

Isn't It?

by

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(Based on, These Nuts)

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EXT. - BUNGALOW COURT - DAY

We open on the outside of gorgeous bungalow apartments in Los Angeles. The sun is shining brightly. Trees and bright flowers in various shades of pink and yellow litter the entrance. A beautiful awning announces the name of the estate, BUNGALOW COURT. The bungalows are identical in size and style. Each is painted "money green" with white accents and window frames. It's like a little cottage-y paradise.

INT. - HEATHER'S APARTMENT - SAME

MICHELLE, 38, a slender African American woman, stretches her long shapely legs down the cream colored, ultra modern sofa. She's wearing extra tight, high-waisted jeans. Across from her, sitting on the floor is HEATHER SIEGAL, her beautiful 38 year old Jewish neighbor who wears a bandage on her nose.

MICHELLE

I don't know. I'm just not in the space to be having feelings for anyone right now.

HEATHER

Then why do you speak to him so often?

MICHELLE

Because he's my friend and I'm looking for empathy.

HEATHER

Friend? You two haven't even met in person yet. And you know he's attracted to you.

MICHELLE

Why the negativity bro? I am attracted to him but I've already told him I wasn't ready.

HEATHER

And?

MICHELLE

He felt rejected. Then he said he only wanted to be friends because of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEATHER

And how did he get that name,
Fabrizio?

MICHELLE

His Grandmother is Italian.

Heather laughs. Michelle shrugs.

MICHELLE

As my therapist, you're not
supposed to laugh at me.

HEATHER

I'm a therapist. Not "your"
therapist.

MICHELLE

But I pay you. You take the money.
So, you're my therapist.

HEATHER

Touché.

MICHELLE

I hate when people say that.

HEATHER

Why?

MICHELLE

It's just extra. They said it so
many times in that "Queen & Slim"
movie.

HEATHER

Did they?

MICHELLE

Honestly, I don't even really know
how to use it... I don't really
know how to use ironic either.

HEATHER

Interesting because you tend to
start falling for a man when he
starts to pull away.

MICHELLE

(sarcastic)

You saying that could be
considered... "ironic"?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE (sings) <i>It's line rainnnn. When you're falling away. It's a free ride...</i>	HEATHER (sings) <i>It's line rainnnn. When you're falling away. It's a free ride...</i>
---	--

MICHELLE
I love Alanis Morissette.

HEATHER
Love? Her or the song?

MICHELLE
The song. Don't know her.

HEATHER
So you don't love her. That word
is used way too freely and
indiscriminately. (Sings) Don't
cha think?

MICHELLE
Touché.

HEATHER You used it correctly.	MICHELLE Ew!
---	-------------------------

Michelle's cellphone RINGS. She picks it up off of the floor.

Michelle looks at the phone. A handsome face of a brown skinned, Black man is on the screen. It reads, "FABRIZIO".

MICHELLE
Oh shit!

Michelle jumps up, grabs her purse and pulls out a Black eyeliner pencil.

She runs to a mirror and quickly draws on her eyebrows. She answers just in time as she jets towards a window that is shooting very bright sunlight into the apartment. The sun cascades and frames all around her. You can barely see her face.

FABRIZIO
Hey.

MICHELLE
Hi. I'm at my neighbor's house and
about to leave. Can I hit you back
in 5?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FABRIZIO

Sure.

MICHELLE

Cool.

Michelle hangs up.

HEATHER

All that to answer a FaceTime?

Michelle zips back to the mirror, pulls out concealer, dabs it around her eyes.

MICHELLE

I have to at least try to answer some of his spontaneous FaceTime calls. I can't look like one of those women who needs to prepare for FaceTime calls.

Then a little liquid black eyeliner on the corner of her eyes, she adds a little mascara.

HEATHER

But you--

MICHELLE

Shut up!

Then pink all natural lip gloss on her cheek and eyelids.

MICHELLE

(talking faster)

It's definitely time for me to meet him in person, I need to just get it out the way.

Michelle over-lines a lips with lip liner.

HEATHER

It's not a root canal.

MICHELLE

Speaking of canal though...

Heather is not amused.

Michelle adds a little of the gloss to her lips.

