

POSTHUMOUSLY

Written by

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Pilot Episode: "Trial by Fire"

TEASER

INT. HOME - DAWN

KITCHEN

The room is a mess. The sink full of dishes. A slow, consistent drip from the tap.

Empty take out boxes on the counter top.

Dirty pots and pans on the stove.

A ROACH scurries across the floor and under the refrigerator.

DINING ROOM

A burnt out candle sits in the center of the table

A stack of money, a bottle of vodka, and a brick of cocaine, next to a mid-sized ceramic container.

The top of is open. A plastic bag, zip tied shut, peaks out. Molded across the container, one word. Sugar.

A mirror, lightly covered in trace amounts of white powder, coke, lays at the edge of the table. A rolled up one hundred dollar bill to its right.

END TEASER

INT. O'MALLEY'S RESTAURANT - HAPPY HOUR

HADLEY YOUNG (30s), sits at the bar.

She's tall and lean, high cheek bones with long blond hair, and bright green eyes like daggers. They pierce through you. In another life, she could have been a model.

Hadley finishes her vodka cranberry.

The BARTENDER approaches.

BARTENDER
Can I get you another?

She grabs the LIME WEDGE from its rim.

HADLEY
Yes. Please. And this time put a
little vodka in it?

He takes her empty glass.

BARTENDER
Sure thing. Anything else?

HADLEY
No. I'm good.

BARTENDER
How about something to eat? Apps?
They're half off.

HADLEY
Save the up sell handsome. Just the
drink.

BARTEHNDER
Sure thing... Good for thirty more
minutes. In case you change your
mind.

She nods and waves him off. Hadley sucks on the lime wedge as she scans the nearly vacant room.

She fidgets on her stool. Squirms.

Tosses the lime wedge onto the bar. It lands next to THREE OTHERS. All chewed up and spit out.

She pulls her PHONE from her purse. She sends an instant message to YOLANDA **"Yolo"** WRIGHT.

HADLEY (TEXT)
Hey! What are you up to?

Hadley waits for a response.

She's impatient. Twirls her hair with her index finger.

Bites her nails.

Claws at a cocktail napkin.

YOLANDA (TEXT)
Still at the office. What's up bae?

HADLEY (TEXT)
At O'Malley's. Swing by when you get done. First round's on me!

The Bartender brings Hadley her drink. He grabs a fresh cocktail napkin, picks up the lime wedges.

HADLEY (CONT'D)
Thanks. Put it on my tab.

The Bartender acknowledges, a subtle nod.

Hadley, back to her phone.

YOLANDA (TEXT)
Tonight's no good. I'm burned out. Need to get some rest.

HADLEY (TEXT)
Come on. I miss my girl!

YOLANDA (TEXT)
Miss you too, but I can't. Late night, early morning.

HADLEY (TEXT)
Lame! LOL

YOLANDA (TEXT)
Hit me up tomorrow. We'll burn the roof off the mother! I promise.

HADLEY (TEXT)
Weekend warrior.

YOLANDA WRIGHT (TEXT)
<3 **"Heart Emoji"**

Hadley puts her phone away, takes a sip of her drink.

HADLEY

Damn. That's more like it.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Hadley's on the dancefloor in a small crowd. The place isn't very busy. It's a weeknight so the action is slow. You can't force a good time but, that's never stopped Hadley.

BATHROOM

Hadley finds an empty stall. She closes the door and takes a seat on the toilet.

Skirt hiked.

Designer panties draped over her CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN'S,
MULTICOLOR HOT CHICK 100mm HEELS.

She searches through her purse. Hadley finds a small, plastic bag. Its contents, trace amounts of cocaine. Enough for a hit. Maybe?

HADLEY

Shit.

She uses a key to take a bump from the little bit that's left, tilts her head back, pinches her nose.

She takes out her phone. Sends a text. This time, to SUGAR, her dealer, and on and off again lover.

HADLEY (TEXT) (CONT'D)

You home?

She uses the restroom while she waits for a response...

SUGAR (TEXT)

Who dis? New phone.

HADLEY (TEXT)

Asshole!

SUGAR (TEXT)

JK. LMAO. What's up?

HADLEY (TEXT)

Just thinking about you. Want some company?

SUGAR (TEXT)
*Really? Thinking about me, or
 Sugar's candy?*

HADLEY (TEXT)
*Want some company or not? Don't
 answer that. Wasn't asking. I'm
 coming over.*

SUGAR (TEXT)
*What Hadley wants... Hadley gets.
 :p "Face with tongue Emoji"*

HADLEY (TEXT)
*Always! (; "Winking Smile" <3
 "Heart Emoji"*

SUGAR (TEXT)
See you soon sexy.

POV HADLEY'S PHONE: She schedules a ride share.

.."Ride accepted".

Hadley puts her phone in her purse. Takes out a wetnap out,
 cleans herself.

Pulls up her underwear.

Drops the empty coke bag in the toilet.

Foot on the handle. She Flushes.

INT. RIDESHARE (MOVING) - NIGHT

The car pulls up in front of Sugar's, typical, SUBURBAN HOME.
 A traditional, respectable, neighborhood.

Hedges groomed; the lawn well maintained. Even a small flower
 bed. The only thing missing; a white picket fence.

Hadley sits in the backseat. She looks out the passenger
 window toward the house.

EXT. SUGAR'S HOME - NIGHT

Hadley approaches the front door and knocks. She waits a few
 seconds, knocks again.

More aggressive. Heavy. Hard. Hammer fisted.

Sugar (late 20s), opens the door. Tall. Handsome. Shirtless. His eyes, charming and mysterious, with an air of danger. Part RIFF RAFF aka JODY HIGHROLLER. Part ZAK EFRON.

He grabs Hadley's waist. Picks her up. Carries her inside, kicks the door shut.

INT. SUGAR'S HOME - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

Sugar holds Hadley in his arms. Her legs wrapped around his waist.

He carries her to the couch. Light as a feather, the two collapse onto the sofa.

SUGAR

Miss me?

HADLEY

No. Maybe. Just a little.

SUGAR

You're not catching feelings are you?

HADLEY

Feelings? Not familiar with the term.

SUGAR

(whispers)
Cold hearted bit--

Hadley shuts him up with a kiss.

HADLEY

What's a girl have to do to get a drink around here?

SUGAR

I'd say that's a good start.

Sugar gets up. He walks toward the kitchen.

Flush faced. Hadley takes a deep breath. A moment to collect herself.

KITCHEN

Sugar takes a bottle of soda and cranberry juice from the refrigerator.

He places it on the counter beside a sizable variety of spirits, including; Hadley's brand of vodka.

He takes two cocktail glasses from the kitchen cabinets.

Sugar makes Hadley a vodka cranberry. He pours himself a Jack and Coke.

