

IDIOT LOSER

Written by

Zoela Renee Summerfield

A half-hour dramedy about a deluded weirdo trying to get her shit together after a stupid divorce.

I/E. 2007 CHEVY COBALT-DAY

A woman sits alone in her car in a beach parking lot. This is NOREEN: 40, recently divorced, terrifically broke. She's a writer, though, so she's got that going for her. Sort of.

A WEDDING RING sits on the center console. Noreen picks it up, examines it, sighs. She's bracing herself: she's going to throw it into the ocean. There's an air of ceremony about this whole thing.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT-DAY

Noreen steps out of the car and the air of ceremony is broken. Like, immediately. There's TRASH at her feet and somewhere nearby a busker is doing a cover of Eric Clapton's "Cocaine." A family walks past, all shouting and toddler screams.

Noreen starts heading down the boardwalk but it's crowded and chaotic, people fishing and drinking beer. She picks her way through the crowd.

MAN

Hola.

NOREEN

(nodding politely,
awkwardly)

Yes, hola. Hello.

She reaches the end of the pier, but there's a big group of drinkers there, so she finds a place off to the side. The sun glints off the water. It's beautiful. The spell is quickly broken though: she glances down and sees FISH GUTS. Noreen makes a yuck face, moves a few inches down, and poises the ring for a ceremonial toss.

But the rings slips and fumbles out of her hand. It bounces off the railing and drops undramatically into the ocean below.

NOREEN (CONT'D)

Fuck.

She looks down. The ring is gone.

I/E. 2007 CHEVY COBALT-DAY

Back in the car, Noreen finds her JOURNAL and opens it to a fresh page. She is a writer, after all.

"IDIOT LOSER" she writes in all caps. Then, below that, "A Memoir."

Suddenly, the **interior of the car slides away**, and Noreen is now...

INT. RECORDING BOOTH-DAY

...sitting in a recording booth, across from TERRY GROSS.

TERRY GROSS

My guest today is Noreen Marcello, here to talk about her memoir "Idiot Loser." Tell us about the genesis of this book.

NOREEN

Thank you, Terry. You know, the book grew out of a time in my life when I was really struggling. Like, really struggling. I'd gone through a divorce and I was just floundering and totally unmoored. It was an intense and terrifying phase, and I often felt like both an idiot *and* a loser, which of course is where the title comes from.

TERRY GROSS

But is that really a phase?

NOREEN

Is what a phase?

TERRRY GROSS

You called it "a phase." Idiot loser as a phase. But is that something you can really grow out of?

NOREEN

Uh...

TERRY GROSS

(leaning in)

Also, you know an interview with me would never happen like this.

NOREEN

What?

TERRY GROSS

You know I don't do interviews face-to-face.

NOREEN

(crestfallen)

Yeah. I know.

A KNOCKING SOUND brings the real world back.

I/E. 2007 CHEVY COBALT-DAY

Noreen opens her eyes to see a SURFER standing outside the car, knocking on the glass.

SURFER

Ma'am. Are you done with this spot?

Ma'am? What the fuck? Noreen makes a face then waves a hand: Yeah whatever, I'll go.

SURFER (CONT'D)

Thanks bra!

INT. MOM'S HOUSE-DAY

Noreen returns from the beach to her mom's house, where she's lived since the divorce. It's fine. It sucks. Whatever. She starts to go upstairs.

MOM O.S.

(brightly)
Dinner at six, honey!

NOREEN

Okay, thanks.

MOM O.S.

What?

NOREEN

(yelling)
I said thanks!

MOM

No problem, sweetie. We're having salmon!

Noreen doesn't respond, just goes up the stairs dragging her purse.

INT. GUEST ROOM-DAY

Noreen enters the guest room and closes the door, throws her purse on the bed, kicks off her shoes. On a shelf, Mom has set up a little shrine to Noreen's career: copies of her BOOK, a FRAMED CLIPPING of a review from The New York Times.

Noreen picks up a book and flips it over. "The story of a blended family coming together in hard times." She turns to her own author photo, stares at it for a bit. She doesn't really know who that person is anymore.

She puts the book back in its place and falls onto the bed. She sees a TEXT on her phone—"How'd it go? Was it cathartic?" but ignores it and closes her eyes.

INT. GUEST ROOM-CONTINUOUS

A little while later. Noreen wakes up to the sound of YELLING downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM-EARLY EVENING

Noreen comes down the stairs to see what all the fuss is about. JARED and KERI—two of her adult siblings—are in the middle of a shouting match. Mom (60s) is standing nearby.

JARED

How the fuck did this happen?

KERI

I don't know! They were inside.

JARED

What the fuck were they doing inside? They weren't even supposed to be inside!

KERI

It doesn't matter where they were! GiGi should know better.

JARED

Don't blame this on GiGi. They were on your phone.

KERI

Well Ava sure as hell doesn't know how to look that stuff up.

PAUL (60s), Noreen's stepdad, comes out of the other room and starts to pass her on the stairs.

NOREEN
(sotto voce)
What's going on?

PAUL
(shrugs)
I guess the girls were looking at
porn.

NOREEN
What?!

PAUL
(disinterested)
Who knows.

Paul makes his way past her up the stairs. Noreen sits on the bottom step, chin in hand, intrigued and amused. Jared and Keri continue shouting, and then Jared turns towards Noreen.

JARED
What are you doing here?

NOREEN
(smiling)
I live here.

JARED
I don't mean here, I mean here.

MOM
(distressed)
Honey, this is kind of private.

NOREEN
I'll say.

KERI
God dammit, Noreen.

NOREEN
I already know what's going on.
It's not that big a deal.

JARED
Not that big a deal?!

Noreen throws up her hands.

NOREEN
Fine. I'll leave.

She doesn't really leave though. She just goes into the other room and listens from the couch.

INT. TV ROOM—EARLY EVENING

Noreen eavesdrops from the TV room.

KERI O.S.

You need to talk to GiGi. They're too young for this.

JARED O.S.

You need to talk to Ava. They were obviously both involved.

MOM O.S.

I think you both need to talk to both of them. It's one thing to be curious but doing a Google for it is another thing altogether.

NOREEN

(smiling, to herself)
"Doing a Google."

The voices from the other room calm a bit and grow muffled. Noreen leans back and closes her eyes. A beat and then the **room begins to slide away**, as before when the world slid away in her car...but Keri swoops in and breaks the spell.

KERI

(suddenly over Noreen)
Don't you *dare* write about this.

NOREEN

(eyes open, hands up)
I won't. Geez.

Keri storms out and there's the sound of the front door. Mom comes into the kitchen behind Noreen and opens the oven. Smoke comes pouring out.

MOM

Dammit! The salmon!

INT. GUEST ROOM—NIGHT

It's later. It's late. Noreen should be asleep, but instead she's scrolling through INSTAGRAM on her phone.

Suddenly, a notice appears—"One year ago today"—and a picture of Noreen with her EX-HUSBAND, at a party in someone's backyard. Her ex has a BIG CRAPPY CARDBOARD HEAD with a face painted on it. It's not a good picture of them and they don't look especially happy. They don't look happy at all.

Noreen pulls a PILLLOW over her head and starts to cry. It's rather weepy and pathetic.

There's a gentle knocking.

MOM O.S.

Honey?

NOREEN

(moving the pillow,
embarrassed)

What?

MOM O.S.

Are you okay?

NOREEN

Yeah I'm fine. I'm sleeping.

MOM O.S.

Can I come in?

NOREEN

No I'm sleeping.

MOM O.S.

I thought I heard crying.

NOREEN

No I'm not crying. I'm sleeping.

MOM O.S.

(after a pause)
Okay. Good night.

NOREEN

Good night.

Noreen opens the notes app on her phone and types "Sometimes, I would cry myself to sleep." She squints at her own words, then makes a face at her self-serious self-pity and starts to delete. Her eyes are puffy and red in the blue light of the phone.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD-DAY

Noreen is outside, exercising. Well, "exercising." She wears running shorts and running shoes and a sports bra, a fanny pack and a hat. It's a cobbled-together active look. She speaks to us in voiceover, echoing her earlier interview with Terry Gross.

NOREEN V.O.

I was struggling. I was really struggling. I was just floundering and totally unmoored.

She starts jogging but grows winded and has to stop after like half a block.

NOREEN V.O. (CONT'D)

My marriage had ended a year before, and I didn't know what I was doing with my life.

A fit, attractive couple runs by across the street, and Noreen starts jogging again but gives up when they're out of sight.

NOREEN V.O. (CONT'D)

I was broke and out of work and forced to move home to my mom's.

She's at a park doing sad sit-ups.

NOREEN V.O. (CONT'D)

I tried to see it as an opportunity to better myself, to grow. I was being afforded the chance to start over.

Does a pull-up on the jungle gym, hurts her shoulder.

NOREEN

(spinning her arm)

Fuck. Ow.

That stupid couple runs by again. Discreetly, she flips them off.

NOREEN V.O.

But I was lonely, in a way that felt impossible to explain.

Walking back, slowly, dejected. She starts to pass a garage where A MAN HER AGE is lifting weights.

NOREEN V.O.

I'd see men in my mom's neighborhood, men my own age, married men, fathers, and think *What if I slept with him?* What if I became the neighborhood homewrecker, the neighborhood whore?

Noreen makes a face, horrified at herself.

NOREEN V.O. (CONT'D)
 Jesus Christ, you can't write that.

She throws a hand up to shield her face from the man, scurries away.

INT. DINER-MORNING

It's a few days later and Noreen and Keri are at a diner for breakfast. They've just ordered. The WAITER brings some COFFEE and Noreen leans close as soon as he's gone.

NOREEN
 What happened?

KERI
 What happened with what?

NOREEN
 With the porn?

KERI
 It's...it'll be fine.

NOREEN
 What do you mean it'll be fine?

KERI
 Everything resolves itself. It'll be fine. I don't want to talk about it.

NOREEN
 Okay, that's fine. But why were you guys at Mom's?

KERI
 Mom's house is neutral. I didn't want to have that conversation in front of Ben and the kids.

NOREEN
 That makes sense.
 (makes a face)
 Sort of.
 (pause)
 But also, dude, like what happened?

KERI
 Ugh. You're so pushy.
 (acquiesces)
 (MORE)

KERI (CONT'D)

You remember that barbeque in July?
For Ben's birthday?

NOREEN

Yeah.

KERI

I guess it was then. The girls
must've gone inside and started
searching for porn, and I found it
later on my search history. I
thought it was Ben at first.

NOREEN

Jesus.

KERI

Yeah. And Jared's pissed because I
blamed GiGi, but obviously it's
GiGi. Ava doesn't know about that
stuff.

NOREEN

What do you mean Ava doesn't know
about that stuff?

KERI

She doesn't know about sex. She
hasn't even reached puberty yet.

NOREEN

You haven't talked to her about
sex? Also she's totally reached
puberty.

KERI

No she hasn't.

NOREEN

Uh, I mean, she has boobs.

KERI

She does not have boobs!

NOREEN

She definitely has boobs. They're
little boobs, but they're
definitely boobs.

KERI

Can we talk about something else,
please? I'd rather not talk about
this here.

Noreen looks around. There's literally no one else there.

NOREEN

Sure.

(silence)

But like, what kind of porn was it?

KERI

Noreen.

NOREEN

Sorry. But was it like, gross porn,
or like normal porn?

KERI

What the hell is normal porn?

NOREEN

I don't know. Were there like
animals and stuff?

KERI

Animals? What the fuck is the
matter with you?

NOREEN

I just mean how gross was it.

KERI

I don't know. They searched the
word 'sex' and then went from
there.

NOREEN

(stares, incredulous)

They searched the word 'sex'?

KERI

Yes.

NOREEN

(laughing)

Oh my god. That's fucking amazing.

KERI

I'm glad you think it's funny.

NOREEN

I am one hundred percent certain
that a lot of people would think
that was very funny.

KERI

This is my daughter we're talking
about here—

NOREEN

Trust me. You'll think it's funny
someday.

KERI

I said can we talk about something
else.

NOREEN

Sorry. You're right.

It doesn't matter. There's still no one there. Silence, a
beat.

KERI

So like, what's going on? Are you
here to stay or are you going back
to Portland or what?

NOREEN

Ugh. I don't know. I have no idea.

KERI

You should stay. It's nice to have
you around.

(pause)

Mostly.

NOREEN

I know. But I've like, built a life
there. All my stuff is there.

KERI

You can easily move your stuff.

NOREEN

I know.

KERI

What do you want to do?

NOREEN

(clearly stressed)

I don't know, dude.

KERI

Well I'm not trying to stress you
out.

NOREEN
 (head in her hands)
 You're not stressing me out. My
 life stresses me out.
 (looks up)
 Can we talk about porn again,
 please?

KERI
 No.

INT. A DIFFERENT DINER, OR THE SAME ONE WITH SLIGHT TWEAKS-
 DAY

Now Noreen is at lunch with Jared. They're sitting in the
 same booth, or a booth just like it. A WAITER approaches, the
 same one as before or someone just like him.

JARED
 (to waiter)
 Hey man, how you doin'?

WAITER
 I'm good brother, how are you?

They do a high-five handshake kind of thing.

JARED
 You know what? I can't complain. I
 mean, I could complain, but I
 won't.

WAITER
 (laughs uproariously)
 Ha! Ha! Ha! Tell me about it!

Noreen looks back and forth, delighted by this exchange.

JARED
 (to waiter)
 This is my sister.

WAITER
 Nice to meet you. What can I get
 you today?

NOREEN
 I'll just have an English muffin,
 thanks.

JARED
 That's it?

NOREEN
I'm not that hungry.

JARED
You know I'm buying, right?

NOREEN
(kind of embarrassed)
Okay, I'll have a burger.

JARED
Make that two. And a Coke, my man.

WAITER
You got it. I'll be right back with
your Coke.

The waiter leaves. Noreen watches him go.

NOREEN
He's nice. How do you know him?

JARED
That guy? I've never seen that guy
in my life.

NOREEN
What?

JARED
(has already moved on)
Did you talk to Keri?

NOREEN
Yeah. I talked to her today.

JARED
What did she say?

NOREEN
What did she say? She didn't really
say anything.

JARED
Fuck her.
(doesn't mean it)
She's got to get her kid under
control. She's raising a little
monster.

NOREEN
Well, I guess raising kids isn't
easy, it seems.

JARED
What's that supposed to mean?

Noreen shrugs. A beat. A runner brings their drinks.

NOREEN
Can I tell Ryan and Grady?

JARED
No, you cannot tell Ryan and Grady.

NOREEN
(hands together)
Pleeeeeeease.

JARED
No, Noreen. I'm serious.
(sips his Coke)
The last thing I need is those two
thinking I'm a shitty dad. I'm
already the black sheep.

NOREEN
I thought I was the black sheep.

JARED
I don't know what you are.

NOREEN
Me either.

The FOOD arrives. Jared and the waiter fist bump.

And then Noreen and Jared are just eating, for like awhile.
Jared occasionally pulls out his phone.

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT-DAY

In the parking lot, Noreen and Jared hug goodbye.

JARED
Hold on one sec.

Jared starts digging around in his truck for something. He
finally surfaces and hands Noreen an ENVELOPE. She peers
inside: it's full of cash.

NOREEN
(shocked)
Jare...

JARED
It's fine, don't worry about it.

NOREEN
I can't take this.

JARED
(a little annoyed)
Yes you can. I have money and you don't.

NOREEN
(at a loss)
Jare... I...

JARED
Don't tell mom. She'll get all weird.

NOREEN
Yeah. Okay.

JARED
And don't, fucking, blow it on stupid shit. Use it to pay bills or whatever.

NOREEN
Obviously.
(moved)
Thank you, Jare.

JARED
I gotta go. And stop calling me Jare. I hate that. Sounds like chair.

He gets in his truck and waves, but he's not waving at her. He's waving at the waiter, who's waving back from the diner, standing outside.

EXT. SHOE STORE-LITERALLY LIKE TWENTY MINUTES LATER

BADASS MUSIC plays as Noreen exits a shoe store, absolutely beaming. She's in a BRAND-NEW PAIR OF SHOES, and they're fucking amazing and absurd. Neon leopard-print high tops with gold details. They are literally the opposite of "paying your bills."

She snaps a pic and posts to Instagram. Hashtag best life, hashtag self-care.

INT. DINING ROOM-EVENING

Noreen and Mom and Paul are halfway through dinner. Noreen's in her new kicks. Hashtag fashion, hashtag shoes.

NOREEN
..but like, what kind of porn was it? Do you know?

MOM
How should I know what kind of porn it was?

PAUL
I asked the same thing.

MOM
What's the matter with you two?

NOREEN
It makes a difference, doesn't it?

MOM
Why in god's name would it make a difference? Porn is porn.

NOREEN
That is not even remotely true. There's some nasty stuff out there.

PAUL
She's right. There is some nasty stuff.

