

MEDIKATE

by

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Based on real life, 'cuz life's a bitch and then you die.

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INT. VISIONARY ARTISTS GROUP LIVESTREAM ROOM - DAY

KATE, late 20s, charismatic yet internally fragile, is hysterically tearing down pieces of a decorated backdrop.

She ninja-kicks a chair against the wall. It bounces back and hits her in the shin.

KATE

FUCK!

Kate collapses to her knees.

KATE (CONT'D)

Fuck you. I *was* happy!

She repeatedly punches a nearby prop until it splits in half.

KATE (CONT'D)

Or at least I was about to be
happy, until you showed up!

Kate stands up and throws a piece of cardboard into the distance.

Unhinged, she lets out an animalistic scream and continues her rampage.

INT. KATE'S BATHROOM - DAWN

Kate stares wide eyed under water, lying motionless in the bath. She appears dead until -- RING RING! She blinks. The sound of her phone ringing pulls her up for an overdue breath.

INT. KATE'S BATHROOM - DAWN

Fresh out of the bathtub, Kate leans on the counter perusing Instagram and Snapchat. She plays a voicemail from her mom, MISSY, 60s, bohemian gypsy.

MISSY (V.O.)

Good morning my indigo daughter!
Just wanted to let you know that
I'll be meditating for you an --

Delete.

She opens her texts, all congratulating her on the "Big promotion." She clicks and closes each message, solely to get rid of the blue iMessage dots.

Back to Instagram. No new DMs.

"TIME TO MEDITATE" -- A phone alarm.

She refreshes her Instagram feed for one last fix, then reluctantly puts down her phone.

She stares in the mirror, taking deep breaths.

KATE

I am a powerful goddess. I am
grounded in who I am. I am
deserving of good things.

Kate closes her eyes.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

She continues her affirmations.

KATE (CONT'D)

I love myself. I love myself. I
love --

"TIME FOR THE BIG DAY!" -- Another alarm.

She speaks over the alarm, tears welling in her eyes.

KATE (CONT'D)

I love myself.

TITLE CARD: MediKate

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kate FACETIMES with her boyfriend JAMES, 30s, warm and sophisticated.

KATE

I should've done laundry at your
place, I have nothing to wear.

James laughs.

JAMES

You've got more clothes than anyone
I know. Wear that blue suit I like
or somethin'.

Kate puts on a black dress and looks in the mirror. She's unimpressed.

KATE
Of course I'm bloated right now.

JAMES
You look beautiful, and that dress is sexy.

She puts a red blazer over the dress. Still no.

KATE
I don't even know who I am right now! I thought I'd be happy today...

James disappears from frame.

KATE (CONT'D)
Babe?

Kate sets her phone on the dresser and tries on the blue suit. She gives herself a final one-up in the mirror and decides it will suffice.

A picture of Kate as a little girl fills her iPhone screen. Age 5, she's giving the camera a thumbs up and holding a sign: "Career day is my favorite day!"

KATE (CONT'D)
James, c'mon, you know I hate that picture.

James appears back on screen.

JAMES
This is who you are. Ultimate boss woman, Head of Creative Marketing!

Kate rolls her eyes.

KATE
Technically speaking, I'm not "head" until after the livestream.

JAMES
Well *technically speaking*, you've built that company with Robert since day one and it's about damn time you get promoted.

She takes this in.

KATE

I meannnnnnn, it's not like I sacrificed my 20's to help him build a top tier boutique marketing agency or anything like that...

JAMES

Or turned down a 6-figure offer from his leading competitor, or anything like that...

Kate jokingly motions a puking gesture.

KATE

Blah, don't remind me. My loyalty will be the death of me!

Her and James lock eyes and share a smile. She leans in to kiss the camera when --

"TIME TO HURRY UP!!!" -- Alarm #3.

Kate snaps back into rush mode.

KATE (CONT'D)

Wish me luck! I love you!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Kate anxiously switches back and forth between a lookbook on her computer and a pile of mail. She puts aside a letter from the DMV and throws the rest of the mail into a recycling bin.

As her N'espresso brews, she takes a selfie next to her mug.

Caption #1: Fueling up for the big day!

Caption #2: Coffee makes the world go round.

Caption #3: Much needed for the BIG DAY!

She goes with caption #3, then settles on the "Lagos" filter.

Post!

Her roommate, SAUSH, 30s, mysterious burnout, enters the kitchen, half asleep.

KATE

Morning... coffee?

SAUSH

Nah, thanks. There was an outbreak of salmonella in the Mexican coffee plantations. I don't trust anything K-cup right now.

KATE

Right, yeah. Heard about that.

Kate hesitantly swallows the coffee already in her mouth, pouring the rest of her cup into the sink.

She immediately pulls up her Instagram and adds to her photo caption: "(don't worry I didn't drink it, I know about the salmonella!)"

Saush lights a joint next to Kate.

KATE (CONT'D)

Saush! I can't be reeking of weed at the office today.

SAUSH

Are there days when you *can*?

KATE

Very funny. You know how important today is.

Saush gets all stoner-philosophical.

SAUSH

Not nearly as important as the day that you learn to slow down your energy and settle into your flow.

Kate considers this for a moment until -- RING RING! It's Kate's assistant, SOPHIE, 30's, overwhelmingly quirky.

