

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING**

CYNTHIA GONZALEZ (36), a gorgeous, intimidating CEO in a power suit, scrutinizes the BARISTA (23) making her coffee.

CYNTHIA

Three shots of espresso, not two.

The Barista starts another shot, pumps syrup into the cup.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Two pumps, not three.

The cup is visibly trembling as the Barista adds the coffee and steamed milk. She grabs the cinnamon shaker.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I said no cinnamon.

The Barista puts a lid on it. She reads the scrawled name.

BARISTA

Cindy.

CYNTHIA

Try again.

BARISTA

Cyn... thia. Cynthia.

Cynthia checks her phone timer. Three minutes, one second.

CYNTHIA

I need to speak to the manager.

**INT. OUTSIDE CYNTHIA'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Cynthia, with her coffee, walks to her office. Her assistant, NANCY GOMEZ (23), hurries alongside her, iPad in hand.

NANCY

Your meeting with Carl is at 9:30.

Cynthia checks her watch. 9:20.

CYNTHIA

Get Richard in here.

NANCY

Yes, ma'am.

**INT. CYNTHIA'S OFFICE**

Corporate art, hard angles, stainless steel and glass.

Cynthia sits behind her desk, thumbs through a folder.  
RICHARD MARKS (27) stands before her, penitent.

CYNTHIA

Tell me the name of the client.

RICHARD

NutriDiet Systems, incorporated.

CYNTHIA

So, why, on the materials you  
created --

(beat)

It was you who created these,  
right, Richard?

RICHARD

Yes. Ma'am.

CYNTHIA

Tell me why these say "Nutdick  
Systems, incorporated?"

She spreads the documents, a poker dealer. Richard winces.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

What exactly is a "nutdick" anyway?

RICHARD

It's when you're cycling... and  
y'know, your ballsack gets all  
tangled up with your... y'know?

CYNTHIA

I *wouldn't* know. Why is that...

She snaps her fingers.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I remember now. Because I don't  
have balls.

Richard murmurs under his breath. Cynthia raises an eyebrow.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Let me tell you what a nutdick is.

RICHARD

Yes ma'am.

CYNTHIA  
It's a mistake that cost us a one-  
point-two million dollar deal.

RICHARD  
I'm sorry.

CYNTHIA  
You're more than sorry. You're  
fired.

RICHARD  
Yes, ma'am.

He leaves. Nancy enters. Cynthia checks her watch. 9:27.

NANCY  
Good luck with Carl.

CYNTHIA  
Thanks.

Nancy turns to go, but stops at the door.

NANCY  
And ma'am? If I may?

CYNTHIA  
Go ahead.

NANCY  
I'm glad *someone* around here has  
balls.

She leaves. Cynthia smiles, then puts on her game face.

# **INT. CARL'S OFFICE**

Overstuffed bookshelves, oil paintings, leather furniture. An  
aesthetic opposite to Cynthia's office.

CARL KENNETH (65) is the distinguished CFO of ZeldTech.  
Cynthia enters, sits in a chair in front of his desk.

CYNTHIA  
Mr. Kenneth, good to see you.

CARL  
Even your assistant calls me Carl.

CYNTHIA  
Sorry, Mr. Kenneth. I'm old school.

CARL  
If you're old school, what am I?

CYNTHIA  
Legendary.

CARL  
Can I get you something to drink?

CYNTHIA  
Is this about the board meeting?

CARL  
Cutting right to the chase. Why we  
get along so well.

CYNTHIA  
Where should we start? Fear, or  
anger?

CARL  
One leads to the other.

CYNTHIA  
They don't think I'm taking this  
company in the right direction.

CARL  
It's the initiatives you're  
pushing.

CYNTHIA  
ZeldTech's been enterprise for so  
long, they don't see the consumer  
market as viable.

CARL  
People fear the unknown.

CYNTHIA  
They're not scared of my ideas.

CARL  
What else would it be?

CYNTHIA  
Me, personally.

Carl looks her up and down.

CARL  
You're not that intimidating.

CYNTHIA  
Because you're just as  
intimidating. Am I in trouble?

CARL  
Not yet. But there are...  
rumblings.

CYNTHIA  
Of course there are. Timeline?

CARL  
Before the end of the year.

She winces, pinches the bridge of her nose.

CYNTHIA  
Merry fucking Christmas.

**INT. CYNTHIA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Cynthia's home is just as sterile and high-end as her office.

Still wearing her work suit, Cynthia clicks at her laptop.

Propped up against the table are labeled and annotated Mood  
Boards: "Ceremony," "Reception," "Honeymoon."

CYNTHIA  
If we enroll the bridal party in  
music lessons, there's our  
orchestra. You played flute in  
fourth grade, right?

Her fiancée, RACHEL KIM (38), a litigator in high-end lounge  
wear, stands in the spotless kitchen. She sets down her tea.

RACHEL  
I can't do this.

Cynthia moves squares on her screen, each labeled with a  
bridal party member. She matches them to instrument icons.

CYNTHIA  
That's fine, Steven can learn flute  
and you can have French horn.

She clicks on her calendar. Every day has a countdown.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
We've only got a hundred ninety  
days left, so get on it.

RACHEL  
Cynthia. Listen to me.

CYNTHIA  
I am, I am. Wait, if you're French  
horn now, then we're gonna need --

RACHEL  
Cynthia!

Cynthia finally looks up from her computer.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
I'm breaking up with you.

Cynthia opens her mouth to protest. Rachel holds up a finger.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
You can't convince me otherwise.  
You can't threaten legal action.  
You can't talk to the fucking  
manager.

She takes a deep breath, and exhales.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
It's over, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA  
I will... respect your decision.

Rachel blinks in shock.

RACHEL  
You will?

Cynthia takes out her phone, opens the notes app.

