

EPISODE 1 (MARY HAVILAND)

INT. CLOTHING STORE - SASHA'S DAYDREAM - DAY

Gorgeous voluminous hair.

Fierce eyes lined in black.

Bold purple lips.

INNER SASHA stands tall with her arms crossed behind a register. She wears a red shirt.

INNER SASHA

I use a three strike system with
customers. Gotta give them a chance to
redeem themselves.

IRINA, a slight girl with a bright smile, stands off to the side and nods. She tucks her hair behind her ear and reveals a red hearing aid.

Footsteps approach.

INNER SASHA

Hi, how are y-

SALE SHOPPER (O.S.)

Yeah, tell me the sales.

Inner Sasha turns to Irina, with wide eyes and a big smile.

INNER SASHA

Guess I can't count cuz that feels
like strike three!

She reaches out her arm toward Irina who hands over a shovel.

Inner Sasha swings at the customers head and makes contact with a clang. Irina leans over to examine the punishment.

SASHA (V.O.)

I really wish it went like that.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Inner Sasha stands behind the register.

Oops, it's actually SASHA. Tired eyes and flat hair in a ponytail, she wears a red shirt.

SALE SHOPPER (O.S.)
Yeah, tell me the sales.

SASHA
Well, we're having-

Sale shopper throws down a postcard on the counter.

SALE SHOPPER (O.S.)
I want THAT sale, got it?

Sasha picks up the postcard and nods. She types.

IRINA
Isn't that for a different store?

The receipt prints. Sasha rips it and hands it to the sale shopper. The Sale Shopper grabs it from her hand and walks out. Door chimes.

SASHA
She's a problem customer.

IRINA
But I thought-

SASHA
You need to finish your training.

She shakes her head and hands Irina a training manual then walks over to a table and begins folding the shirts.

Door chimes.

Heels clack on hardwood.

Sasha stops mid-fold.

SASHA (V.O.)
Shit, it's Tuesday...

Heels clack.

Strawberry blonde hair so obviously a wig with grey hairs that poke out beneath it.

SASHA (V.O.)
That means...

Heels clack.

Lumpy bright red lipstick strewn over thin lips.

SASHA

Barbara.

Sasha spins around to find that BARBARA, a sixty year old woman with bad taste, has set her sights on Irina. Irina reads the training manual with her back to Barbara.

Barbara snaps her fingers.

BARBARA

Hey!

She scratches her wig and the whole thing moves.

SASHA

She's hard of hearing. Can I help-

Barbara reaches over the counter, grabs Irina's hair, and pulls her back.

INNER SASHA (V.O.)

Strike thirty!

INT. CLOTHING STORE - SASHA'S DAYDREAM - SAME

Inner Sasha stands in Sasha's place. She marches over to Barbara and grabs her throat.

INNER SASHA

You have no right to pull someone's hair when you're wearing a wig as shitty as yours!

She pulls off Barbara's wig and reveals a rats nest of grey hair.

She drops Barbara to the ground and tosses her wig to the side.

Inner Sasha grabs the vase off the counter and smashes one end. She hands the improvised weapon to Irina.

INNER SASHA

Saved you the fun part.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - SAME

Sasha twists the shirt up in her hands as Barbara grabs Irina's hair.

Barbara lets go of Irina's hair and picks some hairs from between her fingers and lets them fall on the counter.

BARBARA
I won't be ignored.

Irina rubs her scalp with tears in her eyes.

Barbara turns to Sasha.

BARBARA
I assume it's you that's "training"
her? You're pathetic. Why don't you
try to shape up by the time I get back
from my trip.

Barbara pivots and makes a swift exit. Door chimes.

Sasha drops the shirt and runs over to Irina.

SASHA
Are you OK?

IRINA
Who WAS that?

SASHA
That's Barbara.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Barbara walks to her car, the storefront behind her. Her wig blows around on her head; with a gust strong enough, it may just take flight. The sky darkens with clouds.

SASHA (V.O.)
She comes in every Tuesday like
clockwork.

Thunder roars as lightening sunders the sky behind Barbara.

