

URBAN FARM

Written by

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INT. CAR - DAY.

CLOSE on the tired face of MIRANDA FIDDER (29), dorky and introverted. A perfectionist. She pulls into her parking spot. *Employee of the Month*. Puts the car in park.

She lip syncs to news radio:

"KYW-News Radio 1060. Today we have scattered thunderstorms for a good part of the afternoon. Stay dry out there."

EXT/INT. PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Casual Friday. Miranda enters in her favorite graphic Tee: *"The glass is twice as big as it needs to be."*

INT. ANALYTICAL LAB - LATER

Miranda fills a volumetric flask to volume and simultaneously signs a lab notebook. Her signature: flawless. Every cursive letter visible and clear.

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE/HALLWAY - LATER

Everything adheres to geometric law. Each office supply is exactly 15.24 centimeters apart (6 inches). *Imperial is beneath her.*

BRAD TOOCHY (50) her superior. Enters her office nervous and sweaty. Before he can speak...

MIRANDA

We won't need to expand the acceptance criteria for the Acetaminophen. I achieved 99.8% label claim.

BRAD

That's excellent, but I--

MIRANDA

I wish it was 100%. The existence of residual solvents impeding my perfection disappoints me too.

BRAD

Incredible. But I wanted to talk to you about your PTO.

MIRANDA

It's been 8 years since I took PTO.

BRAD

That's the problem. Myself and the rest of management need you to take a week off...as a favor.

MIRANDA

I don't understand.

BRAD

We aren't sure how much would get accomplished with you gone. We need to assess the business properly...without you.

MIRANDA

Are you planning to terminate me?

BRAD

God no. That would be horrific. We just need to fully understand how much it is you actually do.

MIRANDA

Okay, well...let me know when would work for management, and I can delegate my workload to my team.

BRAD

We want you to take off next week. Without delegating or effectively communicating anything. We're calling it, "Miranda get's hit by a bus preparedness week."

MIRANDA

That's what you're calling it?

BRAD

Technically we can't force you, but we're hoping you can comply.

MIRANDA

What am I going to do for the week?

BRAD

Relax? Maybe go on a vacation.

Miranda looks at her desk calendar. Her birthday is in a week.

MIRANDA

I guess I could use a reset before my birthday.

BRAD
Excellent. Enjoy your week. Bye!

MIRANDA
Wait, starting now?

BRAD
Yes, please go. The big dogs bet
\$20 I couldn't get you to leave.

Brad hands over a 10-dollar bill. With a *let's split it* look. Brad is desperate and rushing her along.

Miranda is scatter brained. A mess, she grabs for her bag, and her laptop.

BRAD (CONT'D)
That all has to stay.

MEREDITH
It's my bag I have personal things
in there.

Brad hurries her out of her office down a long hallway. We continue to see Miranda crush at her job even as she's frantically being rushed along. CO-WORKERS pop out of doors:

CLOSE on Miranda helping someone solve a difficult equation.

CLOSE on Miranda opening a tough jar for someone.

CLOSE on Miranda circling a peak on a chromatography chart.

CLOSE on Miranda helping someone who is stuck get out of their lab-coat.

CLOSE on Miranda pulling out a piece of her own hair and dropping it into a volumetric flask. It changes color as she's shoved out the door.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
You needed to neutralize the pH.

EXT. CORPORATE OFFICE PARK - DAY

Miranda stares at her office longing to be inside. *It's 10AM.*

She exhales out a heavy sigh. *What is she without work? She's good at everything except living her life.* She needs to do *something. Anything.* With hope in her eyes, she struts for a moment then stumbles to her car. *No one saw.*

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR AND LOVE - DAY

Miranda stares at the various craft beers. Overwhelmed. Stumped. Two twin employees, STONER (18) and SCRAPPY (18) watch from the counter.

SHAWN HENDERSON(30s) struts down the aisle. His hair falls perfectly. His polo crisp. He's successful and care-free and doesn't hesitate or struggle to carry 3 cases of *craft beer*.

Miranda watches in awe of his confidence and for a moment her spirits are lifted. Then he's gone. Stoner and Scrappy giggle at the unrequited love.

