

COMING-OF-AGE

"Boyfriend"

Pilot

Written by

Michelle Denise Jackson

Alex Lerner
Kaplan/Perrone Entertainment
310 285 0116

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"Love does not begin and end the way we seem to think it does.
Love is a battle, love is a war; love is a growing up."

--James Baldwin

"I was a late bloomer.
But anyone who blooms at all, ever, is very lucky."

--Sharon Olds

SO SORRY, BUT TWO THINGS:

Many of the characters in this pilot are written as a specific race or ethnicity. If their race or ethnicity has not been explicitly stated, the default should not be white.

There is at least one non-binary character in this story, so the script uses they/them/their pronouns to refer to them.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY

Your standard office supply closet: forgotten files, precariously stacked shelves, overflowing filing cabinets.

JENNIFER WILLIAMS (Black, 25) bristles in, stressed. Glasses, nose ring -- an artsy, intellectual Blerd. Still blooming. She searches, but doesn't find what she needs.

JENNIFER
(under her breath)
Shit... Where are you?

DOMINIQUE "DOM" BECKER (Not Quite White, 28) -- androgynous, stylish, both so cool and so hot -- pops her head in.

DOM
You OK?

JENNIFER
Yeah... I just can't find--

Dom steps into the closet, shutting the door behind her.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
No! It locks from the inside.

DOM
Don't worry about that.

JENNIFER
What are you talking about? How are we gonna get out of here?

DOM
I have what you're looking for.

She kisses Jennifer. Gentle at first, then aggressive -- biting and pulling her lower lip. It's... really fucking hot.

DOM (CONT'D)
Take off your glasses.

Jennifer tosses them aside carelessly like we're in a teen rom-com from the early 2000s. Then Dom's mouth is against hers again -- urgent, hungry.

Dom backs Jennifer against a shelf forcefully. Office supplies rain down around them.

Dom's mouth travels from Jennifer's neck to her collar bone, her breasts--

JENNIFER

Oh...

Dom kneels before her, unzipping her pants, sliding them down with her underwear.

As Dom buries her face between Jennifer's legs--

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(in ecstasy)

My... GOD!

INT. THE MAXI PAD - JENNIFER'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

A sleeping Jennifer stirs in bed and MOANS, unaware of the BROWN TABBY CAT -- MR. WIGGLES -- licking her face. Mr. Wiggles licks INSIDE of Jennifer's mouth mid-moan.

Jennifer's eyes pop open.

She immediately swats the cat away and he goes flying -- MRROWW! -- landing on the floor with a THUD. He scatters underneath the bed.

Her phone buzzes on her night stand. A message from PATRICK: "JUST THINKING BOUT U. HAVE A GREAT DAY. SEE U TONITE."
Jennifer sits up -- breathless, disappointed, horny as fuck.

She considers responding for a moment then...

Tosses the phone aside.

Hastily pulls out her vibrator from the night stand.

Lays back down.

Slides the vibrator under the covers.

Closes her eyes as we hear the muffled BZZZZ -- bringing herself to a silent, reserved, no frills climax.

TITLE CARD: COMING-OF-AGE.

INT. THE MAXI PAD - KITCHEN - LATER

LUCIANA "LUCY" BAUTISTA (Afro-Latinx, 26) -- frenetic, Type A, always on top of her shit or else she might lose it -- sips a green smoothie, bouncing around in neon workout gear.

KRISTEN "KRIS" WEISBERG (Jewish-ish, 25) -- sardonic, tousled, walking the fine line between free spirit and aimless -- shovels Fruit Loops into her mouth.

Jennifer comes into the kitchen, kisses both Lucy and Kris on the cheek, then digs in the fridge for an apple.

Deeper than best friends, these three are chosen sisters.

JENNIFER

Kris, please bring Mr. Wiggles into your room at night. He was doing that face-licking thing again.

LUCY

Ew. That's that--

KRIS

-- white people shit. I've heard. But do you know how awkward it is to be eaten out while your cat stares at you? Too meta.

Jennifer chomps into her apple, reliving the morning's shame.

JENNIFER

Don't be so crass.

KRIS

Try sharing a wall with that one...
(Lucy's sex sounds)
Yes, Sam! Harder! Yes, like that--

LUCY

Why are you listening, you perv?

KRIS

(duh)
It's hot.

JENNIFER

It's too early for this.

KRIS

It baffles me that you haven't been fired. You're such a prude.

JENNIFER

Talk your shit, Kris.

KRIS

You've been seeing Patrick for how long? And still not one dick appointment?

Jennifer flips her off.

LUCY
That might change tonight. Patrick
is coming over.

Lucy gives a knowing grin. Jennifer flips her off too.

KRIS
(Jennifer's sex sounds)
Yes, Patrick, nice and slow--

JENNIFER
Kris.

KRIS
What other purpose do men serve?

JENNIFER
Patrick is a nice. He respects me.
Not everything is about sex. I want
something special.

Sex is a touchy subject for her.

LUCY
We didn't mean to pressure you.

KRIS
Don't get your hopes up. Sam is as
close to perfect as any man can
get. Lucy took him. Lucky bitch.

LUCY
Sam isn't perfect.

JENNIFER
He's pretty perfect.

LUCY
(patience thinning)
Kris could have a nice guy too.

KRIS
Jeremy is very nice. In the sack.
That's all that matters to me.

She texts J WITH THE GOOD D: "8 P.M.? TACOS?" An instant
reply: "IT'S A DATE." A smile betrays her -- she likes him.

Kris chucks her dishes in the sink.

KRIS (CONT'D)
I'll be home late. Love you hoes.

JENNIFER
Make good choices.

Kris is gone. Lucy rolls her eyes, rinsing the dishes and loading the dishwasher.

LUCY
I'm out too. Spin class.

JENNIFER
Have fun. Love you.

Lucy is gone. Jennifer texts Patrick: "CAN'T WAIT." She hesitates a moment, then adds the Kissy Face emoji. Presses SEND before she can change her mind.

INT. INTUITIVA COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A true hipster hangout. Obnoxious clientele. Obnoxious pricing. But the coffee is good.

EDY ST. YVES (29, Black) stands behind the counter in the requisite uniform: beanie and plaid button-down. They are queer, femme, non-binary, exuberant, but not to be fucked with. They wait on a PATRON to make up her mind.

PATRON
Do you know how many calories are
in the oat milk latte versus the
almond milk one?

EDY
I don't. Sorry.

PATRON
I'll just do an oat milk, half-
caff, sugar-free vanilla capp.

Edy punches it into the register rapidly.

EDY
Eight dollars.

The Patron hands over a black American Express. Edy swipes.

EDY (CONT'D)
Receipt?

PATRON
No, thanks.

Edy hands the AmEx back and offers a plastic smile as the Patron walks away.

Jennifer steps up to the counter.

JENNIFER

(fake white girl voice)
Hiiii. A small, quinoa milk,
quarter-caff latte, hold the foam
and the flavor and the coffee and
the milk. Just ten-dollar air.

Edy chuckles. In addition to Lucy and Kris, Edy is Jennifer's other main bitch.

EDY

We'll give you an extra puff for
five dollars.

JENNIFER

On second thought... Just my usual
please. How are you?

She hands Edy a ten, gets the change back.

EDY

Good. Can't complain.

JENNIFER

I miss you. You owe me dinner.

EDY

I know. It'll happen soon. I've
just been super busy.

JENNIFER

What have you been up to? What
happened to your Instagram? I can't
even creep for updates.

She's fishing. Edy doesn't have patience for it.

EDY

Social media is toxic.

JENNIFER

Wow. You really are turning into
Drew. Speaking of -- how is he?

EDY

Good. My line is getting longer.

JENNIFER

Dinner this week? The three of us?

EDY

I'll text you. Now move.

JENNIFER
Love you. Mean it.

She drops her change in the tip jar: Five dollars. A real bitch. Edy winks at Jennifer in appreciation.

INT. FORWARD TOGETHER - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Through a SERIES OF QUICK CUTS, we see the progressive utopia of Forward Together: a non-profit focusing on social and reproductive justice through community-building initiatives.

-- A courtyard with cactus plants and flowers.

-- A vibrant, large, open workspace with offices and suites around the perimeter.

-- Employees of every gender, size, color, and age look genuinely happy to be working there. True inclusivity.

INT. FORWARD TOGETHER - COPY CUBE - DAY

Jennifer watches a Xerox machine run off copies.

DOM'S (O.S.)
Making personal copies is highly
frowned upon, you know?

Jennifer smiles even before she turns and sees DOM (from her sex dream), wagging a file folder accusingly.

JENNIFER
Ha. Ha. So funny.

Dom picks up a copy from the stack: BASIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MALE ANATOMY.

DOM
Weird porn, but OK.

JENNIFER
It's for my classes.

As Jennifer grabs the copy back, her hand brushes against Dom's. Suddenly flustered, she works to make the stack of copies perfectly straight to avert eye contact.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
How's your day going?

DOM
Less interesting than yours.

JENNIFER
I'm sure that's not true.

The copies have stopped. Jennifer doesn't notice.

DOM
Today I created a new auto-sort
filter system for the board
meeting. We still don't have a plan
they'll approve, but Nicole thinks
a perfectly organized spreadsheet
will be the secret to our success.

JENNIFER
(lying)
That sounds cool--

DOM
Please don't.

JENNIFER
Your work is important.

DOM
Yeah, but you get to be out there,
actually impacting communities.
Like, I would love to talk to kids
about penises!
(hearing herself)
You know what I mean.

Jennifer smiles at Dom, a little sprung and mad awkward.

DOM (CONT'D)
Are you done with the copier?

JENNIFER
Oh... My bad.

Jennifer gathers her copies.

DOM
No worries.

JENNIFER
See you later.

Jennifer hangs back to watch Dom for a moment. A grown-ass
woman with a schoolgirl crush.

INT. INTUITIVA COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Edy counts their cash tips. Another barista, XOCHITL (20s, Chicax) -- a gentle badass covered in tattoos -- approaches with a brown pastry bag.

XOCHITL
How was this morning?

Edy takes the bag and bites into a bagel sandwich ravenously.

EDY
(between chews)
They buy this high-ass coffee, but
won't tip more than ten percent.

XOCHITL
I guess that's how they afford this
high-ass coffee.

EDY
Do you have any doubles this week?
I promise to repay the favor later.

XOCHITL
Won't your beloved miss you? You
guys are obsessed with each other.

Edy shrugs.

EDY
Night rotations. I've got time.

XOCHITL
Can I let you know? I'm saving to
take Luna to visit my mom. Airlines
are on some bullshit with those
ticket prices.

EDY
Just text me if you can swing it.
And tell the munchkin I said hi.

As they head to the door, Edy slides their beanie off to
reveal BRIGHT MAGENTA DREADLOCKS.

XOCHITL
See you tomorrow.

EDY
Unfortunately.

Xochitl chuckles. HER POV as she watches Edy exit to their
car parked at the curb outside.

I/E. EDY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Edy slides in, starts the engine, and opens up the Lyft app. They turn on the LIGHT-UP LYFT PLACARD displayed in the windshield.

They chomp away at their breakfast as they wait for -- *DING!* A new ride request.

Edy steers with one hand and finishes their sandwich with the other. On to the next grind...

INT. FORWARD TOGETHER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jennifer is in the middle of a tense meeting with her boss, MARCIA (Black, 40s) -- sharp yet nurturing -- and three other team leads: CARMEN (30s, Latinx), LORI (30s, White), and PRI (20s, South Asian).

As the other women hash things out, Jennifer half-listens while she doodles FACES on a legal pad.

MARCIA

We don't have it yet. It needs to be clear as day that our work will galvanize potential donors to hand over large checks.

LORI

Why not a presentation based on our outreach reports?

CARMEN

We can do better.

Jennifer starts on a new face.

MARCIA

We're storytellers. We lead with that. The data will back us up.

LORI

What about bringing the community members to present?

Eyebrows, eyes, nose -- the face looks familiar.

PRI

Oh, yeah, let's parade out the brown people for emotional manipulation.

LORI

First, I didn't say that. And second, why don't you try pitching some ideas if you don't like mine?

MARCIA

Let's keep it civil.

Jennifer looks at the completed face. It's a rough rendering, but it's clearly Dom.

JENNIFER

What about partnering with the other departments?

All eyes are on her. Marcia nods for her to continue.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

All the departments work in silos. Even we're kept separate from the other Community Projects and Engagement teams. Presenting as a unified whole would make it difficult for the board to reject our ideas for the campaign.

LORI

That's a big swing. We only have two weeks to prepare.

CARMEN

The board is trying to raise twenty million dollars to go national. That's a big swing.

LORI

I'm just playing devil's advocate.

JENNIFER

Development could identify the best way to reach out to donors. Marketing and Strategy could help us design a presentation package.

MARCIA

Lori makes a good point. Do you think there's interest?

Jennifer glances down at Dom's doodled face.

JENNIFER

We could put feelers out. Dom Becker said Development hasn't solidified anything yet.

MARCIA

Why don't you pitch the idea to her? Pri, you charm Marketing. Carmen and Lori, the other CPE teams. If there's enough interest, I'll bring in the big guns. This is great, Jennifer.

Pri nudges Jennifer with pride. The rest of the team cheers. Jennifer shies at the attention, trying not to lose her shit. What did she just get herself into?

INT. BURGER JOINT - DAY

Edy stands at the counter of an East Bay burger joint. It's a little sketchy, but the food is still bomb.

ATTENDANT

Do you want to make it a combo?

EDY

That's a good question.

Before they can make up their mind, Edy's phone RINGS:
VOLDEMORT CALLING.

EDY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Edy steps outside...

EXT. BURGER JOINT - CONTINUOUS

... and picks up.

EDY

(trying too hard to sound
normal)

Hey. How've you been? ... Great.

Yes, I know... I am appreciative.

Something on the other side chips away at Edy's patience.

EDY (CONT'D)

I've been working non-stop to get it to you... Listen, I know... I agree, you have been patient... Why are you being like this? ... I don't have a tone, I'm just trying--

(listens for a long beat)

You know what? Fine. You're right.

When do you want it by? ... Friday?

(MORE)

EDY (CONT'D)
 ... Yeah, no, it's fine. I can get
 it to you then... I'll text you.

Edy hangs up and breathes. In, out. In, out.

EDY (CONT'D)
 Don't you dare cry over that
 motherfucker.

They head to their car. No time for food. Money to make.

INT. FORWARD TOGETHER - DEVELOPMENT SUITE - DAY

Jennifer looks for Dom's office. She finds it, door closed.
 She takes a deep breath, then KNOCKS.

DOM (O.S.)
 Come in.

INT. FORWARD TOGETHER - DOM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer peaks her head in.

JENNIFER
 Hey, bud...

Dom smiles.

DOM
 Slumming it in the D-suite?

JENNIFER
 Do people call it that?

DOM
 (no)
 It hasn't caught on yet.

Jennifer takes in Dom's office -- art prints adorn the walls.
 A vibrant illustration of a BIRD FLYING FROM A FLAMING TREE
 with a short poem typed over it catches Jennifer's eye.

JENNIFER
 (reading)
*There was a time / when I would've
 made a home there / You, so happy
 to topple us both into ash / But
 why sleep forever in a bed of dust
 / when the sky, whole and infinite,
 is here / and begging to love me?*
 (then)
 Wow. Who did this?

DOM

Guilty.

JENNIFER

Really? The artwork and the poem?

DOM

I feel like I should be offended by your surprise.

JENNIFER

It's beautiful.

DOM

That means a lot coming from you.

Something about the way Dom looks at her makes Jennifer nervous. She sits down, picking up a wayward PAPERCLIP and fiddles with it.

JENNIFER

I want to run something by you.

DOM

Let's hear it.

JENNIFER

You can totally say no and I won't be upset. It's not a big deal--

DOM

Jennifer, spit it out.

JENNIFER

We've been struggling to come up with a plan for the Board. So I pitched that all the external departments collaborate to come up with one unified plan.

DOM

Interesting. I'm just not sure Nicole would be into it.

JENNIFER

Well, I told my boss that y'all are also struggling to lock down--

DOM

Wait, what? Please tell me you didn't tell your boss that.

JENNIFER

(uh-oh)

Not in those words, of course. I
just said--

DOM

I don't want it getting back that
I'm bad-mouthing--

JENNIFER

It wasn't like that. I swear.

DOM

(softens)

Sorry -- I'm being paranoid. It's
been stressful lately.

Jennifer has taken out all her anxiety on that poor paperclip
-- now just a straight wire.

JENNIFER

Y'all could shadow us in the field,
to get a better sense of our work.

A smile spreads across Dom's face.

DOM

Hell yeah. Let's do it.

Dom holds up her hand for a high five. As Jennifer's hand
meets Dom's, she can't help but beam. And neither can Dom.

INT. THE MAXI PAD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Two couples gather around an episode of *THE OFFICE*. Lucy and
her boyfriend SAM (26) -- human embodiment of a golden
retriever -- are boo'd up on the love seat. Jennifer and
PATRICK (25) -- sweet but vanilla -- sit side-by-side on the
sofa. No touching.

Jennifer texts, smiling at her screen. Lucy looks over.

LUCY

If you're tweeting, I swear to God--

JENNIFER

It's a work thing.

Jennifer puts her phone down. Three text alerts pop up from
DOM, daring her to look.

Jennifer tries to focus on the TV. Patrick's hand inches
towards hers--

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
I'll be right back. Gotta tinkle.

She takes her phone and scurries out of the room.

INT. THE MAXI PAD - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer is on the toilet, texting while peeing. A KNOCK.

JENNIFER
Hold on--

The door opens.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Hey!

Lucy steps in.

LUCY
You act like I haven't seen your whole-ass labia before. What are you doing?

JENNIFER
Bitch, what does it look like?

LUCY
I mean out there. He'd get more action from a blow-up doll.

JENNIFER
What do you want me to do?

LUCY
Get off your damn phone for starters. Then you could hold his hand? Cuddle? Anything.

JENNIFER
I'm not jumping him while you and Sam are two feet away.

LUCY
Do you want us to leave? Sam will be so upset. He loves the third season--

JENNIFER
Lucy, I don't care. Get out.

LUCY
 Make sure to wash your hands. And
 girl, it's your body, your choice --
 but maybe a wax?

JENNIFER
 Get out!

Jennifer throws a wad of toilet paper at Lucy. It misses.
 Lucy backs out, closing the door.

INT. THE MAXI PAD - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jennifer rejoins the group. She settles back onto the sofa
 next to Patrick, still a platonic distance between them.

LUCY
 Well, we're gonna head to bed now.

SAM
 The episode isn't even done yet.

LUCY
 I'm tired. Come on.

She gives him a look: *Are you dumb?* Finally, he gets it.

SAM
 (sad puppy)
 Yeah, OK. Good night.

They head upstairs, leaving Jennifer and Patrick alone.
 Jennifer has no idea what to do.

JENNIFER
 You wanna watch something else?

PATRICK
 I'm good. Do you?

JENNIFER
 No, I'm good too.

They watch in stilted silence until -- finally -- Patrick
 swings an arm over Jennifer's shoulder, bringing her in.

PATRICK
 They were not subtle at all.

Jennifer laughs.

JENNIFER
 I know. I'm sorry.

PATRICK

I'm not.

He gives her *that* look, slack-jawed and smoldering. As he goes in--

JENNIFER

Wait. You should know I'm really bad at this game. Out of practice.

PATRICK

All I want to do is kiss you. We'll take it as slow as you like.

They kiss. Jennifer allows herself to melt into it...

But only for a moment. She pulls away.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You're a good kisser for someone who's supposedly "bad" at this.

JENNIFER

I'm making an effort.

They kiss again. Then the *THE OFFICE* THEME MUSIC starts.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Oh, this is my favorite episode.

Patrick is bewildered. *Wait, what?*

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Pam walks on the coals!

PATRICK

(a gentleman)

You're adorable.

They focus on the TV. Jennifer rests her head on his shoulder, looking a little too relieved.

INT. UP AND UNDER PUB - NIGHT

Edy tends bar at an East Bay drinking hole. Despite its middle-aged white guy clientele, Edy prefers it to the coffee shop. These guys know what they want. And tip well.

A REGULAR (50s, schlubby) signals Edy.

REGULAR

Can I get another?

EDY

Is your wife gonna come in here
cussing again?

REGULAR

No. She's out of town.

Edy, amused, slides the Regular a beer. The Regular raises it to them before taking a big gulp.

TWO MEN enter -- overgrown jocks, too young for this crowd. One wears a GIANTS BASEBALL CAP and the other has a SNAKE TATTOO on his forearm.

GIANTS CAP

Dude, I told you this place
wouldn't have chicks.

Snake Tattoo clocks Edy behind the bar, facing away and bent over an inventory box.

SNAKE TATTOO

(liking what he sees)
There's a chick.

GIANTS CAP

Come on, we'll have better luck at
the other place.

SNAKE TATTOO

Relax. We've been in the car for an
hour. I need a beer.

They sit at the bar. Edy turns. Snake Tattoo's eyes go big with surprise, flicker with embarrassment, and finally harden into disgust.

EDY

What can I get you, gentlemen?

GIANTS CAP

You not gonna talk to your
girlfriend?

Giants Cap can't stop laughing. Snake Tattoo stews in silence. Edy is not amused.

GIANTS CAP (CONT'D)

Two Bud Lights.

EDY

You got it.

Edy slides them their drinks.

EDY (CONT'D)
Open a tab or cash out?

SNAKE TATTOO
Cash out.

He slaps down a twenty. Edy takes it, returns with change, and goes back to restocking.

Snake Tattoo and Giants Cap gawk at Edy in all their femme, non-binary glory. Edy tries hard to mind their own business.

SNAKE TATTOO (CONT'D)
We shoulda stayed in Sacramento.

GIANTS CAP
And miss out on this freak show?

GIANTS CAP (CONT'D)
What parts you think it got?

SNAKE TATTOO
Why would I care? I ain't no fag.

EDY
(fed up)
Can I get y'all anything else?

SNAKE TATTOO
Did we ask for anything else?

EDY
You looked like you wanted
something else a few minutes ago.

Snake Tattoo jumps up.

SNAKE TATTOO
What did you just say to me?

Other bar patrons look up, but none intervene. Edy squares up, used to fighting their own battles.

EDY
You should leave. You're disturbing
the other customers.

GIANTS CAP
We're not done with our beers.

EDY
Do I look like I care?

Snake Tattoo erupts, HURLING his bottle at Edy, who ducks.

The bottle SMASHES against the wall. SHARDS fly everywhere.

EDY (CONT'D)
Get the fuck out!

Snake Tattoo climbs over the bar. Edy pushes him back, but Snake Tattoo SWINGS -- first CRUNCHING against Edy's cheek, just missing their eye.

Finally, the Regular yanks Snake Tattoo away from the bar as another Bar Patron grabs Giants Cap.

REGULAR
He told you to leave. It's time for
you boys to get to steppin'.

Edy winces at being misgendered and touches their cheek, bruised and swollen. Barely flinching.

EXT. EDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Edy approaches their apartment and sees a paper taped to the door. As they near, they see it's an EVICTION NOTICE. *Fuck.*

Edy tears it down and puts their key in the lock...

INT. EDY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

... and slumps into the apartment, switching on the light to reveal a sagging sofa, a TV tray, and a stack of books as the only furniture. Carpet indentations and wall markings tell us all the furniture was recently moved out.

Edy sinks onto the sofa... and cries.

Then their phone BUZZES. A text from XOCHITL: "YOU CAN TAKE MY DOUBLES. :-)"

Edy steels up and heads into the kitchen. They reach into the mostly empty freezer and pull out the lone bag of FROZEN PEAS to nurse their shiner.

INT. THE MAXI PAD - JENNIFER'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Jennifer is still asleep... until an excited Lucy and Kris barge in and shake her awake.

KRIS
Get up! We want dirty deets.

JENNIFER

We need to have a house meeting
about boundaries because you
bitches seem to be confused.

She tries to disappear under the covers, but they jump on the
bed and pry the comforter out of her hands.

LUCY

Come on. How was it?

JENNIFER

Let me sleep.

KRIS

How far did you get? Hand stuff?
Mouth stuff?

Knowing sleep is futile, Jennifer gets out of bed. She grabs
underwear and clothes from her dresser.

JENNIFER

We just kissed.

She heads out of the room. Kris and Lucy follow.

INT. THE MAXI PAD - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

As all three girls enter, Jennifer gives her roommates an
incredulous look.

JENNIFER

Are you serious right now?

KRIS

How would you rate him? On a scale
of zero to ten, with zero being
you'd rather kiss Mr. Wiggles and
ten being you came as soon as his
lips touched yours.

LUCY

Good scale.

JENNIFER

I don't know. A six?

Kris and Lucy frown. That's disappointing.

LUCY

(confused)
So he was a bad kisser?

JENNIFER
I didn't say that.

KRIS
You gave him a five. Five is an F.

JENNIFER
It's a ridiculous scale.

Jennifer puts on her shower cap and starts the water.

LUCY
(digging)
Are you sure you like him, Jenn?

JENNIFER
Yes. He's nice and sweet and--

LUCY
You always say that. But you never
really say you like him.

JENNIFER
I like him because of those things.

LUCY
I thought you wanted special.

KRIS
There are so many guys out there.
If he's not doing it for you, just
cut him off.

Something boils over in Jennifer.

JENNIFER
(curt)
I need to shower.

KRIS
Are you mad at us?

JENNIFER
No. I just... I'm gonna be late.

Knowing not to press her further, they back out.

Jennifer closes the door. Undresses. Steps into the shower,
letting the steaming water soak her. And then she begins to
cry softly, making sure Lucy and Kris won't hear.

INT. EDY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

A breeze makes the curtains BILLOW into the room and SUNLIGHT streams onto Edy, sleeping peacefully.

A hand snakes over the covers, caressing their hip as DREW (31) -- nerdy and cute -- appears from behind Edy, planting sweet kisses along the nape of their neck.

EDY
(eyes still closed)
Excuse you. I'm sleeping.

But Drew doesn't stop. And Edy doesn't fight him. The sweet kisses become more urgent. Edy opens their eyes, turns to Drew, and kisses him deeply.

Drew climbs on top of Edy. Then something shifts. His face becomes dark, angry. He pulls away.

EDY (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

DREW
You ruined everything.

Drew grasps Edy's throat, strangling them--

INT. EDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Edy JOLTS up, gasping for air. After a moment, their breathing returns to normal. It was just a dream. They lay back down -- onto a SQUEAKY AIR MATTRESS.

Edy is relieved... Then saddened. They reach for their phone. Missed texts from WORK and XOCHITL. *Oh, shit!*

Edy jumps out of bed and scrambles around the room -- their things in semi-organized piles. No furniture.

I/E. JENNIFER'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Jennifer and Dom ride in awkward silence. Like, actual silence. Not even music. Jennifer is still upset.

NAVIGATION (V.O.)
In one mile, take exit 22A for
Martin Luther King, Jr. Boulevard.

Jennifer looks at the navigation and sees a FLURRY OF INCOMING TEXTS from Lucy and Kris.

JENNIFER
Ugh! Leave me alone.

DOM
She's just doing her job.

Jennifer laughs.

JENNIFER
Roommate stuff.

Dom can tell she doesn't want to talk about it.

DOM
Is your radio busted?

JENNIFER
Sorry. I like to drive in silence
sometimes to think. Listen to
whatever you want. Just make sure
it's good.

Jennifer hits the POWER button on the radio console and
gestures for Dom to take over. Dom fiddles around, before
landing on TEGAN AND SARA'S "CLOSER."

DOM
I know it's such a cliché, but I
love this song.

Jennifer listens and bobs her head, getting into it.

JENNIFER
Who is it?

DOM
(jaw dropping)
You've never heard Tegan and Sara?

Jennifer shakes her head.

DOM (CONT'D)
When I'm having a really shitty day
or questioning what I'm doing with
my life, I listen to them and
feel... possible again.

JENNIFER
How does that make them cliché?

DOM
They're the quintessential lesbian
girl band...

JENNIFER

Oh.

(then)

Turn it up.

Dom obliges. MUSIC UP as they groove in their seats.

INT. INTUITIVA COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Edy rushes in. Late AF. They've tried their best to hide their cheek under makeup, but it's still purple and swollen. As they slide behind the counter--

XOCHITL

(annoyed)

Tim was pissed. And I was the one who looked like the asshole.

EDY

I'm so sorry.

Edy jumps in, steaming milk. Xochitl sees Edy's face.

XOCHITL

Shit. What happened?

EDY

Lady, streets. Freak, sheets.

XOCHITL

Edy, seriously. Are you OK?

EDY

(snaps)

I'm fine. Thanks for covering.

They pour steamed milk into a cup of espresso.

Seeing something fragile in Edy, Xochitl lets it be for now. She takes the cup from them.

XOCHITL

Latte for Melissa!

INT. PAT BROWN CHARTER HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - LATER

Jennifer stands at the head of a classroom, while Dom sits in the back corner with the teacher, MR. ROUBIDOUX (30s).

JENNIFER

Can someone recap our first lesson?

A few eager HANDS go up. Students love Jennifer.

Jennifer points to AALIYAH (15), long sandy brown braids a la Beyoncé and a perfectly beat face a la Kim Kardashian.

AALIYAH

We was talking about how like,
having safe sex is more than just
using condoms or getting tested.
People gotta be honest with each
other or whatever.

JENNIFER

Very good. We're gonna continue
that discussion today.

Jennifer draws a line down the middle of the whiteboard, with
"HEALTHY" on one side and "UNHEALTHY" on another.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Healthy relationships. What do they
entail?

STUDENTS

Trust! Communication! Going on nice
dates! Honesty! Love! Respect!
Knowing their love language! Liking
the same stuff! Thinking they're
hot! Hanging out a lot!

JENNIFER

Let me catch up.

She writes on the board as fast as she can.

JAVI (O.S.)

Good sex!

MR. ROUBIDOUX

Javi!

LAUGHTER breaks out. Jennifer turns to address JAVI (16), the
class clown and, naturally, Jennifer's nemesis.

JENNIFER

Javi, you are absolutely right.
Pleasurable and consensual sexual
experiences can absolutely be part
of a healthy relationship.

JAVI

What if I wanted endless blow jobs?

JENNIFER
 (unfuckwithable)
 The key word is consensual. I doubt
anyone's partner would consent to
 that.

The other Students OOOOOH, loving the drama. Dom is riveted.
 Jennifer writes a version of what Javi said on the board then
 gives him a look: *I dare you to interrupt again.* He doesn't.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 Positive sexuality and healthy
 relationships both begin with
 you...

The class listens to Jennifer, fully engaged.

Dom is smitten.

INT. INTUITIVA COFFEE SHOP - BACK ROOM - DAY

Edy sips iced tea on their meal break. Xochitl's shift is
 over. She hands Edy their share of the tips from the morning.
 Edy quickly counts the bills and frowns.

EDY
 This is it?

XOCHITL
 You know these gentrifiers are
 hella cheap.

Edy explodes, crumpling the money up and swiping their cup of
 overpriced green tea, making a mess. Xochitl jumps.

XOCHITL (CONT'D)
 What the hell, Edy?

Edy doesn't respond, just wipes up the counter.

XOCHITL (CONT'D)
 Have fun with your shitty attitude.

She starts to leave. Then stops abruptly--

XOCHITL (CONT'D)
 Really? You're not gonna apologize?

EDY
 For?

XOCHITL
 Being an asshole.

Edy can see Xochitl is more than angry -- she's scared.

EDY

You're right. I'm so sorry, Xo.

XOCHITL

What happened to your face? Did Drew do that to you?

EDY

Drew and I broke up two months ago. I fucked up. And now I owe him a lot of money.

XOCHITL

Wow. Is that why you've been requesting so many doubles?

EDY

And driving Lyft. And doing hair. And bartending. The bartending is how I got the shiner.

XOCHITL

Can't your family help?

EDY

I won't give my parents the satisfaction.

Xochitl grabs the mop and helps clean up.

EDY (CONT'D)

You're off the clock--

Xochitl ignores them, keeps mopping.

XOCHITL

What about Jennifer?

EDY

No. I refuse.

XOCHITL

I gotta pick up my kid.

She hands Edy the mop and the rest of the tips. Edy is touched by the offering, but can't help but to laugh.

EDY

What is this? Like, twenty bucks?

XOCHITL
Twenty-five. I kept extra since you
were being such an asshole.

EDY
Peak petty.

XOCHITL
You deserved it.

Edy laughs. Xochitl hugs them.

XOCHITL (CONT'D)
Stop being so proud. Ask for help.

Edy nods, hugging Xochitl tightly in gratitude.

I/E. JENNIFER'S CAR - PARKING LOT - LATER

Jennifer pulls into a space in front of the Forward Together
building and turns off the engine.

DOM
Do I have to go back in there?

JENNIFER
It can't be that bad.

DOM
It's not. It's just deeply boring.

JENNIFER
Why don't you do something else?
Your art is amazing.

DOM
It's complicated. How'd your
roommates piss you off?

Jennifer laughs, caught off guard.

JENNIFER
They're just really annoying
sometimes. Like, super annoying.

DOM
Do you hate them?

JENNIFER
God, no. We met at summer camp when
we were fifteen. Instant best
friends.

(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Made a pact to go to the same
college. Been inseparable since.

DOM
That's really sweet.

JENNIFER
Most of the time.

DOM
How are they annoying?

JENNIFER
What's so complicated?

DOM
I asked you first.

JENNIFER
You just don't want to go back in.

DOM
So humor me.

JENNIFER
People think I'm a certain way
because of my job. They hear sex
educator and think they know me.
But they don't. It's a performance.
When I'm in the classroom, I'm
performing. In reality, I'm still
figuring this all out. It can be
really--

DOM
Lonely.

Jennifer makes eye contact with Dom, feeling truly seen.

JENNIFER
Yeah.

Jennifer's phone BUZZES: PATRICK CALLING. She really should
take it...

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
It can go to voicemail.

DOM
It's OK. I should get back to work.

The bubble has been popped. Dom exits. Jennifer answers.

JENNIFER
Hey. What's up?

PATRICK (V.O.)
You down for another *Office*
marathon tonight?

JENNIFER'S POV -- she watches Dom disappear inside the Forward Together building.

INT. EDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Edy sits on the floor. Cash is neatly counted out in rows -- sorted by twenties, tens, fives, singles. Two month's worth of tips. Definitely not enough.

They check their bank account: Only a thousand dollars in their checking account, two thousand dollars in their savings. By the look on their face, this also isn't enough.

Edy picks up their phone.

INT. THE MAXI PAD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer and Patrick hold hands as they watch *THE OFFICE*. Jennifer's phone buzzes: EDY CALLING. On the screen, a PHOTO of them both much younger, Edy more masc.

JENNIFER
I'll be right back.

Jennifer steps out of the room and answers.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Hello?

INTERCUT -- JENNIFER AND EDY

EDY
Hey. What are you up to?

JENNIFER
Um... I'm on a date.

EDY
Wait. Really? And you picked up?

JENNIFER
Yeah.

EDY
OK, well, that was a mistake. But
you're a real one. I appreciate it.

JENNIFER
What's up?

EDY
I was hoping we could grab dinner
and catch up?

JENNIFER
That would be great! Now?

EDY
I thought you were on a date.

JENNIFER
Right. Tomorrow?

EDY
Perfect.

JENNIFER
Will Drew be there?

EDY
No... He's working.

JENNIFER
I'll see you tomorrow. Love you.

EDY
Have fun. Make good choices!

INT. EDY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Edy hangs up and sighs out in relief. That wasn't so bad.

INT. THE MAXI PAD - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer returns to the sofa.

PATRICK
Everything OK?

JENNIFER
Yeah. All good.

Patrick brings her in close, kisses her. Jennifer chastens.

PATRICK
I missed you today.

He really is so sweet. She kisses him deeply. Trying.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
What about taking things slow?

Jennifer recoils--

JENNIFER
Oh, sorry...

PATRICK
I didn't say I didn't like it.

Jennifer kisses him, more confident.

THE OFFICE THEME MUSIC PLAYS. It's distracting. Patrick picks up the remote. CLICK.

Jennifer closes her eyes, seemingly very into it.

-- A FLASH of Jennifer and Dom chatting in the copy cube...

Jennifer climbs on top of Patrick, straddling him.

-- A FLASH of Jennifer admiring Dom's artwork...

Jennifer's hands dig into Patrick's hair, kissing him deeper.

-- A FLASH of Jennifer and Dom singing in the car...

Jennifer caresses Patrick through his jeans.

-- A FLASH of Dom and Jennifer making out from her DREAM...

Jennifer unbuckles Patrick's pants, reaches into his boxers.

-- A FLASH of Dom burying her face between Jennifer's legs...

Jennifer doesn't hear the back door close.

LUCY (O.S.)
Hello?

Lucy wanders into the living room, catching Jennifer and Patrick mid-hand job.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Oh! My bad--

Lucy scampers out. Patrick and Jennifer catch their breaths.

PATRICK
We can stop if you--

JENNIFER
Let's go upstairs.

Jennifer grabs his hand.

INT. THE MAXI PAD - JENNIFER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick's naked body is on top of Jennifer's. They move together -- no music, just mechanics. Patrick GROANS as he climaxes, then rolls off Jennifer. He fiddles with the condom. Jennifer holds up the wastebasket and he drops it in.

They lay there quietly for a while. If it wasn't painfully clear before, it is now: Jennifer is not into him.

PATRICK
So that bad, huh?

JENNIFER
No! Not at all.

PATRICK
It's OK -- the first time is always
a little awkward, right?

He kisses her cheek.

JENNIFER
Do you want water or something?

PATRICK
I'm good.

Jennifer stares at the ceiling. More awkward silence.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Do you want me to leave?

JENNIFER
... No. I'm just tired. I think I'm
gonna get some sleep.

PATRICK
Right.

He slides out of bed and dresses. Jennifer sits up.

JENNIFER
Patrick...

PATRICK
You don't have to do that.

JENNIFER
I'm an asshole.

He comes to her side of the bed and kisses her lightly.

PATRICK
No, you're not. I just can't be the
only one trying.

He's gone. Jennifer throws on pajamas, turns out the lights.

Her phone BUZZES -- incoming texts from DOM: "YOU INSPIRED
ME. CAN YOU MEET BEFORE WORK?"

Jennifer smiles wide as she types a reply: "YES!"

Another text from Dom: "TIL THEN, ANOTHER TEGAN & SARA JAM."

Jennifer clicks the link and "BOYFRIEND" PLAYS -- a kind of
lullaby as she falls asleep...

INT. THE MAXI PAD - KITCHEN - DAY

Jennifer yawns in...

KRIS / LUCY
Surprise!

They toss confetti as a dumbfounded Jennifer takes in the
scene: Balloons. Orange juice. Donuts. They went all out.

JENNIFER
What's all this?

LUCY
A "Yes, bitch, look at you taking
charge of your sexuality!" party.

KRIS
You got laid last night!

LUCY
We won't ask questions. We respect
your boundaries.

KRIS
You got laid last night!

JENNIFER
Oh. Thanks.

Jennifer grabs a donut with bacon crumbles on top.

KRIS
(bursting)
Not even the smallest detail? We
got up at five!

JENNIFER
No one told you to do that.

LUCY
We're just excited for you. It's a
big deal. You deserve to be happy.

JENNIFER
Yeah, it is a big deal. It's also
personal. You get that throwing me
a party because I fucked some guy
isn't actually respecting my
boundaries, right? You might enjoy
announcing that you've been with
every Tom, Dick, and Harry to cover
your commitment issues. And you
might love broadcasting every weird
sex thing you and Sam do to pretend
you're not bored with each other.
But my shit is my business.

Jennifer's phone BUZZES. She knows who it is, doesn't even
need to check.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
I have to get to work.

Jennifer is gone.

KRIS
Well, that was rude as fuck.

Lucy grabs a donut and bites into it. Kris is surprised.

LUCY
I'm stress eating!

INT. FORWARD TOGETHER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jennifer sits at a laptop while Dom paces.

DOM
You really think they'll go for it?

JENNIFER
Yes. It's brilliant, Dom.

Marcia and NICOLE (40s) -- Dom's no bullshit, no fun boss -- enter and sit at the conference table.

NICOLE

Let's make this quick.

Jennifer gives Dom an encouraging nod and clicks start on a PREZI PRESENTATION, projected on a screen across the room.

DOM

For the Forward Fifty campaign to feel unique, our donors and the communities we help should feel like they're in relationship to each other. So I thought: What if Forward Fifty was a living art project? Donors could opt to create an art piece in addition to their donation that would be presented to one of the groups we help. Something personal and tangible. The receiving group could create something in response. At the end of the campaign, we would rent out a space to exhibit the pieces and bring everyone together for a gala auction event, which would also generate more donations.

NICOLE

This seems... expensive.

JENNIFER

The art projects would fold into CPE's work. We already have a budget for materials. And I'm sure we could get volunteers to help with the pieces.

NICOLE

And the gala?

DOM

The tickets to attend would balance out the cost. I ran some numbers.

Jennifer clicks to the next slide. Nicole actually looks like she might be impressed.

MARCIA

It's bold. It's unexpected. But it's worth the risk.

MARCIA (CONT'D)
It's out of the box. And it honors
the spirit of our work. I'm in.

NICOLE
Fine. Let's go see Curtis and start
running it up the flagpole.

As Nicole and Marcia head out, Marcia proudly winks at
Jennifer and Dom.

Jennifer and Dom are so excited, there are no words. So they
hug. Tentative at first. Then familiar, like coming home.
Their embrace lasts a little too long...

These two are definitely having a moment.

DOM
(in Jennifer's ear)
You. Me. Happy hour. We're
celebrating.

CLOSE ON JENNIFER'S FACE -- huge smile.

INT. FORWARD TOGETHER - RESTROOM

Jennifer sits in a stall, dialing Edy. She puts the phone to
her ear, waiting for Edy to answer.

INT. EDY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Edy sits on their sagging couch, bright red fingernails doing
an intricate braided hairstyle on VANESSA (20s, Black), who
sits between their legs, watching Netflix on a laptop.

Edy's phone BUZZES beside them. Edy picks up, balancing the
phone between their non-swollen cheek and their shoulder.

EDY
Yo. Talk fast. I'm braiding.

INTERCUT -- JENNIFER AND EDY

JENNIFER
I need to reschedule.

Edy's face falls. That's too late.

EDY
Ugh. Really?

Vanessa taps on the laptop: *I'm watching.* Edy ignores her.

JENNIFER

Yeah. I'm sorry. But I could do this weekend.

EDY

Is everything OK?

JENNIFER

Yeah... I'm going out with someone.

EDY

You're cancelling on me for a date? Really? Is the dick that good?

Vanessa's eyebrows raise. She's definitely eavesdropping.

JENNIFER

Don't be like that.

EDY

It's fine. Have fun on your date.

JENNIFER

I promise I'll explain this weekend. It's not just a date.

EDY

I'm going through some real shit.

JENNIFER

You don't think I know that? I'm your sister. But you've boxed me out for two months. And now you want me to drop everything?

EDY

Of course you would make this about your feelings. You've been told the sun shines out of your ass our whole lives.

Vanessa is living for this tea.

JENNIFER

That's a mean thing to say. And it's not true.

EDY

I don't have time for this.

Edy hangs up, picking up their braiding pace.

VANESSA

Ouch!

EDY
You're fine.

INT. FORWARD TOGETHER - RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer stands up in the stall.

JENNIFER
Edy? Edy?

Jennifer looks at her phone. Yup, Edy hung up.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Fucking typical.

Jennifer leaves the stall, shaken.

INT. EDY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Edy snaps photos of Vanessa, who tosses her hair over her shoulders, really feeling herself.

EDY
Yaaaasssss. Look at those angles,
bitch. One more. Make it count.

Vanessa gives a final pose, loving the model moment.

EDY (CONT'D)
Perf. You're paying in cash, right?

VANESSA
Yeah, but I only have two hundred
on me now. I'll Venmo you the rest
when I get paid next week.

EDY
That's not the deal.

VANESSA
I'm sorry, Edy. But you know I'm
good for it.

EDY
Don't apologize. You knew what you
were doing. Just give me the cash.

Vanessa hands Edy multiple twenties. They make a point count in front of her, to make sure.

VANESSA
Really? You gonna do me like that?

EDY

Yes, because you playing with my money and I don't like that shit.

VANESSA

Your sister is right. You are mean.

EDY

I need the rest ASAP.

VANESSA

I gotchu. I ain't no scammer.

Edy opens the door for her.

EDY

Tag me on Instagram. You owe me!

Edy closes the door and leans against it, their anxiety rising off the charts.

They text "VOLDEMORT": "COULD WE MEET TONIGHT?" The "... " of a reply. Finally, Voldemort sends back a "K."

INT. TAPAS JOINT - NIGHT

Jennifer and Dom are in the middle of a fit of laughter. Half-eaten plates of tapas and empty beer bottles tell us they've been there for a while.

DOM

Stop laughing at me.

JENNIFER

I'm trying, but wow, that sucks.

DOM

It's your turn.

Jennifer picks at some food.

JENNIFER

I'm good, thanks.

DOM

No! Truth for truth.

JENNIFER

(the first thing that comes to mind)

I think I'm bi? Queer? Pan? Just not straight.

DOM
We're going with a deep cut.

JENNIFER
Was that too much?

DOM
Of course not. I've been wondering.

JENNIFER
Do I give off a vibe?

DOM
Have you ever been with a woman?

Jennifer finishes the rest of her drink.

JENNIFER
Not yet.

She gives Dom a pointed look. Almost like an invitation.

DOM
Have you ever wanted to?

Dom looks at Jennifer with the same intensity -- accepting.

JENNIFER
Yes. No. I don't know. I don't have
tons of experience with men either.

DOM
Maybe you just haven't found the
right person.

JENNIFER
Maybe. It's just never really been
about sex for me.

DOM
Then you definitely haven't found
the right person.

Jennifer laughs.

JENNIFER
I think that's what I've been
waiting for. Something undeniable.
Like gravity--

DOM
Pulling you together?

Jennifer nods intently.

JENNIFER
Yeah. I think I've finally realized
that person might not be a man.

Jennifer looks at Dom intently.

INT. EDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Edy sits on the sagging couch, chewing their cuticles.

There's a knock on the door. Edy opens it to reveal DREW --
AKA "Voldemort" -- their ex. Just like Edy's dream, Drew is
clean-shaven, cute, and nerdy.

EDY
Hey.

Edy lets Drew in. Drew looks around at the sad apartment
disapprovingly.

EDY (CONT'D)
How are you?

DREW
Fine.

Drew notices Edy's swollen face. He touches Edy's cheek
tenderly. Edy melts into his touch.

DREW (CONT'D)
When did this happen?

EDY
A couple days ago.

DREW
You should see a doctor.

Drew drops his hand, but Edy grabs it. Pulls Drew's arm
around their waist, as they wrap their arms around Drew.

DREW (CONT'D)
Don't.

EDY
I miss you. I hate myself. You were
the only person I could count on.
And I fucked it all up.

DREW
Is this why you made me come here?

EDY
No. Yes. I don't know.

Edy goes in for a kiss, but Drew swerves away.

DREW
Don't do this.

Edy tries again. This time, Drew lets Edy kiss him. Kisses back. Hard. Anger, desperation, love, hurt mixing--

Edy drags Drew to the saggy sofa and they collapse onto it. Edy wastes no time ripping off Drew's pants, then their own.

DREW (CONT'D)
Wait. Wait. Condom.

Edy is surprised as Drew reaches for their pants and digs a condom from a pocket. He hands it to Edy.

Edy rolls it on. Drew lifts his legs over Edy's shoulders.

As Edy enters Drew, Drew MOANS out in pleasure...

INT. TAPAS JOINT - NIGHT

A SERVER (20s, over it) approaches Jennifer and Dom's table.

SERVER
We're closing. Do you mind if I
close out your check?

Dom and Jennifer's eyes both bug. They look around -- they're the only ones left in the restaurant.

DOM
Shit. Have we been here that long?

Jennifer looks at her phone. It's close to 10 P.M.

SERVER
Yes, you have.

DOM
The check would be great.

The Server walks away.

JENNIFER
I think he hates us.

DOM
I'll make sure to tip him well.

JENNIFER
You're not paying.

DOM
Yes, I am.

JENNIFER
No. This is my treat. You did a big
thing today.

The Server returns with their check. As Jennifer pulls out her wallet, Dom quickly slides her credit card inside and hands it back to the Server.

DOM
Take it and run.

The Server abides.

JENNIFER
Dom, come on.

DOM
Today wouldn't have happened
without you. Let me do this.

JENNIFER
Fine, but let me drive you home.

DOM
Deal.

They smile at each other, sparks flying.

INT. EDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Edy and Drew are curled up together on the sofa, post-coital. Edy's head rests on Drew's chest. Drew fingers Edy's locks. Just like old times.

DREW
I forgot how good we were.

EDY
We were really fucking good
together.

DREW
Until we weren't.

Drew raises up, forcing Edy to sit up as well. Drew picks up his scattered clothing.

EDY
Where are you going?

DREW
Home.

EDY
Just like that?

DREW
Edy, nothing has changed.

EDY
I thought maybe--

DREW
You thought wrong. This was an itch
we needed to scratch.

Edy shakes their head, feeling hurt and foolish. Edy picks up
their clothes as well.

They both dress in silence.

DREW (CONT'D)
Do you have the check? I can take
it now.

EDY
I wanted to talk to you about that
actually...

Drew laughs, mean and biting.

DREW
That's what you brought me over
here for?

EDY
You were the one with the condom.

DREW
You thought fucking me would change
my mind?

EDY
If I give you this money, I won't
have anything. I won't even have a
place to live.

DREW
(exploding)
You fucked somebody else!
(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)
In our bed! You can sleep in the
damn car for all I care.

Edy can't look at Drew, trying hard not to burst into tears.

DREW (CONT'D)
Venmo me.

Edy nods, conceding defeat.

EDY
I will.

DREW
No, I mean right now. I'm not
letting this happen again. I can't.

Edy picks up their phone. Drew waits. A long, awful moment--

EDY
Done.

Drew leaves, the front door SLAMMING closed. Edy rushes into
the kitchen, VOMITING into the sink.

I/E. JENNIFER'S CAR - DOM'S STREET - NIGHT

As Jennifer drives--

DOM
You can stop here.

The car slows to a stop in front of a brick building.

JENNIFER
We should hang out more.

DOM
Definitely. This was fun.

Dom doesn't get out. She's waiting. The tension between them
is thick, palpable.

Jennifer starts to lean in...

Is this really going to happen???

KAYLA (O.S.)
Dom?

NOPE! Dom whips around and Jennifer cocks her head to see a
petite platinum blonde with a septum piercing standing on the
stoop, a small stack of mail in her hands.

DOM

Hey, babe...

We don't hear whatever she says next because we're CLOSE ON Jennifer's crestfallen face. It's like a bomb has gone off.

She barely hears--

DOM (CONT'D)

Jennifer, this is my girlfriend...

Finally Jennifer blinks back to reality to see the platinum blonde leaning into the passenger window.

Jennifer would rather die, but extends her hand out to KAYLA OKIYAMA (27, Japanese-American), Dom's beautiful and annoyingly charismatic girlfriend. Kayla smiles brightly.

KAYLA

I'm Kayla. I've heard so much about you. Dom loves you.

JENNIFER

(playing her part)

Don't believe anything she says.

Kayla laughs. Dom looks very uncomfortable.

KAYLA

I heard you guys had a really big day. Congratulations!

JENNIFER

It was all Dom. I'm just her cheerleader.

DOM

We should let Jennifer get home, babe. I'll be right there.

KAYLA

Of course. Nice meeting you.

She disappears into the apartment building.

DOM

Thanks for the ride.

JENNIFER

I'll see you tomorrow.

Dom knows she fucked up. She climbs out of the car. As soon as the door is closed, Jennifer hits the gas and speeds off -- so Dom can't see her crying.

Her phone BUZZES. EDY CALLING.

EXT. EDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Edy and Jennifer sit on the sagging couch, surrounded by black trash bags -- all of Edy's belongings.

JENNIFER

Why didn't you say anything?

EDY

I fucked over the one person who's ever really loved me. And now I'm gonna have to live in the car he basically bought me, that I could barely afford to buy back. I'm piece of shit.

JENNIFER

Don't say that.

EDY

Jennifer, I'm almost thirty and my shit is in trash bags. I'm literally a trash person.

For whatever reason, this is the funniest thing either of them has heard in a long time. They both crack the fuck up.

JENNIFER

You'll stay as long you need.

EDY

Don't tell Mom and Dad.

JENNIFER

They love you. They worry.

EDY

Mom maybe. Dad worries what people would think if they knew Edwin Junior was a fag. A freak. A fuck-up.

JENNIFER

You're not a fuck-up. This is just a setback. We'll figure it out.

Jennifer grabs their hand.

EDY

How was your date?

JENNIFER

It wasn't a date. I'm an idiot.

EDY

What happened?

JENNIFER

There's this girl at work. She's beautiful. Generous and funny. She listens to me. Like really listens. I've never felt anything like that before.

EDY

Wait. Are you--

JENNIFER

Yeah.

EDY

That's amazing, Jennifer.

Edy kisses her on the forehead.

JENNIFER

She has a girlfriend.

EDY

A messy bitch. You don't need that.

JENNIFER

She never mentioned her. Not once. It's crazy of me to think she'd leave her, right?

EDY

You'll get your feelings hurt thinking like that.

JENNIFER

(throat catching)

I know, but... I really like her.

A moment of silence.

EDY

Dad is gonna be so pissed when he learns he raised two queers.

Jennifer laughs.

JENNIFER

Let's go home.

EDY
I can't believe I'm about to live
with the Sisterhood of the
Traveling Pants.

JENNIFER
I can leave you here...

EDY
Too soon, bitch.

They rise and each grab a few trash bags.

INT. THE MAXI PAD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jennifer and Edy enter through the back door -- each carrying
a black trash bag. They both look like shit.

LUCY (O.S.)
Jenn?

JENNIFER
Yeah.

LUCY (O.S.)
We're calling a house meeting.

Jennifer heads into the...

INT. THE MAXI PAD - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

... where Lucy and Kris sit, two empty bottles of wine
between them.

JENNIFER
Hey. I'm sorry. I know we need to
talk, but now isn't a good time.

KRIS
Tough titty.

LUCY
Kris...

Edy steps into the room.

EDY
Hey, girls.

Lucy and Kris are surprised.

LUCY
Oh. Hi. What's up?

JENNIFER
Edy needs to stay here for a while.

LUCY
Yeah, of course.

Kris shrugs. Over it.

EDY
I appreciate y'all.

JENNIFER
Let's get the rest of your stuff.

Jennifer and Edy disappear. Lucy and Kris left in the dark.

INT. FORWARD TOGETHER OFFICES - DAY

Jennifer types away at her desk. A HAND lowers a Starbucks cup in front of her. She looks up to see Dom's smiling face.

DOM
Energy for your classes today.

Jennifer flashes a shallow smile.

JENNIFER
Thanks... But I'm not teaching.

DOM
Oh. I have it on my schedule--

JENNIFER
I asked Pri to cover for me. I'm behind on my engagement reports.

DOM
I see.

Jennifer gestures to the coffee cup--

JENNIFER
She might want this. The kids can be rowdy on Fridays.

She turns back to her computer. Dom stands there awkwardly.

DOM
Good luck with your reports.

She walks away, leaving the coffee. Jennifer pushes it into the trash.

OFF Dom, hearing the coffee THUD into the trash can.

INT. THE MAXI PAD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jennifer comes home from work. Lucy chops vegetables, preparing dinner. Kris pretends to help.

JENNIFER
Hey. How was your day?

LUCY
Fine. No complaints.

Kris doesn't respond, engrossed in her phone.

JENNIFER
Thanks for letting Edy stay.
They're going through some shit.

LUCY
Of course. They're family.

JENNIFER
I had no right to say the things I
said yesterday.

LUCY
It's fine, Jenn. It's all good.

She's lying. Jennifer knows it. Kris remains silent.

JENNIFER
Kris?

KRIS
What?

JENNIFER
Please say something. Anything.

KRIS
Fuck this fake shit. We're not
good.

LUCY
I'm fine. Really.

KRIS
Well, I'm not. You were mean and
you hurt my feelings.

JENNIFER

I wish I could take it back. But
y'all know sex is tricky for me.

KRIS

I get it more than anyone else. You
know I do. But I enjoy having sex.
I enjoy my body. You shit on that.

Kris grabs her car keys.

KRIS (CONT'D)

I need some air.

LUCY

What about family dinner?

KRIS

Eat without me.

Kris leaves. Jennifer looks to Lucy for reassurance.

LUCY

Just give her some time.

INT. INTUITIVA COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jennifer, post-yoga with mat rolled under her arm, orders
from Edy at the counter.

She reaches into her purse to pull out her wallet.

EDY

Your money is no good here.

JENNIFER

Since when?

EDY

Dope little sister discount. Don't
get used to it. It's temporary.

Jennifer smiles appreciatively. As Jennifer waits for her
drink, her eyes scan for a spot.

JENNIFER

Oh, fuck.

DOM and KAYLA are seated at a table in the corner.

Edy hands Jennifer a cappuccino.

EDY
What's wrong?

JENNIFER
Work. And her girlfriend.

Edy tries to get a good look.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Don't be so obvious, bitch.

But it's too late. Kayla has already spotted her and is giving Dom a nudge. Dom makes eye contact with Jennifer. She's also having an *Oh, fuck* moment.

Jennifer gives a polite wave.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Save me.

But just then a new Patron steps up to the counter. Edy gives an apologetic shrug.

Jennifer walks the plank to Dom and Kayla's table.

DOM
Are you stalking me?

Jennifer forces a smile.

JENNIFER
My older sibling works here.

KAYLA
How cool! Hopefully, you get a discount. This place is expensive.

JENNIFER
Yeah. But it's damn good coffee.

KAYLA
Have a seat!

DOM
Babe, she's busy.

Dom points to Jennifer's yoga mat.

JENNIFER
Oh, I already went.

KAYLA
Great. You can join us.

She clears her stuff, making table space. Jennifer sits down across from Dom, who avoids eye contact.

JENNIFER

Kayla, remind me -- what do you?

KAYLA

I'm a freelance videographer.

JENNIFER

Oh, wow. That's great.

KAYLA

It pays the bills. I'm considering film school, but I can't convince this one to move to LA.

DOM

I like my job!

That's news to Jennifer.

KAYLA

How did you wind up as a sex educator?

JENNIFER

I like disappointing my parents.

Kayla laughs. Dom forces a smile. This is too much for her.

KAYLA

They're not into it?

JENNIFER

My dad tells the white people at his law firm that I work in public health. He doesn't want them to get the wrong idea. Because, you know, respectability politics have always worked out so well for us.

KAYLA

You're my new favorite person.

(to Dom)

She's my new favorite person.

DOM

I heard. I'm sitting right here.

KAYLA

Let's be friends.

JENNIFER
I'm into it.

And she is. Because Kayla is genuinely likable.

Dom is less enthused. She looks pretty not into the idea actually. But only Jennifer can see that.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
I need to use the restroom. Do you
mind watching my stuff?

KAYLA
Of course.

Jennifer damn near runs to the restroom.

INT. INTUITIVA COFFEE SHOP - RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dom enters. Pissed. She sees Jennifer's FEET underneath a stall door. The toilet FLUSHES and Jennifer comes out. She's surprised to see Dom--

JENNIFER
Hey.

She washes her hands as Dom watches angrily.

DOM
What are you doing?

JENNIFER
Washing my hands.

Jennifer grabs a few paper towels.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Now I'm drying my hands.

She drops the wet paper towels into the trash and opens the door, but Dom forces it closed.

DOM
You can't hang out with Kayla.

Jennifer gets it now. And... she's not having it.

JENNIFER
And why is that, Dom? Why can't I
hang out with Kayla? She's funny,
she's nice, she's cool. It's clear
we have a lot in common. I think
we'd be really good friends.
(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
So why don't you want me to hang
out with your girlfriend?

She waits for an answer, but Dom stays quiet.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's what I thought.

She goes for the door handle again, but then--

Dom grabs Jennifer around the waist and pulls their bodies together roughly. Before Jennifer knows what is happening, Dom kisses her -- biting and pulling at her bottom lip, tongue sliding into her mouth.

An explosive, panty-drenching kinda kiss. The kiss Jennifer has literally been dreaming about. But better.

Jennifer steps back. Stunned.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Fuck you, Dom.

But instead of leaving, Jennifer throws her body back into Dom's. Kisses the shit out of her. Hands all over each other.

As we wonder if they might fuck right here in the restroom, CHIKA'S "WANT ME (DAYDREAMING)" PLAYS.

SMASH TO CREDITS.

END OF PILOT