

LAST THING I REMEMBER

Drunk In Love... a Carter Couple



Brian BJ Hall

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Last Thing I Remember - Drunk In Love... a Carter Couple

TITLE PAGE / OPENING SEQUENCE

A black screen. Silence for two full beats.

Then, in elegant, minimal white typography (centered):

LAST THING I REMEMBER

Hold.

The type fades.

New line appears beneath it, slightly smaller:

DRUNK IN LOVE

Hold longer.

Then, softer, almost like a whisper:

a Carter Couple

Finally, at the bottom of the frame:

by Brian B.J. Hall

The entire title card holds for another beat in silence...

then the bass from the club begins to bleed in, low and distant, as we smash into:

TITLE CARD

On black, the words appear one last time, smaller and faster this time — almost like a memory:

Drunk in Love

Then immediately:

INT. TREY & CHANEL'S PENTHOUSE – KITCHEN – EARLY MORNING

(Chapter One begins)

FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN

Silence.

Then, in clean white type, centered:

LAST THING I REMEMBER

The words hold.

They fade.

New line appears:

DRUNK IN LOVE

Hold longer.

Softer, beneath it:

a Carter Couple

Finally, at the bottom of the frame:

by Brian B.J. Hall

The title card remains in silence for one more beat.

Then — low, distant, almost felt more than heard — the bass from a nightclub begins to bleed in.

INT. NIGHTCLUB – NIGHT

A sensory storm.

Strobe lights slice through thick smoke. Bodies packed tight, moving as one. The bass lives in the chest.

Fragmented flashes, quick and feverish:

— Hands gripping hips

— A glass of dark liquor tilting, spilling

— Sweat tracing a collarbone

— Mouths hovering, almost touching

TREY (early 30s, sharp jaw, magnetic, controlled power) stands behind CHANEL (late 20s, long dark wavy hair, striking, electric). His hand rests low on her stomach. Her back is pressed flush against his chest. They are not dancing. They are claiming the space around them.

The liquor hits.

The room tilts.

Chanel turns her head. Their mouths meet for half a second — heat, breath, claim —

Then the lights flare pure white.

CUT TO BLACK.

On the black, one final, smaller title hit appears and vanishes almost as quickly as it comes:

Drunk in Love

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TREY & CHANEL'S PENTHOUSE – KITCHEN – EARLY MORNING

Soft gray light filters through floor-to-ceiling windows.

Cold marble floor.

Trey and Chanel are tangled together on the kitchen tiles, half-dressed, a cashmere throw somehow caught beneath them. An empty bottle of Armand de Brignac lies on its side nearby. One of Chanel's heels is still on.

Chanel's eyes open first. She stares at the ceiling, then at Trey. A slow, disbelieving smile spreads across her face.

CHANEL

How the hell did this shit happen?

Trey's eyes open. He doesn't move. He just looks at her like she's the only thing that has ever made sense.

TREY

You started it.

CHANEL

You poured the second bottle.

TREY

You said “one more won’t hurt.”

They both start laughing — quiet, rough, still half-drunk on each other. Chanel rolls onto him, resting her chin on his chest.

CHANEL

We were supposed to go home after the club.

TREY

We did. Technically.

She laughs again and kisses the corner of his mouth. He pulls her closer, arms wrapping fully around her.

TREY

(soft)

Morning.

CHANEL

Morning.

They stay on the floor.

Neither of them is in a hurry to get up.

FADE OUT.

A fragmented, sensory memory of the club: bodies grinding, lights flashing, the first reckless pour of liquor, the moment the night tipped from controlled to completely gone. The reader is dropped straight into the heat.

Chapter 1 – We Woke Up in the Kitchen

Morning light. Cold tile. Tangled limbs. Sophia and Yves come to consciousness laughing, disoriented, still half-drunk on each other. The domestic absurdity of it — how the hell did this shit happen? — becomes the perfect entry into who they are when no one is watching.