Hadley joins him.

SUGAR

One for you. One for me.

He hands her the drink. She takes a sip.

HADLEY

That's how you make a drink.

SUGAR

I am more than just a pretty face.

HADLEY

Who says you're pretty?

SUGAR

Someone called Genetics. You know, science?

HADLEY

That right? You a scientist now?

SUGAR

I read.

Sugar opens a kitchen drawer and pulls out a SMALL METAL CONTAINER. He opens it and takes out a sizable bag of cocaine.

HADLEY

Really? You know how to read? I'm impressed.

SUGAR

Smart ass. You keep picking on me, I might not share.

Hadley pulls Sugar close. She kisses him.

HADLEY

No? Well, if you don't share, then
I don't share, and I think you want
what I have more than I want what
you have.

Sugar pours a portion of the coke out onto the counter and
begins to cut it up into lines.

He takes a small straw off the counter, takes a bump.

SUGAR

You're bluffing.

He offers Hadley the straw. When she tries to take it he
quickly pulls it away.

HADLEY

Asshole.

SUGAR

Who wants what more?

HADLEY YOUNG

Come on. Give it up.

SUGAR

Say please.

HADLEY

Please.

SUGAR

Sorry. I didn't quite hear that.

HADLEY

Please-- Asshole.

Hadley pushes Sugar back, grabs the straw.

HADLEY (CONT'D)

You're going to have to be quicker
than that.

Hadley takes a hit of the coke. It's pure. She tilts her head
back. Pinches her nose, followed by two deep sniffs.

Sugar grabs her. He pushes her against the wall.

He tries to kiss her but she turns away.

HADLEY (CONT'D)

Who wants who more?

SUGAR
You're funny.

He tries again. She refuses.

HADLEY
Say please.

SUGAR
You are such a cliché.

HADLEY
I'm a cliché? Really? You're a coke dealer who calls himself Sugar. You might as well get a tattoo on your face that says..
(makes air quotes)
Arrest me.

SUGAR
Maybe I will. Raise my street cred.

A shared, subtle laugh.

HADLEY
You get your face tattooed, and I'm out.

SUGAR
So that's really all I am to you?
Just a pretty face?

HADLEY
Of course not. You've got a rockin' bod too. Don't get me wrong. I'd still hit it but, you'd have to wear a bag over your head. No biggie.

Sugar picks Hadley up. He's passionate. She grips him tight.

SUGAR
I might be into that. Kinky.

HADLEY
Very.

BEDROOM

Sugar carries Hadley into his bedroom, drops her on the KING SIZE bed.

She crawls seductively, cat like, to the center of the bed and starts to undress.

Sugar slides out of his black silk pajama bottoms. He jumps on the bed, moves toward Hadley but, she extends her arm.

Puts her hand on his chest. Stops him in his tracks.

HADLEY (CONT'D)

You realize. You still haven't said it.

Confused. Curious. A dumbfounded look on his face.

SUGAR

Said what?

HADLEY

That you. Want me. More.

SUGAR

I do.

HADLEY

Do what?

SUGAR

Want you more.

HADLEY

I'm not quite sure I'm convinced.

Sugar grabs her, pushes her down on the bed. Just the right balance of aggression and finesse.

SUGAR

I do. Okay? I want you more.

HADLEY

Sounds to me like someone's catching feelings.

SUGAR

No. Maybe. A little.

HADLEY

Shut up and kiss me. You talk too much.

They kiss as things get hot. Heavy.

BEDROOM - DAY

The sun shines into the room, directly in Hadley's face. It wakes her up, hungover, makeup smeared, her hair's a mess.

Sugar still soundly sleeps beside her.

She yawns. Reaches for a bottle of water on the nightstand.

Hadley looks at the clock. It's 11:30 A.M.

HADLEY
Shit! Shit! SHIT!

The outburst wakes Sugar.

SUGAR
(groans)
Quiet. Some of us are trying to
sleep.

Hadley grasps, pulls at her hair.

Face in palms.

Her fists SLAM against the mattress.

HADLEY
I overslept. Bigtime! Fuck. FUCK!

Hadley's body trembles. She leaps out of bed.

SUGAR
Overslept. For what?

She searches frantically for her clothes.

HADLEY
I've got a service today. Just shut
up and help me find my skirt.

SUGAR
So what. Aren't you the boss? Have
your lackies handle it.

HADLEY
It doesn't work like that. I'm a
professional. Corporate.
Professional-- It doesn't work like
that.

SUGAR
If you're so professional. Why'd
you oversleep?

Hadley finds her phone, at her feet on the floor. She grabs
it. Checks for missed calls.

POV PHONE LCD: 5 MISSED CALLS. The wallpaper, a picture with her ailing FATHER, although; we don't know this yet. A patient, she visits him in the hospital. Both in good spirits.

HADLEY YOUNG
Shit! Are you going to help me or not?

Hadley throws a pillow at Sugar.

SUGAR
Okay. Okay.

POV PHONE LCD: She unlocks her phone. The five missed called; three from MAGGIE MALONE two from REGGIE FREEMAN.

Hadley rolls her eyes. She SIGHS.

HADLEY YOUNG
(under her breath)
Damn it.

Sugar gets out of bed and helps Hadley search for her clothes. Purse. Anything.

HADLEY
Any chance you can give me a ride?

SUGAR
Seriously?

HADLEY
Sugar!

SUGAR
I guess, but I've only got my bike.
My car's in the shop.

HADLEY
Forget it.

She finds her skirt and blouse and puts them on.

Sugar finds her shoes. He tosses them to her.

POV PHONE LCD: Hadley pulls up a ride share app.

Back to Hadley.

HADLEY (CONT'D)
You see my purse?

SUGAR

No -- It's probably on the couch.

POV PHONE LCD: Ride share confirmed.

Back to Hadley.

HADLEY

Fuck it. I've gotta' run.

SUGAR

That's it? No kiss goodbye?

Hadley bolts toward the bedroom door.

SUGAR (CONT'D)

Will I see you later?

She leaves the room.

HADLEY (O.S.)

I think someone's catching feelings!

SUGAR

Nice seeing you too.

Rejected. Sugar falls back onto the bed. He grabs a pillow. Covers his face.

INT. FOREVER YOUNG FUNERAL HOME - DAY

VIEWING AREA

The funeral service has begun. Family members and guests linger in the room. They view the body and socialize.

Reggie Freeman (mid 30s), African American, and Assistant Director and house mortician oversees the ceremony.

He's assisted by Maggie Franklin (late 20s), Administrative Assistant and the youngest, least experienced of the team, however; she's level-headed with a strong sense for business.

BACKROOM

Hadley sneaks in through the backdoor.

Reggie spots her through the doorway. He enters the room and confronts her.

REGGIE
Guess who decided to show up?

HADLEY
I had a rough night.

REGGIE
Obviously. Seems to be more and more of a common theme with you.

HADLEY
Just give me a minute. To clean up. I'll meet you out front.

REGGIE
Don't worry about it. Maggie and I have it covered. It would have been nice if you had been here though.

HADLEY
I am here.

REGGIE
On time. Your father--

HADLEY
I'm not my father and save the lectures. Let's not forget who's in charge here.

REGGIE
Not the way you're running things.

HADLEY
I'm still the boss. Till I'm not. If you have a problem with that, find another job. Are we done? Can I go take a shower, get my shit together?

Reggie looks over his shoulder toward the viewing area. They've drawn the attention of some of the bereaved guest. He backs down.

REGGIE
Whatever Hadley. Like I said, we've got it covered.

HADLEY
Thanks.

Hadley starts to head upstairs, her HOME, above the funeral parlor.

Reggie walks back toward the viewing area.

A short pause, he turns.

REGGIE

Oh. Don't forget you're meeting
with Morty today. You can't keep
blowing him off.

Reggie leaves, back to the viewing area.

Annoyed. DUCK FACED. Hadley checks her phone. It's 12:28 PM.

HADLEY

Mother Fuc--

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Hadley enters the modest room.

RHONDA CHOI (late 30s), sassy, no nonsense type, and MORTY'S
administrative assistant, sits behind her disorganized desk.

It's covered in stacks of unfiled paperwork.

HADLEY

Good afternoon, Rhonda. I'm here to
see Morty.

Rhonda looks at the CLOCK on the wall. It's a quarter till
two. She gives Hadley a SOUR look. SIDE EYED. Rhonda picks up
her OFFICE PAGER, buzzes Morty.

No answer. She buzzes again.

RHONDA

Your one o'clock is here.

No response.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

You have to hit the green button
Morty. The green one.

She waits.

MORTY (V.O.)

Hadley's here? Well what are you
waiting for? Send her in-- And it's
Mr. Becher, Mr.--

Rhonda takes her finger off the call button, rolls her eyes.

RHONDA
Mr. Becher will see you now.

MORTY'S OFFICE

Morty Becher (60s), Jewish-American, short, bald with a bad comb-over, sits behind his desk. His computer's dated, most likely purchased in the late 1990s.

Hadley enters the office.

Morty stands to greet her.

HADLEY
Don't get up. Please. Don't make a fuss.

MORTY
What? Are you kidding me? Come here sweetie.

He approaches. They hug.

MORTY (CONT'D)
How you doing darling? You getting enough sleep? Eating well? Taking care of yourself?

HADLEY
I am. I'm doing well.

MORTY
No offense, but you look a little tired.

Morty goes behind his desk and opens a drawer.

He pulls out a bottle of multi-vitamins.

MORTY (CONT'D)
Here. Take one of these. I'll get you some water.

HADLEY
That's okay. I'll pass.

Morty takes a seat. He pushes the call return button on his pager.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Yes Mr. Becher.

MORTY

Do me a favor? Bring me a glass of water.

HADLEY

Please. Don't trouble yourself. I really appreciate it, but I'm fine.

MORTY

You sure? You need to stay hydrated.

HADLEY

I'm sure Mr. Becher. You're sweet, but no thank you.

MORTY

And what's with the Mr. Becher? How many times do I need to tell you? It's Morty. Mr. Becher's my father. May he rest in peace.

He presses the call return button again.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Yes. Mr. Becher.

MORTY

Cancel the water. To her I'm Mr. Becher, but to you, it's Morty.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

You know I can still hear you right?

Whatever. Morty shrugs it off.

MORTY

Okay. So What's say we get down to business? The brass tax.

HADLEY

I'm ready when you are Mr.-- Morty.

MORTY

You've always been a smart girl. Even when you were just a small one. Just like your mother. Spittin' image. She was a wonderful woman. Wonderful. Your father too. A good, good man. May they rest in peace. The business however; unfortunately, the business, it's not so good.

(MORE)

MORTY (CONT'D)

It was a nice thing you did taking over after your father passed but, well, I'm afraid I've got some bad news.

HADLEY

Shoot me straight. I can take it.

MORTY

Tough girl you are. Just like your mother. Spittin' image.

HADLEY

Thank you but, you were saying. The business. Bad news?

MORTY

Of course. Rip the band aid off. Quick and clean. Straight to the point. I'm afraid you're living off borrowed time. The short story. You're bankrupt. Or at least you will be. By my calculations you've got two, three months tops.

HADLEY

What exactly does that mean?

MORTY

Like I said. Your father. He was a good, good man but, the business. You inherited a money pit. A sinking ship. I'd tell you to try and sell the place and with any luck you break even.

HADLEY

What now? What are my options?

MORTY

Other than selling the place. Not many. Not any to be honest.

HADLEY

Come on, there's got to be something we can do. A Loan? Bailout?

MORTY

What am I? Goldman Sachs?

HADLEY

There's got to be something. Can't you move some money around?

MORTY

What money? Your best bet. Sell the place. Maybe you get lucky. Break even.

HADLEY

That's not an option. I promised daddy I'd keep it in the family. I left my job, school. Uprooted my life. There's got to be something. There has to be?

MORTY

Unless you've got fifty-thousand-dollars laying around or, can come up with it in the next two. Maybe three months. There's nothing I can do. I'm sorry sweetie. I wish I had better news but, we've talked about this. I warned you. Months ago. Months. Not to rub it in.

HADLEY

You did but, things have been picking up. I thought we'd at least done enough to buy us some more time. We had a service today.

MORTY

I wish you had. I know how hard you've been working. I really am sorry.

HADLEY

I guess that's that.

MORTY

You've still got two months. Maybe three. You're a smart girl. With some luck maybe you'll figure something out.

HADLEY

I'll hold my breath.

Hadley fidgets in her chair.

Her knees bounce. Tremor.

Nails dig into the chair's armrests.

Tugs at her hair.

Checks the time on her phone. It's 2:18 PM.

HADLEY (CONT'D)

Listen. I hope this doesn't sound rude. You've been really kind. Patient, but unless there's anything else? I should get going.

Before he can respond Hadley stands.

Morty follows suit. He moves to the opposite side of his desk. Puts his arm around her.

MORTY

Before your father passed, I promised I'd look out for you. Even if the business shuts down remember. Ole' Morty will always be here for you.

Morty and Hadley hug.

HADLEY

Thanks, I appreciate that. Appreciate everything you've done for me and my family.

MORTY

It's been a pleasure darling. A pleasure.

HADLEY

You take care of yourself. And don't you worry about me. I'll figure something out. I always do.

