

HOW TO BE ALONE

Written by
Sophia Forlenza

Sophia Forlenza
Sophia.a.forlenza@gmail.com
(203) 942-4348
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

CHATTER of Manhattan streets broken up by city lights in the evening sky. NOUR (24, Lebanese-American, delightfully neurotic) leans up against a building smoking a cigarette directly underneath a sign that reads "NO SMOKING WITHIN 25 FEET."

Nour puts the cigarette out in three separate spots, creating a triangle from the burn marks. The burns are dark - she has been here before.

NOUR
One, two, three... one, two,
three... The Father, the Son...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Nour peeks her head into a big corner office. CHERYL (38, red Farrah Fawcett hair) sits behind a beautiful mahogany desk.

NOUR
(devilish grin)
Daddy's home.

CHERYL
(through a pained smile)
Oh, you.... come on in.

Nour turns her baseball cap around on her head, walking through the door and hip thrusting in the air.

NOUR
(waving her hands in
circles)
What is this? Something's off.

She scans the office with a manic pep in her step like a detective in a whodunit and... sniffs for some reason.

NOUR (CONT'D)
Are you ovulating? Oh, you got a
new haircut.
(gasps)
No, a new cat!
(hushed)
(MORE)

NOUR (CONT'D)
Is it Rob? Oh no, it's Rob, isn't
it, did he finally-

She makes a slit-your-throat motion with her hand.

CHERYL
No, Rob is fine... and I'm sure
he'll be happy to hear how you
speak about his life with such
care. Why don't you sit down?

Nour complies, though she's suspicious.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
So, we did end up having that
meeting today...

NOUR
(squealing and reaching
into her bag)
I knew it, I KNEW it!

CHERYL
The thing is-

Nour pulls out a champagne bottle.

NOUR
(struggling to open the
bottle)
I told you that psychic I went to
was legit-

CHERYL
(interrupting her)
Nour, we're downsizing.

The cork pops, and champagne spills all over Nour's lap.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
(sincerely)
You know I love you. If it were up
to me, I'd keep you beside me
forever... I'd find the world's top
scientists, so they could shrink
you down to an itty bitty wittle
Nour, and I'd stuff you deep in my
pocket and carry you around with me
everywhere I go.

NOUR
Are you serious?
(beat)
(MORE)

NOUR (CONT'D)

Who else is gonna put up with this place? With the verbal abuse from Kevin?

UNSEEN MAN (O.S.)

Give him a break, he just lost custody!

NOUR

With the *eavesdropping*? After all I've done for you? I got nipple piercings to seduce that idiot clerk for you-

CHERYL

(genuinely sympathetic)

Oh, how did those heal by the way?

NOUR

Actually really well, thank you for asking. It was pretty touch and go there for a while- what the hell am I saying? I got the clerk to put *my* name on *your* summons.

(beat)

You made me Joey's *godmother*!

CHERYL

I really am gonna miss you.

Nour chugs the champagne.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Nour walks down the street, taking clinical note of her footsteps to avoid sidewalk cracks. She moves in a weird waltz pattern of threes. She holds her baseball cap in one hand and the champagne bottle in the other.

A mother notices Nour's erratic behavior and pulls her daughter to the edge of a sidewalk.

A tourist accidentally bumps into Nour, making her step on a crack.

NOUR

LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE! Oh, the omens...

Nour approaches a trash can. We look up at her face from the bottom of the can.

She pours what's left of the champagne into the trash, then pulls out a half pint of vodka and douses her hat in it. She takes out a lighter.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Nour stares at the now roaring trash fire and snaps a picture with a DSLR camera. The mother and daughter watch in horror from a taxi cab window as they drive away.

EXT. RICKY'S BAR - LATER

Establishing shot of *the* grossest dive bar; if you took swab of the floor to a Petri dish, you'd discover a new disease.

INT. RICKY'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

A shot glass slams down on the bar counter. We see the hand belongs to Nour, who's working as a bartender.

NOUR

And I'm sitting there, champagne just... pooling up in my fucking panties, and she has the balls to ask about how my piercings healed.

(beat)

We can't do that thing anymore, by the way, with the...

She points to her nipples and circles. We see AMELIA (25) sitting across from Nour, staring off into the distance. She's somewhere else.

NOUR (CONT'D)

Anyway, it was a slap in the face. I mean, did she ever even really care about me? It's insulting, it's depressing, it's-

AMELIA

(interrupting)

-over.

NOUR

I know, I know. I'll get over it eventually, it's just-

AMELIA

No, Nour. This. Us. I can't do it anymore.

(beat)

My dad... he didn't even ask if I was coming home for Christmas. He just wanted to know if I finally started going back to church.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE KID (O.S.)

Um, miss?

SHIRLEY TEMPLE KID (19) menacingly appears out of nowhere right next to Amelia. He aggressively slurps down the last drops and taps the glass.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE KID (CONT'D)

Dirty this time.

NOUR

Dude, you have braces. Go home.

Continuing to slurp, he walks away and leaves the bar, glass still in hand.

AMELIA

Maybe my dad's right.

Amelia heads to the door. She stops, looks behind her shoulder at Nour, who's already staring back. Neither wants to look away, but Amelia leaves anyway.

Nour pounds another shot. THEO (23, Black, incredibly calm, somehow dumb and wise simultaneously) finishes a martini with an alarming number of olives.

THEO

Do you get off soon?

NOUR

Am I getting off... is that a question or an offer?

EXT. RICKY'S BAR, BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Nour and Theo make out against the wall of the bar in the back. Her hand makes its way down to his waistband.

NOUR

Are you sure you want-

THEO
Yes, sorry, I'm just having
trouble..
(in British accent)
Popping the bloody bird.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. RICKY'S BAR, BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Nour and Theo lean against the wall next to each other. Theo smokes a joint while Nour takes a drag of her cigarette and coughs.

THEO
Sorry.

NOUR
It's okay. I'm a lesbian anyway.

THEO
Oh. Cool.

NOUR
Really? Do you really think so?
(beat)
To me, cool is...

She looks at his shirt.

