

INT - NIGHT. CROWDED KARAOKE BAR.

A crowded karaoke bar in Nashville Tennessee is filled with raucous music and the crooning cacophony of a drunk patron trying to keep up with Mariah Carey's *We Belong Together*. **ANASTASIE** and **SIMONE** are waiting in line for drinks. Both women are clearly already intoxicated, with rosy pink cheeks and giggling dispositions.

ANASTASIE

(Giggling) Do you think she's ever done this one before?

SIMONE

(Swirling the dregs of her last drink with a straw) I don't know, but I hope she never fucking does it again.

Enter **CREEPY ASSHOLE**, a 30-something in jeans and a t-shirt, slicked back hair, a wide grin, two drinks in his hands.

CREEPY ASSHOLE

You ladies look thirsty. Need some help?

ANASTASIE

We're not that thirsty, thanks though. (Rolling her eyes, turning her back to the stranger)

SIMONE

Dude, that's a real quick way to get rufied. We're good, but we appreciate your chivalry.

**CREEPY ASSHOLE** is nothing if not determined. He clumsily tries to shove the drinks into each of their hands, while both step away. **ANASTASIE** begins to look nervous. **SIMONE** begins to look angry.

ANASTASIE

We don't want them, we're good, thank you, go away. (Nervously looking away, considering her escape routes) Come on Simone, I think we're next up on the machine.

**ANASTASIE** grabs **SIMONE'S** wrist and starts to pull her away, knowing no good could come of this. **ANASTASIE** and **SIMONE** exit the area, melting into the pile of bodies on the dance floor.

INT - NIGHT. SAME BAR, LATER IN THE EVENING.

**ANASTASIE** and **SIMONE** are singing along loudly to a Beyonce song thumping through the speakers. Both have long since forgotten about the peculiar encounter with **CREEPY ASSHOLE**, thanks to their level of intoxication.

Enter **CREEPY ASSHOLE**.

CREEPY ASSHOLE

How come you don't wanna dance up on me like that? (Questioning both women with no specific target in mind- he believes they are both beautiful and has no qualms about which finally succumbs to his affections.)

ANASTASIE

(Growing more petulant as these encounters continue.) We're not interested, dude. Fuck off.

CREEPY ASSHOLE

I saw you out here, shaking your ass for everybody to see. You like me looking at you, don't you?

**ANASTASIE** and **SIMONE** are too drunk to react before **CREEPY ASSHOLE** leans forward and presses his hands against both sides of **ANASTASIE'S** ass and squeezes, hard.

INT - NIGHT. SAME BAR, A MOMENT LATER.

BAR PATRON

Hi, 911? Yeah this is April Downey and I'm over at [a shriek and a scuffle in the background mask the address] and like, these two drunk girls are really kicking into this drunk guy on the floor. .... Yeah he looks fine, I mean they're tiny little girls, I think the b- the one uh, the African American girl, you know, looks like she got him pretty good, but maybe only once or so. ... Yeah, my friend says he kind of rubbed himself up on the white girl in a real unwarranted way, got them pretty heated. I don't think it's anything dangerous but I don't want it to escalate, you know, we're here for my

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BAR PATRON (cont'd)  
friend's bachelorette party and  
it's ... yeah, maybe have someone  
come pick them up before it gets  
worse. I don't think they could do  
any damage but they're pretty  
pissed and definitely wasted. Yeah,  
thanks. ... Yeah, that's my number.  
Feel free. Okay, thanks.