

LAUDY DAUDY

"Pilot"

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FADE IN:

EXT. UPSCALE MALIBU NEIGHBORHOOD - ESTABLISHING - DAY

An AERIAL SHOT of the Malibu shoreline peppered with slightly pretentious mini mansions. Like a slice of Cali heaven through an Instagram filter.

INT. MALIBU MANSION - DAY

As CARMEN CABRERA (25, artistic and sardonic with a splash of gothic chic) applies her crimson lipgloss, she steals a glimpse of her vintage, black diamond engagement ring. Excited to start the day, she snatches the keys to her Range Rover and exits out the front door.

QUICK POPS over MILEY CYRUS' "MALIBU":

- Carmen, at a yoga studio, greets the other 20-something, Lululemon-wearing ladies with air kisses.

- Carmen, at a coffee shop, draws an amazingly intricate sketch of a beaded wedding dress and lace veil.

- Carmen, at a bridal store, wearing a stunning wedding dress, poses for the associate who snaps Polaroids.

- Carmen, at an outdoor cafe, with her gay bestie, sips on a cocktail as they flip through various bridal magazines.

INT. MALIBU MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP on Carmen. Head tilted back. BREATHING HEAVILY.

We PULL BACK to reveal Carmen in bed, tightly gripping the sheets. Scattered around her are the Polaroids, wedding themed magazine cutouts and her bridal fashion sketches.

As Carmen releases one last, loud, epic MOAN, we hear a mumble OFF CAMERA.

CARMEN

(preoccupied at the moment)

What?

EDWARD (42) pops up from between Carmen's legs and situates himself next to her. He studies her closely. A radiating Carmen turns to face him. There's nothing but love in their eyes.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

I freaking love you.

A sketch of a classic wedding dress catches his attention.

EDWARD

This one. It's very you. When you peel back the layer of goth, of course.

CARMEN

Of course.

EDWARD

Seriously Carmen, look how talented you are. You should wear a dress you designed.

She glances down at the sketch, unsure.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

We'll get you the best spider silk from Madagascar. Fly in the hottest seamstress from Milan. Whatever you need. Whatever you want.

CARMEN

I appreciate the support but I'm going to leave the dressmaking to the professionals. It's not like I have the time anyways. My days are stacked, especially now with the wedding.

He kisses her, then gets up and crosses over to the bathroom. Before he enters, he turns back. Their eyes lock.

EDWARD

Oh and babe... I freaking love you too.

As he disappears inside, Carmen adjusts herself. Then clears off the bed.

CARMEN

Were you able to send out the wedding invites today?

EDWARD (O.C.)

Your pile was so low, I didn't think they were ready. You really not going to invite your friends or family from back home?

CARMEN

From Lauderdale? God, no. I literally would rather--

Suddenly, there's a loud THUMP.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Babe, everything ok?
(then)
Did you forget to turn the tub jets
off before you turned the shower
on? The water will just sort of
splash everywhere. Makes a mess.

No response.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Edward?

ANGLE ON Carmen as she crosses to the bathroom and slides open the door. Her eyes dart around before finally settling on the floor. A wave of horror flashes behind them as she lets out a HARROWING SCREAM.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Carmen, wearing a simple but fashionable black dress, sits by herself on a couch. She's exhausted. In a daze.

Funeral guests flutter throughout the room. We only see their legs (never their faces) as they walk back and forth, in front of and past her.

Carmen watches the guests surround and console a pair of identical redheaded twins, BELLA and STELLA (20). Their eyes red from crying.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Carmen sits in the back, facing Bella and Stella who are engrossed in their cellphones. Although they're about Carmen's age, they have an annoying millennial sheen to them.

CARMEN
Thanks for the ride. I can barely
stand, let alone drive. I'm a mess.
I miss your dad so much.

The twins text away, not skipping a beat.

BELLA STELLA
Samesies. Samesies

The limo pulls into Carmen and Edward's driveway and parks.

Bella elbows Stella, motioning that they've arrived. The two whisper back and forth, just low enough so Carmen can't hear what they're saying. Then, in unison, they turn to face her.

Carmen shifts uncomfortably.

CARMEN
Bella? Stella?

BELLA
We have something for you.

Bella hands Carmen an envelope. Carmen rips it open and reads the letter out loud.

CARMEN
This letter is to formally notify the tenant, Carmen Cabrera, they have forty eight hours to vacate the premises, otherwise resulting in...

Confused, Carmen looks up at the twins.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Vacate the premises?
(realizing)
Of our house?

STELLA
Um, technically it's our dad's house. You're literally not on the title or mortgage.

BELLA
It's nothing personal. You're cool enough and Dad seemed happy with you.

STELLA
Way more than he was with our mom.

BELLA
But he would want us to have this house. It's the least he could have done.

STELLA
Let's be honest, he was a pretty crappy dad. Sending us to boarding school...

CARMEN
He wanted you to have the best education. Your father loved you.

STELLA
Okay, we'll go with that.

