

PILOT - THE TIME SHE RAN AWAY MID-COITUS AND THAT TIME IN
LITTLE ITALY

But she looks so innocent! The true-life diabolic tales of
America's darling.

TITLE CARD: 22 YEARS OLD. LOS ANGELES. *THE TIME SHE RAN AWAY*

EXT. MCCALLANS BAR - NIGHT

MARQUEE: COME ON IN - TURTLE RACING EVERY THURS - PLACE YOUR
BETS

EXT. MCCALLANS PATIO - CONTINUOUS

McCallans, the hotspot for every person under 22, is packed
with college kids, weirdos, and couples making out. CARLITA
HERNANDEZ (20) a petite brunette, stands with friends, an
awkward couple, GUY, an Israeli (24) and his on-again
girlfriend MEGHAN (23). YOUNG CO-EDS bend over picking up
their turtles in a very slutty way. An OLD MAN announces the
contest.

OLD MAN

Alright, alright, we've got five
ready to go, we just need one more.
Ladies? Ladies?

A MUSCLE GUY in his 20s flicks a cigarette, lightly bouncing
off one of the turtles backs.

CARLITA

What the...

A DUMB BLONDE raises her hand, walks over to the tank of
turtles and is handed one.

BLONDE

Awwwwwww. How cute!

Carlita, Guy, and Meghan look around.

CARLITA

I'm getting a drink.

Carlita walks to the bar, pretty drunk, and
mumbles...something...

CARLITA
 (Unintelligible)
 I'll have a vodginmandarinjaegg.

She takes the glass, and sucks up a huge sip, about a third of the glass. In her peripheral she sees RYAN, a very average man, Southern and gracious, looking at her.

CARLITA
 Hey there.

RYAN
 (Wink)
 Hey.

CARLITA
 First time he--

She stumbles over to him.

RYAN
 (Smiling)
 Yes ma'am. On a business trip from Savannah.

CARLITA
 Oh Savannah! I love Savannah.

RYAN
 Oh yeah? You been?

CARLITA
 No, but I've always thought I was a big black baptist woman trapped in a little Jewish girl's body.

Ryan tilts his head then laughs.

RYAN
 Is that right?

CARLITA
 (In a very Southern
 accent)
 Where you stayin?

RYAN
 (Laughs)
 That's pretty good! I'm staying at the Marriott down the street.

Carlita squints giving him the once over. Ryan smiles.

CARLITA
(Southern accent)
Not sure where that is... Damn I
can't stop talkin like this!

RYAN
(Winks)
It's cute. It's not far, about a
ten minute walk.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - NIGHT - LATER

Ryan and Carlita enter the lobby like a bat out of hell and go up to the RECEPTIONIST. Carlita leans on Ryan, propping herself up.

RECEPTIONIST
Good evening, sir.

RYAN
Evenin'. I'm in room 203. I want to
get some wine and strawberries--

Carlita nods in approval.

RYAN
(Continues)
And condoms.

Carlita's eyes widen.

RECEPTIONIST
That'll be about ten minutes
sir.

RYAN
Thank you.

He takes Carlita by the arm and steers them toward the elevator.

CARLITA
(Slurring, embarrassed)
You can't ask them for condoms!

RYAN
Why not?

CARLITA
I don't know. You just can't. It's
weird!

RYAN
Nah they don't care, they've heard
it all.

CARLITA
Wait, they have condoms at a
hotel??

RYAN
Guess we'll find out!

FADE TO:

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator opens and they go into his room. They start making out, as he takes off her clothes. There is a loud knock at the door. Ryan opens and closes the door in less than half a second.

RYAN
Come here.

He leads her to the bed. The camera goes very hazy, and when it comes into focus we see from Carlita's POV an extremely hairy man grinding on top of her moaning. Probably the hairiest man short of Sasquatch.

Carlita squints, trying to make sense of what's going on.

CARLITA (V.O.)
Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god.
What the (bleep)?!

Ryan is pumping away, moaning like crazy.

Carlita looks from side to side. She looks back at him, squinting, laying as still as a log.

