

GET HOME SAFE!

Screenplay by Christy Hall

Story by Christy Hall &
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6.26.18

Delivered

NOTE TO THE READER

Hello. My name is Christy Hall. You may not know me, and that's okay. Throughout the years, I've proudly been a playwright and librettist living in New York City, and was just very recently invited into the Hollywood conversation. Perhaps you've read my screenplay *Daddio*. Perhaps not. It doesn't matter. What *does* matter is that *Daddio* is about a young woman in the backseat of a cab. Certainly, the cabdriver plays his part, but ultimately it is *her* story. And I'm proud of that fact.

The unfortunate truth is, before a remarkably passionate and protective team surrounded the project, I heard a speech similar to this: "Yes, but... I wonder if *Daddio* has enough in there for men to resonate with. To make it more universal, you might want to give a little something extra to the guys. Otherwise... you've mostly just written a story for *women*. And that's a tough sell."

Upon hearing this sentiment, I could not help but giggle to myself, drawing up a political cartoon in my head. The "doodle" depicted three scenarios. One, a boardroom of graying men on Wall Street. Two, a day on set of *The Hangover*. Three, deep inside the very brain of a "Harvey Weinstein type." (AKA, *actual* Harvey Weinstein). All three panels, in my mind, shared the same cartoon bubble, revealing these men's primary question of *utmost* concern: **"Are we respectfully carving enough space in our endeavor to properly acknowledge and adhere to the wants and needs of the vast majority of women? Because if not, we really need to restructure!"**

I call bullshit. Which is why, in our current political and social landscape, under the proud, necessarily defiant banner of #MeToo and #TimesUp, this screenplay was unapologetically written for *women*. And *no*. In the six days this screenplay poured out of me, (rewrites added a couple more, to be fair), I did *not* waste time wondering and worrying if there's enough here to sustain a man's attention. Men who identify themselves as feminists, the ones who truly have our backs (and not for social, political, or *financial* gain, mind you), will be evolved enough to go along for the ride and ask thoughtful questions later. If you fall into this category, I adore you. And *thank you* for choosing *compassion*.

For the non-feminist males among us, I have very little to say, for this film attempts to capture what it can actually feel like to be a *woman* in the world, walking around, day-to-day, a constant, highly versatile and volatile series of negotiations you haven't even the *capacity* to fathom. Do not be fooled. Though this tale lives in a heightened state of genre, the *finer* snapshots are hardly exaggerations.

My earliest memory of this behavior came from a "harmless" old-timer who ogled me with his eyes and *insisted* I sit on his lap, for a very long time. I was eight years old. As I've grown, I've been stalked, groped, robbed on a New York City street, and aggressively chased in Spain by two men for what must have been

viciously sinister motives. Thankfully, my little sister and I outsmarted them. I've actually been *picked up* at a bar (literally, not figuratively) and paraded around by a complete stranger like a rag doll, all because I had the courage to muster one very simple, yet extremely powerful word... *no*.

And these are just the highlights, because to be honest, like most women, I can't even remember all the times I've been forced to suffer the bad behavior of small men. I didn't even list the word "catcalls" in the previous paragraph, because sadly that tune's always on in the background - like some dated, scratchy throwback stuck on repeat - it almost didn't feel worth mentioning. We grow numb to it, don't we, ladies? How else could we *possibly* get through the damn day? *This* is our pathetic inheritance. And we're *tired*. We're tired, because when boiled down to our biological basics, female equals vagina. And vagina, through a primitive lens, means very little more than sex and procreation. Sex equals pleasure. Procreation equals necessity.

Fine. I get it. Truth be told, I actually quite enjoy science. But I also very much enjoy *poetry*. And what gets lost in our biology, when seen through the "rose colored glasses" of our centuries-old patriarchy, is the greater, grander, sweeping, almost *Shakespearean* awe and beauty of what it can mean to be a woman. I, myself, I'm a female Homo Sapien, yes. But I'm also a loving daughter, a devoted sister, a proud auntie, a fierce friend, a passionate writer, a stubbornly hard worker... and a man's *equal*.

Recently, a man tried to convince me that in order to be equals, we must also be the *same*. And since men and women are so clearly *not* the same, we are *not* equal. *Bullshit*. We are equal *and* we are not the same. Yet, as women, our differences are marked with a very high price tag. Because in our glorious *uniqueness*, we each carry a collection of our own personal stories that tend to *baffle* the more tenderhearted men around us. Yet, here we are. Still standing. Because no matter what they think or say, we are *strong*.

And that is why, this one's for you, ladies. *Unapologetically*, I wrote every single word with *you* in mind. It is my love letter to the fact that the moment you step out your door, the world engages with you in ways that require you to be a fucking mountain. And knowing that truth as intimately as I do, all I can say is, *go*. Go and continue to be the mountain. Be wise, on high alert, empathetic and *angry* in the face of injustice, holding tightly to the hands of your sisters. And together, we just might be able to form a collective granite range that makes its way across the globe and back again, so mighty you can see it from fucking space.

United, we can and *will* turn the tide. I believe it. I *know* it. Do not cease until it is so.

Fiercely and loyally yours,

Christy xo

COLD OPEN, OVER BLACK:

The STATIC SPIN of a tired turntable swells, giving way to the bright, idealistic, finger-snappin' sound of a forgotten era, a "simpler" time, a "nostalgic" age, back when men were men, and women were *dames*.

Happy as a clam, we hear the 1926 recording of Nick Lucas singing the classic, "Looking at the World Thru Rose Colored Glasses."

NICK LUCAS (V.O.)
"I'm lookin' at the world through
rose-colored glasses.
Everything is rosy now."

SUPER: "Men are afraid women will laugh at them."

NICK LUCAS (V.O.)
"Lookin' at the world and
everything that passes,
Seems a rosy hue somehow..."

"Women are afraid that men will kill them." Margaret Atwood

The song continues, issuing from-

INT. SKYLAR'S SPANISH-HARLEM STUDIO (HALLOWEEN 2019) - DAY

-An old-school record player in the corner of a three-hundred-square-foot, New York City, studio apartment.

Nestled on a braided rug, in baggy sweatpants, a "Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds" t-shirt, ponytail and clear-framed, Warby Parker glasses, SKYLAR, 27, superglues fuchsia sequins on the white fabric of a pair of worn, high-top Converse.

Her lean, yet strong and sturdy stature, her short fingernails, minimal make-up and tousled, dark chestnut hair all speak to the fact that this natural beauty would far more readily drink beer with a homeless woman than take tea with the queen. And *that* is precisely her magic.

As the record continues its joyful spin, we catch a series of static glimpses of this Millennial's unapologetic sense of self as demonstrated inside these four walls:

-A vintage, "Wolf" brand dress-form stands in the corner, sporting heart-shaped nipple pasties on each "titty," a 1920s style hat, a gold, VERAMEAT "Baby Teeth" necklace, white nylon and gold-sparkle fairy wings, and a sticker near the collar, proudly proclaiming, **"I VOTED!"**

-Her antique vanity bursts with makeup, funky costume jewelry, old tobacco pipes and a whiskey jug of pennies.

-Leather books of the most celebrated classics lean against one another on a Craigslist-purchased bookshelf, adorned with retro knick-knacks - wax lips, random VHS tapes, small plastic dinosaurs and a collection of flasks.

Having *bedazzled* her shoes in sparkling fuchsia, Skylar grabs her iPhone from the floor, attempting to FaceTime with a contact in her "RECENTS" saved simply as "**MOMMA.**"

RING, RING, RING.

Skylar's iPhone suddenly bursts with chaotic movement, the recipient jostling her iPhone about.

RALPHIE (O.S. OF THE PHONE)
BARK, BARK, BARK, BARK!

MOMMA (O.S. OF THE PHONE)
(thick, Texas accent)
Ralphie!!!

SKYLAR
(no accent)
Hey, Momma.

MOMMA (O.S. OF THE PHONE)
Skylar?!

RALPHIE (O.S. OF THE PHONE)
BARK, BARK, BARK, BARK!

From the moment the call was answered, a small dog, RALPHIE, has been *incessantly* YAPPING in the background.

It's extremely annoying.

Take the headache you just got simply from *reading* about Ralphie's barking and times that by three.

Ralphie equals *murderous thoughts*.

MOMMA (O.S. OF THE PHONE)
Ralphie, no!! No-bark, no!!

Ralphie finally falls silent - *thank God* - but the image on the phone still jostles, gifting us random glimpses of the modest, Texas home of a retired, first-grade schoolteacher.

Yes. Most everything we see was purchased from *Walmart*.

MOMMA (O.S. OF THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Hey, sorry, I- I was takin' a nap,
 I must look awful!

SKYLAR
 Oh, whatever, come on, I'm sure you
 look fine.

MOMMA (O.S. OF THE PHONE)
 I don't even have a wig on!

SKYLAR
 Dude, I don't care!

Finally, **ON THE SCREEN**, we see the tender face of Skylar's
 MOMMA, late 50s, her head freshly shaved.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
 But I look like an old lady!

SKYLAR
 That's because you are an old lady.

Momma pretends to cry. It's cute. And dramatic. And playful.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
 Awwwww, poor baby!

These two are undeniably *best friends*. It's obvious in their
 banter, their comfortability, their quick wit.

Think of the following as a verbal ping-pong match that's
 been "at play" for two decades, ranging from dry sarcasm to
 high-spirited theatrics, leaving very little room for a dull
 moment.

Also, keep in mind, this is a *safe haven*, a secret treehouse,
 where only these two women are allowed to play.

A place they can fully, delightfully, deliciously, one
 hundred percent be *themselves*.

NO BOYS ALLOWED.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
 Poor baby is *right*!

SKYLAR
 Then grab a wig, you crazy woman,
 and stop pouting!

ON THE PHONE, Momma shuffles into a closet, revealing a row
 of cheap, styrofoam head-busts, all sporting different styles
 of ill-made wigs in different colors.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
Which one, do ya think?

Simultaneously, Skylar has propped her phone on her bedside table, pouring a bowl of cereal in her tiny kitchenette.

SKYLAR
Ooooooooo! Let's go with the ginger!

Momma shuffles from the closet and lays her phone face-up on the bed. Curiously, Ralphie - revealed to be a black, teacup Pomeranian - SNIFFS at the screen, his snout largely amplified.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
(as if talking to a baby)
Hi, Ralphie.

Spooked, Ralphie scurries away and hops off the bed.

MOMMA (O.S. OF THE PHONE)
I like this one, 'cause... it's not too itchy.

Skylar inhales another spoonful of cereal.

MUNCH, MUNCH, MUNCH.

She glances to a gold framed, black-and-white photo on her vanity. It depicts a gorgeous YOUNG BRUNETTE, 20-ish, with an *explosive grin*, a large, Texas-style bouffant and a sweet string of pearls.

This haunting image of what her mother *used to look like*, causes Skylar's soft grin to falter with grief.

Momma grabs the phone, showing off her fire-engine-red wig.

MOMMA (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
So...? What do ya think? Pretty spunky, huh?!

SKYLAR
Hey, good lookin'!
(mimicking cat-calls)
Wooot-Woooo! OW!

Momma flips her camera around in order to model for Skylar in the reflection of a long mirror, waving her hips from side-to-side, resembling a little girl in a brand new Easter dress.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
It is *not* light on spunk, I'll give ya that!

Truthfully? That wig is way too texturized for the modern world. Looks more like the jagged, lacquered locks of a 1990s, Midwestern, soccer mom who *just* got her hair cut and fucking loves it. But certainly no need to say all *that*.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)

Never, ever thought I'd look good with red hair, but... this one has grown on me.

Again, Skylar's eyes dart to that framed photo of her mother. Back when she had her own hair. And it was thick. And dark. And beautiful. And *not* made of polymer. And *not* from Walmart.

MOMMA (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

(a chuckle)

Well... it hasn't *grown* on me, sadly, but... I do like it.

SKYLAR

You look beautiful, Momma.

Fighting back an air of melancholy, Skylar drinks down the remainder of her milk, placing the bowl in the sink.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)

Samuel shaved my head again last night. There were too many weird patches, it didn't look good.

Repositioning the phone, Skylar bellies up to her vanity and exchanges her glasses for contacts.

SKYLAR

You reeeeeeally should let Sammie and me shave our heads in solidarity.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)

No! You both have such nice hair! It'd make me too sad! We don't *allllll* have to be walkin' reminders of *death*, Skylar!

SKYLAR

I'm gonna do it.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)

Don't you dare, I'll be so mad at you!

SKYLAR

Yeeeeeeah... but you'll get over it.

Momma laughs loudly, Skylar blending just a touch of foundation in only a few places. Not like she needs it.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)

So...? What's the plan for tonight?

SKYLAR

Just... bar hoppin' in the West Village with some friends.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)

What'cha gonna be?

SKYLAR

I've decided to repurpose the tooth fairy. Mostly 'cause I like the necklace.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)

Oh, Lord. The one with all the teeth? Where on *God's-green-earth* did you find that thang?

SKYLAR

Brooklyn.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)

Gives me the *creeps*.

Skylar applies a touch of blush.

Suddenly, a fat, odd-eyed CAT - one eye blue, one eye green - jumps on the vanity with a JINGLE of its ostentatious, rhinestoned collar displaying its name, "**PUSSY.**"

SKYLAR

My idea is that... maybe the tooth fairy *wises-up*, you know? Like... why is she *paying* for teeth when those kids are asleep anyway? If teeth are worth so much money, why not just *take* 'em and sell 'em on the black market? Better yet, why not just *bust* their teeth straight outta their face and run a friggin' *tooth-ring*, like a badass mob boss?! That's why, this year, I'm not just the tooth fairy...

Skylar slides on two heavy-duty, blinged-out, BRASS KNUCKLES, holding up her fisticuffs for her mother to see.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

I'm the GANGSTA TOOTH FAIRY!

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
 (another roll of laughter)
 Skylar! My goodness! Where *do* you
 come up with this stuff?!

SKYLAR
 (with a shrug)
 I don't know... I'm a *writer*.

Tossing the brass knuckles back into her open jewelry box,
 Skylar dusts her entire countenance with a very fine, gold
 glitter, causing her to radiate like a Greek goddess.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
 Oh! You mind if I post that link
 you sent? The one to your show?

Pulling out her ponytail, Skylar sweeps her hair up, piling
 it on her head in a messy, very sexy bun, pinning it in
 place.

Yes. It *is* disturbing how quickly she's able to get ready and
 still look fantastic. Some women have this sort of magic, and
 we should simply *love* them for it.

SKYLAR
 Sure. Thought you would've done
 that by now.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
 You get mad at me when I don't ask!

SKYLAR
 I only get mad when you post a
 photo of me *deep-throating* a burger
 on the Fourth of July, when I'm on
 my period, in a bikini, and looking
 like a friggin' *house*, Mom, there's
 a *huuuuuuge* difference.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
 (with the utmost dignity)
 So *now* that I have your *official*
 permission, I am going to post that
 link you sent.

SKYLAR
 Lovely.

Skylar rips off her sweatpants - revealing pink Hanky Panky
 undies - and grabs a pair of white and gold-glitter tights
 from her shabby-chic dresser.

Propped on the edge of her bed, Skylar faces the Herculean task of sliding stubborn nylon up both legs.

Let's be honest. This might take a minute.

Momma has "carried" Skylar into her home office, her face now illuminated by a huge desktop computer from 2003.

TAP-TAP-TAP. Momma signs onto what must be Facebook. No. She hasn't been following the whole "Facebook thing." She has cancer and sleeps a lot. Give her a break. TAP-TAP-TAP.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)

And... you're the... lyricist.

SKYLAR

Librettist.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)

That's right, that's what I meant.

TAP-TAP-TAP. Momma composes her post, her bright red wig having fallen slightly too far to the left. Poor Momma.

MOMMA (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

How do you spell that?

SKYLAR

Fuck, Mom, I don't know!

MOMMA (ON PHONE)

You're the writer!

SKYLAR

I'm a *writer*, sure, but I'm *not* a *speller*! Shit, if I lived back-in-the-day, with *typewriters and shit*, I would *not* be a writer, are you kidding?! I'd waste all my time just lookin' up how to spell shit!

