

YOU'RE THE WORST

"Drive-In Buy-In"

written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

JIMMY climbs up the stairs to find GRETCHEN at the table. She sorts through a pile of wedding planning documents.

JIMMY

No, not more wedding stuff.

GRETCHEN

Well, Jimmy, that's the fun of buying-in. Planning upon planning.

Jimmy opens the fridge, grabs a large mimosa pitcher, and chugs it.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

Hey, help me find the worst place to put Becca and Vernon.

JIMMY

Far from the bar.

Gretchen scribbles it in.

GRETCHEN

Ooh, that's a good one. They'll have to wade through a million people just to get some booze.

JIMMY

These rituals are so stupid. I mean it's just a piece of paper. We could consummate our vows anywhere.

GRETCHEN

Anywhere with an ordained minister.

JIMMY

I mean, really, what would we be missing if we got married and just skipped the whole wedding part?

GRETCHEN

All the free gifts.

JIMMY

But would they be any good?

GRETCHEN

We could sell them.

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JIMMY

But would that offset the cost of this hedonistic status-asserting-?

GRETCHEN

Jimmy.

JIMMY

I'm just saying we can buy-in without buying-in like everyone else! Like a drive-through Elvis chapel!

GRETCHEN

You want to go to a drive-through Elvis chapel.

JIMMY

Of course not! Someone so tacky? Ideally, I'd have Charlotte Bronte.

Gretchen gives him a look.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

The point is, we don't have to plan! We can make this fun! Spontaneous! Chaotic!

GRETCHEN

What about my- I mean, your family? Don't they wanna see you tie the knot?

JIMMY

Are you kidding? I'd ban them from this country if I could. In fact, I better call the ICE.

Gretchen glances back at the seating plans.

INSERT: MR. AND MRS. CUTLER

GRETCHEN

So that's what you want to do? A Drive-in Buy-in?

JIMMY

A Drive-in Buy-in!

GRETCHEN

Okay. Let's do it. Fun! Spontaneous! Chaotic!

Gretchen dumps the wedding plans in the trash.

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JIMMY

Wonderful! Let me grab my laptop.
We'll find the best one.

Jimmy runs back down the stairs.

GRETCHEN

That sounds like planning!

Gretchen glances at the trash can. She yanks the wedding plans out of the trash and hides them in a cabinet.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - DAY

Jimmy drives down the road. Gretchen stares off into the distance.

JIMMY

Perhaps I should have expected it, but really, the vast majority of these sign-and-drive chapels are so tacky! And full of regulation! Injury waivers—who gets injured in a drive-through?

GRETCHEN

Lindsay did! She scraped her elbow on the wall. She got free french fries.

JIMMY

Really?

GRETCHEN

She also blew the guy. And his boss. And the local PR manager.

Jimmy nods. He turns his attention back to the road, but looks at Gretchen for a moment.

JIMMY

What is going on in that odd, ginger head of yours?

GRETCHEN

It's not odd. It's a normal ginger head that sometimes gets really sad and struggles to work through it in healthy ways.

JIMMY

Aren't you excited? Spitting in the face of all this wretched society expects of us? The drive-in buy-in, the last middle finger to unnecessary ritual and social mores?

GRETCHEN

I am excited! I just think maybe you're not spitting so much as... refurbishing.

JIMMY

How so?

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GRETCHEN

Tacky this, wretched that, you just sound like a Bridezilla planning the perfect wedding you've always dreamed of. Except your version is cheap, fast, and screams, "Screw you!"

Jimmy stares at her in shock.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

What's the difference? We're in a car? Charles Dickens stamps the papers?

JIMMY

Preferably Charlotte Bronte.

GRETCHEN

It's still a wedding! It's still planning!

JIMMY

Fun and spontaneity sometimes require delicate work and research. What would you do? Pick one at random?

GRETCHEN

Yes! In fact, I have a random number generator right here.

