

MIXED

Written by

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INT. STEPHANIE WEST'S APARTMENT - DAY

A GIANT EYE, moving closer. It BLINKS.

STEPHANIE  
OW! Fucking hell.

**STEPHANIE WEST** (late 20s) bangs her forehead on the mirror. She pulls back, blinking her BROWN eyes, revealing that her left eyelid has a double fold, while the other has a monolid.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
One down...not bad...

She is half Korean, half white. People love to tell her how super white or super Asian she looks, depending on the day and the level of racism they're comfortable with.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
One to go.

She grabs a package off the vanity.

INSERT ON PACKAGE:

The face of A BEAUTIFUL SMILING ASIAN WOMAN with big eyes and double lids, as if to say "Life is better with double lids!"

Steph opens the package and peels off a tiny, translucent piece of arched tape. Pieces of the tape from previous attempts are stuck EVERYWHERE. She finishes her right eye.

Slightly impressed-

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
And done. Girl you look goooood.

She looks at the clock - 8:35AM.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Ah fuckfuckfuck-

Frantic mode. She grabs liquid liner and hastily wings a line on her lid. The ink just bleeds right the hell into her eye.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Fuckingpieceofshitfuck-

She grabs a q-tip and dabs, but her contact pops out - revealing that her "brown" eyes are actually green. She squints, searching for the contact, and finds it-

- but it's now stuck to a piece of tape. She tries to peel it off, but it rips in half.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Great, totally fine, everything is  
fine-

She searches for a new contact, ripping open box after box - all empty. She scrounges in an final drawer and finds one last holy contact lens.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Gotcha bitch!

She dances in celebration for a moment, stopping when she spots an envelope marked "**Do not open you stupid idiot!**"

Of course the stupid idiot opens the envelope-

Steph pulls out a stack of photos of her and **CHRIS WILLIAMS** (late 20s, white, blonde). She shuffles through - Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, wedding photo booths.

She reaches for her phone when a piece of paper flutters out of the stack. "**DO NOT TEXT HIM! I KNOW YOU OPENED THE ENVELOPE EVEN THOUGH I TOLD YOU NOT TO!**"

She laughs and salutes the paper-

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Thank you past Stephanie. Future  
Stephanie will try to not be such a  
stupid idiot.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

Stephanie walks down the street, makeup fixed, double lids on both eyelids. But one eye is still green. She gets in line outside a crowded coffee shop. Following the line inside -

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

**ERIKA SALEHI** (late 20s) stands in the pick-up line waiting for her order. She is Indian and Iranian, most definitely takes boxing classes, and is on a constant mission for hot dudes to relieve stress from her insane lawyer life.

A very handsome tall white stranger with a great beard stands nearby and smiles. He looks like a Kennedy if a Kennedy were ever a lumberjack.

ERIKA  
(sotto)  
Ok girl, Tyra prepped you for this.

She SMIZES her hardest at the stranger.

A Barista holds out a CUP, and SCREAMING right at Erika -

BARISTA  
ERIKA, ICED AMERICANO!?

ERIKA  
Thank you!

Handsome stranger leans in as Erika takes her drink.

HANDSOME STRANGER  
Why do they always scream at us?  
It's like -  
(to the baristas)  
- WE ARE RIGHT HERE!

ERIKA  
I know! We need our caffeine -  
(to baristas)  
WE ARE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

Handsome man laughs and extends his hand.

HANDSOME STRANGER  
Nice to meet you, Erika.

They shake.

ERIKA  
How did you-

BRAD  
The screaming-

ERIKA  
-Right right, the screaming. Nice  
to meet you-

BARISTA  
BRAD!?

They both laugh as Brad takes his coffee. They continuing shaking hands just a little bit longer...

ERIKA  
(sotto)  
Of course his name is Brad. *Look at  
him.*

As they step to the side-

BRAD  
So Erika, what are you?

ERIKA  
Excuse me?

BRAD  
What are you? Wait, let me guess.

Confused for a moment, Erika then realizes what is happening. No more smizing or smiling.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
I bet you are...Mexican and German!

In an offensive accent -

BRAD (CONT'D)  
*'Me llamo Brad.'*

Erika's eyes roll so hard everyone in the coffee shop can hear them. Brad is perplexed.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Am I off? Dammit, I'm usually good at this. Indian and British?

Another horrible accent -

BRAD (CONT'D)  
*'My name is-'*

ERIKA  
No. No. No.

BRAD  
No? Shoot.

Brad continues to rattle off combos of countries and tons of terrible "accents." Erika stares at him.

