

YELLOW

"Stung"

EPISODE 101

Written by

Janine Nabers

Story by

Donald Glover & Janine Nabers

Directed by

Donald Glover

Full Yellow Draft: 3/09/22
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YELLOW
EPISODE 101
"Stung"
Full Yellow Draft
03/09/22

CAST

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

BACKGROUND

MALL-GOERS
CUSTOMER
GRANDMOTHER
FUNERAL-GOERS
PROFESSIONAL MOVERS

1

OVER BLACK:

1

Houston, Texas. April 2016.

*

FADE UP:

*

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

*

Then:

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

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

A low buzz drones through this entire sight.

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

CUT TO:

*

2

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

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

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

3 **INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

3

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

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

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

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

Suddenly, Khalid sees Dre. *

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

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

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

4

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

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

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

5

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

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

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

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

 VAISHNAVI
Your friend owes me money.

 DRE
What? *

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

 DRE
I don't have five dollars. *

Dre's phone buzzes. She checks it.

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

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

 VAISHNAVI
Pay or I'll call the cops.

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

6

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

6

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

KHALID *

There she go. *

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

KHALID (CONT'D)

Thanks.

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

KHALID (CONT'D)

You wanna beer? *

DRE *

I don't drink. *

KHALID

My bad.

Marissa runs in from the bedroom. *

MARISSA *

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

DRE *

That's amazing! *

She runs over to hug Dre. *

MARISSA *

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

DRE *

That's awesome. *

MARISSA *

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

DRE
Of course. I can do it.

MARISSA
Look at us. Doing it big!

Marissa grabs a po'boy and notices Dre.

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

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

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

DRE
No, I'm fine.

MARISSA
Take my fries at least.

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

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

MARISSA
Stop! Your hands are so fucking
cold.

KHALID
Warm me up then.

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

MARISSA
(giggling)
You're so nasty.

*

KHALID
You love my nasty.

*

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

*

MARISSA
Oh, you get your check for rent?

*

DRE
I don't have anymore money.

MARISSA
What do you mean? You just got paid.

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

*

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

*

DRE
She said you owed her money.

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

*

*

Dre is quiet.

*

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

*

*

*

DRE
What?

Khalid LAUGHS.

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

*

KHALID (CONT'D)

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

*

Khalid flexes his chest muscles.

*

DRE

No thank you, muscle man.

*

KHALID

I can tell you want a man to handle
this.

(then)

Is that why you suck your fingers?

*

Marissa slaps him over his head.

MARISSA

Khalid!

KHALID

What? I'm playin.

*

DRE

Y'all talk about me?

*

KHALID

(laughs)

All Ris do is talk about you.

*

*

Marissa rolls her eyes.

MARISSA

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

Khalid continues to eat.

KHALID

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

*

*

*

MARISSA

Khalid!

*

*

KHALID

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

MARISSA

Nigga, what the fuck is wrong with
you?

DRE

I'm gonna go listen to some music.

Dre walks away.

KHALID

Lemme guess: Ni'jah?

7

INT. DRE'S BEDROOM - APARTMENT - DAY

7

Dre sits on her bed with her earbuds in.

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

Khalid suddenly busts in her room. She turns quickly.

KHALID

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

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

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

KHALID (CONT'D)

Marissa's birthday's coming up.

DRE

I know.

KHALID

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

(MORE)

KHALID (CONT'D)

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

A moment.

DRE

We can't. We're busy.

*

KHALID

Okay.

(confused)

...busy how?

DRE

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

*

KHALID

Oh, word?

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

*

KHALID (CONT'D)

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

*

*

DRE

I got tickets.

KHALID

How? You broke.

DRE

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

*

*

KHAILD

(laughing)

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

*

*

*

*

Dre doesn't get it.

*

KHAILD (CONT'D)

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

*

*

*

*

*

DRE

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

*
*
*
*
*

Dre is serious.

*

DRE (CONT'D)

Please don't tell Marissa about the
tickets.

