



A Short Film

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INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - EARLY MORNING

The sun peaks in on an elegant one bedroom penthouse suite sitting on the tip-top of Palms Resort. Floor to ceiling windows showing an aerial view of the Las Vegas Strip.

There is modern decor with a touch of glam: blinged-out chandeliers with shiplap walls. Two suede sofas across from each other--on one, LORI, 20s, an only child forced into maturity, so matronly, lays with a plush blanket.

An alarm clock BLARES. Lori jumps up, flinging a blanket onto the floor.

ASHLEY, 20s, an incense away from Baduizm, yet riotous--hit by the blanket, wakes disturbed.

Lori, clearly hungover, struggles to stand but stumbles into a misplaced nightstand. She stubs her toe.

LORI

Shit!

A red plastic cup rolls off the nightstand onto the face of BRITTANI, 20s, a party girl with anxiety. She wakes and licks the residual Dussé droplets from her cheek.

BRITTANI

Ew! How do we drink that? It tastes like gas.

Brittani tries to sit up, but her headache forces her back to the floor. The alarm clock STOPS.

Ashley shakes off the night before.

ASHLEY

Damn, did I catch a fade last night?

LORI

I feel the same.

Lori smiles. Ashley chucks a decorative pillow, smacking SHANTRELL, 20s, ftm, a patron at heart, waking her.

SHANTRELL

What?

ASHLEY

Good morning, Bitches!

Shantrell lays back down on the couch. Brittani grabs her head again.

BRITTANI

My head!

She gets nauseous and runs to the bathroom holding her mouth.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

An empty king-size bed lays untouched in the middle of the floor. Lori opens the door. She inches into the room.

LORI

Lanae?

She walks deeper into the loft-like bedroom, around the lit fireplace, and past the 65-inch floating television.

LORI (CONT'D)

Nae?

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - 1ST BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marble tile covers the entire room, except for the gold finishings. There is a clawfoot tub to the right of a shower.

An A-line white laced wedding dress hangs on the door of the closet. Lori walks in.

LORI

Now, I know she didn't go to Starbucks without me.

(beat)

You in here, girl?

She pushes the closet door open.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - 2ND BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Brittani slings the bathroom door open, rushing to the toilet. Resembling the other, it is the guest bathroom.

Brittani vomits. It's quick. She hangs over the toilet as she grabs tissue. She spots tiny red droplets on the floor, and examines it.

BRITTANI

Ew, nasty bitches.

She tosses the tissue in the toilet and flushes it again.

Brittani washes her hands in the sink. She grabs a towel and as she wipes her hands she spots more red droplets, further from the toilet.

BRITTANI (CONT'D)

Okay, now that's just messy.

She looks down for more and then sees a bloody handprint on the side of the sink.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lori joins everyone, minus Brittani, in the living room. The ladies lounge on the sofas with blankets and pillows.

LORI

Anybody seen Lanae this morning?

ASHLEY

How? You woke us up?  
Where is Brittani?

A SCREAM comes from the bathroom. The ladies rush to the bathroom.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - 2ND BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brittani points to the droplets. The ladies stare.

BRITTANI

At first, I thought one of y'all  
hoes was nasty-- you know, Aunt Flo  
or whatever, but then I saw this.

She leads them to a bloody handprint.

ASHLEY

To be clear, you thought who was  
nasty?

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brittani and Shantrell share the couch. Ashley sits on the floor with pretzeled legs. Lori hyperventilates as she paces the floor.

LORI

Okay, okay. Let's just--Let's just  
take a second. Let's just be--  
remain calm, calm down, okay?  
Everyone. Calm. Down.

They stare at her.

ASHLEY  
Lori, sweetie--sit the fuck down.

LORI  
No, I'm--I'm good. I'm great. Okay,  
does anyone remember anything?  
Anything at all?

ASHLEY  
I don't. BRITTANI  
Barely.

LORI  
Dammit.

Lori paces harder.

SHANTRELL  
My abs are feeling mad tight, so I  
assume we were cracking up last  
night.

LORI  
I do remember smoking weed. Y'all  
think it was bad?

Ashley snaps.

ASHLEY  
Bitch! I grew that. That is the  
purest weed on the west coast.

LORI  
Relax, I'm just trying to piece  
things together to see where Lanae  
is? That's all.

ASHLEY  
Did you try calling her, Sheriff  
Woody?

LORI  
You know what, Ashley?

Lori turns to approach Ashley. Brittani stands in between the  
two of them.

BRITTANI  
No, we're not doing this. There  
could be something seriously wrong.

A phone RINGS. It startles the women. They follow the RING to  
the BEDROOM.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ladies enter the bedroom. Lori grabs the phone from the floor on side of the bed. They stare at the phone as it RINGS more.