MORTY

I'll be in touch. Soon.

She leaves the office.

MORTY (CONT'D)

A survivor that one. Real tough cookie.

INT. FOREVER YOUNG FUNERAL HOME - DAY

VIEWING AREA/PARLOR

A portrait hangs on the wall. The same man from Hadley's wallpaper. Her father, in better health. The placard reads: "Randall Young the II".

Reggie and Maggie wait. Impatient, Maggie paces through the room. Back. Forth. EYES WIDE. She stares at the entrance.

Hadley enters the funeral home's reception area.

She's barely through the door. Maggie ambushes her.

MAGGIE
We need to talk.

HADLEY
Jesus Christ. What is it with you two today?

MAGGIE
With us? You can't be serious. She can't be serious?

Hadley and Maggie standoff, defiantly. Face to face.

REGGIE
Let's take a seat. We'll talk this out like rational adults.

The tension is thick. Suffocating.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Ladies? Please?

Reggie steps between the two women.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Please.

Maggie lowers her guard. Takes a step back. Retreats.

The three take a seat on the furniture in the parlor's reception area. ANTIQUE, VICTORIAN, BENCH SEAT and CHAIR.

MAGGIE
Where were you this morning?

HADLEY
I was at a place called none of your damn business.

MAGGIE
See that's the problem. It is my business.

HADLEY
No. It's my business. If you haven't noticed. My names the one on the sign.

MAGGIE

Not for long--

HADLEY

Really! It's like I'm dealing with a hive mind here. I've already been through this once today. I'm sure you heard. Right? Reggie?

Maggie interjects.

MAGGIE

Sorry I missed it. I was too busy covering your business-- Boss!

REGGIE

You guys. Please. Calm down. Rational-- Adults. Remember?

HADLEY

First off. Never tell a woman to calm down. And second. I'm sorry. Look. I'm tired. Grouchy. It hasn't been a good day. I shouldn't have snapped at you this morning Reggie. You were only trying to do your job. Both of you. I appreciate it. I really do. I'm just going through some shit right now. Besides. You're not exactly wrong. About the business. My name staying on the sign.

MAGGIE

We're not? Wait. What's-- What are you saying?

HADLEY

Things didn't go so well with Morty today.

MAGGIE

Like what kind of things, exactly?

HADLEY

Like money things. As in. We don't have any. I don't have any. This place. It's going under. Soon.

REGGIE

How soon?

HADLEY

Two. Maybe three months.

MAGGIE

And you're finding this out now?
Today?

HADLEY

We've been on the ropes for a
while. I was hoping things would
pick up. That we'd be okay.

MAGGIE

What the-- Damn it Hadley. You've
known? And when exactly were you
planning on telling us?

HADLEY

I'm telling you now. And don't
worry. Your check will cash.

REGGIE

It's not about the checks.

MAGGIE

It's not, not about the checks.

REGGIE

What I mean is. We had a right to
know. You should have told us
sooner. Maybe we could have. Can
do. Something to help? Figure
things out.

Hadley's silent.

Her legs. Restless.

Reggie waits for an answer. Anything.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

That's it? There's nothing we can
do?

Hadley takes a deep breath, exhales.

HADLEY

Nothing short of a miracle. I don't
suppose there's any chance you've
got fifty grand laying around that
you'd be willing to invest.

MAGGIE

Great. That's just great.

HADLEY

So no. On the fifty thousand?

MAGGIE

Is this all just a joke to you?

HADLEY

What do you want from me? It's a job. You lose one. You find another. Besides, we've still got some time. Give me a week or two. If anyone can pull off a miracle it's me. Things will work out. Trust me.

MAGGIE

Trust you?

REGGIE

And if they don't?

HADLEY

Guys. Seriously. You'll be fine either way. Until then, just work with me. Give me a chance. We got some more services scheduled. We get a few more. A lot can happen in two months--

Maggie won't let it go. Face red. Back arched. Elbows on knees, she lean in.

MAGGIE

I stuck around because of your father. He cared. He cared about us, the funeral home, our clients. All you care about is yourself--

HADLEY

It's a dog-eat-dog world out there. The sooner you figure that out. The better off you'll be. So either get with the program or back the fuck off.

Stunned. Maggie and Reggie are at a loss for words. They sit in deafening silence. A vacuum of sound.

MAGGIE

I don't even. I'm speechless.

Reggie tries to keep the peace. He places a hand on each women's shoulder.

REGGIE

This is a lot to drop in our laps. Even for you.

(MORE)

REGGIE (CONT'D)

You have to understand that.
Understand why Maggie and I are so
upset.

HADLEY

I know. I know but, there's nothing
we can do about it today. It's
Friday, we've got the weekend. Why
don't you two take off early? Enjoy
yourselves. I'll close up here.
Monday we'll regroup. Figure this
out. Together. Get back on the
right track.

MAGGIE

You really think one weekend's
going to make a difference?

HADLEY

It's a start.

REGGIE

Okay.

Desperation in his eyes. Reggie looks to Maggie. A silent
plea to end the argument.

MAGGIE

Okay?

REGGIE

It has been a long day. For all of
us. Taking the weekend, it's not a
bad idea but, first thing Monday
morning. No flaking out.

HADLEY

First thing. Scout's honor. Now get
out of here. Let your hair down.

Reggie and Maggie stand.

MAGGIE

I swear. If you find some sad
excuse to bail. I'm gone. I mean
it.

HADLEY

I won't. I won't screw this up
guys. I promise. And hey. If I do.
You'll never have to see me again.
Either way you're off the hook.
It's a win, win.

Maggie grabs her purse off the end table. She and Reggie walk toward the door.

Hadley stands. An apologetic look washes across her face.

HADLEY (CONT'D)
Guys. I really am sorry. I mean it.

Maggie stops. She turns.

MAGGIE
Just be here Monday.

INT. FUNERAL HOME/UPSTAIRS APARTMENT/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hadley's hair is pulled back into a ponytail. She's in her bath robe and slippers.

We know this kitchen. It's a mess. The sink full of dishes. The tap a slow, consistent drip.

Hadley opens the refrigerator. It's bare, aside from some expired take out, mustard, a few beers and a bottle of cranberry juice. She takes the juice and sits it on the counter.

Hadley opens a cabinet door. It's full of liquor. She grabs a half empty, one liter bottle of vodka.

She opens another cabinet. She searches for a clean glass but, nothing. The cupboard is bare.

She looks in the sink.

HADLEY
Fuck it.

Hadley takes a drink straight from the bottle followed with cranberry chaser, straight from the source.

LIVING ROOM

Hadley takes a seat on the couch. She puts the bottle of vodka and juice on the coffee table, takes her phone out of her robe pocket, and texts Yolanda.

HADLEY (TEXT)
"YOLO!"

