

RACHEL BITES

"Hair of the Dog"

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT/RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel, in bed in a darkened room. She is sweaty and out of breath.

RACHEL
(surprised)
Oh. God.

Avery lies on his side, facing her, giant gut facing her too. He leans his head on a hand.

AVERY
Okay?

RACHEL
Yeah. Uh.

She shivers involuntarily.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Wow.

AVERY
You were good too.

RACHEL
Oh. Thanks.

AVERY
You're the cat's pajamas, doll-face.

RACHEL
Isn't that, like, a mixed metaphor?

AVERY
You crackin' wise?

RACHEL
Why do you talk like that?

AVERY
It's Chinatown, Jake.

RACHEL
I don't... understand.

He lies down on his back, with a sigh.

AVERY
Ish Kabibble.

RACHEL

Ah. Okay.

She gets up, wraps a towel around herself, and exits.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go to the...

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lights are on, though it's very late.

On her way to the bathroom, she meets Allison, who is returning to her own room in the opposite direction.

Allison is half asleep, eyes mostly closed.

ALLISON

Ray?

RACHEL

Hi.

ALLISON

Oh, god, I dreamt that I saw you with a great big fat man. In our apartment. It seemed like you were sleeping with him.

RACHEL

Uh. That's totally stupid, Al.

ALLISON

It's a dream, whaddayou want?

RACHEL

Better dreams.

ALLISON

I'll try.

Allison resumes walking, then stops and SHRIEKS.

Rachel's head spins around:

Avery has exited her bedroom, naked.

AVERY

(to Allison)

Doll, pipe down-- yer givin' me the heebie jeebies.

Allison moves hastily to her room and shuts the door.

He walks to the kitchen.

AVERY (CONT'D)

She's givin' me the screamin' meemies.
Is she splifficated or somethin'?

RACHEL

Um.

He reappears, with a glass and a bottle of rum.

He raises the glass, offering it.

AVERY

Hair o' the dog?

RACHEL

Um.

She stares at it, and at him: How will she get through this night?

She grabs the bottle.

Takes a hit.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(squinting)

Ucch!

END