NOUR (CONT'D)
Cool is wearing a "How to Train Your Dragon" shirt and mismatched neon socks. Cool is taking a shit in a public restroom without worrying about the guy in the next stall smelling it. Cool is looking in a mirror and recognizing the person staring back, and... *liking* it. Cool is being able to smoke a Newport without coughing.
(beat)
But I cough. Hard, obviously. I cough hard because I'm lame and pathetic, and because the sound drowns out the voices in my head that tell me I'm gonna push some poor kid into oncoming traffic if I don't check the locks again. So then I do, but now I'm going to hell because I checked too many times and because I don't want to marry a guy anymore.
(MORE)

NOUR (CONT'D)

So if cool is a raging nicotine
addiction and the kind of forbidden
yearning you're only supposed to
feel when you're 16, then...

She looks over at Theo for comfort, but he isn't listening;
he's staring at his hands as he moves them in stoned
confusion.

THEO

(re: his hands)

Are they always like this?

(beat)

Wanna come over?

Nour puts out the cigarette in the same triangle pattern.

NOUR

No.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. NOUR'S APARTMENT BUILDING — EARLY MORNING

Establishing shot of the entrance to a run-down apartment building. Rustling and foreboding rodent sounds come from the garbage.

INT. NOUR'S APARTMENT — MOMENTS LATER

Nour makes scrambled eggs. VIOLET (22, hard-ass with a heavy Xanax prescription) violently stomps down the hall.

NOUR
(to Violet, sarcastic)
Morning sunshine. I'm making-

VIOLET
No time. Love you though.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM — MOMENTS LATER

Violet enters the bathroom and bumps into DELANEY (23, American Girl doll with anger issues). Wet hair and fully dressed, Delaney fiddles with the broken outlet and her blow dryer. Violet starts stripping.

VIOLET
Move. Need to shower.

Violet gets in the shower, half-clothed, and throws her sports bra out from the curtain.

DELANEY
Don't bother. Water's brown.

VIOLET (O.S.)
I can't show up to the interview
smelling like Larry. I'd rather
slit my wrists.

Nour enters the bathroom and sits on the toilet.

NOUR
(peeing)
I'm sure you look great, V.
(MORE)

NOUR (CONT'D)

You always do. It kills our self esteem on the daily.

VIOLET (O.S)

It's hard to take the compliment when I know you have your junk out.

NOUR

(re: her junk, whispering)

Take that back. She can hear you.

Violet runs the water anyway.

VIOLET (O.S)

This life is a PRISON.

She turns it off.

THUMP. Delaney bangs on the wall above the outlet.

DELANEY

The next time I see our piece of shit landlord, he's gonna rue the day we moved in.

(frustrated)

Screw it! I'll go curly. It's not like I needed to feel good about myself.

Delaney leaves the bathroom. Nour flushes the toilet, but it doesn't work.

VIOLET

(getting out of the shower, wrapped in a towel)

I swear to God, if it overflows-

NOUR

It always goes back down, it just takes a second.

Violet leaves. Nour waits, and the toilet flushes. Victory.

DELANEY

Nour, have you been keeping an eye on the-

The eggs are burning, smoke has filled the kitchen, and the fire alarm rings loudly.

NOUR
SON OF A-

HARD CUT TO:

INT. NOUR'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The girls stand in front of an open door, smoke alarm ringing. Violet applies an unhealthy amount of deodorant. Nour holds a fire extinguisher.

NOUR
What's good, Larry?

VIOLET
What do you want?

DELANEY
Hi, Sir.

Delaney wrings out her wet hair in front of LARRY (65, live-in super).

LARRY
(sarcastic)
Glad to see you girls are taking
good care of the place.

NOUR
Of course. Concrete jungle, baby.
What's not to love?

BANG. The girls jump. The source of the noise is unclear - maybe a gunshot, possibly an accident involving an obese cat.

APARTMENT MAN (O.S)
(yelling)
Why? WHY?!
(in a woman's voice)
You're a disgrace!

LARRY
He's... not renewing his lease.

DELANEY
Doesn't he live alone?

VIOLET
Look, there's no fire. We're late.
Thanks.

Violet slams the door. She opens it again, hands Larry the deodorant, and closes it for good.

INT. NOUR'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Violet puts four perfumes in her purse. Delaney fits three textbooks into her backpack then runs into the bathroom.

DELANEY (O.S)
I'm gonna yack, oh my god I'm gonna
yack.

Nour turns off the smoke alarm, wraps the eggs in tinfoil and stuffs it into Delaney's backpack.

Delaney leaves the bathroom and meets Violet at the door when a large mouse runs over their feet. The girls SCREAM.

We hear another, more concerning THUMP from Apartment Guy above.

Delaney and Violet race out the door. Nour grabs disinfectant spray and scrubs the floor.

NOUR
One, two, three, one, two, three,
one-

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Delaney races to the coffee shop. Her military-grade backpack knocks over SMALL PINK CHILD (9, pigtails), who now lies flat on her back.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Annoyed at Delaney's abrasive entrance, everyone turns to stare at her. She doesn't care.

DELANEY
(yelling)
MONICA!

Delaney cuts the line and MONICA (32) hands her the already prepared coffee. She sees HEAD CHEERLEADER (16), MINION ONE (14) and MINION TWO (15) giggling at something on Head Cheerleader's laptop while sitting at Delaney's special table.

Delaney walks over.

DELANEY (CONT'D)
Uh, hi. This is mine.

The girls ignore her.

HEAD CHEERLEADER
(to Minions, re: laptop
screen)
Oh, hell no. Look at the oinker on
her. Pig, with a capital B.

DELANEY
Excuse me. I really need to sit
here.

HEAD CHEERLEADER
(filing nails)
I don't see your name on it. Sounds
like a you problem.

DELANEY
People like you are what's wrong
with this country.

Delaney has failed to notice the gay dating site on the
girls' screen, the pride stickers on her laptop case, and the
rainbow nail file.

DELANEY (CONT'D)
What? No, I didn't even- one of my
best friends is gay-

HEAD CHEERLEADER
Oh, let me guess, she's Black too?
(crying)
Everyone knows you can't be Black
and gay!

A Black gay couple turns around in confusion.

MINION ONE
Idiot.

MINION TWO
Total idiot.