Kate quickly gathers her things and answers the phone.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

Kate!

KATE

Hey Soph, I gotta stop for coffee -- you know how I hate the office brew.

Saush blows a cloud of smoke into Kate's face as she walks by.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

Wait, have you --

Kate shoots Saush the look of death.

KATE
See you in 20.

She hangs up before Sophie can respond.

She grabs a can of air freshener from beneath the sink and mists herself, accidentally spraying some of it in her mouth. Saush lets out a belly laugh.

KATE (CONT'D)
Not cool, Saush!

Kate storms out.

INT. MARKET - DAY

Kate waits in line to pay, sipping her coffee and listening to *Headspace* through her AirPods. Her brief moment of tranquility is interrupted by another call from Sophie. She begrudgingly answers.

KATE
I'm 5 away --

Sophie is distraught on the other end.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
Are you sitting down?

KATE
Uhhh... no?

SOPHIE (V.O.)
You should probably sit down.

KATE
Or you could just tell me what's going on.

A WOMAN joins in line behind Kate.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
Are you sitting down yet?

KATE
Soph! Spit it out.

Beat.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
Okay... I just sent it. Check your
DM's.

Kate checks Sophie's message. It's a TMZ video link.

Kate clicks on the video to see her boss, ROBERT BASTRO, 50s,
CEO of Visual Artists Group, being escorted out of his
mansion in handcuffs.

The woman in line behind Kate suddenly shrieks and hits
Kate's coffee out of her hands, spilling it all over the
floor.

KATE
Whoa! What the --

Kate turns to confront the woman, who's now nowhere in sight.
She scans the market, confused.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
Kate?

Kate realizes she's still on the phone. She tosses a \$5 bill
to the CASHIER CLERK and hurries out the door.

KATE
Sorry about the mess!

EXT. SIDE WALK - DAY

She resumes her phone call with Sophie.

KATE
What the hell is happening!?

SOPHIE (V.O.)
Embezzlement. So scandalous... did
you know? You can trust me, Kate. I
won't tell anybody, you know that,
right?

KATE
Are you kidding me!?

Kate realizes she's yelling; passersby are glaring. She
lowers her tone and continues walking.

KATE (CONT'D)
Of course I didn't know. Ughh,
damnit! When did this air?

SOPHIE (V.O.)
10 minutes ago. I called you the
second I got to the office.

The woman from the market pops up next to Kate.

WOMAN
Everything you've worked for is
ruined!

KATE
Can I help you, ma'am?

SOPHIE (V.O.)
Huh?

KATE
This woman is following me, I'll be
at the office in a sec.

Kate hangs up and stops to confront the woman, who once again
has vanished.

KATE (CONT'D)
What the hell...

Reality sets in as Kate processes the news of Robert's
embezzlement. She calls James for counsel.

EXT. MOVIE SET - DAY

James, in all his A.D. glory, yells commands on set.

JAMES
Background action. Lets see those
lights. Okay and --

BZZZT! James' phone vibrates in his pocket. It's Kate. He
ignores it. It rings again, still Kate.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I'll be right back, roll without
me.

The DIRECTOR, 40s, frail, steps out from video village.

DIRECTOR
What gives?

JAMES
I'm sorry, just...

He holds up his pointer finger as if to say, "one sec."

JAMES (CONT'D)
Babe, lemme call you back --

KATE (V.O.)
Did you see it!?

JAMES
See what?

KATE (V.O.)
Robert royally fucked up and now
I'm totally screwed!

Kate gets emotional on the other end.

KATE (V.O.)
I didn't slave my 20's away so that
this could happen, James! This
CAN'T be happening!

JAMES
What? Baby, calm down. Just take a
deep brea --

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Let's go!

JAMES
Practice the deep breaths. Four
count inhale, four count exhale.

James exemplifies the breath work.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Kate breathes deeply in unison with James. She closes her
eyes and settles into a moment of calm.

KATE
I feel better.

JAMES (V.O.)
Whatever Robert did, you'll find a
way to fix it, just like you always
do. Go show em' who's boss, I'll
call you back asap!

James hangs up. Kate takes another deep breath. She repeats
her affirmations.

KATE
I am a powerful goddess. I am
grounded in who I am. I am
deserving of good things.

Refreshed, she approaches a high rise building -- VISIONARY
ARTISTS GROUP.

INT. VISIONARY ARTISTS GROUP - DAY

Kate enters to find the office in chaos. Sophie greets her
with excitement.

SOPHIE
Kate!!! Oh my gosh, YES! You're
here!

Kate beelines for Robert's office, Sophie follows.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
The IRS took all the files from
Robert's office.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kate enters to find all the cabinets have been stripped.

KATE
Why didn't you call me!?

SOPHIE
I called you as soon as I got here!
I tell you everything, Kate, you
know that!

Kate frantically rummages through Robert's desk -- empty. She
collapses into his chair.

KATE
What am I supposed to do now?

Kate mimics a man's voice.

KATE (CONT'D)
"Stick with me, kiddo, and I'll
bring ya to the top!" THANKS FOR
NOTHING ROBERT.

Kate mocks banging her head on the desk.