Chapter 2 – I’ve Been Thinking

Flashback to the hours before the club. The slow, inevitable pull. The private conversations, the looks across a room, the way neither of them can keep their fingers off the other once they decide the night is theirs. The decision to stop pretending they have anywhere else to be.

Chapter 3 – Feeling Like an Animal

The public face of their life. Cameras. Events. Yves on the billboards. Sophia moving through the world with the same magnetic force. The contrast between the polished couple the world photographs and the raw, unfiltered version that exists the second the doors close.

Chapter 4 – Cigars on Ice

A night of deliberate luxury. Champagne. Heavy crystal. Low music. The two of them alone in a space designed for pleasure. The chapter lives inside the sensory details of wealth used not for status but as a setting for hunger.

Chapter 5 – Can't Keep Your Eyes Off My Fatty

The pure physical obsession. Mutual. Unapologetic. The way they study each other's bodies with the same intensity other people save for art. Long, charged scenes of looking, touching, and the verbal heat that comes with it.

Chapter 6 – Foreplay in a Foyer

The night the Warhol almost doesn't survive. Reckless, laughing, urgent sex that starts the second they step through the door. The chapter captures the song's chaos: clothes half-off, art endangered, the complete refusal to wait for the bedroom.

Chapter 7 – Surfboard

One of the most intimate and playful chapters. Private rituals. The bathtub. The way they invent their own language of pleasure. The mood is ecstatic, filthy, and deeply affectionate — two people who know exactly how to ruin each other in the best way.

Chapter 8 – That Mouth

The first real tension. Outside voices begin to reach them — old lyrics, old rumors, the world's discomfort with how brightly they burn. A charged conversation in the car that threatens to become a fight and instead becomes something else entirely. The chapter begins the quiet reclamation of every dangerous word that has ever been thrown at them.

Chapter 9 – I'm Nice Right Now

Yves's perspective deepens. The protectiveness underneath the swagger. The way he holds the line between intensity and care. A long, deliberate night where dominance and devotion are the same thing, and Sophia meets him there without flinching.

Chapter 10 – We Sex Again in the Morning

The softer, slower side of the same hunger. Morning light. Breakfast that keeps getting interrupted. The quiet proof that the fire doesn't only live in the dark or in the liquor — it lives in ordinary hours too.

Chapter 11 – Never Tired

The emotional center of the book. A night where the liquor is mostly gone and what remains is pure, exhausted, radiant connection. They talk about the future, about what it means to keep choosing this kind of love when the world keeps asking them to cool it down. The answer is simple and absolute: they don't want cooler.

Chapter 12 – Everything Alright

The public and private finally reconcile. A high-profile appearance that could have been pure performance becomes, instead, a quiet declaration. They are not performing passion. They are simply refusing to hide it. The chapter ends with them leaving the lights and the cameras behind and heading home — still hungry, still laughing, still completely gone for each other.

Epilogue – Drunk in Love We Be All Night

Months later. Another kitchen. Another morning. The same disbelief, the same joy. The knowledge that this is not a phase or a performance. This is the life they built on purpose. The final image is not dramatic. It is simply two people who found the one place in the world where they never have to come down.

DRUNK IN LOVE

Written by

[Author Name]

Based on the spirit of the song “Drunk in Love”

FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN

Silence.

Then, in clean white type, centered:

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Chanel turns her head. Their mouths meet for half a second — heat, breath, claim —

Then the lights flare pure white.

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Chanel's eyes open first. She stares at the ceiling, then at Trey. A slow, disbelieving smile spreads across her face.

CHANEL

How the hell did this shit happen?

Trey's eyes open. He doesn't move. He just looks at her like she's the only thing that has ever made sense.

TREY

You started it.

CHANEL

You poured the second bottle.

TREY

You said "one more won't hurt."

They both start laughing — quiet, rough, still half-drunk on each other. Chanel rolls onto him, resting her chin on his chest.

CHANEL

We were supposed to go home after the club.

TREY

We did. Technically.

She laughs again and kisses the corner of his mouth. He pulls her closer, arms wrapping fully around her.