MOM
Will you two please stop? I'm trying to eat.

NOREEN
(grinning)
I mean, there's probably eating porn too. Food porn.

PAUL
There's definitely eating porn.

MOM
I'd like to change the subject, please.

Strained silence as everyone eats.

MOM (CONT'D)
Noreen, where did you get those shoes?

NOREEN
(looks down, lying)
I've had these.

MOM
You have not had those! Why haven't I seen them before?

NOREEN
You've seen them.

MOM
I've never seen them. Paul, have you seen them?

PAUL
(could not care less)
Not sure.

MOM
I think we would remember if we'd seen them before.

NOREEN
I mean, they're kind of for special occasions. So...

MOM
What's the occasion?

NOREEN
(glances around, looks at plate)
Shrimp.

MOM
Shrimp?

NOREEN
Yeah, sure. Shrimp.

MOM
Well. They really are something else. Paul, aren't they something else?

Paul doesn't answer. He's not listening anymore.

INT. GUEST ROOM-NIGHT

It's late, again. Noreen should be asleep, but she's on Instagram—again. She pulls up the photo of her ex from the other night, takes a screenshot, zooms in. Zooms in on weird places, like her hand and his shoes, opens the edit function, starts scribbling on their faces. Gets bored and opens a text.

NOREEN-IN TEXT

Did you hear

GRADY-IN TEXT

Hear what

NOREEN-IN TEXT

About the porn

GRADY-IN TEXT

Wtf

(typing bubbles)

What porn

NOREEN-IN TEXT

GiGi and Ava were looking at porn

GRADY-IN TEXT

Holy shit

(typing bubbles)

What kind of porn

NOREEN-IN TEXT

I DON'T KNOW!!!!

(new text)

Keri won't tell me.

GRADY-IN TEXT

That's crazy.

(typing bubbles)

Luv you sis. Good night.

Noreen's a little disappointed. She wanted to shit talk some more. She types a heart emoji then goes back to Instagram, scrolls and scrolls.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD-EARLY EVENING

Noreen's in her exercise clothes again, but this time she's not even pretending to exercise. She's in her new shoes, just kind of walking around.

NOREEN V.O.
 Sometimes, I'd walk.
 (pause)
 Just...walk.

We see Noreen walk past homes, cross a park, go up a random flight of stairs. It seems to be a normal suburban neighborhood, but occasionally we catch glimpses of its weirdness: two pasty twins smoking behind a bush, some kid taping a few turtles together, a front yard crammed with festive inflatable machines.

NOREEN V.O. (CONT'D)
 I was so lonely.

On a basketball court, pretends to take a shot.

NOREEN V.O. (CONT'D)
 I'd never been that lonely before
 in my life.

In the grass, making a daisy chain.

NOREEN V.O. (CONT'D)
 On the one hand, I was glad to be divorced. My marriage wasn't that great. All we did was fight. On the other hand, I'd never been alone before. Not like this.

Tries to pet a stray cat, the cat walks away.

NOREEN V.O. (CONT'D)
 I began to think of my loneliness
 as a kind of giant dog.

Noreen walks, and **we slow into a wide shot as parts of the real world slip away.** At the end of a long, ragged leash, her LONELINESS lumbers along behind her. It's part mop and part dog and part elephant, like Snuffleupagus...only dirtier, and more sad.

NOREEN V.O. (CONT'D)
 I didn't have to take care of my loneliness in any way. I didn't have to feed it, I didn't have to give it baths. I just had to make sure it didn't get lost or wander away.

Noreen and her loneliness stop at a corner. She reaches up and pets it on the snout. They look both ways then cross.

Shortly, they're back on Mom's street.

NOREEN V.O. (CONT'D)

My job was to make sure I didn't do anything stupid. I couldn't allow my loneliness to let me do anything reckless or dumb.

Suddenly, a man jogs up. It's the weight-lifting dad from before. He's got a perfectly formed dad-bod. He waves Noreen down.

DAD BOD

Excuse me! Pardon me! Hello!

Noreen looks around like *What are you doing here*, but on some level is not even remotely surprised.

NOREEN

Oh, hey.

DAD BOD

Hey, um, hi. My name's Mark.

They awkwardly shake hands.

DAD BOD (CONT'D)

I live next door to your mom.

He points to his house which is, like, right there.

NOREEN

Oh yeah, I know.

