

BIGGER

Episode #101
"What's Best?"

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INT. MIDTOWN ATLANTA RESTAURANT - NIGHT (N1)

GREG WASHINGTON, 35, 100-percent conservative, is meticulously wiping down a menu. We watch for a beat or two as Greg inspects each wipe to make sure it's sterilized.

We ANGLE ON LAYNE ROBERTS, 35, whose style is a mix of creative and classic, sits across from Greg watching, surprisingly not tripping. She turns towards US.

LAYNE

Did you know that restaurant menus carry more germs and bacteria than any other surface? Crazy right? Menus can have a bacteria count as high as 185,000 per square centimeter -- so according to Greg, eating off a toilet is far healthier.

He cleans. Layne looks back US with a knowing smile.

LAYNE (CONT'D)

I wish he was that attentive to my vagina.

A WAITRESS walks up.

WAITRESS

Hi. Do you know what'cha want?

LAYNE

(to us)
Of course he does. He always orders the--

GREG

(to waitress)
--grilled salmon with brown rice...

LAYNE

(to us)
With a side of asparagus.
Lightly steamed

GREG (CONT'D)

(to waitress)
With a side of asparagus.
Lightly steamed.

Layne shoots US a look -- told you so.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

CLOSE ON Layne, again watching Greg, as he lights enough candles to start a small forest fire. She turns to US.

LAYNE

Greg's a good guy. He's a doctor. We like the same movies, laugh at the same jokes. And he's always trying to make me happy. Look at him.

(MORE)

LAYNE (CONT'D)
*He's ready to burn the house down
to show me how much he loves me.*

GREG
Almost ready, baby.

LAYNE
(sexy)
Can't wait.

Layne turns to US, bored with the wait. Greg searches for his phone. He pushes a few buttons and:

MUSIC CUE: *My Place* by Tweet starts to play through his speakers.

LAYNE (CONT'D)
(to us)
*I told Greg once that my favorite
sexy songs was Tweet's "My Place."
Now, I have to hear it every single
time he's trying to get me...*
(quotation fingers)
In the mood.

Greg turns up the music, rubs her shoulders a little too hard.

GREG
Nice, right?

LAYNE
(giggles)
Yes.
(to Us)
No.

Greg starts kissing her neck. Layne looks at US, smugly.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE/GREG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (N1)

CLOSE ON Layne, underneath Greg -- the look on her face a direct opposite of the sounds of ecstasy Greg is making. We REVERSE to see Greg, looking her deeply in her eyes.

GREG
I can see us on an island... and
your hair... it's lit by the
moonlight on the beach...

LAYNE
(awkwardly)
Yeah... yes...

GREG
Blowing in the wind...

LAYNE
(still awkward)
It's... such a beautiful beach...

GREG
Then I take your hand, then I lay
you on the sand...

LAYNE
(trying hard)
On that sandy... sandy beach...

GREG
And we make sweet, sweet... sweet
uh... sweet... love... oh yes...

This heats Greg up. He pumps faster. Layne turns to US.

LAYNE
**Greg is... rather sentimental. But
a girl is lucky to have that right?
I just wish he'd leave it for
Valentine's Day and not bust-it-
down day. But... it's fine.**

Greg makes louder noises. Layne notices, turns to US.

LAYNE (CONT'D)
Oh shit. Excuse me while I fake it.

Layne belts out a scream in concert with Greg's real one. He pumps even faster, then holds her face, forcing her to stare in his. Moments before he climaxes, he stops pumping --

GREG
I love you.

Then he cums. Hard. Layne's eyes grow wide. That seemed fun for him at least. He collapses by her side, exhausted. Layne casually pats him on the chest. She turns to US.

LAYNE
**Well, at least he'll be asleep in
10 seconds which means I finally
have the tv to myself.**

Layne turns to reach over Greg. She starts to look for the remote only to find him not asleep at all but staring at her with a huge smile on his face.

LAYNE (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

GREG
(smiling)
I'm fine.

LAYNE
Is the remote over there by you?

GREG
Will you marry me?

Layne freezes, then chuckles.

LAYNE
Boy, stop playing and hand me the remote.

GREG
I'm serious. Will you be my wife?

Layne sits up, pulls the covers to her neck.

LAYNE
Wife? Oh wow. Okay. Uhm, you, uh, mind if I get back to you on that?

GREG
Layne, this isn't a dinner order or a new pair of shoes. It's marriage.

LAYNE
Uhm, yeah... I know. It *is* marriage which is why I need time.

GREG
Time, huh?

Greg starts getting dressed.

GREG (CONT'D)
I'm headed to my conference in the morning. I love you but it's been over a year. I don't see the point in being together if you're not sure about me, Layne.

