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Paint Night

By Crystal Franceschini

- [Narrator] Nightpantz.
- Oh, is it Tuesday already?
- Mhm. Paint night with the girls.
- Yes, where all the wild ladies
use painting as an excuse
to get drunk on wine.
Go paint the town red.
- Alright ladies.
You all know what you'll
be painting tonight.
Don't be afraid to make it yours.
It's Tuesday night.
It's paint night.
This is what we wait for all week.
Your husbands are at home,
your children are asleep.
You all look great for now.
It's time to get crazy.
In the art world, you've
got to put your stamp on it.
Well tonight, ladies,
we're putting our stamp
on this whole city.
Excuse me, where did
you get that wine cozy?
- Made it myself, sell them on Etsy.
- It's really cute.
- Thank you.
- Crap. It's the women
of Artistic Evening.
Oh, those ros drinking cunts.
(bottles clinking)
- Ladies, come out and paint.
Ladies, come out and paint.
- What are you doing here?
- This is our paint turf.
- We got a groupon, bitch.
(various pained grunts)
(rock music)
- Hold it.
(phone ringing)
Yeah?
No, honey, just microwave it.
Yeah, it's microwavable.

No, we'll take about the throw pillows tomorrow, I'm out with my friends.

Yeah. Love you too.

Okay, okay, bye.

(sirens)

Coppers!

- [Woman] See you next Tuesday.

I found my purse!

- Freeze!

- Hey babe.

You're home late.

You got a little paint on you.

Did you have fun?

- Mhm.

- Well, when do I get to see the work?

- [TV] Another woman critically injured in gang activity.

Police believe this woman

to be the leader of the club

Artistic Evening, but her face - Wow.

- [TV] is such a mangled mass of blood that so far it's just speculation.

- Nice composition.