SASHA (CONT)
She makes a problem every time.
Coupons, sales, her mood, anything
sets her off.

Barbara approaches her car. It contains piles of junk in the back seat and sports a layer of dirt. She tugs open the door and pushes some papers off the drivers seat as she sits down.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Sasha and Irina stand behind the counter.

SASHA

I wish I could say that you caught her
on a bad day.

Irina sniffles.

IRINA

That's horrible. I-I'll be right back.

She runs into the back room.

Sasha walks to the front of the store and watches through the window as Barbara's car coughs out a cloud of exhaust and drives off.

INNER SASHA (V.O.)

You know what I'd do?

Inner Sasha stands in Sasha's place. She turns away from the window.

She goes to the register and types, then writes down information on a piece of paper.

The paper reads "Barbara Miller, 24 Blackwood Drive."

INNER SASHA

I'm coming to get you, Barbara.

EXT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Barbara's house sits behind a yard of dead yet somehow overgrown plants. The curtains are drawn in every window, and the structure itself appears to suffocate within its surroundings. Barbara's car sits in the driveway.

Inner Sasha walks up the street and stops in front of the house. She pulls the paper from her pocket and looks at it then at the house.

INNER SASHA

Here we go!

Inner Sasha pulls a large knife out from her satchel.

Thunder.

Sasha jumps and shakes her head. She stands in the place of Inner Sasha.

She looks around at her seemingly new surroundings.

Door slams.

Sasha looks in time to see Barbara turn to lock her front door. She sets a suitcase down beside her.

Sasha looks down to see what she holds in her hand. The knife.

SASHA

Oh, fuck.

EPISODE 2

EXT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Barbara fiddles with her keys on the decrepit porch of her house. her suitcase rests by her side.

Sasha stands in the middle of the street and looks at the knife in her hand in horror.

She looks at Barbara and back at the knife, then tucks it back into the satchel at her hip. She scurries over to the bushes that line Barbara's house and ducks down.

She peers over.

Barbara grabs the suitcase and trudges down the steps. The suitcase rolls on its wheels behind her and bounces and flips down the steps.

Sasha hugs her knees and rocks back and forth.

SASHA

She didn't see you. She didn't see you.

INNER SASHA (O.S.)

She didn't see you.

Sasha looks up. Inner Sasha stares back at her.

SASHA

Oh my god! I'm going crazy!

INNER SASHA

Shut the fuck up. She's gonna hear you and you'll blow the whole thing!

Sasha covers her mouth with her hand.

SASHA

I was-I mean YOU were gonna kill that woman!

INNER SASHA

Doesn't she deserve it?

SASHA

Well...

The two peer over the bush.

Barbara drags her suitcase across her walkway to her car. A tabby cat walks up the side of her driveway and rubs it's head along Barbara's leg. Barbara screeches and punts the feline in the air. The cat yowls in its flight to the beyond.

Barbara's wig slips to the side.

Sasha and Inner Sasha look at each other then duck back down.

SASHA

OK it's really hard to argue that she deserves to live after that.

INNER SASHA

Had only Irina been as lucky as that cat.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Barbara stands at the register while Irina rubs the back of her head.

Strands of Irina's hair fall from Barbara's fingers onto the counter.

EXT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sasha and Inner Sasha crouch behind the bushes.

Inner Sasha open's Sasha's satchel and pulls out the knife.

INNER SASHA

Here, just take this and teach her a lesson.

She puts the knife into her hand.

Sasha nods and grasps the knife.

She moves to the edge of the bushes and shuts her eyes tight.

SASHA

OK, OK... Three... Two... One...

She jumps up as Barbara's car sails down the driveway past her.

It turns onto the street and drives off into the distance.

Sasha slumps to the ground. The knife clatters beside her.

INNER SASHA
Are you fucking kidding me?!

Inner Sasha runs out into the street.

INNER SASHA
We'll be waiting for you, you bitch!

The tabby cat limps over to Sasha and rubs its head on her hand. She picks it up and holds it.

