

**YELLOW**

"Stung"

EPISODE 101

Written by

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Story by

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Directed by

Donald Glover

Full Yellow Draft: 3/09/22  
Full Pink Draft: 2/23//22  
Full Blue Draft: 2/18/22  
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**YELLOW**  
EPISODE 101  
"Stung"  
Full Yellow Draft  
03/09/22

**CAST**

ANDREA "DRE".....DOMINIQUE FISHBACK  
MARISSA.....CHLOE BAILEY  
KHALID.....DAMSON IDRIS  
ERICA.....KAREN RODRIGUEZ  
CAESAR.....CHRISTOPHER AVILA  
VAISHNAVI.....GEETA S. MUNSHI  
BLACK MOM.....PAM TROTTER  
MARCUS.....RORY CULKIN  
NURSE.....NICOLE MANGI  
LITTLE BLACK GIRL.....ZOEY JAE COLLINS  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR.....DERRICK TUGGLE

**BACKGROUND**

MALL-GOERS  
CUSTOMER  
GRANDMOTHER  
FUNERAL-GOERS  
PROFESSIONAL MOVERS

1            **OVER BLACK:**

1

Houston, Texas. April 2016.

\*

FADE UP:

\*

The sound of rushing air. Almost like you're stuck in a wind tunnel.

\*

Then :

The contoured back of a **gorgeous figure** slowly starts to materialize. The figure is suspended in mid-air.

It's otherworldly. Beautiful. Mesmerizing. Strange. It folds in on it's self. It feels like a kaleidoscope.

A low buzz drones through this entire sight.

The figure in front of us starts to reverberate -- it turns into something bigger -- larger -- it pulses into bright light -- insane color -- it's scary and beautiful -- it devours itself and turns into something otherworldly. Think of those "accurate" angel depictions.

CUT TO:

\*

2 INT. DRE'S BEDROOM - APARTMENT - THIRD WARD, HOUSTON - DAY 2

Reality: **ANDREA**, "**Dre**", (20s) opens her eyes. She sits on a twin-size bed in a cramped room.

Dre takes out her earbuds and we hear the sounds of muffled sex.

3      **INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

3

Dre walks into her hallway and towards a bedroom door that's cracked open.

After a moment we see what Dre sees: **MARISSA (20s)** and **KHALID (20s)** having sex. Her head is in a pillow as his hand pins her down by the neck. \*

Neither of them sees Dre. Who continues to watch them.

She stares, almost like this is the first time she's seen anything like this.

Suddenly, Khalid sees Dre. \*

They lock eyes while he continues to have sex with Marissa, who doesn't know she's being watched.

Dre and Khalid's stare lingers for a moment before Dre walks away. He finishes as she walks into the kitchen.

4      **INT. KITCHEN - APARTMENT - DAY**

4

Dre opens the fridge. There's a box of cheap beer, a half-eaten container of yogurt and a super ripe banana. Dre picks at the banana and eats what's left of the yellow parts. \*

She throws away the rest of the banana and rotten yogurt and fishes through mail. A platinum CREDIT CARD addressed to her catches her eye. She eyes it. Dre then calmly puts on her shoes and leaves. \*

5      **EXT./INT. CORNER STORE - DAY**

5

Dre pulls out her earbuds and opens the door -- a handwritten sign reads, "CASH ONLY STORE".

Dre enters and locks eyes with **VAISHNAVI** behind the counter. The Woman watches Dre like a hawk.

Dre puts her debit card into the ATM machine. The cash comes out and she looks at her account. It's over-drafted. She now has negative money. \*

Dre quickly grabs a couple cans of baked beans, toothpaste, several bananas, a douche kit, skittles. She approaches the counter and starts to pay.

                         VAISHNAVI  
Your friend owes me money.

                         DRE  
What? \*

                         VAISHNAVI  
The one you're always with. She came in for extra wet banana-flavored condoms. Was short five dollars. \*

                         DRE  
I don't have five dollars. \*

Dre's phone buzzes. She checks it.

**Marissa:** Can you pick up food? I HAVE GOOD NEWS! \*

Dre drops money down and starts to grab her items when the Vaishnavi swats her hand away --

                         VAISHNAVI  
Pay or I'll call the cops.

Dre stares at her. She digs in her pocket and gives her the extra five dollars. \*

6

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

6

Dre comes in carrying the bag from the corner store and Frenchy's Chicken. Khalid is shirtless and playing a video game.

\*

KHALID

\*

There she go.

\*

Dre puts the bag of Frenchy's on the table. Khalid starts shoving food into his mouth.

KHALID (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Khalid eats a po'boy. Khalid is clearly eating Dre's food. Khalid offers Dre a beer from the fridge like it's his.

\*

KHALID (CONT'D)

You wanna beer?

\*

DRE

\*

I don't drink.

\*

KHALID

My bad.

Marissa runs in from the bedroom.

\*

MARISSA

\*

Guess who's doing Drama Queen's makeup for her Houston show?

\*

\*

DRE

\*

That's amazing!

\*

She runs over to hug Dre.

\*

MARISSA

\*

Her regular girl broke her hand in D.C. She might have me finish the rest of the tour! How crazy is that?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

DRE

\*

That's awesome.

\*

MARISSA

\*

Can you cover my shift for me tomorrow? The show starts at 9 but I have to be there at 8. You think you could close the shop and lock up?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

DRE  
Of course. I can do it.

