

Discretion Advised

written by

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INT. ARCADE - DAY

Two women's hands, holding each other tightly, move through a room filled with neon lights and technobabble sound effects.

A retro PINBALL MACHINE flashes and whirs invitingly.

We see the top two scores on the machine: 1. INA 2. MIR.

The women giggle as a token slides into the machine.

A ball plunks into the shooter chamber.

MIRANDA, mid 20s, a Trans woman with a youthful charm and chaos in her eyes, and INARI, late 20s, Transgender, an old soul with old Hollywood glamour, are out of place in the arcade amongst the lonely men trying to beat their own high scores and the children accompanied by their unenthusiastic parents.

INARI

So you think you can finally beat
my score?

Miranda pulls back the shooter.

MIRANDA

I know I can!

She releases the shooter. The ball launches into the playfield.

Her moves are haphazard but she plays with heart.

She bounces the ball off a rudder that sends the ball flying. A multiplier appears on the machine's screen.

Inari rests her hip against the side of the machine and checks her nails.

The ball flies across a rail and hurdles towards the rudders. Miranda is too slow and the ball flies off the playfield. Inari gives Miranda a stern look.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I'm just getting started!

A new ball is shot into the playfield.

Miranda immediately hits it at a weird angle and it slides down the side of the playfield into the shoot that bypasses the rudders.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Shit.

INARI

You sure you can do this?

I know I can!

She shoots the last ball.

MIRANDA

I always do the best on my last
ball!

Miranda's focus is palpable. She leans in and hits the ball around the track. She hits it into the track again, and again.

Her scores begins to wrack up into the hundreds of millions.

Inari watches Miranda play intently.

When Miranda notices how intently she is being watch, she blushes.

The ball slides down to the rudders, Miranda hesitates to hit the button.

The ball goes wild. Miranda scrambles to recover but it's too late.

GAME OVER.

The machine prompts Miranda to enter her name. She types MIR. Her name show in second place.

Miranda slumps over the machine in utter defeat.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I can't-

Inari straightens her dress. Her eyes are devoid of mercy.

INARI

I want to here you say it.

MIRANDA

I can't beat your score.

They both crack up.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Gosh, I don't know how you got such
a high score

INARI

Honestly? Me neither. I think it was luck, practice and a whole lot of weed.

MIRANDA

No fair when ever I play these blazed I get distracted by the pretty lights.

INARI

You do get distracted by pretty things, don't you.

Inari flashes a smile.

MIRANDA

No fair...

INARI

Move over darling, it's my turn to play.

Miranda makes an exaggerated "it's all yours" gesture. Inari takes her place.

Miranda squeezes Inari's forearm.

MIRANDA

I'm going to get a drink, want something?

Inari slides a token into the pinball machine. She smiles.

INARI

A pop would be lovely.

MOMENTS LATER:

Miranda is watching Inari from the arcades bar.

Inari's posture is perfect and her focus is absolute. The machine flashes: She scored an extra ball. Inari can't help but to smile.

She sips a soda. There is another soda next to her.

MIRANDA

(to herself)

Her smile is adorable.

Miranda turns her head to look directly into the camera.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

(to camera)

I bet you're wondering about us.
Aren't those girls a little...
close to be friends? It's a bit
hard to believe we're sisters too.
Well, let me tell you a secret:
we're gay.

Miranda looks around like she just committed a crime.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

The lesbians already guessed!

Miranda takes another drink of her soda.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

We've been together for almost four
years now and I love her more than
ever! Not that it's all been clear
skies. We've had our rough patches,
our disagreements, our... sexual
revelations. But we've stuck
together through it all! I would go
through it all again for her.

Miranda's PHONE RINGS: a new text message. There is a
notification from a Grindr like app.

DARRICK

(text message)

Can't wait to feel your tight hole.

MIRANDA

(to camera)

So this looks bad, let me explain-

INARI

Hey darling, this soda for me?

Miranda puts her phone away.

MIRANDA

You know it! How did your game go?

INARI

Well let's just say there's someone
new in third place.

MIRANDA

I can't believe you already beat
that score.

Inari shrugs.

INARI
I'm just built different.

Miranda wraps Inari in her arms.

MIRANDA
That you are.

They kiss.

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is cutely appointed with plushies and tapestries along the walls. The apartment is a single bedroom with a central area that acts as a kitchen and living room.

The front door opens.

There is a light giggle as Miranda skips into the living room. Inari follows behind her. They are both holding backs of groceries

INARI
I need to head to the studio tonight.

She yawns.

INARI (CONT'D)
I'm a behind for my exhibition.

Inari sets her grocery bags on the table. She begins to unpack the bags.

MIRANDA
Tonight's the night! I can feel it, Inari!

Inari regards the potato she is putting away.

INARI
Oh yeah? The night for potatoes?

Miranda puts the bags down next to Inari's bags. They begin to unload the food together.

MIRANDA
No silly! Tonight is the night where Derrick and I are going to tell each other we love each other.
(to camera)
Oh! I forgot to explain. We're poly.

INARI

Ah. Him.

MIRANDA

What do you against him?

INARI

He just seems like a chaser.

MIRANDA

He is not!

Miranda stands up from the fridge.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

He and I have been together for a year! I care about him!

INARI

I'm just worried he doesn't care as much about you as you care about him. You have a habit of ending up with guys who are bad for you.

MIRANDA

I do not! I will have you know I am very discerning.
(to camera)

INARI

Oh really? Remember James?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Miranda is giving JAMES (20 something frat bro) phalaccio.

She looks up into his eyes.

He moans, leans back, and strokes her hair.

JAMES

Good boy.

Miranda immediately stops.

MIRANDA

The fuck-

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MIRANDA

And now I don't date frat boys.

Inari gives Miranda a look.

INARI

Okay. Then what about Harold?

INT. PARK, ROSE GARDEN - DAY

Miranda and HAROLD (divorcee having a midlife crisis) walk through a rose garden in bloom.

MIRANDA

Inari used to be the top and I had never topped before but then we both began to realize we were in the wrong rolls, so we tried switching... and we never switched back!

Miranda leans down and sniffs a rose.

