

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A BLACK WOMAN  
(WHO MAY BE WORKING THROUGH SOME SHIT)

An Episodic Anthology Series

"Pilot"

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OVER BLACK, an ALARM blares.

INT. RASHIDA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

RASHIDA, 20s, outwardly self-possessed, aloof but not on purpose. Still half-asleep, she reaches over to silence her phone.

SOMEONE lies next to her in bed. When Rashida turns over --

It's a MALE SEX DOLL. Pretty life-like and vaguely resembles Idris Elba.

Rashida eyes the doll for a moment.

RASHIDA  
Doesn't feel appropriate today,  
does it?

Idris can only stare back at her. Over this, a TITLE CARD:

**"DADDY ISSUES"**

INT. RASHIDA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Rashida ransacks the closet until she finds a black sweater and black pants.

A quick glance around her tiny and messy studio apartment reveals clay sculptures. All are half-finished and probably never will be.

EXT. STREET - SOUTH END - BOSTON - DAY

An artsy, recently gentrified neighborhood.

Dressed in the all-black, Rashida exits her apartment, a brownstone that sits on a tree-lined street populated by other brick buildings.

INT. RASHIDA'S CAR - DAY

Rashida drives a hooptee that she's had since high school. She's fidgety, continually skips every song that plays, until finally she shuts off the radio.

She rolls down the window, breathes in the cold air to calm her nerves.

Her phone rings -- "MOM" on the caller ID. Rashida answers, speaks right away.

RASHIDA  
I didn't pick it up yet.  
(listens)  
Okay, bye

She hangs up impatiently.

INT. UPS STORE - DAY

Rashida hands over a PIECE OF PAPER to the overeager YOUNG EMPLOYEE behind the counter. He types into the computer.

YOUNG EMPLOYEE  
Says here your package is at a  
different location.

RASHIDA  
What...?

YOUNG EMPLOYEE  
Let me give you the address.

Rashida's suddenly flustered.

RASHIDA  
I was told to pick it up here.

He slides the paper back, offers a polite smile.

YOUNG EMPLOYEE  
They're open 'til 6PM.

Nothing left to say, Rashida walks out.

INT. RASHIDA'S CAR - DAY

On Rashida, agitated. She reaches into the glove compartment...

And pulls out a VIBRATOR. A beat as she considers. Then she decides against it and puts the toy back. She doesn't feel right doing this, not today.

INT. ANOTHER UPS STORE - DAY

Same as before, Rashida hands over the paper and waits. OLDER EMPLOYEE, doesn't give a fuck, doesn't look up.

OLDER EMPLOYEE  
It's at the sorting facility.

Rashida blinks at him.

RASHIDA  
What's that mean?

OLDER EMPLOYEE  
(still not making eye  
contact)  
Pick it up there today, or come  
back here when we get it.

Rashida surprises herself, and everyone else, when she YELLS  
back --

RASHIDA  
I paid for my package to be  
delivered to a convenient location  
today.

She catches herself when she realizes the room is watching.  
Even Older Employee looks up. Embarrassed, Rashida rips the  
paper from him and hurries out.

INT. RASHIDA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The glove compartment, as Rashida pulls out the vibrator  
again. There's no hesitation this time -- she unbuttons her  
pants and presses the ON button.

But it won't start.

Rashida reacts, then tosses it aside. She reaches for her  
purse and to our surprise pulls out ANOTHER VIBRATOR,  
although one that's smaller, more discreet.

This may seem odd but in the same way that some people smoke  
or drink or exercise to take the edge off, Rashida copes by  
getting off. There's no shame here.

Except this vibrator is also not working.

Rashida can't understand what's happening. She feels herself  
start to panic. She decides she'll have to make do.

She takes the smaller vibrator and inserts it -- she'll go at  
it manually. Closing her eyes, she tries to get into it. But  
it's not the same and after a moment, she removes this  
vibrator and throws it aside too.

Overwhelmed, Rashida SLAMS the steering wheel repeatedly with  
her fist, until a CALL from her mother interrupts the  
meltdown. She hits IGNORE.

INT. UPS SORTING FACILITY - DAY

Rashida stands in line, restless. When it's her turn she hands over the paper without a word.

This employee, a KINDLY WOMAN, disappears to the back. Moments later, she returns empty-handed. As soon as Rashida sees, before the woman speaks --

RASHIDA

I'm not leaving without my package.

Kindly Woman's taken aback.

KINDLY WOMAN

I'm sorry, it won't arrive until tomorrow.