Gretchen shows him the screen on her phone.

JIMMY

Well, if it'll make you happy, Bridezilla, then generate away!

Gretchen hits the button on her screen.

GRETCHEN

Four. That would be... Ha! Donnie's Drive-In Chapel!

JIMMY

No! That's the one with all those tacky 50s icons!

GRETCHEN

Aw, poor Jimmy can't be fun and spontaneous.

JIMMY

Fine! But I'm preparing my heckles now, and you're going to listen.

INT. SURROGACY AGENCY - LOBBY - DAY

Sterile. Fake flowers in vases. Pregnancy positivity posters line the walls.

Lindsay and Becca sit a seat apart. Becca crosses her arms and taps her foot.

BECCA

I thought Paul was a two-pump chump.
What's taking him so long?

LINDSAY

Don't rush him, Becca! You think it's
easy getting your splooge on in a
place like this?

BECCA

You could.

LINDSAY

I could.

A NURSE hurries toward them, clipboard in hand.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Perfect timing. Nurse! Please tell my
sister it is perfectly normal for a
man to take this long to splooge.

NURSE

In this environment? Sure, but we
really need him to get a move on.
Limited rooms, lots of eager donors.

The nurse gestures to a FIDGETY MAN squirming in his seat.

FIDGETY MAN

Let me blow my load already!

LINDSAY

I'll go talk to Paul.

BECCA

Yeah, like that will do anything.

LINDSAY

What does that mean?

BECCA

I mean you're all into this "fixing"
business, but you're not very good at
it. Like anything else you do.

LINDSAY

How dare you! Mark my words, I will fix this. I am a fixer.

EXT. SURROGACY AGENCY - DAY

A small building with stairs leading up to the front doors. A banner of a mother holding a baby hangs from the roof.

INT. SURROGACY AGENCY - ROOM - DAY

A closet of a room, with harsh lights and no windows. Adult magazines and videos lie stacked on a shelf.

Paul sits in a plastic chair and stares at a magazine while jerking off, distressed.

There's a KNOCK on the door and Paul freezes.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Bear, it's me. You okay in there?

PAUL

I'm fine, Lindsay! Everything's fine!

LINDSAY (O.S.)

You sure? The nurse really needs you to finish up soon.

PAUL

Oh no. More pressure.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Okay, let me in!

Paul gets up and unlocks the door. Lindsay bursts inside and slams the door behind her. It doesn't close.

PAUL

Ow, my ears.

Lindsay grabs Paul by the collar and yanks him close.

LINDSAY

Listen up, sonny! You want to be a dad? You want that sweet surrogate baby in your sad, pathetic life?

PAUL

Yes! Yes, I do!

LINDSAY

Then you need to grab that cup, look at that magazine, and blow your load like your life depends on it because guess what? Your baby's life does!

Paul lets out a battle cry and returns to his chair, magazine ready. He jacks off furiously.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

That's right! You make that baby!

INT. SURROGACY AGENCY - LOBBY - DAY

Paul's moans and Lindsay's screaming echo through the hallway. Becca rolls her eyes.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

I am a fixer!

INT. VERNON AND BECCA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Edgar and Vernon sit on the sofa chugging drinks. Vernon slams his empty glass down and whoops.

VERNON

Whoop! Thanks for drinking with me, man. I can't believe Becca wouldn't let me come with her today! I wanted to watch!

EDGAR

You know they don't actually have sex in a surrogacy center, right?

VERNON

I'm a doctor, Edgar! Of course I know that! I just wanted to see my wife get injected with that nerd's splooge!

EDGAR

So, I was thinking. You're in a rough patch right now.

VERNON

Like Peter Rabbit.

EDGAR

Malpractice, debt, a miserable family-it's hard to go through. I really feel for you.

VERNON

Thanks, man.

EDGAR

And you know who else would feel for you? An audience.

