

THE DAB

Written by

Bryan Thomas Neal

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

PACIFIC OCEAN oozes dank, sea green tides under luminous, periwinkle sky.

4:20pm  
April 20th  
Venice, CA

VENICE SHORELINE waves crash. Whitewash churns. Seaweed washes ashore.

SIBLING BOY & GIRL leave sand castle behind to run toward PARENTS. FAMILIES pack beach gear, funnel through--

-- Smoke signals that billow from DRUM CIRCLES. GYPSIES hop and frolic in the sand erotic as hell. Off beats echo toward--

-- VENICE BOARDWALK. Grungy CIRCUS FOLK perform along the walkway, and congest foot traffic.

Walls, sidewalks, dumpsters, art canvases, clothing - an overflow of graffiti murals and trash.

VENICITE CROWD migrates toward --

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL SIDE - DAY

-- ABBOT KINNEY BLVD, a mile long strip of fashion, art, and food.

International and fusion food trucks park center street for a half mile. HIPSTER PATRONS shuffle the braided lines like musical chairs.

Cannabis vapor trails crawl from mouth-to-mouth, and pour upward to an ethereal ceiling of dank, greenish haze at the floor of the periwinkle sky - psychoactive aurora looms overhead.

YUPPY MAN SLAMS his apartment window shut. Returns to play with his young YUPPY FAMILY.

EXT. CURE-ALL DISPENSARY - DAY

The CURE-ALL DISPENSARY caters to the stoner collective. Inside, gallons of cannabis fill monoliths of glass and stainless steel.

Above the shopfront, militant AI SURVEILLANCE SYSTEMS scan the festivities.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL SIDE - DAY

Two off-duty LOCAL POLICE bicker and face off with NATIONAL GUARD, over jurisdiction. Fingers point in every direction.

ABOVE, through dank green fog over the boulevard--

-- SKYLINE.

*THE DAB*

DRONE LED lights flicker. Flies east from Abbot Kinney Boulevard's commercial side--

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - RESIDENTIAL SIDE - DAY

-- to dreary, towered walls of GATED APARTMENT COMMUNITY on residential side, where--

EXT. SAWYER'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

-- flood of white light shines to top-story window.

SAWYER FRANKLIN STEIN (30/M), suave techie with permanent bedhead and lab coat over pajamas stands at window with remote control in hand.

INT. SAWYER'S APARTMENT - LABORATORY/BEDROOM - DAY

Sawyer guides drone to window sill's helipad.

Grayscale laboratory/bedroom contains metal and glass desk with sharp corners; some electrical, mechanical, and digital devices; plethora of multicultural weapons on walls and shelves; and sensual black & white body part photography.

SAWYER

Hey sweetheart, how was your trip?

Sawyer sets down remote control. Secures drone on desk.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

You hungry?

Removes batteries. Fastens them in charging dock. Reads low meter.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Thought so.

Suspends drone above desk with bungee cords from ceiling.

Arms akimbo, Sawyer scans eyes across desk. Takes deep breath. Dives down to tinker and beatbox--

-- at his WORKSPACE: vacuums, tubes, gauges, pumps, ovens, presses. THC paraphernalia surround him.

TIME ELAPSES, until--

-- Sawyer slaps palms flat. Drops side of face to table. Eyeballs small dollop of green goop on parchment paper.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Oh man, 99.6!

Sawyer presses himself upright. Looks down upon product.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Dr Sawyer Franklin Stein, you're a fucking genius. Fuck you, Dad!

Announces--

SAWYER (CONT'D)

In the name of the sweet, fat, Buddha's sack...

Leans head back. Raises both fists to sky.

SAWYER (CONT'D)

... it's alive!

EXT. VENICE BEACH - NIGHT

Drum Circle beats skins to death, dancers shake like Shakira, gypsies howl to moon.

EXT. SAWYER'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Plum wine shadows climb apartment building's fortress walls--

SAWYER

(continues/echoes)

It's alive!

-- into sky's amethyst stardust. METEOR blazes trail across night sky.

INT. SAWYER'S APARTMENT - LABORATORY/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sawyer braces himself on desk. Leans deep into window. Sets gaze upon meteor overhead.

SAWYER  
Whoa... so beautiful.

Lightning pulses some flashes through dank green fog.  
BUT-- Sawyer's pinky finger plunges into the THC extract.  
Draws himself back in from window.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Aw, shucks.

Frowns at his hand. Stuck to both product and paper.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
No-no-no.

Sawyer attempts to remove it.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
C'mon.

Stuck.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Lame.

THEN-- the dollop of THC extract pulses! And glows!  
Sawyer wraps his eyes around the mystery on his fingertip.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
What the--

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

From the street, dark yard leads toward PRIVATE HOUSE PARTY,  
where music bumps from within the walls.

VINTAGE SEDAN brakes hard to dead stop, center the walkway.  
Curbside doors open for staggered group of STRAIGHTEDGE  
PARTYGOERS.

DRIVER continues. Partygoers horseplay up the walkway, onto  
the porch, and into house. Door SUCTIONS shut behind them.

INT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

BATHROOM, ANSEN (25/F) retches. Head buried in the toilet.  
Music bumps through walls around her.

Flushes toilet. Washes hands then face at faucet. Gargles water. SPITS in sink.

One last look in mirror.

Ansen exits bathroom. Makes her way through PACKED HOUSE of sober partygoers, who play party games: Twister, Chess, Ping Pong, Foosball, etc.

Joins KAI (25/M) as teammate for foosball game in play. Ansen takes goal side.

Upon ball drop-- Kai scores!

OPPONENTS slide point marker. Golf clap.

                    OPPONENT 1  
            Bravo good sir!

Kai bows toward each of them.

                    KAI  
            Thank you. And thank you.

Attempts to high-five Ansen, when--

-- opponent drops ball back into play.

                    OPPONENT 2  
            Match point!

All four players lock eyes on foosball table. Pass ball and fire rapid shots on goal.

NEAR FRONT DOOR, faint, yellowish-green, translucent VAPOR TRAIL creeps inside cracked window sill.

Vapor dances through crowd, until--

-- it reaches Kai and Ansen. Their nostrils flex. Brows furrow.

Time slows down. Room tone goes hollow. Voices echo.

Distance between Kai and Ansen, and their opponents, appears to grow vast.

All eyes still on the game, Kai and Ansen nod to each other, knowingly.

From goalie, Ansen shoots!

All players' heads whip as eyes follow ball into, smack!

Score posts fly from table, skip across floor.

Time returns to normal as crowd erupts with cheer!

With a grinning smirk, Ansen announces.

ANSEN  
Who's next?

KAI  
Good game guys!

Kai puts his arm around Ansen, cinches his embrace.

Ansen forces a smile. They carve a path through the crowd.

Another team replaces them at the table.

Partygoers enter as Kai and Ansen exit. Front door SUCTIONS shut behind them.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

On the porch, Ansen tosses Kai's arm from her shoulder.

ANSEN  
What's with that, dude?

Turns to glare at him.

KAI  
What's with what?

ANSEN  
Quit hugging up on me. We broke up.

KAI  
You broke up with me... this morning!

ANSEN  
So, respect that then. I know you're not gonna find a new place right away.

KAI  
What do you want from me?

ANSEN  
Some space!

INTO KAI'S LOST EYES

EXT. VENICE BEACH - WINDWARD & PACIFIC - DAY

FLASHBACK BEGINS

*Four years ago...*

iPad in hand, Kai paces STREET CORNER. Solicits to PASSERSBY.

KAI

Hi, nice day right? What kind of fuel do you use in your car?

PASSERBY 1

I only bike dude.

KAI

Oh awesome, what about your lawnmower?

PASSERBY 1

(fading)

Live in a beach house.

Calls out louder.

KAI

Boat? Scooter?

Passerby continues.

AROUND THE CORNER, Ansen, dressed like Kai's twin: black lace up boots, black denim jeans, Pendleton flannel, scholar frame lenses, and iPad in hand with straightedge cross tattooed on her fist.

Sees mother passerby with her children.

ANSEN

Good morning, what a beautiful family!

PASSERBY 2

Thank you.

ANSEN

When was the last time you guys got sick?

PASSERBY 2

Excuse me?

ANSEN

Does your medicine at home carry harmful synthetic ingredients?



The woman shepherds her children along.

Kai and Ansen backpedal, during attempts to solicit passersby, until--

-- they back into each other.

Kai fumbles to catch his iPad.

KAI

Whoa!

Ansen helps him.

ANSEN

My bad man. You alright?

KAI

Watch it!

From the ground upward, they see each other: boots-jeans-iPads-tats-flannels, until lips curl, eyes meet, lenses glint - a spark!

EXT. VENICE CAFE - PATIO - DAY

FLASHBACK CONTINUES

*Months later...*

TABLE FOR TWO, Kai & Ansen wipe their mouths with napkins.

Yellowish-green, translucent VAPOR TRAIL creeps inside Ansen's nostrils. Brows furrow. Eyes follow it over to --

-- CAFE PATRON sits alone at TABLE FOR FOUR. Talks on phone, laughs aloud, and vapes.

BUT, over his shoulder, Ansen forces pretend smile. Kai alone at table behind her, watches.

ANSEN

Hi, my boyfriend and I would like to enjoy the fresh patio air if you don't mind.

In dark sunglasses under flat brim hat, patron nods over to--

-- a quick waive from Kai.

CAFE PATRON

That your boyfriend?

Ansen nods, crosses her arms.

CAFE PATRON (CONT'D)

Cool.

Continues to talk on phone, takes another hit, when--

-- Ansen grabs vape pen, stuffs it in full pint of craft beer.

Patron thrusts to stand as Ansen returns to table with Kai.

Primps herself. They giggle, nervous.

Patron complains to STAFF.

Kai slides his hands halfway across the table.

KAI

Split another burger tough guy?

Couple shares intimate look and smile.

INT. KAI & ANSEN'S APARTMENT - DAY>NIGHT

FLASHBACK CONTINUES INTO MONTAGE

(1) Kai and Ansen enter modest studio apartment. Toss iPads on couch. Kiss heavy toward the bedroom--

(2) Couple studies side-by-side on couch. Stops to kiss heavy. Pile of law enforcement and drug criminology books in front of Ansen. Massage, anatomy, and physiology books in front of Kai--

(3) Kai answers door for FRIEND, welcomes him--

(4) Friend sits between Kai and Ansen on couch. Watches television, while couple studies--

(5) Friend sleeps fetal on couch while couple studies at dining table. Holds hands--

(6) Friend answers door for ANOTHER FRIEND while couple studies hard at dining table--

(7) Both friends watch television on couch together while couple struggles to focus on studies at dining table--

INT. STAGE - DAY

FLASHBACK MONTAGE CONTINUES

(8) Kai receives holistic massage certificate--

INT. STAGE - DAY

FLASHBACK MONTAGE CONTINUES

(9) Ansen receives law enforcement certificate--

EXT. VENICE BEACH - WINDWARD & PACIFIC - DAY

FLASHBACK MONTAGE CONTINUES

(10)

ADJACENT STREET CORNERS, Kai and Ansen solicit passersby. Ansen sees Kai check his phone. She rolls her eyes away and HUMPHS. Kai looks up to her with lost eyes.

FLASHBACK ENDS

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

OUT FROM KAI'S LOST EYES

Ansen rolls hers toward street.

ANSEN  
Let's go home.

Ansen stops.

ANSEN (CONT'D)  
Hold up.

Enigmatic fog creep over the lawn.

ANSEN (CONT'D)  
You see that?

It creeps down Abbot Kinney Blvd, yet-- away from the festival.

Kai adjusts his glasses.

KAI  
Yeah, kinda. I certainly smell it.

ANSEN  
Why is it coming from over there?

Ansen leaves the porch. Pursues the fog.

Kai double takes.

KAI  
Wait. Then why are we--

INT. REAGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

8:39pm

Nostril flares, until-- it flexes for a deep inhale.

REAGAN  
Eh.

REAGAN (30/M) awakens, a yeti of a man in corduroy pants with vintage t-shirt from his obese childhood, perhaps rescued during his mother's garage sale to wear as an unnecessary muscle shirt - and carries stains from both periods of use.

Grumbles and flails his arms.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
Ehhh!

Stumbles to rise. Yawns.

Phone alarm rings.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
Serendipity.

