OPTIMUM

Written by

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CHARACTER LIST:

Oren: 18, skinny-fat white boy

Mom: Oren's mom, 49

Rome: 17, Hispanic boy

Ivy: 17, white girl with black hair

Wren: 17, Hispanic girl with brown hair and glasses

Ori: 17, ginger white girl

Everett: 18, black boy

Shaw: 17, middle-eastern boy

Celeste: 18, waisian girl

Madeline: 17, white hippie girl

Emma/$333: 19, white model

Ian: 17, short hispanic boy

Jax: 18, taller hispanic boy

INT. OREN'S ROOM-NIGHT

Oren gasps, doing crunches on the floor.

INT. OREN'S ROOM- LATER

Colorful posters, childhood pictures, and rugs crowd the room. A bookshelf overflows with books and Lego cars.

Oren sits on his bed and watches an emo boy with cat ears perform a corny dance.

We see his TikTok account with 11,000 followers. His username is deadboyxx2.

He puts on white and pink cat ears and black fishnet gloves.

Oren sets up his phone on his bookshelf, covering the spine of The Republic by Plato.

A TikTok sound plays and he dances: arms bent, wrists limp, like a cat pawing at the air.

He stops and watches it back. He grabs weights from his floor and rotates his forearms until veins surface.

Ivy texts him but he ignores the notification.

He retries the dance until he is sweating. Once satisfied, he presses post.

Oren reloads the page and sees 4 views. He frowns and reloads it again: 12 views.

He puts his phone down and sits for a moment, then picks it up and reloads the page.

INT. OREN'S BATHROOM, LATER

Oren stands shirtless in front of his bathroom mirror.

He examines his face, turning to both sides to see his side profile.

He notices a tiny pimple on his chin. He gets closer to the mirror and squeezes past the pop, until it is bleeding.

He wipes his chin and washes off the blood in the sink.

Oren steps back and flexes his barely visible abs, then turns to the side.

He unhappily squeezes his small love handles, as if trying to pull them off of his body.

Oren takes a gua sha and scrapes in his cheekbones. His skin reddens.

He looks in the mirror, then in his phone's selfie camera.

MOM
(off screen)
Can you take the dog out?

OREN
(muttering)
Oh my fucking god.

He closes his eyes.

MOM
Oren?

OREN
(yelling back)
Okay, I will!

INT. OREN'S APARTMENT FOYER- CONTINUOUS

Oren takes the leash from drawers next to the apartment doors. He looks at himself in the circular foyer mirror.

INT. ELEVATOR

Oren stands in his apartment's elevator with a golden retriever named Maddy. He pets her and bends down to touch his head to hers.

OREN
Who's a good girl? You're such a good girl.

Oren checks his TikTok. 1400 views, 40 likes and one comment blocked for sensitivity. He clicks on view anyway.

The comment reads: *"homo catboy."*

Oren squeezes his phone and almost throws it on the ground, then puts it away.

EXT, SIDEWALK- CONTINUOUS

Maddy is stopped, looking at something. Oren walks on, not realizing.

He stops, grits his teeth, and jerks the leash. Maddy lurches towards him.

Maddy is still facing the same spot and starts to growl.

Oren walks over and sees a mangy cat ripping apart a dead lizard.

INT. OREN'S ROOM- LATER

Oren's face is illuminated by his phone screen.

He scrolls through split-second clips of a BlackPill chart on how to be optimally attractive, and a young man tapping his cheekbones to "bonesmash" with a mallet.

INT. STARBUCKS BATHROOM- DAY

Ivy and Oren stand in front of a mirror in a single-occupancy bathroom. Oren flexes his abs in the mirror. Ivy is on her phone behind him, not paying attention.

OREN
Look at this.

Oren hits a neon yellow weed pen and ghosts it cleanly in the mirror. The smoke is a murky yellow.

He hands it to Ivy.

IVY
(smiling)
Mid.

Ivy hits it and ghosts it better than Oren, blowing O's after.

Oren slices through one O with his finger. Ivy slaps his hand.

Oren watches the rings of smoke drift and dissipate.

OREN
Fuck.

INT. STARBUCKS- CONTINUOUS

Oren, Ivy, Shaw, and Celeste sit at a table in Starbucks with coffees.

Oren watches Ivy talk to Shaw suspiciously.

IVY
You're in jazz?

SHAW
Yeah, but I like experimental music more.

IVY
Oh, that's so cool! You make any?

Oren stares at Shaw's arms and chest. He watches Ivy do the same.

SHAW
I'm on Spotify if you wanna check it out.

CELESTE
It's actually pretty good.

SHAW
(jokingly)
Actually? Fuck off.

IVY
(smiling)
I'm sure it's great.

Oren shifts in his seat and stares as Shaw takes a bite of his sandwich.

OREN
What's your gym split?

SHAW
(chewing)
What?

OREN
You have a gym routine?

SHAW
Yeah, uh, I do full body a few times a week.

OREN
Nice, nice.

Oren picks his coffee up and flexes his forearm.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY- LATER

Oren and Ivy sit close together on a blue mat in a small secluded hallway.