SCRAPPY

That is sad.

STONER

I hope her mom didn't die. If she's not at work that means she probably has to go to a funeral.

SCRAPPY

I was with Suz earlier, bro.
(shaking a bag of weed)
Miranda is lost-sad. I should go give her a hug?

STONER

Dude, no. You can't hug people without their consent. Saw an instagram post about it.

Miranda opens the refrigerator door. Grabs 'water-flavored' seltzer. *Why bother with beer?*

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on the TV changing channels again, and again. It's a modern city home decorated with dorky science paraphernalia everywhere. *Planet Posters. DNA Double Helix. Periodic Table.*

BLAINE (31), a lovable freak. Self identifies as goth. He's dressed in black and slouches on the couch. His phone buzzes. It's a gig. *Cool.*

BLAINE

Got a Facebook message. Wanna open at Electric Factory Saturday at 9! Unpaid?

DOORIN (O.S.)

Duh! I just finished my solo.

DOORIN (31), wanna-be rockstar enters in two band t-shirts because he couldn't choose. He carries a BOX OF SWAG and strives to be a lady's man.

DOORIN CONT'D)

We gotta pick up the shirts from
24hr Tees to get that merch money!

He holds up a prototype shirt. It's an FBI Jacket. The name tag reads "**AGENT**" with the slogan "**Fight to Party.**"

DOORIN

I ordered 30 for 100 bucks. That's
like...you know profit!

BLAINE

We need to save money to pay
Miranda rent. We're 2 months
behind.

DOORIN

Did you not here me say profit!?

BLAINE

This is NAVY BLUE not Black! AND it
doesn't even have our name!

DOORIN

We can't decide on a name!
Everything you suggest is dark and
devil worshipy.

Blaine grabs a bass, and starts playing *Another One Bites the Dust* by Queen. The front door opens. Miranda mosey's in.

MIRANDA

This song. One of my favs.

BLAINE

Don't patronize us. We literally
just started working on this.

MIRANDA

No I'm serious. I could pull my
cello out of retirement and play
alongside you all.

DOORIN

It's "ya'll" not you all. And no.
Also, why are you home? It's like
12:30.

BLAINE

You were fired. Shit. I'm so sorry.
What can we do besides rent. We're
working on the rent thing.

Miranda can't get a word in.

DOORIN

You can't be in the band. You're
our groupie. Even made you a shirt.
Free of charge. You'll never go
naked. #Profit.

Miranda sulks out of the room and upstairs. Singing *the lyric*
'*Another One Bites the Dust*' on repeat.

INT. MIRANDA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Miranda sits staring at the glow stars stuck to her ceiling.
This is where she dreams. The calmness is interrupted by
SUSAN FIDDER (60), an original hippie, full of pride.

MIRANDA

Mom, Knock! What if I was
changing!?

SUSAN

I would be honored to see you
naked. It'd prove we've actually
gotten closer.

MIRANDA

I don't want to be that close. Just
like normal close.

Miranda scoots. Her mom joins her in the star gazing.

SUSAN

I brought over chocolate cake.

MIRANDA

I have a week off and without work,
I'm nothing. I couldn't even figure
out what beer to get drunk on.

SUSAN

Why not tackle that list?

On the bedroom wall is whiteboard of to-do lists. There is a
Chores List: Vacuum, Laundry, Dust. An Exercise List: 30 min
run, 50 Pushups, 100 sit ups. A Fun List: Watch a movie, Go
out to dinner, get ice cream.

MIRANDA

That's what I do every week.

SUSAN

Then why do you have a list?

MIRANDA

For the thrill of crossing it out.

(Beat)

I guess I want to put something on that board that isn't so...me.

Susan JUMPS out of bed. Rumages through her bag that is exploding with papers, small bags of marijuana. She looks to Miranda. She didn't see. *Phew*. She digs and digs then:

SUSAN

Yes! I do have them! Do you remember these?

Susan passes over a bunch of loose letters.

MIRANDA

These are the letters I wrote to you while you were in prison.

SUSAN

And they are filled with things you planned to do in ten years I was--

MIRANDA

Why didn't you bring this up before?