Phone reads: 8:40 pm. Taps it to stop. Grins and chuckles.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
Double the time...

Drags and lifts feet through dirty laundry and carry-out food boxes, toward the front door.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
... double the pleasure.

EXT. SAWYER'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

HALLWAY, Reagan peaks head out from doorway.

ACROSS, spies Sawyer's door.

Wanders over and knocks.

Nothing.

INT. SAWYER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM, Reagan peaks head through Sawyer's front doorway. Big sniff. Enters.

REAGAN  
Sawyer!

Silence.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
Buddy?

Wanders front room, much cleaner than his own, yet darker and colder.

Whispers a song.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
*I can feel it, coming in the air  
tonight. Oh Lord.*

MOUTH OF HALLWAY, calls again.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
Hey Patrick Bateman, you forgot the  
furniture plastic!

Nothing.

Emptiness surrounds Reagan as he ventures into the dark tunnel that is Sawyer's hallway. Continues toward the lit crack in the bedroom door.

Sings again.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
*Well I've been waiting for this  
moment, for all my life. Oh Lord.*

INT. SAWYER'S APARTMENT - LABORATORY/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reagan swings the door open wide. Heaves chest. Scans eyes high over room.

REAGAN  
Hey dude.

There! Sawyer's THC glob - THE DAB - rests in wait. The mass, now bigger than a softball, heaves and glows at Sawyer's desk, to Phil Collins' drum solo.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Oh Lord!

Reagan glances swift, down to his side.

Close-at-hand, a three-foot glass paraphernalia piece, enclosed in a corduroy protection pillow pouch.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Ah, Mr Glass.

(to the Dab)

I give you my word as a stoner. I have no intention to kill you. Or anyone for that matter.

Reagan unsheathes the paraphernalia. Points direct to the Dab.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

You seem a decent greenish-yellow. Or yellowish-green, whatever-- I hate to do this.

Reagan lunges to advance. Thrusts glass apparatus into the Dab.

Recoils, but-- stuck.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

What the--

Cinches his eyes. Firms his grip. Attempts to reclaim the weapon, but-- stalemate.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

So what now? Are we to lock up in battle until judgement day? Surrender!

Under extreme pressure, the glass snaps at the base--

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Argh!

-- and Reagan falls backward to the floor.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Unbelievable.

Stands. Drops broken column of glass.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Useless.

Saunters over to the Dab. Reaches for glass shard.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
Listen here, the bong that was  
broken shall return to--

As Reagan pulls it away-- the Dab latches to his hand. Terror  
climbs to his face.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
No. No!

Unnerved, Reagan notices--

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
You ain't smokin' me bitch!

-- an electric ceramic wand.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
I'm smokin' you.

Extends free hand and plugs electric cord into wall outlet.  
Device activates.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
C'mon, c'mon.

The wand rests. Nothing.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
C'mon ceramic wand. C'mon!

Sees blade tool nearby. Compares it with wand. Right, left,  
right, left - between the two.

Looks hard toward wand.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
Ceramic, now!

Only begins to glow.

Reagan throws back head and bellows.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
These things take for fucking ever!

Resorts to blade, snatches it.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
I'm 'onna cut you esé.

Scrapes frantic at the Dab, like he wields a potato peeler, but-- stuck, like strands of taffy.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
Sticky, icky.

The Dab reconstitutes itself.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
How the f--?

Now-- the wand glows bright.

Reagan releases the blade. Snatches up the wand.

Pierces the Dab and-- poof! It releases toxic vapor. Climbs to Reagan's nostrils and--

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
Ho-ly head change.

-- disorients him. Jogs both his peripheral vision and sense of balance.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
Wait!

Reagan shakes his head. Recalibrates his vision, then--

-- panics, gasps for each breath.

In hysterics, Reagan grips his arm, high-tails it out of Sawyer's apartment.

EXT. SAWYER'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Reagan looks both ways down the apartment hallway. This way! Grunts and stumbles past the light streaks that surround him, to--

-- the front gate. Seems a mile high, the road a mile away from him.

Pushes his way out to--

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - RESIDENTIAL SIDE - NIGHT

-- vehicle lights, CYCLIST, DOG WALKER, JOGGER - Reagan cast aside from all directions.

Neighborhood spins around as Reagan wanders into the street.



KAI (O.C.)  
Hey, watch out!

Reagan stumbles into Kai and Ansen, who catch him.

Reagan nuzzles Ansen, until-- she pries him away from her body. Wipes her clothes flat.

ANSEN  
What's your problem dude?

Afflicted, Reagan moans. Kai and Ansen look to each other.

KAI  
He's just some stoner old man.  
(to Reagan)  
Do-You-Have-Glau-Co-Ma?

ANSEN  
Kai, look at his hand!

Violin hiss!

Kai and Ansen crouch closer to inspect the Dab. It throbs.

ANSEN (CONT'D)  
That's so foul.

KAI  
All that goop is covering his skin.  
That can't be good for his pores.

Ansen pushes Kai up and a few steps back. They whisper.

ANSEN  
We have to get this guy some help.  
Who treats something like this?

KAI  
I don't know. The green cross?

ANSEN  
If they're still open. Let's hurry.

They prop up Reagan from both sides. Hobble him toward Abbot Kinney Blvd's commercial side.

EXT. CURE-ALL DISPENSARY - NIGHT

Neon green cross flickers above Cure-All dispensary shopfront.

Autonomous, neural-networked AI surveillance system monitors vicinity. PTZ cameras target various hipster patrons, register criminal profile reports.

Doctor CASH, Dispensary Owner HENDRICKS, and Pharmacist LENNON exit shop together.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL SIDE - NIGHT

Kai and Ansen cross Venice Blvd with Reagan propped between them.

KAI  
It wreaks out here tonight.

ANSEN  
I know. I wanna puke.

Right and left, various STONERS offer paraphernalia and shotgun kisses to Kai and Ansen.

The couple dodges and bats away each attempt, and makes their way toward dispensary.

ANSEN (CONT'D)  
Get the fuck out of our way! Can't you see this guy is hurt?

Venicite crowd opens up tight path, heckles them.

Kai notices prevalent surveillance systems while--

KAI  
I don't remember this many cameras on Abbot Kinney. Do you?

-- several cameras lock onto him. Kai Canfield registers as:  
*Record Expunged*

EXT. CURE-ALL DISPENSARY - NIGHT

Cash, Hendricks, and Lennon linger in front of the dispensary. Cash closes the gate over the shopfront.

ANSEN (O.C.)  
(from a distance)  
Help us.

HENDRICKS  
Let's get to Mickey's before the cats clear.

Ansen jogs up, arrives ahead of Kai and Reagan. She pants.

ANSEN  
Excuse me, gentlemen.

HENDRICKS  
I can't remember the last time I  
bought enough drinks... to get my  
ass... licked!

ANSEN  
Hello? Over here.

Kai approaches with Reagan.

LENNON  
Get a girl stoned enough tonight,  
and you might get a gin bidet.

Reagan moans in agony.

HENDRICKS  
Chicks prefer vodka. Otherwise I'll  
get a vomit geyser instead.

LENNON  
Not true. Gin has made a strong  
comeback. Same with Moonshine.

Cash bends down to lock the gate chain.

CASH  
With all sincerity gentlemen, you  
two disgust me.

Ansen slaps Cash's keys to the ground. He squats deeper to  
retrieve them.

KAI (O.C.)  
Ansen!

CASH  
Hey! What was that for?

Cash sorts through the key ring.

LENNON  
We've already closed, mam.

Lennon points out to the Venicite crowd.

LENNON (CONT'D)  
But you should make out like a  
bandit tonight anyway.

Hendricks lights a joint in his mouth. It bounces with his lips.

HENDRICKS

How rude are these millennials nowadays?

(to Ansen)

You're welcome to join us at the bar sweetie.

As he passes the joint to Ansen-- she bats away Hendricks' arm.

HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

Whatever. Have fun with the junkies Cash. See you over there buddy!

Nonchalant, Lennon and Hendricks waive goodbye as they stroll toward MEZCAL MICKEY'S SPEAKEASY.

ANSEN

Can you please help us?

CASH

Not my call. Sorry.

ANSEN

Why do you have the keys then?

Cash eyeballs Reagan.

CASH

Looks like you're dad has withdrawals. I can't do anything for that.

ANSEN

He's not my dad. Look at his arm!

Ansen points direct at the Dab, Cash's eyes follows her finger.

The Dab throbs in sync with Cash's heartbeat.

ANSEN (CONT'D)

Isn't that weed?

CASH

Cannabis, don't call it weed. Look, get him inside.

ANSEN

Thank you.

Kai and Ansen help Reagan inside the dispensary.

Cash tongues his cheek, scans the perimeter, then follows.

INT. CURE-ALL DISPENSARY - NIGHT

Cash hits the light switch, shuts and latches the door.

CASH

Set him down on the table.

Kai and Ansen help Reagan get comfortable.

They look around the room. Typical physician's or dentist's office: standard sinks, scopes, monitors, scales, tanks, various ceiling arms, rolling chairs, and separate bins.

CASH (CONT'D)

Check the place out.

Cash sits on his rolling stool and WHEELS OVER to Reagan. He stays clear of the Dab, but doesn't ignore it.

CASH (CONT'D)

But, please don't touch anything.

Cash proceeds to check Reagan's blood pressure and vitals: temperature, pulse, respiration.

Kai notices a cryptic rolling tool chest.

KAI

What's in this?

CASH

Well, it's a tool chest, so...

Ansen sees Cash and Lennon have several degrees, in plaques on the wall.

ANSEN

You're Cash?

CASH

The very same.

KAI

Do... cannabis smokers need all of this stuff?

CASH

They're people, right? Do people need doctors? Yes. Yes they do.

Ansen reads posters and brochures: "herbal medicine inhibits abnormal psychological & sociological thoughts and behaviors"; "concentrate & create"; "collective cohesion"; "take the high road". Shakes her head.

CASH (CONT'D)

If you guys want some edibles, take a look in my fridge.

ANSEN

I'm okay, thanks.

Cash glances over his lens frames to Kai.

KAI

Thank you, I'm good.

CASH

Suit yourselves. You guys look a little stressed, thought I'd offer. You know, cannabis calms and relaxes people.

Ansen walks away from the literature.

ANSEN

Don't really buy into the propaganda. My experience says it does more harm than good.

CASH

I doubt our established collective outside would agree with you. It took us decades to get our community this strong here.

ANSEN

Well.

CASH

Venice has a chill vibe. We don't like discord so much. And the grass isn't really greener elsewhere.

All gather around Reagan.

Cash injects an anesthetic into Reagan's arm.

ANSEN

What's that?

CASH

Relieves his pain. What were your names by the way?

Reagan raises his covered hand slow, groans.

REAGAN

Rea-gan.

All speechless. Reagan gestures to his hand.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Saw-yer.

CASH

I want to ask. I do. But that frightens me guy. A name like Rosie keeps me detached. I don't want to hate though. Respect brother.

KAI

Kai and Ansen.

Cash smirks.

CASH

Alright handsome, where'd you meet Reagan and his sexy hand puppet?

ANSEN

He said Ansen.

CASH

Oh, like the band. You the forth brother? Cousin or something?

ANSEN

I'm Ansen. Nice bedside manner.

CASH

Gosh, millennials are so touchy. Is it okay to ask who pitches and who catches?

Ansen sneers, arms crossed, taps her foot.

CASH (CONT'D)

Let's reset. Where'd you guys find Reagan?

KAI

He stumbled out of some apartments up the street.

CASH

Hmmm. And never met him.

KAI  
No sir.

CASH  
Then...

Cash swivels his stool to face Kai and Ansen.

CASH (CONT'D)  
... I need you guys to do our  
friend a favor. Head back to those  
apartments. See what you can find  
out about Reagan. How this happened  
to him.

Ansen and Kai leave.

CASH (CONT'D)  
You good buddy?

Reagan fades a bit. Cash snaps his fingers a few times in  
front of his face.

CASH (CONT'D)  
Buddy?

Reagan flinches slow.

CASH (CONT'D)  
Good.

Cash slides his hand into his lab coat pocket. Quickdraws  
phone. Speed-dials THE GIRLS. Lifts phone to his ear.

SPLITSCREEN  
OVER:

INT. DISPENSARY NURSES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

SAM, beautiful half-naked young woman, sits at center of  
living room couch, files her toenails. HAREM of beautiful  
half-naked young women surround her in B.G. Each do their own  
thing. Room looks like a cross between sorority house and  
strip club dressing room.

