

"Conception"

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EXT. DALLAS ARTS DISTRICT - NIGHT

We face a mid-rise apartment building, the rainbow glow of LED-lighted buildings reflected in the windows. The nearby highway roars.

A sports vehicle whips into the parking lot and parks diagonally across two spaces. Vanilla Ice blasts.

INT. TRENDY AIRBNB MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A king sized bed covered in luxury fabrics dominates the room.

Three TEENAGE GIRLS stare at the bed in silence.

RILEY is 17, white, and a chubby/thick lesbian. She wears a full face of makeup and a grown woman's blouse that she is clearly uncomfortable in. Riley sits on the bed, her face filled with serious curiosity.

She bounces.

JIA is 18, Korean, and the alleged "token straight" in our trio of queer girls. She wears hip glasses, an oversized sweater over a slender frame.

Jia sits beside Riley on the bed, close. Is the closeness motherly or more? Riley's eyes fill with excitement when Jia's thigh brushes hers; she catches LUZ's eye and raises an eyebrow.

LUZ is 17, Latina, and feisty AF. She's wearing a pussy hat and a shirt that says, "Feminist is my second-favorite F-word."

RILEY  
(subtitle)  
This is gay, right?

LUZ subtly shakes her head "no."

LUZ  
(subtitle)  
Wishful thinking.

JIA  
(to Riley)  
Are you sure you want to do this?

RILEY  
Yeah, definitely! Maybe? I mean, define "want"?

LUZ  
 Bitch, you have to. The next time  
 you fuck on sheets THIS expensive--

Riley shakes free of Luz's grasp at the word "fuck."

LUZ (CONT'D)  
 --You'll be a whole-ass doctor.  
 (to Jia)  
 How much was this Airbnb again?

JIA  
 Unimportant because safety is  
 invaluable.  
 (to Riley)  
 If I couldn't stop you from luring  
 a man back to your lair, I could at  
 least make sure he didn't know  
 where you actually lived.

Riley's phone BUZZES.

RILEY  
 Oh, shit, Chad just messaged me.  
 (off their looks)  
 What?

LUZ  
 Chad. Ew. Go on.

RILEY  
 He's on his way! He's coming right  
 now!

She goes into...

INT. AIRBNB LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The girls follow her into a maximalist living room  
 overlooking the Dallas skyline.

JIA  
 Don't do anything you're not  
 comfortable doing! You can say no  
 anytime!

Luz picks up a picture frame: a white family with too much  
 money, clearly the owners of the place.

LUZ

Thank you, consent assembly drama.  
Obviously, only clear, enthusiastic  
YESes, et cetera, et cetera, but  
Riley, remember the plan.

Riley takes the frame out of Luz's hand and places it face-down. In rhythm, Luz picks up a letter opener and slips it into her purse.

Riley counts each step on her undecorated, short-nailed fingers.

RILEY

Yes! Make a baby, push it into the  
arms of rich adoptive parents, get  
them to pay for my college tuition,  
and BECOME A DOCTOR. If it could  
happen for Jessica from homeroom,  
it can happen for me.

Jia takes the letter opener out of Luz's purse, thinks about putting it back on the side table, but decides to hide it under a couch cushion instead.

JIA

OK, but are you sure you want to  
make a baby with THIS man? I think  
it would be a war crime of some  
kind. It would bring forth the  
rapture.

LUZ

So, you're worried about Jesus  
coming early?

Luz and Riley high-five.

JIA

That was low-hanging fruit.  
Seriously, though, didn't you say  
Chad wanted a nuclear family one  
day? That he made "jokes" about  
women in the kitchen?

LUZ

(to Riley)

If you think about it, Chah-add  
could give you the most marketable  
baby. He's a white, upper-class,  
Frat douche with a butt chin.

RILEY

Not at all my taste, but if it's what the market wants, who am I to deny them?

LUZ

Exactly! Oh, I almost forgot: I heard you're more likely to get pregnant if you orgasm.

RILEY

Oh, god, how?

LUZ

I usually use the bath faucet--

RILEY

--No, I mean, I know how to have one. But HOW when he's a man, and I have to, you know, LOOK at him?

LUZ

Just pretend his dick is a strap.

Riley glances at Jia (who is dialing 9-1- on her phone, just in case), worried at what she will think.

RILEY

Like I would even know what it's like to get fucked by a strap. I'm a top.

LUZ

Yeah. OK.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Riley's eyes fill with panic.

JIA

Oh, god, it's happening!

Outside the door, the girls can hear a MAPS APP say, "You have arrived."

Through the door they hear:

CHAD

(muffled)

Shit.

RILEY

Assume the positions!

Jia hides behind the curtain in the living room, and Luz looms in the dark hallway, brandishing the letter opener again like a knife, ready to pounce if needed.

Riley takes a deep, shaky breath then opens the door.