KATE (CONT'D)

So much for being titled Head of Marketing...and so much for our epic livestream with Cameran Dallas. AND, not to mention but also DEFINITELY MENTION that my signature has been all over every Visionary Artists Group document for the last nine years!? What if Robert takes me down with him, Soph? I really wasn't involved with this...

SOPHIE

If they had anything on you, they would have brought you in with Robert. Plus, TMZ is a bottom feeder that fabricates deets on the daily. We don't know the real facts yet.

Sophie bends down to meet Kate at eye level.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

AND, *not to mention but also definitely mention* -- thanks to this Robert scandal, the expected audience for today's livestream has tripled! We're gonna pull in record numbers, Kate.

Kate resumes banging her head. Sophie awkwardly grabs Kate's face and pulls her close.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Kate! Focus. A) With Robert gone, the board is going to need someone to step in as acting President -- B) Guess who just so happens to know this company better than anyone? And C) Today's live-stream is going to rack in viral numbers, and Robert won't be here to claim the credit. I'd say things are actually working out in your favor Miss Myers.

Kate soaks this in.

KATE

You think?

Sophie giggles with excitement.

SOPHIE

Everyone's talking about it. You
basically run this place anyways!

For the first time all morning, Kate shows a genuine smile.

KATE

I'd be the youngest president of a
Fortune 500... like ever... Me...
President.

SOPHIE

You! PRESIDENT!

Sophie jumps up and down in celebration, coercing Kate to
join. Kate indulges in the joyous moment.

INT. VISIONARY ARTISTS GROUP - DAY

Frenzied COWORKERS approach Kate with questions, shoving
papers in her face. She's clearly the one who keeps this
place running.

COWORKER #1

How should I address this Robert
situation? TMZ wants a statement.

KATE

Tweet saying today's livestream
will tell all.

COWORKER #1

Will it?

KATE

Nope. Numbers, think numbers.

COWORKER #1 nods and runs in the opposite direction.

COWORKER #2

Cameron Dallas requested a private
makeup room, where should we put
him?

KATE

Have the MUA team set up in the
board room, and make sure they have
new brushes. Cameron hates face
germs.

COWORKER #2 skedaddles. Employees continue to bombard Kate.
She handles it like a pro.

Amidst the craziness, Kate notices a tiff out of the corner of her eye. One of the interns, MANDY, 20s, meek, is crying in the break room next to ZACH, 30s, well-to-do slime-ball.

Kate investigates.

INT. VISIONARY ARTISTS GROUP BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kate enters to hear Zach calling Mandy a cunt.

KATE

Uhhh, is there a problem here,
Mandy?

Zach steps in front of Mandy.

ZACH

No problem here, Katie-poo. How
'bout you mind your own business?

KATE

The last time you called me Katie-
poo, I said I would report you to
H.R. if you called me it again.

ZACH

Yeah, so?

KATE

You just said it again.

Mandy cries harder.

ZACH

Don't worry, KATE. This one already
beat you to it. Reported me to H.R.
like she doesn't know who the fuck
I am around here.

Mandy hangs her head, avoiding eye contact with Kate.

Kate feels a wisp of confidence and decides to cover for Mandy.

KATE

What if she didn't beat me to it?

ZACH

'Scuse me?

KATE

What if I'm the one that reported
you to H.R.?

ZACH

Wha --

KATE

You're the office perv, Zach.
Everyone has reported you. You just
so happen to have family in high
places which makes you think you're
untouchable. But we're living in
the #MeToo era my friend, times up.

ZACH

You better walk away right now, or
else --

Kate steps closer, challenging him.

KATE

Or else what? Threaten me one more
time and I'll have I.T. block
pornhub on your computer again.

Zach struggles for a come back.

ZACH

Pfft...

Kate smirks, she's got him.

KATE

Mandy, will you go make sure all
the walkies are charged?

Mandy mouths "thank you" to Kate and scurries out of the
room.

ZACH

I'm going to get you for thi --

KATE

Not today, Zachie-poo!

Victorious, Kate walks away before Zach can finish.

INT. VISIONARY ARTISTS GROUP LIVESTREAM ROOM - DAY

Buzzing iPhones and gossiping EMPLOYEES fill the room. A half
built backdrop, props everywhere. Nobody is focused.

Kate stands on top of a desk to make an announcement.

KATE

Listen up everyone! I know things are unsettled with Robert gone, but I want to remind you that we have one goal today and one goal only: hosting the Cameron Dallas livestream.

The room quiets down.

KATE (CONT'D)

Come to me with questions for now. The most important focus is making sure the livestream panel is fully built and ready for show time. Cameron Dallas wants everything *blue*, so make sure to stick to the color scheme when arranging the set.

No one moves. She attempts to pump them up.

KATE (CONT'D)

Let's make this the best damn livestream Instagram has ever seen, shall we!?

Silence.

KATE (CONT'D)

Uhh... let's break the Gram!

Sophie chimes in with a chant.

SOPHIE

Break-the-Gram! Break-the-Gram!

It catches on. Everyone joins in.

EMPLOYEES

Break-the-Gram! Break-the-Gra --

TOPHER

What's up fuckers!!!

TOPHER, 20, Gen-Z fuck boy (Logan Paul prototype), makes a dramatic entrance, surrounded by a posse of replicas, all riding hover-boards.

TOPHER (CONT'D)

I'm your new President! Boss man sent me to take over. The name's Topher. These are my bros.