SUSAN

It hasn't exactly been smooth sailing the two years since I got out.

Miranda looks down at one of the letters:

Fun Things to do by 28.

- *Do a Jell-o Shot.*
- *Get motorcycle license.*
- *Rob a bank.*
- *Smoke weed.*

MIRANDA

I wrote this when I was 18 and I have nothing to show for it.

SUSAN

Probably best you didn't rob a bank or smoke weed.

MIRANDA

I just wanted to be badass like you. (BEAT) Is this all of them?

SUSAN

You wrote a lot that first year, then...I guess you wanted to become smarty-pants.

There's a tender moment of pause. Susan reaches over and crosses out 28 and writes in 30.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

30 is a more round number anyway. And we could probably tackle some of these things together.

MIRANDA

I think I have Jell-o down stairs.
(singing)
Watch it wiggle, see it jiggle--

SUSAN

No. No. No. The point of a list like this is to have the experiences. You know slow down. Enjoy your life. Don't rush it.

MIRANDA

That seems so inefficient

SUSAN

You can't just make Jell-o shots to cross it out. You should go to a parties one day someone has some and do the jay-shot then and there.

MIRANDA

That seems statistically improbable.

Miranda runs out of the room.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Doorin behind the drum, Blaine on bass. Yes it's a two-person band with only bass and drums.

DOORIN

We have to slay tomorrow night. Sometimes producers are at the E-factory.

BLAINE

For sure. And we really have to get Miranda that money.

DOORIN

And sign a boob. I still haven't signed a boob! Dude? I said Boob!

Blaine is writing music notes on a sticky note.

BLAINE

What if Miranda got fired?

DOORIN

Even if she did she'll get another smart lab job like right away.

Blaine starts playing that *Queen* interlude again.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Miranda rummages around looking for ingredients frantically. It's like some imaginary clock is ticking. Susan enters moments later.

SUSAN

I'm serious, Miranda. You can't just be on a mission to check things off a list.

MIRANDA

Lists are how I got through the years you were behind bars.

SUSAN

I understand, but that's not the point of THIS list. This is about experiencing the moment. You wouldn't just smoke weed to cross it off. You smoke weed to enjoy the calming, relaxation of it all.

MIRANDA

Well it's #4 so when I cross it off I'll let you know how I felt after the fact.

SUSAN

Do not smoke weed to cross it off. You'd mess it up. You wouldn't get it. You wouldn't feel it. You're too uptight.

MIRANDA

Oh, I'm sorry did you get a PHD in toxicology in that women's prison? Oh no, I got the PHD while you were making toilet wine.

SUSAN

I never made toilet wine.
(beat)
Don't start smoking weed.

MIRANDA

The boys do it. You do it. You do it all the time, so now I will too.

SUSAN

If I missed years of you acting like this, I'm glad I was in prison.

MIRANDA

Of course you are!

Miranda storms out and into the garage. Interrupting the band practice.

INT. GARAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The boys stop playing immediately.

DOORIN

Dish girl. Dish!

MIRANDA

Where can I buy weed?

BLAINE

Wait. What's wrong? We smoking? I have some right here.

MIRANDA

No, I have do to this the illegal way to prove I'm a dope, free-wheeling, spontaneous flower-child. Just like my stupid mother.

DOORIN

Okay, use my person. But...they might not sell to you.

BLAINE

Dude. No!

DOORIN

Shawn. The white-van in the SAVE-A-TON parking lot.

BLAINE

Or. Or. Or. You could just illegally make your own drugs. Little this. Little that. Boom Bam. You're high as a kite.

MIRANDA

Or boom bam I'm dead. Chemicals are not a toy.

DOORIN

God it would be so cool if you cooked your own drugs. Then you'd be like that show with that guy who did it when he got cancer...

DOORIN (CONT'D)

The Wire?

No

BLAINE

DOORIN

Sapranos?

No

BLAINE (CONT'D)

MIRANDA

It's Breaking Bad.

DOORIN

No, Doesn't sound right.

Blaine starts to play the Queen interlude again.

MIRANDA

You know that's a Queen song right?

BLAINE

Fuck, this took me like an hour!