OREN
(frustrated)
You were flirting with him.

IVY
(annoyed)
No, I wasn't.

OREN
You looked at him like you look at me.

IVY
You're high.

OREN
He's like a better version of me.

IVY
I wouldn't flirt with someone in front of you.

OREN
But you'd do it behind my back?

IVY
(sliding away from Oren)
That's not what I'm saying.

OREN
That's what it sounds like, Ivy.
Are you cheating on me?

IVY
We're not even dating! How could I
be cheating on you?

OREN
Did you guys fuck?

IVY
Jesus, Oren, no! I just met him.

OREN
(coldly)
You're lying. I can tell.

IVY
Believe whatever you want. You're
acting insane.

OREN
(scared and angry)
Stop manipulating me.

IVY
What the fuck are you talking
about?

Ivy rolls her eyes and smiles.

Oren sits still, staring furiously into space.

OREN
(dripping with malice)
Your mom was right.

Ivy gets up and leaves. Oren gets up and calls after her.

OREN (CONT'D)
Wait, fuck, I'm sorry!

Oren opens his mouth but she walks away before he can respond.

INT. METRORAIL- AFTERNOON

Oren sits by himself on his phone in a two-person seat next to the window in the Miami Metrorail after school on the way to the Sunset mall for Rome's birthday.

Oren scrolls: a Black Pill Reddit forum on HGH (Human Growth Hormone). A before-and-after picture of a young man. A checkout screen for HGH.

Rome, Wren, Ori, Frankie, Madeline, and Everett sit in two back-to-back rows of three seats at the windows on the other side of the car.

WREN
Ev and I went to the bay to smoke.
It was so nice.

ROME
Um. No invite?

WREN
I thought you quit.

ROME
Yeah, like, performatively.

Wren and Frankie laugh.

EV
I'll let you know next time.

ROME
You better. Don't be opps.

The train stops. Emma watches Oren through the window for a split second before the doors close.

A man in a superhero costume gets on the train and approaches Rome. There is blood staining his costume at his shins.

SUPERHERO
Don't be an egg now, ladies.

Rome looks at Everett uncomfortably.

SUPERHERO (CONT'D)
Come on, nowww. I'm just a goose
eatin soap. Gimme some sugar.

He turns and reaches out to touch Oren, who looks up in disgust. He kicks the man's hand away, and the man dances down the train car away from them.

Oren looks at Rome, then Wren and Ori in silence. Everyone bursts out laughing.

ORI
What the fuck was that?

Oren shakes his head in disbelief.

ROME
That's my friend. Be nice to him.

MADELINE
We're going to Scholar's, right? I need a new Tiger Eye.

ROME
Yesss. Maybe I'll get blessed with a crystal boy today.

FRANKIE
You wish.

ROME
Shut up.

ORI
Oren.

Oren looks out the window.

ROME
Deadboy!

Rome laughs and looks at Madeline, who laughs in response.

Oren looks up, annoyed. He takes off one ear of his overear headphones.

OREN
What?

ORI
You're coming, right?

OREN
Yeah. Why else would I be on the train?

ROME
You're exhausting. Are you not entertained?

Oren puts his headphones back in and turns to the window.

INT. SCHOLARS LOUNGE- LATER

Scholar's Lounge is a vintage, hippie, thrifty third space with clothing and crystal boutiques, a food bar, couches, and a small stage for bands.

One person sits cross-legged on the stage in front of a computer, playing a noise set. Their sound is grating, eerie, and impossible to follow. It hurts.

Rome is trying on colorful glasses and stooping to admire himself in a mirror. Frankie stands next to him on his phone.

Madeline is rifling through boxes of crystals while Ori looks at necklaces.

Everett sits with his arm around Wren on a couch on the opposite side of the shop.

Oren sits alone, massaging his left cheek with his hand while studying himself on his phone.

Ori, Madeline, Rome, and Frankie walk over to Wren and Everett and sit on green and blue dilapidated couches.

Frankie gets a single cupcake from the bar and puts a candle from his pocket on it.

ORI
Oren! Come sing happy birthday.

Oren pockets his phone and walks over.

Frankie lights the candle and everyone sings. Oren is mumbling and barely paying attention.

They finish, and Rome blows out the candle. He squeals and claps his hands loudly.

Oren taps Rome from across the table.

OREN
Can I tap your cart?

Rome produces a weed pen and a vape from his pocket.

Oren takes both and hits them at once, blowing smoke over the table.

Oren hands back the vape but puts the weed pen in his pocket.

INT. ELEVATOR- LATER

The group is packed in a small elevator, passing around two vapes.

EXT. GARAGE ROOF- CONTINUOUS

The group sits talking amongst themselves on a ledge overlooking Miami and the setting sun.

ROME
You didn't sing me happy birthday.

OREN
So?

ROME
So, it's my birthday you asshole.

OREN
Sorry.

ROME
Don't pretend like you care.

OREN
Don't be mad you can't get your dick hard.

ROME
Okay, fuck you. Leave.