Topher's bros chime in.

BROS

Sup!

Everyone stares in confusion at Topher, except for Kate. She's distracted by the woman from the market, who appears to be crouching under a nearby desk, intensely biting her nails and scowling at Kate.

Topher notices Kate's lack of attention and calls her out.

TOPHER

You! Blue suit chick!

Topher hovers over and claps in her face.

TOPHER (CONT'D)

Yo, I find it mad disrespectful that you're standing on my father's merchandise. Get down like pronto, por favor.

Kate blinks. The woman is gone.

She looks around. Everyone is staring at her.

KATE

Umm... what?

TOPHER

G.T.F.D. -- like get *the fuck out*, except, get the fuck down.

Topher fist bumps his bros. They all *dab* in unison.

KATE

Who are you again?

Topher stops mid *dab*.

TOPHER

Are you slow? I just announced my name.

Topher looks at his posse -- they all laugh.

KATE

Right... which was?

TOPHER

Topher Bastro. Aka Robert Bastro's son.

(MORE)

TOPHER (CONT'D)
Aka the heir to Visionary Artists
Group. Aka basically the new
President of VAG.

Kate processes this.

KATE
But... Robert said you were in
rehab...

TOPHER
Pfft, I was. But now I'm not. And
now I'm in charge! So... *G.T.F.D.*

Kate realizes she's still standing on the desk and rushes to
get down, embarrassed. She composes herself.

KATE
Hi, sorry! I'm Kate Myers, I
oversee creative development.

She holds out her hand for a handshake. Topher scoffs.

TOPHER
Ha, look brosephs! She's trying to
shake my hand like it's 1999 or
some shit.

Topher ignores Kate and hovers over to the livestream set.

He sifts through props, throwing them on the ground.

TOPHER (CONT'D)
This blue isn't going to work for
me. I want red. Red is *fire*.

Kate picks up the props as Topher throws them on the ground.

She tries to keep her cool.

KATE
While I agree that *red is fire*,
Cameron Dallas specifically
requested a *blue* set and he's going
to be here in less than 6 hours.
So, it's imperative that we stick
to the plan.

Topher continues ripping down props.

TOPHER
Yeah, nah... it's just not going to
work for me. Your matching outfit
was a cute touch, though.

KATE

Huh?

Kate looks down -- her suit is almost identical in color to the backdrop.

KATE (CONT'D)

Ughh...

She catches up to Topher.

KATE (CONT'D)

See the thing is, Topher, we've spent two weeks prepping this *blue* background. Per request of Cameron Dallas.

Beat.

KATE (CONT'D)

With all due respect, how about I take care of things here, and you go hang out in your dad's office. He's got kombucha on tap and a ping pong table...

Topher hovers above Kate, getting uncomfortably close to her face.

TOPHER

Though I do love myself some booch on tap, I also love me some red backgrounds. I'm not asking for much, Kate. Be a doll and make it happen for your new bossman, capeesh?

Topher motions his posse to the door.

KATE

But we don't have time to --

TOPHER

Make it *fire*, or no promotion.

Topher turns to Kate with a conniving grin.

TOPHER (CONT'D)

That's right, *Kate Myers*. My dad told me all about you. I guess we'll see who gets the board votes shall we...

Topher snaps his fingers. His bros follow him out of the room.

Kate feels a panic attack coming on and bolts to the utility closet -- her secret hideaway.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - DAY

Kate slams the door behind her, only to notice a stranger, WOMAN #2, sobbing in the fetal position.

KATE
Uhh... hi there.

Woman #2 cries harder.

WOMAN #2
Fuck off, you worthless piece of shit.

KATE
Excuse me?

WOMAN #2
You heard me, loser.

Suddenly, the other woman from earlier enters the closet and stands in front of the door.

WOMAN
Your life is over, Kate Myers!

Kate is trapped between both women.

KATE
You!

Woman #2 gets up and joins the other woman; they grab hands and block the door.

KATE (CONT'D)
Of course you know each other...

WOMAN #2
You know us too.

KATE
Right.

WOMAN
You don't remember? I'm ZiZi, your anxiety.

WOMAN, aka ZIZI, aka Kate's *anxiety manifested into physical form*, rigorously bites her nails.

WOMAN #2

And I'm DiDi, your depression. We were kids when we last saw you.

WOMAN #2, aka DIDI, aka Kate's *depression manifested into physical form*, collapses to the ground in tears.

It all clicks. Suddenly Kate remembers --

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

- Kate, age 11, sits silently as her parents talk to a therapist. He announces that she has "prepubescent anxiety and depression."

- Kate's mom performs an ayahuasca ritual to heal Kate. [Kate sits in the middle of a crystal circle; Missy chants and dances around her.]

- Kate awakes the next morning to find two girls sitting on her bed. They introduce themselves as her anxiety and depression, aka ZiZi and DiDi. [ZiZi obsessively bites her nails, DiDi weeps quietly.]

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE.

Kate snaps back into the present moment and stares wide eyed at ZiZi and DiDi.

KATE

No.

DIDI

My favorite word.

KATE

I was a child! You were just my imaginary friends!

Kate slowly backs away from ZiZi and DiDi.

ZIZI

Not your friends, Kate!