Miranda exits out the door. She's gone. Susan enters.

DOORIN

Ms. F! What up!? Didn't know you were here.

SUSAN

Why do I feel closer to you two than her?

DOORIN

There's something intimate between a user and dealer.

BLAINE

Doorin just sent Miranda to buy weed from Shawn.

DOORIN

So. (Beat) No. Shit. Sorry, wasn't thinking. Cause you're not Shawn. You're you.

Susan grabs her phone and dials "SHAWN"

EXT. SAVE-TON PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CLOSE on the nervous face of Miranda. She's clearly been in this parking lot for hours. She exits her car on a mission.

She rushes through the parking lot, knowledgable of the shortest distance between any two points. A JERK is a few paces ahead, going the same direction. It's a race.

She takes off her heels. Barefoot and free. She spots an opening, navigates left and up, left and up. Left and HONK!

She's nearly HIT by an SUV. She watches her unaware competitor calmly enter a mysterious unmarked van. *That Jerk just stole her drug transaction.*

Miranda lingers for a while. The Jerk exits the van followed by the DRUG DEALER (aka Shawn) who gives a pleasant smile to Miranda then gets in the driver seat.

DRUG DEALER (O.S.)

(yelling)

I can't sell to your kind. Bye

MIRANDA

That's sexism!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Doorin and Blaine are up earlier than usual and already have a pot of coffee brewing. They sit next to each other at the kitchen island.

DOORIN

It's strong.

BLAINE

Well, I like it dark and black.

Miranda walks down the steps in jogging clothes.

DOORIN
 (singing)
 Was gonna get up early, but then I
 got high. Then I got high...

MIRANDA
 Nope. I'm a failure. Can't even buy
 the thing failures buy.

DOORIN Hey!
 BLAINE Yeah, I resent that!

Miranda picks up the note from the floor where it was left
 the night before.

MIRANDA
 I'm sorry. I just wanna cross these
 damn things off.

Miranda slides the paper across the island.

BLAINE
 These things aren't even that fun.

MIRANDA
 Well your whole life is a
 playground so of course they seem
 tame.

BLAINE
 Correction. Life is an empty pit.

DOORIN
 Why don't you come to the show
 tonight? At the very least you can
 do a shot.

Miranda crosses off "Do a Jell-o Shot" and writes in "Do a
 shot."

BLAINE
 Innovative. I like it.

MIRANDA
 You guys figure out a name yet?

BLAINE
 No but we have these FBI jackets so
 maybe something that goes with the
 acronym?

DOORIN Fuck Boys, Inc.
 BLAINE (CONT'D) No!

DOORIN
Female Body Inspectors

BLAINE (CONT'D)
No!

MIRANDA
Food Borne Illness

BLAINE
Maybe.

MIRANDA
Use it. 9:00. I'll be there.

INT. DIG AND PLANT GARDEN CENTER - DAY

Susan talks with Shawn, the drug dealer from the van. He longs for the days of selling Meth in his College Preparatory Academy.

Susan stands checking out a CUSTOMER. Shawn sits on the counter. Back to customer. Doing nothing. His Dad owns the place and he NEVER lifts a finger.

SHAWN
I'm telling you if your daughter snitches on us I'm wiping my hands clean of this mess.

SUSAN
(to customer)
Have a nice day.
(to Shawn)
How much did you sell last night?

SHAWN
1.5 Containers. I could have finished off the second one too if I didn't have to leave.

SUSAN
And the users kept coming?

SHAWN
Longest lull was about 10 minutes. Otherwise, like clockwork. And do we have to call them users?

SUSAN
Yes. This is a business. You did good. I'm sorry I doubted that location.

SHAWN

When are you gonna be ready to push
some bigger stuff?

SUSAN

I'm not. I stop at weed.

SHAWN

It's legal in like half the states.
It's a dying business.

SUSAN

It's legal in like 4 states.

SHAWN

Whatever you say old lady.

Susan grabs him by his shirt messing up his perfectly crisp
white polo. It's assertive, but not terrifying.

SUSAN

Do not call me an old lady.

Shawn scurries off.

INT. DICK'S DIVE - LATER

Miranda sits at a bar alone.
She's updated the list to be more achievable.

