



Promising Young Woman

Written and Directed by

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DESCRIZIONE
INIZIALE EVOCATIVA

INT. SWEET SIXTEEN'S DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

A super-depressing dancefloor on a Thursday night. 2-For-1 shots and a sticky floor. The kind of last-resort place people end up after work having accidentally nailed ten "just one" drinks.

SOLITAMENTE NON SI INDICA UNA CANZONE SPECIFICA, MA SOLO IL GENERE O IL TIPO DI CANZONE PER UNA QUESTIONE DI DIRITTI D'AUTORE

A bored DJ plays the DROELOE remix of "Boys" by Charlie XCX, while the thin and kind of tragic crowd dances.

CONSIGLIO L'ASCOLTO DELLA COLONNA SONORA DEL FILM, LE CANZONI SONO TUTTE MOLTO CENTRATE CON IL TEMI

We linger on the men dancing in particular, their bodies, the sweat running down their backs as they grind and thrust. The slow-mo, the lascivious pan-up, the sort of erotic gaze normally reserved for oiled-up music-video hotties. Except we're looking at regular dudes in chinos with absolutely no dancing ability.

AZIONI E IMMAGINI INTRODUCONO CON EFFICACIA QUESTI SQUALIDI UOMINI CHE IN UN CERTO SENSO RAPPRESENTANO LA MASCOLINITA' COSI' COME E' RACCONTATA NEL FILM

INT. SWEET SIXTEEN'S UPSTAIRS BAR - NIGHT

By the bar, is a group of guys still in their work suits, ties loosened. They're mostly good-looking, in their early-thirties, bantering and eyeing up the diminishing talent pool. Among them are JEZ, a shy, sweet guy who is clearly dying to leave, and PAUL, a sweaty Alpha-bro whose super-fragile masculinity is always one rejection away from shattering to pieces.

PRIMA BATTUTA DAL VALORE SIMBOLICO!

PAUL

Fuck her, man. It's how things are done. It's just a fucking round of golf! You'd think we were taking clients to a strip club or something-

JIM

-which we can't anymore-

PAUL

-Exactly we can't even do that anymore because of last year's Christmas party.

JEZ

I think it's because the golf club doesn't let women play there.

The guys stare at JEZ.

PAUL

So?

GRANDE IRONIA NELLE PRIME BATTUTE IN CUI SI ESPONE LA FRUSTRAZIONE MASCHILE

JEZ

So...it means we're having client meetings without her.

PAUL

Look she should focus on closing her own shit. Not whining because we're all doing better than her.

Something catches PAUL'S eye.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Jesus.

The guys follow his gaze. Across the club, sprawled on a damp leather sofa is CASSANDRA, late-20s. She is hammered, her hair plastered to her face, mascara under her glazed eyes, the skirt of her pinstriped work suit riding up.

MEMORABILE
ENTRATA IN SCENA
DELLA PAZAGONISTA

PAUL (CONT'D)

Look at that. God almighty. Get some dignity, sweetheart.

The guys all laugh, except JEZ.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You know. They put *themselves* in danger, girls like that. If she's not careful someone's going to take advantage and then she'll be the one in tears tomorrow morning.

INTRODUCE IL TEMA
DEL FILM

JIM

She's kinda hot.

PAUL

She's a hot fucking mess.

CASSANDRA moves on the sofa, we see her underwear.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I mean look at that.

PAUL sneers. They all look. We feel that slow, animal shift in the group, from disgust to desire, to a heady sense of opportunity.

FORNISCE UNA CHIARA
CHIAVE DI LETTURA
DELLA SITUAZIONE,
PRECISA E SINTETICA

JEZ

(trying to divert
attention)

Hey guys, I was thinking maybe we should talk to Brian again. I think he might be coming round to-

The guys aren't listening. They are all mesmerized by CASSANDRA and the possibility she represents.

PAUL
I'm sorry that is asking for it.
You'd think you'd know better by her
age, wouldn't you? Where are her
friends? Fucked off somewhere and
left her lying around for anyone to
pick up.

JIM
Sounds like a challenge, Paul.

PAUL eyes her up, thinking.

PAUL
Yeah. Maybe.

JEZ intervenes.

JEZ
I'll go over.

The guys whoop.

PAUL
Ooooooh!