RASHIDA

Then I'll wait.

KINDLY WOMAN

Tomorrow...

Rashida's officially lost it.

RASHIDA

Guess I'll sleep here then. Is that okay?

Kindly Woman doesn't know what to say.

As a CUSTOMER behind Rashida pipes up --

CUSTOMER

Lady the rest of us would like to get our shit...

Rashida wheels to look at him.

RASHIDA

Go fuck yourself.

Other customers whisper, laugh.

Meanwhile Kindly Woman nervously signals to someone behind Rashida. As a SECURITY GUARD heads toward her --

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER

Rashida sits in the car, keys in the engine but she won't start it. She doesn't move for a while.

Then she notices the DEAD VIBRATORS on the floor, and in a fit of rage, grabs and chucks them out the window.

As the tears come. Rashida's bewildered by this rush of emotion. She cries like she might break.

As her eyes land on the HANDBRAKE.

A moment of decision. Rashida looks around to make sure there is no one else in the garage.

Then, she moves to straddle the handbrake -- and starts rhythmically moving back and forth.

We hear FOOTSTEPS, VOICES of people coming into the garage, the BEEP of a nearby car being unlocked. But Rashida doesn't stop. She desperately needs this release --

Until a CAR ALARM goes off somewhere and spooks her.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Rashida drinks alone, tears dried on her face. Her phone lights up with another CALL from her mother. She ignores it again.

As an OLDER MAN appears next to her. SAM, 60s, very well-dressed, kind eyes.

SAM

Are you alright, miss?

Rashida doesn't acknowledge him. Sam hovers.

SAM (CONT'D)

Don't mean to bother you. But I have daughters, and if they were crying in a bar somewhere, I hope someone would ask if they were alright.

\*  
\*

Rashida, surprised by this, finally looks up.

INT. BAR - BOOTH - A LITTLE LATER

Rashida sits with Sam. Neither one speaks at first, until --

RASHIDA

This is weird... my father just died.

SAM

I'm sorry.

RASHIDA

Well that's not what's weird.

People die.

(off his look)

What I mean is, you came up to me  
and mentioned your daughters...

(then)

He walked out when I was seven.

Rashida starts rambling.

\*

RASHIDA (CONT'D)

I never saw him again... I don't  
know why I'm so upset. It's not  
like I miss him. You can't miss  
something you never had.

\*

\*

\*

Sam just listens patiently.

\*

RASHIDA (CONT'D)

\*

Last week I got the call... from  
the Providence police. All this  
time he's been like an hour away.  
Granted he was homeless but  
still... I go to Providence all the  
time. I could have run into him on  
the street.

\*

\*

\*

\*

(then)

I don't know why, but when they  
called, I thought I should claim  
him.

SAM

That's honorable.

RASHIDA

I guess. My mom doesn't think so.  
She said she wishes she'd been able  
to curse him out one last time.

SAM

(laughs)

I think that's fair too. But I  
imagine your father had his reasons  
for leaving.

(off her look)

I'm not defending him.

Rashida flares.

RASHIDA

Except, you are. I've spent my life chasing him. Then he dies, and in what I have to assume to be some cosmic joke, I spent the entire day chasing down his ashes.

She shuts down, stares into her drink. Then Sam quietly admits --

SAM

When my wife passed, I didn't think I'd ever get out of bed again.

Rashida eyes him, softens.

RASHIDA

I'm sorry...

SAM

It's okay. I remembered something she'd say to our girls anytime some boy broke their hearts. That you can find love everywhere.

Rashida watches him, really takes him in, confused by the mix of feelings pulsing through her -- she's sad and exhilarated all at once.

INT. BAR - BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Rashida takes in her appearance in the mirror. She didn't realize she looked like a mess. She smooths her unruly edges, applies lip gloss, spritzes perfume.

INT. BAR - BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Rashida returns from the restroom to find the booth where she left Sam empty. She deflates -- until she sees him walking over from the bar.

SAM

I got your tab.

RASHIDA

You didn't have to do that.

Sam waves it off. Rashida sits but he remains standing.

SAM

I should head home soon.



RASHIDA

Oh, um, okay... I thought maybe...

Rashida doesn't have any experience doing this so she just goes for it. She rests her hand on Sam's crotch in front of her.

RASHIDA (CONT'D)

My dad's dead and I just want to be fucked.

An uncomfortable beat.

Then Sam gently, and wordlessly, lifts her hand away from his crotch.

