

I love you,  
I hate you

by

Andrew champagne

Author's note:

The character Chloe is referred to as They/Them in the text.



The Birthday, Marc Chagall.

Laughter. We open on Finnick and Chloe hotboxing in a--

PARKED CAR

Finnick, slender, mid-30s, does an impression that has Chloe, mid-30s, piercings, tattoos - in stitches. Chloe can't catch their breath.

CHLOE  
(laughing)  
I'm dying! I'm dead.... Oh... I'm  
dead.

FADE TO:

I L O V E Y O U  
I H A T E Y O U

SECTION 8 APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

A street lamp flickers on the brink of death. Apartments are stacked like grey concrete boxes. Narrow paths twist and turn between small patches of grass. There are no units that particularly stand out, except for-

CHLOE AND FINNICK'S APARTMENT

There's a back patio entrance. The patio fence has the gay flag pinned to it. There's a dirty rainbow welcome mat with "*be kind*" written in bold-face type.

INSIDE

It's a mess. Unwashed pots and pans in the kitchen. The kitchen table has opened and unopened booze. The trash can is overflowing.

LIVING ROOM

Chloe is on the couch picking at a guitar like a novice. They hum an indistinct tune. They stop and lean over to fetch their red solo cup.

BATHROOM

Finnick is in the shower. The water is too hot.

FINNICK

Ouch! Mother Ffff-

He taps the faucet gently in the opposite direction.  
The water turns ice-cold.

LIVING ROOM

Chloe's phone vibrates. They get up and rummage between  
the cushions.

CHLOE

(answers)

Hi Nana... yeah, I called  
earlier... I was just calling to  
see how your appointment went...  
Good... Nothing too serious? Good,  
that's good... listen, Nana... I  
was um... They cut my hours at  
work... No, no, no, I wasn't  
fired, just budget cuts, but this  
is great, because now I have more  
time to focus on my work...

A door slams. Finnick walks past the living room and  
into the kitchen, wearing only briefs.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Yeah... Yeah, I know...

Finnick opens and slams a few cupboards.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Therapy's great, yeah, I mean, I  
do get the sense she's a bit  
threatened by my lifestyle, but  
that's like everyone in a  
monogamous relationship...

Chloe takes a drink from their red solo cup.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Jealousy's a wasted emotion...

Chloe glares at Finnick in the kitchen. He rolls his  
eyes and opens a pack of mac n' cheese and dumps it  
into a bowl. He starts them microwave.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, Nana... are you sure? I  
just feel bad... Yeah, times are  
tough.... Uh huh.... Yeah....  
Yeah.... Uh huh....

Finnick stares at the microwave.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Yeah..... No, I haven't talked to her... Maybe if she wasn't a total narcissist.... Yeah... uh huh... yeah...

Microwave beeps. Finnick takes out his food and slams the microwave door.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Life's too short to let in all of that negativity. That's why I've adopted a more Buddhist approach--

Finnick slams another cabinet. Chloe puts the call on hold.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

COULD YOU STOP SLAMMING SHIT!!?

FINNICK

WHERE'S THE CAYENNE PEPPER!?

CHLOE

I'M ON THE PHONE WITH NANA!

Chloe gestures at him to shut up. Finnick yanks a fork out of the drawer as Chloe turns off mute.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Nana, your phone cut out.....  
 Okay... Thank you so much... Yeah,  
 he's here, he says hi...  
 (to Finnick)  
 Nana says hi!

Finnick stands in the kitchen and eats.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Okay, Nana... love you.... Okay...  
 goodnight...

Chloe hangs up the phone and resumes the guitar. Finnick walks over and sits next to them on the couch.

FINNICK

The water's doing that thing  
 again.

CHLOE

What thing?

FINNICK

Where it's either scolding hot or freezing, there's no in-between.

CHLOE

I already texted the landlord.

FINNICK

(beat)

You have your own guitar, why do you have to play mine?

CHLOE

You're not playing it, why does it matter?

FINNICK

I got you your own so you wouldn't play that one. That was my dad's.

(beat)

Forget it. Did you eat?

CHLOE

I'm on a diet.

(beat, sighs)

No. I did not eat dinner! Anything else?

FINNICK

(beat)

Don't you think you should eat something?

CHLOE

Don't you think you should put on a shirt?

FINNICK

What? Why does that matter?

CHLOE

Nothing. It was a joke.

FINNICK

Does my shirtless body disgust you?

CHLOE

All bodies are beautiful.

...

FINNICK

(beat)

That why you're on a diet?

CHLOE

I don't like talking to you when you're in a pissy mood.

FINNICK

Why do you have to say that shit? Do you think I'm getting fat?

CHLOE

Didn't say you were fat.

FINNICK

No, but you told me to put on a shirt. That's some passive aggressive bullshit...

CHLOE

Okay, whatever. I wasn't judging. Just leave me alone.

Chloe rolls their eyes.

FINNICK

Don't roll your eyes at me.

CHLOE

Stop picking a fight!

FINNICK

I wasn't picking a fight. I just said stop rolling your eyes.

There's a brief silence. Finnick laughs.

CHLOE

What?

FINNICK

I didn't say anything.

CHLOE

No, you're laughing! Why?

FINNICK

Does it even matter what I say at this point? Is there anything I can say that'll get you off this couch, pick up your shit or, I don't know, contribute in any meaningful way?

Chloe gets off the couch and starts picking up around the kitchen. They slam a few dishes. Finnick follows them into the kitchen.

CHLOE

I'm not gonna do shit if you stand there and gawk at me!

FINNICK

I'm not gawking!

CHLOE

This isn't just my mess! It's also your shit too!

FINNICK

What? I pick up my shit! This - ALL OF THIS - is you!

CHLOE

Yeah, because I told you I'm not playing your silly mind games!

FINNICK

What mind games?

CHLOE

I don't like being manipulated. I'm not some "housewife." I'm not your "property."

FINNICK

I told you this week I'd pick up my mess and you pick up yours!

CHLOE

But you don't pick up all your shit!

FINNICK

I did too!

CHLOE

That's textbook manipulation!

FINNICK

How is that fucking manipulative?! It's called compromise! Taking some responsibility!

Chloe stops what they're doing.



CHLOE

Look, I'm sorry I'm not willing to just happily slip into some traditional gender role your family obviously conditioned you to expect--

FINNICK

Oh here we go! Don't start with that neo-liberal hippy bullshit! Take responsibility for your actions!

CHLOE

Neo-liberal hippy bullshit?!

FINNICK

It's fucking bullshit! Anytime anyone holds you accountable you throw that shit in people's faces! Always playing the victim!

CHLOE

Cool! Awesome! Tell me how you really feel, Finnick! Go on! Let it all out! For the neighbors!

FINNICK

Oh shut the fuck up!

NEXT DOOR

And older hispanic couple, Lupe and Jose, mid-60s, are sitting in their living room. Lupe knits while Jose reads the paper.

CHLOE (O.S.)

Do you also feel that straight white men are "misunderstood?"

FINNICK (O.S.)

I fucked like five dudes in college!

CHLOE (O.S.)

Oh good for you! You're so gay! Gold fucking star!

LUPE

(in Spanish)

He has sex with men.

Jose nods and reads his paper.

FINNICK (O.S.)

Sorry I'm not out there bumping  
clams, Miss Non-Binary Poly-Demi-  
Sex-Alien, whatever the fuck you  
are!

CHLOE (O.S.)

I AM POLY PANSEXUAL NON-BINARY!  
WAY TO MISGENDER ME!

FINNICK (O.S.)

MY BAD!! LEMME GO IN THE CORNER  
AND CRY ABOUT IT!! MISS, SHE,  
HER!!

BACK TO - CHLOE'S APARTMENT

Finnick gets in Chloe's face.

CHLOE  
FUCK YOU!

FINNICK (CONT'D)  
GIRL, GIRL, GIRL, VAGINA,  
VAGINA, VAGINA!!!

FINNICK (CONT'D)  
ALL ABOUT YOU! ME ME ME!  
MY LIFE IS SO HARD!!

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
FUCK YOU, STOP IT, STOP  
IT!

Chloe picks up dish and throws it at Finnick. It misses  
and hits the wall.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(beat)

If only you knew what a shitty  
life truly was... talk to me when  
you were raised by MY mother! Talk  
to me when you've lived MY life!

FINNICK

So your mother was on meth, sold  
your dollhouse for blow, big  
fucking deal-- you lived with your  
precious Nana, you know, the one  
that gives you five hundred  
dollars a month, which I never  
fucking see by the way! None of  
that shit goes to rent or trash or  
utilities! And do you hear me  
complain?

CHLOE

I told you that money goes to  
groceries!

FINNICK

What groceries? The five packs of Ramen? Bullshit that money goes to groceries!

Chloe sits back down on the couch.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

What?

CHLOE

I don't wanna fight anymore.

FINNICK

Yeah, it's because you're losing. Finnicks--80, Chloe--zilch!

CHLOE

I SAID I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT.

...

FINNICK

Now you're mad at me? What do you have to possibly be mad at me for?  
(beat)

Stop acting like you're the only one disappointed with your life.

(beat)

Now the silent treatment. Okay. I can play that game.

Finnick sits on the other side of the couch.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

Why did you tell me to put on a shirt? Do you think I'm getting fat?

(beat)

Are you really not going to talk to me? Baby?

CHLOE

Go away.

FINNICK

Don't be like that please. Don't... You know I love you. You know I care about your feelings.

Finnick gets on his knees and crawls over to them.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

Baby... Please...

Finnick starts crying.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

Please talk to me... I'm sorry...  
Don't leave me.... I don't wanna  
fight anymore... Pleases talk to  
me.... Please... I'll pick up my  
shit... I'm sorry I called you a  
woman.... Baby... Look at me...