BELLA

We're not monsters, you can take anything that's yours. Well, anything you can *prove* you paid for.

STELLA

Oh, and of course keep your ring. That was a gift.

Carmen glances down at her engagement ring.

BELLA

You have two days to move.

CARMEN

(softly)
You can't do this.

STELLA

We can.

We did.

BELLA

Distraught and overwhelmed, all Carmen can muster up the energy to say is:

CARMEN

Where the hell am I going to go?

CUT TO:

INT. FORT LAUDERDALE AIRPORT - NIGHT - 48 HOURS LATER

Carmen on the escalator, her luggage in tow, rises into frame next to an obnoxiously large sign that reads:

"WELCOME TO FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA"

She doesn't say anything because her face says it all: FML.

TITLES UP: LAUDY DAUDY

EXT. DOWNTOWN FORT LAUDERDALE - DAY

The sweltering sun shines mercilessly on the downtown cityscape. THUNDER CLAPS in the distance, threatening a midday shower.

A cab pulls up and parks in front of a small, sea-foam green bungalow with a sign that reads ROGERS AND RODRIGUEZ PROBATE LAW FIRM.

Carmen exits the cab, and as she enters the building, we see the tourist-filled beach in the background.

INT. R&R LAW FIRM - MOMENTS LATER

Carmen sits patiently at a mahogany executive desk watching REGINA (25, all business, very little play) do battle on the phone.

REGINA

...Larry, I promise I'm not distracted. I'm a professional. I can't believe--

(with attitude)

You did not just go there.

(then)

Nope. I'm hanging up. A-bye.

Regina hangs up and forcefully packs her briefcase, stuffing file folders into it.

REGINA (CONT'D)

(mostly to herself)

It's like a fucking frat house here. They can't trust a woman with anything.

(deep breath)

I just have to keep reminding myself, these limp dicks will all work for me someday.

She turns her attention to Carmen, shifting her tone from work mode to friend mode.

REGINA (CONT'D)

Carmen, hun, I'm so sorry for your loss.

CARMEN

Thank you. I'm not going to talk about it because I'll start crying--

REGINA

And we both know how much of an ugly crier you are.

(changing the subject)

I was finally able to track down your father. He's back in San Juan, boozing it up with his latest boy toy. He sent this.

Regina hands Carmen a check for five hundred dollars.

CARMEN

That's it? What about my trust fund?

REGINA

He said that money was for school. And since you didn't go, he spent it.

That lands hard on Carmen.

CARMEN

What the hell am I supposed to do with five hundred dollars? I spent more than that just getting here.

Regina stands, revealing a very pregnant belly and waddles over to a closet in the corner.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

(re: the belly)
Holy shit, Regina.

REGINA

For real though, being pregnant is not at all what everyone says it's going to be.
(points to her skirt)
I've already leaked twice today.

CARMEN

This is number two, right?

Regina nods, impressed Carmen even knows this.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Damn, and we're only twenty-five.

REGINA

What can I say? I'm efficient. Besides, what's the point of building an empire without any heirs to pass it down to?

Regina pulls out a crisply pressed, bland, cream-colored pantsuit.

REGINA (CONT'D)

You don't mind, right? I'm on a time crunch.

Regina strips and starts changing before Carmen can respond.

REGINA (CONT'D)

Good news, our sister firm in LA has agreed to handle your case. Bad news, since you and Edward didn't file taxes together, we can't claim common law. So the plan is to take a crack at Edward's will since it hasn't been updated in twenty years.

CARMEN

You think we have a chance?

REGINA

If I'm being honest... I don't know, girl.

CARMEN

(panicking)

There's got to be something we can do. Edward and I were getting married in 3 months. Regina, I'm desperate. I wouldn't be here if I wasn't. I can't afford my life right now, let alone a real lawyer.

Regina's eyes flick over to Carmen -- *really?*

CARMEN (CONT'D)

You know what I mean.

REGINA

It might be worth thinking about a temporary solution. For example, if you got a job--

CARMEN

I wouldn't even know where to start. I don't have any skills. I've never worked a day in my life.

Regina quickly finishes getting dressed.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Edward promised me he'd always take care of me. He was selfless like that.

Regina sees the pain Carmen's in and lets it go. As Carmen takes a moment to collect herself, she eyes Regina's new pantsuit. It's plain, frumpy and not at all flattering.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

May I?

Carmen takes the jacket from Regina's original outfit and changes her back into it. She then takes the belt and ties it in Regina's hair as a headband. Regina's new look is still simple and professional, but now has a splash of personality.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Do me a favor? Don't tell the girls I'm here. Or about Edward.

REGINA

Legally I can't. Your secrets are safe with me.

Regina ushers Carmen out. Carmen stops and turns back.

CARMEN

Give them hell.

REGINA

Always do.

Regina shuts the door behind Carmen.

INT. FLAMINGO MOTEL - ROOM - AFTERNOON

Going stir crazy, Carmen paces back and forth in her crappy motel room. Watching equally crappy TV.

NEWSCASTER #1

...a Florida man escaped an adult novelty store with three hundred dollars worth of Jenna Jameson dolls...

Carmen CLICKS the remote to a new channel.

NEWSCASTER #2

...in other news, a Florida man set his apartment complex on fire after his pet alligator escaped...

CLICK. And another one.

NEWSCASTER #3

...a Florida man, accused of attempting to bite another man's face off, blames violent attack on deadly combination of bath salts and Flakka. More after the break...

CLICK. Carmen turns the TV off and heads for the door.

CARMEN

Fucking Florida.

INT. HOTT LEGZZ - NIGHT

A dim, sweaty dive bar for locals who love legs -- frog legs, crab legs, exposed-sexy-female legs, you name it. Dollar bills with colorful drawings are stapled onto the walls.

Carmen sits at the bar, drinking by herself. Dressed in her signature high fashion garb, she very obviously sticks out.

SKITTLEZ (O.C.)

Carmen?

Carmen turns to see SKITTLEZ (20s) and takes a beat to absorb all that is him. Think Eminem touched by a SoundCloud rainbow.

SKITTLEZ (CONT'D)

Yo, remember me from high school?

CARMEN

Teddy?

SKITTLEZ

(with a flourish)

Actually, it's Skittlez now.

CARMEN

Wow.

SKITTLEZ

That's what all the bitches be saying. Ya feel me? So what's up with you, Hollywood? Ain't you famous or some shit?

CARMEN

Nope. And actually, I live in Malibu.

SKITTLEZ

Like the booze? That's cool too.

Carmen points to her drink.

CARMEN

Yeah, I'm going to get back to my--

Skittlez slips into the seat next to Carmen and motions to the bartender who pours them two shots of Fireball. Skittlez throws some cash on the bar.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

I meant by myself.

SKITTLEZ

At the Legzz? Good luck with that.
This place is where it's at.

CARMEN

I didn't realize.

SKITTLEZ

So check it, I'm about to head to
the recording studio to see Nik,
and I think you should come with.

Under the bar, Skittlez slyly passes her a few rolled joints.

SKITTLEZ (CONT'D)

The drinks will be flowin' and the
trees will be blowin'.

Carmen stares down at the drugs in her hand, deciding.

CARMEN

Fuck it. Let's get fucked up.

She tosses the joints in her quilted leather Chanel bag.

SKITTLEZ

That's the spirit.

Together they cheers and sling back their shots.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Carmen enters with Skittlez just as a red recording light flickers on. They join a small group already hanging out on the couches, boozing and passing around a fat spliff.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - RECORDING BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

NIKA (25, chill with a Yeezy vibe) sits at a desk, across from a swaggy retired Miami Dolphins FOOTBALL PLAYER. In front of them, two recording mics hang low.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

...1984, hands down my favorite
Fins season. Such a blessing, for
real though. I mean, Shula. Marino!
I'm like a giddy school girl just
thinking about it.

NIKA

Yo, I couldn't agree with you more.
1984 was a great season.

Carmen's jaw drops when she spots Nika through the glass.

CARMEN

Wait, *Nika* is *Nik*? Since when?

Skittlez points to the banner above them. It reads "*NIK THE SPORTS CHICK.*"

SKITTLEZ

Has a nice ring to it. Don't you think?

CARMEN

Fuck this, I'm out.

Skittlez blocks the door, motioning to the red light.

SKITTLEZ

Can't. Not while they're live.

As Carmen reluctantly sits on the couch, someone hands her a 40oz. She takes it. Someone else tries to hand her a burger. Carmen declines.

CARMEN

No thanks, I'm vegan.

(re: the burger)

Wait, is it from Jack's?

High and hungry, Carmen snatches the burger. As she bites into it, she turns her attention to Nika's interview.

NIKA

...not only did we get to witness your infamous scissor catch--

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Girl, you weren't even born yet. Stop playin'.

Offended, Nika perks up.

NIKA

What kind of sports reporter would I be if I didn't know Marino's first full season as starting quarterback? The year that he was voted NFL MVP 'cause he balled the fuck out, shattering records.

Carmen watches Nika in her element. Carmen can't help but be both proud and a little envious of her.

NIKA (CONT'D)

You want the stats too? 5,084 passing yards. 362 completions. For only being the Fins' 19th season, I'd say it was a pretty fucking epic one.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Look at you. A regular Encyclopedia Brown Girl. Not to step on your moment, but it was actually the Fins' 15th season.

Nika leans in, narrows her eyes.

NIKA

(with fake sincerity)

Oh, sweetie. Yes, in the National Football League, but it was actually the Fins' 19th season overall. Not to step on your moment, but everyone knows that.

In the control booth, the crowd HOOTS and HOLLERS with encouragement.

NIKA (CONT'D)

Come on, baby. I bleed aqua and orange. I can do this all day!

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Damn, girl. Okay. I'll give it to you. You know your shit.

