

UNTITLED

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
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INT. LIVING ROOM

The girls all sit around watching a "Desperate Housewives of Atlanta" type reality show. There is a somber mood.

RYDER

Can we please change the channel?
I'm gonna blow my brains out the
next time one of these bitches
takes a selfie.

BRIT

Wait your turn.

RYDER

Come on. The fights about to start.
You can learn something useful.
Like how to pull an arm out of the
socket, or break someone's wrist.

Nora looks over at Ryder.

NORA

Hey. Can I talk to you for a
second?

Ryder shrugs and gets up. Nora follows her into the kitchen.
Ryder pulls out a pack of smokes, but finds it empty.

RYDER

Spot me five bucks?

NORA

I don't have it.

RYDER

What the fuck you working for?

Beat.

RYDER (CONT'D)

Alright, tell me where Tamzen keeps
her stash? I can't sit through this
entire night sober.

Nora just stares at her.

RYDER (CONT'D)

Ok good talk.

Ryder goes to walk past her.

NORA

What the fuck happened today?

RYDER

Can you be more specific?

NORA

The funeral Ryder.

(beat)

I can put up with your crazy mood swings and the whole tough girl attitude. Whatever gets you through the day. But what you did today was beyond selfish. Even for you. You may not give a shit about the rest of us, but Maddy was your friend and you could've shown a little respect.

RYDER

Respect? What? For some dumb bitch who couldn't keep her shit together? You wanna talk about selfish? How about doing it in the bathtub so we don't have to scrub blood out of the fucking floor.

Ryder is on the verge of tears, but stifles it.

RYDER (CONT'D)

You know what I do respect though? She wasn't willing to live lie, like the rest of you.

NORA

Oh yeah? And what's that?

RYDER

That there's a world out there for us.

NORA

Speak for yourself.

Ryder turns to leave.

NORA (CONT'D)

You're not Madeline!

Ryder stops.

NORA (CONT'D)

You hear me? You're not Madeline. You may be a lot of things Ryder, but weak... ain't one of them.

(MORE)

NORA(CONT'D)

If anyone can make it out there,
you can. But you can't do it alone.
You have to let us in once in a
while.

RYDER

You trying to blow smoke up my ass?

NORA

In the eight months we been here, I
ever say anything nice to you?

Ryder thinks for second, then goes back in the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The girls are still watching the show. Ryder sits and Nora
follows behind her and takes a seat.

TAMZEN

You're up Nora.

Hands her the remote. Nora turns the TV to the fight. The
other girls let out a collective groan.

BRIT

Ah what the fuck Nora?! You
let her get to you!

TAMZEN

What just happened out there?

Nora looks at Ryder and smiles. They return to the TV.