OREN
Fine, faggot. I didn't want to be here anyway.

The group goes silent and turns to look at Oren in disgust.

ROME
(tearing up)
Wow.

EV
Oren, what the fuck?

MADELINE
What's wrong with you?

OREN
What? I'm bi, I can say it.

Oren looks unconvinced by his own words.

FRANKIE
Not like that you can't. Get the fuck outta here.

Oren opens his mouth to protest, looking astonished.

ORI
You're ruining his party you jackass.

OREN
Okay, fuck all of you.

Oren looks around in fury.

EVERETT
(standing up)
Oren, you need to leave. Right now.

OREN
What are you gonna do, bitch? Rome doesn't even care. Right, Rome?

Rome looks at the sunset.

OREN (CONT'D)
Fine, Jesus Christ. I'll leave.

He stands awkwardly, waiting for someone to tell him to stay.

Oren turns and walks away without looking back.

EXT. OUTSIDE SHOLAR'S LOUNGE- DAY

Oren is sitting alone on a bench. The mall is mostly empty. He watches a couple walk up the stairs in front of him.

PHONE SCREEN: AI Chatbot: Best books on behavioral psychology

Oren hits his cart and sips a pineapple Fanta. He wipes his hands on his thighs and gets up.

Oren wanders up the same stairs the couple went up.

He walks past the movie theater and sees a dingy yellow hallway blocked by a dingy yellow wall which is taller than him.

Oren hoists himself up onto a nearby ledge and climbs over the wall, landing hard on his feet.

INT. MALL HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Oren wanders down a tall musty hallway with peeling yellow paint. It is like a labyrinth.

He walks past a door and peeks through the window into the mall's gym. He watches people exercise for a moment.

He finds an opening with a cart for moving luggage.

He jumps on the cart, grabbing the metal poles with both hands and rides it for a split second before falling off.

Oren takes his fanta out of his pocket and puts it down.

He sets up his phone against the wall and jumps on the cart, trying to ride it further.

He falls again and slams his hands on the ground.

OREN
Fuck.

Oren looks at his bleeding hands. He wipes them on his pants, resets his phone, and tries again.

He rides the cart towards the camera, makes a "model face," smiles, then flashes a peace sign.

Oren watches the video back carefully and posts it.

He notices a 12-year-old boy standing at the end of the hallway, staring at him.

A beat.

OREN (CONT'D)
Get the fuck outta here!

INT. OREN'S ROOM- NIGHT

Oren lies on his stomach on his bed. A strip of blue LED lights outlines his ceiling and is the only light in the room.

Oren posts a picture of himself on Reddit: 18, M. Advice on ascending?

He switches to Tiktok, watches his own fit check with 13,000 views then deletes the video.

NOTIFICATION: $333 sent you a message.

He clicks on it and is taken to a chat that reads: Hey, you're cute ;).

He clicks on the profile picture and it is a stunning 21 year old brunette woman with dark brown eyes and freckles.

OREN
Oh, shit.

He types back: Hello beautiful.

INT. OREN'S BATHROOM- LATER

Oren is shirtless at his mirror with his phone in his hand. He tries different poses and takes pictures, seemingly disgusted with himself.

PHONE SCREEN: Oren uploads a picture oh him not flexing to AI.

He types: analyze facial flaws

Oren looks back the mirror.

He sucks in his stomach and much as he can and flexes his nearly nonexistent abs, snapping a picture.

He lets out a large sigh and his stomach expands. He looks at his stomach and pinches it, then sends the picture to $333.

THE CHAT

$333: God, you're sexy.

Deadboyxx2: I'd say the same but I've barely seen you.

$333: you want to?

Deadboyxx2: desperately.

$333: 2 images and 1 video attachment.

Oren opens the images and puts lotion on his hand.

Oren looks between his phone and himself as he masturbates. No nudity.

INT. OREN'S ROOM- 10 MINUTES LATER

Oren saves the images and video to his camera roll. He hides them in a hidden folder.

He clicks on $333's profile and blocks her.

INT. CLASSROOM- DAY

Oren sits in a spinning chair in history class next to Phoebe and Maya.

PHOEBE
You're like, famous.

MAYA
It's so cool.

Oren spins absentmindedly in his chair.

OREN
Yeah, I guess. I don't have that many followers.

PHOEBE
Shut up mister 50 K.

MAYA
Can we be in a video?

OREN
Uh, sure. What do you wanna do?

INT. DANCE STUDIO- LATER

Oren stand awkwardly behind Phoebe and Maya who are rehearsing a TikTok dance while looking at themselves in the studio mirror.

He half-heartedly tries to learn it but gives up.

PHOEBE
It's not that hard. It's just like

Phoebe dances as she exclaims.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
Uh! Uh! Boom, boom, yeah!

OREN
Okay, maybe you two dance and I'll try to follow along.

MAYA
Fine, just try not to suck.

OREN
I'll try.

Oren sets up his phone and starts a timer. He walks behind them and puts on his TikTok face.

The girls dance cleanly with smiles. Oren tries to look like he's nonchalant and not doing too much.

