

Morirai
01x03
She's not me

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

A golden nameplate on the door reads: Doctor Neung,
Psychologist.

Doctor Neung sits across from Victoria.

VICTORIA

My sister is so boring I can't
stand her anymore.
We just fight over and over and
over.

Doctor Neung nods softly.

DOCTOR NEUNG

Have you thought about taking some
time apart?

VICTORIA

Uh... no.

DOCTOR NEUNG

Or maybe you should try living on
your own.
Not seeing her every day might
help.

DOCTOR NEUNG (CONT'D)

What do you think?

VICTORIA

I never thought about it.

Victoria stands up.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Thank you, Doctor, for your help.

Doctor Neung checks his watch.

DOCTOR NEUNG

We still have twenty minutes.

VICTORIA

I know.
But I have to kill you now.

Victoria pulls a pair of shears from behind her back and
lunges at him.

Doctor Neung jumps up, dodges, and punches her square in the face.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Ow— what the hell, dude?

She clutches her cheek.

DOCTOR NEUNG
I've practiced karate for a very long time.

VICTORIA
No kidding.

He wrests the shears from her hands, slams her against the wall, and pins her arm.
He drives the shears through her palm, pinning her hand in place.

Victoria screams as Doctor Neung bolts out the door.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch— that hurts!

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Joey and Frank sit on the couch, watching Audrey.

She leans on the table, grabs her phone, and calls Victoria.

AUDREY
Victoria.

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

Victoria's phone buzzes as she struggles to free her trapped hand.

She grabs the phone between her ear and shoulder.

VICTORIA
Not a good time, Audrey.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

AUDREY
It's never a good time for you when I call.

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

VICTORIA
Audrey, I mean it.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

AUDREY
Are you with Katherine?
(beat)
Oh, sorry.
Anyway, tomorrow's pizza night. You
should invite her.
(perkier)
Perfect. Bye.

She hangs up.

JOEY
What did she say?

AUDREY
Pizza's fine tomorrow.

FRANK
Great.

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

Victoria pockets her phone.

Her hand is still pinned to the wall. She shuts her eyes,
breathes in, then yanks the shears out.

VICTORIA
Fucking bastard.

She hides the shears behind her back and heads out.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Doctor Neung is at the main door, desperately fumbling with
the lock.

Victoria approaches slowly, calmly.

VICTORIA
Looking for these?

He turns. She's holding the keys.

He tries the door again, useless.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
If you want to fight, let's fight.
But you're going to lose
eventually.

Doctor Neung turns to her, terrified, sobbing.

DOCTOR NEUNG
Please... please. Don't kill me.

Victoria raises the shears.

DOCTOR NEUNG (CONT'D)
I can give you money— anything you
want.

Victoria lets out a small, regretful laugh.

VICTORIA
I'm sorry.

She stabs him in the stomach.

He collapses.

The shears crumble to dust, and the wound vanishes.

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - GARDEN - DAY

Joey walks through the school garden, her pace slow and calm.

Suddenly, someone covers her eyes. It's Will.

JOEY

Will, I know it's you.

Will scoffs.

WILL

How do you always know?

Joey turns toward him.

JOEY

Because you're the only one who keeps doing it.

WILL

That's not fair.

Joey chuckles and kisses him on the cheek.

Will smiles softly and takes her hand.

WILL (CONT'D)

Hey... are we okay?

JOEY

Of course. Why?

WILL

You've seemed a little distant lately.

Joey cups his face, reassuring.

JOEY

Everything's fine, baby.

WILL

Will I see you tomorrow? We could cuddle, watch something romantic... maybe more.

JOEY

I'm sorry, I can't.
We have this family tradition tomorrow, and I can't skip it.

Will's smile fades slightly.

WILL
Okay. Maybe next time, then.

JOEY
Yeah. I really need to go inside
now.

WILL
See you later.

JOEY
Bye.

They walk off in opposite directions.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY
Sunlight filters through tall windows, dust motes dancing in
the air.

Kate stands behind the counter, handing a book to a boy on
the other side.

KATE
I love this one, it's one of my
favorites.

The boy grins, tucking the book into his backpack.

KATE (CONT'D)
See you soon.

BOY
Bye, Katherine.

He rushes out, leaving a faint echo of footsteps. Victoria
enters.

VICTORIA
Hey.

KATE
Hi! What brings you here?

Kate steps around the counter, and Victoria meets her
halfway.

They share a quick, warm kiss.

Kate's fingers linger on Victoria's hand, giving it a gentle
squeeze.

VICTORIA
I was in the neighborhood... thought
I'd stop by.

Kate tilts her head, smiling.

KATE
Lunch?

Victoria shakes her head, tucking a loose strand of hair
behind her ear.

VICTORIA
Not today. Still catching up on a
few things. But tomorrow's pizza
night and Audrey would love it if
you joined us.

Kate arches an eyebrow, a playful smirk on her lips.

KATE
Just your sister?

VICTORIA
No... not just her. I want you there.

KATE
I'll see what I can do.

Kate leans in, brushing her lips against Victoria's again.

They pull back, smiling at each other, a quiet, shared warmth
lingering in the space between them.

EXT. JEWELLERY - DAY

Frank stands in front of the shop, takes a deep breath, and
pushes the door open.

INT. JEWELLERY - DAY

Frank steps inside, glancing around nervously. He taps his
foot lightly on the polished floor.

SHOP ASSISTANT
Good morning, sir. Can I help you?

FRANK
Morning. I'm looking for a ring...
I'm going to propose to my
girlfriend.

The assistant smiles warmly.

SHOP ASSISTANT
Congratulations!

FRANK
Thanks... now let's pray this works out.

SHOP ASSISTANT
Do you have something in mind?

FRANK
Not exactly... It has to be unique.
She's not... a common girl.

SHOP ASSISTANT
Perfect. Follow me.

The assistant leads him to a display case by the window, carefully showing a selection of rings.

Frank studies them, running a finger along the glass, lost in thought.

Beat.

Frank lifts one ring, examines it under the light, a small smile creeping across his face.

EXT. JEWELLERY - DAY

Frank steps back out into the sunlight, a small box tucked safely into his coat. He pauses for a moment, looking at it like it holds the world. Then he walks off with purpose.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Victoria knocks on the door. An old blind woman opens it, gripping her cane. Victoria tilts her head slightly, biting her lip.

OLD BLIND WOMAN
Hello.

VICTORIA
Excuse me, ma'am... My car broke down
and my phone died. Could I make a
quick call to my mother?

The old woman pauses, studying her silently. Victoria subtly reaches for the golden shears hidden behind her back.

OLD BLIND WOMAN
The phone's over there.

She steps aside, pointing to a phone in the middle of the hallway.

VICTORIA
Thank you, ma'am.

Victoria walks in.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Crap.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The old woman moves toward the phone, her cane just a support as she navigates her home with practiced ease.

OLD BLIND WOMAN
There you are, hon—

Before she can finish, Victoria strikes, plunging the shears into her back.

The woman collapses, the cane clattering to the floor.

The golden shears disappear, leaving no trace. Victoria steps over the cane and walks away, calm and composed.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - AUDREY'S BEDROOM - DAY
Sunlight cuts sharp lines across the floor, illuminating floating dust motes.

Audrey moves through the room, methodically dusting shelves, wiping surfaces—her motions stiff at first, restrained. A radio crackles to life in the corner, blasting a pulsating, energetic song.

Audrey freezes for a moment, listening, then something clicks.

Suddenly, she spins, sweeping the dust cloth like a baton, her body loosening.

She laughs, loud and unrestrained, a sound that fills the room and echoes off the walls.