MOMMA (ON PHONE)

(with a laugh)

You've gotten such a potty-mouth since you moved to New York!

On her feet again, Skylar does a little dance, smoothing out the nylon now encasing her lower body in glitter.

SKYLAR

Have I?

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
 Seriously! You *never* used to talk
 like that, gives me a headache!

SKYLAR
 (teasing)
 I honestly don't know what the *fuck*
 you're talking about.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
 (a grand laugh)
 Oh, you're so bad!

SKYLAR
 I don't know what to tell ya, Mom.
 It's the vernacular around here.

After covering her asscheeks (visible through the tights)
 with fuchsia bloomers, Skylar steps into a frilly tutu,
 pulling it up to her waist.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
 What *would* you be instead? Back-in-
 the-day? If not a writer?

SKYLAR
 I don't know, like... a kitchen
 wench or something.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
 Not to be confused with a kitchen
wrench.

SKYLAR
 Ha! Good one, Mom, that's funny!

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
 I have my moments.

Skylar lifts off her t-shirt and takes to fastening a fitted,
 fuchsia corset with built-in pushup bra around her torso,
 leaving her cotton polka-dotted bra on, for now.

MOMMA (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 So, are they payin' ya? To do your
 show?

SKYLAR
 I *am* actually getting paid for this
 one, yes.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
 A *lotta* money?

SKYLAR
Mom. It's *theatre*.

The corset in place, Skylar unlatches her cotton bra and lifts it off without showing one ounce of areola, like a total *public-changing-pro*.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
But they are gonna put me up in a hotel, for like, three weeks for rehearsal.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
Oh, how fun! You're gonna get to go to rehearsals and everythang?

She takes the gold, VERAMEAT "baby tooth" choker from her dress-form and latches it around her neck.

SKYLAR
Yeah, I mean... we've never seen it on its feet, so... you know... there might be rewrites and stuff.

Quickly, Skylar laces up her high-tops.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
And then...? After *this* production... does that mean it'll play somewhere else, at some point?

SKYLAR
Maybe. Maybe not. We'll just have to wait and see.

Her shoes on, Skylar grabs a small, gold-leather fanny-pack (yes, a *fanny-pack*). Oh. And did I mention this fanny-pack has the word "GANGSTA" bedazzled across it?

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
That's hard.

SKYLAR
Yeah. Yeah... theatre's hard.

She fills her fanny-pack with: Wallet, gum, NYC Metro Card, lipgloss, keys.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
(after a beat, softly)
I don't know, Momma... Most days...
I really don't know what the hell
I'm doing anymore...

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
(softly back)
You know what you're doin'.

Grabbing the phone again, Skylar lays on the bed, holding the screen just above her face.

Momma has made her way to a couch.

They share a SILENCE.

Then---

MOMMA (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
You just... keep writin' the way
you do. Straight from your guts.
You do *that*... and I just *know* that
one day... big things'll happen.

Skylar eyes gloss over a little.

SKYLAR
And... if they *don't*?

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
Then... I'll be *just as proud*...
proud my daughter was... *brave*
enough... to try her very best...
to do somethin' *wonderful*.

A grateful chuckle escapes Skylar's lips as she fights back tears. She's safe here, in this metaphorical treehouse with her mother, safe to cry. Yet... if she allows even one tear, it might well turn into a tidal wave. Best not to chance it.

SKYLAR
Thanks, Momma.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
My daughter. A lyricist.

SKYLAR
Librettist.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
Right! HA!

We TRACK with Skylar as she brings the phone into the TINIEST BATHROOM EVER, more of a "shower room" with a toilet.

CLICK goes the light.

MOMMA (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
And... what's this musical about
anyways? Case people ask.

Toothpaste applied, and-

BRUSH, BRUSH, BRUSH.

SKYLAR
You'd like it, it's... it's
simple... four women. All friends.
Two of 'em are sisters.

SPIT. RINSE. Wipe. CLICK goes the light.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
My goal is to pass the Bechdel Test
in every scene.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
What's that?

Skylar beelines to her bed, throws the phone down, and grabs
her fanny-pack, SNAPPING it around her waist.

SKYLAR
It's when you have two women, in a
scene, talking to each other about
anything other than a man.

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
Shouldn't be too hard for ya.

From her vanity, Skylar dusts more gold glitter all over her
arms and chest, then snatches her brass knuckles from the
open jewelry box and slides them into place.

MOMMA (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
I mean... you don't really talk to
me about that stuff, unless...

The GOLD-SPARKLE FAIRY WINGS are lifted from her dress-form
and added to the ensemble.

SKYLAR
Unless, I... just sat on a face?

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
Details I really don't need to
know, Skylar!

SKYLAR
Don't you like it that I tell you
everything?!

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
Honestly, honey, I could have lived
my entire life, *quite happily*,
havin' no idea that my daughter
ever...

SKYLAR
...sat on a face?

Momma throws her head back and laughs, Skylar lifting the
phone from the bed.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
So?! What do ya think?!

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
You sure look like a tooth fairy
mob boss, that is for sure!

SKYLAR
Why... thank you.

She grabs her charging cord, but it won't fit in her "fanny."
Oh, well. She casually throws the cord on her comforter,
placing headphones into her ears, connecting them to the
bottom of her phone.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
(into the headphones)
Hey, Momma, I'm putting you in my
pocket, ready?

MOMMA (ON PHONE)
Ready!

Just barely able to slide her phone into the bursting fanny-
pack, Skylar stops the **Nick Lucas record** that's been playing
a few ditties this entire time.

And off goes the light.

Tracking with her into the-

INT. SKYLAR'S SPANISH-HARLEM BROWNSTONE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

-Narrow hallway, the heavy door SLAMS and the deadbolt LOCKS!

MOMMA (V.O.)
(filtered through the
headphones)
Honestly, honey... what does that
even mean?

SKYLAR
What does *what* mean?

MOMMA (V.O.)
You *know*... that *thing* we were just
talkin' about. How does it work? Or
is it just a joke?

INT. SKYLAR'S SPANISH-HARLEM BROWNSTONE, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Skylar descends the winding wooden staircase of her fifth floor walkup. The stairway is old, poorly lit, tight and claustrophobic, each step CREAKING beneath her weight.

SKYLAR
Awwwww, Momma. Have you never sat
on a face before?

She passes an apartment with a WAILING INFANT.

MOMMA (V.O.)
Maybe. But you have to tell me what
it means first. So I know for sure.

SKYLAR
Well...? It's when you crawl up
someone's torso...

MOMMA (V.O.)
And?

SKYLAR
And then...

MOMMA (V.O.)
Yes?

SKYLAR
You... *sit on their face*.

MOMMA (V.O.)
(laughing)
I still don't really understand!

SKYLAR
It's *literal*, Mom, it's not a
metaphor!

She passes an apartment with a blaring TELEVISION playing some sports game. Baseball? Football? Don't know, don't care.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
Please tell me you had a little *fun*
in your life, or was it all just
missionary?!

MOMMA (V.O.)
And what does *that* mean?

SKYLAR
When the guy's on top.

MOMMA (V.O.)
Is that a bad thing?!

SKYLAR
No. We've just... been allowed to
evolve since then.

Don't worry. Almost to the first floor.

MOMMA (V.O.)
Who has?

SKYLAR
Women.

MOMMA (V.O.)
Oh, that's a big pile of crap! I
bet women have been sittin' on
faces *for centuries*, they just
weren't allowed to talk about it,
or else they'd be labeled-

SKYLAR
-a kitchen *wrench*?

MOMMA (V.O.)
Right! A *wrench*! HA!

SKYLAR
(with a thick, Texas
accent)
This *pipe's* backed up, Ma! Bring
the *wrench* to relieve the *pressure*,
he's gonna *blow*!

MOMMA (V.O.)
Oh, gosh! Was *that* a metaphor?

SKYLAR
YES!!

MOMMA (V.O.)
You seriously need to clean up your
brain, young lady!

With an outstretched arm, Skylar pushes open the door-
Out she goes, launching onto-

EXT. SKYLAR'S SPANISH-HARLEM BROWNSTONE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

-An elevated stoop on 111th street, on the corner of 5th Ave.

Skylar is clearly desensitized to it, but we feel a bit
blasted by the kinetic hustle and bustle of this vibrant
neighborhood on a favored holiday.

MOMMA (V.O.)
Uh-oh. I think we just failed the
Beckett Test.

SKYLAR
Bechdel.

MOMMA (V.O.)
Still. We're two women. Talkin'
about men.

Skipping down the stairs of this standard, Harlem brownstone
in this brisk October evening-

SKYLAR
Yeeeeeeah, but... we're *objectifying*
them, so... maybe it doesn't count.

Skylar happens upon JERROLD, 80s, her African-American
neighbor, a "harmless" old-timer with hearing aids, slouched
in a folding chair at the base of the stairs near the private
entrance of his first floor apartment.

JERROLD
There she is, in all her splendor!

SKYLAR
Sorry, Momma, hang on.

With a sweet, yet protective sort of grin-

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
Hey, Jerrold.

JERROLD
Lookin' good there, Skylar. You
goin' trick or treatin'?

SKYLAR

Nah, I'm a little too old for that,
Jerrold.

JERROLD

(with a laugh)

Look like a little baby to me!

A huge grin fixed on his face, his eyes twinkling with delight, either Jerrold is imagining fucking her in his mind, or he's just a nice old man. *It's so hard to tell.*

JERROLD (CONT'D)

You should come and have tea with
me sometime.

SKYLAR

Yeeeeeah... I don't know about that
one, Jerrold.

JERROLD

I've been learnin' all about this,
this Chinese tea ceremony. Got the
whole set-up. You'd love it. I can
teach you. I'd love to *teach* you.

Again. Hard to tell if this is weird, or if this is simply
just a lonely, elderly man in need of some friendly company.

SKYLAR

Sounds cool and all, but... I
juuuust think we should keep
talking *out here* the way we do.
This is kinda *our thing*, you know?

JERROLD

Wait. Don't fairies grant wishes?

SKYLAR

Only when we want to, Jerrold. I'm
not some damn genie.

JERROLD

You don't want me to rub your lamp,
is that it?!

SKYLAR

Okay, gotta go.

Yup. While *possibly* not a predator, let's be honest, Jerrold
can be fucking weird sometimes.

Turning on her sparkle high-tops, Skylar heads east.

Behind her, laughing loudly, all in "good fun," Jerrold claps his hands, as if in applause. CLAP-CLAP-CLAP.

EXT. 5TH AVE BETWEEN 111TH AND 110TH - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Rounding the corner, Skylar heads down 5th Ave, *slightly* going out of her way, but it's much *nicer* to walk to the 2/3 along Central Park.

SKYLAR
Sorry about that.

MOMMA (V.O.)
It's fine. I'm gonna have to go here soon anyways. Samuel's bringin' me some dinner.

Passing a large, highly chaperoned, group of CHILDREN IN COSTUMES, Skylar turns right, heading-

EXT. 110TH, BETWEEN 5TH AVE AND LENOX - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

-West, strolling along the north brick wall of Central Park.

MOMMA (V.O.)
But... I do miss ya.

SKYLAR
I miss you, too, Momma.

MOMMA (V.O.)
(after a beat)
Get my radiation tomorrow.

Skylar's pace lessens.

Such an emotional "sucker punch." *Ouch.*

SKYLAR
Yeah... Three o'clock, right?

MOMMA (V.O.)
Right. It's quite an ordeal. They're gonna build this, this metal *cage thing* 'round my head for the treatment, did I tell you that?

SKYLAR
(after a beat)
Sammie told me.

MOMMA (V.O.)
 I'm a little nervous, to be honest.
 (after a beat)
 Wish you could be here.

SKYLAR
 (too much to handle)
 Yeah... me, too, but... I'm coming
 for Christmas and... it just...

Smoking on his fire escape above, a BALD CAUCASIAN GUY, 40s,
 his doughy body pressed out from under his tight t-shirt like
 mounds of raw sausage, yells from across the street.

BALD CAUCASIAN GUY
 Hey, pretty! Walk any faster, I'm
 gonna have to give you a speedin'
 ticket!

Picking up the pace again, Skylar doesn't glance his way.

MOMMA (V.O.)
 Listen. You have certainly held my
 hand through all my other
 treatments, so... I do suppose
 you've earned a little break.

BALD CAUCASIAN GUY (O.S.)
 HEY! Well, then!! FUCK YOU!!!

MOMMA (V.O.)
 Everything all right?

SKYLAR
 Fine.

But everything is *not* fine, because Skylar just discovered-

EXT. 2/3 MTA STATION, 110TH AND LENOX - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

-An MTA sign against yellow, criss-cross CAUTION TAPE fencing
 the entrance of her routine subway stop.

"STATION CLOSED UNTIL MONDAY AT 5 A.M."

A true New Yorker, Skylar-

EXT. 110TH, LENOX TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

-Continues west along the park, not missing a beat, passing
 ROAD WORKERS who slow in their task to take a good look.

RALPHIE (V.O.)
 (a direct reflection of
 the men)
 BARK, BARK, BARK, BARK!

Skylar simply rolls her shoulders back, walking taller as she confidently crosses the street, the men suddenly ROARING WITH LAUGHTER.

Maybe she's just being paranoid. Or *maybe* they just said something completely disgusting about her.

We will never know.

Meanwhile-

MOMMA (V.O.)
 Ralphie, no! No-bark, nooooo!
 Sweetie, Samuel's here, I'm sorry!

SKYLAR
 It's fine, Momma! Go eat! Love you!

MOMMA (V.O.)
 Love you, sweet girl! Bye-bye now!

Hanging up, Skylar comes upon-

EXT. B/C MTA STATION AT 110TH AND F.D. - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

-The B/C entrance.

As she crosses 8 Ave/Frederick Douglass, toward the DOWNTOWN side, she composes a few rapid texts to "**ANDRA**," fully engrossed in her phone, not really paying attention to where she is walking.

SKYLAR (TEXT)
 Hey, giiiiiiirl! You gonna have a
 charger on you tonight? Couldn't
 fit that shit in my outfit.
 (bikini emoji with a
 blushy face)

Immediately, Andra replies.

ANDRA (TEXT)
 I was just about to text you!
 (TEXT)
 Yup!
 (TEXT)
 (MORE)

ANDRA (TEXT) (CONT'D)
 I'll have a charger, umbrella,
 makeup, gum, sewing kit, tissues,
 tampons, deodorant and mouthwash. I
 do NOT fuck around!
**(a woman holding up her
 hands in an X over her
 face)**

CLOSE ON Skylar's smiling face as she chuckles.

SKYLAR (TEXT)
 Damn! You always have that
(poop emoji)
 with you?!

ANDRA (TEXT)
 Hell yeah! Stick with me, baby!
**(smiley face with
 sunglasses)**

SKYLAR (TEXT)
**(three fire emojis and two
 red high heels)**

She looks up, not a care in the world when-

WHAM!

Skylar collides with a passing PEDESTRIAN, her cell phone
 CLATTERING across the pavement.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
 Shit! Oh-my-God, I'm so sorry!

Our pedestrian has quickly retrieved her fallen phone-

SKYLAR'S POV:

-standing up to reveal, TIGHTY-WHITEY, a young man sporting
 nothing but, yup, tighty-whities, running sneakers without
 socks, a small canvas satchel crossed diagonally over his
 bare chest, and a freaky little boy mask with exaggerated
 crying eyes.

BACK TO SCENE:

Tighty-Whitey holds out the phone, inviting Skylar to reach
 out and take it.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
 Thanks, uh...

Yet... he oddly doesn't release his grip.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
 (not knowing what else to
 say)
 Nice costume. I've actually done
 that whole-uh... that "No Pants
 Subway Ride" thing, it was fun.

By the looks of his soft-skinned physique, best guess would put this guy in his early 20s. He's just a couple inches taller than Skylar, but undeniably solid as a rock. One hundred and sixty pounds of pure, unadulterated, chiseled, yet lean muscle.

Skylar draws a breath to say more, but Tighty-Whitey stares at her with his head tilted, as if an alien-student of human behavior.

Finally, he releases his grip, causing Skylar to walk slowly on by him, careful not to make any sudden movements.

Pulling out her metro card, she-

INT. B/C MTA STATION AT 110TH AND F.D. - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

-Hurries down the stairs.

BEEP!

Through the turnstile, Skylar enters the low-lit platform, discovering a GROUP OF COLUMBIA "MAN-BOYS" giving each other "titty twisters," their feet dancing all over the yellow strip along the platform's edge, marked with a form of tactile braille which is meant to read, **"YOU ARE TOO FUCKING CLOSE TO THE PIT!"**

But men rarely think about these things, particularly *boys*. Because they aren't constantly afraid of being *harmed*.

Haunted with thoughts that *she* could be pushed by some asshole onto the tracks, Skylar looks down at her sparkling sneakers. *Yup*. They are firmly planted on *tile*, the line of yellow a full inch away from her toes.

Following that familiar RUSH OF AIR, a train pulls into the station with a SCHREEEEEECH!

DING-DONG!

The doors open, Skylar dutifully allowing PASSENGERS to *exit* the train first before entering the crowded car.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
 (pre-recorded message)
 This is a downtown, local-C-train.
 The next stop is... 103rd street.

Entering the car, the doors close right behind Skylar, just missing her fairy wings.

FEMALE (V.O.)
 (an actual human over the
 intercom)
 Stand clear of the closing doors.

BING-BONG!

The train pulls away from the station with a SCHREEEEEEEECH!

INT. DOWNTOWN LOCAL-C-TRAIN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

There are only *two and a half* seats available on this car.

Nope. Not sitting in the "half seat" next to the BROAD SHOULDERED MAN, 20s, "man-spreading" across one and a half seats, headphones in, watching VIOLENT PORN on his phone.

Nope. Not sitting next to a WIRY MAN WITH A WILD BEARD, 50s, in a t-shirt tucked into jeans, no belt, eyes fixed straight ahead. Totally looks like an *ax murderer*. But, I dunno, who's to say?

The last seat available is---

Between a LATINA DRESSED AS A SEXY PIRATE, 30s, and a PREGNANT KOREAN WOMAN, 40s. **SOLD!**

Skylar plops down in the open seat.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 (pre-recorded message)
 A crowded train is no excuse for sexual misconduct. If you feel as if you've been the victim of a crime, please report the incident to an MTA representative.

POUND-POUND, POUND-POUND!

A TANZANIAN MAN, 60s, down the way POUNDS on the African drum between his legs.

The PULSING BEAT, deeply *primal*, evokes a feeling of heat and sweat and... fear. As if being *chased*. And not only chased, but... fleeing for your fucking life.

Sitting across from Skylar - wearing black lipliner with bright-red lipstick and giant hoop earrings - a Caucasian TEENAGE MOM, 15, has a stroller cradling a LITTLE BOY, barely 2, dressed as a pumpkin.

Sucking on a juice box, crumbs of cracker glued around his mouth, the boy curiously takes in Skylar's gorgeous face.

SKYLAR

Why, hello there, little guy.

Immediately, the boy explodes with a GIGGLE and a grin.

TEENAGE MOM

Yeah, he likes pretty girls.

SKYLAR

Starts young, doesn't it.

TEENAGE MOM

You're tellin' me! My sister, she got a baby-girl, and it's so damn different! This guy. He come out punchin' and kickin' and... he turn every-fuckin'-little-thang into-ahhh, like a gun or a knife or some shit. Even his *juice box*. Other day, he damn well tryin' to shoot me with his fuckin' apple juice, all like - BANG! BANG! - and shit, shit is crazy. But my *sister*. She get to play "princess" and bake cookies and shit. Every night they make a damn wish on a mother fuckin' star, that shit ain't fair.

Skylar chuckles. This young mom certainly has a kinetic, "unique-New-York" charm about her.

SCHREEEECH! The train pulls into the 103rd street stop.

DING-DONG!

The doors open, prompting the mom to hop up and exit with her stroller. No. She doesn't say goodbye. Because that's not what New Yorkers do.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

(pre-recorded)

This is a downtown, local-C-train.
The next stop is... 96th street.

Unlocking her phone, Skylar finds three texts waiting.

MOMMA (PREVIOUS TEXTS)
 So great chatting!
 (**three purple hearts**)
 Have fun tonight!
 (**dancing woman in a red
 dress**)
 Get home safe!
 (**praying hands**)

FEMALE (V.O.)
 (a human over the
 intercom)
 Stand clear.

BING-BONG!

The doors close.

SCHREEEEEECH!

PUSH IN ON Skylar's phone - "**GET HOME SAFE!**"

(These words act as our one and only **TITLE CARD** as our COLD OPEN left no room for CREDITS.)

Skylar composes the standard reply, "**I will.**"

She waits for the train to pull into the 96th street station, gifting her one bar of cell reception.

DING-DONG!

The doors open.

She hits SEND.

But... the message doesn't go through, as indicated by the BRIGHT RED WORDS, "**Not Delivered.**"

Because... *foreshadowing is fun.*

CUT TO:

POV THROUGH THE TWO PEEPHOLES OF A MASK, UNDERSCORED BY THE POUNDING OF THE AFRICAN DRUM:

In quick cuts - from 96th all the way to 14th - we witness snapshots of highly diverse, beyond interesting NEW YORKERS that get on and off this swaying subway car.

POUND-POUND, POUND-POUND!

But the gaze of this individual is on Skylar the *entire* time.

POUND-POUND, POUND-POUND!

The train slows to a stop at 14th.

SCHREEEEEECH!

DING-DONG!

The doors open.

BACK TO SCENE:

Skylar stands-

INT. A/C/E SUBWAY STATION, 14TH STREET - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

-Exiting the train into the 14th street subway stop. Quickly up the stairs and through the turnstile, we follow Skylar out onto-

EXT. 8TH AVE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

-14th street.

We follow Skylar south on 8th Avenue, passing all sorts of interesting CHARACTERS IN COSTUMES:

-SOME GUY, 20s, is covered in a bunch of gray paint swatches. (*Fifty Shades of Gray.*)

-A WOMAN, 30s, wearing normal clothing, has a sign around her neck that reads, "**Nudist on strike!**"

-A DUDE, 40s, dressed as a box of cereal with a knife through it. (*Serial killer.*)

-A YOUNG WOMAN, 20s, dressed as "Belle" from *Beauty and the Beast*, carrying a box of tacos... from Taco *BELLE!* (*See what she did there?*)

We clip to Skylar's delighted expression as she pulls out her phone and hits RECORD.

Following her eye-line, we find a WOMAN, 50s, dancing down the street with the dramatic, water-like whimsy of a professional thespian. Hey, it's New York City. She's probably on Broadway. The point is, this woman has pulled together the most *remarkable* costume.

Above her, she holds a Japanese, clear-plastic, bubble umbrella, artistically transformed into a *jelly fish*, her flowing dress purposed to resemble its hanging tentacles.

As she dances, the woman has a smile fixed on her face, a true artist, someone who lives in a dream-space filled with color and light. It's sheer poetry in motion.

A fellow artist, Skylar finds herself quite moved by the awe and wonder that can be found on the streets of New York City.

With a smirk, Skylar draws in a nice, deep breath and EXHALES heavily, savoring a newfound... hope.

Until---

A MAN in an expensive business suit, 30s, carrying a briefcase, walks by her, aggressively grabbing her bloomer-covered ass under her tutu, and whispering violently-

MAN IN A SUIT
I'm gonna make you wet!

[No. I did not go too far here. This has actually happened to me. My friend had a similar experience where a stranger declared, "I'm gonna cum in your ass!" But I digress.]

Weirdly continuing to walk on his "merry" way, the man in the suit doesn't even glance back at her, leaving Skylar utterly dumbfounded.

SKYLAR
(loudly, to herself)
Wow... Okay.

Continuing down 8th Ave, we further witness the true, pressurized frenzy of what Halloween night can feel like on the wild, unpredictable island of Manhattan, a *carnival on crack*.

For those who are really paying attention, and not everyone should notice it, but Tighty-Whitey should barely be noticeable in the background on one or two occasions.

POV FROM A SLIGHT DISTANCE:

An OMINOUS PRESENCE is stalking our fairy from a block back.

The pace of this individual quickens.

Crossing the street, moving in for the kill.

Coming upon Skylar, this person grabs her from behind.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
(startled)
FUCK!

BACK TO SCENE:

Laughing and hopping around, ANDRA, 30, sports a super dope, homemade, leather, "vampire hunter" outfit - two wooden stakes harnessed at each hip, a large cross and a string of fake garlic around her neck.

ANDRA

Got ya!

SKYLAR

(pronounced, "ANNE-dra")

Oh-my-God, Andra! *Not cool!*

Playfully poking at her ribs-

ANDRA

Look at you, you little slut!
Aren't you cold?!

SKYLAR

I'm fucking freezing!

ANDRA

Well, let's get your ass inside so
you can suck alllllll the dicks!

The ladies flash their I.D.s at a LARGE BOUNCER, 40s, then plunge into-

INT. WEST VILLAGE, FIRST DIVE BAR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

-The heart of a very small, yet extremely lively bar-

Christmas lights and very random, very *kitschy* knick-knacks hanging from the ceiling and walls.

We follow Skylar and Andra as they push through a group of-

GORGEOUSLY ANDROGYNOUS MEN DRESSED AS VICTORIA'S SECRET ANGELS.

Crossing the crowded room, they land at a busy bar - FOUR BARTENDERS and TWO BAR-BACKS working their asses off.

The MUSIC blaring, Skylar shouts-

SKYLAR

What do you want? *Red?!*

ANDRA

Prosecco!

SKYLAR
I'll get the first round!

They press closer to the bar, but won't be able to order for a minute. *It's crazy in here.*

ANDRA
Greg and those guys should be here already!

Skylar finds a gap at the bar, wedging herself in the empty spot, the FEMALE BARTENDER, dressed as a unicorn, pointing at her.

SKYLAR
Prosecco! And a gin and tonic!

FEMALE BARTENDER
What kinda gin?!

SKYLAR
You got Greenhook?

FEMALE BARTENDER
Yup!

Skylar hands over her credit card.

FEMALE BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Open or closed?

SKYLAR
Open for now!

ANDRA
(shouting across the bar)
Greg! *Greg!!* Over here!

Reveal-

Beer in hand, GREG, late 20s, dressed as a vampire, pushes his way to the bar.

ANDRA (CONT'D)
Oh, shit! Should'ah picked somethin' else, man, *you gonna die!*

Pulling a wooden spike from the leather harness around her hips, Andra pretends to "stake" Greg who fakes a dramatic death.

Grabbing their drinks from the bar-

SKYLAR
Where is everybody?!

GREG
Over there! In the corner!

As the three make their way to their GROUP OF FRIENDS-

GREG (CONT'D)
Question. You ladies wanna *roll*
tonight? I got some good shit!

SKYLAR
(with a shrug)
Maybe!

Greg continuing to lead them-

ANDRA
(private "girl talk")
What's your hesitation?

SKYLAR
Last time... we rolled for like...
fourteen hours.

ANDRA
I know, *riiiiiight*?

SKYLAR
I just- I mean- I don't wanna do it
if we're not sticking together, you
know, what's the plan?

ANDRA
Oh, I'm not looking to hook-up with
anyone or anything. What about you?

SKYLAR
Honestly? I'm so over it right now.
Can we just roll our faces off and
Uber it up later?

ANDRA
Totally!

Coming upon their FRIENDS, Greg slips everyone their own
clear pill with white power inside. **Molly.**

GREG
And one for you. And one for you.

Greg lifts his beer, the others following suit.

GREG (CONT'D)
See you on the other side, party
people!

Skylar and Andra CLINK their glasses and wash down the Molly with booze...

UP ON - "Apeshit," by Beyoncé and Jay-Z...

A dizzying delight of drinking, dancing, and debauchery.

A) INT. WEST VILLAGE, FIRST DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Greg dancing his ass off, dropping to the floor, the group surrounding him in a circle, egging him on.

B) INT. WEST VILLAGE, BAR TWO - NIGHT

Andra spanking one of her friends dressed as a DONKEY, Skylar twerking all over him.

C) INT. WEST VILLAGE, BAR THREE - NIGHT

INSTA story of Skylar taking video of the crew doing a Jager Bomb.

D) INT. WEST VILLAGE, BAR FOUR - NIGHT

The whole gang is hilariously cuddled on a very small couch, touching each other's faces, rubbing each other's arms and giving each other shoulder massages, all thanks to "Molly."

E) INT. WEST VILLAGE, BAR FIVE - NIGHT

We see a series of silly SNAPCHAT filters of Skylar and Andra, applying a "Dog Face," "Flower Crown," etc, upon their likeness, laughing their asses off.

F) INT. WEST VILLAGE, BAR SIX - NIGHT

Skylar finds herself enamored with the display of blinking lights all about this place, in all the colors, not quite realizing that her crew has gotten smaller and smaller, each waving goodbye and filtering out to some other, unknown adventure.

The last to head out is Greg, leaving Skylar and Andra in-

INT. WEST VILLAGE DIVE BAR, UPSTAIRS - 2 A.M.

-A little hole in the wall near Jane Street.

EXPLODING BACK TO REAL TIME:

Pulling her gaze from the "dancing" of her surroundings-

SKYLAR
You still rollin'?

ANDRA
Yup. How you doin'?

SKYLAR
(nodding)
I feel... happy and... cold.

ANDRA
(a laugh)
Yeah, you're not wearing much!

SKYLAR
Also... I gotta pee!

Skylar heads toward the most obvious place for a bathroom.

ANDRA
(calling after her)
Hey! You want another G-and-T?!

Skylar answers by throwing up both hands and swirling the air with her two index fingers as if a fucking rock star.

ANDRA (CONT'D)
BAM!

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP. The music swells as we track with--

Skylar--

Through the ever thinning "crowd."

On her way, she asks a super-hot, super-gay BARTENDER DRESSED AS THE DEVIL-

SKYLAR
Bathroom?!

DEVIL BARTENDER
To the left, baby-boo, down the stairs!

Pressing further still, Skylar finds a set of metal stairs leading down a dark "deep throat," straight into the "belly of the beast."

Tracking her, the-

INT. WEST VILLAGE DIVE BAR, DOWNSTAIRS - 2 A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

-THUMP, THUMP, THUMP of the music falls slightly muted from above, Skylar walking down a long, New York style "railroad" hallway that seems to go on *forever*.

Finally, she comes upon one unisex bathroom.

Typical New York.

She tries the knob. *JIGGLE-JIGGLE*. But it's occupied.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP. The music is even quieter back here, evoking a sense of isolation in this dark, redbrick-tunnel.

In need of a distraction, she unzips her GANGSTA "fanny" and pulls forth her phone, happy to discover a text from "**MOMMA.**"

MOMMA (PREVIOUS TEXT)
Please text me when you get home!
(all the flowers)

SKYLAR (TEXT)
Will do!
(three double-high-fives)

After hitting send, three gray dots immediately appear, indicating her mom's rapid reply.

Skylar's eyes dart to the top of her phone.

2:18am.

Battery life: 8%

Fuck.

Looks like she's been too busy living *real life* to worry about *battery life*.

Frustrated, she tries the knob again - *JIGGLE-JIGGLE!*

But someone's most *definitely* in there.

Her face screams, "**Hurry up, I need to pee! If that wasn't the case, I wouldn't be standing in this fucking creepy hallway! Obviously.**"

MOMMA (TEXT)
Oh, hi! You're still awake?!

SKYLAR (TEXT)
I'm still OUT! What are you doing awake?

MOMMA (TEXT)
I'm a night owl. You know me.
(TEXT)
You having fun?
(dolphin)

SKYLAR (TEXT)
I am! Currently rolling with Andra!
(a unicorn flanked by two stars)

MOMMA (TEXT)
What does that mean?