She waits for a response...

There's an ashtray on the coffee table next to the vodka.
Half a joint, Hadley can't resist.

She grabs lighter off the table and fires it up. Followed by,
a long, deep drag.

A response.

YOLANDA (TEXT)
What's good girl?

Hadley exhales. Smoke clouds the room.

HADLEY (TEXT)
It's Friyay! #partydown

YOLANDA (TEXT)
You're too much! LOL

She calls Yolanda.

YOLANDA (V.O.)
Did you seriously just call me
while we're texting. Not cool.

HADLEY
Ha. Ha. My thumbs are tired.
Besides. What happened to the good
old days when people actually
talked?

YOLANDA (V.O.)
Old school. Okay. I can dig that.

HADLEY
What are you up to? I'm hungry. How
about we meet up? Grab something to
eat.

YOLANDA (V.O.)
I don't know. I'm tired. Haven't
even left the office yet.

HADLEY
Come on. You promised. You can rest
when you're dead. Trust me. I'm an
expert on the subject.

Hadley's joint smolders in the ashtray. She picks it up.

YOLANDA (V.O.)
I did promise. What do you have in
mind?

HADLEY
O'Malley's?

She takes a quick drag.

YOLANDA (V.O.)
Really? Don't you ever get tired of
that place?

Exhales.

HADLEY
I'm a creature of habit.

YOLANDA (V.O.)
Bad habits.

HADLEY
Wow. Really? You are on a roll
tonight.

YOLANDA (V.O.)
I'm always on a roll.

HADLEY
Whatever. Come on. What do you say?
O'Malley's in about an hour?

YOLANDA (V.O.)
Can we make it two? I want to run
home. Shower.

Hadley puts what's left of the joint back in the ashtray.

HADLEY
Yes! Cool beans. You do that. I'll
call the rest of the squad. Time to
get the band back together. It's
been a long week. I need to blow
off some steam.

YOLANDA (V.O.)
Sounds like a plan.

HADLEY
That's what your girl wants too
hear. Love you.

YOLANDA (V.O.)
Love you too.

HADLEY
See you soon. Yolo!

Hadley hangs up the phone, drops it on the couch.

She takes another shot of vodka, straight up.

INT. O'MALLEY'S RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT

Hadley sits alone at the bar. She has a cocktail. Another vodka cranberry.

Yolanda (30s), Nigerian American, stylish, confident swag, arrives.

YOLANDA
There's my girl!

HADLEY
Yolo!

Hadley gets up and the two women hug.

YOLANDA
You started without me?

HADLEY
Sorry not sorry.

Hadley signals the BARTENDER.

HADLEY (CONT'D)
Let's get you a drink. Can't have you playing catch up all night.

Yolanda takes a seat at the bar. The Bartender approaches the two women.

HADLEY (CONT'D)
A whisky sour for my number one and go ahead and top me off while you're at it.

BARTENDER
One whiskey sour and another vodka cranberry, coming up.

HADLEY
Thanks sweetie.

YOLANDA
Where's the crew?

HADLEY
I just got a text from Kelly. They should be here any second.

The Bartender brings the women their drinks.

HADLEY (CONT'D)

Cheers.

YOLANDA

Cheers.

Yolanda and Hadley tap their glasses together. They take a drink.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)

Damn I've missed that face. Seems like it's been forever since we've had a proper girls' night out.

HADLEY

Hey. That's not on me. I've been trying to get you guys to come out for weeks now.

YOLANDA

Some of us have to work for a living.

HADLEY

Hey! I work. Mostly at resisting the urge to murder Maggie. I bet I could get away with it too.

YOLANDA

Uh oh. Trouble in paradise.

HADLEY

Nothing a few drinks and a night out with my besties can't solve.

As the two women talk, KELLY NGUYEN (30s), first born, first generation Vietnamese American, and MANJULA "JUELZ" KAPADIA (late 20s), bi-racial, East Asian and Caucasian, arrive.

Hadley spots them by the entrance.

HADLEY (CONT'D)

Hell yeah!

Excited to see their friends, Hadley, and Yolanda rush to meet them.

Reunited. The four women greet one another. An exchange of hugs. Cheeky kisses. More hugs.

KELLY
I can't believe we finally got the
whole gang together.

MANJULA
Totally. I've missed you guys.

They make their way back to the bar.

YOLANDA
We've missed you too.

Hadley signals the Bartender.

HADLEY
(yells)
Shots! Four Jagers!

YOLANDA
Jager? Girl you are crazy.

KELLY
Nice to see some things never
change.

The Bartender brings the women four shots.

HADLEY
A toast. Come on ladies raise your
glasses. Here's to the nights we'll
never remember. With the friends
we'll never forget.

YOLANDA
Salud!

KELLY
Salud!

MANJULA
Salud!

The women take their shot.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Damn... I forgot how bad this stuff
taste.

HADLEY
It's good for you. Puts hair on
your chest.

The shot doesn't sit well with Manjula. Her face puckers.
Skin flush--

YOLANDA
You gonna be alright Juelz?

MANJULA

I'm okay. Wrong pipe.

HADLEY

I hope so because the first one to lose their cookies tonight has to pay the tab.

KELLY

I see what's going on here. This is just part of Hadley's big plan to get us to pay for her drinks.

HADLEY

Sometimes a girl's got to do, what a girl's got to do. Besides. All you have to do is out drink me.

KELLY

Like that would ever happen.

HADLEY

What's that supposed to mean. You trying to call me an alcoholic.

YOLANDA

Alcoholics go to meetings. You're a drunk, girl.

HADLEY

You got me there.

The women share a laugh. Yolanda scans the room. She spots an open booth. Big enough for four.

YOLANDA

Should we get a table.

MANJULA

Yeah, I'm starving.

KELLY

Me too.

HADLEY

Ah. Come on. The parties just getting started.

YOLANDA

They'll still serve us drinks at a table. Come on ladies.

DINING AREA

THE FOUR sit at a half moon booth. Their drinks have been refreshed and they share a plate of appetizers.

YOLANDA

What's been going on with you guys?
Fill me in. I want all the juicy
gossip.

KELLY

Not too much with me. I've pretty
much turned into your average
boring homebody. Markus has been
hinting about kids though. I think
he might be planning on proposing.
Making an honest woman out of me.

Hadley yawns.

Her eyes scan the dining area.

YOLANDA

Sounds like something to me. Right
Hadley?

No response...

YOLANDA (CONT'D)

Hadley?

HADLEY

Right! Another one bites the dust
to the social archetype of
domestication.

KELLY

It's not like I'm getting any
younger.

HADLEY

Yeah. Sure. Totally seems like the
perfect reason to settle down.

YOLANDA

She's just kidding. I'm sure she's
happy for you. Aren't you?

