

EMERGENCY CONTACT

By

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Based on True Events

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EXT. JOSHUA TREE - EARLY MORNING

Cotton candy sky.

Jackrabbits and roadrunners scurry past desert plants.

It would be quite peaceful if not for...

IZ COOPER (35) runs around hysterically, scaling boulders and yelling at the top of her lungs.

IZ

Helmut! Helmut? HELMUT!

She turns, eyes blazing, toward someone we can't see.

IZ

Go away! There is literally nothing
you can do for me!

INT. DAKOTA'S HOME - EVENING

We're at a bridal shower in a big, beautiful home. The party guests could make a fortune as genetic donors -- all rich, smart, and symmetrical.

Iz winds her way through the party with BEN (30s). She schmoozes as she goes, starting with a well-dressed man, PARTYGOER #1.

IZ

Dan! Season One of Bookish was
amazing! I bet that show is a dream
to work on.

PARTYGOER #1

It is, yeah. You're Dakota's maid
of honor, right?

IZ

(avoiding)

Isn't Dakota amazing? Enjoy the
party!

She sees her next target, PARTYGOER #2.

IZ

Carla, Hi! Dakota's best friend, Iz
Cooper! We met at Reese's Emmy
party last year!

PARTYGOER #2

Um... yeah. Dakota looks so happy.
Nice job with the party.

IZ

Oh, I didn't... Thank you, enjoy!

Iz and Ben keep moving.

BEN

Reese's party?

IZ

I was bartending. That counts.

BEN

This must be hard for you, babe. We
don't have to stay.

IZ

Yes we do, Ben! Dakota is my best
friend. Besides, look who's here!

Ben looks around.

BEN

Who's here?

IZ

Literally everyone. How do I look?

BEN

Beautiful. The price tag on your
dress came out again.

IZ

Tuck it in! Oh my god! How long was
it out? Did anyone see?

BEN

You should just take it off and
keep this dress. It looks great on
you!

IZ

It was \$700.

BEN

Upon further inspection, it's not
your color.

Iz grabs a drink off a passing tray and takes a giant sip.

IZ
 Damn it, this party looks
 incredible. But if one more person
 thinks I'm --

PARTYGOER #3
 You're Dakota's --

IZ
 Maid of honor?

PARTYGOER #3
 Yes!

IZ
 No.

PARTYGOER #3
 Oh.

IZ
 Her childhood best friend from
 Dallas is an event planner...

Iz points to EMILY (35), a bubbly shot of adorable naivety,
 rearranging a bouquet of lilies on a side table.

IZ
 So she's the maid of honor. Isn't
 that perfect? It's perfect! I sure
 think it's perfect. Excuse me.

Iz grabs Ben and beelines toward DAKOTA SAMMS (35),
 Hollywood's dream beauty, in a conversation with her FIANCÉ
 (male, buff, 40's) and BEAU (male, 40'S).

IZ
 Dakota!

DAKOTA
 Iz! Yay! You're here!

Dakota puts her arm out and spins Iz to her in a dance move.
 They hug. Dakota flutters her eye lashes at her fiancée.

DAKOTA
 Dearest, Almost Hubby, grab me a
 mojito?

She pinches his butt as he leaves. Dakota flips back around
 to the group.

DAKOTA

Beau, you've met Iz and Ben!
They're getting married next...
(to Iz and Ben)
Tell me you've set a date.

BEN

Still saving up. These things
aren't cheap--

IZ

(cuts him off.)
Destination weddings are so hard to
plan. You'll be the first to know
once we decide, Koda!

DAKOTA

Well, if you need a *bridesman* who -
20is also a professional make up
artist, reserve Beau now, he books
up fast!

Beau jokingly slaps her shoulder and air kisses Iz.

BEAU

Iz, how's your movie coming along?
The one about human trafficking
that's going to change the world.

Iz lights up.

IZ

I'm still looking for funding. Do
you happen to have a rich relative
who wants a sexless sugar baby?

BEAU

My husband is available. It'd be
sexless, but also moneyless. Our
retirement funds are now named
"Margot" and "Dean".

He holds up his phone with a picture of two adorable kids.

IZ

Hold them close. They would go for
a pretty penny on the black market.
I mean... Look at those cheeks!

Dakota waves over another beauty, NIKKI, (early 30's), who
readily joins the group.

DAKOTA

Nikki! Come meet Iz! Nikki is my other bridesmaid.

NIKKI

Guilty!

IZ

So nice to finally meet you, Nikki! I've been meaning to visit the *Phoenix* set.

EMILY

We talkin' about *Phoenix*? It's my favorite show!

Emily sidles up to Dakota's other side, her Texan southern drawl is THICK.

EMILY

Hi ya'll!

DAKOTA

Emily! Now that the maid of honor is here, my bridal party is complete! This week is going to be perfect!

Dakota squeals and initiates a group hug. Iz's face is squished in the huddle while she glares at Emily's naive charisma. The group hug releases.

DAKOTA

Em, you may recognize Nikki, she--

EMILY

Plays Doctor D'arcy Carson, the best surgeon/spy in all of Arizona!

NIKKI

Wow. You do like the show.

EMILY

I've watched every episode like six times with my mom.

BEAU

Your mom. Love that!

Laughter. Everyone is charmed by Emily's innocence, except Iz.

DAKOTA

I met Iz years ago...

Iz snaps out of her "Emily sucks" daydream when she hears her name.

DAKOTA

...while working out at an Equinox, before I even landed my first role. Iz said she was a director and I was like, "okay, you're my new best friend. Now make me famous".

IZ

You did that on your own. She obviously stands out at a gym, or anywhere, for that matter.

Tipsy laughter.

DAKOTA

Iz first introduced herself to me by saying, "You're only as good as the company you keep. I'm great. So we should be friends.

More tipsy laughing.

IZ

Seven years later...

Iz and Dakota side-hug.

DAKOTA

Speaking of company...
(whispers to Iz)
A lot of my work friends are here.
Wanna maybe do a loop?

Iz looks guiltily toward Ben.

BEN

Don't worry about me! I brought a book.

Iz squeals and peels away with Dakota. Ben gives a big thumbs-up.

MONTAGE

- Iz puts on a show, more schmoozing with A-listers like she's one of them. She's found new confidence with Dakota at her side.

- Iz with some Anna Wintour-esque fashion types:

IZ
 Fashion is like eating, you
 shouldn't stick to the same menu.

- Iz with a few sharply-dressed LGBTQ+ beauties.

IZ
 Yes! Labels are for clothes, not
 people...

- Iz with some attractive geek-culture influencers.

IZ
 (in Klingon)
 nuvpu' val QorghwI'pu' ngojwI'pu'
 (TRANSLATION: Comic-Con is Paris
 Fashion Week for smart people.)

- Dakota is pulled away Emily for God knows what.
- Standing alone, Iz's eyes scan the room.

- IZ'S POV

Around the heads of specific party guests, a BUSINESS CARD GRAPHIC (BIZ-CARDS) appears, identifying names, dossiers, resume details, and even personal tidbits:

"Don Priest: Head of Development at Birch Productions, Vegan, Loves hiking, Severe halitosis."

"Angelique DeMonte: EP of *Phoenix*, Mother of twins, Afraid of seagulls."

Etc.

- Some of the BIZ-CARDS turn green.
- Iz targets those people and initiates introductions.
- Iz scans the room again. Her eyes light up.

A GREEN BIZ-CARD SHIMMERS AND SPARKLES over a powerful-- looking Black woman in her late 40s: BRITTANI HOFFMAN.

- We CUT CLOSE ON HER CARD to learn her deets:

Prolific Film Producer, Cocker Spaniel's name is Chewey, Never takes a lunch break.

END MONTAGE.

BACK TO SCENE

Iz stands paralyzed by equal parts fear and excitement.

Iz winds through the room until she finds Ben sitting on a couch, reading "Madam Bovary". She grabs him by the arm.

IZ

Brittani Hoffman is here.

This is big news.

BEN

She's the one?

IZ

Yes! Yes. It's finally going to happen. With Brittani's track record, my film will finally get made.

Iz drags Ben toward Dakota who is shoving olives in her mouth.

IZ

You didn't tell me Brittani Hofmann was going to be here.

DAKOTA

Oh! B.B. made it!
(re: the olives)
Emily said there's never time for the bride to eat, so...

IZ

I know this night is about you, but is there any chance you could make that intro for me? Every time we've tried before --

DAKOTA

I know, she's hard to pin down. Yes. I can... It's kind of awkward to bring the movie up here, you know? Just be casual. Then casually drop in how this story has to be made for the good of the world.

IZ

You're a goddess, Koda! Any other tips before we go over?

A nostalgic song from the early 2000's comes on and a smile explodes onto Dakota's face.

IZ
Yeah? What? What's the tip, 'Koda?

DAKOTA
The song.

IZ
Does she like this song?

Dakota looks past Iz.

Iz looks over her shoulder to find Emily.

Dakota squeals.

DAKOTA
Our song!

EMILY
I requested it!

Emily and Dakota unite on the dance floor for their own private dance party. Iz tries to inject herself in to the moment.

IZ
Dancing is fun! We should invite more people to dance. Like, oh, I don't know... Brittani? I bet Brittani likes to dance. Who doesn't like to dance?

Dakota and Emily keep belting along in their own world.

Iz gives up and joins Ben who is now inspecting a house plant.

BEN
This is so healthy! I wonder what fertilizer Dakota uses.

IZ
Can you see her?

BEN
Dakota?

IZ
Brittani. Is she still there. I don't want to look.

BEN
Why don't you want to look?

IZ
I don't want her to see me looking.

BEN
Well, I don't know what she looks like.

IZ
Important.

BEN
There's a lot of that going on here.

Iz turns around and spots Brittani alone near the bar.

IZ
No one's talking to her right now.

BEN
Do you want to wait for Dakota to come back?

IZ
Yeah, but who knows how long Brittani will stay. She might just be "making an appearance," ya know?

BEN
Can't you ask Dakota to set up coffee with her or something? Somewhere less loud?

IZ
I have. Like twelve times. It's happening tonight. Be my wingman?

BEN
Always. Though I prefer the term "wing candy."

Iz and Ben approach Brittani. Her eyes are glued to her phone. They hang around her an uncomfortable beat, waiting for her to look up. Eventually...

IZ
(shouting over the music)
Hi, I'm Iz. I'm Dakota's best friend.

Brittani looks up from her phone.

BRITTANI HOFFMAN
Nice to meet you. Brittani.

IZ
This is Ben. My fiancé.

BRITTANI HOFFMAN
Hi.

Ben waves. Brittani texts.

IZ
So, how do you know Dakota?

BRITTANI HOFFMAN
(without looking)
We've worked together.

IZ
Ah, nice. A fellow female in the
industry. You behind the camera or
in front of it? I myself am --

Brittani's phone dings.

BRITTANI HOFFMAN
Will you excuse me? It's noon in
Tokyo.

Brittani answers her phone in Japanese and walks away. Iz's
shoulders slump.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Iz sits on a bunch of coats strewn about on a fancy bed. Her
phone BUZZES. She doesn't recognize the number but answers.

IZ
Hello?

Iz listens to a voice we can't hear, perplexed.

IZ
Sorry... you have the wrong number.

INT. DAKOTA'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Iz rushes to Ben, who is starting to fit in quite well with
Dakota's friend group. Emily is finishing a story.

EMILY
Dakota and I didn't know what
"anaconda" meant! We just thought
it was a funny song about butts.
(MORE)

Needless to say, we did not win the talent show!

Laughter. Ben notices Iz's face.

BEN
Everything okay?

IZ
I just got a call from a dog-walking service.

DAKOTA
Did you get another dog?

IZ
I'll never get another dog. Remember Gia Delgado?

BEN
Sure!

DAKOTA
Should I?

IZ
That drunk train wreck who used to come to all my screenings and stuff?

DAKOTA
Oh, your fan?

IZ
Her dog walker is trying to get a hold of her.

Iz gets lost in her thoughts for a sec.

IZ
Apparently, I'm her emergency contact.

BEN
Is she okay?

DAKOTA
That's weird.

BEN
What did you tell them?

IZ
I said they had the wrong number. Was that wrong? I dunno. I haven't seen her in two years.

DAKOTA
(to the group)
Gia was Iz's charity case.

IZ
I felt bad for her.

BEN
C'mon. You seemed to enjoy her
company.

Iz squeezes Ben's arm to silence him.

DAKOTA
Shake it off. Let's have a good
night. No... a good wedding week...
with all of my favorite people
right here!

Dakota embraces Iz, Ben, Emily, Nikki, and Beau.

BEAU
(playfully mocking Iz)
*You're only as good as the company
you keep.*

Beau holds his mojito out. Iz toasts him. They settle back
into the party vibe.

NIKKI
So Iz, what do you do?

IZ
(proudly)
I'm a director.

INT. SOUND STAGE - MORNING

CLOSE ON a film slate with DIRECTOR IZ COOPER on it.

Slate claps. EXITS FRAME, revealing:

A female hand reaching toward a male crotch.

IZ (O.S.)
And... ACTION!

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT, revealing the hand belongs to an ACTRESS
dressed as a CEO, and the crotch belongs to an ACTOR dressed
as a DELIVERY MAN.

ACTOR
Here's your package.

ACTRESS
But I want THIS package.