Rashida's so stunned and embarrassed that she leaps from her seat to get out of there. But she awkwardly trips. Sam moves to help her up, she swats him away, and once on her feet she runs for the door.

INT. RASHIDA'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

The bed, where there's movement underneath the covers, followed by heavy breathing and moaning. Until finally the sound of Rashida climaxing.

After a moment she emerges, flushed.

And underneath her -- Idris, with his blank-eyed expression.

INT. RASHIDA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Rashida, asleep and snuggling Idris.

There's RATTLING against the door, which wakes her. She realizes someone is trying to enter her apartment. The LOCK turns --

Rashida leaps up. She grabs Idris and shoves him under the bed.

Just as the door opens and in walks -- FLORENCE, 50s, generous and unreserved. She's Haitian and speaks with an accent. This is Rashida's mother. She throws her daughter a pointed look as she immediately busies herself in the kitchen area.

Rashida goes to her, annoyed.

RASHIDA

I was sleeping.

FLORENCE  
It's the middle of the day.

RASHIDA  
The spare key is for emergencies,  
not for you to drop by whenever.

FLORENCE  
You haven't answered any of my  
calls. I wasn't sure if you were  
alive.

Rashida knows why her mother is really here.

RASHIDA  
I didn't get it.

Florence pauses.

FLORENCE  
Oh. Do you want to talk...?

RASHIDA  
It wasn't there. I'm going back  
today.

FLORENCE  
Would you like me to come with you?

RASHIDA  
Mom, it's fine. You don't have to  
deal with him...

She trails off. Florence stares at her daughter for a beat.

FLORENCE  
Rashida, your father and I were  
rarely honest with one another.  
(off Rashida)  
But... his passing... it's made me  
realize that you and I shouldn't  
keep secrets.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A flash of panic on Rashida, her eyes flick to the bed --  
*does her mother know about Idris?*

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
I need to tell you something.

Rashida shifts, suddenly worried.

RASHIDA  
Oh god. You're dying too.

FLORENCE

What? No.

RASHIDA

Mom, do you have cancer?

FLORENCE

I'm not dying, Rashida. I'm seeing someone.

Rashida takes a moment to process that.

RASHIDA

Like, a man?

FLORENCE

Yes, a man.

RASHIDA

Since when?

FLORENCE

(thinks)

Maybe five months now.

RASHIDA

Five months?!

FLORENCE

I wasn't sure that it would lead to anything.

RASHIDA

I see you all the time, Mom, when do you date?

FLORENCE

I met him on Match.com.

Rashida stares at her mother.

RASHIDA

You did not set up a dating profile. You can barely text.

FLORENCE

One of the girls at work did it for me.

Rashida doesn't know what else to say. Florence marches on --

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
 It's always been just you and me,  
 so this feels completely foreign.  
 But I've fallen for him...

Rashida feels like her head might explode.

RASHIDA  
 Okay, who is this man?

FLORENCE  
 You'll meet him. I promise. We're  
 figuring things out. But, I suppose  
 I just want you to know that I'm  
 really happy. I haven't felt this  
 type of joy in a very long time.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

Off Rashida's half-smile...

INT. RASHIDA'S APARTMENT - LATER

On Rashida, the smile gone. She gets dressed as she talks to  
 someone off screen.

RASHIDA  
 In what world does it make any  
 sense? She's old!

Reveal she's ranting to Idris, back in his spot in her bed.

RASHIDA (CONT'D)  
 It isn't fair. I've been single  
 since I was like... twelve.

Then the DOORBELL RINGS. Rashida sighs, sends Idris back  
 under the bed.

A moment later she answers the door to a DELIVERY GUY. He  
 hands her a SMALL PACKAGE, holds out the scanner for her to  
 sign. Rashida does, then looks at the return address on the  
 package. She immediately knows what this is.

INT. RASHIDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The package is set on the kitchen counter, unopened.

Rashida sits staring at it. She's paralyzed.

INT. RASHIDA'S APARTMENT - LATER

She works on a sculpture, trying not to look at the package. It's almost taunting her.

INT. RASHIDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rashida, in pajamas and hair wrapped up, climbs into bed with Idris. She notes the package, still on the counter, and turns away from it, forces her eyes closed.

*But how do you sleep with your estranged dead father in the kitchen?*

She gets up, takes the package and places it inside one of the cabinets, out of sight. Then she lies back down, throws the covers over her head.

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY

Rashida sits on a bench looking out at Duck Pond. The package is next to her, unopened still.

As Florence walks up and joins her.