HAROLD

It's so hot a babe like you could fuck me.

Miranda stands up looking concerned.

MIRANDA

Well, I feel like what I have with Inari is special, I'm actually using polyamory to fill my... bottom needs.

Beat.

HAROLD

Wait so you WON'T top me?

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MIRANDA

That barely counts, we were only together for four months.

Inari rubs her forehead in frustration.

INARI

And that guy you beat the shit out
of?

INT. CAFE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Miranda sits with ALBERT (mid-thirties, a neckbeard drinking
a can of monster).

Miranda is flipping through the photo library on her phone.

MIRANDA

I know I have a picture of us
together.

(beat)

Here's one.

She show Albert a photo. Miranda and Inari have their arms
wrapped around each other at a club. They are smiling with
genuine joy.

ALBERT

Wow, I bet she has a fat ass. I bet
it really jiggles when you fuck
her. Can I watch? I love watching
shemales fuck.

Miranda's eye twitches.

EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

The peaceful exterior of the café. A friendly group of
pigeons peck for seeds between the gaps of the side walk.

CRASH!

Albert flies through the café window.

Miranda stands on a window side table. She holds a STUNGUN
that cackles with electricity.

MIRANDA

You watch too much porn you stupid
MOTHERFUCKER!

She leaps at him, stun gun first.

Albert lets loose a shrill scream.

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MIRANDA

He got what he deserved.

Inari hesitates.

INARI

Okay you're not wrong but my point still stands. I just worry about you, men can be dangerous and you don't seem to know how to tell if a man is going to hurt you.

MIRANDA

I can't believe you don't trust me just because I had a few bad swings! Not all of us can find two amazing partners as easily as you did!

INARI

This isn't about Red! This is about you putting yourself in danger!

Miranda steps away from Inari and faces away from her.

MIRANDA

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to suggest this was about them. I just really want a boyfriend.

Inari groans.

INARI

No darling, I'm sorry. I snapped at you. It's not your fault that all these shitty guys have been getting to you.

Miranda turns around and fiercely hugs Inari.

MIRANDA

I love you.

INARI

I love you too.

They pull away and wipe tears out of their eyes.

INARI (CONT'D)

I hate fighting with you. I wish a long-term relationship could just be soft talks and gentle touch.

MIRANDA

Me too but it takes work to keep
love going for four years.

Inari nods.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Still we find plenty of time for
gentle touches-

Miranda pulls Inari into a kiss. She gives Inari's butt a
gentle squeeze.

Miranda pulls away.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Don't we?

Inari smiles.

INARI

We do, don't we?

They stare into each others eyes.

Inari looks away.

MIRANDA

Time to go?

INARI

I need to do some work for my
exhibition. You'll make it to
opening night, right?

MIRANDA

Of course! Opening night is January
3rd, right?

INARI

Yes! At 5pm.

MIRANDA

I wouldn't miss it.

They kiss again.

INARI

I really hope tonight goes well.

MIRANDA

I think it will!

INARI

I love you.

MIRANDA

I love you too.

Inari leaves the apartment.

LATER

Miranda sits at a desk in her apartment working at her LAPTOP. She is editing a website. She opens her email and writes a message to her client: ZACHARY WEBWORTH.

MIRANDA (EMAIL) (CONT'D)

Just an update on your site! I
should finish the tweaks later this
week!

She sends the email and goes back to the website.

A timer on her phone goes off.

She walks over to the kitchenette.

Miranda pulls something out of the oven: a tray of SCALLOPED POTATOS.

She takes a deep breath.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

(to herself)
They're perfect.

Miranda sets the potatoes on the stove top. She can't stop smiling to herself.

There's a knock on the door.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Oh! Coming!

The door opens, revealing DARRICK, 30s, a boring-looking man that exudes lethargy.

Miranda gives him a tight hug. He grabs her ass.

DARRICK

What's up?

MIRANDA

Oh you know, just cooking! I made
you something.

Miranda gestures to the POTATOES.

DARRICK
Oh sick, I need to carb-o-load
before tonight.

Darrick grabs a handful of steaming potatoes out of the dish.

Miranda swallows her horror and forces a smile.

MIRANDA
I have plates you know?

DARRICK
Meh, less dishes for you to do
after I leave tonight.

MIRANDA
Actually, I was wondering if you
wanted to stay the night?

DARRICK
Oh I guess I could do that.

MIRANDA
Yay!

She gives him another tight hug.

DARRICK
Great. So are we going to fuck or
what? I wanna see that dick.

Miranda winces.

MIRANDA
Yeah we could do that.

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - LATER

Miranda and Derrick are making out in bed.

Miranda tries to push Derrick off. Derrick doesn't budge. She pushes harder.

MIRANDA
(muffled)
Wait, there's something I want to
tell you first.

Darrick pulls away.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I love you.

Darrick shrugs before taking off his shirt. He leans back in to kiss Miranda.

FADE TO BLACK.

BANG!

Miranda is jolted awake. She sits up in bed. Sunlight filters through the bedroom window.

Darrick is gone.

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Miranda pulls a cardigan over her exposed shoulders as she walks into her living room.

She sees Derrick trying to force Miranda's LAPTOP into his stuffed backpack.

MIRANDA

What the fuck are you doing?!

Darrick yelps and jumps.

DARRICK

Oh... hey! It's a funny story actually. I was trying to make you breakfast when-

MIRANDA

You're robbing me?

DARRICK

No see, I accidently bumped the desk and the computer fell into my back-

Miranda's collection of CDs and movies spill out of the bag.

DARRICK (CONT'D)

Pack.

MIRANDA

Get out.

Derrick doesn't budge.

DARRICK

You're being crazy?

MIRANDA
Get the fuck out!

Miranda drags Darrick to the front door.

DERRICK
I'll text you.

Miranda tries to snatch the laptop back from him. He tugs it out of her hands and sneers

MIRANDA
Fuck you!

She pulls her STUN GUN out of her pocket and thrusts it at him.

He dodges and runs down the hall.

She runs after him.

DARRICK
You're fucking crazy!

MIRANDA
Shut up you fucking asshole!