Nika leans back in her chair and nods to the group through the glass. Hells to the yeah, homegirl is feelin' herself. Nika finally notices Carmen. Confused, Nika gives a little half wave.

END INTERCUT:

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Nika and Carmen walk through the lot, catching up. Their conversation is stilted at best.

NIKA

...I saw your mom last week at Publix. She was wearing a MAGA hat.

CARMEN

Sounds about right.

NIKA

She know you're here?

CARMEN

Nope. Was trying to pass through unnoticed. Should have known better.

NIKA

Well, the Laudy Daudy is its own special breed of small town. You know what they say. "*You may not know what you're doing...*"

CARMEN

"...but everyone else sure as fuck does." Couldn't be truer.

NIKA

So, how's your hottie movie producer? Wait, is he here with you? Are we finally going to meet him?

CARMEN

Edward is-- He's not here.

Nika can tell something's up, but doesn't push.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

So, Nik the Sports Chick, huh?

NIKA

I figured it was time to share my endless sports knowledge with the world. And if I just happen to simultaneously prove that the ladies can hold it down while I'm at it... Well, I can live with that.

They reach Nika's car.

NIKA (CONT'D)

The boys and I are going to hit up an after-hours spot. If you want to come, I can give you a ride.

CARMEN

I'm good. Thanks though.

NIKA

A'ight. I'll see you around.
(sarcastic)
Maybe in the next decade or so?

CARMEN

Ha. Ha.

As Nika gets into her car:

NIKA

Take care of yourself, Carmen.

SMASH TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A cloud of smoke dissolves, revealing a seething Carmen smoking a joint. High as a kite, she's staring directly at a wall.

CARMEN

Fuck you, universe.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal: a painted mural of a beach-scape with the words "HEAVEN IS A LITTLE CLOSER BY THE OCEAN" above it. Carmen takes another drag then exhales, blowing smoke on the "work of art."

TIME CUT: Doing the pee-pee dance, Carmen rounds the corner to the front entrance of a surf shop with a "Help Wanted" sign in the window. Carmen tries the door. It's locked, but the lights are on. She KNOCKS aggressively.

The owner, CALVIN KEKOA (aka Cal, 30s, Hawaiian surfer bro), cracks open the door. Carmen takes a step back, caught off guard by him. He's smoking hot and they both know it.

CAL

We're closed.

CARMEN

Can I use your bathroom? Pleeaase.

He clocks her ridiculously expensive Chanel purse.

CAL

A hundred bucks.

CARMEN

That's insane. Who carries that
much cash on them?

CAL

Well, what *do* you have?

Carmen opens her purse and shows him inside.

CARMEN

Like two bucks and a joint.

CAL

Works for me. Trade?

Carmen thinks about this for a second.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Carmen popping a squat behind a dumpster.

She sees a few people run past her. Then a few more. Before she has the chance to realize what's happening, a FL-PD PATROL CAR pulls up next to her with its lights flashing red and blue. Over the PA:

OFFICER (V.O.)

Stay where you are. Slowly, put your hands up.

Still crouching with her pants down, Carmen obliges.

The officer, GARRET (30s, handsome, all-American), exits the car and shines his flashlight on her face. It takes her eyes a few seconds to adjust to the light. Then:

CARMEN

Garret?

GARRET

Carmen?

Another officer, GOMEZ (40s), approaches.

GOMEZ

G, you good over there?

Garret smiles from ear to ear.

GARRET

Oh, I'm great. Hey Gomez, you remember my ex, Carmen?

Indifferent, Gomez peers over at Carmen, who's still crouching with her pants down and hands up.

GOMEZ
(remembering)
Yeah, you were at my son's
christening...

Off Carmen as she awkwardly waves hi to Gomez.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Garret drives. In the backseat, Carmen stares out the window.

CARMEN
You seriously not arresting me?

GARRET
If I arrested every drunk girl I
found peeing by a dumpster, I'd be
drowning in unwanted paperwork.

Carmen can't help but giggle.

GARRET (CONT'D)
(realizing)
You're high.

CARMEN
Perceptive. I know, you should be a
police officer!

GARRET
Don't be a dick.

CARMEN
I'm not a dick, I'm fucked up.
Isn't that what people from the FTL
do? I'm just trying my best to
blend in.

GARRET
Not in that outfit you're not.

CARMEN
Hey! It's called high fashion.

GARRET
Key word being *high*.

Annoyed, Carmen very exaggeratedly crosses her arms.

GARRET (CONT'D)
What are you doing here, anyway?
Work or something?

Carmen ignores him. Garret looks at her through the rearview mirror, concerned.

GARRET (CONT'D)
Car? What happened?

CARMEN
It was just so...
(struggles to find the
right word)
...overwhelming.

GARRET
Having a sugar daddy probably
helps--

Carmen lays into him.