*
*
*

MARISSA (O.S.)

Khalid?

*
*

KHALID

We good.

Marissa walks in.

*

MARISSA

Khalid? You ready?

*

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

*

Dre nods.

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

*

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

8

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

*

*

She calls the number on the back to activate it.

*

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

*

*

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

*

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

*

*

*

*

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

9

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

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

DRE
Nothing. Isn't that bad for you?

*

MARISSA

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

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

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I'm playing, girl.

Dre continues to brush her teeth.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

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

DRE

He said Ni'jah was just a regular
woman.

MARISSA

("So?")

Okay...

DRE

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

MARISSA

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

A beat. Dre spits and walks out.

DRE

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

MARISSA

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

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

MARISSA

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

DRE

Like how? Like I'm ugly?

*

MARISSA

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

Marissa takes a pic of Dre.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Nice. Imma add this to my makeup
portfolio.

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

*
*
*

MARISSA (CONT'D)

(suspect)

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

*
*
*

Marissa spies her screen.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

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

*

Dre ignores her.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Dre.

DRE

I like it.

MARISSA

I liked it too. When we were
teenagers.

DRE

They're my friends.

*

MARISSA

They are not. Them fans are crazy
as hell.

*
*

Dre gives Marissa her phone. Marissa holds it up.

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

*
*

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

*
*
*
*

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

*
*
*

DRE
I'm sorry.

*
*

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

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

*
*
*
*

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

*

DRE
Stop.

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

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

MARISSA
It'll help you make friends.

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

*

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

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

She takes a deep breath.

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

MARISSA
Who?

DRE
Nijah.

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

DRE
We will. I promise.

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

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

MARISSA
I know.

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

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

Beat.

*
*
*

*
*
*
*
*

*
*

DRE

You really think so?

*

MARISSA

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

*

*

*

*

*

Dre gives a big smile. Dre takes another puff.

*

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Khalid do be fartin up a storm
though.

*

*

*

Dre blows out all her smoke and starts to laugh.

*

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Mmmhm. Somebody's startin' to feel
it.

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

*

*

BLACK

SLAM TO:

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

Morning. Bright sun.

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

*
*
*

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

Dre realizes what time it is --

DRE

No-

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

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

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

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

Erica shows them her phone.

ERICA

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

They all look up. Erica tries not to laugh.

CAESAR

(under his breath)

Oh my God.

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

*

DRE

I was late. The smoking made me late.

ERICA

Andrea.

DRE

Yes.

ERICA

You're late.

DRE

Yes.

ERICA

You look like shit.

DRE

Yes.

ERICA

You can't work looking like that.

Beat.

DRE

Do you want me to go home?

Erica is exasperated.

MARISSA

I got it Erica, don't worry.

ERICA

Thank you, Marissa.

Marissa pulls Dre away.

DRE

The smoking made me late.

MARISSA

(whispers)

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

Marissa fixes Dre's face. Dre drinks water.

MARISSA

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

DRE

I thought Erica transferred over to
West Oaks Mall.

MARISSA

She's doin' both.

DRE

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

MARISSA

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

DRE

Okay.

MARISSA

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

DRE

Okay.

A beat.

DRE (CONT'D)

I love you Marissa.

MARISSA

(tired)

I know, Dre.

15

INT. FOOD COURT - PLAZ AMERICAS - DAY

15

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

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

ERICA

You going to Vanessa's party
Saturday?

MARISSA

I was thinkin' about it.

ERICA

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

CESAR

I can bring Edwin.

ERICA

I thought you weren't with Julian
anymore.

CESAR

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

MARISSA

Ooh, Cesar!

They laugh.

DRE

Can I come?

This catches Erica off guard.

ERICA

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

DRE

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

Awkward beat.

ERICA

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

DRE

She can't do it.

ERICA
Why not?

*
*

MARISSA
Dre!

*
*

Marissa tries to cover.

*

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

*
*
*

ERICA
Oh. Damn.

