

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. 14TH STREET UNION SQUARE, SUBWAY STATION - 5:00 AM

Establishing shots of the NYC Subway on a Summer morning.

The downtown Q train pulls into the station.

A FASHIONABLE YOUNG WOMAN (20's) clutches the ends of her skirt, pulling it down to avoid a Marilyn Monroe moment as the train whizzes by.

A GRUMPY BUSINESS MAN (40's) on his way to work runs down the subway steps in an attempt to catch the train, spilling some coffee on his crisp white shirt.

A TIRED NURSE IN SCRUBS (30's-50's) yawns as she leans against the wall doing a crossword puzzle on her morning commute.

The doors to the Downtown Q train opens.

RILEY WILSON (25), a walking tornado of a woman, both intimidating and captivating, walks down the platform in her Air Jordan 1's and a sparkly dress.

Her energy is giving us a circa 2010 hungover from Four Loko vibe.

Her eyes are bloodshot, she has some dried vomit in her hair, her makeup is smeared under her eyes, and her heels are bloodied and blistered from walking so far.

The Nurse holds the door open for Riley who makes her way onto the subway.

INT. 14TH STREET UNION SQUARE, SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS

THE FEW PEOPLE in the car stare at Riley as she enters. Everyone is clearly starting their day, and Riley's is very obviously just getting home.

Riley settles into her seat, crossing her legs and brushing her wild and unkempt hair behind her ear.

A homeless man, RODEO JOE (50's), in an I Heart NYC t-shirt, Juicy Sweatpants, and a cowboy hat, with an array of bandaids over his face, enters the car shaking a McDonalds coffee cup with spare change inside.

He RATTLES the cup with every step.

He passes by a FEW PASSENGERS shaking his cup at them

RODEO JOE

Change! Can anyone please spare
some change!

Rodeo Joe holds onto the subway pole. He spins around a couple times. Everyone ignores him.

RODEO JOE (CONT'D)

My name is Rodeo Joe. People call me that because my name is Joe, and I got this cowboy hat from a rodeo. My wife's name is... uh.... Her name...

Rodeo Joe tries to come up with a name on the fly.

RODEO JOE (CONT'D)

...is unnecessary. All you have to know is that she has a bullet lodged in her left titty and her fungal infection is getting worse.

No one makes any eye contact with Joe.

RODEO JOE (CONT'D)

Change! Change!

Rodeo Joe passes by Riley. He eyes her up and down.

He looks at his cup of change, then he looks back at her.

He feels bad...

He pulls out a quarter and hands it to Riley.

Riley, confused, grabs the quarter from Rodeo Joe who then walks off the subway as the doors open.

Riley looks to her right and catches a glimpse of herself in the subway window... *Yikes*.

She clears her throat, brushes her hair behind her ear, and takes a compact mirror out of her bag and fixes the smudged eyeliner that has cascaded down her face.

Her CELLPHONE ALARM goes off.

It's a SINGSONGY VOICE that says "You betta get yo' ass up and make some moneyyyyyy!!!"

Riley struggles to find her phone. Everyone stares as the ALARM BLARES.

She softly apologizes under her breath and grabs her phone.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN: Alarm notification that says "Get ready for work or stay broke forever!"

Riley shuts the alarm off.

END TEASER.

ACT ONE**EXT. BROOKLYN, STREETS - 5:30 AM**

The sun is starting to rise over a quiet street in Flatbush, Brooklyn.

Riley runs down the street, passing by some bodegas, eyebrow threading parlors, delis, and old brick apartments.

She wears a T-shirt that says "Personal Trainer", a pair of plain black leggings, and some fresh Nikes.

Her eyeliner is still smudged, however, she's doused enough concealer under her eye to appear significantly less depressing than she was an hour ago.

Riley gets caught by a red light. She stops, panting on the street corner.

Suddenly, a wave of nausea comes over her.

She turns to the garbage can on the corner and pukes.

A typical NYC "Oldhead", FRANK (60's), tank top with grease stains, newspaper in hand, and early morning beer in the other, sits on a milk crate in front of a local bodega and AGRESSIVELY LAUGHS at Riley.

INT. GYM, BROOKLYN - 5:44 AM

A small garage style gym with a few GYM MEMBERS scattered about getting their early morning workout in.

EDM BEATS blast in the background.

NEHA BABU (mid 60's), short, chubby, Indian woman with a sharp tongue, stands by the front door. Neha is Riley's favorite/least favorite client. Problematic by nature, but highly lovable at the same time.