HEATHER

I still think you're drawn to rejection.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HEATHER (CONT'D)

It started with your dad
abandoning you and you keep
manifesting that relationship over
and over again.

MICHELLE

That's cliché?

Michelle grabs her belongings and runs to the front door.

HEATHER

What?

Michelle grabs on her shoes that are neatly placed next
to a few more pairs of shoes in front of the doorway.

MICHELLE

Scapegoating daddy issues. He and
I bonded over trauma, protests,
racism. You had your dad around
and you're terrible with men.

Michelle puts on her shoes.

HEATHER

I'm just saying, if you want to
feel safe in a relationship--

MICHELLE

I want someone to stay! And if
that's a daddy issue, then point
me to a bitch who craves
abandonment.

Michelle forces her fingers into the pocket of her jeans.

HEATHER

Why don't you let him see you as
you are?

Michelle pulls out a folding up \$50 bill.

MICHELLE

(Southern accent)

Because he's not madly in love
with me to the point where my
imperfections are adorable yet.

Michelle unfolds the money, places it on the end table.

HEATHER

Stop paying me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MICHELLE

No. It makes me feel like less of
a self-absorbed narcissist.

Michelle runs out and

CUT TO:

INT. - MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - SAME

Michelle rushes into the apartment with her cellphone in
hand and beelines to her

INT. - MICHELLE'S BATHROOM - SAME

Bottles, tubes and pencils of makeup adorn every inch of
the counter space around the sink.

She finds a tiny space to put her phone down on. The
phone drops to the floor.

MICHELLE

Shit!

She makes the sign of the cross, slowly picks up the
phone and turns it over to check it. No breakage.

MICHELLE

Whew!

Michelle grabs expensive face serum from the cabinet.
Squeezes two drops onto her face blots it around until
she glows.

She grabs her cellphone and runs to the

INT. - LIVINGROOM - SAME

She opens her curtains to reveal the afternoon sunlight
hitting her perfectly on the face then she repositions
her loveseat so that she can stay in that angle.

She pulls up her call log and presses the button that
calls Fabrizio back on FaceTime. She walks to the front
door. And opens it.

As he answers. She closes the door behind her as if she
just came in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FABRIZIO
Hey beautiful.

MICHELLE
Hi.

FABRIZIO
You must miss me.

MICHELLE
(indifferent)
Not really.

He looks a little rejected but plays it cool.

FABRIZIO
How was your day?

MICHELLE
Hold on a second.

She walks to the sofa and plops down in her perfect spot.
On his end of the camera, she looks naturally beautiful.

FABRIZIO
You OK?

MICHELLE
Yeah. Just a super busy day.

FABRIZIO
Oh.

MICHELLE
So what's up?

Awkward.

FABRIZIO
I actually wanted to tell you
that...

MICHELLE
I'm in trouble.

FABRIZIO
No. It just offends me when you
say you don't feel safe with Black
men.

MICHELLE
Oh boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FABRIZIO

And to agree with your friend's post about loving but not feeling safe with Black men--

MICHELLE

She's not my friend. She's a Facebook acquaintance.

FABRIZIO

I still think it's fucked up.

MICHELLE

Have you asked WHY she and some Black women feel that way?

FABRIZIO

Do you not understand how dangerous that is? That narrative. Putting that out the--

MICHELLE

Why do Black women always have to hold in our pain for everyone else's comfort? Why?

FABRIZIO

We can get to that but can you see how her posting that on social media can be detrimental to Black men? That narrative in the wrong hands is danger--.

MICHELLE

Yeah well...

FABRIZIO

Yeah well what?

MICHELLE

Get to our pain now! Black men need to stop acting like colonizers and stop trying colonize every pussy they come in contact with. Fix that shit then we won't be so hurt and reactive.

FABRIZIO

Wow. Yeah... I don't even know what that means but--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICHELLE

Don't "wow" me, OK. I'm at the intersection of rage and despair. Do you know how fucked up that is?

He exhales loudly.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You insist on talking about this shit, so let's talk about it!

FABRIZIO

Talk.

MICHELLE

Everyday I have to choose my struggle.

FABRIZIO

Black men struggle too.

