

SQUAD GOALS

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July 14, 2020

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SQUAD GOALS/"PILOT"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. JOANNIE'S - DINING ROOM - DAY

An upscale, yet cozy restaurant with a mezzanine and floor-to-ceiling windows that look out onto downtown San Jose, California. The hip, modern vibe of the place is Instagram-worthy with it's tan, leather booths, white marble bar, wooden dividers, and strategically-placed plant life.

But the dining room is empty, with over-turn chairs atop tables, except for--

HALF-BOOTH

DRE

(puts phone down)

I'm not calling this motherfucker again.

ANDRE "DRE" WHITE, 37, is an attractive, successful black man with "Nice Guy Syndrome."

RUSSELL

Every day I'm annoyed we've been stuck with his ass for the last 18 years.

RUSSELL "FRESHMAN" MIHN, 34, is a dapper Korean-American man that can switch it up between "tech nerd" to "ladies man" within a heartbeat.

BOOGIE

Yo, Gonzo needs to be a lesson to you niggas about making friends with your weed man.

BRIAN "BOOGIE" TAYLOR, 28, Dre's cousin, a class clown with potential.

DRE

Didn't you go to his niece's *quinceañera* because he hooked you up with half an ounce?

BOOGIE

That party was lit. I didn't get home until eight in the morning.

A handsome white man ENTERS from the kitchen, carrying a large charcuterie board with ease-- MICHAEL "MIKE" ERBY, 37, the melancholic chef/owner of Joannie's restaurant.

MIKE

Gonzo's still not fucking here I see.

Mike sets the board atop the table and takes the empty seat beside Dre. They waste no time attacking the food tray.

BOOGIE

I'm sorry but have y'all ever met a weed man that's been on-time?

MIKE

I open up for dinner in two hours. I have to start prepping and my staff'll be here soon. I don't want Ashlee in my ass.

BOOGIE

Thought you liked stuff in your ass.

Boogie laughs, looking for his friends to join in on his "savage burn." All he gets in return are blank, unamused stares.

BOOGIE (CONT'D)

(mumbles)

Fuck y'all. That was funny.

A noise draws their attention to the entrance doors: a tall, Hispanic man with a goatee tries unsuccessfully to open the locked doors-- ERNESTO "GONZO" TORRES, 38.

Dre, Mike, and Russell GROAN.

Mike reluctantly gets up to let him inside.

Note: He's wearing black-and-white checkered dress slacks, a yellow Hawaiian shirt, and brown loafers.

GONZO

Whaddup, whaddup, whaddup! What's good, fam?

DRE

You late, G.

GONZO
 (sits at table)
 I know. My bad. But the news is
 worth it.

RUSSELL
 You going to jail...again?

GONZO
 Why you always think I'm going back
 to jail, Fresh? Besides, I said
 'good news'.

RUSSELL
 So you beat the charge?

GONZO
 Yeah, but that's not it...
 (drums atop table)
 I'm getting married, fools!

A wave of silence falls over the table for a beat.

MIKE
 To who?

GONZO
 What do you mean? Perla, dog.

A collective SIGH and some GRUMBLING in response.

GONZO (CONT'D)
 What?

DRE
 Perla? You're going to marry Perla?

GONZO
 Yeah. It's time, man.

DRE
 So, does this mean you've stopped
 cheating on her?

GONZO
 Man, I ain't cheat on that girl, in
 like, 3 months.

BOOGIE
 Wow. Three whole months...out of 10
 years. King status.

GONZO

Which is why I'm going to make her my queen.

MIKE

Even though you've been treating her like a chambermaid for a decade?

GONZO

What's a chambermaid?

DRE

Alright. Gonzo, look, I can't do this. This isn't good news. And I'm not going to pretend it is. You've treated that girl like yesterday's garbage and made her miserable for the last 10 years. Why would she even say 'yes' to a marriage proposal from you?

GONZO

To be honest with you, I didn't have to ask really. She told me to put a ring on it or go back to my mama's house.

Dre, Mike, Russell, and Boogie look like they want to bang their heads into a brick wall.

RUSSELL

You. Should. Not. Be. Doing. This.

DRE

We can't support this mess.

MIKE

Not in the least.

GONZO

So, what? Y'all not gonna be my groomsmen and walk me down the aisle?

BOOGIE

You are too Mexican to believe that's how a wedding goes down.

GONZO

Y'all are some corny haters. For real.

DRE
Nobody is hating, my guy. We just know you're going to go back to cheating on her and gaslighting her about it.

GONZO
Art thou of little...trust?

BOOGIE
Yeah, that ain't it, chief.

GONZO
Are you motherfuckers really telling me you not going to be in my wedding?

Yes!	DRE	Yes!	MIKE
Yes!	BOOGIE	Yes!	RUSSELL

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

Dre, Mike, Boogie, and Russell stand outside on the church steps in ugly, maroon-colored tuxedos with happy FRIENDS AND FAMILY as Gonzo and his now wife, PERLA, EXIT the church to CHEERS.

DRE
We ain't shit, are we?

100%.	MIKE	Facts.	RUSSELL
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BOOGIE
This suit itchy as hell.

CUT TO:

HIP-HOP MUSIC OVER TITLE CARD

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. GYM - BASKETBALL COURT - EARLY MORNING

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

Dre, Mike, and Russell finish their game of 3-on-3 half-court with THREE OLDER GYM MEMBERS.

Our boys win; all 6 men amicably shake hands at the end.

The three other men EXIT toward the showers as Dre, Mike, and Russell towel the sweat from their faces and catch their breath.

RUSSELL

So, D, Day 51. And?

MIKE

You're such an instigator.

RUSSELL

What?

DRE

Fuck you, Fresh, and no, she still hasn't said it. I'm trying not to feel like a punk about it, but it's reaching that point.

MIKE

Okay, but do you really *need* to hear her say it? Isn't knowing enough?

DRE

No, Mikey. Words matter. Especially those words. I said it. I said it *first*. And it has been 50--

RUSSELL

(corrects)

51.

DRE

--51 days and she's still walking around my place eating my food and using my hot water without saying it.

MIKE

I think you've surpassed the 'punk' threshold and moved on to acting like a bitch.

RUSSELL

Or a simp.

MIKE

(to Russell)

Shut. Up.

DRE

Look, I know. And I don't want to be that guy. But she got my Netflix login and can't even tell a nigga she loves him, so I'm hot.

Mike and Russell chuckle.

MIKE

Dre, for whatever dumbass reason Shay loves you. And she'll tell you so. When she's ready.

DRE

...I gave her half my lemon pepper wings last night. You can't tell me that doesn't deserve an 'I love you'.

RUSSELL

Flush the toilet every time she takes a shower.

(off Mike's look)

What?

Mike throws his sweaty towel in Russell's face.

INT. GYM - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dre, Mike, and Russell head toward the entrance/exit doors.

Dre and Mike are in clean, casual clothes. While Russell has changed into a casual suit.

Note: Dre and Mike are wearing different Ohio State T-shirts. The lanyard on Russell's keys has the Ohio State emblem all over it.

An attractive "GYM BUNNY" walks toward them, smiling at Mike.

GYM BUNNY

Hey, Mike.

MIKE

Uh, yeah, hey...Cooper...?

GYM BUNNY

(corrects; annoyed)

Colin.

Dre and Russell try hard not to laugh.

The gym bunny SCOFFS and EXITS into the men's locker room.

EXT. GYM - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Boogie leans against a fully-restored '67 Camaro RS, thumbing through Instagram on his phone. A gym bag across his body.

He takes notice of his friends EXITING the gym and approaching.

DRE

I'm just asking why didn't you tell anyone you were back out there?

MIKE

I'm not back anywhere.

RUSSELL

So you didn't get your back blown out by fake Chris Hemsworth back there?

Boogie rolls his eyes.

MIKE

Trust me when I tell you it's not a big deal.

DRE

It is a big deal considering you've been living like a monk for the last 2 years.

RUSSELL

And now we've come to find out you finally got fucked down and we're proud of you, nasty slut.

MIKE

I'm telling you assholes it wasn't that magical.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Nothing to talk about really. I was in the mood for some company and I found some.

DRE

So this was just a hookup?

MIKE

Did you miss the part when I couldn't remember his name?

DRE

No. That part was my favorite.

RUSSELL

Where'd you guys hookup?

MIKE

(shrugs)

His car.

RUSSELL

You guys went "cruising?"

DRE

That's not what "cruising" is.

RUSSELL

It's not?

MIKE

No.

DRE

No.

RUSSELL

Then what's "cruising?"

DRE

When you look for an anonymous hookup in public spaces.

RUSSELL

I thought that was Grindr.

MIKE

No. Grindr is the app...for anonymous hookups in public spaces.

RUSSELL

Then what am I thinking of?

DRE

"Parking."

RUSSELL

Ohhhh... That's some middle school
shit.

MIKE

I didn't want to take him back to
my place and I wasn't about to go
to his. Besides, there was no need.
All we did was jerk each other off.

RUSSELL

You use protection? Or did you two
just nut into old McDonald's
napkins you found under the seat
then tossed out the window?

BOOGIE

Oh, my God! Can we please stop with
the gay shit! Damn! Ain't nobody
trying to hear all that! Shit is
nasty!

Dre, Mike and Russell turn wide-eyed at his sudden outburst.

BOOGIE (CONT'D)

Just saying, man...

Mike chuckles wryly.

MIKE

Fuck you, Boogie.

Mike climbs into the driver seat of the car Boogie was
leaning against, bumping him out of the way.

The three of them watch as Mike peels out of the parking lot.

DRE

For real?

BOOGIE

Y'all always talk about that gay
shit with him and it's weird.

DRE

Only to you, nigga.

Dre EXITS toward his own car.

BOOGIE

Whatever...

(to Russell)

...I came with him.

Russell rolls his eyes.

RUSSELL
Sure. I'll be late to work.

Russell walks toward his Tesla.

Boogie shuffles after him.

INT. SCOOBIE HQ - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A huge trendy co-working area of brown, leather couches, tangerine and aqua furniture, coffee bar, and a few hammocks containing sleeping employees.

Every Silicon Valley tech nerd wants to work here.

RUSSELL

Russell is at a shared work station helping TWO SOFTWARE ENGINEERS through an upgrading problem.

His cellphone FLASHES atop the desk. He turns it over to see who's calling him-- a crestfallen scowl comes over his face. He SIGHS.

RUSSELL
Got it, Emily? Okay. Excuse me. I
have to take this.

We FOLLOW Russell as he makes his way to a nice CORNER OFFICE. He closes the door.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Yes, Inez?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION:

INT. WINK, LASH & WAX SALON - STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

INEZ
I need you to take Oscar this
weekend.

INEZ GARCIA, 30, a sexy and emotionally immature Mexican woman, stands in the cramped room on her phone. She wears a black smock with her name stitched in pink above her left breast.

RUSSELL
What? Why? What happened?

INEZ

Nothing. He's fine. Everything's fine. I'm just going to Miami this weekend and I need you to watch him.

RUSSELL

Why are you going to Miami?

INEZ

Are you kidding me...? It's my Dirty 30 and my girls are taking me.

Russell takes the deepest breath and summons every ounce of strength he has.

RUSSELL

First, let's start with how this is the first I'm even hearing about a trip to Miami.

INEZ

That's not my fault; Maria was trying to make it a surprise but I found out about it when I went through Julia's emails because I thought she was fucking my brother again.

RUSSELL

So your friends were going to take you on a surprise trip without your son and no plan for a babysitter?

INEZ

No. They planned for him to come with us, but now I'm not so sure.

RUSSELL

Because you want to drink and fuck coke dealers driving Lambo rentals.

INEZ

Fuck you, Russ.

RUSSELL

Second, how last minute was this trip planned given neither of your ho-ass friends called me to ask if I could take Oscar this weekend for your birthday?

INEZ

You know how Maria is! She comes up with shit on the fly! She's, like, spontaneous or something.

RUSSELL

Why can't your sisters watch him?

INEZ

They're busy.

RUSSELL

They don't have jobs. What are they busy doing?

INEZ

Going to Miami with me.

He could strangle her.

RUSSELL

What about your mom?

INEZ

Oh, I'm sorry, is taking care of your son a burden for you, Russell?

RUSSELL

Oscar is anything but a burden. This is about you and your last minute shit, and your disorganization, and your lack of respect. This is also about how I gave you 3 months notice about a business trip to Seattle and the shit-fit you threw about having him for two weekends in a row.

INEZ

I'm not trying to be funny, but I don't remember that.

Russell is 5 seconds from throwing his entire desk out the window. He clenches and unclenches his fist, taking big, deep breaths...

(3 beats)

INEZ (CONT'D)

Russell? Russell?? Hello?!

RUSSELL

I'll be home at 6:30. Don't forget his stuffed lion this time.

INEZ
Okay, but--

He hangs up and storms out.

INT. RELAXATION FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Russell walks out the elevator and toward a Yoga class that appears to be ending; as so indicated by his COWORKERS EXITING the studio.

RUSSELL
Yoga over?

EMPLOYEE #1
Yeah, bro. Sorry.

EMPLOYEE #2
There's another class at six.

RUSSELL
I can't make that one. Thanks though.

His phone FLASHES in his hand. It's Boogie. He ignores his call, sending him straight to voicemail.

Russell walks to the elevators and smacks the down button.

Inez is calling him now. He GROANS.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Not today, Satan.

He sends her to voicemail, too.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Excuse me?

Russell hadn't even noticed the elevator arrived and--

RUSSELL
Jesus...

A stunning black woman in Louboutins and a pencil skirt holds the doors open-- JASMINE HUGHES, 45, a shrewd professional that oozes sex appeal.

JASMINE
Kind of need to get by if I'm going to make yoga class.

RUSSELL
It just ended.

JASMINE
Just my luck.

She slips from the doors and into the box. He joins her and presses his floor.

RUSSELL
Floor?

JASMINE
20th.

Russell presses the button for her floor.

RUSSELL
Bad day?

JASMINE
Was hoping a little meditation
would cure it.

RUSSELL
Me, too.

JASMINE
Oh, yeah? And how did your day turn
into a disaster this early?

RUSSELL
I'm fighting with someone I can
never seem to win with.

JASMINE
Why don't you ever win the fight?

RUSSELL
Because it's necessary I try to be
civil. For both our sakes.

JASMINE
Sounds one-sided.

RUSSELL
It is. You? Why do you need incense
and wind chimes today?

She laughs.

Russell goes from purple-with-rage to smooth in mere seconds.

JASMINE

Let's see: I woke up late, sat in 2 hours of traffic to get here, forgot my breakfast, spilled coffee on my laptop, made my assistant cry, the ladies' room on my floor is out-of-order, and the CEO is angry I told him he can't buy a Northern White Rhino.

RUSSELL

You work close with Cameron Halsey?

JASMINE

Yup. Legal. You?

RUSSELL

Director of Software Development.

JASMINE

No wonder our paths have never crossed. Jasmine.

RUSSELL

Russell.

They shake hands and it's pretty obvious they're interested in each other.

They reach Russell's floor.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Well, it was nice meeting you, Jasmine from Legal.

JASMINE

You, too, Russell from Software Development. Hope your day gets better.

Russell holds the doors open.

RUSSELL

It could. This your lunch hour?

JASMINE

Yes.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL VALENCIA SANTANA ROW - SUITE - CONTINUOUS

SOFA

Russell and Jasmine fuck-- hard, fast, naked-- on the sofa.
Both of them are LOUD and responsive.

They come together; loud enough to wake the dead.

They hold tight to one another, sweaty and out-of-breath.

RUSSELL
Damn, girl.

Jasmine giggles.

He kisses her, slow and affectionate.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Hi.

JASMINE
Hi.

INT. HOTEL VALENCIA SANTANA ROW - LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Russell and Jasmine confidently stride across the lobby to
the entrance doors.

Jasmine slips on a pair of dark sunglasses.

RUSSELL
Your day better?

JASMINE
Much. Yours?

RUSSELL
Significantly.

ENTRANCE

Jasmine hands the VALET her ticket.

JASMINE
Dinner. Tomorrow night? I know it
seems a little backwards given--

RUSSELL
How we just owned that couch?

JASMINE

Yes. But you're really good in bed
and I know a nice restaurant
downtown that makes a mean steak.

RUSSELL

I know an even better one. And my
friend's the owner.

JASMINE

Then it's a date.

RUSSELL

...Maybe. I've got plans. But I
might be able to work something
out.

JASMINE

Okay, well, you know where I work.

The valet returns with her car-- a shiny, two-seater
convertible.

Russell watches her climb into her car, pull into the street,
and take off back to work.

VALET

Enjoy your stay, sir?

RUSSELL

(hands valet ticket)
Best hotel in San Jose.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. JOANNIE'S - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mike takes a paper towel to the dry-erase board on the wall and wipes it clean. He picks up the marker and begins writing.

A pouty-mouth redhead in a black cocktail dress, ASHLEE PETERS, 32, carrying a large binder, approaches; Mike's lovelorn general manager.

ASHLEE

What are you doing?

MIKE

Main course special tonight is pomegranate chicken stuffed with goat cheese.

ASHLEE

No. Our special tonight is spiced baked apples with sausage stuffing.

MIKE

That's what it was, then I changed it.

ASHLEE

Why am I here?

Mike rolls his eyes: *Not this again?*

ASHLEE (CONT'D)

No, seriously. Why am I here if all you do is ignore the rules I put in place and change everything I do? Do you know what a shitty boss that makes you? That you don't trust me.

MIKE

It's not about trust. You know that, Ashlee. This is just my usual controlling demeanor.

ASHLEE

And I'm sick of it. I am the general manager. You hired me to "do all the hard stuff" you were fucking up. You promised me you'd butt-out.

MIKE

No. What I said was, "I pick the menu and cook--" which I just did-- and you, Faith, and Haven would handle the rest as I overpay you for running my restaurant.

ASHLEE

For saving it. We *saved* your restaurant.

MIKE

(resigned)
Yes, you d--

ASHLEE

(points to whiteboard)
Chicken today. Apples tomorrow.
Don't ever touch my goddamn board again.

MIKE

Fine.

ASHLEE

Perfect. We need to go over changes to the wedding menu for the Burtons.

Mike points at the MANAGERS' OFFICE. They ENTER.

She flops down onto the beat up loveseat across from him. She forks over the binder.

Mike looks through it--

MIKE

She changed everything. Fish and chips, Shepard's pie, Yorkshire pudding... This is the most British thing I'd ever seen.

ASHLEE

The groom is from England, so the bride decided she wanted to pay homage to that through the food at the reception. But with some sort of American twist.

MIKE

(sighs)
Yeah. Sure. That's fine. But I'm not making any of these gross pies.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Bangers and Mash main course with a vegetarian option. Mini Beef Wellingtons for appetizers, and we'll make the Fish & Chips a tray-pass during the cocktail hour.

ASHLEE

(takes notes)

I can work with that.

She takes notice of how stressed he appears, rubbing at the bridge of his nose.

ASHLEE (CONT'D)

Might be a little late in me asking, but you alright?

MIKE

Weird morning.

ASHLEE

What happened?

MIKE

Crossed paths with a one night stand and Boogie was being an asshole.

ASHLEE

What did Brian do?

MIKE

Be himself.

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A luxury monochromatic bachelor pad with modern amenities; personal but without sentimentality.

FRONT DOOR

Russell opens the door. Inez is on the other side, holding their son, OSCAR GARCIA-MIHN, 3.

Inez says not a word of courtesy before pushing her way inside and handing Oscar over to Russell.

KITCHEN

Despite the hostility between them, Inez takes notice of how over the moon Russell is to see his son and have him in his arms.

She dumps the diaper bag on her shoulder onto the island.

INEZ

I'll be back on Monday to pick him up from daycare.

RUSSELL

I'm not dropping him off at that ratchet daycare. You can pick him up from my parents' house.

INEZ

Oh, hell no!

RUSSELL

Would you rather pick him up from my sister's house?

INEZ

Just drop him off at daycare. Please. I fed him, I brought Mr. Lion, and I bought those stupid organic Pull-Ups you keep bitching about.

He's barely listening, making silly faces at Oscar who GIGGLES HAPPILY.

INEZ (CONT'D)

Russ?

RUSSELL

Mr. Lion in the bag. Got it.

She kisses the top of Oscar's head. She gives a sad, little smile, hating a little that she's leaving her son for the weekend.

INEZ

See you Monday, *mijo*.

Russell politely opens the door for her.

RUSSELL

Safe flight.

INEZ

Thanks.

Russell closes and locks the door behind her.

RUSSELL

(to Oscar)

So, want to crack open some beers
and talk about the girl I met
today?

OSCAR

Yeah.

RUSSELL

Good. Because the girl-- dime. The
baddest bitch.

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Dre-- wearing scrubs and a black surgical cap-- hands a NURSE
a patient folder.

DRE

Thanks, Carla. I appreciate it.

His cellphone VIBRATES. It's Boogie. He doesn't hesitate
sending his call to voicemail.

Dre YAWNS; long shift.

SHAY (O.S.)

(British accent)

Oh. None of that sir, please.

Dre turns to a thick, dark-skin beauty in scrubs smiling the
brightest smile at him; his girlfriend, SHAYLA "SHAY" MORGAN,
34.

DRE

These graveyard shifts are killing
me. So glad when Dr. Jhanapin gets
back from Manila.

SHAY

Aw, poor baby. You eat yet?

DRE

I had a bag of M&M's, three celery
sticks, coffee, Cup o'Noodles,
stale crackers I found in my
pocket, coffee, Jell-O, a piece of
birthday cake--

SHAY

Stef's birthday was today?!

DRE
 --coffee, breath mints, an apple,
 half a donut, coffee, a power bar--

SHAY
 No. The answer you're looking for
 is 'no'. "No, Shay, I haven't eaten
 all day." Because all that crap you
 just listed was nowhere near food,
 let alone fuel. Hence, all the
 coffee just to stand upright.

DRE
 Know what I really need? A nap.

Shay extends her hand.

SHAY
 Well, then come with me, pet.

He takes her hand.

EXT. HOSPITAL - SUPPLY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Shay opens the door to a small, dark supply closet. Inside is
 a cot made up with blankets and a pillow.

DRE
 You're an angel.

SHAY
 Yeah, yeah. I heard you tell an LPN
 the same thing last week when she
 brought you leftovers from her
 daughter's Bat Mitzvah.

He pecks her cheek.

DRE
 I love you. Thank you.

SHAY
 Uh, yeah. It's-It's fine... You're
 welcome.

She really does have a hard time saying it back... They share
 an awkward beat.

SHAY (CONT'D)
 Well, hop in.

Dre nods, poorly hiding his disappointment behind a weak
 smile.

He sits atop the cot and toes off his sneakers.

SHAY (CONT'D)
I won't tell anyone where you are,
but keep your pager on.

DRE
I will.

SHAY
Yeah. Okay. Sleep tight. Don't let
the bedbugs bite.

She shoots finger guns at him as he lies down.

SHAY (CONT'D)
(off his look; mumbles)
The fuck is wrong with me?

Shay closes the door.

Dre lifts his Apple Watch to his face.

DRE
(into watch)
Day fifty-fucking-two.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The audience is LAUGHING hysterically.

STAGE

BOOGIE
Nah, but for real, you guys were
great. My name is Boogie. Thank you
and give a round of applause to our
next comedian coming to the stage,
Eric Walsingham!

We FOLLOW Boogie as he EXITS backstage and the next COMEDIAN
rushes to the mic.

Boogie's congratulated by FELLOW COMEDIANS praising his set.
He's smiling, on cloud nine, dolling out gracious 'thank
yous'.

He stops one of the COCKTAIL WAITRESSES hurrying toward the
liquor room--

BOOGIE (CONT'D)
Hey, Lisa. My boys at table 30?

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

They never came in. Mind if I seat it? Terry's getting pissy about it being empty.

BOOGIE

Oh, uh, yeah. Go ahead.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Thanks, Boogie. Great set, by the way.

BOOGIE

Thanks.

EXT. COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

ENTRANCE

Boogie is on the phone flailing his arms as he smokes from a marijuana pen.

BOOGIE

They're being little girls right now! And over nothing. I didn't even say anything that fucked up.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION:

INT. KAREEMA'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

KAREEMA ROGERS, 30, sits at her mahogany desk with graded school papers in front of her. She's beautiful; tall, size 16 with box braids and round eyeglasses.

KAREEMA

Well, what exactly did you say, Boogie?

BOOGIE

Why do women always want to know exactly what you said and how you said it? Like you wrote a motherfucking essay and used the wrong 'there' so now the whole paper is fucked up.

KAREEMA

Okay, so we're deflecting, which means we know we're wrong.

Boogie GROANS, frustrated.

A beat.

BOOGIE

I don't care Mike's gay--

KAREEMA

Oh, my god, Boogie...

BOOGIE

I don't! But when he wants to talk about it, like, in detail and shit with us, it's...too personal. Why can't he find some gay homies to talk about that shit with, you know?

KAREEMA

He shouldn't have to, Boogie. You guys are his friends. And maybe that means having to listen to him share intimate details of his love life.

BOOGIE

He's not really my friend. He's Dre and Freshman's friend. I don't really fuck with him like that.

KAREEMA

I know your ignorant ass didn't just say that?

He's quiet a moment. Even he knows what he just said was terrible.

KAREEMA (CONT'D)

Boogie, maybe you should take this time, since your friends are ghosting you anyway, to reflect on some of your homophobic bullshit.

BOOGIE

I'm not homophobic! *The Birdcage* is my favorite play. I'm the world's biggest Prince fan. I think Omar is the best character on *The Wire*-- "Omar comin'!"

She can't help but laugh.

KAREEMA

Boy, you are several kinds of stupid.

BOOGIE
Made you laugh though... You home?

KAREEMA
Yes.

BOOGIE
Doing what?

KAREEMA
Grading homework.

BOOGIE
You gave homework on a Friday?
Rude.

KAREEMA
This is Thursday night's
assignment. I'm not that strict.

BOOGIE
Just fail them all. You know those
kids are stupid. None of them are
going to Stanford.

KAREEMA
I know. My kids are going to
Harvard.

BOOGIE
In that case, I could come over.
Help point out all the wrong
'theres'.

KAREEMA
I don't think that's a good idea,
Boogie.

BOOGIE
Kareema, listen--

KAREEMA
I know you needed someone to talk
to tonight, and I'm sorry your
friends are mad at you, but I can't
have you come over. We're not
together anymore. And you need to
go back to acting like it.

He doesn't want to, and is disappointed she's attempting to
take their breakup seriously, but if she said 'no', then no.

BOOGIE

Yeah. I get it. Thanks for listening.

KAREEMA

You're welcome. Goodnight.

BOOGIE

'Night.

