

ACT FIVE

INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT

Harsh fluorescent lights stutter overhead, casting the mostly full bus in a tired glow. The heater wheezes, struggling to compete with several cracked windows. Bus-goers stare into their devices to avoid eye contact with fellow passengers.

Monica sits a few rows from the front, engaged in a conversation with a MALE STUDENT (18, endearingly nerdy) beside her. He's too young for her—and too delighted to care.

MALE STUDENT

So—where do you go?

MONICA

Like... to school?

He nods. She laughs.

BUZZ BUZZ.

It's Monica's phone. She ignores it, and toys with her hair.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I don't. I work now. At a bar.
You'd love it. You should come by
sometime and—

Her voice fades as the CAMERA PANS BACK to Nik, alone in an aisle seat. He's sat quiet, waiting, trying (and failing) to ignore Monica's obnoxious flirting in front of him. He can't help but side-eye her, just a little bit.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO THE BACK of the bus, landing on Harrison, studying an OLD WOMAN (80s, still sharp) next to him.

OLD WOMAN

Something you need, young man?

HARRISON

No, no. Was just looking at the
moon.

He points out the window beside them.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

I think it's full. Did you see it?

The Old Woman turns toward the glass, distracted. *Perfect.*

Harrison's hand slides forward—fluid, nimble, almost bored.

A money clip sticks out of the pocket of a MIDDLE-AGED MAN wobbling by the pole, phone-drunk and oblivious. Harrison extracts the clip like it's a Jenga piece. It disappears into his coat just as the Old Woman turns back.

OLD WOMAN

You lied.

Harrison winces. *Shit.*

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

Not quite full.

She points to the barely-shy-of-full moon. Harrison exhales.

The bus jerks to a stop; a small crowd spills in and shuffles out. As they do, Nik casually fingers a wallet dangling from the open side pocket of an exiting passenger's backpack in one unbroken motion. Only Harrison clocks it.

The bus huffs forward again. Monica is still at it.

MONICA

Oh my god. That's so impressive.

You must be really smart...

BUZZ BUZZ.

Monica's phone goes off again. She frowns, irritated.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Ugh... sorry.

MALE STUDENT

It's fine. You should check it.

Monica fishes her phone from her coat pocket, trying to keep a straight face as she scans the series of notifications:

TREVOR:

8:05 p.m. - "Where are you? better be on your way"

8:12 p.m. - "What the fuck Monica"

8:13 p.m. - "get ur ass here NOW"

8:35 p.m. - "My office. Tomorrow. 11am. Whether u make it in tonight or not"

She pockets the phone again. *A problem for later.*

MONICA
I studied English.

MALE STUDENT
How'd you end up working at a bar,
then?

She giggles, leaning into the persona.

MONICA
(ditzzy, weaponized)
Probably 'cus I'm not as smart as
you.

He melts. She smiles: *Hook, line, and sinker.*

CAMERA PANS DOWN to Monica's fingers easing at the zipper of his backpack's front pocket. The bag sits on his lap; his attention sits on her. She bites her lip, eyes up at him-

And slips her hand inside.

MONICA (CONT'D)
(flirty, soft)
Do girls at school tell you that?
That you're smart?

MALE STUDENT
Uh-no. Not really.

She extracts the corner of a small wallet. The bus stops again; he glances at the passengers shuffling off-

And Monica slides the wallet into her purse like she's done it a hundred times. Because maybe she has.

Grabbing her purse, she stands.

MONICA
They should.

Monica gives him one last smile. Just as he opens his mouth to say something, she turns on her heel and slips off the bus. Harrison and Nik trail after her a beat later, as though they're following an unspoken signal.