TREY

(soft)

Morning.

CHANEL

Morning.

They stay on the floor.

Neither of them is in a hurry to get up.

FADE OUT.

LAST THING I REMEMBER

DRUNK IN LOVE

a Carter Couple

by

Brian B.J. Hall

FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN

Complete silence. Two full beats.

White type fades in, centered, elegant and minimal:

LAST THING I REMEMBER

Holds.

Fades.

New line:

DRUNK IN LOVE

Holds longer.

Softer, beneath it:

a Carter Couple

Finally, lower in the frame:

by Brian B.J. Hall

The card remains in silence for one more breath.

Then — low, distant, almost physical — a deep bass line begins to bleed through the black.

INT. NIGHTCLUB – NIGHT

The bass becomes a living thing.

Strobe lights cut through dense smoke and bodies. The air is thick with heat, perfume, and liquor. The camera moves like memory — fragmented, feverish, incomplete.

Quick cuts:

A woman's hand gripping a man's forearm.

Dark liquor pouring over ice.

Sweat sliding down a collarbone.

Two mouths hovering a breath apart.

TREY (early 30s, sharp-jawed, controlled intensity) stands behind CHANEL (late 20s, long dark wavy hair, striking presence). His chest is pressed to her back. One of his hands rests low on her stomach, fingers spread. She leans into him like the rest of the room doesn't exist.

They are not dancing.

They are occupying the same pulse.

Chanel turns her head. Their eyes meet in the strobe. For half a second the chaos falls away.

Their mouths connect — brief, hungry, claimed.

The lights flare pure white.

CUT TO BLACK.

On the black, smaller and faster this time:

Drunk in Love

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TREY & CHANEL'S PENTHOUSE – KITCHEN – EARLY MORNING

Soft gray light. Floor-to-ceiling windows. The city is still half-asleep below.

Cold white marble.

Trey and Chanel are tangled on the kitchen floor. A cashmere throw is half-under them, half-kicked away. An empty bottle of Armand de Brignac lies on its side. One of Chanel's heels is still on. His dress shirt is open. Her black dress is pushed up around her waist.

Chanel's eyes open first. She stares at the ceiling for a long moment, then turns her head to look at him. A slow, disbelieving smile spreads across her face.

CHANEL

How the hell did this shit happen?

Trey's eyes open. He doesn't smile right away. He just looks at her like the question is the most beautiful thing he's heard all week.

TREY

You started it.

CHANEL

You poured the second bottle.

TREY

You said, and I quote, "one more won't hurt."

She laughs — rough, low, still half-drunk on him. The sound vibrates through both of them. She rolls onto his chest, chin resting on her hands, looking down at him.

CHANEL

We were supposed to go home after the club.

TREY

We did. Technically.

(beat)

Front door counts.

She leans down and kisses the corner of his mouth, lingering.

CHANEL

You're lucky you're pretty.

TREY

You're lucky I let you finish that bottle.

She laughs again and drops her forehead to his. They stay like that, breathing the same air, neither of them moving to get up.

TREY

(soft)

Morning.

CHANEL

Morning.

A long beat of quiet. Outside, the city begins to wake. Inside, time refuses to start.

CHANEL

We can't stay on the floor forever.

TREY

Watch me.

She smiles against his skin.

CHANEL

I'm serious. My back is going to file a formal complaint.

TREY

I'll write it a check.

She pushes up just enough to look at him properly. Her hair falls around both their faces.

CHANEL

You're not even a little embarrassed?

TREY

About what? Waking up with the only person I want to wake up with?

The simplicity of it lands. Her expression softens into something more private.

CHANEL

Say that again when the hangover hits.

TREY

I'll say it every morning if you want.

She studies him for a second longer, then kisses him — slow this time, unhurried, tasting last night and this morning at once.

When they finally break apart, she rests her forehead against his again.

CHANEL

We're ridiculous.

TREY

We're consistent.

They both laugh. The sound is warm and a little wrecked.