MARISSA  
Look at us. Doing it big!

Marissa grabs a po'boy and notices Dre.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
Why aren't you eating?

Dre just stands there. Marissa looks at Khalid and puts two  
and two together.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
I'll cut my po'boy in half.

DRE  
No, I'm fine.

MARISSA  
Take my fries at least.

KHALID  
Don't force her to eat if she ain't  
hungry. That's how she stay perfect  
thicke like that.

Khalid eats the fries instead. He pulls Marissa onto his lap.

MARISSA  
Stop! Your hands are so fucking  
cold.

KHALID  
Warm me up then.

He pulls her in harder and eats the fry out of her mouth.

MARISSA  
(giggling)  
You're so nasty.

\*

KHALID  
You love my nasty.

\*

They continue to kiss. They're all over each other.

\*

MARISSA  
Oh, you get your check for rent?

\*

DRE  
I don't have anymore money.

MARISSA  
What do you mean? You just got paid.

DRE  
I spent it on food. And I paid the lady at the store. What you owed.

\*

MARISSA  
The corner store? I don't owe her anything.  
(sucks her teeth)  
They always tryin' to scam us.

\*

DRE  
She said you owed her money.

MARISSA  
This bitch needs to get her niggas straight before someone actually robs her ass.  
(to Dre, realizing)  
Please tell me you didn't give her your money?

\*

\*

Dre is quiet.

\*

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
(disappointed)  
C'mon Dre...

\*

\*

\*

DRE  
What?

Khalid LAUGHS.



KHALID  
(butting in)  
You too nice.  
(then)  
(MORE)

\*

KHALID (CONT'D)

Want me to go over there and get  
your money back?

\*

Khalid flexes his chest muscles.

\*

DRE

No thank you, muscle man.

\*

KHALID

I can tell you want a man to handle  
this.

(then)

Is that why you suck your fingers?

\*

Marissa slaps him over his head.

MARISSA

Khalid!

KHALID

What? I'm playin.

\*

DRE

Y'all talk about me?

\*

KHALID

(laughs)

All Ris do is talk about you.

\*

\*

Marissa rolls her eyes.

MARISSA

He's just jealous. You're my day  
one, Dre. Everybody knows that.

Khalid continues to eat.

KHALID

Shit, I know everything about you.  
Shit, I can tell just by looking at  
you you a virgin.

\*

\*

\*

MARISSA

Khalid!

\*

\*

KHALID

Everyone can see it. I got some  
friends who'd be down, if you down.  
(then)  
Cherry pie.

MARISSA

Nigga, what the fuck is wrong with  
you?

DRE

I'm gonna go listen to some music.

Dre walks away.

KHALID

Lemme guess: Ni'jah?

7

**INT. DRE'S BEDROOM - APARTMENT - DAY**

7

Dre sits on her bed with her earbuds in.

She stares off. Somewhere else. A meditative state... Her  
eyes open and cold. Her two fingers in her mouth.

Khalid suddenly busts in her room. She turns quickly.

KHALID

My bad. I didn't mean to scare you.

Dre takes her earbuds out and we faintly hear music playing.

We see Dre's room for the first time through Khalid's POV:  
The walls are pretty bare. There's a string of lights with a  
framed picture of Ni'jah underneath it.

KHALID (CONT'D)

Marissa's birthday's coming up.

DRE

I know.

KHALID

I wanna take her on a trip to  
Atlanta that weekend.

(MORE)

KHALID (CONT'D)

I got a lot of friends there. You should roll with us.

A moment.

DRE

We can't. We're busy.

\*

KHALID

Okay.

(confused)

...busy how?

DRE

Ni'jah's playing on her birthday. I got us Evolution tour tickets.

\*

KHALID

Oh, word?

Khalid eyes the pic of Ni'jah on the wall.

\*

KHALID (CONT'D)

Thought she said y'all couldn't get tickets this time. The cheap ones was like 350 a pop.

\*

\*

DRE

I got tickets.

KHALID

How? You broke.

DRE

It's Ni'jah. You have to make sacrifices.

\*

\*

KHAILD

(laughing)

Yo, you really be acting like you in a cult or some shit.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Dre doesn't get it.

\*

KHAILD (CONT'D)

You know Ni'jah is just a regular woman too, right? She takes shits and gets fucked by her husband like everyone else.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

DRE

She's not like everyone else. She  
knows what we're all feeling and  
she gives it a name. She's a  
goddess.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Dre is serious.

\*

DRE (CONT'D)

Please don't tell Marissa about the  
tickets.

\*  
\*  
\*

MARISSA (O.S.)

Khalid?

\*  
\*

KHALID

We good.

Marissa walks in.

\*

MARISSA

Khalid? You ready?

\*

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
(to Dre)  
Imma walk him to his car.

\*

Dre nods.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
(to Khalid)  
Let's go. I gotta get back and  
touch up my edges before work  
tomorrow. Big day!

\*

8      **INT. KITCHEN - APARTMENT - DAY**

8

Dre looks for her credit card mail and can't find it. She  
sees it buried under Frenchy's chicken scraps. She picks the  
credit card envelope out of the garbage. It's covered in  
ketchup and yogurt.

\*

\*

She calls the number on the back to activate it.

\*

We see her scroll through Ticketmaster. Everything on May 7th  
is sold out. Except the REALLY expensive tickets.

\*

\*

She buys two box seat tickets for \$1,800 each.

\*

Dre takes a screenshot of the confirmation page and we see  
her tap onto her Ni'jah fan account on Twitter. She posts a  
pic of her tickets. Within seconds, other Ni'jah fans are  
liking and commenting on it like crazy.

\*

\*

\*

\*

9      **INT. BATHROOM - APARTMENT - NIGHT**

9

Dre is brushing her teeth. Marissa sits on the toilet. She  
eyes the douche kit in her hand.

MARISSA  
Thanks for getting this. How much I  
owe you?

DRE  
Nothing. Isn't that bad for you?

\*

MARISSA

I like the way it makes me feel.  
Besides, I don't wanna get  
pregnant. You won't know nuthin  
bout that!

She giggles. It's a small beat before she realizes Dre  
doesn't get it.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I'm playing, girl.

Dre continues to brush her teeth.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Sorry I told Khalid about the  
finger sucking thing. I don't know.  
When I'm with him I wanna tell him  
things. I think we're really in  
love.

DRE

He said Ni'jah was just a regular  
woman.

MARISSA

("So?")

Okay...

DRE

I don't know. I don't think he's  
very smart.

MARISSA

He just be saying shit. Don't take  
it personal.

A beat. Dre spits and walks out.

DRE

And he farts a lot. I can smell it  
from my room.

MARISSA

He has digestive issues, Dre.  
That's not his fault.

Marissa's room has a lot of character. It's lively. Marissa  
has good taste. She does Dre's makeup while music plays in  
the background. The makeup is dramatic but looks good.

MARISSA

You look really good in makeup.  
Your face is so versatile.



DRE

Like how? Like I'm ugly?

\*

MARISSA

Ohmygod. You need to learn how to  
take a compliment. It's a good  
thing. You a snack, girl. Own it.

Marissa takes a pic of Dre.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Nice. Imma add this to my makeup  
portfolio.

Dre scrolls through all her Ni'jah ticket replies on Twitter.  
She's gotten even more likes and comments from other Ni'jah  
bots. Marissa smokes a joint and watches her.

\*  
\*  
\*

MARISSA (CONT'D)

(suspect)

Who you talkin' to? Lemme find out  
you gotta nigga you ain't tellin me  
about.

\*  
\*  
\*

Marissa spies her screen.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Wait, you still tweet on that old  
ass Swarm account?

\*

Dre ignores her.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Dre.

DRE

I like it.

MARISSA

I liked it too. When we were  
teenagers.

DRE

They're my friends.

\*

MARISSA

They are not. Them fans are crazy  
as hell.

\*  
\*

Dre gives Marissa her phone. Marissa holds it up.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
None of them give a fuck about you.  
You know that right? None of that  
is real.

\*  
\*

Marissa hugs her from behind in the mirror. Dre turns  
Marissa's arm around to reveal an **old slit mark on Marissa's  
wrist**. Dre softly kisses the scar as Marissa pulls her arm  
away.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
You don't have to do that every  
time you see it.

\*  
\*  
\*

DRE  
I'm sorry.

\*  
\*

Dre just stares back at Marissa as she takes this in.

MARISSA  
You're so weird. But I love your  
passion. I need some of that.  
(then)  
Come here.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Marissa pulls Dre up and plops her on the bed, then takes a  
drag of smoke and blows it into Dre's face. Dre swats it  
away.

\*

DRE  
Stop.

MARISSA  
Weed is a grown ass woman's drug.  
Don't be a baby.

DRE  
I don't like how I think when I  
smoke.

MARISSA  
It'll help you make friends.

Marissa hands the joint over to Dre. Dre takes a hit. She  
coughs really hard. Marissa turns up the music.

\*

Marissa lies on the bed and pulls Dre down with her. Their  
heads are touching.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
It's medicine. Let it go through  
you.

She takes a deep breath.

DRE  
What do you think she's doing right  
now?

MARISSA  
Who?

DRE  
Nijah.

MARISSA  
Nijah? Who knows.  
(beat)  
We have to meet her one day.  
Promise me.

DRE  
We will. I promise.

MARISSA  
(smokes)  
Fuuuck. Can you imagine me doing  
her makeup? I wouldn't be able to  
touch her face. My hands would  
shake so hard.

DRE  
I don't know if I'd even be able to  
breathe. I'd probably die.

MARISSA  
I know.

DRE  
I think the second she'd see me,  
she'd know how we're connected. And  
she'd invite us to her house for  
dinner. I can feel it. You think  
we'd ever get to meet her one day?

MARISSA  
Please. If there's anyone I know  
that's crazy enough to meet Ni'jah  
Hutton it's you.

Beat.

\*  
\*  
\*  
  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
  
\*  
\*

DRE  
You really think so?

\*

MARISSA  
I know so. This is our year, Dre. I  
feel it in my bones. I'm doing  
Drama Queen's makeup tomorrow,  
she's gonna take me on tour, you'll  
be my bodyguard, and we're gettin'  
the fuck outta Houston. We're  
makin' moves.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Dre gives a big smile. Dre takes another puff.

\*

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
Khalid do be fartin up a storm  
though.

\*  
\*  
\*

Dre blows out all her smoke and starts to laugh.

\*

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
Mmmhm. Somebody's startin' to feel  
it.