ERIKA  
(sotto)  
Of course his fuckin' name is Brad...

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
Erika!

Erika spots Stephanie at the back of the line.

ERIKA  
Thank GOD. G'bye dumb dumb.

She blows past a still-talking Brad.

ERIKA (CONT'D)  
STEPHANIE!

They hug, like best friends who see each other every single day hug - as if they're reuniting after 30 years.

STEPHANIE  
Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!!

ERIKA (CONT'D)  
Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!!

STEPHANIE  
Who was that cute guy??

ERIKA  
Blech. Got the "what are you?"

They roll their eyes. This is not the first time either of them has been asked this question.

Erika waves her hands in Stephanie's face.

ERIKA (CONT'D)  
Also wait but why but what what  
what is happening with your eyes?

STEPHANIE  
Oh, so I ripped my last colored  
contact and only had a regular one,  
but you know my eyesight is  
terrible so I can't wear my glasses  
without getting a headache-

ERIKA  
No you maniac - I mean the LIDS. Is  
this the *tape* you were telling me  
about? The one stupid Chris didn't  
want you to try because he said it  
was "imperialistic"?

STEPHANIE  
Shhhhhhhh! It is the tape! But you  
don't need to advertise it...

ERIKA  
Girl these people give no shits.

Around the shop, there are at least six people taking pictures of their coffees and Brad is already chatting up another woman in line. No shits given except in the bathroom.

STEPHANIE

Okay fine. But what do you think??  
Do you think you'd notice if you  
didn't already have, in your own  
words, an obsession with my face?

ERIKA

Your face is fascinating, okay?  
It's not WEIRD to be fascinated  
with my best friend's face.

STEPHANIE

Mmmhmmm.

Erika cocks her head to the side. Staring, unblinking at  
Stephanie. Stephanie doesn't know where to look. A beat -

ERIKA

It weirds me out...in a good way?

STEPHANIE

That is not very helpful.

ERIKA

When have I ever been helpful?

STEPHANIE

True. So anyway my friend sent me a  
bunch of shit from LA - you know  
their Koreatown is huge -

ERIKA

Oh you mean West Coast Erica? Who  
stupidly spells her name with a  
stupid C?

STEPHANIE

Yes I know you hate that I have  
another friend with the same name  
as you.

ERIKA

Not the same name.

STEPHANIE

Anyway, West Coast Erica sent me a  
"Happy Breakup/Promotion" package  
and included a few kinds.

ERIKA

I don't need to send you packages  
because *I* live in the correct city  
with you.

Steph rolls her eyes.

STEPHANIE

Anyway, she knows I've always been curious about what it would look like. And if it makes makeup easier! You know both my stupid sisters have double lids? Like, thanks for nothing Mom and Dad.

ERIKA

Well you did get your Dad's eyes - and I still don't understand why you hide them.

They reach the front of the line. Stephanie struggles to find an answer and is interrupted-

BARISTA

-Good morning! What can I get you?

STEPHANIE

Medium dirty chai with skim please.

From nowhere -

BRAD

Dirrrrrty chai huh???

ERIKA

No. No nononononono Brad. No.

She slowly pushes his face away.

BARISTA

Medium dirty chai with non-fat -

From nowhere -

ANDREA

And an extra large cold brew.

She slams down her credit card.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Morning, idiots!

The women exchange best friend hugs with **ANDREA WASHINGTON**, (late 20s, Latina and Black). They move away from the counter-

ERIKA

(whiny)

Why did you not get here in time to pay for MYYYYY coffee?

ANDREA

Because you're a monster early bird, and also, Steph is our poorest of friends, so I choose to help her-

She puts her arm around Stephanie and pulls her close.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

-and not you, our resident rich bitch lawyer.

She pulls Erika in with her other arm.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

We may have all gone to Yale, but Steph chose the start-up life. And chose so, so many bad start-ups.

ERIKA

She did finally get that promotion, so we'll hopefully be making her pay for our drinks soon enough.

ANDREA

Although I still don't know what your company does, so who knows!

STEPHANIE

I don't either, no one seems to!

ERIKA

Speaking of your job - see you both tonight?

ANDREA

What's tonight?

Big sighs from Erika and Steph.

Steph pulls out her phone and locates a text chain. Reading aloud, making Andrea sound like a Kardashian:

STEPHANIE

**ME:** Do you two want to come my work party Friday night?

**ANDREA:** Absolutely! What time?

**ERIKA:** And where?

**STEPHANIE:** 7:30, BOARD MEETING on 58th and 9th. Food/booze.

**ANDREA:** Done! In the cal!

Andrea has pulled out her phone as well -

ANDREA

Okay, well it *is* in my cal.  
 Guess I'll see you bitches a second  
 time today. After an aggressive  
 Sephora stop to fix this.

She gestures at her face. It's flawless. Erika and Stephanie  
 exchange looks.

STEPHANIE

(firmly)  
 No Derek tonight, okay?

ANDREA

(deeply offended)  
 Of course not! How *dare* you. And  
 I'm probably not even drinking  
 anyway. I have pilates in the  
 morning. I'm trying out a new  
 thing called "health."

Erika and Stephanie share another look.

ERIKA

What about you Steph? Any guys we  
 should be wing-womaning for you  
 tonight?? You said your CEO is hot!

STEPHANIE

Oh! No. Everyone is lame. I mean,  
 well...umm....maybe...nahh...

ANDREA

You sound weird.

STEPHANIE

**YOU** sound weird!

ERIKA

Okay, weirdo.

BARISTA (O.S.)

ANDREA?!?!?

Andrea grabs her drink and from nowhere-

BRAD

Oh hi, *Andrea*. You're very  
 beautiful. Let me guess, Cherokee  
 and Nigerian? Beautiful hair-

He reaches for her hair -

ANDREA

NO.

She deftly dodges out of his grasp. Erika swats him away.

ERIKA

NO. BAD. Bad Brad. BAD. SHOO.

Protesting, he finally leaves. The women sigh.

ANDREA/ERIKA/STEPHANIE

Too early for this shit.

INT. PLUNGR OFFICES - DAY

Images of toilets and plungers abound. Open floor plan - CEO to intern sit at rows of communal desks. Classic startup.

Stephanie sits at next to **JASON KAPUR** (Indian American, late 20s). They talk to **NICK PEÑA** (30s, Latino American), the beloved CEO of Plungr, who leans over their desks.

STEPHANIE

Alright Nick. Jason and I are almost finished with our proposal for the February Activation.

JASON

We'll have a budget to you by end of day. We're excited about it!

NICK

Sounds fantastic! I'll choose between your and Derek's proposals on Monday. But don't work too hard - you still have to party later!

Nick turns to the rest of the office -

NICK (CONT'D)

WHO'S READY TO DANCE TONIGHT!?

The office cheers - they fucking LOVE Nick. Someone turns on music, and as he dances away from them -

SLOW MOTION STEPHANIE'S POV:

Nick dances, his jet black hair shaking, blue eyes sparkling.

Off Stephanie, wistfully staring and sighing -

JASON

Hey, Ariel, can you stop creepin'  
on Prince Eric and help me?  
(whispering)  
*Or do your new eyes take longer to  
focus?*

Stephanie snaps out of her daze, and turns to Jason.

STEPHANIE

I mentioned, in CONFIDENCE, that I  
think our CEO slightly resembles  
the hottest Disney prince, aside  
from Li Shang of course -

JASON

(singing)  
BE A MAN-

Steph smacks his arm.

STEPHANIE

And you shut your whore mouth about  
my eyes. What do you need?

JASON

Let's finish this proposal so we  
can get drunk tonight! Your first  
Plungr party as a single laaaddy.  
And as Manager!

STEPHANIE

Mmmhmm.

JASON

And also of course to beat Derek.

STEPHANIE

Yes! Okay. Let's do this. *DEREK.*

They look over at **DEREK** (white, Aussie, late 20s), who is  
leaning over the desk of a female employee, absolutely trying  
to look down her blouse. He's hot, he's jacked, he sucks.

Stephanie and Jason shiver in disgust.

INT. BRINGHAM CONSULTING OFFICES - DAY

Rows of nondescript cubicles, fluorescent lighting in the  
worst way. Andrea spins in her chair. She sits across the  
aisle from **TONY** (early 30s, Latinx).

ANDREA

Tony. Tonyyyyyyyyyyy-

Without looking up from his computer:

TONY

Whaaattttttttt -

ANDREA

Do you think we'll have summer  
Fridays this year?

TONY

They better, or I have a lot of non-  
refundable AirBnbs I will need to  
deal with. And they already do not  
like me after my birthday party.

INT. AIRBNB BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

An orgy. Piles of beautiful naked men. Tony emerges from the  
center of the bacchanalia.

TONY

Happy birthday to ME!

He is swallowed back into the orgy.

INT. BRINGHAM CONSULTING OFFICES - DAY

ANDREA

Please never invite me to your  
birthday again.

INT. AIRBNB BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The orgy. Now we see that Andrea sits in the far corner, in  
the cover of shadow. As she furiously scrolls through her  
phone, an arm reaches toward her to pull her into the orgy.  
She slaps it away. Another reaches for her leg - SLAP.

INT. BRINGHAM CONSULTING OFFICES - DAY

TONY

That one guy Tim was bi...

Andrea stares at him.

ANDREA

My type does not include the one bi  
guy at a week long all male orgy.

Tony shrugs.

TONY

I mean, you do you, but you're  
still single.

ANDREA

Why am I friends with you again?

TONY

Because everyone else who works  
here is mediocrity at its finest?

ANDREA

True.

TONY

AND because I'm the only Latinx  
friend you have who doesn't give  
you shit for not speaking Spanish.

ANDREA

*Feels* like you're giving me shit.

TONY

NEVER.

ANDREA

You wanted to say that in Spanish,  
didn't you.

TONY

NEVER.

ANDREA

Mmmhmmm. It's not MY fault my  
parents are from *Rhode Island*.

TONY

And that your dad didn't think it  
was important enough to learn  
Spanish for your mom, so in turn  
you and your brothers don't know...

ANDREA

Yeah yeah. Got it got it. I got it.

TONY

Te aaammooooooooo - liquid lunch?

INT. STATLER AND ASSOCIATES, ERIKA'S OFFICE - DAY

Erika sits at her desk, marking up a set of documents. Her office is GORGEOUSLY decorated. Finest leather goods. Rich bitch lawyer life.

She is listening to VERY aggressive hip hop as she works. She sings along, but as she is not Black she DOES NOT SAY OR EVEN MOUTH ALONG WITH THE N-WORD. OKAY?

There is a knock at the door, and Erika swiftly pauses the music. In her most grown-up professional voice:

ERIKA

Come in!

**BREANNE** (30ish, Black), comes in and closes the door behind her. Another lawyer at the firm and Erika's work BFF.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Oh it's just you - good!

BREANNE

Oh JUST me. THANKS, ya dick.

Erika smiles sweetly and turns her music back on.

ERIKA

Love youuuuu.

BREANNE

I hate you. So I just got assigned to a case with Statler-

ERIKA

Ooooo. He's tough.

BREANNE

I know! How do I handle him?

ERIKA

Well, for starters he is obsessed with women of color, so be prepared for comments about "melanin."

BREANNE

Got it. Gross.

ERIKA

Yes. Gross. Secondly, just forget your social life until trial.

BREANNE

Also gross. Got it.

ERIKA

Thirdly, he is *really* fucking smart and you can learn a lot. He'll let you take charge of certain parts of the case, so run with it.

BREANNE

Great great - put up with a bit of creepy for some great experience. Sounds about right.

ERIKA

Exactly. And finally, he's not Fletcher - the creepy vibes stay vibes only. No touching!

BREANNE

(feigning excitement)  
Yayyyy being a woman! ...So whatchya doing tonight?

ERIKA

Stephanie's got this work thing.

BREANNE

Plungr, right? You are *always* hungover after their parties.

ERIKA

Lucky for me, tomorrow is Saturday and I'm not the one working with Statler.

BREANNE

Can't wait to give up my social life! Let me know if you talk to that Jason she works with. You said you'd try and set me uppppp. I will be needing some stress relief during this case...

ERIKA

Ewwwww. But if he's there I'll talk to him about you. Now get your ass out of my office! I got shit to do.

She turns the music up even louder and gets back to work.

INT. PLUNGR OFFICES - EVENING

Jason claps obnoxiously as Stephanie finishes putting their proposal into a binder.

STEPHANIE  
ANDDDDD done.

JASON  
Suck iiiiiiit Derek.

...A little too loudly.

Across the room, Derek looks up, and catches them staring. They quickly look away, but it's too late. They put headphones on and look deeply into their computer screens, fake typing and scrolling. He struts over to them anyway.

DEREK  
Hey Jah. *Hey Steph.*

The both ignore him and keep typing. This does not deter him.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
I'm so excited to crush this proposal. Came up with some killer ideas this morning lifting.

Neither look up.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Anyway I had a question for Steph-

STEPHANIE  
WHAT, Derek.

DEREK  
Do you have any suggestions for a traditional Japanese tea house? I'm taking out this super hot chick.

Jason clenches his hand on Stephanie's shoulder, barely containing himself. This is TOO good.

STEPHANIE  
(innocently)  
Why would I know where a traditional Japanese tea house was, Derek?

JASON  
Shouldn't you have asked Molly?

They turn to **WHITE MOLLY**, a few rows away, whisking matcha.

Her desk is covered in anime figurines, boxes of tea, several tea pots, and way too many tea cups.

There is a bonsai tree, a zen garden, pictures of her cosplaying, and a large map of Japan. She might *also* be dressed like a Miyazaki character. A myriad of prop katanas lean against the desk.

Jason and Steph turn back to Derek. Blinking.

DEREK

Oh, I mean, I just, I figured  
Stephanie might have expertise in  
this area.

Jason presses him, *terribly confused*.

JASON

Why?

STEPHANIE

Yeah, why?

DEREK

You know...

STEPHANIE

I don't think we do. Do we Jason?

JASON

I don't think we do!

DEREK

Come on guys, you know why.

As if it's finally dawned on him -

JASON

OH! Because Stephanie is Japanese!

Derek, elated they finally got it -

DEREK

Yes!

He looks to Stephanie for understanding, but finds her stone faced.

STEPHANIE

I'm not Japanese, Derek.

DEREK

I mean, I know you're not *Japanese*  
Japanese.

JASON

She's not Japanese at ALL, Derek.

DEREK  
Chinese?

Jason and Stephanie shake their heads.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Vietnamese? Filipino? Thai? Hmong?  
Taiwanese? Singaporean? Lao-

STEPHANIE  
- Jesus fucking Christ Derek, I'm  
half Korean. ...But I am weirdly  
impressed with your ability to name  
Asian ethnicities.

Derek slightly bows with pressed palms and proudly states-

DEREK  
Arigato.

JASON  
You should go.

DEREK  
Fine. Stephanie - did you at least  
invite Andrea to the party?

STEPHANIE  
You are not to speak to her.

As Derek walks away -

DEREK  
Listen, I can't control if the  
ladies want what the ladies want...

STEPHANIE  
The Worst.

JASON  
The Worst.

EXT. BOARD MEETING BAR - NIGHT

Stephanie stands outside. She checks her phone - no alerts.

Erika walks up and they hug -

ERIKA  
Hiiiiiiiiiiii. Andrea on her way?

STEPHANIE  
Allegedly she was "five minutes  
away!" 15 minutes ago.

ERIKA  
Classic. Should we go in?

STEPHANIE  
I'll give her three minutes before  
we leave her to the wolves.

Andrea suddenly bursts out from INSIDE the bar - drink in hand - with the bouncer chasing after her.

ANDREA  
Get in here bitches!

BOUNCER  
MA'AM I TOLD YOU YOU CANNOT BRING  
YOUR DRINK OUTSIDE!

ANDREA  
OH SO SORRY!

She steps back inside, downs the drink, and hands the empty cup to him. He hates her.

Andrea grabs Stephanie and Erika by the hand, dragging them -

ANDREA (CONT'D)  
COME ON!!

ERIKA  
How are you so drunk already?

ANDREA  
Tony and I had a liquid LUNCH and  
then also liquid DINNER! WOOO!!

Stephanie gingerly takes the cup from the bouncer.

STEPHANIE  
So. So. Sorry.

She hurries in after Andrea and Erika, who have disappeared behind the entrance's curtain already.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Bitch I thought you had pilates in  
the morning!

INT. BOARD MEETING BAR - NIGHT

The bar is HUGE and filled with people. Long "boardroom" type tables fill the space, with fancy desk chairs. Bartenders push around drink carts and make drinks right by the tables.

There is PLUNGR swag everywhere, and a giant sign: "Plung Toward Your Destiny!" It's a terrible company.

Jason spots Stephanie and Erika and heads over, bringing one of the bar cart guys with him. He gestures to the cart:

JASON

M'lady.

Stephanie bows slightly.

STEPHANIE

M'lord.

(to the bartender)

I'll have a -

She reads the customized drink menu.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

- Royal Flush.

ERIKA

I'll have a...Number 2.

(to Stephanie)

I hate your company.

STEPHANIE

Just remember it's free.

Andrea appears again, somehow already holding a new drink.

ANDREA

So JASON. Jason Jason Jason. JAY  
SON. SON OF JAY.

JASON

(used to this)

Yes. Andrea. Dre. Dre of An.

ANDREA

When you gonna ask Stephanie out?

Stephanie looks at Andrea - horrified. Erika starts to lead Andrea away -

ERIKA

Let's go find you some food, okay?

ANDREA

I would like exactly THREE burgers.

She holds up her thumb only, and they leave.

STEPHANIE

(flustered)

I did NOT put her up to that.

JASON

Oh I know! I'm aware she's crazy. She tried to set me up with her male coworker. Who is also straight. And then SHE kissed him!