Eventually Chanel rolls off him and sits up, wincing at the cold marble. Trey stays on his back a moment longer, watching her like he's still not convinced she's real.

CHANEL

Coffee or shower first?

TREY

You.

She glances back at him over her shoulder, one eyebrow raised.

CHANEL

That's not an option on the list.

TREY

It is now.

She stands, a little unsteady, and holds out her hand. He takes it. The second their skin connects again, the air in the kitchen changes.

They don't make it to the coffee.

Or the shower.

Not yet.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT (FLASHBACK – THE NIGHT BEFORE)

Hours earlier.

The penthouse is low-lit and quiet. Floor-to-ceiling windows frame the glittering city. Chanel stands in front of a large mirror in a black dress that looks painted on. She is fastening an earring.

Trey leans in the doorway behind her, already dressed in black, watching her with the kind of focus most people reserve for something they can't afford to lose.

TREY

We don't have to go.

Chanel's eyes meet his in the mirror.

CHANEL

We said we would.

TREY

I know what we said. I'm asking what you want.

She turns to face him fully. The dress moves with her like it was made for this exact moment.

CHANEL

I want your hands on me before we leave this apartment.

He crosses the room without another word. Stops just short of touching her. The space between them feels charged enough to spark.

TREY

If I put my hands on you right now, we're not making the club.

CHANEL

Then we don't make the club.

He finally touches her — one hand at her waist, the other sliding up the side of her neck. She leans into it immediately.

TREY

You're dangerous when you look at me like that.

CHANEL

Then stop looking back.

He kisses her. It's not gentle. It's the kind of kiss that decides the rest of the night before either of them has fully agreed to it.

When they break apart, both of them are breathing harder.

CHANEL

We're still going.

TREY

I know.

CHANEL

But later...

She doesn't finish the sentence. She doesn't need to.

TREY

Later is already decided.

She turns back to the mirror, tries to fix the earring with slightly unsteady fingers. Trey stays behind her, close enough that she can feel his heat.

CHANEL

You're staring.

TREY

I'm committing it to memory.

CHANEL

The dress or me?

TREY

Both. In that order. Then the reverse.

She smiles at him in the glass.

CHANEL

Keep talking like that and we really won't leave.

TREY

I'm comfortable with the consequences.

She finishes with the earring and turns. They look at each other for a long second — the kind of look that already knows how the night ends.

CHANEL

Club first.

TREY

Club first.

He offers his hand. She takes it.

They leave the apartment looking composed.

The composure is temporary.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHTCLUB ENTRANCE – NIGHT

Velvet rope. Flashbulbs. A line of people who will never get inside.

Trey and Chanel step out of a black car. The second the cameras register them, the noise level jumps. They move through it the way people do when they've done this a hundred times and still somehow make it look unplanned.

Chanel's hand rests lightly in Trey's. The smile she gives the press is polished. The glance she gives him when the cameras aren't pointed directly at them is not.

They disappear inside.

INT. NIGHTCLUB – CONTINUOUS

The same club from the prologue, now seen clearer.

Music physical. Lights aggressive. Bodies everywhere.

They are immediately pulled into the current. People want pieces of them — conversations, photos, proximity. Trey and Chanel handle it with practiced ease, but their attention keeps sliding back to each other.

At the bar, Trey orders. The bartender already knows.

Two glasses appear. Dark liquor. No ceremony.

Chanel takes hers, holds his eyes over the rim, and drinks.

CHANEL

You're quiet.

TREY

I'm calculating how long we have to stay before it's rude to leave.

CHANEL

You hate these things.

TREY

I hate sharing you.

The honesty lands clean. She steps closer so the music doesn't have to carry the words.

CHANEL

Then stop sharing.

She takes his hand and pulls him toward the floor.

What follows is less dancing and more orbiting. His hands find her waist. Her back finds his chest. The rest of the room becomes background noise.

They stay like that longer than is polite.

At some point a second round appears. Then a third. The edges of the night begin to soften.

Chanel turns in his arms, mouth close to his ear.