Sam's cell phone vibrates. Answers it, with silent pause.

CASH  
Sam!

SAM  
Whaaat?



CASH  
Get down here.

SAM  
Excuse you?

CASH  
Oh, pardon me Sam. Now! Bring the girls.

SAM  
Ugh.

Cash hangs up--

SPLITSCREEN  
WIPES AWAY TO:

INT. DISPENSARY NURSES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

-- then Sam CLAPS overhead, twice.

QUICK CUTS BEGIN

Sam and harem dress as mismatched, provocative nurses with green trim.

QUICK CUTS END

INT. CURE-ALL DISPENSARY - NIGHT

From outside, footsteps hail down fire escape stairwell.  
Walls rumble.

Back door knob turns, door swings open wide. Nurses enter single-file. Disperse to separate stations.

Cash stands tall.

CASH  
Code red, ladies.

QUICK CUTS BEGIN

Tourniquet. Gas tank. Mask. Gloves. Rope.

QUICK CUTS END

Nurses close in toward Cash and Reagan from all sides, supplies in hand.

Captivate Reagan together with carnal force.

INT. SAWYER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ansen rips and rummages through Sawyer's stuff: books, pillows, seat cushions, drawers, doors.

Kai keeps lookout at front door.

ANSEN

You gonna let me do all the work  
nancy boy?

KAI

I don't know if we should--

ANSEN

-- Kai! The gate was left wide  
open. All the neighbors went out  
tonight. This was the only open  
door.

KAI

Then why don't we go get the cops?  
Maybe let them do their jobs?

Ansen stops to look Kai in the eyes, arms akimbo.

Kai complies, white gloves the perimeter: ledges, tables, picture frames, art pieces. Replaces everything he moves with caution.

KAI (CONT'D)

I don't think this guy is a dooper.  
This place is like, super clean.

ANSEN

Use your nose. It's connected to  
your brain.

Ansen stops to look around and process the apartment's layout.

KAI

Didn't your dad--

-- Ansen swivels her head back. That got her attention.

KAI (CONT'D)

(mouths to himself)

Shit.

(to Ansen)

-- nothing.

ANSEN

Didn't sound like nothing. Why would you bring it up if it was nothing?

Kai turns to face Ansen.

KAI

Well. It seems to me like, he walked right into trouble, and, well, kind of like us right now.

ANSEN

You have no clue what you're talking about... except for what I told you.

Ansen sees the open door and light at the end of the hallway.

Kai WHISPERS to himself.

KAI

That's why I said nothing.

Ansen proceeds to Sawyer's room.

Kai looks to the front door again, then follows her.

INT. SAWYER'S APARTMENT - LABORATORY/BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door rests open wide. Ansen steps into the doorway and looks down. She scrunches her face. Kai peaks over her shoulder.

KAI

Oh, shit.

Below them, near the bed, Sawyer's wrung, slimy corpse.

VIGNETTE BEGINS

From his fingertip, the Dab crawls down Sawyer's hand. Sucks the THC out through his pores. He agonizes.

Sawyer attempts to peel the Dab away with his free hand, but-- it covers both hands instead, now cuffed together.

As he struggles around his room, the Dab envelopes his entire body in thin, slimy film.

SAWYER

I only wanted--

-- Covers mouth, Sawyer falls, suffocates beside bed.

The Dab reconstitutes itself into a glob, now larger than before, evacuates Sawyer's body.

VIGNETTE ENDS

Kai crouches down beside Sawyer.

ANSEN

Don't touch him! You saw Reagan's hand.

KAI

Looks like half man, half turd.

Ansen looks to Sawyer's desk.

ANSEN

He must be our source. Let's go warn the Doc.

INT. CURE-ALL DISPENSARY - NIGHT

From ankles to forehead, leather straps harness Reagan to upright exam table. Afflicted arm hangs free.

One of the nurses holds a control box, presses the "lower" button.

Table lowers to waist-high, horizontal position.

Cash's team of nurses hover over Reagan. Half of them hold his arm, tied with a rope. The other half brace his body.

SAM

Ready?

Nurses hold Reagan down harder, cinch the rope tighter. Look around to each others' eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)

Set?

Bite their lips and squint. All look to Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)

Rip!

Reagan's arm rips from his torso at the socket.

Blood fans out in one circular burst.

The nurses lie scattered across the floor in a pool of blood.

Cash chokes and gasps--

CASH (O.C.)  
-- help... girls.

The nurses all look to Cash.

CASH (CONT'D)  
Help!

The Dab adheres Reagan's hand to Cash's throat.

Nurses slip and slide in the blood puddle, make their way toward Cash.

Cash struggles to keep his feet, waddles his way toward the center of the nurses.

They claw their way up his lab coat, grab ahold of the arm, but--

-- the Dab climbs down Reagan's arm to their hands.

Stuck, all of them. They tug and pull away to free themselves.

The Dab heaves, enlarges. It pulls, tugs, draws the girls near, as it absorbs their bodies.

Several breasts press against Cash's face, from each direction. His cheeks puff, lips pucker, eyes bulge.

Cash buoys up for one final gasp, then-- the Dab swallows the orgy of bodies.

Kai flings open the door, freezes, petrified. Jaw drops, eyes widen with terror.

EXT. CURE-ALL DISPENSARY - NIGHT

Kai closes the door fast, turns his back to guard it. Ansen's footsteps approach.

KAI  
Whoa, whoa.

ANSEN  
Whoa, whoa what?

KAI  
We can't go in there.

ANSEN  
What, is he naked?

KAI  
No. Worse.

Ansen pushes past Kai, looks into the dispensary. Stunned, shuts the door hard and fast.

ANSEN  
Okay, we need the cops.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL SIDE - NIGHT

PATROL CAR sits parked perpendicular on Abbot Kinney Blvd. Lights glow blue and red.

Two local police, SGT DICK and LT HYMAN, lean against the hood of the car with two boxes of food from the trucks.

They watch over the party while they eat. Dick gorges two churros rellenos side-by-side.

LT HYMAN  
Side-by-side huh?

SGT DICK  
Yeah. What of it? You single barrel?

LT HYMAN  
More of an over-under guy myself.

SGT DICK  
Well you ain't no Wyatt fuckin' Earp like me.

Dick takes a huge bite, cream cheese squeezes onto the sides of his lips.

LT HYMAN  
Oh yeah? What am I?

SGT DICK  
Forrest Taft.

LT HYMAN  
Cool... thanks.

SGT DICK  
Don't mention it.

Dick and Hyman glare across the way to the NATIONAL GUARD along the sidewalk.

SGT DICK (CONT'D)  
 Fuckin redneck natties, don't know  
 Venice from a sheep pen. And they  
 creep in here to scare my little  
 flock, and fuck'em?

Group of DANCERS with glow sticks, neon tights, cut-off shirts, and tiny backpacks, wiggle, shuffle dance, and blow vapor at the cops.

Hyman opens the back door of the patrol car, gestures to invite them.

LT HYMAN  
 After you, ladies.

Dancers wiggle and shuffle dance back into the crowd. Hyman shuts the door.

LT HYMAN (CONT'D)  
 Not much we can do with just the  
 two of us tonight.

SGT DICK  
 I'm not letting those fake army  
 fucks get--

ANSEN  
 -- excuse us!

Ansen and Kai run up to a halt.

SGT DICK  
 At ease.

ANSEN  
 This is gonna sound crazy, but--

LT HYMAN  
 -- Whoa then, let me stop you right  
 there. Take a good look at these  
 little cameras on our belts. Now  
 why don't you two reconsider what  
 you wanna say first?

Kai and Ansen look to each other, then take a deep breath together.

KAI  
Half naked nurses. And the  
doc. It smothered them. At  
the dispensary.

ANSEN  
Some tiny weed monster ate a  
bunch of people, and now it's  
a giant weed monster.

SGT DICK  
One second. I heard naked, doctor,  
weed, monster, and dispensary. Am I  
correct?

KAI & ANSEN  
Yes!

SGT DICK  
That's what I thought.

Hyman checks their eyes with his flashlight.

SGT DICK (CONT'D)  
You kids tripping over weed, to  
cops?

KAI  
It's an emergency!

Dick glances over at the National Guard, who interrogate some  
hipsters sat down on the sidewalk curb.

SGT DICK  
Breaks over Hyman.

The cops saunter toward the dispensary.

Kai whispers.

KAI  
Pssst.

Ansen snaps a whisper back.

ANSEN  
What!?

Kai signals Ansen over to him.

KAI  
Let's go home.

ANSEN  
Why?

KAI  
We got that guy to the doctor. So  
let the cops deal with it now.



ANSEN  
(straight-faced)  
I'm a cop.

Kai raises an eyebrow.

KAI  
Your dad was a Narc. Where is he  
now?

ANSEN  
Shut up dude.

KAI  
You know what? I have a bad  
feeling. And I don't want you to  
get hurt tonight.

ANSEN  
It's not your call, is it?

Kai looks at the crowd.

KAI  
Fine, fuck it.

SLO MO BEGINS

Hyman, Ansen, and Kai walk in a flying-v behind Dick.

Hyman eyeballs his toothpick, then-- another dig. Eyeballs it  
again, then-- flicks it to the street--

-- past Kai's face. Kai dodges, then pats his hair into place  
with both hands.

Ansen pushes her rolled sleeves above her elbows. Cracks her  
knuckles.

Kai sees Ansen, rolls up his sleeves too.

Dick unlatches his gun, hand lingers and fingers roll above  
it.

SLO MO ENDS

EXT. CURE-ALL DISPENSARY - NIGHT

Dick eases up to the front door, presses his ear against it,  
listens. Draws his gun and holds it with both hands at his  
chest.

Hyman takes the front corner, draws his gun too. Kai and Ansen tiptoe up behind him.

Hyman nods to Dick. Dick nods back.

INT. CURE-ALL DISPENSARY - NIGHT

Gun first, Dick bursts through the door. Scans the room over firearm's sight.

Empty silence. No bodies. No Dab. No cannabis. Nothing but scattered equipment, tools, and literature.

SGT DICK  
Ghosted, fuck!

Cautious Hyman enters, then Kai and Ansen.

HYMAN  
Bull... shit.

SGT DICK  
Crooks must have known we've been watchin'em. Have been for a while. Looks like tonight they made their loot.

HYMAN  
No smoking gun now.

Dick kicks Cash's rolling chair across the room.

SGT DICK  
Right under our damn noses.

KAI  
This entire place was full not even ten minutes ago.

Kai points to the floor, cases the place.

KAI (CONT'D)  
There was a giant blob right there in a pool of blood.

HYMAN  
What's ten minutes in stoner years anyways?

ANSEN  
We're not stoned! My dad was a cop... here in Venice!

Dick holsters his gun and adjusts his belt.

SGT DICK  
Oh yeah? Who?

ANSEN  
McGruff.

SGT DICK  
The narc?

Ansen nods.

SGT DICK (CONT'D)  
Oh shit kid. I had coffee with  
McGruff a few times.

LT HYMAN  
Me too.

SGT DICK  
One of the reasons I applied to be  
a narc. Good cop.

ANSEN  
Not really.

SGT DICK  
Excuse me?

Ansen returns to the cannabis literature.

SGT DICK (CONT'D)  
Look. I'm sure losing your dad as  
what, a teenage girl? That would  
suck. I lost my dad too. He was  
CHP. But on my word, McGruff was a  
good cop. Probably a pretty good  
dad.

ANSEN  
Like you said, you had coffee with  
the guy.

Dick bites his lip.

SGT DICK  
Hey Hyman?

LT HYMAN  
Yeah Dick?

SGT DICK  
 I wanna figure out how to go  
 through the camera footage here.  
 How 'bout you take these guys home?

KAI  
 Thanks guys, we can--

SGT DICK  
 -- It wasn't a question kid.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL SIDE - NIGHT

Gang of HIPSTER HOODLUMS GIGGLE and piss into a manhole  
 together.

LT HYMAN  
 Hey! You fuckin' hyenas. Put that  
 back!

HIPSTER 1  
 It was already like that!

LT HYMAN  
 Did I ask you what it was like? Put  
 it fuckin' back!

Together, the hoodlums zip up their pants, then push the  
 manhole cover back into place.