They hang up.

INT. ASHLEE'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ashlee sits atop her bed in an old, T-shirt and cute undies; makeup free and hair damp as she replies to the extensive emails in her inbox on her laptop.

The television plays softly but she's obviously not paying any attention to it; background noise.

Her cellphone VIBRATES. She checks the ID and picks up.

ASHLEE

(on phone)

Apologize to Mike or the last time you saw me naked will be the last time you saw me naked.

She hangs up and drops her phone back down, returning to her inbox.

EXT. TACO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Boogie queues in the long line, staring at his phone. His call to Ashlee having ended.

BOOGIE

Fuck, bro.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JASMINE'S CONDO - BEDROOM - MORNING

Jasmine pedals hard and fast, covered in perspiration atop her Peloton bike, wearing AirPods.

A call comes in through her bluetooth. She takes it--

JASMINE
Jasmine Hughes.

RUSSELL (O.S.)
I have a son.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION:

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Russell stands at the island cutting fruit for Oscar in his highchair. His little fat fingers reaching for more.

JASMINE
Who is this?

RUSSELL
It's Russell. I have a son.

Jasmine stops pedaling, pausing her workout.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
I asked my sister to babysit tonight. She said 'yes', therefore, the purpose of this call was to agree to dinner tonight with you. But you picked up and that's not what fell out of my mouth.

JASMINE
Evidently.

RUSSELL
I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to hide that from you, it's just that you don't exactly come across as kid-friendly.

JASMINE
I'm not.

RUSSELL
Yeah, I figured.

JASMINE
Your bad day yesterday was--

RUSSELL
Baby mama drama.

JASMINE
I'm not exactly baby mama-friendly
either, Russell.

RUSSELL
Yeah, I know... Just thought I'd
call to tell you why I couldn't do
dinner tonight. And regardless,
yesterday was incredible.

She smirks.

JASMINE
(teasing)
It was okay, I guess.

Neither of them speak, a little dumbfounded with how quickly
things began and then ended between them in just 24 hours.
It's both sudden and sad.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Well, I'll see you around, Russell
from Software Development.

RUSSELL
Of course, Jasmine from Legal.

Jasmine hangs up first.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
(to Oscar)
Straight baddie. I'm telling you.

INT. GAS STATION CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Mike walks in.

MIKE
(to cashier)
Hey, Ali.

The CASHIER smiles and waves back, familiar with him.

Mike heads for the refrigerators and grabs two cans of Red Bull, then a Slim Jim on his way to the register.

The BLONDE WOMAN in front of him drops a candy bar from her full hands. Mike picks it up and hands it back to her--

MIKE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

The blonde woman, CHLOE POWELL, 36, smirks at him.

Mike's face immediately forms a hard scowl.

CHLOE

Well. Small world.

MIKE

Unfortunately.

She chuckles wryly at him, a devious grin forming...

CHLOE

Hey, Wyatt!

Mike's face slips into horror.

WYATT (O.S.)

Yeah?

CHLOE

Come here!

Chloe continues smirking evilly at him. Though Mike looks seasick and ready to bolt for the closest exit.

Just when his feet are seconds from obeying his brain, a chiseled-jaw hipster rocking clear-framed eyeglasses and a Star Trek graphic tee ENTERS the aisle-- WYATT LACHLAN, 37.

WYATT

Why are you screaming across the--

Wyatt takes notice of Mike.

CHLOE

Look who I ran into?

A thunderous glower comes over Wyatt's face at Mike's unexpected presence.

Mike, on the other hand, is a beat away from panicked tears.

Without another word, Wyatt storms out of the convenience store.

MIKE
You're a bitch.

CHLOE
I'm not the one who ripped his
heart in half.

Chloe dumps her items onto the closest rack.

Mike watches, frozen, as she chases after Wyatt.

INT. DRE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Another luxury apartment; stark white with gray furniture and a balcony.

Dre, wrapped in a towel, ENTERS the kitchen. Shay is in the adjoining LIVING ROOM watching television.

Dre pours himself a bowl of cereal. He opens the fridge, grabbing the milk. He shakes it-- there's only a swallow left in the carton.

He throws the carton into the garbage and SLAMS the refrigerator door shut!

Shay turns the VOLUME DOWN on the television.

SHAY
Dre?

DRE
Are you serious, Shay?

SHAY
What?

DRE
Why would you drink all but a
swallow of the milk and put it back
in the fridge? More importantly,
why didn't you replace it when you
saw it was near empty?

SHAY
I just--

DRE
You don't pay for a damn thing in
this place but stay using
everything and not replacing it or
picking up after yourself?

