

Married (spec)

By

Diana Cherkas

Married

Diana Cherkas
347-453-8005
dsc@dianacherkas.com

INT. RUSS & LINA'S BEDROOM, NIGHT

Russ' phone makes an alarm/alert noise. He wakes up with a start. Lina also wakes with a start.

LINA

Wha--

RUSS

Shhhhh....

Russ checks his phone. It's a calendar alert: Today is your anniversary. He thinks for a moment, rubs his eyes and rereads his phone. Then it hits him.

RUSS

Crap!

Lina startles again. Half-asleep, she grabs her pillow, hits Russ in the face with it, pulls it back under her head and rolls over.

TITLE CARD: FX PRESENTS

INT. DINER, NEXT MORNING

RUSS

I did not forget--

AJ

Technically, you did forget. Your phone remembered.

RUSS

And who set the phone to remember?

TITLE CARD: MARRIED

INT. DINER, CONTINUOUS

RUSS

I forgot my own birthday this year, so I'm counting on anniversary sex.

AJ

Didn't we go out on your birthday?

(CONTINUED)

RUSS

Day after. I forgot on the day, and
then she wouldn't backdate the
birthday sex...

AJ

That's cold.

RUSS

Dude, help me out here.

AJ

You want me to buy you a hooker?
Since rehab, I stopped--

RUSS

No! I need... something romantic.
Something impressive. Something...

AJ

Something a good husband would do?

RUSS

Yes! Exactly.

Russ looks to AJ dejectedly for an idea, any idea.

AJ

Aw, what the heck. Sobriety's made
me soft. I'll get you into Bräss.

RUSS

Seriously?! Thank you, rehab!
That's awesome! What is brass, like
a band?

AJ

Oh, you poor schmuck. It's Bräss,
not brass.

RUSS

Brass.

AJ

(emphasizing the umlaut)
BrÄss. Bräss... It's THE exotic
sustainable ecofusion hot spot of
the moment. Very de rigeur.

RUSS

I don't think most of what you just
said are words.

AJ
Nevermind the words. You were there
for me in rehab... I'll take care
of you.

INT. RUSS' CAR

Russ drives and calls Lina on speaker phone.

INT. RUSS & LINA'S HOUSE

Lina, still in pajamas, answers the phone on the toilet. On the other side of the bathroom door, all three girls are audibly running around and shouting.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

LINA
Did you pick up toilet paper?! RUSS
Happy anniversary!

LINA
What?

RUSS
I said, happy anniversary.

LINA
Oh, yeah, of course, right, happy anniversary. Are you almost home with toilet paper?

Russ hooks a U-turn, changing course for the store to buy toilet paper.

RUSS
Yes! And drumroll please...I'm taking you out to dinner!

ELLA
(VO)
Tag, you're it! FRANKIE
(VO)
That's not fair!!!!

LINA
Errgh... really? Wouldn't you rather just bring home the toilet paper, maybe watch the girls while I take a bath, go to sleep early--

(CONTINUED)

RUSS

The door swings open--it's Frankie, with Maya close behind.

LINA
Knock first! Mommy's pooing.

The girls freeze in place. Lina takes a breath.

LINA

LINA
One at a time!

Silence.

LINA
Maya, go.

MAYA
Frankie refuses to be it--

FRANKIE
Ella cornered me so Maya could tag
me! That's not fair!!

LINA
Really?? Ok, so no one's it. How about hide and seek and I'll be it. Just go hide, I'll come find you...

The girls all run away to go find hiding spots

LINA
...eventually. Now, what did you want?

RUSS
Who me?

LINA

No, the other person in this
bathroom with me. Yes, you.

RUSS

I made us a reservation at this ego
fashion sun stained hot spot, like,
months ago.

LINA

What the hell is-- Months ago? You?

RUSS

Yes, me.

Lina takes a beat, deciding which lie to challenge.

LINA

If this was so *planned*, where will
our delightful children be while we
eat whatever ego fashion--

RUSS

(reaching for the words)
Ego fashion sun stained food... and
Jess! Jess agreed to babysit.

Russ stops at stoplight and texts Jess:

911, need you to babysit tonight, tell Lina it's been the
plan for months.

LINA

Jess?!

RUSS

And Shep will be home. And the
nanny.

Lina looks down at her unshowered, sad state of affairs.