DELANEY
Look, I don't really know what's
going on here, but I'm just gonna
pull up a chair, it'll be like I'm
not even here.

Delaney trips over her massive backpack, spilling Head
Cheerleader's coffee all over the table.

HEAD CHEERLEADER
Why are you trying to RUIN MY
LIFE?!

HARD CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP — MOMENTS LATER

Delaney, sitting with wet sleeves and squished between the girls, flips through pages in an LSAT prep book.

HEAD CHEERLEADER
(re: dating site)
Oh no, she's so ugly.

Delaney peeks over at her laptop screen. The girl in question looks like she could be Delaney's twin.

DELANEY
(under her breath)
Maybe she has a good personality.

HEAD CHEERLEADER
With that hair? Please. Everyone knows redheads are only doing it cause they hate their fathers.

DELANEY
Some of us are just Irish.

HEAD CHEERLEADER
It's like you're trying to get me to vomit.
(to Minions)
Does she want me to vomit?

| | |
|-------------|------------|
| MINION ONE | MINION TWO |
| Absolutely. | Totally. |

DELANEY
I can't do this.

Delaney gets up to leave the coffee shop.

HEAD CHEERLEADER (O.S)
Maybe you'll have better luck in Dooblin, freak!

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS — SAME TIME

Violet walks down the street like everyone else is taking up space on her runway.

PREGNANT STRANGER (31) on a phone call isn't paying attention and knocks into Violet's shoulder, causing her faux fur coat to fall down.

PREGNANT STRANGER
(into phone)
And the best part is he doesn't
know we're having twins!

VIOLET
(calling after her)
Watch where you're going, bitch!

Violet begins to fix her coat when she accidentally trips over a shivering, sleeping HOMELESS MAN (45). The coat has now fallen on top of him, and he wakes at the sudden movement.

HOMELESS MAN
Oh, thank you. Oh, bless your
heart. God's light shines so
brightly upon you.

Violet realizes the man thinks she's giving him her coat.

VIOLET
Uh, I mean, yeah of course, but
maybe you'd want, like... a water
instead? Or some hot soup, how
about both, let me run into the
Whole Foods here, I'll be right
back.

She slowly tries to take back the coat but the man has already begun using it as a blanket.

Violet tries to yank the coat. The guy elbows her in the head, leaving her with a huge red mark. She notices a woman recording her, and she pulls out a twenty dollar bill from her purse and slips it into the coat pocket.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
(to woman recording)
Can you delete that? I'm kind of,
like, reeeeeeally going through
something right now, I can't really
talk about it. NDAs, am I right?
We've all been there with a boss or
three. I know you have, with
(re: woman's boobs)
Mary-Kate and Ashley there, yowza!

Violet's scene has now amassed a small crowd. She tries to grab the phone out of the recording woman's hands.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
(failing to grab the
phone)
Please, I'm still getting comments
with my address, this can't happen
again-

HARD CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - SAME TIME

Whistling and skipping down the stairs, Nour arrives at the subway platform right as the train pulls up and steps on.

NOUR
(shaking her head)
Mmm, nope.

She steps backward onto the platform and re-enters.

NOUR (CONT'D)
Still no.

Nour's compulsion blocks other people from getting on. She does this three more times before someone pushes her inside.

UNSEEN STRANGER (O.S.)
(to Nour)
Mount Sinai has a loony bin. It's
the next stop.

NOUR
I tried, they don't take Aetna!
Can't have your cake, you know?

INT. SUBWAY CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The train comes to a slow halt. The TRAIN CONDUCTOR (35) announces something, but we can barely understand him.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (O.S)
(through announcement)
-it's my last day, I don't even
know anymore-

Nour notices a conventionally attractive guy holding onto a pole, and she nods seductively. He gives her a disgusted look and turns away. She frowns and spies her next victim.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

-- Nour stands next to BROADWAY GUY (30) loudly doing vocal warmups.

NOUR
(trying to sing along to
warmups)
Nay nay nay NAY nay-

Broadway Guy stops abruptly and hisses at Nour.

NOUR (CONT'D)
Mmh, a little flat, but we can work
through it.
(singing)
Nay nay nay NAY-

-- Nour sits cozied up next to EVIL SUGAR DADDY (75), who has his hand on her thigh.

NOUR (CONT'D)
(twirling her hair)
And I knew in my heart of hearts he
wasn't coming back, but I thought
maybe if he found out I was
pursuing a career in dentistry like
him, he'd finally have something to
be proud of.

EVIL SUGAR DADDY
You'd be a great dentist with those
pretty little pearls. I bet kitten
has perfect oral hygiene.

-- ACROBAT (21) blasts a trap song from his speaker and does flips through the train poles for money.

NOUR
(speaking loudly over
music)
Do you- do- do you come here often?

-- Nour fakes interest in FRAT GUY (22).

FRAT GUY
Me and my girlfriend really are
monogamy kinda people, like deep in
our souls, but I can only do
threesomes. I feel like it's hotter
cause I know she won't leave me.

NOUR
I've actually never had one before.
You could like, I don't know, show
me the ropes or whatever.

FRAT GUY
(scared and offended)
We don't use ropes.

NOUR
Would you want to? I know a guy.

FRAT GUY
(more scared)
I don't... I don't like you.

He scoots away from Nour.

END MONTAGE.

NOUR
(whispers to self)
*I can show me the ropes. Yeah. I
don't need him to do that.*

Nour compulsively squeezes her eyes shut three times. People stare at her as she talks to herself. She waves at them, failing to hide her desperation for connection. They look away.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - LATER

Delaney rushes through Bryant Park, swiftly dodging various strangers, eyes locked straight ahead at the New York Public Library.

She intercepts a man doing an intricate juggling routine and catches one of the balls. She throws it back without looking but accidentally hits him in *his* balls, causing him to lose his juggling flow. He drops everything, making strangers fall.

She passes by CHESS MAN (38, Black, long colorful wizard-like beard) sitting at a chess table playing himself. She swiftly moves the knight piece and hits the timer.

DELANEY
(to Chess Man)
Checkmate.

Chess Man stares at Delaney in wide-eyed disbelief, does the sign of the cross and looks up at the sky.