MICHELLE

Duh! But it's not YOU right now! Damn! Black men still benefit from patriarchy so having a dick doesn't hurt you. Your Blackness does. That's one struggle.

FABRIZIO

Didn't know this was the struggle Olympics.

MICHELLE

(frustrated)

Don't play with me. I want to lighten these conversations. We always talk about heavy stuff.

FABRIZIO

It's a heavy time. Not even a fucking pandemic can stop racist white vigilantes and cops from killing Black men--

MICHELLE

Men! Men! Korrine Gaines. Sandra Bland... Breonna Tayl--

FABRIZIO

You know what I mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MICHELLE

Says you. Now understand my added dilemma with the fact that every bad thing that's ever happened to me was at the hands of a Black man. Personally and professionally! If I speak on it, I'm betraying Black men. And if I hold it in, I'm betraying - and killing myself.

FABRIZIO

Well men want to feel like--

MICHELLE

Like what?! What is a man? What is a MAN? WHAT is a man? A grown boy? A male born human?

FABRIZIO

Listen, the majority of white women who've been sexually assaulted or discriminated against were victims of white men.

MICHELLE

You're not hearing me! And white people aren't fighting for their existence. They can be on that fuck shit! So the expectation of Black men to protect us is greater.

FABRIZIO

Black women are amazing. Magical. Everyone knows that.

MICHELLE

This world makes us broken superheroes. When sometimes, we just want to be pretty and soft. But no one cares. There's no safe spaces.

FABRIZIO

Black women get way more opportunities than Black men. Being a Black woman is like a double minority. Like an injured veteran. You get all the benefits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MICHELLE

Not funny. This is not the
"struggle Olympics".

FABRIZIO

Yeah... Malcolm X said "The most
disrespected--".

MICHELLE

Don't fucking quote Malcolm to me.

She wipes off one of her lipgloss.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

If you know that we are
disrespected, unprotected, and
neglected, then hold other Black
men accountable. That's all this
is about.

Michelle gets up and storms into the

INT. - KITCHEN - SAME

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

And for the love of God, stop
supporting disgusting negroes like
50 Cent.

She grabs a half full bottle of water, empties its
contents equally between her mouth and the sink and then
grabs a large boxed red wine.

FABRIZIO

Are you mad?

MICHELLE

Full of joy and laughter. Riled
up!

She presses the spout to empty a large serving of wine
into the empty water bottle.

FABRIZIO

Hmmm... What makes good
relationships?

MICHELLE

Communication.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FABRIZIO

And we're communicating. You guys experience physical AND emotional violence in the streets and in your homes. I get it.

MICHELLE

Yeah. And I'm exhausted.

She exits the kitchen and to the

INT. - LIVINGTOOM - SAME

Michelle walks over to her desk. She doesn't care about the lighting anymore. She plops down on her white leather chair and props her phone up on some books. She takes a swig of her bottle of wine.

Fabrizio giggles.

FABRIZIO

What do you want?

MICHELLE

I just want people to lift me up, not let me hit the floor.

FABRIZIO

Do you want to meet in person?

Michelle takes a swig of her wine.

MICHELLE

Of course I do.

FABRIZIO

You sure you're ready?

MICHELLE

I said I didn't want to rush into a relationship, not that I didn't want one.

FABRIZIO

So fuck buddies?

Awkward silence.

Michelle standing still does a 360 spin looking around the apartment. She runs back into the

INT. - KITCHEN - SAME

She props the phone on a shelf in front of the sink. She puts on a pair of lavender colored rubber gloves that go all the way up to her elbows. She begins washing the dishes nervously.

MICHELLE

I wrote a short story today.

FABRIZIO

About?

Michelle clutches her head like she has a headache.

FABRIZIO

You OK?

She drops a plate and it crashes and breaks.

FABRIZIO

What was that?

She picks it up and places the broken pieces in the trash bin under the sink.

MICHELLE

About two strangers who met on Facebook.

FABRIZIO

Like us?

MICHELLE

Something like us.

FABRIZIO

And, what happens?

Michelle grabs a pan from the stove and starts to scrub it really hard. Suds are filling up in the sink.

MICHELLE

Stuff... Then it ends.