He leaves Layne there confused, until she glances over at a picture on his nightstand of Greg's parents in matching sweaters. **After a beat, the parents' faces are replaced with Greg and Layne's in the same sweaters. Layne winces, as we --**

SLAM TO:

MAIN TITLES: BIGGER

INT. THE JOINT/DINING AREA - DAY (D2)

CLOSE ON VERONICA YATES, 35, thicker-than-a-snicker with plus-sized model good looks; DEON RANDALL, 35, well-groomed, fine; TRACEY DAVIS, 35, wanna-be-Hollywood-fabulous;

and VINCE CARPENTER, 35, cute, oddly dressed in early 2000s attire for someone under 40. All stare at the camera. No one speaks, then --

TRACEY
Are you gon' say yes?
(turns to Deon)
She better say yes.

DEON
(pointing at Layne)
This one? You know she gon'
overthink it and not do shit.

They turn to talk to each other.

TRACEY
Well, that's stupid. Greg's a good
dude.

VERONICA
He dry as toast, but hey... to each
her own.

VINCE
Right, to each their own so leave
my cuz alone. She got this.

VERONICA
--What? Ain't nobody talkin' to
you. Shut up.

VINCE
You shut up--

VERONICA
You SHUT UP--

REVERSE TO REVEAL Layne, now clothed in an ensemble that fights between conservative and bohemian. She turns to US.

LAYNE
***These loud ignorant black people
are my friends from college, Dunbar
U! Go Tigers! Except for my cousin
Vince--***

ANGLE ON Vince still arguing. Layne talks to US.

LAYNE (CONT'D)
***He didn't go to Dunbar. He just
freeloaded on classes. These are
the best friends any girl can have.
But right now I need them to...***
(turning to the group)
Shut up!

Veronica starts scrambling in her purse.

LAYNE (CONT'D)
What're you doing?

VERONICA
You clearly in need of Xanax.
Figured I'd help a bitch out.

DEON
I can't believe you told dude you'd
get back to him. Hilarious.

LAYNE
He can't just spring such a big
question on me.

TRACEY
I think that is literally the
definition of a proposal. You're
just scared of getting married.

LAYNE
I'm not scared of getting married.
My wedding would be beautiful. It's
the wife part I might have trouble
with. I just don't know if I love,
love him.

DEON
You should love, love him. This is
a doctor we talkin' 'bout. If I met
a high-caliber woman with her own
money, instead of the gold-diggers,
crawling out the sewers like
"Thriller"...

TRACEY
Bitter much?

VERONICA
Which White girl hurt you?

DEON
Whatever... I date whoever's
bringing that paper to the table.

Layne turns to US.

LAYNE
**Deon's an auditor. He makes good
money, but you wouldn't know it...**

INT. BUTTERFLY EFFECT STRIP CLUB - FLASHBACK (XD1)

MUSIC CUE: *Make It Rain* by Travis Porter

Music reverberates in the background. CLOSE ON Deon smoking a
blunt and knocking down liquor from a flask.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Deon is using proximity to benefit from someone else's lap dance. The stripper turns around, notices how close Deon is.

STRIPPER

Unless you payin', back the fuck up.

INT. THE JOINT/DINING AREA - DAY (D2)

As the group was.

TRACEY

I hate giving him this, but Deon's right...

DEON

I'm always right.

TRACEY

You *think* you always right. Listen, I wish a man would support my dreams like Greg supports yours... saving your shop and shit.

LAYNE

My store doesn't need "saving."
(off their look)
Okay... maybe it does need a little saving.

Tracey gasps when she sees something on social media.

TRACEY

Oh my God... Brandon Kramer died.

DEON

(scrolling his phone)
Brandon from Morehouse?

TRACEY

Yeah. People on Facebook say it was an aneurysm.

DEON

Damn. He's like our age, right? Is 35 the time when people start randomly dropping dead? Remember Sigma Tony? He died like three months ago.

TRACEY

But that was from a drug overdose.

DEON

He could handle his drugs at 25, is the point.

TRACEY

Ohmigod if I die, all my obit would say is "chick who used to be the shit but ended up struggling." That ain't cool. My funeral can't be wack--

VERONICA

--okay calm down, you know we are not going to leave you hanging, your funeral is going to be lit.

TRACEY

Promise?

VERONICA

Promise.

TRACEY

(scanning her phone)
Damn, he was supposed to be going to Paris next month. He's been posting about it. Looks like he even RSVP'd for that Patrón day party today.

VINCE

That's that joint in Midtown. DJ Spectacle spinning. It's gon' be crazy.

DEON

I was trying to hook us up, but couldn't get on the list. You get five guests with every RSVP, too.

They all look at each other.

LAYNE

You guys can't be serious, right?