She kicks off her shoes, arms thrown wide, twirling across the floor with abandon.

Shelves, books, and scattered trinkets blur as she moves, her shadow dancing along the walls.

She grabs a scarf, spinning it above her head, the fabric snapping through the air like a flare. Her hair flies, her eyes gleam, and she belts out the song, completely lost in the moment. Every movement is electric, as if she's shedding all restraint and expectation. The radio pulses through her, a lifeline.

Finally, breathless, she collapses onto the bed, heart hammering, hair tangled, cheeks flushed. She stares at the ceiling, wide-eyed, smiling—a fierce, unfiltered joy.

The radio hums on. Audrey doesn't move. For a heartbeat, the world outside doesn't exist.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Joey bolts from the classroom, her backpack bouncing against her back. Her breaths are short, shallow, ragged.

WILL
(calling after her)
Joey! Wait—

He sprints after her, but she doesn't slow. Her legs tremble, her vision blurs.

EXT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joey stumbles over a backpack left in the corridor. She catches herself on the wall, gasping, eyes wide, hands shaking. Students stare, some murmuring, some frozen.

WILL
(out of breath)
Joey, please!

Joey pushes past him, refusing help, tears streaming down her face.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

She bursts through the doors, sunlight hitting her face. She falters, almost collapsing onto the pavement. Her shoes scrape the ground as she drags herself forward, each step heavy.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Joey's pace is erratic, legs unsteady. She trips over a curb, nearly falling, scrambling up. Cars honk, but she barely notices. Will is a few steps behind, helpless, shouting her name.

Joey's breaths come in ragged sobs, body trembling with every step. Her backpack slides down her shoulder, and she barely catches it.

She stumbles again over a crack in the sidewalk, almost losing balance entirely, hands scraping against the concrete. The city blurs around her, every sound amplified, every shadow a threat.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Joey drags herself along, hands gripping her knees for support, hunched over, gasping for air. The world spins. Cars pass, a dog barks, a neighbor waves—but she's untouchable, trapped in her panic.

EXT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Finally, she reaches her front door. Her hand shakes as she fumbles with the keys. She opens the door, panting, and stumbles inside.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

She leans against the wall, catching her breath, thinking she's safe. The house is quiet. Her eyes close, relief washing over her. She doesn't realize Audrey is still in her bedroom, lost in her music, twirling and singing.

JOEY
(to herself, whispering)
Home... finally home.

She slides down the wall, exhausted, unaware of the life still pulsing in the room above.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - AUDREY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Audrey's music fades slightly as she hears the front door creak open. Her head tilts, listening. The room is still alive with sunlight and dust motes.

She sets the scarf down, smoothing her hair, and walks toward the hallway.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Audrey rounds the corner and freezes.

Joey is there, pale, trembling, eyes wide and unfocused. Her breathing is ragged, her hands shake uncontrollably.

AUDREY
(softly, stepping closer)
Joey... what happened?

Joey flinches at the sound of Audrey's voice, swaying, nearly collapsing. Audrey instinctively moves to support her, putting a hand under her elbow and another on her back.

Joey gasps for air, words are stuck in her throat.

JOEY
I... couldn't-

AUDREY
Hey... it's okay. You're safe. I've
got you. Just breathe, okay?

Joey's body shakes as she tries to follow Audrey's guidance. Her hands grip her face, then her hair, then the edge of the couch, trying to steady herself.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Look at me, Joey. Just focus on my
voice. In... and out... slowly.

Audrey kneels beside her, brushing strands of hair from her face, her presence steady and warm. Joey's breaths begin to slow slightly, though her eyes remain wide, still haunted by the panic.

AUDREY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
You're home now... it's okay. You're
not alone.

Joey's shoulders sag against Audrey, the tremors still there but fading little by little. Audrey holds her close, letting her rest, her voice a constant anchor in the chaos.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joey's breathing is still uneven, but she's calmer. Audrey keeps one arm around her, steadying her gently.

AUDREY

Let's get you to the couch.

Joey nods weakly. Audrey helps her up, one slow step at a time. Joey's legs are unsteady; she almost trips, but Audrey tightens her hold.

AUDREY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I've got you. It's okay.

They move toward the living room. Joey leans heavily against her, exhausted.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Audrey eases Joey down onto the couch, grabbing a cushion and placing it behind her back. Joey collapses into it, still shaking lightly.

AUDREY

Joey... What happened?

Joey swallows hard. Her voice is barely audible.

JOEY

I... I don't know. It just... hit me. I couldn't breathe and -I had to get out.

Audrey nods slowly, her hand closing gently around Joey's.

AUDREY

You're safe here.

Joey looks at her, eyes still wet, still shaken-but trusting.

JOEY

Stay... just stay.

Audrey squeezes her hand, reassuring.

AUDREY

I'm not going anywhere.

She sits beside her, keeping close but careful, letting Joey lean into her at her own pace.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Audrey helps Joey onto the couch. Joey's breathing is steadier now, but she's drained, pale, her hands still trembling slightly. Audrey sits close, one hand on her back, the other gently rubbing her arm.

AUDREY

Hey... tell me what happened. Please.

Joey shakes her head, avoiding her sister's eyes.

JOEY

It's nothing. I'm fine now.

Before Audrey can answer, the front door opens.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

I'm home.

Victoria steps inside, brushing off her coat. She freezes when she sees the scene on the couch—Joey curled in on herself, Audrey holding her.

Her expression shifts instantly.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

What happened?

Audrey looks at her, worried.

AUDREY

She had a panic attack. A bad one.

Victoria's jaw tightens—concern mixed with something heavier.

VICTORIA

Again?

Audrey turns sharply toward her.

AUDREY

What do you mean "again"?

Victoria realizes she's said too much. She sighs, steps closer.

VICTORIA

After the party... Kate and I had to go get her.

Audrey looks at Joey, hurt and confused.

AUDREY

Joey... why didn't you tell me?

Joey's eyes well instantly. She wipes her face with the back of her hand, shaking her head.

JOEY

Because nothing helps. Talking doesn't help. You can't help.

Audrey sinks a bit, but keeps her voice soft.

AUDREY

We can try.

Joey swallows hard. Her voice comes out thin, breaking.

JOEY

Callie died... She was the only person I could talk to about everything without thinking. Without... pretending.

She takes a shaky breath, staring down at her hands.

JOEY (CONT'D)

And now she's gone. And I don't know who I am without her. I don't know who to talk to.

Audrey's eyes soften.

Joey wipes another tear, frustrated. Silence fills the room. Heavy, heartbreaking.

Audrey moves closer, wrapping her arms around Joey, pulling her into a tight embrace.

AUDREY

You can talk to me. Or Victoria. Or both of us.

Victoria kneels beside them, placing a hand on Joey's knee—awkward, hesitant, but sincere.

JOEY

You don't get it. You are my sisters; she was my best friend. It's different.

VICTORIA

You're right. It's not the same. But still... you need to talk to us. Can you do that?

Joey weakly nods.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The sun outside has dipped low; the room is tinted in soft, fading light.

Joey rests on the couch, curled into herself. Audrey sits beside her, gently stroking her hair. Victoria sits across from them, elbows on her knees, eyes fixed on Joey—worried, tense, her lower lip curled in concern.

A long, heavy beat.

The doorbell rings.

All three of them react—Audrey and Victoria glance at each other, confused. Joey slowly opens her eyes.

AUDREY

Are we expecting someone?

VICTORIA

Don't think so.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - EVENING

Victoria walks to the front door. She opens it and sees Frank and Will standing there.

FRANK

Hi... I was just... passing by.

Victoria steps aside without asking anything. She knows exactly why Frank is here.

VICTORIA

Come in. I guess you want to see Audrey.

Frank nods, relieved, and enters.

Will shifts awkwardly beside him.

WILL

Hi, Victoria. Can I... talk to Joey for a moment?

Victoria raises an eyebrow, then gestures toward the living room.

VICTORIA

Go ahead.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank steps into the living room. Audrey and Joey are on the couch; Joey is still pale but calmer, Audrey gently stroking her hair.

Frank freezes, noticing Joey's condition. He has come to propose to Audrey, he touches the small box in his pocket, but the moment feels wrong.

He swallows, smiles faintly at Audrey, and takes a step back.

FRANK

I just wanted to say hi.

Audrey smiles softly. Frank tucks the box away, letting the moment pass, waiting for a better time.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Will follows Victoria into the house and approaches the living room. He glances at Joey and Audrey.

WILL

Joey can I talk to you for a minute?

Joey nods, she stands up, Audrey gently helps her.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - JOEY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Joey closes the door softly. She leans against the desk, arms crossed, trying to steady her breathing.

Will stands a few feet away, hesitant.

WILL

Hey... I just wanted to check on you.
At school... you got me worried.

Joey looks at him briefly, then down at her hands.

JOEY

I'm fine, Will. Really.

WILL

Can you tell me what happened? I want to help you.

Joey shakes her head slowly.

JOEY
There's nothing to talk about.

JOEY (CONT'D)
It's not you... it's me. I just... I
need more time to myself right now.

Will's expression falters, hurt flickering in his eyes.

WILL
More time? Joey... I don't
understand.

JOEY
I know you care, and I appreciate
that... but I need space. I want to
be alone.

Will swallows hard, his shoulders sagging slightly.

WILL
So... You don't want me around?

Joey bites her lip, nodding faintly.

JOEY
I... I'm sorry, Will.

Will looks at her for a long beat, struggling to hide his hurt. He turns slowly toward the door, pausing for a last glance at her.

WILL
I gave you everything I had, and
you just... threw it away like it
didn't matter at all.

Joey flinches, staring at her hands, silent, devastated.

WILL (CONT'D)
And... honestly? You've never been
that good in bed either.

He turns toward the door, his chest heaving, hurt and anger mixed. Joey doesn't move, frozen, her face pale, tears falling.

Will sighs sharply, pauses for a last, piercing glance, then exits. Joey collapses against the desk, shaking, letting the tears fall freely.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - JOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey is curled up in her bed, silent sobs shaking her shoulders. The room is dim, moonlight spilling across the floor, dust motes floating in the quiet.

Victoria sits beside her, gently smoothing the blanket over Joey's trembling body. She takes Joey's hand in hers, holding it like a lifeline.

VICTORIA

It's okay. Everything will be fine.

Joey buries her face in the pillow, clutching Victoria's hand like it's the only thing keeping her anchored. She doesn't respond, only squeezes back weakly, the weight of heartbreak pressing down on her.

Victoria rests her forehead lightly against Joey's head, breathing softly, offering comfort without words, letting Joey cry it out while she silently keeps watch.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAWN

The door opens slowly. Audrey steps inside, hair slightly messy, clothes carrying the faint scent of the pub. She exhales, exhausted, but a small smile tugs at her lips at being home.

Victoria, who hasn't slept, yawns and rubs her eyes as she walks into the room.

AUDREY

Hey.

VICTORIA

Hey.

AUDREY

How is she?

VICTORIA

I didn't sleep a second... she kept turning in her sleep, crying.

Audrey drops her bag by the door and exhales.

Victoria glances toward Joey's bedroom, then back at Audrey. Her voice is soft but firm.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Go get some sleep... you need some
rest.

Audrey hesitates, then nods, understanding.

AUDREY
I'll be back soon.

Victoria gives a small, tired nod. Audrey pats Victoria's
shoulder then heads for her room.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - JOEY'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Victoria slips back into the room, moving quietly. She
returns to the bed and lies down beside Joey.

Joey stirs, blinking her eyes open.

JOEY
Hey... what happened?

Victoria gently brushes a strand of hair from Joey's face.

VICTORIA
Audrey just got home.

Joey nods, then rests her head on Victoria's shoulder, her
voice small.

JOEY
Do you think... I made the right
choice? Breaking up with Will?

Victoria exhales softly.

VICTORIA
You know I'm not exactly the expert
on love.

Joey lets out a faint, exhausted laugh.

JOEY
You're doing pretty well with Kate,
though.

Victoria smiles, looking away for a moment, almost shy.

VICTORIA
We're... good.
Now try to get some more sleep,
okay?
She kisses Joey's forehead.
(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Joey closes her eyes again as Victoria holds her close. After a moment, Victoria's eyes slowly close too.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - JOEY'S BEDROOM - MORNING
Soft morning light filters through the curtains.

Joey and Victoria are half-asleep, curled close under the blankets.

A soft knock.

Before anyone answers, the door swings open gently.

Audrey enters with a tray: three mugs of steaming tea, a plate of cookies, and a jar of honey balanced with suspicious optimism.

AUDREY

Morning, gremlins.

Victoria rubs her face, grumbling.

VICTORIA

How are you this energetic after working all night?

Joey gives a tiny, sleepy laugh.

JOEY

What's with the tray? Are we... dying?

AUDREY

Possibly. But until then—welcome to Joey's emergency support group.

She sets the tray between them. Victoria immediately grabs a cookie.

VICTORIA

You baked these?

AUDREY

Yes.

JOEY

They're not that bad.

Audrey rolls her eyes.

AUDREY

Not that bad? I cook for you every day. Gourmet meals. Made with my own hands. And this is the thanks I get?

Victoria steals a mug of tea and blows on it.

VICTORIA

Thanks for the breakfast, though.

Audrey sits at the edge of the bed, her expression softening as she looks at Joey.

AUDREY

How are you feeling?

Joey shrugs, pulling the blanket up to her chin.

JOEY

Like I could sleep for an entire century.

VICTORIA

Then do it.

Audrey smirks.

AUDREY

Very supportive, Vic.

JOEY

I'm serious. I... I don't know what I'd do without you two.

Audrey reaches over, taking Joey's hand; Victoria places hers on top, creating a small, warm pile of sisterly chaos.

AUDREY

You won't ever have to find out.

VICTORIA

Yeah. You're stuck with us.
Forever.
Like a curse.

Joey laughs quietly—her first real laugh since yesterday.

The three stay there, sipping tea, stealing cookies, wrapped together in the soft morning light and the quiet safety of each other.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - AUDREY'S BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

The room is bathed in soft, late-morning light. Audrey finishes smoothing the blanket when a quiet knock breaks the silence.

She turns.

Frank stands in the doorway, hesitant but warm, hands buried in the pockets of his coat. His expression softens the moment their eyes meet.

AUDREY
(smiling)
Hi.

FRANK
Hi.

Audrey crosses the room and hugs him. He pulls her close, burying his face in her hair for a quiet second.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You smell like...
(he sniffs)
Cookies and sleep deprivation.

AUDREY
That's my natural fragrance.

She pulls away slightly, but Frank keeps one hand on her waist, gentle, grounding.

FRANK
Is Joey... any better?

AUDREY
She's resting.
Yesterday was... a lot.

Frank nods. His thumb grazes her hip in small, soothing circles.

FRANK
And you?
How are you doing?

Audrey looks down before looking at him again.

AUDREY
I'm... functioning.

FRANK

That sounds like something someone
says right before collapsing on the
floor.

She laughs softly. Frank cups her chin, lifting her face so
she meets his gaze.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You don't always have to be the
strong one, you know.

Audrey shrugs.

AUDREY

Someone has to.

FRANK

But it doesn't always have to be
just you.

A moment. Quiet, intimate. Audrey melts a little into his
touch.

AUDREY

I missed you.

FRANK

I missed you more.

He gives a shy, slightly awkward grin—the one Audrey secretly
loves.

He brushes a strand of hair behind her ear. She lifts her
hand and rests it against his cheek, warm.

AUDREY

Thank you for being here.

FRANK

There's nowhere else I'd rather be.

They stand there, forehead to forehead, breathing the same
slow, steady rhythm. No rush. No chaos. Just them.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The door opens.

Victoria is already there, sitting on the arm of the couch,
waiting for Kate.

As soon as Kate steps into the room, they both smile at each other at the exact same moment.

Victoria stands and meets her halfway. They kiss.

KATE

Hi.

VICTORIA

Hey. You look lovely. What did you do to your hair?

KATE

Audrey suggested it.

(beat)

How's Joey?

VICTORIA

You know how Joey is. She's been through a lot, but I'm sure she'll love seeing you here.

Kate chuckles.

KATE

I know. And... How are you?

VICTORIA

Better now that you're here with me.

Kate leans close to Victoria's shoulder. Victoria smiles at her.

KATE

It's good to see you smiling.

Victoria is about to answer when—

JOEY (O.S.)

Kate!

Joey runs toward her and hugs Kate tightly.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Finally! I was waiting for you. I need to show you something.

Joey drags Kate toward her room.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Do you know Will and I broke up?

KATE
I've been told.

Victoria rolls her eyes, but she's not upset. She watches her sister and her girlfriend, happy that they're getting along.

VICTORIA
Go on. I'll catch you later.

KATE
Later?

JOEY
I'll bring her back to you when
we're done.

VICTORIA
Sure.

Kate and Joey walk into Joey's room. Kate turns and gives Victoria one last glance.

INT. MOIRA'S HOUSE - JOEY'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Joey closes the door behind them and collapses onto her bed with exaggerated flair.

JOEY
Finally! The hero has arrived.

Kate smiles, stepping closer and brushing a hand along the back of the chair as she watches Joey.

KATE
Hero, huh? Last I checked, you were
more like a trouble magnet.

Joey grins, trying to keep the tone light.

JOEY
Hey, I prefer "bringer of chaos and
joy." It's much more flattering.

Kate sits on the edge of the bed, letting a playful silence settle. Joey scoots closer, leaning against her shoulder, curling slightly as if the weight of the day is lifting just by proximity.

KATE
"Chaos and joy," huh? You sure
that's all you're bringing today?

JOEY

Absolutely. All joy. Minimal chaos.
Well... maybe just a tiny bit of
chaos.

Kate laughs quietly, the sound filling the small room with warmth. Joey's shoulders relax for a moment. She picks up a stray pillow and tosses it lightly at Kate.

Kate mock-glares, but the smile lingers. They sit together, shoulders touching, the room glowing with soft light. Joey plays with the hem of her sleeve, trying to keep the brightness going.

JOEY (CONT'D)

So... how's my favorite girlfriend
today?

Kate's eyes soften.

KATE

I'm good... and how are you really,
Joey?

Joey freezes for a heartbeat, the playful tone faltering. She bites her lip, glances down at her hands.

JOEY

I'm... fine. Yeah. Totally fine.

Kate shifts closer, her voice gentle but insistent.

KATE

Joey... you don't have to say that. I
know you.

Joey exhales, her shoulders sagging slightly. The mask of brightness crumbles.

JOEY

It's just... I broke up with Will.
And I... I thought I'd feel relief.
But I just... I feel lost. Like I
don't even know who I am anymore.

Kate places a hand on Joey's cheek, tilting her face so their eyes meet.

KATE

Hey... it's okay.

Kate squeezes her hand gently, letting her fingers weave together with Joey's.

KATE (CONT'D)

I get it. You're allowed to feel that. And I'm here. I'm not going anywhere.

Joey leans her head fully against Kate's shoulder, letting herself melt into the comfort and safety she's been craving.

JOEY

Thanks... really. It means... everything.

They stay like that for a long beat, shoulders brushing, hands entwined. Joey lets out a soft, almost imperceptible laugh, the first real one since the previous day.

KATE

Even chaos and joy need a little tea and cookies break sometimes.

Joey giggles, the sound mingling with Kate's smile. They sit in quiet warmth, letting the light, the comfort, and their closeness fill the room.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - JOEY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Audrey knocks softly on the door, a teasing smile on her face.

AUDREY

Hey, dinner's ready. You two are coming down or should I deliver it to the castle?

Joey giggles softly, glancing at Kate. Kate smiles, shaking her head.

JOEY

We'll come. Give us a minute to get dressed, Your Majesty.

KATE

Yeah... don't let the peasants wait too long.

Audrey chuckles, stepping aside.

AUDREY

Alright, I'll try to stop Frank from eating everything before you get there.

Joey sits up a little straighter, tugging Kate's hand.

JOEY

Let's go.

Kate stands, smiling, and they link arms, heading for the dining area. Audrey watches them go, a fond, proud smile on her face.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The room is bathed in warm, golden light.

Audrey, Victoria, and Frank are already standing by the long dining table, perfectly set: crystal glasses catch the light, silver cutlery gleams, and a delicate centerpiece of flowers stretches down the middle. Candles flicker softly, adding a soft glow to the sumptuous setting.

Audrey adjusts a few plates, smoothing napkins. Frank straightens his tie nervously, glancing at the empty chairs, waiting. Victoria leans against the back of one chair, relaxed but excited.

The front door opens. Joey and Kate step inside, laughing softly.

Kate immediately crosses the room to Victoria. Their eyes meet, and without hesitation, they embrace and share a lingering kiss. Victoria smiles, her hand brushing Kate's hair gently.

AUDREY

(cheerful, teasing)

Finally! Took you long enough to get here.

Joey giggles, tugging Kate by the hand.

JOEY

Come on, Your Majesty, the banquet awaits!

They all approach the table. The camera pans slowly across the dining area, showing the full glory of the setup: polished plates, gleaming silverware, sparkling glasses, delicate floral arrangements, candles casting dancing shadows. The scene feels like a feast for the gods.

FRANK

(setting down several
pizza boxes on the table)

And here's the humble mortal
offering to complete the divine
banquet.

Everyone laughs softly at the contrast: the elegance of the table and the casual, cheesy pizzas. Audrey rolls her eyes, amused, while Joey claps her hands in delight.

AUDREY

I swear, Frank... only you could make
pizza look majestic.

Victoria slides into her seat beside Kate, reaching for a glass. Joey sits next to Audrey. They all share a brief moment of comfortable silence, taking in the beauty of the table, the warm lighting, the laughter already starting to bubble.

FRANK

(raising a glass)
To family, chaos, and divine pizza.

AUDREY, VICTORIA, KATE, JOEY

Cheers!

They clink glasses, and the first bites of pizza are served, laughter spilling into the room. The camera lingers on the table, capturing the mix of elegance and homely warmth, the perfect blend of a grand feast and a simple, shared joy.

Audrey leans toward Frank as he reaches for a bowl.

AUDREY

You've been awfully quiet tonight.

FRANK

Just... enjoying the view. And the
food. Both are spectacular.

Audrey smirks.

AUDREY

Are you trying to butter me up
before dessert?

Frank laughs softly, brushing a stray hair behind her ear.

FRANK

Maybe. Or maybe I just like being
here.

Audrey smiles, her hand resting near his. For a moment, the table fades around them.

Victoria leans close to Kate, she squeezes her hand.