Beat.

FABRIZIO

Don't you have a dishwasher?

MICHELLE

Yes. But I'm old-fashioned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FABRIZIO

How does it end?

Awkward silence.

MICHELLE

She tells him that she... uhm.

Awkward silence.

Michelle turns off the water. Takes off her rubber gloves, picks up the phone and walks back to the

INT. - LIVINGROOM - SAME

Michelle beelines to the sofa. The orange hues of the setting sun cover her face. She looks more beautiful and more natural than before as the sun fades into the night.

FABRIZIO

You there?

MICHELLE

The word love is overused. And if she says it, she wouldn't say it for a reaction.

FABRIZIO

No conditions. That's good.

Michelle drifts off in thought.

FABRIZIO

(flirtatiously)
Stand up for me.

MICHELLE

What?

FABRIZIO

Stand up. Let me see you.

Michelle stands shows her full body.

FABRIZIO

Lift that up.

MICHELLE

What?

FABRIZIO

The back of your dress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELLE

What do I look like?! A whore?

FABRIZIO

No, I just. It's just flirting.

MICHELLE

I already told you that in my last two relationships I felt sexualized and objectified. We haven't even met yet.

FABRIZIO

Whoa. OK.

MICHELLE

Please don't try and sexualize me. We're friends.

Fabrizio stares.

MICHELLE

Uh. Can I call you back?

FABRIZIO

Yeah... Sure.

Michelle hangs up, then guzzles the entire remainder of the wine like it's a bottle of water. She beelines for the kitchen and pours more into the empty red-stained bottle.

Michelle walks out and into the

INT. - BEDROOM - SAME

Michelle's bedroom is simple and very feminine. Covered in shades of pastel pinks and whites. White, high quality duvet, plush white pillows. A couple of furry pink throw pillows. And one tufted black pillow in the middle.

She rushes into the bedroom and takes a deep swig of her wine and places this bottle on her bedside table.

She plops her body down onto the bed. Belly up facing the ceiling. She inhales and exhales.

MICHELLE

I fucked up.

FADE TO:

INT. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michelle awakens from a drunken fetal position. She looks at the time. It reads 2am. She peels off her clothes and walks to the

INT. - BATHROOM - SAME

She enters the bathroom and washes her face. Puts a capful of mouthwash in her mouth. Swishes it around. Grabs a bottle of serum and smears in serum all over her face and neck until she is shiny. She spits out the mouthwash and walks into the

INT. - LIVINGROOM - SAME

She walks over to the window to close the curtains and she can see Heather across the courtyard through her window reading a book. Michelle races towards her door, grabs her keys, puts on a pair of sneakers and a jacket that just covers her booty. She walks out the door to

EXT. - BUNGALOW COURTS COURTYARD - SAME

Michelle stands outside of Heather's window shivering.

MICHELLE

Pssst.

She waves to get Heather's attention. Heather looks up, not appearing at all surprised as she heads to the door to let Michelle in.

MICHELLE

Hey, you reading?

HEATHER

Yeah. Whats up--

MICHELLE

I fucked up.

HEATHER

I'm sure you didn't.

MICHELLE

I can't do this. I'm sabotaging. Why would he want me anyway? I'm damaged goods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEATHER

What?! Stop it.

MICHELLE

I don't want to be a victim. I want to be a lighthearted woman.

HEATHER

You've been through a lot.

MICHELLE

Please don't coddle me. I could use some cuddles but not the cuddles.

HEATHER

But you have.

Michelle paces back and forth.

MICHELLE

Can an anxious attachment style develop into an avoidant attachment style?

HEATHER

Maybe. But--

MICHELLE

I love being Black but at times like this, I envy you.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

We have more in common than you realize.

MICHELLE

How? You get to be vulnerable, weak, consoled and built back up.

Heather takes a sip from her wine glass.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

If I was drowning in a lake but could doggy paddle, no one would come to my rescue. They'd just stand back, watch and say, "Wow. She's so strong. Look at her go." When I make it to dry land, I can A. Get angry and yell at everyone for just watching. Or B.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Accept the pats on my back for being so strong while having to console a couple of Karen's who were scared for me. If I chose A. I'm called angry and B. I'm just a strong Black woman.