The Delivery Man awkwardly breaks the fourth wall and speaks TO CAMERA.

ACTOR

There's no shame in reporting sexual harassment. It's never the victim's fa--

(to the CEO)

Okay, that's too close.

IZ

Dianne, again, you should not actually touch Todd's crotch.

ACTRESS

I'm just trying to give him something to react to.

ACTOR

I don't need that.

IZ

He's doing great.

(to her crew)

You're doing great.

(sotto; listless)

We're all doing great.

EXT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

Iz leans against a brick wall, showing the COMMERCIAL PRODUCER (50'S, male) something on her phone.

IZ

Look at these matte box filters. They smooth skin in a very natural way. If we work with Dianne again we could rent --

COMMERCIAL PRODUCER

Nah, you could shoot these industrial spots on an old school flip phone and this client would be over the moon.

IZ

Yeah, but don't you want the work to be good?

BUZZ. Iz gets a phone call.

IZ

One sec.

Iz picks up the call.

IZ
Iz Cooper speaking.

OFFICER BRUBAKER (V.O.)
Hello, Ms. Cooper. This is Officer
Brubaker from the LAPD.

Iz walks away, finding a more private place to talk.

IZ
Uh... How can I help you?

OFFICER BRUBAKER (V.O.)
Gotta-Go Dog Walking Service has
you listed as the emergency contact
for Gia Delgado. And I'm sorry to
tell you this, ma'am, but she has
been discovered in her apartment,
deceased.

Iz stands motionless as his words sink in.

IZ
Oh my gosh... How did she die?

OFFICER BRUBAKER
We're processing the scene right
now. Gonna be a bit before we know
more.

IZ
Okay.

OFFICER BRUBAKER
You should notify the other family
members. I'm sorry for your loss.

IZ
I'm not a family mem--

Dial tone. Iz is dumbfounded, like whaaaaa?

INT. IZ'S CAR (PARKED) - MOMENTS LATER

SLAM. The car door shuts.

Iz sits in the driver's seat.

She searches Gia's social media friends list. Types in
"Delgado" and finds Gia's dad.

Decides against sending a DM.

Into the search engine, Iz types "Delgado + Georgia + Family Business + something about cars". She scrolls through the results: and comes to Delgado Tires.

She clicks on the number listed. She's surprised to find she's trembling.

MR DELGADO (V.O.)
Delgado Tires.

IZ
Could I speak to Mr. Delgado,
please?

MR. DELGADO
This is Mr. D.

IZ
Hi Mr... D. My name is Iz. I'm
calling about Gia.

MR. DELGADO (V.O.)
Is this *the* Izzy?

The mention of this pet name has Iz confused and overwhelmed.

MR. DELGADO (V.O.)
Was wondering when I was gonna meet
you! You planning some sort of
surprise for Gia or something?

Iz breathes deeply.

IZ
Mr. Delgado... I'm so sorry.
There's no easy way to share this.
Um... I just got a call from the
police.

MR. DELGADO (V.O.)
What's that now?

IZ
Gia has passed away.

MR. DELGADO (V.O.)
What?
(A long pause)
No. No. No. You're teasin'. You're
teasin'.

IZ

I wish I was, sir. I'm sorry.

Mr. Delgado starts to hyperventilate.

MR. DELGADO (V.O.)

This can't be real... What happened? How? Her mother's gonna... I can't... Oh God. Oh God...

This is effecting Iz. This sucks.

IZ

They're still trying to figure out what happened.

MR. DELGADO (V.O.)

We'll book the first flight we can outta Atlanta. Oh god. Oh my god.

INTERCUT: IZ ON THE PHONE IN HER CAR AND IZ PARKING AND WALKING UP TO AN OLD APARTMENT BUILDING.

MR. DELGADO (V.O.)

Could you let the rest of your friends know?

IZ

Actually, we don't really have any of the same fr--

(stops herself)

IZ

(hesitantly)

I'll let everyone know.

MR. DELGADO (V.O.)

We could have a small gathering when we get in. A memorial service. I can't believe I'm saying that. "Memorial service."

IZ

(trying to sound comforting)

I'm sure someone local can help you organize it.

MR. DELGADO (V.O.)

She didn't talk much about other friends. Just you.

Iz knows she's a dick for saying what she's about to say but tries to sound as sensitive as she can.

IZ

I'm probably not the best person to take this on. I'm in a wedding this week. Not just any wedding--

Mr. Delgado starts to cry.

MR. DELGADO (V.O.)

What about her work? They need to know. Her apartment, all her things? I've never done this before. Both my parents are still alive. I can't believe... I can't...

There's heaving, he's now all-out sobbing.

IZ

I'll handle everything until you get here. It'll be okay.

MR. DELGADO

I don't know what we'd do without you.

IZ

I'm so sorry. I'm so so sorry. Goodnight, Mr. Delgado.

MR. DELGADO

Wait! What about Lafayette? He needs his liver medication. We gotta protect Gia's baby.

IZ

(a pained sigh)
I'll go right now.

EXT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

On foot, Iz arrives at an old building...Gia's building.

INT. GIA'S HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Iz knocks on a door labeled "manager."

The manager, SILVIA (20s) opens the door, with a TODDLER on her hip.

IZ
Hi, I'm Iz. I'm here to pick up
Gia's dog, Lafayette.

SILVIA
Silvia.
(re: the toddler)
And this is Hector.

Hector the toddler gives Iz a stink face full of snot
bubbles. Iz can't look away.

SILVIA
Come on in. So sorry for your loss.

INT. MANAGER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Iz walks into the manager's cramped one-bedroom apartment.

SILVIA'S HUSBAND is placing a microwaved dinner on a card
table. An INFANT is CRYING in a pack n play.

Sylvia sets Hector down and picks up her infant to soothe
him. Hector sprints around the apartment. Chaos.

SILVIA
So you must be Gia's best friend?

IZ
(not really)
Uhh. Sure.

Iz scans the place and sees a blind pit bull, bumping into
the couch. This is Gia's dog, LAFAYETTE.

IZ
Hi, Lafayette.

He finds his way to Iz's hand and rubs his face against it.
Iz recoils slightly but his unadulterated adoration is just
too cute. She pets him under his chin.

Hector grabs Iz's leg and sits on her foot.

SILVIA
Don't worry. You won't hurt him.

Iz's face says, "Not worried about that." Lafayette bumps
into the wall.

HECTOR
Boom. Boom. BOOM!

SILVIA
What did Mommy say about yelling
when I have a headache?

HECTOR
Booom! Booom!

Iz follows Silvia into the kitchen, dragging Hector on her leg. It's hard to focus.

IZ
Did you happen to... Did you happen
to grab... Did you get the dog's
medication from her apartment?

Silvia shakes her head no.

IZ
Okay, could you let me into her
apartment so I can look for it?

Silvia is trying to comfort the now crying infant.

IZ
It's just... It's a sick dog.
Wouldn't want a *second* tragedy.

Hector lets go of Iz to join in with the crying.

SILVIA
The police roped it off. It's
illegal to enter without them
present.

Silvia hands the infant to Iz and pulls out her phone. Iz looks to Silvia's husband.

IZ
You wanna take the baby? No? Cool.

SILVIA
I'll call the cops now. Shouldn't
be more than an hour, maybe 90
minutes.

IZ
(holding out the infant)
Okay, I'll just go wait in my car
and you can text me.

SILVIA
You can wait here. It's no trouble,
really.

IZ

Oh...kay.

She sits on the couch, holding the crying baby.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. MANAGER'S APARTMENT - HOURS LATER

Iz sits on the couch, holding the now-sleeping baby.

The light is much dimmer, suggesting hours have passed. She's flanked by other members of the family watching television. Hector reaches into a popcorn bowl on Iz's lap.

Silvia enters.

SILVIA

Cops are here.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Silvia leads Iz down the dingy hallway and up some stairs. They pass MR. SUAREZ, an elderly man.

MR. SUAREZ

Cops are back?

SILVIA

Oh, Iz, this is Mr. Suarez. He and Gia were laundry buddies.

(to Mr. Suarez)

Iz was Gia's best friend.

IZ

That's an overstatement, really.

MR. SUAREZ

I missed her today while I was folding my socks.

Iz and Silvia arrive at Gia's apartment door to find OFFICER BRUBAKER (35). He has a pen and paper out.

OFFICER BRUBAKER

Can I get each of your names and relationships to the victim before I let you in?

SILVIA

Silvia Gonzales, apartment manager.

IZ
Iz Cooper.

SILVIA
Gia's best friend.

Iz watches the officer scribble.

IZ
You writing that down?

OFFICER BRUBAKER
(as he writes)
Gia's... best... friend.

IZ
Just "normal" friend.

Officer Brubaker looks up.

IZ
"Best friend" might be a bit of
hyperbole.

OFFICER BRUBAKER
You want me to start this paperwork
over?

IZ
Just wanted to be accurate in case
this was an "official statement".

Off the officer's blank stare.

IZ
Whatever you wrote is fine.

Officer puts his pen and pad away. Turns and removes the
caution tape on the door. Lets Iz and Silvia into --

INT. GIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Gia's apartment is impeccably clean and organized, but tacky.
We see GIA DELGADO(30's) for the first time in a picture of
her with an older couple, we can only assume are her parents.

Clichéd motivational wall art is everywhere:

- "Grant me the serenity to accept me for me."

Iz stares at a particularly somber one.

- "Live every day like it's your last."

Iz walks into the kitchen and stops. She sees a discolored spot on the tile floor. Iz bends to inspect and discovers a slight smear of what appears to be blood mixed with a few strands of Gia's hair.

OFFICER BRUBAKER

Oof. Looks like we missed a spot.

FLASHBACK - INT. GIA'S CONVERTABLE - SUNSET

Gia's hair whips in the wind as she drives through Joshua Tree National park, windows down. She smiles toward the unseen passenger.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. GIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Iz studies the bloody hair. The officer picks up a dust-free trinket.

OFFICER BRUBAKER

This is a cute place. If I drank as much as she did, my place would be a wreck. My place is already a wreck, but it'd be worse.

IZ

(defensive)

She didn't drink. She was in recovery.

OFFICER BRUBAKER

If you call dying of alcohol poisoning "in recovery", then yeah, she was "in recovery".

IZ

Is that what--is that how she died?

OFFICER BRUBAKER

Yup. It sucks cause she was an organ donor.

Off Iz's face.

OFFICER BRUBAKER

And it sucks cause she's dead.

INT. GIA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Iz is alone. She scans Gia's vanity. Where she finds more inspirational quotes on Post-it notes and some photos of Iz and Gia when Iz had tried pink highlights.

She sees Lafayette's LIVER MEDICATION on the dresser. Grabs it.

She sees Gia's WALLET and PHONE. She shouts to the living room.

IZ

Hey Officer, don't you need her phone, wallet and stuff? You know, to check for foul play or anything?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER BRUBAKER (O.S.)

Already did the routine check of those! This was cut and dry.

(beat)

COME ON!

Iz jumps.

OFFICER BRUBAKER (O.S.)

The Chargers just missed a field goal.

Iz hears the sound of the game playing on the officer's phone.

Iz picks up Gia's phone and stares at the lock screen.

Iz scans the desk again, looking back to the wallet. Looks at Gia's I.D. Card.

IZ

(while hitting 1024)
October twenty-fourth.

The phone opens.

IZ

Gia. You basic.

A notification pops up:

"NO SIGN EMOJI, BEER EMOJI: Hey Gia, Just a reminder that you offered to bring cookies to tonight's meeting for Tony's birthday."

Another notification pops up:

"AA MEETING. It will take 24 minutes to get to Grace Bible Church."

OFFICER BRUBAKER (O.S.)
Come on, Herbert! You gonna sit on
the ball till it hatches?!

Football sounds. Iz pockets Gia's phone.

INT. GIA'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Iz heads toward the door where Silvia is waiting. The Officer follows, eyes still on his phone.

IZ
Got the medicine. Thanks.

Iz reaches for the door knob and sees a BOX OF ENTENMANN'S COOKIES on the side table. The officer notices.

OFFICER BRUBAKER
She won't be needing them.

She has the sudden urge to punch him. But grabs the cookies and heads out.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS WITH a box of Entenmann's cookies in Iz's hands as she enters a multipurpose rec room. Lafayette is trailing on a leash behind her.

Iz locks eyes with SIMONE (50). There's a flash of recognition in both of their eyes.

IZ
Hi, I'm Gia Delgado's friend, Iz.

SIMONE
Welcome, Iz. I'm Simone.

IZ
Simone, yes! We actually met about
4 years ago. I came with Gia to her
first meeting.

SIMONE
Are you here to support Gia this
evening? She's sharing tonight. I'm
about to get things started.

Iz lowers her eyes. Simone notices Lafayette and the cookies. She lets out a defeated sigh.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Iz and Simone sit alone in a corner, far away from the last few people spilling in. Simone is hunched over, crushed.

IZ

I figured coming here tonight was the best way to let you know. I'll let you guys get to your meeting.

Simone is deep in thought, pained.

SIMONE

I've been sober for 20 years, but god, I want to drink right now.

Iz can't tell if she's serious.

IZ

Please don't?

SIMONE.

Gia was a light here in the group. She'd been hurt a lot, but she still saw the best in everybody. My heart aches for her. For us. Do you accept hugs?