KAI  
 You like Venice Lieutenant?

HIPSTER COUPLE disputes at hood of Hyman's patrol car, crowd  
 surrounds them.

HIPSTER PRINCESS  
 I said salty & sweet, not something  
 salty and something sweet. That was  
 our last \$20 asshole.

HIPSTER SUITOR  
 I got you a pretzel and some fudge.  
 We can just stuff the chocolate  
 inside of the pretzel.

With a stupid grin--

HIPSTER SUITOR (CONT'D)  
 -- I'll drink the cheese dip.

The hipster princess almost pulls out her own hair.

LT HYMAN

Not really, I used to like it. Get in.

Hyman opens the back door of his patrol car, Ansen watches Hyman and removes her flannel Pendleton while Kai gets in first.

HIPSTER PRINCESS

Why don't you stuff the pretzel in your fudge hole, and then figure out how to get me what I asked for?

The crowd laughs and applauds.

HIPSTER CROWD

(together)

Ohhh!

HIPSTER SUITOR

But the trucks are closing!

Hyman rolls his lights and bawls his siren.

Venicites part to make way for Hyman's car, mosey out from street to sidewalks.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Hyman cruises toward residential Abbot Kinney Blvd. Drives through Venicite crowd, as it parts for him.

From the window, Ansen sees Lennon and Hendricks smoking cannabis with a GROUP OF GIRLS, a little younger than her.

Kai sees Ansen without her flannel Pendleton, hHer hand white knuckles car door handle.

ANSEN

Venice cops probably don't see much action anymore. All hipsters and homeless people now. A babysitter could do it.

Hyman peaks a glare at Ansen in the rearview mirror.

ANSEN (CONT'D)

My dad used to rush out the door every morning half-dressed, before my mom could finish breakfast, or pack his lunch.

(MORE)

ANSEN (CONT'D)

He told me the craziest on-foot chase stories, like with the alleys and side streets. I always wanted to be a cop. Then he died.

Ansen looks at Hyman's eyes in the rearview.

ANSEN (CONT'D)

Must take you ladies forever to get dolled up in the morning: jewelry, pressed uniforms, honey-do-lists--

-- Hyman brake-checks the car.

HYMAN

Oh man. You two alright back there?

Hyman turns on the stereo, shuffles through several songs from the early 80s to late 90s, few seconds each.

Kai rolls his eyes.

LT HYMAN

You guys like that, uh, late night talk show host guy, the one who, uh, sings with the famous people?

KAI

More than you.

Hyman kills the volume.

LT HYMAN

What was that? Come again.

KAI

More than you know!

Hyman turns up the volume, slow. His voice heightens in sync.

LT HYMAN

Right. I used to be that guy in the early 2000s. He probably still sang at a bowling alley with his mommy. I drove a town car for actors and celebrities. We'd sing all kinds of shit together: Wu-tang, Beasties, Whitney Houston, Garth Brooks.

KAI

(to himself)  
Not really the same thing.

LT HYMAN

Loved that job! I've lived in Venice since the 80s. Watched this place descend from leftover disco hippies to hipsters.

Hyman brings the car to a stop.

LT HYMAN (CONT'D)

Different drugs and STDs back then.  
So...

... Hyman turns around to--

LT HYMAN (CONT'D)

So, uh--

-- an empty back seat, with door behind him ajar.

Looks out all of the windows.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - RESIDENTIAL SIDE - NIGHT

Dark, peaceful, BACKSTREET NEIGHBORHOOD.

Kai and Ansen tiptoe along cinder block wall between homes.

Dog barks.

KAI

Shhh.

Motion lights trigger and spot the couple. Kai whispers.

KAI (CONT'D)

Keep going.

They laugh together and continue, until--

-- wall ends.

Kai jumps down, offers his hand to Ansen.

She takes it, hops down close to him.

ANSEN

Thanks.

KAI

Anytime.

Couple approaches quiet curb when-- zoom! Vespa misses them by a foot, then-- a waterski skateboard close behind it, pulled by a rope.

Good friends, POE (25/M) and BYRON (25/M), cruise through the backstreets together.

Circle back to Kai and Ansen. Straightedge jock Byron has trouble controlling the bottom of his voice.

BYRON

We missed you guys at the party!

KAI & ANSEN

Shhh!

Byron whispers his yell.

BYRON

We missed you--

ANSEN

-- okay, we heard you.

KAI

We missed you too man.

Byron grabs Kai in a headlock and gives him a noogie.

POE

Where'd you guys go?

KAI

Crazy shit brother.

BYRON

Yeah, we're trying to avoid it.

ANSEN

No, crazier than that.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL SIDE - NIGHT

Dick and Hyman approach SGT PETERS, leader of the National Guard unit. He stands as still and tall as possible to maintain his vantage point over the block party, eyes race in every direction.

Dick gestures Hyman to stand down, at a distance.

SGT DICK

Peters.



Peters paces his response.

SGT PETERS

Dick.

SGT DICK

How's our quaint beach city  
treating you, gentlemen?

SGT PETERS

I've got everything under control.  
Zero arrests.

SGT DICK

Can you make arrests Peters?

Peters aims his head to lock eyes hard and fast with Dick.

SGT PETERS

What do you want Dick?

SGT DICK

Any of your guys, good with  
computers?

SGT PETERS

You need one of my specialists.

Dick pauses, then forces a smile.

SGT DICK

If one of the men from your unit  
would be so kind as to share his  
special skills, the city of Venice  
would sure appreciate it.

Peters YELLS.

SGT PETERS

Bush!

A giant, muscular, dark skinned man in scholar frame lenses,  
SPECIALIST BUSH, reports immediate to Peters and salutes. His  
deep voice BOOMS.

SPC BUSH

Sir!

SGT PETERS

At ease Bush. This is Sgt Dick,  
from Venice PD. He needs a computer  
specialist. Why don't you share  
your skills with my old pal here?

Bush stands beside Hyman and towers over him. Dick nods to Peters.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - INDUSTRIAL - NIGHT

A vintage auto garage, RUSTY'S RENOS, remains lit into the late night.

INT. RUSTY'S RENOS - GARAGE - NIGHT

A jalopy truck sits parked in the garage. RUSTY, the mechanic with dreadlocks, slides underneath. He turns tools and CURSES aloud.

RUSTY  
Gee-odd dag-gah!

Beside Rusty, rests an oil pan.

RUSTY (CONT'D)  
Come 'ere you lil' motha-- got chu!

DRIP. DRIP DRIP. Oil pours into the pan.

The pan conceals the drain below it. The oil continues into the drain. The drain continues into the sewer.

INT. STICKY'S DELI - NIGHT

An open bathroom doorway. A man inside the bathroom WHISTLES an eerie tune.

INT. STICKY'S DELI - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The WHISTLE heightens past the sink, urinal, and empty stalls.

Inside the final stall, a tall and skinny JANITOR WHISTLES a long, high-pitched note.

He pours chemicals into the toilet. They SPLASH.

JANITOR  
Whoo! You people need more  
vegetables. Good gravy-- I mean,  
bad gravy. Bleh.

The janitor empties the bottles into the toilet. FLUSH!

EXT. MEZCAL MICKEY'S - NIGHT

An empty street gutter drain. Liquid passes and pours into it.

SPLASH. SIGH. GROAN.

LENNON (O.C.)

Of course we want to know.

Upstream, three pairs of men's shoes side-by-side. They belong to Hendricks, Lennon, and MEZCAL MICKEY, a fancy guero in a poncho and felt cowboy hat.

MICKEY

Fine, fine. I talked about tonight's party with the locals all month. Every day, every seat at the bar. They just sat, and drank, and bitched about the traffic and parking, right?

HENDRICKS

And then he closed tonight, so rich old idiots like us would pay extra, for his privacy behind locked doors.

MICKEY

Now all the people outside... wish they were inside. And one day, they will be. Maybe.

LENNON

We need a strategy like that.

MICKEY

Not like that. It's a different business. Let's say we talk after I close tonight.

LENNON

You mean like close-close.

They LAUGH together. Hendricks reveals a tomahawk peace pipe.

MICKEY

Either way, feel free to blaze indoors tonight gentlemen, especially with that piece.

HENDRICKS

Can I use your office in a bit?

MICKEY  
As long as you don't mind sharing?

HENDRICKS  
The office, or your bartender?

Mickey smirks.

MICKEY  
Both.

Mickey adjusts his hat and walks back inside his speakeasy.

Hendricks packs his bowl.

HENDRICKS  
Fuckin' Mickey.

LENNON  
Fuckin' Mickey.

The gutter behind them drains to the sewer.

INT. RUSTY'S RENOS - GARAGE - NIGHT

The oil pan drains empty, until-- it pools with the Dab.

(A) WIPE LEFT TO  
SPLITSCREEN  
SIDE-BY-SIDE (B)

SPLITSCREEN BEGINS (A)

- 1) The Dab overflows from the oil pan to the ground.
- 2) The Dab inches toward Rusty's dreadlocks.
- 3) The Dab latches to Rusty's dreadlocks. It smothers his face.

SPLITSCREEN ENDS (A & B)

INT. STICKY'S DELI - BATHROOM - NIGHT

SPLITSCREEN BEGINS (B)

- 1) The toilet drains, then bubbles up with the Dab.
- 2) The bottle cap drops, and the janitor bends down to grab it. The Dab rises from the toilet behind him, then lowers.
- 3) The Dab latches to the janitor's butt and debases him.

SPLITSCREEN ENDS (A & B)

INT. MEZCAL MICKEY'S - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The water taps RATTLE in Mickey's empty kitchen.

INT. MEZCAL MICKEY'S - BARROOM - NIGHT

Feet tap to MUSIC. Bar stools pivot. Drinks stir. Patrons sip, and pay the BARTENDER. A patron turns a book page. Another wipes their reading glasses lenses.

The bar crowd OVERSPEAKS each other, and repeats the word "LIKE" often. The patrons scroll through social media. They plan and take 'candid' photos and selfies together.

The air vent stops.

HENDRICKS

I love Mickey's!

BARTENDER

Me too!

HENDRICKS

Of course you do, you work here!

BARTENDER

That's why I work here!

Hendricks presents his tomahawk peace pipe.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

That's some piece!

LENNON

Mickey said we could blaze inside tonight!

BARTENDER

It's his bar... I just run it!

She smiles cute at Lennon. Hendricks slaps Lennon's chest and nods.

LENNON

I don't share!

Hendricks grabs Lennon's shoulder, and they LAUGH.

HENDRICKS

Alright buddy!

Hendricks turns to the group of girls from out front, earlier.

The bartender signals Lennon to follow her. He excuses himself, but nobody pays attention.

GIRL 1

Oh my god like, you own the Cure-  
All!

She bounces to hug him.

GIRL 2

My business professor talks about  
you guys. How you like, distribute  
to like, all of Venice now! You're  
like, famous!

HENDRICKS

Which business professor?

She bats her eyes, they glimmer, and she bites her glossy lip.

HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

Doesn't matter! You girls gonna  
make peace with me tonight?

Hendricks presents the pipe and lights the bowl for her.

HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

My buddy Lennon--

Hendricks turns, and-- Lennon's bar stool seats a new patron.

HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

Anyways, my buddy Lennon always  
preaches "little farms versus Big  
Pharm!" Grassroots collectives and  
shit! Eventually, our other buddy  
Cash and I realized we could back  
him! But we just landed an  
exclusive deal for all government  
grade, so fuck it!

GIRL 2

Oh my god like, so cool!

GIRL 1

Like, way cool!

Hendricks stands and looks around the bar.

HENDRICKS  
Where the fuck are those guys?

INT. MEZCAL MICKEY'S - OFFICE - NIGHT

Lennon and the bartender kiss heavy in Mickey's office. She gropes and grabs him, and messes up his hair. Lennon remains hands-off of her.

INT. MEZCAL MICKEY'S - NIGHT

Hendricks wanders the speakeasy, past the crowd.

INT. MEZCAL MICKEY'S - OFFICE - NIGHT

The bartender clears the desk and pushes Lennon on top of it. Then she mounts him. He untucks and unbuttons his shirt, while she undoes his belt.

INT. MEZCAL MICKEY'S - NIGHT

Hendricks approaches the kitchen door, tomahawk peace pipe in hand. He presses one ear to it and listens, NOTHING.