BRITTANI

Who is it?

LORI

Trevor.

ASHLEY

Answer it.

Lori hesitates. Ashley snatches the phone and answers.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Hello. No, she--stepped out.

Shantrell mouths: SPEAKER PHONE!

Ashley stumbles with the phone. She hits speaker.

TREVOR (ON PHONE)

--didn't tell me she was stepping out this morning.

BRITTANI

Yeah, you know Lanae-- doing a couple of miles to make sure she fits into that dress.

Lori glances at the wedding dress hanging.

TREVOR (ON PHONE)

Okay, well-- tell her to hit me back. See y'all later.

ASHLEY

Yep! Later.

Ashley ends the call.

LORI

Why did you lie, Ashley?

ASHLEY

What did I say?

LORI

Lanae isn't out running.

ASHLEY  
We don't know that!

BRITTANI  
I mean, there is FUCKING BLOOD  
HANDPRINTS IN THE BATHROOM!

Brittani storms out of the bedroom, and Shantrell runs after her.

SHANTRELL  
Brittani!

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brittani paces back and forth. She smacks the rest of the red cups from the nightstand. The ladies jump.

BRITTANI  
No, like for real--our bitch is missing? There is blood, y'all. Real BLOOD--in the bathroom, and y'all are acting like she's gone to Starbucks or some shit!

SHANTRELL  
You're right, Brittani. We gotta figure out what the hell happened.

BRITTANI  
She could be out there--dead somewhere, and none of you are taking this seriously!

ASHLEY  
I'm sorry, Brittani and Lori--She's right. This isn't the time.

Ashley extends an olive branch to Lori.

LORI  
I'm sorry. Let's figure this out.

BRITTANI  
Is it common for the groom to call the bride the day of the wedding?

ASHLEY  
I don't see why not?

BRITTANI

I mean, I just--kind of remember  
Lanae saying Trevor was being  
possessive.

LORI

When?

BRITTANI

Last night, before we started  
partying, she finished a call with  
him, and looked uneasy. I asked her  
if everything was okay. We were  
sitting over there.

Brittani points to the Luxury Bar. The ladies turn around.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

They stand in the middle of the living room watching Brittani  
and LANAE, 20s, a gentle soul, but equally gutsy, sit at the  
bar sharing champagne and secrets.

BRITTANI (V.O.)

She told me that he had been very  
possessive lately.

LANAE

He's just been so-- all over me.

BRITTANI

That's a good thing, right?

LANAE

I'd rather not be smothered like a  
damn fried pork chop.

BRITTANI

I guess I just like my men to give  
me attention.

LANAE

I like attention too, but not *that*  
kind.

BRITTANI

Well, what kind is it?

Lanae is silent, until a drunk Shantrell cuts in. She sips  
from Lanae's glass.



SHANTRELL

Lanae, you need to let me--you know, before you--you know.

Lanae smacks Shantrell's head. Shantrell pulls Lanae off her seat. Lanae tries to catch her, but Shantrell dodges her. It's playful.

LANAE

Trell! Get your nasty ass out of here!

BRITTANI

Okay!

Brittani cosigns.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

The ladies turn back to the living room.

SHANTRELL

I swear to God, bruh.

BRITTANI

Shit. I didn't even--

ASHLEY

Maybe we should call the police.

SHANTRELL

Let's go find his ass!

Shantrell grabs her jacket from the arm of the couch. Ashley grabs her phone. Lori snatches the phone from her hand.

LORI

Wait! Before we jump to anymore conclusions, it's her wedding day. Which means, if we're wrong--we fuck up the best day of her life.

BRITTANI

She's right. So, let's just see if we can figure something out.

LORI

Anybody have anything else?

ASHLEY

Didn't we play a game?

SHANTRELL

Oh, I think I remember us playing--

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

The ladies face the couches, where they see themselves sitting down drinking tea and laughing. Some of them hold their hands up, a few fingers down for a few of them.

ASHLEY

Never have I ever been in an entanglement.

BRITTANI

Put your finger down Shantrell!

Shantrell--embarrassed, puts her finger down.

SHANTRELL

I can't help if the ladies love me.

She grabs at her imaginary beard. They laugh.

LORI

Oh shut up! Lanae, your go.

LANAE

Never have I ever been in love--

BRITTANI

How? Literally, you're about to get married! Like, *TOMORROW!*

LANAE

I know, I know. I love him, but--

SHANTRELL

Damn, Nae-- you feeling the blunt too.

The ladies laugh. Ashley brags.

ASHLEY

Grade A M.J.

SHANTRELL (V.O.)

Wow.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

The ladies panic more.

SHANTRELL

Dammit man!