CYNTHIA  
Have a seat. Let's begin the exit  
interview.

#### **INT. BAR - EVENING**

A table covered in empty wine glasses.

A less put-together Cynthia runs her finger down the wine  
list. Her best friend, non-binary JACE WEEKS (35) sits across  
from her, their mouth hanging open.

JACE  
She fucking dumped you?

CYNTHIA  
Thinking of the Zin next.

JACE  
Go back to the part where Rachel  
called off the wedding, please.

The SERVER walks by. Cynthia flags them down.

CYNTHIA  
Excuse me, can I have the Sand  
Beach Cab? The nine ounce pour.

The server exits.

JACE  
Thought you were getting the Zin.

CYNTHIA  
I can change my mind too! Look at  
me! Living on the edge, who cares  
about the consequences!

JACE  
Maybe you've had enough.

CYNTHIA  
Oh, I've had plenty. But you don't  
see me giving up when the going  
gets rough! I see things through to  
the motherfucking end!

The server puts the glass of wine down on the table. Cynthia  
reaches for it. Jace slides it in front of them, instead.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Maybe I should sell my place, quit  
my job, move out of state.

JACE  
I'd recommend against any big life  
decisions.

CYNTHIA  
Oh, like getting dumped?

Cynthia slides the wine back over to her side, takes a gulp.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
She made that decision for me! For  
both of us! After two years,  
literally left at the altar!

JACE  
Metaphorically.

CYNTHIA  
Literally metaphorically!

JACE  
Did she say why?

CYNTHIA  
Oh, she had nothing but reasons!

She pulls out her phone.

JACE  
You wrote it down?

CYNTHIA  
I always take notes.

She reads.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
I'm too controlling, and I don't  
know how to let go.

JACE  
Well, I can see how --

CYNTHIA  
Shush. I'm not done. I order people  
around. Do I do that?

Jace opens their mouth.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Answer me!

JACE  
Sometimes?

CYNTHIA  
Et tu, Brute?

JACE  
What do the other notes say?

CYNTHIA  
Blah blah blah, relentless, blah  
blah blah, emotionally unavailable,  
blah blah blah, insensitive, like  
I'm the one who canceled a wedding  
after we put down deposits!  
(MORE)



CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
All because I didn't want canned  
music like a basic bitch! Fucking  
asshole bastard cunt!

The server has returned. He blinks in shock. Jace does too.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Can I see the food menu?

**INT. CYNTHIA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Cynthia stumbles through the front door, drunk.

CYNTHIA  
Sorry I'm home so late.

She checks her watch. It's after one in the morning.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Shit. You're probably sleeping.

She clicks on her phone's flashlight.

**INT. CYNTHIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Cynthia shines the light over the perfectly made bed.

CYNTHIA  
Rachel?

She clicks on the bedroom lights. No Rachel.

She looks at the nightstand. She remembers --

**INT. CYNTHIA'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY**

Rachel stacks another book in a precarious tower.

RACHEL  
I like the visual guilt. Maybe I'll  
feel so bad I actually read one.

Cynthia taps at her phone.

CYNTHIA  
I'm buying a bookshelf. Wood or  
metal? Never mind. This one matches  
the dresser. And, done.

Busy placing the order, she doesn't see Rachel frown.

**INT. CYNTHIA'S BEDROOM - BACK TO PRESENT**

Cynthia stumbles into the pristine bathroom. She opens the drawer on Rachel's side of the sink. Empty.

**INT. CYNTHIA'S BATHROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY**

Cynthia opens the drawer, shows Rachel the compartments.

CYNTHIA

And if you lift the brush out of  
its spot, see?

There's a label underneath: "brush."

RACHEL

Wow. That's... great.

**INT. CYNTHIA'S BATHROOM - BACK TO PRESENT**

Cynthia slams the drawer shut.

CYNTHIA

Oh, I'm sorry you don't want to  
optimize your living environment  
for peak efficiency!

She stomps out of the bathroom.

**INT. CYNTHIA'S DINING ROOM**

The moodboards sit where they were earlier, mocking her. She smashes and folds them into crumpled balls.

CYNTHIA

You're not the only one who can  
clean up. I can clean up, too.  
Watch me clean up.

She throws them in the garbage, slumps in her chair. She opens her laptop.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Might as well get some work done.

Her vision blurs. She rubs at an eye, clicks open a tab.

Her Google search is garbled. Cynthia clicks the first link.

An ad to the right of the article shows two women, smiling and laughing. The large print says, "Lonely?"

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Fuck you, Google. You don't know  
me.

The ad copy changes: "Yeah, we do."

Cynthia blinks in shock, focuses her blurry eyes. The ad is  
back to "Lonely?"

**INT. CYNTHIA'S DINING ROOM - MORNING**

A phone alarm blares.

Cynthia's asleep on her laptop. A Word document is open. A  
line of Z's run over the page, filling it.

She opens her gummy eyes and paws around for her phone. The  
alarm increases in pitch and loudness.

CYNTHIA  
Shut up, shut up, shut the fuck up.

She shuts off the alarm, wincing and groaning.

She goes into the kitchen, gets a bottle of ibuprofen and a  
glass of water. She shakes out four pills, gulps them down.

She lurches back to the table, picks her phone up again,  
checks her texts. One from Jace asks if she's okay.

There's a bunch of notifications from WhatsApp.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Since when do I have WhatsApp?

She clicks the app. The chat's labeled THAILAND, DECEMBER.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
The actual fuck?

The messages are about plans, activities, itineraries. One  
group member, ELIZABETH, is obnoxiously excited. She's  
replied to every single message from everyone else.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Why am I...

She checks her email. A receipt. A ten thousand dollar  
vacation to Thailand from "Go Group."

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Oh my God?