DAD BOD

Okay, cool, cool.

(awkward, trying not to be)

Hey listen, uh, me and some of the other dads noticed that you're new to the area, and you uh, seem to be single...?

NOREEN

Oh yeah, I'm single.

SOME OF THE OTHER DADS are kind of lingering nearby and she waves. They wave back.

DAD BOD

Anyway, we were all talking, and were wondering if you uh... wanted to sleep with us?

(so awkward)

Like, not all at once. But like, one by one.

(MORE)

DAD BOD (CONT'D)

(rephrasing)

Basically we were wondering if you wanted to be the neighborhood homewrecker. Like the neighborhood whore.

Noreen looks around. The other dads eagerly await her answer. Her loneliness kind of sighs and sits on the lawn.

NOREEN

(genuinely moved)

Oh my god, that is so nice.

She adjusts her fanny pack, places her hand to heart in gratitude.

NOREEN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

She's considering—it's not a great proposition, but it's not a terrible one either (or maybe it is)—but then she glances up and see Dad Bod's WIFE, watching from a front window. She's got a baby on her hip and looks distressed.

NOREEN (CONT'D)

You know, I better not.

DAD BOD

(disappointed)

Really?

NOREEN

Yeah, I'm sorry. I just don't think it's a great idea.

Dad Bod kind of kicks at the ground.

DAD BOD

Okay. I understand.

(shouting, to the other
dads)

It's not gonna happen guys!

The other dads groan and wander home.

NOREEN

Sorry everybody!

RANDOM DAD

Yeah, yeah.

EXT. BACKYARD-NIGHT

A few minutes later. Noreen leads her loneliness to a patch of grass in Mom's backyard and covers it with a BLANKET for the night.

INT. GUEST ROOM-NIGHT

Noreen comes in the guest room and flops on the bed. She lays there for a minute, then awkwardly undoes her fanny pack and throws it to the floor. Out of habit, she opens Instagram. It's literally just PHOTOS OF PEOPLE GETTING MARRIED. And not even just people: two rabbits get married, a tin can marries a spoon.

NOREEN

Ugh!

She closes the app then stares at her phone, wondering what to do, what app to waste time on next. Suddenly, she sits up a little: she has an idea.

She opens the door and yells down the hall.

NOREEN (CONT'D)

Good night, Mom!

MOM O.S.

Good night, honey!

NOREEN

I'm really going to bed so..

MOM O.S.

What does that mean?

NOREEN

I just mean don't knock. Cause I'll be asleep.

MOM O.S.

Honey, I knocked that one time.

It wasn't just that one time.

NOREEN

Well, okay, but I'm um actually going to sleep. I'm tired.

MOM O.S.

Okay sweetie! See you in the morning!

Noreen closes the door then goes back to the bed. She opens Google. She's just about to..well, it doesn't matter, because a text from Grady comes in.

GRADY-IN TEXT

Hey call me.

Noreen rolls her eyes and responds, talk-texting.

NOREEN-TALK TEXTING

I can't talk right now. Period. I'm busy. Period.

GRADY-IN TEXT

It's important.

NOREEN-TALK TEXTING

Is someone dead, question mark

GRADY-IN TEXT

No.

NOREEN-TALK TEXTING

Is someone in the hospital,
question mark

GRADY-IN TEXT

No.

(typing bubbles)

But it's important.

NOREEN-TALK TEXTING

Okay well if no one is dead or in the hospital then I will call you in the morning. Period. I'm busy right now. Period.

GRADY-IN TEXT

You don't seem busy.

NOREEN-TALK TEXTING

Fuck off.

(looks at phone, annoyed)

That's supposed to say fuck off,
not duck off. Period.

GRADY-IN TEXT

Duck you.

(typing bubbles)

Call me in the morning then. Love you.

NOREEN-TALK TEXTING

Love you too.

Noreen sets the phone down and glances around. *What was I doing?* Oh right. She opens Google again and is about to search for something, but then glances over and sees her own book sitting on the shelf, as if it's watching. She gets up and turns the book to face the wall, then locks the door, turns off one of the two lamps. She crawls back onto the bed. She's still wearing those amazing absurd shoes.

We hear a kind of LOW, SAD ANIMAL SOUND rising up from the backyard as Noreen goes to Google and types, one letter at a time:

"S-E-X"

FADE TO BLACK

END OF PILOT