RASHIDA

I didn't know what to do.

Florence picks up the package and gently opens it. Rashida watches, anxious. As Florence reveals a cheap URN. They stare at it for a moment, without speaking.

Then Rashida signals toward the pond, wistful.

RASHIDA (CONT'D)

One of my favorite memories is how he'd bring me to feed the ducks.

\*

Florence throws her daughter a look.

FLORENCE

You mean how he left you with the ducks.

RASHIDA

He left me here? When?

FLORENCE

All the time. He would call me from a pay phone. "Come get your child." And disappear again.

Florence sucks her teeth -- clearly she too has unresolved issues with this man. But when she sees how upset Rashida is, she tries to walk it back.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

This is a nice thing you're doing.

But Rashida's heartbroken by this latest revelation about her dad. She picks up the urn and rises.

RASHIDA

Let's just get it over with.

Florence watches as Rashida walks toward the pond, opens the urn, and in one swift motion tosses the ashes out. They unceremoniously float down. Just like that, it's done.

She returns to the bench. The two women sit in silence for a while, unsure how to feel. Then --

FLORENCE

I'm sorry I didn't choose right.

RASHIDA

Oh my god, Mom.

Rashida pulls her mother into an embrace. They hold each other.

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - BACK BAY - DAY

Loud eatery that looks as though it was designed specifically for Instagram.

Rashida, in server attire and carrying a tray of drinks, weaves around tables.

As she moves past TWO WOMEN, she overhears --

WOMAN

Maybe your pussy is protesting men.  
It's the time we're living in...

Rashida reacts, amused.

INT. RASHIDA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Rashida works on a sculpture. There's a previously unseen lightness in her. She admires her nearly-finished work.

EXT. FLORIST - NIGHT

Rashida, a skip in her step, walks out with a FLOWER BOUQUET.

EXT. HAITIAN RESTAURANT - MATTAPAN - NIGHT

A heavily-immigrant neighborhood with Caribbean-owned shops and African hair salons.

Rashida leaves the restaurant with TAKEOUT.

INT. FLORENCE'S APARTMENT - MATTAPAN - NIGHT

Rashida lets herself into her mother's modest apartment with a spare key. It's quiet.

She places the food on the kitchen counter, along with a CARD: "Thank you, Mom."

She moves to the sink, checks underneath and retrieves a vase, which she fills with water. Then she unravels the bouquet, starts trimming the flowers and arranging them.

Without much thought, leaning on the sink, she starts rubbing up against it, slowly. Until she senses a presence --

Rashida turns to find a SHIRTLESS MAN standing there. She jumps, drops the flowers.

Then, recognition -- it's SAM, the older man from the bar.

Rashida's confused. So is Sam.

SAM  
We've met...?

He starts picking up the flowers. Rashida is too shocked to move.

As Florence walks in through the front door, home from work. She stops in the entryway and takes in the scene.

Rashida looks between the shirtless man, and her mother who is half-smiling.

Florence comes into the kitchen, touches Sam's arm.

FLORENCE  
I suppose it's time you two met.

As Rashida's gaze moves from her mother, to Sam...

PRELAP THE SOUNDS OF SEX.

We're --

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A bachelor pad, and over the sounds a new TITLE CARD:

**"LESBIHONEST"**

As we land on the bed.

MAXINE, 30s, bright and assertive, fucks SEAN, 30s. It's sexy and unrestrained.

A LITTLE LATER

Finished, Sean lies in bed and watches Maxine get hurriedly dressed.

SEAN  
You got somewhere to be?

MAXINE  
Uh huh.

We follow her into the bathroom, where she fixes up her hair, touches up her makeup.

When she returns to the bedroom, Sean stares at her.

SEAN  
Why the fake name?

MAXINE  
What?

As Maxine notices that her HANDBAG is open next to him.

MAXINE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck, you went through my bag?

She snatches it from him.

SEAN  
You didn't say anything about yourself.

MAXINE  
I just met you an hour ago.



SEAN  
(astonished)  
You fucked me.

MAXINE  
Yeah, and...?

Maxine makes a face like he's an idiot for saying that.

EXT. STREET - BACK BAY - DAY

Upscale neighborhood of Boston with high-end stores and Victorian-style homes.

An UBER pulls up and Maxine climbs in.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - LATER

Maxine leads a lesbian couple on a walk through -- AYA, 30s, chill, and JORDAN, 30s, the complete opposite.

Jordan points at a window with a small crack in it that's been covered up by paper.