HADLEY

Of course. Gezz. When did everyone
get so sensitive?

MANJULA

I have some good news.

YOLANDA
Well? Let's hear it.

HADLEY
Don't keep us in suspense.

MANJULA
I'm up for a promotion. By this time next month, you'll be talking to one of the newest Senior Financial Advisors for the Schafer Wealth Management Firm.

YOLANDA
That's awesome.

KELLY
I'm so proud of you Juelz.

HADLEY
Now we really have something to celebrate. Waitress? Waitress?

The WAITRESS approaches the table.

WAITRESS
You ladies ready to order.

HADLEY
A round of shots. We're celebrating. This one's getting a promotion.

WAITRESS
Congratulations.

KELLY
More shots? I don't know. Marcus and I are supposed to go antiquing in the morning.

HADLEY
Antiquing? Come on? Just one. For Juelz.

KELLY
Okay but, no more Jager.

HADLEY
How about something girly? Four lemon drops. Just like me. Sweet but sour.

WAITRESS

For lemon drops coming up.

The Waitress leaves. The four ladies look over the menu.

MANJULA

What's been going on with you
Hadley? Still seeing that guy?
What's his name?

YOLANDA

Sugar.

MANJULA

Sugar. Yes. Talk about a Hunk.

YOLANDA

Hunk? What is this? The 1980s?

MANJULA

I'm just saying. He's good looking.
You know what I mean.

HADLEY

He's alright but, it's nothing
serious. Just a boy toy. Easy on
the eyes though. And a beast in the
sack.

KELLY

You are so bad Hadley.

YOLANDA

More like a bad influence.

HADLEY

I may be bad but, I'm perfectly
good at it.

The Waitress arrives with the shots.

HADLEY (CONT'D)

Now we're talking. To Juelz and her
big promotion!

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Hadley, Yolanda, Kelly, and Manjula are at the bar. The
BARTENDER has just given them another round of shots.

HADLEY

Bottoms up!

The women tap their shot glasses on the bar and swallow.

MONTAGE - THE PARTY CONTINUES.

Hadley, Yolanda, Kelly, and Manjula dance together on the dance floor.

Back at the bar. The four women order another round.

Hadley, Yolanda, Kelly, and Manjula are on the PATIO. They enjoy their drinks and check out some GENTLEMEN at the patio bar.

Back on the dance floor. THE FOUR women continue to dance. The Gentlemen from the patio have joined them.

END MONTAGE

Hadley, Yolanda, Kelly, and Manjula walk through the club, their glasses empty.

HADLEY

Come on ladies. Another round.

KELLY

Oh no. I can't. We really should get going.

HADLEY

Come on. The night's just getting started.

KELLY

I really need to get home and get some sleep. Markus likes to get an early start.

HADLEY

Boring! What about you Yolo? You going to leave me hanging?

YOLANDA

It's been a long day.

HADLEY

Really? A bunch of lightweights.

MANJULA

I down-- I-- to want to stay.

KELLY

You can barely stand girl.

HADLEY

I remember when we used to run this town. Now.
(jerking off gesture)
You guys have turned into a bunch of weekend warriors.

YOLANDA

We're growing up. Au-dult-ing. Anyway. Who do you think you're kidding? You're like one drink away from ditching us to go hang out with Sugar. Remember? The guy you're not dating.

HADLEY

We're not--

YOLANDA

Sure.

Hadley takes Yolanda's glass.

HADLEY

You guys want to skip out on me. That's cool. I'm a one-woman party machine.

Hadley pours what's left of Yolanda's drink into hers.

YOLANDA

You're too much girl but, we love you.

Yolanda hugs Hadley.

HADLEY

I love you too. Even though you're leaving me.

KELLY

Be good.

Kelly and a sloppy drunk Manjula give Hadley a hug.

YOLANDA

And call me tomorrow. Tell me how things go with Sugar. I want to know everything. The man is fine.

HADLEY

Whatever.

YOLANDA
 Seriously though. Call me.

HADLEY
 I will. And hey. If I get into any
 trouble. It's all your fault for
 leaving me alone with my own vices.

YOLANDA
 Love you girl.

KELLY MANJULA
 Bye babe. Love you.

Yolanda, Kelly, and Manjula, with Kelly's help, walk toward
 the exit.

Hadley makes her way back to the bar. She signals the
 Bartender.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - CONT'D

BATHROOM

Hadley finds an empty stall. She closes the door and leans
 against its partition. A foot on the toilet seat.

Her eyes scan the stall, search for a place to sit her drink.
 On top of the toilet paper dispenser.

Hadley searches through her purse for COCAINE. She's out.
 Time to make a call.

She checks her phone... texts Sugar.

HADLEY (TEXT)
 Hey?

She waits. No response...

Another text.

HADLEY (TEXT) (CONT'D)
 You up?

Still. No response...

She decides to call. It goes to voicemail.

SUGAR'S CELL

(Voicemail)
It's your boy. Leave a message.
"beep"

HADLEY

Really?

She hangs up and redials. Voicemail, again.

SUGAR'S CELL

(Voicemail)
It's your boy. Leave a message.
"beep"

HADLEY

Hey. It's your girl. Well, not your girl. A girl. Anyway. Where are you? I'm coming over, if you've got company. Kick her out. Unless she's cute and likes to party. Kidding, not kidding, but seriously. I'll be there in like twenty. Don't you dare stand me up.

Hadley hangs up the phone. She pulls up a rideshare app and schedules a pick up.

She chugs her vodka cranberry and exits the bathroom stall.

INT. RIDESHARE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Hadley sits in the back of the car. She continues to text Sugar.

HADLEY (TEXT)

Pulling up. Hit me back!

No response...

She arrives at Sugar's.

EXT. SUGAR'S HOME - NIGHT

Hadley walks up the driveway.

There's a BLACK LINCOLN CONTINENTAL parked in the drive. It's backed up next to the garage door.

She gets to the porch, starts to knock, but the door is ajar.

INT. SUGAR'S HOME - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

Hadley's feet abrasively stomp across the hard wood floor.

Fists clinched.

HADLEY

What's the deal asshole? You
ignoring me?

CLOSE IN - Her pupils swell.

Across the room. Three large men. BAGGIO MARION (late 30s), Italian American, and the ZITO BROTHERS (early 40s), BIG and LITTLE FRANKIE. They're dressed in track suits and latex gloves.

Sugar is dead. His body lies on the floor atop a large sheet of plastic. Beaten. Bruised. Rope burns around his neck. Tortured and choked to death.

The mafiosos clean up, an attempt to hide any evidence of a crime.

There are several stacks of money and cocaine on the dining room table.

Hadley attempts to back out but, it's too late.

Baggio points his gun, a TWENTY-TWO, at Hadley.