Delaney races up the steps to the library in Rocky-style fashion, and in a sick twist of fate, she again knocks over Small Pink Child who was trying to catch a butterfly.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Delaney loudly bursts into the library. She joins the security line and puts her bag on the conveyor belt. She takes out her phone and reads a text from her mom.

ON DELANEY'S IPHONE SCREEN

Mom: Can you call? Picked up Nana and she wants to say hi!

Delaney swipes away the message and opens up an LSAT studying app. She holds up the security line.

UNSEEN WOMAN (O.S.)
(to Delaney)
It's okay, princess, take as much
time as you need.

Delaney walks through the metal detector without putting her phone through the X-ray scanner.

SECURITY GUARD #1 (40s, just trying to get through the day) puts out a strong arm to stop her. SECURITY GUARD #2 (25, passionate and dumb) keeps a close watch.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Miss, you have to put your phone
through the scanner.

DELANEY
(sarcastic)
Yeah okay, because my phone is a
bomb.

SECURITY GUARD #2
(pointing and shaking)
BOMB! BOMB, SHE HAS A BOMB!

DELANEY
No, no, I'm literally just
studying.

Security Guard #2 looks at the X-ray camera as it beeps at something in Delaney's bag, catching the attention of Security Guard #1.

SECURITY GUARD #1
(to Delaney)
Ma'am, do you have anything with
metal in your bag?

DELANEY
No, definitely not.

He pulls out the tinfoil-wrapped scorched food that Nour had secretly stuffed into Delaney's bag earlier that morning.

SECURITY GUARD #2
It's burnt, it smells BURNT!
Fentanyl smells like burnt plastic,
they told us that in training- can
you get secondhand high-
(to security line)
I'M GONNA NEED EVERYONE TO BACK UP,
especially you in the blue, I don't
like that hat.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Okay, miss, what's your name?

DELANEY
Um, Delaney. Delaney Donovan.

SECURITY GUARD #2
 (into walkie-talkie)
 All units be advised, we have a
 suspect in custody, potential IRA
 operative, homegrown.
 (to Security Guard #1)
 I told you this was happening.
 Right under our noses, they are.
 (to Delaney, grabbing her
 shoulders)
 You're gonna need to come with us,
 but back up. We need you sharp for
 questioning, and this thing could
 be airborne.

SECURITY GUARD #1
 (to Delaney)
 Come with us.

EXT. FASHION OFFICE BUILDING - SAME TIME

Violet does an anxiety breathing exercise.

She smooths down her outfit and does the scoop and lift
 technique to make her cleavage stand out.

She walks toward the entrance with a doorman.

VIOLET
 (putting on sunglasses, to
 doorman)
 I'm taken.

INT. FASHION OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Violet approaches the front desk and rings the little bell
 even though FRAGILE RECEPTIONIST (19) is already startled.

FRAGILE RECEPTIONIST
 Hi ma'am! Do you have a meeting
 here today?

VIOLET
 Okay, let's take that from the top
 and try again, because if I look
 like a ma'am to you, I might as
 well cut my losses now and have you
 show me to the roof so I can throw
 myself off it.

FRAGILE RECEPTIONIST
 Oh my god, I'm so sorry ma- missus-

VIOLET

I'm single.

FRAGILE RECEPTIONIST

Yes, sorry, miss, or are you a
doctor? I don't wanna misgender you-
oh god, did I just misgender you,
I'm so sorry-
(hitting her head)
Stupid, stupid, stupid-

Violet's mouth drops in horrified confusion and pity.

VIOLET

No, I'm so sorry, you're totally
fine, and you seem very nice-

Violet puts her hand on Fragile Receptionist's hand to
comfort her.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

-though you might wanna consider an
SSRI, or maybe a Xanax.

Violet keeps her hand on the girl's while using her other to
dig through her knockoff designer purse.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

(still looking in purse)
I've just been method acting today.
I *am* an asshole, but not this much.
I need to seem like the girl for
this job- I need to *be* the girl for
this job...

She places a pill bottle on the counter.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

I lost my last one. And the one
before that, I couldn't even tell
you about if I wanted to. Do you
guys have to sign a lot of NDAs
here? Actually, don't tell me. I
love a surprise.

She puts another pill bottle on the counter. Then another.
Even Fragile Receptionist, God help her, looks scared.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

(still digging)
How is my bag genuinely an endless
void? Do you ever feel that? A void
you can't fill?
(MORE)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

(beat)

Ah, here it is. Do you want one?

Violet adds the Xanax bottle to the parade of drugs already on the counter. Fragile Receptionist looks back and forth between Violet's hand on her own and the massive drug collection.

FRAGILE RECEPTIONIST

Are you trying to drug me?

VIOLET

What? Why would I try and drug you,
what would I even possibly gain
from that-

FRAGILE RECEPTIONIST

(hyperventilating)

Oh, I knew this day would come.

(to herself)

No, it's okay, you paid for the
extra D.A.R.E sessions, you're
ready for this.

Fragile Receptionist takes a deep breath.

FRAGILE RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

(breaking down)

Can you- can you please-

She immediately starts sobbing.

VIOLET

Oh God, okay, um, do you need a
tissue? Some water?

Fragile Receptionist chatters her teeth, rocking back and forth.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

You're cold? That's... really
weird, actually, but okay, um-

Violet notices a large space heater. A sticky note on it reads: "DO NOT USE." Violet cranks it up to the highest setting. She drags Fragile Receptionist's rolling chair over to the heater.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

There, is that better?

Fragile Receptionist sweats profusely and breaks down even more.

FRAGILE RECEPTIONIST

(yelling)

Why would I be cold? Do I look COLD
BLOODED TO YOU? IS THAT HOW YOU SEE
ME? AN ANIMAL? AM I AN ANIMAL TO
YOU?

VIOLET

Dear God.

FRAGILE RECEPTIONIST

(crashing fast)

AN ANIMAL? I'M AN ANIMAL, I'M AN
ANIMAL, I'M AN ANIMAL-

VIOLET

Please, please stop- I can get you
some water, maybe splash some on
your face, it'll calm you down-

She starts frantically searching for a water cooler.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

(mumbling to herself)

Water, water, water...

FRAGILE RECEPTIONIST (O.S)

AN ANIMAL, AN ANIMAL... AN *AQUATIC*
ANIMAL...