*
*

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

*

16

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

16

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

KHALID
Where's Ris?

DRE

She's gone.

KHALID

Thought she was workin' til nine?

DRE

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

KHALID

Come with me then. I need your
help.

Dre just stands there.

KHALID (CONT'D)

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

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

16A

Khalid and Dre walk slowly through the store.

KHAILD

What perfume you think she'd like?

DRE

She likes the color purple.

KHAILD

So like lavender?

Dre shrugs.

KHALID

You're a funny one.

(then)

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

He checks out her ass.

KHALID (CONT'D)

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

Dre says nothing.

KHALID (CONT'D)

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

*
*
*

DRE

You said Ni'jah wasn't special.

*
*

KHALID

This about Ni'jah? What are you
twelve?

*
*
*

Dre stares at him.

*

KHAILD

(smiles)

I'm sorry I dissed Nijah.

(beat)

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

*
*
*
*

DRE

I'll take the bus.

He leans in. Dre backs away.

DRE (CONT'D)

I need to lock up anyway.

*

KHALID

You really don't wanna talk about
it?

He starts to pull her in.

KHALID (CONT'D)

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

(then)

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

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

16B INT. MALL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

16B

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

BLACK MOM (O.S.)

'Scuse me?

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

BLACK MOM (CONT'D)

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

17 INT. VENUE GREENROOM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

17

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

MARISSA

Hello?

(then)

How?

(then)

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

(then)

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

(then, dissapointed)

You already told Erica.

18 EXT. PLAZ AMERICAS - NIGHT 18 *

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

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

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

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

Marissa drives off. *

19 INT. MARISSA'S CAR - NIGHT 19

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

20 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 20

Marissa walks in her room and immediately starts packing. *

DRE
Where are you going?

Out. MARISSA *

Where? DRE

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

Marissa throws her clothes into a bag.

DRE
I'm sorry Marissa. *

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

Beat.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

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

*

DRE

That's cool.

MARISSA

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

*

Dre follows her.

*

DRE

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

*

*

*

MARISSA

What? How? You're broke.

*

*

DRE

It was gonna be a surprise.

*

*

MARISSA

Khalid's taking me to Atlanta for
my birthday.

*

DRE

What?

MARISSA

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

Dre tries to process what she's heard.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

(trying to be causal)

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

*

Silence.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

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

DRE

Why are you doing this to me?

*

MARISSA

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

*
*
*

DRE

You really wanna live with him?

MARISSA

Yes. I do.

*

DRE
You barely know him.

Marissa snorts back a laugh.

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

DRE
He's not good for you.

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

DRE
Over what?

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

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

Marissa glares at Dre.

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

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

DRE (CONT'D)
Are you hearing me?

MARISSA
Just stop.

DRE
Marissa, please! I'm sorry.

Dre grabs Marissa, trying to keep her.

MARISSA
Stop saying that!

*

*

*

*

21 **EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

21

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

DRE
What are y --?! Marissa!

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

Marissa speeds off.

DRE
I'm sorry Marissa!

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

22

Dre stares at the ceiling.

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

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

The tweets and alerts don't stop.

23 **INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

23

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

Her eyes are wide as the music plays.

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

24 INT. MARISSA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 24

Dre is grabbing clothes from the closet.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. HOUSTON STREET - NIGHT 25

Dre walks down the street. She looks really good.

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

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

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

26 INT. BARBARELLA - NIGHT 26

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

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

DRE
Dance with me.

MARCUS
Uh, yeah --

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

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Wooww.

He can barely keep up with her--

27 INT. HALLWAY - BARBARELLA - NIGHT 27 *

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

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

SMASH CUT TO:

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

28

Dre opens her eyes.

The sun is bright.

She tries to register where she is.

Then she turns over to see Marcus' giant face.

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

He's completely naked.

And eating from a bowl of strawberries.

MARCUS

Good morning. You sleep okay?

He holds up the bowl.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Strawberry?