Chloe looks down and sees him crying. They kiss him.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

Do you think I'm fat?

CHLOE

Jesus fucking christ, no!

FINNICK

Do you still think I'm attractive?

Chloe gets up.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

You're mad at me...

CHLOE

No Finnick, I'm tired and I just  
wanna smoke a joint! Okay?

FINNICK

I'm sorry!

Chloe slams the door. Finnick buries his head in the couch.

OUTSIDE

Chloe pulls out a joint and lights up. They sit on an upside down bucket next to two trash cans filled with empty water bottles. Their phone rings.

CHLOE

(answers)

Hi... I'm fine... Could you maybe  
pick me up?

BATHROOM

Finnick knocks a bunch of stuff off the vanity. He sits on the toilet seat. He pulls out his phone and starts watching porn. He reaches into his briefs.

## STREET

A beat-up Toyota pulls up. Chloe gets in the front passenger. Their friend Nova, mid-20s, piercings, hair shaved on the sides, is behind the wheel. The car drives off.

## PARKING LOT

The car is parked outside a cheap burger joint. Chloe and Nova eat in the front seat.

NOVA

How's work been?

CHLOE

It's alright. I'm honestly pretty burnt out.

NOVA

Didn't you ask them to cut back your hours?

CHLOE

Yeah... I'm just so tired all of the time for no reason. I feel like I'm staring down into an endless black hole.

NOVA

Have you discussed this with your therapist?

CHLOE

I get the sense she's passing judgment for me being poly and... you know.

NOVA

That's not how therapy works.

CHLOE

I just - get a vibe.

NOVA

Then request a different therapist?

CHLOE

She's so hot, though... Wanna see a pic? It's on the website. I'm not stalking them.

Chloe shows Nova the picture on their phone.

NOVA

WOW.

CHLOE

RIGHT?

NOVA

I'd let her tell me what to do.

CHLOE

It's like "pull my hair and teach me to love myself."

NOVA

When are you going to tell Finn?

CHLOE

Tell him what?

NOVA

What do you mean "tell him what?"

(beat)

Chloe...

CHLOE

Sorry, I'm distracted by Dr. Fitzpatrick.

(beat)

I don't know. It just doesn't seem like a good time.

(beat)

What?

NOVA

(chuckles)

You're so unhappy.

CHLOE

Yeah... who isn't these days.

NOVA

You're going to have to tell him at some point, or at least express your feelings.

CHLOE

We're married, Nova.

NOVA

Yeah, exactly.

CHLOE

So getting a divorce isn't the immersive experience I need at the moment.

NOVA

Just ask for like a trial separation... say you need some space to... think things over.

CHLOE

Yeah, and stay where? My mother's.

NOVA

I'd offer my place, but....

CHLOE

Deidra. She hates me, right?

NOVA

She doesn't hate you.

CHLOE

She spat in my face on New Years. SPIT. What kind of psychopath--

NOVA

She was upset.

CHLOE

God! We made out, it's not like we eloped!

NOVA

Deidra is new to all of this. I told you. She also has abandonment issues.

CHLOE

We all have abandonment issues. Sounds like Deidra needs to grow up.

NOVA

I think maybe... and I'm saying this as a friend, who loves you...

CHLOE

Jealousy's unattractive.

NOVA

(beat)

I think sometimes you can be a little...

CHLOE  
Blunt, honest...

NOVA  
Harsh. Insensitive. Self-absorbed.

CHLOE  
Okay, Finnick.

NOVA  
See there, that's what I'm saying!

CHLOE  
Alright, alright! I get it!

NOVA  
You can't handle criticism....

CHLOE  
I know. I'm working on it. Why do you think I'm in therapy?

Nova chuckles.

NOVA  
Nothing. You artists, so sensitive.

CHLOE  
Right now it's like I'm suffering the bane of existence. Every form of inspiration comes through and is just destroyed by this plague of cynicism I've allowed to grow inside of me.

NOVA  
Maybe there's a cure for that.

CHLOE  
It's not Welbutrin.

NOVA  
Just... don't obsess over what's missing... artists are supposed to find beauty in the mundane, right?

CHLOE  
In theory.  
(beat)  
Maybe I'm just broken... destined to be a hopeless self-absorbed narcissist, like my mother...



NOVA

If there wasn't any hope you  
wouldn't be so worried about it.

Chloe's phone goes off.

NOVA (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

CHLOE

It's Finnick.

NOVA

Did you tell him you're with me?

CHLOE

I told him I needed to smoke. I  
didn't say where.

Nova chuckles. Chloe lights up a joint.

BEDROOM

He puts on a shirt and looks at himself in the bedroom  
mirror. He examines his profile. Sucks in his stomach.

He crawls into bed. He stares up at the ceiling fan. He  
hears the front door shut. He rolls over and faces away  
from the bedroom door.

Chloe enters the bedroom. They see Finnick in bed. They  
quietly take off their earrings, their shoes... They  
crawl into bed next him. Finnick opens his eyes. He  
rolls over away from them. Chloe reaches over and big-  
spoons him.

FINNICK

Where'd you go?

CHLOE

Nova picked me up.

FINNICK

(beat)

Did you fuck her?

CHLOE

(beat)

Yeah.

Finnick rolls over and faces Chloe. He kisses them.  
Chloe climbs on top of him and kisses his chest.  
Finnick then rolls them over and climbs on top.

FADE TO BLACK

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Finnick walks slowly through an empty hospital. Lights flicker. He hears a heart monitor beeping and stops at an empty doorway. There is a woman with her back to us, leaning over an older male patient. The heart monitor flatlines. The woman turns around. She doesn't have a face. A set of black angel wings erupt from her back.

Whoosh!

BEDROOM

Finnick wakes up. He looks over and sees Chloe sleeping. Chloe rolls over on their side.

LIVING ROOM

Chloe sits across from Finnick, who looks down as he stirs his coffee slowly. NPR is on quietly in the background.

CHLOE

What are you thinking?

FINNICK

I don't know what you want me to say.

CHLOE

I just need some time to clear my head. I haven't been able to concentrate on my work and last night...

(beat)

We just keep falling back into the same vicious cycle... we fight, we have sex, we fight, you throw something, I throw something...

FINNICK

I don't -- when have I ever thrown shit at you? You're the one who throws shit.

CHLOE

Okay, see what I mean. We can't get through a conversation without you turning it into...

FINNICK  
I'm just saying...

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
...a thing. You're just so  
quick to... I feel like  
I'm walking on eggshells.  
It's like I can't just  
exist around you.

Chloe shakes their head.

FINNICK (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
Where you gonna go?

CHLOE  
Nova said I could maybe crash at  
her place, it's just temporary.

FINNICK  
I see.

CHLOE  
It's not like that. I just need  
space.

Finnick broods.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
It's temporary!

FINNICK  
Alright, alright, fine...  
(beat)  
Can I ask you something?

CHLOE  
(sighs)  
What?

FINNICK  
Are you... taking your... ?

CHLOE  
Okay, you know what - Don't!

FINNICK  
It's just a simple question!

CHLOE  
You always do this. You always  
have to make this about my mental  
health and make me feel like a  
crazy person-

FINNICK

I don't think you're crazy, I just asked if you're still taking your meds, that's all!

CHLOE

(beat)

I'm telling you I need space and you're insinuating that I'm off my meds? Do you not hear how fucked that sounds?

FINNICK

Forget it...

(beat)

I just... I recognize the patterns, that's all.

CHLOE

And this has nothing to do with you? You're innocent, in all of this? You're perfect.

...

FINNICK

So that's a no...

CHLOE

It's none of your fucking business!

Finnick gets up and puts his coffee cup in the sink. He slams the front door. Chloe face-plants their head into the table. They scroll through their phone.

TOWER DISTRICT

A downtown-adjacent walking neighborhood, with shops, open and closed. Some buildings have artistic murals. Others are boarded and have graffiti.

PARKING LOT

Finnick parks his truck. He lights a cigarette and ventures across the lot. A street canvasser stops him for a charitable cause.

CANVASSER

(talks fast)

S'cuse me, sir!

(MORE)

CANVASSER (CONT'D)

Do you have a second to talk about affordable housing? I don't know if you've heard but California has experienced a ten-fold increase in homelessness within the past two years alone! Statistics show that--

FINNICK

(in a hurry)

I'm sorry I gotta--

(reaches into his pocket)

I only have cash--

CANVASSER

Oh sir, we just need you to sign, put an address, your email-

FINNICK (CONT'D)

I'm late for work, but here's a twenty! Good luck!

CANVASSER (CONT'D)

God bless!

Finnick crosses the street and arrives to--

EXT. DIVE BAR

An open sign flickers as Finnick puts out his cigarette against the wall. He fixes his hair in the window.

INSIDE

Finnick counts the till behind the bar. His coworker, Brad, mid-20s, average build, sets a stack of cups next to him on the bar and starts drying them with a rag.

BRAD

Did you hear about Lucy?

FINNICK

No? What's up... ?

Brad nods sardonically.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

(beat)

Really!

BRAD

Or they just cut her hours and she had to quit, but yeah...

FINNICK

Oof...

BRAD

... She's the type you can never get a read on, you know? It's like be a bitch or don't be. Or if you're going to be a bitch, own it. Don't act all sweet. She's a Pisces.

FINNICK

Wonder why they cut her hours...

BRAD

What's your sign again?

FINNICK

Aries.

BRAD

God, I can totally see you being an Aries.

Finnick stretches his arms and flexes his biceps.

FINNICK

I got one of those pull-up thingies you put in the door. Can you tell?

BRAD

I mean, yeah, sure!

FINNICK

Still kinda sore.

Brad puts away dishes. Clears his throat.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

You know Chloe wants to take a break?

BRAD

Your boo?! Shut up!

FINNICK

Says she needs time...

BRAD

Oh my god, are you okay? Do you need to talk about it?

FINNICK

Yeah, I'm fine.

BRAD

Wait, what are you doing tonight?

FINNICK

Just Chloe being Chloe...  
Oh, what am I doing after work?  
Uh...

BRAD

I think Candice and the others are hitting up Goldsteins, if you maybe wanted to cut a rug, let loose, blow off some steam...

FINNICK

Yeah, maybe... I think I might have plans, though. Probably not a good night.

BRAD

Well, you're lame!

Finnick pours a shot of whiskey. He holds the bottle up to Brad. He nods. Finnick pours him a shot.

FINNICK

Cheers!

BRAD

Cheers!

They down it. Brad coughs.

FINNICK

Some gag reflex!

Finnick playfully snaps Brad with his towel. Brad laughs and walks away. Finnick's phone goes off. He reaches into his pocket, looks around to make sure no one can read over his shoulder. He hits send.

STORE FRONT

A beat-up warehouse with "Thrift" posted on the side of the wall. A junkie sits on the curb out front.

INSIDE

Chloe organizes a rack of clothing. They look over and see a couple of their coworkers staring and talking secretively. Another coworker, Aiden, late-20s, fuck-boy, approaches...

AIDEN  
 You didn't say hi to me earlier.  
 (beat)  
 Rude!

CHLOE  
 What do you want?

AIDEN  
 Nothing...

His eyes fall below Chloe's waist.

CHLOE  
 Get a life.

AIDEN  
 You should learn to take a joke.

CHLOE  
 If you weren't the owner's son,  
 this hanger - would be so far up  
 your ass.

AIDEN  
 Wait, that's your kink? That's my  
 kink! What are the odds?

Chloe looks over and sees their coworker's - still  
 gawking.

CHLOE  
 Fuck off!

Chloe walks away. Aiden laughs.

TOWER NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Chloe walks with purpose. They carry a bag from the  
 grocery store. Across the street, they see a man tucked  
 away in the shadows. He stands idly and watches Chloe.  
 The smoke from his cigarette billows around his hoodie.  
 Chloe arrives to-

EXT. NOVA'S HOUSE

Bass from a subwoofer pulsates from the inside as Chloe  
 arrives to the quaint California bungalow surrounded by  
 overgrown trees. A sign in the window:

*In this house we believe...  
 Black lives matter.*



*Women's rights are human rights.  
 No Human is illegal.  
 Science is real.  
 Love is love  
 Kindness is everything.*

The front door slams shut.

LIVING ROOM

People are spread out and talk amongst themselves. Chloe makes their way through, waves at a few acquaintances, and arrives to the-

KITCHEN

They throw away some empty cups and set a bottle of wine on the counter. They open one of the drawers to retrieve a bottle opener. Pop. Nova stands in the entryway.

NOVA

Boo!

CHLOE

(startled, chuckles)

Hi!

Nova walks over and kisses them.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Care for the cheapest wine...

(reads back label)

Santa Maria has to offer?

NOVA

I'm already drunk.

CHLOE

Then I'll have no problem seducing you...

Deidra, mid 30s, goth queer, parades into the kitchen.

DEIDRA

Sorry, am I interrupting? I'm interrupting... Chloe, you look so pretty!

Deidra kisses Nova.

CHLOE

Oh Deidra, you're not a good liar.

NOVA

They always looks pretty.

DEIDRA

(beat)

Nova said you think I hate you and I just wanted to say I don't hate you. You're just so pretty and I love this human--

(kisses Nova)

I love this human so fucking much. That I get... She's a beautiful, strong and... just a radiant soul...

NOVA

Baby? Let me catch up with Chloe. They've been at work all day.

Chloe awkwardly sips their wine.

DEIDRA

(beat)

Oh...

NOVA

We'll meet you in the living room. Drink some water, yeah?

DEIDRA

Okay... I'll just...

Deidra leaves the kitchen.

CHLOE

(beat)

Cute.

NOVA

She's young...

(beat)

Did you talk to him?

Chloe nods.

NOVA (CONT'D)

How did he take it?

CHLOE

Do you think I could maybe crash here for a few days?

NOVA

(sighs)

Chloe... You know Deidra's been staying here.

CHLOE

I know... I wouldn't ask if I had somewhere else to go.

NOVA

What about your Nana's?

CHLOE

(shakes head)

I don't... she'll ask questions about my life and Finnick and I just...

NOVA

Chloe...

CHLOE

I don't wanna burden her with all that noise, you know...

NOVA

Is this a pride thing?

CHLOE

No, it's... she's having health issues and I just don't wanna add any stress...

(beat)

Could you talk to Deidra? Or maybe... Maybe I can make nice, you know... maybe I can talk to her, be her friend, smooth things over... Even though she spat in my face on New Years.

(beat, chuckles)

I'm serious.

Chloe sips their wine nonchalantly.

BATHROOM - BAR

Brad is by the sink drying his hands. Finnick walks up to one of the urinals and unzips. We hear a crowded bar outside.

BRAD

Are you off?

FINNICK  
Half-shift! So fucking tired!

BRAD  
Sure you don't wanna join us  
later?

FINNICK  
Nah, I think I'm gonna call it.  
Didn't sleep last night.

BRAD  
Could I interest you in a little  
pick-me-up? Something for the  
road?

Brad holds up a little bag of coke. Finnick washes his  
hands.

FINNICK  
(chuckles)  
Are you on break?

BRAD  
(checks phone)  
Still gotta few minutes. C'mon!

FINNICK  
Raincheck! Alright?

Finnick dries his hands.

BRAD  
(beat)  
You know, if it were me, I'd go  
out and get totally shitfaced.  
Make her jealous with a good time.  
Post a few selfies.

FINNICK  
Gonna bounce. Stay golden.

Finnick pats his back.

BRAD  
Boooooo!

FINNICK (CONT'D)  
Raincheck!

Finnick leaves. Brad does a small amount of coke.

FINNICK DRIVING

Finnick follows his GPS into a ritzy North Fresno  
neighborhood.

Through the windshield, we see he arrives to a gated community. He rolls down his window and punches a few numbers into a keypad. Beep! The gate slowly opens.

The neighborhood is spotless. After turning down a few streets, he arrives to--

EXT. HOUSE

A small track home at the end of a cul-de-sac. He sends a message on his phone and waits patiently in his truck. We see a light in the doorway turn on. Finnick unbuckle's his seatbelt.

INSIDE

Knock, knock! There's an entryway with a shoe rack. We see Harold, mid-50s, open the front door.

HAROLD

Welcome, welcome... Oh, if you don't mind uh...

FINNICK

Oh... Yeah! Definitely!

Finnick unties his laces and kicks off his shoes.

HAROLD

Just get off work?!

FINNICK

Uh, yeah, just got off!

Finnick walks past the entry way, past the living room. He takes in the post-modernistic decor.

HAROLD

Must be tired. Would you like a beverage? Siri, turn on kitchen lights!

Lights blare on in the--

KITCHEN

Finnick pokes his head through the entryway and sees Harold going through the fridge.

HAROLD

What would you like? I've got hard seltzer, Jack, coke, beer...

FINNICK

Oh, I'm uh, I'm good.

HAROLD

Does being a bartender ruin it for you?

FINNICK

I'm just... I'm driving and...

HAROLD

You're being good... Well, I guess if you're being good, I'll be good too.

FINNICK

Oh no! Please, don't let me stop you...

HAROLD

I'm not going to drink unless you are, that's rude.

FINNICK

(beat, hesitates)

You know, sure! Why not!

HAROLD

You sure? I'm not trying to get you to cave into peer pressure. If you don't wanna drink, it's totally fine.

FINNICK

I'm good, I'll... have one of those, or whatever you're having is good too.

Harold hands him a hard seltzer. Finnick opens the beverage and nods his head.

HAROLD

Those aren't bad, right? Would you like to sit in the living room?

FINNICK

Uh, sure...

HAROLD

Alright, let's mosey. Siri, turn  
off kitchen lights!

The lights go out.

LIVING ROOM

Finnick sits in a chair opposite from Harold on the  
couch. Finnick taps the side of his can, nervously.  
Harold observes with admiration.

FINNICK

This is... a really nice place.

HAROLD

Thanks. I definitely enjoy it.  
It's been quite the bachelor pad.

(beat)

What part of town do you... ?

FINNICK

Uh, not around here.

HAROLD

It's funny. Twenty years ago you  
couldn't pay me to live in the  
suburbs.

FINNICK

What changed?

HAROLD

Suppose age and money's a  
factor...

Finnick chuckles.

FINNICK

I hear that helps...

(beat)

What do you do for a living?

HAROLD

I dabble in the stock market...

FINNICK

Is that code for CIA?

HAROLD

If only my life were that  
exciting...

(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I was a broker for a while, then uh, I got sick of it, dabbled in real estate, got my license...

FINNICK

That's dope.

HAROLD

Did a lot of that too.

Finnick nods. He looks over and sees a room with a camera on a tripod directed at a couch. He starts tapping his foot anxiously. He leans back and stretches.

FINNICK

I should... come clean a bit, I uh... I'm married, actually... to a woman, I mean, not a woman, she's - they're - non-binary now and I uh... I've never really done anything like this before and uh... wow, I am...

Finnick starts breathing rapidly.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

I uh...

(clears throat)

Sorry, I uh... Having trouble uh...

HAROLD

You okay?

FINNICK

(holds his head)

I don't know what's wrong with me... I can't breathe...

Harold gets up and walks over and kneels in front of him.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

Am I dying?