CARMEN
Fuck that. You have no idea what
you're talking about. Just because
you knew me then, doesn't mean you
know me now. Leave Edward the fuck
out of it. Don't even fucking say
his name--

GARRET
Alright, down killer. I was just
messaging with you.

Carmen take a beat and calms down.

CARMEN
I know what it looks like. I left
for LA to go find myself and ended
up in a relationship. But it wasn't
like that, okay? I really did fall
in love.

GARRET
I know, Car. I shouldn't have said
that.

CARMEN
We can't all have it figured out
like you. With your great job and
your prestigious military career...

Garret glances back at Carmen, surprised she's been keeping tabs on him.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
...with your two tours in
Afghanistan...
(MORE)

CARMEN (CONT'D)
(loses her train of
thought)
...Afghans. I like afghans. You
know I could probably crochet one.
That's a fun word. Cro-chet.

Garret waits a moment, then:

GARRET
Can I talk now?

CARMEN
No.

Garret sighs, he gives up. They continue on in silence.

CARMEN (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
Those little shits.

EXT. FLAMINGO MOTEL - NIGHT

CLOSE UP on an eviction letter taped to Carmen's hotel room door. She rips it off and reads over it.

CARMEN
Thing 1 and Thing 2 canceled my
credit card.

She stares at her belongings tossed outside with her luggage.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Fuck, what am I going to do? I
don't have any money.

GARRET
You could get a job?

CARMEN
That's easier said than done.

Garret bites his tongue.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
I bet you're loving seeing me like
this, aren't you?

Defeated, Carmen buries her head in her hands. Garret puts his arm around her.

GARRET
Come on, we'll figure something
out.

Together they gather her things, stuffing them into her suitcases.

I/E. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

In the passenger seat, Carmen awakens. Taking a moment to get her bearings, she realizes they're parked outside an apartment complex. Garret swings open the passenger door.

CARMEN

You did not take me to your apartment.

As Carmen climbs out, Garret jokingly looks her up and down.

GARRET

You would like that, wouldn't you?
(then)
I brought you to your sister's.

CARMEN

To Kinley's? Nope. Not doing it.

He slams the door shut before Carmen can hop back in.

GARRET

It was either this or your mom's trailer.

CARMEN

Now who's being a dick?

Carmen grabs her luggage. As she passes Garret she shoulder checks him. Hard.

GARRET

(calling after her)
Remember Carmen, hugs not drugs.

Dressed in scrubs, KINLEY (24, intelligent with a touch of arrogance) waits outside her apartment door. She nods to Garret.

INT. KINLEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carmen sits on the couch next to a pile of clean sheets and pillows. Kinley stands over Carmen, annoyingly tapping her foot.

KINLEY

Arm.

Carmen holds out her arm. Kinley attaches an IV fluid solution bag to a tube with a large needle at its base.

KINLEY (CONT'D)

A sobering cocktail of saline, vitamins, and electrolytes. When the bag's empty, take the needle out and toss them both.

CARMEN

Fuck. Seriously, whatever happened to Pedialyte and a bottle of water?

KINLEY

What do you want me to say? Lauderdale is trash. We both know this. You want to feel better or not?

CARMEN

Yeah.

Kinley quickly and expertly finds Carmen's vein and injects the IV.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Kinley, I--

KINLEY

I'm on trauma today and I'm already late. We're going to have to do this some other time.

Kinley exits, locking the door behind her. Carmen, with the IV drip still in her arm, settles awkwardly into the couch. She closes her eyes and falls asleep.

INT. KINLEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Carmen wakes up to find SAVANNAH (24, an earthy free spirit) sitting across from her with her legs kicked up on the coffee table.

SAVANNAH

Is it possible you got even paler?

CARMEN

Shit, Savannah. Do you guys have a tracker on me or something?

Savannah reaches towards Carmen, who thinks she's going in for a hug. Instead, Savannah continues past Carmen, pulling out a box from behind the couch. Inside are more IV bags.

Embarrassed, Carmen tries to play it off.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Won't the ER miss them?

Savannah eyes Carmen, an idea forming.

SAVANNAH
What are you up to right now?

CARMEN
It's 3am.
(motions to the couch)
So, this.

SAVANNAH
You're coming with me.

Savannah excitedly pulls a barely awake Carmen off the couch.

CARMEN
Sleep. I just want to sleep.

EXT. UNDERWATER - EARLY MORNING

Sunshine peeks through the crystal clear blanket of water full of sea life. In snorkel gear, Carmen and Savannah dive deep, carefully and methodically catching lobsters with nets.

SAVANNAH (PRE-LAP)
There's nothing better for the soul
than an early morning swim.

EXT. BOAT - EARLY MORNING

A modest fishing boat bobs peacefully in the ocean.

CARMEN
I couldn't agree with you more.

Savannah carefully places the fresh catch into a cooler while Carmen sits off to the side, doodling in her sketch pad.

SAVANNAH
Did you know that lobsters can't
die from old age? They legit made a
deal with the devil.

Savannah faces a lobster, looks it straight in the eyes.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Tell me your secret.