Inner Sasha rises, dusts the dirt off her jeans and looks back at Sasha.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Sasha paces back and forth behind the counter. Inner Sasha leans against the counter with her arms crossed.

INNER SASHA
Ok, you're being neurotic.

SASHA
Excuse me if it takes some time to adjust! I just had a cooler version of myself from inside my imagination come out and take over-

She glances over at Irina who straightens a disheveled clothes rack.

She drops her voice.

SASHA
-take over my mind! Oh! And let's not forget that she told me to murder someone!

Door chimes.

RENEE, a stout woman in her mid fifties walks in.

INNER SASHA
Look now's a good chance to practice!

Renee walks up to the register.

Sasha opens her mouth to speak.

Renee throws a plastic bag down on the counter.

RENEE
I wanna return this.

INNER SASHA
I'm gonna call that strike one.

Sasha opens the bag and holds up the tattered shirt.

SASHA
I'm sorry, Ma'am, but we can't accept
washed, worn, or damaged merchandise.

RENEE
Yeah, it's defective, OK? Wore it
once, then washed it, came out like
that.

Sasha examines the garment. Flecks of dried saliva crunch.

SASHA
You washed this, and it's... Crunchy?

INNER SASHA
Ooo, strike two. C'mon. Don't let her
push you around.

Sasha slides the shirt back in the bag.

SASHA
I can't take this back if your dog
chewed it up.

Renee shrieks.

RENEE
You can't talk to me like that! I am a
VERY good customer!

INNER SASHA
There it is!

Inner Sasha stands in Sasha's place.

INNER SASHA
Oh! Well, of course you are! You even
brought your receipt, am I right?

She reaches into the bag and pulls out a wad of chewed up
paper.

INNER SASHA

Let's scan it in!

Inner Sasha swipes the was of receipt in front of the scanner back and fourth with no success.

INNER SASHA

Oh no! Maybe the scanner is broken!

Irina turns around from the rack and watches as Sasha at the register yell at Renee.

SASHA

Or maybe! There's no fucking way we can return something like this!

RENEE

How DARE you talk to m-

Inner Sasha stands in Sasha's place. She throws the chewed up receipt at Renee's face.

SASHA

Have a nice day and get the fuck out!

She smiles and cocks her head to the side. She throws the bag at Renee.

Mouth agape, Renee storms out and clutches her shirt in her arms.

Inner Sasha types and writes on a piece of paper.

IRINA

Woah, Sasha are you alright?

Sasha stands in Inner Sasha's place. She shakes her head.

INNER SASHA (V.O.)

Wasn't that fun? Don't worry, it doesn't have to be over.

SASHA

What?

IRINA

I said are you alright?

SASHA

I...

She looks down at the paper in her hand. It says "Renee Kreiger, 1120 Greenleaf Ave."

SASHA (CONT)

-think I am.

EPISODE 3

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

The store is empty of customers and the only signs of intelligent life are Irina and Sasha. Sasha stands behind the counter while Irina stands in from of it.

Sasha looks at a piece of paper in her hands with Renee's address on it.

SASHA (V.O.)
Finally.

INNER SASHA (V.O.)
Fucking finally!

Sasha tucks the paper into her back pocket and looks out the storefront window where Renee lumbers out to her car.

SASHA (V.O.)
I'm ready to do this.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

Renee clutches a plastic bag with a shirt to her chest. Opens the door and throws it into the passenger seat. She ducks in as well.

SASHA (V.O.)
I refuse to let them get away with this behavior.

INNER SASHA (V.O.)
So, how we gonna do it this time?
Knife her? Bludgeon her?

Renee's car lights blink on and she pulls out of her parking space and out of the parking lot.

SASHA (V.O.)
I don't know, but I have something I didn't have before...

INT. CLOTHING STORE - SAME

Sasha stands at the counter, a smirk on her face.

SASHA (CONT)
I have resolve and I'll be damned if anything this time will stop m-

IRINA

Will you check out this new coffee shop with me?

Sasha snaps back.

SASHA

Oh! What?