HAROLD

Deep breath... okay... breathe in... one, two, three, four... Hold it, one, two, three, four, five, six, breathe out... one, two, three four, five, six, seven.... One more time, alright? Breathe in...

(MORE)



HAROLD (CONT'D)

(beat)

Hold it.....

(beat)

And out....

Finnick exhales.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

(beat)

Do you like tea?

Finnick nods.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I'll put a pot on...

Harold walks to the kitchen.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Definitely herbal, no caffeine for you. Siri, turn on kitchen lights!

FINNICK

I'm sorry I uh... Not really sure what just happened!

HAROLD

(in the kitchen)

That my friend, was a good old fashion panic attack! I'm riddled with anxiety myself...

Finnick looks down and sees a book of Chagall's works. "The Birthday" is the painting on the cover. Harold back walks back out.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Water's on.

(beat)

You okay?

FINNICK

Yeah, I think so. That was weird.

HAROLD

I'm sorry if I made you anxious...

FINNICK

No, no... I uh...

HAROLD

I don't want you to feel pressured or...

FINNICK

No, you're not, uh...

(beat)

This is just... new to me. I'm  
sorry I...

HAROLD

I get it. You don't have to  
apologize.

...

FINNICK

(beat)

Said your name was Harold, right?

HAROLD

Harold, yep...

FINNICK

In my mind I kept thinking Harry.

HAROLD

(Chuckles)

My mother calls me Harry.

FINNICK

Just sorta popped into my head. I  
can call you Harold.

HAROLD

I really don't mind... Just don't  
call me Dude... or Sir... Unless  
it's in the bedroom, then I can  
make an exception. But Harry,  
Harold, Nancy, all perfectly  
fine...

Finnick laughs.

FINNICK

Yes, sir.

HAROLD

(beat)

So... you're married?

FINNICK

(takes deep breath)

... Yeah. I uh...

HAROLD

Uh oh, we don't have to talk about  
that. I don't wanna pry...

FINNICK

No, it's... Yeah... Ten years.

HAROLD

Ten years?

FINNICK

Almost.

HAROLD

Wow.

FINNICK

Right after college, or... before  
I dropped out...

HAROLD

As one does...

FINNICK

We had hooked up and... you know,  
and we... hooked up again... and  
you know... gradually it just  
became more and more and... I  
never considered myself funny or  
interesting, but Chloe always  
laughed at me... made me feel sexy  
and confident... I'm sorry, I'm  
rambling.

HAROLD

Not at all. Please, ramble.

FINNICK

I usually don't open up like  
this... kind of an out of body  
experience... My dad didn't like  
feelings... we never really got a  
long... He loved Chloe, though...  
and in a way she was like a bridge  
in our relationship... covered the  
gaps... but when he died... I  
didn't really feel the need to  
finish school or live up to his  
standards, then... Chloe got  
pregnant, had a miscarriage...

HAROLD

God, I'm so sorry.

FINNICK

Found out she couldn't have kids,  
which in many ways has been a  
blessing in disguise...

(MORE)

FINNICK (CONT'D)

After that things were different,  
you know... Suddenly I was no  
longer this funny, confident  
person and she - they - Jesus!  
THEY just wanted to be everything,  
everything but the person I  
married... it's like every week  
there's a new set of rules, new  
diet, new pronouns and I'm just  
there trying to make it work, make  
THEM happy and...

The tea kettle whistles from the kitchen.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

It's like the parts of myself I  
used to enjoy, I abandoned...

HAROLD

Gonna go turn off the water... I'm  
listening!

FINNICK

Sorry I'm rambling! I'm  
oversharing! We just met!

HAROLD

Not at all! Just give me two  
shakes! Hold that thought!

Harold returns with two cups. He sets them down on the  
coffee table.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Maybe let it steep for a bit...

FINNICK

Thanks.

HAROLD

Siri! Turn off kitchen lights!  
(beat)  
So... What makes you happy?

FINNICK

What?

HAROLD

You said there's parts of yourself  
you've abandoned...

FINNICK

I used to paint... but Chloe has to be the only artist in the house with serious demands.

HAROLD

Let's not talk about them. I'm curious about you.

FINNICK

(drinks tea)

I bet.

HAROLD

(hits him)

What?

FINNICK

Nothing, I just, I bet your curious.

HAROLD

Well, you are, to my surprise, this devilishly handsome, smart and sexy enigma...

FINNICK

You don't know that I'm smart.

HAROLD

I can tell.

FINNICK

Really? How?

HAROLD

I've spent a lot of time around stupid people.

FINNICK

I didn't finish college.

HAROLD

Please! I can tell you're a thinker... Anxious people usually are.

FINNICK

You're just saying nice things to get in my pants.

HAROLD

Right now I'm more curious about what's in there.

(His head.)

FINNICK  
Surprisingly empty at the moment.

HAROLD  
I don't believe that for a second.

FINNICK  
Is this real hardwood?

HAROLD  
Hardwood laminate.

FINNICK  
Ah.

HAROLD  
Are you curious about me?

FINNICK  
Meh... Feel like I got you pegged.

HAROLD  
How?

FINNICK  
When you're a bartender you pick up on certain things.

HAROLD  
Oh? Like what?

FINNICK  
Like when's someone's a good tipper...

HAROLD  
I do tip well.

FINNICK  
I'm sure you do. Judging by the fancy decorum...

HAROLD  
I'm sure you get tips from all the ladies.

FINNICK  
Not just the ladies...

There's a beat. Finnick stands up, looks around the space. He looks into the other room.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

What's with the camera?

HAROLD

Oh, that um... it's new, just  
fiddling around with the settings  
and whatnot.

Finnick nods, and snoops around Harold's movie  
collection.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I have my hobbies.

FINNICK

Yeah... same here.

HAROLD

You should come sit.

Pats the couch. Finnick walks over and sits down.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

(beat)

Can I kiss you?

FINNICK

(beat)

I uh...

HAROLD

Too soon?

FINNICK

No, it's just...

HAROLD

It's okay, uh... Not a problem...  
What do you... what would you like  
to do?

CUT TO:

HALLWAY - NOVA'S HOUSE

Chloe waits outside the bathroom door. The bathroom  
door opens and Chloe seizes the opportunity. They  
stumble and hit the side of the doorframe.

## BATHROOM

Chloe pees. The music outside is muffled. Chloe wipes and flushes the toilet. They fix their hair and check their teeth. The bathroom door barges open.

DEIDRA

Sorry, I didn't think anyone was in here!

Deidra stumbles in and closes the door behind her. Deidra pees. Chloe sees her profile in the mirror. The toilet flushes. Deidra washes her hands and dries them with the shower curtain.

CHLOE

(beat)

I think we maybe got off on the wrong foot.

(beat)

Nova seems to really care about you. And if you're important to her, then...

(beat)

Your eyes... they're really pretty.

DEIDRA

Stop...

CHLOE

No, they totally are. I just never really took the time to - look at your face.

DEIDRA

That's so sweet...

(beat)

I mean, I obviously think your face is pretty...

CHLOE

Yeah?

(beat, moves in closer)

Then why'd you spit on it?

DEIDRA

(laughs)

You were just like - such a bitch. You didn't say hi to me or like say anything... You looked at me like I was trash... it hurt my feelings.



Chloe gets in her face.

They pull Deidra's hair back. Deidra moans and then aggressively kisses them.

There's a knock at the door.

NOVA (O.S.)

Chloe, you in there? You okay?

DEIDRA

She's fine!

NOVA (O.S.)

Wait, what the--

Nova barges in and sees Deidra's makeup on Chloe's lips.

NOVA (CONT'D)

HELL NO! HELL FUCKING NO! DID I  
 CONSENT TO THIS? DID YOU ASK IF  
 THIS WAS OKAY!? GET THE FUCK OUT!  
 GET - THE FUCK - OUT!

NOVA (CONT'D)

FUCK NO!

CHLOE

I WAS GETTING TO KNOW HER!

Deidra vomits in the shower.

HALLWAY

Chloe stumbles, grabs their purse and makes their way to the front door. Nova shoves them.

NOVA

CHEATER! FUCK YOU!

CHLOE

ALL WE DID WAS MAKE OUT!!

Nova throws a glass and it hits the wall next to them. People in the living room stare.

EXT. NOVA'S HOUSE

Chloe kicks the front door open and runs out. Nova slams it shut. Chloe screams on the front lawn. A house guest peak through the blinds.

## TOWER NEIGHBORHOOD

Chloe trips and falls. They stand up and assess the damage done to their knee.

CHLOE

Shit...

They continue walking. This time with a slight limp. We see headlights approaching from up the street. The car passes.

Chloe continues walking. We see another set of headlights. The car passes, but slows down and reverses. A man in a ski mask jumps out of the car and holds up a gun.

ROBBER

Give me your shit!

CHLOE

(shakes head)

NO - please!

The robber fires the gun into the air. Chloe screams.

ROBBER

THAT SOUND LIKE I'M PLAYIN?!

Chloe throws their bag at the guy and cowers. He grabs it and hops back in the car.

ROBBER (CONT'D)

Sorry!

The car skids off. Chloe shakes on the ground. They pick themselves up and pat their jean pockets in search of their phone. They drop it on the ground, pick it up and dial 911. The operator picks up. Chloe hangs up and dials someone else. Voicemail: *"Hey, it's Finnick. Text me like a normal person."* Beep!

CHLOE

Shit!

Chloe breaks down crying.

CUT TO:

The "Unsolved Mysteries" title sequence playing on Harold's TV.

LIVING ROOM

The two are enamored in an episode. Finnick puts his leg over Harold's. He shoves a handful of popcorn in his mouth.

Finnick's phone vibrates:

CHLOE is calling.

FINNICK

Do you mind pausing it? I have to-

HAROLD

Yeah, yeah, of course.