Iz wasn't expecting that, but nods. SIMONE wraps her in a surprisingly comforting embrace. Iz relaxes into it. Then--

Over Simone's shoulder, Iz recognizes several INDUSTRY PEOPLE in attendance and BIZ-CARD GRAPHICS appear.

"Martin Beldaire: Oscar winning writer, Crashed his Tesla into Canter's Deli while intoxicated."

Etc.

Iz's eyes widen when:

Brittani Hoffman (from Dakota's party) walks in!!!

IZ

Brittani Hoffman? She's an incredible producer.

SIMONE

(Kindly)

We don't really talk about what we do here.

IZ

Oh, sure. Yeah. Anonymous.

SIMONE

Brittani's going to be crushed.

(beat)

Tonight's an open meeting. You're welcome to stay. I'm going to tell the group, then play it by ear.

Iz watches Brittani take a seat. Iz gets an idea.

IZ

I'll tell them, if that's okay.

Simone looks hesitant but agrees.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT- LATER

Folding chairs are set up in a circle.

SIMONE

Good evening, my name is Simone, and I'm an Alcoholic.

AA GROUP

Hi, Simone.

SIMONE

I know this is unusual, but unfortunately, we have a sad announcement. I'm going to let Iz share.

Iz takes the podium.

IZ

Hi, I am sorry to say --

AA ATTENDEE #1

Who are you?

IZ

Who am I? I'm just --

AA ATTENDEE #2

What is your name?

IZ
Oh. My name is Iz.

AA GROUP
Hi, Iz.

AA ATTENDEE #1
And what are you?

IZ
A film director.

SIMONE
Guys, she's a visitor.

People shift in their seats.

IZ
I'm not an alcoholic. I'm here
because... I'm sorry to say that
Gia Delgado...has passed away.

GASPS. MUMBLES.

GROUP MEMBERS
What happened?/Was she sick?/I
can't believe this/etc.

IZ
I just came from her place. The
authorities say it was...
(rethinks this)
It looks like she had some kind of
accident. A bad fall, maybe.

AA ATTENDEE #3 is getting choked up.

AA ATTENDEE #3
This can't be real. Gia?

Everyone is quiet.

AA ATTENDEE #4
Tom, alcoholic.

AA GROUP
Hi, Tom.

AA ATTENDEE #4
Gia was always kind to me. And to
have a friend like you... She told
me what a rock you were for her
sobriety.

Iz's eyes are drawn to Brittani while she receives this praise.

AA ATTENDEE #3

Thanks for coming to share this with us on behalf of Gia. You're a good friend. The kind of friend we all need.

SIMONE

How are you doing Iz? Probably still in shock, I assume.

IZ

(honest, gut reaction)
A lot of shock. This whole situation feels so strange.

BRITTANI HOFFMAN

I'm Brittani, I'm an alcoholic.

AA GROUP

Hi, Brittani.

BRITTANI HOFFMAN

Maybe those of us in the program who were close with Gia could get together? Celebrate her life some way?

A few people nod their heads.

BRITTANI HOFFMAN

Brenda. Tom. Rick. I know you guys go way back.

Iz assesses the opportunity in front of her.

IZ

Well, actually, as Gia's... best friend, I wanted to extend an invitation to you to the event I'm throwing in celebration of her memory.

BRITTANI HOFFMAN

Oh, when?

IZ

Um. Sundayyyyyy, I think? Finalizing details.

BRITTANI HOFFMAN

Sunday would be ideal.

IZ

Sunday it is. I'm throwing a wake
for my best friend Gia on Sunday.
And you're all invited.

We stay on Iz's satisfied face while Simone takes the podium.

SIMONE (O.S.)

Okay, in light of today's news, why
don't we make tonight's topic,
"true friendship".

INT. ECCLESIA CHURCH - LATER

A small pocket of people lingering post-meeting. Iz waits for
Brittani to become available.

IZ

Hey, I feel like we've met before.
Didn't we chat for a hot second at
Dakota Samms' bridal shower.

BRITTANI HOFFMAN

Yes, you looked familiar. Thought
maybe you were an actor.

IZ

Nope. Director. Indie films. Female-
driven. I actually wrote a feature
that I'm very passionate about. It
tears into the world of sex
trafficking among rich businessmen.

Iz waits for a reaction from Brittani that never comes.

IZ

But yeah, I'm in Dakota's wedding.
She's my best friend.

BRITTANI HOFFMAN

I thought Gia was your best friend.

IZ

(quick recovery)
I feel like best friend is a tier,
more than a ranking.

BRITTANI HOFFMAN

Ah. Were Dakota and Gia friends
too?

IZ
 Oh God, no!
 (another quick recovery)
 Dakota and Gia, they just run in
 very different circles.

BRITTANI HOFFMAN
 I really liked Gia. Really kind. I
 was always glad to see her at
 meetings.

IZ
 I'm actually the one who brought
 her to her first meeting after her
 DUI.

BRITTANI HOFFMAN
 I'm sure that was a comfort to her.
 (looks at her cell)
 Gotta run. It's six in Madrid.

Brittani scurries off.

IZ
 (attempting a joke)
 I thought it was noon in Tokyo.
 (Then)
 See you Sunday!

INT. IZ'S APARTMENT - LATE

Iz, struggling to carry an large, exhausted Lafayette,
 tiptoes into her modest one-bedroom apartment. From the
 shadows --

BEN (O.S.)
 Hey, babe.

IZ
 (startled)
 Gah!

Ben turns on the light. His eyes are red and puffy. Lafayette
 barks in Ben's general direction.

BEN
 Lafayette, come to Uncle Benny, you
 poor little orphan.

Iz puts the dog down and Lafayette smothers Ben.

BEN

I love you too. It's a hard day,
isn't it?

IZ

Don't get too attached.

BEN

Iz, I can't stop imagining what it
must have been like for you to be
in that space where she had her
final moments. Was she afraid? And
her parents...I can't imagine! I
mean, what if our parents had to
lose us?

IZ

I'd still see mine about the same
amount.

BEN

I just, I just... I --

IZ

Do you need a hug?

Ben rushes to Iz's open arms and lets out a sob.

IZ

I'm surprised you're still up. Wow.
It's really clean in here.

BEN

I had to do something with all my
nervous energy. Don't worry, I
didn't touch your 'piles,' I just
tidied them a little.

The place looks spic and span, aside from a few organized-
looking piles. Iz is touched.

IZ

You do so much for me.

BEN

That's my goal. Stay useful so you
don't leave.

He winks.

INT. IZ'S BEDROOM - LATER

Iz and Ben lie in bed.

IZ
 I'm telling you, that AA
 meeting...God, if I had known who
 goes to those meetings, I would
 have become an alcoholic myself.

Before Ben can say anything.

IZ
 I know, that's fucked up to say.
 Am I a reprehensible opportunistic
 monster for getting excited about
 throwing a funeral?

Ben opens his mouth but--

IZ
 I mean, what am I supposed to do,
 not invite her friends? They
 deserve to celebrate her at my
 party -- I mean Gia's wake.

Ben sighs, kisses Iz, then turns over.

Iz pulls out her phone and navigates to Gia's profile. Iz
 reads the bereavement comments that display as an ONSCREEN
 GRAPHIC. She clicks on Gia's profile pictures, swipes through
 them until landing on:

A PICTURE OF GIA AND IZ

It's the same photo of Gia and Iz with pink hair from Gia's
 apartment.

FLASHBACK - INT. THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

Iz stands near other filmmakers as STRAGGLING THEATERGOERS
 pass by her, exiting the venue.

THEATERGOER (O.S.)
 (blasé)
 Which film was yours?

IZ
 Pediatric Prostitution: The fight
 for childhood. It's been accepted
 into 20 short film festivals so far--

But the theater goer is already gone

GIA (O.S.)
 That was amazing.

Iz turns to see Gia and her DATE (40's). Gia's Date looks bored.

GIA'S DATE

I'm gonna go. Just catch a lyft?

GIA

Okay! No prob! Thanks for a fun night!

He peaces out. Gia Turns to Iz.

GIA

Your short film was the best of the evening!

Iz takes in Gia's tacky appearance and after quickly assessing she's not a person to impress, lets down her guard.

IZ

(whispering)

Really? Because the audience didn't respond the way I thought they would.

GIA

Then they didn't get it! It's like... actually going to make a difference in the World.

This comforts Iz.

GIA

Can I take a picture with you?

IZ

Yeah, of course!

Iz enjoys having a fan. Gia, snaps a selfie.

GIA

Gia.

IZ

Iz. Thanks so much for coming! Oh gosh, that's Carson Grodman. I should go introduce myself.

A chatting PACK OF WELL DRESSED PEOPLE leave the theater and Iz gets fidgety. She starts to walk towards them but Gia doesn't get the hint.

GIA

Okay, well, I wish I was rich and could help you produce a longer version. If I can ever help in any way, let me know.

IZ

(doesn't believe it)
Sure thing.

GIA

No, I'm serious.

Gia holds out a "pinky swear" finger. Iz, amused, wraps her pinky finger around Gia's.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. IZ'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Iz sighs, clutches her phone, and doubles down with a confident grin. Gia would want her to proceed.

EXT. SIDEWALK - SUNRISE

In her pajamas, Iz walks Lafayette. Her attention is fully on Gia's phone, scrolling.

She passes some other early-morning JOGGERS. Lafayette pulls on his leash toward a HOUSELESS WOMAN in a big puffy coat.

HOUSELESS WOMAN

Who wants my nuts?

Lafayette pulls toward the woman.

IZ

Dumb dog.

Iz steers Lafayette away with force, her eyes never leaving Gia's phone.

INT. IZ'S APARTMENT - LATER

Iz is still in her pajamas, eating Cheerios and staring intently at her laptop screen.

Scrolling through emails on Gia's phone.

Iz notes some names on her laptop.

INT. IZ'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER

The shower is running. Iz, wrapped in a towel, scrolls Gia's social media. She tests the water. It scalds her.

INT. IZ'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ben walks into the kitchenette as Iz, standing at the counter, applies the final touches of her makeup.

Her phone is on speaker and DIALING.

BEN

You're up early.

VOICEMAIL MESSAGE (V.O.)

Please leave a message after the tone.

BEEP!

IZ

Hi! My name is Iz Cooper. I'm a friend of Gia Delgado. I have an urgent matter and need to get in touch with you. Please call me back at this number.

(hangs up)

I'm trying to figure out who all to invite to this thing.

Ben looks over Iz's shoulder at her laptop.

IZ

Look at the name I just called --

BEN

Their name is "Biz/\$\$\$\$\$"?

IZ

That's all it says! Obviously I'm inviting them. Potential financier? Just kidding!

Or is she?

IZ.

I'm making a short list of names I remember Gia mentioning. And another list of names I need to Google. This is just from email and social media.

(MORE)

I only started looking at text chains a minute ago. And it just keeps going.

BEN

This is all a lot to take on the same week as the wedding.

Iz notices the clock.

IZ

Dammit. I'm late. Then, after work, we have the final fittings for our bridesmaid dresses.

She gathers her makeup and throws it in her bag, about to pick up Gia's phone when Ben grabs it first.

BEN

You have a long day. Let me help.

IZ

It's fine.

BEN

Go to work. Go to the dress shop. Let me see what I can dig up. One of us is organized, hint... it's not you.

She gives him another kiss on the cheek, grabs her bag, and heads to the door.

Ben smiles, satisfied with his ability to help, then notices the phone's lock screen.

BEN

What's Gia's birthday?

IZ

(laughing while exiting)
October 24th!

Ben types 1024. Success! The phone unlocks.

SEXY VOICE (PRE-LAP)

I have a confession to make...

INT. SOUND STAGE - MORNING

The actress from the sexual harassment video now sits flirtatiously on a living room couch wearing lingerie. A big cheesy sign says "Sexy Sex Hotline."

ACTRESS

Tonight, I'm staying in. But that doesn't mean I can't meet some fun singles in my area. Will it be you?

We PULL BACK to reveal Iz is directing.

IZ

Cut. Okay, moving into B-roll.

A MAKE UP ARTIST adds touchups to the Actress. GRACIE (20s) begins decorating the set with silky throw pillows, white fuzzy handcuffs, and yellow and white flowers.

Iz walks over to chat with her DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY (female, 40s) and the PRODUCER (male, 50s) of this commercial spot.

IZ

(to the DP)

Okay, so I was thinking. What does this woman want?

COMMERCIAL PRODUCER

Sex.

IZ

Connection. What if we really leaned into that? We could film B-roll through a doorframe. Give that sense of longing while at the same time feeling voyeuristic, which, frankly, I think the client would respond to.

The DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY is totally feeling this vision.

COMMERCIAL PRODUCER

Our client told us exactly what they want. And it's a carbon copy of every other commercial they've made.

IZ

I just think there's a way to do this better.

COMMERCIAL PRODUCER

Just enjoy the paycheck, Iz.

Iz's phone BUZZES. She walks off set to answer.

IZ

Hey, Mr. Delgado. Yeah, I made some calls this morning. I'll do more tonight... I'm looking into venues and caterers. I don't mean to make this uncomfortable, but do you have a number in mind?

(very uncomfortable)

Like... a budget. For the wake.

MR. DELGADO (V.O.)

(after a pained sigh)

One second, let me talk with my wife.

Iz stands awkwardly listening to the exchange.