CARLITA (V.O.)
What *is* this animal? (Bleeps)

CARLITA
(Killing time)
Um...

Ryan looks down at her inquisitively.

CARLITA
Errr...

Ryan continues banging away.

CARLITA
Mmmmmmm....

He continues to be oblivious or not really care.

CARLITA (V.O.)
I can't... I just... can't.

Moments later.

CARLITA
(Blurts out)
I have to go to the bathroom.

She jumps up and walks naked to the bathroom, holding onto her head. She sits on the toilet staring straight into the camera, trying to solve a Rubix cube in her mind. She's pretty much 007 at this point.

CARLITA
(Shouts)
I want to take a shower with you!

RYAN (O.S.)
(Shouts)
What?

CARLITA
I want to take a shower with you!

RYAN (O.S.)
Okay!!

Carlita walks back into the room.

CARLITA
Can you run the shower?

RYAN
Sure!

Ryan heads into the bathroom. Carlita's ears perk up once she hears the water running. She quickly starts to gather her stuff up. Ryan peaks out the bathroom.

RYAN
What are you doing?

Carlita drops everything and throws it aside.

CARLITA
Um... mmmm...I'm calling room service. I want to order

something.

She shoos him away and panics.

RYAN (O.S.)
It's ready!

CARLITA
K! Will be there in a sec!

In a matter of seconds, she grabs her bra and underwear, and stuffs them in her purse. She throws on her dress. In the corner lays her scarf on a chair, which she decides to leave behind. She really liked that scarf too.

CARLITA
Coming!

She grabs her purse and races to the door, frantically opening it and runs like Tom Cruise in Mission Impossible.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She runs down the narrow hall, sprinting as if her life depends on it. She is 007 at this point, in her mind at least.

BEGIN 007 MUSIC FOR SLOW-MO SEQUENCE.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ryan opens the door.

RYAN
(In slow-mo mouthing)
Are... you... leaving...?!

Carlita turns her head a quarter-way around, continuing to run full speed.

CARLITA
(Shouts while running, in
slow-mo)
Yessssss...!!!

END SEQUENCE.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Carlita runs straight down the hall towards the stairs. She runs down the nine (yes, nine) flights of stairs in record speed to the lobby. She runs through the lobby and pushes through the front doors.

EXT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

She holds her chest, catching her breath, breathing deeply, looking around. A cab passes by and she waves at it.

INT. CAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Carlita is disheveled, holding onto her purse tight. The CABBIE looks in his rear-view mirror, puzzled and concerned.

CABBIE

Where to miss?

CARLITA

Um... I was with my friends. He lives off Bay in Santa Monica. Do you know where that is?

CABBIE

So Santa Monica then miss?

She looks around.

CARLITA

Uh, yeah, that's fine.

The cabbie starts to drive. He goes through a suburban neighborhood.

CARLITA

You can drop me off on that corner up there.

CABBIE

Are you sure? Are you okay miss?

CARLITA

Yeah, I'm fine.

CABBIE

Are you sure ma'am? Everything is okay? Do you need me to call the police?

CARLITA
Yeah, no, really I'm fine. Just
pull over there.

She points to a house on the corner.

CARLITA
I live right there.

The cabbie doesn't believe her, at all, but pulls over. She grabs a fistful of cash out of her purse and hands it to him then jumps out of the cab like a ninja, in one swift motion.

She goes towards the house and walks though the pathway leading to the backyard.

The cab pulls away. She comes back toward the front yard, and squints. The cab has turned around and is driving up and down the street. Carlita hides behind a bush and peeks out.

CARLITA (V.O.)
Oh lord, he's following me.
(Bleeps)

From the Cabbie's POV, he can't see anyone and leaves. When he drives off, Carlita comes out from behind the bush and looks around.

EXT. SANTA MONICA STREET - DAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Carlita starts walking to a main road, as the sun is starting to come up, although it is still dark out.

She puts her hand up to her forehead like a visor, looking for the promised land and sees a neon sign in the near distance. She runs (lightly jogs-- fine, walks) to the Diner sign.