FINNICK

(answers)

What's up?

(beat)

Jesus, calm down! Where are you?

Okay... Okay, okay, okay! I'm on my way!

(hangs up)

Fuck, um... I gotta... I gotta go.

HAROLD

Everything alright?

FINNICK

Yeah, my partner, um...

HAROLD

Oh no!

Finnick reaches for his shoes.

FINNICK

It was... really nice meeting you.

HAROLD

(bummed, opens front door)

Likewise... You're welcome anytime.

Finnick gives him a side-hug.

FINNICK

Seeya!

HAROLD

Goodnight!

Harold watches Finnick take off in his car then shuts the front door.

#### FINNICK DRIVING

NPR on the radio. Chloe sits in the front seat. Mascara runs down their face.

#### APARTMENT

Finnick sets his keys on the counter.

FINNICK

Did you eat?

Chloe shakes their head, then slowly and shamefully walks upstairs.

#### BEDROOM

Chloe lays in bed over the covers. Finnick walks in with a glass of water.

FINNICK

Drink this.

Chloe leans up.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

Drink some more...

Chloe lays back down. Finnick takes off their shoes and tucks them in under the covers.

He stops in the doorframe, looks back and sees them passed out. He walks over and grabs a pillow from his side of the bed.

#### LIVING ROOM

He takes off his pants and finds a comfortable position on the couch. Checks his phone. Shuts his eyes.

#### KITCHEN

Sunlight pierces through the small window. Chloe is in the kitchen, washing a pan. There's a creak in the floorboard. They slowly look over into our line of sight.

CHLOE  
(beat)  
I'm dead.

Chloe takes a kitchen knife and slits their throat.

CUT TO:

NEXT MORNING

Finnick wakes up in a cold sweat. Checks his phone.

12:30pm

He gets up and walks upstairs.

BEDROOM

He peaks in and sees the bed empty and unmade. He sees a chunk of clothes missing from Chloe's side of the closet.

LIVING ROOM

Silence. He sips his coffee alone at the dining table. He picks up his phone. Contemplates calling them.

He sets his phone back down and stares out the window.

FADE TO:

*Two weeks later.*

A pair of scissors cutting into an old magazine. The images and faces land aimlessly into a small pile.

CHLOE'S OLD BEDROOM

Chloe sits at their desk and shifts the images around. They lean back with a bit of frustration. They get up and walk over to the window, peer out and see their childhood street.

DOWNSTAIRS

Their Nana, Millie, Early-Mid 70s - Snow white hair, loose colorful clothing, jewelry - sits and pours her friend Harold a cup of tea. Chloe makes their way past the dining table and into the kitchen.

MILLIE

... I actually met Cloris Leachmen working at a Cadillac dealership on Sunset... That must have been 76... No, 77! Oddly shy, something you wouldn't expect - but no, the last truly great film...

HAROLD

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest-

MILLIE (CONT'D)

One Flew Over-

Harold laughs.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

... I've become predictable in my old age!

HAROLD

You don't look a day over seventy.

MILLIE

(smacks him)

Behave!

Chloe drops a bottle of Tylenol.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Oh Button, is that you?! Have you met my friend Harold?!

(beat)

My grand-daughter. She's an artist.

HAROLD

You know, there have been some great movies in the past forty-five years.

MILLIE

If you ask me, cinema peaked in the early seventies... there's no real discovery anymore... no real surprise, mystery, no "mise en scène."

(beat)

Somewhere down the line we've all become too fearful of uncertainty... when really, uncertainty is where the greatest discoveries are made... uncertainty is something to be celebrated...

(MORE)

MILLIE (CONT'D)

imagine if you knew the exact time  
and place you were going to leave  
this world...

Chloe walks out.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

There she is!

CHLOE

Hi Nana!

Millie waves them forward.

MILLIE

Kiss me, you don't know how much  
longer I have left.

HAROLD

Oh shush you!

Millie kisses Chloe.

MILLIE

There's a comfort in not knowing  
everything...

(beat)

Would you like some tea?

CHLOE

I'm okay... gotta little bit of a  
headache.

HAROLD

Hi, I'm Harold!

CHLOE

Oh hi! Sorry...

MILLIE

I met Harold at the Symphony...

HAROLD

Fresno Youth Symphony. My niece is  
first Violin.

MILLIE

He mentioned Bette Davis, and you  
know I couldn't keep my mouth  
shut...

HAROLD

Your grandmother tells me you're  
an artist...

CHLOE

Oh, I'm not...

MILLIE

Yes you are!

HAROLD

What's your medium? If you don't mind sharing...

CHLOE

Uh, mostly visual... though I suppose I dabble in everything... mostly I find it difficult to focus on one thing these days...

MILLIE

Live's too short to be pigeon-holed... When I wanted to be a serious actress...

HAROLD

You were an actress?

MILLIE

I told you I was an actress! Mainly live shows with lots of dance numbers. But I remember going in and reading for Orson Welles.

HAROLD

You're kidding! Do you remember the movie?

MILLIE

I couldn't tell you... but halfway through, he stopped and asked if it were me or my legs auditioning for the part... I said it was a-

CHLOE

Three for one deal.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Three for one...

MILLIE (CONT'D)

I must have told this story before.

CHLOE

(sarcastically)

No...



MILLIE

(beat)

He asked me back to his place.  
Wanted to take pictures of my  
feet.

HAROLD

Shut up... Did you?

MILLIE

Wouldn't that have been something?  
No... I was... madly in love with  
a dashing, ever-so charming  
*bartender...*

Chloe laughs.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

We met at a beach party in Santa  
Monica... he was also trying to be  
an actor. Shocking, I know. He was  
taking theatre classes at the  
local community college and my  
friend Aggie knew him through  
another friend that was a  
photographer in North Hollywood.  
Now this photographer was very  
much into... the male form and of  
course he paid Johnny to stand  
there and pose, probably in  
cigarettes...

(beat)

At the time, you know... Being gay  
had a certain... advantage the  
industry... It was still taboo,  
you couldn't talk about it, but if  
you had the looks and knew whose  
trumpet to blow!

Harold laughs.

CHLOE

Nana!

HAROLD

But the photographer... anyone  
famous?

MILLIE

Honey, it was the 60s... He could  
have been Ethel Merman for all I  
know... But Johnny... Gorgeous  
specimen... Truly... All of the  
ladies wanted him... men too...

(MORE)

## MILLIE (CONT'D)

I have a picture of him  
 somewhere.... I gotta find it and  
 show it to you sometime... My  
 Richard didn't like pictures of  
 strange men sitting around, so I  
 had to hide him in a shoebox...  
 Dick was a jealous type...  
 Probably what gave him the heart  
 attack...

(Beat)

Life was filled with so much  
 color... and culturally it really  
 did feel there was a turning  
 point... The music, the movies....

## HAROLD

What happened to Johnny?

## MILLIE

Johnny... We had coffee at this  
 diner up in Ojai, and though he  
 didn't say it, was probably living  
 with a man at the time... this  
 was... 84, 85... He was so thin...  
 I remember him coming in to hug me  
 and feeling the definition in his  
 ribs... his eyes had these dark  
 circles... Though he insisted  
 everything was fine, I knew  
 something was wrong.

(beat)

The thought of Johnny being sick  
 was - at the time, too much to  
 really bare... "Not my Johnny," I  
 thought... he's too good, too  
 beautiful... my selfishness  
 couldn't be bothered with anymore  
 feelings of grief... So many were  
 dying...

(beat)

So we had coffee, he hugged me,  
 and... said goodbye... that was  
 the last time I ever saw him.

(beat)

Was only two years later, a rugged  
 contractor out of Fresno swooped  
 in and carried me off to the  
 suburbs... your mother, had to be  
 fifteen at the time... I needed to  
 make sure she was taken care of,  
 because if she was anything like  
 me, she was going to find herself  
 married and pregnant at eighteen,  
 and sure enough...

(MORE)

MILLIE (CONT'D)  
 (touches Chloe's hand)  
 My angel...

Harold's watch goes off.

HAROLD  
 Oh! I have an appointment...

He walks over to Millie and kisses her forehead.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
 Friday we're going to that estate  
 sale... I'll pick you up at 8.

MILLIE  
 Don't get your heartbroken... I'm  
 serious!

HAROLD  
 (to Chloe)  
 It was nice meeting you.

Chloe waves. Harold walks out the front door. Millie  
 sits and looks over at Chloe.

MILLIE  
 He's a delightful man...

Chloe nods.

MILLIE (CONT'D)  
 And handsome, don't you think?  
 (beat  
 Life would be so much easier if  
 married couples lived in separate  
 houses...

CHLOE  
 Did you ever at any point with  
 grandpa feel like... like you  
 subconsciously wanted him to hate  
 you? That maybe if he did, it  
 would be easier to leave?

MILLIE  
 There were times I wish I hated  
 your mother... love and hate swim  
 together, make love together...

CHLOE  
 I don't think I'm a good person,  
 Nana.

MILLIE

(beat)

You know... when I was around your age, I had the realization I was living only for myself... but if I could find a way to make my life matter to someone else's... even in a small quiet way... then maybe that would be enough to find peace... with the part of me that so desperately wanted to be loved.

SECTION 8 APARTMENT COMPLEX

Harold waits outside in his Mercedes. Finnick walks out. Harold gets up and opens the door for him.

HAROLD

Hi.

FINNICK

You don't have to open the door...

HAROLD

I know I don't HAVE to...

Finnick gets in the car. Harold flips through the radio stations.

FINNICK

You didn't have to pick me up...

HAROLD

Lunch?

Finnick nods. Harold puts the car into gear and drives off.

CAFE

Finnick and Harold are seated at a two-top near the window. The waiter hands them a few menus.