SKYLAR (TEXT)
I'll tell you when you're older.
(winky face)

MOMMA (TEXT)
You meet a face you want to sit on yet? HA!
(monkey covering its ears)
I still can't visualize that.

SKYLAR (TEXT)
Google it! I
(two doggy faces)
dare you! No, I
(three doggy faces)
dare you!

MOMMA (TEXT)
Yeah, right! I'll get arrested!

SKYLAR (TEXT)
LOL! What country do you think we live in?!

Gray dots dance with a promised reply, but-
FINALLY-

The door swings open.

Skylar's gaze rising to meet, *yup*, you guessed it--

Tighty-Whitey.

"What the fuck?!"

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Oh.

His left hand still holds the knob of the bathroom door, his fingers carrying the smudge of RED on them, most likely from a marker, but still, the image is *unsettling*.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Finished?

Without a word, Tightly-Whitey steps to the side, allowing her "safe passage."

Fearlessly, she moves right by him, and-

INT. WEST VILLAGE DIVE BAR, BATHROOM - 2 A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

-SLAM!

Locking the door *immediately*, Skylar finds herself in a tiny bathroom with raw-wood paneling, smothered in harmless graffiti, displaying a wide spectrum of intelligence and humor.

Unfortunately, Skylar *also* turns to find the toilet completely filled with... *shit*.

SKYLAR

Oh, fuck! Unbelievable.

With her foot, she presses the toilet handle. FLUUUUUSH!

Desperate to pee, she quickly pulls down her bloomers, glitter tights, Hanky Panky panties and *hovers* over the toilet.

PPSSSSSSSS! We hear a strong stream of urine hitting the porcelain, Skylar watching from between her legs, careful her aim is *on point*, not wanting to piss on her shoes.

PPSSSSSSSS! As she waits for her very full bladder to empty-

Skylar notices fresh RED MARKER written across the sea of bathroom graffiti, proclaiming two words: **"THE DISRUPTERS"**

TINKLE, TINKLE, TINKLE... SILENCE.

Pulling up her undies, glitter tights and bloomers, Skylar washes her hands-

Catching a glimpse of herself in the old, beveled mirror, her reflection *compromised* in a very strange way.

CLIP! Unlocking the door, Skyler enters-

INT. WEST VILLAGE DIVE BAR, DOWNSTAIRS - 2 A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

-The hallway where she... comes face-to-mask with Tightly-Whitey *again*.

"Seriously! What the *actual* fuck?!"

SKYLAR
(with a gasp)
Fuck! Dude! *Really?!*

Livid, Skyler marches down the hallway, Tightly-Whitey following, ever so slowly.

"Feeling" him behind her, she stops.

He stops.

She takes a step.

He does the same.

Turning, Skyler squares off with him, summoning her metaphorical "*mountain*" from deep within.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
You got a problem, buddy?

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP goes the MUTED MUSIC.

No reply.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
Look. I know it's Halloween and all, but... I don't scare easy, so... go find someone else to fuck with, *got it?!*

Again. No reply.

No movement.

Nothing.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
Fucking! Asshole!

Marching up the stairs defiantly, Skylar hits her sneakers against the metal steps, making her point *abundantly clear*.

POUND, POUND, POUND!

INT. WEST VILLAGE DIVE BAR, UPSTAIRS - 2 A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

Emerging from downstairs, Skylar's face relaxes now that she's among the protection of other humans, albeit *strangers*.

The place is pretty empty at this point. The bar closes at **3 A.M.**, after all.

Her eyes scan for a familiar face.

ANDRA (O.S.)

Skylar!

Andra waves at Skylar from the bar, having found them two seats. Regarding the gin and tonic waiting for her-

SKYLAR

Is that mine?

ANDRA

Yeah, don't worry, I've kept an eye on it. Roofie-free-guarantee.

SKYLAR

Thanks, babe.

The two CLINK their glasses together, Andra having switched to red wine. After a sip-

ANDRA

Skylar! This is *Peter*!

REVEAL - PETER, 30s, a delicious looking man, dressed as a Chippendale dancer. Skylar's eyes widen. Damn.

SKYLAR

Uh... *hi*! Nice to meet you!

Peter reaches out, offering a *kind* handshake.

PETER

(thick, German accent)

Hallo! So nice to meet with you!

SKYLAR

Yeah, me too! Where are you from?!

PETER

I, uh... I come from Germany,
but... I am so sorry, I... I did
not complete my learning for
English. I do, uh... I do
automobiles.

ANDRA

He fixes cars! In Frankfurt!

SKYLAR

Right! Cool!

PETER

But they are *nice* cars. Good ones.

SKYLAR

Luxury?

PETER

That's it, exactly! I, uh... I come
here to-uh... to know the city.
It's cool. It's good.

Leaning in, Andra whispers-

ANDRA

So... it's getting late and... I
sorta... Would you *hate* me if... I
took him home. Do you mind?

SKYLAR

Oh-my-God, not at all!

ANDRA

I know we said no hook-ups, but-

SKYLAR

Andra! Honestly! If you don't fuck
the shit out of that man, I'm going
to be *very disappointed* in you!

ANDRA

He's sweet, riiiiight?

SKYLAR

He's *so* sweet. And fucking
gorgeous.

ANDRA

I know... I kind of want him all-up-
in-my-mouth.

Pulling Andra in, Skylar hugs her neck. In her ear-

SKYLAR
You have condoms?

ANDRA
I do.

SKYLAR
Have fun.

Hopping off the stool, Andra wraps her arms around Peter's upsettingly perfect torso.

ANDRA
Hey. You wanna go home with me?

Peter's eyes widen with surprise.

PETER
Uh... sorry, my *English*, I... are you telling me to...

ANDRA
I wanna have sex with you.

Shyly, Peter practically giggles, almost blushing.

ANDRA (CONT'D)
(a playful grin)
Does that *translate*, or...?

PETER
Yes. Yes, of course. I want to.
Thank you.

ANDRA
All-righty-then.
(to Skylar)
Love you!

SKYLAR
Love you!
(to Peter)
Nice meeting you!

Confidently, Andra grabs Peter's hand, leading him from the bar, *technically* ditching Skylar, but... oh, well... plans change.

Welcome to New York *Fucking* City.

MASK PEEPHOLE POV:

INHALE, EXHALE, INHALE, EXHALE.

We watch as Andra leaves Skylar's side.

Alone, Skylar takes a sip of her cocktail, then pulls her phone from her "fanny."

BACK TO SCENE:

MOMMA (PREVIOUS TEXT)
Honestly? I don't know what country
we live in anymore.

Skylar composes and sends-

SKYLAR (TEXT)
You still awake?

Pretty immediately-

MOMMA (TEXT)
Oh, hi! You doing okay?

SKYLAR (TEXT)
Andra met a hottie. Took him home.
(TEXT)
She's a lucky son of a bitch.

Battery life: 6%.

"Shit! This is officially really bad."

Skylar turns to see if Andra's left yet. She has.

MOMMA (TEXT)
Forget looks. You need to meet a
man that's SWEET like your brother.

SKYLAR (TEXT)
Mom. That's gross.
(TEXT)
Also. We're failing that test
again.

MOMMA (TEXT)
Right! HA!

Skylar takes a look around the bar, struck by the fact that the one person who matters most to her is halfway across the country, communicating through a pocket-sized computer.

SKYLAR (TEXT)
Mom?

MOMMA (TEXT)
Yes, sweetie?

CLOSE ON PHONE SCREEN as Skylar types, "I don't know what I'll do when I can't talk to you everyday."

Without sending, she adds, "Please don't die. Please?"

But... she deletes this and simply writes, "I love you."

She sends.

SKYLAR (TEXT)

I love you.

MOMMA (TEXT)

I love you, Skylar. You've always given me so much joy.

A PICTURE OF RALPHIE DRESSED AS A BUMBLE BEE IS SENT.

SKYLAR (TEXT)

Haha! Silly, Ralphie.

MOMMA (TEXT)

I should try and get some sleep.

SKYLAR (TEXT)

Okay. Rest well.

(TEXT)

Dream of perfect oceans.

MOMMA (TEXT)

I love it when you say that. You know how much I miss the ocean.

SKYLAR (TEXT)

We should go sometime. Just you and me.

MOMMA (TEXT)

Let's see how the radiation goes tomorrow.

(strong arm flexing)

SKYLAR (TEXT)

Okay. I'll text you when my head hits the pillow. Nighty.

MOMMA (TEXT)

Goodnight, my sweet girl.

(TEXT)

And be careful.

(TEXT)

Nothing good happens after midnight.

(ghost emoji)

Battery life: 5%.

We clock the BARTENDERS starting to button up for the evening, the "Devil" collecting the plethora of tips scattered along the length of the liquor soaked, oakwood bar.

For the first time, Skylar notices that not only is he dressed as the devil, but he has a puppet that looks like a "Donald Trump type" attached to the front of his black leather pants, as if sucking the dick of the devil.

SKYLAR

Hey! I hate to be "that person,"
but... you mind charging my phone?

DEVIL BARTENDER

Sorry, honey. We don't do that
anymore. It's too much of a
liability. Phone's get stolen and
shit.

SKYLAR

I'm *seriously* about to die and it's
my Uber ride home.

DEVIL BARTENDER

Buck-up-baby, trains run all night.

Turning, he "pools" fistfuls of cash into a tip-collector.

SKYLAR

(softly, genuinely)
I know, but... my stop's honest-to-
God under construction. Otherwise,
I'm walking, like, three avenue
blocks with my ass hanging out.

DEVIL BARTENDER

(softening)
Your neighborhood busy at night?
With people around?

SKYLAR

(shaking her head)
Like a friggin' ghost town.

DEVIL BARTENDER

Yeah... that's the problem. Only
time I ever feel unsafe in this
city is... when *no one's* around.

MASK PEEPHOLE POV:

INHALE, EXHALE, INHALE.

From across the bar, the "Devil" takes Skylar's phone to charge it.

BACK TO SCENE:

DEVIL BARTENDER (CONT'D)
But you *gotta* keep it quiet, or
I'll get my asscheeks handed to me.

SKYLAR
Promise. *Thank you*. Oh, thank you,
thank you.

DEVIL BARTENDER
No worries, honey.

The bartender cups his hand on the side of her face.
Mirroring his action, Skylar does the same.

SKYLAR
(*"Molly" talking*)
Hi. I'm Skylar.

TRISTEN
(*a chuckle*)
Hi. I'm Tristen.

And this is when two humans, somewhere in the West Village,
in the middle of a small bar, on Halloween, *smile* at one
another with their eyes.

(It's amazing, isn't it, how *safe* a woman can feel in the
hands of a *good* man?)

TRISTEN (CONT'D)
You have a... a really good soul,
Skylar.
(*after a beat*)
I should know. I'm the mother
fuckin' devil!

Laughing together, Tristen leans in, kissing Skylar on each
cheek - which she *happily* accepts - and then continues
buttoning up his barely busy bar.

Sitting back, Skylar grabs her cocktail, just able to take
one sip before discovering---

A CAVEMAN DOUCHE, early-30s, nestling up next to her at the
bar.

The first part of this nickname is derived from the fact that
this man is *actually* dressed as a caveman.

But of the unimaginative, historically inaccurate variety, the *bad* version of Fred Flintstone.

The second part of this nickname - his "Douche" surname - was chosen simply because this man reeks of *bro*.

The smugness of his smile, the pride in his jaw, the dim light in his eyes, the puff of his chest, his full head of thick hair, his 6'4" frame, his arms like tree trunks, the way he holds his beer bottle so "casually" at the neck - all speak to the fact that this person actually believes he's a god of the highest order, deserving of worship.

CAVEMAN DOUCHE
(thick, Southern accent)
You know he's gay, right?

Skylar's metaphorical "drawbridge" that had just been lowered for Tristen, immediately pulls up again, "archers" lining the tall, stone walls of her heart, readying their bows. Robed in splendor, the Queen of Skylar's "soul-castle" fearlessly steps forward and calls out into the night, with the authority of Hera herself, **"Who fuckin' goes there?!"**

CAVEMAN DOUCHE (CONT'D)
Just thought I'd let ya know. In case you got your hopes up.

SKYLAR
(in a high-pitched voice)
He's gay? Oh-my-God, I'm so upset,
I need to call my mom and cancel
the weddiiiiing.

She takes a drink, silently praying that he'll take his privileged, straight-white-male, AXE-body-spray wearing, leopard-printed self and fuck right off.

But Caveman simply glances over his shoulder at his hovering DOUCHE-BRO-WINGMAN, early 30s, dressed as "THING TWO" from Dr. Seuss.

In the long mirror behind the bar, Skylar QUICKLY catches a glimpse of Tighty-Whitey's reflection in the background.

She turns to get a better look, but suddenly, he's gone.

Her eyes narrow, on high alert, but-

CAVEMAN DOUCHE
Too bad you're brunette.

SKYLAR
Why's that?

CAVEMAN DOUCHE
 (with a "casual" shrug)
 I like redheads.

Finally, she tilts her head toward him.

SKYLAR
 You ever notice how women rarely,
if ever, reduce men to a fucking
 hair color?

To his buddy, "Thing Two," who remains hovering-

CAVEMAN DOUCHE
 Ooooooooooooo! We got ourselves a
feisty one over here!

"Thing Two" laughs, whacking Caveman Douche on the arm, these
 two a tragic, modern, American version of *Gaston* and *LeFou*.

SKYLAR
 Think about it. I could go from
 blonde to red to blue and back
 again in a day. It's not magic.
 It's peroxide. And food coloring.

CAVEMAN DOUCHE
 (delighted)
Damn. You're a full blown man-
 eater, aren't ya?

SKYLAR
 No. I just call bullshit on the
 whole... hair thing.
 (observing his face)
 Curious. How many women *have* you
 been able to convince... to dye
 their hair red to please you?

Caveman rolls his eyes, not taking her seriously in the
 least.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
 Dude. It's shitty. Really shitty to
 reduce a woman to something so
 fucking inconsequential.

Caveman checks in with "Thing Two" again, confused by this
 mashing of words that make absolutely no sense.

CAVEMAN DOUCHE
Okaaaay.
 (with a laugh, to Skylar)
 I still like redheads though.

SKYLAR

You know what? Forget it. I don't need to explain it to you.

Suddenly, "sincerely"-

CAVEMAN DOUCHE

No. Try me. I'm a smart guy. Explain it me.

SKYLAR

(after a sip)

It's about *control*. Whether you know it or not. This obsession with our hair, the color of it, the *length* of it. It's such an obvious holdover... this customization of women... this little game little boys play to feel like men. But real men don't play those games. They don't play "Rock, Paper, Scissors" with blondes and brunettes and redheads. Short hair, long hair, shaved head - shouldn't matter.

CAVEMAN DOUCHE

Yeah, but... there's gotta be *attraction*, right? I mean... you can't discount individual *preference* altogether.

SKYLAR

I understand preference and attraction, fine. But, *typically*... women don't engage in the same way.

CAVEMAN DOUCHE

And *how* do you engage?

SKYLAR

Has *any* woman ever made you feel like your hair had the power to alter your worth in some way?

He only grins. A failed attempt at "modesty"-

CAVEMAN DOUCHE

I mean... I got good genes, so...

SKYLAR

Well, there you go. Men don't suffer the-hair-thing unless they're fucking *losing* it.

(MORE)

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

And even then, most women *still*
don't give a shit. *You're* the ones
who make a thing of it.

She lifts her gin, but doesn't drink.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Worry about hair when you're
getting *your* next fuckin' hair cut.
A woman is far greater than the sum
of the strands of *protein* sprouting
from her goddamn head.

Having earned a drink, Skylar takes a long sip of gin.

CAVEMAN DOUCHE

Listen... we got off on the wrong
foot here. At heart... I'm *really* a
nice guy. Seriously. You can ask
anyone, anyone I know. I'm a
gentleman. Honestly. Gimme a break.

SKYLAR

(doubtfully, plainly)

Yeeeeeah... *nooooo*. I know what a
gentleman looks like... and I don't
believe you're one of them.

"Thoughtfully," he turns, leaning his back against the bar,
conjuring a strange, fabricated "humanity." Skylar studies
his face. It's filled with a dramatized sort of "conviction."
And Skylar knows *theatre* all too well.

CAVEMAN DOUCHE

Come on... *Smile*.

Skylar drops her face. **"Dude. Seriously?"**

CAVEMAN DOUCHE (CONT'D)

I bet you gotta *gorgeous* smile.
Don't keep it all to yourself.

(after no comply)

My favorite Aunt. Aunt Janiece. She
lives down the street from me, in
Tennessee. *She's* a feminist, too.
Real strong, real smart lady. But
still, she used to tell me that...
no matter *how strong* women get...
it's *always* gonna be a pretty gal's
job to light up the room.

(a small beat)

Bet you could light up this whole
damn bar with just one grin.

After another sip of gin-

SKYLAR

My mom... she spent her whole life lighting up rooms... smiling for men. Putting a *spring* in their step. Making them feel better about themselves. More able to face the fucking day.

(a beat)

And now... she's old, and dying... at home, alone, in a *King*-sized bed. Her hair is gone. Her breasts are gone. But she's still got that smile, boy. A smile that could set this whole fucking city on fire... But *none* of those men... not *one* of them... could give a shit. And the only one who ever *did* give a shit? *Is dead.*

As if he barely heard her, the Caveman continues to smirk, "playfully" nudging her arm, as if they're about to kiss for the first time on Prom night, Sophomore year.

CAVEMAN DOUCHE

Smmiiile. Just once. For me. And I promise, I'll leave you alone.

SKYLAR

You want me to bark and roll over, too? Beg for a treat?

CAVEMAN DOUCHE

Damn. You got a boyfriend or somethin'?

SKYLAR

No. I'm just not interested.

CAVEMAN DOUCHE

(to his friend)

She's got a boyfriend or somethin', I don't know.

SKYLAR

So... the only way you'll hear a *no* from me, is if I'm another man's property?

The Southern "gentleman" suddenly disappearing-

CAVEMAN DOUCHE

Shit! You're a fuckin' *bitch*!

SKYLAR

That's right, you got me, I'm a
bitch, I'm Queen of the bitches.

In the mirror, Skylar catches sight of Tighty-Whitey pulling
his phone from the satchel slung across his chest. Meanwhile-

CAVEMAN DOUCHE

It's Halloween! In New York City!
We're supposed to be havin' fun!
Why'd you dress like *that* if you're
not out to have fun?!

SKYLAR

It doesn't matter how I'm dressed,
asshole! I could be *naked* right now
and still tell you *no*!

QUICK GLIMPSE of Tighty-Whitey pressing in closer. But Skylar
can barely make sense of it with Caveman Douche in her ear-

CAVEMAN DOUCHE

I'm a *good* guy, I'm tellin' you!

SKYLAR

No, you're not! You've just been
told that for so long, you actually
believe it, but it's not true!

CAVEMAN DOUCHE

(to his buddy)

Can you believe this, this is
actually happening. It's
kinda *funny*. Wish I had
popcorn.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

You are not kind!
You are not charming!
You're not even all that
interesting!

CAVEMAN DOUCHE

I like *redheads*, you crazy bitch!

SKYLAR

Great! Then go find a *ginger* that
can *half-way* tolerate your ass and -
Leave me! The fuck! Alone!

CAVEMAN DOUCHE

("light bulb" moment)

You're a *lesbian*, aren't you?

SKYLAR

So what if I *was*?! Why would *that*
fucking matter?!

CAVEMAN DOUCHE
 (with a laugh)
 It'd explain a *lot*, trust me!

With that, the Queen inside Skylar's metaphorical soul-castle commands the archers to launch a wall of deadly arrows at this Neanderthal.

"DIE, MOTHER FUCKER!"

SKYLAR
 Why can you *not* hear the word *NO*?!
 It's fucking *fascinating*! You think
 you're so goddamn special that I -
 ONE, have to be a lesbian or, TWO,
 a man-hating feminist, or, THREE,
 have a boyfriend - in order to *not*
 regret the fact that I *failed* to
 throw some *Red-Dye-Number-Two* in my
 fucking hair before I arrived in
 order to fight for your *fleeting*
 attention! You can call me whatever
 the fuck you want, project whatever
 you need to in order to make
 yourself feel better, but *Time is*
Up, mother fucker! You can't just
club me over the head and *drag* me
 back to your man-cave by my *brown*
 hair and have your way with me!
 Those days are fucking over! I know
 it's hard for you ass-wipes to
 grasp, I *get* why you cling so
 closely to the comfort of denial,
 because, sure, *biologically*
speaking, yes, for *centuries* you've
 had the upper hand! You're bigger
 than I am! You're stronger!
Congratu-fuckin'-lations! But we
 live in a time that my *biology*
 doesn't matter anymore, because *NOW*
 my fucking *words* matter! They carry
 legal goddamn *weight*, asshole! And
 right now, in this moment, my word
 for you is - *NO!!!*

The few PATRONS left have been watching this drama unfold.
 Keep in mind, however, these New Yorkers have seen some crazy
 shit go down before, so, no one has their jaw dropped, *per*
se. But they are enjoying this bit of intrigue.

Oddly... Caveman Douche remains calm, staring at Skylar with
 a smirk on his face, until---

At whip-speed, he grabs Skylar throwing her over his shoulder-

Parading her around, like some prize he's won at the country fair.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK?!!! *LET ME GO!!!*

Her limbs flailing about, Skylar fights against this large man as if being *accosted*.

And that is *precisely* what is happening.

CLOSE ON HER FACE, red from the exertion of her screaming, every fiber of her being willing it to STOP!

It's agonizing.

Nauseating.

Humiliating.

For a grown, adult woman to be rendered so *helpless*.

It's *meant* to be a violent reminder that, no matter what Skylar says, she's still "only" a woman.

WIDE ON - this establishment has morphed from mild curiosity to the age-old, bloodlust of a ROARING coliseum.

[Also, I shit you not, this has actually happened to me.]

SKYLAR'S POV:

As if spinning on a manic turntable, Skylar suffers a barrage of MEN and WOMEN alike, screaming and cheering, all too pleased that the "buzz-kill" has finally been silenced, the holiday festivities back on track.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
Put me down, you fucking
asshole!!!! Let me go, goddamnit!!!

SPIN, SPIN, SPIN.

We catch three glimpses of Tighty-Whitey in the "front row" with his phone held up. "Is he RECORDING VIDEO of this?!"

Finally, her feet hit the ground again...

BACK TO SCENE:

Wasting no time, Skylar hits Caveman's tree trunk arms *again and again*, but even with her brass knuckles, all he can do is *laugh*, as if they're having a pillow fight.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
Do not touch me! Don't you
touch anyone without their
fucking permission! No! Fuck
you! Fuck you!

CAVEMAN DOUCHE
Get your fuckin' panties out
of a wad! I was just tryin'
to make you smile! Lighten
up, you crazy bitch!

With that, she takes her leave of him with one last-

SKYLAR
Asshole!

Tracking with her, we move backward, Skylar marching through-

EXT. WEST VILLAGE DIVE BAR - 2 SOMETHING A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

-The door, exploding from the bar in all hell-fury.

Over one full block, we see up close and very personal Skylar
successfully fighting back salty tears like a champ.

The streets are far quieter than they were before.

Suddenly, Skylar stops, having realized something terrible.
Her face drops, crestfallen. She peers over her right
shoulder, then back toward us again.

SKYLAR
Fuuuuuuuuuuuuck!

Whipping around, Skylar marches back to the bar.

We track with Skylar again, this time from behind, the street
lamps above saturating her sparkling fairy wings in a pale
yellow glow.

Bravely, she bursts-

INT. WEST VILLAGE DIVE BAR, UPSTAIRS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

-Into the bar, right by Caveman and "Thing Two."

CAVEMAN DOUCHE
Oooooooo! Back for more, baby-girl?!

Without looking, she flips him a strong MIDDLE FINGER.

Walking the full length of the bar, as far away from Caveman
as possible-

Skylar squares off with a MALE BARTENDER, 20s, dressed as "ELEVEN" from *Stranger Things* - the shaved head version with cardigan, 1980s cotton dress, and a drop of fake blood painted from his right nostril down to his upper lip.

SKYLAR

Hi! Sorry, uh... I'm looking for Tristen?

ELEVEN

Nah, he took off already.

"Eleven" throws down a cardboard, beer-soaked coaster, advertising some low-shelf Tequila.

ELEVEN (CONT'D)

What are ya drinkin'?

SKYLAR

No, I-uh... he was charging my phone for me.

ELEVEN

We don't do that anymore.

SKYLAR

I know, but-

(on the "down-low")

He did me a solid, please don't get him in trouble.

"Eleven" grazes the shoulder of a very hard working bar-back, ALEJANDRO, 40s, bringing a fresh rack of glasses to the bar.

NOTE: All dialogue in **BOLD** is in **SPANISH**.

ELEVEN

Alejandro! Was Tristen charging a phone for someone? Do you know?

ALEJANDRO

Shit! Yes! He gave it to me, but- I forgot, it was so fucking crazy tonight!

Alejandro pulls Skylar's phone from his back pocket.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

(in English, to Skylar)

I'm so sorry, mi amor!

ELEVEN

No, fuck her! This shit is not our problem!

"Eleven" holds up the phone to Skylar.

ELEVEN (CONT'D)
This yours?

But this *Texan* responds in **Spanish**, making clear to "Eleven" that she heard every word.

SKYLAR
Yeah, it's mine.

ELEVEN
Oh. Sorry. I didn't know.

SKYLAR
(with a sigh)
It's fine, you're right. It's not your problem.

Taking the phone, Skylar finds -

Battery life: 2%

10 missed calls.

14 INSTA messages.

13 iMessages.

ELEVEN
You wanna drink? I'm about to ring for last call.

SKYLAR
Nah... I'm good.

Getting high really isn't the best idea sometimes, because-

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
Oh, and I need to close out! *Fuck.*

ELEVEN
Last name?

SKYLAR
London.

Signing the bill, Skylar shoves her card in her "fanny," and hurries out of the bar.

Back on the-

EXT. WEST VILLAGE DIVE BAR - 2 SOMETHING A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

-Street, Skylar immediately opens UBER, but with so many people out tonight, the APP searches and searches, but cannot find her a ride. It is Halloween, after all.

Chilled against the cold, Skylar clicks back to her HOME SCREEN to check her missed iMessages, all from *Andra*.

The frantic string of texts looks something like this:

ANDRA (PREVIOUS TEXTS)

Skylar!

(TEXT)

My brother just sent something to me asking if it was YOU! Check your INSTA! His friend actually follows those D-Bags!

(TEXT)

Are you okay?!

(TEXT)

Fucking call me! This shit is crazy!!!

(TEXT)

Where the fuck are you?! Are you still at the bar?!

(TEXT)

I don't know what to do!!!!

(TEXT)

Call me please!!!

(TEXT)

Just tried you again!

(TEXT)

Should I call your mom? The police?!

(TEXT)

I'm half way to Greenpoint with Peter and we're stuck on the bridge or I'd be on my way!!!!

(TEXT)

I'm so sorry I left you! I'm such a dick!!!

Dumbfounded, Skylar finds a DM from Andra in her INSTA, a FORWARDED VIDEO from "The Disrupters" INSTAGRAM STORY.

CLICKING on it, to her surprise, Skylar finds a **VIDEO OF HERSELF** from no more than fifteen minutes ago.

SKYLAR (ON PHONE)

"-but *Time is Up*, mother fucker! You can't just *club* me over the head and *drag* me back to your-"

There she is, displayed before the entire virtual world to see, screaming at Caveman as if *she* had been the unnecessary aggressor, his hands held up in defense.

SKYLAR (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 "-man-cave by my brown hair and
 have your way with me! Those days
 are fucking over!"

As the VIDEO continues, Skylar reads the caption below it:

"Look at this bitch mouthing off to a perfectly nice guy who simply said HELLO! Is this what America has come to?!"

SKYLAR (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 "I know it's hard for you ass-wipes
 to grasp, I get why you cling so
 closely to the comfort of denial-"

"Who wants to pay some serious (Bitcoin symbol) to watch us RAPE the whore?! #FuckYouMeToo #TimesUpBitch #TheDisrupters"

SKYLAR (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 "-because, sure, *biologically*
speaking, yes, for centuries-"

Skylar CLICKS to the profile page, boasting over 87,000 followers, the handle: **"The_DISRUPT3RS_37"**

Her video has also just been posted there.

Among the slew of immediate "Troll" comments:

- "Love this! Just transferred you some coin!"

- "You guys are the beeeeeeeest! They keep deleting you, but you keep on cumming back!"

- "This shit is hilarious"

- "#Disrupters4everrrrr Pown the bitch"

- "ROFL shes fucking spazzing out!"

- "LOL Id totally hit it but shes not hot"

SKYLAR (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 "-you've had the upper hand! You're
 bigger than I am! You're stronger!
 Congratu---"

CUT TO BLACK.

Her phone has died...

BACK ON SKYLAR in disbelief.

She finally looks up, scanning the street for signs of Tightly-Whitey.

Nothing.

No one is around.

Rushing to the street, Skylar tries to wave down - one, two, three, four - passing yellow cabs, but they're all full. In this "witching hour," chances of actually *hailing* a taxi are slim to none.

Throwing her phone in her fanny-pack, Skylar heads north on-

EXT. 8TH AVE - 2 SOMETHING A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

-8th Ave at a clipped pace toward the A/C/E at 14th, passing endless, graffiti-laden, metal-garage-style doors protecting empty storefronts.

Everything is eerily quiet, until---

HURRRRLLLLL!!

Skylar NARROWLY SIDESTEPS the projectile VOMIT from a DUDE, 30s, dressed as Barbara Bush.

HURRRRLLLLL!!

After one last push of vomit, the guy passes out, his back against a darkened storefront. *What a keeper.*

Pressing onward, Skylar gains another block, so grateful to see a bodega open late.

INT. WEST VILLAGE BODEGA - 2 SOMETHING A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

DING!

Skylar enters the claustrophobic shop, offering little more than beer, soda, cigarettes, lottery scratch-offs and odd toiletries covered in dust.

Approaching the one MAN behind the counter, 40s, hovered over his phone, watching something with headphones, Skylar opens her mouth, but hesitates.

Maybe she's simply being paranoid, but the vibe in here doesn't feel safe at all. *Could he be watching that video of her right now?*

Bravely, she shakes away her fears.

SKYLAR

Hi, uh... is there a phone I can
borrow, or...? Do you mind if... if
I borrow yours for a minute?

Glancing up, the man's eyes trace the length of her beautiful female form. He pulls one of the "buds" from his left ear.

MAN

And... what do I get?

DING!

EXT. 8TH AVE - 2 SOMETHING A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

Out on 8th Ave again, Skyler runs toward the only other place open nearby, a SPEAK EASY tucked away on west 13th street, CLUB MUSIC THUMPING against the gum stained sidewalk.

Skyler steps inside-

INT. WEST VILLAGE SPEAK EASY - 2 SOMETHING A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

-but the only other souls in here are *extremely* SHADY CHARACTERS. All drunk. Or high. Or both.

In a booth, a WOMAN is saddled on top of a MAN, grinding, her skirt covering the fact that these two could quite possibly be having sex, publicly, *right now*.

A NAUGHTY NURSE, 50s, exits the bathroom, rubbing her nose, having just done a line of cocaine, one of her white, knee stained, thigh-highs falling to her left ankle.

A GROUP OF GUYS in the corner - dressed as various monsters - hover over a cell phone, laughing to themselves.

MONSTER ONE

Fucking hilarious! Can you believe
this shit?!

Again. Maybe she's just being paranoid, but they could easily be watching her **VIDEO**.

Turning, she CLOCKS ACROSS THE ROOM a GUY in tighty-whities and almost freaks out, but it's only a man in his 50s, dressed to resemble that famous scene from "BIRDMAN."

MASK PEEP HOLE POV:

From across the room, we watch Skylar talk to the MALE BARTENDER, but the guy shakes his head, explaining something to her.

INHALE, EXHALE, INHALE...

Suddenly, after some MUFFLED yelling, a massive bar fight ensues.

BACK TO SCENE:

Skylar barely gets out of harm's way as TWO MEN begin punching and ripping at each other over a voluptuous woman, 20s, dressed as a NAUGHTY NUN, screaming and crying.

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>NAUGHTY NUN</p> <p>Stop, stop it! I didn't fuck him, I fucking swear, oh-my-God, stop!</p> | <p>MAN #1 / MAN #2</p> <p>Fuck you, mother fucker! Come on! / I'll fucking kill you, asshole!</p> |
|---|---|

The place has been thrown into utter chaos, THREE BOUNCERS attempting to separate the men as they continue to scream PROFANITIES - spit flying from their mouths - as violent as any wild primates can possibly get... during *mating* season.

Dodging the madness, Skylar presses through this terrifying display of untethered human behavior, and-

EXT. 8TH AVE - 2 SOMETHING A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

-Out onto the street again.

Spotting **police lights up ahead** near the 14th street A/C/E/L subway station, Skylar rushes north to the cruiser, where two male cops, 40s - OFFICER ROMANO and OFFICER DUNN - have arrested a car full of men dressed as CIRCUS CLOWNS.

But this sight is not comical in the slightest, for these clowns are truly what *nightmares* are made of, dirty with grime, their eyes bloodshot and wild with unspeakable mischief.

One even grins at her, his yellowed teeth having been *blackened*... for some unknown, grotesque reason.

To OFFICER ROMANO, shoving the last clown into the backseat-

SKYLAR

Excuse me, officer, I... sorry to bother you, but-

SLAMMING the door and rounding to the driver's side-

OFFICER ROMANO
(thick, New York accent)
Yeah, we're pretty busy right now,
as you can see.

SKYLAR
I just... I've been threatened
and... I don't know what to do.

OFFICER DUNN
How were you threatened?

On the other side of the cruiser, Officer Dunn leans over the hood, smoking a cigarette, exhausted and *so over his job*.

SKYLAR
Someone just... posted something
online that's... it's disturbing.

OFFICER DUNN
Someone you know?

SKYLAR
No, but...

She glances over her shoulder.

No sign of Tighty-Whitey.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
If it's the person I think it is...
he's been following me all night,
and... he's wearing a mask.

OFFICER DUNN
Sweetie. Most everyone out here's
wearin' a mask.

MASK PEEPHOLE POV:

From only a block away...

INHALE, EXHALE, INHALE.

BACK TO SCENE:

OFFICER ROMANO
Sorry... I'm not followin'. Has
this person harmed you in any way,
in the *real* world? Or did this all
take place *online*?

SKYLAR

He hasn't hurt me physically, no,
but... he *intends* to. *That's* what
he posted. Online.

The cops' faces drop. They don't have time for this.

Bravely, Skylar continues-

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

I know it's a lot to ask, but... I
would really appreciate a ride
home. To be safe.

OFFICER ROMANO

Look...

Drawing closer to Skylar-

OFFICER ROMANO (CONT'D)

This town's a total *shit-show* on
Halloween. You know it, I know it.
I don't even know why nice girls
like you even go out anymore. Next
time, just... stay home, you know?
Stay home.

(suddenly whispering)

You would not *believe* what these
clowns were up to tonight. I
mean... the things I've seen...
it'd turn your hair *white*.

(even quieter)

We just got a call about some *baby*
sacrifice out in Queens. Honest-to-
God. *That's* where we're headin'
after this. How fucked up is that,
huh? *God...* this city.

Skylar drops her head, a little embarrassed. This cop has
successfully made her feel like a foolish little girl for
what now feels like a very small complaint compared to *that*.

OFFICER ROMANO (CONT'D)

(louder)

Best I can tell ya is to fill out a
report, but... sadly... I cannot
secure a ride home for you. Hell,
if we offered *that* to everyone who
got spooked in this city... Shoot.
Can you imagine? I'd never stop.

Skylar nods.

It's weird.

Either this cop is simply being nice to her or wildly inappropriate, it's hard to tell with the amount of authority he holds over her in this particular moment.

SKYLAR

No, I know, I get it, I'll just...
take the train.

He points north, up 8th Ave.

OFFICER ROMANO

Nearest precinct is... only a few
blocks away. Up 8th and... turn
right on 20th.

Nodding her head again, Skylar feels a little better with a clear game plan in place.

SKYLAR

Yeah. Okay.

OFFICER ROMANO

Go to the station, fill out a
report. Give 'em a statement. Then
you get yourself on home. We'll
take care of the rest.

SKYLAR

Thank you.

The cop looks her up and down, his eyes suddenly hungry with longing.

OFFICER ROMANO

So, what are ya... a fairy or
somethin'?

SKYLAR

Oh, uh... I'm sort of... I'm a
fairy every year, but... every
time, I change it up. It's stupid.

OFFICER ROMANO

Nah, it's *cute*. Whatever it is, you
look *adorable*.

With a closed-mouthed grin, she nods as if to feign, "**Thank you.**" But really, in her heart, it's a solid, "**Fuck you.**"

OFFICER ROMANO (CONT'D)

Happy Halloween.

With that, the cops hop in their *car full of clowns* and drive away.

Turning in a circle, Skylar ultimately decides to walk to the police station just six blocks north.

Block one.

Block two.

Tensions high, Skylar's eyes dart about as she walks alone on this empty New York City Avenue.

It's way too quiet out here.

As mentioned... New York City is truly terrifying when no one else is around.

Surprising that even happens, I know.

But what they *don't* tell you is... "the city that never sleeps" most definitely has to sleep sometimes.

Two vehicles pass, but that's about it.

Block three.

Folding her arms over her chest, Skylar shakes with cold, paranoia and fear.

From this angle, we see a blurred image of a MAN just over her shoulder.

Yet... slowing to a stop... when Skylar turns, this person disappears from sight.

Block four.

Up ahead, Skylar catches a glimpse of a MAN inside the backseat of a parked car, alone.

It's beyond suspicious.

"What is he waiting for? There, in the dark?"

Pulling her keys from her "fanny," Skylar laces them between her brass knuckles, ready to shred this guy to pieces if he tries to leap from the car and attack her.

Passing carefully, on high alert, Skylar just catches sight of the hair of a WOMAN bobbing up and down, giving this guy a blow job in the back seat.

In ecstasy, the man throws his head back, his hands grabbing at the woman's hair, completely unaware that Skylar even exists.

Block five.

Block six.

As Skylar turns right on 20th street-

MASK PEEPHOLE POV:

INHALE, EXHALE, INHALE.

Peering around the corner, onto 20th street, we see Skylar steal into the **POLICE STATION**.

INT. NYPD, 20TH STREET, WAITING AREA - 3 SOMETHING A.M.

In a waiting area, sitting next to MALE TWINS, 20s, dressed as penises, Skylar borrows a little "juice" from one of their chargers, finally able to access her phone.

Battery life: 7%

MALE TWIN ONE
(almost "blackout drunk")
Hey. We're dicks.

SKYLAR
(plainly)
Yeah. I know.

With that, this "penis" passes out, leaning against his brother.

Returning to her phone-

ANDRA (PREVIOUS TEXT)
Still stuck! Some drunk driver
flipped over his car! It's all
backed up! Where are you?! TEXT ME!
I'm losing my mind not hearing from
you!

Skylar composes and sends-

SKYLAR (TEXT)
Hey! Sorry! Phone died. At the
police station now.

ANDRA (TEXT)
Thank Christ!
(TEXT)
That video's fucking freaky! Have
you seen all the comments?!

SKYLAR (TEXT)

Yeah. Some. But they're hard to look at.

ANDRA (TEXT)

What are you going to do?

Skylar lingers, not knowing what to say.

Finally-

SKYLAR (TEXT)

I told the police everything I know. Hopefully, they can do something.

ANDRA (TEXT)

Keep me posted. If I ever get off this fucking bridge, I'm coming to find your ass!

SKYLAR (TEXT)

(Fingers crossed)

I'm asleep by then! This night needs to end.

ANDRA (TEXT)

Seriously!!

(face with x's for eyes)

Clicking back to "The Disrupters" INSTA page, Skylar finds a NEW VIDEO POST.

She CLICKS on it to discover a RECORDING of her talking to the cops, from only a block away.

The video's caption reads, **"Anyone know her name? Info? DM me or post in comments!"**

She scrolls down through the numerous comments beneath.

The "conversation" has grown overwhelmingly long, the "Trolls" loving having a front row seat to Skylar being stalked.

And there, at the very bottom, one user named **"@COWTIPPER42"** has posted something beyond disturbing only five seconds ago.

@COWTIPPER42 (PREVIOUS POST)

I know this girl! She went to my high school! She's always been a whore! Fucked the whole damn baseball team!

Beside herself, Skylar shakes her head from side to side.

Then, a few more FRESH POSTS pop up right before her eyes, this "@COWTIPPER42" person online, right now, in real time.

@COWTIPPER42 (POST) (CONT'D)
Her name is Skylar London.
(POST)
Here's her home address in Texas!
(HER TEXAS HOME ADDRESS)
FaceBook.
(SKYLAR'S FACEBOOK LINK)
Twitter.
(SKYLAR'S TWITTER LINK)
Insta.
(SKYLAR'S INSTA LINK)
HAVE AT HER BOYS!

Again, the wind is knocked out of Skylar, sheer panic building, but still, she doesn't hesitate to immediately call **"MOMMA."**

RING, RING, RING.

No answer.

She tries again, her knee bobbing up and down, tears building in her eyes, but she fights them back.

RING, RING, RING.

No answer.

"FUCK!"

She calls **"SAMUEL."**

SAMUEL (V.O.)
(groggily, mild Texas
accent)
Skylar? You all right?

SKYLAR
(urgently)
Hey, I need you to go get Mom and
bring her back to your house, okay?

SAMUEL (V.O.)
What, what's goin' on?

Glancing up, Skylar's eyes flutter with hope as OFFICER SHEEHAN, 30s, waves from his small office.

SKYLAR

I'm at the police station, so I need to go, okay? I'm gonna DM you something, and tell you more later, but right now I need you to go get Mom, and make sure *she's* okay, okay?!

Standing, Skylar pulls the charger from her phone, returning it to the "penises," thanking them with her eyes.

SAMUEL (V.O.)

Skylar, you're seriously scarin' the shit out of me!

Heading to the office, doing her best not to just fall apart-

SKYLAR

Sammie, I'm all right! I'm fine! Just-! Go get Mom! Okay?! Please? Right now! Right the fuck now! And call the police just in case! I promise I'll call you back!

Hanging up on her brother, Skylar quickly DMs "The Disrupters" INSTA story to **SAMUEL**, just as she-

INT. NYPD, 20TH STREET, SMALL OFFICE - 3:46 A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

-Enters a small office filled with paperwork, the room dimly lit, a few "to-go" coffee cups absentmindedly scattered about.

SKYLAR

Sorry about that, they-uh...

Shaking, Skylar takes a seat.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

They, uh... they just posted... at the bottom of the video, someone just posted my real name.

The report in hand, Officer Sheehan rounds his desk and plops down in his leather office chair.

OFFICER SHEEHAN

Ms. London... the Instagram you gave me is from a group we're already aware of...

(MORE)

OFFICER SHEEHAN (CONT'D)
We've deactivated their accounts
numerous times, and have law
enforcement agencies - well above
my pay grade - looking into this.

SKYLAR
Okay...

Skylar's brow furrows, the officer leaning in to explain
further, with a gentle, highly *appropriate* authority.

OFFICER SHEEHAN
Give us a few days to look into
it... try and get a sense if
there's any specific reason they're
targeting you... any real credible
threat to you and your life. But...
typically these cyber cases don't
go anywhere. Most of the time,
these guys get bored and move on to
someone else. And chasing them...
can actually make it worse.

SKYLAR
But... is there any way I can get
them to take down the video?
Like... can I get a lawyer, or...?

OFFICER SHEEHAN
Honestly? I wouldn't bother. I
wouldn't spend the money. These
users are anonymous, and... hard to
track down. They know what they're
doing, they've done it before.

Baffled, Skylar sits in silence, her shoulders slumped.

OFFICER SHEEHAN (CONT'D)
Anything else you'd like to add to
your statement before I file?

SKYLAR
It just... it feels like...

Skylar's eyes fall on a pile of paperwork on the far right
corner of the officer's desk, the top file folder marked with
the faded ring of a coffee cup stain.

Something about it - this pile of papers meant to fight for
justice, all at the mercy of something as simple as *caffeine* -
renders a feeling of hopelessness within Skylar.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
It sounds like you can't really do anything, until...

OFFICER SHEEHAN
Go on.

SKYLAR
...something happens... something really bad.

OFFICER SHEEHAN
A lot of these guys... they don't typically take it to the streets. They want money, mostly. An illusion of... *power*.

SKYLAR
But... he's been following me.

OFFICER SHEEHAN
You've seen someone in a mask, in various locations. But you're not certain this person even uploaded the video, isn't that correct?

SKYLAR
I mean, I'm pretty sure he did, but...

She falls silent, deflated.

Finally-

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
Whether it's that guy or not... what if... what if someone *does* come after me? Or my family? In real life. What happens then?

Kindly, Officer Sheehan hands Skylar his card.

OFFICER SHEEHAN
We'll be there to help. I can promise you that.

Skylar nods.

Unassured.

Disappointed.

OFFICER SHEEHAN (CONT'D)
Now... I am sorry, Miss, but... I
do need to keep plugging along. Got
a full waiting room out there.

EXT. NYPD, 20TH STREET - 4 SOMETHING A.M.

Standing outside, Skylar waits for an UBER amongst cop cars and a few OFFICERS loitering around. There's nowhere safer than right here, right now, at the foot of a police precinct.

CLOSE ON - nine minutes. *Nine fucking minutes. That's* how long it will take for her UBER ride to get here.

Ooop. Nope.

The "wait time" just changed from nine minutes to *twenty eight*, the one car assigned to her all the way out in Brooklyn.

Fed up, Skylar walks to the corner of 20th and 8th, the cops just over her shoulder, trying to wave down one, two, three cabs, but they're all full.

One cab suddenly turns the corner from 19th, blinking its lights and heading her way, as taxis typically do when they are *empty*.

INT./EXT. YELLOW CAB - 4 SOMETHING A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

SLAM! - Skylar has hopped into the backseat.

SKYLAR
111th and 5th, please.

CABBIE (O.S.)
Yup.

The medallion takes off, driven by a *gentle* looking CABBIE in his 50s.

With a sigh, Skylar relaxes in the back, the black leather absorbing the full weight of her exhausted body.

She's on her way *home*.

In one piece.

It almost feels like a *miracle*.

Maybe it is.

She dials "**SAMUEL.**"

SAMUEL (V.O.)
Hey, sis.

SKYLAR
Hey, Sammie.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
You all right?

SKYLAR
Yeah, I'm okay.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
Those videos are crazy. How'd all
this happen anyways?

SKYLAR
It's a long story...
(a beat)
I'm so sorry for yellin' at ya.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
It's fine. I'm sure I've yelled at
you plenty of times.

SKYLAR
You guys all right?

SAMUEL (V.O.)
Hold on a sec.

Having passed the phone off, Samuel gifts his sister the most
glorious sound-

MOMMA (V.O.)
Skylar?

With a whimper, Skylar finally, fully bursts into tears.

SKYLAR
Hey, Momma.

MOMMA (V.O.)
You okay, sweetie?!

SKYLAR
Yeah, I'm okay, I'm in a cab.

Tears stream down her cheeks.

Just like that little emoji. But in *real* life.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
I'm on my way home.

MOMMA (V.O.)
Oh, thank God, thank God. Our local
police dropped by. They're gonna
keep an eye on us.

SKYLAR
Yeah... I think you should stay
with Sammie for a little while...
until we figure this out.

MOMMA (V.O.)
What'd the police say on your end?

More tears-

SKYLAR
Not much.
(after a long, tearful
beat)
I'm sorry.