MRS. DELGADO (V.O.)

For the local memorial?

MR. DELGADO (V.O.)

No, the one in Los Angeles.

MRS. DELGADO (V.O.)

I don't know. I can't think about this right now, my baby is gone...

MR. DELGADO (V.O.)

(to Iz)

Um... Put us down for 350 dollars. We could get some Little Caesars.

IZ

Little Caesars?

MR. DELGADO

It was her favorite.

Iz rolls her eyes, like "Of course this was Gia's favorite."

IZ

But...

(uncomfortable beat)

I'm just trying to present her in the best possible light to all of the important people that she valued.

COMMERCIAL PRODUCER

Iz, we need you on set.

Iz sighs.

INT. SOUND STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Iz returns to find the Actress now on a bed surrounded by white and yellow carnations. It's like *Midsummer* meets motel porn.

COMMERCIAL PRODUCER

(To Iz)

This is not working. Fix.

IZ

Gracie. What are these flowers?

Gracie runs to Iz.

GRACIE

They're carnations.

(proud)

I remember you said that you wanted this commercial to break the stereotypes. Because "basic shit makes you puke."

IZ

I did. I did say that. But, we're gonna stick to the OG rose petal look.

GRACIE

There's a flower shop two blocks down.

IZ

Great.

Gracie hightails towards the door.

Iz walks past a giant cardboard sandwich board with white carnations in the shape of a naked woman silhouette.

IZ

I can't.

Iz jokes aloud for anyone within earshot.

IZ

Anyone need six dozen boner-killing carnations? It looks like some sort of kinky *funeral* in here.

Iz has a sudden realization. She whispers to the DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

IZ
How long do carnations last?

INT. BRIDAL SHOP - AFTERNOON

Iz and Emily stand on tailor stands, while a SEAMSTRESS pins the hems of their dresses.

EMILY
Aren't weddings just the most magical thing?

Iz studies Emily and subtly starts copying her mannerisms.

IZ
So magical! Like, the most magical! You know, Emily, I've been so impressed with you.

EMILY
Really?

IZ
Planning this wedding while also taking on all the maid of honor responsibilities. You'd make a great movie producer.

EMILY
Well, aren't you the sweetest?

IZ
(matching her tone)
No, you are!

EMILY
But I don't know if I could plan another event in this darn city. All I've been doin' is drivin' around while gettin' honked at.

IZ
You need production assistants.

EMILY
What do they help with?

IZ
Things that the creative person shouldn't have to trouble themselves with. Like pickups and returns.

EMILY

Oh my gosh. That would be amazing.
I'm dreading driving a U-Haul on
highway 405.

The seamstress gestures for Iz to turn around.

IZ

"That 405 highway" is a doozy. What
needs to be picked up and returned?
Tables? Chairs? Linens?

Emily nods.

IZ

Classic looking stuff?

EMILY

I like to keep things about the
bride.

IZ

So, nice and nondescript?

EMILY

Uh... I guess you could say that.

IZ

Why don't I help you? I'll get my
PA, Gracie, to pick up all the
stuff on Saturday and I'll return
the U-Haul on Monday.

EMILY

Y'all would do that for me?

Iz grins. Her plan is working.

INT. IZ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Iz walks through the door to discover a PowerPoint
presentation projected onto her living room wall.

IZ

I know PowerPoint turns you on, but --

Ben emerges from the kitchenette, wearing an apron.

BEN

Madam, I present to you dinner and
a movie. Well, dinner and a
presentation, but it's on a screen,
so...

IZ

I'm gonna give Lafayette his liver
meds while whatever this is happens

Iz calls for Lafayette. He bumps his way over.

Ben clears his throat and clicks to the first slide.

BEN

So, Gia's contacts. At first glance
we learn that she has over 1,300
people listed in her phone. Rather
than dig through every single one
of them, we focus our attention on
text chains and take into
consideration the frequency of
reply -- how soon both parties
responded, and how often.

Iz tries to put a pill in the dog's mouth. He spits it out.

IZ

So, people Gia talked to the most.

BEN

Let me have this.

Iz enjoys Ben's assertiveness.

BEN

Within the top thirty-five percent
of frequent communicators -- I've
narrowed it down into two groups --
text chains that occur in the day,
and text chains that occur on
nights and weekends.

Iz, frustrated at Lafayette, wraps a slice of lunch meat
around a pill. Gives it to the dog. He spits it out again.

IZ

You're saying you divided them into
work contacts and social contacts.

BEN

Exactly.

IZ

(getting excited)
The apron is really doing things
for me right now.

BEN

But we have an issue.

IZ
Oh no.

BEN
A fun issue.

IZ
(sexy tone)
Oh no.

Ben changes the slide.

BEN
All of her closest contacts were coded.

IZ
Like Biz/\$\$\$\$.

BEN
After rigorous referencing and cross-referencing. I present to you, Gia's top forty contacts.

Ben changes the slide again, revealing a list of coded contacts. One column is a list of nicknames, the other a list of emojis.

DING. A timer goes off in the kitchenette.

BEN
Ah! My Bolognese.

Ben heads to the stove as Iz studies the wall. She shoves the pill deep into Lafayette's throat. He gags but swallows it.

IZ
(to Lafayette)
Good boy!

BEN (O.S.)
Thank you!

Iz stands walks closer to the wall.

IZ
(reading names)
Police officer robot arm. Alien burrito. Tornado eggplant -- I don't want to know. Probably not the real "Monica Lewinsky"?

BEN (O.S.)
 Probably not...
 (a beat)
 The "BFF" contact is you, by the way.

Iz is too preoccupied to register this.

IZ
 Hey... Of the people who did have names listed, did you notice anyone you think I... *should* meet?

Ben enters the living room again, stirring a pot.

BEN
 Not in her contacts but interestingly, I perused her photos and saw a ton of selfies with Dax Milhouse.

IZ
 ("stop the presses")
 Dax Milhouse?

BEN
 A buttload of photos over the past two years.

Ben hands Gia's phone to Iz. Goes back in the kitchen. Iz scrolls through the photos in disbelief.

IZ
 She sure liked her own cleavage.

BEN (O.S.)
 Did she? I didn't notice.

IZ
 Riiiiight.

She comes to a particular photo.

IZ
 This one was probably taken at Gia's office. She was the admin at a real estate firm. Hated her boss.

BEN (O.S.)
 Oh, they've been calling and leaving voicemails since she didn't show up today. I didn't know if I was allowed to tell them. Do you want to call them?

IZ
 (lightbulb moment)
 No, I think I'll go in person
 tomorrow.

Iz stares intently at Dax, zooming in with her fingers.

Ben emerges with two prepared dinner plates.

BEN
 (bad Italian accent)
 Isabella, is-a-served.

IZ
 I wish I could clone you and make
 you the caterer.

BEN
 They're still pulling for Little
 Caesars, "Hot-and-Ready"?

IZ
 I can't let it happen. Can you
 imagine how mortifying it would be
 to serve Brittani Hoffman the two-
 buck-chuck of pizza?

Ben takes her hand and squeezes it.

IZ
 On a more positive note, I'm able
 to reuse high-end tables and chairs
 from Dakota's wedding! The vendor
 doesn't need it returned until
 Monday.

BEN
 That's genius! You've got great
 people in your life. Dakota is such
 a good friend for letting you do
 that.

Iz feels guilty.

Lafayette barfs the pill up.

EXT. IZ'S APARTMENT - SUNRISE

Iz walks Lafayette. The blind dog steps on his own turd.
 While Iz wipes him off with a tissue -- the Houseless Woman
 shuffles by with her hand down her pants.

HOUSELESS WOMAN
(to her pants)
Get outta there!

Lafayette tries to follow but Iz pulls him back.

IZ
Nope.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - MORNING

Iz enters the lobby of a midsized real estate firm. The decor feels a little dated and sad.

AMAD, a Trans Man in their 30s, sits at the front desk. Iz approaches and holds out Gia's phone with the picture of Dax.

IZ
Hi, I was hoping you could help me get in touch with one of your employees.

AMAD
Oh, that's not an employee. That's Dax Milhouse.

IZ
Dax Mil-who?

AMAD
Milhouse. The actor? We handle his investment properties.

IZ
Oh, well, he appears in a lot of photos with my friend Gia, and so I was trying to contact him to give him some news about her.

AMAD
(suspicious)
Can I get your name?

IZ
Iz.

Amad's tone immediately changes.

AMAD
Izzy? Gia's Izzy? Oh my God! How's your film coming along? Have you and Ben tied the knot yet?

IZ

Um...?

AMAD

(calling over the
intercom)

Greg, Gia's Izzy really exists!

IZ

Actually, wow. I'm sorry to have to
tell you this, but Gia has passed.

AMAD

What?

Greg answers over the intercom.

GREG (O.S.)

Izzy? In the flesh? Gia talks about
you all the time! She should be in
soon, assuming she feels better.
She was out yesterday.

AMAD

Gia's dead.

GREG (O.S.)

Holy shit.

IZ

Yeah, that's why I was looking to
get a hold of her friend here in
the photo.

GREG (O.S.)

I... I'm so very sorry, Izzy.

LINDA, another co-worker, walks into the office.

AMAD

Linda, this is Izzy.

LINDA

Izzy Izzy? Wow, your hair looks
different. I like it.

IZ

My hair?

LINDA

Oh, sorry. How creepy! From the
photo on Gia's desk. Let me go get
her.

GREG (O.S.)
 Gia's dead.

LINDA
 Whaaaaat?!

The door swings open. GIA'S TOXIC BOSS enters.

GIA'S TOXIC BOSS
 It's 9:46 A.M. Where the fuck is
 Gia? Amad, get her on the phone so
 you can all watch me fire her ass.

Uncomfortable silence.

LINDA
 Gia's dead.

GIA'S TOXIC BOSS
 Well, fuck. God damn it. Fuck. That
 sucks. Amad, I'm gonna need you to
 take meeting notes for this 10
 O'clock.

Boss leaves.

IZ
 (to Amad)
 So...could you get me Dax's info?

AMAD
 Wish I could. Company policy.

EXT. CAFE - MORNING

Iz sits at an outdoor table with Lafayette. LISA (40s,
 dressed like she's ready to go on a cruise) approaches.

A BIZ-CARD GRAPHIC pops up next to them with info:
 "BIZ/\$\$\$\$."

LISA
 Iz, thank you for meeting with me
 in person! Love your hair. Love
 your dog. Love your dog's hair.

Lisa goes in for a cheek kiss without pausing her rambling.

LISA
 I'm so sorry to hear about Gia. She
 always said good things about you.

IZ

So I've heard. This is kind of funny, but you're listed under some sort of pseudonym in Gia's phone so I don't know your name.

LISA

Lisa. Or as my friends call me "Lucky Lisa" because I always hit "jackpot." I wanted to meet you because Gia said you needed investment money for your projects.

Iz can hardly believe her luck. Lisa chews gum and nods.

IZ

I do, actually. I wasn't expecting... do you want to talk details now?

Iz pulls out her iPad.

IZ

The short film will give you a good idea --

Iz looks up to see that Lisa has put brochures on the table from a multilevel-marketing skincare company.

TAG

Do you have three friends who also need some extra cash? And do those friends also have three friends who --

Iz smiles through gritted teeth.

IZ (PRE-LAP)

The nerve! Trying to capitalize on a dead girl's friends.

INT. IZ'S CAR - LATER

Iz drives with Lafayette in the back seat. She chats with Ben on her cell.

IZ

Roping me into her pyramid scheme?! Thank God she's having a paraben-free product party on Sunday and won't be able to come.

INT. IZ'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ben types on his computer at the counter.

BEN

A lot of other folks have said they'll be there. Even that producer, Brittani Hoffman.

IZ (V.O.)

Yes! Amazing!

BEN

(Suddenly sad)

People really come out of the woodwork when someone dies young.

INT. IZ'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

IZ

We can't half-ass this. I gotta figure out food, find a way to get more chairs and linens, get Lafayette to Gia's parents, go to the nail salon with Dakota, and prep for next week's shoot. Aww shit, I'm bleeding.

BEN (V.O.)

Wait, what?

IZ

Relax. It's just my period.

Iz pulls a tampon out of her purse and starts to put it in while driving.

INT. IZ'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BEN

I hear the wrapper. It's impressive the number of things you can do at once.

IZ (V.O.)

Babe?

BEN

Yeah?

INT. IZ'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

IZ
 If I need to, can we dip into our
 wedding fund?
 (silence)
 Just a little?

BEN (V.O.)
 For Gia, right?

IZ
 Yes, of course, for Gia.

Iz parks her car. Grab's Lafayette's leash.

IZ
 I gotta go. I've got one more call
 to make.

EXT. STREETS (EAST HOLLYWOOD) - CONTINUOUS

Iz holds Lafayette and walks while dialing. She speaks with her best Emily-Southern-belle impression.

IZ
 Well, hey there, Danielle! This is
 Emily Buttons from the Dakota Samms
 wedding. Thanks for helpin' a gal
 out.

(pause)

It's goin' great, sweet thang. I
 was just hopin' to make a teensy
 tiny change to my order for
 Saturday's event.

(pause)

Oh shoot, I don't have the order
 number on hand. All I want is to
 increase my chairs and tables by
 about 20 percent. Maybe double the
 linens? Can't risk a stain, the
 wedding is gonna be covered in
People magazine.