CHANEL

I'm done being public.

TREY

Say the word.

CHANEL

Word.

They leave without saying goodbye to anyone.

INT. BLACK CAR – NIGHT

City lights streak across the windows. The partition is up.

Chanel is already half in Trey's lap. The liquor and the music and the hours of restraint have done their work.

CHANEL

If you take me home and act like a gentleman I'm going to be very disappointed.

TREY

I left the gentleman at the club.

She laughs against his mouth and kisses him hard. The car continues through the city. Neither of them looks out the window.

INT. PENTHOUSE – FOYER – NIGHT

The front door closes.

The composure ends.

Chanel's back hits the wall. Trey's mouth is on her neck, her jaw, her mouth. A limited-edition print on the wall tilts as they crash into it.

CHANEL

(laughing, breathless)

The Warhol—

TREY

I'll buy another one.

Clothes become optional. Urgency becomes the only language left. They never make it past the foyer.

Later — much later — they will find themselves on the kitchen floor with no clear memory of the transition.

But that is a problem for morning.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. PENTHOUSE – MASTER BEDROOM – LATE MORNING

Sunlight has fully claimed the room.

Trey and Chanel lie in the wreckage of white sheets. The cashmere throw from the kitchen is somehow here now. An empty water glass sits on the nightstand. The city outside is fully awake; they are not.

Chanel traces slow circles on Trey's chest with one finger.

CHANEL

We have that thing tonight.

TREY

Cancel it.

CHANEL

It's not cancelable. It's the foundation dinner. Your face is on the invitation.

TREY

Then they can look at the invitation.

She smiles but doesn't stop tracing.

CHANEL

We show up. We smile. We leave early.

TREY

How early?

CHANEL

Early enough that you're still allowed to look at me the way you're looking at me right now.

He catches her hand and presses a kiss to the center of her palm.

TREY

That's every way I look at you.

CHANEL

Then we're dangerous in public.

TREY

We've always been dangerous in public. We just used to hide it better.

She rolls onto her back, staring at the ceiling.

CHANEL

Do you ever get tired of them watching?

TREY

I get tired of them thinking they know what they're looking at.

A beat.

CHANEL

And what are they looking at?

TREY

Two people who haven't figured out how to want each other less.

She turns her head on the pillow to face him. The morning light catches the gold in her eyes.

CHANEL

Good answer.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY – EVENING

A sleek black car cuts through traffic. The sky is the deep blue that happens just before the lights take over.

INT. BLACK CAR – CONTINUOUS

Chanel sits close to Trey, legs crossed toward him. She is in a different black dress — sharper, more architectural. He is in a black suit with no tie. The partition is up.

CHANEL

You're quiet again.

TREY

I'm thinking about the last time we were in this car.

She glances at the driver side, even though they can't be heard.

CHANEL

Behave.

TREY

I'm not doing anything.

CHANEL

You're thinking loudly.

He rests a hand on her knee. The contact is casual. The intent is not.

TREY

I'll behave until we get home.

CHANEL

And after?

TREY

After is not your concern until after.

She tries not to smile and fails.

EXT. FOUNDATION DINNER VENUE – NIGHT

Red carpet. Flash wall. The usual beautiful chaos.

Trey steps out first, then turns to offer Chanel his hand. The second she emerges, the cameras ignite. They move down the carpet with the practiced rhythm of people who have done this too many times to be impressed by it.

A reporter leans in with a microphone.

REPORTER

You two look happier than the last time we saw you. What's the secret?

Chanel's public smile is flawless.

CHANEL

We stopped pretending we need one.

Trey's hand settles at the small of her back. They keep walking.

INT. FOUNDATION DINNER – BALLROOM – NIGHT

Crystal. Candlelight. Money dressed up as philanthropy.

They work the room separately at times, always aware of the other's location. Conversations happen. Hands are shaken. Photographs are taken.

At one point Chanel is mid-conversation with a donor when she feels Trey's eyes on her from across the room. She doesn't look at him immediately. She finishes her sentence, laughs at the appropriate moment, then lets her gaze find his.