HAROLD

Thank you. Um, coffee for me, thanks...

FINNICK

Uh, water...

The waiter walks off. Finnick looks over at Harold. Harold catches him staring. Finnick looks down at the menu.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

When did everything get so expensive?

HAROLD

Don't worry about it. It's on me.

FINNICK

You sure... I got money...

HAROLD

When was the last time you were on a date?

FINNICK

Is that what this is?

HAROLD

... I was under that impression.

(beat)

Is that not okay, or... ?

Finnick sips his water. Taps his foot.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I'm not making you feel weird, or anything...

FINNICK

No, it's just... if we do this, you know, are you gonna... expect...

HAROLD

Sex?

(beat)

I mean, the thought did cross my mind... but no. We don't have to do anything you're not comfortable with.

Finnick nods.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

(beat)

You're overthinking it.

FINNICK

Yeah, maybe.

HAROLD

I don't have to pay, if that's what this is.

FINNICK

No, I don't mind...

The waiter walks back over with their drinks.

HAROLD

I think we still need a few minutes. Thank you.

Finnick plays with the straw wrapper.

FINNICK

I'm not used to... um... people not expecting something...

Harold nods.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

Kinda the way I was raised.

HAROLD

I get it.

(beat)

Was everything okay with your... partner?

FINNICK

Oh um... let's not talk about her, if that's okay.

HAROLD

Them, you mean?

(beat)

It's funny how different the social climate is... I mean, compared to when I was young. I'm assuming you're bi?

Finnick tilts his head back and forth.

FINNICK

Something like that, I guess.

HAROLD

Have you only every been with women?

FINNICK

I've only dated girls, yeah.

HAROLD

I see.

FINNICK

What about you?

HAROLD

God no. I'm... gold-star. All the way.

FINNICK

I'm not really about these labels... I feel bad saying it, but it all just seems like a bunch of bullshit... it's like everyone's desperate to feel seen and special...

HAROLD

I don't know... I try to keep an open mind about it all... no point in getting upset over it.

FINNICK

It's just sometimes I get the feeling THEY are only doing it to spite me... You're right, I shouldn't get upset over it. I sound like an asshole.

HAROLD

I should probably decide what I'm getting. Do you know what you want?

FINNICK

Yeah...

Harold waves and politely signals the waiter.

EXT. NOVA'S HOUSE

Chloe walks up to Nova's front door and knocks. There's movement inside. The front door opens.

CHLOE

I uh... is this a bad time? Or...

Nova stands in the doorway.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I've been staying at my Nana's...

Nova nods.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You're right... she wasn't really all that surprised...

(beat)

And... I'm sorry... I wasn't in a good headspace. I don't think I have been for a long time... Please don't hate me.

NOVA

I can't invite you in right now.

CHLOE

Oh, I wasn't...

Deidra pokes her head through the blinds.

NOVA

I... need a little bit of time... I just don't really feel like I can trust you right now... and maybe I need to think things over.... think us over...

CHLOE

I was mugged like right after you threw me out... the guy fired a gun, not at me, but you know, in the air... he took my bag... luckily my phone was in my pocket...

NOVA

I'm... uh... that really sucks. I'm sorry.

Chloe nods and looks away.

NOVA (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're okay.

CHLOE

Yeah, um... are you gonna break up with me? Or...

There's movement inside.

NOVA

(beat)

Can I text you? I'm in the middle of...



CHLOE  
 (nods)  
 Yeah, for sure...

Nova shuts the door in their face.

SECTION 8 APARTMENT COMPLEX

Harold's car pulls up. Finnick awkwardly sits in the passenger seat.

FINNICK  
 Thank you for lunch. Um...

HAROLD  
 Don't mention it.  
 (beat)  
 I'd love to do it again...

FINNICK  
 I think that'd be cool. Um...

HAROLD  
 Do you work tonight?

FINNICK  
 Yeah, I go in for a few hours.  
 (beat)  
 Do you have to get going right now, or...

Harold check's his watch.

HAROLD  
 Uh... No, I don't think so...

FINNICK  
 You're welcome to come in... If you want... No one's home... You don't have to if you're not feeling it. Just gonna warn you, though, the place is kind of a mess.

HAROLD  
 I won't judge.

INSIDE

Harold looks around and takes in the state of the place. Finnick frantically picks up the kitchen.

HAROLD  
You weren't kidding...

FINNICK  
Yeah... sorry about that.

Finnick hides a picture of him and Chloe.

HAROLD  
Should have seen my first  
apartment.

FINNICK  
We only moved in like three months  
ago...

They both sit on the couch.

HAROLD  
I see...

FINNICK  
Do you want anything to drink?

HAROLD  
No, I'm okay.

FINNICK  
I'm sure I have something...  
somewhere...

HAROLD  
Really, I'm fine.

FINNICK  
Okay...

HAROLD  
(beat)  
Can I kiss you?

There's a beat... Finnick nods nervously. Harold leans over and kisses Finnick.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Is that okay?

Finnick grabs the back of his head and kisses him. Harold looks over and sees a picture of Chloe and Millie.

FINNICK  
Everything cool?

Finnick kisses Harold's neck. Harold considers telling him for a beat. Finnick kisses his chest.

HAROLD

Yeah!

CUT TO:

THRIFT STORE

Chloe prices a few items. Aiden walks over.

AIDEN

I was talking to my dad earlier...  
He asked how you were getting  
along here...

Chloe continues doing their job.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Wanna know what I said?

(beat)

I take the morale of this place  
very seriously.

CHLOE

Yeah, that why you fuck the female  
staff?

AIDEN

Ouch! Now, that's a serious  
allegation...

CHLOE

Aiden, it's really not the day to  
try me with your bullshit...

AIDEN

Is that how you're gonna talk to  
your new assistant manager?

(beat)

I think it's time you... showed me  
some respect, don't you think?

Chloe gets up in his face.

CHLOE

You... have a small penis.

(beat)

How can I possibly respect that?

AIDEN

Fuck you.

Chloe takes the pricer and checks his head.

AIDEN (CONT'D)  
-the fuck!

They toss it aside and storm out.

AIDEN (CONT'D)  
Yeah, go home! Take a Midol! Crazy  
bitch!

Chloe stops at the entrance. They looks back and fume.

AIDEN (CONT'D)  
(to other coworkers)  
Someone's time of the month...

They all laugh as Chloe exits.

CUT TO:

BAR

Finnick counts the till. Brad walks out.

BRAD  
Finn... Gary wants to see you...

Finnick looks over confused.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
I don't know...

Finnick sighs and closes the till.

PATIO

Finnick smokes on his break. Brad walks out and joins him. Finnick lights his cigarette.

BRAD  
Some bullshit...  
(beat)  
Guess I could hit up Vinnie's...  
Think I'm still on good terms with  
Loraine... Fuck...  
(beat)  
You gonna be okay?

FINNICK  
Yeah... probably...

## BATHROOM

Brad and Finnick do lines of blow in the stall.  
Finnick's eye twitches.

                  BRAD  FINNICK  
Shit!  Fuck...

He clears his throat. Brad starts laughing.

CUT TO:

## ANOTHER BAR

Chloe walks in. Deidra sips a cocktail and fiddles with her phone at one of the tables. Chloe makes their way over and sits across from her.

  DEIDRA  
Hi.

  CHLOE  
Hi.  
                  (beat)  
Thank you for...

  DEIDRA  
Uh huh...

  CHLOE  
I wanted to apologize... my  
behavior was totally out of line.  
                  (beat)  
I know you probably have opinions  
about me and the other night  
probably didn't help...

Deidra checks her make-up in her selfie camera.

  CHLOE (CONT'D)  
                  (beat)  
Nova's very special to me... I've  
known her for a long time... and  
sometime's she... likes to play  
the martyr...

  DEIDRA  
The what?

  CHLOE  
She's a kind person, and people  
take advantage of that...  
                  (MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm not here to point fingers...  
Nova and I... we have a good  
thing... and if you're going to be  
a part of that I'd like you to...

DEIDRA

To what? What should I do? Be nice  
to you? Respect you?

CHLOE

Respect my relationship with  
her...

DEIDRA

What relationship? Last time I  
checked, she wants nothing to do  
with you.

CHLOE

I don't wanna fight...

DEIDRA

You cornered me in the bathroom...

CHLOE

I already said my behavior was out  
of line...

DEIDRA

Apology not accepted.

CHLOE

(beat)

So you're not going to admit what  
you did?

DEIDRA

You sexually assaulted me...

CHLOE

What?! You came on to me!

DEIDRA

(chuckles)

In your dreams!

CHLOE

You kissed me!

DEIDRA

You pulled my fucking hair!

People from a nearby table look over.

CHLOE

(beat)

I know you probably think you're  
the victim here...

DEIDRA

You're just butt-hurt that you  
were finally caught on your  
shit... You're not here to  
apologize... You're here because  
you're desperate... Just admit it,  
I won and you lost... Nova finally  
took out the trash.

Chloe takes their glass and chucks water in Deidra's  
face. The manager walks out. Chloe stands up and grabs  
yanks their bag.

MANAGER

Mam! I'm going to have to ask you  
to leave...

CHLOE

(to Deidra)

Fuck you!

Chloe storms out of the bar.

CUT TO:

CLUB DANCE FLOOR

Finnick dances with Brad and a few of his friends.  
They're younger. The bass of the house music creeps up.

HALLWAY

Finnick waits in line to pee as other club goers shove  
past him. He pulls out his phone and drunkenly messages  
Harold. Send.

TOWER DISTRICT

Finnick laughs with Brad and his posse. They cross a  
busy intersection. A car honks.

FINNICK

(Italian accent)

I'M WALKING HERE!

BRAD

Is that from something? That's  
from something, right!