MAYA
Stop, stop. You have to look like you're having fun.

OREN
Okay, fine.

Oren looks at himself in the mirror and forces a smile, then changes it to be smaller.

They dance again and Oren smiles slightly, moving a little looser while still maintaining his nonchalant presentation.

PHOEBE
Great! Post it.

OREN
Are you sure?

MAYA
Yes, just do it. It'll go viral.

INT. OREN'S ROOM- NIGHT

Oren is lightly tapping his cheekbones with a toolbox hammer.

A deafening crashing sound is heard from outside his window. Oren jumps, and hits himself too hard. He starts to bleed.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY- LATER

Oren watches Ivy walk past him without looking at him.

INT. OREN'S ROOM- NIGHT

Oren looks skinnier. He is taking shirtless pictures in his full length mirror with XXXtentacion playing in the background.

He gets a notification.

PHONE

New follower: $333

OREN
The fuck?

He opens it to $333's new profile with 3,000 followers.

CHAT

Deadboyxx2: what do u want

$333: to talk?

Deadboyxx2: why

$333: i miss you

Deadboyxx2: no you dont

$333: 1 video attachment

Oren sighs and opens the video to see $333 in lingerie.

$333: can you call?

Deadboyxx2: yea ig

$333 calls Oren and he picks up.

OREN (CONT'D)
Hello?

EMMA
Hi.

OREN
Oh, hi. I like your voice.

EMMA
Yeah?

OREN
Why'd you call me?

Oren hits Rome's cart.

EMMA
You're always asking questions.

OREN
Are you stalking me?

EMMA
Why would you say that?

OREN
I dunno. I blocked you.

EMMA
Yeah, I noticed. Rude.

OREN
I'm sorry. I'm not used to...
whatever this is.

Oren sits on his bed.

EMMA
Are you calling me a slut?

OREN
What? No! I just-

EMMA
Relax. I'm joking. I just want to
get to know you.

OREN
You sound sweet.

Oren's mom walks in.

MOM
Who are you talking to?

OREN
No one.

MOM
Oh, honey, what happened to your
face?

OREN
I dunno, I fell.

INT. CLASSROOM- NEXT DAY

Oren sits in a different classroom. He looks at the back of Ivy's head with remorse.

Her hair is dyed teal, and she wears a backless shirt.

Oren opens his phone to a notification.

CHAT

$333: Hi baby.

Oren types back:

Deadboyxx2: don't call me that.

INT. OREN'S ROOM- NIGHT

CHAT

Deadboyxx2: can we video call

$333: why?

Deadboyxx2: so i know ur not catfishing me

$333: that's weird.

Deadboyxx2: im just making sure

$333: yeah, whatever.

$333 video calls Oren. He picks up. Her face takes over his screen.

OREN
Wow.

EMMA
What?

OREN
You're beautiful.

Oren stares in awe at Emma. His face relaxes as he observes her.

EMMA
Are you convinced?

OREN
I don't know.

INT. GRADUATION CEREMONY

The whole school, families, and friends are in a large theater watching students receive their diplomas.

Emma is seen briefly in the crowd.

Oren sits in a row of students waiting to be called up next to Ivy.

OREN
Have a good summer, Ivy.

Ivy ignores him.

INT. OREN'S BATHROOM- THE NEXT DAY

Oren holds a syringe and looks at it, then at himself in the mirror.

He squeezes fat on his stomach and injects himself with human growth hormones.

INT. OREN'S ROOM- NIGHT

Oren is on the phone with Emma.

EMMA
I'm having a party next week.

OREN
Okay.

EMMA
You should come!

OREN
How?

EMMA
Uh, fly. Duh.

OREN
I'm not flying to San Deigo.

EMMA
I'll pay. Hashtag sugar mommy.

OREN
Really?

EMMA
Yeah, why not? I want to see you.

OREN
I don't know.

EMMA
Don't be lame. It'll be fun.

OREN
I just met you, though.

EMMA
Who cares? It'll be fun!

EXT. STREET- DAYS LATER

Oren walks with blue jorts, a grey button up shirt, sandals, sunglasses, a coffee. and a croissant along a shopping district in downtown Miami.

He spots Ivy walking away from him across the street.

He runs up to her, trying not to spill his coffee. A car honks and he drops his croissant.

He looks back and the street is empty.

INT. OREN'S ROOM- NEXT DAY

Clothes are spread all over Oren's floor as he tries on outfits. His mom walks in.

She picks up a picture of the two of them when Oren was a child from Oren's desk.

MOM
I love this picture. You were so cute.

OREN
Yeah. Things were better.

She looks at him, slightly concerned.

MOM
Are you packing?

OREN
Yeah.

MOM
For what?

OREN
I told you. That internship.

MOM
I don't think you told me that.

OREN
(annoyed)
Yeah, mom, I did.

MOM
Well, when are you leaving?

OREN
Today.

MOM
Today?

OREN
In like two hours.

MOM
Where is it?

OREN
San Diego.

MOM
You have to tell me these things, Oren. You're not an adult yet.