VICTORIA

Are you having a good time?

KATE

Totally.

Kate kisses Victoria on the lips.
Victoria leans closer to Kate.

VICTORIA

You know, I was thinking... Maybe we
could spend some time alone later.

Joey reaches for a slice of pizza, glancing at the two of
them.

JOEY

You two are conspiring again,
aren't you?
Kate laughs.

KATE

Maybe. But this time it's harmless.

VICTORIA

We might recruit you.

Joey laughs, sitting back with a slice in hand.

JOEY

I'll fight for my slice. That's the
only conspiracy I care about.

They all laugh, the sound warm and full, echoing off the high
ceiling.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The table is cleared, crumbs and empty plates scattered
lightly. Candles flicker softly, casting warm shadows.
Everyone leans back in their chairs, smiling, laughing at
small jokes, sipping the last of their drinks.

Frank clears his throat gently, drawing everyone's attention
while he stands up.

The three sisters and Kate look at him curious.

Frank reaches the small pocket. His hand trembles slightly—
not from nerves, but from excitement.

FRANK

Audrey... from the moment I met you,
I knew... I wanted to share every
pizza, every chaos-filled evening,
every quiet moment... with you.

He kneels, pulling out a small, delicate ring.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Will you marry me?

Audrey gasps softly, hand flying to her mouth. Tears glimmer in her eyes as a wide smile spreads across her face.

AUDREY
Yes... yes, of course!

She leans forward, wrapping her arms around him. Frank lifts her gently, spinning her slightly in celebration. Laughter and soft cheers ripple around the table from Joey, Victoria, and Kate.

Victoria squeezes Kate's hand, smiling warmly at the moment. Joey claps her hands, practically bouncing in her seat.

FRANK
I promise to always make pizza look majestic.

AUDREY
And I promise to always eat it with you, no matter how many toppings you pile on.

The group laughs together, the room filled with warmth, love, and quiet joy. Candles flicker, the golden light softening the edges of a perfect evening.

Joey leans back, arms crossed, grinning like she's witnessed the best show ever.

Victoria reaches over, fingers brushing Kate's hand in a silent, shared contentment. Frank and Audrey stay close, caught in their moment, completely unaware of the world around them.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is still warm with candlelight and laughter, Frank and Audrey lingering in their embrace, everyone else smiling and basking in the joy of the proposal.

Suddenly, the front door swings open with a loud bang.

ELLIE (O.S.)
Hey! Hey, anyone home?

Ellie walks into the room, without being attended to.

AUDREY

Ellie, what are you doing here?

ELLIE

I wanted to check on you, last time
it was a little bit of a-

JOEY

A mess?

ELLIE

(whispering)
Yeah.

JOEY

We're fine, thanks.

Then Ellie notices Victoria holding Kate's hand. Victoria
clears her voice.

VICTORIA

Right. Katherine, this is my friend
Ellie.

Ellie tilts her head to the side.

ELLIE

Oh come on, Victoria. We've been
more than that. Victoria and I used
to date.

VICTORIA

It was a long time ago.

Kate's expression hardens.

ELLIE

You asked me out recently.

VICTORIA

Nothing happened.

AUDREY

Ellie, we're in the middle of
something. What exactly do you
want?

ELLIE

I guess I'll come by another time,
then.

JOEY

You should call before coming here
unannounced.

Ellie fakes a smile.

ELLIE

Again, sorry for the interruption.

Ellie nods and leaves.

Everyone stands in silence until Frank clears his voice.

FRANK

So, ladies, where were we?

EXT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - PORCH GARDEN - NIGHT

Victoria holds a bottle of tequila and a blanket in one hand, while with the other she leads Kate onto the porch.

They sit next to each other. Victoria spreads the blanket over both of them.

VICTORIA

Finally... just the two of us.

Kate smirks.

KATE

Do you bring all the girls here?

VICTORIA

Nope.

KATE

Not even Ellie?

VICTORIA

Are you jealous?

KATE

No, I just want to know who my enemy is.

Victoria laughs.

VICTORIA

Ellie and I, we're way past over.
Like a century ago.

Kate leans close to Victoria, only a few inches between them.

KATE

Should I believe you?

Victoria nods, smiling, and kisses her.

Beat.

They pull apart. Victoria takes Kate's hand.

VICTORIA
I know I'm about to say something
cheesy now, but... whatever.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Tomorrow marks a month since we've
been dating, and I would like to
take you on a date.

KATE
Where are you taking me?

VICTORIA
It's a surprise.

They kiss again. Victoria holds her tight.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - AUDREY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door closes softly behind them as Audrey and Frank step inside, still wrapped in the glow of the proposal. The room is quiet, bathed in a soft amber light from the bedside lamp.

Audrey can't take her eyes off the ring. She lifts her hand again as if she needs to confirm it's real.

AUDREY
It's perfect.

Frank steps closer, brushing a thumb across her knuckles, slow and reverent.

FRANK
No. You're perfect.

Audrey lets out a soft, shaky laugh — joy trembling in her voice. She leans her forehead against his chest for a moment, breathing him in, grounding herself.

He cups her face gently, lifting her chin. Their eyes meet — a long, quiet exchange filled with love, wonder, and something almost sacred.

AUDREY
I wasn't expecting tonight to...
(looking at the ring
again)
...to feel like this.

FRANK

Me neither. But I've never been more
sure of anything.

He kisses her, slow at first — the kind of kiss that speaks,
that promises.

Audrey melts into him, her hands sliding up his chest,
clutching the fabric of his shirt as if she doesn't want him
anywhere except right there.

Frank pulls back just enough to look at her, searching her
face.

He brushes a strand of hair behind her ear.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Then let me take care of you.

Audrey answers with another kiss — deeper, warmer. She begins
unbuttoning his shirt with slow, deliberate movements, never
taking her eyes from his.

Frank helps her out of her sweater, his touch tender, almost
reverent.

They move together toward the bed, still kissing, hands
exploring with quiet affection. Audrey slips onto the
mattress, pulling him with her. She lifts her left hand
again, looking at the ring one more time, smiling like she's
holding the universe.

He laughs softly against her neck, and she wraps her arms
around him, pulling him down into another kiss — deeper this
time, breathless, full of warmth and promise.
The light on the nightstand flickers gently as they sink into
each other, their movements soft, loving, unhurried.

INT. PALACE - ELLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ellie steps inside, closing the door with a sharp slam.

For a moment she just stands there, breathing hard, jaw
clenched, still vibrating with the humiliation of the
evening.

She kicks off her heels—one flies across the hallway,
skidding across the floor.

ELLIE

(muttering, furious)

"Sorry for the interruption."
Yeah. Great job, Ellie.

She knocks over a decorative sculpture from a pedestal. It crashes to the floor, shattering loudly.

She freezes.

Then something in her snaps completely.

Ellie grabs a stack of magazines from the coffee table and flings them across the room. They scatter everywhere.

She swipes the entire table clear—glass coasters, candles, a bowl of fruit—everything crashes to the floor.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

(shouting now)

Of course she'd be there. Of course.

Holding hands. Kiss-ready. Perfect.

She kicks the fallen bowl across the room. It slams into a cabinet.

Ellie presses both palms to her forehead, pacing, unable to stay still. Anger radiates off her like heat.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Perfect, beautiful, lovely Kate.

Breathing hard, Ellie finally collapses onto the bed, burying her face in her hands.

Her shoulders tremble—anger fading into something much smaller, more painful.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

I just... wanted her to look at me the way she used to.

A long silence fills the room.

Only the ticking of an expensive clock breaks the stillness.

Ellie lifts her head.