Marissa continues to smoke. Dre's giggle turns into a full-on  
belly laugh. Dre and Marissa can't stop laughing. Then --

\*  
\*

BLACK

SLAM TO:

11      **INT. MARISSA'S BEDROOM - APARTMENT - DAY**      11

Morning. Bright sun.

A car alarm goes off in the distance. Dre's face down in Marissa's pillow. She's still dressed in her clothes from the night before. She stirs as the alarm wakes her. She finds her phone. A text from Marissa pops up.

\*  
\*  
\*

**Marissa:** Decided to sleep at K's. See you at work.

Dre realizes what time it is --

DRE

No-

12      **INT. PLAZ AMERICAS - SHARPSTOWN, HOUSTON - DAY**      12

We're behind Dre as she run-walks quickly through the mall. As she runs by **mall-goers** stare at her.

13      **INT. T-SHIRT POP UP - PLAZ AMERICAS - DAY**      13

**ERICA (Mexican, 20s), CAESAR (Mexican, 20s),** and Marissa are chatting.

Erica shows them her phone.

ERICA

This nigga sent me not one but TWO soggy ass dick pics. I mean what the fuck am I supposed to do with that? His skin looked like melted ice cream.

They all look up. Erica tries not to laugh.

CAESAR

(under his breath)

Oh my God.

We reveal Dre -- she looks kind of crazy. Her nice makeup from the night before is smeared all over her face. She has major bed head. Marissa is mortified.

\*

DRE

I was late. The smoking made me late.

ERICA

Andrea.

DRE

Yes.

ERICA

You're late.

DRE

Yes.

ERICA

You look like shit.

DRE

Yes.

ERICA

You can't work looking like that.

Beat.

DRE

Do you want me to go home?

Erica is exasperated.

MARISSA

I got it Erica, don't worry.

ERICA

Thank you, Marissa.

Marissa pulls Dre away.

DRE

The smoking made me late.

MARISSA

(whispers)

Nigga, it's not like I gave you meth. Did you even brush your teeth? Come on.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

Marissa fixes Dre's face. Dre drinks water.

MARISSA

We work for commission. You can't  
come up in here embarrassing  
people.

DRE

I thought Erica transferred over to  
West Oaks Mall.

MARISSA

She's doin' both.

DRE

All she talks about is sex. And she  
always has food stuck in her teeth.

MARISSA

Stop. She hooks me up with makeup  
gigs. She's a good person.

DRE

Okay.

MARISSA

Erica doesn't know I'm doing makeup  
tonight, okay? She wouldn't let me  
leave you in charge, so play it  
cool tonight, okay?

DRE

Okay.

A beat.

DRE (CONT'D)

I love you Marissa.

MARISSA

(tired)

I know, Dre.

15

**INT. FOOD COURT - PLAZ AMERICAS - DAY**

15

Erica and Marissa eat salad. Dre devours a burger. She eats  
like she's still stoned.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ERICA

You going to Vanessa's party  
Saturday?

MARISSA

I was thinkin' about it.

ERICA

That guy I met at Clutch? He's  
gonna be there. He's also DJing  
this low-key after-party at 77  
Degrees. Drinks free for ladies  
before 1 am. He told me to bring  
all my cute friends.

CESAR

I can bring Edwin.

ERICA

I thought you weren't with Julian  
anymore.

CESAR

I get drunk with Edwin. It's an  
easy fuck.

MARISSA

Ooh, Cesar!

They laugh.

DRE

Can I come?

This catches Erica off guard.

ERICA

You don't drink. You just sit there  
and watch. It makes me nervous.

DRE

I can watch from somewhere where  
you can't see me.

Awkward beat.

ERICA

Rissa. I gotta friend who needs her  
makeup done for a photo shoot today  
if you want some extra cash. She  
can come by the stand.

DRE

She can't do it.



ERICA  
Why not?

\*  
\*

MARISSA  
Dre!

\*  
\*

Marissa tries to cover.

\*

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
I can't. I hurt my hand yesterday.  
Car door. I just wanna let it heal.

\*  
\*  
\*

ERICA  
Oh. Damn.

\*  
\*

An awkward/tense moment. Marissa eats/picks at her food. Dre just watches her.

\*

16

**INT. T-SHIRT POP UP - PLAZ AMERICAS - NIGHT**

16

It's the end of Dre's shift. She's folding shirts. Khalid walks up.

KHALID  
Where's Ris?

DRE

She's gone.

KHALID

Thought she was workin' til nine? \*

DRE

She left with Erica to get her  
nails done. I took over her shift.

KHALID

Come with me then. I need your  
help. \*

Dre just stands there. \*

KHALID (CONT'D)

Don't be a baby, girl. It's for  
Marissa. \*

16A INT. PERFUME STORE - PLAZ AMERICAS - NIGHT 16A \*

Khalid and Dre walk slowly through the store. \*

KHAILD \*

What perfume you think she'd like? \*

DRE \*

She likes the color purple. \*

KHAILD \*

So like lavender? \*

Dre shrugs. \*

KHALID \*

You're a funny one. \*

(then) \*

You know, you two really don't look  
like sisters. There's somethin'  
about your face... and shape.

He checks out her ass.

KHALID (CONT'D)

You be hidin your shit, but you  
filled out nice. What side of the  
fam you take after? \*

Dre says nothing. \*

KHALID (CONT'D)

Can we be friends? I feel like you  
always mean muggin me. Like you  
don't like me.