DIDI

We're inner reflections of your
mental health, here to stay until
you can heal yourself yada yada
yada and all that bullshit. We've
gone through this already.

Someone knocks on the utility closet door, startling Kate.

KATE

Go away, I'm pooping!

ZIZI

You can't avoid us forever, Kate.

Knock.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Kate...? Are you okay?

KATE

Yeah, Sophie, I'm good! Just give
me a few!

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Everything is going to work out.
You'll still be the board's pick!

KATE

Give me a moment, Soph!

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Are you really pooping? Want me to
come in there with you?

DIDI

I literally want to die.

ZIZI

Ahhh!

ZiZi paces. Sophie continues knocking.

KATE

Everybody just SHUT UP!

Knocking ceases.

Kate has a moment of quiet. She recovers the deleted
voicemail from her mom and replays it.

MISSY (V.O.)

Good morning my indigo daughter!
Just wanted to let you know that
I'll be meditating for you and
evoking the ascended masters to
help you manifest your ultimate
well-being! And so it is, and so be
it, amen.

Kate looks horrified.

ZIZI

This isn't about your mom, Kate.
This is about you.

DIDI

You've been denying us for years.
You need mental help, literally.

Kate quickly dials her mom. It goes to voicemail.

KATE

Mom. What did you do!?

She follows up with a text: "CALL ME ASAP!"

Kate takes a deep breath, then readdresses Zizi and Didi.

KATE (CONT'D)

I blocked you out once, I can sure
as hell do it again.

Kate closes her eyes and takes deep breaths.

DIDI

Ha! Breathe deeper, that will
definitely make us go away.

Kate speaks softly to herself.

KATE

I am in control of my own mind. I
am in control of my own mind. I am
in control of --

Knock.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Kate, I'm sorry to bother you but --

Kate peaks her head out of the closet.

KATE

Hey! Please go oversee the
livestream background and make sure
everything is still blue... I'll be
out in a minute.

Sophie blocks Kate from closing the door.

SOPHIE

So, quick thing... Topher actually
sent me to find you. He wants you
to personally help convert
everything to *red*. He says, and I
quote, "Your promo relies on it."

Sophie *dabs* while quoting Topher.

KATE

Of course he did.

Kate hops out of the closet, yelling over her shoulder --

KATE (CONT'D)

I AM IN CONTROL OF MY OWN MIND!

She slams the door and props a chair in front of the handle.

Sophie watches her suspiciously.

INT. VISIONARY ARTIST GROUP LIVESTREAM ROOM - DAY

Kate enters to find everyone in a panic. The room is a mess.

She stops in her tracks, figuring out what to do.

ZIZI (O.S.)

I feel like someone's punching me
in the solar plexus.

KATE

Ah!

ZiZi stands next to Kate. DiDi drops to the ground in front
of her.

DIDI

You're a failure, Kate. Just give
up already.

Kate steps over DiDi and continues walking.

KATE
This is all in your head. You have
the power to block them out.

Sophie sees Kate talking to herself.

SOPHIE
You good, girl?

DING! Kate gets a text from Topher. It's a GIF of him dabbing
with the caption: "Red is fire!"

DIDI
Yeah, you GOOD girl?

Kate charges past DiDi.

KATE
I'm fine!

She stands on top of a desk.

KATE (CONT'D)
Code red, everyone! Bring anything
red you can find to the livestream
room and start replacing the blue
set. I'm pushing lunch until after
the event, so fuel up on snacks
from the staff room if need be.

Silence. Everyone glares at Kate. Sophie tries to lighten the
mood.

SOPHIE
Do period pads count as something
red? Hah!

Crickets. Zizi bites her nails in Kate's ear.

ZIZI
Nobody takes you seriously.

Kate shoots Zizi a look, *wanna bet?* She snaps into boss mode.

KATE
Let's MOVE, people!

The room breaks into action.

She gets down from the desk and notices Zizi and DiDi have
disappeared.

Kate regains her confidence.

KATE (CONT'D)
That's right bitches, I am in
control of my own mind.

EXT. MOVIE SET - DAY

James sits at a TV monitor with the director. He keeps
checking his phone. No word from Kate.

DIRECTOR
Is that going to work for the wide?

He texts Kate: "Nobody even watches TMZ. I love you."

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
James, what do you think?

James refocuses.

JAMES
Huh?

INT. VISIONARY ARTISTS GROUP LIVESTREAM ROOM - DAY

Kate is adding the finishing touches to the livestream set.
Almost everything is red.

She tries to repair a broken prop. She pins it up, it falls.
She pins it up again, it falls.

ZiZi and DiDi spring up behind Kate.

ZIZI
What happens if you can't pull this
off?

DIDI
She can't.

Kate takes a deep breath, then attempts to pin the broken
prop one more time. It stays. Small victory.

KATE
Take that, fucker.

ZIZI
I'm really worried that this Topher
thing is breaking you!

DIDI
It already has. You're a weakling.
And you look fat in that suit.

Kate calls Missy. It goes to voicemail, again. She calls her younger sister, LOLA. Voicemail.

KATE
Remove any and all ayahuasca and
crystals from Mom's possession and
call me ASAP! K THANKS BYE.

Kate hangs up and shoots Zizi and Didi a look of intimidation.