MOMMA (V.O.)
No... Don't you be sorry. No
sorries from you, all right?
They're the ones that's *fucked* up.

A chuckle through tears-

SKYLAR
I have never... *not ever*... heard
you drop an F-bomb.

MOMMA (V.O.)
Well, I'd say it's pretty fuckin'
appropriate, am I right?!

Laughing and crying even harder-

SKYLAR
Yeah, that's right!

MOMMA (V.O.)
How much longer, 'til you get home?

Skylar glances outside the window, just as they pass 33rd
street, still heading north on 8th.

SKYLAR
Uh... I don't know... twenty
minutes maybe. There's isn't much
traffic.

MOMMA (V.O.)
Well, I am gonna just sit right
here and talk to ya, 'til you're
safe in your own bed.

Glancing at her phone - **Battery life: 3%**

SKYLAR
I actually don't have enough
battery for that, Momma.

MOMMA (V.O.)
Can you charge it in the cab?
Mostly I wanna "walk ya" to your
door, you know?
(chuckle)
I wanna hear that *deadbolt*, loud
and clear!

SKYLAR
Yeah! Me, too!
(to the cabbie)
Hey, you got a charger up there?

CABBIE
Yup!

SKYLAR
Mind if I use it?

CABBIE
It won't plug in back there.

SKYLAR
Momma, I'm gonna charge this thing,
but I'll call you when we pull up
to my place, okay?

MOMMA (V.O.)
Yeah, and ask the driver to wait
for ya, too, 'til ya get inside.
Pay him extra to wait. No more
fuckin' around.

SKYLAR
(another laugh through
tears)
You and these *F-bombs!!*

MOMMA (V.O.)
I know! And they feel really
fuckin' good, too!

Skylar laughs, wiping away her tears.

SKYLAR

I love you.

MOMMA (V.O.)

Love you, too, sweetie. You give me a call now, soon as ya can. Samuel and I are right here, and we're not goin', not *anywhere*, until you call us back.

SKYLAR

'Kay. Talk soon.

MOMMA (V.O.)

Talk soon, baby.

Skylar hangs up her phone.

SKYLAR

(to the cabbie)

You mind charging it up there? Just for a few minutes?

Reaching his hand over his shoulder as he drives-

CABBIE

Happy to help.

Skylar watches as the cabbie dutifully plugs in her phone, placing it on the front passenger seat.

SKYLAR

Thank you.

He nods. But says nothing more.

Skylar soaks into the seat again.

There's no music playing in this cab.

Which is nice.

Even in motion, there's a stillness in here.

A quiet.

For a moment of sheer bliss, Skylar leans her head against the window and closes her tired eyes.

Silence.

Stillness.

Then---

Skylar feels the cab turn left.

Her eyes pop open to see the taxi going west on 41st street.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Wait...

(a beat)

Can we not take the highway? Let's
just keep going up 8th, huh? Turn
right on 110th.

Without even one glance in the rearview, the cabbie continues west, saying nothing.

Suddenly, Skylar realizes that something is fucking wrong.

She knocks on the glass between them - KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Hey!

Then... Skylar eyes BULGE as the cabbie pulls into a-

INT. MULTILEVEL PARKING GARAGE - 4 SOMETHING A.M.

-Shady, multilevel parking garage, winding up the ramp.

POUNDING on the glass even harder, Skylar screams herself hoarse-

SKYLAR

Turn this shit around, mother
fucker, and take me hooooooooome!

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

Then... Skylar draws a breath, in horror, as the headlights come upon SEVEN MEN, 20-ish-

In the distance, dressed casually in jeans and t-shirts, but all wearing that same freaky little boy mask.

Yup. Their ring leader, Tighty-Whitey, is there, raising his phone at the approaching cab, hitting RECORD.

TIGHTY-WHITEY'S POV THROUGH THE PEEPHOLES:

His breath has quickened now, in anticipation.

INHALE, EXHALE, INHALE, EXHALE, INHALE, EXHALE!

We watch the cab coming closer, Skylar POUNDING on the plexi-glass, her SCREAMING muffled inside the medallion.

INSIDE THE CAB:

Skylar's survival instinct immediately kicks in-

Fight or flight.

She FLINGS OPEN the passenger side door...

And, after only a moment's hesitation, leaps from the moving car - **leaving her phone charging in the front seat.**

Ducking and rolling to her feet as best as she is able - scraping her nylon-knees BLOODY in the process - Skylar races to the nearest set of stairs.

The men pursue, all too delighted by the chase!

The metal door of the stairwell is propped open by a heavy, wooden doorstopper.

Grabbing the stopper, Skylar-

INT. MULTILEVEL PARKING GARAGE, STAIRWELL - 4 SOMETHING A.M.

-Enters the stairwell, SLAMS the door, and wedges the hunk of wood into the handle, cleverly barring the door.

INT. MULTILEVEL PARKING GARAGE - 4 SOMETHING A.M.

The pack - led by Tighty-Whitey - immediately race toward the neighboring stairwell.

INT. MULTILEVEL PARKING GARAGE, STAIRWELL - 4 SOMETHING A.M.

With the help of the railing, Skylar leaps down the steps, six stairs at a time, circling and circling, EXCITED SCREAMS from the men echoing through the concrete stairwell chamber.

Skylar doesn't slow down, until she plows right into ANOTHER YOUNG MAN IN THE SAME MASK, making his way up the stairs alone, "cutting her off at the pass," the two tumbling down a half flight of stairs.

Quickly on her feet again, Skylar begins racing back up the steps, the NOISE from the neighboring stairwell disorienting in its echo, giving no indication of how close or far away the other young men might be.

STOMP, STOMP, STOMP, STOMP!

This single, very agile young man is gaining on her.

She passes a metal door, trying it, but it's locked.

STOMP, STOMP, STOMP, STOMP!

He reaches for her ankle, just grazing the rubber heel of her high-top.

STOMP, STOMP, STOMP, STOMP!

She passes right by the same door she just wedged shut, continuing up and up and up, until she throws her body weight against a metal handlebar, exploding onto-

EXT. MULTILEVEL PARKING GARAGE, ROOFTOP - 4 SOMETHING A.M.

-The rooftop.

POUND, POUND, POUND! Her sneakers smack against this elevated slab of concrete as she runs as fast as she can toward what looks to be the top rung of a fire escape, but-

This lone young man tackles her from behind, the two rolling a full yard from sheer momentum.

Thankfully, Skylar lands on top, unleashing a few BRASS KNUCKLED BLOWS.

BAM!

In a fit of fury, Skylar unmask him to unveil... he's just a pimple-faced teenager, no older than 16.

His face is completely shattered from her brass knuckles, spitting up bits broken teeth and a ridiculous amount of blood.

His real likeness exposed, forced to gaze up at Skylar, human to human, this young man falters with... *shame*.

With one look, their eyes locked, these two experience an instant, genuine, undeniable and unshakable pulse of shared humanity between them, their faces screaming, "**How the fuck did we get here?**"

Stunned, Skylar jumps off of him, QUICKLY LOCATING the nearby fire escape.

Just as she climbs on, Skylar watches as below-

EXT. MULTILEVEL PARKING GARAGE, STREET - SIMULTANEOUSLY

-The rest of the young men explode from an exit door, street level, Tightly-Whitey in the lead, *no idea that all he has to do is... look up.*

INTERCUT BETWEEN STREET, FIRE ESCAPE AND ROOFTOP:

With one nod, Tightly-Whitey commands the others to fan out, in all directions, to go and find their prey.

Holding her breath, Skylar observes the group strategically disperse into the New York City streets.

Back on the roof, his mask still off, our young man pulls his phone from his small backpack and goes to a **GROUP TEXT THREAD** that's been shared by "The Disrupters" all evening.

The last message, clearly from the cabbie-

RANDOM NYC NUMBER (PREVIOUS TEXT)
Got her in my cab. On my way. You
better have all my cash.

He composes a text and sends.

BUZZ, BUZZ. Tightly-Whitey has just gotten the text.

Skylar watches from above as Tightly-Whitey pulls his phone from his satchel.

TIGHTY-WHITEY'S POV:

Lifting his cell, we see the text from a contact saved as **"SHORTY."**

SHORTY (TEXT)
Got her on the roof.

BACK TO SCENE:

Without looking up, Tightly-Whitey doubles back, disappearing out of sight.

As Skylar could not see what was on his phone, she simply waits until he is gone, then begins to quietly descend the fire escape, slowly but surely, attempting not to make a sound.

EXT. MULTILEVEL PARKING GARAGE, ROOFTOP - 4 SOMETHING A.M.

The roof door KICKS open - BOOM! - Tightly-Whitey stepping out onto the elevated slab of concrete.

Scanning the rooftop, his eyes cloud with rage with no sign of Skylar.

The only other soul here is Shorty, sitting on the roof, still unmasked, bleeding profusely.

Tighty-Whitey walks up to him, crouches down, and stares at this kid for a long pause.

He holds up his phone, showing Shorty his own text, right in front of his face-

"Got her on the roof."

In an explosion of unbridled fury, Tighty-Whitey grabs this kid by his hair, sweeping his arm at the empty roof as if to say, **"You do NOT have her on the mother fucking roof! You fucking LIED to me!"**

It seems that Shorty wasn't "ratting" Skylar out at all, but attempting to protect her by granting her more time.

Tighty-Whitey pulls the kid's head back harder.

SHORTY

I had to do it... It's just...
fucked up. How is this not fucked
up?

Without pause, Tighty-Whitey rears back and... SMACKS this kid's skull against the concrete rooftop, his frame folded forward, grossly contorted, broken and bleeding.

Tighty-Whitey stands, moving to the edge of the roof, scanning the streets below, just in time to see Skylar running east.

EXT. A/C/E STATION, 42ND AND 8TH - 4 SOMETHING A.M.

Hurrying down the entrance-

INT. A/C/E SUBWAY STATION - 4 SOMETHING A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

-into the subway station, Skylar runs to the MTA window for help, but no one is there.

Fuck.

No one is ever there this time of morning.

Best keep moving.

She swipes her card - *BEEP!* - and presses her hips against the turnstile, jogging down the stairs to the UPTOWN platform.

The platform is completely empty, save for one HOMELESS WOMAN, 60s, shuffling along without shoes on, schizophrenic and MUTTERING to herself.

Cleverly, Skylar ducks behind a large staircase, not wanting the woman to see her.

And lucky she did.

Because just as she hides, a pair of tennis shoes and bare legs descend the stairs on the other end of the platform, a distance away.

Tighty-Whitey.

Peering out from behind the stairs, Skylar finds his bare back to her as he walks in the *opposite* direction.

Hiding behind the stairs again, Skylar doesn't move, afraid to even breathe.

Then---

That wonderful STIR of air and RUSH of SOUND fills the station-

On the other side of the tracks, one of the masked Disrupters looks for Skylar on the DOWNTOWN side.

Turning her head, Skylar spots him, yet has no time to react before he catches a glimpse of her, WHISTLING at his leader from across the tracks.

His back to us, we see Tighty-Whitey stop.

CLOSE ON his peepholes right in front of our face, his eyes narrowing as he turns.

TIGHTY-WHITEY'S POV:

Through his peepholes, we see his buddy across the tracks point at the stairs-

Then---

Skylar lurches from behind the stairs, running in the opposite direction, down the length of the platform.

Following her - INHALE, EXHALE, INHALE, EXHALE - Tightly-Whitey grows even more excited, moving slowly, stealthily, with the confidence and caution it takes to cage a wild, terrified *animal*.

The approaching train grows louder and louder until it SCHREEEEEEEEEECHES to a halt.

The doors open.

DING-DONG!

A few cars away, we see Skylar jump-

INT. NORTHBOUND A-TRAIN - 4 SOMETHING A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

-Onto the empty A-Train.

Tightly-Whitey steps onto the subway as well, three cars down, still pursuing her.

FEMALE (V.O.)
(a human over the
intercom)
This A-Train's running local one
more stop. 50th's next.

The doors slide shut.

BING-BONG!

SCHREEEEEEEEEECH!

The A-train takes off again, snaking down a dark tunnel that twists and turns beneath the concrete jungle.

BACK TO SCENE:

Without stopping, Skylar has continued running in the opposite direction of Tightly-Whitey, quickly crossing the length of a train car.

She SLIDES the conjoining door open, the WIND of the tunnel fanning her wings and hair as she illegally and *dangerously* moves from one car to the next.

Tightly-Whitey, following slowly behind, is doing the exact same thing.

Again, Skylar runs the length of the next car to the conjoining door.

SLIDE of the door!

RUSH OF WIND!

SLAM!

She runs the length of another car, *all totally empty*.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(random pre-recorded
message)
If you notice an elderly or
pregnant person on the train, offer
them your seat. You'll be standing
up for what's right. Courtesy is
contagious, and it starts with you.

SLIDE of the door!

RUSH OF WIND!

SLAM!

Every now and again, she glances over her shoulder,
eventually losing sight of Tightly-Whitey.

The A-Train SCHREEEEEEEECHES to a halt at 50th street.

The doors open.

DING-DONG!

FEMALE (V.O.)
(a human over the
intercom)
This train will now resume EXPRESS
service. Next stop is... 59th
street. Stand clear.

Skylar peers out the open doors, down the length of the
train.

Nothing.

-She takes one step from the train onto the subway platform.

-Immediately, Tightly-Whitey steps from two cars down, aware
of her every move.

-Terrified to be alone on the platform with him, she hops
back onto the train.

-He does the same.

BING-BONG!

The doors slide shut.

SCHREEEEEEEECH!

The A-train takes off again, down the dark tunnel.

Quickly studying the framed SUBWAY MAP fixed on the side of the train, Skylar's eyes follow the path of the A-Train seeing that it goes *express* from 59th *all the way to 125th*.

Her eyes brighten with an idea.

She turns to see that Tightly-Whitey is walking the length of the adjacent car toward her.

Taking in a deep breath, Skylar bravely takes a seat, keeping her eyes fixed straight ahead.

SLIDE of the door!

RUSH OF WIND!

SLAM!

Silence.

Tightly-Whitey has entered the car.

He pauses for a moment, not moving a muscle, greatly *intrigued* by this surprising turn of events.

Then---

He lifts his foot, planting it.

Then the other.

TIGHTY-WHITEY'S POV:

As he walks the length of the car, his eyes on Skylar, we hear that his breath has calmed again.

INHALE, EXHALE, INHALE, EXHALE.

BACK TO SCENE:

Sitting perfectly still, Skylar doesn't move as we watch Tightly-Whitey's blurred frame come into focus as he finally reaches her.

Oddly, Tightly-Whitey takes a seat directly across from her.

The two meet eyes for the very first time.

-SKYLAR'S POV ON TIGHTY-WHITEY.

-TIGHTY-WHITEY'S PEEPHOLE POV ON SKYLAR.

-CLOSE UP on his hands calmly rested on his bare knees, red marker stain still on his left fingers.

-CLOSE UP on *her* hands calmly rested on her knees, *brass knuckles* crowned upon her fingers.

-EXTREME CLOSE UP OF SKYLAR'S FACE.

-EXTREME CLOSE UP OF TIGHTY-WHITEY'S MASK.

It's like a fucked up *staring* match.

The kind of game we all played as children, where the person who blinks *loses*.

Sadly, in this case, if Skylar blinks first, she gets *fucking raped*.

Which is why Skylar is determined *not* to mother fucking blink.

Then, as if on cue-

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(pre-recorded message)
A crowded train is no excuse for sexual misconduct. If you feel as if you've been the victim of a crime, please report the incident to an MTA representative.

SCHREEEEEEEECH!

The train pulls into 59th street.

DING-DONG!

The doors - just to the left of Skylar - open.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(resuming the typical pre-recorded messages)
This is an uptown A-Express-Train.
The next stop is... 125th street.

Skylar holds perfectly steady, though her heart is *racing*.

BING-BONG!

And just as the doors begin to close, we watch **IN SLOW MOTION** as Skylar grabs the vertical handlebar next to her, loops around like a badass and launches onto the platform, just before the doors slide right in front of Tightly-Whitey's "face."