INT. BERNIE'S DINER - LATER

Carlita sits in a booth looking like a hot mess. The WAITRESS is finishing taking her order.

WAITRESS
Alright. I will get that coffee for
you.

CARLITA
And a diet coke. No, a coke.
Nevermind, a diet coke is
fine.
(Avoids eye contact with

great shame)
Thanks.

INT. BERNIE'S DINER - LATER

Carlita sits in the booth, looking at the Schmorgasborg in front of her-- an omelette, pancakes, Belgium waffle, fruit, and French fries surround her. She chows down; more like gulps down the food than actually chewing any of it.

INT. CARLITA'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Carlita is passed out in bed. Her cell phone blinks next to her. Her mouth is dry as she tries to yawn. She picks up her phone.

TEXT MESSAGE FROM MEGHAN: ARE YOU OKAY??

CARLITA TYPES: I'M SO HUNGOVER. I WANT TO DIE.

TEXT MESSAGE FROM MEGHAN: WHERE DID YOU GO? WE ARE WORRIED.

CARLITA TYPES: WITH THIS RANDOM HAIRY GUY. OMG IT WAS CRAZY. WILL CALL YOU LATER. I'M OK- AT HOME NOW. THANKS FOR CHECKING IN.

TEXT MESSAGE FROM MEGHAN: I KNEW YOU'D BE FINE. TOLD GUY NOT TO WORRY.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: 26 YEARS OLD. NEW YORK. *THAT TIME IN LITTLE ITALY.*

INT. AIRPLANE - AFTERNOON

CARLITA HERNANDEZ (26) sits next to JOE, a very big black man, (IMPROV) chit-chatting about the usual; music videos, pizza, siblings, and the great debate of the century-- LA versus NYC.

JOE
So how you getting to Manhattan
again?

CARLITA
(Pauses)
Mmmmm, I haven't really thought
about it.

Joe raises his eyebrows.

CARLITA
I thought'd I'd figure it out when
we land.

JOE
I have lived in New York my entire
life and still can't figure out the
buses at La Guardia. There's no
good way to get to Manhattan from
Queens.

CARLITA
(Thinking)
Hhhmmmm.

JOE
Where does your cousin live?

CARLITA
Greenwich Village area. Somewhere
around there.

JOE
I have my car at the airport. I can
give you a ride in on my way to
Harlem.

CARLITA
Really?

JOE
Yeah, it's not a problem. It's on
the way.

CARLITA
Are you sure? I feel bad.

JOE
Yeah, it's not a problem at
all.
(Shakes his head
laughing)
I cannot believe you were gonna

land in Queens with no idea how to
get to the city!

Carlita smiles and isn't sure if her plan really was that
crazy or not. She shrugs.

INT. JOE'S SUV - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Joe is driving as Carlita looks out the passenger window, a
bit in awe by the cityscape.

CARLITA

I haven't been here in my adult
life. I think the last time was
when I was uh... like 22 or
something.

She pulls out her cell from her purse. Five text messages
flash.

TEXT MESSAGE FROM "BRO MATT": WHAT BLACK GUY?? WHERE ARE
YOU?

TEXT MESSAGE FROM "COUS LUCY": ARE YOU OK COUS? WILL BE BACK
FROM WORK IN TWO HOURS.

CARLITA

Ah crap, my cousin won't be home
for a while and my brother is on a
bus from Providence. There's
probably a bar nearby I can chill
at, right?

JOE

Oh yeah, a ton of places. We're
probably twenty minutes from
there.

The Jay-Z song EMPIRE STATE OF MIND comes on the radio.

CARLITA

Oh (bleeps)! I love this song. Turn
it up.

Joe turns up the volume as they both bob their heads along,
the city passing them by. Joe looks over and smiles, glad
this crazy white chick is lovin his city.

CARLITA TEXTS BACK "COUS LUCY": YEAH I AM FINE. WE ARE 20 MIN
AWAY. WILL BE HANGING AT A BAR NEARBY.

Carlita copies and pastes the same text to Bro Matt. She clicks on a text from her roommate LESLEY.