STEPHANIE

Oh no! Is she going to kiss *me* now?

They laugh - the awkwardness fading.

JASON

You should prob go get some face time in with the bossman - Justin Trudeau won't be here ALL night.

Jason gestures toward Nick, who walks around the party, looking a bit like Latino Trudeau and every bit as Prime Ministerial...

STEPHANIE

I mention IN CONFIDENCE that Nick looks a bit like Justin Trudeau... I do want to talk to him, but I should also make sure Andrea isn't making out with Derek anywhere.

JASON

Too late.

He points across the room and indeed, Andrea and Derek make out in a corner. Erika tries to pull them apart but is unsuccessful and leaves them, exasperated.

Andrea stops to grab a burger from a waiter walking by. Derek continues kissing her neck while she eats.

STEPHANIE

Gross.

JASON

I think it's sweet!! What, you don't want to be kissed while you're eating a burger?

He dives in toward her neck, making loud chomping and kissing sounds. Stephanie dodges him, laughing.

STEPHANIE

Cut it out!!

JASON  
Rawwwrrrrr!

STEPHANIE  
Get away!

They turn their heads at JUST the right angle - and Jason accidentally kisses Stephanie. It is a SURPRISE to both of them, and even more so when she kisses back for a moment.

JASON  
Ohhhhhh.....sorry?

STEPHANIE  
No- um, it's okay!

WAITER (O.S.)  
Did someone order a Scat's Meow?

A waiter appears holding a dish resembling kitty litter, including clumps. Jason and Stephanie share a look and laugh.

STEPHANIE  
Our company is horrible.

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Erika sits at a communal table, alone, nursing her drink. She is watching Jason and Stephanie, and definitely saw the kiss.

VOICE (O.S.)  
WELL WELL WELL it looks as though  
fate has intervened.

She turns to the voice - it's fucking BRAD. She grimaces.

ERIKA  
Hello. Brad. Why.

BRAD  
My buddy Dave is an investor in  
Plungr...Did you stalk me here?

ERIKA  
Ugh no. How would I even...? My  
friend works for Plungr.

BRAD  
Ah, the hot Asian or hot Black one?

Erika rolls her eyes. This fucking guy.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
 You're ALMOST as hot as they are,  
 if you put in a little more effort.

ERIKA  
 Does negging ever work?

Erika scans the room - Andrea and Derek are now feeding each other fries from a toilet shaped dish. No sign of Steph.

ERIKA (CONT'D)  
 Listen, Brad. I think I just want  
 to wait here for my friends. Alone.

BRAD  
 Also, I figured it out - you look  
 kinda like Chrissy Teigen- so, Thai  
 and Norweigan!

ERIKA  
 Do you know what alone means?

BRAD  
 Come on, you know you came out  
 tonight hoping to go home with  
 someone. You exotic minx.

ERIKA  
 Please don't use the word exotic. I  
 am not a tiger.

BRAD  
 Or are you?

He growls and makes a claw motion with his hands.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 I can confirm, as someone with  
 eyes, that she is not a tiger.

Both Brad and Erika turn - it's Nick!

NICK  
 I think you should go, guy.

BRAD  
 Planning on it anyway. She's a real  
 alpha female, so watch out dude.

NICK  
 I *think* I will be okay.

Brad walks away - but approaches the next woman he sees. She waves her hand in his face for him to go away immediately.

WOMAN

We all heard you. Just go, DUDE.

BRAD

You're all too ugly for me anyway!  
Look at me! I could buy you!

He storms out. Erika turns to Nick.

ERIKA

Not that I needed your saving, but  
Jesus *thank you*. I'm Erika.

They clink drinks.

NICK

Nick Peña.

ERIKA

Ah, the man I have to thank for all  
the many free drinks I've had on  
Plungr's dime.

NICK

Guilty. And also, I know you wanted  
to be left alone, so I'll leave you  
to it!

ERIKA

(smizing)

Oh, no, that's okay! I just wanted  
to be rid of *him*.

NICK

Fair enough!

(a beat)

...Your drink is looking a little  
empty - how about another one on  
the company? So, on me?

Erika laughs. Cute AND funny...

ERIKA

That'd be great. Thank you.

He motions to a cart bartender nearby, who wheels over.

NICK

Could we get two "Ur An 8"s?

Erika cringes at the name, and Nick laughs.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 I will not apologize. And trust me  
 it's good! Also 98% pee-free.  
 (whispering)  
*It's in the ice.*

Erika laughs. They cheers.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 So who do you know at Plungr?

