

SEASON 3 EPISODE 1 EUPHORIA SPEC SCRIPT

"Any Fool can Make a Rule"

Written by

William Keiser

Based on HBO's *Euphoria* by Sam Levinson,  
Based on the original Israeli show on HOT, *Euphoria*

ON BLACK:

RUE (V.O.)  
When Elliot was 11, he played his  
first sold-out house.

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

11 YEAR OLD ELLIOT sits at the piano, full ORCHESTRA behind him.

The silence is deafening.

He puts his fingers to the keys, looks at the conductor, and - begins playing the opening notes of **Rachmaninov: Piano Concerto No. 2 in C Minor, Op. 18.**

In the first row of the audience, a BEAMING FAMILY.

Close-up on 11 year old Elliot's face, mini fingers straddling octaves, beads of sweat forming, body rocking back and forth, face contorting from ecstasy to discomfort to concentration, mouth making those little aural processing tics that professional concert pianists make.

A TEAR rolls down the cheek of the family's NICE-LOOKING, PROUD MOM.

MOVEMENT ENDS. Coughing. Scuttling. The conductor looks at him. We see the other musicians - looking at this young prodigy.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - CONTINUOUS

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE. SHOUT OF ENCORE, ENCORE from the Black-tie clad audience.

Elliot gives a little bow, very stiff, very earnest.

OLD WHITE MEN in the audience shout Bravo! Bravo! whistling. The other musicians, instruments down, clap wildly.

INT. MANSION DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Eleven Year-Old Elliot and an ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD FRIEND stuff their faces at an otherwise lonely, empty dining room table with KEY LIME PIE. They smear it each other's noses. Shovel it down.

The NICE MOM from before comes to the table with a pitcher of instant powder lemonade.

11 YEAR OLD ELLIOT  
Thank you so much, Mrs. Taber.

NICE MOM  
You're very welcome.

11 YEAR OLD ELLIOT  
Wait, actually, Mrs. Taber?

NICE MOM  
Yes?

11 YEAR OLD ELLIOT  
May I please also have some water?

NICE MOM  
Wow, you have such nice manners,  
Elliot. Please and thank you.  
(to the Eleven Year Old  
Friend)  
Take notes.

ELEVEN YEAR OLD FRIEND  
(through mouthful of cake)  
Thanks, mom. Can you please go  
away?

Elliot sneezes and covers his mouth.

ELLIOT  
Excuse me.

Nice Mom grabs Eleven Year Old Friend's cheeks, making him giggle.

NICE MOM  
Can you please spank my bottom?  
That's what you're saying. Can you  
please? Please take my Nintendo  
away? What a pistol.

ELEVEN YEAR OLD FRIEND  
Mom! Go away!

NICE MOM  
Okay! Elliot, let me know if you  
need anything.

ELLIOT  
Thank you! I will.

NICE MOM  
You played so well tonight.

ELLIOT  
Thank you.

She leaves.

ELEVEN YEAR OLD FRIEND  
Wait why is your mom not here? For  
two-mom chat chat.

ELLIOT  
I don't know, she just said I'd be  
having a sleepover with you.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Elliot, with pillow pet and sleeping bag and mini-tux on a  
dry cleaner hanger, stands in his driveway. Waves goodbye to  
the NICE FAMILY'S Range Rover.

RUE (V.O.)  
Elliot found out later that the  
night of the concert...

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT (THE NIGHT BEFORE)

ELLIOT'S MOM and ELLIOT'S DAD scream bloody murder at each  
other in the living room.

ELLIOT'S MOM  
Maybe you should have thought of  
that eleven fucking years ago!

RUE (V.O.)  
...was the night his parents had  
the fight.

INT. ELLIOT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

11-Year-Old-Elliot and his dad sit at a small dinette.  
Elliot's mom puts a GRILLED FISH CASSEROLE on the table next  
to SPINACH.

RUE (V.O.)  
Not "a fight." They had one of  
those pretty much every night.

ELLIOT'S MOM  
Have some creamed spinach, Tom.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
I don't like spinach. Do you,  
buddy?

Elliot looks up at both parents.

ELLIOT  
It's okay.

ELLIOT'S MOM  
But El, leafy greens are the  
healthiest kind of vegetable for  
you. That's why I'll only put a  
little bit on your plate. A No-  
Thank-You Portion.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
If he doesn't like it, don't give  
him more. Buddy. Don't let anybody  
do that to you. When somebody  
doesn't respect you, you never take  
it. That's what your mom is always  
doing to me.

Elliot's dad takes the spinach off of Elliot's plate and puts  
it on his mother's. Elliot laughs weakly.

INT. ELLLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elliot's dad and mom take their argument inaudibly to the  
living room.

RUE (V.O.)  
The fight.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
You make me fucking sick. He's your  
kid. Not my fucking kid. Your  
fucking kid.

ELLIOT'S MOM  
What the fuck are you talking  
about?

Elliot's dad doesn't say anything.

RUE (V.O.)  
Elliot's dad had lost his fucking  
mind. Because...

ELLIOT'S DAD  
You raised a fucking faggot.

Elliot's Dad holds up a DRAG SHOW INVITATION.

ELLIOT'S DAD (CONT'D)  
I found this in his bedroom drawer.

ELLIOT'S MOM  
And?

ELLIOT'S DAD  
And? And you're gonna pretend not  
to know what this means?

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Pre-performance, 11 Year Old Elliot does finger exercises,  
then jumping jacks.

RUE (V.O.)  
Now, Elliot wasn't actually gay.

An OLDER GAY MAN with a BASSOON comes over to him and  
crouches down.

OLDER GAY MAN  
Hey, little man! Psyched for  
tonight?

ELLIOT  
(dead serious)  
Super psyched.

OLDER GAY MAN  
Awesome. High five. Oh, by the way,  
we're all going to this later.

ELLIOT  
(reads)  
Mama LaGrange's Xtravaganza?

OLDER GAY MAN  
I don't know if it's age  
appropriate. But if your parents  
say it's okay, you're welcome  
there. There's no alcohol involved,  
most of us are actually sober here,  
if you can believe it.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE T-BALL FIELD - DAY

Little Leaguers in uniforms wait in the dugout. 7-YEAR-OLD ELLIOT IS UP, pushed by his coach dad to the mound. The ball FLIES TOWARD US, and Elliot starts CRYING.

RUE (V.O.)  
But Elliot didn't like sports,  
much.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FLAG FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

7-YEAR OLD ELLIOT is briefed by Coach Dad.

COACH/ELLIOT'S DAD  
When I blow this whistle, you're  
going to chase the person with the  
ball and pull his flag. Okay?

