

NATE

If someone doesn't speak up, this  
bitch is gonna get fucked up!

He turns to JULES, standing in the kitchen, against the wall, in a crop top, skirt, torn fishnets and a pink wig. She looks over at the counter and sees a kitchen knife laying next to a cut up lime.

NATE (CONT'D)

Looks like you're all on your own.

Jules tries to walk away but Nate grabs her and throws her back toward the wall -

RUE (V.O.)

It was the fact that she pulled a  
motherfucking kitchen knife on Nate  
Jacobs.

As Jules immediately REACHES OVER AND GRABS THE KITCHEN KNIFE.

The party erupts in pandemonium. SCREAMS. SHOUTS.

AS WE FREEZE FRAME on JULES, mascara smeared, pink wig flying, kitchen knife in hand -

RUE (V.O.)

But anyway, whatever...

FEZCO (PRELAP)

Yo Rue... you planning on paying  
for those Trolli's?

BACK TO:

**START** INT. DELI/GAS STATION - DAY

A beat. She smiles. Shakes her head no.

FEZCO

No, seriously, you have to pay for  
those. We got a security camera  
while you were gone.

They both look up at the SECURITY CAMERA.

POV OF FOOTAGE. As Rue holds up a middle finger.

She turns back and reaches into her jacket and lays both packs of Trolli Sour Worms on the counter.

FEZCO (CONT'D)  
When'd you get back? I thought I'd  
never see you again.

RUE  
Few weeks ago.

FEZCO  
(hesitantly)  
And how you feeling?

RUE  
Ever since I gave my life over to  
my lord and savior, Jesus Christ,  
things have been really good.

A long beat.

RUE (CONT'D)  
I'm fucking with you, Fez. I'm  
still the same misanthropic whore  
you've always known.

FEZCO  
What's that mean?

RUE  
That I hate mankind. And I'm a  
whore.

FEZCO  
You don't hate mankind.

RUE  
That's true. But I hate you for not  
disagreeing with the whore part.

FEZCO  
Well, you've had a long life.

She laughs.

RUE  
By the way...  
(beat)  
Is Ashtray in the back?

FEZCO  
For real, Rue?

RUE  
For real.

He shakes his head, frustrated.

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RUE (CONT'D)

C'mon Fezco, the world is coming to an end and I haven't even graduated high school.

Rue smiles sweetly at him. He relents...

FEZCO

You still gotta pay for those Trolli's...

RUE

Spot me.

**END**

INT. DELI TRASH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WE FOLLOW Rue as she enters the trash room in the back.

Sitting at a small desk is ASHER "ASHTRAY," Fezco's 14 year old business partner. He wears a thin gold chain.

He's dead eyed and humorless, bagging up pills and powders. He looks up at Rue.

ASHTRAY

I thought you were dead.

RUE

And I thought you had Asperger's until I learned you were just a prick.

ASHTRAY

I do have Asperger's.

RUE

But you're still a prick.

ASHTRAY

This a fickle industry. Y'all come and go. No hard feelings but I'm just tryna stack enough cash to pay off my mom's mortgage and buy a yacht.

He looks up.

ASHTRAY (CONT'D)

So what you want?

They stare at each other for a beat.

JUMP CUT TO: