

CREW

PILOT

"Dirtying The Frame"

Written by

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INT. MI CORAZON BAR - NIGHT

A lively, latin-themed bar, lucha libre masks and pinadas strewn about the walls, Mi Corazon is packed. The cumbia music vibrates drinks on the bar as people dance and imbibe.

ADRIAN BOND, 25, mixed-race, handsome, orders a drink at the bar. A CURVY BRUNETTE sits at the seat next to him chatting with FRIENDS. Adrian notices them.

He makes eye contact the BARTENDER and nods to the group of four. The bartender nods, pours four shots, and sits them in front of the women. He lights them on fire.

The women swoon.

CURVY BRUNETTE
(yelling to bartender)
We didn't order these...

BARTENDER
(yelling)
No.
(nods to Adrian)
He did.

She turns to a smiling Adrian. She blushes. Adrian leans in.

ADRIAN
(yelling)
So how's the "smile of the year"
contest going? I'm sure you're in
first place.

She responds, but the music's too loud. After a second attempt, Adrian cuts her off.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Do you want to go outside? I can't
hear anything you're saying.

She nods, wraps her arm in his, and he leads her to the patio.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

The patio is less packed as the two find a spot.

ADRIAN
What's your name?

CURVY BRUNETTE
Esperanza.

ADRIAN
That might be the most gorgeous
name I've ever heard. Especially
with that accent.

As the two speak, two PAISAS approach from behind.

PAISA 1
Espy! Que pasa??

Esperanza turns and hugs them both.

ESPERANZA
(to Adrian)
These are my friends; let me talk
to them real quick?

Adrian nods and watches the cars drive by as they talk.

ESPERANZA (CONT'D)
What took you guys so long? We were
waiting all night!

PAISA 1
Man too much traffic!

PAISA 2
Hell yeah, shit's worse than
Tijuana!

ESPERANZA
Hell yeah, nigga! It's been crazy!

Adrian freezes.

PAISA 1
Where the girls at?

Adrian turns around.

ADRIAN
What did you just say?

PAISA 1
Where the girls--

ADRIAN
--Not you. Her!

PAISA 1
Aye vato, calm down.

Adrian STEPS towards the two, SLAMS his drink down, and...
half-heartedly pushes one of the men.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)
What the... CUT!!

VOICE 2 (O.S.)
That's a cut!

The bar lights inside brighten. PEOPLE in the background suddenly sober up. The woman and two "friends" stare at each other and Adrian.

Adrian turns to a young HIPSTER with a headset and USC hat on walking briskly towards him.

ESPERANZA
(British accent)
Was it me? Shall I go with a hard
"r" next time?

USC HIPSTER
No, no, not you.
(to Adrian)
What's up, bro? What happened?

Adrian shrugs as bulky cameras reset and looming lights are reconfigured behind him. The hipster pulls him aside.

USC HIPSTER (CONT'D)
So the flirting... money! Bought it
100%. But the push... Didn't buy
the push, bro.

Adrian nods.

USC HIPSTER (CONT'D)
Need to feel more wayyy more black.
No offense, BLM and all that of
course. But we need the 'hood' to
come out. Do you feel me, bro?
Like... *real* black. You gotta
believe you're really just from the
hood...

ADRIAN
I'm from East Oakland...

USC HIPSTER
(laughing)
I mean, you don't look like it,
bro.

Adrian looks off behind the hipster. A WOMAN laughing outside of the bar outside quickly turns her back to them.

ADRIAN
Yeah. Hey, can we take 5?

USC HIPSTER
Yeah, yeah.
(to the A.D)
Let's take 10, Chet.

CHEAT THE A.D.
(yelling)
Everyone take 10!!!

EXT. SET - NIGHT

Adrian approaches the woman, back still to him, still noticeably laughing.

ADRIAN
Shut the fuck up, man.

The woman turns around. MAYA NGUYEN, 25, Vietnamese, petite with an edge, rolls her eyes.

MAYA
Is that bitch British?

Adrian laughs.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Nah, best part: 'Aye vato, calm down!' Adrian I'm crying! This shit is so cringe.

ADRIAN
I gotta get out of here.

MAYA
Wait what? You can't just *leave*, Adrian. You're in a real film. Just push his ass and move on.

ADRIAN
Nah. Can't do it.

Maya reads him for a sec.

MAYA
You serious? You really wanna go? What happened?

ADRIAN
Nothing besides him telling me to be 'more black'...

Before she can respond, Maya's phone rings.

CHET THE A.D. (O.S.)
Who has their ringer on?!?

Maya turns to Adrian.

MAYA
It's Amber.

ADRIAN
Oh I don't want her guilting me
right now. Don't answer.

Maya answers.

MAYA
(into phone)
What's good, Amb?

INT. AMBER MILLS' OFFICE - NIGHT

AMBER MILLS, late 30s, white, all-business and bluster, sits
in a small office, at a small desk, papers all over.

AMBER MILLS
(into phone)
I told you not to call me that.
How's Adrian doing? How's 'Street
Justice'?

EXT. STREET JUSTICE SET

Maya cups the phone.

MAYA
She wants to know how you're doing.

Adrian shakes his head.

MAYA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
He's great. Great role, by the way,
Amb. You sure can pick 'em.

INT. AMBER MILLS' OFFICE

AMBER MILLS
Don't give me that shit. He moves
out here three months ago and I got
him a fucking 2nd lead in a film,
all from a fucking IG video.
(MORE)

AMBER MILLS (CONT'D)

He's gotta prove he's more than a fuckable face before he gets juicy roles. Or did they not teach you that at Golden Gate City College?

EXT. SET

Maya cups the phone again.

MAYA

I'm gonna slap this bitch one day, I swear.

ADRIAN

Grab your stuff.

MAYA

Are we really leaving??

Adrian checks for the hipster director, who's berating someone in the background. He begins walking down the street. "Esperanza" approaches him.

ESPERANZA

I truly loved your IG videos! So very inspiring.

ADRIAN

Oh, thanks.

(motioning to Maya)

It was her IG. You were a great corpse in 'Law & Order: SVU', by the way.

Esperanza blushes as he walks off. Esperanza turns to a glaring Maya and quickly returns to set.

AMBER MILLS (O.S.)

HELLO?

MAYA

(into phone)

Hey, sorry Amb, going through a tunnel.. losing... you...

Maya hangs up and jogs after Adrian.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA STREET - NIGHT

Adrian and Maya watch down the street as the hipster director (and A.D.) comes scurrying up.

USC HIPSTER

Bro! What's up? We're lights up!

ADRIAN

Uh, yeah. Hey, listen, guys--

MAYA

--He doesn't wanna do your shit role in your shit movie, 'bro'. We out.

The hipster and Chet laugh. Adrian and Maya do not.

USC HIPSTER

(beat)

Wait what? You're quitting *during a scene??* You can't do that!

CHEAT THE A.D.

You cannot do that!

USC HIPSTER

Thanks, Chet.

Adrian shrugs as he looks down the street.

USC HIPSTER (CONT'D)

The fuck am I gonna do, huh? Your fucking agent jammed you down my throat and I was kind enough to take your non-acting--

The hipster's voice is drowned out by the LOUD bass of an approaching all black suped-up Chevy Monte Carlo. The Monte Carlo pulls up and parks on the sidewalk.

The driver's door springs open, an obnoxiously large cloud of smoke escaping into the air. JUNIOR BOND, mid 30's, black, East Oakland'ed out from the Raiders hat to the black chucks, emerges, baseball gloves on and bat in hand, wearing dark shades (yeah, it's still nighttime).

JUNIOR

Wuddup doe?

The hipster and Chet the AD pause.

USC HIPSTER

You know, it was a long shoot, bro. Let's just wrap for the night. Pick back up first thing? Cool. Hey nice to meet you, uh, Mr...?

Junior stares blankly at him.

USC HIPSTER (CONT'D)
 OK! See you guys tomorrow.
 (to Chet the AD)
 Come on, Chet.

The two scurry back down the street.

Junior turns to the other two. After a beat they laugh hysterically and jump into the car.

INT. MONTE CARLO - NIGHT

BAY AREA MUSIC vibrates through the speakers. Maya and Junior sit in the front as Adrian smokes weed in the back.

MAYA
 --and then we just left! Damn
 Adrian, you really fucked up. It
 was fun while it lasted though!
 Shortest career ever.

JUNIOR
 Lil' cuz will be straight. They
 just gotta get him a different
 part. Like some Denzel-type shit,
 ya dig?

MAYA
 I don't think it works like that,
 Junior.

ADRIAN
 I just wanna get home and crash.

MAYA
 LA sucks. Traffic at 10 o'clock at
 night...

ADRIAN
 Yeah, but is it... 'Worse than
 Tijuana traffic'??

Maya and Adrian laugh.

JUNIOR
 I don't get it.

INT. JUNIOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A nice sized townhome, Adrian sits on the couch smoking weed. Track and field is on tv.

Junior is in the kitchen finishing chef-ing up a meal.

JUNIOR
So you just quit, cuz?

Adrian nods.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Cold shit.

Maya walks down the stairs in a form-fitting dress, hair and makeup fully done, looking at her phone.

MAYA
She keeps calling, Adrian. You need to get a phone so she stops hitting me up. Why doesn't she call you, Junior?

Junior just glances over.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Yeah, nevermind. OK, she texted that she wants to meet tomorrow morning.

Adrian shakes his head. He notices Maya's outfit.

ADRIAN
(smoking)
Where are you going?

MAYA
Got a date, bro!

Junior brings his little cousin a plate.

JUNIOR
Check this out, lil' cuz. You and your lil' homies came down here for a reason, right?

Adrian, glued to the tv, barely nods.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Right, so you gotta go to this meeting. 'Cuz if she drop you, that's a wrap already.

ADRIAN
She is gorgeous.

On the screen is a track athlete doing an interview. Junior takes the blunt back, and turns the tv off.

JUNIOR

Ain't no other agents getting a IG kid in a movie in a couple months. 'Specially a black IG kid.

Adrian glares at him.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

That's just real talk, cuz. This chick cold wit' it.

ADRIAN

Junior... the director said he needed me to be "more black". I'm not working with someone like that.

JUNIOR

I mean you are mixed, though.

ADRIAN

Gimme the fucking blunt back.
(puffs)
I must have talent. She wouldn't have signed me if I didn't. Right?

JUNIOR

She signed you to max off that IG buzz. And 'cuz you look like Shemar Moore and Prince had a baby.

Adrian starts to respond, but they both laugh. Adrian turns the tv back on.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Sometimes you got to hurry up and wait, like they said in the Marine Corps. Everything don't move the way you want it to move.

ADRIAN

(nodding to TV)
I really like her.

Junior shakes his head and hits the blunt. They both notice Maya staring at them.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

What?

JUNIOR

What?

MAYA

You gotta drive me to my date, Junior. Not getting an Uber looking like a three-course meal and getting kidnapped!

Adrian and Junior glance at each other. Maya checks her phone.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Oh good, Chunk got our usual table.

JUNIOR
Ohhhh, so you need Adrian to come.
'Cuz they ain't holding that table
for you, lil' mama.

Maya rolls her eyes, but then nods.

ADRIAN
(reading text on TV)
'Sydney McLaughlin'...

Maya turns the TV off. The boys acquiesce.

JUNIOR
I'll drop y'all off. Got some shit
to handle.

INT. 100 GRAND GENTLEMEN'S SPEAKEASY

A decadent bar, the clientele all seem well-to-do. Maya's phone keeps vibrating. She rolls her eyes at Adrian as she listens.

ADRIAN
That's the beauty of not having a
phone. What's she saying?

Maya puts the phone on speaker and plays a voicemail.

AMBER MILLS (O.S.)
You little sushi eating cunt, pick
up the fucking phone! You tell
Adrian he better be in my office
9am sharp tomorrow! He is not
quitting!

Maya throws the phone in her purse.

ADRIAN
She's not gonna stop until I see
her, huh? Man I don't like being
cussed out first thing in the
morning.

MAYA
If you go, I'm coming too. So I can
slap her.

CHUNK MA'VIA, 22, Samoan, towering, plump, a gentle giant, comes up behind the two of them.

CHUNK
Yo, wuttup Uso? Big movie star coming to my establishment, huh?

MAYA
You're a bouncer, Chunk.

Chunk shrugs her off.

CHUNK
Thought y'all were coming after midnight... fake Tuafafine.

MAYA
He quit. So we had some free time. Fake Tuafafine? Why you calling me fake sister all of a sudden?

CHUNK
Quit what?

MAYA
The MOVIE. Why am I fake sister??

Adrian shakes his head and walks to the bar.

CHUNK
For real?

Maya nods.

CHUNK (CONT'D)
Shit. And you currently the fake sister until you put me in some IG videos; I can be inspirational.

She shoots him a look.

CHUNK (CONT'D)
What?
(beat)
Anyway. What we gonna do? We moved all the way down here and he already done? I ain't going back to East Oakland, bro.

MAYA
Nobody's going back to Oakland. He's meeting with Amber tomorrow.

Adrian returns and hands out drinks to his friends.

CHUNK

Good. Can I come? Before you say anything, I landed a commercial! I'm ready to talk with her now.

MAYA

Really?

Chunk smiles.

ADRIAN

(to Chunk)

Come to Junior's in the morning; we'll roll together. You come too, Maya.

MAYA

You sure? All she wants is to talk you back into doing it.

Adrian nods and sips. Chunk kisses Adrian on the cheek despite Adrian's best efforts to stop him. Maya looks at her phone, fixes her dress, and slips off to the bar area. Adrian watches her as she greets a WOMAN.