He blows.

The game commences... Elliot doesn't chase the player. He wanders around the field, singing to himself.

On the sideline:

COACH/ELLIOT'S DAD (CONT'D)  
(sotto voce)  
What the fuck? What the fuck is he  
doing?

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FLAG FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

A little later... GAME OVER. The last "Good Games" are being exchanged.

A rogue player from the other team, a little boy his age named HARRISON, follows Elliot to gloat.

Close-up on Harrison's forehead as he comes near Elliot.

RUE (V.O.)  
And didn't like hanging out with  
boys his age.

HARRISON  
Look at me! Look at me! I'm wearing  
a wig!

The boy manipulates the skin on his forehead, back and forth, back and forth. Then takes off his shirt and starts wiggling his hips.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
I bet you like it when I do that.  
Because you're a **gaylord!**

RUE (V.O.)  
And in America, that makes you gay.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elliot's mom and dad scream from across the room.

ELLIOT'S MOM  
What would you call it, then?

ELLIOT'S MOM (CONT'D)  
Creative? Sweet?

ELLIOT'S DAD  
Creative, ha. And it's your fucking fault. The goddamn piano lessons.

ELLIOT'S MOM  
What about them?

Elliot's dad disappears into the garage.

ELLIOT'S MOM (CONT'D)  
Where are you going? Thomas, where are you going?

Elliot's dad emerges with an AXE. His mom screams.

ELLIOT'S DAD  
You both are dead to me. You understand that, right? Don't ever contact me again.

He HACKS at the Steinway, axe tip flying into polished black wood.

EXT. PORCH OF ELLIOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Eleven year old Elliot rings the doorbell. No answer. Rings again. Knocks. Knocks again. Rings again. Rings again. Rings again. Again. Again. Again. Again. Again in a pattern.



He leans against the door and rings the doorbell in a musical, rhythmical pattern of his own creation until he slides down the door in defeat.

INT. SOCIAL WORKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Eleven year old Elliot sits as his mom screams into a cell-phone on speaker across from a SOCIAL WORKER with pity written across her face.

RUE (V.O.)

Elliot's mom tried to get alimony.

ELLIOT'S MOM

Put him on the phone, the fucking coward. What do you mean, nothing? I'm going to fight this. A pre-nup? No, I never signed a pre-nuptial agreement. Why?

SOCIAL WORKER

Ma'am, there are other people in line.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

All the furniture is gone, except the piano, which still bears marks of its partial destruction. WORKERS lug large boxes into a moving truck outside. Elliot's mom silently sobs.

ELLIOT

Can I help?

MOVING MAN

(laughs)

No, it's okay, buddy. You just sit there and hang by your mommy, ok?

RUE (V.O.)

When Elliot's dad left, he took everything.

INT. GLASS EXECUTIVE SUITE - DAY

Elliot's dad, in suit, in conference room, signs a paper brought to him by his LAWYER.

ELLIOT'S DAD

I want everything.

The lawyer laughs.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Elliot watches WORKERS drain the pool.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elliot sits cuddled up with his AUNT MARY and cousin ANGELITA. Watching **Sleepless in Seattle** on their TV.

ANGELITA

Where's your mom?

AUNT MARY

She went to take a walk. One second, let me go get her.

ELLIOT

No, it's okay. It's... okay.

We fly backwards through the wall downstairs to:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Could be the same complex Laurie lives in. Elliot's Mom SMOKES METH OUT OF A PIPE behind the dumpster.

Mary walks out the first floor door, and looks around, not seeing her.

RUE (V.O.)

And then, like about four hundred thousand kids in the United States every year, Elliot entered the foster care system.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Elliot and a T-shirt clad BEARDED-MAN pull open a truck's sliding doors. The parking lot is empty.

BEARDED MAN

Follow me, buddy.

Bearded-Man walks Elliot, trailing suitcases, into:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

...with sleeping bags set up and a RAGTAG bunch of kids and emerging adults 9 to 20 years old.

Bearded man hands Elliot soap and a bath towel and a pair of flip flops.

BEARDED MAN

(pointing)

Shower time is between 6 and 7 AM and it is mandatory. You're gonna want to use shower shoes because some of the kids got foot fungus. Sleeping bags go here - since it's the weekend, they're allowed to stay out all day. During the week an actual class of kids uses this space so you're going to need to roll them up by 8 AM.

An UPRIGHT PIANO, draped in bunting, attracts Elliot's eyes.

Elliot is a moth to its flame, and we're in the

INT. CLASSROOM - DARK

A single spotlight illuminates the piano. The kids become musicians, holding instruments akimbo, watching Elliot take his seat ceremoniously and PLAY the first notes of Tchaikovsky's **Nutcracker 2nd Act Cavalier and Sugar Plum Pas de Deux arranged for Piano**

The other kids stand up one by one and slow clap after a few seconds, which speeds up to a roaring, thunderous applause.

SLAM CUT BACK  
TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Not really. Elliot makes his way to an open space and unrolls his sleeping bag. A FOURTEEN YEAR OLD with majorly tufty upper lip hair reaches out his arm.

RUE (V.O.)

Elliot never touched a piano again.

ELLIOT

Hi, I'm Elliot.

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD

Hey man, I'm Mack. You can't put your bed there.

ELLIOT

Oh, okay. Um, where?

Bearded-Man comes over and interferes. We zoom out and the scene is just inaudible gestures.

ON BLACK -

RUE (V.O.)  
Elliot lived in 4 different homes  
over 3 years.

MONTAGE -

-- Elliot eating dinner with a big blonde family with 6 kids, everyone wearing crosses and a DAD saying grace and everyone bowing their heads except for Elliot.

-- Elliot eating dinner at a large, grave dining table with one older woman and 6 cats on the other chairs. She flashes him weird looks, he gives a weak smile, and she snaps her gaze back to her plate.

-- Elliot walking up to a bedroom doorway - A SOCK on the door. A creepy dad winks and points to a bedroom a few doors away.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON

Mack (tufty haired 14 year old) and a group of other KIDS smoke a blunt.

RUE (V.O.)  
And in that time, he learned a new  
set of rules. The strict social  
code of American adolescence.

Mack hands it to Elliot. He takes it and smokes THE WRONG  
END.

MACK  
Dude, what the fuck are you doing?

Mack shows him the right way to hold it.

Elliot takes a drag.

MACK (CONT'D)  
You inhale. Did you inhale?

A beat.

Elliot starts coughing violently.

MACK (CONT'D)  
Good job, dude.

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

16 year old Elliot in his driveway again. This time with tattoos, piercings, and an early (unfortunate) self hair dye job.