The look that passes between them is brief and private and completely inappropriate for the setting.

A woman beside Trey notices.

WOMAN

You're very lucky.

Trey's eyes are still on Chanel.

TREY

I know.

INT. FOUNDATION DINNER – LATER

They finally steal a moment near a tall window overlooking the city.

CHANEL

Thirty more minutes.

TREY

Twenty.

CHANEL

Twenty-five. And you have to say goodbye to the board chair.

TREY

I'd rather say goodbye to this entire building.

She steps closer, voice low.

CHANEL

Keep looking at me like that and I'm going to forget why we came.

TREY

Good.

A photographer appears. They separate just enough to look respectable. The camera fires. The moment is gone.

EXT. VENUE – NIGHT (LATER)

They are in the car again before the final speeches end.

INT. BLACK CAR – CONTINUOUS

The second the door closes, the performance drops.

Chanel exhales like she's been holding her breath for an hour.

CHANEL

I can still feel the cameras on my skin.

TREY

Then let's replace the feeling.

He doesn't wait for the car to move. His hand slides up her thigh under the dress. She catches his wrist — not to stop him, just to slow him down enough to look at him.

CHANEL

Home first.

TREY

We're already on the way.

CHANEL

I mean the door. The actual door. I want walls.

He studies her face in the passing light.

TREY

You're serious.

CHANEL

I'm always serious when I say I want you without an audience.

He removes his hand, but the heat doesn't leave the car.

TREY

Walls it is.

INT. PENTHOUSE – FOYER – NIGHT

The door closes.

This time there is no crashing into the Warhol. No frantic urgency.

Trey backs Chanel against the door slowly. His hands frame her face. The kiss is deep and unhurried, the kind that says they have all night and intend to use it.

CHANEL

(against his mouth)

This is better.

TREY

This is just the beginning.

He lifts her. Her legs wrap around him. They move through the dark apartment without turning on lights, navigating by memory and need.

INT. PENTHOUSE – PRIVATE LOUNGE – NIGHT

Low light. A single lamp. The box of cigars on ice from another night still sits on the side table like a promise.

Trey sets Chanel down on the low couch. She watches him take off his jacket, then his watch, placing both with deliberate care.

CHANEL

You're slow on purpose.

TREY

I'm making sure you remember every second.

CHANEL

I remember everything with you.

He kneels in front of her. The city glitters behind him through the glass. Neither of them looks at it.

What follows is not rushed. It is detailed. Devotional. Filthy in the quiet way that only happens when two people have stopped performing for anyone, including each other.

At one point Chanel's head falls back against the couch, eyes closed, one hand in his hair.

CHANEL

(soft, wrecked)

Don't stop.

TREY

Wasn't planning to.

Later, when they are both on the floor and the lamp is the only witness, she traces the line of his shoulder with her fingers.

CHANEL

They're going to keep watching us.

TREY

Let them.

CHANEL

Even when they don't understand it?

TREY

Especially then.

She pulls him down into another kiss. The night continues.

INT. PENTHOUSE – MASTER BATHROOM – LATER

Steam rises from the deep tub. Candlelight only.

Chanel is already in the water, hair pinned loosely up, a few dark strands escaping. Trey steps in opposite her. Their legs tangle in the middle.

For a long time neither of them speaks. The only sounds are water and breathing.

CHANEL

This is my favorite version of us.

TREY

Which one?

CHANEL

The one where the world doesn't get a vote.

(beat)

The one where it's just the water and you and the fact that I still can't keep my hands off you.

He reaches across the tub and pulls her into his lap, water spilling over the edge. She goes willingly.

TREY

Then we stay here until the water gets cold.

CHANEL

The water's going to get cold a long time before I do.

He laughs against her neck — low, private, completely gone for her.

TREY

Good.

They stay in the tub until the candles burn low and the city outside has fully surrendered to night.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE – BEDROOM – EARLY MORNING

Pale light.