Dre blinks.

DRE

Can I use your bathroom?

MARCUS

Of course. It's over there.

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

29

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

MARCUS (O.S.)

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

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

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

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

30

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

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

Dre says nothing.

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

Dre still says nothing.

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

*
*
*
*
*
*

31 INT. BATHROOM - NICE LOFT - DAY

31

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

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

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

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

Marissa: I facetimed u again. Pick up.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marissa: I think wavelength is my favorite.

Marissa: I threw up again.

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

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

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

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

DRE

Shit.

MARCUS (O.S.)

Everything okay in there?

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

Marcus knocks on the door.

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

Do I need to come in?

Dre tries to think quickly.

DRE

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

MARCUS (O.S.)

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

We hear him walk away.

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

32

EXT. NICE LOFT - DAY

32

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

*

33 EXT. APARTMENT - DAY 33

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

34 INT. APARTMENT - DAY 34

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

Festival plays on the TV.

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

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

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

DRE
(whisper)
I have a surprise for you.

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

Ris? DRE (CONT'D)

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

36 INT. WAITING AREA - HOSPITAL - DAY 36

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

NURSE

We tried to revive her but there

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

*

DRE
When does she get to come home?

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

Dre says nothing.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

37

Dre opens her eyes.

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

She's been like this for days.

38 **INT. CORNER STORE - NIGHT**

38

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

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

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

*

VAISHNAVI
(under her breath)
Fucking animals.

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

*

*

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

*

*

VAISHNAVI (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Dre looks at her.

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

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

*

*

Dre takes the food without paying and leaves.

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

39

Dre rinses off her bleeding hand.

*

40 **INT. BUS - DAY**

40

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

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

LITTLE BLACK GIRL
I really like your dress.

Dre just stares at her, then away.

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

41

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

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

42

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

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

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

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Excuse me?

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

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

DRE

Why?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

The family has asked that you
leave.

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

DRE

She's my sister. She is my family.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

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

Dre looks at Marissa one last time and walks away.

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

43 *

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

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

Dre notices several bees buzzing around it.

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

44 **INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

44

Days later.

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

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

45

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

She eats junk food while scrolling through her phone.

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

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

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

kaydeeday: RIP. Anyone know what happened? :(

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

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

@ [REDACTED]: Twitter.

Dre types "Marissa Jackson" into Twitter.

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

@MJsRightShoe: Marissa Jackson! WTF?!?!

@MJsRightShoe: *laugh cry emoji*

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

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

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

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

[REDACTED] Wait, is this true?! smh...cc @illumiRoddy

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

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

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

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

Dre focuses on the tweets. Then -- BING!

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

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

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

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

Then:

BUZZ!

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

The sound is coming from somewhere in the room.

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

Dre unlocks Marissa's phone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marissa: ***Then what?***

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

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

46

INT. HOUSE - SUNNYSIDE HOUSTON - NIGHT

46

Khalid opens the door to find Dre standing there.

He and Dre stare at each other.

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

KHALID

...Hey.

DRE

Hey

(then)

Can I come in?

KHALID

Uh. Yeah.

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

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

DRE

This your house?

KHALID

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

They sit. Awkward silence.

KHALID (CONT'D)

You want some beer?

DRE

I don't drink.

KHALID

Right. I always forget.

Another awkward moment.

KHALID (CONT'D)

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

DRE

Exchange em.

KHALID

I ain't goin nowhere.

(then)

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

Silence.

DRE

You weren't at the funeral.

KHALID

I wanted to.

DRE

But you didn't.

KHALID

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

Beat.

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

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

They lock eyes for a long moment.

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

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

DRE
Tea?

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

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

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

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

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

Dre slams Khalid's head with the salt lamp.

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

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

Khalid stops crawling.

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

He dies.

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

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

*

47

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

47

Dre starts Khalid's car.

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

Dre sits for a moment enjoying the song.

*

Dre speeds off into the night.

*

END OF PILOT