Things to do by 28, 30:

- ~~Do a Jell-o Shot.~~ Do any shot.
- ~~Get motorcycle license.~~ Ride on a Motorcycle.
- ~~Rob a bank.~~ Steal.
- Smoke weed

MIRANDA

One shot please.

BARTENDER

Anything in particular?

MIRANDA

Nope.

The BARTENDER (60s) fills an empty shot glass with something
clear. Miranda throws it back in one swift motion. Then gags.
She crosses out *Do a shot* from her list.

MONTAGE:

- EXT. DICK'S DIVE

Miranda sneaks over and sits on a parked Motorcycle then crosses "ride a motorcycle" off the list.

- INT./EXT LIQUOR AND LOVE

Miranda walks the aisles of the store. Then as she exits slides her hand into a bowl of matches and swipes a few. Once outside She crosses out "Steal" from her list.

INT. GREENROOM - NIGHT

Doorin drums on everything in sight while Blaine halls in equipment.

DOORIN

Rock on, fuckhead!

BLAINE

Yeah, rock on. Now can you please carry in your equipment before the car gets towed?

ELDER DAVE (25), dressed in a traditional Mormon black pants and white shirt with a black tie enters.

DOORIN

Damn, everyone be wearing ties up in here.

ELDER DAVE

Don't worry you don't have to follow the dress code.

BLAINE

Hi, I'm Blaine. This is Doorin. Are you the stage manager?

ELDER DAVE

No. No. Just the event producer. Super glad to have you guys tonight. Should be a fun time.

Blaine and Doorin look at each other hopeful they've hit their stride.

ELDER DAVE (CONT'D)
Have a good set. The brothers are all excited.

BLAINE
Brothers?

ELDER DAVE
Yeah, that's for helping us out. We don't have a ton of money when on mission but wanted to have some fun. My best buds and I can party so watch out.

The hope in Blaine and Doorin fades. *Best Buds?*

INT. DIG AND PLANT GARDEN CENTER - LATER

Susan is locking up for the evening and Miranda enters.

MIRANDA
I thought about what you said. I crossed everything off the list and replaced some things.

Miranda passes the list to her Mom who opens it. Susan reads it then gives the 'ol Mom tap on the counter and Miranda hops up.

SUSAN
Do you remember your 16th birthday?

MIRANDA
Yeah. We drove to Busch Gardens cause I was finally tall enough.

SUSAN
My favorite part of that trip was watching you stick your arm out the window and...

MIRANDA
Aerodynamic drag. When air particles become compress--

SUSAN
I don't care. You were *experiencing* aerodynamics. You know? And that's what I want for you now with this list.

MIRANDA

Well. I went to a bar and I experienced doing a shot and it was awful.

SUSAN

What kind of shot? Did you talk to the bartender? Did he give you a sage piece of advice? What song was on the jukebox?

MIRANDA

I don't know. I did a shot. I just did it.

Susan crumbles up the list and throws it to the trash.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

What the hell! I thought you wanted to do this list with me? All your doing is telling me how wrong I am.

SUSAN

I just want you to slow down.

MIRANDA

I am slowing down. I don't have anything to do because work is stupid and I finally got this fun thing to occupy my time and you're making it impossible.

SUSAN

I'm not trying to. You're just bad at being a bad ass I guess.

MIRANDA

Because you're making me feel bad for doing this stuff. I wanna be able to say to my kids, "I smoked weed when it was illegal."

SUSAN

I know that. It's just-- I'm sorry. I can't change your brain. You wanna cross off smoke weed?

MIRANDA

Seriously?

SUSAN

Will at least do it together. Come with me.

INT/EXT. UNDERGROUND LAB - CONTINUOUS

Marijuana plants grow up toward the ultraviolet light bulbs. THC testing kits, test tube racks, and pipettes are scattered throughout the single lab bench.

Susan pushes open a heavy door. They're in. Shawn, startled, drops all the money he was counting and has to start over.

SUSAN
It's just us, Shawn.

SHAWN
Who is us? (BEAT). What is SHE
doing here!?

Shawn looks up. They immediately recognize each other.