He is much faster than her and he gets far away from her.

Miranda starts to cry and stops running as he turns a corner down the hall and disappears.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Why is this so hard? Why is it I
can't find a man who treats me like
I'm precious? Why can't most of
them just treat me like a person?

She turns back towards her door. There is a YELLOW SHEET OF PAPER on her door

She wipes her eyes and takes the PAPER off the door.

Written on the paper in red bold letters are the words:
EVICTION NOTICE. Her building is scheduled for demolition.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
(through tears)
Mother Fucker!

INT. INARI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Inari's apartment is a sparsely appointed bachelor suite. The only decoration is a poster of Queen Latifah above a powder table, a shrine to her glamour.

Miranda is lying on Inari's chest, crying.

Inari strokes Miranda's hair and kisses the top of her head.

INARI

I'm so sorry darling.

MIRANDA

You should be saying I told you so.
I do have a terrible taste in men.

INARI

I would never.

MIRANDA

Why can't a single guy just treat me right? I don't know what to do! I can't afford a damage deposit if I can't work! He stole my only computer.

INARI

I can help with the damage deposit.

Miranda looks into Inari's eyes.

MIRANDA

Inari... I can't ask you to do that. Can you even afford to help?

INARI

You're not asking, I'm offering. I should sell a lot of my work at the exhibition and you won't have to move until after it's over. You're going to be okay. I'm sure Red will help too.

MIRANDA

I really can't ask them for help.

INARI

Why not? They're your friend, I'm sure they would help.

MIRANDA

But they're you're partner, I just
don't want to feel like dead
weight.

INARI

We all need help sometimes.
Remember when you helped me pay for
my first month's rent when I was
getting off the street?

MIRANDA

That's different.

INARI

The only difference is that this
time you're the one in trouble.

Miranda looks away and buries her face in the sheets.

MIRANDA

I'm a deadbeat.

INARI

No you're not-

There's a knock at the door.

Inari sits up, surprised.

INARI (CONT'D)

One second darling.

She gets out of the sheets and opens the door.

INARI (CONT'D)

Red!

RED (A nonbinary person in their late 20s with a soft goth
aesthetic) stands in the doorway.

RED

Hello love.

Red pulls Inari into a passionate kiss.

Miranda rolls onto her side so she is facing away from them.

Finally, the kiss ends.

INARI

What are you doing here?

RED
 Oh, I was just in the area. I
 wanted to stop by to see you. And-

They hand Inari a BOUTIQUE OF FLOWERS they were hiding behind
 their back.

RED (CONT'D)
 I got you something.

Inari covers her mouth. She takes the boutique and sniffs
 them.

INARI
 Sweetheart roses... my favorites.

RED
 (smiling smugly)
 Sweethearts for my sweetheart.

Inari hugs Red.

INARI
 Thank you.

The hug ends and Inari gestures for Red to enter.

RED
 Hey Miranda!

Miranda lifts a hand in a half-assed way to say hello. Red
 looks to Inari pointedly.

INARI
 She was robbed by...

Miranda suddenly sits up.

MIRANDA
 Some stupid chaser.

Inari makes a heart symbol with her hand and points to
 Miranda. Red silently mouths: "OH!"

RED
 Shit that sucks. I have a friend
 who had her credit card stolen by a
 chaser she met on Grindr.

Miranda looks back at Red for the first time since they
 entered.

MIRANDA

Her credit card? How can these people get away with this kind of shit.

RED

Well for one the cops would sooner arrest a trans woman than help them get their shit back from cis men.

MIRANDA

Someone has to show these people what happens when you fuck with us.

Red shrugs.

RED

I doubt that would actually accomplish anything.

Miranda glowers.

INARI

(whispering to Red)
Not helping.

Red shrugs

Miranda stands up from the bed.

INARI (CONT'D)

She's also getting evicted.

Miranda moves over to the window.

She sees a BUSINESS MAN talking on his phone on the roof top of a building.

BUSINESS MAN

I'm telling you! Sell! We'll be millionaires!

MIRANDA

(to herself)
Men have so much money...

RED

Damn what a shit day.

Miranda's phone buzzes.

It's an email from ZACHARY WEBWORTH, a reply to her earlier email.

ZACHARY (EMAIL)
*Hey Mirandy, would you be available
 for a online chat? Love, Zachary.*

MIRANDA (EMAIL)
I can in an hour.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
 I have to go. My client wants to
 call with me.

Inari looks surprised.

INARI
 How are you going to chat without
 your laptop?

Miranda shrugs.

MIRANDA
 There's public computers at the
 library.

INT. LIBRARY - EVENING

Miranda is at a public computer. She opens her email and
 clicks an invite link sent by Zachary.

A video calling app like zoom opens.

ZACHARY WEBWORTH (30 something tech bro douchebag) is already
 in the call.

ZACHARY
 Hey! Mira! How's it hanging?

A man walks behind Miranda's camera

MIRANDA
 Hi Zachary. I'm doing-

ZACHARY
 Woah, bro, why is a dude there?

Miranda looks over her shoulder and watches the man read the
 back of a book.

MIRANDA
 Oh, I'm in a library. I had my
 laptop stolen, which is what I
 wanted to tell you-

ZACHARY

Oh well that's just perfect timing. I wanted to let you know, since the crypto market crashed, money has been tight at our start up and I gotta say, you charge too much for what you do.

MIRANDA

Excuse me?

ZACHARY

Look Mirie, you've been a great diversity hire but I think it's time we went our separate ways.

MIRANDA

(raising her voice)

But the sight is almost done! All I have to do is finalize the design!

The man reading the back of the book looks at Miranda with concern.

ZACHARY

We have to go with a cheaper designer. I'll make sure to pass your work on to the next guy. I'm sure he'll dig your feminine touch. You don't want your work fame to do out of business do, do you?

Beat.

MIRANDA

Frankly, I hope your shitty fake money exchange goes out of business. I couldn't give less of a shit about this place or it's stupid fucking mission to make monopoly money worth something and I couldn't give less of a shit about you or your shit-eating grin-

ZACHARY

(with a shit-eating grin)

That's not very feminine of you. I've explained this to you, crypto is the future of decentralizing currency-

MIRANDA

Stop interrupting me you fucking libertarian!

