

10:01

Written by

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INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

FADE IN:

Darkness, then flashes of pink and blue light against muddled silhouettes as we hear:

BOOP BOOP BOOP.

A female hand holds a phone up to an ear. Dainty sparkly bracelets glint off the wrist as the phone is taken down, and it lights up: 10:01 p.m, wallpapered by a selfie of a boy and a girl with mile-wide smiles on a beach. CORA (20)'S lipstick is electric pink, and she holds a drink in her other hand.

CORA

He hung up. Yeah, he fucking hung up on me.

The lights sweep from pink to blue over Cora's distraught face. MOLLY (20) stands close beside Cora, leaning against a wall, drink-less. The party is crowded; the girls are they only ones in frame but they're jostled as people around them dance, something like Khalid's *Location* playing overhead.

MOLLY

He is unbelievable. Just . . . oh my God. Give me the phone, Cora.

CORA

No. It's okay, I swear. He calls me every night at ten, I just don't know what he wants from me now. We just have to -- talk it out. I'll fix it.

She dials a number as her phone radiates bright white across her brow.

MOLLY

Don't do it.

CORA

You don't understand. I'm sorry.

Cora pushes Molly aside and her figure is at once obscured by shadows. Molly follows.

The music diminishes as Cora opens the door to a hallway bedroom and goes to slam it shut. Molly catches the door imperceptibly and peers through the crack at Cora, who's on the phone again.

CORA

Hello?

Molly's hand grips the doorknob.

CORA

Harry, just talk to me. Please.

Molly's profile, inches away from the crack, goes from blue to pink as the light in the living room shifts again. Straight on, a sliver of yellow-white light illuminates just one of her eyes and half of her parted lips.

CORA

I don't know why you're so upset. I just like to go out and dance, baby. That's it. I swear. I love you so much . . . I would never do anything. I couldn't.

(leaving Molly's view as she starts to cry)

I do. I love you.

Pink light bathes Cora as Molly throws the door open. She grabs the phone as if to talk to HARRY (19), and Cora begins to protest, but instead Molly just turns it on speaker phone, so we hear Harry's drunk, garbled voice at last:

HARRY (O.S.)

Fuck off. You don't love me. You wouldn't be out right now if you did. You'd drop everything and drive down to me right now, you fucking whore, you'd be here right now when I asked you to be. Here in my arms where you belong.

MOLLY

(to Cora)

Is this for real?

CORA

Molly, stop. Please.

HARRY (O.S.)

Molly? Did you say Molly? Is she there? Of course. You fucking lesbians.

CORA

Stop it, stop it, please . . .

She collapses in sobs on the bed. Molly sits down beside Cora, rubbing her back with her nails.

HARRY (O.S.)
(slurred)
Did you hear me? I called you a
dyke.

Cora sits up, looks at Molly, and takes the phone back from her. They make eye contact briefly.

CORA
Don't talk to me like that.

HARRY (O.S.)
What?

CORA
(taking the phone off speaker)
I said you can't talk to me like
that, Harry.

There is a slight pause. She looks at Molly deliberately.

CORA (CONT'D)
I love you. But Jesus, I can't do
this anymore. Even when I try my
best it's not enough for you. So
fine. I don't care. We're through.

She hangs up her phone and leans in towards Molly. Just a glimpse of the screen: 10:03 p.m.

For a second they're so close they could kiss, with Molly's hands reaching up to cradle Cora's face; it feels as natural as their fast, heavy breathing. Pink light, framed by the doorway behind them, delineates the space between their faces.

The light goes blue again. Cora crumples into Molly's shoulder, crying.

Molly blinks hard and looks upwards as she holds Cora tighter.

FADE OUT.

THE END