TRACEY

You know, I can go live there! I need to get my followers up so I can land some brand sponsorships. Mama's rent's due.

Off Layne's judgmental look --

TRACEY (CONT'D)

I mean, we should go to celebrate Brian's--

LAYNE

Brandon--

TRACEY
Brandon's life.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - ATLANTA SKYLINE - DAY (D2)

MUSIC CUE: *Wake Up In The Sky* by Gucci Mayne

Music reverberates through the party. The energy level is at an eight with the potential to go to ten. People are casually dressed but fashionable. Beautiful fly black people having a great time.

ANGLE ON LAYNE AND THE CREW as they enter the party, everyone is excited. Deon and Vince eye the women, Tracey and Veronica eye the men. Layne, however, carries a worried look on her face.

LAYNE
Deon, did you really just pretend to be a dead guy? We're going to hell.

DEON
Look, sis. It got us in.

LAYNE
This is so wrong. I gotta get out of here before Jesus sees me.

VERONICA
Girl, bring yo' ass. Jesus knows your heart.

TRACEY
And look at that skyline. It's so beautiful. It's breathtaking, like looking at God with a paintbrush. I gotta record me twerking in front of that.

Tracey skirts off. A COCKTAIL WAITRESS walks by.

VERONICA
Aww shit! Shot o'clock! Let's get drunk.

Layne reluctantly follows Veronica, who trails the Waitress. They walk by Tracey, indeed in front of the skyline recording herself twerking.

ANGLE ON Vince watching ladies go by. He cocks his baseball cap to the side, trying too hard. The ladies check him out and move on. KING, well built, dripping, crosses to Vince.

KING
DJ Vinny what's good wit'cha?

VINCE
Yo... Doing my thang.

KING
You still spinning at Fritz's?

VINCE
Yeah. Three nights. Got that Saturday spot on fire.

KING
I heard. Streets been talking. Check it, I'm leaving Butterfly Effect. I got a little residency at a club in Vegas. I get a cut of the door and all that. I'm getting like, \$15,000 a weekend.

VINCE
Damn. That's how you secure the bag. Butterfly Effect likes them young deejays, with they Apple Music-ass playlists. You know I'm a purist.

KING
Naw dawg, they be fucking with dudes with vinyl. You should hit them up and audition, get out them hole in the walls and level up.

King crosses off. Vince lets that wash over him.

ANGLE ON Layne, Tracey and Veronica. As they walk through the party, several guys approach Veronica.

GUYS
What's up thickness/Jill Scott what's good?/I look small but I can handle it.

As Veronica soaks up the love, she runway walks past the guys. Layne turns towards US.

LAYNE
Veronica always dreamed of being a supermodel, but the skinny models and designers gave her grief, so she gave up that pursuit. But in her own head, she's still a model, and needs nobody's runway to prove it.

TRACEY

Why are you getting all of the attention?

VERONICA

Winters coming. It's cuffing season boo.

KEISHA (O.S.)

Tracey?

The camera WHIP pans over to KEISHA BARNES, in big sunglasses and a Gucci coverup. A small entourage follows her.

TRACEY

Keisha.

Keisha looks hesitant, tries to read Tracey.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

What up, girl?!

Keisha matches Tracey's energy.

KEISHA

Miss you, girl!

Tracey and Keisha "air" kiss. The shot freezes. Layne looks to US.

LAYNE

Last year, Tracey was one of the original stars of the reality show, Basketball Exes. When Tracey's man cheated on her, it was with Keisha... who claims she didn't know anything about Tracey. Then that same man cheated on Keisha with another woman, which landed Keisha on Basketball Exes too...

The shot unfreezes. Tracey and Keisha break their air kiss as Layne and Veronica eye Keisha.

KEISHA

(passive aggressive, to Tracey)

I see your little Instagram posts with you selling stuff. So smart, because everyone needs drawers...

TRACEY

Support garments. Yes.

KEISHA

I ain't mad at you. Get your hustle on! You been watching the show?

TRACEY

Nah. I've moved on. Y'all holding it down, I'm sure.

KEISHA

We tryin', but girl, that show is crazy. I'm glad we were above all that shit.

TRACEY

I know, right?

KEISHA

Imma see you at the reunion show though, right?

TRACEY

(caught off guard)
Uh, yeah... I'll be there.

KEISHA

Okay, girl.

Keisha crosses off.

VERONICA

Ah shit. You didn't tell us you were invited to the reunion show.

TRACEY

That's because I wasn't invited.

VERONICA

That's fucked up.

LAYNE

Seriously.

VERONICA

You want me to lay hands on her? I have some aggressions I need to get out anyway, so it'll be per--

TRACEY

No. Me and Keisha cool. It's the producers who're mad at us for not being hood, fightin' and shit on the show.