Miranda closes the video call.

She gives a ragged sigh.

Everyone in the library is staring at Miranda with various expressions of shock.

The man drops the book he's holding.

Miranda looks sheepish.

INT. MIRANDA, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Miranda is laying in bed scrolling through Grinder.

Her list of received messages seems to go on forever. The messages range from horny to misogynistic.

She stops at every message received and sends a half-hearted reply.

She stops at a message that's different from the rest.

BRANDON (TEXT)

*Sorry about that, I suck at pick up
lines lol*

She taps the message.

There is a previous message.

BRANDON (TEXT) (CONT'D)

*Did you fall from Heaven cause you
seem like an angel.*

Miranda scoffs and shakes her head.

MIRANDA (TEXT)

*That's cute, did you find it
online?*

BRANDON (TEXT)

Maybe... so what?

She giggles to herself.

MIRANDA (TEXT)

We should hang out sometime XD

She smiles and navigates back to her messages.

She sees one from user S8👁️4tgirl👁️.

S8004TGIRL (TEXT)
Looking to get sucked off NOW!

Miranda shrugs.

MIRANDA (TEXT)
 Why not?

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Miranda wears a heavy coat with a lacy dress barely visible underneath.

MIRANDA
 (to camera)
 Why do I do this to myself?

The bus rocks.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
 It's really my fault that this
 keeps happening. I can't get a
 boyfriend, I can't keep a job...

She's starts tearing up.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
 I can't even pay my own damage
 deposit so I can have a place to
 live.

She wipes a tear from her cheek.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
 I just wish for once I could be the
 one in control. Just once. But no,
 it has to be a tale as old as time:
 Girl meets boy...

An animation of a finely appointed man and a woman in a ball gown appears next to Miranda's head.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
 boy uses her for sex...

The animation shows the two figures fucking.

girl falls in love...

Heart emojis appear around the woman's head.

boy robs her for everything she's
 worth.

The boy snatches the hearts around the woman's head and runs away.

Miranda sighs dramatically.

If only I could be the one doing
the robbing for once.

(beat)

Wait... why not?

The animated woman nods along.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Why not flip the script? Why not
just do it...

The woman jumps excitedly.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I could just... I could just...

The animated woman takes out a baseball bat, chases down the man, and beats him to death.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I could just take this chaser's
fucking money!

The animated woman celebrates wildly.

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front door opens. Miranda is leaning against the door frame with her coat open, revealing a lacy dress.

MIRANDA

Well hey there handsome.

TREVOR (30 year old in sweat pants and a pull over hoodie)
holds the door open.

TREVOR

Oh. Hey. You can come in.

He steps out of the way and she slides in by him, bumping her hips against his.

He takes a step back.

Miranda regards the living room. There are dirty dishes in the sink and out of place items on the coffee table.

On the coffee table next to an old yogurt cup, Miranda spots Trevor's **WALLET**.

MIRANDA

So, where are going to get down and dirty?

He closes the door and locks it. He moves to a window and peers out the blinds before shutting them. His movement is erratic.

TREVOR

Take your dress off.

Miranda begins to slowly untie her dress. She looks directly into the camera.

MIRANDA

(to camera)

This is going to be so easy. This guy is so nervous...

He wipes sweat off his forehead.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Coked up...

His pupils are massive.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

And very horny.

(beat)

Trust me, you don't want a close up to show how I know that.

She slides the dress off her body.

Trevor's mouth hangs open.

Miranda bites her lip and looks away from him and into the camera where she rolls her eyes.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

(To camera)

Look at this jabroni. I bet he'll come in less than a minute.

TREVOR

We should go to the bedroom-

MIRANDA

You know what would be so hot? If you fucked me on this table.

She gestures to the coffee table with the wallet.

TREVOR

Uh sure let me just take some stuff
off of it.

Trevor does a wide sweep on the table, dumping almost half
the items onto the floor. The **Wallet** teeters on the edge.

Miranda reclines onto the table, she's within arms reach of
the wallet.

Trevor crawls on top of her.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I've never done anything like this
before.

MIRANDA

Have sex on a table?

TREVOR

I meant doing this with... someone
like you.

Miranda looks annoyed.

MIRANDA

Well, there's a first time for
everything, right?

Miranda eyes the **WALLET**.

Trevor slides Miranda's underwear off. He doesn't even take
his sweat pants off when he enters Miranda.

TREVOR

Oh my god.

MIRANDA

Oh that's-

Trevor's movements are sporadic and overexerting.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Good.

Miranda shakes her head at the camera.

TREVOR

Fuck. You're the best of both
worlds.

MIRANDA

M'kay.

TREVOR

I'm going to cum.

Miranda snorts with laughter. Trevor looks upset.

MIRANDA

I'm going to cum too!

TREVOR

W-woah.

His anger is replaced by awe at his own sex skills.

Miranda begins to make exaggerated moans and sweeps her arm up the table. She grabs the **WALLET**, pushes it off the edge, and holds it just under the lip of the table, out of Trevor's sight.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

FUCK!

Trevor begins to make a strange high-pitched squealing noise as he orgasms. Miranda shares a concerned look with the camera

She feels into the wallet and traces the digits of a **CREDIT CARD**. She pulls the card out and lets the wallet fall to the ground.

Trevor pushes off Miranda

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Don't touch me!

MIRANDA

Sure, I guess.

He goes over to a window and looks out into the darkness.

Miranda slides the **CARD** into her coat pocket.

TREVOR

Am I gay?

MIRANDA

(to camera)

I want to hit him.

Miranda begins to put on her clothes.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
That's a question you can only
answer for yourself, buddy.

Trevor begins to cry.

Miranda puts on her coat and shoes and hurries out the door.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

She fast walks down the steps out into the parking lot.

MIRANDA
Holy shit holy shit holy shit.

She runs down the street.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Holy fuck, I did it. I fucking did
it.

She stops running and laughs.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
What am I going to buy first?

Miranda pulls her phone out of her pocket and calls Inari.