BAGGIO

Who the fuck is this?

Big and Little Frankie give an ambiguous shrug.

HADLEY

Don't shoot. Please. PLEASE! Do not
shoot.

BAGGIO

You just barge into someone's home?
You don't knock? People, they got
no manners anymore.

HADLEY

The door. It-- it was open. Could
you please. Just. Stop pointing
that gun at me.

Baggio stares at Hadley. He lowers the gun.

BAGGIO

Which one of you two morons left
the god damn front door open.

LITTLE FRANKIE

Big Frankie was the last one in.

BIG FRANKIE

So what? You gonna try and pin this
on me?

Big Frankie punches Little Frankie in the shoulder.

BAGGIO

A-oh. Settle down you two. We're
supposed to be professionals here.
These two guys. What are you gonna
do though? Am I right?

HADLEY

Whatever you say.

BAGGIO

Whatever I say? I like that. You
two. Take notes.

HADLEY

Look. I don't want any trouble.
Whatever it is that you've got
going on here. I-- I just wanted a
little coke. How about I walk my
ass back out the door I came in.
Just pretend like you never saw--

BAGGIO

See. That's where we have a
problem, and I don't like problems.
Cause we see you but, more
important. You see us.

HADLEY

I didn't-- haven't. I won't say a
word.

BAGGIO

I really wish I could. Trust you. I
do, but my colleagues here. Trust.
That's not really in their
vocabulary. Not much is.

Hadley slowly raises her arms. Palms out.

HADLEY

Okay, okay. Let's take a second here. A breath to calm down.

BAGGIO

Do we not look calm to you?

HADLEY

No-- Yes-- Of course you do. What I meant was. Let's talk about this. Figure it out.

BAGGIO

What's to figure out sweetheart? What's done is done.

HADLEY

Problems.

BAGGIO

Problems?

HADLEY

You said you don't like problems. I can help you with that. Your problems. I'm a problem solver.

BAGGIO

And how exactly can you solve our problems?

HADLEY

Crematorium. I-- I own a crematorium. What's the plan here? Wrap him up? Dump him in a lake or something? Only for his body to wash up for the cops to find.

BIG FRANKIE

Actually, we were gonna chop him up.

LITTLE FRANKIE

Drop the parts in dumpsters around town.

BAGGIO

Chiudi il becco!
(shut your mouth)

HADLEY

Gross-- I mean. That's worse. There'll be DNA everywhere.

(MORE)

HADLEY (CONT'D)

You'll get blood on those nice track suits, but me. I can make him disappear. In a way that no one will ever find him. It'll be like you were never here. Like none of us were here.

BAGGIO

Or I could just shoot you.

Baggio points the gun at Hadley.

HADLEY

Wait. Wait! That'll just create another problem. Another mess for you to clean up. Besides you're out of plastic. If you shoot me there will be more blood. More evidence-- everywhere. Plus. He's just some drug dealer but, me I'm a business owner. I've got friends, family, people who'll ask questions. Involve the authorities, or-- you can let me help. I'm offering a win, win here.

LITTLE FRANKIE

It really would be a pain in the ass boss.

BAGGIO

Quiet. The two of you. Can't you see me and the lady are negotiating?

Baggio lowers the gun.

BAGGIO (CONT'D)

So far so good. Finish your big pitch but, you've got this one chance. So make it count.

HADLEY

First off. Since we're going to be working together, I should introduce myself. I'm Hadley. Hadley Young.

BAGGIO

Hadley. Nice to meet you, officially. I'm Baggio, and those two. That's Big, and that's Little Frankie.

Hadley awkwardly waves at the two men.

They return the sentiment. Equally as awkward.

BAGGIO (CONT'D)

Non fai scumbari.

(stop embarrassing me)

Now get to the part where you sell me on letting you live. And. Be quick. I'm running out of patience here.

HADLEY

Well. Like I said. I own a crematorium. A funeral home actually. Forever Young Funeral Services.

Hadley slowly approaches Baggio. Foolishly. She reaches in her purse.

Once again, Baggio points his gun at her.

BAGGIO

Whoa. Whoa.

BIG FRANKIE

Easy.

LITTLE FRANKIE

Easy.

HADLEY

It's just my card-- My-- My business card.

She slowly slides a business card out of her purse.

Hadley, a slight curtsy in her step, carefully approaches Baggio. Hands him the card.

Baggio inspects it.

He rotates and massages his shoulder with his free hand.

BAGGIO

Go on. And no more sudden moves. My arm's starting to cramp up. Capisce?

Hadley slowly takes a few steps backward. Very slowly.

HADLEY

Capisce. Okay, so. As it happens. I've got a bit of a problem myself. This is how we help each other out. For a small fee.

(MORE)

HADLEY (CONT'D)

Let's say around fifty thousand dollars. I can take care of this for you.

BAGGIO

Fifty thousand dollars? The balls on this one but, I like that. I like that a lot.

HADLEY

The fifty thousand, think of it like, a down payment. On a partnership. I'm assuming this is something you do often. I can be your guy-- lady. I can take care of these types of things for you. Make your lives less problematic.

BAGGIO

Okay, but remind. Why should we? Trust you?

HADLEY

Because I don't want to die. I really don't want to die and, I'll be complicit. An accessory. Just as guilty as you. It's in my own best interest. It's in all of our best interest. Fact is. I'm worth more to you alive than I am dead. It's just smart business.

Baggio stands quietly. He takes a moment. Thinks over Hadley's offer.

BAGGIO

Wait here for a second. You two. Keep an eye on her. If she tries to run. Put a bullet in that pretty little face of hers.

Baggio pulls his PHONE out of his pocket and steps out of the room to make a call.

Hadley, Big, and Little Frankie wait in uncomfortable silence. They stare at one another.

LITTLE FRANKIE

Not for nothing but, I gotta say. I'm impressed at your state of composure given the-- the state of the composure of our dearly departed.

BIG FRANKIE
Not for nothing.

A quick flash to Sugar's battered remains.

HADLEY YOUNG
He's not dear to me. Besides. Death
is my business. Death and disposal.
Not for nothing.

Big Frankie pats his brother across the back of his shoulder.

BIG FRANKIE
Una figa.
(hot girl)
Am I right?

Hadley scratches at her neck. The nails on her hand chewed to nubs.

A subtle scowl across her brow.

Baggio returns to the room. Still on his phone.

BAGGIO
Sure thing. I'll take care of it.

Baggio hangs up the phone.

BAGGIO (CONT'D)
Good news. Looks like tonight's
your lucky night. I spoke with the
powers that be and believe it or
not they're willing to give this a
shot. A trial run but, there's no
way you're getting fifty thousand.
We can do five. Everything goes
like you say, we can work something
out in the future, or you join our
boy Sugar here in that lake you
were talking about.