(pause)

Well, aren't you the sweetest?

(pause)

Yeah, same card is fine. Gotta run.
 Plannin' a wedding!

Iz's fake smile fades the moment the call is over.

She takes a deep breath and looks up with dread then walks Lafayette through the door of...

INT. GIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Iz stands in the hall, outside of Gia's apartment, holding the dog. She hesitates before knocking.

Door swings open revealing MRS. DELGADO (60s), the epitome of a proper Southern church lady. She smiles behind sad eyes.

IZ

Hi, Mrs. Delgado.

MRS. DELGADO

Izzy. Come in, come in. We're just packing everything up. Gotta get things out before the first. Can't afford another month of rent in this expensive town.

INT. GIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Boxes everywhere. MR. DELGADO is wrapping a chair in plastic. It's clear Gia's parents are hiding their devastation behind a to-do list.

IZ

I can help with any more packing after this weekend. How are you holding up?

MR. DELGADO

Not quite seeing the light at the end of the tunnel.

(awkward silence)

Thanks for bringing Mr Magoo.

Iz carries Lafayette over to Gia's mom.

IZ

He needs this pill three times a day. It's hard to get him to swallow it unless you put it in a hot dog. He likes all-beef the best. And if you stroke his neck like this --

Iz starts to demonstrate then notices Gia's mom's eyes are turning red. She BLOWS HER NOSE aggressively with a handkerchief. Iz waits until she finishes. It takes a while.

MRS. DELGADO

You hungry?

IZ

No, thanks. I have duties for that wedding I'm in.

Mrs. Delgado heads to the kitchen anyway. Iz, still holding on to Lafayette and his things, follows.

IZ

He bumps into stuff. You'll want to keep him on a short leash until you get back to those rolling Georgia hills.

Iz searches around for a clear surface then eventually sets Lafayette's things on the floor.

IZ

I'm just gonna leave him right there. Let you two get back to everything. We can chat later about Sunday?

MRS. DELGADO

Please stay for food?

MR. DELGADO

We can't send you away hungry.

IZ

Oh, I couldn't...

INT. GIA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Iz and Gia's parents huddle at one corner of a table crowded with moving boxes, eating. There's nothing to say, so --

MR. DELGADO

These are some really good grits, honey.

MRS. DELGADO

They're just the box stuff. Something Gia bought.

Quiet.

MR. DELGADO

Well, they're very good.

Iz nods her head in agreement. Sneakily checks her phone.

IZ
 It's looking like a good turnout
 for Sunday. Gia had some good
 people in her life.

Gia's mom SNEEZES.

Bless you. IZ MR. DELGADO
 God Bless you.

MR. DELGADO
 You're a good friend for helping
 with all of this, Izzy.

IZ
 I know she would do the same for
 me.

MR. DELGADO
 She really would. Gia believes in
 you -- believed. Last week she was
 asking if I knew anyone with means
 to help you make your movie.

IZ
 Last week?

Iz is taken aback, but before she can fully allow herself to
 feel this moment, Gia's mom SNEEZES.

MRS. DELGADO DAD AND IZ
 Excuse me. God bless you.

MRS. DELGADO
 What bra size are you?

IZ
 Excuse me?

INT. GIA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Delgado is sorting through Gia's closet.

MRS. DELGADO
 I don't know what to do with all
 these clothes. They smell like her.

She SNIFFLES.

IZ
 I might have an Allegra.

Iz rifles through her purse then realizes Gia's mom is crying.

Iz holds her arms out and lets Gia's mom hug her. They stay like that until Mrs. Delgado pulls back. She politely wipes her nose on her sleeve.

IZ
I'll look for tissues.

INT. GIA'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Iz dials Dakota on FACETIME. While it RINGS, she looks in the mirror and fixes her hair.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)
Iz!

The phone screen still says "connecting."

IZ
Hey, Dakota! Just had an unexpected meeting. I'll be there soon!

Emily's face pop's into screen.

EMILY (V.O.)
It's Emily.

Iz lowers the phone and rolls her eyes. Pretends she's dropped it, and picks it up.

IZ
Whoops. Hi!

EMILY
Dakota's nails are still dryin'.

IZ
Gah! I should be there! Will you let her know I'm on my way?

Dakota and her bridesmaids/bridesman are now in the background of the shot, getting pampered and drinking mimosas at her house.

DAKOTA
Who is that?

Emily mouths "Iz". Dakota, a little tipsy, shouts toward the phone.

DAKOTA

Iz, you're too late! We already
feel amazing! Look at Beau's skin!

BEAU

Daddy needed this!

DAKOTA

Iz, Don't show up to my wedding
with your normal chewed up finger
nails!

EMILY

(into phone)

Dakota's a couple mimosa's in. I
wouldn't worry about it. We're
almost donzies anyway. See you
tonight at the rehearsal dinner!
Byeee--

Emily hangs up. Iz chews her nails. Realizes it. Resists the
urge to punch something.

INT. GIA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Iz returns with a tissue in hand to find Mrs. Delgado
sniffing one of Gia's dresses.

IZ

Turns out, I can help if you want.

INT. GIA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Iz and Mom have made good progress on the room. Over half the
closet has now been boxed up. Boxes are neatly organized and
labeled.

MRS. DELGADO

Take as much as you want. It's hard
to think about strangers buying all
her things for a dollar.

Iz looks around the room and spots a scarf. She swings it
around her neck.

IZ

I always really liked this scarf.

MRS. DELGADO

Oh, you should take more!

IZ
No...

MORBID WARDROBE MONTAGE

Mrs. Delgado dresses Iz up in a series of JUMP CUTS. It's awkward. Gia's clothes were smaaaaall.

Iz tries on a dress with a deep V-neck, exposing her navel.

MRS. DELGADO
I think you have that on backwards.

Iz turns it around, exposing some serious coin slot.

A few more clubbing looks --

MRS. DELGADO
Oh, that's cute.

It's not.

Iz bare-back in the corner. Trying on one of Gia's bras.

MRS. DELGADO
She had such fancy bras.

Gia's mom adjusts the straps, living vicariously in this moment. Iz feels awkward.

But awkward morphs into fun discoveries...

Gia's mom finds a novelty purse that turns into a rotary phone when you plug your cell in. Iz laughs.

IZ
That is so Gia!

Iz sports a pair of bedazzled Doc Martens.

MRS. DELGADO
Those are --

IZ
-- pretty rad.

Iz attempts a roundhouse kick as Gia's mom pulls a doggy day-planner T-shirt from the closet.

IZ
Oh my gosh. Wait.
(searches over fabric)
Yeah. Here's the coffee stain.

FLASHBACK - EXT. CAFE - MORNING

Iz and Gia sit at a table. Iz looks around uncomfortably as Gia finishes the birthday song at full volume.

GIA
Happy birthday, dear Izzyyyy. Happy birthday to you!

IZ
Thank you, Gia.

GIA
Thank YOU for spending a bit of your special day with me. I'm honored!

IZ
You plan further ahead than anyone else I know.

GIA
It's been on my calendar for months.

Gia laughs and shrugs. Iz can't help but smile and chuckle along.

<DING> Iz's phone goes off. She reaches for it and spills coffee on her shirt.

IZ
Shit! I won't have time to change before my meeting.

Without hesitating, Gia intentionally pours coffee on her own shirt. The two girls crack up.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. GIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Iz gently touches the stain.

IZ
Gia said she "didn't want to feel left out."

MRS. DELGADO
That's my Gia.

Iz folds the shirt in a way that preserves the stain, then sets it aside without a prompt from Gia's mom.

MRS. DELGADO

Gia started a birthday tradition of bringing us breakfast in bed. Sometimes pancakes, sometimes cinnamon toast with Cool Whip.

Iz pairs a jacket and blouse together.

IZ

These would be perfect for you.

MRS. DELGADO

I couldn't pull that off.

IZ

Humor me.

She adds on a leather jacket. It looks pretty great.

IZ

(fanning herself)

Mrs. D!

Gia's mom laughs shoves her hands in the pockets to strike a pose.

MRS. DELGADO

There's something in the pocket.

Gia's mom pulls out an ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS CHIP.

MRS. DELGADO

Why is there an AA chip in Gia's jacket? She wasn't in the program. Was she... an alcoho--

Iz is surprised Mrs. Delgado didn't know, but doesn't want to be the one to tell her.

MRS. DELGADO

She said she was a volunteer... That she was just helpin' people.

IZ

That's not how AA... She was helping people. By showing up and being vulnerable with them.

There's a long pause as Gia's mom processes everything this revelation means.

When she finally speaks, it's barely a whisper --

MRS. DELGADO

I don't know why my little girl
couldn't be vulnerable with me.

Iz finds eye contact with Gia's mom and holds it.

A LOUD HACKING SOUND interrupts their tender moment.
Lafayette has thrown up on some of Gia's clothes.

IZ

I'll get that. Hold his collar so
he doesn't step in any of it.

Iz runs to grab tissue. By the time she gets back, Gia's
mom's eyes are bloodshot.

IZ

Why don't I hold on to Lafayette a
few more days.

At this point Gia's mom is crying again. All she can do is
gratefully nod her head and hold the dog at arm's length.

EXT. GIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Iz walks out with Lafayette and a giant trash bag full of
clothes. Iz turns the AA chip in her free hand. She reads its
inscription. Stops to think.

EXT. SEPULVEDA BASIN DOG PARK - AFTERNOON

Iz sits, waiting, on a bench at the dog park. She watches
Lafayette cautiously sniff around the perimeter.

SIMONE, Gia's AA leader, ambles up to the bench.

SIMONE

I wasn't sure if I needed to bring
a dog. Wouldn't want to raise any
flags with the other owners.

IZ

It's not a Chuck E. Cheese.

SIMONE

To what do I owe the pleasure?

IZ

I was just with Gia's parents. They
didn't know she was in AA.

SIMONE

Ah. May I?

Iz makes room on the bench and Simone sits.

IZ

It got me thinking about the people she told, the people she kept close, how she was doing...

SIMONE

She rarely missed a meeting.

IZ

(reassured)

So she hadn't fallen off the wagon.

SIMONE

She was showing up. I can only speak for that.

(beat)

Early on, she was open about her struggle. Not afraid to show the grubs in her garden.

(then)

I work for a landscaping business.

IZ

That tracks.

SIMONE

I mean to say, she was always transparent. Lately, she kept insisting things were going great. Talkin' like she overcame the disease.

(Simone chuckles)

I think some newer members put her on a pedestal because she never seemed to backslide. She was an inspiration.

IZ

I bet she felt good about that.

SIMONE

There's a common misconception about the group. A lot of people, maybe Gia too, think that if they slip up, all their hard work is gone. So there's the temptation to hide it. But, I think the most successful members are honest about their weaknesses. Consistently.

(MORE)

That kind of honesty is its own strength.

IZ

So...when did you notice a change?

SIMONE

Hard to say. Maybe a couple years ago?

Iz knew she was going to say that.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - SUNSET/TWILIGHT

Iz drives past several gorgeous vistas before parking her car and walking.

She takes in a view. Her first time without an agenda in a long while.

INT. DAKOTA'S HOME - EVENING

We're at Dakota's intimate rehearsal dinner, her spacious dining room is decked to the nines.

Iz arrives and is almost immediately cut off by Emily.

EMILY

So something strange just happened. One of the vendors emailed me a new invoice with extra chairs.

IZ

Okay.

EMILY

I phoned them and apparently they were called by "the maid of honor." But I don't remember doing that.

Iz flashes a momentary look of panic but quickly covers with exaggerated confidence.

IZ

Oh, honey, don't be hard on yourself. I forget things when I'm low on sleep too.

EMILY

No. I think someone is messing with me... or Dakota.

(off Iz's expression)

(MORE)

I know, but this is a *celebrity* wedding. Maybe someone wants to make her look bad?

IZ

So you're saying that someone wants to ruin this wedding by adding extra chairs?

Beau and Nikki start to pay attention to their conversation. Emily is uncomfortable.

EMILY

Maybe I'm --

IZ

I think you're onto something here...

Iz enjoys the amusement of her growing audience.

IZ

If those chairs aren't used, they'll just sit out and it'll seem like Dakota wasn't popular enough to fill her own wedding. That would look desperate.

(to Beau)

Was it you, Beau? I know you've secretly had it out for Dakota!

BEAU

Guilty! It's those cheekbones.

IZ

Emily, you're quite the sleuth. I think we should loop Dakota in.

(turns to call for Dakota)

Dako--

Emily grabs Iz's arm to stop her.

EMILY

I'm probably just tired and deliriously made the call.

IZ

It's sweet how much you care for Dakota. I'd be worried if it was a real emergency... like if you forgot to order a ton of those candles with the drip guards.

EMILY

I didn't get any of those.

Iz makes a cringe face.

EMILY

I'll do a rush order.

Emily runs away.

IZ

Maybe keep those extra chairs just
in case?

The bridal party laughs. Iz pulls out a NOTE ON HER CELL.
Checks CANDLES off her list.

Ben walks through the door and approaches the group.

BEN

Sorry I'm late! Night off to a good
start?

IZ

Fantastic.

Music picks up into a...

MONTAGE

Iz is having a great night, dancing, dining, toasting,
telling jokes. Dakota seems to favor her over Emily.

END MONTAGE.