HENDRICKS  
Fuck it. I'm hungry.

Hendricks pushes the door open to-- the Dab grabs him by the face and sucks him inside. His tomahawk peace pipe falls to the floor.

INT. MEZCAL MICKEY'S - OFFICE - NIGHT

The bartender rides Lennon. She grabs his hands and places them on her covered breasts, but-- he pulls them away even faster, and clutches the desk for leverage.

INT. MEZCAL MICKEY'S - NIGHT

The Dab pushes through the kitchen door, now about that same size.

Two patrons kiss and flirt in the hall. They don't even notice as the Dab mows them over, then makes its way into--

INT. MEZCAL MICKEY'S - BARROOM - NIGHT

-- the crowd. And again, nobody notices? They continue to CHAT, read, and browse their smart devices while the Dab mows over and collects each patron, one table and seat at a time.

Then it nears Mickey.

MICKEY

Hold up! What the fuck is that?

A girl GIGGLES in his ear.

GIRL 3

I dunno, what is it?

MICKEY

Seriously, girls, seriously. Come here. Gather 'round.

A large group of girls gather with Mickey in a booth, with backs to the Dab. They hang all over him and practice poses while he prepares his phone to take a selfie.

Mickey adjusts his social media picture filter. The Dab looms over them in the BG.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Perfect.

They all smile as the Dab swallows them - the final group of patrons and Mickey.

Mickey clammers for his phone as it falls to the ground and slides out of reach. The monitor faces up, and his picture posts to social media.

INT. MEZCAL MICKEY'S - NIGHT

Frazzled, the bartender and Lennon scurry and stumble out of the office to find Hendricks' peace pipe near the kitchen door. Lennon crouches to grab it. They continue into--

INT. MEZCAL MICKEY'S - BARROOM - NIGHT

-- SILENCE. They wander into the barroom. Nobody.

BARTENDER

Bullshit. Let's get out of here before I wake up. I'll clean tomorrow.



LENNON  
Awesome, I'm hungry.

They walk out the front door together. The door LOCKS behind them.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

Kai, Ansen, Byron, and Poe (the gumshoes) make their way through the alley, near commercial Abbot Kinney Blvd.

POE  
It makes perfect sense to me that  
monsters exist.

ANSEN  
Why's that?

POE  
You ever read Hobbes' Leviathan?

ANSEN & BYRON  
Yes.

POE  
No Byron, I read it to you. Those  
long ass summers Kai went to juvie.  
(to Ansen)  
And wait, what? When? I mean, why?

Ansen has to peel her eyes away from Kai, who avoids her glare.

ANSEN  
My dad always said "law enforcement  
serves the commonwealth". So I  
looked up "commonwealth" and found  
that book.

POE  
You read Leviathan before you were  
thirteen, because you stumbled upon  
it in a web search?

ANSEN  
When I was thirteen. Then I read it  
again when I was eighteen because I  
had no clue what it meant.

POE  
I still have no clue what it means.  
It's all like, antiquated theory.

(MORE)

POE (CONT'D)

But anyways, if creating a monster  
is so simple the government can do  
it, anyone probably can.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

The gumshoes peak around the corner to Abbot Kinney Blvd. Poe  
signals to halt.

POE

Stay close. I have a door code.

KAI

They don't have like, an alarm or  
cameras?

POE

Not yet.

Poe signals to proceed. The gumshoes pass behind the National  
Guard. Poe presses the door code, and they single-file into  
the juicery.

INT. BIG POPPA'S JUICY BAR - NIGHT

Poe grabs a CBD water from the cooler and CHUGS it all. He  
SLAMS the empty bottle into the recycle bin.

KAI

With that door lock, I find it hard  
to believe they don't have any--  
nope!

Kai points to the wall clock.

KAI (CONT'D)

Hide-a-cam, in the wall clock. See  
this?

POE

Doesn't matter. I'm the manager  
and...

(projects, slow)

... of course I'm going to pay for  
that water during my next shift.

BYRON

Oh cool, get this for me too.

Byron grabs a coconut.

BYRON (CONT'D)  
Coconuts are bomb. They support  
brain function.

POE  
Grab two then.

Kai finds a pile of plastic cups and offers one to Ansen. She glares at him as she takes it.

Kai continues to case the perimeter. He finds a glossy black phone charger.

KAI  
Here's another!

Ansen walks to the tap and turns the spigot, when--

ANSEN  
Wouldn't CBD water hydrate and  
dehydrate you at the same time?

-- the Dab discharges into the sink.

Kai grabs Ansen, and pulls her out of the way.

KAI  
Ansen!

The gumshoes freeze to watch the Dab fill the sink, then overflow to the floor.

POE  
This way!

The gumshoes scramble to follow Poe into the walk-in refrigerator. Ansen follows last with a slight pause. Poe seals and locks the group inside.

INT. BIG POPPA'S JUICY BAR - WALK-IN FRIDGE - NIGHT

The gumshoes huddle together inside of the fridge.

BYRON  
No, spread out!

Through the wall, they hear the Dab HEAVE near Poe. The wall CREAKS and RUMBLES. Poe crawls to the opposite wall.

Ansen's BREATH ascends to a mild panic attack.

Kai seatbelts her with his arm. Ansen pushes it away from her chest a bit, and catches her BREATH.

The noises cease to a QUIET.

BYRON (CONT'D)  
Where's it going?

POE  
I don't know, but it doesn't seem  
to--

--BOOM! The group jumps and GASPS.

BYRON  
Seriously, what the fuck is that  
thing?

POE  
Weed concentrate... a lot of it.

ANSEN  
Why would anyone concentrate weed?

BOOM! They jump back again, less so.

POE  
It's a drug... enhances the  
effects.

KAI  
I thought weed wasn't addictive...  
right?

POE  
It alters your body chemistry. Of  
course you'll fight to recover and  
maintain homeostasis. The cycle  
becomes habit.

KAI  
Then why do people insist it's  
medicine?

POE  
They want more, and more, and more.  
Just like that fucking thing does.

BYRON  
What does it want with us?

They hear all of the juice bottles fall and CRASH. Poe  
listens close, through the wall.

Ansen scowls at Poe.

ANSEN

What do you think it wants?

POE

Well, it left us. Then it went for the fridge.

BYRON

So it changed its mind.

POE

I wouldn't say that. It just wants as much as possible, as soon as possible. Like pure appetite.

Kai leans in toward Ansen.

KAI

You probably don't trust me now.

ANSEN

Not really, no.

KAI

I figured if you knew, it might weigh us down.

ANSEN

All of my decisions depend on you? Because I need you so bad.

KAI

Well you care about me. I didn't want to distract you. What if you didn't finish school, or changed paths, or something? That's not you.

ANSEN

Oh really, who am I, ex boyfriend?

Kai shrugs.

KAI

You're unstoppable.

She turns away from him.

ANSEN

Then why'd I break up with you this morning?

This gets Byron and Poe's attention, but they look away and pretend not to listen.

KAI

Because I couldn't take care of us.

ANSEN

I never expected you to take care of us. You think I'm a cliché?

KAI

Not the point. Your fuckin' Dad died Ansen, and you went on to be a cop anyways.

ANSEN

Yeah, by the way. He was a crooked narc. He wasn't busting someone because of drugs, it was to take their drugs.

KAI

How do you know that?

ANSEN

I've always known that. I found his stash when I was like eight. A whole fucking tin of cocaine in my parents' bedroom.

KAI

So wait. Then your mom knew?

ANSEN

Why do you think he did it, and kept it in their bedroom?

Kai wipes his face with both hands.

KAI

Fuck, I had no clue.

BYRON

That sucks Ansen.

ANSEN

Well.

Kai holds up his fist with the straightedge cross.

KAI

This is what I mean by unstoppable.

He grabs Ansen's hand--

KAI (CONT'D)

A lot of people fall when someone  
shakes their family tree.

-- and makes a fist for her.

KAI (CONT'D)

You climb higher. Even during a  
storm.

Ansen clenches Kai's fist, and gives him knuckles.

ANSEN

So why did you go to jail? And keep  
it from me for four years?

Byron gets excited, and scoots next to Kai.

BYRON

Oh no way, I get to tell her. This  
mofo right here, as a sophomore in  
high school, hacked into the old  
collective's network. Only fifteen  
years old, and he devised a virus  
to attack the company's POS. And  
then! He leaked their camera  
footage to expose several community  
leaders.

ANSEN

Wait a second, that's way worse  
than I thought.

KAI

Yeah, I know. I had to spend three  
summers in juvie. They expunged my  
record though.

Ansen sees Kai in a different light. She nods.

ANSEN

Huh, cool.

BYRON

Right?

They all smile, except Poe, who holds a straight face and  
cold, dead stare.

POE

This is very emotional for all of  
you. And very difficult for me to  
watch.

Poe stands and paces.

POE (CONT'D)  
Anybody seen that cartoon movie  
with the bees?

BYRON  
Of course.

POE  
The smoker part, with the  
beekeepers.

ANSEN  
Spit it out.

POE  
I think the government uses weed to  
sap people into mediocrity.

ANSEN  
Collective cohesion?

POE  
Exactly! They want us to get along.  
Which is cool, but not like this.  
It's fake. Byron, remember when we  
got in that fight?

Byron smirks.

BYRON  
Yeah, I totally kicked the shit out  
of you.

Poe hesitates.

POE  
Right. But did we let it end our  
friendship?

Byron LAUGHS.

BYRON  
No. You laughed through your bloody  
teeth. And then you went to the gym  
with me.

POE  
And I helped you figure out your  
homework.  
(to Kai and Ansen)  
Byron and I challenge each other.  
(MORE)



POE (CONT'D)

We don't dumb ourselves down on purpose.

KAI

You think all the weed is--

POE

--a fucking mask. We live in a democratic country.

ANSEN

Thank God.

POE

Yeah, but... weed's an easy fix for a country that prides itself on equality. It turns us all to mush. Like that giant Dab thing.

BYRON

Sounds like you just made a point Poe.

POE

I made a point Byron.

Byron CLAPS, and looks for Kai and Ansen to clap.

POE (CONT'D)

Next point then. You guys saw Scorsese's crooked cop movie?

They pause, then-- Ansen buries her face in her hand.

ANSEN

Shit. You made your point again Poe.

BYRON

With one question?

Byron celebrates.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Gameshows for you Columbo! You're like a brain decathlete.

Ansen turns to Kai and grabs his knee.

ANSEN

Kai, I fucked up too.

KAI  
You did? I mean, you did. Wait,  
when?

ANSEN  
When I broke up with you.

Kai's eyes brighten, wet, and he smirks.

ANSEN (CONT'D)  
You gonna be my boyfriend again?

KAI  
You serious right now Ansen? We  
might die tonight. Don't mess with  
me.

ANSEN  
I need a partner. And I could use a  
rehabilitated delinquent as an  
undercover infiltrator.

KAI  
Oh fuck you.

Ansen smiles and kisses him.

POE  
I feel like I just jammed my finger  
in the back of my throat, but  
couldn't throw up.

Poe turns to the wall and listens through it again. He takes  
a DEEP BREATH, then--

POE (CONT'D)  
-- Ansen?

ANSEN  
Yeah.

POE  
Back to my second point.

ANSEN  
Oh.

POE  
How much do we actually know about  
weed? Like, together.

They all look to each other with blank stares.

ANSEN

What I read in my textbooks, and  
the dispensary literature.

POE

So nothing then. We need to get  
outside and make friends with the  
stoners and cops before that  
monster kills them all.

ANSEN

Oh boy. From a walk-in fridge, and  
into a crowd of idiots, covered in  
secondhand smoke.

KAI

Why would they listen to us?

POE

Because we all want to live.  
Anybody heard that thing for a  
while?

They shake their heads.

POE (CONT'D)

Me either.

Poe UNLATCHES the door.

EXT. BLACKBOX MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Venice's Blackbox Theater marquee presents:

*24hr 420 Marathon*

The THEATER ATTENDANT hotboxes the ticket booth with a dense  
cloud of cannabis smoke.

INT. BLACKBOX MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The MOVIE AUDIENCE luxuriates in their plush theater chairs  
in front of a classic, stoner movie flick.

EXT. BIG POPPA'S JUICY BAR - NIGHT

The gumshoes approach the edge of the crowd.

They spot the cops huddled with the National Guard.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

Bush holds a heavy duty monitor in his hands. His voice BOOMS, when he interrupts Dick and Peters.

