you're going?

The girls hurl insults at him, slurring, and pulling Abby away from him. The man puts his hands up in defense.

GIANT MAN
Jesus Christ-

ABBY
No, guys, he's fine, sir, you're fi-

Jess crosses her arms, sizing up the man.

JESS
No, he's not.

QUEN
Apologize.

The man looks between them, laughing incredulously.

JESS
Apologize. Now.

GIANT MAN
I'm sorry! Jeez. Psycho bitches.

The man walks away from them, but not before Mia runs in front of him and stomps on his foot, hard.

GIANT MAN (cont'd)
OH MY GOD-

The girls bolt for the bathrooms, laughing their heads off.

MIA
(over her shoulder)
Now are we fucking psycho?

They dart into the bathroom, completely disregarding the line, and push into the big stall, out of breath. They burst into laughter.

ABBY
Holy shit.

JESS
Wait, Mia did you bring the coke?

Abby's eyes widen as she looks at Quen, who just closes her eyes and nods.

MIA
Oh, god I almost forgot!

She digs around in her small purse.

QUEN
I'm gonna step out, it's hot as hell
in here. Abby, you coming?

While the other two are turned, sniffing, Quen grabs Abby and leads her out of the stall.

ABBY
You don't want to-

QUEN
No. I don't want to.

Quen steps closer to Abby, moving the bangs stuck to her face. Abby cannot take her eyes off her. Quen steps closer, staring at her lips. They both close their eyes, slowly leaning in-

JESS (O.C.)
OH MY GOD!

Quen completely backs away from Abby as Jess bursts through the stall door, phone in hand. Mia peeks from behind her shoulder, furiously trying to see what's on her screen.

QUEN
What happened?!

JESS
That promoter guy Jason just texted
me saying he has wristbands and a
section for us at LUX!

Quen and Mia circle around Jess as Abby remains pressed against the wall.

MIA
Wait, like Kap Sig Jason? Or gave
Sarah Johnson chlamydia Jason?

JESS
No, shroom plug with the weird
goatee- Whatever, it doesn't matter,
we fucking have VIP!

QUEN

Tonight?!

JESS

Like, right now, Tonight.

ABBY

What are we..talking about right now?

Mia turns to Abby, mouth hanging open.

JESS

Oh, you sweet innocent thing.

QUEN

It's a really nice club. Like celebrities and bottle girls and shit.

MIA

Impossible to get into. Unless you're Jess, of course.

Jess smiles from the mirror, fixing her makeup and wiping her nose.

JESS

You're welcome. Mia, get the Uber.

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

The girls huddle outside the bar, gushing about the club. Jess takes a hit from a pink vape in her hand and checks her phone. She raises her eyebrows and shows her phone to Quen and Mia.

ABBY

What is it?

The girls grimace, standing behind Jess as she sighs and pouts, turning to Abby.

JESS

Bad news, babe.

ABBY

Is it the Uber?

JESS

Um, no.

ABBY

Oh. Um, what is it then?

Jess hits her vape again, groaning.

JESS
Jason only got three spots.

ABBY
Three spots?

JESS
Like, three spots on the guest list.

Abby searches Quen's eyes for answers, but she avoids her eyes. Mia pouts.

ABBY
Oh..um, okay-

JESS
You don't care if we go, right?

MIA
Yeah, I mean, I don't think it's
really your vibe...

ABBY
I mean-

Quen leans against the club wall with her arms crossed,
turning her head toward an oncoming car.

QUEN
Uber's here.

Mia and Jess step toward it, turning to Jess as they open
the car door.

JESS
Ugh, I am so sorry, girlie.

MIA
Yeah, super sorry. Maybe we can meet
up for afters?

ABBY
Wait-

The girls slide into the car.

Abby turns to Quen, waiting for...something. Anything. Quen
finally meets her eyes.

QUEN
I-

JESS (O.S.)
Quen, let's go.

QUEN
(To Abby)
Give me your phone.

ABBY
What?

Quen sticks her hand out.

QUEN
Your phone. Give it to me.

Abby fumbles with her phone and Quen snatches it, furiously typing something into it.

JESS (O.S.)
Hellooo?

Quen places the phone back into Abby's hands, holding them for a second.

JESS (O.S.) (cont'd)
Quen, we're leaving!

QUEN
Jesus Christ, I'm going.

She mouths a "sorry" to Abby then turns away from her, getting in the car. The door slams shut and the car takes off, leaving Abby still standing speechless on the curb.

Abby walks onto the street, watching the car disappear, throwing her arms up in defeat.

ABBY
FUCK!

She buries her head in her hands and inhales. After a beat, she looks back up, composing herself. She sighs, looking down at her phone. A pin blinks on the map, showing the address that Quen typed in. She looks up and starts walking.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Abby stumbles through uptown Charlotte, sniffing and moping. She spots a green Lime scooter lying on the side of the road.

EXT. OUTSIDE BANK OF AMERICA STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

Abby zooms past the stadium on the scooter.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Abby sits on the bus, blank-eyed. The bus stops, and Abby misses a step as she walks off, falling face-first on the concrete. Abby groans.

BUS DRIVER

You okay, hun?

Abby gives the driver a thumbs up and he drives off.

EXT. SUBURBS - CONTINUOUS

Abby limps in her heels on the sidewalk and the heel gets caught in the crack in the sidewalk, sending her forward. She huffs then rips the shoes off, throwing them into a bush, and continues walking.

END MONTAGE

EXT. JESS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Abby stands before Jess' house, beat, bruised, and battered.

INT. JESS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Abby stumbles back into the empty bathroom, grabbing her car keys off the counter. As she closes the door behind her, she looks back at the sunglasses on the shelf before leaving.

EXT. TYLER'S HOUSE - DAWN

Abby's car rolls carelessly onto Danny's driveway, going a little into the grass. She steps out and slams the door, her sweatpants hastily over her tiny dress. Her hair is a ball of frizz and the only makeup left on her face is a ring of smeared eyeliner around her eyes.

She walks up to the entrance, pounding on the door. TYLER, 21, opens the door in his plaid pajama pants with sleep still in his eyes.

TYLER
(groggily)
What the fuck? What are you doing
here.

Abby crosses her arms.

ABBY
I told you I'd be here today.

TYLER
I thought you said tomorrow.

ABBY
It is tomorrow, you fucking clown.

He smiles, opening the door wider.

TYLER
Just come in, baby, let's talk this
ou-

Abby launches the trash bag full of his stuff, hitting him
in the stomach.

ABBY
No. Fuck you.

Abby turns around, walking away from him.

TYLER
You're such a fucking bitch!

Abby stops in her tracks, turning back to him. Tyler's eyes
widen as she steps up to him, and she stomps on his foot,
hard. He groans in agony, grabbing his foot. She turns
around again, getting into her car and slamming the door.
Abby drives off while Tyler rolls around on the ground in
pain.

INT. ABBY'S CAR - SUNRISE

Abby drives drives one hand on the wheel, knee up on the
seat. The sun rises in front of her as she drives on the
wide, open highway. She reaches for the volume knob, turning
the music up, and lowers the giant designer sunglasses onto
her face with a hardened expression.

FADE OUT.