IRINA

Please?? It's right down the block. It just opened and I've been dying for a coffee and both our shifts end in like 10 minutes!

Sasha looks at the address on the paper.

INNER SASHA (V.O.)

Nope! Tell her "no."

SASHA

Aww, man... I don't know. I kinda wanted to do something after work...

Irina clasps her hands together and makes a puppy dog face.

INT. SCONE ZONE - DAY

Irina and Sasha stand in line behind a LADY WITH BACKPACK and next to an assortment of scone in a display case. A cling on the case says "You're in the SCONE ZONE now!" The BARISTA makes a drink.

INNER SASHA (V.O.)

Wow. Real assertive.

SASHA

Shut up!

Irina, the backpack lady and the barista all turn and look at her.

Sasha freezes.

SASHA

Heh... I mean... Shut up! They have cheesy scones?!

IRINA

Yeah, I had heard they had every flavor of scones! Oh! And I found this

and thought it was so you.

She shows Sasha a Kermit Inner Me meme on her phone. It says "ME: That customer is probably just having a bad day. INNER ME: Send them straight to Hell."

SASHA

Oh! Ha! Y-yep, for sure!

She turns away and bites her nails.

SASHA (V.O.)

She knows!

INNER SASHA (V.O.)

Stop being paranoid.

Door chimes.

Sasha looks up.

A BLONDE WOMAN enters the shop. She gets in line behind Sasha in a huff.

She inspects the various scones in the display case and shakes her head.

She shouts to the barista.

BLONDE WOMAN

Hey! Are these dry?

Sasha, Irina, Backpack Woman, and the Barista look up at her.

INNER SASHA (V.O.)

They really are everywhere.

The Blonde Woman crosses her arms.

BLONDE WOMAN

Because YESTERDAY I nearly choked to death. So, let's hope you don't ruin my day AGAIN.

BARISTA

Uh, I'm-I'm sorry Ma'am. I'll be with you as soon as possible.

BLONDE WOMAN

Hurry up. I'm on a time crunch.

The Barista hands Backpack Woman her coffee.

BACKPACK WOMAN

Oh, I'm sorry, just one more thing.
What kind of scones do you have?

BARISTA

Pretty much any flavor you can think
of.

BACKPACK WOMAN

Like what?

BARISTA

Well, cinnamon, blueberry, cherry...

Backpack Woman smiles and nods back.

BACKPACK WOMAN

What else?

BARISTA

uhh... like bacon, cheese, chocolate
chip, carrot-

BLONDE WOMAN

Hurry up already and pick one!

Backpack woman snaps around and glares daggers at the blonde
woman. She turns back to the barista with a smile.

BACKPACK WOMAN

Well, now, you know what I feel like
today? All of 'em.

BARISTA

One everything scone-

BACKPACK WOMAN

No, sorry, I mean ALL the scones. I
just got a HUGE craving.

She looks over at the Blonde Woman and smiles.

The Barista stifles a laugh. He begins loading up all the
scones in a box.

BLONDE WOMAN

Hey! You can't do that! Who do you
think you are?

Backpack Woman takes the nearly-bursting box from the Barista.

BACKPACK WOMAN
People at work are not your emotional
punching bags. Besides-

She opens the box and hands a scone to Sasha and Irina and the Barista. She takes another for herself and takes a bite.

BACKPACK WOMAN (CONTINUED)
-these scones are too delicious for
your sorry ass.

She tucks a five dollar bill into the tip jar and takes her coffee and box of scones over to a table.

The Blonde Woman stands with her mouth open.

BLONDE WOMAN
Oh. Well... Uh.. W-

She watches the Barista, Sasha, and Irina take a bite of their scones in unison as they eye her.

She storms out of the cafe.

The Backpack Woman balances the scones in one hand.

BACKPACK WOMAN
I can't abide rudeness. You ladies
enjoy your day.

She signs goodbye to Irina and exits the cafe.

SASHA
Wow, she's like a pro at that.

INNER SASHA (V.O.)
Yeah, but that's boring. Hurry up and
get your coffee. We've got our own
customer to deal with.