They are tangled again, but this time in the bed. Chanel is half on top of Trey, asleep. His hand rests on the small of her back, moving in slow, unconscious strokes.

His phone vibrates once on the nightstand. He ignores it.

It vibrates again.

He reaches for it with his free hand, glances at the screen, then sets it face down without unlocking it.

Chanel stirs.

CHANEL

(muzzy)

If that's the world, tell it we're closed.

TREY

Already did.

She settles back against him. Within seconds her breathing evens out again.

Trey stares at the ceiling, phone ignored, the woman he can't stay away from warm against his chest.

Outside, the city keeps moving.

Inside, nothing else is required.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BLACK CAR – NIGHT

Rain streaks the windows. The city is a wet blur of light.

Trey and Chanel sit close but not touching. The air between them is different tonight — tighter. Chanel's phone is face-up on her thigh. The screen is dark, but it has clearly been on.

CHANEL

They're using the old words again.

Trey keeps his eyes on the road the driver is taking, even though the partition is up.

TREY

Which ones?

CHANEL

The ones that try to make what we do look like something ugly.

(beat)

Like it's a performance. Or a problem.

Silence stretches. Rain fills it.

TREY

And what do you think?

CHANEL

I think I'm tired of people who've never been in this car deciding what happens in it.

She locks the phone and sets it in her bag.

CHANEL

I don't need them to understand it. I just need them to stop renaming it.

Trey finally looks at her. The protectiveness in his face is quiet but absolute.

TREY

Then we don't let them.

CHANEL

How?

TREY

By keeping it ours. Every version. Even the ones that scare them.

She studies him for a long moment. The tension in her shoulders slowly changes shape.

CHANEL

Pull over.

TREY

We're five minutes from home.

CHANEL

I don't care.

He leans forward and speaks to the driver. The car slides to the curb under a canopy of trees.

The second the car stops, Chanel climbs into his lap. The kiss is not soft. It is a decision.

CHANEL

(against his mouth)

Say it.

TREY

Say what?

CHANEL

That it's ours. That the words belong to us. That nobody gets to tell this story but you and me.

He frames her face with both hands.

TREY

It's ours.

Every filthy, beautiful, reckless part of it.

Nobody else gets the pen.

She kisses him harder. The rain keeps falling. The city keeps moving. Inside the car, the reclamation begins.

INT. PENTHOUSE – FOYER – NIGHT

They barely make it through the door.

This time the urgency is different — not just heat, but insistence. A refusal to let the outside world keep any part of them.

Chanel pushes Trey's jacket off his shoulders. He backs her into the wall beside the door, one hand braced beside her head, the other already under her dress.

CHANEL

Look at me.

He does.

CHANEL

This is not for them. This is not a statement. This is just us.

TREY

I know.

CHANEL

Then take it like you know.

He does.

The Warhol on the wall remains undisturbed this time. Everything else does not.

INT. PENTHOUSE – BEDROOM – LATER

The only light comes from the city bleeding through the windows.

They are in the center of the bed. Slow. Deep. Unrushed. The kind of sex that happens when two people have already burned through the frantic edge and found something heavier underneath.

Trey's forehead rests against Chanel's. Their breath is shared.

CHANEL

You're different tonight.

TREY

How.

CHANEL

Quieter.

(beat)

More deliberate.

TREY

I'm making sure you feel every second.

So the next time someone tries to tell you what this is...

you already know.

She pulls him closer.

CHANEL

I already knew.

TREY

Then I'm reminding both of us.

They don't speak again for a long time.

INT. PENTHOUSE – KITCHEN – MORNING

Sunlight. Real morning.

Trey stands at the counter in low-slung sweatpants, making coffee. Chanel sits on the island behind him, wearing only his dress shirt from the night before. Her legs swing slowly.

CHANEL

You're quiet again.

TREY

I'm thinking.

CHANEL

About?

TREY

How many mornings I want like this.

She watches his back for a moment.

CHANEL

Give me a number.

TREY

All of them.

