

COMMIT

Written by

Natalie Cooper
Lola Dutcher

Partner AP Script

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Low hum of a Prius approaching a pristine home. It pulls in the garage.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

AMBER, 30, is in work attire, staring at her PHONE screen.

INSERT: social media post of a man and woman embracing.

Tears stream down Amber's cheeks. She shakes with rage. She sets down her phone, yanks ENGAGEMENT RING from her finger. Takes a deep breath. Exits the car.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Inside, Amber shakily pours herself a glass of Pinot Grigio. Drinks generous sips and scans the room.

A light from the patio. She walks out with glass in hand.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

She carefully steps out, eyes the lit area. She calls:

AMBER

Ronnie? Look, we need to--

She stops at the sight of JUSTINE, 21, same girl from the post. She's in a pizza store uniform, bent over the pool, skimmer clutched in hand. She's crying.

Amber's face twists in shock, then anger.

AMBER (CONT'D)

It's YOU...what the FUCK are you doing here?! He's ENGAGED.

JUSTINE

HE'S DEAD!!

Justine gestures wildly. Amber looks, gasps. RONNIE, 35, is floating face down in the fluorescent water. He doesn't move.

Amber blinks. Drops her wine. GLASS SHATTERS.

AMBER

Fuck.

It's unclear whether she's reacting to the body or the glass.

AMBER (CONT'D)
 Were you guys fucking tonight?! And
 by our pool, fucking gross--

JUSTINE
 Oh my god, are you serious??

Amber's breathing turns erratic. She's losing it. Her eyes
 dart from Ronnie, to Justine, to the glass on the ground.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 The glass?! Your husband's--

AMBER
 (breathless)
 Fiancé.

JUSTINE
 Just fucking HELP ME!

Justine tries again with the pool skimmer. Amber grabs it.

As Amber maneuvers the skimmer, Justine attempts to dog
 paddle water toward them to push his body forward.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 It's not working!

Justine is in hysterics. Amber drops the skimmer, shaking.

AMBER
 You did this...didn't you?

JUSTINE
 I-I swear didn't! I came in-

She gestures to the backdoor. Amber's nostrils flare. She
 removes her blazer and heels.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 A-and he was just like that!

A SPLASH of water hits Justine, who stands stunned. Amber
 pops out of the water.

AMBER
 How do you expect me to trust a
 damn thing you say?

Justine frowns. Amber shakes her head.

AMBER (CONT'D)
 Grab his feet.

Amber pushes him to the edge, Justine grabs his ankles. She struggles to lift him. Amber gets out and helps her pull.

After several beats, they manage to drag him out. Amber attempts to perform CPR, aggressive and ineffective. Justine steps forward.

JUSTINE
I'm certified, let me.

Amber hesitates before moving. She stands rigid. Eyes narrow as she watches Justine lean over Ronnie's body.

Justine performs CPR correctly. It doesn't work. She gives up, slumps over his body, crying.

AMBER
You fucking murdered him.

JUSTINE
It's not my fault, he was already--

AMBER
Why'd you push him, huh?! Did he get bored helping you with the SATs?

Justine stands, whips around to face Amber.

JUSTINE
Maybe YOU pushed him. He always told me what a psycho BITCH you are--

Amber SLAPS Justine.

Justine THROWS herself at Amber. They FIGHT mercilessly, slapping, clawing, pulling fists of hair, shouting.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Both women are sitting at the edge of a pair of lawn chairs, facing Ronnie's body. They look a mess, breathe heavily.

AMBER
Did he really say that about me?

Justine doesn't look at her, remains silent. Amber laughs weakly, clucks her tongue.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Fucking bastard.

Justine looks up, surprised. Amber shrugs.

AMBER (CONT'D)

It's typical. I was supposed to tell him how I felt...but he had to go and die before I got the chance.

For the first time since discovering Ronnie, Amber lets herself cry. She cries hard.

Justine stares, hesitates before walking over to sit on Amber's chair with her. She gently places a hand on her back.

Amber notices the touch but doesn't move away, just cries. After a beat, she looks at Justine.

AMBER (CONT'D)

How old are you?

JUSTINE

Twenty-one.

AMBER

Jesus...

Justine looks down solemnly.

JUSTINE

I really felt like...he loved me. Like, the way he paid attention. And the way he *worshiped* my body...

Amber shoots her a dangerous look. Justine clears her throat.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Sorry. He just made me feel special. He used to say to me, 'you're your most beautiful--'

AMBER

'--when you're not thinking.'

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

'--when you're not thinking.'

Amber looks at Justine knowingly. Justine's face crumbles.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Oh god, I'm an idiot.

AMBER

Welcome to the club. He was a pig.

They exchange a look of understanding. Amber sighs, gets up.

AMBER (CONT'D)

How 'bout a glass of wine?

JUSTINE
Do you have White Claw?

Amber chuckles, nods. She turns back toward the house, stops. She notices the balcony above them.

There's a huge hole in the wooden fence. A bong rests on the railing. Amber looks back at Justine.

AMBER
He fell. He just...fell.

Justine gets up, examines the railing. After a beat, both break out into exhausted laughter.

JUSTINE
He fell!

AMBER
He FELL.

The laughter dies.

JUSTINE
We didn't call the police.

They exchange a look, look at the body. Realization hits.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The women are dragging Ronnie's body back toward the pool.

AMBER
Wait...how did he start BLEEDING?

They both drop him, examine his bloody back. Shards of glass are stuck into his skin.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Fuuuck, the wine glass.

JUSTINE
What are we gonna tell the cops??
Oh my god...I can't be here...

AMBER
Shut up...we can do this...we can...

LISA (O.S.)
Yoo-hoo! Ronnie, baby!

Amber and Justine both rise, turn to the back door. There stands LISA, late 50s MILF, holding up a STRAP-ON DILDO.

Lisa catches sight of what's going on and DROPS the dildo. The three ladies stare at one another, deer in headlights.

LISA (CONT'D)

Oh lord...he was fucking y'all too?

END.