SHAY

Pardon?

This is clearly not about an empty carton of milk, but Dre sure is seizing the opportunity to make it appear as though it is.

DRE

You use all the milk, all the hot water, all the clean towels. My whole Netflix list is nothing but ridiculous British reality shows. I'm tired of you being straight selfish. This is my place and you don't respect it.

SHAY

Are you taking the piss? You're having a bloody tantrum over dairy products?

DRE

I just worked a 16 hour shift and I came home to no hot water, your wet towel on the bathroom floor, and no milk, but you just sitting here, oblivious, like you haven't been disrespecting me and my home. So no, I'm not "taking the piss." If you're going to be here, Shay, then act right.

SHAY

You know what? You're right; maybe I don't need to be here. Asshole.

Shay grabs her purse, slips her shoes on, and EXITS. We hear her SLAM the front door as she leaves.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

FRONT DOOR

Mike opens the door. Boogie is on the other side.

BOOGIE

'Sup?

MIKE

Boogie, I'm not in the mood.

BOOGIE

I didn't come over to start nothing. I... I came over to, you know, talk or some shit.

Mike raises a skeptical eyebrow at him.

BOOGIE (CONT'D)

For real, man. Stop being an asshole and let me in.

Mike rolls his eyes, but steps aside to let Boogie ENTER his Mid-Mod, loft apartment.

LIVING ROOM

(3 beats)

MIKE

You going to say anything, or am I supposed to start on your apology?

BOOGIE

Come on, man...

MIKE

No. Let's not do that. Let's not pretend whatever Ashlee said isn't what influenced you into dragging your ass over her to dump some bullshit apology on me.

BOOGIE

Why can't you just let me say 'I'm sorry'? Why you got to be dramatic about it?

MIKE

Because you're not sorry. You meant that homophobic shit.

BOOGIE

How is what I said homophobic? All I said is that I didn't want to hear that shit.

MIKE

You ever say that to Freshman, or Dre? Gonzo? Any other straight dude? No. But I have to listen to every detail from you guys when you get laid. Ashlee's pussy is as bald as a cue ball and she can squirt. Know how I know that? You.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Having to listen to shit like that from you, but God forbid I briefly mention a sloppy handjob I got in the backseat of a mustard yellow PT Cruiser.

BOOGIE

First, all you should ever want from someone driving a mustard yellow PT Crusier *is* a handjob. People that drive that car don't love themselves.

MIKE

That's funny, but I'm not about to laugh at it.

(3 beats)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Boogie, look, you don't have to be here. I mean, we're not really friends to begin with. Dre's my best friend and you're his cousin and sometimes we cross paths. We can leave it at that.

Although, that's what Boogie told his ex, it's suddenly not something he wants to co-sign once said to his face.

BOOGIE

Alright, man, real talk? I think two dudes together is gross. Niggas in love and happy, minding their own business, not hurting anybody-- that part I'm cool with. But the details of it got me fucked up sometimes. And I know I ain't shit for thinking that way, but I want to work on it. For real. And not because Ashlee, Kareema, Dre, and Freshman want me to. But because I don't want to be that dude. That dude is an ignorant asshole. I don't want to be that. And you wrong; we are homies.

MIKE

We are?

BOOGIE

Yeah. Which is why we going smoke this.

He pulls a baggie with 4 blunts out of his pocket.

BOOGIE (CONT'D)
And talk about why you look like
you've been crying.

Mike is taken aback. He didn't expect Boogie to take notice of his pale face and red-rimmed, bloodshot eyes.

BOOGIE (CONT'D)
Some shit happen at the restaurant?

MIKE
...No. I, uh... I ran into Wyatt.

BOOGIE
Well damn, kid.

MIKE
Yeah. Wasn't great.

BOOGIE
Thought he went back home to New
Mexico. Or did he take off to LA
like he--

MIKE
I don't want to talk about Wyatt.

BOOGIE
'Kay. What do you want to do then?

He came over to apologize, face-to-face. And he wants to try. It's more than Mike expected from him, to be honest...

MIKE
For now? Smoke your shit and watch
cartoons.

Mike grabs a lighter and ashtray from inside a decorative wooden box on an end table.

He and Boogie flop lazily on the sofa. Mike turns the TV on and puts his feet up.

BOOGIE
You got snacks?

MIKE
There's a bag of Doritos and
leftover Halloween candy in the
kitchen somewhere.

Boogie hops off the sofa toward the kitchen.

Mike leans back and lights a blunt.

CUT TO BLACK.

END CREDITS ROLL OVER HIP-HOP SONG

END OF SHOW