OREN
I told you last week!

INT. AIRPORT- LATER

Oren makes a fit check with headphones on in the middle of a busy terminal. People have to go around him.

One old man with a cane and a tiny white dog walks in front of the camera and Oren looks at him with malice.

INT. AIRPLANE

Oren is in a middle seat near the back of the plane squished by two huge men who are both using his armrests.

He is being squeezed by their masses on either side.

He has his headphones on.

PHONE SCREEN: AI Chatbot:

Oren uploads the same picture again and types: what surgeries would improve harmony

He gets a text from $333 and clicks on it.

CHAT

$333: when are you getting here?

Deadboyxx2: im on the plane.

$333: see you soon ;)

EXT. DESERT MOUNTAIN ROAD- AFTERNOON

A clean black sedan drives fast down a dusty dirt road through a desert. There are no houses and barely any trees, just rocks and bushes.

The car passes a 20 foot stone tower with strange engravings on it and a moment later a stop sign which is 40 feet off the road.

INT. UBER

The driver stares at through the rearview mirror Oren instead of looking at the road.

Oren leans his head on the window and his gaze passes over the tower.

He checks his account: 100,000 followers.

He records himself holding his hand over his mouth and captions the video: "I'm bouta throw up in this uber."

Oren sees a huge modern mansion outlined with walls of lush bushes and a high gate come into view.

He sees the ocean crashing on huge sharp rocks off the cliff behind the mansion.

EXT. OUTSIDE MANSION

Oren gets his black backpack and black suitcase from the car and walks to the gate.

He rings the video doorbell.

OREN
Hello?

No response. He tries again.

OREN (CONT'D)
It's deadboy.

EMMA
Oh, hi! Sorry, I was getting ready.
Come in!

The gate buzzes and opens.

INT. MANSION- CONTINUOUS

Oren pulls the large white door behind him and it closes silently. He takes in the mansion.

Everything is white and marble, almost like a museum. There is a huge mirror on the wall near the door.

A lavish staircase spirals up to the second and third floors.

10 foot portraits of beautiful naked men and women hang on the walls.

The further into the house the paintings are, the progressively more violent they are. One man is ripping his chest open. One woman is collapsed on the floor on her painting.

A tiger skin rug, head still attached, covers floor.

The entrance room splits off into many hallways and rooms.

Oren looks at the tiger's head and steps around it.

Emma saunters down the stairs in a see-through white cover-up and a red bikini with her arms open to welcome him. She beams, and is even more attractive in person.

EMMA
Hiiii!

Oren shifts nervously.

OREN
Hi.

EMMA
Oh, don't be like that. You know me!

Oren raises his eyebrows slightly.

Emma reaches the bottom of the stairs and grabs Oren in a hug. She is 5'6 to his 5'11.

Oren leaves his arms out, not touching her, until he eventually hugs her lightly.

She pulls away, still beaming.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I'm so glad you came!

OREN
Yeah. Thanks for the flight.

EMMA
Ugh, don't even mention it.

OREN
So. Why am I here?

She pauses and studies him.

EMMA
I'm kinda lonely. These Gatsby parties aren't all they're made to be.

OREN
How do you even afford this place?

Her smile tightens.

EMMA
Why do you care?

Beat.

OREN
Uh, sorry. Where is everyone?

Emma looks around. Oren looks too.

EMMA
Oh! Yeah. They'll be here in a bit.

Oren awkwardly stands holding his suitcase in one hand and phone and headphones in the other.

Oren half-heartedly pets the dog then stands up.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Here, let's go put your stuff down. I'll show you our room.

OREN
Our room?

EMMA
Yeah dummy! You didn't think you'd be sleeping alone, did you?

Oren looks pleasantly surprised.

OREN
I didn't know what to expect.

EXT. POOL BAR- MOMENTS LATER

The backyard looks like a smaller version of a Turks and Caicos resort. Same beachy vibe with multiple circular pools and palm frond huts scattered about.

There are two 6 foot tall Easter Island Head statues on either side of the bar.

Emma pours four shots of tequila with her back turned. Oren stands at the other side of the bar with a black bathing suit and a red Hawaiian shirt with the top 3 buttons unbuttoned, showing his silver chain.

The pool is only a few feet from the bar.

OREN
I don't know what to call you.

EMMA
Just call me three.

OREN
That's not a name.

EMMA
Is deadboy a name?

OREN
Fine. I'm Oren.

EMMA
I'm Emma. Nice to meet you.

OREN
Emma! More like, uh...

He stops himself.

EMMA
What?

OREN
Nothing. Sorry.

Emma turns towards Oren and places the four shots on the bar in front of him with salt and a lime.

Emma walks over to Oren, gently grabs his chin, and licks his neck slowly. He blushes. She sprinkles salt on his neck.

OREN (CONT'D)
What are you-

EMMA
Open your mouth.

Oren opens his mouth and Emma puts the lime slice between his teeth, fruit facing out.

She takes a shot in her hand and licks the salt off his neck. She takes the shot, then kisses him quickly, taking the lim out of his mouth.

His eyes widen.

She looks at him.

OREN
(quietly)
Wow.

Emma looks away. She looks back at Oren, smiling.

EMMA
You want to go?

OREN
Really?

Emma nods and smiles.

OREN (CONT'D)
Uh, yeah. Okay.

Oren licks her neck and sees a long, almost imperceptible scar along the back of her neck.

She drops her coverup to reveal her bikini.

He looks down and spills some salt on her.

EMMA
It's fine.

Oren takes a shot in his shaky hands. Emma puts the lime in her mouth.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(through the lime)
Go!

Oren licks the salt off her neck and takes the shot. He puts down the glass and squeezes his face in disgust.

He looks back at Emma who is moving towards him.

She wraps her arms around him. His eyes dart around as she kisses him.

He closes his eyes and kisses her, leaning too far forward. They stumble toward the pool and fall in.

OREN
Oh, fuck!

Emma takes Oren's shirt off and throws it on the concrete floor.

A parakeet lands next to the shirt, staring at Oren.

They are both glistening.

Oren leans in for another kiss when a buzz comes from the house.

EMMA
They're here!

Emma walks quickly out of the pool and straight through the house without bothering to dry off.

Oren looks after her, amazed.

EXT. POOL- NIGHT

Deep house music pulses from speakers built into the bar's overhang. The pool water trembles with the bass.

The two Easter Island Head statues have red lights glowing in their eyes.

Emma stands with two women in club outfits. One passes her a small bag of blue powder. Emma turns it over in her fingers without expression.

Purple and blue lights emanate from inside the pool.

50 people stand in the pool, at the bar, and sit on outdoor couches and under the huts.

There is a mud wrestling pit in the corner where people thrash and laugh, completely drenched.

There is a constant stream of people entering and exiting the house.

A girl walks into the house with a 3 foot wide blue balloon starting at her neck, covering her head.

An indoor party with 50 more people can be seen in the mansion through the huge glass bay windows, which overlook the pool.

A guy jumps off the third floor balcony into the pool.

He flips three times.

He smacks another guy in the head with his arm as his bathing suit flies off.

The man surfaces, grabs the jumper, and chokes him.

No one reacts.

INT. MANSION

Oren sits on a huge white couch which is full of other people in extravagant clothing.

One woman walks by in a dress made of small metal spikes.

3 guys and one woman are playing Super Smash Bros on the flatscreen TV in front of the couch.

A guy in a leopard print shirt and black leather skinny pants falls on Oren's lap, spilling his drink all over Oren.

OREN
What the fuck, man?

LEOPARD GUY
Awww, dude, I'm so sorry!

Oren gets up and pushes through the crowd to get to his room on the second floor.

People are talking, laughing, and dancing everywhere, even on the stairs.

Two people on stilts dressed as Moko Jumbies walk through the crowd. People part around them.

A woman leans backwards over the railing of the stairs and shrieks. A man standing next to her catches her and pulls her back up.

Below, Emma dances in the middle of the party. Her eyes follow Oren up to the top of the stairs.

Oren reaches the room and opens the door to find two naked guys and three naked women having some sort of orgy where everyone is stacked on top of each other.

He closes the door as quickly as he can and tries another door.

Oren opens a bathroom door and see two women in club outfits snorting coke off the sink.

CLUB GIRL 1
Heyyyy! Come in!

INT. MANSION BATHROOM- CONTINUOUS

Oren shuts the door behind him. The sounds of the party are muted.

CLUB GIRL 2
So, who are you?

CLUB GIRL 1
He's cute, leave him alone.

OREN
I'm Oren. What is that?

He gestures to the bags of powder.

CLUB GIRL 1
It's bag!

CLUB GIRL 2
We have everything.

CLUB GIRL 1
Ket, coke, molly. Whatever this one is.

She holds up a small baggie of pink powder.

CLUB GIRL 1 (CONT'D)
Do some lines with us!

CLUB GIRL 2
He looks like a virgin.

OREN
I'm not a virgin. I've just never snorted anything.

CLUB GIRL 2
Knew it.

CLUB GIRL 1
Just try it!

Club Girl 1 uses a black credit card to line up three pink lines.

OREN
All this?

CLUB GIRL 2
Yes, dipshit! You wanna get fucked up or not?

OREN
Yeah, yeah, let's do it.

The two women snort their lines one by one, pausing to catch their breath.

CLUB GIRL 1
Okay, your turn.

Oren snorts the first line and starts coughing.

CLUB GIRL 2
Pussy. I'll finish them.

OREN
No, no. Let me do it.

Oren snorts the remaining lines and leans on the sink. He looks at the mirror and wipes powder from his face.

OREN (CONT'D)
Wanna make a TikTok?

Oren opens his phone to a Tiktok "On This Day" video of him and Ivy from a year ago.

He tries to closes it and misses, accidentally playing the video. He swipes away quickly.

Oren sets his phone down and starts recording.

Club Girl 1 turns towards him with a line of blue powder on her left boob.

CLUB GIRL 1
Wanna do one more? This is the good shit.