KATE (CONT'D)
I am in control of my own mind.

She walks to the opposite corner of the room.

She pulls up Instagram and peruses Topher's page, shaking her head while clicking his posts.

KATE (CONT'D)
His follower-to-like ratio doesn't
even make sense...

Agitated, Kate opens her camera and uses "selfie mode" as a mirror. She repeats her affirmations.

KATE (CONT'D)
I am a powerful goddess.

Zizi and Didi chime in from across the room.

ZIZI
Definitely not feeling too powerful
right now!

KATE
I am grounded in who I am.

DIDI
Grounded? More like buried in the
ground.

Kate closes her eyes and deepens her breath.

KATE
I am deserving of good things. I
love myself.

DIDI
Liar.

Kate opens her eyes, takes one last deep breath, and forces a smile.

She snaps a picture for her Instagram story and captions it: "Get pumped for the VAG livestream with Cameron Dallas!"

She takes a step back to admire her work when --

Topher pokes his head into the room.

TOPHER

Kate. Apparently you harassed Zach?

Kate freezes.

KATE

Sorry, what was that?

Topher scrolls through his phone, not bothering to look at her.

TOPHER

You sexually pedophiled Zach or some shit, and now H.R. wants to file a temporary suspension.

The color drains from Kate's face.

KATE

But that's not --

Topher holds up his finger to silence Kate as he enters the room on his hoverboard.

TOPHER

Shhhh, don't tell me any details, I don't wanna be involved in legalities.

Topher takes a selfie on the main iPhone prepared for the livestream. Unbeknownst to him, he accidentally presses the LIVE button.

Topher turns to address Kate in a phony concerned tone.

TOPHER (CONT'D)

Listen, Kate. I think you're a valuable asset to this company, I really do, but I can't have the men in the office feeling unsafe. I take the #MENTOO movement very seriously. Especially when it comes to Zach Sperry. I mean, come on, Sperry boat shoes are the best!

Topher hovers away.

KATE

Topher let me explain, that's --

Topher slams the door behind him. This causes the prop that Kate wrestled with earlier to fall, triggering the entire backdrop to collapse.

ZiZi runs around the room, shrieking. DiDi bangs her head against the wall.

Something deep inside Kate snaps.

She hysterically tears down pieces of the backdrop.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'll show you *fire*, you fake-
follower-fuck-boy-trash-monkey!

She spits on a sign labeled, "Visionary Artists Group."

KATE (CONT'D)

You think I'm gonna spend almost a
decade working myself to the bone
just so YOU can hover over and take
it from me!? I DON'T THINK SO, BRO!

She ninja kicks a chair against the wall. It bounces back and hits her in the shin.

KATE (CONT'D)

FUCK!

Kate collapses to her knees. ZiZi and DiDi watch in the background.

ZIZI

You're never going to be happy,
Kate!

KATE

Fuck you. I *was* happy!

She punches a nearby prop until it splits in half.

KATE (CONT'D)

Or at least I was about to be
happy, until you showed up!

DiDi slow claps.

DIDI

Famous last words from Ms. fuck up
herself, ladies and gentleman.

Kate stands up and throws a piece of cardboard at DiDi.

Unhinged, she lets out an animalistic scream and continues her rampage.

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

James waits in line for food.

He peruses Instagram and notices the Visionary Artists Group page is LIVE. He clicks on it and sees Kate... having a total breakdown... in front of 1,369,470 viewers.

James exits the line. The director runs to catch up with him.

DIRECTOR

Hey! I wanna go over the next shot
before lunch is over.

JAMES

Give me one sec.

DIRECTOR

Don't drop the ball for second
half, man.

James ignores this comment and steps away to call Kate.

INT. VISIONARY ARTISTS GROUP LIVESTREAM ROOM - DAY

Mid-rage, Kate hears her phone ring. She answers vehemently.

KATE

Not right now, James!

JAMES (V.O.)

Baby, why are you on the
livestream?

Sophie bursts into the room.

SOPHIE

Kate, YOU'RE LIVE!

Kate snaps out of her hysteria.

She turns to face the camera and sees the livestream is not only LIVE but exploding with activity. She glances outside the livestream room... everyone is staring at her in shock. The livestream is playing on a giant TV in the lobby.

Kate falls to the floor. The room blurs. Sophie hovers over her in panic. ZiZi and DiDi's voices blend into a high-pitch ringing. Everything goes black.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DUSK

Kate charges down the street carrying a box of her office things. Her face is stained with mascara streaks.

She holds up her phone as she walks, the notifications are popping up by the dozen. The livestream has gone viral. Her breakdown plays as a GIF all over her feed. ZiZi and DiDi are nowhere to be seen in the videos.

As if on cue, it starts to rain.

KATE
You can't be serious.

ZiZi and DiDi appear next to Kate.

DIDI
You're the serious one.

She screams --

KATE
I AM IN CONTROL OF MY OWN MIND!

-- And sprints to her car.

INT. KATE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kate slams and locks the door. She scans her surroundings, ZiZi and DiDi are gone. She peels out.

INT. KATE'S CAR - NIGHT

Kate speeds down the highway. She repeatedly calls her mom and sister. Voicemail. She tries her dad, NOAH, it also goes to voicemail.