He turns, two mugs in his hands, and sets one beside her. She hooks a finger into the waistband of his sweatpants and pulls him between her knees.

CHANEL

You're getting soft on me.

TREY

I'm getting exact.

She kisses the corner of his mouth, then the other corner, then fully.

CHANEL

Coffee's going to get cold.

TREY

Let it.

They don't make it back to the coffee for a while.

INT. PENTHOUSE – TERRACE – NIGHT

The city is a living map of light below them. A single blanket is wrapped around both their shoulders. An almost-empty bottle sits on the table between the chairs they aren't using. They are on the couch instead, legs tangled, her back against his chest.

The liquor is mostly gone. What remains is clearer.

CHANEL

They're never going to stop watching.

TREY

I know.

CHANEL

And some of them are never going to like how loud we love each other.

TREY

I know that too.

She turns in his arms so she can see his face.

CHANEL

Does it ever make you want to turn it down? Just enough so they stop talking?

TREY

No.

(beat)

It makes me want to turn it up until the talking becomes background noise.

She searches his eyes.

CHANEL

I'm never going to be the version of me that's easier for them to accept.

TREY

I'm never going to ask you to be.

A long quiet stretches. Wind moves across the terrace.

CHANEL

Then we keep choosing this. Even when it's messy. Even when it's too much. Even when they use the ugly words.

TREY

Especially then.

She settles back against his chest. His arms tighten around her.

CHANEL

I'm never tired of you.

TREY

Same.

They stay on the terrace until the air turns cold and the bottle is empty.

INT. HIGH-PROFILE INDUSTRY EVENT – NIGHT

Another beautiful room. Another wall of cameras. Another night where they are expected to perform the acceptable version of themselves.

They don't.

When a reporter asks how they keep the spark alive after all this time, Chanel doesn't give the polished answer. She looks at Trey first, then back at the microphone.

CHANEL

We don't keep it alive.

We just never agreed to put it out.

The reporter laughs the way people laugh when they're not sure if they're allowed to. Trey's hand finds the small of Chanel's back. The gesture is small. The claim is not.

Later, as they move through the room, people watch them with the usual mixture of admiration and discomfort. Trey and Chanel have stopped noticing the difference.

EXT. EVENT VENUE – NIGHT

They step out into the cool air. The car is waiting. The cameras are still firing.

Chanel leans into Trey as they walk.

CHANEL

Home?

TREY

Home.

INT. PENTHOUSE – KITCHEN – MORNING (MONTHS LATER)

Soft gray light. Cold marble.

Trey and Chanel are on the kitchen floor again. Different throw. Same tangle of limbs. An empty bottle nearby — not champagne this time, just wine. One of her heels is, somehow, still on.

Chanel's eyes open first. She stares at the ceiling, then at Trey. The same disbelieving smile from the first morning spreads across her face.

CHANEL

How the hell did this shit happen?

Trey's eyes open. He looks at her like the question still belongs only to them.

TREY

Same way it always does.

She laughs — quiet, rough, completely awake to him. She rolls onto his chest and rests her chin on her hands.

CHANEL

We're ridiculous.

TREY

We're consistent.

She kisses the corner of his mouth.

CHANEL

Morning.

TREY

Morning.

Outside, the city keeps moving.

Inside, they stay on the floor a little longer — no cameras, no explanations, no need to be anything other than exactly what they are.

FADE OUT.

THE END

LAST THING I REMEMBER

DRUNK IN LOVE

a Carter Couple

by

Brian B.J. Hall

Inspired by

Beyoncé and Jay-Z

This work is a fictional love letter written in the spirit of their song and the unmistakable, unapologetic force of their bond.

It does not claim their story.

It simply stands in the heat they made public and asks what it means to love that loudly, that completely, and that without apology.

With respect.

With admiration.

With gratitude for the word of love they put into the world.

The characters remain Trey and Chanel.

The story remains original fiction.

The heartbeat of it — the ecstasy, the reclamation, the refusal to dim — belongs to the inspiration that started it.