

READY OR NOT

Written by

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EXT. NYC APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP — DAY

ABBY (22, goth and angry, not helping the stereotype) gazes at the NYC skyline on her apartment's rooftop. She sighs the kind of sigh you only sigh when no one else is around to hear it.

She heads toward the door, pulling out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from her pocket. The rooftop door is PROPPED OPEN. Abby leans next to the door, failing to light her cigarette.

ABBY
(re: lighter)
Useless piece of-

She's too busy to notice that ANNA (23, pink and giddy, created the stereotype) opens the door to come out, moving the doorstopper.

The door CLOSES. Abby's head shoots up at the noise and looks to her left, racing to the door and ignoring Anna.

ABBY (CONT'D)
No, no no no, *why* would you do
that??

Abby jiggles the doorknob and bangs on the door. It's no use. The two are stuck up here.

ANNA
I'm sorry, I just moved in the
other day. I didn't know-

ABBY
(snaps)
Well, now you do.

Anna shifts awkwardly, crossing her arms and rubbing them to self-soothe. Abby purses her lips, glancing at Anna and rolling her eyes — she's not offering any solutions.

ANNA
Maybe we could-

ABBY
(interrupting)
No.

Abby pulls out her phone and frantically calls for help, but to no avail.

ANNA
No service?

ABBY

Well, if we're gonna die up here,
at least I'll go down in history as
the guy they found next to
Einstein.

Thunder CRASHES. Abby looks at the sky and holds up her palm.

ANNA

Is it supposed to rain?

ABBY

(snippy)

There's been a tropical storm
coming for days.

ANNA

Those happen in Manhattan?

ABBY

(rude)

Global warming. Do you even pay
attention to the news?

ANNA

Yeah, I do. This just in: you're an
asshole.

ABBY

It's my specialty.

ANNA

Well, compliments to the chef.

Abby notices that Anna is shivering. Abby bites her lip,
takes off her jacket and hands it to Anna. Anna smiles and
puts it on gently, almost like it might break.

ABBY

I'm sorry. I'm usually much more
neighborly. You caught me on a bad
day.

Anna looks Abby up and down – she's wearing a pretty...
intense outfit.

ANNA

What happened?

Abby leans back against the wall like before, staring
longingly at her unlit cigarette.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Is this your first time making a friend? It's kind of a two-person deal. We usually start with some small talk about our hometowns, share a few stories, eventually find out we both have mommy issues.

ABBY

(sarcastic)

Ooh, do we braid each other's hair too?

Anna digs around in her pockets and pulls out a lighter. Abby hesitates to take the lighter but eventually gives in.

Abby successfully lights her cigarette and takes a drag. She offers her open pack to Anna, who shakes her head.

ANNA

No thanks. I quit. I keep a lighter on me cause I'm... a masochist, I guess.

ABBY

(lighting cigarette)

God, there's something about the smell of a Malboro Red that just turns me into, like, a feral cat.

ANNA

It reminds me of my ex's cologne.

Uh oh. Abby makes a yikes face, awkwardly crouching down to put out the cigarette on the floor.

ANNA (CONT'D)

It's okay. It's exposure therapy.

Abby pulls out another cigarette from the pack, pauses and puts it back.

ABBY

I'm sorry about your ex.

(beat)

You know what they say. When one door closes, another opens.

Beat. Anna looks at the locked door and waits to see if the irony registers with Abby. It doesn't. Abby decides to sit on the ground, and Anna joins.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Is it okay if I ask what happened?

ANNA
(hesitant)
There's not much story to tell. It
was good when it was good and then
it wasn't.
(beat)
He cheated on me.

ABBY
I'm sorry.

ANNA
(shrugs)
Men.
(beat)
You?

ABBY
I got a text from my ex today. You
can see how well I'm dealing with
that.

Anna looks at Abby, quietly urging her to open up.

ABBY (CONT'D)
We were gay, she had a religious
family. You know how that story
ends.

Abby bites her lip, debating if she wants to share more. Anna
quietly nods to let her know it's safe.

ABBY (CONT'D)
I think it's actually harder for me
to let go cause of the gay thing.
There were things that just...
never needed explaining. Like, the
first time I took my clothes off
she didn't even look at my body.
She just held my face and we
laughed.

ANNA
I wish men did that.

ABBY
Yeah, it's pretty awesome.

ANNA
Maybe I'll try it one day.

ABBY
What are you doing later?

Anna laughs.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I don't wanna forget the little things.

(beat)

The way it felt to get the knots in her hair tangled between my fingers. Her smell. Her skin, and my skin.

(beat)

The way her breath hung in the air when it was cold and I was warm. The way the light settled in her eyes and I could watch the way they looked at the dark parts in mine.

(beat)

Where do you think they go? When we forget?

Anna looks at the ground and puts her hair behind her ear, knowing she needs to answer delicately.

ANNA

I don't know if they *do* go anywhere.

(beat)

You know when you come back to your hometown after a while, and the smell of your sheets suddenly makes you remember how your fourth grade teacher yelled at that one kid in your class for teaching the first graders to swear.

(beat)

But it's more important that you remember how your dad hugged you at your graduation.

(beat)

So you never really forget. They're not gone, they just... know they need to hide to make room for the new ones. The *better* ones. And one day, you'll realize that you haven't tried looking in a long time.

ABBY

I was never good at hide-and-seek anyway.

(beat)

You give a good pep talk.

ANNA

Well, I basically turned into
Craig's mom, so it's kinda become
second nature.

Abby tilts her head, confused.

ANNA (CONT'D)

My ex. Craig.

ABBY

His name was Craig?

ANNA

He had a good personality
sometimes.

ABBY

His *name* was *Craig*. And he slept
with another girl. I'm honestly not
sure which is worse.

ANNA

Yeah, well, I wasn't a saint
either.

She glances at Abby's pack of cigarettes and Abby hands one
to her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I lied before. I didn't quit, I was
method acting. And it was never
good with him either. He cheated on
me, but he also cheated on his ex
with me. And I knew.

(beat)

After the first time we slept
together, we laid there in his bed,
him holding me, I'm completely
naked, and he started telling me
about the anger issues he had in
high school.

ABBY

Punching a hole in the wall kind of
issues?

ANNA

Hole-in-the-tv.

ABBY

You're right, great personality.
Practically Christ-like.

ANNA

It wasn't even good sex.

ABBY

Really? The "Craig" thing didn't do it for you?

Anna chuckles.

ANNA

I even started smoking because of him. He was... stumbling out of this dive bar on 13th with his leather jacket from Florence and vintage lighter. If that sounds pretentious, it's because he is.

(beat)

I decided I was gonna start carrying around a pack of Golds in case he wanted one. Isn't that pathetic? I thought I could Pavlov him into kissing me.

(beat)

I mean, I guess I kind of did. But all I got from it was a nicotine addiction. I deserved it.

Anna rolls the cigarette between her fingers.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I don't know what happened to me. I slept in their bed and liked it. I *liked* being the one he chose. That I was the one who could make him think twice. Look where that got me.

(beat)

I hate who I was with him, but it's not like he made me into someone else. I chose her all on my own.

(beat, looking at Abby)

So for what it's worth, I wish I could forget.

ABBY

I think you should choose to remember. Whoever this girl is seems pretty good when she does.

Silence falls over the two for a few moments, the weight of their shared grief briefly lifted.

ANNA

I don't even think I know your
name.

ABBY

Abby.

ANNA

Anna. Easy to remember.

ABBY

It's not the kind of thing I would
forget.

They smile at each other, and Abby's phone dings.