

CHAOS QUEENS

Pilot

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. NYLAND CORP. BREAK ROOM - DAY

BETTY (36, British) leans against the counter over a BOX OF DOUGHNUTS, absolutely demolishing an ECLAIR. She's a natural disaster personified, ill-fitting BLAZER thrown over last night's SEQUINED DRESS with a plunging neckline. The smudged black eyeliner ringing her eyes and her Einstein-inspired hair complete the look.

Her perfectly coiffed and manicured colleagues, KAREN and SUSAN, glare at her in mild horror over their GREEN PROTEIN SHAKES as CREAM drips down her chin.

She shoves the last of the eclair into her mouth and offers the box to Karen and Susan.

BETTY

Oof, sorry. My manners! Want one?
(to camera)
Mondays. Aren't they just the
fucking worst?

She considers this as she continues munching.

BETTY (CONT'D)

(to camera)
That may be the only universal
truth that remains in this post-
modern hellscape we now find
ourselves in. Still, the world's
already overrun with arseholes. Us
ladies have to stick together.

Karen and Susan pull back in disgust, which doesn't bother Betty in the slightest. Mainly because she's much too hungover to register it.

KAREN

You have some cream...

Karen points vaguely at Betty's chin. Betty swipes her sleeve across her face, which starts a trickle of blood from her nose. She smiles, oblivious to the fact that she looks an utter ghoul.

BETTY

Did I get it?

SUSAN

I just can't with this bitch. Not
today.

KAREN
Why are you bleeding?!

BETTY
I am? Where?

She drops the box to pat herself down for injuries. She's confused until blood drips down onto the doughnuts. She tilts her head back and stems the nosebleed with a NAPKIN.

BETTY (CONT'D)
(to camera)
And that's how you know we've had a proper weekend!

She feels around for the doughnuts, unable to see them without lowering her head, finds one, and holds it up to examine it. Satisfied it's blood-free, she shoves as much of it into her mouth as she can fit.

END COLD OPEN

EXT. THE CATATONIA - NIGHT

SUPER: The Catatonia - Ibiza, Spain - 13 Hours Ago

Betty and DANA (45, American) dance to booming EDM amidst a CROWD OF RAVERS at Catatonia, a neon-drenched fever dream. Betty's in the sequined dress from the cold open, minus the blazer, and she's glowing. Dana's an effortlessly stunning butch charmer, completely in her element.

Betty grabs Dana's face, showing her off to camera. Dana maintains her daffy smile, unaware of the camera's existence.

BETTY
(to camera)
This is Dana. We love Dana.

Betty licks the entirety of the side of Dana's face. Dana shoves Betty off.

DANA
You know the rules! Freakish giraffe tongue stays in your mouth!

BETTY
Ready to go, Cochise?

DANA
Did I forget to mention? We're staying. I bought a house on the island.

BETTY
Hilarious!

Betty hits an imaginary hi-hat. Dana continues dancing, no intention of leaving.

BETTY (CONT'D)
(to camera)
And we've officially reached that portion of the evening where she starts behaving like a two-year-old.
(to Dana)
Appreciate the gambit as always, love, but I have to be at my desk in exactly thirteen hours.

Betty checks the time on her PHONE.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Shit. Make that twelve and a half.

SUPER: The Catatonia - Ibiza, Spain - ~~13~~ 12.5 Hours Ago

Betty pulls Dana through the crowd. A REALTOR approaches, dangling a KEY. Dana makes a cutting motion across her throat as Betty drags her away. The Realtor frantically gestures after them with the key she now has no idea what to do with.

INT. DANA'S PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

Betty reclines in the seat across from Dana, a SLEEP MASK over her eyes.

DANA
So what's next? I know an Ayahuasca shaman who'll take us on safari in the Serengeti.

BETTY
No.

DANA
Ketamine scuba diving in the Maldives?

BETTY
Shhh.

Dana fidgets, restless.

DANA

Fine. I'll take you home, but I refuse to send you back to that monster. You'll have to kill me first.

Betty lifts the corner of her mask to reveal one eye.

BETTY

(to camera)

Seems like a simple enough concept. I don't work, I don't eat. Apparently this is beyond Dana's comprehension.

Betty lets the mask SNAP back.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Betty's not here right now. Please try again during normal business hours.

DANA

If it weren't for the prick, I know the first time that fuck laid hands on you would've been the last time he had hands.

BETTY

Don't call him "the prick."

(to camera)

It's my fault for deluding myself into believing her. "We'll stay Sunday, but only if you let me sleep on the plane." "No problem, Bets. Don't be ridiculous, Bets!"

DANA

There's no defence! Ze-ro. If he's so *amazing*, why doesn't he ever put you first?

BETTY

(to camera)

If you're looking to me to defend Jack, don't. You'll see for yourselves shortly. He's perfect. Too good for me, to be sure. She's mad at the situation, not Jack.

DANA

Just so we're clear, I'm mad at the prick specifically. Fuck him in particular.

Betty pulls the mask up.

BETTY
Stop calling him "the prick!"

DANA
As soon as he stops being one.

BETTY
You want me to quit my job?

DANA
I'm sorry. Did I MDMA hallucinate
an entire conversation about this?
I guess I just love talking to hear
my own voice.

BETTY
I'll happily quit! Give me those
two little words and I'll quit
right now.

DANA
Why do you keep doing this to
yourself? You know my answer.

BETTY
I need to hear you say it.
(to camera)
Ever holding out hope that
somewhere along the brain-to-mouth
pipeline, the answer will change.

DANA
It's still and forever will be a
no, Bets. A perma-no.

BETTY
(to camera)
French for, "You think I'd let an
epic fuckup like you anywhere near
my companies?"
(to Dana)
Then bloody let me sleep and stop
sabotaging the one job I've
actually managed to keep.