Neha looks at her FitBit that reads "5:44", as Riley runs into the gym, out of breath, throwing her stuff into the locker.

NEHA

Well, I'm glad someone is getting their morning cardio... Tell me how I am here before you? Hm? Am I the trainer now?

RILEY

No, Neha. You're not.

INT. GYM, BROOKLYN - MOMENTS LATER

THE BEATS pulse.

Neha is using the *TRX Straps* and doing a *Squat to Row* movement as she and Riley talk.

Riley sits on a weightlifting flat bench right next to her.

NEHA

-And I'd have to run every errand, every little thing. Always "get me this", or "get me that". I used to sit in my car just to eat a snack in peace. Like those Weight Watcher snack packs, you know? I would carry them in my trunk and eat them in silence for a tiny bit of joy.

Neha continues to work out as they chat.

RILEY

Damn. I guess life is easier if you just decide to stay single.

NEHA

No, no, no. You don't *decide* to stay single. It is only because you're undateable. That is why you are single.

Riley shoots Neha a look as the **TIMER** on her phone goes off.

She turns the timer off and points to the mat on the floor.

NEHA (CONT'D)

You have this crazed energy.

Neha continues to speak as she gets on the mat to do some crunches.

Riley sits on the floor next to her.

RILEY

Sorry, you think having a sense of humor makes me crazy. Most people would think it makes me hot.

NEHA

No, Riley. I have been training with you for three months. You are not a funny girl.

Riley rolls her eyes. She can't believe she's having this conversation.

NEHA (CONT'D)
Trust me. I know humor.

Riley puts Neha on the spot.

RILEY
Okay, Boomer. Who's your favorite comedian?

NEHA
...Christopher Rock.

RILEY
"Christopher"?

NEHA
Yes. *Christopher* Rock.

RILEY
What're you? His mom?

Neha stops working out.

NEHA
How many more?

RILEY
I don't know. You were probably done like, 10 reps ago.

Neha sucks her teeth, mutters under her breath, and grabs her water.

INT. GYM BATHROOM, BROOKLYN - 6:45 AM

Riley is leaning up against the sink of the gym's bathroom. EDM BEATS BLAST, penetrating the thin bathroom walls.

A motivational poster of someone's washboard abs with the text "It's not about the destination, it's about the journey" hangs above her head.

Riley holds her phone, an automated message plays on speakerphone.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE (V.O.)
-We are confirming the appointment for Riley Porter today at 10:30 AM. Press 1 to confirm, press 2 to cancel.

Riley looks down at her phone. Her finger hovers over the number "1" on her keypad.

There's a LOUD KNOCK on the door. Riley hangs up her phone.

DANNY (O.S.)

Riley! Riley, yooooo. Riley, quick jerking off in there.

Riley opens the door. On the other side is her boss, DANNY RATMAN (40-50). He's the type of guy who clings onto his youth with every fiber of his being, orders steroids off the dark web, and wears a "Sex, Weights, and Protein Shakes" tank top.

He blocks her path from exiting the bathroom.

RILEY

There are about a million "Me Too" moments that are happening right now.

DANNY

Right on. Very Gen-Z. Just wanted to wish you a happy birthday!

Riley moves past him, exiting the bathroom as they walk back out onto the gym floor.

RILEY

Thanks, Danny.

DANNY

As your boss, I was a little offended I wasn't invited to your party.

RILEY

That's exactly why you weren't invited.

DANNY

I can still get down. Let my hair down, you know? "Long hair, don't care" as the kids say. Ha, kidding, I'm bald.

Riley gets behind the counter and opens up her calendar on the desktop at the front desk.

Danny leans on the counter.

RILEY

I feel like there's something you want to ask me.

DANNY

I need someone to cover two prospects this afternoon.

RILEY

Danny. We talked about this.

Danny drops his head, ashamed.

DANNY

I know, I know. No more porn on my lunch breaks because my bluetooth is connected to the gym speakers...

RILEY

What? No. I needed this afternoon off. I told you a week ago.

Danny gets serious with Riley.

DANNY

I'm gonna give you a piece of business advice that I wish someone gave me when I was younger... You're going to get fired.

RILEY

You're firing me? How the fuck is that business advice?!

Danny backs down. Feminine rage is his weak spot.

DANNY

No! No, I'm just saying, it's inevitable. At some point in your life, you'll get fired. So, do your best not to.

RILEY

Okay...

DANNY

So you can stay?

Riley walks out from behind the front desk.

RILEY

See you tomorrow, Danny.

INT. ACE'S APARTMENT - 7:45 AM

Establishing shots of an old school Brooklyn apartment: Cracked paint, tight hallways, minimal light, with the distinct feeling that it's been lived in for generations.

Family photo's that belong to Riley's childhood best friend, Ace, line the walls.

The distant sound of the same AUTOMATED MESSAGE from earlier is heard coming from the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN, ACE'S APARTMENT - 7:45 AM

Riley, who's still in her work uniform, sits on the kitchen counter. She holds her phone up to her ear.

She takes a sip of coffee, then takes a pull of a freshly lit joint.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE (V.O.)

-We are confirming the appointment for Riley Porter today at 10:30 AM. Press 1 to confirm, press 2 to cancel.

She walks over to the coffee pot and refills her cup, ignoring the instructions.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE (V.O.)

To repeat: Press 1 to confirm, or 2 to cancel your appointment.

Riley takes another pull of weed, avoiding the confirmation.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE

I'm sorry. We didn't get that. Please try again. Press 1 to confirm, or 2 to cancel your appointment.

Riley looks down at her phone, and presses 1 as she blows the smoke out of her mouth.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE (CONT'D)

Appointment confirmed. Thank you! Goodbye!

The call ends. Riley puts her phone down.

She opens Ace's fridge and pulls out some milk. She pours some into her coffee.

The fridge is covered by a collection of random photos and documents that tell us a bit about Ace:

-An old parking ticket held up by a film school magnet.

-A photo of Ace's father CARTER LEE DIXON (mid 50's) grey hair, distinguished, stern yet compassionate.

-A marijuana magnet that says "always take the high road"

-An Instax photo of Riley at a New Years Eve celebration, drunkenly hugging ACE DIXON (26) Your typical enigmatic artist, soulful eyes, and a scruffy beard, with a strong Brooklyn attitude. On the border of the photo, written in Sharpie, it reads: "THE FOREVER HOMIE."

The sound of FOOTSTEPS is heard coming down the hallway.

Ace, who just woke up, walks into the cramped yet cozy kitchen holding onto his laptop.

He spots Riley, looking as miserable as ever, smoking a joint, and drinking coffee in her Personal Trainer t-shirt.

ACE

Well, you look like the picture of health. Don't you have more clients today?

Riley shakes her head no.

He scoots by Riley, and although they're great friends, there is some underlying tension between them.

Ace places his laptop down on the counter and opens it, staring at the glowing screen.

RILEY

No coffee? Just straight work?
That's some sociopathic behavior.

Riley hands him a mug, he pours himself a cup of coffee.

He yawns, then Riley yawns.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Don't do that.

Ace looks up from his laptop.

ACE

You hungry?

RILEY

No. I don't think I can even eat
right now...

Ace grabs a slice of bread, sticks it in the toaster, then types some notes on a document that's open on his laptop. He multitasks like a pro, speaking to Riley.

ACE

All that partying last night,
birthday girl. You hungover?

Riley nods, but there's something brewing beneath the surface, something she's holding back.

RILEY

Yeah.

He sits on the counter, across from Riley, and types vigorously on his laptop while talking.

ACE

Don't think I didn't peep those
Instagram stories. You went out
with your girls last night?

As Riley opens her mouth, about to say something, we flash back to last night.

INT. TALLY'S BAR, NYC - FLASHBACK

A lively NYC dive bar, Tally's, that is decorated with a plethora of string lights and mugshots of celebrities on the wall.

INSERT FLASHBACK: 'INSTAGRAM' is SUPERIMPOSED on the screen as we view the bar from the POV of Riley's Instagram Story from the previous night. The video shows the lively crowd, we then pan down to three tequila shots on the bar top in front of her.

INSERT FLASHBACK: 'REALITY' is SUPERIMPOSED on the screen as we see Riley down three shots by herself, alone at a bar, she scrunches her face and gags a little, making a bit of a scene. The PEOPLE around her stare.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. KITCHEN, ACE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

RILEY

Yeah, we went out...

ACE

No invite? Sheeeesh. You do realize it took me four hours to blow up that air mattress by mouth, and this is my thank you?

Riley rolls her eyes. Ace focuses back on his work.

RILEY

It was supposed to be a girl's night.

Riley takes another pull then attempts to hand it to Ace who has his head buried in his laptop.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Wanna pull?

Ace doesn't look up from his laptop.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Dude.

ACE

Damn. My bad. It's just down to the wire for this grant proposal. Almost done, but-

RILEY

-Sounds familiar.

ACE

Chillllll. I swear. I've just never had this much money on the line for one of my films.

Ace takes a pull then hands it back to Riley.

ACE (CONT'D)

Alright, enough. I got to focus.

RILEY

When are you just going to hit submit?

ACE

When you start minding your business. Damn.

RILEY

If you just keep waiting until it's perfect you're gonna miss the deadline, *again*.

ACE
I didn't miss it, okay? It just
wasn't ready last year.

RILEY
You're a perfectionist. You have a
problem.

ACE
I'm not a perfectionist... I just
don't like to fuck up.

Smoke starts to rise from the toaster. Riley hops off the
counter, saving Ace's slice of toast from a fiery death.

RILEY
Well, get used to it because you're
fucking up already.

She puts the slice of toast on a plate and hands it to Ace.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I'm gonna be blunt.

ACE
Please don't.

RILEY
Your dad would want this for you. I
don't know if that's the hangup.
But just keep that in mind. Like,
he really would.

Ace ignores that statement entirely. He takes a bite of his
toast, and makes a disgusted face.

ACE
Yo, you couldn't put butter on this
or something?

RILEY
I'm sorry. Maybe I should fold your
laundry too? Wipe your ass the next
time you take a shit?

ACE
Well, you are living here rent
free.

Riley sucks her teeth.

RILEY
You said you wouldn't throw that in
my face!

Ace sighs and looks up from his laptop, there's only so much Riley he candle handle.

ACE

What're you doing this afternoon?

RILEY

I have this *thing* in a few hours.

ACE

A thing?

Riley is not a good liar, but she still goes for it.

RILEY

Yeah... A comedy thing. It's not a show... because it's the morning... obviously. But, it's still a thing. A comedy thing.

Ace nods his head in approval of her mildly suspicious answer...

ACE

Okay! Look attchu, first gig back since the "hiatus".

RILEY

You don't need to call it that.

ACE

Mental breakdown? Meltdown? Public embarrassment?

RILEY

Nope. All of those are worse.

ACE

You're gonna be fine. Don't let some guy who's favorite rapper is Drake get in your head.

RILEY

This isn't about James.

ACE

You're right. This is about you getting your shit together.

Ace turns his laptop to Riley, he shows her an apartment posted on Craigslist.

ACE (CONT'D)

So, don't kill me, but ... I was gonna see if you wanted to check out some apartments together today. Maybe after your "comedy thing" we can stop by this open-

RILEY

-You're kidding. Ace. Pleeeeease. Please. It's like 8 in the morning. I can't do this right now. It's only been a week.

ACE

And three days. A week and three days.

Riley can't believe this.

ACE (CONT'D)

Listen, I don't want you thinking that I'm saying all of this stuff because I don't want you here.

RILEY

I know.

ACE

Actually, I love having you around and that's kinda the problem.

RILEY

Doesn't sound like a problem to me.

ACE

Lemme break this down for you...

Ace cuts to the chase. Giving Riley an emotional play by play.

ACE (CONT'D)

You and James broke up. I gave you your space, or I tried my best. And yes, years of pent up feelings came out of my mouth that night after Taylin's party... But you shot me down hard, like gaping bullet wound in the chest kind of hard. But you know, it's all good! It is! I can handle a little rejection...

(MORE)

ACE (CONT'D)

Only problem is a couple weeks later you're at my doorstep needing a place to live after James moved out, you couldn't make rent, and your scary Romanian Landlord evicted you.

RILEY

He was Yugoslavian, actually. Much scarier.

ACE

You don't think this feels weird? Our friendship feels weird.

RILEY

It's not weird! I don't feel weird.

ACE

Ri, I told you that I've had a crush on you since we were 11, you didn't say anything, and now I have to wake up to your face every morning.

RILEY

But with no makeup on I'm a completely different person so you can just pretend it's someone else.

Ace isn't taking the humor-bait.

ACE

I know you're not taking anything seriously because that's your MO. The second you start talking about feelings you practically shrivel up and die. Your problem is you don't know how to talk when you're not on stage.

Riley digests that statement before speaking.

RILEY

Things are just complicated now.

ACE

Only because you make it that way...

Riley's phone BEEPS.

INSERT REMINDER ON PHONE: "GO TO CLINIC"

She takes one last sip of her coffee and places it on the counter.

RILEY

I gotta go... Look, I'm sorry I'm still here. I-

Ace raises his hand. He cuts Riley off.

ACE

Do what you have to do. Take your time. I get it. I'm here.

RILEY

You always are.

Riley smiles softly and begins to walk out of the kitchen as Ace calls out.

ACE

And good luck with whatever it is you got going on today.

RILEY

Thanks... I need it.

END OF ACT ONE.