Violet spots a cooler, but the jug is empty.

A LOUD FIRE ALARM BEEP. A small flame erupts from the heater.
The overhead sprinklers go off, drenching the entire
reception area.

The elevator DINGS. Out walks the perfectly manicured,
magazine-worthy INTERVIEWEE (24) and DANA (45), red-bottom
heels -- she *is* the industry.

The two women are interrupted by the unbelievable scene in
the lobby.

FRAGILE RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

(rocking back and forth)

ANIMALS! WE'RE ALL ANIMALS!

DANA

(to Interviewee)

I will *definitely* be keeping in
touch.

Violet shovels her pill bottles back into her purse. She's
completely soaked, and her red forehead bump is even redder.

VIOLET
Hi, there. Violet. It's an absolute
pleasure to meet you.

EXT. FIDI OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Nour sits on a bench near an office building, keeping a keen eye on her prey: rich businessmen waiting for their UberEats lunch deliveries.

Three potential targets: WALMART RYAN GOSLING (35), NAIVE GINGER (48), and ASS-KISSER INTERN (21).

Naive Ginger sneezes five times in a row. He has a wedding ring. Walmart Ryan Gosling fails to light a cigarette. Ass-Kisser Intern uses an inhaler and yelps.

ASS-KISSER INTERN
WOOO, baby!
(to Walmart Ryan Gosling)
Nothing like that first-sip
feeling, am I right?

Nour opens her pack of cigarettes. Empty. She creeps over to an unattended UberEats bike and pulls out a delivery bag.

NOUR
(calling out the name on
the bag)
Jeremy?

Mid-wedgie pull, Ass-Kisser Intern looks up and raises his hand and waves with the inhaler.

ASS-KISSER INTERN
Present!

Nour immediately puts the bag back and tries again.

NOUR
Charles?

Walmart Ryan Gosling looks up, and she strolls over to him. He glances at his phone and then back at Nour, looking puzzled.

WALMART RYAN GOSLING
(reading off phone)
Takumi?

We see Nour's very clearly non-Japanese face smiling.

NOUR

I've been going by Sasha these days. Takumi's the middle now.

WALMART RYAN GOSLING

That's quite the change. Quarter-life crisis or a "screw you mom"?

NOUR

Mom just *really* wanted a boy.

WALMART RYAN GOSLING

And a... Japanese one, too?

NOUR

We don't get on much.

(beat)

Well, here's your...

(judgmental)

clam chowder?

Walmart Ryan Gosling goes red and snatches the bag. They giggle and head into the office building.

INT. FIDI OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Nour and Walmart Ryan Gosling enter the building, and he takes her to sign in with a receptionist at the front desk.

WALMART RYAN GOSLING

(pointing to a sheet)

Just sign in here.

(to receptionist)

Janice, this is-

CHERYL (O.S)

Nour?

Cheryl approaches Nour, arms outstretched.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

You know I'd recognize that tight ass anywhere.

Walmart Ryan Gosling tilts his head.

NOUR

She's my old boss.

WALMART RYAN GOSLING

That doesn't make it better.

CHERYL
It hasn't even been a day without
you and you're *here!* Look at you!

WALMART RYAN GOSLING
Yeah, does anyone wanna tell me who
I *am* actually looking at?

| | | | |
|--------|---------------------|--------|---------------|
| Nour. | CHERYL | Sasha. | NOUR |
| | CHERYL (CONT'D) | | NOUR (CONT'D) |
| | (to Nour, confused) | | (to Cheryl) |
| Sasha? | | Sasha. | |

Cheryl catches on to Nour's ruse.

| | | | |
|----------|-----------------|----------|---------------|
| | CHERYL (CONT'D) | | NOUR (CONT'D) |
| | (slowly) | | (nodding) |
| Saaasha. | | Saaasha. | |

WALMART RYAN GOSLING
Whatever your name is, I don't want
any part of it.

He grabs the UberEats bag from Nour and leaves.

CHERYL
What was all of that about? Are you
not here for a job?

NOUR
Not that kind of job. I was hoping
for more of the blow kind, but I
could be convinced of rim with
enough Don Julio.

CHERYL
Aren't you in a relationship?

NOUR
Broke up with me last night. After
you fired me. Really my best day in
a while.

CHERYL.
Oh.
(beat)
Aren't you gay?

NOUR
...yes.

CHERYL
I don't get you.

NOUR
Join the club.

CHERYL
Well, if you're just looking for a post-breakup quickie, you should've come to me from the start.

NOUR
I'm flattered, but I don't think you could keep up with me.

She opens her phone to show Nour pictures of a few different potential one-night-stand suitors.

NOUR (CONT'D)
He looks... interesting.

CHERYL
He's criminal-record-level ugly. Have you spoken to your dad recently?

NOUR
Screw you, you know I haven't.
(points to a picture)
What about him?

CHERYL
Derek? He and his girlfriend have been bothering me for a threesome for ages. Ugh, I couldn't do that with a girl.

NOUR
(feigning offense)
Hey!

CHERYL
You're literally trying to sleep with a man.

NOUR
Doesn't mean I'm not gay, it just means I hate myself.
(beat)
I'm kidding.

She's not.

CHERYL

Well, I can... set something up
with them, if you want. I'm sure
he'd splurge for a nice hotel room.

NOUR

I don't care, just tell me the
details and I'll be there.

Nour heads toward the exit.

NOUR (CONT'D)

(pushing the door open)
But if I walk in and he's wearing a
"Purge" mask and she's sucking on a
pacifier, I'm calling the cops and
giving them your name.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY "INTERROGATION ROOM" - SAME TIME

Delaney sits at a table in storage room that's been
haphazardly repurposed into an interrogation room.

SECURITY GUARD #2

(quietly, to Guard #1)
Are we good copping this, what's
our angle here?
(even quieter)
Can I be the bad one?

SECURITY GUARD #1

(to Delaney)
My supervisor will be here soon.

SECURITY GUARD #2

(into phone on Google
Translate)
Who do you work for?

The Google Translate voice repeats the phrase in Gaelic.

DELANEY

You know I speak English, we've
been talking this whole time.

