

YOU FUCKIN' BITCH

Written by

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OVER BLACK:

CARLA
I never thought... seriously... I
really never imagined.

SMASH CUT:

INT. TOYOTA COROLLA - LATE NIGHT

MARLA (32), a beautiful ethnic, Persian woman, dark features, beautiful eyes, with a big bust.

CARLA (25), a beautiful Arab woman, light olive skin, very long straight hair all one length, slight hourglass figure, elegant neck, delicate frame, very tall.

Marla and Carla "wrestle" for passion like it was a match.

And Marla is winning.

CARLA
Wait. Wait. I'm not sure---

MARLA
Shut the fuck up.

Marla grabs Carla by the throat and subdues her.

CARLA
But---

SLAP!

MARLA
That's one.

CARLA
No---

SLAP!

MARLA
That's two.
(amped)
You wanna go for three?

Carla shakes her head.

CARLA
No. No.

A moment passes.

MARLA

Ok then... Turn over. Face down...
And pull your pants and undies
down.

Carla give her one last look and then complies.

CARLA

I trust you.

MARLA

That's your first mistake, you
fuckin' bitch.

Carla is betwixed.

On the one hand, she is so hot and on the other she is
frightened. Both. Concurrent. At the same time.

CARLA (V.O.)

Maybe one is because of the other.

Marla brings her back to the surface.

Marla puts on a surgical glove.

MARLA

What you're gonna feel...

Carla tries to get a look.

Marla grabs the back of her hair and stares at her.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Did I say look?

Carla feels a big passionate surge.

CARLA

No, ma'am.

MARLA

That's right.

She shover her face back down into the front seat vinyl.

MARLA (CONT'D)

What you're gonna feel is an object
going into your ass.

CARLA

No. Wait. Seriously. Timeout.

Marla leans back against the dashboard deflated.

MARLA
Oh, fuck this.

Marla gets out of the car and walks away.

EXT. PRIVATE BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Marla walks with intent back to the house.

Carla catches up.

CARLA
Wait. Wait.

Marla eventually does.

They stand some distance apart. Beyond conversation distance.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Wait, Marla. I am new to this.

MARLA
I told you up front, little girl...
It's all about trust.. And
obviously---

CARLA
Don't say it.

A moment passes.

Marla smiles and looks around.

MARLA
Yeah. Right.

CARLA
Gimme another chance. I won't freak
out. I promise.

MARLA
I don't think so sweetheart. You're
too wired. Too pent up. You know...
You have too many rules.

CARLA
(desperate)
Please!

She falls to her knees in the sand.

Marla thinks twice.

MARLA

Are you prepared to let go... even
a little bit?

Carla is already nodding.

CARLA

Yes.

Marla thinks again.

MARLA

I am going up to the house. I'm
gonna crack open a beer, down it,
and get in the shower.

Carla looks hopeful.

MARLA (CONT'D)

If you end up stepping into my
shower AFTER I've washed my hair...
then... you might get another
chance.

CARLA

Thank you---

MARLA

Shut the fuck up...

She does.

MARLA (CONT'D)

And wait here... right where you
are... until I am inside before you
start.

Carla is silent.

Marla walks away, the sand flicks up with each step.

Carla waits, tension in her limbs.

INT. LUXURY BEACH HOUSE - LATER

The great room seems to go on for miles.. The double story
windows look expensive and let in all the little flickers of
the night.

There is a cream-colored leather sofa sectional that wraps
into a complete U shape.

Carla steps inside from the open rear door.

Closes it. Locks it. Turns and looks at the opulence in beach attire.

CARLA
(to herself)
Fuck me.

SFX: SHOWER UPSTAIRS

INT. LUXURY MASTER BATH - MOMENTS LATER

Marble. Wall to wall. Stunning.

The door cracks open. And almost immediately.

MARLA
Not! Yet!

The door cracks closed.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The deep off-white carpet lines the hallway from dusk till dawn.

Carla dances around with anxious tension like she has to pee, but doesn't.

SFX: SHOWER STOPS

CARLA
(to herself)
What the.

She cracks the door again. Peeks inside.

CARLA (CONT'D)
I thought---

MARLA
What. You think I'm gonna wait all night for a piece of ass. Fuck no.

CARLA
(wilting)
Come on. You're making this---

MARLA
What.

CARLA
(emotional)
You're making this too hard.

She wipes her eyes.

MARLA
Ok. I see. That's your motivation.
Huh? Do a good job? Get a treat?

Carla just stands there shaking her head.

CARLA
You're right... Fuck this.

Carla turns and leaves.

MARLA
(disheartened)
Fuck.

INT. LUXURY BEACH HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

To say the least. California King bed. Maximum thread count.
Real mahogany.

Marla is slipped between the layers. One hand in; busy. One hand out; holding the cell phone. But this time... it's not porn. It's a selfie-style video of Carla from the day before.

MARLA
(to herself)
You fuckin' bitch.

She surges.

MARLA (CONT'D)
Oh.

INT. LUXURY BEACH HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ceiling fan rotates above her - too slow, too quiet.

Marla lays still now. Eyes open. Fingers still. Screen dimmed.

That "oh" still echoes - not in the air, but in the ache.

It was a climax, sure. But it didn't fix a thing.

MARLA
(to herself)
Fuck!

The Carla in the video smiles.

Says something playful. Maybe teases the camera. Maybe just breathes.

Marla rewinds five seconds. Watches it again. Then again.

She presses her phone to her chest. Shuts her eyes.

She mutters, lovingly.

MARLA (CONT'D)
(soft, childlike)
You fuckin bitch.