OREN
Why is it blue?

The girls exchange a quick glance.

CLUB GIRL 2
You wanna do it or not?

Oren snorts the line off the woman's chest. He stands up and looks at himself in the mirror.

He grabs his phone, and looks at them.

The girls are staring at him.

CLUB GIRL 2 (CONT'D)
Okay, bye!

OREN
Oh, bye.

They look at each other.

CLUB GIRL 1
Uh, you're leaving.

OREN
Right, sorry.

INT. MANSION- CONTINUOUS

Oren stands outside the bathroom door and watches the video of him snorting powder off the Club Girls boob twice. He posts it.

He makes his way down the stairs but slips and slides down the last 7 stairs. He hits his head on his way down.

Emma stands at the top of the stairs, looking at Oren. She fixes the clasp of her necklace.

Leopard Print Guy (somehow more intoxicated now) stands over him at the bottom of the staircase. Oren's mouth is bleeding.

LEOPARD GUY
Fuck, man, you good?

OREN
I'm fine. Where's Emma?

LEOPARD GUY
Dude, who's Emma?

INT. MANSION- NEXT MORNING

Oren wakes up on the white couch, now stained with drinks and guacamole.

He winces and sits up.

Oren rubs his eyes and looks around. He looks down and sees different clothes than he had on before.

Emma walks into the room from the backyard, looking showered and clean.

Oren sees 20 people at the pool, hanging out and drinking. There is blood in the pool but Oren doesn't notice.

EMMA
Good morning, sleepyhead.

She looks at him.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You look good.

OREN
Who's clothes are these?

EMMA
One of the guys. You were wet and sticky and kind of like, bleeding, so I changed you.

OREN
What?

EMMA
Oh my god. I'm sorry. I asked you if it was okay, I thought-

She stops. Her expression fades as she waits.

OREN
I don't remember.

Emma's face softens into a small frown. Her eyes flit down to his legs and up to his face.

EMMA
I don't remember much of last night either.

OREN
I need to shower.

EMMA
I'll come with you.

OREN
No, I need to, like, get myself together.

Emma shrugs and walks to the sliding glass doors to the backyard.

EMMA
Suit yourself!

Oren feels his pocket vibrating. He pulls his phone out.

His mom is calling. He picks up.

MOM
Hi sweetie, just checking in. Did you get to the hotel?

OREN
Yeah, I'm here. I slept well.

MOM
Oh, good. You'll take pictures for me?

OREN
Yes, mom. Love you.

MOM
Love you. Be safe. Have fun!

INT. MANSION BATHROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Oren stumbles into the bathroom and locks the door behind him.

He turns to look at himself in the mirror and is shocked.

His face is barely recognizable.

His cheekbones are sharper, jawline impeccable. His eyebrows are clean, nose strong yet small.

His eyes are sunken.

OREN
Holy... shit, dude.

Oren examines himself, turning his face and pulling at his skin. His expression changes from confused to prideful.

He now looks at himself the way he looked at $333 on the video call.

He sees the weed pen he stole from Rome on the sink. He takes a long hit, ghosts it, and blows O's.

Oren takes pictures of himself from many different angles, capturing his new self.

Then, he takes off his shirt.

Oren sees his stomach and lets out a blood-curdling scream.

His stomach looks like a scarecrow that was stuffed with straw and sewn up.

His pecs grotesquely large, almost bursting.

His arms are overinflated and absurdly veiny.

His stomach is crossed red scars and crude stitching.

The fat of his stomach squeezed and redistributed into the shape of a six-pack.

Oren runs his fingers down the scars lightly and looks horrified.

He struggles to take off his pants. He can barely bend his legs.

He gets them off and his face contorts further into shock.

Long dark scars run parallel to his shin. The skin is stretched from being cut, extended, and resealed.

Oren looks around frantically. He shakes his head and starts crying.

He hobbles to the shower, turns it on and gets in, not waiting for it to warm up.

Oren continues to survey his body in horror as he starts to wash his hair.

His fingers stop suddenly and he slams the shower door open, running back to the mirror.

Oren parts his soapy hair to reveal a small square silicon chip implanted in his skull, just beneath the skin.

He pokes it and recoils.

OREN (CONT'D)
Ooh, what the FUCK IS THAT???

Oren grabs a towel and half dries himself off before putting on the clothes he had on.

He grabs his phone and leaves the bathroom.

INT. MANSION- CONTINUOUS

Oren's legs are wrong and stiff. He limps as fast as he can to the door.

He finds a pair of flip-flops at the door. He desperately kicks his feet into them, struggling with his new legs.

Oren tries to open the door, but it won't budge.

His phone falls out of his pocket, smashing on the concrete floor.

He picks it up and there are glass pieces falling out of the screen.

OREN
FUCK!!!

Oren quickly limps to a nearby room, opens a window, and throws himself out of the mansion.

EXT. OUTSIDE MANSION

Oren limps to the gate and can't open it.

OREN
Oh, fuck fuck fuck fuck.

He finds a keypad and stops. His fingers hover over the numbers. His face strains in concentration.