Iz and Dakota are having a private, tipsy moment.

DAKOTA

I haven't laughed this much since
we flashed our boobs for the
picture on Magic Mountain.

Iz covers her face with feigned embarrassment.

DAKOTA

Oh my gosh, I talked with Brittani.

IZ

Wait. When?

DAKOTA

At the spa.

IZ

She was there today? UH! You told her about my movie?

DAKOTA

No, she told me about Gia. You went to her AA meeting?

Iz isn't sure where this is going.

DAKOTA

Planning Gia's wake? Taking care of her blind dog? That's crazy. I couldn't imagine.

IZ

(relieved)

Yeah, been sort of surreal. Like an accident on the side of the highway you can't help but look at. I had to tell her parents.

DAKOTA

Oh, Iz-Biz.

Iz smiles at this endearing nickname. Dakota throws her head on Iz's shoulder.

DAKOTA

How can I help?

IZ

Like, with Brit-- you mean Gia.

DAKOTA

Yes. I'm happy to help with the wake in any way.

Iz considers opening up and telling the truth.

IZ

Well, actually, there is one small favor that you can--

EMILY

(to Dakota)

Your in-laws are about to leave. Giving you that reminder you asked for.

DAKOTA

One sec, Em.

(to Iz)

You were saying?

Iz reconsiders her words with Emily now present.

IZ

You can... have a really great wedding weekend. That's all I want.

DAKOTA

Okay, I thought you meant a real favor. But send me details, I wanna support.

Dakota gets up and leaves with Emily, who turns over her shoulder and looks at Iz suspiciously.

EXT. STREETS (EAST HOLLYWOOD) - SUNRISE

Iz watches Lafayette do his morning business.

IZ

You're a mess. And some very well-groomed people are gonna see you tomorrow when we celebrate your mommy.

INT. KOREAN DOG SPA - MOMENTS LATER

Iz sits in a dated waiting room and scrolls through Insta.

She sees picture taken at Dakota's bridal shower in *People* magazine's feed. Iz smiles. Then she notices Emily in the picture -- it was taken during their private dance moment. The caption reads "Dakota Samms dances with her Maid of Honor, Emily Buttons, at her ritzy bridal shower."

Iz sulks.

DING -- an email notification pops up on Iz's phone:

INSERT

An email from Gia's building manager:

"YOU WANTED TO STAY IN THE LOOP. THIS IS FROM THE NIGHT GIA DIED."

A video attachment shows CCTV footage of:

GIA'S APARTMENT HALLWAY

It's nighttime.

Gia emerges from her front door. She appears disheveled -- wears an ELECTRIC LIME GREEN T-SHIRT.

She carries a bunch of glass bottles (vodka?) down the hallway and disappears around the corner.

She returns to her apartment, empty-handed. Closes the door.

Video ends.

BACK TO SCENE

Iz furrows her brow.

FLASHBACK - EXT. DESERT CAMPGROUND - DAY

Iz and Gia are walking through the desert with two dogs, one is Lafayette.

IZ

The air is so fresh here. Almost too fresh. My lungs need smog. That's probably not good.

GIA

I've needed this. It's been really hard not to back slide.

IZ

Why? Did you drink? Am I allowed to ask that?

Gia chuckles.

GIA

Yes. I didn't drink though. Just got my six month chip! Aren't you proud of me? I've gotten rid of a lot of triggers. Certain people that aren't good for me. I don't keep anything in the house.

Gia looks embarrassed. Like she doesn't want to admit what she's about to say.

GIA

My boss is... I haven't been treated this bad since my shitty ex-husband. It's... it's hard. I really, really need to get a new job.

IZ

What kind of job do you want? I could look over your resume.

GIA

It's not that. It's... the DUI. I have to disclose it on applications. It's not some sexy high-collar misdemeanor like insider trading.

IZ

Could you quit and borrow some money from your parents while you look for a new job?

GIA

They worry too much as it is, and they think my life is great. I can't burden them with the truth. Don't get me wrong, they're sweethearts. It would just hurt them, so, I can't.

IZ

You're lucky. My parents think my life is a joke, even when I *am* getting a steady paycheck.

Iz deliberates.

IZ

I *might* have something.

GIA

Are you kidding me? What is it? Is it getting you coffee? Is it mopping floors? Literally, whatever it is, I'm game.

IZ

Maybe a little bit of the coffee thing, but mostly helping out on set. Pickups and returns. I just booked this ongoing corporate gig and it looks like I'll have the budget for a production assistant.

Gia starts crying. Happy tears.

GIA

I don't mean to burden you with this. I don't know what I did to deserve such a good friend.

IZ
I'm not sure I can make it happen.
Don't get too excited.

Gia smiles anyway, hopeful.

IZ
You're going to get through this.

They turn their attention back to the dogs where the other pup, a small terrier, gets a little too aggressive with blind Lafayette.

IZ
Hey! Be gentle. Helmut!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. KOREAN DOG SPA - CONTINUOUS

Iz snaps back to reality.

She watches the CCTV video attachment again and gets a little choked up. She has to pull herself together as the GROOMER brings Lafayette out.

Iz admires the new bowtie on his collar.

IZ
You actually clean up nice, little man.

Lafayette gives her a big dumb grin.

EXT. DAKOTA'S HOME (HOLLYWOOD HILLS) - AFTERNOON

Iz arrives at Dakota's and walks through her yard as it undergoes a transformation for the big day. Emily is hanging mason jars as the FLORIST places flower arrangements. The VIDEOGRAPHER captures the action.

INT. DAKOTA'S HOME - LATER

Now in her bridesmaid's dress, Iz is midway through getting her hair done with Nikki while Beau, wearing a tux/dress hybrid, does Dakota's makeup. Iz is in heaven. She closes her eyes and breathes. This is where she wants to be.

BEAU
My husband just sent a pic of Eva
in her wedding best.

Beau shows his phone. Everyone Oo's and Awes.

DAKOTA

Beau! Stop it! That toddler is going to show me up at my own wedding!

They laugh, but Iz's attention is caught by something out the window. Her bliss is done.

A U-Haul is pulling into the driveway. Gracie (Iz's PA) is driving.

IZ

(to the hair dresser)

I need to take a quick five for a bathroom break.

EXT. DAKOTA'S HOME (HOLLYWOOD HILLS) - AFTERNOON

Iz, hair half-crazy half-magnificent, scurries to the U-Haul and intercepts Gracie.

IZ

Gracie! Thanks so much for helping us out.

GRACIE

Of course. I just felt so bad about the flower fiasco. Thanks for letting me make it up to you.

<BUZZ> Iz gets a text.

TEXT ON SCREEN: "Ruler Emoji, Eggplant emoji: *What time tomorrow?*"

She texts back while talking:

TEXT ON SCREEN: "Iz: *5pm. Ceremony at 6.*"

IZ

There's going to be some extra cocktail tables, chairs, a bunch of extra linens -- in case of spills. So don't unload it all at once.

GRACIE

Copy!

IZ
 Tonight, when the wedding is over,
 just drop the U-Haul off at my
 place so I can handle the return on
 Monday.

BUZZ! Another message.

TEXT ON SCREEN: "Frog > Prince: *Is there parking at the venue?"*"

IZ
 I'll cover your Lyft ride home.

GRACIE
 Double copy.

IZ
 (pointing)
 Emily over there is the maid of
 honor but she's got so much on her
 plate right now. So just run any
 questions by me, okay?

IZ
 Triple copy.

GRACE
 Triple copy.

IZ
 Jinx! Now make it look pretty.

Iz smiles as if this exchange was fun for her then walks away.

Iz types on her phone.

TEXT ON SCREEN: "Iz: *Street parking.*"

TEXT ON SCREEN: "Frog > Prince: *annoyed emoji.*"

From across the yard, Emily watches Iz walk back inside.

EXT. DAKOTA'S HOME - EARLY EVENING

The PRE-WEDDING MUSIC is already playing. Iz is in a private nook in the yard typing furiously on her phone while it buzzes incessantly.

Ben approaches her with a bag of peanuts.

BEN
 I don't think you've eaten yet
 today.

Iz tries to take the peanuts, but keeps getting messages.

IZ
Feed me.

She continues to type as she opens her mouth. Ben pours some peanuts in.

BEN
Wedding is starting. You know you can't hide that phone in your bouquet, right?

IZ
It's never-ending.

Iz gets an idea.

IZ
Wonderful fiancé...

BEN
Uh-oh. I feel a favor coming on.

IZ
I migrated the contacts over from Gia's phone -- the ones you put together.

BEN
Deciphered?

IZ
Nope!
(BUZZ... another text)
Well, I've put names to a few but --
(BUZZ... another text)
I want to handle those.

Ben opens his hand for the phone. Iz air-kisses him. He air-kisses back. The phone buzzes in Ben's hand. WEDDING PROCESSION MUSIC begins as Iz tiptoes away.

MONTAGE

EXT. DAKOTA'S HOME - GARDEN - SUNSET

Dakota, looking stunning, holds hands with her fiancé under the wedding arch.

Iz watches Dakota say her vows from behind Emily in the bridesmaid line.

The FEMALE OFFICIANT has them kiss.

Ben loses it in the audience.

Emily raises a glass to toast at the reception.

First dance.

Iz dances, elated. Best night of her life until --

END MONTAGE.

EXT. DAKOTA'S HOME - GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Dakota grabs Iz by the arm and pulls her aside, upset.

DAKOTA

I'd prefer not to have my personal phone number be thrown out to a sea of 100 strangers.

(off Iz's confusion)

I already had the wake details. The group text message wasn't necessary.

IZ

Oh my God.

Iz looks at Dakota's phone and is horrified.

DAKOTA

Nikki got hacked and all her personal photos got leaked last year --

IZ

I'm so sorry, Dakota! Ben has my phone. He was "helping" with the wake details. I'll handle it!

Furious, Iz storms off toward Ben. He's listening to a voicemail.

IZ

What the hell, Ben? Did you mass-text everyone about the wake?

Ben is still trying to listen to the voicemail while answering.

BEN

Everyone was asking all the same questions.

(MORE)

I thought it would be more efficient this way. You're always saying to be more efficient!

IZ

Then create a keyboard shortcut. Don't put Dakota and God knows who else is on that list onto a -- Was Brittani on that text?!!! Dammit, this is such a massive fuckup!

Ben is smiling. BEAMING ear to ear as he listens to the voicemail message.

IZ

Why are you so happy?!

BEN

Peach icon, Beer icon just called and left a message.

Off Iz's furious "so what?" face:

BEN

(playing it cool)
It's Dax Milhouse.

IZ

(shock and awe)
Dax Milhouse?

BEN

Dax Fuckin' Milhouse.

Iz snaps out of her anger and is giddy. She can't believe it. She takes the phone from Ben and listens to the voicemail.

DAX MILHOUSE (V.O.)

(drunk; sad)
Hey, Iz, I missed the message you sent the other day but just got this one. Holy shit. Holy shit. I'm spinning. I'm spinning. Call me.

IZ

Oh my God. That's definitely his voice.

Iz dials.

IZ

(to Ben)
I know he's a train wreck.
(MORE)

But he's a train wreck who can get a movie green-lit.

(to phone)

Hiiiiiii -- This is Iz Cooper calling back about Gia... I tell you what, I'm at Dakota Samms' wedding now -- yeah, from *Phoenix* -- yup, she is hot. Anyhow, it's a little loud, but if you wanna meet me at the bar in a bit, the wedding party is gonna head there after. I could meet you a tad early?

(to Ben; whispering)

Can you help load chairs then meet me at the bar?

She blows him a kiss and turns to leave, almost bumping into an angry Emily.

EMILY

Excuse you.

Iz holds up her finger -- "Not now." Keeps walking. As iz walks away, Emily walks with purpose towards Ben.

BEN

Lovely night, Emily!

EMILY

We gotta talk.

Iz is unaware and on cloud nine with her phone.

IZ.

(to phone)

Sounds perfect! Remind me your name?

INT. BAR - LATER

Iz sits at the bar counter in her bridesmaid's dress. DAX MILHOUSE (Hot) approaches her with his hand out.

DAX MILHOUSE

Dax Milhouse.

His BUSINESS CARD appears over his head.

-- Dax Milhouse

-- Famous

-- A douche, but a douche who gets movies made

INT. BAR - A LITTLE LATER

Iz and Dax Milhouse chat in front of several empty glasses at the bar counter. Dax is flirty. Iz doesn't flirt back but laughs off his advances. They do a shot.

DAX MILHOUSE
This place is crusty.

IZ
Dakota worked here forever ago. She still loves it.

Dax asks for --

DAX MILHOUSE
Another round.

The bartender pours two more.

Dax pounds his. Motions for Iz to do the same. She reluctantly does.

DAX MILHOUSE
Damn. I was just with her last week for our Sunday Funday. I can't believe I'll never see her again. She had this tattoo on her lower back.

IZ
Don't worry, be happy.

DAX MILHOUSE
Don't worry, be happy.

DAX MILHOUSE
It always did make me kinda happy.

Iz assumes this is sexual and she's probably right.

BUZZ. A phone call from Ben.

Iz ignores.

IZ
How close were you guys? I have to apologize, I didn't know you were friends.

DAX MILHOUSE
She talked about you a lot.

Iz is suddenly more interested.