Out of the corner of her eye, she spots Andrea sneaking into  
 the bathroom with Derek.

ERIKA  
 Oh shit - I'm really sorry, but I  
 have to go stop my friend from  
 making a terrible mistake slash  
 ruining the whole party.

Feeling like he's being blown off -

NICK  
 (covering)  
 Ah, got it. Well, it was nice to  
 meet you anyhow. Enjoy the party.

Off Erika, realizing -

ERIKA  
 Oh no! It's not like that! I just-  
 it's my friend Andrea - she's-

NICK  
 It's okay - ego bruised a bit, but  
 no need to rub it in.

ERIKA  
 Nononono - here -

She rifles in her purse, and grabs a business card. She pulls  
 a pen out and scribbles her cell number on the back of it,  
 and hands it to him.

ERIKA (CONT'D)  
 (rambling)  
 Now you have my name AND my number.  
 And my email, but don't email me  
 because then I won't have YOUR  
 number -

NICK  
 (laughing)  
 Okay okay! I believe you!

ERIKA

Shut up! I mean - okay! Bye!

She scurries away. Nick settles back to his drink and taps the card on the table. He smiles. Cute AND funny.

Erika scurries back.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

I'm not crazy, ok?

NICK

Ok, crazy. I'll call you. Now go stop your friend before she ruins my party!

She nods and rushes away again.

INT. BOARD ROOM BAR, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Erika enters the bathroom slowly. She pushes open one stall. It's a prop stall, with some hideous Plungr "art" display. She checks under the rest of the stalls but sees no feet. She turns to leave - but hears a man giggle. *Derek*.

She pushes open the next stall and Andrea is perched on the toilet seat, with Derek piggy-back. They both giggle.

DEREK

ERIKA HI!

ERIKA

Girl, I thought you said Derek was "Steph's creepiest coworker?"

ANDREA

SHHHHHH. I may have changed my mind. I forgot how hot he is.

ERIKA

Who are you shushing? Leggo lady.

ANDREA

Okay okay. We go. Derek, will you please dismount?

DEREK

You got it, babe.

Derek dismounts, as best as a drunk man can climb down from the back of a woman perched on a toilet seat.

Andrea checks herself in the mirror, while Derek heads out -

- as Stephanie walks in. He tries to high five her. She punches him in the arm.

STEPHANIE

What the fuck was Derek doing in here? Andrea, you DIDN'T -

ERIKA

She didn't. I got to them in time.

Stephanie goes into a stall.

STEPHANIE

They will stop letting me have plus ones if she gets caught having sex in the bathroom again.

ANDREA

You guys are bringing me doooooown.

She somehow has another full drink in hand - Erika takes it and pours it down the drain. And downs her own drink.

ERIKA

(surprised)

98% pee-free! Delicious. So Steph - you gonna fill us in on what happened with Jason?

ANDREA

What happened with Jason?

STEPHANIE (O.C.)

Nothing happened with Jason.

She comes out of the stall and washes her hands. She notices one of the lid tapes has come unstuck-

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Ah fuck.

She adjusts it back into place.

ERIKA

(testing)

So it's okay if I maybe give him Breanne's number?

Unsure why Steph is being cagey, she doesn't want to push it.

STEPHANIE

Uhhhh, yeah. Sure. That's fine.

ANDREA  
You're being *weird* again.

ERIKA  
Are you sure?

STEPHANIE  
(short)  
Yeah! Why wouldn't I be?

ERIKA  
No reason! Cool.

STEPHANIE  
(not cool)  
Cool.

ANDREA  
Is she being a HUGE bitch right now  
or am I drunk?

ERIKA  
Shhhh shut up drunk - Leggo!

She shuffles Andrea out of the bathroom, looking back before leaving. Stephanie stares at herself in the mirror and sighs.

EXT. BOARD MEETING BAR - NIGHT - LATER

The women emerge from inside, finding White Molly.

STEPHANIE  
Oh hey Mol - didn't see you inside!

WHITE MOLLY  
They wouldn't let me in.

STEPHANIE  
What? That's so weird.

Molly flashes her "kimono" open revealing a HUGE PROP KATANA.

WHITE MOLLY  
Yeah, right? They wouldn't let me  
bring my katana in. Racists.  
(at the bouncer)  
It's a TRADITIONAL PART OF THE  
OUTFIT.

STEPHANIE  
Okay well...  
(slowly walking backward)  
Have a good night then...

Stephanie, Andrea, and Erika turn and quickly walk away. Moments later Derek BURSTS out of a parked cab.