SECURITY GUARD #2

(slamming table and
yelling)
I SAID, who do you WORK FOR?!

He scares himself with his own intensity.

SECURITY GUARD #2 (CONT'D)
 (to Security Guard #1)
 I don't think I can be the bad one.

DELANEY
 I'm *working* to pass the LSAT
 tomorrow, which grows more unlikely
 each minute you keep me in here. So
 thank you for crushing my dreams. I
 hope it's worth it.

SECURITY GUARD #2
 (having a false epiphany)
 LSAT... the Liberatory Socialist...
 Armed Troops...

DELANEY
 It's the Law School Admission Test.
 Here, look.

She goes to pull out her phone from her back pocket. Security
 Guard #2 thinks it's a weapon.

SECURITY GUARD #2
 Whoa whoa WHOA-
 (into walkie-talkie)
 All units be advised-

Security Guard #1 grabs the walkie-talkie, places it on the
 ground delicately, then repeatedly stomps on it.

SECURITY GUARD #1
 Just show him the phone.

Delaney reveals an LSAT prep website on her phone.

DELANEY
 See? I'm just studying. It's exam
 practice, not... paramilitary
 organizing.

Security Guard #1 leans in close to the screen and scrolls to
 get a better look.

SECURITY GUARD #2
 This is actually really cool.
 (to Security Guard #1)
 We gotta tell people about this.

Security Guard #1 rolls his eyes while Security Guard #2
 explores the website.

SECURITY GUARD #2 (CONT'D)
What happened? Where did it go?
(beat)
I knew this was a ruse.

Delaney looks at her phone.

DELANEY
You DELETED MY ACCOUNT?!

SECURITY GUARD #2
What? No, I- I'm so sorry-

DELANEY
(anger issues on full display)
YOU'RE sorry? No, you know who's sorry? Your mother, because after what was probably the longest labor in the history of the tri-state area, after the epidural finally wore off and the waves of unbearable pain started to wash over her, she thought she'd finally get one small moment of relief when they placed you in her arms. But then, to her horror, she had to see your pathetic excuse for a face looking back at her. She's gotta be fucking Mother Teresa for not putting you up for adoption on the spot. I bet you're gonna jack off to this later, you sick-

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Security Guard #1 and #2 physically escort Delaney out. Though she's not in handcuffs, she snatches them off of Security Guard #1's belt and skillfully snaps them in half. Small Pink Child spots Delaney from close by, eyes wide, SCREAMS and runs off.

DELANEY
(to Security Guard #2, whispering)
They already know about you. Only a matter of time now.

Security Guard #1 pulls Security Guard #2 back inside before he can freak out. Delaney cries.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - SAME TIME

Still wet, Violet sits in a massive corner office.

DANA

Just when you think you've seen it all.

VIOLET

I really am sorry. I have no idea how that escalated like that.

DANA

(taking off her glasses)
That girl needs an inpatient stay anyway. So... let's get started then.

(beat)

Tell me about your design process.

VIOLET

Honestly? I stand in front of the mirror and stare at all the things I don't like about myself that morning. Today was my hips. So I would start my sketch there.

DANA

(impressed and intrigued)
Interesting approach.

(beat)

This industry isn't for the faint of heart. Why should we hire you? What keeps your spark alive for the industry when it feels like it's conspiring to work against you?

VIOLET

Everyone has a story to tell, and being able to play even a small role in other people's self-expression gives me hope, I guess, that things will get better.

(beat)

And I'll tell it like I see it, maybe to a fault, and I want you to tell me when I'm seeing it wrong.

Violet approaches Dana.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

(reaching to touch Dana's blazer)

May I?

Dana gestures in agreement.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
For example, I think you need to
take that blazer back to the
tailor, or maybe the junkyard. Let
me just...

She takes the blazer off of Dana.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
The hair... works, but I might try
something more Rachel Green, these
TikTok girls are worshipping her
right now. And I don't know what
underpaid Sephora employee told you
that you were an olive, but you've
got cool undertones.

Violet takes out one of the various perfumes from her purse
and hands it to Dana.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Keep it. It'll smell better on you.

Dana narrows her eyes at Violet, contemplating for a moment.

DANA
I should ask you more, but I've had
a long day and you've got a good
enough resume. You're lacking a
little in industry experience, so
expect a lower salary in your
offer.

VIOLET
In my... offer? That's it?

SWEATY INTERN (19) barges into the office. He turns around a
laptop, showing the two women a now-viral video titled "Ugly
Woman Steals from Homeless Man."

VIOLET (CONT'D)
You've gotta be kidding.
(beat)
They think I look ugly?

DANA
We can't afford this kind of
attention, but we'll... no,
actually, we won't be in touch.

Violet goes to see herself out.

DANA (CONT'D)
It is a shame though. If it were
me, I would've *killed* for that
coat.

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - NIGHT

Nour compulsively snaps three pictures of the hotel on her camera.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Nour gazes around the lobby, the kind where you could add golden archways and you wouldn't notice. She texts Cheryl.

ON NOUR'S IPHONE:

- i'm here wtf am i supposed to do should i just leave or
kill myself

Nour adjusts her clothes then smells under her armpit, but she's caught by a rich and bitter elderly woman, disgusted by Nour.

NOUR
(to elderly woman)
Oh, how rude of me. Quite foolish,
really.

She lifts her armpit up again.

NOUR (CONT'D)
Please. I insist.

The elderly woman grabs the attention of a nearby guard.

The guard heads over to Nour. Having vastly misjudged the elderly woman's evil aura, she looks for an exit until she's interrupted by DEREK (42, all-black suit, impeccably groomed stubble).

DEREK
Nour?

HARD CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Nour sits on the edge of a California king bed, kicking her feet. CLARA (25) sits next to Nour and twirls Nour's hair.

Derek brings over two glasses of red wine and hands them to the girls.

DEREK

So, Nour... tell me about yourself.
Cheryl mentioned you're a
bartender?

He sips the wine and tips the stem of Nour's glass so she does the same. She does her signature chug.

NOUR

(gulping)

Well, I *did* work for Cheryl, but
she just fired me last night, so
right now I'm stuck kicking people
out when I start wiping up their
drool that's on my tits. Also their
vomit.