CAR

Brad drives through a ritzy neighborhood. Finnick is in the back seat with a baseball bat. Brad slows down as he approaches a house. Finnick rolls down the window, takes the bat and smashes a mailbox.

FRIEND

Why do you keep a bat in your car?

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT

Laughter. The front door opens. Brad tosses his keys on the coffee table. Finnick plops down on the couch and watches Brad flirt with his friend.

BRAD

Did you see the tiktok? I can pull  
it up... it's wild... this bitch  
is always on here doing the  
most... here watch...  
(brad laughs)  
Same, girl! Fucking mood or what?

HALLWAY - LATER

Finnick stumbles to the restroom. He stops and sees Brad's bedroom door open. Hanging on the door is a full-length mirror. In the mirror, he sees Brad unzipping his friend's pants on the bed. Finnick, cross-faded, watches voyeuristically as Brad services his friend. The urge to pee breaks his focus. He makes his way into the-

BATHROOM

Finnick starts breathing heavily. He takes deep breaths and counts.

OUTSIDE

Finnick lights up a cigarette and stands on the dimly lit sidewalk. He looks over and sees a drag queen standing in heels. We hear club music still roaring in the distance.



QUEEN  
*Sancta simplicitas... Sapientia et  
 virtus...*

She looks over.

QUEEN (CONT'D)  
 (beat)  
 You're safe.

She blows him a kiss. A pair of white wings. Whoosh!

CUT TO:

Finnick waking up on-

BRAD'S COUCH

Disoriented, he looks around. Another friend of Brad's is passed out next to him on the floor. He checks his phone. 6:30am.

FRONT LAWN - LATER

It's a sunny day. Birds chirping. Chloe and Millie stand over a broken mailbox. A neighbor walks over. Older woman.

MILLIE  
 Kids! What can you do!

NEIGHBOR  
 Scoundrels! You think it's gang related?

MILLIE  
 I haven't had my coffee yet. Did you have coffee yet, Birdie?

NEIGHBOR  
 You know, I can see if Art will fix it. He was a technician in the Navy, so he's good with his hands. Now he just sits on his ass. This'll be good for him!

MILLIE  
 Come inside, have some coffee! Button, did you eat?!

## NEIGHBOR

These Bulldogs are always having some kind of turf war. I have to keep my blinds shut at night.

The neighbor follows Millie inside the house. Chloe just stands there.

CUT TO:

BUS - LATER

Chloe sits near the near the back and avoids making any eye contact. Across the aisle, they see a disheveled woman holding a lighter under a piece of foil.

SECTION 8 APARTMENT COMPLEX

Birds chirp. Chloe approaches the complex with a few bags.

LIVING ROOM

Chloe rips open a pack of tampons. In a large bucket they mix a few different types of reds, some purple and some brown. They dilute the colors with some water.

OUTSIDE

Chloe decorates a tree with the bloody tampons. Their neighbors, Jose and Lupe, stand there and watch in confusion. Finnick approaches.

FINNICK

What are you doing?

Finnick shakes his head and goes inside the apartment. Chloe looks back and waves at Jose and Lupe.

CHLOE

It's my time of the month!

LIVING ROOM

Finnick looks around and sees a mess on the floor. Chloe walks in and washes their hands in the kitchen sink. Finnick searches for words.

FINNICK  
You could have called, texted...

CHLOE  
I was at Nana's...

Chloe fights back tears. Silence.

FINNICK  
Chloe... I think we... I can't  
keep-

CHLOE  
(interrupts)  
Hey, can you take me to work?

FINNICK  
(confused)  
What?

CHLOE  
I just, I-I left something... and  
I should... probably go and get  
it... before they close.

Finnick nods.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
(aloof)  
I just... Um...

Chloe walks away, leaving Finnick standing there.

FINNICK DRIVING

Finnick drives. Chloe looks straight ahead and hardly  
blinks.

STORE FRONT

Finnick pulls up in front of Chloe's work.

TRUCK

Chloe unbuckles. They get out and retrieve the bucket  
from the back seat.

FINNICK  
What do you need the bucket for?

Chloe slams the door. Finnick watches them enter the store. Through the window he sees Chloe approach Aiden. Words are exchanged before they take the bucket and splash red paint in his face.

FINNICK (CONT'D)  
 (unbuckles)  
 Shit...

INSIDE

Chloe throws the empty bucket at Aiden's face. Finnick runs into the store.

AIDEN  
 Fucking cunt! Call the police!

Another coworker picks up the phone.

CHLOE  
 SORRY MY CUNT WAS JUST BLEEDING SO  
 MUCH!!

AIDEN  
 WANNA SUCK MY DICK AGAIN - CRAZY  
 BITCH!!

FINNICK  
 THAT'S ENOUGH!

Finnick restrains Chloe from behind. They scream and swing their arms.

CHLOE  
 LET ME KILL HIM! LET ME FUCKING  
 KILL HIM!! I WANNA KILL HIM!! I  
 WANNA FUCKING KILL HIM!!

CUT TO BLACK

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Finnick pokes his head through a small window and sees Chloe sitting alone at a table. He walks in with a bag of food. Millie walks up and kisses him on the cheek. Chloe looks over and sees Finnick exchange a few words with Millie. Finnick walks over to Chloe and holds up the bag.

FINNICK

They said we could bring food - as long as I didn't sneak in razor blades...

(he sits)

Bad joke, I'm sorry...

Chloe reaches into the bag and nibbles a fry. Finnick eats in silence.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

They're closing the bar...

(beat)

Guess that makes us both unemployed...

Chloe laughs. Beat. Finnick looks over. The news is on. "The Coronavirus Pandemic."

FINNICK (CONT'D)

Shit's getting real, huh?

CHLOE

Trying not to stress about it...

Chloe shrugs. They continue to eat.

FINNICK

(beat)

So... that guy... your coworker...

Chloe shakes their head.

CHLOE

Work party... got drunk... big mistake.

FINNICK

He's lucky I didn't drown his ass in that bucket.

CHLOE

Did you uh... pay electric?

FINNICK

I took care of it.

CHLOE

Nana said she'd... lend us money...

FINNICK

That's really not necessary.

CHLOE

I just feel bad, I'm in here and I can't help...

FINNICK

I'll manage. It's okay. She really doesn't have to give me--

CHLOE

Excuse me! Can um... do you mind changing the channel, please?  
Thanks!

A nurse switches the channel to Animal Planet.

They continue eating.

FINNICK

(beat)

I uh... I think I met someone...

Chloe looks up.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

(beat)

He's nice. He... takes me out to fancy dinners... opens the door for me... Makes me feel special.

CHLOE

I'm happy for you.

FINNICK

Never really... dated a guy before...

CHLOE

Have you two... you know?

FINNICK

Yeah, he uh... usually does all the work in that department.

CHLOE

You're a bottom?

FINNICK

(blushes)

Shut up... That's not what I...

Chloe laughs.

CHLOE

I'm not judging.

FINNICK

(beat)

Chloe... I uh... It was me who...  
smashed your Nana's mailbox.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

I'll pay for it, don't worry...  
last time I ever do coke... I feel  
like such a shitty person...

CHLOE

Finn... it's okay.

FINNICK

I'm gonna start therapy soon.

CHLOE

Want me to see if there's an empty  
bed?

FINNICK

Uh, no... I think I'll start with  
therapy and work my way up...

Chloe chuckles.

CHLOE

(beat)

You're not a shitty person... it's  
me who's not a good person.

FINNICK

Don't talk like that... I said  
some truly awful things. I was  
insensitive...

(chokes up)

I smashed your Nana's mailbox...

CHLOE

I'm not a good person and...

FINNICK

Don't say that...

CHLOE

Really... It's okay... maybe I'm  
not a good person right now...  
doesn't mean I can't try to better  
myself... I mean, it's why I'm  
here, right?

Finnick nods.

FINNICK

What's gonna happen? To us?

CHLOE

(beat)

We've been together for so long...  
I don't think we've really tried  
to find a life outside of each  
other... I think we owe it to  
ourselves to... try and be happy.

Finnick tears up. He looks down.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Finn... Look at me...

He looks up.

Millie watches from the window and sees Finnick crying.  
She walks away and sits on a bench.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Hey...

(grabs his hands)

You'll be great...

Finnick nods.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You're a shining star.

FINNICK

(Yoda voice)

Shining star, you are.

Chloe laughs.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

I can't do it anymore.

CHLOE

You never really could.

FINNICK

Hey, ouch...

CHLOE

It's okay. Still loved you...  
Still do...

Finnick caresses Chloe's hand, avoiding the band around  
their wrists.



On TV, we see a bunch of baby seals.

CUT TO:

*Three years later.*

FADE TO:

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harold stands behind his camera. He adjusts a few settings. There's a young, attractive man sitting on his couch.

HAROLD

Alright... What's your name?

GUY

(hesitation)

Steve...

HAROLD

And how old are you, Steve?

GUY

Twenty-six...

HAROLD

How tall are you? You look tall...

GUY

... Five-eleven. Give or take.

HAROLD

And... you said you have a girlfriend?

GUY

Yeah.

HAROLD

Nice. Very cool... and when was the last time you two had sex?

GUY

... Few days ago.

HAROLD

Was that the last time you got off?

GUY

... Pretty sure.

HAROLD  
Pretty sure?

GUY  
(chuckles)  
Yeah.

We see Finnick. He stands in the doorway and observes.

HAROLD  
And you've... never been with a  
guy before...

CUT TO:

HOMELESS ENCAMPMENT - NEXT MORNING

We see Chloe and Nova wearing face masks. Chloe pulls a wagon full of non-perishable foods. They both make their way down a line of tents. An older woman, who has seen better days, unzips her tent. Chloe hands her food.