BRITTANI  
Y'all think Trevor?

Lori starts to pace and hyperventilate *again*.

LORI  
Dammit! I just--

ASHLEY  
All of the signs were there.

BRITTANI  
What if he?

SHANTRELL  
No!

ASHLEY  
Shit man!

LORI  
OH MY GOD!

Lori has a full blown panic attack. She swings her arms, knocking down one of the crystalized lamps. Shantrell jumps.

SHANTRELL  
Oh shit!

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

It's night and the living room is dark and quiet, until--

SHANTRELL (V.O.)  
It was pitch black.

The ladies stand in the living room as Shantrell remembers.

SHANTRELL (V.O.)  
I could hear scuffling--it woke me up. I started wiping my eyes. Kinda looked like someone in a hoodie.

A FIGURE rummages through a bag. They bump into the nightstand. Shantrell wakes and wipes her eyes.

SHANTRELL  
Who is that?

Shantrell squints her eyes.

LANAE  
Go back to sleep, Trell.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

The ladies gasp.

SHANTRELL  
She called me Trell.  
(beat)  
She's the only one that respects my  
decision to go by Trell.

ASHLEY  
Damn, Shan--Trell.

There is a KNOCK. The ladies stop. Shantrell grabs an empty  
bottle of La Grande Dame by Veuve Clicquot.

LORI  
(whispers)  
Wait!

SHANTRELL  
What?!

LORI  
What if it's Lanae?

SHANTRELL  
Then I won't bust her wide open  
like a Trapboy Freddy video *heaux*.

Shantrell approaches the door with caution. She raises the  
empty bottle and checks the peep hole. Shantrell puts the  
bottle down and opens the door.

It's KESHAWNA, Lanae's longtime personal makeup artist and  
friend. She raises a fresh bottle of champagne and her makeup  
kit.

KESHAWNA  
Is my bitch getting married today  
or not?!

Shantrell pulls her inside.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Keshawna sits down on the sofa while the ladies tower over  
her.

KESHAWNA  
So--this is some freaky shit.

BRITTANI

It's beyond freaky! There is *BLOOD*  
in the bathroom.

KESHAWNA

Right, I mean it's beyond. I just  
don't know what to say.

BRITTANI

Did you talk to her before you came  
over? Or do you just like popping  
up to private parties?

KESHAWNA

First of all--

Keshawna stands up, Lori cuts in.

LORI

We are still pretty fucked up from  
last night--

KESHAWNA

Look, I don't know what y'all got  
going on up in here, but Lanae  
texted me at 5am.

LORI

Saying what?

KESHAWNA

She gave me the address and told me  
to be here at 9:30am to beat y'all  
faces.

Keshawna looks at Brittani. Lori steps in front of Brittani

KESHAWNA (CONT'D)

I just have a few questions.

(beat)

How do y'all not remember a single  
thing? What were y'all drinking?  
And was it laced with something  
else, if y'all acting like this?

Keshawna is clearly over the non-sense already. Lori gasps.

LORI

I think I remember--

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - FOYER - FLASHBACK

There's a KNOCK on the door, Lanae goes to the door alone.

LANAE  
It's here!

She looks back at the ladies.

LANAE (CONT'D)  
Trevor's surprise for us.

LORI (V.O.)  
Trevor sent over some tea.

Lanae opens the door. The decorated box is on the floor. She looks down the hall and see's no one. She grabs the box and closes the door. She heads to the kitchen.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

The kitchen is laced with dark with black cabinets, and a pour over marble top island. Lanae puts a small mason jar labeled "Shrooms" back into the box and covers it with tissue paper.

The tea kettle WHISTLES, and Lori walks into the kitchen.

LORI  
You need some help?

Lanae grabs the kettle and pours a few cups of tea.

LANAE  
Nah, I'm just pouring at this point.

LORI  
It smells divine.

Lori sniffs a cup and puts it back down.

LANAE  
And that would be yours.

She finishes pouring the tea and Lori helps her carry it to the living room.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Lori and Lanae place tea cups in front of each of the ladies.

ASHLEY  
You deserved to have your shit burnt up.

SHANTRELL

Wooooow--

ASHLEY

Typical *phuckboy* response.

LANAE

Trell, you and these escapades, I swear. Here, I made you all some tea, courtesy of Trevor.

SHANTRELL

I didn't know this was a tea party, I would've dressed like the MadHatter.

ASHLEY

I'm down, I love to get a little bourgeois and pretend I'm Lori.

LANAE

Ashley.

Lanae smiles and steals a glance at Lori.

LORI

It's okay. She could never--

Lori puts her pinky in the air and sips her tea.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK - LATER

Lanae watches as the girls react to the 'shrooms.