HEATHER

And I get to be Jewish, unmarried with no kids. My parents are disgusted with me and after decades of my mother saying my nose would be the reason I stayed single, I finally did the big fucking chop!

MICHELLE

1. Everyone gets nose jobs. 2. Most people don't even know the difference between being white and Jewish.

HEATHER

Wow!

Michelle heads to the door.

MICHELLE

I'm sorry I bothered you.

HEATHER

(mumbles)

How conveniently dismissive of you.

MICHELLE

What?!

HEATHER

Nothing, just an "evil white person" mumble.

Michelle has fucked up again.

MICHELLE

I'm sorry.

Heather nods and turns away. Michelle takes in Heather's mood and sulks her way out the door.

INT. - MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Michelle lays on her bed looking at photos of Fabrizio. She tosses her phone across the room and it lands in her laundry basket. She turns off the light on her nightstand and closes her eyes.

As the camera zooms in closer to her face, we FADE TO BLACK then FADE IN to Michelle in the same position on her bed TWO DAYS LATER.

MATCH FADE IN

INT. - MICHELLE'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

Michelle wears a loose pink tank top and a pair of cutoff sweatpants. She picks up her phone and dials Fabrizio on FaceTime.

The phone rings. Fabrizio's face pops up.

MICHELLE

Hi.

FABRIZIO

I'm working. What's up?

MICHELLE

Haven't heard from you. I wanted to tell you something.

FABRIZIO

What?

MICHELLE

I need to go to real therapy. I don't want to take my issues out on you.

FABRIZIO

So you're saying you're falling back?

MICHELLE

I'm saying, I need a minute to figure it out and not project things onto you and... and turn you off.

FABRIZIO

OK. Well, I'm kind of busy right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELLE

Wait. Huh?

FABRIZIO

It's not a big deal. I've been turned down before and I've turned women down before.

MICHELLE

Wait. That's not what's happening here. I like you and still want to meet you.

FABRIZIO

Yeah, well I'm confused. And busy.

MICHELLE

Like, can we go to Jamaica or something? Flights are super cheap right now?

Fabrizio stops giving her eye contact.

FABRIZIO

Oh, and stay in separate rooms?

MICHELLE

No. Of course not.

FABRIZIO

I... I need to see about my passport. It expired like in December.

Michelle just looks at him.

FABRIZIO

You should probably take like 2 weeks to yourself and only talk to like, close friends and immediate family and focus.

Michelle ponders.

MICHELLE

I didn't think we'd have such chemistry. I just don't want to give you my negative energy.

FABRIZIO

Who doesn't let a genuine connection unfold?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE

An overly trusting person who's
afraid of getting burned again.

Michelle stands up with phone in hand.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I know I was acting weird the
other day. I just need time to
adjust to--

FABRIZIO

Yeah... You lucky I answered this
call.

MICHELLE

What do you want?

Pause.

FABRIZIO

A relationship. I want a serious
relationship with one woman.

MICHELLE

That's amazing.

FABRIZIO

And I'm starting to see that's not
with you. I'm not all the way
turned off but--

Michelle starts to tear up.

MICHELLE

I just don't want to mess up.

FABRIZIO

That sounds like an excuse.

Michelle is stunned. He's staring directly at her, taking
her in.

FABRIZIO

I really have to go. I have to get
back to work.

He hangs up.

Michelle stands there flabbergasted. She slowly walks to
the bathroom and looks in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICHELLE

What the fuck?

She lifts her phone up and sends him a *kiss emoji*.

He sends a *side-eye emoji*.

She sends a *heart eye emoji*.

He sends a text back.

FABRIZIO (TEXT)

*I don't know what kind of game you
are playing but I'm not with it.*

Michelle replies

MICHELLE (TEXT)

Are you serious?

He replies

FABRIZIO (TEXT)

Dead serious.

Michelle pouts. Puts her phone down and slowly walks to the

INT. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michelle sits in front of her vanity staring blankly at her reflection. Her hair is now in a new braided hairstyle adorned with gold hair jewels. She wears a low cut tank and light makeup. She gets up, somberly walks to her bed and tosses her body on it. Face up.

She stares at the ceiling. She grabs a pink fuzzy pillow, closes her eyes then hugs it. She moves the pillow to the side of her and turns over on it, resting her head on it like it's a man's chest. She lays there for a moment.

Michelle pops up and reaches for her phone.

MICHELLE (TEXT)

*PLEASE COME SEE ME. YOU'RE ONLY 4
HOURS AWAY. I HAVE TO SEE YOU!*

She drops the phone on the bed. The phone BEEPS.

FABRIZIO (TEXT)

WHY ARE YOU YELLING AT ME?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELLE (TEXT)
How soon can you get here?

FABRIZIO (TEXT)
*I'm working from home like
everyone else so -*

Michelle jumps with excitement.

MICHELLE (TEXT)
Tomorrow?

FABRIZIO (TEXT)
We fucking?

MICHELLE (TEXT)
I'll text you the addr--

FABRIZIO (TEXT)
*I have it. I sent you flowers,
remember?*

She looks at a dried bouquet of flowers on her dresser.
She hasn't thrown them away because they meant so much to
her.

MICHELLE (TEXT)

She puts the phone down, grabs the fuzzy pillow and
tosses it on the floor. She curls up in a fetal position,
inhales deeply, exhales deeply and closes her eyes.

INT. - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Michelle scrambles around the living room. Tidies up.

CUT TO:

Michelle using a sponge to clean the walls.

CUT TO:

Michelle sweeping and mopping. Once done. She washes her
hands and beeline to the

INT. - BATHROOM - DAY

Michelle is in the bathtub. On the side of the tub lies a
bowl of white sugar and a cup of olive oil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On her hand is one of those small green Korean exfoliating mitts, the ones that shrink when they're wet.

She sits in the tub scrubbing her arms until they are as soft as they'll get then stands and exfoliates her legs, hips, butt and bikini area. Once satisfied, she takes the mitt off and digs her hand into the bowl of sugar. She then takes the olive oil and pours it on the hill of sugar on her palm. She rubs the mixture together to make a sloppy paste then she lathers and scrubs onto her body.

CUT TO:

Michelle emulsifying a handful of coconut oil on her hands before slathering it on her legs as a shaving lotion like she's in a hurry. She begins to shave her legs at an abnormally fast pace. Once she hits her shin, she accidentally cuts herself with the razor.

MICHELLE

Ah... Shit!

There's blood.

She reaches over to the bathroom cabinet. Almost falling out of the oil slicked tub but she catches her balance and yanks a bottle of hydrogen peroxide from the cabinet. She pours it on the wound. It foams.

MICHELLE

Ouch!

She grabs her towel, covers herself and gets out of the tub.

CUT TO:

Michelle in the bathroom mirror inspecting a bottle of 30% glycolic acid peel.

She fills the sink with baking soda then fills it with a shit load of baking soda.

She picks off a small piece of white gauze, saturates it with some of the acid peel and swipes it across her face. She sets the timer on her iPhone to 9 minutes.

CUT TO:

Michelle throwing the water/baking soda solution on her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Her face foams and she spends a full minute slashing the baking soda water on her face. Followed her cold water.

CUT TO:

She looks in the mirror and her face gets redder and redder. Panicked. She SHREIKS and scrummages through a drawer full of beauty products until she finds a tube of hydrocortisone on slathers a thick layer over her face.

She runs over out of the bathroom to the

INT. - LIVINGROOM - SAME

She grabs a bottle of red wine from her wine rack, then out of the front to

EXT. - HEATHER'S APARTMENT - SAME

Michelle knocks excitedly. She's a little disheveled.

Heather slowly opens the door in a silk robe and still wearing her nose bandages.

MICHELLE

HELP?!

HEATHER

I have company, what's up?

Michelle hands Heather the bottle of wine.

MICHELLE

He's coming.

HEATHER

Wait. What?!

MICHELLE

I got the bubble guts. He's an hour away.

Heather looks stunned. She takes the bottle of wine.

HEATHER

One sec.

Heather spins and disappears into her apartment.

Michelle bends down to inspect her face in the reflection on the shiny bronze. Her skin is still red. She panics.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Heather walks back out with a bottle of pills. She hands it to Michelle.