SPC BUSH  
Sergeant, sir!

Dick jumps.

SGT PETERS  
What have you got for us Bush?

SPC BUSH  
I found a username. Seems to have access to every surveillance system on Abbot Kinney sir... "pharmboy", all lowercase.

SGT DICK  
Can you get us access?

Bush looks to Peters. Peters nods.

SPC BUSH  
One moment.

Byron and Poe boost Kai to the top of a food truck.

SUPERIMPOSE OVER  
*April 21, 2024*  
*0:24am*

Kai stands under the street lamp and looks out over the crowd.

The Venicites take notice. They LAUGH and CHEER.

The police and National Guard look up to Kai.

SGT PETERS  
Oh for cryin' out loud, who's this idiot? Get me my bullhorn!

SGT DICK  
Shit Hyman. I thought we took them home.

Hyman SWALLOWS his words before he speaks.

SGT PETERS  
You guys know this dummy?

SGT DICK  
He's one of the kids that led us to  
the dispensary.

Kai waves his arms overhead. The crowd QUIETS.

KAI  
Ummm. Happy Holidays Venice!

They erupt with CHEER again, and CHANT.

VENICITES  
Four-Twen-Ty! Four-Twen-Ty!  
Four-Twen-Ty! Four-Twen-Ty!

Kai waves his arms overhead. The crowd QUIETS.

KAI  
I know what I'm about to say will  
sound crazy.

HECKLER 1  
So say it!

The crowd LAUGHS--

KAI  
My friends and I got attacked  
tonight.

-- then the crowd goes SILENT.

KAI (CONT'D)  
Obviously we seem, okay.

SUPPORTER 1  
Who attacked you?

KAI  
Well...

Kai looks to his gumshoe friends. Then he looks to the police  
and National Guard.

Peters and Hyman shake their heads.

KAI (CONT'D)  
... a monster!

DEAD SILENCE, then--

SUPPORTER 2  
That doesn't help us find him! What  
does he look like?

HECKLER 2

It's not necessarily a 'he', maybe  
it was a she!

The crowd GRUMBLES a bit. Kai waves them back to SILENCE.

KAI

It was a weed monster!

DEAD SILENCE, then-- the crowd erupts to LAUGH and point at Kai.

HECKLER 3

Someone laced your shit bro!

HECKLER 4

Do I look like a monster too?

KAI

Really! It ate all of the weed at  
the dispensary!

HECKLER 5

No, we did!

The crowd LAUGHS.

Sgt Peters grabs the bullhorn.

SGT PETERS

Excuse me, young man. Please step  
down from the food truck. The  
National Guard will escort you to  
your safety.

Kai looks for Ansen. He sees her swim through the crowd in a  
beeline, direct toward law enforcement.

Kai rushes to get down from the food truck.

Ansen pushes her way to Dick.

ANSEN

Sgt Dick!

The National Guard grab Ansen's arms. She can't shake them.

ANSEN (CONT'D)

I know Kai sounds crazy tonight.  
You probably don't believe us. But  
we don't do drugs. We don't even  
drink. We're square as fuck.

Dick notices her first tattoo while she struggles to free herself.

SGT DICK  
Guys, let the young lady go.

The National Guard hesitates to let Ansen go.

SGT DICK (CONT'D)  
When did you guys get permission to arrest people? Especially in my fucking town. I said stand down!

They release their grip on Ansen's arms.

SGT DICK (CONT'D)  
McGruff, a giant weed monster? C'mon, really? What grown-up in their right mind would believe a crazy story like that?

Bush watches his monitor.

SPC BUSH  
Oh no.

His eyes widen and he scrunches his face in disgust.

SPC BUSH (CONT'D)  
Oh God no.

He fights his impulse to look away from the video playback.

SPC BUSH (CONT'D)  
Oh hell no!

Bush approaches Peters.

SPC BUSH (CONT'D)  
Sir. I think you need to take a look at this.

Peters continues to DISCUSS with another National Guard officer.

Bush shoves the monitor in Peters' chest and reemphasizes.

SPC BUSH (CONT'D)  
Sir, you need to look at this. Right. Now.

Peters looks upon Bush. He snatches the monitor out of Bush's hands and views it.

Bush stands tall and straight, but his face appears as though he might cry.

The National Guard escorts Kai, Byron, and Poe by the arms toward Dick and Peters, who stand just a few meters apart, but-- right when they draw near, they hear--

ANSEN

Neither of us are high, or crazy, or lying. I wouldn't screw with you, especially now sir. I just found out I'm pregnant.

Poe and Byron look to a stunned Kai.

Peters interrupts Dick.

PETERS

Dick! You need to take a look at this, now.

Peters shoves the monitor in Dick's chest, then holds the bullhorn to his mouth. The crowd listens more and more as Peters announces:

PETERS (CONT'D)

People of Venice. It is now April 21st. The holiday is officially over in Venice Beach, California. We hope you enjoyed your evening, as we have. Abbot Kinney Blvd is officially closed for the night. We will begin to secure the perimeter, and ask that you return safely and swiftly to your homes. Again, the party is over. Thank you and good night. Or, morning.

INT. BLACKBOX MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The stoner flick movie marathon continues, but-- the screen goes black.

AUDIENCE

Awww!

The audience HECKLES the theater, and throws their snacks at the screen.

One person in the back row looks up toward the projector to see-- the Dab descends upon them, and--

-- engulfs a portion of the audience.



The audience SCREAMS in terror. They scramble up the aisles, climb seats, and push each other to escape.

EXT. BLACKBOX MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Outside, the movie theater appears calm and quiet. The Venicite crowd moseys along the sidewalk slow, until-- the movie audience pours out of the front doors, and onto the sidewalk, in hysterics.

Both crowds tug and shove each other to break free.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

The National Guard, local police, and the gumshoes freeze.

SGT PETERS  
Game time Mother Fuckers. Look  
alive!

Peters holds up his bullhorn.

SGT PETERS (CONT'D)  
Everyone clear away from the movie  
theater. Now!

EXT. BLACKBOX MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The crowd disperses as the Dab bursts through the theater's front doors.

SUPERIMPOSE OVER  
*April 21, 2024*  
*0:48am*

The Dab now towers high enough to block the marquee.

A KINDERGARTEN COWBOY, up past his bedtime and dressed like Mezcal Mickey, widens his gait. He assumes a cowboy stance, up front and center of the Dab.

The Dab pauses, like it watches the kid, and waits.

The Kindergarten Cowboy pulls two pistols from underneath his poncho. He points them direct at the Dab, stares between his sights to aim, then-- CLICK, CLICK.

KINDERGARTEN COWBOY  
Bang. Bang.

Two flames light at the barrel tips.

As the Dab crests down like a tidal wave to land on the boy-- Kai swoops him in mid stride and carries him toward Ansen.

The boulevard RUMBLES to the cramped sea of Venicites that oscillate in pandaemonium. The crowd YELLS, SCREAMS, and GASPS for fresh air.

EXT. VEGANESE DINER - NIGHT

With the boy, Kai and Ansen rush into a vegan diner.

INT. VEGANESE DINER - NIGHT

The WAITRESS and OWNER hide behind the bar. They peak their heads up and waive Kai and Ansen over to them.

WAITRESS

Over here!

OWNER

What is that thing?

KAI

A giant glob of THC.

OWNER

No shit? Weed?

KAI

No shit. It's killing all of the stoners.

OWNER

Oh good, neither of us are. You?

Kai and Ansen shake their heads.

The diner owner hesitates.

OWNER (CONT'D)

Okay then. I say we just ride this out.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

The Dab steamrolls through the crowd and collects bodies on it's way toward the diner.

INT. VEGANESE DINER - NIGHT

Kai crouches down next to Ansen. She has a more severe panic attack, yet continues to SPEAK to him.

ANSEN

We're stuck Kai. All this weed? It just sucks us down, like tar pits. All of our hopes. Dreams. Achievements.

Kai holds Ansen's hand, while she CONTINUES.

ANSEN (CONT'D)

I graduated two years ago. I'm not even a cop yet. Now we have a baby? How can we afford to raise a family? Here? We're nobodies.

Kai looks Ansen deep in her eyes.

KAI

Ansen, I need you to breathe.

KEN BURNS INTO  
ANSEN'S PUPIL:

EXT. PARK - PLAYGROUND - DAY

CHILDREN LAUGH and birds SING in the B.G. In khakis and a knit shirt, middle-aged OFFICER MCGRUFF sits at a park bench and checks his pager.

KINDERGARTEN ANSEN runs up to him. She SNIFFLES and GASPS.

ANSEN

Daddy! Daddy!

McGruff rests his pager on the bench to catch and hug his daughter. It falls in the sand, and reads: 911

MCGRUFF

Hey little deputy. What happened?

ANSEN

The big kid. He p-pushed me, into a corner. And he wouldn't let me leave.

MCGRUFF

Which one?

Mcgruff follows his daughter's crooked little finger to a SKINNY KID, then sees the ROBUST KID next to him.

MCGRUFF (CONT'D)

Ansen. You hear me right now?

She nods her head yes and wipes her tear.

MCGRUFF (CONT'D)

Do I sound scared?

She shakes her head no, but continues to GASP and SNIFFLE.

MCGRUFF (CONT'D)

I am scared. In fact, I'm terrified. Do you wanna know why?

ANSEN

W-why?

MCGRUFF

Because my deputy, the most important person to me in the whole world, can barely breathe. That scares me more than anything.

ANSEN

I can breathe Daddy.

MCGRUFF

You can?

Ansen demonstrates how to BREATHE for McGruff.

MCGRUFF (CONT'D)

You mean I don't need to be scared?

She shakes her head no.

MCGRUFF (CONT'D)

Oh good.

McGruff wipes imaginary sweat from his forehead.

MCGRUFF (CONT'D)

Because I need to have a little talk with that big playground monster over there.

Mcgruff stands up, dusts off his khakis, and walks toward the playground.

Ansen picks up his pager, reads 911, and shields her eyes to watch McGruff walk toward the sun.

INT. VEGANESE DINER - NIGHT

KEN BURNS FROM  
ANSEN'S PUPIL:

Ansen takes a DEEP BREATH.

She sees Kai walk out to the center of the diner, and watch the Dab cover the windows. It casts its shadow throughout the building.

EXT. VEGANESE DINER - NIGHT

Outside, the Dab snow-globes the entire diner.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

The National Guard barricades the Venicite crowd from the Dab.

SGT PETERS

We're gonna have to smoke this monster out gentlemen.

SGT DICK

How do you suggest we do that?

SGT PETERS

Torch it. Pyrotechnics. Let's give your quaint beach city some more of what it wants.

Poe and Byron break free from the barricade and run up to Dick and Peters.

POE

Did we hear him say torch it?

SGT PETERS

(to his unit)

Get these kids back behind the barricade!

BYRON

That'll kill our friends!

The unit pulls Byron and Poe back behind the barricade.

SGT PETERS

(to Dick)

Turns out our buddy inside, Kai Canfield?

(MORE)

SGT PETERS (CONT'D)

Had his juvie record expunged. And that little kid? He's a hacky sac kickin' creek rat. No wonder cadet McGruff never made it into the force. Look at the company she keeps. Guess it runs in the family.

Dick squints his eyes and chews on Peters' words.

INT. VEGANESE DINER - NIGHT

CRACK. SMASH. The Dab busts the diner windows, and bulges into the building.

OWNER

Quick, downstairs!

The waitress helps Ansen and the boy down into the basement, then Kai, then the owner. The owner shuts the door and latches it behind them.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

A truck parks with it's bumper pressed to the base of a power line. The National Guard jackhammers the concrete around it: DAT DAT DAT.

Two other trucks prepare to pull ropes tied to the power line in y-formation, like a slingshot.

Poe's eyes climb the power line pole and compare it with the distance to the Dab. It appears as though the power line will fall on top of the diner and catch fire.

Hyman sees Poe's eyes.

SPC RHEA, a wild-eyed pyrotechnic specialist for the National Guard, REVS his truck engine behind the power line pole.

SPC RHEA

Sir! I'm about ready to light this fatty up.

SGT PETERS

Fire when ready Rhea.

Hyman approaches Poe and Byron.

HYMAN

This doesn't look well thought out.

POE

It's beyond counter-productive. Why don't they freeze it?

HYMAN

You gotta backup plan?

POE

Liquid nitrogen? A tanker truck. We saw one parked in a lot right down the street earlier!

HYMAN

You gonna break in and hot wire it?

Byron opens his mouth and holds up his finger, but looks down at Hyman's belt cam. He runs back through the crowd behind him.

Rhea's truck REVS together with the other two trucks. The power line pole CRACKS and tips.

SPC RHEA

Tim-ber!

The pole misses the Dab and falls onto a Tesla. Sparks fly everywhere and the Tesla bursts into flames.

SPC RHEA (CONT'D)

Whoops.

Rhea GIGGLES to himself until he feels Peters eyes on him. He slumps his shoulders a bit.

INT. VEGANESE DINER - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Kai rummages through the supplies.

OWNER

What do you need man?

KAI

Something cold.

OWNER

I don't have a fridge down here. It's upstairs. All these tanks run up to it through gas lines.

Kai turns to the tanks.

KAI

What kind of tanks?

OWNER

Gas. You know how a refrigerator works?

KAI

Help me get a tank!

OWNER

If you're gonna rig a flamethrower or blow it up, you might kill us man. It's not like the movies.

KAI

Not roast it, freeze it.

The waitress looks to Ansen.

WAITRESS

I thought you guys said that thing only kills stoners. Why is it attacking us?

The young boy hangs his head. Ansen pulls it to her chest and comforts him. She rests one hand on her tummy.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

The National Guard gathers around Bush's monitor.

Hyman signals Dick. He attends.

SGT DICK

What is it?

LT HYMAN

We have a liquid nitrogen tanker on the way.

SGT DICK

What? How? Why?

POE

The only way we can stop that thing, and minimize harmful side effects and casualties... is freeze it.

SGT DICK

And how would we cover that thing with liquid nitrogen? You can't just shoot it with a hose like a fuckin' fire truck Hyman.



HYMAN

Yeah. I know.

Dick follow's Hyman's and Poe's eyes to the flaming Tesla.

Sgt Dick walks direct to Sgt Peters and snatches the bullhorn. He holds it up to his mouth.

SGT DICK

Listen up Venice, Sgt Dick here.

HECKLER 1

What up Dick!

SGT DICK

We need to move the barricade toward Venice Blvd. Please begin to migrate East. Occupy the sidewalk in order to clear the Boulevard.

The Venicite crowd ignores him, and continues to press the barricade forward.

Dick WHISPERS to himself and hands the bullhorn back to Peters.

SGT DICK (CONT'D)

Fine, fuck you very much Venice.

SGT PETERS

Nice speech Dick.

Dick backhands Peters. Peters favors his jaw, then-- tries to pounce on Dick, but his National Guard unit holds him back.

INT. VEGANESE DINER - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Kai and the diner owner carry a gas tank cylinder with an attached hose upstairs to ground level.

WAITRESS

Is that tank full? Check the tank!

OWNER

We got it! For crying out loud.

Kai and Ansen share a prolonged glance, then the men continue into the diner.

INT. VEGANESE DINER - NIGHT

Within meters of Kai and the diner owner, the Dab pushes its way toward the basement door, until--

The diner owner opens the valve handle, and Kai sprays the Dab with cold gas.

The Dab recoils!

The men continue to press forward, and force the Dab to retreat backwards.

OWNER

I'll go get another!

Kai nods to confirm. The owner sets the bottom end down on the floor and returns to the basement.

INT. VEGANESE DINER - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The diner owner returns downstairs.

Ansen, the waitress, and the boy look to him with lost eyes.

He stops--

OWNER

Kai's right, it works!

-- then grabs another gas tank cylinder.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

Poe tugs at Hyman's shirt.

POE

That thing hasn't moved once since it latched onto the diner.

HYMAN

Doesn't look good for your friends right now.

Poe veers off by himself. Meanwhile, Venice watches the Dab surround the diner, and waits for something to happen: the crowd, the surveillance systems, the National Guard, the local police, even Lennon with Mezcal Mickey's bartender.

POE (V.O.)

Those are my friends trapped inside of that building...

(MORE)

POE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 more than half of them. And with a  
 baby on the way?

Poe senses the stagnant, belligerent crowd behind him.

POE (V.O.)  
 But it takes a community to raise a  
 child... a responsible, supportive  
 one. Some fucking community!

Poe walks right past the crowd and the authorities.

POE (V.O.)  
 You could say it takes a village of  
 idiots to raise a monster.

He grabs a joint from the ground and lights it.

POE (V.O.)  
 Now. The brainiac jokester in me,  
 rich with my lovable antics, can't  
 stand my obvious future as a weak-  
 natured, hypocritical moralist. Who  
 am I to tell others how to live?  
 "Do as I say, not as I did."

The authorities spot Poe and begin to YELL after him.

Poe picks up his brisk walk to a jog, carries the joint like  
 an olympic torch, and it trails smoke against his body.

POE (V.O.)  
 On the other hand, that same kind-  
 natured, pillar of support wouldn't  
 stand for this current, over-  
 dramatic dilemma to sacrifice  
 myself, as some sort of tragic  
 hero. I mean how does a human  
 sacrifice benefit the greater good?  
 Doesn't seem well thought out, does  
 it?

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - MOUTH - NIGHT

Byron turns the corner with the liquid nitrogen tanker truck  
 at the mouth of the Boulevard.

He sees Poe run toward the Dab, with the authorities far  
 behind him.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

Poe approaches the diner.

POE (V.O.)

But someone has to interrupt this monster's momentum for Ansen's family, and the hope of a future Venice.

Poe runs around the Dab.

POE

Hey you slow, stupid fuck!

The authorities halt some distance away from Poe.

Poe lures the Dab away from the diner.

POE (CONT'D)

What's it like to be a spoiled, American trust fund baby? All you do is eat, party, and make money. You greedy, sloppy hippie!

Poe stops far away from the diner. He PANTS.

POE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, and pick on the little guy.

Poe lies down, face up, in the middle of the street.

INT. LIQUID NITROGEN TANKER TRUCK - NIGHT

Byron stares out the tanker windshield.

BYRON

Poe, what the fuck are you doing?

Byron stalls the tanker, then-- restarts it, and slams his foot on the gas pedal.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

Poe sets down the joint beside his body.

POE

Like I said...

Peters sees the tanker pick up speed down the boulevard. He YELLS into the bullhorn.

SGT PETERS  
Everyone in the diner, take cover!

POE  
... you slow...

INT. VEGANESE DINER - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Kai and the diner owner run down into the basement and close the door behind them.

KAI  
We're out of gas!

Ansen and the waitress embrace the young boy.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

Poe grins wide. The Dab's shadow begins to loom over his body.

POE  
... stupid...

Poe closes his eyes.

INT. LIQUID NITROGEN TANKER TRUCK - NIGHT

Byron white knuckles the steering wheel and YELLS.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

POE  
... fuck!

The Dab smothers Poe.

Byron opens the door, then hops and rolls out of the tanker truck.

The truck continues to head direct for the Dab, until--

EXPLOSION! Flames climb to the sky.

The liquid nitrogen coats the Dab, and crystalizes it on impact.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

The patrol car's lights roll across the faces of the Venicite crowd, Lennon, the local police, and the remaining gumshoes.

The National Guard seals the frozen Dab inside of a cooled truck trailer, and PAT the door. The trucks STARTS.

Peters holds the bullhorn to his mouth and lifts his thumb up overhead.

SGT PETERS

Alright, get her out of here!

The TRUCK DRIVER nods to confirm Peters' order, then drives toward the ocean.

Byron's eyes appear tired, wet, and bloodshot. He puts his arms around Kai and Ansen.

BYRON

Never understood half of the shit he said. I mean, who reads the Greeks in high school? That's just weird.

Byron holds back his tears, then-- he can't, and releases them.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Fuck I loved that guy.

Ansen holds Byron's hand on her shoulder, and Byron LAUGHS through his tears.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Ansen you were just saying that shit to the cops, right? That was crazy funny.

Kai looks to Ansen, and listens close.

ANSEN

Nope.

Kai smiles. Byron LAUGHS to himself and REPEATS her.

BYRON

Nope.

Then Ansen's response settles in for Byron.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Wait, nope?

ANSEN  
I think we'll name him, Poe.

KAI  
And if it's a girl?

Ansen furrows her brows and REPEATS with conviction.

ANSEN  
Poe.

BYRON  
(to Ansen)  
I like him already.  
(to Kai)  
Or her.

Kai slides his hand onto Byron's shoulder.

Still between Kai and Ansen, Byron grabs Kai's hand and heaves his chest.

BYRON (CONT'D)  
You two need to work on your gender  
sensibility though.

Kai and Ansen both look to him. Kai attempts to get his hand back. Byron continues to hold it on his shoulder.

BYRON (CONT'D)  
Be cool to just sympathize with  
each other, ya know? Because  
empathy, I mean like, true empathy?  
That's pretty much close to  
impossible between a man and a  
woman.

Kai and Ansen remain SPEECHLESS.

BYRON (CONT'D)  
Poe said that about you guys. Makes  
sense though.

All of the survivors' tired lips curl into sincere smiles.  
Everyone rejoices, until--

-- their sense of harmony ebbs east toward residential Abbot  
Kinney, into the hybrid wall of dank green ocean fog, where--

-- the food trucks TREMBLE and their ALARMS trigger.

Another wave of PANIC builds to flow back west. The crowd  
stampedes back down the boulevard, toward the ocean. The  
Venicites HOLLAR and SCREAM.

SGT DICK  
Hyman? Get in the car.

Both Dick and Hyman enter the patrol car. The sirens BAWL.

The patrol car crawls east toward the bend while the stampede barely parts for them.

Peters lifts his bullhorn to his mouth. The National Guard unit assembles behind Bush and Rhea, in the center of Abbot Kinney.

SGT PETERS  
Please make your way to the  
sidewalks. Clear the boulevard in  
an orderly fashion.

Peters lowers the bullhorn and addresses his men.

SGT PETERS (CONT'D)  
What's going on Bush? Talk to me.

Bush references his monitor.

SPC BUSH  
We have a blind spot sir. I can't  
see around the bend.

SGT PETERS  
Bush, stay with me. Rhea, lock and  
load. Looks like your prayers have  
been answered.

Rhea's veins in his neck and head almost burst when he YELLS with 'roid rage.

SPC RHEA  
You heard the Sergeant boys! Time  
to get hard and split Venice in  
half!

Rhea's unit jogs in cadence to catch up with the police patrol car, and surround it.

Rhea PATS the roof of the patrol car, above Hyman's head.

Hyman looks over his shoulder, out the window, to see Rhea jog beside him, with Rhea's eyes locked on the bend. Hyman looks forward to the road again.

Rhea's unit CHANTS a haka, that SYNCs with the siren.

The patrol car and National Guard unit fade into the fog wall.



Peters stands with Bush. He RADIOS.

SGT PETERS  
Rhea, give me your eyes.

Peters hears Rhea RADIO in the battle CHANT and SIREN. Peters looks to Bush. Bush looks to his monitor.

SPC BUSH  
Nothing.

The HAKA SILENCES, and radio STATIC continues, until-- grown men begin to SCREAM. GUNSHOTS FIRE, then-- the SCREAMS CLOG, one-at-a-time.

SGT PETERS  
Rhea. Rhea! What the fuck is that?

EXT. CURE-ALL DISPENSARY - NIGHT

Rhea's unit fluctuates between attack and retreat while:

More agile and alert, even somewhat erratic, the Dab's spawn divides like rapid mitosis.

The cells launch in every direction, and penetrate their victims' GI tracts, where--

-- the cells center themselves in the stomachs, drain the body's toxins inwards, then erupt from their abdomens, and--

-- adhere to the nearest, highest concentration of THC.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

Peters hears Rhea YELL until his voice CLOGS.

SGT PETERS  
Rhea!  
(to Bush)  
Fall back.  
(aloud)  
Fall back!

Kai turns to Byron and Ansen, and the large group of Venicite survivors huddled nearby.

KAI  
What he said.

Kai runs behind a graffiti wall and PANTS. Byron catches up to him, with Peters and Bush close behind, then a portion of the Venicite group.

Kai makes a head count with his eyes.

KAI (CONT'D)  
 (to Byron)  
 Where's Ansen?

BYRON  
 She's--

Byron peaks around the wall.