ANGELITA opens the door, they embrace.

ANGELITA  
Lil' cus! Let me get something.

ELLIOT  
Angelita! Missed you. It's okay,  
I'm good.

ANGELITA  
I'm a person who can carry things.

He hands her the box he's lugging.

RUE (V.O.)  
After his aunt died, and his cousin  
turned eighteen, Angelita legally  
adopted Elliot.

Elliot goes inside the house.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elliot stumbles through this tomb that was once his childhood home. Fixtures hang from the ceiling. Tile's been ripped out.

RUE (V.O.)  
The silver lining was that Elliot's  
dad never actually owned the deed  
to the house. So Angelita got it  
when Elliot's mom passed away.

Angelita turns up behind Elliot.

ANGELITA  
I know. It's depressing as fuck,  
right?

She takes out a cigarette.

ANGELITA (CONT'D)  
Oh, sorry.

ELLIOT  
I'll take a cig.

ANGELITA  
Wait, you're not a kid anymore. You  
smoke now? You shouldn't.

ELLIOT  
Wait, smoking is bad for you?

A second...

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
I'm just fucking with you.

ANGELITA  
Oh, so you want to get beat up.

They laugh. She gives him a noogie.

Oh, I almost forgot. I got  
something for you. Take your mind  
off this shithole. Which I am going  
to fix up.

ELLIOT  
You didn't have to...

ANGELITA  
Nope. Shut up.

Angelita leads Elliot into the living room and there's a  
guitar on the stool.

ANGELITA (CONT'D)  
It's used, but.

ELLIOT  
Oh, my gosh, thank you. This is  
super dope. I, uh, I don't know how  
to play.

She mimes fingers flying.

ANGELITA  
You'll pick it up.

INT. ELLIOT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Time Lapse: Elliot plays guitar, learning at first, then more confident, then lying on the floor, then masturbating, then on a Razor, on a Palm Pre, drinking, on an iPhone 5, with a girl, an iPhone 7, smoking a blunt, and then zoom in on iPhone X.

INT. ELLIOT'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Elliot stalks Rue on Instagram on his laptop. He looks at one picture, then closes it. Types in search bar, **@julesnotjewel**. Jules' profile comes up. He opens an old pic of Jules posing with Rue's hand in the picture in the sunset.

ZOOM IN, STUDY comments:

**@rurubenn: aw I love you**

Elliot opens reply:

**@julesnotjewel: I love you so much \*pink heart emoji with sparkle\***

He opens another, a particularly suggestive picture with stars over Jules' nipples. Caption: "free the nip I guess".

He starts to masturbate looking at it and in the process accidentally double taps the picture.

KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

He frantically pulls his dick back into his pants and Angelita enters as he tries to undo the like.

ANGELITA

(leaning her head in)

Some girls here to see you. Say  
their names are Rue and Jules?

TITLE CARD: **EUPHORIA**

INT. RUE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The alarm goes off. Gia stretches, opens her eyes, and:

Dramatic pullback to reveal, in Gia's POV:

RUE, LESLIE, ROBERT'S PARENTS, and ALI standing over the bed with streamers everywhere, party hats on, those little inflatable blow up tongues squeaking as they unfurl with a pop into Gia's cheeks.

RUE (V.O.)

April First happens to be my sister's birthday. Which is kind of fun.

RUE

Happy birthday, Gia!

GIA

Mom! Gia! Oh my God... mmmmmffff.  
Thank you. You guys didn't have to.  
You guys went all out. Grandma?  
Rue? Oh my God, you guys?!

ROBERT'S DAD

(singing)

Haaaaaaa....

Everyone starts singing.

LESLIE

Happy birthday, sweetie.

GIA

Mom, mom, thank you.

They hug. Leslie doesn't let go. Rue joins.

RUE

You... I... Mom... I don't know why I'm crying.

GIA

It's my birthday, I'm the one who's supposed to be crying.

ROBERT'S MOM

I think of you every year on April 1st! You know, you are our favorite fool.

ROBERT'S DAD

We even booked you a Mariachi band.

RUE

Really?

ROBERT'S DAD

No.



They laugh. The grandparents and Ali go into the other room.

ALI  
Happy birthday, Gia.

ROBERT'S MOM  
Come out when you're ready and  
we'll have breakfast together.

Rue, Gia, and Leslie just look at each other for a moment.  
Gia rouses, groggily goes to the door.

GIA  
I have to brush my teeth.

She leaves Leslie and Rue together.

LESLIE  
I think we did good.

They high five. Rue goes to leave.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
Stay for a second. Rue, I need to  
talk to you about something.

RUE  
Um, okay.

LESLIE  
So, you know how we invited Nana  
and Gramps for Gia's birthday?

RUE  
Yeah, I haven't seen them since the  
funeral.

LESLIE  
I didn't invite them just for Gia's  
birthday. I have made a decision.

RUE  
What?

Gia pops her head in.

LESLIE  
You know what? Never mind. I'll  
tell you after you get home.

GIA  
Oh my God! Rue! Come here.

They round the corner, and there's a MARIACHI BAND in the living room. Rue looks at her mom, like, what?

They play a little.

Then Gia pulls her hand and shoves Rue out the door.

GIA (CONT'D)  
We're going to be late.

INT. BUS - DAY

Gia, in sunglasses, smiles. Rue looks back at her house.

RUE  
Are you ready for today?

GIA  
Always.

RUE (V.O.)  
Meanwhile, Maddy was preparing for war.

**Revolución by Ballet Folklórico de México** plays pre-lap.

INT. MADDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

We pan up into the barrel of a HANDGUN Maddy points straight at us.

INT. MADDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Kat waits in the living room. She waves a tentative hi to Maddy's dad, who comes downstairs in his underwear and grabs some paper towels from the kitchen.

On the TV, Close-up on a video of BALLETT FOLKLÓRICO DE MÉXICO: a stage full of women in colorful skirts stomping with giant rifles in their hands.

Watch this. No, seriously, stop what you're doing, copy/paste this into your web browser, and watch this from 0:23:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c75MF06Quv4>

KAT  
Hi.

MADDY'S DAD  
Hi.

INT. MADDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Close-up on Maddy's Phone:

KAT [I'm downstairs.]

KAT [Does your dad own pants lol]

WHITE GUY IN POLO SHIRT (ON LAPTOP)

I just wanna make sure I have a straight line with the gun in my hand. Straight down my forearm. And it doesn't really matter stance, whether I point my toes front or angle to the side, it really doesn't matter.

We swivel around to see that the gun is pointed at a target hanging on the door of her bedroom. Maddy checks the alignment of her wrist and shoulder.

