

INT. BRIDGET'S CAR - SAME

BRIDGET
 (to herself)
 Where do we go? Where do we go? Oh
 God. Rick, where should we go?

Rick shrugs.

BRIDGET
 Any suggestions at all?

Rick thinks on it for a moment.

RICK
 Jake's Coffee Shop?

BRIDGET
 (incredulous)
 Jake's?
 ("That's stupid")
 Jake's Coffee Shop.

Rick shrugs.

BRIDGET
 ("That's genius.")
 Jake's Coffee Shop.

EXT. JAKE'S COFFEE SHOP PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER.

Bridget's car is parked under a neon blinking sign for Jake's Coffee Shop, a typical New England diner. Bridget and Rick lean against Bridget's car, carefully blocking the back passengers' seat windows. Bridget quietly freaks out over a styrofoam cup of coffee. Rick eats a cruller.

BRIDGET
 What now?

Rick offers a wax paper bag.

BRIDGET
 No thank you.

RICK
 No crullers in prison.

Bridget take a cruller. Her cell phone rings.

BRIDGET
 Hello?

JIMMY

Hey, did Rick find you?

INTERCUT- THE COFFEE SHOP/JIMMY'S DORM ROOM

Jimmy is still dressed only in Red Sox boxers, talks to Bridget via a bluetooth earpiece, sits atop his laundry pile, and types into a laptop.

BRIDGET

Yeah he did. Came with a shovel.

JIMMY

So I think, using contextual clues and facebook, I've narrowed down who your victim is.

Bridget looks into the car window. She walks away from Rick.

BRIDGET

Is this some kind of game to you, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Well, there's clues and guessing, so--

Bridget bites into her cruller with quiet resignation.

BRIDGET

Go on.

JIMMY

Well, at first I immediately went to Ashley, as everyone in Marlborough knows you'd like to hit her with a car.

BRIDGET

Probably shouldn't have announced that.

JIMMY

Not at the Labor Day Parade, no. But then you said it was a him and that you'd probably go to jail. So I think--public official? Officer Lambert.

BRIDGET

No...

JIMMY

But when you said you could roll him, Lambert was out. Fat-ass pig.

So what male back home in
Marlborough for Christmas would you
be most interested in hitting with a
car--

BRIDGET
--It was an ACCIDENT, Jimmy!--

JIMMY
--That you were able to roll, but
unable to lift, hence calling in a
favor from Rick?

Bridget shoves more cruller in her mouth.

JIMMY
The lying, cheating, skeeving,
ex-boyfriend extraordinaire Chris
Corrigan!

BRIDGET
You win.

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY
What do I win?

BRIDGET
If you help me figure this out, you
win a ride home from the airport
tonight.

JIMMY
You're supposed to do that anyway!

BRIDGET
Jimmy, I--

Something catches Bridget's eye. A few girls stand talking
to Rick. They stand VERY close to the unblocked back window.

BRIDGET
I need to go, I need to go!

JIMMY
But--

Bridget stuffs her phone in her pocket and the rest of the
cruller in her mouth as she runs to the car.

BRIDGET
Hey Rick hey what's going on what's
up there now here?

Rick merely looks at her. Bridget turns to look at the girls: They are the mean girls from high school: Jackie, Alanna, and Leeanne. JACKIE FORBUSH, 22, is the prettiest and therefore the meanest.

BRIDGET
Oh hey, Jackie.

JACKIE
Hey Bridget, how's it going?

Bridget moves in front of the window.

BRIDGET
You know, it goes.

JACKIE
Alanna, Leeanne, you guys remember
Bridget from high school.

Alanna and Leeanne nod.

BRIDGET
Yeah, class of '08. Good times. How
long's it been? Feel like the last
time I saw you guys was
graduation...

ALANNA
It was the Labor Day Parade.

The girls snicker. Bridget tries not to react. Rick glances at Bridget.

JACKIE
(flirtatious)
So Rick, will I see you tonight at
my family's Christmas eve party?

Rick sniffs, looks in the backseat, then sizes Jackie up for a second.

RICK
Probably not.

JACKIE
(undeterred)
Well, if you change your mind, bring
Jimmy along. He's funny. But not in
the trainwreck way.

The girls look pointedly at Bridget, who cannot lift her eyes from the ground.

JACKIE
Merry Christmas, Rick.

ALANNA AND LEEANNE
Merry Christmas.

JACKIE
See you in the shoe department,
Bridget.

The girls walk away. Rick gets in the passenger's seat. Bridget exhales, then gets in the car, starts it up and drives very fast and close to where the girls are walking. They scream and jump out of the way.

JACKIE
(yells after the car)
Goddammit Bridget Regan, you're
insane!

Jackie notices a face in the rear window: It's Chris. He mouths "HELP ME." Jackie turns to the others.

JACKIE
Did you see that?

LEEANNE
See what?

JACKIE
That was--

Jackie looks back at the car speeding off into the distance, suspicious but unsure.

JACKIE
Get in the car.

LEEANNE
Shot gun!

ALANNA
No, me!

JACKIE
Shut up, you're both in the back.