BYRON (CONT'D)  
 -- she's under a lamp post.

Kai peaks around the wall and sees--

-- Ansen stands center to a female group of Venicites.

KAI  
 Are those girls crazy? Ansen!

Ansen ignores him. She holds Bush's monitor.

BYRON  
 Absolutely crazy my man, and you've impregnated their leader.

KAI  
 Fuck, you're right. We've lost a lot of people tonight. We're down to two small groups.

BYRON  
 Dude, you gotta get crazy. Now! Ansen's out there by herself, kinda. And she's ready to fight fire with napalm. That's a bad ass bitch. Am I right?

KAI  
 Right. Please don't call her a bitch though.

BYRON  
 She must have seen something in you Kai. What the fuck do you see in yourself? You gonna be a homework guy? Do all your shit from a desk, and then go to jail for it?

(MORE)

BYRON (CONT'D)

Now that it's time to fight in the field, you wanna go AWOL on your lady?

KAI

Fuck no Byron. I wanna kill.

BYRON

Damn right, and you wanna tell your kid about it. Don't be like Ansen's Dad right now bro. That mother fucker let the drugs win. He lost her, and he lost himself. You wanna lose her too?

Byron and Kai stare into each others' crazy eyes. They leave the wall with a small group and run to the girls. Lennon, Peters, and Bush stay behind.

Kai's and Ansen's groups combine.

ANSEN

Hey, you guys recover yet?

KAI

Something like that.

ANSEN

Cool, so we figured out what we're up against now.

INT. BIG POPPA'S JUICY BAR - NIGHT

VIGNETTE BEGINS

The Dab presses against the juice cooler until all of the CBD water and CBD coffee bottles fall to the ground and break. A puddle of liquid covers the floor.

The Dab runs over the liquid on its way to the drain, and exits through the plumbing pipes.

Behind the Dab, rests one darker, baseball-sized glob of concentrated THC.

The Dab's spawn zooms up through the water spigot. The spigot RATTLES, then stops to SILENCE.

The gumshoes leave the juicery together.

VIGNETTE ENDS

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

Kai and Ansen hold the monitor together. The larger Venicite group rallies around them with Byron.

KAI

A faster version of that thing?

ANSEN

Yeah, but instead of extracting the THC from the inside-out, it's doing it from the outside-in.

BYRON

That's disgusting.

ANSEN

How do you think I feel right now?

Ansen glances down to her abdomen.

BYRON

Fair enough.

Kai takes off his overshirt and wraps it around his mouth.

BYRON (CONT'D)

I don't know if that'll stop those things from fucking your face.

KAI

It's to filter the air. The less weed I have in me--

BYRON

-- roger that.

Byron follows suit, then Ansen and the rest of the group.

Through their makeshift face masks, Ansen and Kai replay their glance from earlier, for less time, but it carries a lot more weight.

ANSEN

Move out.

Now an anti-marijuana militia, the group follows Ansen, Kai, and Byron east into the foggy, uncertain abyss down commercial Abbot Kinney Blvd.

The militia labors to navigate through the murky street fog.

Kai holds up his hand. The militia halts.

KAI

Hold up. Let's grab some tanks.

The group loots abandoned food trucks for propane tanks and fire extinguishers.

BYRON

Hey guys, take a look at this.

Kai and Ansen find Byron. He points east to a small group of six Venicites that strayed from the militia.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Hey!--

-- Ansen covers Byron's mouth.

ANSEN

Shhh! What are they doing? We have no clue how to kill that thing yet.

The strays hold hands and approach a rocking food truck.

STRAY 1

Hendricks! Cash! We know you're in there!

STRAY 2

We haven't come to hurt you!

STRAY 1

Of course not! We want to join you.

The food truck stops still.

The militia continues to hide amidst some abandoned food trucks, a ways back from the strays.

KAI

Are those people stupid?

ANSEN

Yeah. Don't join 'em.

The strays approach the food truck.

Six basketball-sized globs of THC roll out from behind the truck.

STRAY 3

Whoa. It's like we each get one.

As the strays approach with slow subtle steps, and begin to crouch--

-- the globs jitter in place, then--

-- launch from the ground, all-at-once.

They cover the faces of the strays and penetrate their mouths.

Once their mouths are free, the strays SCREAM and begin to scatter--

-- but the globs of THC magnetize the bodies back together in the middle of the street.

The dab-like substance branches out through every socket and orifice of the strays' bodies.

The dab-like laminins bind and incorporate the bodies into one ominous, superhumanoid SAPLING: head, torso, two arms, and two legs.

In awe, Lennon walks up to the foot of the anthropomorphic mound.

LENNON

I never dreamt I'd see you like this. What a miracle. Ya know, I created you... well, kinda. I gave Dr Stein a magical blend of Bruce Banner and Gorilla Glue that made your mother. And then she did the rest.

The Sapling passes Lennon.

LENNON (CONT'D)

No, wait! Where are you going?  
Please let me--

And as Lennon turns to watch the Sapling pass him--

-- he steps in a small puddle of CBD water that splashes up to his hand.

The Sapling halts, turns around, and stares down at him.

Terror climbs from Lennon's wet hand up to his face.

Lennon hurries to dry his hand on his pant leg, but--

-- the Sapling reaches down, grabs him, and lifts him to its mouth. Lennon YELLS and SCREAMS the entire time.

The Sapling's mouth stretches to accommodate Lennon's body.

Lennon slides from top to bottom, and--

-- the Sapling evacuates him onto a manhole cover.

Lennon's slimy body lies fetal. His eyes blink open, and he GASPS.

The militia looks to Ansen.

ANSEN

We retreat, now.

The militia jogs west.

ANSEN (CONT'D)

Everybody stay out of sight and move back to the wall near the diner. What's our head count?

KAI

Maybe ten now.

BYRON

Ansen, Kai.

Byron escorts the hipster pixie princess from the argument with her suitor earlier, to Ansen.

ANSEN

What's up?

BYRON

This girl has an idea.

ANSEN

Is it better than figuring out how to get close and freeze that thing?

HIPSTER PRINCESS

I don't know.

BYRON

Tell her what you told me.

HIPSTER PRINCESS

Okay, so... when I clean my bong, the fastest, easiest way to do it is: Rubbing Alcohol, Salt, and Rice.

Ansen looks her dead in the eyes.

HIPSTER PRINCESS (CONT'D)

It erodes the junk on the glass.  
Think of it like tiny geology,  
where the whirling river of alcohol  
carries little salty sand grains  
and bigger rocks of rice to erode  
the walls of the river banks.

Ansen looks to Byron.

ANSEN

That's it?

BYRON

I was thinking we could shoot the  
rice and salt with leaf blowers,  
and maybe the alcohol with like a  
pressure washer.

ANSEN

This girl stays with me. Kai, the  
rest of you need to hunt for that  
stuff.

KAI

I'll meet you at the wall.

Ansen kisses Kai's cheek through their makeshift face masks.  
He leads the militia toward the hardware and convenience  
stores.

ANSEN

So, you smoke a lot of weed?

HIPSTER PRINCESS

Yeah, tons.

E/I. HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

(A) WIPE LEFT TO  
SPLITSCREEN  
SIDE-BY-SIDE (B)

SPLITSCREEN BEGINS (A)

1) Byron approaches a front glass window and takes a DEEP  
BREATH.

2) He removes his makeshift face mask and wraps the shirt  
around his elbow.

3) Byron nods to Kai, then-- SHATTERS the window.



4) He enters the hardware store with three of the militia members, and grabs two leaf blowers and a pressure washer.

5) They leave behind a pile of cash on the counter.

SPLITSCREEN ENDS (A & B)

E/I. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

SPLITSCREEN BEGINS (B)

1) Kai approaches another front glass window and takes a DEEP BREATH.

2) He removes his makeshift face mask and wraps the shirt around his elbow.

3) Kai nods to Byron, then-- SHATTERS the window.

4) He enters the convenience store with three of the militia members, and grabs all of the store's rice and salt supply.

5) They leave behind a pile of cash on the counter.

SPLITSCREEN ENDS (A & B)

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - NIGHT

Ansen holds the hipster pixie princess's shoulders and looks her direct in the eyes.

ANSEN

You're a beautiful Southern California Belle. Who in all of affluent Venice is going to pay for your yoga studio? Your car and phone payments? Your community garden space? All of your rescue dog's vet bills? As a strong independent Venice woman, you don't need a man, you need a real man. Now get out there and find him!

Ansen pushes the hipster pixie princess out into the middle of the street.

The hipster pixie princess shields her eyes from the street lamp. She looks like a deer in the headlights, a tiny girl in the middle of the wide street.

From the east, the Dab senses her.

Ansen YELLS A WHISPER from behind a food truck.

ANSEN (CONT'D)

I'll be right alongside you the whole time!

HIPSTER PRINCESS

Um. Okay?

The tiny pixie turns to run away from the Sapling, with little effort or coordination. She feigns helplessness.

HIPSTER PRINCESS (CONT'D)

Oh no!

The Sapling walks towards her.

HIPSTER PRINCESS (CONT'D)

For the love of Venice, California!  
How will I pay for my, yoga studio?  
Woe as me!

ANSEN

Good, keep going, car payment!

The hipster pixie princess forces a smile.

HIPSTER PRINCESS

Okay? My car payment! I can't afford to lose my Tesla! It's such a great vehicle for the environment!

The Sapling draws closer.

ANSEN

It's working! Run a bit quicker!  
Phone!

The hipster pixie princess picks up her pace.

HIPSTER PRINCESS

Oh and my phone payments. They cover every possible way that I can stay connected with my friends, associates, and my family back on the east coast.

Ansen runs ahead of the tiny pixie as she continues to lure the Sapling.

ANSEN

Don't stop you're doing great!

HIPSTER PRINCESS

Um, Ansen?

ANSEN

I'm with you! Your garden!

The hipster pixie princess begins to SNIFFLE and CRY a bit as she runs faster.

HIPSTER PRINCESS

My community garden space too! It's a shame I can't grow every kind of plant there, you know? But I like to do the farmer's markets.

The Sapling draws even closer, only a few food truck lengths behind the hipster pixie princess.

Ansen finds Kai. He holds the pressure washer by the backpack straps, open for her.

KAI

My dear?

Ansen slips her arms through the straps, and sees--

On one side of the boulevard, Byron and two militia members load their rice & salt cannon on top of a food truck, while two other militia members ready another cannon on the other side.

Kai cinches Ansen's straps.

KAI (CONT'D)

You look like a Ghostbuster.

ANSEN

Not the new Ghostbusters.

KAI

No way. For sure Bill Murray.

ANSEN

Really?

KAI

Bill Murray all the way, you salty bitch.

BYRON

(from atop of a truck)  
Don't call her that!

ANSEN

Thanks Kai.

KAI

Take back our ocean.

SUPERIMPOSE OVER

*4:20am*

The Sapling hits its mark, and towers over the hipster pixie princess.

HIPSTER PRINCESS

Will you pay all of my rescue dog's  
vet bills? I want to rescue a whole  
litter!

BYRON

Now!

The militia crank the leaf blowers on both sides: GARBLE  
GARBLE GARBLE, then--

-- VROOM! They launch the salt and rice all over the Sapling.

Covered in debris, it senses enemies on both sides of it.

Ansen saunters to the center of the street, Kai right behind her.

Ansen points the nozzle at the Sapling's head, and--

ANSEN

I can go all night mother fucker...

-- Kai turns the power switch: VREEM!

ANSEN (CONT'D)

... wish you could say the same!

WHOOSH! Ansen cuts through the Sapling, diagonal, back-and-forth, from head-to-toe.

The Sapling's superhumanoid body disbands and collapses in a puddle.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - BOARDWALK - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE OVER

*8:40am*

Ansen sits and watches the ocean tides. She pets--

-- Kai's head. He curls fetal on her lap, asleep.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BLVD - COMMERCIAL - DAY

The community's legacy of Venicite survivors bag trash, compost, and recyclables together.

Cannabis delivery trucks arrive to replenish the dispensary, but--

-- the DRIVERS stop at the road blockades, built from the breathless bodies of the previous night.

EXT. CURE-ALL DISPENSARY - DAY

Lennon opens the dispensary front door to-- nothing.

CREDITS ROLL

CAST & CREW dance the Dab.

CAST & CREW ramble their conspiracy theories, during selfie phone footage.

**THE END**