INT. MADDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kat watches the TV as she waits (the Ballet Folklórico.)

KAT

What's that?

MADDY'S DAD

It's a Mexican folk dance. It's *La Revolución*. There were women who fought in the Mexican revolution.

KAT

That's pretty cool.

MADDY'S DAD

Do you want me to check on Maddy for you?

KAT

That's okay. I texted her, but maybe I can?

She gestures to the stairs.

MADDY'S DAD

Yeah, sure, go up. She's probably asleep.

INT. MADDY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maddy grips the gun securely, positioning both hands on each other, then checks the tutorial.

MAN IN TUTORIAL (ON LAPTOP)  
We typically use that takedown  
leverage as a reference point for  
your thumb. Right up there, and we  
close that gap in the back.

She points it again.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Kat goes up the stairs toward Maddy's room.

INT. MADDY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

NATE APPEARS in front of the door with his hands raised in  
surrender. Maddy shakes.

NATE  
I understand you wanting to do it.

MADDY  
You cheated.

NATE  
I cheated. But I'm not really the  
one you want to kill, am I?

CASSIE APPEARS in front of the door HOLDING HANDS WITH NATE.

CASSIE  
Hi, Maddy.

MADDY  
Honestly, how could you?

CASSIE  
Honestly, it was fun. I'd do it  
again.

Cassie leans in to make out with Nate, passionately.

Maddy screams and holds the gun out:

INT. MADDY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

TWO LOUD KNOCKS.

The gun cocked at the door, the tutorial goes TO AN AD and Maddy puts the gun down under the desk, shaking.

MALE VOICE

I took my wife to her first live performance last year. We loved it. Get your seat in a seat with Seatgeek.

Kat opens the door and appears in the doorway. Maddy shuts the laptop.

KAT

Ready? Why are you screaming?

MADDY

Fuck, you scared me. Never do that again.

KAT

Never do what?

MADDY

Never mind.

Kat inspects a poster of Selena. Maddy slides the GUN into her bag.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Kat and Maddy walk to class. Rue walks with Lexi, tries to avoid Jules' gaze. Cassie puts books in a locker.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Bell rings. Students leave.

RUE (V.O.)

Maddy was in a weird place. A few days before, she'd asked Kat for a favor.

EXT. WALMART - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Kat drives into the parking lot.

KAT

So you seriously aren't gonna tell me what this is for?

MADDY

I'm buying snacks for our study sesh.

Kat parks the car. She gives each other a look.

KAT

So I can come in with you.

MADDY

No, I'm buying something else, too.

KAT

Stop being weird!

MADDY

Do you trust me?

KAT

Yeah.

MADDY

Okay. Love you, thanks for the ride.

Maddy gets out.

INT. WALMART - DAY

**This Land is Your Land by Woody Guthrie** plays inside.

Racks of graphic Tees with aphorisms and cartoon characters stand next to a grocery store section, household cleaners, lawnmowers, and glass cases of perfume and jewelry.

Maddy makes her way to the back, the GUN SECTION, all camo cases hanging from racks and a lone countertop.

A light-skinned black man in cap and blue employee vest stands with his back to us behind it. Maddy takes a deep breath, a bead of sweat forming, and walks up to the counter.

MADDY

Hi.

WALMART EMPLOYEE WITH CAP

Hold on one second, I'll be right with you.

The employee turns around and it's ELLIOT.

ELLIOT  
Hi, how can I help you?

We look down through Maddy's POV at ASSAULT RIFLES, PISTOLS, HUNTING RIFLES in a glass case.

MADDY  
Um, do you have like a small gun?  
That's cheap?

ELLIOT  
What kind are you looking for?

MADDY  
I don't know, a handgun. For self-defense.

ELLIOT  
We don't actually sell true handguns here. If you take a look at that cabinet we have BB guns and airsofts. I can also sell you any of these rifles behind me without a permit, but we don't sell handguns here.

MADDY  
Are BB guns effective?

ELLIOT  
What do you mean, effective?

MADDY  
Like, would it kill someone?

ELLIOT  
With these 60 mps Daisies, or similar markups, you could fracture bone, if you're, like, within 15 feet. Who you trying to kill though? A robber or something?

MADDY  
Like, a rapist. I'll take one of these.

Elliot unlocks a glass case and pulls out a Crosman SR357. It looks like a REAL REVOLVER. Elliot takes it to the check-out counter and rings her up.

ELLIOT  
That's all for you today?

MADDY

Yep.

ELLIOT

99.47 Please.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Maddy walks through the hallway purposefully, and glances inside her purse. The gun sits nestled inside.

RUE (V.O.)

It made Maddy feel more secure to have a weapon. Partly because Cassie and Nate still existed...

Nate and Cassie make out in front of a locker. Maddy passes, scowling.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Maddy takes her time packing up at her desk.

RUE (V.O.)

And partly because it felt like the whole fucking school was conspiring against her.

The Science Teacher, Mr. Prescott, puts a hand on her shoulder.

MR. PRESCOTT

Madeleine. I need to talk to you for a second. You're a junior, right? If I can ask, what are your plans, you know, post high school?

MADELEINE

Um, I'm not sure. Probably community college. I don't know. Why?

MR. PRESCOTT

Because I'm handing them out tomorrow, but you got the highest score on the exam.

MADELEINE

Thermodynamics?

A beat.



MR. PRESCOTT

And if I report you for cheating on  
this test, it's a permanent stain  
on your record.

Zoom in on Maddy's face.

RUE (V.O.)

Now, Maddy was no stranger to  
cheating.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- In a bathroom, Maddy copying answers onto a wraparound  
water bottle label.

- In the classroom at a desk, Maddy sets the water bottle on  
the table with the test. Mr. Prescott paces.

MR. PRESCOTT

Use a number two pencil. Fill in  
the bubbles fully. Madeleine, no  
outside items on your desk.

MADELEINE

You really want me to be  
dehydrated? Remember what happened  
last fall? Thank you.

- Maddy copying answers from the bottle wrapper during the  
test.

- A different (Math) test and teacher, Maddy copying answers  
written on the inside of a graphing calculator.

INT. ENGLISH/ETHICS CLASSROOM - DAY

A TEACHER stands and wags a finger.

RUE (V.O.)

And adults love to tell you over  
and over...

TEACHER

Cheaters never win.

EXT. GYM PRACTICE - DAY

A FOOTBALL COACH, maybe Mr. McKay, speaks to a huddle of  
football players, including Nate.

COACH  
Cheaters never win.

He blows whistle.