EXT. JUNIOR'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Adrian, Maya, and Junior exit the complex. As they climb into the Monte Carlo, an old beat up Geo Metro screeches up and parks within centimeters of the Monte Carlo.

Chunk flies out of the driver's door and gets into the back of the Monte Carlo.

INT. MONTE CARLO - MORNING

JUNIOR

Nigga if you hit my shit--

CHUNK

--Shut up, you taught me how to drive; ain't nobody hitting your car!

(to everybody)

Yo my bad, somebody tried to steal from the club owner last night. They needed the high-level people to stick around.

MAYA

You bounce at a glorified strip club. You could die and they wouldn't notice.

CHUNK

It's a speakeasy-slash-gentlemen's burlesque bar. And where you work, Maya? We're always looking to hire a few more gentlemen.

MAYA

Fuck you, Chunk. I'm an influencer.

CHUNK

(laughs)

You got like 10 thousand followers, you ain't influencing nobody.

MAYA

Then why you beggin' to be on it 24-7?

Chunk puts his finger over his lips. Maya flips him off as they spark a joint and get on the road.

ADRIAN

(to Junior)

You coming in today?

JUNIOR

Got shit to do, lil' cuz.

Adrian watches the palm trees whoosh by as they drive.

INT. SMITH-ROGERS AGENCY - DAY

Adrian, Maya, and Chunk make their way down the hall. Chunk grabs some candy from a random AGENT's desk.

MAYA

You can't eat that. That's for *working* actors.

CHUNK

Oh, my bad. Here Adrian, want some? Oh wait...

They laugh. Adrian doesn't.

CHUNK (CONT'D)

Nah, that shit was funny, bro. 'Cuz you're not, like, on the movie...

They realize he's staring at ZENDAYA and her crew passing. He smiles at her. She smiles back. The crew watches her pass, starstruck.

ADRIAN

I love her.

MAYA

OK loverboy, come on before
Spiderman comes through and beats
that ass. It's time to slap the
wicked bitch of the west.

INT. AMBER MILLS' OFFICE - DAY

The threesome enter. Maya steps forward.

MAYA

So firs--

AMBER MILLS

--You two idiots get the fuck out.
Adrian, love, sit down please.

Adrian gently grabs Maya's arm. She holsters her anger
begrudgingly.

CHUNK

Amber, I just booked a commercial.

AMBER MILLS

Oh yeah? For what, Fiji water?

CHUNK

Actually, yeah!

Amber stops.

AMBER MILLS

Really?

CHUNK

Well it's a student commercial spec
for Fiji--

AMBER MILLS

--Get the fuck out. Go go, out!

As the two leave, Adrian holds Maya's arm.

ADRIAN

I want her to stay.

Beat.

AMBER MILLS

Jesus, fine. You, out. Close the
door.

Chunk begrudgingly leaves. Adrian plops down on the couch. Amber sits behind her desk and smiles at him. She glances at Maya and rolls her eyes.

AMBER MILLS (CONT'D)

You want her here because...?

MAYA

Because he can't say no to you and you are shady as fuck, that's why.

Amber looks to Adrian. He innocently shrugs.

AMBER MILLS

Love, what happened? You can't just leave a set like that. If there's an issue, call me. Oh, right; you don't have a phone. Why will you not just get a phone?

ADRIAN

I like to stay disconnected. No, I *need* to be disconnected. Not a fan of my generation. I prefer yours, actually.

Amber swallows her tongue at the unintentional "You're old AF" line.

AMBER MILLS

(beat)

You literally are here because of Instagram. It's how I found you, love.

ADRIAN

Yeah, but not *my* Instagram...

Maya and Adrian fist bump.

AMBER MILLS

OK, do you know how hard I worked to sell the production company on putting you, someone who, as wonderful and beautiful as you are, has zero acting experience, as a 2nd lead in a feature?

MAYA

Independent feature. And he has acting experience! You saw our videos!

AMBER MILLS
(ignoring her)
On-set acting experience. They have
the hottest new director on this...

ADRIAN
He told me to be more black.

AMBER MILLS
(beat)
Shit. I will talk to the production
company. But this is a golden
opportunity for you. This is a...
(glaring at Maya)
Fortune cookie placed directly in
your hands! Take it. Bite the
bullet. One for them, and the next
one will be for us!

ADRIAN
And what if that never happens?

AMBER MILLS
It won't ever happen if you don't
do this movie, Adrian. We signed a
contract. They're depending on that
IG crowd to show up.

Adrian doesn't budge.

AMBER MILLS (CONT'D)
OK. You walk, they will sue. They
will take all of your advance
money, everything. Maybe even
Chunk.

ADRIAN
I don't care about any of that!

Adrian gets up and heads to the door.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Except Chunk. You know, everyone
keeps telling me to bite the
bullet. None of you are the ones
doing the biting.

He leaves. Maya attempts to follow him.

AMBER MILLS
Maya. Maya, hold on.

Maya rolls her eyes.

AMBER MILLS (CONT'D)

Seriously. I'm sorry about earlier, OK, just a lot of stress from the production company after he walked off the set.

Maya stops. Amber approaches her.

AMBER MILLS (CONT'D)

Woman to woman, I'm sure you understand how fucking frustrating it is for older white men to constantly fuck you every chance you get to get ahead.

MAYA

Amb, you know you're white, right?

AMBER MILLS

But I don't have a dick. So I don't get to do the fucking. Adrian takes this and this film becomes the cult classic I know it will be, it finally gets me to the place I should've been a decade ago. Then I can get Adrian the roles he wants. Despite what you think about me, I care about him. Took one look at Adrian and knew he was going to be a star. I can get him there. But you guys have to start listening to me.

Maya studies Amber a beat.

MAYA

You know Adrian's mixed right? He's been my best friend since preschool. He has never felt like he fit into his white side or his black side. So when some man-bun wearing fuck boy tells him to act more black, it's going to fuck with his head. Now tell me how he's supposed to deal on set with that every day.

AMBER MILLS

Because he says he's an actor. And that's what they do. They act.

MAYA

You're such a cunt, Amb. Really.

AMBER MILLS

Look, I will talk to the production house. But they love the director; they think he's the next Christopher Nolan. He's not going anywhere. But neither is Adrian because this is the one chance he's getting to capitalize.

(beat)

The director will apologize to him and it will never happen again. But if he doesn't take this, and word gets out with how he acted on set, he's done before he starts. Do you want that?

MAYA

You know, I think I believe that you care about him. That's the only reason I haven't slapped your face yet. Yet.

(beat)

I'll talk to him, but... Adrian is different. He's not gonna tap dance.

AMBER MILLS

Talk to him, take him out, fuck him, do whatever you need to to clear his mind. I need an answer by tomorrow afternoon when I have my meeting with the exec on this.

Maya walks out.

INT. 100 GRAND GENTLEMEN'S SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

Adrian, Maya, and Junior sit in a booth with bottle service.

The BOTTLE GIRL arrives with a bottle of Don Julio 1942. Adrian smiles and holds his cup out.

Junior sparks a joint.

MAYA

You can't smoke in here, Junior.

JUNIOR

Where's the sign?

Maya points to the menu on the table. DO NOT SMOKE is across the front.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Man...

BOTTLE GIRLS

(to Adrian)

I loved your IG videos. Is it true
you're about to do a movie?

Adrian looks around. He sees Chunk in the corner watching intently. She smiles at him and walks away. Chunk hurries over.

CHUNK

What she say bro?

ADRIAN

Stop telling people I'm shooting a
movie.

CHUNK

Why? You are.

ADRIAN

No. I'm not.

CHUNK

Well can you tell her you are at
least? Because if you get with her,
I can get with her friend. Well, if
she has a cute friend. Or no, just
a friend. Yeah, just a friend.

Maya shakes her head and gathers her things.

MAYA

My date's almost here.

ADRIAN

Another date?? Is it another girl?

Maya stops.

MAYA

Don't start this shit again,
Adrian.

CHUNK

(beat)

So... nice booth, right? You're
welcome. You see over there? That's
the dude from Ozark. And the big
booth, that's the cast from The
Last Of Us. Tell me again how my
job ain't shit, Maya.

MAYA

Your job ain't shit, Chunk.

Chunk motions for Adrian's drink. Adrian hands it to him and sneaks a swig.

CHUNK

See? Once you get done shooting this movie, there's gonna some other assholes sitting *here* pointing at *us* saying 'Look who's here'. Oh wait... you're retiring from acting after one day. Forgot.

Maya checks her phone.

MAYA

Amber texted.

CHUNK

What she say?

MAYA

'If Adrian quits the film your fortune cookie will read FUCKED'.

CHUNK

She didn't mention my commercial?

Maya puts the phone up.

ADRIAN

So I can't ask my best friend about her date?

CHUNK

Huh? How's she your best friend? I didn't know her friendship was more than mine, or me and her's friendship was stronger--

MAYA

--Shut up, Chunk. It is a woman, actually. Thanks for asking, Adrian.

Maya shoos Chunk away. Chunk leaves. She glances at Junior, who's entertaining a couple of WOMEN. Maya scoots close to Adrian.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Why do you keep doing that?

ADRIAN
Doing what??

MAYA
Giving me shit every time I go on a
date?

Adrian doesn't answer. She punches his arm.

ADRIAN
Because you're not gay.

Maya puts her drink down.

MAYA
What the fuck?

Adrian puts his drink down and turns to her.

ADRIAN
You're. Not. Gay.

Beat.

Maya gets up and walks away.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Maya...

She's gone. Adrian sighs and takes his drink to the head.

INT. 100 GRAND GENTLEMEN'S SPEAKEASY BAR AREA

Maya is at the bar, talking to a TALL BLONDE WOMAN. The blonde woman laughs and touches Maya's arm.

Adrian approaches.

ADRIAN
(to Blonde)
Excuse me, can I steal her for a
moment?

MAYA
No.

TALL BLONDE
Is there a problem?

Adrian looks at Maya, who looks away.

TALL BLONDE (CONT'D)
(to Maya)
Are you OK?
(MORE)

TALL BLONDE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
I have a stun gun.

Maya sighs.

MAYA
It's fine. I'll be right back.
(to Adrian)
You! Come on!

She pulls him a few feet away.

ADRIAN
I wanted to say sorry, I--

MAYA
--Adrian you don't get to tell me
what I am. I tell you what I am.

ADRIAN
I just don't--

MAYA
--Let me fucking finish.

She takes a moment.

MAYA (CONT'D)
I understand how it's maybe
confusing to you, after whatever
happened a few months ago...

ADRIAN
'Whatever happened'? That's how you
feel?

Maya sees the hurt on Adrians face. She grabs his hand.

MAYA
No, not like that.
(beat)
We were so excited after you got
signed, and I was so happy for you,
and so happy you asked me to come.
And then we had a lot to drink...

Adrian just stares at her.

MAYA (CONT'D)
I was going to *come out* to you that
night but your news... it was just
so in the moment I figured I'd tell
you later.

ADRIAN
 ...And then we had sex.

MAYA
 (beat)
 Yeah. I know. But--

ADRIAN
 --So how are you gay then?

MAYA
 Because I am, Adrian. I barely even came out to myself at that point. I really just need for you to still be my best friend. Not some asshole questioning my sexuality. Can you do that?

ADRIAN
 (sulking)
 ...I don't know.

Maya lets go of his hand and puts her drink down. She stares at him as he stares back.

MAYA
 Then maybe I can't stay down here with you anymore.

She walks out, giving Chunk a hug in the process. Chunk looks at Adrian and walks over.

CHUNK
 What did you do now, stupid?

ADRIAN
 I didn't do anything, Chunk.

CHUNK
 She only hugs me when you being mean to her, Uso.

INT. JUNIOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maya packs her bags, tears in her eyes. The phone rings. Amber. Maya slams her bag down and answers.

MAYA
 Dude what the fuck do you want?!

AMBER MILLS (O.S.)
 Jesus what crawled up your cooch??
 Is Adrian there?

Maya keeps packing.

MAYA

No. Bye.

AMBER MILLS (O.S.)

Wait! Did you get an answer?

MAYA

No, Amber, I didn't. And if you need to talk to him in the future, call Chunk. I'm going home.

AMBER MILLS (O.S.)

Wait what? No, you can't leave him. Not now. You leave and who's going to talk some sense into him?

Junior? Fucking *Chunk*?! You're going to leave him right now??

(beat)

I'm coming over.

MAYA

Bye, Amb.

Maya hangs up.

INT. 100 GRAND GENTLEMEN'S SPEAKEASY

Adrian, Junior and Chunk sit in the booth.

CHUNK

So you guys hooked up and now she's going back to The Town?

ADRIAN

I don't wanna talk about it.

JUNIOR

That's your lil' homie, cuz. You need to go make this shit right.

ADRIAN

Oh yeah? And what about you guys? Trying to make me play some stereotype and get typecast my whole career? For what?

(to Chunk)

So you can sit in this stupid club and tell girls you know me so you can fuck?

(to Junior)

(MORE)

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

So you can hope I make it big and sell drugs to A-listers or some shit?

JUNIOR

Hold up, cuz, we your peoples. Y'all staying in *my pad*. I drive yo' ass everywhere...

ADRIAN

In a car I bought for you with this advance money! I'm not doing the movie, and fuck both of you.

JUNIOR

You 'bout to get your ass whooped talkin' crazy to me like that.

Junior starts towards Adrian. Chunk holds Junior back.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Nah, it's gravy. You don't need me. Fosho'.

Junior walks out.

Beat.

CHUNK

Who's gonna pay for these bottles??

INT. JUNIOR'S APARTMENT

Maya zips her bag. There's a knock at the door. Maya answers it. Amber brushes past her.