TEXT MESSAGE FROM "ROOMIE LESLEY": ARE YOU IN THE TRUNK?
BLINK ONCE IF YES, TWICE IF NO. TEXT ME!!!!

CARLITA TEXTS: BLINK. HIT YA UP LATER!

FADE TO:

INT. LOCAL BAR - LATER

Joe and Carlita sit at a table watching a game on TV and having beer. Her luggage is next to her. Through the window she sees her younger brother MATT (23), a skinny hippe looking college kid. He smiles at her through the window.

CARLITA
My brother's here!

She gets up excitedly as Matt comes through the door, and they hug. Matt looks at Joe and nods.

JOE
(Gives him a handshake)
Hey man. Nice to meet you.
Joe.

MATT
(Nods his head)
Matt. Nice to meet you.

CARLITA
(To Matt)
Joe was nice enough to take me here. Thank god! How was the bus?

MATT
It was good-- a quick trip, like three hours.

CARLITA
Lucy probably thinks I'm nuts. Ah, well. What are you doing tomorrow again?

MATT
I'm assisting with Sarah O'Hara. Some dance show.

CARLITA

(Thinking)

Huh. I will probably explore somewhere. I want to see Central Park. Where you going Joe?

JOE

I'm gonna go home and crash. That LA trip was no joke. It wore me out!

CARLITA

Yeah I hear ya. Well thank you again so much! Hit me up anytime you need a place to crash at in LA. I mean it!

Joe and Carlita hug.

FADE OUT.

EXT. NEW YORK - AFTERNOON - NEXT DAY

Carlita is wandering the streets in Soho.

CARLITA TEXTS TO "BRO MATT": I FREAKIN GOT ON THE SUBWAY THE WRONG WAY AND WAS HEADING TO STATEN ISLAND.

TEXT FROM MATT: HOW'D THAT HAPPEN?

CARLITA TEXTS: LORD ONLY KNOWS. IN SOHO OR SOMEWHERE. CAN'T SEEM TO GET OUT OF THIS AREA. K, TEXT WHEN YOU'RE DONE.

Carlita wanders some more, arriving to Little Italy. She is pooped and looks at the restaurant signs.

To her right is a cafe "Worlds Best Pizza". To her left she walks by "Worlds Best Cannoli". A little further down she sees the most promising sign, "Rizzoli Cannoli: The Original-Famous Cannolis".

CARLITA (V.O.)

Sold.

INT. RIZZOLI CANNOLI - AFTERNOON

Carlita sits at a table with a cup of coffee and cannoli, enjoying the people watching, mainly irritating tourists.

Diagonal from her at a table sits BABY JOHN (50s), a slick looking Italian with a charming baby face, his thinning hair greased back, and JODI (early 30s), an exuberant, abrasive, no-nonsense Italian. Carlita can overhear their conversation.

JODI
You takin the ferry to Staten
Island lata?

BABY JOHN
(Shakes his head in
annoyance)
I gotta take care o' some stuff
'cross the street. More after-hours
permit bullshit.

Jodi looks over and sees Carlita. They give a polite smile and nod to each other.

INT. RIZZOLI CANNOLI - MOMENTS LATER

Jodi pulls up a seat next to Carlita as she is taking a bite.

JODI
We always joke that we like to make
new friends here.
(Points to the cannoli)
Good, right?

CARLITA
(Nods with a mouthful)
Yeah it's so good!

JODI
We met a tourist here last week and
I like to do that, show people
around. This is my area.

Baby John comes over.

BABY JOHN
(Nods)
Like the cannoli?

CARLITA
Yeah it is good-- tastes like a
cannoli!
(Looks at one of the many
signs in the restaurant)
It is the Original after all.

BABY JOHN

We make 'em fresh every morning.
5am I'm here.

CARLITA

(Gulps down another bite)
Oh! This is your place.

BABY JOHN

Take a look around!

In each of the corners there's the same life-size cardboard cutout of Baby John (true story) and one corner has three of them all together near a mirror, making it look like six.

CARLITA

(Laughing)
I don't know how I missed that
before! Huh!