They share a laugh.

CARMEN

They serve a lot of lobster at the yoga studio these days?

SAVANNAH

That place was taking a serious toll on my chi, so I peaced out. And, of course, it all worked out, 'cause I got this new gig like a month ago.

CARMEN

And you needed me so you could, what, double your catch? Not gonna lie, I feel a little used.

SAVANNAH

You won't feel that way when you're biting into a delicious lobster tail grilled to perfection.

CARMEN

I'm a vegan. Or *was*.

SAVANNAH

I was too for a hot second. But then I went on a bender and ended up at Primanti's stuffing my face.

CARMEN

Anchovy pizza?

SAVANNAH

You know me so well.

(then)

Obviously, I still care, though. I don't use straws.

(points to the boat)

And I always drive the speed limit in a manatee zone.

Savannah sits next to Carmen. Their legs dangle off the edge.

CARMEN

Can I ask you a something? You ever regret not moving away?

SAVANNAH

Nope, I got everything I need right here.

Savannah motions to the magnificent view of the vast ocean.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Do you regret moving away?
(before Carmen can answer)
Of course you don't. Why would you?
You live this insane fairy-tale
life with your very own Prince
Charming.
(with complete sincerity)
How lucky are you?

CARMEN

(flatly)
Yeah. Lucky me.

SAVANNAH

You're doing you. Living your life
just like the rest of us. If you're
feeling guilty about not being
around anymore--

Carmen lets out an exaggerated sigh and leaps into the water
with a large SPLASH.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Guess we're done with that
conversation.

Carmen pops up for air, playfully splashing Savannah as she
jumps in after her.

INT. SURF SHOP - DAY

Carmen, holding the box of IV bags, follows Savannah who is
pulling the cooler. There's something familiar about the
shop.

CARMEN

This is where you work? Why does a
surf shop need lobster?

SAVANNAH

My boss is revamping the store and
tonight's the official launch
party. Hang out for a second, just
gonna drop these off.

CARMEN

Please hurry. I may or may not have
embarrassed myself here last night.

TIME CUT: Carmen works her way through the store, exploring.
It's a typical surf shop. Clothing on one side, surfboards
and skateboards on the other.

She lands at a merchandise table with folded t-shirts. They're simply designed, with only the store's logo printed on them.

CAL (O.C.)
Come to apologize for pissing on my
dumpster?

Mortified, Carmen turns to see Cal, the hot owner of the surf shop who wouldn't let her use the bathroom.

CARMEN
You saw that?

CAL
Sadly, yes. So, what brings you
back to the scene of the crime?

CARMEN
I'm just here with Savannah. But
I'll go wait outside.

Carmen starts walking away but Cal stops her.

CAL
Wait. Seems like I owe you an
apology. If I knew you were friends
with my assistant, I would have let
you in. Honestly, I figured you
were just some spoiled, rich-ass
tourist--

Savannah interrupts them.

SAVANNAH
Calvin, hey! There you are.

They hug. Savannah then motions to Carmen.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
This is Carmen, my dear friend from
childhood.

CAL
We happen to already be acquainted.

SAVANNAH
Cool.
(to Cal)
Okay, so I left everything in your
office. All the vendors are paid
and confirmed for tonight. You are
totally good to go, brah.

CAL

Mahalo.

(to Carmen)

Care to show your support by buying a t-shirt?

CARMEN

(flatly)

I don't wear unisex t-shirts.

CAL

Shame. I'm sure you'd look great in one of mine.

Cal flashes a flirty smile.

CAL (CONT'D)

I got to get back to it. See you ladies later?

SAVANNAH

I'll be there.

CARMEN

I'll think about it.

Savannah elbows Carmen.

SAVANNAH

We'll be there.

INT. KINLEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

VROOOOMMM. Carmen returns to find Kinley crazily vacuuming, letting out her aggression on the carpet.

CARMEN

Hey.

Kinley turns off the vacuum.

KINLEY

Where have you been?

CARMEN

Out.

KINLEY

Great, more secrets. You're really going to make me ask?

(off Carmen's silence)

Okay, fine. You're here, in town and you're hiding from me. Why?

CARMEN

I'm not hiding from you. I just didn't think I'd see you.

Kinley waits for Carmen to explain further, but she does not.

KINLEY

That's it? After 6 years, that's all I get?

CARMEN

This may be hard for you to swallow, but it's just not about you.

KINLEY

Of course that's what you'd say.

Kinley snatches her car keys off the counter.

CARMEN

Where are you going?

KINLEY

Savannah's party. We're all going because we support her and that's what friends do.

Kinley leaves the apartment in a huff. Carmen storms after her.

INT. KINLEY'S JETTA - MOMENTS LATER

As Kinley turns the car on, Carmen hops in.

CARMEN

I'm coming with you.

Kinley looks Carmen up and down, clocking Carmen's outfit.

KINLEY

You're going out in public like that? What about your usual three hours of primping?

Carmen catches a glimpse of herself in the side-view mirror. She's dressed in a simple maxi dress with no makeup. Her hair is down with its natural wave. Her face is sun-kissed with a golden glow. Definitely not her usual, go-to high fashion look.

CARMEN

That's what friends do, right?

KINLEY

Fine.

Kinley drives off, fuming. Off Carmen's face -- it's going to be a long night.

EXT. SURF SHOP - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Carmen and Kinley arrive and are immediately surrounded by party guests. It's an epic affair, surrounding a substantial bonfire. On one end: locals mingle, drink, eat, and dance to a live reggae band. On the other end: skateboarders glide effortlessly down a tricked out halfpipe.

Towards the back, they find Nika braiding Savannah's hair Fulani-style. Stuck, Savannah motions for them to reach down and hug her. Carmen and Kinley oblige.

SAVANNAH

How do I look?

NIKA

Sexy as fuck.

KINLEY

I'd bang you.

CARMEN

You look great. Very stylish.

SAVANNAH

Thanks, guys. Aw, look at us. The gang is back together. Anyone seen Reg yet?

NIKA

She's running late.

SAVANNAH

K. I'm going to take a lap. Make sure you check out the band and get some lobster. Freshly caught.

Savannah winks at Carmen, then takes off to mingle. Nika offers Carmen her drink, but Kinley stops her.

KINLEY

She can get her own.

A few beats of very awkward silence until:

CARMEN

Yeah... I'm gonna go get that drink.

Carmen walks one way. Nika and Kinley walk the other. Carmen glances back at them as they disappear into the crowd.

EXT. SURF SHOP - BACKYARD - LATER

Carmen moves through the animated party, soaking in the ambiance. Cal sees Carmen and sidles up to her.

CAL

You came. Are you with Savannah?

CARMEN

Just wandering by myself.

CAL

I gotta find her, but why don't you come with? I can give you a tour.

(laying it on thick)

I think you'll like what you see.

Carmen fidgets awkwardly, in no mood to flirt.

CARMEN

Why don't we start with the bathroom? I really have to pee.

Cal smirks, not quite defeated.

CAL

The porta-potties are out back.

CARMEN

We both know you have a bathroom inside.

CAL

Usually it's for paying customers or employees, but for you I'll make an exception.

He reaches into his pocket and holds out a set of keys. Carmen snatches them and zips away.

CAL (CONT'D)

I'm going to need those back!

INT. SURF SHOP - NIGHT

Carmen bursts through the bathroom doors to find a couple, bent over the sink, mid coitus. Carmen quickly covers her eyes.

CARMEN

Fuck. Sorry!

SAVANNAH

Shit.

Carmen looks up and is stunned to see Savannah and Garret quickly covering up.

CARMEN

What the actual fuck?

GARRET

We can explain--

But Carmen doesn't want to hear it. Disgusted, she darts out.

SAVANNAH

Carmen, wait! Shit. Shit. Shit.

Savannah runs after Carmen. Garret zips up and follows after them both.

EXT. SURF SHOP - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Carmen bolts past Kinley and Nika, making her way through the crowd. She spots Regina in the distance and beelines to her.

CARMEN

Tell me you have good news.

REGINA

(caught off guard)

Carmen, hey. Why don't you enjoy the party and come to my office on Monday? I'll update you on everything then.

Carmen's eyes fill, somehow already knowing the outcome.

CARMEN

I didn't get the house, did I?

REGINA

The twins sold it for an all cash offer. The deal closed last night. There was nothing we could do.

Shocked, Carmen takes a step back, trying to process this bombshell. Concerned, Kinley and Nika approach them.

KINLEY

Everything okay?

CARMEN

No, Kinley, everything is not fucking okay.

REGINA

I tried my best, but legally you
didn't have a claim to the house.

NIKA

The house? What are you guys
talking about?

Regina shakes her head, hinting for Nika to drop it. Savannah
finally catches up to the group.

SAVANNAH

Carmen, please. Let me explain.

The girls turn to Savannah, not sure what she's referring to.

CARMEN

(matter of fact)

I just caught her and Garret
fucking in the bathroom.

Carmen eyes the girls, expecting a reaction. Their blank
faces give them away.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

What the hell? You knew? All of
you?

SAVANNAH

Carmen, we're dating.

CARMEN

And no one told me?

(then)

I literally can't right now. I have
real life shit I'm dealing with.

KINLEY

Which is, what, more important than
our "real life shit"?

Party guests, including Garret and Cal, start to gather.

NIKA

(noticing the crowd)

Let's take this somewhere else.

SAVANNAH

Just because you left, doesn't mean
we put our lives on hold.

CARMEN

This is exactly why I left in the
first place.

(MORE)

CARMEN (CONT'D)

I don't want to be part of secrets
and drama and small-town gossip. I
can't even take a piss in peace,
for fuck's sake.

KINLEY

Tell us how you really feel.

Carmen looks like a mad woman on the verge of a breakdown.

