

INT - NIGHT. METROPOLITAN NASHVILLE POLICE DEPARTMENT,
CENTRAL PRECINCT.

A phone rings in the distance. A fluorescent light flickers overhead. Enter **OFFICER PARKER**, a young man with broad shoulders and a serious disposition, and **OFFICER DANVERS**, whose mustache and waistline are the only things wider than his smile. They are leading **ANASTASIE** and **SIMONE** to the drunk tank.

OFFICER DANVERS

Thanks, Parker, I got it from here.
(nods toward the clock) You staying
on for the third?

OFFICER PARKER

(Shaking head) No, sir! The wife
and I are taking the kids to a
waterpark tomorrow, I gotta be home
when she wakes up or I'm fried. I'm
finishing up my DAR and then I'm
outta here.

OFFICER DANVERS chuckles as he removes the girls' handcuffs with care; **SIMONE** snatches her hands away the second they are freed.

OFFICER DANVERS

Now, that gentleman from the bar
was nice enough not to press
charges, but you two need to sober
up a little before we can safely
release you. In the meantime, is
there anybody you can call to come
and getcha?

SIMONE and **ANASTASIE** share a long look; eventually, **SIMONE** sighs.

SIMONE

(Rolling her eyes) Fine, do it.

ANASTASIE

(Looking toward **OFFICER DANVERS**
hopefully) Can I just, um, use your
phone? Ours are kinda... you know,
dead.

OFFICER DANVERS nods, unlocks the cell, and leads a cheerfully chattering **ANASTASIE** toward his desk.

INT - NIGHT. CENTRAL PRECINCT, A WHILE LATER.

ANASTASIE and **SIMONE** are sitting side-by-side on a bench, both with their legs folded into a half-lotus and their knees touching. The two women are having a quiet conversation.

SIMONE

It's like Derby Weekend all over again, except we didn't even get free food this time.

ANASTASIE

God, remember those chicken fingers? So good. Don't worry though, that whole thing about how it would "never happen again" is still working out *really* well.

SIMONE

I mean, we didn't have to close our tab, so I'm still considering this a win.

ANASTASIE

Also, you know, we get to keep our jobs. That's kinda the big ticket item here.

SIMONE

I feel like the big ticket item would've been me breaking his fucking nose, but I guess there's always next time, right? ...Wait, no, that's not right. You know what I mean.

INT - NIGHT. CENTRAL PRECINCT, A WHILE LATER.

ANASTASIE is lying on the floor of the cell, empty save for the two women in the center. Beside her, **SIMONE** is becoming increasingly irritated, fidgeting frequently and keeping a watchful eye on the clock.

SIMONE

Honestly, how long does it take to put your pants on and get down here? This is some life or death shit, we could have been in here with a bunch of rowdy ass people. It's Friday night! You said you talked to Cole, right?

(CONTINUED)

ANASTASIE

I called him, yeah.

SOLOMON steps through the door of the precinct and looks around inquisitively before approaching the officer posted at the front desk. The unnamed gentleman directs him toward **OFFICER DANVERS**. Both women spot **SOLOMON** as he crosses to the officer's desk; **SIMONE** casts a withering look at **ANASTASIE**.

ANASTASIE

Look, don't freak out. Cole wasn't answering and I couldn't call anybody else. My dad's got the kids, and the only other option was staying here all night.

SIMONE

No way, no fucking way. You weren't even gonna tell me?

ANASTASIE

You would've been mad the whole time we were sitting here, and then gotten mad all over again when he showed up. It's for the greater good, you'll thank me later when we're stuffing our faces and not sitting in the drunk tank.

OFFICER DANVERS approaches the cell, still smiling.

OFFICER DANVERS

Well, ladies, looks like your carriage awaits!

He hesitates before unlocking the door.

OFFICER DANVERS

Now, listen here. I've been on this job a long time, got daughters close to your age. I know things can get outta hand sometimes, but maybe next time, try not to haul off so quick? I'd hate to see you getting all caught up, you seem like such nice girls.

ANASTASIE nods; **SIMONE** rolls her eyes and offers a mock salute.

ANASTASIE

We're real sorry for the disturbance we caused, it was all just a big misunderstanding.

OFFICER DANVERS and **ANASTASIE** both look expectantly at **SIMONE**, who is scowling indiscriminately. **ANASTASIE** nudges her companion.

SIMONE

(Reluctantly) Yeah, what she said. Real sorry, won't happen again. Can we go?

OFFICER DANVERS unlocks the cell and leads the girls toward his desk, where **SOLOMON** is waiting.

EXT - NIGHT. CENTRAL PRECINCT, MOMENTS LATER.

ANASTASIE and **SIMONE**, barefoot and not yet completely sober, are climbing into the waiting truck while **SOLOMON** converses with **OFFICER DANVERS**. Despite leaning out the window to listen, they can only hear one side of the conversation.

SOLOMON

Alright. Thank you, officer. ... No, sir, I haven't been drinking. ... Yes, sir. Right home, sir, I promise. ... Alright, thank you, sir. You have a good night now.

SOLOMON gets into the truck, sighs, and looks at the two passengers.

SOLOMON

You two alright?

SIMONE stares blankly at him, snorts, and turns her gaze out the window.

ANASTASIE

Yeah. Hey, can we get Taco Bell?

SOLOMON turns over the engine and proceeds down the road.