Edgar pulls out a binder full of story outlines and script pages. He flips through them with Vernon.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

I want to take your story, write it, and pitch it to my boss.

VERNON

I thought you wrote comedy.

EDGAR

Comedy is just tragedy with time. I learned that back in improv when they tried to show me the humor in my war flashbacks.

VERNON

Whoa, and it worked?

EDGAR

No, there's nothing funny about war. I just dissociated for an hour.

VERNON

Look, it's really cool that you want to write about me and like, literally any other time I'd be like "Hell yeah, dude!" But I'm still in the middle of my lawsuit.

EDGAR

This is the time for me to prove myself as a writer, and for you to prove yourself as... an interesting person.

VERNON

Sorry, dude, that's gonna be a hard no. My lawyer said Becca's not even allowed to know all the lawsuit details. I had to put a lock on my office to keep her out.

Vernon pulls a key out of his pocket.

EDGAR

No.

VERNON

Yes. No one's allowed in Peter's briar patch now.

EDGAR

That's Brer Rabbit, not-

VERNON

Man, I'm trying! You know how many rabbits are in Tallulah's picture books? A ton! Just multiplying!

Edgar grabs more liquor and pours it in Vernon's glass.

EDGAR

You sound like you need a drink.

INT. VERNON AND BECCA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Vernon is passed out drunk on the sofa, snoring. Edgar rolls him onto his side.

He sticks his hand in Vernon's pocket and pulls out the key.

EDGAR

It's my briar patch now, bitch.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Packed full of cars in stop-and-start traffic.

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Jimmy and Gretchen groan. He taps the wheel with his finger.

JIMMY

Of course you had to pick not only the tackiest chapel this side of the Western seaboard, but the freeway with the most traffic.

GRETCHEN

Blame the random number generator.

JIMMY

Nothing computer-generated can be truly random.

GRETCHEN

Well, you're the one who suggested this! We could head back right now and just have the wedding in October!

JIMMY

Except you canceled the deposit.

GRETCHEN

Oh yeah, I totally did that. Bam! Deposit super cancelled!

Jimmy gives her a look.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe not so canceled.

JIMMY

You said-

GRETCHEN

I was busy! Sam had an interview and let me tell you, the amount of damage control you have to do after a star throws his shoe at the radio host-

JIMMY

Fine, we'll take care of it when we get back. Just thinking about a traditional wedding makes me ill.

GRETCHEN

Yeah, that would be so lame. Like who needs their family's approval so desperately that they'd put themselves through that?

JIMMY

Not us!

Jimmy laughs and Gretchen weakly joins in.

The cars inch forward in front of them. Jimmy groans.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Screw this! You know what's fun and spontaneous? Taking the exit and following the backroads.

Jimmy drives recklessly down the shoulder and spthrough the exit.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ha! Goodbye traffic!

"Drive-In Buy-In"

EXT. DONNIE'S DRIVE-IN CHAPEL - NIGHT

A tacky drive-in chapel with 50s decor and neon lights. An Elvis caricature smiles on the big sign.

A long line of cars idles in the drive-thru lane.

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Gretchen groans and slides down her seat.

GRETCHEN

Hello traffic.

Jimmy pulls out a notebook.

JIMMY

Don't look so down! This gives me time
to fine-tune my heckles!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DRIVE-IN CHAPEL - NIGHT

The cars inch forward as the neon lights flicker above.

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Jimmy and Gretchen are one car away from the window.

Gretchen's head lolls out the window as Jimmy scribbles furiously in his notebook.

JIMMY

How about this? "This drive-in chapel is so tacky it could hold up the motivational posters in a public school."

GRETCHEN

Go for "suburban public school." It's sad because they're probably rich but can't get into private school.

Jimmy scribbles it in.

JIMMY

Ooh, that's good. Nothing quite like wasted potential.

The car in front of them drives away.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Finally!

GRETCHEN

Yay... Finally...