Her eyes are wet but burning with something darker—hurt turning into resolve.

She wipes her tears harshly.

INT. TEXTILE COMPANY - NIGHT

Split-screen sequence begins.

LEFT PANEL -
TEXTILE COMPANY
The three sisters
stand solemnly
among the looms.
Victoria raises
the golden
scissors,
focusing on a
silver thread.

RIGHT PANEL -
APARTMENT
A young woman
laughs with her
roommate, holding
a wine glass. She
trips on a rug,
hitting her head
on the kitchen
counter.

CENTER PANEL -
PARK
A child chases a
ball into the
path of a
cyclist. The
collision is
sudden.

LEFT PANEL -
TEXTILE COMPANY
Victoria raises
the black thread,
cutting it
decisively. She
whispers softly.

CENTER PANEL -
CITY STREET
An elderly man
leans on a cane,
crossing the
street. A car
horn blares. He
stumbles into
traffic.

LEFT PANEL -
TEXTILE COMPANY
Victoria steps
forward, choosing
a red thread. She
hesitates, then
cuts it.

RIGHT PANEL -
OFFICE BUILDING
A middle-aged man
types rapidly at
his computer. He
leans back, and
his chair tips
over.

CENTER PANEL -
SUBURBAN HOME
A teenager
fumbles with a
firework. It
ignites
prematurely.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. TEXTILE COMPANY - ROOM - NIGHT

VICTORIA
(cold, cautious)
Ellie... What are you doing here?

BLACK SCREEN

SUPERIMPOSE: 6 HOURS EARLIER

EXT. WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

A narrow forest trail stretches ahead, bathed in soft golden light. The trees rise tall and close together, filtering the sun into warm patches along the path.

Victoria and Kate walk side by side, backpacks on their shoulders. Their breaths form faint clouds in the cool air.

Kate looks around, wide-eyed.

KATE
Wow... I didn't even know this path
existed.

Victoria smiles, proud and a little smug.

VICTORIA
No one else knows about it.

Kate bumps her shoulder into Victoria's.

KATE
So I'm special?

VICTORIA
Very.

They continue walking. Leaves crunch softly under their boots. The wind rustles through the trees in a gentle, rhythmic hush.

Kate scans the forest, a mix of wonder and curiosity. Kate's expression warms. She steps closer, fingers brushing Victoria's.

They walk on.

The trees open into a hidden clearing, a small meadow with wildflowers and a circle of smooth stones. Sunlight pours in, soft and gold.

Kate stops, breath almost caught.

KATE
It's beautiful.

Victoria grins and drops her backpack onto the soft grass.

VICTORIA
Good. Because this is our spot now.

She pulls out a blanket, flicks it open with theatrical flair, letting it fall gracefully onto the ground.

Kate laughs.

KATE
You planned this.

VICTORIA
Maybe a little.

Kate kneels on the blanket while Victoria starts unpacking the basket: cheese, fruit, sandwiches, a thermos, tiny pastries packed with ridiculous care.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
I wanted today to be special. A...
real date.

Kate tucks a loose lock of hair behind Victoria's ear. Kate leans in, kissing her softly.

KATE
It's perfect.

EXT. WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

The picnic has settled into a comfortable rhythm. The sun sits low, turning the clearing honey-gold.

KATE
So... you take all your dates to your
secret magical forest kingdom, or
am I like... the VIP version?

Victoria snorts under her breath.

VICTORIA
Please. You're the deluxe, limited-
edition release.

Kate lifts an eyebrow, clearly not buying it.

KATE

Right. Because you've never done a dramatic romantic gesture in your life.

VICTORIA

Not like this.

Kate pops another berry into her mouth, watching her closely.

KATE

What about your ex? Alex, right?

Victoria's hands pause for a fraction of a second—so small most people wouldn't notice.

Kate does.

VICTORIA

Yeah. Alex.

Kate tries to sound casual. She fails.

KATE

Were you two... big on picnics?

Victoria gives her a knowing look.

VICTORIA

Are you interrogating me?

KATE

Maybe a little.

(beat)

It's just—Alex seemed important.

Victoria's lips curl, amused.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm just trying to understand you.

Victoria leans slightly forward.

VICTORIA

You're annoyed?

KATE

I'm trying to be.

Victoria's smile is slow, dangerous in the softest way.

Kate grabs Victoria's jacket, pulling her in.

Victoria's hand cups Kate's jaw; Kate shifts closer until there's no space left between them.

VICTORIA
I like you.

KATE
I like you too.

They kiss again, deeper this time, Victoria pulls Kate in on her laps.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

The kitchen is warm, lit by the soft glow of overhead lights. Audrey stands at the counter, pouring popcorn kernels into a pot. Frank leans casually against the island, watching her with a fond, teasing grin.

AUDREY
Careful... shake the pot, not launch
the popcorn into orbit.

FRANK
A little chaos makes it more
exciting, don't you think?

AUDREY
It's supposed to be edible, not a
weapon.

She hands him the pot, giving him a playful side-eye.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Go ahead. Try not to burn it. If
you do... you clean up the mess.

Frank lifts the lid, giving her a mock salute.

The kernels start popping. One jumps higher than expected and lands with a soft plop. Frank laughs quietly.

FRANK
See? Perfectly executed chaos.

Audrey rolls her eyes.

AUDREY
Perilously close to disaster,
maybe.

Audrey grabs a bowl and starts scooping the popped corn. Their hands brush briefly. Frank notices, smirking.

FRANK

You know... even popcorn looks better
when you're making it.

AUDREY

Are you flirting with buttered corn
now?

Audrey shakes her head, laughing softly, and pours melted
butter over the popcorn. She sprinkles salt and shakes the
bowl.

Audrey nudges him gently then hands him the bowl.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Carry this to the couch while I
grab some drinks.

FRANK

Sure.

They walk to the living room together. Frank carries the
steaming bowl carefully, his other hand brushing against
hers.

Joey is seated on the couch waiting for Kate and Frank.

JOEY

Finally! I was starting to worry
you'd eat all the popcorn before I
got here.

AUDREY

Not a chance.

FRANK

We brought enough for everyone... and
then some.

Audrey sits beside Joey, nudging her gently. Frank sets the
bowl on the coffee table and sits next to Audrey. Their legs
brush, sending a small spark of warmth between them.

They share a quiet look, smiling, before Joey tugs at the
blanket, pulling them in for the movie. The kitchen chatter
fades into the cozy ambiance of the living room, the warm
smell of buttered popcorn filling the space.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The three sit under the blanket, the flickering light of the
movie playing across their faces. Popcorn crunches
occasionally as the film rolls on.

Joey's laughter fades slightly. Her eyes shift, darting to the side, her fingers fidgeting with the edge of the blanket.

AUDREY
(softly, noticing)
Joey... hey, what's wrong?

Joey flinches, looking down, voice barely above a whisper.

JOEY
I... I don't know. It's nothing.

Frank leans closer, concern in his eyes.

FRANK
Talk to us.

Joey exhales, shoulders shaking slightly. Audrey slides closer, wrapping an arm gently around her.

AUDREY
It's okay, Joey. We're here.

Joey swallows hard, trying to regain composure. Her hands curl in her lap.

FRANK
Take a breath. In... and out.

Audrey takes her other hand, holding it softly.

Joey glances up, meeting their eyes. Slowly, the tension eases, her body relaxing under their touch. She lets out a shaky laugh.

JOEY
Sorry... I don't know why I—

Audrey shakes her head with the head.

AUDREY
No apologies. This is exactly why
we're here.

Frank squeezes her hand gently.