JODI

I'm Jodi. This is Baby John. He's
owned this for over 20
years--

BABY JOHN

--and the place 'cross the street.
Opened that five years ago. It's
like a speakeasy type. You should
check it out. Gets a good crowd at
night. Not the bridge and tunnel
crap like where we live.

CARLITA

Yeah for sure. Love those kind of
bars. I'm Carlita-- Carly. Nice to
meet you guys. I like the name Baby
John.

BABY JOHN

Big John, my fatha, was in the
restaurant biz, so I became Baby
John. Just stuck.

(Laughs)

Look at this face. Gonna be called
that til the day I die.

CARLITA

(Nods)

You do have a baby face indeed.

Baby John hears something nearby and looks over.

BABY JOHN

Christ! They're gonna burn the
goddamn place down.
Mother-fu--

Baby John heads to the kitchen.

CARLITA

So, how do you guys know each
other...?

JODI

I've known Baby John for foreva.
We're both from Staten Island. We
ride the ferry together.

CARLITA

Oh.

JODI

I'm the liquor rep for all the guys
on Mulberry Street. They all love
me. I'm like a daughta to them.
Still some old mob guys here.

Carlita nods not sure why Jodi is talking to her.

CARLITA

Hhhmmmm.

Moments pass in silence.

CARLITA

I'm from LA. Well I've been there
seven years. I'm visiting my
brother, and have some cousins
here. They're both working today
though.

JODI

Yeah I just got off work. Wanna get
some wine? I know all the guys down
here.

CARLITA

Yeah that sounds right up my alley.
Could always use a glass of wine. I
went the wrong way and have just
been walking around all day.

JODI

K, lets get outta here.

They stand up and head out.

JODI
 (Shouts behind the
 counter)
 Baby John! I'm headin out!

Baby John comes around from the kitchen.

BABY JOHN
 Already?!
 (to Carlita)
 Ya wanna picture?

CARLITA
 Yeah, actually.
 (Points to the cutouts)
 Lets get one by you.

They stand next to cardboard Baby John. Real Baby John throws his arm around her shoulder, while Jodi snaps photos on Carlita's phone. Carlita takes her phone back, looking at the photos. We see Baby John's arm around her a little too tight.

CARLITA
 (Laughing)
 This is so going to be my new
 Facebook pic.

FLASH TO: CARLITA'S FACEBOOK PAGE WITH HER NEW PROFILE PICTURE.

COMMENTS FROM FRIENDS: "IS THAT YOUR DAD?!" "WHOA, CREEPINNESS!" "WHERE ARE YOU??" "I DON'T GET IT." "WHO IS THAT?!" "IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S CHOKING YOU HA HA." "YOU LOOK PRETTY."

FLASH BACK TO PRESENT.

CARLITA
 You should open one of these in Beverly Hills. I'm totally serious. It would do a killing. I'd run it for you. I have a flower business so I know a lot of people.

Baby John contemplates this.

BABY JBAN
 You think?

CARLITA

Oh yeah, totally. People would love this. There's nothing like it out there. There's a pizza place there called Mulberry Street or something like that. I seriously would run it for you if you wanted to open one.

Baby John contemplates this offer. He pulls out a business card from his pocket.

BABY JOHN

Email me when you get back and we'll talk about. I've been thinking for some time about opening one on the west coast.

Jodi nods in agreement. Carlita puts the card loose in her purse, the great abyss.

CARLITA

I definitely will, thanks.

JODI

Alright, we're heading over to Tony's to get a glass of wine.

They head out.

EXT. LITTLE ITALY - EVENING

Jodi and Carlita walk down the road, talking about the usual (IMPROV) men that work too much, men that don't work enough, and men that still act like boys.

INT. TONY'S RESTAURANT - LATER

They sit at the bar of an old-school Italian restaurant that's not yet open for dinner. The BARTENDER (30s) a handsome actor/singer/model pours them red wine.

JODI

Tony's old school, family used to be involved with the big guys.

CARLITA

The mafia's still around? I thought they all went to jail.

