

SEARCH PARTY

"Gone to the Dogs"

Previously on Search Party:

Dory's been arrested for murder, Drew's been caught trying to frame a co-worker, Eliot and Portia are generally...acting the same. Puttering around, self-absorbed and freaking out over the unknown...

PRESENT DAY, NEW YORK....

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE

PORTIA picks at a side salad. She puts the fork down and pushes it away. She looks up. DORY stares into the dark rounds of Portia's eyes.

PORTIA
I hope you know we're all going to die because of you.

DORY
That's not true.

PORTIA
It is true. You killed us. And you're a bad fucking person, Dory.

Dory looks around. Literally EVERYONE in the restaurant stares at her.

DORY
It's not true.

Dory looks down. She's shackled to the armrest. She furiously tries to undo the handcuffs. When she looks up, Portia lays dead. In her plate of salad.

INT. DORY'S BEDROOM - MORNING - END DREAM SEQUENCE

Dory wakes up in a cold sweat. She feels for handcuffs that aren't there before flinging the covers off of her body.

She swings her feet to the floor. As they land, we see her ankle laced with a shiny accessory courtesy of the New York City Justice Department... It's reality bitch.

Dory walks over to her window. We see her step over Keith's decomposing corpse. She's unmoved by it.

She glances out the window and sees a news van. The corpse is gone.

Her phone **BUZZES**. It's from Eliot.

"Sloppy Tippy Brunch Road Call *eggplant emoji*."

A chat bubble forms shortly after.

"Oops, wrong number... But since it's already out in the universe want to grab mimosas at Calle Ocho"

Another chat bubble forms.

"Sans sloppy toppy. *Wet emoji* + *tongue out emoji*"

TITLE SEQUENCE: SEARCH PARTY

EXT. CALLE OCHO - BRUNCH HOUR

The gang (ELIOT, Dory, Portia) minus DREW is at Calle Ocho. There's a news van across the street from the outdoor seating area. Eliot texts--ignoring Dory and Portia. Dory squirms in her seat as Portia picks over a salad.

DORY

That doesn't bother anyone else?

Portia looks up.

PORTIA

What?

PORTIA looks around and spots the WAITER.

PORTIA (CONT'D)

The waiter's fly being open?

Not really.

(beat)

Think I should tell the manager?

(beat)

Not for me. Someone *else* might be offended at the sight of it but too afraid to speak up.

DORY

What? No. The news vans following us around.

Portia shakes her head.

PORTIA

Oh God. Dory, they're just doing their jobs. As long as we plead the fifth anytime a reporter talks to us we're good.

DORY

I thought Joshua said we're supposed to say "no comment".

PORTIA

Absolutely, the same thing. I was an extra on SVU, I would know. Also, speaking of me...

(MORE)

PORTIA (CONT'D)
 did I tell you the director of that
 movie I filmed 2 years ago is
 actually releasing it. We're
 meeting later to discuss
 promotional strategy.

DORY
 Congratulations. But do you think
 the timing--

PORTIA
 Don't go there, Dory.

DORY
 I'm just saying... shouldn't we be
 keeping a low profile?

PORTIA
 Your profile is already low. But
 the nature of my craft means I
 can't afford to do that. Tell her
 Eliot.

Eliot is still in a bitter text battle. His face sags and
 contorts with each incoming BUZZ. He slams his phone down.

ELIOT
 Sorry! Let me stop being that guy.

It BUZZES. He picks his phone back up immediately. He quickly
 retorts with his fingers and places it face side down.

ELIOT (CONT'D)
 (waving his hand)
 That's done. That's over.

PORTIA
 You guys good?

ELIOT
 Honestly? Not really. You know how
 people are just like too nice? And
 like caring about your well being
 too much? That's Marc right now.
 It's like why are you trying so
 hard. I'm suffocating!

DREW walks up but doesn't sit. He places his palms on the
 back of the empty chair. His hair's a disheveled mess. They
 look at him for a beat.

DORY
 Are you going to join us or--

ELIOT
 --Just hover like a mad man ready
 to monologue.

Drew paces the distance of the small table.

DREW
 This isn't right.

ELIOT
 Monologue it is.

DREW
 Brunching like a bunch of
 privileged assholes.

Portia and Eliot exchange confused stares.

DORY
 It's just lunch. We can still eat.

DREW
 Can we? I've lost everything.

ELIOT
 No one at this table forced you to
 create an elaborate scheme to frame
 your coworkers in order to escape
 the country?!

DREW
 Not the point! We have people
 following us. Everything we do is
 under scrutiny.

Portia waves her arms over her head before bringing them down
 into a pointed pose--aiming squarely at Drew.

PORTIA
 First of all, if I want to have an
 egg white omelet with roasted red
 pepper and smoked gouda that is MY
 business. Second of all, I have
 every right to enjoy my last few
 months as a free woman before I'm
 carted off to be some under or
 overweight woman's whore in prison.
 Lastly, maybe it's you and Dory who
 shouldn't be here since you're the
 reason we're in this mess.

ELIOT
 (snaps fingers)
 Yes! I love you so much for that,
 Lady P.

Drew sits down. Dory looks around to see if anyone's watching the outburst. She then spots JULIAN seated with a group of trendy looking COOL KIDS inside.

DORY
 Be right back.

Dory throws her napkin down, stands up and retreats to the inside.

DREW
 (to Portia and Eliot)
 Have either of you had their huevos
 rancheros?

INT. CALLE OCHOS - CONTINUOUS

Dory walks by Julian's table--deliberately slow. He doesn't notice her. She doubles back. Stopping just in front of his seat.

DORY
 (feigning surprise)
 Hey!

Julian looks her up and down. His eyes are cold and unwanted.

DORY (CONT'D)
 I didn't know you came to this
 spot?

JULIAN
 I don't. People try new restaurants
 all the time, Dory. This is New
 York.

DORY
 I know--I just meant... I wouldn't
 have even come if I knew you were
 here. Cause I know you probably
 don't even want to see me.

JULIAN
 Then why did you strategically
 place yourself in front of this
 table when not doing so would've
 been much easier.