Joey curls closer into Audrey's side, resting her head on her shoulder. Audrey and Frank exchange a small, quiet smile, brushing her hair back gently. The movie plays on, but the three are focused on each other, the warmth of their presence enough to quiet the storm inside Joey. The room is calm, soft, the faint sound of popcorn crunching punctuating the peaceful moment.

Joey slowly lifts her head from Audrey's shoulder, a small, shy smile tugging at her lips.

JOEY

Okay... I think the storm's gone... for now.

Frank chuckles softly, nudging her knee with his.

FRANK

But the VIP popcorn policy still applies.

Joey giggles, reaching into the bowl. She tosses a popcorn kernel into the air, catching it in her mouth.

AUDREY

Flawless execution.

Frank pretends to bow, offering his hand to Joey in a mock ceremony.

A playful silence falls for a beat, then Joey suddenly grabs both their hands, pulling them closer under the blanket.

They huddle together, warm and cozy, leaning against each other. The movie flickers across the room, forgotten for now, as soft laughter and whispers fill the space.

JOEY

Best... movie night... ever.

The three relax completely, the earlier tension replaced with gentle warmth, shared laughter, and a sense of safe belonging. The living room is quiet but alive with comfort, the perfect cocoon for this little moment in their chaotic lives.

INT. TEXTILE COMPANY - NIGHT

The factory is quiet, dimly lit by overhead lamps that cast long shadows across the looms and spools of thread. The air smells faintly of oil and fabric.

Victoria leads Kate by the hand, walking carefully between the machines. Her eyes scan the space, alert, protective.

KATE

(whispering)

Wow... it's... huge.

KATE (CONT'D)

It's... kind of amazing. But also... a little intimidating.

Victoria laughs quietly, brushing a strand of hair behind Kate's ear.

VICTORIA
You'll be fine.

KATE
I hate to say it, but this is the
very best date.

Victoria gently pushes Kate against the nearest table. She takes Kate's hand.

VICTORIA
I spend most of my days here, I
wanted to share it with you.

Kate hugs her tight, they smile and look at each other for a moment, when they are going to kiss they hear a thud.

They both look in the direction of the thud.

Victoria takes a step forward, she freezes, eyes narrowing at a figure in the shadows.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Ellie... What are you doing here?

Kate follows Victoria's gaze, her smile fading.

Ellie steps forward, but Victoria pulls Kate behind her arm.

ELLIE
Sorry to interrupt.

VICTORIA
What - wait. How did you get in
here.

ELLIE
Spare key under the vase.

VICTORIA
I'm afraid I need to ask you to
leave.

Ellie wanders around shaking her head.

ELLIE
It should have been me.

She stops in front of them.

VICTORIA
What are you talking about?

ELLIE
You and me. Us. You keep doing it!

Victoria hides Kate behind her.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
I've always loved you but you were
too busy dating everyone but me!
First Alex and now her?

VICTORIA
Leave Katherine alone.

Ellie looks Kate straight in the eyes.

ELLIE
Katherine, darling, do you know
what happened to sweet little Alex?

Kate shakes her head.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
Do you want to ask her?

VICTORIA
Ellie please stop.

Ellie takes a step forward, she pulls out a knife from her back.

ELLIE
You are going to tell her or I'll
slit Kate's throat.

Victoria wipes a tear away from her face.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
Do tell her.

VICTORIA
I... I killed Alex.

Kate automatically steps away from Victoria.

KATE
You did what?

ELLIE
About that. I may have something to
do with it.
(MORE)

ELLIE (CONT'D)

I put the notes on the printer and
you did it. Fast easy as ordering
pizza.

Victoria curls her lips into a flat line. She then jumps on
Ellie attacking her.

But Ellie stabs the knife into Victoria's flank.

Kate covers her face, scared.

KATE

Victoria!

Victoria gasps for air. Ellie bursts out laughing.

ELLIE

No need to worry. See? No blood.

Kate's eyes widened in shock.

Ellie pulls out the knife from Victoria's flank.

KATE

What the - how?

Ellie grabs Kate's arm, she places the knife under Kate's
throat.

Tears streamed down from Kate's face.

VICTORIA

Don't touch her.

ELLIE

You need to tell her the truth,
Victoria. Come on.

Victoria looks at Kate.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Tell her!

VICTORIA

I'm one of the moirai, I'm Atropos,
I'm the dead.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The movie has ended, the room dim except for the soft glow of
the TV screen.

Joey is still curled up on the couch, wrapped in the blanket.

Frank stands, grabbing his jacket. He looks at Audrey.

FRANK

We should get going, babe. If we don't leave now, we'll hit the late rush.

Audrey doesn't move. Her eyes flick toward the hallway.

AUDREY

Where's Victoria? She said she'd be home by now.

Joey sighs loudly, annoyed.

JOEY

She didn't answer any of my texts. I don't care if she's with her girlfriend — it's still rude.

Audrey picks up her phone, brows furrowing as she tries calling again.

AUDREY

She's not answering my calls either...

Joey pushes herself to her feet, stretching.

JOEY

I'm sure she'll be back soon. You two should go. I'll be fine, seriously. Don't worry.

Frank looks between them, concerned.

FRANK

Babe... What do you want to do?

Audrey doesn't answer right away. Her thumb hovers over Victoria's name as she calls again. Straight to voicemail. A cold knot forms in her stomach.

AUDREY

Something's off.

She meets Frank's eyes. He already understands.

INT. TEXTILE COMPANY - NIGHT

Kate is tied to a heavy industrial chair, wrists cinched tight with thick strips of fabric. She pulls against them, but the knots hold.

Ellie paces in front of her, breath sharp and unsteady, fingers twitching around the blood-streaked shears.

A few feet away, Victoria lies on the concrete floor—conscious, but pale and shaking. Her hands are bound. The shears remain buried in her chest, right above the heart. Every breath shudders. Every attempt to move sends pain rippling through her body.

VICTORIA
(weak, trembling)
Ellie... please. Let her go...

ELLIE
You're adorable, Victoria. Still
trying to play the hero for your
little girlfriend.

Victoria tries to push herself upright. For a split second her eyes darken—something ancient and monstrous rising beneath her skin—but the pain crushes it. The spark dies.

She collapses back, gasping.

VICTORIA
Kate... don't... don't listen to her...

Ellie smirks.

ELLIE
See?
She can't even stand.

Ellie nudges the handle of the shears with a cruel little tap.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
Funny thing—the first time I
stabbed you? Nothing.
But this one?
This one sticks.

She pushes the shears deeper.

Victoria screams, arching off the ground.

Kate's face crumples in terror.

KATE
You're killing her!

ELLIE
Kill her? No, no..
(smiling)
I'm just having a little fun.

She crouches in front of Kate, brushing a strand of hair from her face with terrifying gentleness.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
Now we can finally talk.
Without her ruining everything.

Behind her, Victoria forces herself upright by an inch, blood welling around the embedded blades.

VICTORIA
Ellie... please...
Don't do this...

Ellie's expression flashes—hurt, fury, desperate longing. She looks back at Victoria, voice trembling with obsession.

ELLIE
You should have chosen me.
(beat)
Now you'll watch what happens when
you don't.

Victoria tries again to transform, but the magic sputters out—unable to burn through the wound pinning her to her mortal form.

KATE
Victoria!

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

A cold wind sweeps through the quiet streets. Storefronts are closing, neon signs flickering, the town settling into its night rhythm.

Audrey, Frank, and Joey move quickly down the sidewalk. Audrey clutches her phone, checking the screen every few seconds. Joey keeps scanning every corner, chewing her nails anxiously. Frank stays close, protective but trying not to show he's worried too.

They cross another empty block.

Joey sighs, frustrated.