Jimmy pulls up to the window. An ELVIS impersonator, short, cheap wig and clothes, greets him.

JIMMY

Hello, "Elvis," I know this is a long shot for your esteemed establishment, but you wouldn't happen to have a Charlotte Bronte here, would you?

ELVIS

Yeah, don't know who that is.

JIMMY

There is no taste in the sodden bread
that is American culture.

GRETCHEN

Do you have anyone else who would
soothe Jimmy's poor British heart on
the day of his drive-in wedding?

ELVIS

Nope, there's only me.

JIMMY

Only you?

GRETCHEN

(forced)

Wow! What are the chances of that?

ELVIS

Our Marilyn tragically died from an
overdose, our Natalie mysteriously
drowned -- you get the picture. I'm
all that's left.

GRETCHEN

Well, here's hoping you don't have a
drug-induced heart attack.

JIMMY

Unbelievable! No one? Not even Orwell?
He lived to the 50s!

GRETCHEN

It's okay, Jimmy. We can just go home!
Have the wedding like normal!

Jimmy climbs out of his seat and points his finger at Elvis.

JIMMY

No. I demand you pull out whatever
sorry excuse of a costume you have and
ordain my wedding as Bronte.

ELVIS

Yeah, that's not happening.

JIMMY

Then I'm not moving!

Jimmy pulls out the keys to his ignition and hands them to
Gretchen, who is horrified.

Jimmy pulls out his list of heckles.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

In fact, I'm going to sit here all night and heckle you. First of all, have you considered changing the name from Donnie's Drive-In to Donnie's Die-In? Because you excel at making people want to die.

INT. SURROGACY AGENCY - LOBBY - NIGHT

Lindsay and Becca sit a seat apart, with Paul sitting in between them. They don't look at each other.

LINDSAY

So, Becca, I bet you see the error of your ways now. I can fix things.

BECCA

You brought your ex-husband to completion, which you've done a million times before.

PAUL

I thought it was inspiring.

LINDSAY

You're just jealous that I found a way to fix the situation.

BECCA

What's fixed? Paul came, but I'm still waiting for my baby injection. It's been hours!

Lindsay gestures for the Nurse. The Nurse reluctantly makes her way over.

LINDSAY

Nurse, how much longer does my sister have to wait to get her babybatter?

BECCA

Don't say that.

NURSE

All of our rooms are full. Worst case scenario, we'll need to reschedule.

BECCA

That's unacceptable! I've been here all day! I have a life! A life that will be improved once I get my artificial insemination!

The Nurse walks away.

Lindsay looks from Becca to the Nurse. She stands up from her chair.

BECCA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

LINDSAY
Fixing things.

Lindsay runs in front of the nurse and blocks her path. She gets uncomfortably close and twirls her hair.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Surely there must be something we can do to speed this up.

She unbuttons her own top and rips it open.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Right?

EXT. SURROGACY AGENCY - NIGHT

The nurse throws Lindsay, Becca, and Paul out the door. They collapse on the stairs.

NURSE
Out! If I see you here again, I'll call the cops!
(to Becca)
We will reschedule the artificial insemination for later this week. Without her.

The nurse walks back inside and slams the door. Becca gets up and kicks Lindsay.

BECCA
Congratulations, Lindsay! You got us kicked out of the clinic!

PAUL
Technically, Lindsay is the only one who's banned-

Lindsay gets up and kicks Becca back.

LINDSAY
I was fixing things!

BECCA

By sexually harassing a surrogacy nurse? God, if there's anything you need to fix it's yourself!

PAUL

I mean, she fixed my problem-

They both kick Paul in the face.

BECCA

Now, instead of fixing things, you have delayed my conception! My happiness!

LINDSAY

I wouldn't have done it if you had just let me think I'm good at something for once in our lives!

Becca steps in closer and stares Lindsay down.

BECCA

Well, what are you good at, Lindsay? Besides screwing up?

Lindsay stares at the ground.