VERONICA

But they fired you, though... for not being hood.

TRACEY

Because it was my idea. It's fine...

(MORE)

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Like my idol, Platinum Wifey Status Michelle Obama, said 'when they go low, it's good to just take the stairs.'

Tracey spots something across the room.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Oooo. A photobooth. Let's capture this moment to prove we the hottest hoes here.

Tracey walks off. Veronica shakes her head and follows. Layne does too while checking and texting on her phone.

Veronica sees Layne texting. She snatches Layne's phone. The women make it to the line for photos. They stand in it.

VERONICA

Greg? Tell me you're not in a testosterone filled establishment texting a nigga who ain't here.

LAYNE

Look, I can't help it. You know I'm attracted to worrying.

VERONICA

But not attracted to dick?

LAYNE

No-- yeah.

VERONICA

Stop lying to yourself. You really think Greg is good for you?

LAYNE

I don't know what's good for me. This whole thing with Brandon dropping dead has made me unsure about everything. I mean, we're talking about living our best lives, but how do we know what's "best," you know?

VERONICA

Just do what feels good right now because a life worth living needs some excitement.

LAYNE

Nothing really feels that good right now. I'm questioning everything-- Greg, being a business owner.

(MORE)

LAYNE (CONT'D)

I mean, I just heard my old
coworker Laura got promoted to
brand manager... my old spot.

Veronica snatches Tracey's phone, then turns to Layne.

VERONICA

You made a decision and got out of
corporate America.
You just need to get excited about
the store again.

Layne processes this as the girls' turn in line. They hop in
the --

INT. PHOTOBOOTH - CONTINUOUS (D2)

Tracey punches buttons in the booth to set up the picture.

TRACEY

Sweetheart, to be honest, your
store is a little bland.

VERONICA

It's designed like a thrift store
took a shit in a TJ Maxx,
respectfully.

This lands on Layne.

LAYNE

You know I'm standing right here.

VERONICA

Oooh, maybe you can rebrand your
store! I know the perfect interior
designer too... Lori's my go-to for
all the properties I show. And
she's reasonable.

LAYNE

You mean, like have a re-grand
opening?

TRACEY

That would be dope!

WOMAN (O.S.)

Excuse me, are y'all gon' take a
picture, damn?

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS (D2)

Tracey pokes her head out of the booth, pissed. The WOMAN,
late 20s, scantily clad, turns away to talk shit with her
FRIENDS in line. Tracey scans her from head to toe.

TRACEY

We'll be five minutes. Should give
you enough time to fix your edges.

INT. PHOTOBOOTH - CONTINUOUS (D2)

Tracey, Veronica and Layne crack up. They strike over-the-top
poses as the camera FLASHES. We see a freeze-frame of the
ladies, sillier than ever.

EXT. ROOFTOP - LATER (D2)

MUSIC CUE: *Get Dripped* by Lil Yachty

Music blasts from surrounding speakers. People are dancing
and drinking. The music is meeting the apex of the partiers'
liquor consumption and it's about to hit a ten.

ANGLE ON Deon dancing with a very CURVY WOMAN, whose body was *
made by surgeons. Good ones. The Woman turns around and *
starts to twerk! Bouncing her surgically enhanced ass to the *
beat of the music. Deon is in love. Satisfied with the *
crowd's reaction, the Woman turns her attention to Deon. *

DEON

Yo, that was crazy. I haven't seen
you around before. Where do you
dance at? *

CURVY WOMAN

Nigga, I'm a doctor. *

She storms off. Off Deon's surprise, we -- *

CUT TO: *

EXT. ROOFTOP/DANCE FLOOR - LATER (D2)

MUSIC CUE: *One of Them Nights* by City Girls

The girls dance with each other, having the time of their
lives, drinking and laughing, without a care in the world.

The girls come off the dance floor laughing, a little tipsy,
when REGGIE LANGFORD, tall, sexy, strong beard, all
testosterone, gently grabs Layne.

REGGIE

Hey. I was hoping I get the next
dance.

LAYNE

Oh. No. I'm here with my girls.

Veronica and Tracey eye fuck Reggie. He's fine!

VERONICA
Never mind her. Layne let me holla
at you real quick.

They pull Layne aside.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
What the fuck is wrong with you?

LAYNE
What? No, I mean he's fine but--

TRACEY
But what?

LAYNE
Greg...

VERONICA
Technically, Greg put a pause on
things until he gets back. Until
then, you're single for the next
two weeks.

LAYNE
I can't just...

VERONICA
...Entertain this fine specimen
when Greg damn near gave you a get-
outta-jail-free-card? You ain't
gon' say yes to Greg, so stop lying
to yourself.