The phone rings once, twice.

INT./EXT. INARI'S STUDIO/STREET - INTERCUT

STUDIO:

Inari is painting an elaborate portrait of a naked woman
staring out a window. She looks at her ringing phone.

She takes off her glasses and sets down her brush.

She answers the phone.

INARI
Hello?

STREET:

Miranda paces back and forth.

MIRANDA
Hey babe, want to go shopping?

STUDIO:

Inari pinches the bridge of her nose.

INARI
When you're so tight on money? No.

STREET:

Miranda pulls out the card and traces the numbers.

MIRANDA
Well, I seem to have a new credit
card. Let's just say I got a little
payback for what Darrick did.

Inari laughs over the phone.

INARI
Oh my god.

STUDIO:

INARI (CONT'D)
Fuck it, why not!

BEGIN MONTAGE:

HIGH END CLOTHING STORE:

Miranda and Inari are throwing countless designer clothes
into a basket.

MIRANDA
And he said "you're the best of
both worlds."

Inari laughs hysterically.

DESIGNER SHOE STORE:

Inari wiggles her toes in a pair of PUMPS.

INARI
Okay, but how long did he even
last?

Miranda snickers.

MIRANDA
Twenty seconds.

SPA:

Miranda and Inari are laying face first on massage benches.

They are naked except for a towel covering them below their waists.

Two masseuses give the women deep tissue massages.

Inari and Miranda sigh with contentment.

HIGH END CLOTHING STORE:

Miranda walks out of a changing room wearing a tight dress with puffy sleeves.

Inari shakes her head.

CUT TO:

Miranda stepping out wearing what can only be described as a prom dress for the bourgeoisie.

Inari laughs.

DESIGNER SHOE STORE:

The HEELS are poking out of a shopping bag slung over Inari's shoulder.

The till reads \$323.45.

Miranda pays by tapping the **CREDIT CARD** on the till.

SPA:

The masseuses press hot stones onto Inari and Miranda's back.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

So then I pretended to cum.

The masseuses share a shocked look.

HIGH END CLOTHING STORE:

Miranda steps out of the changing room wearing a well fitting, sleek red dress. The dress accentuates her long legs and shapely chest.

Inari makes a heart with her hands, shakes excitedly and nods yes.

SPA:

Miranda pays the bill of \$200 with the CREDIT CARD.

HIGH END CLOTHING STORE:

Miranda pays the bill of \$500 with the CREDIT CARD.

STORE EXTERIOR:

Miranda and Inari step out of the clothing store, putting their new high end sunglasses on in slow motion.

END MONTAGE.

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The front door burst opens and Miranda and Inari making out fall into the apartment.

Miranda pushes Inari onto the couch.

Inari looks up at her with pleading eyes.

MIRANDA

I need you.

INARI

Come and take me.

Miranda pounces on top of Inari and starts kissing her neck and pulling off her clothes.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING

Inari sleeps peacefully on Miranda's chest. Both of the women are naked but covered by the sheets.

Miranda gently strokes Inari's hair. She plants a kiss on top of her forehead.

Miranda slides out from under Inari and gently lays her head on a pillow. Inari murmurs in her sleep.

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Inari steps out of the bedroom wearing a house robe and yawning.

Miranda presses down the plunger of a French press and pours coffee into two mugs.

Miranda hands her a mug.

INARI
Thank you my love.

She takes a sip.

Miranda kisses her on the cheek.

MIRANDA
I'm going to go to a computer store today and see if I can replace my laptop with a new one.

INARI
Good idea. I got to go back to the studio this afternoon and catch up on my work.

Miranda places two plates of eggs, toast, and bacon on the table.

INT. COMPUTER STORE - AFTERNOON

Miranda is checking out at POS, an unopened LAPTOP rest on the counter.

The CASHIER(late 20s) scans the code. It's \$1,500

CASHIER
Oh wow expensive laptop, you must be a gamer.

Miranda laughs.

MIRANDA
Yes, but I need a nice computer for my work, I'm a web developer and designer.

CASHIER
Ah you must have spilled coffee on your old one. How would you like to pay?

MIRANDA
Credit please.

Miranda pulls out the CREDIT CARD and taps it on the pos machine.

It beeps.

DECLINED.

CASHIER
Oops! Let's try again.

MIRANDA
Uh yeah.

She presses the card against the machine.

Beep.

DECLINED.

CASHIER
Hmm do you have another card you
could use to pay?

MIRANDA
Um no, not with me. I'm going to go
see if I can call my bank really
quick.

CASHIER
Okay! I'll keep this open for you.

Miranda takes measured steps out of the store.

EXT. COMPUTER STORE FRONT - NIGHT

Miranda's pace grows faster and faster. As soon as she is out
of view of the store windows she brakes into a full sprint.

She stops at a STORM DRAIN and throws the CREDIT CARD into
the inky darkness below.

She walks away.

INT/INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM/ INARI'S STUDIO - LATER

BEDROOM:

Miranda bursts into her bedroom.

She face plants into her bed.

MIRANDA
Well shit.

She pulls out her phone and dials a number.

STUDIO:

Inari is shoveling large amounts of paint onto a massive canvas. Her arms to the elbows are covered in various colours of paint.

Her phone starts to ring. She looks at the phone and see's Miranda is calling.

She reaches into a bucket of water and starts scrubbing paint off her skin.

BEDROOM:

Miranda anxiously waits as the phone keeps ringing.

STUDIO:

Inari dries her hands on another rag and picks up the phone.

INARI

Hi babe, I'm kind of in the middle of something.

She looks at her canvas. From above, the painting is taking a flower-like shape.

BEDROOM:

MIRANDA

The card declined. I think that chaser might be onto me.

STUDIO:

Inari shrugs.

INARI

Did you get rid of the card.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

Of course.

INARI

I think you'll be fine. Chances are we just maxed it out. If the police come knocking, just don't talk to them.

BEDROOM:

MIRANDA

You're probably right... hopefully if he did notice, he's a rich kid too afraid to tell his parents exactly how he got robbed.

INARI (O.S.)

Yeah he sounds like the type.

