

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Henry, Freya, Fiona, and Luna burst out of the bar, rushing past the bouncer. They look right, then left.

They spot Maeve, bent over a dumpster, holding the lid open wide with two arms stretched overhead.

Henry runs to her. Freya rolls her eyes at his urgency.

HENRY

(to Maeve)

We gotta go! We gotta go now!

Maeve slowly lifts her head, mumbling incoherently.

Aubrey and Joel stumble up behind them. Joel is draped across Aubrey's shoulders like a large and lanky scarf.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(to Aubrey)

Found her!

AUBREY

Oh thank fuck. Let's get out of here.

MAEVE

(slurring)

I think I need to stay right here.

Her head drops back into the dumpster-hair dangling inside.

AUBREY

Honey, no!

Aubrey rushes over and fishes Maeve's hair out of the trash, leaving Joel to wobble and fend for himself.

Henry shrugs at the dumpster hair, then trips over his own foot. He catches himself-trying to play it cool.

FREYA

(to Henry)

When did you get so drunk?

HENRY

It was more of a gradual process.

Freya scoffs.

MAEVE

I need to throw up.

Freya grimaces.

JOEL
(drunkenly)
Then throw up.

MAEVE
No like... not yet. It's coming.

Luna and Fiona yank Maeve upright, dragging her away from the bar. Maeve tries to break free.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
Guys! I can't get in the car!

AUBREY
It's okay. If you need to, just
lean out the window.

Aubrey side-hugs Maeve and nudges her forward.

Sam pulls up abruptly in a THREE-ROW SUV, braking hard.

Henry grabs Maeve by the shoulders and steers her.

HENRY
Front seat for you.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Everyone piles in, uncoordinated.

Maeve immediately rolls the passenger window down and sticks her head out like a dog.

Joel, Fiona, and Aubrey squeeze in the very back.

Luna slides into the middle row, middle seat. Freya stares at her, incredulous. Luna doesn't notice, eyes straight ahead.

JOEL
Is the aux-?

Freya glances at Henry, already flopped behind the passenger seat. An internal, jealous *oh*.

FIONA
Why isn't it connecting?

Freya eases into the seat behind Sam with reluctance. She subtly slides three inches away from Luna.

Luna unknowingly slides three inches closer.

Sam pulls away from the bar.

Henry looks down and grabs a beer from the car door.

HENRY
(to himself)
Sweet!

He opens the can with a loud CRACK.

LUNA
Where did you find that?

HENRY
(pointing towards the
door)
Just sitting there. You want some?

Luna shakes her head no.

Freya stares out the window, pouting. As Sam makes a clumsy turn, she is JERKED sideways.

FIONA
Luna, can you hit the bluetooth
button?

Luna unbuckles and leans dangerously over the center console, fumbling with the controls.

JOEL
I think you have to—no, don't hit
that—

Aubrey's head drops onto Fiona's shoulder. Fast asleep.

FIONA
No, hit *that*!

The car LURCHES forward.

SAM
Sorry! I'm merging.

LUNA
Whoa.

JOEL
Dude!

Maeve leans farther out the window.

HENRY
 (holding up his can)
 Does *anyone* want some?

FIONA
 Hell no.

Henry offers the beer toward Luna and Freya.

HENRY
 We gotta finish it before we get home.

FREYA
 No, you don't.

Luna grabs a purse from the car floor.

LUNA
 (to Freya)
 Do you have any lip stuff in here?

The car takes a SHARP TURN.

JOEL
 Is it raining?

Luna looks forward.

Dry windshield.

She slowly turns right.

Maeve is vomiting out the window, torso halfway outside the car. Perfect aim, except—

The speed of the car atomizes it into a FINE AIRBORNE MIST that blows straight back into the car.

The Bluetooth connects.

"Tongue Tied" EXPLODES through the speakers.

Sam jerks the wheel in surprise, Maeve's limp body sloshing with the movement.

JOEL (CONT'D)
 I love this song!
 (singing along)
 YEAH WOOWOAH!

Another wave of mist blasts across the passengers. Joel's mouth fills with it. He freezes, confused.

Freya scans the cabin, searching for the source.

FREYA
MAEVE! OH MY GOD!

Freya lets out a blood-curdling SCREAM. Chaos erupts.

Luna slams Freya against the car door, trying to dodge the mist. Joel and Fiona dive behind the backseat for cover.

JOEL
SAM! Push her out the window!

SAM
What? Push her out?

JOEL
Not all the way! Just- The angle!
Adjust the angle!

Sam takes a hand off the wheel.

The SUV drifts slightly as he awkwardly shoves Maeve farther out the window-hand planted squarely on her ass, which sloppily hangs out of her mini skirt.

LUNA
No! Don't touch her *there*!

JOEL
Yeah that's fucked up, dude.

SAM
Then what am I supposed to do?

Aubrey sleeps peacefully in the corner.

Another wave hits... Only Aubrey.

Fiona looks back at her like she's a wounded soldier.

FIONA
(signaling to Aubrey)
We have to go back!

JOEL
(to Fiona)
We can't! She's a dead man!
(shouting to Sam)
Point her downwind!

SAM
What does that even mean?!

Luna leans between the seats to adjust Maeve herself. She tugs Maeve's skirt down slightly, then grabs the same useless handle. Maeve flops like a puppet.

FIONA
Tilt her like a watering can!

LUNA
She *is* a watering can!

FREYA
(losing it)
OUT! MORE OUT! MORE OUTSIDE THE
VEHICLE!

Another TURN. More MIST.

The car erupts with another SCREAM.

JOEL
MAEVE! HAVE MERCY!

Luna ducks for cover, then peeks back up.

Maeve's vomit has coated the windshield of the car beside them. The driver stares over in horror.

Luna quickly pulls Maeve in a few inches so the car can pass. Then, she shoves lifeless Maeve back out again, abandoning any attempt to direct her.

Luna grips the front seats, white-knuckled, fighting nausea.

Freya notices, eyes widening.

FREYA
No no no! Not you t-

Luna quickly lifts Freya's purse, VOMITING into it.

Joel peers over the seat like a groundhog.

JOEL
Yikes.

FREYA
Are you FUCKING kidding me?!

Freya, furious, looks to Henry for support.

Behind Maeve, Henry sits perfectly upright. Completely still. Beer in hand. And covered in vomit.

Face.

Shirt.

Can.

He wipes the rim of the can and takes a slow sip.

HENRY

Citrusy.

The car hits a bump. Freya's puke-filled purse launches toward Henry, spilling across his lap.

More SHRIEKS. Henry, still expressionless, holds his can up to protect it from the sizable vomit puddle on his lap.

HENRY (CONT'D)

The *real problem* is no one helping
me finish this beer.

More mist cascades upon Henry's face. He wipes his mouth with the back of a hand.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(calling out casually)
Little more to the left would be
good, Maeve!

Another sip.

CUT TO BLACK.