IZ

I assume because we're both in film. Did she tell you about my proj--

DAX MILHOUSE

She seriously never told you about me?

Iz shakes her head.

DAX MILHOUSE

Wow. Impressive. We met years ago at some bar. She had no idea who I was which was refreshing. We hooked up a bunch and she wanted a relationship of course, but my publicist would have killed me. Gia's not the type I'm supposed to be in pictures with, you know? She agreed to keep our thing a secret so it could be what it was. Fun.

IZ

Gia was very--

DAX MILHOUSE

(Sad)
Desperate?

IZ

I was going to say, "supportive".

Dax sadly nods like, "yeah, that too".

DAX

I hired her company to handle my properties and she never let it slip about us to them either. It wasn't easy for her, that's for sure.

IZ

I'm sure it wasn't.

DAX

There was a time when she actually broke things off. It's okay. She got kind of boring for a bit.

IZ

She wasn't "boring". She was sober.

DAX

Then, like two years ago when she came back from some camping trip with you...she got *real* fun again after that.

Iz' shakes her head. This can't be.

IZ

I said she was sober. That camping trip didn't change that. She was still sober.

Dax laugh/snorts.

DAX

Full party mode. I assumed you two finally fucked.

IZ

Uh...No.

Dax is suddenly almost in tears and motions for more alcohol.

DAX MILHOUSE

Well. Damn. I wasn't expecting to feel this.
(raises a glass)
To Gia.

He pushes another shot glass toward Iz. She downs it immediately. This is no longer a conversation she wants to remember.

DAX MILHOUSE

I'm comin' to the wake. Can I help? Maybe bring some drinks or something? A little final night cap for Gia?

IZ

Just bring yourself.

Iz wobbles on her barstool. That last drink was a bad idea.

Out of the corner of her eye, Iz sees Beau and Nikki walk in. Dakota and her husband follow.

IZ

Looks like my crew's showing up!

Iz makes her way across the bar. She spots Emily entering. Emily rolls her eyes at the sight of Iz. Iz rolls them back.

She turns to see Dax is not following her. Walks back to him.

IZ

Come. Let's go hang with them.

DAX MILHOUSE

Nah. You go, I'll get the tab.

IZ

No, c'mon. Just say hi. They're famous too, it's all good.

Iz tries to grab Dax's arm but stumbles backwards.

DAX MILHOUSE

I'll come say bye before I go.

(to the bartender)

My tab? Actually, add one for the road.

Iz wobbles her way to the booth where Dakota and the wedding party sit. It's full so Iz he GETS ON ALL FOURS and CRAWLS under the table, attempting to sit next to Dakota at the booth.

Dakota pushes her back but tries to play it cool.

DAKOTA

What's going on, Iz? You lose something?

IZ

Just joining the wedding par-tay.

DAKOTA

The next booth is open, babe.

Iz comes out and sits in a neighboring booth. She turns around and sits on her knees, eavesdropping.

BEAU

I'm so excited for the cherry blossoms.

IZ

Ohhhh, is someone's cherry blossoming? I wanna hear how you lost your gay virginity, Beau.

100% Cringe, but Iz is too drunk to notice.

NIKKI

He's telling us about his trip to Kyoto. Japan.

Dax walks up, pauses to address Iz.

DAX MILHOUSE
Hey, I'm headed out --

EMILY
Dax Milhouse. My dad and I watch
all your movies, including *Damian's
Wishlist*, even though we had to
drive to Charlotte to see it.
You're amazing.

IZ
Sorry, Dax. She's not industry.

DAX MILHOUSE
Thank you! What's your dad's name?
Want to take a picture?

EMILY
Kent. And yeah!

IZ
Here, let me take it. I'm a
professional.

Iz grabs Emily's phone.

IZ
Okay, Dax, you look great. Emily, a
little to your left. Your smile is
a little stiff. Maybe take the
stick out of your butt.

Beau rips the phone from Iz. Snaps the picture. It flashes.

DAX MILHOUSE
That'll look better without a
flash.

Iz gives him a "shush" finger and a wink.

IZ
See you tomorrow!

DAX MILHOUSE
Later.
(to Dakota)
Stay hot.

Dax leaves.

IZ

Sorry about that. Dax really wanted to meet with me and his schedule is intense so...

EMILY

Dakota isn't enough arm candy for you anymore? Which one of them is your date tomorrow? You know, for the A-list wake you're trying to throw for a girl you don't even like.

Iz is immediately sobered. Which would have made her act more appropriate if she wasn't still drunk.

IZ

Psh...What... Are you taking about?

EMILY

Yeah, Ben assumed it was all above board and talked to me like I knew what was going on. You know, about your plan to double-dip from Dakota's wedding.

DAKOTA

Double-dip?

IZ

Ben did what?

Iz looks toward the door, willing Ben to enter.

EMILY

Yeah, he's not coming. I filled him in on the truth of your scam. So he's taking Gracie home after she does the returns. Tonight.

IZ

What?!

DAKOTA

What's going on? Is Ben okay?

Everyone within earshot has tuned in.

EMILY

I did *not* want to bring this up tonight. Or... at all. But Iz --

IZ

I was gonna reuse some wedding rentals tomorrow for the wake, before returning them on Monday.

EMILY

We would be liable if anything happened. Ohh -- and she increased the linens to double the order and put it on your tab.

DAKOTA

Iz?

IZ

I'm sorry, Koda. It's just... I'm paying for the venue with my tiny wedding fund. I work nonstop, but unlike you, I'm still living paycheck-to-paycheck. After all these years. I just wanted to throw a nice event for Gia's parents.

EMILY

Or to impress Dax Milhouse and some producer? Ben told me all about her.

Iz feels the betrayal.

DAKOTA

God, Iz, they're just fucking tables and chairs. I would have given them to you. You didn't have to steal from me.

Dakota looks around. Eyes are on her from all over the bar.

DAKOTA

You're drunk. You should go home.

Iz walks towards the door, embarrassed.

DAKOTA

You could have just asked.

Iz fills with rage, turns back and charges Dakota.

IZ

Oh, so you could promise to help me like a thousand times and never go through with it?

DAKOTA

Is that all our friendship is to you? Access to contacts?

IZ

Clearly it's not, because you dangle the carrot just far enough out of reach. It goes both ways, Dakota. I would have been your maid of honor if I was successful.

DAKOTA

How dare you.

IZ

I think you enjoy my lack of success a little too much.

DAKOTA

What could I possibly enjoy about that?

IZ

That I have nothing better going on in my life than having you as my friend! You. Have. Everything. And I've been happy for you. I rooted for you while you achieved your goals, one at a time. I still listen to you bitch about bad auditions and roles you lose. You claim to care about me and yet you've barely lifted a finger to help me with my dreams.

DAKOTA

Do you ever think I might have a reason for not setting you up with more meetings. Face it, Iz, you use people. You only care about successful people and what they can do for you.

Iz chokes back a sob. It's not pretty.

IZ

That's not true.

DAKOTA

I really hope the only reason you're throwing this wake isn't to impress Brittani. Don't pretend like you're a real friend to Gia -- days ago you were calling her a drunk train wreck. You sure you weren't looking in a mirror?

Iz is sweaty and pale as a ghost. She sobs and runs to the...

INT. DIVE BAR - LADIES' BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Iz rushes into a stall and vomits.

She lies on the dirty rim, sobbing. Drool on her chin.

Eventually Iz gets up and sits on the toilet, fully clothed. She takes a compact out of her purse and checks her reflection. Awful.

Iz rifles through her large purse for makeup. Removes items and puts them on her lap, including GIA'S PHONE.

The phone lights up with a notification.

TEXT ON SCREEN: "BFF, Dancing Bunny Ladies Icon: *Details for tomorrow's celebration of Gia Delgado. 5pm. Ceremony at 6. Address: 6161 Sunset Blvd. Nearby lots north on El Centro.*"

IZ
God, Ben, you group-texted Gia
about her own wake.

Iz's eyes roll, but land on something interesting.

TIGHT ON Iz's eyes.

TIGHT ON "BFF, Dancing Bunny Ladies Icon."

Iz opens her contact card:

Her own BIZ CARD shows up on screen:

-- Izzy Cooper

-- film emoji, gold medal emoji

-- lifesaver emoji

Iz clicks her contact card and a text chain with Gia pops up.

In the typing field there's an unsent message:

TEXT ON SCREEN: "*I'm Sorry*"

The text is accompanied by an unsent video attachment. Iz pushes play.

VIDEO ON SCREEN

The video attachment is Gia. It's daytime. She appears sober. She's wearing the same ridiculous shirt she was wearing in the CCTV footage.

Iz makes the connection that this was probably the same night. The night Gia died.

Gia changes the frame a few times before speaking.

GIA

Hi, Iz. I'm not sure how to frame this shot best or find good lighting. I'm not an amazing director like you. Hopefully this will do. I've been wanting to do this in person, but I didn't think I should wait any longer. I kept trying to tell myself it was no biggie when you didn't want to meet up for coffee, or fro-yo, or boba tea. But I am not fine. I know I fucked up. I really hate myself for hurting you because you are the best person in my life, and all I want to do is make your life better. I miss you so much. I talk to other people as if we are still hanging out because I can't bear the thought of our friendship being over.

Iz is crying.

GIA

I know I'm a fuckup... I had this thought that you were ashamed to be my friend, and I just can't get it out of my head.

Gia tries to shake this idea from her mind.

GIA

I want a chance to offset all the bad. I'm trying to find you some money for your movie. I have a lead. Please give me the chance to make it up to you. I'll do whatever it takes. I'm sorry about Helmut. I'm very, very sorry about Helmut.

Iz closes the video attachment and sobs.

FLASHBACK - DESERT CAMPGROUND - EARLY MORNING

It's the moment from the top of the film. Iz is hysterical, yelling at the top of her lungs.

IZ
 Helmut! HELMUT!

Iz storms over to Gia, who's holding Lafayette and standing with her HOOKUP (male, 40s, trashy) near an airstream trailer.

IZ
 You can't go twenty-four hours without blowing some random guy's dick? Are you really that pathetic?

GIA'S HOOKUP
 It was totally my bad. I spooked the dog and when I tried to chase it, it bolted.

IZ
 Yeah, my dog's not a fan of human waste.

GIA'S HOOKUP
 You're technically not supposed to bring dogs here anyway --

Iz screams into the void then starts searching again.

IZ
 Helmut! Helmut? Helmut!

GIA
 I'll keep looking for Helmut! I won't stop looking! I'll find him for you!

IZ
 Helmut!
 (Whips around to Gia, eyes blazing)
 Go away! There is literally nothing you can do for me!
 (She starts pacing)
 It's been eight hours. What if coyotes got -- ? No. Fuck, no. Oh my God.
 (to Gia)
 I didn't even want to come here with you. If you hadn't forced me to agree to this months ago...
 Fuck! You lost my dog. You're worthless. Even when you're sober.

GIA
I'm sorry, Izzy, I'm sorry.

Iz storms off to continue the search. Gia is completely broken.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LADIES' BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Iz is feeling torn apart. She pauses the video. Pukes again.

EXT. DIVE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Iz storms outside. Pacing, she dials a number on Gia's phone.

IZ
I'm drunk.

EXT. DIVE BAR - LATER

Iz sits on the curb. There's a peace over her that only comes from being all out of tears. She's talking to someone we can't see yet.

IZ
I'm so angry. And I didn't think it was possible to be any more pissed off. Gia was damn annoying. She'd call every time I was in the middle of something. She scheduled things months in advance, which meant I had to turn down later offers from people I'd rather spend my time with. Even in death she completely fucked up this wedding for me. Dakota hates me now. HATES ME. Gia is gonna cost me my best friend -- my human best friend, 'cause she already lost my dog. Why did she have to like me so much?!

(then)
I just realized we are sitting like right next to a bar. Is that okay?

REVEAL: AA Leader Simone, listening intently. Simone laughs.

SIMONE
Yeah. Thanks for asking.

IZ

My life is a shit show. I don't want to ruin yours too.

SIMONE

You give yourself too much credit.

IZ

When Gia got her DUI, she was afraid to go to the first AA meeting so she asked me to go with her. I have no idea why.

SIMONE

It sounds like you're someone she felt confident around. She liked being associated with you.

IZ

I don't have the power to make anyone feel confident.

SIMONE

Sure you do. We all do.

IZ

Why did she bring that fuckin' fucker back to our campsite? It was actually a fun weekend.

IZ

Ben is going to be so mad. Anger is the only emotion I've never seen on him but I'm terrified to know what it looks like.

(beat)

I've never lied to him before. I lie. Just not to him.

(beat)

I want to make a difference in the world, I want to provide a better life for Ben. I want to feel good about myself when someone introduces me at a party. I want to stop *pretending* that I matter. I want to *know* that I matter. I'm tired of working so hard make connections with people.

SIMONE

What people?

IZ

People that matter.

SIMONE

Who matters?

IZ

I don't know how your landscaping works, but people with regular jobs get promoted every five years or whatever. My only promotions come -- from doing good work and having the right people see it. So how am I not supposed to aspire to know important people? Connected people?

Simone holds eye contact with Iz. She feels the load of the weight Iz is carrying.

IZ

I...Gia was drinking again.

SIMONE

(Sighs)

I had my suspicions.