JORDAN  
That'll be fixed?

MAXINE  
Yes.

JORDAN  
Our wedding's in five days.

MAXINE  
I'm aware.

Aya looks between them, chooses to stay out of it.

Jordan has already found another problem.

JORDAN  
When will the floors be polished?

MAXINE  
The night before. It's all taken care of.

JORDAN  
But --

MAXINE  
Not too shiny --

JORDAN  
That doesn't look good in pictures.

MAXINE  
It will be the right amount of  
shininess.

Aya finally steps in.

AYA  
(to Jordan)  
Babe, go to your meeting. We'll  
finish up here.

Jordan reluctantly nods, gives Aya a kiss.

JORDAN  
I'll check in later.

She struts off. Maxine doesn't let her annoyance show. But Aya notices.

AYA  
Be honest. You can't wait for this  
to be over so you can kick us out  
of your life.

Maxine smiles.

MAXINE  
Actually, y'all aren't the worst  
clients I've ever had.

AYA  
Really?

MAXINE  
You might be a close second though.

They share a laugh. Then a lingering gaze.

Maxine looks away.

MAXINE (CONT'D)  
I should go check on the rooms  
upstairs.

She's about to leave when Aya takes her arm to stop her. Maxine notes this.

AYA  
I hope you know we appreciate you.  
You've seen us at our worst...  
you're pretty much family now.

Maxine isn't sure what to say.

MAXINE

Thanks.

Another moment passes between them, then --

AYA

Come to our bachelorette party.

MAXINE

I don't think that would be appropriate.

AYA

You're coming. I'll text you the details.

Maxine watches her move off.

INT. PRUDENTIAL CENTER - DAY

Maxine, several shopping bags in hand. There's both exhilaration and regret on her face -- shopping brings her temporary happiness, but it also leaves her feeling empty.

INT. PRUDENTIAL CENTER - EATALY - DAY

Maxine eats alone. She's eyeing various men, especially those who are also dining solo. She finally lasers in on a businessman talking on the phone -- KURT, 30s.

Maxine gets up and walks by Kurt, close enough to brush up against him with her bags. Kurt looks up to meet her eyes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Maxine and Kurt fuck. As he gets close he shouts her "name" --

KURT

Oh fuck Jane! Fuck... fuuccckk!

A LITTLE LATER

Maxine, as before, immediately gets dressed. Kurt notes the shopping bags.

KURT

That's what my wife does all day.

Maxine takes him in for a moment.

MAXINE

I have to ask. Why stay married if  
you plan on messing around?

KURT

How do you know I mess around?  
Maybe you're special.

Maxine rolls her eyes, but she's charmed by him. Kurt  
considers her question.

KURT (CONT'D)

I like sharing a life with someone.  
(off her skeptical look)  
No, seriously. I enjoy coming home  
to my wife.

MAXINE

When was the last time you fucked  
her?

Kurt thinks for a moment.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

You can't even remember.

KURT

Have you been married?

MAXINE

No.

KURT

Then you can't possibly understand.  
I love her. I do everything for  
her. Sex with other women is just  
that.

MAXINE

I do understand, that it's all  
bullshit. If people were just  
honest with each other, you  
wouldn't be cheating on your wife,  
and she wouldn't spend her days  
shopping to fill the void.

\*

KURT

(re Maxine's shopping bags)  
So what void are you filling?

\*

\*

Maxine ignores that question. Kurt watches her.

\*

KURT (CONT'D)

I take it you don't believe in marriage.

\*

Maxine shakes her head, no.

KURT (CONT'D)

Let me guess. You're one of those career woman who doesn't need a man. What're you, some type of lawyer?

MAXINE

(laughs)

You sound a little bitter.

(then)

Wedding planner, actually.

\*

\*

\*

Kurt raises an eyebrow.

KURT

So you're a masochist?

Maxine laughs, then explains --

MAXINE

It's pretty much like putting together an elaborate party. It's great business, actually. Lots of people have fallen for the fairytale.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

A bachelorette party for Aya and Jordan, with about a dozen other women drinking and singing karaoke.

Maxine arrives. Out of nowhere a cheery Jordan pulls her in for a hug.

JORDAN

I'm so happy to see you!

Jordan moves off, leaving Maxine confused. Aya walks up, laughing.

AYA

She's way friendlier when she's drunk.

Then they hug too. Maybe for a moment too long. When they pull apart --

AYA (CONT'D)  
You look nice.

MAXINE  
So do you.

An awkward beat, which they cover by watching Jordan dancing on a table.

MAXINE (CONT'D)  
Why aren't you up there?

AYA  
(laughs)  
I'm good.

Maxine eyes Aya, notes her nerves.

MAXINE  
Are you?

Aya hesitates, but after a moment she quietly admits --

AYA  
I love Jordan, with all my heart.  
But, I've always been independent.  
I mean, I've lived on my own since  
I was sixteen. I guess I just can't  
believe that in two days I'm gonna  
be a wife. That word, it's fucking  
scary.

Maxine considers this, then offers --

MAXINE  
I think it's brave. Giving yourself  
to someone.

Aya takes that in, smiles. Then --

AYA  
Take a shot with me?

A LITTLE LATER

The bachelorette party is in full swing. Jordan drunkenly sings karaoke with her bridesmaids. Maxine sits with Aya, both of them also drunk, watching Jordan.

MAXINE  
I wish I'd seen this side of Jordan  
earlier. Maybe I would have liked  
her.

Aya lets out a shocked laugh. Maxine realizes what she just said.

MAXINE (CONT'D)  
I didn't mean that.

AYA  
Yeah you did. But it's cool, she doesn't like you either.

They're both laughing. Then --

AYA (CONT'D)  
What about you? Anyone special in your life? Jordan's got lots of single cousins coming to the wedding. Southern men, they'll treat you right.

MAXINE  
I'm not looking at the moment.

AYA  
Were you recently in a relationship?

MAXINE  
No. Actually, I've never been in one.

AYA  
That's interesting. Why?

Maxine considers.

MAXINE  
I don't know.

AYA  
Maybe you haven't met the right person.

MAXINE  
Trust me, I've been with plenty of men.

AYA  
Oh? Okay now I'm curious. So you date a lot?

MAXINE  
Hmm... more like, one night stands.

AYA

I would have never guessed that about you. From where, Tinder?

MAXINE

God, no. Just, on the street.

AYA

Seriously?

MAXINE

Yeah... everyday I'll pick a place and hang out there, and, you know, take one home.

(off Aya's shocked look)

Well not to my home... they could be a stalker or something.

AYA

You have sex with a different man every day?

MAXINE

Is that excessive?

Aya's staring at her.

AYA

I mean, I'm not judging...

MAXINE

Have you ever been with a man?

(then)

I'm sorry, was that inappropriate?

AYA

No. And no, I haven't.

MAXINE

Never?

AYA

Never.

MAXINE

You've never even been curious?

AYA

Not at all. Have you?

MAXINE

Been with a woman? Nope. I like dick too much, obviously.

\*  
\*



Aya laughs at that.

AYA  
You'll find someone. You're so  
beautiful, Maxine.

It may be an innocent compliment. But for Maxine, everything  
goes still for a moment. *Is it the alcohol?*

Jordan interrupts, drunkenly pulls Aya toward the stage.

JORDAN  
Baby let's do a duet.

Aya follows her. As Maxine watches Aya...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The door opens and Maxine leads JASON, 20s, inside. He takes  
in the room.

JASON  
This is nice. Should we have a  
drink?

But Maxine wants to cut to the chase. She needs to prove  
something to herself. She immediately pulls Jason in for a  
kiss, they make their way to the bed and soon clothes are  
coming off.

As Jason slips on a condom, positions himself on top of her --  
After a moment, he makes a face. Maxine notices.

MAXINE  
What's wrong?

JASON  
I can't get it in.

MAXINE  
What?

JASON  
Are you a virgin?

Maxine almost laughs.

MAXINE  
Are you sure you know how to find  
my vagina?

Jason's offended by this. He tries harder to shove it in.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Um... ow!

Maxine pushes him off of her.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you trying to do  
down there?

JASON

(frustrated)

She won't let me in.

Maxine reacts.

MAXINE

I'm gonna need you not to talk like  
that...

She moves to get on top of him to handle business herself.

A long beat. Nothing happens. Maxine is mortified.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

That's... weird...

Jason pouts.

JASON

Why won't she let me in?!

INT. PRUDENTIAL CENTER - DAY

\*

Maxine carries more shopping bags. But this time there is no  
exhilaration. She just looks a hot mess.

\*

\*

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - DAY

Find Maxine lunching with her friend SHEILA, 30s.

We'll recognize this as Rashida's place of work.

Normally Maxine would never share this, but her world has  
been turned upside down.

MAXINE

I don't know how else to describe  
it. It just clamped shut.

SHEILA

Was he too big?