MAYA

(O.S.)

Mom, are you looking for us yet?

LINA

Sure, yeah, I need a night out.

RUSS

Sweet!

LINA
Toilet pap--

Russ hangs up the phone. Lina dejectedly look around, considering her options: magazine pages? hand towel? make-up remover towelettes? Definitely the towelettes.

INT. JESS' HOUSE, LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Lina, in day old jeans and same pajama top from earlier, still no shower.

LINA
Thanks for babysitting on such short notice.

JESS
What are you talking about? This has been the plan for months.

LINA
Really? Planned for months?

Jess nods a little too much, takes a long swig of wine, and shrugs.

LINA
(continued)
Doesn't sound like Russ... he forgot his own birthday this year.

JESS
Honestly, I was more surprised he knew what Bräss was. Their [weird specialty food] is off the chain!

LINA
Their what?!

JESS
Yeah, it's not you guy's typical kind of place. Very trendy, very classy.

LINA
(about to disagree, but...)
Yeah.

CUE MUSIC MONTAGE:

EXT. RUSS' CAR IN STORE PARKING LOT

Russ runs back to the car with a package of toilet paper.

INT. RUSS & LINA'S BATHROOM

Lina is taking a bath, reveling in the quiet house.

INT. RUSS' CAR

Russ pulls over to the side of the road and cuts flowers out of someone's landscape for a bouquet.

INT. RUSS & LINA'S BATHROOM

Lina, in bathrobe, is examining her face for wrinkles, plucking her eyebrows, making faces in the mirror.

EXT. RUSS & LINA'S HOUSE

Russ drives into driveway, gets out, walks up to front door and rings doorbell.

LINA
(shouts from inside the house)
Who is it?

RUSS
It's me.

LINA
Did you forget your key or
something?

RUSS
No, just open the door.

Beat, as we hear Lina shuffling around inside the house. Lina answers the door, robe still on, half dressed. Russ presents the flowers, then the toilet paper, all romantic, early-relationship-date like. Lina finally cracks a smile.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSS & LINA'S CAR, EVENING

Russ and Lina drive up to the valet stand in front of Bräss.

LINA

Why don't we just park ourselves?

RUSS

It's a part of the whole romantic
experience. Just go with it.

The VALET opens Lina's door and she reluctantly steps out, hair upswept, make-up on, dressed appropriately for a romantic dinner somewhere far less expensive. Russ hops out of the driver's side wearing the nicest thing he owns -- a sport coat and button down, cargo shorts, and sneakers. Thinking it's a smooth move, Russ tosses his keys to the Valet. Caught completely offguard, the Valet attempts to catch them, misses, and shoots Russ' back a scathing look as Russ strides and Lina follows into the restaurant.

INT. BRÄSS FOYER

Russ approaches the hostess stand with bravado, while Lina stops to check out the living art in the foyer. JANELLE is at the hostess stand, on the phone and tapping away at the reservations' computer.

RUSS

Table for--

Janelle glances up, quickly assesses Russ as out of place, finds him lacking, and holds a finger up to silence him while she continues talking on the phone.

JANELLE

...absolutely, the best table.
We'll see Mr. Apatow tomorrow.

Janelle hangs up and looks at Russ, daring him to speak.

RUSS

Table for two, Bowman.

JANELLE

(tapping the computer)
We don't have a reservation for
Bowman.

Lina lags behind, feeling the neatly manicured living wall of grass as she walks.

(CONTINUED)

RUSS
Maybe you spelled it wrong. It's
Bowm--

JANELLE
We don't have a reservation for
Bowman.

RUSS
Excuse me one moment.

Russ glances at Lina, who appears to be mesmerized by a giant topiary, then steps off to the side and calls AJ.

AJ
(V.O. on the phone)
Go for AJ.

RUSS
I'm standing at Bräss and they
don't have my reservation!

Lina starts playing a grown up version of "I'm not touching you" with the topiary, getting right up close to it, not quite poking it.

AJ
Sure they do. It's under Oliver
Rose.

RUSS
Who's Oliver Rose?

AJ
From War of the Roses? Best divorce
movie ever. Funny, right?

Lina tries to unobtrusively sniff the topiary.

RUSS
Why is it under Oliver Rose?

AJ
Well I couldn't use your name.
You're a nobody. The psuedonym
makes you sound important.

RUSS
Gee thanks.

Lina's face is right next to the topiary as a meditation chime dings and suddenly the topiary moves -- it's a living art topiary, a person wrapped in ivy and branches. It changes its pose and freezes. Lina jumps back and stifles a squeak.

AJ

I told you, I'd take care of everything.

Lina darts away from the topiary, into the hostess stand, as Russ turns back to Janelle.

RUSS

Sorry about that. Table for Rose?
Oliver Rose?

Janelle reluctantly checks the computer again.

LINA

(under her breath)
That plant is a person!

Russ shoots Lina a look of confusion.

Janelle finds the reservation and her entire demeanor changes instantly.

JANELLE

Mr. Rose, yes of course! Please
follow me to your table.

As Janelle leads them into the dining room, Lina glances back suspiciously as the meditation gong rings and the living art topiary changes poses.

INT. BRÄSS DINING ROOM, CONTINUOUS

Russ and Lina sit down at the table and open their menus. Lina is still slightly disturbed by the living art topiary.

The menu is uber-fancy, with ingredients listed in various languages, note the weird specialty item, but no prices list anywhere.

LINA

Holy crap, this looks...impressive

RUSS

I hear they have the best [weird specialty item].

(CONTINUED)

LINA

I don't even know what most of this is! Seriously, babe, we don't belong here. We don't have to do this.

RUSS

Yes we do! Look, I may not be able to buy you a house, or hold down a job, or dress myself in pants, but look... I got us in, didn't I? We have a real table, with a real fancy table cloth and... did you say living plants?!

LINA

Yes!

RUSS

--and living plants! How ego fashion is that, am I right?! So for one night, just one night, let me treat you like you deserve to be treated every day. And I don't want you to worry about a thing. I'll take care of you.

Lina is actually touched by his moment of sappiness. Russ smiles and waves at JOAQUIN the waiter. Joaquin approaches the table as if something smells funny.

RUSS

(with the cheat sheet inside the menu, reading)

Ah, yes, we'll have the [order]

Russ largely mispronounces the foreign words, but both Lina and Joaquin are impressed that he knows what to order at all.

RUSS

...and a bottle of your finest champagne.

Joaquin perks up at hearing that.

JOAQUIN

Right away, sir.

INT. BRÄSS DINING ROOM, LATER

Russ and Lina are laughing, glasses half full. Plates are being cleared and new plates delivered. We see now just how exotic this food really is.

LINA

Wait-- Is this the [weird specialty food]?

Russ shrugs and looks at the busboy, who visibly does not speak English, nods anyway and steps away. They both assess the plate, not even sure of how to eat it. Russ attempts to eat it and some piece of the food goes flying (something breaks off or squeezes out...). Lina starts laughing.

RUSS

Shit! oh, shit! Sorry!

Russ starts apologizing to the table behind them. Lina goes at the plate of food from a differnt tactic and manages to spear a bite onto her fork. The instant she tastes it, her eyes open wide -- this might be the best thing she has ever tasted in her life, and she still can't tell what it is.

LINA

(food in her mouth)

Ohmygod, that's amazing.

Lina spears another bite and feeds Russ, who has an alsmot identical reaction.

INT. BRÄSS DINING ROOM, LATER

Lina's and Russ have lost any sense of decorum and are now devouring their main course with gusto. Joaquin pours the last bit of champagne into Lina's glass, Russ downs what was left in his glass.

RUSS

(loudly)

More wine, good sir!

LINA

ooh!

Joaquin cringes, but then thinks of the price of the bottle and what that does for his tip, and forces a smile.

JOAQUIN

Of course.

INT. BRÄSS DINING ROOM, LATER

The table is being cleared of mostly empty plates, including the one that clearly had the weird specialty on it. The second bottle of wine is also empty. As a busboy picks up a plate, Ruas quickly runs his finger along the rim and licks the sauce off his finger.

RUSS
(too loudly)
Now we're good.

LINA
Ohmygod, I'm so full, that was amazing! You were right, I do deserve this. Thank you.

RUSS
Happy anniversary, baby.

LINA
Happy anniversary, baby.

Joaquin approaches the table.

JOAQUIN
Will that be all for this evening?

RUSS
Yes, yes I believe it will.

JOAQUIN
Splendid.

Joaquin places what looks like a plant on the table and walks away. Russ looks at it confused.

LINA
I think it's the check.

Russ rifles around in it for a moment, finds the bill, and freezes. It hasn't been taken care of, and it's more than a month's rent.

LINA
Is everything ok?

RUSS
Yes! Yeah, just my bladder, stupid thing, excuse me.

Russ gets up and run/walks towards the bathroom hallway, bumping into various tables and people along the way.

(CONTINUED)

RUSS

Ow! Sorry, excuse me... Oh, crap,
sorry... Jesus!

INT. BRÄSS, BATHROOM HALLWAY

Russ calls AJ. No answer.

Russ looks at his phone in disbelief. Calls again. No answer.

EXT. AJ'S HOUSE, BACKYARD POOL

AJ's phone rings on a table, poolside. AJ swims laps.

INT. BRÄSS, BATHROOM HALLWAY

Russ hangs up the phone and stares at it. It is the phone's fault.

Russ shakes the phone. Russ turns to throw the phone, starts the wind up, and stops mid-throw.

Russ straightens himself, smiles, and walks calmly back to the table.

INT. BRÄSS DINING ROOM

Russ sits back down at the table. Lina leans across the table suspiciously, the playful buzz no longer apparent in her speech.

LINA

(whisper)

You can pay for this can you?!

Russ considers denying her accusation.

RUSS

(whisper)

It was supposed to be all taken care of.

Maybe it's the alcohol, but Lina finds that idea ludicrous.

LINA

By who? Who buys other people fancy anniversary dinner?

(CONTINUED)

RUSS
That's not important--

LINA
Unless they're sleeping with them.
Wait-- did you find yourself a
sugar daddy?

RUSS
What?! It's not--

LINA
Clearly he's loaded. Is the sex
good? Could you find me one?

RUSS
It's AJ.

LINA
(beat)
AJ's your sugar daddy? (realizing
what he meant) Why would you think
AJ was paying for our anniversary
dinner...? That's the dumbest--

RUSS
He said he would take care of
everything, but nevermind, shut up,
I have a plan. Just stop. Stop. Be
normal.

LINA
Uh, this is me, normal.

RUSS
Ok, yeah, you're right.

Both Lina and Russ compose themselves, trying to match the body language of the couples round them, only drunker.

Russ reaches for his wallet and pulls out a credit card. He places the check back on the table and gestures for the server to pick up the check.

RUSS
Don't you have to go to the
bathroom?

LINA
No.

RUSS

Sure you do... before our long car ride home. You know your bladder!

Lina gives him a questioning look, gets up and walks away.

Joaquin walks over, eyes the now-destroyed plant check holder disparagingly, picks it up and walks away.

Russ waits precisely 3 seconds, nonchalantly brushes the table, and discreetly gets up and walks towards the bathroom.

INT. BRÄSS, BATHROOM HALLWAY

Lina stands in front of the Ladies room door, with it's bizarre knob. She pushes. She pulls. She twists. She twists more vigorously, losing her tipsy balance and inadvertently leans against the door opener, and it starts to open automatically.

Lina takes a step in as Russ walks swiftly into the hallway, grabs her elbow, whirls her around and steers her in the opposite direction, towards the back exit at the end of the hallway.

EXT. BRÄSS PARKING LOT

Russ and Lina burst through the back exit, walk-running out of the restaurant, Russ's hand still on Lina's elbow.

LINA

What did you do?

RUSS

"I gave him a blank gift card I was designing for Bernie. I figured by he'd think it was a black card from a distance, and by the time he opened that plant thingy--

LINA

Really?! A dine and dash anniversary?

RUSS

Think of it as nostalgic. And walk faster.

(CONTINUED)

LINA
Nostalgic?

RUSS
Yeah, recreating our first date.

LINA
You didn't pay for our first date?
Jesus Chri--

RUSS
and we still have a little mystery!
How romantic.

Lina stops Russ, who seems hell bent on continuing to run away.

LINA
The car. What about the car.

RUSS
(gesturing around them)
It's around here somewhere.

LINA
Yes, but our keys are not. Our keys
are with...

EXT. FRONT OF BRÄSS

The valet stand, with all the shiny keys hanging neatly.

LINA
(VO)
...the valet.

EXT. BRÄSS PARKING LOT

Russ and Lina stand in the middle of the parking lot,
staring in the direction of the valet stand.