BECCA (CONT'D)

That's right. Just screwing.

INT. VERNON AND BECCA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A narrow hallway plastered with shallow family photos, emphasis on Becca.

Edgar tiptoes through the hall and finds Vernon's office door. He pulls out the key and unlocks the door.

INT. VERNON AND BECCA'S HOUSE - VERNON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Messy with scattered files everywhere. Vernon's diploma is framed on the wall. A big safe sits behind the wood desk.

Edgar opens the door and walks in. The door CLICKS shut behind him.

He rushes to the safe and tries to open it. Locked.

EDGAR

There has to be a passcode somewhere.

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Edgar rummages through the papers on his desk. He frantically opens a folder.

The door SLAMS open. Edgar whirls around to find Vernon in the doorway.

VERNON

Dude, what are you doing in my office?

EDGAR

What are you doing in your office?

VERNON

You weren't there when I woke up. I thought I had a weird fever dream, but my liquor is all gone, dude.

EDGAR

Yeah, you drank a lot.

VERNON

Did you take my office key?

EDGAR

I just wanted to know what it's like to have an office. I'm not important enough to have one.

VERNON

And you never will be. Now get out. I've got a lot of important stuff on my desk.

Edgar looks down. The lawsuit files stare back at him.

EDGAR

What? Wait, then what's in the safe?

VERNON

My vintage Hot Wheels collection.

Vernon opens up the safe to look at his Hot Wheels. Edgar sticks the lawsuit papers down the back of his pants.

EDGAR

Wow, it's worth that much?

VERNON

Oh, no idea, dude, but the sentimental value? Priceless.

Edgar walks to the door.

EDGAR

Well, this has been fun, but I really need to head home.

VERNON

Oh, of course-

Vernon spies the papers sticking out of Edgar's pants. Edgar sprints, but Vernon grabs his belt and yanks him back inside.

VERNON (CONT'D)

Dude! Those are my lawsuit paper!

EDGAR

Listen up, Vernon. I'm gonna take what I need for my story, and you're gonna be cool with it.

VERNON

Sorry, bro. No one leaves the Briar patch with those documents.

Vernon slowly closes the door behind him and blocks it. Edgar and Vernon stare each other down.

EDGAR

You've made one fatal mistake here. See, I'm not trapped in here with you. You're trapped in here with me!

Edgar screams and runs at Vernon. He collides with Vernon's punch and falls down.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Okay. That probably works better when you're stronger than the other guy.

EXT. DRIVE-IN CHAPEL - NIGHT

The line of cars backs up into the street. CAR HONKS fill the air. PATRONS look exasperated.

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Gretchen drapes herself over the side of the car as Jimmy traces his finger down his paper.

JIMMY

Here's a good one: Do you glorify the 1950s because you'd rather pretend the human race is inherently wholesome, or is your aesthetic taste just that bad?

ELVIS

Who hurt you?

JIMMY

Oh, I've got a list for that too.

GRETCHEN

Jimmy, let's just go! Can't you see this isn't happening?

JIMMY

What, the Charlotte Bronte costume? Honestly, I'd settle for Anne or Emily at this point.

GRETCHEN

I'm not talking about Bronte, or Elvis, or any of that crap! I mean this! This!

Gretchen gestures to the two of them. Jimmy blinks. He lowers his heckle list.

JIMMY

This? Like us?

GRETCHEN

This Drive-in Buy-in! It's not fun, it's not spontaneous! It's just stupid, and dumb, and- and-!

JIMMY

What are you talking about? Did you take cocaine or something?

GRETCHEN

This is one of the worst ideas you have ever had, on so many levels! Like, this is up there with you getting a gym membership!

JIMMY

I mean, that was a horrid idea. Stuck in a building with a bunch of sweaty, baser people.

GRETCHEN

You're so set on doing this fast and dirty, but this sucks! I thought Donnie's would make you realize that!