CHAD stands on the other side in typical fuck boy/frat dude attire: pink button-up with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows, khakis, and Sperrys. His blonde hair has too much product in it.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Hello! Welcome to my home, where I live!

CHAD

Hey.

RILEY

Wanna come ins--

But Chad is already over the threshold.

Riley is visibly taken aback by the cologne-bath he must have just taken before knocking.

Chad looks around, admiring the Airbnb.

CHAD

This is a nice apartment. Wow.

RILEY

Yes, it is.

Chad eyes her suspiciously.

CHAD

Eighteen, huh? Kinda young to be making this kind of money. Unless...?

Riley understands his implied question: "Are you a sex worker?"

RILEY

Oh! No, I don't--I mean, my parents...

Riley gestures sweepingly at the Airbnb.

CHAD

Good. 'Cause I don't pay for sex.

RILEY

Me neither.

Jia SNORTS behind the curtain.

Luz, wide-eyed, raises the letter opener, waiting.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Jia pulls up her phone, 9-1- showing. Her finger hovers, and her eye twitches.

LIVING ROOM

A confused Chad turns toward the sound.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Can I get you a drink?

CHAD

Uh. Um, yeah. What do you have?

Riley calls over her shoulder as she enters the kitchen; we can see into it from the living room.

RILEY

White Claw.

CHAD

Sure, why not? I'm very secure in my sexuality.

He motions proudly to his pink shirt.

A text comes through on Riley's phone.

INSERT

Luz: "But insecure enough to say THAT?"

Riley's mouth twists in an almost-laugh.

CHAD (CONT'D)

What's funny?

Riley crosses the kitchen into the living room, stands next to Chad.

RILEY

Oh, I just--could already tell that about you. You have no reason to be insecure. You're a...man... 's man. So. Man-ish.

CHAD

Right?

Chad flexes, and Riley laughs nervously. They sit on the couch and have a few sips.

RILEY

So, where you fr--?

Chad is already kissing her, messily, holding her face still and tracing the edges of her lips sloppily with his tongue.

Riley EXCLAIMS but morphs it into an unconvincing MOAN.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Oh, yes...I am...enjoying...myself.

CHAD

Yeah? You like that?

The SOUND of the kissing is unsettling.

IN THE HALL

Luz's face is frozen in disgusted horror; she brandishes the letter opener against her heart as if to clutch (and guard) her "pearls."

LIVING ROOM

Unbeknownst to Chad and Riley, Jia sneaks a quick peek out from behind the curtain, mortified.

Between kisses and stolen breaths, this conversation unfolds:

CHAD (CONT'D)

You're so hot.

RILEY

Oh, thanks.

CHAD

Like, so hot.

RILEY

Yeah, thank you.

Chad pulls away (a string of spit follows) to look at Riley, who is not taking the compliment the way he intends: with absolute surprise and graciousness.

CHAD

I mean, not like, a 10 or anything,  
but you could be if you did some  
squats. Maybe a few more crunches.  
Cut out the burritos, probably.  
You're like, a solid 6.5 right now.

RILEY

I'm more of a taco girl anyway.

Chad fumbles over Riley's breasts. He swiftly takes off her shirt.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Oh, OK, good.

His fingertips trace her areolas in soft, tickly circles.

CHAD

(imitating a siren)  
Wee-oooh, wee-oooh!  
(pinching her nipple)  
HONK.

RILEY

OH KAY!

Riley takes Chad's hand and puts it right in her pants.

CHAD

Oh, wow, you're so TIGHT.

SUBTITLE: Wow, you're literally not aroused at all!

DISSOLVE TO:

CUT AWAY:

Chad is standing in a dark room wearing Oculus glasses, a controller in each hand. His back is turned to us, and a large pink block floats toward him. By now it is clear to the audience he is playing Beat Saber.

Even though the cube is coming at him insanely slowly, he still misses.

RILEY (O.S.)

A little more to the left.

Chad swipes furiously to the left, fast, fast, fast. The pink cube is moving slowly, passing him without making contact.

RILEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Whoa! Not so fast. And a little  
 more to the middle?

Chad stabs at the middle, tries making obnoxious circles,  
 fast enough to start a fire.

RILEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 OK, what if I just--

Her HAND appears from just off-screen. She gently pushes the  
 controller in Chad's hand down, maybe a fraction of an inch,  
 before he yanks away.

CHAD  
 I can do it!

Riley retracts her hand.

RILEY (O.S.)  
 OK, OK! Just down a litttttttle  
 more, like you're adjusting the  
 shower knob, and it'll burn the  
 shit out of you if don't--oh! OK,  
 yeah, right there.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE COUCH

Chad is looking pleased with himself.

CHAD  
 You like that?

RILEY  
 Yeah, I actually like that.

Jia risks peeking out from behind the curtain again and  
 catches Luz's eye. Their mouths twist to keep from laughing,  
 but they're also, in a weird way, happy for their friend.