EXT. COURTROOM - DAY

We see Occupy Wall Street Protestors scream at suited figures entering a courthouse. The protestors wave effigies and cardboard hand-drawn protest signs. [ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE]

RUE (V.O.)  
But the thing about that particular  
aphorism is that no one believes  
it...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Lehman Brothers CEO RICHARD FULD is grilled by a prosecutor about his role in the 2008 financial crisis [ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE].

You can watch at this link (copy and paste):  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Mte6-u84Ehk>

Watch from 1:36.

RUE (V.O.)  
...because it's not even remotely  
fucking true.

PROSECUTOR  
Your company is now bankrupt, our  
economy is in a state of crisis,  
but you get to keep 480 million  
dollars. I have a very basic  
question for you. Is this fair?

Fuld pauses and adjusts his glasses. Then fully takes them off.

FULD  
Mr. Chairman, your first question  
was about the slides. Are they  
accurate...

BACK TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Maddy pleads with Mr. Prescott.

MADDY  
I didn't cheat! I swear to God.

RUE (V.O.)  
But that time, Maddy hadn't  
actually cheated. Maybe because the  
normal shit she did wasn't working  
out at all...

INT. MADDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Nate leaves with the gun. Maddy curls up in a ball crying.

INT. MADDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Books cracked open on the bed. Maddy memorizes formulas.  
Calculates.

RUE (V.O.)  
But for the first time in her life,  
Maddy was actually trying.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Maddy takes a Thermo test, scribbling entropy and energy  
conservation formulas from memory in the margins. Her eyes  
are red and bloodshot, circles underneath from studying too  
late.

She finishes the test, looks it over, and stands up. The  
other students are still crouched over their tests.

Rue sits in the front row, sweating over the same test, as  
Maddy passes her to leave.

RUE (V.O.)  
And so was I. Being clean for the  
first time since I was fourteen was  
not actually as bad as I thought  
it'd be.

She turns toward camera.

RUE  
It was 100 times worse.

EXT. NEBULA, OUTER SPACE - TIME DOESN'T EXIST, ONLY BIOLOGY

Simulation of a SUPERNOVA - EXPLOSION - and then an equally  
intense FORMATION OF A BLACK HOLE, sped up.

EXT. SPARSE ROOM - SOMETIME

Rue, in fabulous 70s Studio 54 Sequin Top and Pants, gesticulates at the board.

RUE

When a drug addict gets clean, they go through a period of what scientists call anhedonia.

Rue writes in chalk on the Blackboard: **anhedonia.**

Rue looks at camera for a long second, face neutral.

RUE (V.O.)

It's basically just a prolonged feeling of... nothing.

INT. RUE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Slow-mo. The Mariachi band enters. Balloons fill the room. Gia in party hat beams. Leslie, Ali, and Rue's grandparents clap.

Close-in on Rue, same blah expression.

RUE (V.O.)

The things in life that would usually give you that little hike of dopamine, that naturally cause pleasure....

INT. STEAMY SHOWER - SOMETIME

Hot NAKED MEN AND WOMEN press their bodies against naked, sexualized Rue. A long take. Her bored ass face.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Tests being handed out.

RUE (V.O.)

That normally cause anxiety....

Sweat forms on Lexi's forehead.

INT. SPARSE ROOM - SOMETIME

A slideshow of RUE'S DAD IN A HOSPITAL BED -- JULES AND ELLIOT TOGETHER -- GEORGE FLOYD WITH KNEE ON NECK.

RUE (V.O.)  
 ...grief, jealousy, disgust...

EXT. VIOLENT PROTEST - NIGHT

Rue walks between a row of POLICE in RIOT GEAR and ANGRY PROTESTERS in all black and long-sleeved outfits.

She leans against a Police Officer's shield as the police and protesters clash.

INT. SPARSE ROOM - SOMETIME

Rue lies on the floor of the classroom as OTHER STUDENTS jump up and down, partying, spraying SPRAY PAINT out of cans, scream.

RUE (V.O.)  
 Don't.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Jules sits by herself outside, headphones on, laptop open.

RUE (V.O.)  
 Now, at the time, and this is my fault, even though I wouldn't take it back...

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Rue kisses Jules' head.

INT. JULES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

RUE (V.O.)  
 Jules was going through her first IRL breakup. And it felt like the original heartbreak.

**Baz Luhrmann's "Romeo + Juliet" plays on Jules' computer.**  
 Elliot sits down next to her.

JULES  
 Thanks for coming.

ELLIOT  
 Of course. How you doing?

JULES

Good, I guess. Actually, no. Not good. I just don't get it. What did I do? You know?

ELLIOT

Nothing. I promise. Jules, you... it's not your fault.

JULES

All I did was be there for her. All I fucking did. Like do you know what shit she said to me? While she was in the depths of her fucking meltdown withdrawal shit?

ELLIOT

Yeah. I was there. But you literally cannot take any of that personally.

JULES

She told me I don't love people, Elliot. I just love being loved. And I think she's right.

ELLIOT

She's not. You love people. You can't, like, believe her, Jules. That's like rule one of loving a fucking addict. It sucks, but it's true.

JULES

But like, I think that's when people are actually being most honest.

ELLIOT

No!

JULES

No but like I think most of what people say is bullshit. I know it is. Because there's all this stuff people are thinking, secretly really thinking, that's just right under the surface, just waiting to come out.

ELLIOT

You can't think that way.

JULES

Like alt text. You know alt text?

ELLIOT

Nah, what's that?

JULES

Like on Instagram or Facebook, when the internet's slow and you're trying to cyberstalk someone, and a picture isn't loading, and it gives you a little message, like, "Pictured: Bald man and Black man smiling in a pool, holding cups." That's alt text. It gets, like, read aloud to deaf people.

ELLIOT

Sounds cool.

JULES

I think when people are angry or fucking going through withdrawal, or whatever, all the pretty pictures get stripped to just their fucking alt text versions and they just say the thing that they actually think.

ELLIOT

So you only think people are being honest when they're angry?

JULES

Basically, yeah. And I'm tired of the bullshit. Like, when people used to see me, it was like I had in sharpie on my forehead: I'm a faggot.

ELLIOT

But that was them. They're just transphobic assholes.

JULES

But that's the thing. They're not. They were normal people, and I was the freak. And now, like now it's different-

ELLIOT

Because of hormones?

JULES

No! I mean, yeah, maybe. Because of hormones, because of blockers, but... Now people just fucking hide what they actually think. Or worse, I hide that. But with Rue, she saw beneath all of that. She actually saw me.

Elliot hits a blunt.

ELLIOT

And that makes it hurt so much more, right?

JULES

Like, I am never trusting anyone again.

Elliot laughs.

ELLIOT

What about me?