JIMMY

No way. You purposely chose Donnie's? You sabotaged our Drive-in Buy-in?

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Gretchen throws her hands up in the air.

GRETCHEN

Yours, Jimmy! I don't want this!

JIMMY

What is going on with you? I thought you wanted to get this over with!

GRETCHEN

Is that what marrying me is to you? Just getting it over with?

JIMMY

It's a stupid ritual! You think it's stupid! You're Gretchen!

GRETCHEN

Yes, I do! But if I'm going to do it, maybe I want to do it in a way that won't make my parents disappointed in me forever!

JIMMY

How could they be disappointed? You're marrying me! Me, Gretchen!

Gretchen pushes Jimmy out of the car.

EXT. DRIVE-IN CHAPEL - NIGHT

Jimmy falls out of the car and rolls to the curb. Gretchen hops in the driver's seat and speeds away.

JIMMY

Gretchen!

ELVIS

Ooh, that's rough. Next customer!

The next car rushes up and nearly hits Jimmy. He screams.

JIMMY

Jesus Christ! This is why the rest of the world hates Americans!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Little traffic. Headlights pour over the road as cars drive by in waves.

Gretchen soars down the freeway in Jimmy's car.

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Gretchen drives with tears in her eyes. She tries to wipe them away.

Her phone RINGS. She swipes to answer the call on speaker.

GRETCHEN

Jimmy, leave me alone!

JIMMY (O.S.)

Oh, I would love to, except you took my car and left me at Donnie's! How am I supposed to get home from here?

GRETCHEN

Call an Uber or something!

JIMMY (O.S.)

And get in a car with some random stranger who might murder me or worse, talk to me about home improvement shows? Pass.

GRETCHEN

I know this is all just a joke or a mild inconvenience to you, but I'm not laughing right now!

JIMMY

Oh come on, like this isn't the least bit funny.

Gretchen sobs harder.

JIMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What's that weird noise?

GRETCHEN

What am I supposed to do, Jimmy? I can't make you happy, I can't make my parents happy, I can't make myself happy!

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JIMMY

That's because of the clinical depression thing, right? I did some reading on that, you know. Are you getting enough sunlight?

GRETCHEN

Goddamn it, Jimmy! You clearly don't get it, even though I thought you would after the shit you went through with your family!

JIMMY

What is there to get? Why is a traditional wedding so important?

GRETCHEN

Just shut up and leave me alone!

Gretchen ends the call and cries.

EXT. DRIVE-IN CHAPEL - NIGHT

The cars are moving fast now, in and out.

INT. DRIVE-IN CHAPEL - WINDOW ROOM - NIGHT

Neon lights. Garish costumes on clothing racks fill the room.

Elvis and BACKUP ELVIS, shorter and uglier, trade spots at the window.

Jimmy sits on the floor, his phone to his ear.

JIMMY

(on phone)

Hello Lindsay, do you know where Gretchen is?

INT./EXT. PAUL'S CAR - NIGHT

Paul drives with Lindsay in the passenger seat and Becca in the backseat.

LINDSAY

(on phone)

No. What happened? Did you have a fight? Did you hurt her? Because I will fix you like I fix everything else: by screwing you up!

JIMMY (O.S.)

She flipped out at me because apparently she didn't want a drive-in wedding, even though she said she did earlier, took my car, and stranded me!

LINDSAY

(on phone)

A drive-in wedding?

BECCA

Oh, that's pathetic.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Piss off, Becca! What's pathetic is you only feel worth when you're filled with something else! What's it this time, pricks or babies?

LINDSAY

Wow, I feel the same way.

INT. DRIVE-IN CHAPEL - WINDOW ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy pinches the bridge of his nose.

JIMMY

(on phone)

The point is Gretchen is so terrified of disappointing her parents, she actually wants a real wedding!

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Well, is she afraid a drive-in wedding will disappoint them, or you will?