Kate drafts a text to her mom when -- RING RING! It's a FACETIME call from her bestie, GRAYSON, 20s, fashionista who oozes self confidence. Kate repositions the phone for a better camera angle, then answers.

GRAYSON

Hello super star! I see you got
that ten minutes of fame you never
wanted.

KATE

Not helping, Gray.

Kate's other best friend, DANNI, 20s, wild and alluring,
enters frame swigging a tequila bottle.

DANNI

You lost your mind today chicka.
You doin' okay?

Kate stares into camera.

KATE

Do I look okay?

Grayson grabs the phone back from Danni.

GRAYSON

Awww honey! Tell us what's going
on, we're 100% here for you.

DANNI (O.S.)

Come drink wiffff us Katieeee!
It'll make you feel better!

Grayson shoves Danni out of frame. He's an emotional drunk.

GRAYSON

On the real though, Kate, I want
you to call my therapist tomorrow.
I really think she can help you.

KATE

I don't need therapy...

DANNI

Or you can go see my guy! He'll
write you a prescription, no
questions asked.

Kate grows impatient.

KATE

I don't need to see a shrink! I'm
fine. I'll be fine.

GRAYSON

You always say that and you never
are!

A doorbell rings in the background.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
Oh-mi-gosh yezzzz, postmates is
here!

The call ends.

KATE
Graybaby?

Kate re-dials Grayson, gets "FaceTime Unavailable." She calls her mom. Voicemail.

KATE (CONT'D)
I'm too old to have imaginary
friends again, MOM!

She hangs up.

Kate can't help herself; she opens Instagram. Her following has sky-rocketed.

KATE (CONT'D)
12,000!?

She goes to check her DM's when --
WHOOOP WHOOP! A cop pulls her over.

INT. KATE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kate sits paranoid.

ZIZI
Your life is falling apart!

Kate jumps.

She looks back to see Zizi and DiDi.

KATE
I CAN'T EVEN RIGHT NOW.

DIDI
You can't even EVER.

ZIZI
This is how it ends, Kate!

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK. Kate squeals; she's a ball of nerves. A POLICE OFFICER, 50s, burly, stands outside, gesturing for her to roll down the window.

Kate glances at ZiZi and DiDi in the rearview mirror.

KATE
I am in control of my own mind.

ZIZI
JAAAIILLLLLLL.

DIDI
Prison is more like it.

Kate takes a deep breath and rolls down the window.

COP
Are you aware that it's illegal to
text and drive, ma'am?

Kate puts on an act.

KATE
Oh, I wasn't texting, officer! Just
looking at the GPS. I'm
geographically challenged, haha.

COP
Mhmm. License and registration,
please.

ZiZi whispers in Kate's ear.

ZIZI
You really need to learn when to
shut up!

Kate responds under her breath.

KATE
Shhh!
(then)
Sorry 'bout that.

COP
License and registration, ma'am.

Kate rummages for her license.

KATE
Here you go. Sorry for the
misunderstanding.

The officer gives Kate a doubtful look, then returns to his
squad car.

Kate rolls her window up. ZiZi and DiDi lay it on thick.

ZIZI

You won't even be able to post bail
because you're unemployed and soon
to be broke!

DIDI

At least prison is better than the
hell hole you call life.

KATE

I swear to god if you don't shut
the fuck up, I'm going to
personally check myself into a
psych ward and have them drug me up
so hard that you literally
evaporate!

INT. POLICE CAR - SAME TIME

The cop is checking Kate's info. He looks up to see her
yelling to herself.

INT. KATE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

KATE

WHAT do you want from me?

DIDI

You know what we want from you,
Kate.

ZIZI

We want you to --

The officer knocks on the window again. Startled, Kate
hurries to roll it down, accidentally pressing the lock
button instead.

They lock eyes.

Beat.

Kate fumbles, opening every window except the driver's side.

Her window finally goes down.

COP

Did you know your registration is
expired, miss Myers?

ZIZI

I'M FREAKING OUT, KATE!

Kate struggles to keep it together.

KATE

I was just about to take care of that, officer. I got the DMV letter in the mail this morning.

COP

It's been expired for 6 months.

DIDI

Worthless.

KATE

I promise I'll take care of it first thing tomorrow morning. Can you *please* let me off with a warning? Please?

She breaks a little.

COP

Operating your phone while driving with expired registration is enough points to get your license suspended.

ZiZi hyperventilates. DiDi buries her face in her hands.

COP (CONT'D)

But you have no priors...

The officer takes another look at Kate's paperwork.

ZIZI

Do you know what happens to people without a license, Kate!? They Uber!

COP

...so I'm going to let you off with a fix-it ticket.

ZIZI

Do you know what happens to people who Uber? THEY GET MURDERED!

COP

You seem like you're having an off day and I'm trying to end my shift in a good mood so --

DIDI

You're going to die alone, in an Uber.

Kate snaps.

KATE
AHHHH WOULD YOU JUST SHUT THE FUCK
UP AND LEAVE!

The officer thinks Kate is yelling at him.

She's horrified.

COP
I'm going to need you to step out
of the vehicle.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Kate watches a tow truck pull her car away.

She angrily walks down the side of the highway. ZiZi and DiDi follow. She tries to out-walk them. They catch up. She tries to outrun them. They catch up. She runs in zigzags like a maniac, only to trip and fall.

