

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

TANG (26), loud, lanky and drunk, stares at herself in the mirror. Scissors frozen in her hands as she stares at the aftermath of what she's done.

TANG (V.O.)

You know that moment when you're cutting your bangs in the bathroom mirror after your boyfriend of six years broke up with you, and your hands are so shaky that you accidentally cut off way too much and end up looking like Spock?

Tang scowls at herself in the mirror. Eyes bright red. Hair a mess.

TANG (V.O.)

And its even worse because you impulsively called your ex earlier and told him to come over to be your rebound, and he's going to be here any minute and now you're completely unfuckable.

DING DONG.

Tang's eyes dart to the door. She drops the scissors in the sink and tries to hide behind the door.

She grabs her phone and starts shakily sending a bailout text.

JESSIE

(from the window)

Tang, baby! I already saw you, why are you hiding?

She mouths a string of silent cursewords at the air.

INT. FRONT DOOR

Tang swings open the door and smiles. She looks awful. Like a red-eyed teary little rat.

JESSIE (27), brooding with tattoos, takes her in. Eyes hone in on the bangs, but he says nothing.

She grins seductively. Slinks her arms around his neck.

He seems hesitant, but kisses her anyways. They start making out against the front door. His hand squeezes the front of her dress and then he's pulling away suddenly.

TANG
(out of breath)
What?

He looks down at a huge clump of chopped hair in his hand.

JESSIE
Tang... I don't know if I can...

TANG
Just ignore it. I cut my hair.

JESSIE
I'm not picky, you know that, but this is...

TANG
It's just a haircut.

JESSIE
It's quite the haircut.

Tang starts tearing up. Jessie freezes.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Woah... it's not that bad. It's really not.

TANG
(sobbing)
It is that bad! I look like Lord Farquad!

Jessie SNORTS.

TANG (CONT'D)
Stop laughing!

JESSIE
You don't look like Lord Farquad!
It's just... short?

TANG
Don't lie to me!

Jessie cannot keep his face straight. Tang is outraged. Grabs his arm, wrenches the door open and shoves him out the door.

TANG (CONT'D)
Get out! Out!

She slams it closed. Sniffles against the door.

INT. BATHROOM

Tang stares at herself in the mirror. Ashamed.

TANG (V.O.)

(to the audience)

And the worst thing is that you're 26 and you should be over all this petty highschool shit, but you're not. Getting rejected still hurts like hell, and getting a bad haircut still seems like the end of the fucking world, and everyone who told you it would get better can go fuck themselves, because at the end of the day, this is all there is, and that's pretty fucking sad.

Mascara smears down her face. She rubs it in, making it 100 times worse.

She looks like a racoon. I mean, *exactly* like a racoon. A makeup artist couldn't have done a better job.

Then she's laughing. Loud. Cacophonous.

TANG

(laughing)

Fuck! I look so fucking stupid!

DOWNSTAIRS NEIGHBOR

(muffled through the ground)

SHUT UP! GO TO BED!

Tang scowls down at the floor. Stomps a bit in retribution.

TANG (V.O.)

And then... because you have nothing better to do, you decide you have to move states, dye your hair, get a six figure job and start a youtube channel. Because your ex is in the fucking wrong for dumping and you're going to be so successful and hot, and you were out of his league anyways, *that little fucking rat.*

FLASHCUT: Tangs ex, EDDIE (31), unfortunately kinda hot, but in a sickly way. Like he would've died of influenza in a period drama.

Pots and pans get hurled at his cowering body. He screams. Welcome to the theatrics of Tangs mind. It's terrifying here.