

...

FADE IN:

EXT. LULU'S HOUSE IN OHIO - AFTERNOON

2-story house on a tree-lined street in the suburbs.

Freddie knocks on the front door, wearing her "Freddie Says Relax" t-shirt and leopard print pants.

She drops the two suitcases she's carrying and attempts to smooth her unruly red hair.

As the door opens, she puts on frog sunglasses and strikes a pose.

A petite girl with a pencil-straight black bob peeks out. Mascara runs down her tear-stained cheeks. This is LULU (late 20s).

LULU
Freddie?

FREDDIE
Lulu!

LULU
(sniffs)
What are you wearing?

Freddie drops her pose and takes off her sunglasses. She runs a hand through her hair self-consciously.

FREDDIE
I thought you'd be happier to see me.

Lulu hugs Freddie and starts sobbing.

FREDDIE
So...New York sucks, I packed up all my stuff and got the hell out, and do you think it would okay if I stayed with you for a little while?

LULU
Don't judge me, okay?

Freddie gives a confused look as she follows Lulu inside.

CUT TO:

INT. LULU'S KITCHEN

Live lobsters climb over Lulu's counter tops, as Freddie walks into the kitchen, amazed. Lulu hides behind her.

FREDDIE

We have infestations in New York,
but I've never seen anything like
this.

LULU

Some prick sent us a huge box and
when I opened it, these animals
just started climbing out. I had to
call into work sick today.

FREDDIE

That's like mailing someone a cat
and saying, "here, be responsible
for this."

LULU

What am I gonna do?

FREDDIE

Don't worry, this has happened to
me before.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. FREDDIE'S KITCHEN IN NEW YORK

Freddie grabs a glass bottle of milk from the fridge and
chugs, the milk dribbling down her chin.

A cockroach climbs down the back of her neck. She swats at
it.

Behind Freddie, the trashcan starts moving. She spins
around.

FREDDIE

What the--?

It stops.

She sniffs the milk bottle suspiciously.

The trashcan moves again. Freddie jumps, the glass bottle
shattering to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

FREDDIE
(to trashcan)
You really want to mess with me?

The trashcan stops moving.

Freddie slowly opens the lid. As she does, fat squeaking sounds of dozens of rats fill the air.

FREDDIE
(in awe)
Aww. Babies.

She drop-kicks the lid unneededly and furiously ties the bag shut.

As Freddie lifts the moving, squeaking garbage bag over her shoulder, she grins victoriously.

FREDDIE
Not my first rodeo.

BACK TO:

INT. LULU'S KITCHEN - PRESENT

LULU
You can't throw them in the garbage!

FREDDIE
Why not? You think they're gonna live outside in the backyard? This is Ohio!

LULU
We could fill the baby pool.

FREDDIE
That's what I did when I first caught a rat. But guess what? It just squeaks right back in. What if they end up at a neighbor's house?

LULU
I should have never opened the box!

Freddie glances at the box. It reads: Live Lobster.

FREDDIE
You didn't know. Listen, find me your largest pot.

(CONTINUED)

Lulu rifles through the cabinets. Hands Freddie a pot.

FREDDIE

And a broom.

Lulu finds the broom as Freddie kneels down with the pot.

FREDDIE

Now just sweep the little guys into the pot. I'll hold it steady.

LULU

Okay. Here goes.

After a few misstarts, Freddie and Lulu manage to trap the lobsters into a pot, cover it, and shove the pot in the fridge.

They high-five.

LULU

That was badass.

FREDDIE

We should celebrate.

LULU

Wait. What about Herman?

Freddie looks puzzled.

LULU

My husband? You always forget I'm married.

FREDDIE

I do, don't I?

Freddie makes a face away from Lulu. Unaware, Lulu pulls a greeting card from the empty lobster box.

LULU

Let me at least write him a note.

She scribbles on the back of the greeting card and, without opening the card, hangs it on the fridge.

LULU

There. Do you need to change or anything?

Freddie runs a hand self-consciously through her hair.

FREDDIE

No. Do you need to change?

Freddie side-eyes Lulu's matching fitness attire as she follows her into the hallway.

HALLWAY

LULU

Nope. I always like to be "ready to work out," you know? Just in case.

Lulu smiles cheerfully.

Overcome by her genuineness, Freddie hugs her fiercely.

Lulu returns the hug.

LULU

I know. Me too.

CUT TO: