

INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

In a chic, modern bedroom, decorated with modern art, and classic furniture, GIANNA (26) messily sleeps in a king bed.

BANG.

BANG.

Gianna jolts up. She quickly and quietly searches for something to defend herself. She grabs the dildo laying next her and thinks maybe but then decides against it. She runs to the decorative vase on the dresser.

BANG.

INT. APARTMENT HALL WAY

Gianna slowly walks down the hallway, in her pjs, with the vase in hand.

BANG.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

A large suitcase sits next to a firm grey couch where two large, framed, modern art prints sit and WOMAN (46) stands nailing into the wall above.

Gianna charges, raising the vase.

GIANNA
AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

The woman quickly turns and screams in response.

WOMAN
(Swinging the hammer.)
AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Gianna stops.

GIANNA
Who are you? And what do you want?

WOMAN
I'll do ya one better who are you
and why are you in my apartment?

GIANNA
(Lowering the vase.)
Your apartment?

WOMAN
(Realizing.)
That son of a bitch. Where is he?

The woman gets off the couch and marches through the apartment.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Brian! You dirty mother fucker.
Brian!? Get your ass out here.
(Beat.)
I should've listened to my mother.
"They're all the same" she said.
Agh!

GIANNA
Them?

WOMAN
(To Gianna.)
White men with daddy's money.

Gianna shrugs in agreement.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Where is he?

GIANNA

I'm sorry, I don't know who you're talking about.

WOMAN

Brian. The man you're fucking. My husband.

The woman hands Gianna a picture of BRIAN, an average looking white financier.

GIANNA

Look lady I don't know any Brian and this apartment is my boyfriend, Owen's.

WOMAN

Great he gave you a fake name either way get the fuck out.

GIANNA

No, you get out. Plus, this isn't even a picture of Owen so-

Gianna sticks her tongue out at the woman.

WOMAN

Did you just stick your tongue out at me?

GIANNA

(Trying.)

Get out or I'm going to call Owen!

WOMAN

Go ahead, but give me my grandmother's urn.

GIANNA

Your grandmother's what?

WOMAN

Urn.

She points at the "vase" Gianna's been holding. Gianna carefully takes the lid off and sees the ashes. She impulsively throws the urn away. It crashes to the floor with the ashes spilling out.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck is wrong with you?

GIANNA

I'm sorry.

WOMAN

Why would you throw it?!

GIANNA

I'm sorry! The dead, they, just
uh...

Gianna begins dry heaving. She gulps it down.

GIANNA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I can help you clean it
up if you/

WOMAN

Out!

GIANNA

Yep. Got it.

Gianna quickly shuffles to the door, pulls her shoes on and
grabs her bag. Gianna opens the door.

GIANNA (CONT'D)

Sorry, again.

Gianna quickly shuts the door.