MAXINE  
Definitely not.

SHEILA  
Huh. Maybe your pussy is protesting  
men. It's the time we're living in.

As Rashida passes by with the tray of drinks, like we saw  
earlier.

MAXINE  
I should call my gynecologist.

SHEILA  
But as you know, our bodies work in  
sync with our hearts. Maybe deep  
down you didn't want to do it and  
your body literally rejected him.

MAXINE  
Yeah, maybe...

SHEILA  
Is there something going on in your  
life?

\*  
\*

On Maxine, knowing very well that there is.

\*

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Aya, in her wedding gown, paces the room, phone pressed to  
her ear.

The door opens and Maxine enters. Aya's angry but relieved.

AYA  
Where have you been? I called you  
all morning.

Maxine doesn't say anything.

AYA (CONT'D)  
Is Jordan ready? We're not supposed  
to see each other...

Aya finally notices the state Maxine is in. She's sweating  
and appears completely frazzled. Aya goes up to her.

\*

AYA (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

And Maxine KISSES Aya. It lasts only a few seconds but when  
it ends, Maxine is electrified.

\*  
\*

Aya, though, stares at her, stunned.

\*

Maxine can't believe she just did that. Then the words spill out of her, because they can no longer be held in. She trembles as she speaks.

\*

\*

MAXINE

This is crazy... I don't know  
what's happening to me... I feel  
like... like something inside is  
bursting. And it doesn't matter how  
much I shop... or fuck... at times  
it's felt like it might kill me.

\*

\*

\*

\*

On Aya, trying to follow.

AYA

Okay...

MAXINE

And it all started when I met you.

Aya doesn't know what to say. Maxine forges ahead.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

I'm never honest with anyone. Not  
family... not my friends.  
Definitely not with men. But the  
other night... it finally clicked.  
I guess... for the first time in my  
life, I'm telling the truth.

\*

\*

\*

Maxine catches her breath, then --

\*

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Call it off.

\*

\*

Aya reacts, thrown.

Off Maxine, her heart on the line...

PRELAP THE SOUND OF A SNOW PLOW TRUCK.

We're --

EXT. STREET - SOUTH END - MORNING

The same tree-lined street in "Daddy Issues" although we may not recognize it because it's buried in a few feet of SNOW.

As we get another TITLE CARD:

**"I'VE BEEN A BAD GIRL"**

A PLOW enters frame, trying to clear the roads with little luck as the snow continues to come down.

INT. NORA AND EDWIN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

NORA, 30s, free-spirited. She looks out the window but can barely see anything because it's almost entirely covered.

Her husband EDWIN, 30s, earnest, walks in from the bedroom.

NORA  
We can't go anywhere.

He joins her to look at the street.

EDWIN  
What should we do?

Nora gives him a flirty look. \*

NORA  
I could think of a few things... \*

INT. NORA AND EDWIN'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS - DAY

Nora and Edwin have sex in various rooms. All kinds of positions. They're completely uninhibited.

During this, we glimpse their lives from pictures that fill the home. A prom photo that indicates they're high school sweethearts. The two of them wearing Harvard Law sweatshirts. Their recent island wedding, surrounded by family. They are the perfect, bougie couple.

INT. NORA AND EDWIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Find them lying on the floor of the living room, worn out.

EDWIN  
When's the food get here?

NORA  
They said two hours.

EDWIN  
I'm pretty sure we've exhausted every position known to man.

NORA  
We should start over.

EDWIN

Do you think our neighbors also  
spent the day fucking?

NORA

Should we invite them to join?

(Off Edwin's curious look)

Calm down, I'm joking.

\*

EDWIN

You sure? Because that chick who  
just moved in on the third floor...

NORA

Of course you'd go for the white  
girl with the oversized ass.

EDWIN

Oversized?

NORA

It's way too big for her body.

EDWIN

It's okay, I like your little ass  
too.

She playfully smacks him. Edwin gets up to get a glass of  
water. Nora watches him for a moment.

NORA

I have an idea. It's a little out  
there.

EDWIN

What is it?

There's hesitation from Nora.

NORA

I don't know how you'll take it.

EDWIN

After all the freaky things we've  
done?

Nora doesn't know how to broach it so she just blurts out --

NORA

Can we do a rape fantasy?

Off Edwin's startled look...

INT. NORA AND EDWIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Edwin now sits on the couch, processing. Nora stands in front of him, tries to explain.

NORA

Many women fantasize about it. It's just, you don't tell people because then they think that you secretly want to be raped.