They air-five.

RILEY'S POV

We are beneath Chad on the couch, staring up at him from an  
 unflattering angle. His hot breath fogs the camera lens.

The view goes dark: Riley shuts her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

## A SERIES OF SHOTS

On screen, we see flashes of Riley's "spank bank," her "flick pics."

Doja Cat dances on stage in a bikini top and ripped pants that conceal nothing.

Mila Kunis kisses down Natalie Portman's stomach in that one scene from *Black Swan*.

Krysta, the fairy from *Fern Gully*, wades in a puddle, her wet hair around her shoulders.

RILEY (O.S.)

Mmmm.

CHAD (O.S.)

Are you close?

RILEY (O.S.)

Sssshhhhh.

The thigh-crazing scene from the French lesbian thriller, *Thelma*.

That TikTok trend of girls shaking their thighs on beat.

Jia's face.

SMASH CUT TO:

## THE COUCH

Riley grinds against Chad's hand. Chad starts to say his catchphrase ("You like that?"), but Riley covers his mouth. He arches his eyebrows, surprised but into it.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jia and Riley kiss, softly. In the imagined scene, they are in the master bedroom from earlier. Riley is on top of her, hands, roaming, grazing. She does "the knee thing," grinding between Jia's legs, and Jia is into it.

Close ups of Jia's face, her bare shoulders, her hips.

SMASH CUT TO:

## THE COUCH

Riley finishes.

CHAD  
Oh, shit. Oh, no...

RILEY  
What?

Chad cups his crotch.

CHAD  
Um, uh, I need to use the bathroom.

As Chad gets up, we see a dark spot on his khakis, but it's only visible to Luz, concealed in the dark of the hallway. Her face distorts in a rapid series of emotions: disgust, near-laughter, defeat.

Chad immediately starts running water once the bathroom door is closed behind him.

Jia comes out from behind the curtain.

RILEY  
(whispering)  
What just happened?

Luz mouths exaggeratedly, flails her hands around, and makes lewd gestures that the other two don't understand.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
What?

Luz glances at the closed bathroom door then crosses over to the living. Jia does the same.

LUZ  
He JIZZED in his PANTS.

They're horrified.

RILEY  
Oh, my god, NO.

Jia puts her face in her hands.

JIA  
All this work for nothing.

RILEY  
No. No! How long do sperm live?

LUZ  
Who are you asking for? The drain?

RILEY

There's like, pre-cum, right?  
People get pregnant that way all  
the time. Maybe if we still do it,  
I can still get pregnant! My app  
said I'm ovulating; I came; it  
could happen!

JIA

Do you really want to lose your  
"man" virginity on a "maybe"?

The sound of rushing water stops.

Jia dashes back to the curtain.

Luz hides under the coffee table.

Chad comes out of the bathroom. The front of his pants are  
absolutely soaked. At this point, his options are to own it  
or tell her he peed himself.

CHAD

Sorry about...this.

He waves a hand around the water stain and sits next to Riley  
on the couch.

CHAD (CONT'D)

That's never happened to me before.  
You're just, like, so, so hot, you  
know? Like, especially hot.

RILEY

So, like, an 8 or...?

CHAD

Ha. Maybe. Anyway, I'm kind of a  
one-and-done guy. Wanna watch  
something? Have you seen *Narcos* on  
Netflix?

Chad reaches for the remote on the coffee table. Luz braces  
herself.

RILEY

Oh, like, I don't want to be rude  
or anything? But if we're not gonna  
have sex, you kind of have to...  
go.

Chad is stricken.

CHAD

Dude, seriously? You're acting like such a...

Riley regards him and arches an eyebrow.

RILEY

Fuck boy?

Chad bursts into tears.

He buries his face in his hands and WAILS in an impressive range of pitches. Riley on the couch and Luz beneath the table are both absolutely statuesque in shock.

CHAD

I'm sorry! I'm sorry, I can't believe I'm crying. I'm just--I thought this was gonna be the night. My buddies were saying that I should just get it over with, hook up with a girl on Tinder. This was supposed to be easy, and I-- MISFIRED.

Chad BLUBBERS.

RILEY

Oh, god, Chad, are--are you saying you're a...virgin?

Chad peeks between his fingers at her, ashamed. Riley melts, puts an arm around him.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Aw, no, you don't have to rush yourself if you're not ready! Plus, don't you want your first time to be with someone special? Then if you, you know, fumble the ball on the field, it's no foul, right? No fouls in the...game...of love.

CHAD

Thanks for being so nice about it.

He curls up against her and cries into her shoulder.

Hesitantly, Luz comes out from under the table and sits on the other side of Chad. She looks awkward but rubs his shoulder, comfortingly. Likewise, Jia comes out from behind the curtain and pats Chad's crispy hair.

Chad lifts away from Riley's shoulder and sees them for the first time.

CHAD (CONT'D)  
What--who are you guys?

END.