

INSTA-LOVE
(alternative title: @sophiexoxo)

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INSTA-LOVE/"PILOT"

TEASER

INT. LOVE YOU A LATTE COFFEESHOP & BAKERY - MORNING

CELLPHONE

Through the camera of a cellphone we see the coffeeshop/bakery in all it's trendy, California aesthetic: subway tile walls, glass display case of pastel pastries, and distressed wood furniture.

The video is quickly posted to a social media site with the caption: *"Quit your mugging and have a cup of Joe!"*
#loveyoulatte #coffeelife #dailygrind

The camera flips around after a few pictures to a YOUNG, BLONDE WOMAN taking a selfie of herself.

She's beautiful. Wearing fashionable athleticwear and smiling at the camera as she takes a rapid succession of pictures of herself.

She chooses one she likes and posts it all over her social media platforms: *"I love coffee after an intense spin class. Is that weird? LOL"*
#coffeeaddict #sophiesoweird

BARISTA (O.S.)

Sophia? Mocha latte hot, with almond milk.

She approaches the counter for her drink order: a latte with tulip foam art atop it.

The camera flips again and she's taking pictures of the drink.

She posts the drink to her social media, too: *"Coffee art is the best art! LOL"*
#loveyoulatte #coffeeart

She puts the phone down. And we finally get to meet-- SOPHIA ADAMS, 25; beautiful and superficial, but ripe for personal growth.

BARISTA (CONT'D)

Andrew? Americano, black.

A man in sweatpants and a hoodie, wearing eyeglasses, approaches the counter for his drink. He's handsome, in a hot, nerdy dad way: ANDREW WRIGHT, 40, a cynical intellectual but private romantic.

Sophia immediately takes notice of him. Her eyes wander over him as he grabs his coffee.

He turns to EXIT--

SOPHIA

Hi.

Andrew looks around quickly, wondering if she's really talking to him.

ANDREW

Hi...?

SOPHIA

I'm Sophia.

She sticks her hand out.

ANDREW

Um, Andrew.

He tentatively shakes her hand.

SOPHIA

My dad said you can tell a lot about a man by his handshake. Want to try again?

He chuckles wryly, amused.

ANDREW

Okay.

SOPHIA

I'm Sophia.

ANDREW

I'm Andrew.

They shake hands properly.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but do I know you, Sophia?

SOPHIA

Now that we've introduced ourselves, yes.

ANDREW

Okay.

SOPHIA

Honestly, I thought you were cute
and that I should say 'hello'
before you walk out of my life
forever.

ANDREW

Wow. That was...terrible.

SOPHIA

Yeah?

ANDREW

Yeah.

SOPHIA

Shame. I worked on it last night.
Like, *all* last night.

Andrew laughs.

ANDREW

You probably should've kept that in
the drafts.

SOPHIA

I thought it felt good. Organic. I
mean, I'm trying to make hitting on
a man I don't know feel as natural
as I can.

ANDREW

Oh, so this is a thing you do?

SOPHIA

A lot. You're the 7th guy I've
flirted with this morning.

ANDREW

And it's only 9AM. Is this a
record, or...?

SOPHIA

Oh, no. This is actually a slow
morning for me.

Andrew laughs again.

ANDREW

Okay. Well, I'm sorry you've been
having such bad luck today.

SOPHIA
You can help turn it into good luck
if you want...

She flashes a sultry smile at him.

ANDREW
(nervous chuckle)
Uh, excuse me?

SOPHIA
I think you heard me.

He raises an eyebrow at her forwardness.

ANDREW
Yeah. I did...

CUT TO:

INT. SOPHIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A stylish one bedroom apartment with pink throw pillows, a brick accent wall, and odd, colorful knickknacks everywhere.

Sophia and Andrew crash onto her dining table, naked, and kissing wildly.

They fuck hard and fast, knocking everything noisily to the floor.

CUT TO:

CREDITS OVER THEME SONG ("Good Love" by Aly & AJ)

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. WILLIAM F. COOPER MIDDLE SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

TABLE

Two blonde boys, twins, sit across from one another at a lunch table:

MADDOX WRIGHT, 13, a sweet boy who's heart is always in the right place, despite sometimes solving his problems with his fists.

And his brother, MASON WRIGHT, 13, an athletic slacker whose only interests are baseball, video games, TV, and girls.

They sit with their two best friends, ZIGGY, 13, a Black boy grossly misinformed about girls, and WORMS, 12, a Latinx boy that never talks and is hardly ever seen without a comic book in his hands.

MADDOX

That's not what she called it.

ZIGGY

She did. Swear.

MADDOX

A "dick appointment?" Really?

ZIGGY

Yeah. She said, "Zig. Cover for me. I got a dick appointment tonight." She paid me \$20 to sneak her back in the house at midnight. I'm telling you, my sister is a prostitute. She's making appointments for dick.

MASON

I don't think she's literally making dick appointments.

ZIGGY

Then what? She's just being cheeky?

MASON

"Cheeky?"

ZIGGY

My mom is obsessed with this British TV show on PBS she makes me watch with her. They say stuff like that all the time.