JIMMY

Me? I am a writer, an absolute master of dry wit!

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Your first book was shelved, you don't have any awards or bestsellers, and on top of that, you come from a low-class and illiterate family.

JIMMY

That's insanity! I'm a person, not a collection of accomplishments!

LINDSAY (O.S.)

That's who they raised Gretchen to be.

Jimmy looks baffled.

JIMMY

Jesus, no wonder she's so messed up.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

So go find her and make things right.

JIMMY

Yeah, did you forget the part where I'm stranded? Get me out of here.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - NIGHT

Lindsay glances back at Becca, beaming.

LINDSAY

That's something I can fix!

EXT. DRIVE-IN CHAPEL - NIGHT

The line is as long as ever. A car pulls away and Paul drives the car up to the window.

INT./EXT. PAUL'S CAR - NIGHT

Elvis looks in the car and whistles.

ELVIS

Wow, so are all three of you trying to get married? Unfortunately, we can't legally ordain polygamy.

BECCA

We're sisters.

ELVIS

Can't do that either.

LINDSAY

We're here for the moody Englishman.

Elvis nods. He moves out of the way.

Jimmy climbs out the window and falls into the car onto Becca's lap.

JIMMY

Bet you never thought this would happen again.

Becca grimaces and pushes him off.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
And for good reason, clearly!

Elvis takes a closer look at Becca and Lindsay. He gasps.

ELVIS
You would be a wonderful Marilyn
Monroe!

BECCA
Oh, thank you! I am a natural blonde,
and my hair curls really well-

ELVIS
No, not you. You!

Becca stares in shock as Elvis points to Lindsay. Lindsay
points at herself.

LINDSAY
Me?

ELVIS
Yes! Why don't you apply for a job
here? We've got space for a Marilyn.
Or any other woman.

BECCA
Look at that! You wanna help them,
Lindsay? You're the fixer, after all.

LINDSAY
Thanks, but no thanks. I'm going to
focus on helping myself first.

BECCA
Oh? And how do you plan to do that?

Lindsay rips open her shirt. She climbs up onto the window
ledge, kicking Paul in the face.

LINDSAY
By helping myself to an Elvis
gangbang. Oh baby, I ain't nothing but
a hound dog!

ELVIS
We are not that type of establishment
ma'am. Not yet anyway.

Elvis SLAMS the window shut and turns on the "CLOSED" neon
sign. ANGRY SHOUTS come from the cars behind them.

"Drive-In Buy-In"

BECCA

Congratulations. Once again, you've screwed everything up for everyone.

Lindsay climbs back inside the car and pouts.

LINDSAY

I did them a favor. This place sucks.

INT. VERNON AND BECCA'S HOUSE - VERNON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The room is dark except for a harsh light shining down on an unconscious Edgar.

He slowly stirs awake and tries to move his arms. He looks down to find he's tied to a chair.

EDGAR

What the hell? Vernon? Vernon, you there?

Vernon emerges from the corner of the room. He has a surgeon scalpel in his hand.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Oh my god! You don't have to do this!

Vernon slowly walks closer. The scalpel gleams in the light.

VERNON

Sorry, dude. You did a bad, and that bad can't be un-did.

EDGAR

I just wanted to write a story! I didn't even read it yet, I swear!

VERNON

It's not about the documents now. No one leaves the Briar Patch alive.

Edgar thrashes violently in the chair, trying to break the ropes. They don't budge.

Edgar watches in horror as Vernon brings the scalpel incredibly close to Edgar's face.

VERNON (CONT'D)

Time to get scalpeled, little bunny.

Edgar closes his eyes and screams.

Suddenly, Vernon yanks it away. He turns on all the lights.

VERNON (CONT'D)

Ha! Psyche! Dude, you totally fell for it! God, I should've been an actor!

EDGAR

Jesus Christ! You don't do shit like that! I have PTSD!

VERNON

Sorry, man. I always wanted to do something like that in my life.