\*  
\*  
\*

DRE

You said Ni'jah wasn't special.

\*  
\*

KHALID

This about Ni'jah? What are you  
twelve?

\*  
\*  
\*

Dre stares at him.

\*

KHAILD

(smiles)

I'm sorry I dissed Nijah.

(beat)

Let me give you a ride home. My  
car's pretty nice.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DRE

I'll take the bus.

He leans in. Dre backs away.

DRE (CONT'D)

I need to lock up anyway.

\*

KHALID

You really don't wanna talk about  
it?

He starts to pull her in.

KHALID (CONT'D)

I saw you spyin' on me. You watched  
me.

(then)

You know you don't have to be a  
virgin if you don't want to.

Dre just stares at him. She looks at him like an alien. He  
realizes she's not giving him anything and stares at her  
confused and a little pissed: "This ain't what I thought". He  
walks away to pay for the perfume.

16B INT. MALL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

16B

Dre walks back to the T-Shirt Pop-up to find that it has been  
vandalized. Shirts have been stolen, marker graffiti, and a  
smashed LED screen. Three teenagers run off in the distance.  
Dre stands there in slight shock.

BLACK MOM (O.S.)

'Scuse me?

A **BLACK MOM** stands behind her. She holds a T-shirt that says  
"I'm Pushin' P" with a black couple having sex.

BLACK MOM (CONT'D)

My son bought an inappropriate  
shirt here. I need to exchange it.

17 INT. VENUE GREENROOM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

17

Marissa is setting up her make-up station when she gets a  
call.

MARISSA

Hello?

(then)

How?

(then)

No I can't, she's running late, I  
can-

(then)

Just clean up as best you can. And  
don't tell Erica.

(then, dissapointed)

You already told Erica.

18 EXT. PLAZ AMERICAS - NIGHT 18 \*

Dre waits outside on a bench. She's shivering.

The mall is dark and closing. Late-night **Mall stragglers** exit \*  
toward their cars.

A car pulls up. Marissa rolls down her window -- she's deeply  
annoyed.

As Dre gets in, Marissa turns to see Erica smoking a  
cigarette. She flicks it to the ground and walks back in the  
mall.

Marissa drives off. \*

19 INT. MARISSA'S CAR - NIGHT 19

Marissa drives. Neither one of them looks at each other.

20 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 20

Marissa walks in her room and immediately starts packing. \*

DRE  
Where are you going?

Out.                    MARISSA                    \*

Where? DRE

MARISSA  
You my parole officer now?  
(beat)  
I'm sleeping over at Khalid's.

Marissa throws her clothes into a bag.

DRE  
I'm sorry Marissa. \*

MARISSA  
You're always sorry, Dre. I'm  
probably fired, sorry's not gonna  
pay the rent for both of us.

Beat.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I'm quitting the mall anyway.  
Vanessa knows this woman who's  
opening a salon in Montrose. They  
wanna interview me.

\*

DRE

That's cool.

MARISSA

I think... space is good for us.  
It's a lot, you know. Livin' and  
workin' together. I gotta take care  
of myself, too.

\*

Dre follows her.

\*

DRE

I got us Ni'jah tickets for your  
birthday. Happy Birthday.

\*

\*

\*

MARISSA

What? How? You're broke.

\*

\*

DRE

It was gonna be a surprise.

\*

\*

MARISSA

Khalid's taking me to Atlanta for  
my birthday.

\*

DRE

What?

MARISSA

He asked me earlier. It's cute. Our  
first trip together.

Dre tries to process what she's heard.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

(trying to be causal)

I think when I get back... imma  
move in with him.

\*

Silence.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

But not, like, right away. And if  
you need help paying for this place  
until you find--

DRE

Why are you doing this to me?

\*

MARISSA

Dre, I have to grow up. I can't  
stay here with you.

\*  
\*  
\*

DRE

You really wanna live with him?

MARISSA

Yes. I do.

\*

DRE  
You barely know him.

Marissa snorts back a laugh.

MARISSA  
I'm sorry. You give relationship  
advice now?

DRE  
He's not good for you.

MARISSA  
Okay. Dre. You know what? I'm like  
legit over this.

DRE  
Over what?

MARISSA  
You give every guy I bring home a  
hard time. Every. Single. One.

DRE  
Because they're awful. They're all  
dumb.

Marissa glares at Dre.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Khalid came to the mall today and  
tried to have sex with me. He's a  
cheater and he doesn't deserve you.

Marissa grabs the rest of her things and walks out the door.  
Dre follows her.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Are you hearing me?

MARISSA  
Just stop.

DRE  
Marissa, please! I'm sorry.

Dre grabs Marissa, trying to keep her.

MARISSA  
Stop saying that!

\*

\*

\*

\*



21      **EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

21

Marissa gets into her car. Dre tries to open the passenger door.

DRE  
What are y --?! Marissa!

MARISSA  
Can't you leave me the fuck alone?!  
For one fucking minute!

Marissa speeds off.

DRE  
I'm sorry Marissa!

22      **INT. DRE'S BEDROOM - APARTMENT - NIGHT**

22

Dre stares at the ceiling.

After a moment, her phone starts going off: Bing! Bing! Bing!

She opens it -- All we see is **Ni'jah's Festival album cover** over and over and over again. Dre is confused. The Swarm (Ni'jah's fans) are losing their minds.

The tweets and alerts don't stop.