HADLEY
Perfect. I can work with that.
We've got a deal?

BAGGIO
We'll see how things play out.

Baggio walks over to the counter and picks up a backpack. He fills the bag with the money and the drugs.

BAGGIO (CONT'D)
Finish wrapping up this asshole,
then, we take a ride. Check out
this "crematorium" of yours.

GARAGE

Hadley enters the garage. Baggio right behind her.

He opens the garage door.

BIG and Little Frankie carry Sugar's body now wrapped in the plastic tarp.

EXT. SUGAR'S HOME/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Big and Little Frankie toss Sugar's body in the trunk.

BAGGIO
Here's what's gonna' happen.
Frankie, you and your brother take
the Lincoln. I'll ride with Hadley.
Follow us to the funeral home, and
don't get lost.

Hadley raises her hand.

BAGGIO (CONT'D)
What are you raising your fucking
hand for? Say what you gotta' say.
This ain't elementary school.

HADLEY YOUNG
I don't drive.

BAGGIO
What do you mean you don't drive?

HADLEY
My license is suspended.

BAGGIO
For Christ's sake. Alright. Get in
the back.

Hadley gets in the back seat of the car with Baggio. Big and Little Frankie in the front. Little Frankie drives.

INT. BLACK LINCOLN CONTINENTAL (MOVING) - NIGHT

Baggio and Hadley ride in back. His gun rests in his lap.

BAGGIO
So how far is this place?

HADLEY
Twenty. Maybe Thirty minutes.

BAGGIO
Okay. Let's keep it moving. I don't
want to be dealing with this shit
all night.

EXT. FOREVER YOUNG FUNERAL HOME/BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

LOADING AREA

The Lincoln Continental pulls up next to the service
entrance. The four, Hadley, Baggio, and Big and Little
Frankie get out of the car.

Baggio follows Hadley to the back door.

Big and Little Frankie get Sugar's body from the trunk.

INT. CREMATORIUM - NIGHT

Hadley and Baggio enter the crematorium. Backlit from the
emergency lights on the dock, just outside the door.

Hadley flips on a LIGHTSWITCH. Dimly lit, the florescent
lights above FLICKER as they warm up.

The crematorium, a large bland concrete room with medical
examination tables and embalming equipment.

Shelves filled with various bottles of chemicals and cleaning
solutions.

The focal point, a conveyer belt that leads to a LARGE OVEN.

BAGGIO
Nice place you got here. It's got a
real, homey atmosphere.

HADLEY
Thank you?

Baggio holds onto his pistol. Trained on Hadley. The bag of
drugs and money over his shoulder.

Big and Little Frankie follow behind. The brothers carry
Sugar's body.

BIG FRANKIE

So now what?

LITTLE FRANKIE

Yeah. Not for nothing but, this guy ain't getting any lighter.

HADLEY

Just put him over there. On the conveyer belt.

The two men drop Sugar onto the conveyer belt.

Hadley walks over to the oven and fires it up.

HADLEY (CONT'D)

It takes a few seconds for it to warm up.

Hadley presses a button on the side of the oven which opens its large metal door.

The flames rise...

She walks over to the end of the conveyer belt and turns it on. As the belt moves Sugar's body is loaded into the oven.

Once he's in she shuts the door.

The flames crest, visible through a small window on the oven door.

BAGGIO

So that's that?

HADLEY

That's that. When this is done, there will be nothing left but a pile of ash.

Baggio puts the twenty-two away.

BAGGIO

You know I got to admit. You were right. This was much easier. It's like this was meant to be. Funny how life works out.

HADLEY

Hilarious.

Baggio pulls his phone from his pocket and makes another call.

BAGGIO
 (talks on the phone)
 Yeah. It's me... They did... Just
 like she advertised... It's a
 pretty nice setup... Yeah. Could
 come in handy in the future...

Baggio stands and listens to the voice on the other end of
 the phone.

Big and Little Frankie stare at Hadley. A blank look on their
 faces.

Hadley stares back. Her brow crumpled.

She scratches at her neck.

HADLEY
 Deja vu.

Big and Little Frankie look to the other. Shrug off her quip.

BAGGIO
 Absolutely... Sure boss, one
 hundred percent... Alright.
 (towards Hadley)
 I'll let her know. Make sure she
 understands... We're headed back
 now...

Baggio hangs up the phone.

BAGGIO (CONT'D)
 You did good Hadley. Real good, but
 know this. You work for us now,
 part of the family. You betray us,
 go to the cops. Tell anyone. Me and
 these two Pisano's will be back,
 and we're not always this.
 Amicable. We'll shove your sexy ass
 in that oven. And not like pretty
 boy. Still breathing. You got it?

HADLEY
 (shaken)
 Got it. Get it. Absolutely-- Boss.

Big and Little Frankie walk toward the door.

BAGGIO
 Boss? I like that. Oh. I almost
 forgot.

Baggio reaches into the bag and takes out a small stack of money. The five thousand dollars and places it on the conveyer belt next to Hadley.

He walks towards the exit, pauses. Turns.

Baggio pulls a small brick of cocaine from the bag.

BAGGIO (CONT'D)
And what the hell. A little
something extra for your trouble.

He tosses the brick to Hadley.

BAGGIO (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here. This place.
It gives me the creeps.

The three men leave the crematorium.

The coast clear, Hadley, nearly collapses to the floor. She catches herself on the conveyer belt. Takes a moment.

A deep breath. She holds it. Exhales. Hadley pulls herself up, walks to the oven.

Tears run down her face. Her mascara smears. Stains her cheeks.

She watches, through the oven's tiny window, as Sugar's body burns. The flames reflected in her eyes.

TAG

INT. FOREVER YOUNG FUNERAL HOME - DAWN

UPSTAIRS HOME/DINING ROOM

The sun creeps in through a window. The room from the TEASER.

Hadley's seated at the table. A candle burns. Its flame reflected in her eyes.

A stack of money, a bottle of vodka and brick of coke juxtaposed to SUGAR'S ASHES.

She removes a rubber band from the money and uses it to put her hair in a ponytail.

Eyes bloodshot. Pupils dilated. Her mascara still smeared across her face.

Hadley takes a one-hundred-dollar bill from the stack and rolls it into a tube.

A mirror, with four lines of coke neatly prepped, lays on the table in front of her.

Her eyes scan the room.

Sugar stands in the corner of the kitchen. Shirtless in black silk pajama bottoms. He looks well. The same as the last night they spent together.

Her stare turns blank. Vacant.

HADLEY

What the fuck are you looking at?

Hadley looks away. Her gaze focused on the lines of coke. She takes the rolled-up bill and snorts a rail.

END EPISODE