ZiZi and DiDi sit next to her on the ground. She brushes herself off, accepting defeat.

KATE
Why are you back after all these
years?

No response. ZiZi bites her nails. DiDi throws dirt.

KATE (CONT'D)
Right.

INT. JAMES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

James makes a protein shake while getting ready for his second job as a club promoter.

RING RING! Kate's calling. He answers and continues getting ready.

JAMES
Hello beautiful girlfriend whom I
love so much! I've been trying to
reach you. How are you holding up?

KATE (V.O.)
I need you to drive me to my
parents' house.
(MORE)

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm pretty sure my mom is the
reason I'm losing my mind.

James jokes.

JAMES
I could say the same thing about my
mom.

KATE (V.O.)
James, I'm serious. My car just got
towed.

JAMES
What? Damn, my love... you're going
through the thick of it today.

KATE (V.O.)
Please just come pick me up?

JAMES
Katie, I gotta head to the club in
like 10 minutes and I'm already on
my last strike with Eddie. I'm
sorry... let me call you a Lyft.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Kate fights tears back.

KATE
Blow cherry.

Their code word.

Beat.

JAMES (V.O.)
I'm coming right now, send me your
pin.

INT. JAMES' CAR - NIGHT

Kate and James drive in silence. Zizi taps her fingers on the
center cup-holder. DiDi hangs her head outside the window.

James doesn't know how to handle Kate's fragile state. He
puts his hand on her knee, lightly tickling her.

KATE
Don't.

He tickles harder.

KATE (CONT'D)
I'm not in the mood.

JAMES
Well, what about a kiss then?

DiDi makes a puking noise.

KATE
James, please.

JAMES
Will you talk to me, babe? I don't
know how to help you.

Kate stares out the window.

KATE
You wouldn't believe me. You just
wouldn't.

JAMES
Try me.

KATE
Okay. Do you see the two women in
the back seat?

James looks in the rearview mirror -- nothing.

JAMES
Umm...

KATE
Exactly.

JAMES
Kate, please tell me what's going
on.

ZIZI
He's pushing me over the edge,
Kate!

JAMES
I just wanna make my sexy woman
feel better.

He playfully grabs her boob.

KATE
James! I said stop.

Dejected and confused, James puts both hands on the wheel.

INT. JAMES' CAR - NIGHT

James slowly approaches the Myer's family home and parks.

A tense beat.

KATE

I love you, James Johnson. I
promise this has nothing to do with
you. I just need to figure myself
out right now, okay?

James gives Kate an endearing smile and nods in confirmation.

JAMES

Course, babe. You do you. I love
you.

EXT. MYER'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Kate walks to the front door, Zizi and DiDi by her side.
James calls out to her one last time.

JAMES

I love you!

DiDi flicks him off as he drives away. Kate takes a deep
breath and enters the front door.

INT. MYERS FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

The house is unusually empty.

KATE

Mom!

ZIZI

This place makes my chest heavy.

Kate smells incense. She follows her nose to --

INT. MISSY'S DEN - CONTINUOUS

Kate investigates the room.

A half deteriorated picture of Kate sits in a bowl of black
liquid. The bowl is surrounded by a shrine of Kate.

KATE
What the *fuck*...

She inspects ornaments on the alter.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kate is on a mission to find Missy -- until she notices a big bag of chocolates sitting on the counter.

DIDI
Chocolate makes me feel better.

KATE
Oh, you want some chocolate?

Kate grabs the bag.

KATE (CONT'D)
Too bad!

She shoves pieces into her mouth.

KATE (CONT'D)
Mmm. You're right, this *is* making
me feel better.
(she chews)
Leave it to Missy Myers to make the
most earthy tasting chocolate ever.

Kate opens the fridge to a shelf of mason jars filled with water. She grabs one and takes a dramatic swig, spilling water all over her chin.

KATE (CONT'D)
Maybe I was just hangry this whole
time, huh girls?

Kate chuckles, then --

CHANTING (O.S.)
HE. HO. HI. HAY. HE. HO. HI. HAY.

Bingo. She heads for the patio, chocolate and water in hand.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Kate's father, NOAH, 60s modern-day-wizard, finger dances in the shadows of the bonfire. Kate's sister, LOLA, 17, wannabe hippie, dances around with Missy.

KATE
Mom! I need answers, NOW.

Missy scurries off to the garden, Kate charges after her.

Lola notices Kate for the first time and intercepts her with a hug.

LOLA
Katy-waty!

KATE
Whoa with the pupils. How high are you right now, Lols?

Lola giggles.

KATE (CONT'D)
What is it this time?

Lola struggles to form a sentence.

LOLA
Dad's newest recipe of acidic...
Mom is ayahuasca high on though.

She points at the chocolate in Kate's hands.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Yesssss! You got the shroomers!

KATE
Wha --

LOLA
Dad's acid water!

Lola grabs the jar and chugs what's left, then rejoins Noah by the fire.

Kate looks at her empty hands, they melt. Everything glows with color. The trees are alive. She's tripping!

ZiZi and DiDi envelope her in a bear hug. She feels herself hugging them back, overwhelmed with a sense of surrender.

For the first time in a long time, Kate acknowledges her anxiety and depression.

TITLE CARD: MediKate