HEATHER

Take two. It's Ashwagandha. It's like natural valium. It'll relax you.

MICHELLE

Why can't you just give me a valium?

Michelle grabs the bottle.

HEATHER

Girl, bye!

Heather looks at the bandaid on Michelle's leg.

HEATHER

You shaved?

Michelle nods yes.

HEATHER

I thought you were gonna make him wait for it.

MICHELLE

I shaved my legs. Not my coochie.

Heather gives her a knowing look.

MICHELLE

I love you!

Heather closes the door as Michelle turns and runs back to her

INT. - MICHELLE'S KITCHEN - SAME

Michelle tosses two Ashwagandha pills in her mouth. She looks at the bottle then takes out and downs one more.

CUT TO:

INT. - MICHELLE'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Michelle and Fabrizio are sitting at the dining table. Smiling at one another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Michelle wears a pink satin slip dress. He's in grey sweats and an expensive looking t-shirt. They've just finished a meal.

FABRIZIO

Yeah well I'm tryna be Grandpa.

MICHELLE

(laughing)

What?! What does that even mean?

FABRIZIO

That means I want a happy, healthy marriage. My future wife and will create a beautiful life together and I have this vision of us sitting on our porch, sipping lemonade and watching our grandkids run around. I'm not messing that us for anybody.

Michelle stares at him, frozen. Not sure if she is in love or if he is too good to be true. She stares at him to find the answer then abruptly stands.

MICHELLE

Did you like the food?

He watches her curves as she turns and disappears into the kitchen with the dirty plates.

FABRIZIO

Loved it. Thank you.

Fabrizio shoves his hand in his pocket. Pulls out small bottle of organic peppermint breath freshening drops.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

I can't take full credit. I don't usually do vegan but Heather recommended the restaurant to me.

He dashes a couple of drops of the oil onto the back of his hand.

FABRIZIO

Heather?

He quickly licks the oil off of his hands and shoves the bottle back in his pocket.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

My neighbor. My friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Michelle reappears.

FABRIZIO

Nice.

Awkward silence.

FABRIZIO

As you know, I never knew my
father. That's part of the whole
"grandpa thing". Not trying to be
corny.

Michelle walks over to the table next to the sofa, she
leans over to a bouquet of pink roses on the table next
to her and inhales deeply.

MICHELLE

No. I think that's beautiful.

Michelle extends her hands out for him to come dance with
her. With his sexy and confident walk, he slowly
approaches her.

FABRIZIO

No music?

She shakes her head, no. He joins her in a dance. They
sway side to side.

He traces her face with his fingers.

MICHELLE

(blushing)
You shouldn't do that if we are
just friends.

He continues his tracing. She closes her eyes and takes
in the gentleness of his touch. He moves to her neck and
down to her clavicles then back up to her lips. She
smiles. Opens her eyes.

MICHELLE

I'm nervous.

FABRIZIO

Me too.

They go in for their first kiss. She stops and pulls her
face back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICHELLE

You don't mind that I'm damaged
goods?

They lock eyes for the last moment of innocence between them. They kiss. It's soft. It's sweet. Then it gets more passionate. More heated they lower down onto the sofa.

He kisses her neck. He hikes her dress up and takes her panties off. He softly rubs her vagina. She gasps and closes her eyes and moves to the rhythm.

Her eyes JOLT open like she's been scared out of a dream. He doesn't notice. She closes her eyes trying to get back into the rhythm.

She looks at him with a worried look. She looks at the flowers. She squeezes her eyes closed.

SERIES OF
FLASHBACKS

Images of different scenes in her mind collide. They weave in and out.

A crazy, rapid collage of images of Michelle being sexually assaulted. Men grabbing at her.

BOB Cocky light-brown skinned Black man and Michelle are in his corporate office. She has on professional attire. He grabs her pussy she looks distressed.

BACK TO PRESENT

She opens her eyes and moans louder. He begins to unbutton his pants. She squeezes her eyes closed.

BACK TO FLASHBACK

RASOUL, short dark-skinned black man at a club he has Michelle pressed against a wall. He tries to kiss her, she turns away. He's angry.

