

TWENTIES

“Pilot”

by
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INT. HATTIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

We open on a black computer screen. When it turns on we see an attractive black girl sitting Indian style in front of us.

She's wearing a "Designing Women" t-shirt, her hair is pulled up into one big afro-puff, she's make-up free, and bra-less. It doesn't matter though, because her boobs aren't big enough to be offensive. Her skin is flawless, her smile is wide, and her eyes bare the innocence of someone ten years her junior.

Meet HATTIE (25) --

HATTIE

Welcome to another episode of "Hattie's Humble Opinions" I'm Hattie, your host, and these are my random thoughts of the day. First of all, I'm going natural. Yes, I'm in the transitional phase. Don't 'Gabby Douglas' me in the comment section.

CUT:

HATTIE (CONT'D)

My obsession with Taylor Swift's new song is seriously jeopardizing my gangster status.

(then)

Well, the fact that I just said gangster probably isn't helping my case either.

CUT:

HATTIE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need all of you to sign up for "Oprah's Life Class." That show gives me so much life.

CUT:

HATTIE (CONT'D)

Dear Facebook robots, please feel free to invade my privacy.

(MORE)

HATTIE (CONT'D)

All I do on there is talk shit on a regular basis and try to prevent bad black movies from happening to good black people. Yours truly, Hattie.

CUT:

HATTIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but when it comes to "The Wizard of Oz" or "The Wiz"... I want the white one.

CUT TO:

INT. HATTIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Hattie's bedroom is colorful and eclectic. There's a record player in one corner and an old typewriter in the other. Two photos hang side by side above her bed. One is a framed photo of Martin Luther King Jr.'s mug shot and the other is a picture of a melancholy Judy Garland staring into a vanity mirror.

While Hattie uploads her latest video to YouTube, we get a quick glance at her home page. Hattie's following is small, but loyal. She has 2000 subscribers, each episode has about seven hundred hits, but the comment section is a little bare.

While the video loads, Hattie grabs the keys off her night stand, leaps off the bed, and struts out of her apartment.

INT. HATTIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As she turns around to lock her door she notices a PINK EVICTION NOTICE staring her in the face.

HATTIE

What. The. Fuck?

CUT TO:

INT. CREATIVE ARTS AGENCY - MARIE'S DESK - DAY

MARIE (27) sits at her computer typing feverishly. She's decked out in a sexy blouse and a skirt that shows off her long legs. She's the product of a wealthy white father and a beautiful black mother.

Not unlike most busy coordinators, at a major agency, she has a ton of windows open on her desktop: Instant messenger, FACEBOOK, Deadline Hollywood, work e-mails, personal e-mails, YBF etc.

The window she's most concerned with at the moment is Facebook. Marie is on an untagging rampage. She's dissociating herself from every unflattering photo she can find. Marie's profile picture is a photo of her and CHUCK, her boyfriend, sharing a kiss on the beach. Their blackness is so airbrushed they could be on the cover of ESSENCE.

Her phone BEEPS.

MARIE

(uber professional)

This is Marie. Hi, Jason. Hold on
let me see if I can get him --

Marie scoots back and peeks into the coveted corner office and sees RYAN (late 30s), a handsome-dark-haired-blue-eyed Jewish man, sitting in an expensive leather chair. He looks up from his blackberry and shakes his head, 'no.'

MARIE (CONT'D)

I don't have him right now, can I
have him return? Thank you.

As soon as she hangs up Ryan walks over to her cubicle, takes off his red tie, and replaces it with a black one.

MARIE (CONT'D)

You're gonna have to tell him
sooner or later.

RYAN

I know, I just hate being the
bearer of bad news.

MARIE

No, you don't.

Ryan begins the process of tying the perfect knot around his neck.

RYAN

When it affects me I do. I can't drop Jason as a client and then ask his sister to go down on me in the same breath.

MARIE

I can help you get him on a Disney show if you want, that way you can keep her around for a little bit longer.

He does his best to straighten his tie without a mirror.

He's not having much luck, so Marie stands up and straightens it for him.

RYAN

I appreciate the offer, but I'm over it. She's not vocal enough in the bedroom.

MARIE

Communication is key.

They lock eyes for a beat.

MARIE (CONT'D)

You look great.

RYAN

I know.

He throws on an Armani blazer and dips out the back. Marie watches him leave. Longingly. Then -- she turns around and spots Hattie marching toward her in the same clothes we saw her in earlier. Marie's horrified.

MARIE

Hattie, what are you doing here?

(then)

Oh my God, it happened?

HATTIE

What?

MARIE

Chris Brown killed Rihanna.

HATTIE

No. Not yet.

Hattie hands Marie the eviction notice.

MARIE
You're getting evicted?!

HATTIE
Can you believe that shit?

Marie grabs Hattie by the arm and quickly pulls her into Ryan's office.

INT. CREATIVE ARTS AGENCY - RYAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hattie sits in Ryan's expensive leather chair. Marie paces nervously.

HATTIE
I've been paying my rent on time,
faithfully, for the last two years.
The one time I'm a little late --

MARIE
A little late? Bitch, it's the
twenty third!

HATTIE
I was gonna pay it tomorrow.

MARIE
Why didn't you pay it on the first?

Hattie sifts through photos on Ryan's iPad --

HATTIE
Because when I filled out my
unemployment last week I forgot to
sign it, so I had to wait an extra
two weeks for my money to come
through.

Marie shakes her head in disappointment.

MARIE
How do you forget to sign it?

HATTIE
I don't know, I must've gotten
distracted.

Hattie starts flipping through a script sitting on the desk.

HATTIE (CONT'D)
Ooh, Sorkin! Can I borrow this?

MARIE
 (annoyed)
 You can make a copy of it.

HATTIE
 I knew today was gonna be shitty.

MARIE
 Why?

Hattie gets up and walks over to the plush couch in front of the window with the gorgeous view. She lays down as if she were in a therapy session.

HATTIE
 Because yesterday was amazeballs.

MARIE
 What happened yesterday?

HATTIE
 I got enough points to see a free movie at the arclight, I found a parking spot in front of my building, and I flirted my way out of a ticket.

Hattie gets up, walks over to the desk, and puts the Sorkin script in her back pack.

HATTIE (CONT'D)
 The universe is trying to tell me that everything can't be all good.

MARIE
 No, the universe is trying to tell you it's time to get a real job and stop trying to be the Oprah Winfrey of YouTube.

HATTIE
 Now you sound like my Mom.

MARIE
 That was ugly of you.

Hattie looks at the eviction notice. Nervous and afraid.

HATTIE
 Can I stay with you and Chuck until I figure something out?

MARIE

Just because we're best friends
doesn't mean we can live together.

HATTIE

What are you talking about, we can
share the same space.

MARIE

Remember the last time you slept
over?

HATTIE

We had a little tiff.

MARIE

You unfriended me on Facebook!

HATTIE

I said I was sorry.

Marie walks Hattie to the door.

MARIE

Okay, you have three options: You
can find a roommate, ask Nia if you
can sleep on her newly
reupholstered couch, or you can get
a job.

CUT TO:

INT. HATTIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hattie sits in front of POTENTIAL ROOMMATE #1. She's a white
girl with dreadlocks and tattoos.

HATTIE

Do you smoke?

POTENTIAL ROOMMATE #1

Socially.

HATTIE

I don't know what that means.

POTENTIAL ROOMMATE #1

It means I only smoke in social
situations.

HATTIE

Oh, so you're willing to inhale toxic fumes into your body, that will shave at least ten years off your life, so people will like you?

The Girl just sits there with a stupid look on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. HATTIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Hattie sits in front of POTENTIAL ROOMMATE #2. She's a buttoned up Middle Eastern girl. She's the thinner, less cool version of Mindy Kaling.

POTENTIAL ROOMMATE #2

I like your hair.

HATTIE

Thank you. I'm in the transitional phase.

POTENTIAL ROOMMATE #2

I don't understand.

HATTIE

It's okay, you're not supposed to.
(then)
Do you watch "Oprah's Life Class"?

POTENTIAL ROOMMATE #2

I'm not a big Oprah fan. Sorry.

HATTIE

Your apology's not accepted.

INT. HATTIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Hattie sits in front of POTENTIAL ROOMMATE #3. This time it's a cute black guy in his early twenties. He's surprisingly sexy in a white v-neck and ripped jeans.

HATTIE

What's the last movie you saw?

POTENTIAL ROOMMATE #3

"Dangerous Minds".

HATTIE
 Okay, this isn't gonna work.

CUT TO:

INT. INYOGA CENTER - STUDIO - DAY

NIA (22), a brown skinned beauty, with her hair pulled back into a tight ponytail, speaks in a soothing voice as she wraps up her Bikram Yoga class. Everyone's drenched in their own sweat. Her STUDENTS, a handful of middle aged men and women, look exhausted and zen at the same time.

Hattie is sitting in the back trying not to faint.

NIA
 Now as we bring this beautiful session to a close I want you all to empty your minds and become one with your breath.

The handful of STUDENTS lay on their mats and do exactly as they're told.

NIA (CONT'D)
 I'm giving all of you one giant mental hug right now because you stayed in the room, you checked fear and doubt at the door, and you weren't afraid to push yourselves. That's all a yoga instructor can ask for. Thank you so much for being you. And I hope to see all of you back here on Wednesday. And I do mean all of you. If less than five people show up, I don't get paid. Namaste.

The Students start filing out one by one. Hattie rushes up to Nia and gives her a big sweaty hug.

HATTIE
 First of all, you're amazing I'm obsessed with you, deal with it. Only in America can a twenty something black girl tell a room full of white folks what to do and they just do it with no questions asked. Nia, this is some powerful shit.

NIA

Aww, you're so sweet. But this isn't about being powerful it's about being disciplined, mentally, spiritually, and physically so that the outside world doesn't have the power to pull you away from your center.

HATTIE

That's great. Can we go? I'm starting to hallucinate.

INT. INYOGA CENTER - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Nia and Hattie fill their water bottles with spa water.

NIA

Are you on crack? You can't sleep on my couch. It's an antique. And I just --

HATTIE

Reupholstered it, I know.

NIA

And I'm currently trying to create a space for my soulmate.

HATTIE

What the fuck does that mean?

NIA

It means I have two toothbrushes in my bathroom now. It means I only sleep on one side of the bed, and I just purchased his and hers bath towels.

HATTIE

So you have an imaginary boyfriend?

NIA

I'm creating a space for my Barack, so when he comes into my life I don't have to make room for him.

HATTIE

And he won't come into your life if I'm busy occupying his space.

NIA

Exactly.
(hugging Hattie)
Thank you so much for
understanding.

INT. CREATIVE ARTS AGENCY - MARIE'S DESK - LATER

Marie talks on her headset while responding to e-mails.

MARIE

So how's the search going for
America's Next Top Roommate?

INT. HATTIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Hattie sits on her couch, feet up, eating cereal while
talking on the phone.

HATTIE

All the candidates were horrid.
Craig's List fails me once again.

Hattie jumps on her laptop and tweets --

HATTIE (CONT'D)

I'm about to be homeless.

MARIE

I hope you didn't just tweet that.

HATTIE

I'm having a moment right now and
you're not doing a very good job at
talking me off the ledge.

MARIE

Just promise me you won't do what
you always do when you're having a
moment.

HATTIE

Please, I'm so over that.

CUT TO:

INT. HATTIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - AN HOUR LATER

Hattie's making out with AUDIE (35), a white woman with long blonde hair and a tiny waist, on the kitchen counter. This make-out session is passionate and familiar.

Hattie has finally put on a decent outfit by this point.

AUDIE
(breathless)
Oh my God, Hattie! Your skin is so soft. What do you use?

HATTIE
Neutrogena bar.

They keep kissing.

AUDIE
That's it?

HATTIE
Yeah.

They start kissing again. Then Audie takes in Hattie's outfit, which consists of: red skinny jeans, a vintage Prince t-shirt, and colorful bangles on her left wrist.

AUDIE
I love your style, it's so Afro-chic.

Hattie takes her in for a beat. There's something about this woman that makes her smile.

HATTIE
Audie.

AUDIE
Yes.

HATTIE
I love you.

AUDIE
Aww thanks, babe.

HATTIE
Uh, that's not the right answer.

AUDIE
There is no right or wrong with us.
We just fit.

Audie leans in to kiss her, but Hattie backs away.

HATTIE
I don't know what that means.

AUDIE
It means I missed you.

Hattie rolls her eyes.

HATTIE
What are we?

AUDIE
We're friends that make-out
sometimes.

HATTIE
We do more than just make-out.

An awkward silence lingers in the air.

AUDIE
What do you want from me?

HATTIE
I want you to make a decision.

AUDIE
I made one. I'm straight. You
knew that from the beginning.

Hattie rubs her face in frustration.

HATTIE
If that's the case, then why are
you fucking with me?

AUDIE
Because you're twenty-five years
old and you know all the words to
Stephen Sondheim's "Pretty Women."
Because you watch "Meet The Press"
religiously every Sunday. Because
you make me laugh. Because --

HATTIE
You love attention and I give you
plenty of it.

They lock eyes for a beat. Then Audie takes off her shirt revealing a polka dot bra. Her body's amazing. Audie is Hattie's kryptonite and she knows it.

AUDIE

That too.

When Audie leans in to kiss Hattie this time she doesn't back away. She gives in. Completely. On this, we --

CUT TO:

INT. MARIE'S HYBRID - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Marie's driving and Hattie's in the passenger seat looking for a song on Marie's iPod.

MARIE

I called you earlier. Where were you?

HATTIE

I was taking a nap.

MARIE

Next to Audie?

HATTIE

You don't know me.

MARIE

She's an emotionally damaged whore with daddy issues.

HATTIE

She's not a whore.

MARIE

She grew up in a trailer park.

HATTIE

Easy Jack & Jill.

Marie pulls up in front of an apartment building. Nia climbs into the back seat.

NIA

Hey lovie!

MARIE

Hey boo.

Hattie cuts her eyes at Nia.

NIA

Don't give me the side eye.

As Marie pulls off she notices a flicker of light coming from Nia's engagement finger.

MARIE

I'm sorry, but did you trip and fall into a relationship?

Nia, proudly, dangles her hand in between her two friends.

HATTIE

Who proposed to you?

NIA

No one, yet. It's a promise ring. I bought it for myself as an early birthday present.

MARIE

What are you promising?

NIA

To remain a virgin until I find my Barack.

MARIE

But you're not a virgin.

NIA

Aren't I?

MARIE

No you aren't!

HATTIE

Okay, I can see both sides of this. Nia, letting light skinned Chauncey fuck you in the back seat of your mother's Altima, on Senior Ditch Day, technically shouldn't count. But Marie's right, your hymen was compromised -- so unfortunately it does.

NIA

Okay, fine. I'm promising to remain celibate until I find my Barack.

MARIE

And what if you don't find him?

NIA

Don't put that out in the universe. Words have power.

HATTIE

One day you too will find a
biracial man, with a degree from
Harvard, that can't bowl.

MARIE

Please don't encourage that kind of
behavior. Nia, you're never going
to find a man with a fake
engagement ring on your finger.

NIA

It's not a fake engagement ring.

MARIE

Promise ring, whatever.
(then)
Look, I have a man.

NIA/HATTIE

We know.

MARIE

And I got him by being my authentic
self. I didn't need to do anything
extra to make him fall in love with
me.

NIA

This ring is going to attract all
the real men who aren't afraid to
date a woman with standards.

MARIE

Good luck with that.

As they pull up to HOLLYWOOD FOREVER they see the long line
of PEOPLE waiting for the doors to open.

HATTIE

Why you always gotta be a negative
Nancy?

MARIE

Well, seeing as how I'm the only
person in this car that's actually
in a relationship I would think
ya'll would give a shit about what
I have to say.

(then)

Speaking of which --

HATTIE

Don't do it.

MARIE
(to Nia)
Guess who Hattie was with today.

Nia GASPS.

NIA
You were doing so well.

HATTIE
This is why I don't tell you shit.

NIA
Why don't you try dating a girl
who's actually a lesbian?

HATTIE
Because I'm not attracted to them.

MARIE
How is that possible?

HATTIE
I don't drink. I don't like going
to clubs. I don't have any
tattoos. I don't smoke. I have a
great sense of style. And I'm
thin.

NIA
Not all lesbians are like that.

HATTIE
Ninety-five percent of them are.
And the other five percent are
boo'd up. So that's my life in one
sad little nutshell.

NIA
Did you just quote Savannah from
"Waiting To Exhale"?

HATTIE
Yes. Yes, I did.

NIA
I haven't seen that movie in so
long.

MARIE
It doesn't hold up.

HATTIE
 (defiant)
 Yes, it does.

Hattie finally finds a song on the iPod -- we hear an angelic voice emanating from the car speakers: "The clock strikes/ upon the hour/ and the sun begins to fade..."

The girls join in --

HATTIE/MARIE/NIA
 (singing at the top of
 their lungs)
 There's still enough time to figure
 out/ how to chase my blues away.
 I've done alright up till now/ it's
 the light of day that shows me how/
 and when the night falls/ my lonely
 heart calls/ oh I wanna dance with
 somebody/ I wanna feel the heat
 with somebody/ yeah I wanna dance
 with somebody/ with somebody who
 loves me.

As our threesome screams along, like energetic twelve-year-old girls, we get a chance to see what pure joy really looks like.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY - MAGIC HOUR

Marie, Nia, and Hattie set up camp among the sea of movie buffs that have gathered to watch "All About Eve" under a purple, gold, and blue-ish sky.

No one cares that they're sitting in a cemetery. This is a sacred summer tradition in the city of angels.

They dine on Yogurt Land as they watch a mature Bette Davis give the performance that defined her career.

Angle on the screen:

MARGO CHANNING
 Funny business, a woman's career -
 the things you drop on your way up
 the ladder so you can move faster.
 You forget you'll need them again
 when you get back to being a woman.
 That's one career all females have
 in common, whether we like it or
 not: being a woman.

Angle on our girls:

HATTIE

How dope would it be if they
screened a black movie at Cinespia?

NIA

Bette's as black as you're gonna
get.

MARIE

It would be cool if they played
"Boyz in the Hood" or "Jason's
Lyric" or something like that.

HATTIE/NIA

"Jason's Lyric"?

Hattie checks her phone. Nia knows who she's corresponding
with.

NIA

Tell Audie we said, "Hi".

HATTIE

I would if she'd text me back.

MARIE

How many texts have you sent?

HATTIE

I sent her two text messages and
one e-mail.

MARIE

Three failed attempts. You can't
reach out to her anymore. The
ball's in her court.

Hattie takes a picture of her frozen yogurt.

NIA

Did you instagram it?

MARIE

Of course she did. How else would
the world know it happened?

Hattie checks her phone again. Marie catches her and tosses
a cracker at her face. Hattie looks up.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Stop obsessing. If you don't hear
from her tonight just call her in
the morning. And if you get her
voicemail don't leave a message.

Hattie takes a picture of the large crowd.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Would you stop instagramming shit
and just enjoy the moment.

HATTIE

I want to document this moment so
it'll last forever.

MARIE

No, you don't. You just want
everybody to think you have an
interesting life.

HATTIE

I do have an interesting life.

MARIE

Really? What are you doing
tomorrow?

HATTIE

I'm gonna go through all my spam e-
mails and make sure no important e-
mails have landed in there by
mistake.

EXT. HATTIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

Marie's hybrid pulls up to Hattie's apartment only to find
her furniture sitting on the front lawn. All three girls
just sit in the car. Hattie's in shock. Nia feels bad. And
Marie's not surprised.

INT. MARIE'S HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

NIA

Okay, she can sleep on my
reupholstered couch.

MARIE

Don't worry. We'll share custody.
You can keep her during the week,
and I'll have her on weekends.

HATTIE

I hate it when you guys talk about
me like I'm not here.

Hattie gets out of the car, slams the door, and walks over to her now outdoor living room. She plops down on the couch and tries to figure out where it all went wrong.

INT. MARIE & CHUCK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

Marie and Chuck are blowing up red and white balloons. A sign hangs on the wall that reads: HAPPY BIRTHDAY NIA!

Their apartment looks like an IKEA catalog. Everything matches. Nothing is out of place. Marie blows up a red balloon, ties it at the bottom, and quickly tosses it on the floor.

CHUCK

You're such a good balloon blower upper.

MARIE

Thanks, babe.

They give each other a quick peck on the lips.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Some day I'll be doing this for our children.

CHUCK

I'll probably be a partner by that time, so you can just have our nanny do it.

MARIE

We can blow up balloons for our own children's birthday parties. We're not that bougie.

Marie walks over to the kitchen counter and starts applying icing to a homemade birthday cake, while Chuck grabs the name plates to put on the dining room table.

CHUCK

Uh, baby, you forgot to make one for Lauren.

MARIE

(without looking up)
No, I didn't.

CHUCK

Come on, don't be like that.

MARIE

What?

CHUCK

If you don't make one, I'm gonna have to do it, and it's gonna look janky and she's gonna know we scribbled her name on a piece of paper at the last minute. I'm just trying to keep it classy.

MARIE

Can't you just tell Ben not to bring her?

Marie hugs Chuck from behind and starts kissing his neck.

CHUCK

Nope. That's his boo, and we gotta respect that.

MARIE

But she's the most annoying anorexic I've ever met.

CHUCK

As opposed to all the cool ones?

MARIE

I'm serious.

He turns around, takes Marie's face in his hands and kisses her softly.

CHUCK

Oh and she's not anorexic, she's bulimic. There's a difference.

Marie hoists herself up on the counter and unzips Chuck's pants. She pulls him in between her legs... but there's no lift off.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I had a long day at work, and my mom's dog just died --

MARIE

No, it's okay.

He starts dry humping her in an effort to get his 'little guy' to stand at attention.

CHUCK

Hold on.

He kisses her neck and concentrates. Still nothing. Then --

MARIE

Don't worry, I got it.

Marie uses her hands to help him out.

CHUCK

Thanks, babe. I really appreciate this.

As Chuck closes his eyes and leans his head back, we --

CUT TO:

INT. MARIE & CHUCK'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Post dinner. The lights have been dimmed, scented candles have been lit, and Frank Ocean is in the background singing about a bad religion.

Everyone sits around the table, including BEN (cocky and well dressed) and LAUREN (White girl, scary thin, earnest and care-free). Not unlike most dinner parties there are at least three different conversations happening simultaneously.

HATTIE

Why is everybody acting like I've never had a real job before?

CHUCK

Because you haven't.

HATTIE

Yes, I have.

MARIE

Handing out flyers for free screenings isn't a real job.

NIA

Those people are intense.

HATTIE

We have to be.

MARIE

You only did it for two days.

HATTIE

That's because when I'm on my feet for more than two hours I start to feel faint. It's a rare condition it doesn't even have a name.

MARIE

It's called lazy.

HATTIE

I can't have a regular job right now anyway. I have to focus on my show.

BEN

You don't have enough viewers to call it a show. It's more like a video diary.

HATTIE

That's the meanest thing anyone's ever said to me.

LAUREN

Then you've lived a charmed life.

CHUCK

Hattie, if you want you can come temp at our office.

BEN

She'd have to get those edges touched up first.

NIA

She's transitioning.

Chuck cuts his eyes at Ben.

BEN

What? She'd be sitting at the front desk.

MARIE

What's wrong with her hair?

HATTIE

"Her" is sitting right here.

BEN

It's just that -- Chuck and I are the only black folks at the firm and our colleagues aren't as evolved as we are.

HATTIE

Thanks for the offer, but I'd rather hand out twenty dollar blow-jobs on the corner of Hollywood and Highland.

NIA

Is that what they're going for now?

MARIE

You should become a YouTube partner.

HATTIE

(looking at Ben)

Apparently, I don't generate enough traffic for that.

BEN

You'd increase your viewership if you stopped talking at your audience and started engaging them.

HATTIE

I engage my audience.

BEN

No you don't. You just tell them what you're thinking. Which is kind of funny, but --

HATTIE

Kind of?

BEN

Trust me, if you start a dialogue with your audience they'll respond.

HATTIE

I think I know my audience a lot better than you do.

Ben shrugs his shoulders and pours himself another glass of wine.

CHUCK

Whatever happened to that Huffington Post gig?

HATTIE

Ya'll know I live for Arianna, but "Black Voices" is a hot mess. Her approach is all wrong. She doesn't know how to talk to my people.

MARIE

That's why she wanted you to be a part of it.

HATTIE

But they should be coming to me directly.

MARIE

Hattie, what's your goal? Where do you see yourself in five years?

HATTIE

I want to be Sherri Shepard's replacement on "The View".

BEN

What do you have against Sherri Shepard? She seems like a nice lady.

HATTIE

Okay, I think we all can agree that Star Jones is Satan's love child.

Everyone SPEAKS UP in agreement.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

But at least she was intelligent and was an expert in her field.

CHUCK

This is true.

HATTIE

Don't you think it's a little weird that Babs replaced her with a woman that can't pronounce the word specificity and voted for the first time in 2008?

Hattie's phone BUZZES. She glances at it --

HATTIE (CONT'D)

Really?

NIA

What?

HATTIE

Audie just liked my Facebook status.

MARIE

Oh so, she can't return your call,
your e-mail, or your text messages,
but she can like your Facebook
update.

LAUREN

I hate that shit.

HATTIE

What does it mean?

NIA

She's teasing you.

HATTIE

What should I do?

BEN

"Like" one of her updates.

CHUCK

Just text her.

MARIE

Ignore her.

Hattie throws on her hoodie because she's over this
conversation and because she's really cold.

HATTIE

Is it just me, or is it freezing in
here?

MARIE

It's not just you, the window in my
bedroom is stuck.

CHUCK

I'll try to close it again.

MARIE

You can't do it by yourself. I'll
help you.

CHUCK

Nah, I got it.

Chuck gets up from the table leaving Ben alone with the
girls.

MARIE

Ben, earmuffs.

BEN
Better yet --

Ben leaves the room.

MARIE
We're all synced up, right?

NIA
Yeah, but mine is wrapping up.

HATTIE
As usual, I'm the odd man out.

MARIE
Nia, can you lend me a pad?

NIA
Sorry, I'm in the panty liner phase.

HATTIE
Why am I always the outcast?

Then -- Lauren holds up a TAMPON. All the black girls in the room stare at it like a foreign object.

MARIE
What the fuck am I supposed to do with that?

CUT TO:

INT. MARIE & CHUCK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lauren sits on the toilet as she prepares to go into her tampon tutorial.

Marie and Nia look on in horror. Hattie's a little turned on.

LAUREN
I can't believe you guys don't wear tampons.

HATTIE
And I can't believe you guys don't bless your food.

The camera is focused on our three girls. We can hear Lauren, but we don't see her.

LAUREN (O.C.)

Okay, so don't worry about inserting it correctly the first time. It's a lot like sex. It'll hurt at first, but once you get used to it --

HATTIE

We get it.

LAUREN (O.C.)

Marie, you might want to loosen up when you try this. The more tense you are, the more painful it will be.

MARIE

Wow, this really is like sex.

LAUREN (O.C.)

Do you want to try it standing or sitting?

MARIE

Sitting.

HATTIE

Good choice.

Lauren and Marie switch places.

LAUREN

Hold the tampon applicator in your-- are you right handed, or left handed?

MARIE

Right handed.

LAUREN

Okay, hold it in your right hand and slowly insert --

Marie closes her eyes and takes a deep breath while everyone looks on. They look like they're watching Curiosity land on Mars.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Slowly. Slowly --

Marie starts to perspire.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Keep going, you're almost there...

MARIE
 (yelling)
 I can't do this!

LAUREN
 What? You were so close.

Marie pulls up her panties and STORMS out of the bathroom.

As she walks through the apartment, she mumbles to herself --

MARIE
 One of the perks of having a
 boyfriend is that you can send his
 ass to 7-Eleven when it's that time
 of the month.

She BURSTS through her bedroom door and finds Ben and Chuck
 having a serious MAKE OUT SESSION.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 What the fuck?

Chuck opens his eyes and sees Marie. He looks like a deer in
 headlights.

CHUCK
 Oh my God! Sweetie, let me
 explain.

MARIE
 (calm)
 Okay, go ahead.

Awkward silence.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 Exactly.

Marie walks out of the bedroom. Still in shock. The guys
 follow behind her.

The three of them bump into an unsuspecting --

INT. MARIE & CHUCK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- Hattie who is walking toward Nia holding the birthday cake
 Marie was icing earlier. Everyone starts singing "Happy
 Birthday." The Stevie Wonder version, of course. Lauren
 isn't familiar with this rendition so she just hums along.

Chuck, Ben, and Marie are still shell-shocked by what just happened, but they start singing anyway because they don't want to ruin their friend's twenty-third birthday.

Nia closes her eyes, makes a very specific wish, and blows out the candles. Her friends APPLAUD. Hattie sets the cake down on the table and hands Nia her gift.

NIA

I hope you got something off the registry.

HATTIE

I did not.

When Nia unwraps her gift she finds a framed black and white photo of a college age Barack Obama. He's wearing a fedora and a white dress shirt. His smile is carefree and his spirit is effervescent. He's everything a girl could want.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

I figured that should hold you, until you find the real thing.

Nia's eyes start to well up.

NIA

He's perfect -- I mean, it's perfect. Thank you, Hattie.

Nia hugs her.

INT. AUDIE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - 1:30 AM

Audie opens her door to find a melancholy Hattie standing there.

AUDIE

Hattie? What are you doing here?

HATTIE

A lot of shit just went down at Nia's dinner party situation. Apparently, Chuck got caught making out with his frat brother --

AUDIE

Oh no.

HATTIE

Now I feel bad cause I always thought he was gay, but didn't want to say anything...

Hattie stops herself.

AUDIE

What?

HATTIE

Nothing, I just came over here to tell you that I don't appreciate you not responding to my e-mail, or my text messages, or my missed call.

AUDIE

I'm sorry, I saw you --

HATTIE

Hold on, let me finish.

Audie's a little taken a back by this.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

Don't be unresponsive and then start 'liking' my Facebook updates. It's passive aggressive and it's borderline disrespectful. So if you want to be in my life, you can't just drop off the face of the earth cause you feel like it. I deserve better than that.

Hattie takes a deep breath.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

Thank you and good night.

She drops an imaginary mic (a la "Coming to America") and walks away.

Hattie takes a few steps, then --

AUDIE

Hattie.

Hattie stands there for a beat. Thinking. She can either keep walking, or turn around and walk back into something she knows will only bring her pain and heartache.

After a moment, she chooses the latter. As Audie's door closes, we --

CUT TO:

INT. MARIE & CHUCK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Marie and Hattie are sitting on Marie's bed facing each other.

HATTIE
This is some crazy shit.

MARIE
Who you telling?

HATTIE
So what happens now?

MARIE
(yawning)
He's coming to get his stuff
tomorrow.

It's obvious she didn't get much sleep last night.

HATTIE
Well at least now you can fuck Ryan
and not feel guilty about it.

MARIE
I am not trying to fuck Ryan.

HATTIE
Really? Cause every time I walk in
there it's very Olivia Pope and Mr.
President.

They both start chuckling.

HATTIE (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

MARIE
(high pitched voice)
Yeah, I'm fine.

HATTIE
You just said that in a really high
pitched voice, so I'm guessing
that's a lie.

MARIE
No, I just need some intense
therapy sessions, alone time with
my vibrator, and a little Bikram
yoga. Then I'll be okay.

HATTIE

I like where your head's at.

Marie gets up and starts for the door. When she reaches the doorway she turns to look at Hattie.

MARIE

You can move into the guest room if you want.

HATTIE

I want that very much.

MARIE

Just try not to leave half empty glasses of milk under the bed --

HATTIE

I don't do that anymore.

MARIE

Don't leave your hang nails all over the house.

HATTIE

Got it.

MARIE

And your sole reason for doing laundry should not be because you've run out of clean underwear.

HATTIE

That's your opinion, but I'll work on that.

Marie EXITS.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

I love you.

MARIE (O.S.)

(yelling back)

Love you too.

INT. MARIE & CHUCK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marie walks into the bathroom, closes the door, and turns on the shower. She stares at herself in the mirror for a long beat. Then she finally gives herself permission to cry.

Marie's not just mourning the loss of a boyfriend. She's mourning the loss of a best friend and what could have been.

INT. MARIE & HATTIE'S APARTMENT - GUEST ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

This shot is very similar to the first one we saw. Only now Hattie is surrounded by moving boxes.

She sits in front of the computer, Indian style, wearing a Hillman hoodie.

HATTIE

I know it's only been a couple days since I uploaded my last video, but a lot of shit has gone down. First of all, the dude that was supposed to be my best friend's "happily ever after" turned out to be a gay man. My beautiful black Nubian queens, when is this epidemic going to end? Are straight black women born without the gaydar gene? Talk to me.

CUT TO:

HATTIE (CONT'D)

Okay, so I finally watched "The Voice" last night and I'll be honest, I waswhelmed, but not overly. I mean, I can't take Shakira... I can't. And the whole chair thing --

Hattie stops. She doesn't want to talk about this. Hattie looks down and sits there quietly. Then she takes a deep breath and finally finds the courage to look up.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

Fuck "The Voice". I'm having a moment right now and I can't just sit here and act like everything's okay, cause it's not. I am currently living in my best friend's apartment because I eat out all the time and I never check my account balance.

Hattie's eyes start to well up.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

I lost my fucking apartment. If it weren't for my best friend I wouldn't have a place to live.

The weight of losing her apartment finally hits her like a ton of bricks.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

And to top it all off I'm madly in love with an emotionally damaged straight woman. I've tried to get over her many times, but it never works. All she gotta do is text me a couple smiley faces and my ass goes running right back. Now I know this isn't about her, it's about me. I was conceived in a dysfunctional relationship so to be in a healthy one would feel abnormal.

Hattie's never spoken that truth out loud. So she lets it sink in for a second.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

Whatever it is, it's a pattern. And it keeps repeating itself again and again and again. And if I don't break it I'll never be happy. Ever. Now that doesn't mean I'm gonna break the pattern tomorrow, but at least I know I have a problem. And that's the first step anyway, right? Right?

She realizes she's talking to a camera.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

I really need Iyanla to come fix my life.

Hattie hits the red button to stop recording. When she goes to hit UPLOAD she hesitates. She's not sure she wants 'all that' to go out into the world. But at this point... what does she have to lose?

Hattie uploads her video and leaves.

The camera ZOOMS in on the number of views. TIME LAPSE:

After a minute -- 2. After three minutes - 100. After ten minutes -- 3,963. After twenty minutes -- 20,846. After an hour -- 40,853. After three hours -- 189,738. After five hours -- 596,704.

After ten hours -- the video has 1,233,517 hits on YouTube.

On this, we --

FADE TO BLACK.