MIRANDA

I didn't get the laptop. I feel like an idiot.

STUDIO:

Inari puts her phone on speaker. She picks up the paint bucket again.

She begins to toss the paint again.

INARI

(straining)

You're not stupid

MIRANDA (O.S.)

I need to start working again so I can afford a new place. I need to be more responsible with my money.

Inari snorts.

INARI

You mean his money.

BEDROOM:

Miranda sits up and curls into the fetal position.

MIRANDA

I'm sorry you're in the middle of something.

INARI (O.S.)

I'm experimenting with a new method of creation. It's a boutique for my lovers.

MIRANDA

I'm honestly not sure what that means.

STUDIO:

Inari grins.

INARI
You'll understand when you see it.

Bedroom:

Miranda's phone buzzes with a notification from Grindr. It's a message from Brandon.

MIRANDA
I better go. I love you.

INARI (O.S.)
Love you too babe.

Miranda hangs up. She opens Grindr.

BRANDON (TEXT)
Yeah! That sounds great! I'm free tomorrow!

A look of grim determination comes over Miranda.

MIRANDA
Yay! How does 3 sound? Should we meet at your place ;3?

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- SHOWER Miranda washes herself and shaves her legs.
- POWDER TABLE Miranda finishes blending her eyeshadow. She has applied a vibrant color to her eye lids. She applies a dark stroke of eyeliner. She glares at herself in the mirror.
- WARDROBE Miranda compares various designer clothes in a mirror. She settles on the dress Inari helped pick out for her.

EXT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT - LATER

Miranda eyes the apartment from a distance. She walks up to the front, stands with her back to the apartment's entrance, and pulls out her phone.

MIRANDA (TEXT)
I'm out front :)

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

(To camera)

It's important to always scope out
your surroundings.

Brandon lives on a busy street. There are some people walking past or loitering around the street. A Middle-aged white couple are walking closer. The WIFE is watching Miranda.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I've listened to so many podcasts
about cults using dating apps to
induct people.

The WIFE smiles at Miranda gratuitously.

Miranda gives the camera a creeped-out look.

The front door opens

BRANDON, late 20s, with too much energy and not enough sense,
steps out of the apartment.

BRANDON

Hey! Miranda?

MIRANDA

(To camera)

I can't believe I gotta deal with
more men's bullshit.

She whirls around to face Brandon.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

(overly enthusiastic)

Oh my gosh hey! How's it going?

She twirls her hair.

BRANDON

Pretty good! I just got off playing
some ranked video game matches with
some friends. It was a great time.

MIRANDA

(To camera)

How is he so chipper? Ranked puts
everyone in a terrible mood!

BRANDON

How are you?

MIRANDA

I'm so good because I get to meet
you!

She gives Brandon a hug. He seems surprised but he chuckles
and returns the hug.

BRANDON

There's a park not too far from
here, I was thinking we could walk
there?

MIRANDA

Oh sure!

BRANDON

Sweet! There's a nice bakery along
the way that sell these really good
pumpkin spice lattes, I'll buy you
one!

Miranda looks surprised.

EXT. PARK, BRIDGE - DAY

Miranda and Brandon, holding to-go coffee cups, walk through
a small stretch of woods to a cobble stone bridge that arcs
over a pond.

MIRANDA

This is gorgeous...

BRANDON

Isn't it? I like to come here to
think.

MIRANDA

I can see why, this place is so
peaceful and quiet.

Brandon walks to one of the sides of the bridge.

Miranda catches the glimpse of a **WALLET** in his back pocket.

BRANDON

Check it out!

He points to something glittering in the water below the
bridge.

Miranda leans over.

MIRANDA

Locks?

Countless locks are scattered beneath the water.

BRANDON

Yeah! I saw a couple come here once. They had a lock that they closed together. They each had a necklace with a key as the pendant. They tossed the lock in the water.

Miranda looks up at Brandon. She has an uncharacteristically unsure smile.

MIRANDA

Is that the kind of thing you're looking for?

BRANDON

Well they were lesbians... so yes! Except you know, straight.

Miranda shakes her head and can't keep a goofy smile off her face.

Brandon starts walking towards a hill.

Miranda follows behind him.

MIRANDA

I wanted to ask you something.

She runs up to catch him.

BRANDON

Shoot.

MIRANDA

Have you ever been with a trans woman before.

BRANDON

Yeah, in high school I dated a girl like that for a bit. She never met my parents but we had fun.

Brandon keeps charging up the hill.

The **WALLET** slides further out of his pocket. Miranda stops walking. She bites her lip in anticipation

MIRANDA

Why didn't she meet your parents?

BRANDON

We were only together for about two weeks. By the way, do you play competitive games? I noticed you perked up when I talked about that earlier.

Brandon reaches the top of the hill. Miranda finally unfreezes.

MIRANDA

Um, yeah. Well, I used to.

BRANDON

Oh sweet, we should play sometime!

MIRANDA

I don't have it anymore... My console got stolen. I wish I could though.

Miranda reaches the top of the hill. The ocean is laid out before her. The sun is low in the sky. Miranda's breath is taken away.

BRANDON

Shit, I'm sorry, that sucks.

MIRANDA

Yeah.

BRANDON

Well you can play on my console anytime.

Miranda glares at Brandon.

MIRANDA

Is that another cheesy pick up line?

Brandon puts his hands up.

BRANDON

I swear I didn't mean it that way.

They both laugh. Brandon turns to face the ocean. He takes a deep breath.

Miranda's hand itches towards his **WALLET**.

She looks at his face to see him smiling with contentment.

Miranda is frowning, she looks deeply conflicted.

She lowers her hand.

EXT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The streetlights flash on as Miranda and Brandon walk back to Brandon's apartment. Their faces are illuminated gently. Miranda keeps stealing glances at Brandon as they walk next to each other.

Brandon makes eye contact with Miranda as they walk. Miranda quickly looks away, embarrassed. She glances back and sees Brandon smiling to himself.

They stop walking in front of the apartment's entrance.

BRANDON

I had a really nice time today.

Miranda can't quite meet Brandon's eyes.

MIRANDA

Me too.

