

HER WEIGHT IN GOLD

Written by

Sophia Forlenza

sophia.a.forlenza@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. NOUR'S BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE DAY

From directly above, looking down as if on the ceiling, we see two pairs of feet wiggle off the end of a twin bed and slowly intertwine. One pair of toenails painted red, the other lime green. Giggles and shushes off screen.

We slowly move up toward their faces, revealing the outline of the girls' naked bodies, undercover under covers. We can't tell where Nour ends and Amelia begins. They move quietly, earnestly, secretly.

They share a pillow and lay face to face. Nour watches her fingers as they run through a piece of Amelia's hair. Amelia gazes into Nour's eyes, illuminated by the daylight.

AMELIA

It was made to shine on your eyes,
the sun.

Nour goes to respond but accepts that she doesn't know how. Amelia turns and lays on her back and looks up at the ceiling for a moment, like she'd find the answers if she stared long enough.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

We gotta get married.

NOUR

Can't a girl meet the parents?

Amelia shifts uncomfortably at the thought but keeps her legs intertwined. She looks back at Nour, giggles and turns her face back to the ceiling. Nour does the same.

NOUR (CONT'D)

I'm serious. I'll be so traditional
it'll knock their balls off. Father
on the front porch, me on my knees,
offer my worth in gold, two goats,
the works.

AMELIA

(pretending to be
offended)

Two?

Nour shrugs.

NOUR

You take too long in the shower.
I'll throw in the runt of the
litter if you promise to keep our
water bill under 70 bucks.

AMELIA

(fake scoffs)

Some wife you are. Can't splurge on
a few luxuries for your hard-
working,

(bombards her with kisses
all over her face)

dotting,

(kisses her more)

precious,

(even more)

devoted wife.

NOUR

(giggling and playfully
pushing her off)

Excuse me, woman, I have a family
to provide for. You literally just
saw me give up half my life savings
in shillings.

AMELIA

I don't... think you have a good
grasp of history. Or geography.
Where are we?

Nour thinks for a moment, but only for a moment.

NOUR

London, duh. High-rise flat. Four
cats. No, three. Some kids, I
think.

AMELIA

Definitely kids.

NOUR

Yeah, definitely kids.

(beat)

Separate washer and dryer though.
Not one of those fucked up, two-in-
one monstrosities. Have you ever
seen those things? They're freaks
of nature, hand to God.

AMELIA

The washers?

NOUR
The English.

Amelia belly laughs, then pauses. Her smile fades a little.
Nour notices but doesn't say anything yet.

AMELIA
I wanna be closer to my family.

NOUR
Okay. Boston, then.

Nour glances at Amelia, deciding to stop dancing around it.

NOUR (CONT'D)
(gently)
I'll go anywhere with you, you
know.

Amelia looks down from the ceiling and gazes at her hands as
she pick at her nails. Nour carefully grabs them and runs her
thumb across their backs.

NOUR (CONT'D)
Hell of an exchange rate anyway.
Especially since I left my gold on
the plane. Can't waste a dime. I
gotta keep the water on.

Amelia is silent.

NOUR (CONT'D)
I know.
(beat)
You will.

Amelia smiles. We can't tell if she means it. It's silent
again. Heavier this time.

Amelia shakes her head and laughs at Nour's jokes anyway. She
buries her head in Nour's shoulder, perfectly filling the
empty space.

AMELIA
(shaking her head)
You're so stupid.
(beat)
They're not gonna let you take gold
through TSA.

NOUR
(giggling)
God, you're so right. How did I
ever live without you?

AMELIA

I don't think I was until now.

She means it this time.