

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A young girl dances in the sweeping lights of a warehouse rave. The sounds of a deep electronic groove fill the air. This is STACY, age nineteen, who wears a flashy attire and glasses. She dances with an outpouring of energy; what her dancing lacks in pure technique, it makes up for with exuberance.

She turns and looks at her friend LUCY dancing, her eyes closed and lost in the beat of the music. Stacy shouts at her over the noise of the club.

STACY  
Lucy! Lucy!

Lucy opens her eyes and looks at Stacy.

STACY (CONT'D)  
Check this out.

Stacy does a dance flourish with her forearms.

LUCY  
How long have you been working on that one?

STACY  
Just practicing in front of the mirror for a week or so. I saw some girl do it last week and I figured I could make some improvements.

LUCY  
Nice.

A security guard, MARK, walks through the bouncing lot of youngsters. He carries some bottles of water. He extends one to each of the dancers as an offering as he passes. He approaches Stacy and Lucy.

MARK  
You keeping hydrated?

Stacy flashes a thumbs up. Mark continues on his way.

LUCY  
What do we think of that guy?

STACY  
He's got quite the moustache.

The girls return to their dancing. Lucy turns away from Stacy. The band of her underwear creeps up from her jeans in an unflattering way. Stacy pulls out her phone and snaps a picture of Lucy's whale tail. Lucy exhales in shock and anger.

LUCY

For shame!

STACY

I really don't think that I should keep this photo to myself. The whole world really deserves to partake.

LUCY

If you post that picture on the Internet I will totally disown you.

STACY

You don't own me, so how can you disown me?

LUCY

I will totally unfriend you.

STACY

Alright, alright. I won't post it.

LUCY

And you'll delete it.

STACY

Oh don't take away all my fun.

LUCY

Delete it.

STACY

Okay, okay. I'm deleting it.

Stacy fidgets with her phone, then returns it to her pocket. The two girls resume their dancing.

A tall attractive blonde - SHANNON - walks through their space, looking for a gap in the crowd in which to perch and begin her dancing. She is accompanied by a FRIEND. The blonde and her friend walk between Stacy and Lucy trying to find a good spot. Stacy and Lucy give a bit of a glare as they pass by.

LUCY

Stacy?

STACY  
I told you, I deleted it.

LUCY  
That's not what I mean.

STACY  
What's up?

Stacy turns to Lucy, who presents a pleading puppy dog face to Stacy.

STACY (CONT'D)  
No.

LUCY  
Please.

STACY  
Absolutely not.

LUCY  
But he says that it's like one  
hundred and ten percent pure MDMA.

STACY  
Lucy, there's no such thing as one  
hundred and ten percent pure.

LUCY  
Well, you know, really pure.

STACY  
Remember how you just felt about me  
posting your picture on the  
Internet? Well magnify that by a  
billion and that's how ticked off  
I'm going to be if you start up  
with that again.

LUCY  
Okay.

The girls resume their dancing.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Do that thing with your arms again.

STACY  
This thing?

Stacy does the little flourish with her arms.

STACY (CONT'D)

I was going to try to hypnotize  
that cute DJ with this move  
tonight.

LUCY

Which cute DJ are we talking about?

STACY

You remember. The one from last  
week.

LUCY

Which one?

STACY

The cute one.

LUCY

Sister, I can't keep all of your  
crushes straight.

STACY

They're not "all my crushes." I  
told you last week all about him.  
Remember?

Lucy shrugs.

The girls continue to dance. Stacy slows down her dancing.  
She finally stops.

STACY (CONT'D)

I should have taken up Mark's offer  
with the water bottle.

LUCY

Getting thirsty?

STACY

Yeah, you?

Lucy shakes her head.

STACY (CONT'D)

Be right back.

Stacy walks away from Lucy.

Stacy walks past Shannon and her friend, who sway to and fro  
to the music.

INT. WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Stacy stomps down a corridor with men's and women's restrooms and finds a drinking fountain. She takes an extended gulp from the device.

VOICE

Hey there, Stacy.

Stacy turns around. OTTO - a twitchy, wiry young man - stands behind her. Stacy visibly sighs.

STACY

Oh hey, Otto.

OTTO

You girls are really working up a sweat out there.

STACY

That's the idea.

OTTO

So apparently I have you to thank for business being so slow tonight.

STACY

Oh yeah, how's that, Otto?

OTTO

Oh, I'm just kidding. I can respect a person who looks out for their friends.

STACY

Good.

OTTO

I tell you, this stuff I got, it's not cut with speed or caffeine like some of that other product out there. It's one hundred and ten percent pure MDMA.

STACY

So Lucy tells me.

OTTO

God's honest truth.