BRANDON

I want-

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I'm not used-

They both laugh. Brandon rustles his own hair, leaving it a charming mess.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

MIRANDA

No you.

BRANDON

I want to see you again.

MIRANDA

I want to see you again too.

BRANDON

What were you going to say?

MIRANDA

It's... not important.

Brandon shrugs.

BRANDON

How does this weekend sound?

Miranda nods with an unsteady smile.

MIRANDA
I would really like that.

Brandon opens his arms, offering a hug. Miranda hugs him, gentler than when they first met.

BRANDON
Goodnight!

MIRANDA
Goodnight.

Brandon disappears into the apartment.

Miranda walks to the sidewalk curbs and sits with her feet in the street.

A car passes by and honks at Miranda.

She flips the driver the bird.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
(To camera)
I'm not used to... I don't know how...

Beat.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
(to camera)
What am I doing? I've got to stay focused. I've got to keep my eyes on the prize. It doesn't matter if he's cute or I really wanted him to kiss me...

Miranda takes an unsteady breath

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Fuck.
(to camera)
I need the money.

INT. ARCAFE - NIGHT

Miranda is playing the usual pinball machine. Inari watches over her shoulder.

INARI

So... are you going to beat my
score today.

Miranda grunts in response.

She barely notices as the ball slides from a rudder off the
field.

Inari gives Miranda a concerned look.

INARI (CONT'D)

Are you stressed about the-

Inari looks around the arcade to make sure no one is
listening.

INARI (CONT'D)

Chaser's credit card?

Miranda groans and plants her head on the glass.

INARI (CONT'D)

Darling, you know how many piss-
covered hands have smeared
themselves on that glass, right?

Miranda jolts up.

The last pinball launches into the playing field.

MIRANDA

I met a guy.

INARI

Oh no.

MIRANDA

This guy is... different. He seems
different.

INARI

Uh-huh.

The pinball immediately slides out of bounds.

MIRANDA

No really! We just walked through a
park together, had a coffee, and
just... hugged.

INARI

Oh my god what? You didn't fuck
him?

PINBALL MACHINE
GAME OVER.

MIRANDA
Exactly! He didn't even ask to see
my tits!

The ignored pinball machine flashes for Miranda's attention.

INARI
Darling, you might finally be
crushing on a man who is actually
chill for once.

MIRANDA
He must be playing me. He's
planning on using me, or robbing
me, or-or-

INARI
Or maybe he really is chill. I need
to meet him.

MIRANDA
What! No! I'm going to steal his
shit!

INARI
Really? You're going to rob him?

A YOUNG GIRL (10ish) stares at the couple, her mouth agape.

YOUNG GIRL
Are you lesbo-lesbi-lesbeans?

Inari crouches down so she is eye level with the girl.

INARI
Here are twenty tokens to never
come near us again.

She hands twenty tokens to the girl. The young girl skips
away.

MIRANDA
Shit. I'm stupid. I'm so stupid.

INARI
Okay. Here's what I think you
should do. See him again.

MIRANDA
No.

INARI
Yes. And if it's good again,
introduced him to me.

MIRANDA
No! I need money!

INARI
I will help you with the deposit!

MIRANDA
I have to do this myself!

Inari looks shocked.

INARI
Why?

MIRANDA
I just do.

Inari sighs.

Her phone buzzes.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Shit. It's him. It's HIM.

They both crowd around Miranda's phone.

BRANDON (TEXT)
I had a lovely time yesterday <3
Did you want to come over and play
some games on Saturday?

INARI
A heart emoji? And a two dates in
the same week? Miranda he likes
you!

Inari squeals.

MIRANDA
No! He's just being nice!

Inari shakes Miranda's shoulders.

INARI
Men don't send heart emojis when
they're "just being nice."

MIRANDA
R-really? Wait, how would you know?
You're a lesbian!

INARI
That's exactly how I'd know!

MIRANDA
That makes no sense!

Inari shakes her harder.

She starts squealing again.

Miranda starts squealing in response.

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brandon's movements on a CONSOLE CONTROLLER are smooth and purposeful.

Miranda's movements on her CONTROLLER are erratic and spontaneous.

Miranda glances between the TV and the COFFEE TABLE.

On the TV, we see the game the couple are playing: a fighter game similar to SUPER SMASH BROS ULTIMATE. She is being trounced thoroughly.

On the COFFEE TABLE lies Brandon's WALLET. It is slightly open, giving Miranda a tantalizing glimpse of a GREEN CREDIT CARD.

She licks her lips.

Brandon finishes off Miranda.

BRANDON
Huh. I thought you were better at this game.

Miranda's attention snaps from the WALLET.

MIRANDA
Excuse me?

Brandon shrugs smugly.

BRANDON
I'm just saying, you talked a big game and you barely landed a hit on-

MIRANDA
Again.

Brandon looks surprised.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
I want to go again.

Brandon shrugs. A new game starts.

Miranda leans forward.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
You're going to get it now,
straight boy.

Brandon grins and matches her posture.

The game is over quickly. Brandon tries to dodge Miranda's last attack but she's ready for him and strikes hard and fast.

Brandon sits back, stunned.

BRANDON
Holy shit.

Miranda leans back and puts her hands behind her head.

MIRANDA
I guess I am pretty good after all.

BRANDON
Again?

MIRANDA
Yeah!

A new game starts.

BRANDON
By the way, your profile says you have a girlfriend. I wanted to ask about that. Are you like, looking for a relationship or just like casual things? Sorry I'm just pretty confused.

MIRANDA
It's okay, Inari and I are in an open relationship. We always have been. For a while I was looking for a relationship but things went really wrong. Recently, I've been looking for something a little more-

Miranda glances at the WALLET.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Casual. I don't know. I just kind
of think I should give up on love.

Brandon is watching her intently.

Miranda stares back.

BRANDON
Sorry, I didn't mean to stare or
like dig up anything unpleasant.

Miranda shakes her head.

MIRANDA
No, I'm sorry for oversharing.

The two play in silence for a moment.

BRANDON
Could I see a picture of her?

The game pauses.

Miranda pulls out her phone.