INT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE STATION - 4 SOMETHING A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

Tightly-Whitey presses his mask against the window of the train door.

And *for the first time*, Skylar is able to really see THE BLUE OF HIS EYES, ICE-COLD in their *violent stare*.

But...

She gazes back.

Like pure granite.

Fearless and unshakable.

A fucking *mountain*.

Then---

The train pulls away from the station, bringing Tightly-Whitey with it.

Skylar watches with relief as the train snakes into the dark hole and disappears.

Suddenly, a new SCHRRREEECH! fills the station.

Behind her, on the other side of the platform, a C-train pulls up, hitting all local stops.

DING-DONG!

The doors open, Skylar hurrying into-

INT. UPTOWN LOCAL-C-TRAIN - 4 SOMETHING A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

-One of the empty cars.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(pre-recorded)
This is an uptown Local-C-Train.
The next stop is... 72nd street.

BING-BONG!

The doors close.

As Skylar makes her way north, she studies another framed SUBWAY MAP fixed to the wall, her face *clouded*.

Her eye-line goes to the A stop at 125th, then drops to 110th.

That's the station she first ran into Tightly-Whitey.

And he might be clever enough to deduce *that's* where she's heading.

He could be... *waiting*.

Her eye-line drops from 110th to 103rd, gifting her another idea.

CUT TO:

INT. B/C SUBWAY STOP AT 103RD STREET - 4 SOMETHING A.M.

The C-train pulls into 103rd.

Skylar exits the train, runs up the stairs and out onto-

EXT. B/C SUBWAY STOP AT 103RD STREET - 4 SOMETHING A.M.

-8th Ave/Frederick Douglass.

Sprinting north, along the west stonewall lining Central Park, Skylar finds a good place to hop over into-

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - 4 SOMETHING A.M. (CONTINUOUS)

-The dark, just vaguely lamp-lit protection of grass and trees.

Moving stealthily in and out of shadow like a friggin' ninja, Skylar makes her way toward the north wall.

Her body against the stone, Skylar peers over the ledge at the 110th street stop to discover... *nothing*.

No sign of Tightly-Whitey, whatsoever.

Pressing her back against the stone again, Skylar prepares for the last sprint toward home.

We hear her barely - INHALE, EXHALE, INHALE.

There's a pregnant pause of silence.

And it's *maddening*.

Then, instinctively, the hair on Skylar's arms lift with warning.

Something is wrong.

Someone is... *watching* her.

She can *feel* it.

Lifting her chin, Skylar finds--

A dark silhouette, haloed against a nearby streetlamp--

Looming just over her, literally standing on the wall--

Calm, patient, still, he's **recording her with his phone in his right hand**--

Then waves at her with his red-marker-stained left.

The PULSING AFRICAN DRUM FROM EARLIER begins POUNDING as--

Skylar takes off, SPRINTING as fast as she can, east, toward *home*.

TIGHTY-WHITEY'S IPHONE POV:

Suddenly, we experience the **ACTUAL VIDEO** Tighty-Whitey is capturing with his jostled phone as he runs--

Showcasing the disturbing image of Skylar being chased, her little fairy wings flapping as she races, as if *willing* her to fly.

But she cannot fly.

Because, sadly, she's *not* a fairy at all.

She's a human.

Frail and finite.

We watch as Tighty-Whitey gains on her and... he must have tackled her because all we see now is pure chaos.

Then grass.

But we can *hear* Skylar SCREAMING and KICKING and PUNCHING, causing Tighty-Whitey to--

SLAM! SLAM!! SLAM!!!

We just barely catch sight of Skylar falling to the ground on her stomach, completely knocked off her axis.

He must have *smacked* her really good across the face a few times by the way she's barely able to lift her head.

The phone image lifts as Tightly-Whitey picks it up from the grass.

In the background, we can hear Skylar *WEEPING* uncontrollably.

A *horrifying* sound.

SKYLAR

Please... Please... Don't hurt
me...

The recording flips around, the video image filling with the mask of Tightly-Whitey.

He props the phone up against a tree, centering it on Skylar who has just barely gotten on all fours, disoriented, shaking and *SOBBING*.

BACK TO SCENE:

We are now in front of Skylar, on all fours, her face bloodied from a busted lip, her right eye already swelling shut.

Behind her, Tightly-Whitey slowly approaches.

Step, step, step.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

My mom... She's sick... Please...
Let me go...

But just as Tightly-Whitey gets close enough, **Skylar drops the fake sobbing act** and swings her upper body around, launching a powerful, brass-knuckled fist straight to his balls.

As he falls to his knees, Skylar makes a break for it, running east again-

But she can't run very fast anymore, with a busted lip, swollen eye and what must be a twisted ankle.

With one glance behind, it seems Tightly-Whitey is done messing around with the "cat and mouse" game he's enjoyed all evening-

He's now *CHASING* her, as fast as his bruised balls will allow, cupping them with his left hand, recording her again with his right.

Coming upon the Meer, the murky pond eerily rippling in the darkness, Skylar hides behind a small brick building housing locked bathrooms.

In an instant, she rips off her fairy wings, throws them to the ground, and takes to tearing at the white and gold-glittered nylon stretched around *thick metal wiring*.

TIGHTY-WHITEY'S POV:

Through his peepholes, Tightly-Whitey stumbles to the brick bathrooms and rounds the corner where Skylar is meant to be.

But she isn't there.

BACK TO SCENE:

Suddenly, a thick string of metal wiring is around his throat as Skylar chokes him from behind.

Ripping and clawing at his neck, the young man falls back, throwing them both to the ground.

Skylar holds on as hard as she can, uttering a PRIMORDIAL SCREEEEEEAM, her knuckles turning white, veins bulging from her forehead.

But Tightly-Whitey is bigger than she is.

Stronger.

Purely biologically speaking, of course.

And.

Suddenly.

She loses her grip.

Pulling the metal from his neck, he claws at Skylar, trying to gain control again.

Kicking at his face, she wiggles away, scrambling to her feet.

Running to the north wall, Skylar-

EXT. 110TH STREET, NEAR 5TH AVE - 5 SOMETHING A.M.

-Leaps over the stone and onto the sidewalk, falling on top of a sleeping HOMELESS MAN, 50s.

HOMELESS MAN
What the *fuck*?!!

Suffering against her twisted ankle, Skylar is barely able to get to her feet, just in time to see Tighty-Whitey charging her direction, toward the wall.

Turning on her heels, Skylar runs east to 5th Ave.

INHALE, EXHALE, INHALE!

Skylar turns left on-

EXT. 5TH AVE BETWEEN 111TH AND 110TH - 5 SOMETHING A.M.

-5th Ave.

Racing to 111th, she turns left again.

EXT. SKYLAR'S SPANISH-HARLEM BROWNSTONE - 5 SOMETHING A.M.

Her brownstone in sight, she cleverly UNCLIPS her fanny-pack as she runs up her steps, purposely spilling the contents of the bag all over the elevated stoop.

Grabbing her keys from the ground, she tries to find the correct one, but Tighty-Whitey has just made it to the bottom of the steps.

In a frenzy, we watch Tighty-Whitey run up the steps.

CLOSE ON Skylar thrusting a key into the lock, but-

It's too late.

He grabs her from behind, wrapping his arms around her and lifting her high into the air, dragging her back down the steps.

Skylar SCREAMS bloody murder, but it's New York City. No one comes *running* when someone is *screaming*. That's why they teach women to yell **FIRE!** if they're being assaulted.

But no one has ever told Skylar that excellent tip. I mean, she and Andra always *talk* about signing up for self-defense classes, but... *you know*.

Carrying her to street-level, Tighty-Whitey literally throws her body against the side of the brown-painted, cement stairs, knocking the wind out of her.

He then grabs her by the hair and tosses her under the dark of the stairs, her SCREAMS causing just one light across the street to spring on.

We see SOME ELDERLY LADY, 90s, glancing out her window, trembling with fear.

"I didn't want to get involved. He might come after me next," she'll tell her girlfriends over breakfast.

After a beat, she disappears from the curtain, her light turning *off* again.

Barely able to breathe, Skylar remains on the ground.

Tighty-Whitey takes out his phone and PRESSES RECORD.

IPHONE POV:

Trembling with fear, Skylar begins to cry. This time though, she's *not* pretending.

SKYLAR'S POV:

Holding his phone with his right hand, Tighty-Whitey suddenly shoves his left hand into his underwear, lightly stroking himself.

Either he has trouble getting hard, or her fear is *that* much of a turn on. Either way, *it's fucked up*.

BACK TO SCENE:

Looking away from him, Skylar prepares for the inevitable--

When suddenly, she receives a facial of hot, red blood, pouring down all over her countenance.

PAN UP to reveal---

A sharp wooden spike protruding through Tighty-Whitey's body, straight through his lungs.

The stake then rips out again, spraying a larger fountain of *blood* all over Skylar's body.

Tighty-Whitey falls to his knees, to reveal---

Andra, holding up one of her "vampire hunter" stakes, now covered in blood.

MASK PEEPHOLE POV:

We see Tightly-Whitey lifts his fingers, his red marker stains now saturated with real *blood*.

BACK TO SCENE:

This time... it's Skylar's face that falls completely void of all empathy as she makes her way to her feet.

She steps closer to Tightly-Whitey, her attacker, his lungs filling with blood, unable to breathe.

Staring down at him, Skylar kicks him to the ground, then kicks him again, rolling him over onto his back.

ECU OF TIGHTY-WHITEY'S BLUE EYES, BEGGING FOR MERCY.

ECU OF SKYLAR'S EYES THAT OFFER NONE.

His hand slowly reaches for his phone, one last desperate attempt at survival, but...

CRAAAAACK.

With one bedazzled sneaker, Skylar steps on his fingers, Tightly-Whitey deeply pained internally, but eerily not making a fucking *sound*.

Lifting Tightly-Whitey's UNLOCKED phone, Skylar RECORDS this young man's *final* social media upload, his last INSTA story, for all "The Disrupters" to see.

IPHONE POV:

Blood GURGLES and spits from Tightly-Whitey's mouth, spewing from the "breathing holes" of his mask and down his neck.

He does not cry.

He does not groan.

He only bleeds out, his body quaking... until every fiber of his being falls limp, surrendering to death.

Skylar releases the RECORD button.

The VIDEO ENDS.

BACK TO SCENE:

Skylar lowers the phone, still holding it limply in her hand.

In the silence that follows, Andra reverently stands next to Skylar, both women hovering over this pile of limp flesh, blood and gore.

The two linger, utterly bewildered, as if something deep inside both of them has also died in this very moment.

Finally---

SKYLAR
(not looking at her,
softly)
Thank you.

ANDRA
(not looking at her
either, softly back)
Of course.

Tilting her head to Skylar-

ANDRA (CONT'D)
(a light hearted joke)
You know... in the future... you
reeeeally gotta find better guys to
bring home.

And then, out of nowhere---

Jerrold suddenly lurches from his front door with a SCREAM, wielding a long *umbrella* as a weapon, causing the two women to jump.

JERROLD
AHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Get the fuck off my
stoop, mother fuckers!

SKYLAR
Jerrold, no-no-no, it's just me!
It's *Skylar*!!

Lowering his umbrella, confused-

JERROLD
Skylar?! You all right?!

Through his open door, Jerrold reaches into his apartment and POPS on the stoop light, shocked by the dead body that awaits him.

JERROLD (CONT'D)
Shiiiiiiit.

Jerrold pokes at Tightly-Whitey with his umbrella.

JERROLD (CONT'D)
 (a baffled beat)
 I thought I heard screamin', but...
 didn't have my hearin' aides in.
 Wasn't sure if... if I was just
 dreamin', or...

Shaking his head, Jerrold looks deeply unsettled.

JERROLD (CONT'D)
 I'm so sorry I wasn't there to...
 save you girls.

Touched by this sentiment, no matter how archaic, Skylar kindly wraps her arms around Jerrold's neck and holds him closely, gifting this elderly man from another generation some well needed comfort.

SKYLAR
 It's all right, Jerrold. *We took
 care of it.*

But Jerrold *doesn't* wrap his arms around her waist the way you think a "creepy" old man might. In fact... it looks as if **Skylar had Jerrold all wrong.**

He isn't creepy at all.

More like a loving grandfather.

JERROLD
 (at a loss)
 Still... it's my job to... to
 protect you.

The three linger, suspended in this moment.

In silence.

As if time itself has stopped.

And maybe it *has*.

CUT TO:

MEDICS tend to Skylar from her stairs **as others load the BODY OF TIGHTY-WHITEY into the ambulance.**

We never see his face.

POLICE OFFICERS take statements from Skylar, Andra, Jerrold and a few NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS, as we-

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SKYLAR'S SPANISH-HARLEM STUDIO - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

WHACK!

The deadbolt is pulled back.

CREEEAAAAAK!

The door opens revealing Skylar, silhouetted by the sconces in the hallway just behind her.

She steps inside.

CLICK! goes the light.

She shuts the door.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

Skylar employs all three locks on her door, an act she has never done before.

Turning again, she stands stoically, looking around her own apartment as if she has *no idea* who even lives here.

Shuffling to her bed, she stares at her charging cord still resting on the comforter, the *one little item* that would have greatly changed the course of her entire evening.

Strange.

Skylar shuffles to her full length mirror, taking herself in.

Her wingless, fuchsia fairy costume has been reduced to a sweaty, dirt-encrusted, disheveled, bloodied mess.

Gangsta Tooth Fairy, indeed.

Her fluffy, odd-eyed cat approaches with a JINGLE of its "PUSSY" collar, rubbing against her torn tights and grass stained high-tops now missing half their sequins.

In a daze, she then shuffles to her record player and turns it on, setting the needle to the first song.

The STATIC SPIN of the tired turntable swells.

Giving way to the bright, idealistic sound of a forgotten era.

A "simpler" time.

Back when men were men and women were *dames*.

Happy as a clam, we hear Nick Lucas once again sing the classic "Looking at the World Thru Rose Colored Glasses."

NICK LUCAS (V.O.)
 "I'm looking at the world through
 rose colored glasses,
 Everything is rosy now..."

A younger version of Skylar would in this very moment simply burst into tears.

But that was *before*.

A time that has now *passed*.

Which is why Skylar does not cry in this moment.

She barely even blinks.

For the woman who now stands before us is done "wishin' on fuckin' stars and shit."

Because she now understands, more than ever before, that her innocent, quiet longings... are nothing more... than *fairy tales*.

Turning her head to that framed, black-and-white photo of her mother, Skylar's glazed come to an important realization.

Determined, she grabs "Pussy," tenderly tossing her into a small crate.

CUT TO:

INT. JFK AIRPORT, TICKET COUNTER - MORNING

CLOSE ON bedazzled converse high-tops walking across the tile flooring...

PAN UP along torn, dirty, frayed tights.

Up further to see the cat crate containing "Pussy."

Now, even higher, we come upon Skylar marching toward a ticket counter, still in her disheveled fairy outfit, with spatters of blood, dirt and grime, her "GANGSTA" fanny pack having lost a jewel or two.

But she doesn't slow down, nor does she feel the need to apologize or explain.

Uncomfortable, a TICKET WOMAN, 40s, straightens her jacket and forces a chipper smile.

TICKET WOMAN

Good morning, uh... where are you... off to today?

SKYLAR

I need to be in Austin... as soon as possible. By three o'clock at the latest.

The woman takes to her computer.

TICKET WOMAN

Okay. And, uh... is this, uh... would you like a one way ticket, or... roundtrip?

Skylar draws a breath to say, **"One way, please."**

But... stops.

Her black eye sealed shut, her lip busted, Skylar allows her imagination to bring her down the multiple pathways of every possible outcome of her future.

And in the "choose your own adventure" of her own life... we watch Skylar gather her resolve to decide, instead-

SKYLAR

Roundtrip, please.

And there it is.

The mountain rising up again, stronger than ever before.

A woman who simply refuses to bend to the howls of men.

Like granite.

Unshakable.

Unstoppable.

BLACK OUT.

CREDITS.