JULES

I trust you. But also, not really. I don't trust anyone. Like I'm NEVER LETTING ANYONE DO THAT SHIT TO ME EVER AGAIN! I'm serious.

Elliot flinches. Looks genuinely scared. Takes a moment to compose himself.

ELLIOT

Yeah, I know. I hear you.

A beat.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

(hesitant)

But Jules, honestly, you can't think that way. Like, if I say you're pretty, and if I say you're sexy... I'm just lying to get in your pants?

Jules smiles.

JULES

I mean... maybe.

ELLIOT

I thought we were past that?



JULES

Maybe.

ELLIOT

Cause you are pretty. And you are sexy. And you are smart.

Jules goes in for a kiss. They kiss.

JULES

No, no, I can't do this.

ELLIOT

Can't do what?

JULES

I can't - I just... I'm not ready. Rue just... I can't, Elliot.

ELLIOT

We don't have to...

JULES

Don't have to what?

ELLIOT

Like, we don't need to put labels...

A beat. They just look at each other.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm sorry, I understand.

JULES

It's not that I don't... I just can't.

ELLIOT

No, I get it. You want me to go?

JULES

Like maybe, yeah.

ELLIOT

Okay, see ya, Jules.

RUE (V.O.)

She didn't tell Elliot, but Jules was back on her bullshit. And though it wasn't physically addictive...

INT. JULES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jules is alone, in her bed, no makeup, frumpy. Phone on five percent. Quick zoom into clock. **4:00 AM**. Grid up.

**Hi sexy**

Hi

**Pics?**

**How big is it?**

Jules looks away. Makes a face - *not again*. Then sends a nude.

RUE (V.O.)

You could get hooked on the feeling  
of being totally worthless.

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

Jules stands on a plank with a burning pyre on one side and a cryogenic freezer on the other.

RUE (V.O.)

Like maybe there was another world  
in which she would be rewarded for  
just... giving up. Like life was a  
trick question.

COMMENTATOR

So what'll it be? Fire or ice?

Jules, on the plank, confidently doesn't look down.

JULES

No.

COMMENTATOR

You have two choices. What'll it  
be, Jules? You have sixty seconds!  
The audience are dying to know.

Jules sits down on the plank.

JULES

No. I choose neither.

The plank detaches and the pits of fire and ice give way to a river, on which she is swept away.

COMMENTATOR

Very good! The correct answer was  
neither.

EXT. EMPTY HALLWAY - DAY

**BELL RINGS.**

Elliot, late to the assembly, opens his locker.

Filled to the brim with Dildos, which SPILL OUT ALL OVER HIM.

RUE (V.O.)

One thing you might not know about  
East Highland high... Is that we  
take April Fools day really, really  
seriously. So to speak.

ELLIOT

The fuck?

He throws them on the ground and stuffs his bag in and then  
runs into the ASSEMBLY HALL as Bobbi starts to close the door  
behind him.

RUE (V.O.)

Even though it's a dying holiday,  
it's the only day of the year,  
other than Halloween, that complete  
mayhem is allowed. Nay,  
appreciated.

MONTAGE:

-- TEEN GIRL leaves the bathroom with a positive pregnancy  
test and shows it to her BOYFRIEND in the HALLWAY, who freaks  
out.

-- Two STUDENTS sneak behind the CAFETERIA COUNTER and throw  
out a tray of REAL FISH, replace it with one of SWEDISH FISH.  
They scamper out again.

INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

PRINCIPAL HAYES addresses the class.

RUE (V.O.)

I mean, not officially. The  
administration increases its  
crackdown every year.

PRINCIPAL HAYES  
 As you know, pranks tomorrow will  
 be punishable with...

MONTAGE:

-- freshman year: "...detention."

-- sophomore year: "...suspension."

EXT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING

Principal Hayes walks to his office through the still dark hallway, keys jingling, humming.

RUE (V.O.)  
 Which just means that every year,  
 the pranks get more absurd.

Hayes bumps into a dark shape and SCREAMS.

Lights: It's A COW.

A hoodie-clad STUDENT recording the moment on his phone dashes into a stairwell, snickering.

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Maddy and Kat sit back in their chairs and look at each other. Maddy BLOWS A PINK BUBBLE and POPS it loudly.

RUE (V.O.)  
 Until this year...

Rue and Elliot slink in their seats.

PRINCIPAL HAYES  
 Whoever did this will face  
 expulsion.

NATE LAUGHS out loud. Everyone turns to look.

INT. EAST HIGHLAND HIGH HALLWAY - DAY

People shuffle out of the auditorium. Rue, leaning against the locker, gets a text from number:

FUCKBOY [address for tonight]

Maddy gets the same text, from

TRAVIS [**yo the party tonight is at**  
TRAVIS [**\*SENDS GEOLOCATION\***]

RUE (V.O.)  
And every year, somebody throws a  
secret party.

Lexi gets a different text.

TRAVIS [**I don't have the location but my friend is gonna send**  
**it.]**

Just then, the Fire Alarm goes off.

A SOPHOMORE GIRL runs through the hallway shirtless.

Students rushing toward the exits laugh and look as they  
stream out to a small lawn near the carpool/pickup line.

JULES  
What happened? Is this a fire  
drill?

MADDY  
I'm leaving. Who else?

Cassie climbs into Nate's car across the parking lot. Maddy  
and Cassie shoot each other a dagger-like stare.

INT. SUZE'S CAR - DAY

Lexi drives. Rue sits in the passenger seat. A long beat.

RUE  
I'm not sure he's gonna want to see  
me.

LEXI  
What are you talking about?

RUE  
It's just, the last time we hung  
out was kind of... he kind of...  
had to carry me out of his  
grandma's room and dump me in the  
street. And ignore me begging to be  
let back in.

LEXI  
I think he gets it.



They just look at each other. Lexi brings out some printed photos from a ziploc bag. Hands them to Fez.

FEZ (CONT'D)  
Yo, what are these?

He thumbs through them.

FEZ (CONT'D)  
Yo, these are of your play?

LEXI  
They don't let us bring phones or I'd show you a video. I'm really sorry you - I'm really sorry this happened. I-

Fez hands the photos back. Lexi starts to tear up.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
When I heard I... I...

Lexi and Fezco look at each other.

FEZ  
Lexi, I've been thinking. And. Rue, could you give us a second?

Rue turns away.

RUE  
Sure.

FEZ  
I really wanna be with you, Lexi.

Fez stands over the table. Lexi stands over the table.

The officers, now on alert, watch them as they KISS ROMANTICALLY -

OFFICER  
Hey, no touching!

They grab Fez and pull him back.

FEZ  
No, Lexi!

They drag him out.