TRACEY
(re: Veronica)
Ignore her and her overactive thot
hormones. You don't have to do
nothin'. But he *is* fine so at least
dance and have some fun.

Layne turns towards US.

LAYNE
*Look, I know he's hot. I'm moist
just looking at him. But I don't
want to hurt Greg-- then again, I'm
not hurting him if I only do some
harmless flirting--*

She looks at him as he approaches again.

LAYNE (CONT'D)
But damn....

REGGIE
So are we going to dance or what?

LAYNE
(to US)
Just a dance right?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LAYNE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT (N2)

CLOSE ON Layne, sitting on her bed in this Bohemian-styled bedroom.

LAYNE
(to US)
Hey, don't judge me...

Layne turns back with a big grin as she watches--

Reggie, shirtless, wearing just his pants, standing over Layne, whose dress is undone. Reggie unzips what is now an animated gold zipper. Layne's mouth drops. **We hear full-on Disney music as animated flowers and birds fly out.**

We're BACK ON Layne. A sudden glow from Reggie's fly paints over her face. ANGELS SING in the background.

Layne turns to US. A huge smile.

INT. LAYNE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - MONTAGE (N2)

- Layne rides Reggie, **looks at US overhead**, screams in pleasure.

- Layne is against the wall, with Reggie holding her. She turns to **look at US**, smiling in ecstasy as she grips him tighter.

- Reggie hits it from behind. Layne **looks at US**, reaches for a bottle of water on the nightstand, tries to drink it. Reggie takes it, puts it back, not allowing any distractions.

- OPEN ON Layne, snoring, sprawled out under the covers. WIDEN TO REVEAL Reggie, on the opposite side of the bed sitting up. He glances at her when she snores loud, then grabs the remote, turns on the TV -- a job well done.

INT. LAYNE'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING (D3)

Layne, hair tussled, in a bathrobe, cooking breakfast in this modern, but warm and homey, kitchen. We see Reggie, fully naked, dick swinging, enter into frame in the background. Layne slightly glances back as he grabs a bagel from the counter, then keeps walking out of frame.

LAYNE
(to US)
You know you'd be cooking too.

Layne takes a pot off its burner when we see Reggie's arm come into frame. She playfully yelps as he grabs her by the waist, yanking her out of frame, as we --

CUT TO:

INT. TRACEY'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING (D3)

POV of a camera recording. Tracey wraps a WAIST TRAINER around her midsection. She smiles to camera.

TRACEY

You can move in this waist trainer like no other, my lovelies! Check it out at snatched.com. Use my code, TraceyJ for a discount! Also, my CashApp name is TraceyJ1! Hashtag, be-a-blessing-get-a-blessing!

The image freezes. We PULL OUT TO REVEAL --

INT. SOUTHERN UNIQUE SPIRITS/OFFICE - DAY (D3)

CLOSE ON a marketing executive JASON, mid twenties. White but real cool, as he listens intently.

TRACEY (O.S.)

I'm doing more social media promos after Basketball Exes. I had to leave the reality show game. They wanted me to be too over the top.

REVEAL Tracey with a massive weave, more makeup than we've seen before and tight clothes.

JASON

Hey look, you've got a great following.

TRACEY

(he gets it)
And the important thing is those followers listen to whatever I recommend to them.

JASON

Humpf. Look we did a deep dive on your page. Although you have high numbers, you have very little engagement. I don't see the breakfast, lunch and dinner posts. I also noticed less than a hundred people show up when you go live and that drops by fifty percent within seconds.

TRACEY

Ok. So, what? My million followers doesn't mean anything?

JASON

Well, here at Southern Unique Spirits, we'd rather invest in someone who has less followers but consistent posts and high engagement.

TRACEY

So I have to post all day? That's like... a job.

JASON

The numbers are there. If you're up to it, take about six months... and let's circle back?

TRACEY

(dejected but pretending not be)
Sure. Six months.

INT. VINCE'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3)

EXPOSED BRICK WALLS give this shoebox of an apartment its only interesting character. Vince rises from the bed. He stretches for a beat before crossing over to a window. He opens it and inhales deeply. He stares out the window, focused, like he's waiting for an answer to a question he hasn't asked yet. Then, finally, he snaps out of his trance and crosses over to a table holding a DJ COFFIN, TWO TURN TABLES and a MIXER. He takes a deep breath before sliding his headphones on.

ECU of his hand hitting the power button on his NS7 Numark digital mix deck. He begins to scratch a record, bringing music to life in his headphones. He's immediately transfixed. Wrist snatching the record back and forth creating a rhythmic scratching sound. Vince's mixes take us to...

INT. LAYNE'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY (D3)

Layne is sitting on the countertop while Reggie is seated at the table eating. Every now and again, Layne looks up from her plate. Layne turns to US.

LAYNE

I've only done this one night stand thing once before and that didn't go well...

INT. LAYNE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - FLASHBACK (XD3)

Layne has a GUY on top of her as they drunkenly make out. The Guy kisses her breasts before making his way down in between her legs. Layne closes her eyes, getting ready to be eaten alive. After a beat, we hear him VOMIT.

CUT TO:

INT. LAYNE'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - SAME (D3)

Layne as she was. Still talking to US.

LAYNE

Needless to say my pussy confidence was in the toilet.

(then)

Is it wrong that in the era of female empowerment I'm still worried Mr. Third Leg is judging me? He needs to know I ain't a THOT.

Layne turns to Reggie but before she can speak, he says:

FANTASY:

REGGIE

I just wanna say I don't normally have one night stands and shit but man, we just connected on a whole 'nother level and I don't have that with a lot of women. I hope we can continue to see each other.

FANTASY ENDS.

Layne turns to US.

LAYNE

Sweet right? I wished he said that shit. Instead he said...

REGGIE

I gotta say... you got some good ass pussy.

LAYNE

(dryly)
Thanks.

REGGIE

Fat too. I like that.

LAYNE

(to US)

*Fat isn't normally a compliment,
but I guess when it's referring to
my coochie, I should just say...*

(to Reggie)

Why, thank... you.

REGGIE

Never had bacon and Fruit Loops...
together.

LAYNE

Sorry. All I had. My fridge has
been a little challenged lately.

REGGIE

So what do you do?

LAYNE

I worked for in marketing for like
10 years, then I quit about six
months ago to open my own vintage
shop nearby in Little Five Points
called "Back in the Day."

REGGIE

Dope. I've seen those type of
stores around here. Vintage
stores... ain't they basically
bougie Goodwill stores, though?

LAYNE

Not really. The clothes I sell are
more on the high-end side. More
retro. What about you?

REGGIE

I work at a nursing home.

LAYNE

On purpose?

REGGIE

Yeah. It's a good gig. The old
people are cool and shit.

Layne chuckles.

LAYNE

If those old ladies only knew you
were walking around with that
secret between your legs...

REGGIE

I know right. It'd be raining
social security checks.

They laugh.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
They'd be taking their teeth out.

LAYNE
Hey, you might be into it... all
gums.

They laugh harder, then the laughter dies down. Reggie looks over at Layne.

REGGIE
(sexy)
Wanna fuck?

LAYNE
Yes, please.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D3)

CLOSE ON an enormous speaker. The hottest Atlanta trap of the moment plays from it.

We PULL OUT to see a YOUNG DJ, early twenties, playing the song from his turntables. A CLUB OWNER watches his audition.

ANGLE ON THE OTHER DJS --

Who are auditioning. We pan down the line of the DJs, holding personalized laptops. All are under 25 years old, wearing either fitted jeans, or Supreme shirts wearing the latest sneakers.

We continue to pan until we land on Vince. He sticks out with his Atlanta Braves hat cocked to the side, baggier jeans, Sean Jean tee, wearing Jordan 11 sneakers. Late '90s/early 2000's old school. Vince carries a crate of records. Several DJs look him over and snicker. Vince swallows hard.

EXT. STREET - DAY (D3)

Layne is on the phone as she pulls up to a light.

LAYNE
Lori... hi... I know I'm late. Can
you just wait for me at the shop?
I'll be there in five minutes.

As she hangs up, something catches her attention. She lifts up her sunglasses to get a better look.

LAYNE'S POV: A BUS STOP BENCH with a picture of Veronica smiling in a business suit, underneath is her slogan "**Veronica sells Atlanta.**" Layne smiles with pride, when a PEDESTRIAN walks up to her car.

PEDESTRIAN

Whoa! A '69 Karmann Ghia. Would you ever consider...?

LAYNE

No sir. Sorry. It was a gift... from my dad.

(to US)

Almost twice a week I get an offer to sell Angela Bassett. Won't happen. It's my baby.

The Pedestrian walks on. Layne pulls off, smiles to herself.

INT. BACK IN THE DAY - DAY (D3)

Typical vintage shop. Rows of clothes, divided into areas by decades. The coffee shop area is simple and quaint -- a few tables and a couch. Nothing more nothing less. There are a few customers seated there but business is slim.

Layne is behind the register biting her nails while reading an estimate. Layne mumbles numbers, almost inaudibly.

LORI

(all business)

Why don't I give you some time with the numbers? Just so you know, the costs aren't firm, but if you want to utilize this space and make it something special, you have to spend a little money.

Layne looks at the estimate. Then at US.

LAYNE

Spend a little money? Spoken by a white girl whose obvious generational wealth has clouded her perception of what "a little money" actually means.

(to Lori)

Lori, this is wonderful. I'll think about it and give you a call soon.

Lori exits. Layne sits on the floor. Slightly overwhelmed.

INT. HARRIS LLOYD GOLDBERG FINANCIAL GROUP - DEON'S OFFICE - DAY(D3)

MUSIC CUE: *Alright* by Kendrick Lamar

We see Deon, but not how we normally see him. He wears a bowtie and sports coat. He has his headphones in, listening to the song, pumping himself up.

INT. HARRIS LLOYD GOLDBERG FINANCIAL GROUP - BREAK ROOM - DAY (D3)

Gone is the swag. Deon's all business. He speaks with absolutely no flavor to NILE, a coworker.

DEON

--I have a hunch your client might be hiding information regarding an off-balance sheet transaction. Check everything. See if you spot unusual transactions.

NILE

Right, we never reviewed those.

DEON

Because they're below our materiality threshold.

NILE

The partners will appreciate that if we find something. I'll let them know you think something's off.

DEON

By the way, you happen to know when they're looking to find James' replacement on that account?

NILE

No, but I'll keep you posted.

Deon looks hopeful, maybe even desperate, but plays it off.

DEON

Great, dude. Totally appreciate it.

Deon's cellphone RINGS. It's Vince. Deon picks up.

DEON (CONT'D)

Vincent... give me a second please. Nile, talk later.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER (D3)

We see Deon climbing several flights of stairs.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY (D3)

Deon comes out of the stairwell and onto the roof. The Atlanta skyline becomes our backdrop. He crosses to the edge of the roof, looks around to make sure he's alone. Satisfied, he un-mutes the phone.

DEON

What's up nigga?

VINCE

I need to holla at you about something. You working out later?

DEON

Dude... you coulda texted me dat
shit. I'm on my way.

INT. X3 SPORTS - DAY (D3)

Vince and Deon lift weights. They are in mid-conversation.

VINCE

I can't believe I'm opening for
this little young, wet-behind-the-
ears nigga. Straight bullshit.

DEON

Man, you think them younger white
assholes at my job know more than
me? But I'm playing the game, until
I get that promotion.

A beat.

VINCE

These playlist DJs with their
preloaded laptops. What I do takes
work. It's art.

Deon laughs. Vince wants to, but his pride won't let him.

DEON

Don't be mad at these young boys.
This is their time. Join the game,
don't fight it.

VINCE

Fuck these young, million followers
IG muthafuckas..

DEON

See, that's how niggas get stuck.
Won't let go of shit. My uncle got
good genes, but that nigga won't
let go of these 1980s serial killer
glasses. He'd be pulling 30-year-
old ass if he'd let go of them
muthafuckas.

VINCE

Well, that ain't my problem.

A beat as Deon switches machines in silence. Vince follows.

VINCE (CONT'D)

What? You saying something wrong
with my gear?

DEON
Well, first of all, you said
"gear," and secondly you still wear
Sean John tracksuits.

VINCE
They're comfortable.

DEON
Let it go dude. Let it go. Make
room for the new.

Vince takes this in. Then --

VINCE
You can't kill a man's confidence
during a workout. Leave that to
niggas like him--

Vince points to a SUPER BUFFED DUDE moaning while doing heavy
reps, Vince and Deon look at each other.

DEON
Fuck that nigga.

VINCE (CONT'D)
His ass on 'roids.

INT. THE JOINT - DAY (D3)

Veronica, Tracey and Layne sit in a booth catching up when
the WAITER delivers drinks to the table. The ladies reach for
their drinks when Tracey stops them, takes a picture and
posts it.

VERONICA
Bitch! I'm jealous.

LAYNE
Don't be. I've majorly fucked up.

VERONICA
More like you got majorly fucked.

WAITER
(to Layne)
I have everyone else. You decide on
your order yet?

Veronica and Tracey roll their eyes, knowing what to expect.

LAYNE
Yes. I'll have the chicken sausage
with eggs, over medium... but wait,
they might be too runny. Why don't
you give me the Eggs Benedict with
the hollandaise sauce on the side?
Oh but, every time I get it on the
side I just end up smothering it
all over everything.

(MORE)

LAYNE (CONT'D)

So, I tell you what... let me get the bowl of grains.

She gives the menu to the Waiter.

WAITER

Are you sure?

LAYNE

Of course I'm sure. Thank you.

The Waiter crosses off. A beat later, ANOTHER WAITRESS walks by with A SIZZLING STEAK with eggs. Layne sniffs it. It smells good.

LAYNE (CONT'D)

Shit, I probably should have gotten steak.

VERONICA

Biiiitch, finish the story? So, what did dude's dick look like? Did it lean to the left or right? I find the big ones just kinda slump over--

TRACEY

-- Did it kiss your cervix?