DEREK  
Last chance Andrea!

ANDREA  
Next party!

He gets back in the cab and it speeds away. As they walk, BRAD bursts out from a different parked cab.

BRAD  
LAST CHANCE ERIKA! Let fate win.

ERIKA  
I hope I never see you again!

His cab drives away, without him. Brad gestures wildly, then spots Molly and makes a beeline for her. Molly brandishes her sword, and Brad shrieks and runs away.

STEPHANIE  
Atta girl, Mol. Eesh.

**TONY** (30s, Latino American) bursts out of a third parked cab and grabs Andrea.

ANDREA  
Tony!!!

TONY  
Let's go stay drunk!

Andrea climbs in the cab, woosooooing the whole time.

ANDREA  
WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-

TONY  
Hi Steph! Hi Erika! Wanna come?  
It's leather night at H Bar!

ERIKA  
You're a terrible friend, Tony.

TONY  
How dare you. I'm an excellent friend. Terrible *influence*.  
(to the driver)  
To alcohol, kind sir!

ANDREA  
WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-



Erika's phone buzzes again - it's a text. She discreetly pulls out her phone and reads:

*"This is Nick Peña. Please give me a call back so I can properly ask you out."*

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

But how about youuu? Meet anyone cute? Other than loud guy?

Erika quickly returns her phone to her pocket.

ERIKA

Don't worry about me - I'm just sorry this wasn't the glorious night to celebrate your promotion we were hoping for!

They reach Stephanie's subway stop and hug.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Text me when you get home because murder and all that.

STEPHANIE

Of course. You too!

Stephanie heads down the steps. Erika watches her descend for a moment, then pulls out her phone and dials.

ERIKA

Hey, it's Erika.

INT. SUBWAY STATION, STEPS - NIGHT

Stephanie is paused on the steps, unbeknownst to Erika, digging out her metro card.

ERIKA (O.S.)

Well it was so nice to meet YOU tonight, Mr. Nick Peña.

(beat)

I guess it's a date then!

Erika's voice fades as she walks away. Stephanie finds her metro card and stomps down the stairs. Suuuuuuuccccckkkkkk.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Stephanie waits for the train. The monitor reads: NEXT TRAIN 5 MINUTES, then flashes and all the times disappear. Groaning and cursing throughout the station.

She pulls out her phone. Pulls up a text to "Chris Williams."

A really **HOT STRANGER** (Asian American, late 20s) walks by and stands a few feet from Steph. He smiles. She smizes back.

She looks away, and then looks back - he's still looking at her. She puts her phone away, She smiles again, and he starts toward her. This night might be redeemed...

HOT STRANGER

Hey.

STEPHANIE

(super cool)

Hey.

Hot stranger reaches his hand out - Stephanie assumes to sexily brush her hair back and lifts her chin toward him. Instead, his fingers reach for something on her cheek.

HOT STRANGER

Umm - I think this is probably not supposed to be on your face.

He holds the eyelid tape that Stephanie tried to fix earlier.

Stephanie dies.

STEPHANIE

Oh, thanks! Yooouuu'rrreee right!

HOT STRANGER'S GIRLFRIEND (O.S.)

BABE! Should we just get a Lyft?

**HOT STRANGER'S GIRLFRIEND** (incredibly cool Asian American woman, 20s) appears, and wraps herself around HS.

HOT STRANGER'S GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)

Hi! Who's this, Babe?

HOT STRANGER

Lyft sounds great. I don't know her, she had a thing on her face -

He holds up the lid tape.

HOT STRANGER'S GIRLFRIEND

Ohhhh. I'm familiar. You're Hapa?

Stephanie nods. HSG leans in, discreet, putting her hand on Steph's shoulder.

HOT STRANGER'S GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)

Listen, you should just get the surgery. A bunch of my friends flew to Seoul and did it. Easy.

STEPHANIE

Uh okay, yeah, I'll think about it.

HOT STRANGER'S GIRLFRIEND

Do. It will make you *even* prettier. With those green eyes too!

Stephanie responds with a big smile, but it fades quickly as HSG turns away.

HOT STRANGER'S GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)

Okay, let's GO! To the Lyft...

HSGF leads HS away.

Stephanie watches them go for a moment. She pulls out her phone, and turns on her selfie camera. She looks insane - one green eye, one brown, one monolid, one double lid.

She leans into to the camera for closer look and bashes her forehead on the screen. She shakes her head, smiling. Idiot.

She rips off the other tape, and looks again. Better.

A train finally rolls up. Conflicted, she steps on board.

END OF EPISODE