She pulls up a picture of Inari and Miranda at a bar. They
look a little drunk and very happy.

MIRANDA
This was taken at our fourth
anniversary.

BRANDON
Wow, she's pretty.

Miranda grins.

MIRANDA
Isn't she?

The game resumes.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Thanks for being cool about the
poly stuff and me oversharing, I'm
kind of a mess-

Brandon takes advantage of Miranda being lost in thought to
get the upper hand.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

You mother fucker!

Brandon grins.

Miranda reaches over and starts pressing random buttons on Brandon's CONTROLLER.

BRANDON

Hey!

He tries to grab her CONTROLLER. She yelps and pulls the controller against her chest as he playfully jabs her.

She reaches for his controller but misses and grabs his leg instead.

He pulls her onto his lap.

They kiss.

She tugs on the collar of his shirt.

He wraps his arms around her waist.

His CONTROLLER falls to the ground.

She moans and slides his hand up her shirt.

He gasps and presses into her harder.

She pulls him on top of her.

He pins her to the couch cushions.

He looks at her beneath him. He wants her in so many more ways than she knows.

She looks back at him, her face betrays her vulnerability and desire.

MIRANDA

Please... be gentle with me.

He leans down and kisses her with tenderness. She runs her fingers through the hair along the back of his head.

FADE TO:

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - LATER

Miranda is lit by the vibrant colours of an LED light strip.

She's undressed, but nothing below her collar bone is visible.

She is being rocked in bed. Her eyes briefly roll back into her head. She has gone completely nonverbal.

She looks at the camera, trying to communicate something, but her brain is scrambled.

Off screen, Brandon gasps.

Beat.

Miranda begins to come back to reality.

There is a creak in the bed as he lies down next to her.

Miranda hugs him tightly and rests her head against his chest.

They both are gasping for air.

BRANDON

Fuck.

MIRANDA

Yeah. Fuck.

The LEDs change colour as they hold each other and catch their breath.

Beat.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I haven't been with a guy who made me come in... ever.

Brandon kisses her cheek.

BRANDON

Well, I'm glad I could be of service.

They both laugh.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

That did feel incredible.

Miranda rubs his chest.

MIRANDA

Good.

BRANDON

Can I be honest about something? I don't want to kill the vibe but I'm worried.

Miranda props herself up on her elbow.

MIRANDA

Of course.

BRANDON

I am worried that I won't see you again after this.

Miranda looks touched.

MIRANDA

I mean, we can see each other again if you want to see me more.

BRANDON

Yes! I mean, that would be great.

Miranda laughs puts a hand on the side of his face.

MIRANDA

I like spending time with you! Besides, I desperately want you to do THAT to me again.

BRANDON

(smugly)

I can make that happen.

Miranda lies back down and wraps her arms around his chest. She nuzzles his shoulder and kisses his cheek.

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT - LATER

Miranda and Brandon, now fully dressed, step out of the bedroom.

BRANDON

So... next week?

MIRANDA

Absolutely. Oh, Inari will want to meet you soon.

BRANDON

Let's make it happen!

Miranda hugs Brandon tightly.

As she lets go she notices the WALLET still on the coffee table.

MIRANDA

Today has been a lot of fun.

BRANDON

Agreed. Let's do it again sometime soon. I'll walk you out.

Miranda nods and heads to the front door.

Brandon pats his pockets like he's missing something.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Coat. Let me grab a coat.

He runs back into the bedroom.

Miranda eyes the WALLET.

She gets closer.

She can see the GREEN CREDIT CARD poking out of the card sleeve.

She reaches down and opens the wallet. The CARD would be so easy to take.

There's a loud bang from the bedroom. Miranda's attention snaps up to the bedroom.

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

Ow, stubbed toe.

She reaches down, slips the CARD out of the wallet, and closes the wallet.

She steps away and slips the card into her coat pocket.

Brandon reenters the living area and walks towards the front door.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Alright, let's head out!

EXT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Brandon opens the apartment building's door and Miranda runs out.

He hugs her.

She looks incredibly guilty.

BRANDON
Oh! Do you have any Christmas
plans?

Miranda shakes her head. She is slowly walking backwards,
away from Brandon.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Wait your parents aren't doing
anything?

Miranda stops her escape.

MIRANDA
Inari and I usually just spend the
day together. Neither of us talk to
our parents anymore.

BRANDON
Oh... sorry

Miranda gives a strained smile.

MIRANDA
It's fine.

Brandon walks into the building. Miranda walks down the
street.

Beat.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
(to camera)
What the fuck is wrong with me.

She takes out BRANDON'S CREDIT CARD.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
What the fuck what the fuck what
the fuck.

Miranda pulls out her phone and tries to call Inari. It goes
straight to voicemail.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
(to camera)
Shit. I couldn't even stop myself.
Maybe I should just destroy it?

She flexes the plastic almost to its breaking point.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
 (to camera)
 Or maybe I should just give it back
 to him and apologize.

She stares at the CARD for a moment before tucking it back into her coat pocket.

She opens her phone and scrolls through her received messages on Grindr.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
 (to camera)
 I need to be more discerning with
 my marks. That's the problem.

She stops scrolling on a user called Discreet. His profile picture is a chest shot of an expensive looking suit.

DISCREET (TEXT)
 I love playing with gurls.

Miranda gives a disgusted look to the camera.

MIRANDA
 (to camera)
 Wait, how does a straight guy who
 isn't a chaser end up on a gay
 hookup app anyway?

Beat.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
 Shit I can't stop thinking about
 him.

Miranda taps on the message from Discreet.

MIRANDA (TEXT) (CONT'D)
 I like playing with boyz.

He sends an eyeroll emoji back.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
 Dick.

She keeps walking.

Her phone rings with another message from Discreet.

DISCREET (TEXT)
 How would you like to be taken out
 for the nicest dinner of your life?

She sends a thumbs up emoji back.

DISCREET (TEXT) (CONT'D)
Didn't anyone ever teach you that
women are supposed to be
enthusiastic?

Miranda grinds her teeth and glowers at her phone.

MIRANDA
(to camera)
He's perfect.