LINA
I told you to street park, but you
just had to--

Joaquin comes running out the back door like a bat out of hell, any trace of his comsure gone. He looks around and spots them. The chase is on.

(CONTINUED)

Russ and Lina run through the back parking lot, Joaquin chasing after them. This is a large parking lot, the kind that has valet because no one who eats there would be willing to walk that far in their fancy shoes.

Russ and Lina reach the sidewalk and turn left. Joaquin reaches the sidewalk, spots a cop car, starts waving to get its attention. The car stops and two COPS emerge. Joaquin starts shouting and gesturing left, down the block.

Russ turns back and sees Joaquin pointing in his direction. Russ looks around and sees a fence gate. He pulls Lina through it, ducking into a stranger's backyard.

EXT. STRANGER'S BACKYARD

Russ & Lina lean against the wooden privacy fence, hiding in safety and catching their breath. Lina take her shoes off; these were not pumps meant for running.

LINA

What the hell was tha--

Russ sees the 2 cops jog by through a crack in the fence and covers Lina's hand with his mouth, to shut her up.

Lina's surprise turns to a death glare, and Russ removes his hand.

RUSS

Sorry, had to ditch the fuzz.

Lina just stares at Russ.

They both look around the yard, realizing that they can see into the house, where an entire family is watching a playoff game. Russ's team is losing.

RUSS

(under his breath)

Shit.

LINA

Ok... so what's your brilliant plan?

RUSS

Well, we could hotwire our car, drive it home and then just get new keys made

LINA

Do you even know how to hotwire a car?

RUSS

Yes. (beat) No.

LINA

Great. Any other ideas?

RUSS

We could just steal our car keys back? Then all we'd have to do is find our car in the lot...

LINA

...and get arrested in the 20 minutes that takes.

RUSS

We could...have secret backyard sex to get the ideas flowing?

LINA

And add indecent exposure to what I'm guessing would be felony dine and dash? Grand theft?

Russ doesn't want to answer... Russ nods.

LINA

Great, so the next anniversary we'd be able to celebrate would be in 15-20 years, 10 with probation...

RUSS

Ok, fine. Do you have any ideas, Mrs. Negativity?

Lina stares at Russ for a moment, reaches into her purse and pulls out her phone.

LINA

As a matter of fact I do.

EXT. STRANGER'S BACKYARD, 30 MINUTES LATER

The adrenaline has worn off, and they've relaxed in their hiding. Lina is intently watching the Twilight:New Moon through the family's window. Russ reaches into the bushes behind Lina and moves the shrub like it's a puppet, starting to caress Lina's shoulder with it.

(CONTINUED)

LINA
(loudly)
What the--?!

Russ laughs like a silent maniac, Lina caught her volume, and reverts back to whisper.

LINA
What the hell are you doing?!

RUSS
Thought maybe that plant person thing could be like, a fetish. You seemed pretty into him.

LINA
How do you even know it's a he?

RUSS
Was it a she? Did she have leaf boobs? Would you be interested in a vegan threesome?

Lina take a moment to process how ridiculous this sounds.

LINA
I don't know if it had boobs, or a cock, for that matter.

RUSS
We could come back in the fall and see if it loses its leaves...

LINA
I don't think we'll ever be going back.

Lina's phone blips. Lina jumps at the sound, knocking Russ's hand off her boob. She turns to peer through the fence.

LINA
Come on, vegan. Vegan...

Lina shakes her head as she exits, pulling Russ with her through the fence...

EXT. STREET SIDE OF STRANGER'S BACKYARD

...and quickly hop into Jess' waiting car.

INT. JESS' CAR

Jess starts driving the short distance back to Bräss.

LINA

Thank you sooo much.

JESS

Oh, no problem. This is way more my thing than babysitting anyway. (to Russ) Um, way to go, genius.

RUSS

This is not on me. It was all supposed to be taken care of--

LINA

Except it wasn't, at all, even remotely... and since when does AJ-

JESS

AJ?! You thought AJ was going to buy you dinner?! Did you blow him first?

RUSS

Ha ha, very funny, no. He said he owed me...

LINA

Owed you how? Did you even ask him what that meant?

JESS

Yeah, for blowing him.

RUSS

No! and no. and for being a good friend and supporting him and...

JESS

Time to duck and cover.

