

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

EXT. FEZ'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

FEZ
Who is it?

RUE
It's me. Open the door.

FEZ
Fuck. Not today, Rue. I'm sorry.

RUE
Come on man, don't be a dick.

FEZ
Nah, I'm serious. You can't come in.

RUE
Look man. All I... All I need is like a few OCs. That's all.

FEZ
Sorry, I can't help you.

RUE
Fez, I've had a really fucked up day, alright? Look, it's been a really fucked up day, ok? So I need you to open the door for me, ok? Can you open the door? Please?

FEZ
I'm not gonna help you kill yourself, Rue. I'm sorry, but you can't be coming over here no more. Just go home.

Fez closes the screen door.

RUE
Don't... Fez... don't close the... Fuck!

Pause.

RUE (CONT'D)
Fez... open the fucking door, I'm begging you, just open the door.

Pause.

RUE (CONT'D)

You're full of shit man. You make a living selling drugs to teenagers and now all of a sudden, you want to have a fucking moral high ground? You're a dropout drug dealer, you know that? You're a fucking dropout drug dealer with seven fucking functioning brain cells.

RUE (CONT'D)

Open the door! Fuck you! Fuck you Fez, ok? Are you doing this because you care about me? If you gave a shit about me, you wouldn't haven't sold me the drugs in the first place but you did. You fucking did. So open the damn door! Open the door!

RUE (CONT'D)

Open the door... open the door... open the door...

RUE (CONT'D)

You did this to me! You fucking did this to me, Fez! You fucking ruined my life. The least you can do is open the damn door and fix it!

Pause. Rue gives up. She pulls out her phone and dials an number.

RUE

This is so fucked up.

RUE

Hey, um... is this Ali? This is Rue. I was just... calling to see if maybe you still wanna get pancakes or something.