MASON

I can't even picture an adult using the word 'cheeky'.

MADDOX'S POV - BOY

Maddox spots a freckle-faced, GINGER BOY carrying a brown bag lunch and a copy of *War & Peace* pass their table.

MADDOX

Hey, Finn! Come sit here.

Maddox points to the empty seat beside him.

The ginger boy, FINN, 13, rolls his eyes at Maddox and keeps walking to an empty table across the cafeteria where he sits alone.

ZIGGY

Could you have been anymore thirsty? Right, Worms?

Worms gives Ziggy a short glance over the Iron Man comic he's reading.

MASON

When are you going to give up on Finn Cullers? He doesn't like you.

ZIGGY

Seriously, dude. You're embarrassing yourself by being such a simp.

MADDOX

I'm just being personable.

MASON

And he's still not interested.

ZIGGY

Even if he were, do you really want Finn Cullers to be your boyfriend? He's a giant turd.

Mason and Worms nod in agreement.

MADDOX

You think he's a turd, too, Worms?

Worms nods again.

ZIGGY

And I don't want a turd sitting with us at lunch, spreading his shitty energy everywhere. 'Positive Vibes Only' at this table.

MADDOX

He's probably really nice once you get to know him.

MASON

Oh, yeah? Why don't you try that. Wait, you are. And he still doesn't care. He even goes out of his way to be a jerk to you. Like, he totally didn't have to snitch on you for punching Chris Atkinson in the face, but he did. And you only punched that ogre in the jaw because he was bullying Finn! Move on, Mads. There's, like, four other gay dudes at this school aside from Finn.

Maddox frowns at his brother's advice.

A girl-- YOLK, 14, tomboy with stringy, dull brown hair-- approaches their table, spitting pumpkin seeds into a plastic cup.

YOLK

You got my tickets?

MASON

You got my book report?

She shoves her spit cup in Maddox's hand, and pulls a book report with a nice, clear cover out of her bookbag.

Mason pulls two baseball tickets out of his pocket.

They exchange at the same time.

MASON (CONT'D)

Thanks.

YOLK

You should've read the book. Was good. Made me cry.

MASON

If I read the book then I wouldn'tve
needed you to write the paper for
me, Yolk.

YOLK

Whatever.

Yolk takes back her spit cup and EXITS.

MASON

You're welcome.

She bothers not looking back as she goes.

ZIGGY

Yolk is hot.

Worms rolls his eyes at his friend.

INT. SOPHIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There's a pale blue and tangerine décor to the bedroom.
Wallpaper with bluebirds on it aligns every wall. Softer,
more feminine and intimate than the rest of her one-bedroom
apartment.

A professional camera atop a tripod sits in the corner, along
with an LED ring light, and floral backdrop.

There's a desk in front of the window with a computer on it.
And an elaborate makeup vanity with lights across the room.

BED

Sophia lies naked on her bed, on her stomach.

She GIGGLES as Andrew (also naked) kisses down her spine.

He disappears further down her body, between her legs.

She MOANS, euphoric.

She brings her fingers to her mouth and licks them. She takes
her wet fingers and puts them between her legs, fondling
herself as Andrew continues going down on her from behind.

Sophia reaches into her nightstand drawer for a condom.

She twist around onto her back.

Andrew takes the condom and puts it on.

He enters her and they make love. A lot more affectionate and caring than you'd expect from two people who just met.

Sophia switches their position with her on top.

Andrew's hands run gently along her bare skin.

He sits up, pulling her close.

His tenderness is too much for her. Tears well in her eyes.

ANDREW

You okay?

She nods.

SOPHIA

Don't stop.

He doesn't. He brings her to climax, making her cry.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

BED

Andrew lies fast asleep in Sophia's bed, SNORING SOFTLY.

She watches him with a bemused smile.

She grabs her cellphone off the nightstand and snaps a couple pictures of him.

The SHUTTERING camera sound on her phone stirs him awake.

She shoves her phone under her pillow, hiding it.

Andrew rubs at his eyes and stretches.

SOPHIA

Afternoon, sir. Round 6?

Andrew snorts.

ANDREW

It's clearly been awhile for me,
but I think a sixth time will fail
us both.

She climbs atop him and straddles his legs.

SOPHIA

You could give it your best.

He sits up, holding her in his arms.

ANDREW
Tell me your name first?

SOPHIA
Thought I did.

ANDREW
Your full name.

SOPHIA
Sophia Adams. Yours?

ANDREW
Andrew Wright.

She runs a hand through his hair.

SOPHIA
Andrew Wright. You're really good
in bed.

ANDREW
Randomly meeting a beautiful woman
in a coffeeshop and going back to
her place with her seems to help a
lot with stamina.

SOPHIA
"Dear Penthouse..."

ANDREW
(chuckles)
Something like that.

She leans down and licks into his mouth.

He turns it into a deep kiss, making her MOAN.

Andrew rolls them over, putting her on her back, and settling
between her legs.

Andrew's hand absently reaches under her pillow as they
continue kissing.

He pulls her phone from under it.

He breaks their kiss to set it aside when he notices the time
displayed-- it's nearly three.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Dammit!