MAYA

How... We have security downstairs, how'd you get in?

AMBER MILLS

White privilege, Maya. Let's get this out of the way; I don't like you. You think you know everything, you're the ONLY person Adrian listens to besides me, and you're young and pretty.

Maya gives her the 'no shit' look.

AMBER MILLS (CONT'D)

BUT... you are the only one with half a brain around him.

(MORE)

AMBER MILLS (CONT'D)

And again, despite what you think about me, I care about him. I think he's got an opportunity to be the next big thing. And you and I both know what's at stake if he doesn't do the film.

Maya puts the bag down.

AMBER MILLS (CONT'D)

I'm just asking you to give it until the morning. You two just need to remember that despite whatever happened between you, your friendship is so much more valuable.

MAYA

How did you know? He told you?!

AMBER MILLS

Honey, I know young love when I see it. The way he grabbed your arm in my office... that's not a friendship grab.

(beat)

And I don't really give a fuck what it is. If you care about him, you have to be the bigger person here. Not every time. But right now, he needs you to talk some sense into him. Then you can go back to the hood in Oakland and have crack babies for the rest of your life, who gives a fuck. But don't let him end his career before he starts it. This town moves on the second you're out of sight.

MAYA

I'm not from the hood, cunt.

AMBER MILLS

Jesus is that all you heard--

MAYA

--I get it, I get it.

(beat)

I'm not going to let him fuck up.
OK?

Amber smiles.

AMBER MILLS

I knew you had half a brain. You are a woman, after all. Well, sort of.

MAYA

OK get out before you ruin the moment.

Just then, Adrian and Chunk walk in.

ADRIAN

Amber? What are you doing here? I really don't want to talk about 'Street Justice' anymore.

AMBER MILLS

I'm just leaving. I don't think I'm the one you need to talk to. Just promise we'll speak tomorrow, love; can you do that? And whatever you decide... we'll go with.

Adrian eventually nods. Amber gives him a hug and leaves. Adrian sees Maya's bag on the floor. He stares at her.

MAYA

I was going to.
(beat)
Go to bed. We can talk in the morning.

Adrian hugs Maya. Chunk gets teary-eyed and joins the hug.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Chunk, you're crushing my boobs.

CHUNK

(eyes shut tight, smiling)
You don't have any. You shaped like a 12 year old boy... Tuafafine.

Maya cracks a quick smile before separating.

MAYA

(to Adrian)
You really, really fucked up. I'll stay 'til you make this decision. That's all I'm giving.

Adrian nods. Maya heads upstairs.

INT. JUNIOR'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Adrian enters the living room yawning. He looks into the kitchen. Empty. No Junior-created breakfast.

Chunk enters the apartment with a McDonald's bag. He throws Adrian a sandwich.

ADRIAN
Junior didn't come home?

Chunk shakes his head.

CHUNK
If my little cousin talked to me like that after everything he did for you, I might not come back either.

Adrian plops on the couch, depressed.

ADRIAN
Can you call him?

CHUNK
Tried. Three times. No answer, Uso.

Maya comes down wearing panties and a tank top. Chunk covers his eyes.

CHUNK (CONT'D)
OK I get that you're gay now or something but you have to ease into this shit.

MAYA
Why? You walk around in boxers all the time.
(to Adrian)
So... the movie. What do you think?

Adrian sparks up a joint.

ADRIAN
What do you think?

Maya sits next to him.

CHUNK
You don't wanna know what I think?

No.

ADRIAN

No.

MAYA

Maya takes the joint, and smirks.

MAYA (CONT'D)

I think...

(puffs joint)

Remember in 3rd grade when Jessie Maldonado called you an Oreo?

ADRIAN

Yeah.

MAYA

And you remember what happened?

ADRIAN

You punched him in his throat.

CHUNK

(laughing)

He cried so much his mom had to come pick him up.

MAYA

(to Adrian)

Yeah, but you were quiet for like a week after that.

Adrian gently takes the blunt back and puffs.

MAYA (CONT'D)

So I think... I think I don't want you feeling like you did in 3rd grade again. You shouldn't have to compromise what you do for anybody. But where we're at right now, that's something you might have to swallow your pride and do so you can eventually get to where you want.

ADRIAN

(beat)

I guess so.

Maya takes a toke. Chunk takes the blunt next.

MAYA

I also think that Amber, even though I hate her, is damn good. I mean she got you in a *fucking movie*!! If she can do that with this, maybe she can do that with something you really love after this movie.

(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)

(beat)

But in the meantime, I think... you have to start letting us look out for you, so you don't look bad. Just like Jessie Maldonado.

ADRIAN

...What do you mean?

Maya hands him her phone. He reads an IG post she posted late last night. On it she details, and embellishes, the racist actions of the hipster director. It has over 20,000 shares.

MAYA

(to Chunk)

Looks like those 10 thousand followers came in handy, huh?

Chunk grabs the phone.

CHUNK

Oh shit! Boy is fucked! Put some pants on, Maya.

Maya's phone rings.

MAYA

Hey, Amb. What's good?

AMBER MILLS (O.S.)

What the fuck did you do?!

MAYA

Good morning to you, too. We were just going to come tell you Adrian would love to still be a part of 'Street Justice'. That name's hella stupid, by the way. Can you make them change it?

AMBER MILLS (O.S.)

Put me on speaker.

Maya obliges.

AMBER MILLS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Adrian, love, you there?

ADRIAN

Hey Amber. Yeah, I'm here.

AMBER MILLS (O.S.)

So... the production company is now OUT on the director.

(MORE)

AMBER MILLS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Your friend's little stunt was too much for the production company to want to cover for.

MAYA
 Shit. I didn't think they were gonna fire him. Just a slap on the wrist or something.

ADRIAN
 (looking at Maya)
 Well that's good though, right Amber?

AMBER MILLS (O.S.)
 No. It's not. We need a name director for this film to be a go again. And now we do not have one.

Beat.

AMBER MILLS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I'm still talking with them. Fill you in on what happens. You guys just better pray that they don't fall out of love with us too now.

Amber hangs up. Adrian looks at the two of them.

CHUNK
 Well, good news is the movie's on hold. That means you're free, fool!
 (beat)
 Sunday Funday bottles at the W? I got a guy.

The three sit there staring at each other.

CHUNK (CONT'D)
 Sitting here worrying ain't going to fix nothing, Uso.

MAYA
 Fuck it. Let's do it.

ADRIAN
 Try Junior again.

EXT. THE W POOL - DAY

Beautiful PEOPLE bandy about in swim-clothes. Adrian, Maya, and Chunk lounge in the VIP area of the pool, an area once again far nicer than what people of their means would typically find themselves in.

Adrian takes a sip. Maya's phone rings. It's Amber. Maya sees something from afar and puts the phone away.

MAYA

Aww.

ADRIAN

What?

Maya motions to the door. Strolling in with his dark shades on is Junior, followed by several very in shape WOMEN.

Adrian gets up and walks to Junior.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

You're that mad at me?? It's my bad, big cuz.

Junior looks confused.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

You didn't come home last night.

JUNIOR

Oh. Yeah, I had to set a few things up, ya dig? But I had to set a lil' somethin' else up too right quick.
(turns behind him)
This is Cindy.

The girl he motions to looks at him side-eyed.

SYDNEY MCLAUGHLIN

(to Junior)

Sydney.

(to Adrian, smiling)

Sydney, hi.

Adrian realizes who she is.

ADRIAN

We were watching your meet the other night! You were amazing.

SYDNEY MCLAUGHLIN

Thank you. I really loved your IG videos. So inspirational.

ADRIAN

Thank you. We have plenty of liquor here, you all are more than welcome.

SYDNEY MCLAUGHLIN

(laughs)

We're still in season, so we don't really partake right now. But if it's cool we'd love to come hang out for a bit...?

ADRIAN

Sure, yeah, of course.

As they sit, Adrian glances at his cousin.

JUNIOR

I might hustle, but I make shit happen. Don't forget that.

Adrian nods.

MAYA

Adrian!

ADRIAN

Yeah?

MAYA

Come here.

Adrian makes his way over to Maya.

ADRIAN

What's up?

MAYA

Here.

She hands him her phone.

ADRIAN

(looking at Sydney)

Hello?

INT. AMBER'S BMW - DAY

Amber is driving angrily.

AMBER MILLS

So, great news. *Darren Aronofsky* is now doing 'Street Justice'.

BACK TO ADRIAN

ADRIAN

WOW!! I love 'The Whale'! And 'Pi'!

BACK TO AMBER

AMBER MILLS

Yeah. Great right? Big step up. Too bad he has no idea who you are.

BACK TO ADRIAN

ADRIAN

So can we show him who I am?

BACK TO AMBER

AMBER MILLS

There's no way you're going to be 2nd lead in a Darren Aronofsky film.

(beat)

And it's not "Street Justice" anymore. It's called "Grit".

BACK TO ADRIAN

MAYA

(under her breath)

Damn. Good name.

ADRIAN

So what does that mean?

BACK TO AMBER

AMBER MILLS

It means that your friend's little stunt just cost us your shot.

Amber hangs up. Adrian looks at Maya, who just stares back blankly as Junior and Chunk have fun with the track stars.