MIRANDA
You're the asshole who
wouldn't sell to me/You know
just because I look like a
nerd doesn't mean I am one.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
You lost us so much money
last night/how could such a
square have such a street
smart mom.

MIRANDA
What did you say?

SHAWN
You're a square.

MIRANDA
Mom! You work with this asshole.

SHAWN
She works for me.

SUSAN
Shwan please. You'd be lost without
me.

MIRANDA
What is going on?

SHAWN
Didn't you know? Your Mom's the
biggest king pin in town.

MIRANDA
King pin! This is what you're
experiencing? Jesus mom you're
gonna go back to jail.

SUSAN
For the millionth time. Women's
"correctional facilities" are a
breeze.

MIRANDA
You are growing marijuana.

Miranda picks up THC standard vial.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
This has to be kept refrigerated or
it will degrade at twice the rate.

She starts reading the cleaning agents on the lab counter.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
This won't clean anything. It's
just water.

She flips over the test tubes.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
These need to be stored upsidedown
to avoid dust particles from
contaminating your solutions.

Shawn looks at Susan. *It was a good idea to bring her here.*

SUSAN
Were doing it the right way. It's
safe. The town loves it.

SHAWN
And it's way better than that shit
growing behind the McDonald's

SUSAN
Shawn, those are weeds. Miranda, I
brought you down here to help you
check something off your list!

MIRANDA
How do you not get it? This is how
I lost you to begin with. I am THIS
way because I had to grow up
without you because of this shit.

Miranda looks to her mother with utter disappointment. She slowly walks out of the lab.

INT. GREENROOM - NIGHT

Doorin and Blaine are tuning their respective instruments.

DOORIN
This sucks dude.

BLAINED
It's money. We need the money. Did you see his white crisp outfit or whatever, they clearly have money.

DOORIN
He called his friends his best buds. It feels like a concert for 12 year old dorks.

BLAINE
It's weird and different but it's for Miranda. We need to get her rent.

Blaine's cell phone rings.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
Speaking of...

INT. BLAINE'S BEDROOM

Miranda is rummaging through Blaine's room. There are black lights and neon posters everywhere.

MIRANDA
(into phone)
I should be there right at 9. Do you need me to bring your weed? Where is it exactly?

BLAINE (O.S.)
No, that's okay. Just come by, we'll go out after.

Miranda pulls out a bag of what *has* to be weed.

MIRANDA
(into phone)
Be there soon, gotta go bye.

Miranda hangs up the phone and stares at the bag and heads toward the Kitchen. Sirens rush past her house windows.
That's not a good sign.

INT/EXT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

The van door slides open, Shawn and Susan load in multiple storage containers of marijuana.

SUSAN

She's not gonna tell. She won't let me go back to jail

SHAWN

Oh yeah, then why didn't she become a lawyer?

Police sirens are heard in the distance. They grow closer and closer.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Your rat of a kid told!

Susan looks up. *Is it possible she told?* The two start unloading the van. Everything is going back to the lab.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Miranda sits at a granite counter top island with the marijuana spread out on a sheet pan in segregated piles.

We see moments of Miranda trying to smoke this weed:

She uses a lighter to light one pile on fire. Then inhales the smoke. Coughing ensues. *Fail.*

She rolls a dollar bill the snorts a section. Pukes. *Fail*

She opens her laptop. Pulls up Youtube. Grabs an apple and attempts to make an apple bong. She gives up. Adds weed to peanut butter, spreads on apple and eats it. *Fail.*

She needs help. She picks up her phone to call Blaine. So much time has passed.

MIRANDA

The Show!

She picks up the phone and calls the boys rushing out of the house.

INT. GREENROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Blaine and Doorin are sweaty from performing their set. Elder Dave enters.

ELDER DAVE
You guys are perfect!

BLAINE
Really? Felt like folks were just eating most of the time.

DOORIN
Yeah, there was like no, none, zero rocking.

ELDER DAVE
Come out with us. We have to repay you some how.

DOORIN
We don't really hang with your type of people.

ELDER DAVE
Well I appreciate the honesty. Try stepping outside your comfort zone every once in a while.