FEZ (CONT'D)  
Come back, please, as often as you  
can! I'm thinking about you. I  
think I wanna marry you!

BACK TO:

INT. CONVERSATION ROOM, JAIL - CONTINUOUS (REAL TIME)

(None of the romantic stuff has actually happened.)

LEXI  
When I heard, I.. I...

Fez and Rue look at each other.

FEZ  
I mean thank you guys for coming.

He stands to go.

LEXI  
You have to go back now?

FEZ  
I mean, did you come for some other  
reason?

LEXI  
I can ask the guard if you wanna  
talk longer, like, maybe I can  
bribe him because it's probably,  
like against the rules to have this  
long together. Is it that one?

She points to a guard watching, chewing gum.

FEZ  
Nah, it's okay.

LEXI  
I thought you might want to talk  
about. I'm so sorry about Ash.

FEZ  
Bye Rue. Bye.

RUE  
Good to see you.

Fez just turns and leaves. The guard takes him back in. Off  
Lexi, dumbfounded by what happened.



RUE (CONT'D)  
 (to Lexi)  
 Did he like forget your name?

INT. NATE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Cassie lies on the bed, doing homework. Nate sits in a chair. It lightnings outside. Nate opens GRINDR on his phone. The little DRUM NOTIFICATIONS sound. Jules' tasteful nude. His profile name reads **Hung Dom 4 femmes** (no pic)

Cassie turns to Nate.

CASSIE  
 Whatcha doing?

She walks over to him.

NATE  
 Nothing. Do your homework, Cassie.

CASSIE  
 I am.

NATE  
 I'm checking to see if my recruiter is coming tomorrow.

CASSIE  
 Oh, okay. You know, McKay might have his number.

NATE  
 I'm fine, Cassie. I don't need it yet.

He gets up.

NATE (CONT'D)  
 I need to get some air.

He leaves the room, hesitates, and walks into CAL'S OFFICE. Locks the door.

He opens the picture of Jules and studies it. He opens a contact for Jules. He runs past their previous texts:

NATE [it's about my dad. and you.]  
 NATE [i just want you to be able to protect yourself.]  
 NATE [i'm out front.]

He types: **Hi Jules**

Erases it.

Then a little DRUMMING SOUND notification.

From profile "handsome twink": **hey daddy. PnP?**

**[explicit pic] [explicit pic] [explicit pic]**

Nate rubs his pants desperately. Sits in his father's leather chair. Spins around in it, then suddenly springs up to standing.

Nate walks downstairs softly. It looks like he's going to sneak out. Then he rounds the corner.

CASSIE

Hey.

Cassie is fully wearing an apron, cooking a casserole.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Do you like tuna?

Nate laughs.

NATE

Cassie, what the fuck are you doing?

CASSIE

I thought I'd cook for us.

NATE

I don't need you to cook for us.

CASSIE

Fine, then it's for me. And your mom. Do you know what time she'll be home?

Aaron comes down the stairs and stumbles into the kitchen in boxers.

AARON

Mm, something smells fuckin' amazing. What is that?

Aaron sees Cassie, the tense scene between her and Nate.

AARON (CONT'D)

Oh, hey Cassie. Whatcha cookin'?

CASSIE

A little casserole.

Cassie's phone buzzes. Nate's buzzes a second later. She looks. Her mood darkens.

AARON

What?

Nate checks his phone. Same realization.

UNKNOWN NUMBER: [**party tonight is at 4301 Chestnut Lane**]

NATE

What the fuck? Did you do this?

CASSIE

I swear I didn't do this, Nate.

AARON

What?

NATE

The fucking April Fools Party.

AARON

Hah! I remember those. They used to be crazier. It's not April Fools if some freshman doesn't get taped to a tree.

NATE

No, some fucktard sent my address to the whole fucking school. I'm gonna kill them.

EXT. NATE'S HOUSE - 6:00 PM (STILL LIGHT OUT)

The first debauched partygoers, in PICKUP TRUCK with kegs in the bed, screech around a corner into the driveway and ring the doorbell. Cassie opens it.

CASSIE

Nate?

They barge their way past.

PARTYGOER #1

Sweet House.

Partygoer two and three start setting up a MASSIVE SOUND SYSTEM.

**Mangüeiro by Baiuca, Aliboria** plays during transition -- to:

EXT. NATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a fucking "project X" display. Kids party. Skateboards, Boom Boxes, Flares, Homemade Fireworks. The cow is there in the yard. Elliot blows smoke rings.

Jules bikes in, a vision. She sees Elliot and bikes around him, choosing to avoid his sightline.

EXT. BEHIND A SHED IN NATE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jules scowls. Nate comes up to her, furtively, checking around.

JULES  
Why the fuck am I here?

NATE  
I don't know. Good question. Why are you on my property?

JULES  
Your property?

NATE  
It's my house, Jules.

JULES  
Fuck.

NATE  
Also, I need to see you about the CD. I need to make a copy.

JULES  
Wow, really?

NATE  
I want you to make another statement to the police.

Jules claps.

JULES  
Bravo, honestly. You done?

NATE  
Yeah.

JULES  
Kiss me.

NATE

Are you serious? Like, I actually don't want to. I think I just want to talk to you. Like a person. If that's cool.

JULES

No, I want you to kiss me. Please kiss me. No, like really grab me.

NATE

Um, I don't know what I'm doing.

JULES

What do you mean? With me? With this?

NATE

I've wanted this for so long. I've thought about this so much.

JULES

Have you?

NATE

I've-

JULES

The thing about men. I'm sorry. I don't usually do this. I'm like not in the best frame of mind. I'm going through a really hard time right now because Rue... she fucking... Rue just fucking left. And I'm not even sure that was love. And I'm not even sure if I'm capable of love.

NATE

Jules.

JULES

What?

NATE

I promise you, however fucked up you think you are, I'm worse.

A beat. He's dead serious. They scan each other. Then Jules starts hysterically laughing and he joins in, at first sympathetic, then genuinely in it with her.

JULES

I want you so bad.

NATE

I've never wanted to know someone  
as much as I want to know you.

JULES

You know you're canceled, right?  
You're the scum of the fucking  
earth. A misogynist. You know I  
won't put up with that at all,  
right? Literally not at all. I'm  
not submissive, Nate. I'm a girl,  
but I'm not whatever you think a  
girl is.

NATE

Okay.

JULES

You are so weird.

She kisses him.

JULES (CONT'D)

And, like, I dictate when we have  
sex.

NATE

Mhm.

JULES

Now. We're having sex now.

NATE

Now?

Jules grabs his hand and leads him into a bush.

JULES

Welcome to the queer community,  
bitch.