\*  
\*  
\*

EDWIN

Is that not what you're asking?

\*

NORA

It's not actual rape because I'm consenting. Sometimes you just want your man to take you by surprise and toss you around and fuck you.

Edwin considers for a moment.

EDWIN

How long have you had these thoughts?

NORA

Why are you saying it like that?

EDWIN

Just trying to understand, that's all. You caught me off guard.

\*  
\*

NORA

I guess, since I started having sex.

EDWIN

So since you were, what, fourteen? Jesus Christ.

NORA

See this is why I didn't want to tell you. Because now you think I'm crazy.

\*  
\*

EDWIN

I didn't say you were crazy.

\*

NORA

But you're thinking it. What about the things you want me to do? Some people might find it weird that you're attracted to a cartoon.

\*  
\*

EDWIN

It's not a cartoon, it's anime. And that's not the same thing as what you're asking.

NORA

It's exactly the same. It's a fantasy.

Edwin considers.

EDWIN

I'm hearing you. I am. It's just unexpected.

NORA

You know what? Forget it.

EDWIN

Nora...

NORA

It freaked you out. Forget it.

Annoyed, she goes into the bedroom and shuts the door.

INT. NORA AND EDWIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Nora lies in bed, reading, when the door opens.

Edwin appears wearing a SKI MASK.

Nora stares, then bursts out laughing.

NORA

You look like a bank robber.

Edwin pulls off the mask.

EDWIN

Tell me what you want.

INT. NORA AND EDWIN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Nora stands in the kitchen, washing dishes, when a HOODED FIGURE appears behind her and grabs her. She screams as he pulls her toward the bedroom. But he isn't aggressive -- he sort of guides her forward.

Nora becomes impatient.



NORA  
Okay, stop.

Edwin stops, takes off his hoodie.

EDWIN  
What's the problem now?

NORA  
You have to be more forceful.

He's frustrated too.

EDWIN  
I'm doing exactly what you asked.

NORA  
But you're being polite.

EDWIN  
How am I being polite?

NORA  
You have to really grab me. Like,  
be a man --

She catches herself too late.

\*

Edwin darkens. Everything stops and it's as if the air has  
been sucked out of the room.

NORA (CONT'D)  
I didn't mean...

EDWIN  
You did.

An ugly beat. An old wound has resurfaced. Nora tries to  
touch him but he recoils.

NORA  
Baby, please...

EDWIN  
So you didn't think I was man  
enough when, barely into our  
marriage, you fucked old dude from  
your job.

As that lands. Nora's in tears.

EDWIN (CONT'D)  
Now, apparently, it's because I'm  
not raping you.

NORA  
That's not fair.

EDWIN  
You know what's not fucking fair?  
Having to constantly prove to my  
wife that I'm a man.

Without another word, Edwin grabs his coat hanging by the door, pulls on his boots and steps outside, slamming the door behind him. Off a distraught Nora.

A FEW HOURS LATER

Nora has cracked a window open. She smokes a joint, blows the smoke out the window. She strains to look down both sides of the street. No sign of Edwin.

INT. NORA AND EDWIN'S APARTMENT - LATER

The front door opens and Edwin walks in. The apartment is quiet. He shakes the snow off his boots, takes off his coat. He makes his way through the kitchen to the bedroom door, which is ajar. He pushes it open to find --

Nora sitting on the bed, dressed like the anime character "Asuna Yuuki" -- blonde wig, a short white and red dress with matching cape.

NORA  
Kirito, my love. I've been waiting  
for you all day.

\*

Edwin remains in the doorway, watching her.

\*

Nora leans back, parts her legs. An invitation.

Finally Edwin approaches, and without a word he flips Nora onto her stomach. A little too aggressively. He immediately begins having sex with her from behind.

Nora's taken aback by his force. But she tries to stay in the fantasy.

NORA (CONT'D)  
I thought Commander Heathcliff had  
killed you...

As suddenly Edwin SPANKS her, hard, over and over and over. We can't tell if he's angry or enjoying this, or both.

Nora, startled, lies there, her face unreadable.

It's erotic and fucked up all at once.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The sun's come out. Snow has been plowed off the roads and pushed to the side. The neighborhood has returned to life.

Nora and Edwin step out of their brownstone. Something has shifted here. But for now they walk down the street, side by side.

As they move past another brownstone, a FIGURE in one of the windows catches our attention. We linger here, before pushing in for a closer look --

It's IDRIS, sitting by the window, staring out at the world.

THE END