BLAINE
Good advice.

ELDER DAVE
We're going to some dive bar around the corner if you change your mind.

Elder Dave exits. Blaine and Doorin look at each other feeling a shade of guilt. *Is Mormon guilt a thing?*

BLAINE
Maybe we should go. We have to find a way to start making money. There are loads of them.

DOORIN
Gross. You want to network with them?

BLAINE
We gotta do something. I don't want to keep playing birthday parties.

EXT. DICK'S DIVE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Miranda joins Doorin and Blaine at a table surrounded by about 10 other ELDERS.

MIRANDA

I thought Mormon's didn't drink.

DOORIN

They don't. But they're actually
crazy fun.

BLAINE

It's like a cool ying-yang thing.
My dark with their white. Something
real specials gonna happen here.

MIRANDA

It must have been an amazing show.
I'm so sorry I missed it!

ELDER DAVE

They crushed! They crushed so hard
they're gonna play for us every
Sunday morning!

MIRANDA

You guys are gonna what!?

BLAINE

It's to pay the bills. For you.

MIRANDA

You gave up your dream for me?

DOORIN

No way, we gonna be famous
rockstars ASAP!

BLAINE

Now we're more committed to you.
But I'm still paying under the
table to stay off the grid.

MIRANDA

I love you guys! I'll be there
every week!

ELDER DAVE

Are you interested in the Mor--

MIRANDA

Let's celebrate!

Miranda eyes up the Bartender. And confidently struts in his
direction. It's the same older man from earlier in the day.

She pauses and takes a moment for herself. Queen's *Another one Bites the Dust* plays over the speakers. It's a cool night, the skyline drowns out any night stars.

BARTENDER
Shot of anything?

MIRANDA
No. Four shots of tequila.
Whatever's on the top shelf. We're celebrating!

BARTENDER
Drink to celebrate not to forget!
It'll keep ya our of trouble.

MIRANDA
Sage advice.

Miranda passes over a credit card and takes a mental photo of this moment. This experience. She takes out her list. She rewrites "Do a Shot" then walks the tray over to her friends. Throws back the shot, sucks on a lime, and crosses it out.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - DAY

Miranda enters the lab. There's a tense moment. Shawn senses he should leave Miranda and Susan to be.

MIRANDA
Don't drink to celebrate only to forget. Wait. No. Drink to celebrate not to forget.

SUSAN
Okay?

MIRANDA
Queen was on. I was with Doorin and Blaine and they'd just booked a gig. It was a shot of 1800 Tequila with a lime.

SUSAN
You did a shot for real?

MIRANDA
You're not a list, Mom. I want to actually spend time with you and do stuff with you. And who cares if this is it.

SUSAN
Wait, you're gonna--

MIRANDA
This place is an absolute shit-
storm. You can't run a lab like
this. So I'm gonna fix it. I did
make a list.

Shawn was eavesdropping from around the corner.

SHAWN
Fuck.

SUSAN
I'm okay with this list. Practical.

MIRANDA
We do it the *right* way.

Doorin and Blaine enter with lots of boxes of various types
of lab supplies, containers, shelving and PPE.

SHAWN
I'm not wearing all that.

SUSAN
You'll wear what Miranda tells you
to wear.

MIRANDA
You want cops to be able to swab
your shirt and tell you you've been
growing weed.

Shawn rolls his eyes. *No.*

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
We'll be back later. We have to get
these boys to their first regular
show!

DOORIN
(singing)
You're making things up again,
Arnold. You're taking the--

BLAINE
No. I told you, that's from the
Musical from the South Park guys.
We can't sing that one!

MIRANDA
Boys, start on this 'practical'
list. I have one last thing to
cross off properly.

Miranda grabs her Mom by the arm and takes her into a side room. She pulls out a bag of weed.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Teach me.

Like a pro, Susan rolls a joint perfectly and quickly. Miranda grabs a pack of stole matches from her pocket.

CLOSE on Susan. She stares proudly and lovingly at her daughter.

CLOSE on Miranda. She's freaking out, panicked, and terrified at what she's just agreed to. A faint smile leaves her face as the 'Oh Shit' moment hits her.

End.