BACK TO PRESENT

Her eyes are wide open. Fabrizio is now sucking her breasts as he fingers her. Her mouth is open.

BACK TO FLASHBACK

Michelle asleep on a sofa in a nondescript home, the room is dark. Her body moves back and forth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

She awakens, turns and sees an empty wine bottle, empty glasses and then a man is behind her. Her pants are down, he's trusting in and out of her.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

(moaning)

Uh, uhhhh.

END OF FLASHBACKS

MATCH ON ACTION

Michelle moans. Then PUSHES him off of her.

Fabrizio jumps up.

MICHELLE

(sings)

Life has a funny funny waaaaaaay.

Fabrizio is caught off guard.

MICHELLE

(sings)

Don't you think. A little tooooo
IRONIC!

Awkward silence. He backs away.

She pops up to her feet. Panties still down to her ankles. She pulls them back on, lowers her dress, grabs a throw from the sofa and covers herself.

FABRIZIO

What is going on with you?

MICHELLE

I don't think the Ashwaghandha is
working.

She jumps up with the throw wrapped around her to cover her. He follows her into the

INT. - KITCHEN - SAME

She beelines for her boxed wine that sits on the counter. She grabs a coffee mug and fills it up He's right behind her.

FABRIZIO

Talk!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELLE

Do you want to know how the story
of the two people who met on
Facebook ends?

FABRIZIO

I want to know what's wrong?

MICHELLE

She tells him that she loves him.

FABRIZIO

Yea OK.

MICHELLE

I feel trapped.

He walks away. She awkwardly follows him with her throw
blanket and mug of wine in tow into the

INT. LIVINGROOM - SAME

He walks to the sofa and puts his shoes on.

MICHELLE

You know a publisher pulled out of
publishing my work in a huge
publication because I wouldn't let
him, "feel that"...

She points to her Vagina.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

... first?! That set me back
years!

He moves to the table and grabs his wallet from it, puts
it in his back pocket.

MICHELLE

And the guy who fucked me in my
sleep at a friends house party?!

He walks towards the back of the sofa where his overnight
bag is. He opens it. Walks over to the coffee table,
grabs his laptop that was folded there and puts it in is
bag.

MICHELLE

I had an investor pull out because
I wouldn't fuck?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes one more look around and walks to the towards the door. He breathing gets heavier.

MICHELLE

See, you don't listen! Why tell you? You're a HORRIBLE LISTENER!

He reaches the door, unlocks it, grabs the handle and she SCREAMS.

He runs to her and firmly grabs her shoulders.

FABRIZIO

(pleading)
What are you doing?

Both in despair.

FABRIZIO

Do you want someone to think I did something to you?

Michelle shakes her head no.

FABRIZIO

Someone will call the cops. Are you trying to get me killed?

She shakes her head no.

FABRIZIO

(breathing heavy -
whispering)

I hear you! I have issues too! I've been shot before, harassed by cops, etc. I have PTSD too. You aren't the only one who's gone through shit! I am sorry! But I'm not them! I HEAR YOU!

He begins to have an asthma attack.

He pulls out an asthma pump out of pocket. He puts the pump to his mouth and takes a deep inhale of the medication.

FABRIZIO

(through labored
breaths)

We are all damaged. But you'll never know love if you keep hiding behind that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She buries her face in his chest muffling another SCREAM.

He takes time to catch his breath. He inhales another pump of the medication. She backs away.

His breathing begins to steady. He reaches for her and she comes closer.

She kisses him. He closes his eyes. She closes hers. She slowly and seductively lowers the straps of her dress, lowering it, exposing her breasts.

He looks at her breasts then at her as his breathing steadies. He grabs her hands and places them to her sides. He lifts her straps and gently lifts the dress back up. He places the straps back onto her shoulders covering her breasts.

He kisses her forehead. They stare at one another.

FABRIZIO

I got you. I'm not gonna let you
fall.

The impact of those words and his gesture hit her very hard. She GASPS and is overcome with emotion like she's been waiting to hear this her whole life...

FADE TO BLACK.

We hear a soulful harmonica cover of *Ironie* by Alanis Morissette played by Fred Yonnet playing over black.

CREDITS

THE END.