Edgar stares in disbelief.

VERNON (CONT'D)

Sorry to tie you up, man, but I've messed with war vets before and believe me, if you set off a flashback, they will end you.

EDGAR

I know. I've done that.

Vernon cuts Edgar out of the ropes with his scalpel. Edgar shakes them off.

VERNON

Anyway, I called my lawyer while you were snoozing. She said as long as you put a disclaimer that it's all a "work of fiction," you can read my files.

Vernon extends the papers to Edgar.

EDGAR

Are you kidding me? You've given me so much material tonight! Think about it! A writer goes to interview his surgeon friend, and he turns out to be a serial killer! It's perfect!

Edgar pushes past Vernon toward the door.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

I've gotta go home right now and write that pitch! My fingers are tingling with story!

VERNON

What? No! That is not the story I want you to tell about me!

EDGAR

Don't worry, I'll change the names and make a disclaimer that it's all fiction!

EXT. GRETCHEN'S OVERLOOK - NIGHT

Gretchen sits in Jimmy's car, eyes puffy and red. She looks out over the cliff and drinks from a beer bottle.

Paul's car pulls up a few spots away. Jimmy climbs out.

JIMMY

Thank you for that nightmare of a ride. Get your eyes checked, Paul.

PAUL

I do have a high genetic risk of developing cataracts. Maybe-

JIMMY

I do not care.

Jimmy walks toward his car.

LINDSAY

How much you want to bet Jimmy screws this up?

PAUL

I don't know. They make a lot of mistakes, but together? They either cancel each other out or make things incredibly worse.

BECCA

(to Lindsay)

If it were you trying to fix this, I'd bet it all. All in.

LINDSAY

All in? Oh, Becca, you believe in me that much?

BECCA

No, I meant-

LINDSAY

That's the nicest thing you've ever said to me!

Lindsay climbs into the back and hugs Becca. Becca awkwardly pats her.

PAUL

Would you look at that? Maybe you're a fixer too, Becca.

BECCA

I really doubt that, but thank you.

INT./EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Gretchen looks up as Jimmy leans against the car. He swipes takes a beer bottle from Gretchen's liquor store bag.

JIMMY

So you think your parents won't like me. I suppose that's a compliment.

GRETCHEN

I mean, you did destroy the complex web of lies I fed my parents my whole life to get some fraction of approval.

JIMMY

Did you ever get it?

GRETCHEN

No. Just some fake shell of it.

JIMMY

If it makes you feel better, I was completely honest with my family and I still got nothing.

Jimmy takes a swig of his beer.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I don't know what your family was like growing up, but I hate that they've convinced you that you're unlovable, or not good enough, or whatever nonsense they put into your little ginger head.

Gretchen lowers her beer.

GRETCHEN

They pushed me to always be better, and my better was never enough.

JIMMY

Well, it's enough for me. Though you could be a bit neater.

GRETCHEN

You're not upset that I want my parents' approval so much that I sabotaged your drive-in buy-in?

JIMMY

A little, but it was a rubbish idea anyway. Wretched taste.

Jimmy climbs into the passenger seat and stares out at the cliff with Gretchen.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Besides, while I am now a well-adjusted adult with no need for things like familial approval, considering they're all dead to me or literally dead, I knew that feeling once.

Gretchen smiles.

GRETCHEN

How about this? I get the big traditional wedding to appease my parents while I work on the whole self-love thing... and you get Charlotte Bronte as our ordained minister.

JIMMY

Really? You would do that for me?

GRETCHEN

What do you say? Bronte Buy-in?

JIMMY

Bronte Buy-in.

They clink beer bottles and drink.

GRETCHEN

So you got an Uber after all.

JIMMY

No, Lindsay came to get me. Shut down Donnie's trying to bone the Elvises.

GRETCHEN

She did them all a favor.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

That's what I said!

END OF SHOW

"Drive-In Buy-In"