HOMELESS WOMAN  
Whatever helps you sleep at  
night...

The woman retreats back inside.

CAR - LATER

Chloe and Nova both pack up their stuff and get inside. Chloe takes off their mask and takes a deep breath.

NOVA  
You good?

Chloe nods. Nova turns the ignition.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

Finnick eats cereal at the counter. He looks out into the backyard. Takes in the sun. Harold walks up behind him and kisses his neck.

FINNICK  
Couldn't sleep...

HAROLD  
You don't work today, huh?

FINNICK  
No sir!

Beat. Harold hands him a cup of coffee.

HAROLD  
We should swing by that nursery  
Brian and Eric were telling us  
about...

FINNICK  
Today?

HAROLD  
Unless you're not up to it...

FINNICK  
We just have Chloe's party  
later...

HAROLD  
Are you sure you're okay with  
going? I can make up an excuse. I  
can tell them that... someone  
won't let me get out of bed...  
(Kisses his neck)  
And I'm just too...

FINNICK  
Lemme wake up a little.

Finnick sips his coffee.

FINNICK (CONT'D)  
I think it's good we go... she's  
finally getting her life  
together...

HAROLD  
You don't think there will be any  
weirdness?

FINNICK  
It's not like you knew, I mean...  
(beat)  
You didn't...

HAROLD  
Of course I didn't...  
(beat)  
She was such a sweet old lady...

FINNICK

If I know Chloe, she probably just wants to put it all behind her...

HAROLD

Them... They/them... I'm older than you. You gotta get better at this.

FINNICK

It's too early...

HAROLD

(kisses him)

I'm gonna hop in the shower. Wanna join me?

FINNICK

I'm okay.

HAROLD

You sure?

FINNICK

Yeah, I'm... still sore from last night.

HAROLD

(kisses him)

Fair enough.

#### TOWER NEIGHBORHOOD

Harold parks on the street. Both him and Finnick are in costume. Finnick sits there. He's nervous.

HAROLD

Ready?

(beat)

You know... I think this is my first big house party since...

Finnick unbuckles.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

You okay?

FINNICK

Yeah. Let's go.

HAROLD

We're vaccinated. It's fine. It'll be good.

The two get out of the car.

EXT. NOVA'S HOUSE

There's music playing. Individuals in costumes are gathered outside, smoking, conversing in groups... A halloween party.

Finnick and Harold both approach the front door. Finnick wears a pair of tidy whites over some jeans with a red super hero cape. Harold is Mandy Patinkin from The Princess Bride.

They enter the house.

INSIDE

Music swells. Black lights. Fake spider webs. Pockets of people talking, laughing... Finnick and Harold make their way to the-

KITCHEN

A couple makes out near the fridge. The music is loud.

HAROLD

I can't see anything!

Harold sees the booze.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

YOU WANT A DRINK?

FINNICK

Whatever you're having!

Harold can't hear him.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

WHATEVER YOU'RE DRINKING!

HAROLD

There's whiskey! I think that's whiskey...

FINNICK

Whiskey gives me heartburn!

HAROLD

WHAT?!

FINNICK  
ACID REFLEX!

HAROLD  
Right, right... GIN?!

FINNICK  
YEAH SURE!

Harold mixes them a few drinks.

FINNICK (CONT'D)  
I'M GONNA FIND A BATHROOM!  
(beat)  
I GOTTA PEE!

Harold nods.

Finnick wanders through the--

LIVING ROOM

He sees a bunch of people. He makes his way to the--

HALLWAY

--and sees a line of people waiting for the bathroom.

FINNICK  
Shit...

PARTY GOER  
I think there's another one  
downstairs!

FINNICK  
Downstairs?

CUT TO:

BASEMENT

Finnick descends a set of stairs, passing a group of giggling witches.

FINNICK  
S'cuse me...

He looks around and sees a DJ set up near the corner and a mosh pit full of clowns.

Finnick passes by a small door. Inside, he sees a guy dressed like Captain Kirk sitting on the floor.

CAPTAIN KIRK  
 Live long, and prosper!  
 (beat, holds up baggie)  
 Shrooms?

Finnick walks away and sees another doorway. He hears people cheering. He peeks inside and sees Chloe playing beer pong with a ninja. Chloe makes one. Cheering! The crowd chants in unison: "Drink! Drink! Drink!" Chloe looks over, sees Finnick and waves. Finnick smiles and nods his head. Chloe does a little victory dance. Finnick laughs.

MOMENTS LATER

Harold and Finnick stand and drink in the hallway. Chloe walks over. They are dressed as a monk.

CHLOE  
 Hi!

Chloe hugs Harold, then Finnick...

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
 I'm happy you made it.

HAROLD  
 Quite the party...

CHLOE  
 Yeah, we've been planning for a few months...

FINNICK  
 What are you supposed to be?

CHLOE  
 Oh, I'm a monk or something...  
 (looks at Finnick)  
 Captain Underpants?

FINNICK  
 Yeah, I guess...

CHLOE  
 (to Harold)  
 And you are... ?

HAROLD

(accent)

My name is Inigo Montoya. You  
killed my father. Prepare to die.

Chloe's a bit confused...

FINNICK

(beat)

Princess Bride!

CHLOE

Oh! That's so great!

Nova walks over and kisses Chloe.

NOVA

I think they need another keg.

CHLOE

I'll get it in minute.

NOVA

Hi Finn!

FINNICK

Nova... how's it going?

NOVA

Good...

(to Chloe)

I'll just go and grab it, it's  
fine.

CHLOE

I said I'd get it!

NOVA

It's fine!

She kisses Chloe again and walks upstairs.

CHLOE

(beat, sighs)

Lesbians...

Harold chuckles.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Well, I'm gonna... go get another  
drink...

(beat)

(MORE)



CHLOE (CONT'D)

I'm so glad you made it.  
Seriously.

Finnick nods.

HAROLD

Thank you for having us.

Chloe walks upstairs. Harold looks at Finnick and smiles.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

How are you doing?

Finnick sips his drink.

KITCHEN

Finnick pours himself a shot and downs it. He looks over into the living room and sees Chloe talking to Harold. He pours another shot.

BACKYARD

Finnick sits over by the pool. He takes off his shoes and puts his feet in. The blue light reflecting over his face as he lights a cigarette. He sees a couple of Gen Z-ers laughing at their phones.

Chloe walks outside and sees Finnick. They walk over and sit next to him. He offers them a drag. Chloe takes a puff.

FINNICK

Water's not bad...

CHLOE

How are you?

Finnick nods.

FINNICK

No real complaints...

CHLOE

I mean... I can think of a few...

Finnick chuckles.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Really I'm lucky in a lot of  
ways...

(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(beat)

He seems to really like you.

(beat)

Do you love him?

FINNICK

(chuckles)

Why are you asking me that?

CHLOE

Just making conversation...

FINNICK

(beat)

I hear you got a show coming up.

CHLOE

Yeah. It's... long time coming I guess.

FINNICK

Can't wait to check it out.

(beat)

I'm really sorry about your Nana...

CHLOE

Yeah...

(beat)

She left Harold a bunch of movies... He should come by and get them.

FINNICK

I think he feels pretty bad still...

CHLOE

He shouldn't... that's...

FINNICK

We don't have to talk about it-

CHLOE

No, I actually I think we should kinda talk about it-

FINNICK

We really don't, Chloe... I've had a few and I can't be responsible for the shit that comes out of my mouth...

CHLOE

(beat)

Do remember that halloween party,  
way back like...

FINNICK

Which one?

CHLOE

It was that crazy couple that  
tried to get you to have a  
threesome...

FINNICK

Wylie?

CHLOE

Yeah!

FINNICK

God, that was...

CHLOE

(counts)

Fifteen years ago...

FINNICK

Shut the fuck up...

CHLOE

2008...

FINNICK

We're not that old.

CHLOE

I think we're that old.

FINNICK

Noooo....

(beat)

Shit sucks. You know I have acid  
reflux now? I can't drink like I  
used to, my knees hurt for no  
reason...

CHLOE

IBS...

FINNICK

No shit?

CHLOE

Lots of it, actually...

Finnick laughs, shakes his head.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

The stress of these last few years... Like my soul left my body...

FINNICK

What about that party?

CHLOE

Oh, I was just um... I think that was the night you said you loved me for the first time...

FINNICK

(beat)

Was I drunk?

CHLOE

Yeah... What's crazy... I think it was exactly like this... outside, near the pool... we smoked...

FINNICK

(tosses it)

I need to fucking quit...

He coughs. There's a beat. Chloe swishes the water around with their feet.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

I do love him...

(beat)

It's different, though... I don't think there's a day that goes by I don't think about you, worry about you... We just weren't good for each other...

A few people from the party strip down naked and skinny dip into the pool.

Chloe stands up and strips down... They jump into the pool topless.

FINNICK (CONT'D)

Aren't you cold?

CHLOE

Come on!

Finnick hesitates, but eventually stands up and takes off his shirt and pants. He jumps in the pool.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

NEXT MORNING

An empty house. Empty red cups on the counter tops. On the floor.

BEDROOM

Finnick lays naked in bed next to Chloe and Nova. He wakes up and grabs his head. He looks around, disoriented...

He stands up quietly and puts on his pants.

EXT. NOVA'S HOUSE

Finnick walks out the front door. He reaches for his cellphone and dials Harold. He picks up.

FINNICK

Hey... You left...

(beat)

I know... Um... I'm sorry...

I'm... I know...

(beat)

Can you pick me up? Okay... Thank you...

Finnick lights up a cigarette. Chloe opens the front door. Finnick looks back and sees THEM standing there.

FADE OUT:

TITLE:

I L O V E Y O U

I H A T E Y O U