JODI
Oh yeah, still is, I mean not like
before, but they're still
around.

CARLITA
To new friends!

They clink glasses and drink up.

CARLITA
Ah. Feel like myself again.

JODI
I'm gonna give you a tour of this
place. Wait til you see the back.
You won't believe it.

Just then TONY (80s), a gentleman with neatly combed white
hair and classic suit on, walks in.

JODI
Tony!

They kiss on the cheek.

TONY
(Smiles)
Hello angel.

JODI
(Pulls him to Carlita)
This is my new friend Carly. She
came to Baby John's. We're just
having some wine now.

CARLITA
Your restaurant is beautiful. I
love it!

TONY
The food is amazing. To die for.
All the pasta is homemade-- best in
the city.

CARLITA
Man that sounds so good. I will
definitely have to come back here
for dinner.

The girls continue to drink wine. The bartender refills their
glasses, as Jodi motions to fill it up.

JODI

Up, up, up, up... There ya go sweetie. To the top, how I like it.

(Continues)

Don't tell anyone, but I've got photos on my camera of me hanging with the boys one night when we were partying a couple weeks ago.

Carlita purses her lips.

CARLITA

Hhhmmmm. What were you guys doing?

JODI

Oh you know, hanging out.

CARLITA

Uh huh... Like at a bar?

JODI

Nah, at one of their houses. Was a small thing, and then some more people came, and... ya know.

Carlita raises her eyebrows.

JODI

(Continues)

Alright I'm gonna take you to another place I do liquor for-- this place is awesome, a secret.

Carlita's ears perks up, head to the side, like a dog about to go for a walk.

CARLITA

Sounds good to me! Thanks for taking me around. I've never been around here before.

JODI

Of course, of course. This is what I do!

EXT. LITTLE ITALY - LATER

The two girls walk down the street talking (IMPROV) about some reality shows, entrepreneur biz talk, and relationships.

Jodi takes Carlita by the arm and leads her to a restaurant.

INT. ANOTHER ITALIAN RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

They stop by the bar to get more wine.

JODI

Two cabs please. Tell Danny I'm here. I'm headin upstairs with my friend.

The BARTENDER pours them large glasses of Cabernet.

JODI

(Winks)

Thanks baby doll.

Jodi leads the way, through the dining room, into the kitchen, through a small alley to a ladder in the middle of an undisclosed hallway. Carlita looks around as she walks, trying to grasp where she is exactly.

CARLITA

Uh, where are we going?

JODI

Secret spot. Just up there.

They go up the ladder, the wine nearly spilling over in Carlita's hand.

INT. GENTLEMANS CIGAR CLUB - CONTINUOUS

In the attic, they enter a nice cozy private Gentlemen's Cigar Club, with a cabin feel, done up in wood, rich browns and red leather. On the wall are various guns, and black & white photos. Small stacked lockers are against one wall, and glass cases with memorabilia and cigars are throughout.

Carlita looks around stunned. She looks in the memorabilia cases trying to decipher what's going on.

CARLITA

Wow, what is this? This is awesome!

Jodi walks over to an alcove space, and points to a table, where four or five GUYS (50s) are playing poker, sipping Scotch and smoking cigars.

JODI
 Private club, men only. You gotta
 know someone. Super illegal. Lets
 sit over here.

They sit on one of the couches near the door, and Jodi pulls
 out a pack of cigarettes.

JODI
 Want one?

CARLITA
 (Shrugs)
 Yeah, why not.

They chain-smoke and sip wine.

CARLITA
 Girls need to have women's clubs.
 Not sewing clubs, or whatever old
 white rich woman do together. Like
 why don't we have this? We ned
 clubs where men serve us... wine,
 whiskey... light our cigarettes or
 cigars, yeah...

JODI
 I agree!

CARLITA
 Oh lemme see those photos you were
 talkin about. I think I am getting
 a New York accent being around
 you.
 (With accent)
 Yo, I sound like a real New
 Yorka?!

Jodi ignores her comment, and pulls out her camera. She
 starts showing Carlita the photos. Just then a CLUB MEMBER
 (40s) enters and walks over to them.