IZ

Gia applied to be my assistant. It was hard for her to get a new job with the DUI and her boss is a fuck head - excuse my language... But I threw Gia's application away. She's organized, she probably would have been great. I didn't want to be associated with her or her whole aesthetic. When my dog got lost, I had a clean, undeniable excuse to get Gia out of my life.

(a beat)

Yeah her boss was toxic, but...Gia fell off the wagon because of me. It's my fault. She's dead because of me.

Simone puts a hand on Iz's shoulder while Iz cries silent tears.

SIMONE

Iz, everyone is responsible for their own actions, that includes their own sobriety.

Iz is too choked up to make a sound but eventually nods her understanding.

SIMONE

Is there anyone in your life you haven't had to impress? Who knew you and accepted you?

IZ

Ben, of course. Helmut.
(beat)
And Gia.

FADE THROUGH
BLACK:

INT. IZ'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Lafayette is laying in a shaft of light, wearing a little black tie.

Iz stands at a mirror, deliberating over two black dresses. Ben comes over. Stands behind her as she holds them.

They lock eyes in the mirror. Iz is tentative. Nervous even. Both of their eyes well up.

IZ

I'm sorry, Ben. Will you please forgive me?

After a long beat, Ben places a forgiving kiss on her cheek.

BEN

(pointing to a dress)
That one.

INT. WAKE VENUE - LATER

Iz, Ben, and Simone stand in a big empty ballroom.

IZ

Well, we don't have tables, chairs.

BEN

A sound system.

SIMONE

Or anywhere to serve food.

IZ

But we got flowers. Left over from one of my commercial masterpieces.

Iz points to the giant cardboard sign with white carnations from the phone sex hotline.

BEN
You have a real classy job, babe.

IZ
Still training Gracie.

SIMONE
You can't train taste.

IZ
(delighted)
Simone!

Iz starts to rip carnations off the sign. Ben and Simone follow suit.

BEN
This is still a really nice room.
If we make some calls we can still
pull this together in a few hours
before people start arriving.

IZ
Yeah?

Iz pulls the last flower out of the sign.

BEN
Totally.
(to the sign)
Now, I shall return you to your
rightful habitat.

Ben shoves it into the trash.

IZ
(to Simone)
Is it weird that this cheesy sign
is the most Gia-feeling thing about
this room?

Simone doesn't disagree.

IZ
None of this feels like Gia.

EXT. WAKE VENUE - ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

Iz, Ben, and Simone stand on the roof top with A BUILDING SITE REP. It's rough around the edges, but has a nice view.

SIMONE

Well, between the AC exhausts and the cement half-wall, there seem to be enough places to sit.

Iz turns and notices some lewd graffiti on a nearby wall.

IZ

It's perfect. It's Gia.

EXT. WAKE VENUE - ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

Site Rep is gone. Iz and gang put their heads together.

IZ

(to Simone)

You run and borrow that speaker while Ben runs to the store.

(to Ben)

We're gonna need paper plates, silverware, napkins --

BEN

I could build my cheese spread here. I'll see what else Costco has. Maybe we can switch up the menu a bit to fit the vibe more?

IZ

I can't believe I'm about to say this but...

EXT. WAKE VENUE - ROOF - LATER

Simone sets down a giant stack of Little Caesars boxes.

The rooftop is ready: string lights, streamers, and other tacky decorations, motivational mantra art, etc.

Even the phone sex hotline sign has been reimagined as a funky welcome sign.

Iz emerges from behind a wall wearing Gia's coffee-stained doggy day-planner T-shirt over her black dress. Ben puts his hand to his heart.

EXT. WAKE VENUE - ROOF - SUNSEST

Pockets of people we recognize from work and AA along with Gia's parents are mixing with one another, eating pizza, and laughing. Lafayette is getting lots of love.

Mrs. Delgado is regaling Gia's coworkers with a story.

MRS. DELGADO

Iz accidentally spilled coffee on herself, so to make her feel better, my Gia spilled coffee on her shirt too!

Dax Milhouse takes selfies with several people, pulling out his fake-smile "selfie face" like second nature. Iz notices Dax take a drink from his flask.

IZ

Can everyone circle up near the karaoke machine? I thought we could pass the mic around and share some memories of Gia.

Iz passes the mic to Amad (from work).

AMAD

Gia was from the South and loved southern cooking. So she had a mug at work with a quote on it: "Man, bacon makes everything better." But the quote is missing a comma. So it read, "Man-bacon makes everything better."

The crowd explodes in laughter.

AMAD

I gave her hell for it, and so she'd always call me "man-bacon," which, let's face it, is the greatest compliment in the world.

QUICK CUTS of people sharing sound bytes of how Gia impacted them, as the sun sets.

EXT. WAKE VENUE - ROOF - NIGHT

The roof looks almost classy now. String lights pop against the dark blue night sky. The mic has passed almost all the way around the circle, to Dax. He's hopelessly intoxicated.

DAX MILHOUSE

Gia and I met years ago at some charity event I was hosting. Probably for refugees or animals with heart conditions. I'm involved with a lot of charities.

Iz roles her eyes.

DAX MILHOUSE

Gia was different than a lot of girls, ya know? Gave of herself. Just gave and gave.

Iz looks to Gia's parents. She starts to feel nervous.

DAX MILHOUSE

Like, a week ago on our last Sunday Funday, we got a hotel room, which she offered to pay for by the way. Adorable. We all know she could hold her liquor, ammi right?

Iz charts the faces of Gia's AA friends. They're sad, but showing no judgement.

DAX MILHOUSE

But this time, she went so hard she puked into the trashcan. And then, I'm a sympathy puker, so I puked right on the bed. But instead of worrying about herself, she just laid there in my puke and stroked my hair.

Everyone's is disturbed, even if they get the "sweetness" of the story. But Iz is straight up bothered.

DAX MILHOUSE

A real giver. When I woke up the next morning she had already cleaned the place and had two coffees waiting. Damn. She was the kind of person that could recover from anything. I never thought...

Dax gets choked up. This story obviously means a lot to him. He tries to muffle a sob. He raises his glass for a toast but-

-

DAX MILHOUSE

I mean puke was everywhere--

Iz rips the mic from Dax's hand. After a long, careful breath...

IZ

Hi, I'm Iz.

AA GROUP

Hi, Iz.

A few chuckles. The tension breaks slightly.

IZ
You all know me as Gia's best
friend.

Iz clocks Brittani in the crowd.

IZ
Truth is, I don't deserve that
title.

Iz delicately touches the coffee-stain on her shirt. She turns to Gia's parents.

IZ
I hadn't seen Gia in a long time.
We. To make a long story short, we
had a falling out. She was
struggling, going through a hard
time. She came to me for help
and... I chose not to. I know you
can't be responsible for someone
else's sobriety, but, the way I
treated her... didn't help.

Iz notices Dakota joining the circle. They lock eyes.

IZ
If I was as forgiving and quick to
love as Gia, maybe none of us would
have to be here right now. Gia was
gracious, forgiving, and always
quick to think the best of people.

Iz looks to Dax, then down at her hands.

IZ
Even when they didn't deserve it.
(beat)
You're all here because you were
important to Gia -- the top
contacts in her phone. Damn, she
loved emojis, didn't she?
(beat)
I learned a lot about Gia going
through that thing.

FLASHBACK - INT. DIVE BAR - LADIES' BATHROOM - LAST NIGHT

Drunk Iz lies on the dirty bathroom floor, looking at Gia's phone screen. She unpauses Gia's video and lets it continue.

GIA (V.O.)

(crying)

I'm so so so so sorry about Helmut.
I think about him every day. You
know the lengths I go to taking
care of Lafayette. I just...

Gia is running out of tears to cry.

GIA (V.O.)

Izzy, I know that even before I
messed everything up, our
friendship meant more to me than it
did to you. I mean, it makes sense.
You've had your life together for a
long time. But me, you helped me
make healthy choices for the first
time. Taught me to value myself --
'cause your time is so precious to
you, and yet, you still found time
for me.

(beat)

Is it so wrong that I wanted a
friend who could help me be better?
Reach my goals? *You're only as good
as the company you keep, right?*

CLOSE ON Iz, crying in the bathroom stall.

END FLASHBACK.

BACK TO SCENE

CLOSE ON Iz, tearing up at the wake.

IZ

I apologize, because I'm about to
get cheesy for a second. But we all
know that Gia wouldn't mind.

Gia's parents smile. Iz looks to Dakota, to Ben, to Simone.

IZ

Friends are not rungs on the
ladder. They're what you climb
towards. We seek out friendships
not because of what they can do for
us, but because of who they make
us. Good friends let you be
yourself, but also push you to be
more than that. In the past week,
Gia's done both of those things. I
wish I could tell her that.

(MORE)

(beat)
 There's nothing wrong with pursuing
 people you find inspiring,
 encouraging, humbling,
 discerning...

Iz looks at Dakota, Ben, Brittani, and Simone respectively.
 Brittani looks over her shoulder, confused.

IZ
 Hell, I'm none of those things, but
 for some reason, Gia chose to
 pursue friendship with me. Someday,
 I hope I can become the person Gia
 saw me to be.

Iz picks up a glass of coffee off a nearby table.

IZ
 Everyone, please raise your
 glass... of coffee. To Gia.

ALL
 To Gia.

Iz dumps the full cup of coffee on her dress.

EXT. WAKE VENUE - ROOF - LATER

People are lined up, saying their goodbyes to Iz.

AMAD
 That was a wonderful tribute.

Ben hands Lafayette's leash over to Iz and kisses her.

BEN
 Proud of you, babe.

Iz smiles. Gia's parents approach.

MRS. DELGADO
 (to Lafayette)
 You ready for your big trip to
 Georgia tomorrow?

IZ
 Actually, I was wondering if I
 could keep Lafayette.

Mr. and Mrs. Delgado look at each other with relief.

MR. DELGADO

Did my wife's intense allergies
pressure you in any way?

IZ

Actually, I'd really love to have
him. And a part of Gia.

Mrs. Delgado takes Iz's hand and squeezes it. Iz hands Gia's
phone to Mrs. Delgado.

IZ

You should have this. I'm around if
you need me.

The Delgado's walk away, arms wrapped around each other's
shoulders. Across the party, Iz spots Simone. She walks over.

SIMONE

So, you're the proud owner of a dog
again?

IZ

Yep. No more sleeping past 6 A.M.
for me anymore.

SIMONE

Well, if you find yourself in a dog
park... you have my number.

Simone turns to great Brittani Hoffman. Iz watches as they
exchange pleasantries. Iz resists the urge to inject herself
and secure some "Brittani face time". Instead, she watches
Brittani grab a slice of pizza.

BRITTANI HOFFMAN

(to Simone)

I haven't had hot-and-ready since
college. So good.

Iz laughs from a distance, noting the irony, then turns to
discover Dakota.

IZ

I didn't think you were going to
come.

DAKOTA

Of course. You're my best friend.

IZ

Yeah?

DAKOTA

("duh")

Yeah.

(beat)

Best is a tier. It's qualitative.
Not a ranking.

Iz and Dakota sit down on an HVAC unit.

IZ

I'm sorry about my unsuccessful attempt to hijack your wedding furnishings -- without asking you. It really was the lamest selfish thing I've done.

DAKOTA

Agreed.

IZ

I was really scared you'd never want to talk to me again. I can't lose you. And not 'cause you're "Dakota Samms." But because you're 'Koda.

Dakota side hugs Iz.

DAKOTA

Aww, Iz-Biz. I owe you an apology.
(off Iz's surprise)
I've been so consumed with my own life, all the unbelievably amazing highs and the very rare lows...

Iz can't help but crack a smile.

DAKOTA

That I haven't been very available to walk with you through yours. I'm sorry. I'm going to change that. It sucks to feel stuck but honestly, you're the most capable person I know. Everything is going to happen for you. And yes, I want to help. As your friend.

Long pause. Iz swallows her emotions, but they both get the moment. Then...

DAKOTA

And I don't think you use people... all the time.

IZ
Get the hell out of here and enjoy
your honeymoon!

EXT. STREETS (EAST HOLLYWOOD) - LATER THAT NIGHT

Iz, still wearing Gia's coffee-stained shirt over her dress, walks Lafayette. She looks like a sad zombie.

As Iz enters her neighborhood, her body releases and the floodgates open. She becomes a complete, blubbery mess.

Tension snaps into Lafayette's leash as he pulls. This time, Iz lets him drag her along.

IZ
(through tears)
What do you want?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Probably smells ma' squirrel.

IZ
Eww. What?!

Iz wipes the tears from her eyes to see the voice belongs to the Houseless Woman they pass on their daily walks. The woman flashes her puffy jacket open. Iz hides her eyes, but... the woman is just holding a tiny baby squirrel.

IZ
Oh, hey there, little guy.

Lafayette has already curled up at the woman's feet.

HOUSELESS WOMAN
His name is Squirrelly.

Fighting her natural instinct to leave, Iz engages--

IZ
What's your name?

HOUSELESS WOMAN
Jenny.

IZ
I'm Iz.

Jenny motions for Iz to sit down next to her. She does. Jenny invites Iz to pet Squirrelly. They sit in silence.

Jenny scoffs at Iz's bizarre outfit.

JENNY
(condescending)
Where'd you come from?

IZ
A wake.

JENNY
Who died?

IZ
My best friend.

Iz sits with Jenny, petting Squirrelly into the night.

THE END