23      **INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

23

Dre stares at the TV and we see the light from the new **Festival** visual album wash over her.

Her eyes are wide as the music plays.

She's so close to the TV that we see parts of Festival reflected off of her eyeballs.

Dre gasps. It's exhilarating. Her lips quiver. She may even shed a tear.

She starts to breathe in and out. Her breathing becomes rapid. It looks like Dre may be having a panic attack. Or an orgasm.

She starts to take her clothes off because she can't cool down -- the seduction of Festival takes ahold of her -- **like a possession.**

CUT TO:

Dre is grabbing clothes from the closet.

Dre walks down the street. She looks really good.

All around her we hear snippets of songs from Festival. It's like a music collage, only broken by the sound of the city.

She moves to the music -- not in a corny way, but in a way where it looks as though the sound is overtaking her.

Right now, she is not of this world. She's above it all.

Dre walks into the middle of the club as it blasts the Festival album.

She walks up to **MARCUS** (White, 30s, nice) --

MARCUS  
Uh, yeah --

Dre is lost in the music. It feels as though she IS FESTIVAL.  
She grinds all over Marcus.

He can barely keep up with her--

The echo of Festival can be heard through the walls as Marcus  
and Dre make out on the steps.

They both pant like crazy to the music as it gets louder and louder --

SMASH CUT TO:

28      **INT. NICE LOFT - HOUSTON - DAY**

28

Dre opens her eyes.

The sun is bright.

She tries to register where she is.

Then she turns over to see Marcus' giant face.

He lounges on top of the covers with his legs crossed.

He's completely naked.

And eating from a bowl of strawberries.

MARCUS

Good morning. You sleep okay?

He holds up the bowl.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Strawberry?

Dre blinks.

DRE

Can I use your bathroom?

MARCUS

Of course. It's over there.

29      **INT. BATHROOM - NICE LOFT - DAY**

29

Dre sits on the toilet. It hurts when she pees. She realizes she's no longer a virgin.

MARCUS (O.S.)

There's this place down the street  
that has really good biscuits.

She realizes her phone is dead. She sees a charger on the vanity.

She plugs it in and waits for it to turn on.

30      **INT. HALLWAY - NICE LOFT - DAY**

30

Marcus leans on the opposite side of the bathroom door. He talks to Dre like they're on a first date.

MARCUS  
(enthusiastic)  
Aye, you from Houston? I didn't  
notice much of an accent last  
night.

Dre says nothing.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I grew up in Wisconsin, Indiana and  
Ohio...army brat! Then moved to  
Texas after college at UT. I love  
Texas man... you from here? What's  
your name by the way?

Dre still says nothing.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I'm tired too. Hey do you  
sleep walk? There was a bunch of  
food wrappers by the bed. Trail of  
baby carrots that led to the bed. I  
thought it was sweet. Like a sleep  
bunny or something.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

31 INT. BATHROOM - NICE LOFT - DAY

31

Dre's phone finally turns on. She gets a series of missed  
calls and texts from Marissa --

**Marissa:** MY NIGGA! R U WATCHING FESTIVAL???

**Marissa:** I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE NOT 2GETHER FOR THIS!

**Marissa:** WHAT IS HAPPENING RIGHT NOW! I'LL NEVER BE THE SAME!

**Marissa:** I facetimed u again. Pick up.

**Marissa:** Girl, wtf???????

**Marissa:** Where are you?????? Khalid and I had a fight.

**Marissa:** Pick up! Fuck! He left me stranded!

**Marissa:** We broke up. He's fuckin trash. I just threw up.

**Marissa:** " -- GIRL SHE WROTE THIS SHIT FROM MY HEART. THIS  
BISH IS THE QUEEN WHO THE FUCK WOULD EVER CHEAT ON HER!

**Marissa:** Wtf is wrong with me? Why do I always get like this  
with dudes. Man, fuck these niggas man.

**Marissa:** Girl, I'm so fuckedUPrightnOw!!!!!!

**Marissa:** YOU WERE RIGHT. I'LL NEVER DOUBT YOU AGAIN. HE DID FART WHEN HE FUCKED!!!

**Marissa:** I think wavelength is my favorite.

**Marissa:** I threw up again.

**Marissa:** Wait. No. I love Hold up! GIRL WHERE YOU AT?!?!?!?!?

**Marissa:** Plez come hom'' Where a///u?

**Marissa:** I can't stop watching it. It's SOGOOD!!!!

**Marissa:** I'm sorry. Im sorryI love you.

DRE

Shit.

MARCUS (O.S.)

Everything okay in there?

Dre tries to call Marissa. Her phone is off. She tries again. It's still off. She texts her.

Marcus knocks on the door.

MARCUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Do I need to come in?

Dre tries to think quickly.

DRE

Uh... Can you maybe get me some sparkling water? With ice? My stomach.

MARCUS (O.S.)

Oh no baby I'm sorry. Hold tight. I'll be right back.

We hear him walk away.

Dre opens the bathroom window. It's only a story up. She punches out the screen and jumps out.

32

**EXT. NICE LOFT - DAY**

32

Dre free falls face down into a bush. Dre limps away.

\*

33 EXT. APARTMENT - DAY 33

Dre walks to her door. She puts her key in the lock and goes \*  
inside.

34 INT. APARTMENT - DAY 34

Dre spots an open box of uneaten pizza and a can of beer on the floor.

Festival plays on the TV.

