

WREN (CONT'D)

And your pal here calls you up,
cause she misses hearing your
voice, and you're all, "Sorry,
can't talk, I have a deadline!" Or
you're busy going for a run in your
running...costume.

GIRL

She does that to me now! With the
deadlines, not the costumes.

GIRL #2

I have to find some way to fill my
life since I don't have a baby!

GIRL

I don't either, dumb ass!

Wren looks from one angry girl to the other.

WREN

Alright. So this is going well.
Just talking it out. Healthy stuff.
K. Bye.

11

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD DIVE BAR - LATER

11

Start

Wren sits hunched over the bar, drunk. She drains her beer.

WREN

Hit me, Sarge!

The **BARTENDER** stares at Wren blankly.

WREN (CONT'D)

That's a line from *Mermaids*. You
don't care. I'll have a Bud and two
shots of tequila.

BARTENDER

You've had enough.

WREN

You've had enough! Hand them over!

BARTENDER

No, you're cut off.

Wren stumbles off the stool and heads to the door.

WREN

Fine. Fine, fine, fine!

BARTENDER

Hold up! You got a tab to pay!

Wren FREEZES for a minute, considering her options.

WREN

Give me a drink. Then I'll pay.

BARTENDER

That's not the way it works, lady.
Gimme the money, now.

WREN

You can't talk to me like that! You
aren't the boss of me!

She grabs an empty pint glass from a table, throws it at the bartender, then spins around and runs, making a break for it.

End

She is feet from the promised land when the bartender TACKLES her from behind. She grabs a table, pulling down a full rack of glasses, pitchers, etc.

As they crash to the floor, Wren shrieks in protest.

WREN (CONT'D)

But, you aren't the boss of me! You
aren't the boss of me!

12 INT. POLICE STATION - CELL - NIGHT

12

Wren sits on the floor in a cell, leaning against the bars.

In the cell across from her, sitting in an identical position, is an **OLD DRUNK LADY**.

Wren and the lady are mid-conversation. Sort of.

WREN

Last time I was here my friends
were with me. Now I'm alone. All,
all alone.

OLD DRUNK LADY

(slurring)
Are they servin' brefast yet?

WREN

They all just moved on. It's a
betrayal, really.

OLD DRUNK LADY

Full speed ahead, cappy!