JOEY

She's not at the bakery. She's not
at the bookstore. She's not
anywhere.

FRANK

Maybe she just... took a walk? Needed
space?

Audrey stops abruptly, turning to him—her eyes sharp,
certain.

AUDREY

Victoria doesn't just disappear.
(beat)
And she never ignores our calls.

Joey hugs herself, pacing in a small anxious circle.

JOEY

What if something happened? What if
she's hurt? What if—

AUDREY

Joey.
(gently)
Breathe.

Joey does. Barely.

They continue walking—faster now.

Audrey dials again. The call rings... rings... then cuts to
voicemail.

She lowers the phone, her voice tight.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Still nothing.

Frank puts a hand on her back.

FRANK

Let's think. Where would she go?
Somewhere familiar? Somewhere she
feels safe?

Audrey's eyes shift, calculating—retracing steps, patterns,
instincts.

Joey stops walking. Her expression shifts—fear creeping in,
but also certainty.

JOEY

We need to check the factory.

Audrey freezes. Frank looks between them.

FRANK

Why would she be there now?

Joey shakes her head.

JOEY

I don't know.

But something's wrong. I feel it.

Audrey meets her sister's eyes—and trusts that instinct without a doubt.

She grabs Frank's arm.

AUDREY

Let's go.

They break into a run.

INT. TEXTILE COMPANY - NIGHT

The factory hums with a low, ominous quiet. Only the flicker of aging lamps breaks the darkness.

Victoria lies on the cold floor, trembling. Her breath is shallow, uneven. Blood pools faintly around the shears still lodged just above her heart. Each attempt to move sends a violent tremor through her body.

Ellie paces nearby in sharp, frantic lines, fingers twitching around the bloody shears' handle.

Victoria digs her nails into the floor, dragging herself forward inch by inch. Every movement tears another ragged breath out of her chest.

KATE

Ellie, please—stop. Just stop. You don't want this.

Ellie laughs—too sharp, too sudden.

ELLIE

This? This is exactly what I want.

Victoria forces herself another few inches closer. She's shaking violently now, leaving a faint streak of blood behind her. She lifts her head just enough to meet Kate's eyes.

VICTORIA

Kate...
(beat)
Run.

Kate freezes.

KATE

Victoria—

VICTORIA

Now. Run!

With a final burst of strength, Victoria hurls herself at Ellie's legs, knocking her off balance.

Kate wrenches herself free and bolts, glancing back only long enough to see Victoria collapse again.

Ellie shrieks, scrambling upright, brandishing the bloody shears.

The factory doors explode open.

Audrey, Joey, and Frank rush inside.

FRANK

Kate!

He sprints toward her, untying the knots, pulling her close.

Kate collapses into him, shaking.

Behind them, Audrey and Joey's eyes flash.
Their divine forms break through: Audrey glowing with the soft pulse of compassion and life; Joey lit with a fierce, sharp brilliance of the thread and the future.

Ellie freezes, breath catching at the sight of the two Moirai towering before her.

ELLIE

This is just between Victoria and me, I don't want to hurt you.

Audrey steps forward, calm but deadly.

AUDREY

Step away from her.

ELLIE

One more step and I'll rip her heart out.

Kate hides behind Frank's shoulder, trembling.

JOEY

Dude, you're delusional. She's not in love with you.

ELLIE

Bullshit! We were meant for each other! I was the only one who was there for her — that must mean something.

AUDREY

And you think she'll love you now?

Joey circles slightly, closing distance with calculated precision.

ELLIE

She will. Eventually. When she understands I'm the only one for her.

JOEY

Yeah, pretty sure my sister has better taste.

ELLIE

SHUT UP! SHUT UP BOTH OF YOU!

Victoria gasps for air and faints.

AUDREY

Victoria!

Ellie glances down at Victoria for just a second.

That's all Joey needs.

In a blur of divine speed, Joey strikes — slamming Ellie backward into a metal table. The blow sends Ellie's weapon flying from her hand, clattering across the floor.

Joey doesn't stop.

She lunges again, tackling Ellie fully, pinning her with a forearm across her collarbone. Ellie thrashes, wild, desperate — but Joey is stronger. Unmovable.

JOEY

You hurt my sister.

Ellie claws at Joey's arm, panic overtaking the fury.

JOEY (CONT'D)
And you won't touch her.
Or Kate.
Ever. Again.

With a single, brutal motion, Joey reaches for the fallen shears, grabs them and drives them into Ellie's chest.

Ellie collapses, breath shuddering, eyes wide.

Joey steps back beside Audrey. Victoria lies unconscious. The wound is only half-healed.

AUDREY
She lost too much blood.

A beat.

Victoria suddenly chokes, then exhales sharply as the wound seals completely. Her breathing steadies.

VICTORIA
What... happened? Where's K—

She looks around and spots Kate. Her face softens—relief, love.

Kate does not move. Does not smile. Her expression is shattered.

Audrey notices. She gently helps Victoria to her feet. Joey wraps her arms around her sister.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Easy... easy.

JOEY
Sorry.

Victoria catches Kate's expression — distant, cold, terrified.

AUDREY
You two have a lot to talk about.
We'll see you at home.

Victoria nods faintly.

Audrey and Joey turn away. Audrey takes Frank's hand and leads him outside.

END OF ACT THREE

EPILOGUE

INT. TEXTILE COMPANY - NIGHT

The room is quiet, dimly lit. Shadows stretch across the floor.

Victoria stands before Kate, shoulders slightly hunched, fingers twisting restlessly. She avoids her gaze.

KATE

I... I can't just forget what happened.

Kate paces, heels scraping the concrete. She stops, facing Victoria, eyes bright with held-back tears.

KATE (CONT'D)

I just... I can't be with you right now. Not like this. Not after everything.

Victoria swallows hard, takes a half-step forward, then stops.

VICTORIA

I understand. You're scared. And you should be.

Kate nods once, a tear slipping free.

KATE

Scared to say the very least. You and your sisters... you're one of the Moirai, Victoria. Do you think that's normal?

Victoria twists her hands, eyes on the floor.

VICTORIA

I'm not saying—it's just... this is who I am. But I would never hurt you.

Kate scoffs lightly, arms crossing.

KATE

So what? Should we pretend this never happened?

Victoria bites her lip. Silence is already her answer.

KATE (CONT'D)
I need time... I can't. Not right
now.

Victoria's breath trembles.

VICTORIA
I'll wait. I have all the time in
the world.

Kate shakes her head softly.

KATE
You shouldn't.

She turns and walks away. The door closes gently behind her.

Victoria stands motionless, a single tear falling as the
empty factory hums around her.

INT. TEXTILE COMPANY - NIGHT

Ellie is slumped against a wall, bruised and bleeding. She
stirs, eyes fluttering open.

She sees the shears embedded in the floor.

ELLIE
(weak but defiant)
It's not over...

She pushes herself upright, wincing, gaze drifting toward the
exit.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

The front door opens. Victoria steps in, drained.

Audrey, Joey and Frank wait for her, concern written all over
their faces.

Victoria musters a fragile smile.

VICTORIA
Hey.

AUDREY
That bad, huh?

Victoria nods. She moves toward them, and Audrey and Joey
pull her into a hug.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
It's okay. Everything will be
alright.

Victoria nods against her shoulder.

JOEY
Anyway, if she can't handle you at
your "stabbed-by-a-psycho" phase,
she's definitely not Moirai-
material anyway.

Audrey elbows her.

AUDREY
Joey...

JOEY
What? I'm comforting her.

Victoria lets out a tiny, exhausted laugh — her first since
Kate left.

FADE OUT

THE END