Andrew jumps out of bed.

SOPHIA
What's wrong?

He looks around for his clothes.

ANDREW
I'm sorry. I have to pick up my
kids.

SOPHIA
Kids? Like, more than one?

ANDREW
Yeah. I'm so sorry. Where's my--
Fuck.

He EXITS.

Sophia wraps the sheet around her naked body and climbs out
of bed.

We FOLLOW her into the LIVING ROOM.

Andrew is picking up his clothes scattered around the place.

SOPHIA
Please tell me you're not married.

ANDREW
(dresses)
No. Not married.

SOPHIA
Girlfriend?

ANDREW
No. My boys don't have a mother.

SOPHIA
"Boys?" H-How many boys?

ANDREW
Two. Twins. Mason and Maddox.

SOPHIA
Wow...

Andrew smirks.

ANDREW
The look on your face is hilarious.

SOPHIA

What look? There's no look. What look?

Andrew finishes tying his sneakers. He approaches her.

ANDREW

The look that says asking you out to dinner might not be a good idea.

She sinks a bit, feeling guilty.

SOPHIA

I'm not looking for anything serious.

ANDREW

Not even dinner?

SOPHIA

I'm kind of doing this casual thing...

ANDREW

Apparently.

She swats at him playfully, making him laugh.

But their teasing moment turns regretful; they both want something different, and this is a sad, quick end to something fast and fun.

SOPHIA

Do you have Instagram?

ANDREW

God, no.

SOPHIA

I figured. Bet you have a Facebook though.

ANDREW

The last time I even posted on it was the night Trump got elected. And it was just a sad picture of me drinking from a bottle of whiskey watching the news coverage.

SOPHIA

Maybe I'll send you a friend request.

ANDREW

Or you can just give me your number.

She's wary at his suggestion.

SOPHIA

I don't really like to give that out.

ANDREW

(off her look; sincere)
Okay. I understand.

SOPHIA

Really?

ANDREW

You said 'no', and you have your reasons.

She's impressed he's empathetic about her not wanting to give out her number.

She rises onto her tip-toes to kiss him appreciatively.

SOPHIA

Thank you. I, uh... I used to date someone that wasn't all that nice to me. At all. And after him there was two more guys that violated my privacy, so--

ANDREW

So now you keep it casual. With no numbers exchanged.

SOPHIA

Yeah.

ANDREW

That sucks. But I get it. So...do I say 'thank you for the interesting morning' and just...leave?

SOPHIA

'Goodbye' is just as good.

He leans down and gives her a fond kiss 'goodbye'.

ANDREW

Bye.

SOPHIA

Bye.

She watches him leave out the front door.

She walks to the door and locks it behind him.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Ugh. Kids.

EXT. WILLIAM F. COOPER MIDDLE SCHOOL, DROP-OFF ZONE -
CONTINUOUS

Mason and Maddox wait at the curb with a bored TEACHER'S ASSISTANT. All three of them are distracted by their phones.

There's no other kids around but them; everyone else has been picked up by their parents by now.

A Volkswagon Atlas comes SKIDDING up to the curb in front of them. It's Andrew. He rolls down the window.

ANDREW

Sorry, guys.

MASON

(on phone; distracted)
It's fine.

MADDOX

(on phone; distracted)
It's fine.

Mason and Maddox climb into the car.

NOTE: There's a surfboard and wetsuit in the backseat.

ANDREW

(to teacher's assistant)
Thank you so mu--

The teacher's assistant heads back toward the school entrance, enamored by their phone.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(to teacher's assistant)
No, it's cool. I'm not really their
father but a serial killer.

The teacher's assistant doesn't hear him and continues toward the building.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

He seems pleasant.

MASON

Dan's cool. He gives the 8th graders cigarettes sometimes.

ANDREW

Oh. How generous.

Andrew pulls into the street and down the road.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FRONT DOOR

Mason, Maddox, and Andrew ENTER the house. Andrew has the long board under his arm and a wetsuit over his shoulder.

ANDREW

That's not what a "dick appointment" means. Ziggy's sister isn't a prostitute.

MASON

That's what I said.

Mason and Maddox immediately put their cellphones into a lockbox atop an end table.

Andrew closes it and it automatically locks with a timer that sets to release at 7AM.

They toss their bookbags onto the floor.

ANDREW

Hey, no. Bookbags where they belong.

They GROAN and pick them back up.

MADDOX

Why do you still have your board out?

ANDREW

Uh, went-went out twice today.

MADDOX

Oh. Cool.

Mason and Maddox EXIT further into the house.

Andrew rests his surfboard against the coatrack.

INT. GYM - YOGA STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Sophia is in a large CLASS of people she's doing hot yoga with.

They're all currently holding a *Dandāyamana Dhanurāsana* posture.

Beside Sophia is a stunning East-Asian woman-- her autonomous best friend, BETHANY CHEN, 28-- holding the pose perfectly.

Bethany sticks her tongue out at Sophia.

Sophia snickers and stumbles in her pose.

They catch the stink-eye from the INSTRUCTOR.

Sophia and Bethany wipe the smiles from their faces.

INSTRUCTOR

And release...

The entire class lets go of the pose.

The instructor sits cross-leg on their mat, facing them.

The class imitates the posture.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

And now, let's breathe.

Sophia and Bethany quietly meditate with everyone else.

EXT. YOGA STUDIO - MINUTES LATER

Sweaty and glowing, Sophia and Bethany takes selfies together.

PHONE

Sophia switches to video:

SOPHIA

"With my girl, Bethany. Just got out of hot yoga and feeling good."

BETHANY

"And like a shower."

SOPHIA

"Definitely."

Sophia ends the video and post it to all her socials.

BETHANY

My pits reek. Shower than food?

SOPHIA
Yes. I'm starving.

Sophia's phone VIBRATES. She's getting a call from the Port Washington Police Department.

She looks seasick at the flashing number... She sends the call to voicemail.

She follows Bethany down the stairs toward the ladies' locker room.

INT. DARIJA-DEUX RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

A cool French-Moroccan restaurant that serves pretty Middle-Eastern/French fusion cuisine.

BAR

Sophia sits at the white, marble bar with Bethany, sipping colorful cocktails.

BETHANY
Shut. The. Fuck. Up.

SOPHIA
He was so cute, Bethie. I had to.

BETHANY
You really are embracing this whole "Hookup Queen" thing.

SOPHIA
I'm just so over dating and relationships. Plus, I don't have the time. I'm trying to build my brand. I am *this* close to cracking three million followers.

BETHANY
I told you to join OnlyFans with me. You would've had over three million subs by now.

SOPHIA
My dad already gives me shit about the bikini pictures on my Insta. He'd have a stroke if he found out there were nudes of me on the internet.

BETHANY

You're a grown woman and can do what you want without approval. But if you're uncomfortable, then you're uncomfortable, and I won't bring it up again.

SOPHIA

I'm not judging you.

Bethany pecks her cheek.

BETHANY

I know. Just saying I hear you. Now, tell me about this hot dad you took back to your place, you lunatic. Was it good?

SOPHIA

Bethie. I spent the entire day having one orgasm after another. He made me cry. It was incredible.

BETHANY

When are you hooking up with him again?

SOPHIA

I'm not.

BETHANY

Are you joking?

SOPHIA

He has kids.

BETHANY

So?

SOPHIA

Kids are serious. And I told you I'm not looking for anything serious.

BETHANY

Did he ask you to marry him and be their new mommy?

SOPHIA

No, but somewhere down the line me and those kids would have to intersect. Playing house is not where I am right now.

BETHANY

Not even for mind-blowing sex that last all morning?

SOPHIA

And afternoon... Doesn't matter. I refuse to get dick-matized. I will not be derailed or distracted from my goals. I will reach three million followers, get more advertisers, and be the lifestyle girlboss I aim to be.

BETHANY

Cheers to the vision board.

They CLINK glasses.

The BARTENDER arrives with their meals.

They both immediately grab their cellphones and take pictures of their delicious-looking food.

They kneel on the seats of their chairs for a better angle.

The bartender rolls their eyes at them and EXITS.

They finally sit down.

SOPHIA

Want to do the vid since I did hot yoga?

BETHANY

Sure.

She holds up her phone and Sophia leans in. They fuss with their hair and clothes through the camera for a moment.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Ready?

SOPHIA

Yup.

BETHANY

(starts video)

"Hey, guys. It's your girl Bethany. Here with the bestie, Sophia."

SOPHIA

"Hi."

BETHANY

"We're having a late lunch at Darija-Deux in beautiful, downtown Santa Cruz. If you swing by make sure you get the strawberry mojito and *Tangia* stew."

SOPHIA

"Really good."

BETHANY

"Check out my pics of this gorgeous food on Instagram. And be sure to follow my platonic soulmate Sophia @sophiexoxo on Instagram, Twitter, TikTok, Snapchat, Periscope, and Pinterest."

SOPHIA

"Stay blessed and stay well."

BETHANY

"Big kisses!"

Bethany ends the video.

They put their phones down and tuck into their food.

INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE - MASON & MADDOX'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A large shared room with a mature baseball theme.

Mason and Maddox sit at separate desk doing homework. Or rather they're supposed to be doing homework.

Mason is watching a documentary about Josh Gibson on YouTube and Maddox is taking a BuzzFeed quiz.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK...

They both exit out of the websites they were on and grab their textbooks.

MADDOX

Yeah?

Andrew ENTERS. He cackles; not buying their routine.

ANDREW

Yeah, right, you two.

MASON

We needed a study break.

ANDREW

I think first you have to study.
You have a book report due on
Monday.

MASON

Already done.

ANDREW

Let me see it.

Mason digs the book report Yolk wrote for him out of his bag.
He hands it to Andrew.

Andrew looks it over.

He laughs.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

No way in hell you wrote this.

MASON

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

ANDREW

Look me in the eye and tell me you
wrote this 10-page report.

Mason GROANS, not even attempting to lie to his dad.

MASON

Don't make me rewrite it please.

ANDREW

How about this: if you are feeling
dishonest enough to truly turn this
in, and your teacher accepts it as
your work-- which I highly doubt--
I will let it go. And chalk it up
to you beating the system, this one
time.

MASON

And my other options?

ANDREW

You can turn this in, get busted by
Miss Snowberger, take the failing
grade, and do the book report over
just because I want you to as a
punishment, or you can spend the
weekend reading the book and doing
your report earnestly.

MASON
So I can try my luck or ruin my
weekend?

Andrew nods.

A beat.

Mason hands Andrew the book report Yolk wrote for him.

MASON (CONT'D)
I'll read the stupid book.

Andrew kisses the top of his head; happy he chose to do the right thing.

MASON (CONT'D)
Yeah, yeah...

ANDREW
Who wrote this for you anyway?

MASON
Yolk.

ANDREW
That scary girl in the 8th grade
that heckles the other team at your
baseball games?

MASON
She's terrifying but a really good
writer.

ANDREW
I'll say. I thought a college
Freshman wrote this for you. What
you trade her for it?

MASON
Tickets to Uncle Jack's next game.
Which is such a waste now.

Mason SIGHS and takes the book, *Sounder*, out of his bag,
ready to get started on his reading.

Andrew decides to take temporary pity on him:

ANDREW
I forgot to defrost the chicken for
dinner. Want to go to OverEasy for
burgers?

Yes! MASON Please! MADDOX

ANDREW
Alright. In the car in five.

Andrew EXITS.

I/E. SOPHIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BALCONY

From Sophia's balcony there is a gorgeous sunset over the cityscape of Santa Cruz.

Sophia-- wearing a charcoal facemask and sweats-- takes a picture of it and then steps back into her apartment.

She grabs a book of inspirational quotes off her coffee table and flips through it.

PHONE

She posts the sunset picture to her Instagram account and captions it: *"Gratitude is when memory is stored in the heart and not in the mind."* -- Lionel Hampton (jazz musician)

She does the same for her Twitter and Snapchat accounts.

She puts her phone down.

She settles down on the couch, covering herself with her throw blanket.

She turns on her TV and flips through Netflix. She decides to watch *Love Is Blind*.

She's just about to start the episode when her phone CHIMES.

She grabs it, curious.

PHONE

She has a DM from someone named @oncetwicedaylee.

SUPER:

@oncetwicedaylee: Yo, bish! Ur snaps r really cute!

Sophia checks @oncetwicedaylee's profile page. She has 10 million followers.

Sophia GASPS; flattered a bigger influencer DM'd her.

Sophia: Thx!

@oncetwicedaylee: U live in Santa Cruz right?

Sophia: Y.

@oncetwicedaylee: Cool! I'm passing thru. Omw back to SF. But I'm wired & looking 4 a hot spot. Know any?

Sophia: Y. There's 2 great clubs downtown. The Venus and Wrecking Ball. The Venus has > music but is kinda \$\$\$.

@oncetwicedaylee: They do bottle service???

Sophia: Y.

@oncetwicedaylee: Noice! Thx.

Sophia: UR welcome

@oncetwicedaylee: Want 2 come?

Sophia: Y!!!

@oncetwicedaylee: Yay!!! Meet me @venus. I'll B there around 11PM and will get a tbl for bottle service!

Sophia: OK. C U soon!

Sophia SQUEALS.

INT. OVEREASY DINER - CONTINUOUS

A genuine 50's-style diner.

BOOTH

Andrew sits on one side of the booth. Mason and Maddox sit on the other.

ANDREW

How could he not like you? You're the most affable person I know.

MADDOX

Exactly! Wait. What does "affable" mean?

ANDREW

Friendly.

MADDOX

Exactly!

MASON

He doesn't like you because he's a dick.

ANDREW

Is he a dick?

MADDOX

He's dick-ish.

ANDREW

Maddy, are you sure this other kid is gay?

MADDOX

100%.

Totally.

MASON

MADDOX (CONT'D)

I mean, he doesn't wear makeup or call me 'girl' like Derrick Melvin, but he's pretty much confirmed to me that he likes boys, too.

MASON

Just not you.

MADDOX

And now you're being a dick.

ANDREW

Mace, come on.

MASON

(to Maddox; sincere)

Sorry. I know you like him but he's not nice to you, Maddy. You always try to talk to him but he's rude and snobby.

ANDREW

...Maddy, why do you like someone that's not nice to you?

MADDOX

To be fair, he's not nice to anybody.

ANDREW

I'm asking a serious question of concern.

MADDOX

Why are you concerned?

ANDREW

Don't you think I should be concerned about my son liking someone that's not very good to them? Or other people?

MADDOX

He's seems angry about something. I just want to know what it is.

ANDREW

Can't you be a curious friend, instead of an eager love interest? He might be more receptive to you if he thinks that's where you're really coming from.

Maddox plays with his fries.

MADDOX

(disappointed)
...Maybe.

ANDREW

Friendship can eventually grow into something bigger, you know.

Maddox thinks about it a moment.

A small smile grows on his face at the thought.

MADDOX

Okay.

Andrew takes the tomato off Maddox's burger and puts it on his own. He gives Mason his pickle spear and shakes pepper onto all of their fries.

MASON

You know, you're pretty good at this whole dad thing.

Andrew chuckles.

ANDREW

Thanks, Mace.

MASON

No, seriously. You do pretty alright.

Andrew would cry if they weren't in the middle of a diner.

ANDREW

Thank you.

MASON

You'd probably do better with a wife though.

ANDREW

What?!

MADDOX

Subtle, Mace. Real subtle.

ANDREW

Where did that come from?

MADDOX

Well, we were just wondering out loud one day why we've never seen you on a date.

ANDREW

Because... I've gone on dates since you two were born.

They give him doubtful stares.

MASON

When?

Andrew readies to answer but then has to think about it...for a while...

ANDREW

Oh, my God. I... I haven't been on a date in 7 years.

MASON

Holy fuck!

MADDOX

Seven years?!

ANDREW

I think you two have used up all your allowed swearing for the day.

MADDOX

Aren't you, like, lonely?

ANDREW

I...hadn't noticed really. Not until...

Andrew remembers his morning/afternoon with Sophia.

MADDOX
Not until when?

ANDREW
Not until just now.

MASON
You didn't notice you were alone?

ANDREW
I noticed. It just didn't bother
me. I... I got used to it.

Maddox nervously bites his thumb nail.

MADDOX
Because of us?

Andrew gently pulls Maddox's thumb from his mouth, refusing to allow him to be anxious about the subject at hand.

ANDREW
Not in a bad way. I've just been so
busy with you guys, and work, that
dating didn't register.

MASON
I hope I never get so bored women
aren't on my radar.

ANDREW
First, how the hell could I ever be
bored with you two? And second,
women are on my radar, Mason.

MASON
Then go on a date with one.

ANDREW
It's not that simp...

His mind wanders back to Sophia. And just how "simple" it had been.

MASON
What?

ANDREW
Nothing.

MASON
What? Are you going to make a dick
appointment with someone?

ANDREW

No. And you are really using that wrong.

MASON

Then what?

ANDREW

No.

They COMPLAIN, annoyed he won't share. The three of them clearly have a no secrets policy he's violating right now.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

As an adult there's got to be a limit in what I discuss with the two of you. This conversation is already way more personal than a conversation with 7th graders should be.

MADDOX

But you didn't even say anything.

ANDREW

Best I don't.

MADDOX

You said the three of us could talk about anything.

ANDREW

We can. But I'm an adult, and even as your father, there are things I shouldn't talk about with you.

MASON

That doesn't seem fair seeing as how Maddy tells you about his sad love life all the time.

ANDREW

Maddy's love life isn't sad. It's in transition.

He winks at Maddox who smiles at his defense of him.

MASON

Fine. Don't tell us.

Mason turns his attention to his plate. He's really offended Andrew isn't being open with them.

Andrew really wants to cave, seeing how upset he is, but divulging an all-day sex romp to his young sons is something he's not about to do.

He cuts Maddox's burger in half for him.

They eat in awkward silence.

INT. SOPHIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE

Sophia ENTERS the bedroom wrapped in a towel, hair damp.

Sophia moisturizes with an expensive body cream.

She puts her underclothes on; a matching bra and underwear set.

She does her makeup at her vanity. All her products are KYLIE COSMETICS or FENTY brands.

She tries on a black party dress. She doesn't like it and takes it off.

She tries on a red party dress. She's iffy about it and takes it off.

She tries on a white party dress. She hates it and takes it off, tossing it across the room.

She goes back to the red dress. Nope.

She tries on a revealing sequin dress. Perfect.

She rummages through her shoe collection and finds the pair of shoes she's looking for, slipping them on.

She returns to the vanity to curl her hair, which is time-consuming and tedious.

She spritzes her neck, cleavage, and wrists with a small bottle of Chanel No. 5.

END OF MONTAGE

Sophia takes a final look in the mirror. She looks sexy; more than satisfied with her appearance.

She grabs her phone and snaps a few selfies.

PHONE

She selects her favorite pose and adds a shimmery filter to it.

She's just about to post it to her Instagram when a call comes through-- "MOM."

She hesitantly answers it:

SOPHIA

(on phone)

Hi, mom... Well, I was on my way out... No, yeah, I missed the call... I was in the bathroom. At the gym... Yeah, they left a voicemail... I-I haven't yet, no...

She SIGHS.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Because I already know what it's about... I know... I know... Mom, I know...! I... No... No, I'm not coming back to Wisconsin for this... Because it's not worth my time...

She SIGHS again, frustrated.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Mom, okay. Fine. I will call them back. I promise. But I really have to go now... Okay... Yes... Love you, too. Give dad a kiss for me. Bye.

Sophia hangs up. She GROWLS at her phone.

She breathes in... Then out... In... Out...

She's calm. Centered.

PHONE

She post her picture to Instagram with the caption: *"I feel like dancing!"* #nightlife #drip

She grabs her blazer and clutch purse and EXITS.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE - MASON & MADDOX'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BED

Mason is strewn across the bed lazily.

He grabs *Sounder* off his nightstand and opens it to the first chapter.

Andrew appears in the doorway.

ANDREW

Want to re-watch the new Superman movie with me and Maddox?

MASON

Yes. But I should start reading this. I only have until Sunday night to finish it and write a new paper.

ANDREW

Well, maybe this will help speed up the process.

Andrew takes his cellphone from his pocket. He pokes around on it before handing it to Mason.

MASON

What's this?

ANDREW

And audiobook app. You can listen to *Sounder* instead of reading it physically. Or you can follow along with the book.

MASON

Breaking the "No Phones After 4PM" rule?

ANDREW

Just this once.

Mason puts the book down.

MASON

Thanks.

Andrew leans against the door frame.

ANDREW
...I met a girl this morning.

MASON
You did? Where?

ANDREW
At this pretentious coffeeshop I
never go to, but thought I'd try on
a whim after my surf.

MASON
She cute?

ANDREW
Very cute.

MASON
What's her name?

ANDREW
Sophia.

MASON
You going to see her again?

ANDREW
Probably not.

MASON
Why?

ANDREW
We're not really each other's type.
She was nice though. *Very nice.*

MASON
How nice--?

ANDREW
That's all you get. Listen to your
fucking book.

Andrew makes a quick EXIT.

Mason smiles at his father's awkwardness.

He grabs a pair of headphones off his desk and plugs them
into the phone.

He lays back down lazily and starts the audiobook.

INT. VENUS NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

HIP-HOP MUSIC blares throughout the club.

Sophia is lead upstairs by a BOTTLE GIRL to the VIP area.

BOOTH

She's taken to a table where THREE handsome MEN and a pretty, overweight WOMAN are drinking champagne and laughing with one another.

The woman, DAYLEE, 30, sees her coming and smiles excitedly at her.

DAYLEE

Sophia!

Daylee drunkenly climbs over two of the men to get to her. She hugs her and SHRIEKS loudly with joy.

DAYLEE (CONT'D)

I am so fucking glad you came! Come here, come here.

She awkwardly pulls Sophia to sit beside her.

DAYLEE (CONT'D)

Oh, my God, you're so pretty.

SOPHIA

Oh, wow. Um, thank you. You, too.

DAYLEE

You don't have to say it back just because I said it.

SOPHIA

No. No, I meant it. You're really pretty.

DAYLEE

Want some champagne?

SOPHIA

Sure.

Daylee pours her a glass of champagne.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Thank you so much for inviting me.

DAYLEE

Oh, my God! I've been internet stalking you for weeks!

Sophia is taken aback by Daylee admitting that.

SOPHIA

Oh. You have?

DAYLEE

Yes! I love watching your routine and seeing your little inspirational quotes. It's so adorable. And I can't believe you go to the gym twice a day. That's crazy.

MAN #1

You go to the gym twice a day?

DAYLEE

Oh, shit. Okay, guys, this is my new friend, Sophia. Sophia, these are my boys: Eric, Gavin, and Tyler.

SOPHIA

Hi, nice to me you.

The man beside Sophia, ERIC, 30, smiles flirtatiously at her. He sticks out his hand.

Sophia takes it. They shake.

ERIC

Nice to meet you, too, Sophia.

DAYLEE

Shots! Let's do shots!

(to Sophia)

We're already two bottles of Dom deep. You need to catch up, girly.

INT. VENUS NIGHTCLUB - LATER

BOOTH

The bottle girl sets down a round of tequila shots and clears away all the empty glasses.

Daylee passes around the shots to Sophia and her friends.

DAYLEE

Tchin tchin!

ALL

Tchin tchin!

They clink shot glasses and swallow their tequila.

Eric not-so-smoothly snakes an arm around Sophia's waist, making her uncomfortable.

ERIC

I don't know you. You do all that
body positivity, lifestyle shit
like Daylee?

Sophia politely removes his arm from her body.

SOPHIA

I believe in body positivity, but
it's not the focus of my brand.

He snickers.

ERIC

"Your brand." You sound like
Daylee.

Daylee is overtly flirting with Tyler-- who appreciates the attention-- on the other side of the U-shaped booth.

SOPHIA

Well, that's what we do as
influencers: we build a brand and
use our platform as empowerment and
to amplify things we like and care
about.

ERIC

Wow. You got that answer memorized.

SOPHIA

Because it's the truth in how I
feel.

Eric shrugs dismissively and pours himself a vodka soda from the bottle of Belvedere on the table.

GAVIN

What's your platform used for then?

SOPHIA

Oh, uh, mental and physical wellness. Being clean, healthy, in both body and mind.

GAVIN

Doesn't Gwyneth Paltrow already do that? And she's, like, bigger than you.

SOPHIA

Um, well, yeah, but Goop is different. They sell wellness products.

ERIC

Like that vibrating pussy egg.

Eric and Gavin laugh.

SOPHIA

(ignores them)

I promote the action, doing, of wellness. I also support people that sell the products I use and are essential to my brand.

ERIC

That's almost the same as what Daylee does. But less fat girl talk.

DAYLEE

What? Heard my name.

ERIC

Nothing.