DEREK

Good thing I'm not there, cause
there'd be a monsoon.

(beat)

Of drool, not vomit, obviously,
cause you're hot..

CLARA

Derek...

DEREK

(throwing up his hands)

Sue me, I'm not an ass guy.

CLARA

Yeah. You're just an ass.

Tenderly, Clara crawls onto Nour's lap, wiping excess wine from her lips. She drips a little wine on Nour's chest.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Oops. Guess you're gonna have to
get me off... of you.

She slowly kisses Nour and makes her way down to the... wine. Derek sits down, grabs Nour's chin to firmly kiss her. She tries to get into it but stares at Clara.

Derek stops kissing Nour, and she immediately kisses Clara. The girls are so into it they wouldn't notice if Derek just straight up left the room.

He does, but then returns with a film camera and starts recording them. Nour doesn't see him at first, but when she does, she pulls away from Clara instantly.

CLARA (CONT'D)
What the fuck, Derek? You can't
just record people like that.

Frozen, we see Nour stare into the distance through the camera's viewfinder.

CLARA (O.S) (CONT'D)
It's fine when it's just us, but we
don't know this chick.

Nour snaps out of her daze. Like a bull, she rips the camera from his hands and smashes it on the floor.

DEREK
(yelling after her)
Psycho BITCH! This shit isn't
cheap! I'll find you!

Nour opens the door and flips him off without looking.

NOUR
I look forward to it. I fantasize
about castration.

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Hyperventilating, Nour steps to cross the street, but steps back. Compulsively, she takes three more steps. She does it again and almost gets hit by a motorcycle. She runs into the subway station.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. MARONITE CHURCH - LATE NIGHT

Nour gazes at the front entrance of a Maronite Catholic Church as if it were alive and staring back, scolding her.

She BANGS on the front door. Three knocks, three times.

NOUR
Father John? Anyone?
(beat)
Please?

No answer. She BANGS again. Nothing.

She breaks down into sobs and sits down on the front steps. After a few moments, she looks up. A plot of flowers next to her are wilted. She picks off a petal and flicks it onto the ground.

She gets up and goes over to the holy water font. She dips her fingers in.

NOUR (CONT'D)
(making the sign of the
cross)
Stop, stop, stop.

She grips the edges of the font and stares at her reflection. She washes her face with holy water, then cups her hands and drinks some.

FATHER JOHN (O.S)
We have a bigger basin for that,
you know.

Yikes. Caught in the act. Nour takes one last gulp, then turns to face FATHER JOHN (70, resembles an Arab Santa Claus).

NOUR
(wiping away tears and
holy water)
You know my parents already had me
baptized. Those fucks.

Father John chuckles. She walks toward him.

NOUR (CONT'D)
Look what good that did. Turned out
a heathen anyway.

Nour digs through her bag.

NOUR (CONT'D)
(pulling out her camera to
show photos)
Door's locked, I'm sure you wanna
go home, so let's just do it
without the booth. You should be
proud of me, I only have a few sins
for you this time. Yesterday wasn't
great, I'll be honest, and today
I...

She starts crying again. She places the camera gently in his hands. This appears to be their routine.

NOUR (CONT'D)

(through tears)

I know I said I'd get over it, but
I promise I'll do better. I've been
getting better. I'll be good, I'll
be good, I'll be good...

(beat)

I've been good.

She looks at the crucifix above the door.

NOUR (CONT'D)

Amelia left me, because of Him.
What if she's right? Is she right,
Father?

(beat)

If the devil has to take two for
this, I'll split myself in half,
Father. I'll tell him to take me
twice.

Father John sighs. Nour gestures to the camera, begging him
to look at the photos of her "sins." He shakes his head, and
gives her the camera back.

FATHER JOHN

My Nour... I love you, which is why
it pains me deeply to say that I
can't see you anymore.

NOUR

(wiping away tears)

That's fine, I'll stop coming on
Wednesdays and we'll keep our
little Sunday dates.

FATHER JOHN

(shaking his head)

You don't need to be saved, Nour.
Not by me. And especially not by
God.

NOUR

What am I supposed to do if my
cross to bear is just... it's just
me?

The weight of her self-loathing hangs palpably in the air.
The two are quiet for a few moments.

FATHER JOHN

Do not shut it out. Both love and
loss... They're the two things we
can't control.

(MORE)

FATHER JOHN (CONT'D)

They show up in our homes uninvited
without warning. Don't send them
packing, to fend for themselves in
the rain. They have traveled a long
way, for you.

Gently, he grabs her shoulders to comfort her.

FATHER JOHN (CONT'D)

Give them the spare key.

(beat)

Will you be okay getting home this
late?

NOUR

(sarcastic)

No. I'm gonna get bludgeoned by
some freak and it's gonna be all
your fault.

Father John stifles his laughter.

FATHER JOHN

Goodbye, Nour.

She begins to walk away, then turns around.

NOUR

Your flowers are wilting, you know.

FATHER JOHN

Ah. So they are.

NOUR

You're slacking, Father. Not a good
look for the church.

FATHER JOHN

(in Arabic)

Those who were ashamed died.

(beat)

It's a proverb.

NOUR

My parents didn't teach me Arabic.
I also don't believe in God.

FATHER JOHN

Those who were ashamed died.

Beat. They stare at each other, perhaps for the last time.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SUBWAY CAR - LATER

Nour sits in silence at the end of a row of seats. All the people next to her get up and head toward the door.

NOUR
I didn't even *do* anything!

The train pulls to a stop and the doors open. Everyone leaves, and only one person gets on. It's Theo. He sits at the opposite end from Nour but recognizes her right away.

THEO
Oh, hey, it's you.

NOUR
It's me.

Beat.

NOUR (CONT'D)
I don't even know your name.

THEO
I'm Theo.

NOUR
I'm Nour.

THEO
That's nice. Does it mean anything?

NOUR
Yeah. Light.

THEO
That's nice. I like light.

A few beats of awkward silence.

NOUR
What's yours mean?

THEO
My mom said it was God's gift or something.

NOUR
That's presumptuous of her.

THEO
You don't know me.

NOUR
True.
(beat)
What's your favorite animal? You
can tell a lot about a person by
their favorite animal.