35 INT. MARISSA'S BEDROOM - APARTMENT - DAY 35 \*

Dre walks into Marissa's room. Marissa is still wearing her clothes from the night before. She's lying down on her bed.

Dre takes off her shoes and gets into bed with Marissa.

DRE  
(whisper)  
I have a surprise for you.

Dre wraps her arms around a sleeping Marissa, but something isn't right.

Ris? DRE (CONT'D)

Dre looks at Marissa's face. Her lips are blue. She realizes **Marissa isn't breathing.**

36 INT. WAITING AREA - HOSPITAL - DAY 36

Dre sits on a chair holding a bag of Marissa's clothes. An out-of-focus **NURSE** walks out to her. \*

NURSE

We tried to revive her but there

wasn't much we could do. I'm sorry.

\*

DRE  
When does she get to come home?

NURSE  
... She doesn't. She's passed.

Dre says nothing.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Is there anyone we can call?

Dre lies down on the hospital bench and curls up into a fetal position. The nurse kneels next to her.

The Nurse continues to speak but her sounds are drowned out by Dre closing her eyes --

CUT TO:

37      **INT. MARISSA'S BEDROOM - APARTMENT - NIGHT**

37

Dre opens her eyes.

She's been sleeping on a pile of Marissa's clothes.

She's been like this for days.

38      **INT. CORNER STORE - NIGHT**

38

Dre walks around the store in a daze. She takes a glass bottle of Coke and opens it with her teeth before drinking it.

Vaishnavi watches Dre while she finishes up with a **customer**.

Dre grabs at chips and junk food, trying to carry it all until she drops the glass and it shatters on the floor.

\*

VAISHNAVI  
(under her breath)  
Fucking animals.

Dre picks up the glass. She squeezes it in the palm of her hand. She opens her hand to reveal the blood within.

\*

\*

Now there's blood everywhere. The sound we heard from the beginning, the sound of rushing air, gurgles underneath.

\*

\*

VAISHNAVI (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

Dre looks at her.

VAISHNAVI (CONT'D)  
That's it! Get out my store!

Dre slowly walks to her and gets in her face -- for a moment it looks like she might hurt her. But she just puts her bloody palm on the bulletproof glass. Vaishnavi goes quiet.

\*

\*

Dre takes the food without paying and leaves.

39        **INT. BATHROOM - APARTMENT - NIGHT**

39

Dre rinses off her bleeding hand.

\*

40        **INT. BUS - DAY**

40

Dre's hand is now bandaged up. She wears one of Marissa's club dresses. It looks off on her. She nervously shifts in her seat.

A **LITTLE BLACK GIRL** sitting next to her **grandmother** looks over at Dre.

LITTLE BLACK GIRL  
I really like your dress.

Dre just stares at her, then away.

41        **EXT. STREET - ALIEF, HOUSTON - DAY**

41

Dre watches as a **large group of Black people -- all wearing black** -- enter a funeral home across the street. They hug and greet each other. Dre's dress is bright and not appropriate. She stands out like a sore thumb.

42        **INT. ALIEF FUNERAL HOME - DAY**

42

Dre walks by as people in black continue to console one another -- but they all stop and stare when they see her.

Dre takes a funeral program. Under Marissa's picture reads:  
***"Marissa Jackson - Sunrise - September 23rd, 1992. Sunset - April 23rd, 2016"***

Dre makes her way up to Marissa's open casket: Her makeup is terrible. She's dressed like a conservative old maid. Dre stares at the ugly pearls around her neck.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Excuse me?

A **FUNERAL DIRECTOR** appears. He speaks in whispers.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry but I have to ask you to  
leave.



DRE

Why?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

The family has asked that you  
leave.

Dre looks out at the people in black. Many are glaring at  
her.

DRE

She's my sister. She is my family.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Please. Today's the Lord's day. All  
they want is to bury their daughter  
in peace.

Dre looks at Marissa one last time and walks away.

43      **EXT. ALIEF FUNERAL HOME - DAY**

43      \*

Dre steps out of the funeral home. Then slowly walks into the  
graveyard.      \*

Deep into the cemetery is an overgrown dilapidated tree --      \*

Dre notices several bees buzzing around it.

She stares at them long and hard... until all we can hear is  
the **sinister sound of buzzing**.

44      **INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

44

Days later.

Dre sits on the couch and quietly watches **professional movers**  
remove all of Marissa's things from the apartment.      \*

45      **INT. MARISSA'S BEDROOM - APARTMENT - NIGHT**

45

Dre sits on the bare carpet. Marissa's room is now totally  
empty.

She eats junk food while scrolling through her phone.

Dre clicks on Marissa's Instagram page. We see old school pics and videos of the two of them.

The most recent picture Marissa took was with Khalid. She smiles with her arms around him. Marissa tries to go to Khalid's page but it's no longer active on Instagram.

A few new comments catch Dre's eye ---

**kaydeeday: RIP.** Anyone know what happened? :(

@██████████: Heard she off'd herself to Festival bc her man was cheating on her. LOL.

**Lulu Susan:** SHUT UP! Where did you hear this shit?

@██████████: Twitter.

Dre types "Marissa Jackson" into Twitter.