Jess pulls into the back exit of the Bräss parking lot, staying in the shadows between lampposts. Lina and Russ duck down in the back seats.

JESS

Now don't go getting freaky in my backseat. And watch out for the jizz stain. Not sure whose it is.

Jess hops out of the drivers' seat and exits.

EXT. BRÄSS PARKING LOT

Jess walks through the parking lot, past the back door of the restaurant. The two cops are still taking a statement from the Joaquin. A living art topiary, still wrapped in vines but out of its planter, leans against the outside wall smoking a cigarette.

Jess reaches the front valet area as the valet is taking keys from a couple. The couple walks inside, the valet gets into their car and drives off. Jess walks over to the key rack, starts perusing it, and calls Lina.

JESS

Damn, that's a lot of Tesla keys.
Sure you don't want an upgrade?

LINA

(V.O.)

If I upgrade anything, it'll be
husband first.

JESS

Suit yourself. What do your keys
look like, again?

INT. JESS' CAR

Lina in the back seat of the car, on the phone with jess.

LINA

They're old, grey...

RUSS

They're on a [stupid keychain].

EXT. BRÄSS PARKING LOT

JESS

Yikes, got 'em.

Jess swipes the keys and walks back through the parking lot, still on the phone, pressing the lock/unlock button on the key chain. In the distance, the living topiary puts out its cigarette and heads back inside.

LINA

The clicker doesn't work so well.

(CONTINUED)

JESS
No shit. I got nothing.

INT. JESS' CAR

RUSS
Should I get out and look around?

LINA
No! You've done enough,
thank you very much.

JESS
No, you idiot. The cops are
still lurking.

Russ' phone rings.

LINA
Who the hell is calling you right
now?

RUSS
It's AJ.

LINA
Christ, answer it already!

RUSS
I am! (into the phone) AJ, dude,
where have you been?

EXT. AJ'S HOUSE, BACKYARD POOL

AJ, drying off poolside, towel clearing the water out of his
non-phone ear.

AJ
Taking a moonlight swim, Saw you
called, like six times. What's up?
Something wrong?

RUSS
Yeah, you could say that. I thought
you said you were taking care of
everything.

AJ
Yeah, I did. I got you a
reservation, dude. At Bräss. Last
minute.

INT. JESS' CAR

We can hear AJ and Jess through Russ and Lina's phones. Intercut back and forth between both phone conversations: AJ poolside, Lina & Russ in the back seat, and Jess outside in the parking lot AJ poolside.

LINA
(to Russ)
You lying sack of crap!

RUSS
You knew I didn't really make the reservation months in advance, don't lie.

JESS
He's right. No way he'd ever plan this ahead.

LINA
Ok, fine!

RUSS
(to AJ)
Ok, yeah, but you said "take care of everything"

LINA
What does that even mean?!

AJ
Yeah, dude, what the hell did you think that meant?

LINA
He thought it meant you were buying us dinner!

Jess' laughter echoes through the phone. AJ starts to laugh.

RUSS
Why would you even get me a reservation here if you weren't?! The freakin wine, alone, cost more than Ella's braces!

AJ
I'm not the one who helped you pay for Ella's braces. Jess?

(CONTINUED)

JESS

Nope, not me. Must've been Bernie.

LINA

Oh my god, we're freakin charity
chases!

EXT. BRÄSS PARKING LOT

Jess in the parking lot, finally hears a response to her clicking.

JESS

Found it!

INT. JESS' CAR

Lina looks up from the backseat. She can see Jess holding up the clicker in triumph, and in fact, see their car only a short distance away, also at the back of the parking lot. It was visible from Jess' car since they arrived.

JESS

(VO through the phone, from
Lina's POV)

Guess they stuck that piece of shit
far in the back so no one would
know it's owners were eating here?

INT. RUSS & LINA'S CAR

AJ and Jess are still on Russ and Lina's phones, on speaker while Russ drives.

AJ

(VO)

Did you at least try the [weird
specialty item]?

RUSS

Yeah, you told me to.

LINA

It was good. I think. Kinda
[adjective]

JESS

(VO)

Well, yeah it should be. It's
[actually name of the food].

(CONTINUED)

Russ starts gagging. He might actually puke while driving.

LINA

What. Whoa. Stop. Pull over. Stop.
Just. We gotta go. Stop.

Lina hangs up both phones, as Russ swerves to pull over.