THEO
Dragons.

NOUR
No, like, real ones.

THEO
Dinosaurs.

NOUR
(sighing)
Alright.

THEO
You seem like a falcon person.

NOUR
You know what, Theo? I kinda am.
(beat)
Maybe there is a gift in there
somewhere.

The train slows to a halt. The conductor mumbles something
unintelligible over the loudspeaker.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR
-guy on the tracks... God, I wish I
was him-

Nour compulsively scrunches her eyes shut in groups of three.

THEO
Why are you doing that?

NOUR
If I don't, my whole family's gonna
die on those tracks too.

THEO
Oh. I'm sorry.

NOUR

Well, they won't. I know that. I hope- I hope you know that, too.

THEO

Does it make you feel better? The eye thing?

NOUR

Unfortunately. I know I need to stop. I just... I can't.

THEO

Maybe you have to feel worse to feel better.

NOUR

I think maybe you're right.

(beat)

Wanna come over?

HARD CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER

Nour unlocks her apartment door.

NOUR

(yelling into apartment)

Guys, trigger warning, I'm bringing in a man-

SCREAMS. So many SCREAMS. Nour and Theo exchange concerned glances, and Nour runs inside. Theo stands in the doorway.

Plunger in hand, Violet is hunched over the toilet, which has completely overflowed and is leaking into the hallway. Delaney stands on the couch.

DELANEY

(shrieking)

IT'S BACK! EVIL IS BACK! THE APOCALYPSE IS NIGH!

A mouse scurries across the living room floor and runs into the bathroom. Violet jumps onto the toilet seat. The mouse leaves, and Violet races into the living room.

NOUR

Will you stop SCREAMING?!

(beat)

What happened to the traps?

DELANEY

I don't like when the exterminator
gives us those glue ones, they're
so cruel.

NOUR

Are you KIDDING me, Delaney?

VIOLET

YOU DON'T DO *ANYTHING*!

Theo is missing from the doorway. He emerges from the
bathroom. The water has stopped flowing.

THEO

(holding his wet socks)
Where's the trash?

He sees the mouse, puts a sock over one hand, grabs the mouse
and sticks it in the other wet sock. He leaves the apartment.

VIOLET

Who the fuck is that guy?

DELANEY

The Lord. It's the Lord.

Theo re-enters the apartment, leaving the door open.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

Do you wanna live here?

VIOLET

Dude, he could be a serial killer.
(to Theo)
Are you a serial killer?

THEO

No. I'm an actor. In musical
theater.

VIOLET

That's worse.

THEO

I can *play* a serial killer.

VIOLET

I don't doubt that.

NOUR

This is Theo. We met last night at
Ricky's. He couldn't get hard.

THEO

(bashfully joking)
You should see the other guy.

NOUR

There was no other guy. Well, there was tonight. And a girl. I kinda blacked out.

DELANEY

Were you drunk?

NOUR

I went to see Father John.

DELANEY

Dodging the question, Your Honor.

VIOLET

Babe, that's not an answer.

NOUR

I also lit a fire. No wait, that was yesterday.

THEO

That's cool.

VIOLET

No, Theo, it's not *cool*. I don't know what your kind does on Broadway, but we don't *do* arson here. Well, at least not on purpose.

THEO

I'm not on Broadway.

DELANEY

Aw, really? You seem like you would be.

VIOLET

(sarcastic)

Yeah, he's really got that star quality. The personality's practically bursting out of him.

DELANEY

(to Theo)

Can you do any cool tricks?

THEO

I'm not a magician, I'm an actor.

Theo pulls out a wet piece of paper from his pocket.

THEO (CONT'D)
 (handing paper to Nour)
 I found this floating in the toilet
 water. Sorry it's wet.

It's a 30-day eviction notice.

NOUR
 Did you guys not pay rent?

Damning silence.

| | |
|---|---|
| DELANEY | VIOLET |
| Well, I was late the last few months, you know how hard I've been studying- | I told him I'd show him my feet, but he said I'm not his type. What kind of sick freak doesn't like <i>my</i> feet? |

NOUR
 Okay, first of all, Violet, I don't know how much I trust your expertise in fetish culture since you're literally a virgin, and Delaney... call your sister. You guys can't keep playing this game anymore.

DELANEY
 It's hardly a game when I'm *winning*.

VIOLET
 Yeah, screw you Nour.
 (beat)
 Theo, make this disappear.

THEO
 (exasperated yelling)
 I'm NOT a MAGICIAN!

NOUR
 Guys, I just got FIRED! How are we gonna deal with this?

VIOLET
 Speaking of fire, I can only handle one nightmare at a time. Can we get back to that whole arson thing?

DELANEY
 Yeah, Nour, should we be concerned?

NOUR
 If you want.

DELANEY

Did you take your meds?

NOUR

No.

VIOLET

If you don't, I will, mine stopped working. People thought I was stealing from a homeless guy today and it went viral, so I ruined my interview.

(beat)

There may have been some fire-related activities involved as well.

DELANEY

Well, were you stealing from him?

VIOLET

No, he stole from me.

NOUR

He's *homeless*. You kinda should've let him.

DELANEY

My entire future was stolen from me this afternoon, so I win. It was the worst day of my life. Also, kind of racist.

VIOLET

You can't be racist to white people, Delaney.

THEO

It's true.

NOUR

Not for lack of trying.

DELANEY

You know what, screw you guys, I *will* blow this place up.

VIOLET

Do it, it'd be better than it is now. This place is cursed.

The power goes out. MURDEROUS SCREAMS from Apartment Guy upstairs.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Has anyone seen any locusts?

The lights turn back on. Clara, the other girl in the threesome from hell, stands in the doorway wearing a shirt with a white horse.

DELANEY
(re: apocalyptic white
horse)
I knew it.

NOUR
Clara?

Nour does her squeezing eye compulsion.

NOUR (CONT'D)
(keeping her eyes closed)
Is she still there?

VIOLET
I can't deal with this right now.
This might be the end of your
world, but I'll be damned if it's
the end of mine.

Violet pushes Nour out into the hallway and locks the door. Nour stands in front of Clara, face-to-face with the end of the world.

END OF PILOT