CLUB MEMBER
 Hey! Hey! No women allowed in here!

Carlita looks around nervous.

JODI
 (Super pissed)
 Oh yeah? I know Tony, Danny, and
 Johnny! Wanna go tell them that?!

His expression changes in one swift moment.

CLUB MEMBER

Oh, I'm sorry, sorry didn't realize
you knew them. No problem, no
problem at all. Enjoy your night
ladies!

He walks off to greet the guys at the poker table. Carlita
laughs.

JODI

Dickhead.

CARLITA

(Cracking up)
Damn, you told him!

JODI

(Shakes her head)
Oh yeah. That (bleeps) doesn't know
who he's talking to like
that.

(Continues)
Back to the camera. So this was the
other week. We got crazy.

CARLITA

(Shakes head, still
laughing)
I can't believe you just told him
like that. His face! Ah man, that
was amazing. I'm gonna remember
that!

JODI

K here's the beginning of the
night...

ON HER CAMERA WE SEE PHOTOS OF JODI WITH VARIOUS OLD MEN
PARTYING, ONE WITH HIS SHIRT OFF, SOME BLURRY IMAGES.

Jodi is talking her ear off with outrageous anecdotes
(IMPROV) about the party. At this point Carlita is zoning
out, very tipsy, her vision going in and out. She looks at
the clock and sees the time turning.

Carlita looks down at her phone.

TEXT FROM BRO MATT: WHERE ARE YOU?

SHE TEXTS "BRO MATT": AT SOME PRIVATE CLUB WITH THIS GIRL I
MET WHO'S SUPER ANNOYING HAVING WINE. LEAVING NOW.

CARLITA

I'm gonna go, but this was so fun!
Thank you so much. We're Facebook
friends now, so stay in touch, and
let me know if you come to LA-- you
can always stay with me.

JODI

Thanks sweetie. So good meeting
you. You can find your way outta
here?

CARLITA

Um yeah, I hope so!

They hug and part ways. Carlita heads to the door.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Carlita comes across a small restaurant and looks up.

CARLITA (V.O.)

Score.

INT. MAC AND CHEESE RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Carlita studies the menu as if getting pop-quizzed on it then
orders hesitantly to the CASHIER.

CARLITA

(Eyebrows furrowed)

I'll have the large mushroom one,
the uh, margarita, and the lobster.
Yeah that should be enough. I'm
starving. Do you have anything
else?

CASHIER

We have cookies made locally.

CARLITA

Yeah one of those chocolate chip
ones.

She pays and then chows down like a drunken fool on the large
cookie.

INT. COUSINS MANSION - LATER

Carlita stands around the kitchen island with Matt and her
eccentric cousin LUCY (22) while they eat the mac and cheese.

Lucy is dressed in all black, with shaggy hair, and a deep voice filled with pretentious thoughts, none of which make sense.

CARLITA

Man that was a random night, but cool. Always somethin.

MATT

Yup.

CARLITA

So good seeing you Lu. When did you get back from India and *why* were you there again?

LUCY

Oh India was *absolutely* life changing. All I want to do is help these people now. I was there on a retreat. I didn't know a *single* person there.

Carlita and Matt nod.

CARLITA

So... what are you doing for them exactly? Even though you've already said it like three times now. I kind of get it, but not really.

LUCY

I'm working with an organization, who I went on the retreat with, and we raise money through the members, and then we go on these retreats. It's really amazing Carly. You should definitely come to the center where we practice.

CARLITA

(Humors her)

Yeah, maybe I will. I need to meditate more, or actually, well, start to. So you're basically calling people and asking them for money?

LUCY

(Laughs)

Something like that. Ugh, I can't eat meat now. I've been living only

on beans and lentils since I got
back. It's all I can eat. I need to
wash a fresh batch for
tomorrow.

Cousin Lucy walks over to the sink. Carlita gives Matt a
look.

CARLITA
(Mouthing)
What the...

Cousin Lucy turns back around.

CARLITA
(Smiles)
Sounds good.

FADE TO BLACK.