LORI

Oh my god, I'm so hot.

LANAE

Yeah, it is a bit hot.

Lanae fans Lori.

ASHLEY

I don't feel so good.

LANAE

You had too much to drink Ash. Just lay down.

ASHLEY

I did? I thought I only had--

Ashley lays out on the couch. Ashley stares at the ceiling.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
It's like I can see straight  
through to the sky.

Lanae looks above.

LANAE  
They painted clouds on the ceiling.

ASHLEY  
Oh.

LORI  
How are you so sober?

LANAE  
I'm not.

Lanae fake stumbles.

LANAE (CONT'D)  
See, I can barely walk straight.

Lori rambles in intoxication:

LORI  
Oh, because I was like--for the  
first time, I'm not the sober one!  
If I'm going to be drunk, everyone  
has to be drunk. Right? I have to--  
have to put it together. Keep  
myself put together, right?

LANAE  
You don't have to, you can let go  
every once in a while.

LORI  
Then, who would drive you home?

Lori bobs Lanae on the nose with her index finger before lays  
back down on the couch.

LANAE  
Go to sleep. I'm right behind you.

LORI  
I can't, I have to make sure  
everyone is okay. I'm the maid of  
honor. I have to make--

Lanae fans a plush blanket over Lori.



LANAE

Shh, go to sleep. I love you, my girl.

Lanae kisses Lori's forehead. Lanae looks around at the sleeping ladies. She then goes into the bedroom.

KESHAWNA (V.O.)

So, y'all only had tea?

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - KITCHEN - PRESENT

Keshawna looks for the tea box.

KESHAWNA

What kind did she say it was?

LORI

She didn't, but she did say Trevor gifted it to us.

KESHAWNA

Who brought it?

LORI

It was delivered.

ASHLEY

I didn't hear anybody bring it.

BRITTANI

It did kind of just appear out of no where.

SHANTRELL

She went to the door to get it.

KESHAWNA

Okay, so--let's look for it.

The ladies spread out, searching for the tea. Ashley hits the cabinets. Brittani checks the pantry. Shantrell looks in drawers. Keshawna rummages through the trash.

LORI

I can't take this.

Lori walks out.

KESHAWNA

I think I know why y'all can't remember a thing.

Keshawna raises a glass jar labeled "Shrooms".

KESHAWNA (CONT'D)  
Question is, why would she drug  
y'all?

Lori returns. She holds Lanae's phone.

LORI  
So, she could escape.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Lori shows the phone.

On the screen: A CONFIRMATION FOR PLANE TICKET

LORI  
She bought a one way to Peru.

ASHLEY  
Lanae wouldn't buy that on her  
phone and leave it here for us to  
find?

Shantrell grabs her phone. She scrolls and Ashley peeps her.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

SHANTRELL  
Nothing, I'm just checking--

Ashley snatches Shantrell's phone. She gasps.

ASHLEY  
Trell--what is this?

Ashley shows the rest. The ladies look at Shantrell.

LORI  
You knew?

Shantrell snatches her phone from Ashley.

SHANTRELL  
I promised her.

BRITTANI  
You promised what?! Because you saw  
me freaking the hell out!

SHANTRELL  
I can't tell y'all!

Lori jumps onto Shantrell, knocking her down.

LORI  
I swear to God! You have three  
seconds. 1, 2, 3--

SHANTRELL  
Okay!

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Lanae bumps the nightstand. Shantrell wakes, sitting up.

SHANTRELL  
Who is that?

LANAE  
Go back to sleep, Trell.

SHANTRELL  
No, where the hell are you going?

Lanae bursts into tears. Shantrell gets up.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Shantrell holds Lanae in her arms.

LANAE  
He's the worst.

SHANTRELL  
You don't have to disappear. I will  
protect you, you know that.

LANAE  
You can't. He will have you--

SHANTRELL  
What?

LANAE  
He told me he'd kill everyone I  
loved if I told.

SHANTRELL  
Fuck.

LANAE

It's nothing you can do. I bought a ticket, I'll be fine. I have more than enough.

SHANTRELL

Please. You can't. I need you Lanae.

LANAE

You'll always have me. But, I need you to do something for me.

SHANTRELL

Anything.

SHANTRELL (V.O.)

I bought the ticket for her.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

The ladies sit in awe. Shantrell pleads.

SHANTRELL

I had to.

KESHAWNA

Wow. This is some freaky shit!

A KNOCK on the door.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Shantrell grabs Keshawna's bottle of champagne. She inches to the peep hole and then turns around to look at the ladies.

SHANTRELL

It's Trevor.

Lori grabs the bottle from her hand--

LORI

Open the door.

Lori raises the bottle in the air. Shantrell opens the door.

The end.