SCENE 1: MEGAN/SAM TO MEGAN/SAM/DOUCHEBAGS

EXT. UPSCALE BAR - NIGHT

MEGAN is standing with Sam behind a dumpster. Sam, playing wingman, is giving her a last minute pep-talk. Occasionally people walk past the alley on their way to the bar, the girl’s ducking out of view.

SAM
Ready?

MEGAN
(nervous)
I think so.

SAM
(off her body language)
You’re not ready...

MEGAN
I don’t think so...

SAM
Hey! Listen to me. You just have to...walk up to them like...like you walk up to a bank teller.

MEGAN
What?

SAM
Like when you’re walking into a bank, you don’t have to be nervous because you already own your money. So...you just walk up, and ask for it.

MEGAN
Okay, I think I get what you mean. Like calm, cool, confident, sexy. Eww. I think I just got trash on my shoe.

SAM
Eww. But yeah. That’s what I mean. Walk in like you’re rich. Like you have money in the bank. Then -
MEGAN
Ask for that money. Get it. Cause it’s mine.

SAM
YES! And if they throw attitude at you, cause sometimes bank tellers do that, throw it right back in their face.

MEGAN
Arrrrrrghhh

SAM
Arrrrrrghhh!!! Cause we’re lions.

MEGAN
Yeah, lions! Lions that have money in the fuckin bank.

SAM
Okay! You can do this!

MEGAN
Yeah!

SAM
Okay! Let’s go. You ready?

MEGAN
I am sooooooo ready.

SAM
And this time, no matter what happens, I’m not saying a word.

INT. UPSCALE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Megan and Sam walk in, calm, cool, confident, and sexy. They spot a group of douchebag looking young business types by the window. They’re laughing obnoxiously, mid-story. Megan and Sam share a look. Game on.

Megan taps the one closest with his back to her.

MEGAN
Double vodka on the rocks. With a slice of lime.

DOUCHEBAG #2
Excuse me?
Megan pounces, anticipating/interpreting this as attitude.

**MEGAN**
Why?? DID YOU FART?!

**DOUCHEBAG #1**
What??

**MEGAN**
Am I stuttering?? I SAID, A DOUBLE VODKA ON THE ROCKS...WITH LIME!

Sam elbows her. This wasn’t the plan. But Megan’s on a role.

**DOUCHEBAG #2**
Are you insane??

**MEGAN**
A TRIPLE VODKA and I’d like it now, please. Because it’s mine.

The group stare at her like she’s nuts, then return to their story. After a moment, Sam clears her throat. The two turn on a dime and walk slowly out, chin up, perfectly in sync.