He types in 333. The gate opens and he limps out.

EXT. DESERT ROAD- CONTINUOUS

Oren limps along the dirt road holding his phone in the air trying to get reception.

Oren stops and desperately calls for an Uber on his smashed phone.

Glass shards cut his thumb as he confirms the ride.

He looks back but the mansion is too far to be seen.

EXT. DESERT ROAD- MOMENTS LATER

Oren is sitting in the dust when a large black SUV pulls up.

He opens the door and gets inside.

DRIVER
For Oren?

OREN
Yes.

DRIVER
You alright, sir?

OREN
Just get me to the f-

Oren stops himself.

OREN (CONT'D)
Just take me to the airport.

The driver doesn't respond but begins to drive.

INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM- LATER

Oren washes the blood off his hands, but his fingers won't stop bleeding. He looks around and clumsily opens a first aid kit.

An airport custodian holding a mop stares at Oren through the mirror as he wraps his pointer finger and thumb in gauze.

INT. AIRPORT TSA- MOMENTS LATER

Oren takes his ID out of his phone's wallet and approaches a skinny ginger TSA Agent man.

TSA AGENT
ID.

OREN
Here.

He hands the agent his ID. The agent scans it.

TSA AGENT
You sure this is you?

Oren winces.

OREN
Yes, I'm sure. I've had a stomach bug. Gotten pretty skinny.

TSA AGENT
Says here you're five eleven. You look a little tall for five eleven.

OREN
I'm a late bloomer. I got this ID a year ago.

TSA AGENT
Step aside, please.

Oren's face falls and he turns white.

Another TSA agent, a 5'3 black lady, walks over.

TSA AGENT 2
Come with me.

Oren follows her to a station next to the luggage scanner.

She opens a kit and takes out wipes.

TSA AGENT 2 (CONT'D)
Hands out.

Oren holds his hands out and she wipes them down. She holds the wipes for a few moments, looking at them.

Oren wipes his hands on his pants and fidgets nervously.

The agent throws the wipes away.

TSA AGENT 2 (CONT'D)
I'm gonna pat you down.

OREN
Okay.

The agent pats Oren's whole body down. When she pats his stomach and legs, he bites his tongue to stop from screaming in pain.

TSA AGENT 2
You have a bag?

OREN
No, ma'am.

TSA AGENT 2
Alright, go through the scanner.

Oren looks at the bag scanner. He remembers he left his bag at Emma's mansion.

Oren walks to the Advanced Imaging Technology scanner and puts his arms up. He holds his breath.

He walks through and smiles at the agent running the machine. The agent stares into Oren's soul.

Oren exhales and walks away.

INT. AIRPLANE BATHROOM- LATER

Oren examines his new body in the tiny airplane bathroom. He barely fits, so he contorts his body to look at his deformed stomach.

He traces the scars and pokes at the pockets of fat stitched into abs. They look more like a six-pack now.

Oren pulls his shirt down and looks at his face. He looks like he has a slimming and enhancing face filter on.

Oren pulls out his phone and gingerly checks TikTok with his bandaged thumb.

200,000 followers.

He sees two videos from the night before and clicks on them.

One video is Oren snorting powder off of a woman's boob in the bathroom. 62,695 views, 11,354 likes.

He deletes it.

The other video is Oren looking straight at the camera in the same bathroom, later that night, with his new face and body. He is still on drugs and more confident than he has ever been. It has 3.1 million views and 462,883 likes.

Oren watches a smile spread across his face in the mirror. His eyes darken.

He sighs and reveals his stomach, flexing. He asks his reflection:

OREN
You want me?

Oren admires himself.

INT. UBER- NIGHT

Oren sits in the Uber home. His driver is a white man in his 40's who keeps staring at Oren through the rearview mirror.

Oren opens his phone and looks in his messages.

One message from Ivy: Hi.

There is nothing from $333.

He reloads the page. No change.

He swipes through his blocked accounts. No $333.

He looks in his call history: nothing from $333.

He swipes to his camera roll's hidden photos. No photos of Emma.

He goes to Google and looks up Emma $333 San Diego. Nothing.

He restarts his phone and checks his camera roll again. Nothing.

He opens his camera and finds the right angle immediately.

Oren puts his phone down and sits in silence looking his reflection in the black screen.

INT. OREN'S APARTMENT- LATE NIGHT

Oren slams the door shut.

MOM
(off screen)
Hi honey! I'm so glad you're home.

His mom comes over to say hello.

When she sees him, she gasps in horror and covers her mouth.

OREN
What, mom?

MOM
Did... did you grow?

OREN
I guess.

MOM
What's wrong with your face?

OREN
Can't you be happy for me?

MOM
What did they do to you?

OREN
I look good. I look great.

MOM
You're hideous.

She reaches to touch his face. He pulls away.

OREN
I'm fucking perfect!

Oren turns to the mirror in the foyer. He admires himself, tracing his fingers over his face.

His mom stands petrified behind him, hands by her chest but fingers reaching towards him.

He doesn't turn around.