JIM
Didn't know you had it in you!

JEZ
To see if she's ok.

PAUL
Sure, sure. Mmmm-hmmm. Absolutely.

PAUL winks.

INT. SWEET SIXTEEN'S UPSTAIRS BAR - MOMENTS LATER

CASSANDRA is haphazardly looking through her purse. JEZ approaches.

JEZ
You ok? What are you looking for?

CASSANDRA looks up woosily.

CASSANDRA
Phone.

JEZ sits down next to her. CASSANDRA continues to look.

LA SCENEGGIATRICE SCEGLIE IL RAGAZZO ALL'APPARENZA PIÙ INNOCENTE DEI TRE PER ANDARE IN SOCCORSO DI CASSANDRA, QUESTO PORTERÀ JEZ AD AVERE UNA EVOLUZIONE SORPRENDENTE NELLE PROSSIME SCENE

LA BATTUTA METTE IN LUCE IL SUO STATO CONFUSIONALE

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
S'not here.

She starts to look around the couch, he helps.

JEZ
Could you have left in...in the
bathroom maybe?

CASSANDRA
I...maybe...

JEZ
I'll go look.

CASSANDRA watches him go. So do his friends, who are watching them both with great interest. CASSANDRA looks back at them warily.

INT. SWEET SIXTEEN'S UPSTAIRS BAR - LATER

JEZ returns. No phone.

JEZ
No phone in there. I'm sorry. Are
you going to be ok?

CASSANDRA
Oh yeah.

She gives him a thumbs up.

JEZ
How are you going to get home?

CASSANDRA
The ryde app.

JEZ
I think you need a phone for that.

CASSANDRA
...Oh...

JEZ looks nervously over at his friends. He makes a decision.

JEZ
Look, I'm going home now anyway. I
can drop you somewhere?

CASSANDRA
No...

→ NOTE CHE LA PROTAGONISTA
NON DA MAI IL SUO CONSENSO
AWE PROPOSTE DI JEZ

JEZ
Honestly. It's fine.

CASSANDRA looks up at him gratefully. He gives her his hands and hoists her up.

JEZ (CONT'D)
There we are.

She falls onto him, leaning on him as they walk out. He looks back at his friends who are all laughing and miming jerking off and thrusting. JEZ rolls his eyes at them.

INT. SWEET SIXTEEN'S STAIRWELL - NIGHT

JEZ helps CASSANDRA down the stairs.

INT. PICKUP - LATER

The Pickup driver, MONTY, glances at CASSANDRA in the mirror. The window is down and the wind is in her face, she's desperately trying to sober up.

MONTY
(suspicious)
I just got my car cleaned.

JEZ
She's fine.

CASSANDRA
I'm not going to throw up...I don't think...

JEZ
There you are, sir, she's not going to throw up.

CASSANDRA gives herself a little 'Whoo!'.

JEZ laughs. She looks over and smiles hazily. Is there...a spark here? She is really pretty. And she seems cool, from the five words she's said...

JEZ (CONT'D)
Hey, you know, my apartment is only a few blocks away. You wanna...um...maybe have a drink before hitting the hay?

CASSANDRA
Um...

JEZ

I mean, it's literally just here.
One beer?

CASSANDRA

Um...

JEZ

(to the driver)

Hey, could we go to 242 Raleigh Drive instead? It's a couple of blocks.

MONTY looks at JEZ, then over at CASSANDRA in the mirror. She is obviously very drunk.

MONTY

Put the address in the app.

INT. JEZ'S APARTMENT - LATER

A small, messy apartment, gaming cords tangled on the floor, dishes stacked up. JEZ comes in and turns the lights on, picking up a few things from the floor and throwing them on a chair. We've seen this move in many a bro movie: this could be the start of any dude-skewed romance.

JEZ

Sorry...it's a mess. Embarrassing. I wasn't expecting...

CASSANDRA ignores this, and slumps down on the couch.

JEZ (CONT'D)

What can I get for ya, milady?

He rummages through the cupboards.

JEZ (CONT'D)

We have beer...vodka...and...

He takes out a disgusting looking bottle of orange liqueur.

JEZ (CONT'D)

And a kumquat liqueur my parents brought back from Greece.

CASSANDRA

Kumquat...? → NON RISPONDE "Si"

This is a question. Not a request. ↓

JEZ

Kumquat it is! → LO CONSIDERA UN "Si"

He pours it. CASSANDRA looks around his apartment.

CASSANDRA
D'you...live alone here?

JEZ
No. But don't worry. My roommate's
out of town.

CASSANDRA looks a little concerned by this- JEZ doesn't notice.

JEZ sits down next to her and hands her the bright orange drink. He's poured her significantly more than he has himself. CASSANDRA drinks it. She chokes on it a little.

SE CI FOSSE
ANCORA DEI DUBBI
IL BICCHIERE
CHE JEZ HA
PREPARATO PER LA
PROTAGONISTA
RIVELA DEFINITIVAMENTE
LE SUE INTENZIONI

CASSANDRA
Ugh. That's disgusting.

JEZ looks at her, he gently wipes the mascara from under her eyes.

JEZ
You're so beautiful.

CASSANDRA
Thanks.

CASSANDRA isn't seeing straight. JEZ leans in to kiss her. She does not respond, but she does not push him away. The kiss is entirely one-sided, but JEZ doesn't notice.

He pulls away, looks down at her lovingly. Overwhelmed by the moment.

JEZ
Wow.

CASSANDRA looks on the verge of vomiting.

CASSANDRA
I don't feel good. I need to lie
down.

JEZ
Oh...yeah of course!

INT. JEZ'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

JEZ's leads her to his bed and she falls down onto it. He looks down on her. A beat. Then he gets on the bed beside her. Trailing his fingers up and down her stomach. She closes her eyes.

JEZ

Hey, hey. Don't go to sleep.

She opens her eyes a crack. He starts to kiss her, up and down her neck.

JEZ (CONT'D)

God, you are so pretty.

He kisses her. She doesn't respond. He starts unbuttoning her dress. He kisses her body gently.

CASSANDRA

What...

JEZ

Shhh...

He continues to unbutton her, pulling down her bra. CASSANDRA starts to get a little concerned.

CASSANDRA

Wait...

JEZ

Don't worry, hey, it's ok, you're ok. You're safe.

He really believes that she is.

CASSANDRA

What...

JEZ

God, your body.

CASSANDRA

What are you...

JEZ begins to gently pull her underwear down her legs.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

(confused, super drunk)

What are you doing?

Her underwear is around her knees, JEZ is staring between her legs.

CASSANDRA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey. HEY!

JEZ looks up. CASSANDRA is sitting, looking directly at him.

She is stone, cold sober.

DESCRIZIONE
MOLTO SINTETICA
MA ESTREMAMENTE
PRECISA,
LA SCENEGGIATURA
INDICA OBLIVAMENTE
COME VEDE
LA SCENA

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

I said: what are you doing?

JEZ looks back at her, his hands still holding her underwear, terrified.

CUT TO BLACK. "Lovesick" by Lindstrom and Christabelle brings up the titles.

LE MUSICHE SOSTITUISCONO IL TEMA DEL FILM

INDICAZIONE
di MONTAGGIO

PROMISING YOUNG WOMAN.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

The music continues on bare feet walking down a disgusting sidewalk- unidentified puddles and cigarette butts. A spatter of what looks like blood hits the paving stones. As we pull out we reveal CASSANDRA, in last night's clothes, high heels in one hand, "blood" running down one elbow. It is only when we see her fully we see she is eating a breakfast hotdog.

She looks completely remorseless, calm and, honestly, pretty cool. Whatever the hell she's done, it's made her feel great.

She walks past the CONSTRUCTION WORKERS who are working the street. Someone calls out "WALK OF SHAME".

CASSANDRA stops. She stares over at the sniggering construction guys. They're suddenly a little embarrassed.

She just keeps staring silently for a long while. Until, a little spooked, they move on.

She carries on walking. Satisfied.

INT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Later that morning. Silence. An ordinary, middle-class kitchen. Too-runny eggs and the hostile sound of squeaking cutlery on the plates. CASSANDRA has cleaned up and is poking food around her plate. It's like last night never happened.

Her father, STANLEY, kind and rumped, sits opposite her, reading the paper. Her mother, SUSAN, a woman whose exhaustion and anxiety is horribly palpable, brings over some coffee.

STANLEY

Didn't hear you come in last night.

CASSANDRA continues to eat her eggs.