She weeps. And for the first time all night — doesn't try to win. Or perform. Or lead. She just misses her.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EARLY MORNING

The bell over the door gives a soft ding.

Marla steps inside, she can't help but seem sheepish.

She's not dressed for a showdown. Not dressed for seduction.

She's dressed like someone who didn't sleep.

Like someone who got out of bed too fast and changed her mind too late.

The morning crowd is light. A few quiet tables.

Soft jazz plays like no one's really listening.

Behind the counter, Carla moves with practiced calm.

A neat ponytail. A clean apron. Professional.

Untouchable.

She doesn't look up.

Marla waits. Breath caught. Foolish already.

Finally, Carla glances her way. Brief. Blinking. Then back to the espresso.

No reaction. No smile. Just routine.

Marla approaches slowly, like the ground might shift.

Carla speaks to the next customer in line... ahead of Marla.

CARLA
Oat milk cappuccino, right?

The customer nods. Carla begins the pour.

MARLA
(quietly)
You open up pretty early.

Carla doesn't stop, but her hand tightens on the steam wand.

A pause.

CARLA
Yeah. It's a coffee shop. Get it?

Beat.

MARLA
I thought about calling.

CARLA
Why?

MARLA
No.

Silence now. Just the hiss of the steam.

Marla watches her move — graceful, efficient, cool.

MARLA (CONT'D)
(softer)
Sorry, Carla...

Carla's face is full of shock.

MARLA (CONT'D)
I was a fucking idiot.

Carla places the cappuccino down. Slides it to the customer.

Only now does she look at Marla. Not angry. Not tender. Just tired.

CARLA
Well... that's on you.

She turns away.

And it's in that turning - that gentle rejection - that Marla's strength finally leaves her shoulders.

She doesn't cry. Doesn't beg. She just stands there. Exposed. Foolish. And still... slowly... in love.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - BACK ROOM - LATER

Carla collapses onto a worn wooden bench beside the dry storage shelves.

She tries to sit upright. Fails.

Her apron is still on. Her hands still smell like espresso. But her face is coming apart.

She presses the heels of her hands to her eyes - hard. Too late. The tears are already falling. Not loud. Not heaving. Just the slow kind. The kind that don't stop.

She folds forward, forehead against her knees. The soft hum of the walk-in fridge fills the room.

CARLA
(whispers)
You fuckin' bitch.

The same words. But here, broken. And sacred.

She hugs herself. Small. Barely breathing.

Somewhere out front, a new customer walks in. The bell dings again. Carla doesn't move. She just lets it ring.

INT. LUXURY BEACH HOUSE - BACK SECTION - MIDDAY

The place is a wreck. Drop cloths everywhere. Tools. Drywall dust suspended in the sunlight.

A CONSTRUCTION GUY in boots and a reflective vest is talking to Marla.

CONSTRUCTION GUY
If we rip this wall, I'm telling
you - the plumbing's gonna scream.
You're not gonna like it.

MARLA
Okay. But I need the curve. We
agreed on curve.

CONSTRUCTION GUY

Yeh. Yeah. I get it.

MARLA

If I lose the curve, I might as well bulldoze the whole goddamn room.

CONSTRUCTION GUY

We can do curve. I'm just sayin' – screaming pipes.

DING-DONG. Marla freezes.

MARLA

(to herself)

Please be Amazon. Please be Amazon.

She heads for the door, wipes her hands on her jeans. Opens it.

Carla still in her apron, no warning.

CARLA

Hi.

MARLA

You're—here.

Carla steps in without an invitation.

CARLA

You said if I ever stepped into your shower... I'd get another chance. Remember?... You fuckin' Bitch.

MARLA

Um... That was... how do you say... metaphorical.

Carla looks around the house and paces as she talks. Like the SS or Gestapo.

CONSTRUCTION GUY

Hey! You want me to mark stud locations or just let it ride?

Neither woman moves.

MARLA

(loud enough)

Uh. Gimme one minute.

Construction guy turns back into the back.

Marla turns to Carla.

MARLA (CONT'D)
I can't... right now. I am so---

CARLA
Oh...

She's playing a role, grabs Marla by the throat, just enough.

CARLA (CONT'D)
I think you can... cunt.

MARLA
(undecipherable)
Wait.

Carla lets go.

Marla clears her throat and the looks at Carla with
newfound... something.

CARLA
You've got about five seconds to
get that fat ass upstairs and in
that bed.... ONE!

MARLA
Wait. Please.

CARLA
TWO!

MARLA
Oh, Damn. And DAMN!

Marla scurries off upstairs like a mouse.

Carla watches her go, with one or two look backs from Mara.

CARLA
(to Marla)
I'm still counting!

Marla goes.

INT. LUXURY BEACH HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marla bursts in like her ass is on fire.

Drops her tool belt. Kicks off her boots. Nearly trips over her own urgency.

She throws herself onto the bed – all curves and confusion, panting like she just ran from something.

Because she did. She ran from being alone. Behind her – measured steps.

Carla enters like a woman who already owns the room.

She walks to the bed. Stands over Marla.

Not smiling. Not cruel. Just... somehow certain.

CARLA

I'm not here to punish you... I'm
here to touch you...like I mean it.
Do you understand me?

Marla swallows. Her eyes flicker. Not afraid – just seen.

MARLA

Yes. I think---

CARLA

Good. Then shut the fuck up.

She does.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Now roll over... Turn on your side.
Face away from me.

She does.

CARLA (CONT'D)

(soft now)

Now... let me make us both feel...
not stupid anymore.

She climbs on top.

The sunlight cuts across the bed.

Dust still in Marla's hair. Apron strings loose at Carla's waist.

They breathe. And then... They begin.

FADE OUT.

THE END