She pulls Nate down on top of her. They kiss, a long,  
trancelike kiss. Close up on Nate's eyes, Jules' eyes, the  
spark, the surprise, the emotion. After a second, he pulls  
back.

NATE

Wait, not here. I'll meet you in my  
bedroom in 10. It's at the top of  
the stairs, to the left.

EXT. NATE'S YARD - NIGHT

Nate weaves his way purposefully around partygoers with solo cups, music. Jules waits a moment and walks out from behind the shed. Right into Rue.

It's a moment of eye contact, the opposite of the one in S2E1 - an acknowledgment of past without dwelling inside it.

INT. MADDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maddy takes out the trash, no makeup, the shabbiest we've seen her, crying. She clutches her purse on one shoulder, keeps checking it every few seconds.

Headlights. Startled, she backs up, defensive, hand reaching for --

It's KAT'S CAR. Kat blinks the lights, rolls down the window.

KAT

Get in.

MADDY

Oh my God, you scared the shit out of me. Never do that again.

KAT

Come on, get in! I'm not letting you mope.

MADDY

I'm not moping! And I'm definitely the fuck not going to Nate's house.

EXT. NATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kat pulls up to a lawn with Maddy in the front seat, looking just as we saw her.

MADDY

No, no, no. Fuck, Kat. I can't go out like this.

KAT

Why, 'cause you look like a human? We'll go in, look around, and if it's bad, we'll just leave.

**Dua Lipa by Jack Harlow** plays pre-lap in transition to:





GIA  
 You *would* take April Fools' Day as  
 a free pass to just be a bad  
 person.

NICK  
 Correction - we already did. Come  
 on, you're not a little bit  
 curious?

INT. NATE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Skylar and Nick watch Gia overturn Maddy's purse onto the counter. Lipstick, tissues, cosmetics, tampons, keys, a wallet.

NICK  
 Mmm lipstick.

GIA  
 I think it's called lip liner.

She gives another shake and -

Out falls the (real looking) REVOLVER.

They look at each other. Skylar picks it up, points it at Nick.

SKYLAR  
 Hands up, bro.

Elliot walks through the door to the garage (not the garage door) with Rue.

ELLIOT	GIA
Hold on, I'll check.	(screaming
There might be more	at Skylar)
in the garage.	Stop!

Elliot sees Skylar holding the BB Gun Revolver and TACKLES Skylar. The gun fires a BB INTO GIA'S LEG.

Gia whimpers.

Just then the Garage Door rolls open.

We see Skylar, Nick, Elliot, and Gia's jaws gape. And Rue sighs, illuminated in twin beams of CAR HEADLIGHTS.

INT. NATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The last kiss of indulgent missionary sex. Nate comes in Jules. He moans, she smiles, and he rolls off her. Jules hits a vape. A long, drawn out pause before she speaks.

JULES

You know? It's crazy. I remember the first night I met you. After you ran me off the road. At the party. You were shirtless in the kitchen and you yelled at me. *Is anybody here friends with Jules?*

A long pause. She chuckles.

NATE

Oh my God. Did I do that?

She nods.

NATE (CONT'D)

Wait, and then you fucking cut your arm. What? I remember that.

He grins. Now she's serious.

JULES

I did.

NATE

I'm so sorry. I wish I could take it back. I honestly do.

JULES

Do you?

NATE

No, I really do. I really wish I could be anything else. Anyone fucking else, Jules. Anyone.

Tears well in his eyes. Jules touches his arm.

JULES

Don't do that.

He starts to cry, gently at first. Then gushing.

Jules just watches. It goes on a bit. It's a spectacle.

JULES (CONT'D)

Are you done?

NATE

What do you mean am I done?

JULES

You done crying?

NATE

So it's okay if you cry, but if I cry... you don't care?

Nate turns away.

NATE (CONT'D)

You don't forgive me?

JULES

I don't have to.

NATE

I know you don't have to, I know. I know, Jules. Fuck.

NATE (CONT'D)

No, stop. I'm not like...

Nate stands. Tears gush.

NATE (CONT'D)

Putting this on.

JULES

Nate, let me tell you something about my life. I can be put in jail just for *FUCKING WEARING THESE CLOTHES*. I can be run off the road with a car when I'm on my bike. People like you... You... get more chances than a person like me. You get more chances than I do, period. You can fuck up, and fuck up, and rape a person, and assault a person, and extort a person, and shove a gun in your girlfriend's face, and then fuck her best friend. You can do all of that shit and then still have a fucking girlfriend. After all that, you still believe that you *deserve* love. And you know what? I've never thought I deserved love. Not as an eleven year old slashing my wrists, and not now.

Nate is silent, his face crumpled, like tears could come.  
Jules is stoic.

NATE  
You do deserve love.

JULES  
Do I? Why?

Jules stands.

A knock at the door.

CASSIE  
Nate?

NATE  
Fuck.

Nate puts his hands over Jules' mouth.

She bites it.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

JULES  
I actually don't care if she knows.  
You don't even have a concept of  
what life is like for me.

Nate cries and frantically shushes her.

JULES (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
You think if I believed I deserved  
love, I'd fuck you?

Jules, naked, clutching her clothes, opens the door and storms out angry. Cassie stands there, looking inside, slack-jawed. Nate frantically shoves on underwear.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Jules looks down at the stairwell, but there's no one. It's deserted. Jules slows down. Nate comes to the door. Passes Cassie, follows Jules. The absence of people, the absence of sound is eerie. She slips clothes on at the foot of the stairs and walks outside, followed by Nate and Cassie.

No one. Jules walks around the yard. The wreckage of a crazy party: red solo cups, Juul pods, napkins, cigarette butts, beer bottles smooshed into the grass. The cow grazes in the back.

**Don't Miss It by James Blake** plays.

Nate and Cassie follow at a distance, the ferocity of earlier stopped by the apocalyptic scene.

They walk around to the front yard. Nothing. All the cars are still there. But no sound. They go back in the house.

CASSIE

Maddy? Kat?

JULES

Rue?

NATE

Yo! Is anyone there?

Cassie hears a sound, beckons them toward the garage. They tiptoe to the house door to the garage.

They open it.

A hundred people, all partygoers, are bound and gagged. BRUCEY, the thug in white tank top who forced Rue into the shower in S2E1, walks around inspecting the rope job. LAURIE stands at the center.

Other henchmen point assault rifles at Jules, Nate, and Cassie. The three raise their hands, inch toward the center.

LAURIE

Oh, welcome.

End on Rue, in the center, bound, gagged, and completely dispassionate about the whole hostage crisis unfolding around her.

END PILOT