We finally see it -- tons of tweets about Marissa. One handle in particular stands out --

**@MJsRightShoe:** Marissa Jackson! WTF?!?!

**@MJsRightShoe:** \*laugh cry emoji\*

**@MJsRightShoe:** That nigga got what she deserved. Stupid af

Dre clicks on **@MJsRightShoe Twitter handle. His page pops open. Name:** Reggie Wilkins. **Location:** Nashville. **Instagram -** RegularReg73.

Next to Reggie's information is a picture of **Reg (Black, 30s)** He wears a Tennessee Titans football hat and smokes a joint.

**illumiRoddy:** She seriously killed herself to Festival? Was she a retard? Serious question.

██████████ Wait, is this true?! smh...cc @illumiRoddy

**illumiRoddy:** omg I found her insta page she is SO TRAGIC.

██████████: Who kills themself over pop music? I am not a Ni'jah fan. So this is so so funny to me. It has to be a rumor?????

**illumiRoddy:** said she's a makeup artist and her shit is so wack. Ugh. Bye, bitch.

Dre clicks on **illumiRoddy's Twitter handle. He's a gay latino guy. 20s. His location is Seattle. She clicks on** ██████████ **'s handle. She's white. Her info is private.**

Dre focuses on the tweets. Then -- BING!

Dre looks at her phone. It's a pop up reminder: **Evolution  
Tour.**

The tickets are on the nightstand. Dre stares at them.

Dre looks at the last text Marissa sent her -- "I love you"  
Dre.

Dre tears up and texts Marissa back: I love you too.

Then:

BUZZ!

Dre looks around. Her phone isn't the one that buzzed.  
Confused, she sends Marissa another text -- BUZZ!

The sound is coming from somewhere in the room.

Dre calls Marissa's phone -- it buzzes until she finds it  
plugged into a wall outlet inside Marissa's closet.

Dre unlocks Marissa's phone.

She then scrolls through everything: texts, pictures, videos.  
**Years of memories of the two of them.**

We watch Dre do this for a long time. Then Dre has an idea.  
She texts herself with Marissa's phone.

Then: DING! Dre's phone says "(heart) Risa (heart)"

An **"incoming text"** appears on Marissa's phone. Dre stares at  
it for a long time... wtf.

She then clicks on the text and it opens. It says: "Hey D".

Dre writes back: **"Hey"**.

Marissa: ***I miss you.***

Dre: ***I miss you too.***

Marissa: ***What now? LOL***

Dre: ***I don't know.***

Marissa: ***Wanna go to Vanessa's thing?***

Dre: ***I don't feel like it.***

Marissa: ***Then what?***

Dre: ***Can I tell you something?***

Marissa: ***Tell me EVERYTHING.***

46

**INT. HOUSE - SUNNYSIDE HOUSTON - NIGHT**

46

Khalid opens the door to find Dre standing there.

He and Dre stare at each other.

He's surprised to see her. He also looks like shit.

KHALID

...Hey.

DRE

Hey

(then)

Can I come in?

KHALID

Uh. Yeah.

Dre steps inside Khalid's small house. Its a nice sized family home. Retro. Lived in. Pictures and plants everywhere.

They look "spiritual". There's a pink salt lamp by the couch.

DRE

This your house?

KHALID

I grew up here, yeah. My parents split up a few months back so I moved back in with my dad.

They sit. Awkward silence.

KHALID (CONT'D)

You want some beer?

DRE

I don't drink.

KHALID

Right. I always forget.

Another awkward moment.

KHALID (CONT'D)

Marissa's dad came over. Left the plane tickets for the trip. I dunno what I'm supposed to do with em now.

DRE

Exchange em.

KHALID

I ain't goin nowhere.

(then)

You know we got in a fight that night. But that's just what we did. You never think it ends... on a fight ya know? So stupid. I wish I knew man.

Silence.

DRE

You weren't at the funeral.

KHALID

I wanted to.

DRE

But you didn't.

KHALID

I've never seen a dead body before. I got dressed but then I felt this tightness in my chest...

Beat.

KHALID (CONT'D)  
I should have been there, huh?

Suddenly, Khalid SOBS. Dre sits with him. It's really intimate. Dre puts her hand on his knee.

They lock eyes for a long moment.

They're really close. It looks like they're about to kiss. Then Dre gets up and looks out the window.

KHALID (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. You want some tea?

DRE  
Tea?

KHALID  
My mom makes her own. It's good.

Khalid goes over to a cabinet and pulls out a mason jar of tea.

KHALID (CONT'D)  
I've been drinking it like crazy.  
It's supposed to help with anxiety.  
She's spiritual like that.

He pours some into a tea strainer. Some of it spills.

KHALID (CONT'D)  
She was just in Jamaica-

**Dre slams Khalid's head with the salt lamp.**

Blood comes pouring out of Khalid's head. He tries to crawl away, but Dre just jumps on top of him and continuously slams the lamp into his skull again, again... again.

We see adrenaline flash over Dre's face. It's thrilling. A release. It looks like sex.

Khalid stops crawling.

Dre watches him convulse. She squats down above him. He looks at her, grasping for life -- eyes wide and terrified.

He dies.

Dre stares for a moment. Then takes two of her fingers... and pushes them into his bloody mouth.

Dre's hands and body are covered in blood. She grabs Khalid's wallet, car keys, some food -- and walks out the door.

\*

47

**INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

47

Dre starts Khalid's car.

She turns on the radio. Ni'jah is on.

Dre sits for a moment enjoying the song.

\*

Dre speeds off into the night.

\*

**END OF PILOT**