Eric leans over to Gavin. He WHISPERS in the other man's ear while looking at Daylee and Tyler.

Gavin laughs.

They're making fun of her, their "friend."

SOPHIA

How long have you guys all known each other?

ERIC

High school. Me, Gav, and Tyler have been best friends since then.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

Daylee went to the same high school with us but we didn't hang out then. She had a sick crush on Tyler back then.

GAVIN

Still does apparently.

ERIC

The four of us didn't start hanging out until 2 years ago.

GAVIN

Hey. Daylee knows Lizzo. We partied with her in Vegas last year.

ERIC

What famous people do you know?

SOPHIA

I-I don't know anyone famous.

They give Sophia a puzzled look.

ERIC

What's your numbers? Your follower numbers.

SOPHIA

Oh, uh, 2.7 million.

GAVIN

And Daylee hit you up? To come hang out with us?

SOPHIA

(nervous)

...Yes.

They chuckle together.

ERIC

Daylee is such a savage, bro.

They continue laughing at Sophia about some mean, inside joke she isn't privvy to.

SOPHIA

Excuse me.

Sophia scoots by them and EXITS.

EXT. LADIES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There's a ridiculously long line for the ladies' room.

Sophia SIGHS and takes her spot at the end anyway.

She doesn't really have to go. She just needed a breather from Daylee and her shitty friends.

INT. VENUS NIGHTCLUB - MINUTES LATER

BOOTH

Sophia returns.

Daylee guzzles a mouthful of vodka, looking very jealous as Tyler unashamedly flirts with their bottle girl.

Sophia tries returning to the spot she was sitting at before, but she has to pass Eric and Gavin to get to it. And they're not bothering to move.

She steps over Eric's feet, nearly stumbling, when he reaches under her dress and gropes her.

Without hesitation, Sophia grabs the empty champagne bottle and smacks him across the face with it!

DAYLEE
Oh, my God!

GAVIN
Yo! What the fuck?!

SOPHIA
DON'T YOU EVER TOUCH ME LIKE THAT!

Eric, in shock, spits a mouthful of blood into his hand.

Sophia kicks the table out of her way and storms off!

EXT. VENUS NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

Sophia hurries out of the nightclub.

She walks to the curb.

PHONE

Sophia arranges for a Lyft to pick her up.

DAYLEE (O.S.)
Sophia! Sophia!

Daylee EXITS the club and approaches her.

DAYLEE (CONT'D)
Hey, what the fuck was that?!

SOPHIA
Those are your friends?! They're disgusting!

DAYLEE
Eric was just joking!

SOPHIA
Are you serious?! God, Daylee, why did you even ask me to come out with you tonight?

DAYLEE
Because I thought you'd be cool. Not a psycho bitch.

SOPHIA
I'm a psycho?!

DAYLEE
You've been batting your eyelashes at Eric since you got here and the second he makes a move, you crack a Dom bottle across his face?! That's psycho behavior.

SOPHIA
He put his hand under my dress and squeezed my vagina, Daylee. I didn't ask him to do that. He just did. He thought he had the right to touch me and he didn't.

DAYLEE
Okay, look, I get it, with all you went through in the past, but my boys aren't bad guys. They get a little off-color sometimes--

SOPHIA
Do you hear yourself?

Daylee's getting nowhere with Sophia and knows it.

DAYLEE
Look, can...can we not make this a big deal? I mean, you don't have to come back in or anything, but... Let's not drag this stupid night into public. Online public.

Sophia scoffs.

Her Lyft approaches. She flags it down.

SOPHIA
You're a fucking apologist. And
it's gross.

Sophia climbs into the back seat of the Lyft.

The car turns back into the street, leaving a frustrated Daylee at the curb.

INT. OVEREASY DINER - CONTINUOUS

BOOTH

Sophia sits in the same booth Andrew sat in with Mason and Maddox.

Her eyes are wet and red-rimmed.

The SERVER brings by a chocolate milkshake and plate of fries for her.

She hides her face; not wanting the server to see her crying.

SOPHIA
Thank you.

The server nods and EXITS.

She takes a breath... Then another... And another...

She relaxes. Calming down.

Sophia grabs the pepper shaker and shakes it over her fries.

She picks somberly at them; the bad night washing over her.

(3 beats)

She opens her purse and takes out her phone.

PHONE

She deletes all the pictures she took of herself with Daylee and her friends.

She reaches the pictures she took of Andrew earlier in the day.

A tiny smile manages to grow on her face as she looks at the candid pics she took of him sleeping in her bed.

Sophia opens her Facebook app.

She types Andrew's full name and city into the search bar.

INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE - MASON & MADDOX'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS
BED

Mason is still listening to the audiobook for *Sunder*.

Andrew's phone CHIMES with a notification, pausing the audio.

Mason clicks on the notification. It's a friend request from Sophia.

MASON

What...?

The phone CHIMES again with another notification. A message from Sophia.

Mason opens it:

"Maybe one measly dinner won't be so bad... HMU 831-555-1225."

MASON (CONT'D)

No. Fucking. Way.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL END CREDITS OVER POP SONG.

END OF SHOW.