CARMEN

Oh, I'm happy to...

(to Savannah)

You think you're a hippie, a free
spirit, but you have no idea what
you want out of life. You're just
floating by and you don't even
realize you're doing it.

(to Nika)

Why do you give a fuck what
everyone thinks about you? Buying
drugs and drinks and burgers for
your "entourage." They're losers.
You don't need them.

(to Regina)

You want so badly to be a career
woman and build an empire, but how
the hell are you going to do that
when you have to split your time
with, not one, but two kids?

Kinley steps forward, daring Carmen to say anything.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

And you. Trauma, huh? I saw the
boxes behind the couch. You work at
an IV hydration bar, whatever the
hell that is...

As Carmen continues her rant, Kinley subtly grabs an IV bag
out of a nearby box.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

What happened to nursing school?
What happened to helping people?

Kinley POPS OPEN THE BAG, soaking Carmen with its contents.

KINLEY

I'm helping people. See? Now you're
hydrated, bitch.

Shellshocked, Carmen stands there, dripping wet. The crowd
roars with laughter.

NIKA

It's real easy for you to sit back
and judge us from afar.

SAVANNAH

You don't even live here. Why do
you get an opinion on what we do?

REGINA

You seriously have some nerve
judging us when you're the one
keeping secrets.

KINLEY

Secrets? What secrets, Carmen?

Carmen takes a step back. HER POV: as the girls continue
bitching at her, everything SLOWS DOWN and the SOUND MUTES.

We PUSH IN on Carmen, forcing back tears. Pressure rising.
She's about to pop. Finally, she blurts out:

CARMEN

Edward *died*.

Collective GASPS.

SAVANNAH

Why didn't you say anything?

NIKA

I even asked you about him.

KINLEY

Edward died? Jesus...

Carmen pales. Realizing all eyes are on her she storms out,
pushing through the crowd until she's out of frame.

ANGLE ON the girls, who stand there stunned, not sure what to
do next. A really long fucking beat, then:

KINLEY (CONT'D)

Fuuccckkkk. She's such an asshole.
Now we can't even be mad at her or
we're the assholes.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - LATER

Lost in thought, Carmen sits on the beach, mindlessly
sketching her surroundings on her pad. The tranquil waves of
the moon-lit ocean gently crash on the shore.

KINLEY (O.C.)

You always were the blunt one in
the group.

Kinley walks into frame and sits next to Carmen.

CARMEN

I didn't mean what I said.

KINLEY

Yes you did.

CARMEN

Yeah I did. I just get so frustrated you guys don't want more from life. You all have so much potential.

KINLEY

Carmen, I'm not trying to be a bitch but you're no better off than any of us. You moved to pursue a career in fashion but you got complacent in that wifey lifestyle.

CARMEN

I didn't expect to fall in love. It just happened.

KINLEY

Why couldn't you have both? And why did you have to cut all of us out?

CARMEN

I couldn't help it, I've always seen Lauderdale as this vortex where dreams die. LA was my fresh start. I didn't want anything or anyone holding me back.

Carmen looks away, unable to face her sister.

KINLEY

When we were ten and met for the first time, I was so happy because I knew I'd never have to brave this world on my own again. You may look at me as just your stepsister, but to me you're *blood*. Yes, you drive me crazy, but I love you.

(then)

If you want, you can stay with me.

CARMEN

Really?

KINLEY

I'm sorry Edward's gone. But that doesn't mean you're alone.

Just then, Nika, Savannah and Regina enter frame and sit next to Carmen and Kinley. Forcing a smile, Carmen looks up at her friends, then down at her engagement ring.

CARMEN

Edward used to ask me, all the time, when we were going to visit. He really wanted to meet you all. Why'd I keep him away? It seems so silly now.

Carmen slips off her ring, fastens it to her necklace and tucks it safely under her shirt.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

A fucking brain aneurysm and just like that he was gone.

Carmen's eyes well up with tears as she finally accepts this chapter of her life has ended.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

I miss him so much. I can't believe he's really gone.

Kinley hugs her sister tightly, and for the first time since Edward's death -- Carmen cries. *It really is an ugly cry.*

INT. SURF SHOP - EARLY MORNING

Cal enters to find Carmen sitting behind the front register.

CAL

You do know there are other bathrooms in town?

She tosses his keys to him.

CARMEN

I need a job. And according to the sign out front, you're hiring.

CAL

A *cashier*. Not something I imagine you'd be interested in, princess.

CARMEN

Then you clearly lack imagination. I'll take it.

Cal grabs one of the shop's not so flattering unisex shirts and tosses it to Carmen.

CAL
(smirking)
Welcome to the team.

CARMEN
What is that? The uniform?

Carmen hands Cal back the shirt.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Not going to work for me.

Carmen opens her sketch pad and slides it over to him.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Lucky for you, I have some ideas
about that.

Off Carmen's kick ass sketches: a women's clothing line of colorful surf-wear and gear.

END OF PILOT