LAYNE

I think saw cartoons... seriously.

Veronica and Tracey scream, laugh. Tracey stops...

TRACEY

Aww damn... I feel bad for Greg. He's such a good guy.

LAYNE

Well, don't make me feel worse.

VERONICA

He's the one who pushed the pause button. Plus, this was a one-time thing. Right?

Layne looks unsure.

LAYNE

Huh? You're the one always talking about living in the now.

VERONICA

Yes, and you did that. For one night. You ain't built like me. You keep messin' with that big dick and your shit gon' be all fucked up.

LAYNE

I'll be fine. It's just that, before I left corporate, I never prioritized my own pleasure or joy... the stuff that should really matter in life, right? I feel like with Reggie, I get a bit of that-- a little guilt-free fun for once.

TRACEY

Fun don't pay the bills, or send you gifts 'just because.'

LAYNE

It's not all about that.

TRACEY

It's a lot about that. Fun only lasts a few minutes.

LAYNE

Or hours.

VERONICA

Bitch, hours?

Veronica clutches her pearls.

LAYNE

Real talk, Greg is a good guy, he's consistent, dependable, safe...

VERONICA

He's starting to sound like a Subaru.

LAYNE

Exactly-- and there's nothing wrong with a Subaru but Reggie...

(Getting lost)

Reggie is like a new Porsche Panamera and when I'm driving it I feel like I'm free, no rules, no judgment, no worries. My body is grateful... so, so grateful to experience that freedom.

VERONICA

Yeah but the maintenance on a Porsche is expensive and you can't afford the car note. So maybe the Subaru best suits you.

LAYNE

Both of you... stop coming at me like I'm a kid.

(MORE)

LAYNE (CONT'D)

I'm going to end up making the decision that makes the most sense to me. So no matter what I decide, trust me, I'll be good.

VERONICA

Okay, boo.

They drink and eat silently for a beat. Then...

LAYNE

(softly)
Can you loan me some money?

VERONICA

Seriously? After that speech, absolutely not. Plus, I just spent a grip of money putting my face on bus stop benches all over Atlanta. It's called investing in yourself. Look, if you're truly ready to revamp your business, you're gonna need to put two feet in and find a way.

This lands on Layne, then their food comes.

TRACEY

Wait...

Tracey pulls out her phone to record the food.

VERONICA

We don't got no time for Boomerangs, bitch! I'm starving.

Veronica pulls her plate close.

EXT. THE JOINT - LATER (D3)

Layne walks to her car, trying to figure out her next move. We see the conversation at brunch still stings.

INT./EXT. BACK IN THE DAY - MONTAGE (D4)

- Layne watches a CAR BUYER get out of her car after checking it out. He gets out, smiles, shakes her hand, takes the keys.

- Lori is directing a small crew of men about the color of paint she wants.

- Layne watches as the men bring in various clothing stands, displays, mannequins. She checks her phone, and has a text from Greg: "**Just checking in. Looking forward to talking next week.**" She replies: "**Me too.**"

- Layne and Lori dress mannequins. Reggie texts Layne. **"Where you at gurl?(eggplant emojis)"** Layne chuckles, then catches herself, puts her phone away.

- Layne stands outside of her store, impressed, watching workers put up her new sign. "Back in the day." She takes a picture... texts it to Greg saying **"Progress."** He texts back. **"Glad that the store has some progress (wink face) jk. Proud of you."** Layne smiles.

- Layne hands out fliers to PASSERSBY. Flier reads, **"Back in the day -- Grand reopening. Store so nice we had to have a grand opening twice."**

- Layne looking at the finished product -- brighter, more inviting -- the start of something new.

INT. VINCE'S APARTMENT - MONTAGE (D4)

- Vince stares at old sweatsuits and accessories laid out on his bed. After a beat, he starts putting them in a bag.

INT. LAYNE'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT (N5)

Layne finishes her makeup. She smiles, radiant and ready to take on the world.

EXT. BACK IN THE DAY - NIGHT (N5)

An UBER car drives up with Layne in the backseat. Layne looks out the window, her eyes WIDEN as she smiles.

LAYNE

You got to be kidding me.

Layne's POV. The store looks BEAUTIFUL -- organized like a museum of costume design with dressed headless mannequins, illuminated by spotlights, and signs indicating the fashion era and style. The music is pumping. Plenty of customers mill around and check out her store. Layne beams with pride.

UBER DRIVER

Looks like a helluva party.

LAYNE

It does, doesn't it?

Layne hops out of the car and heads into --

INT. BACK IN THE DAY - NIGHT (N5)

Layne walks in to thunderous applause -- her friends clapping the loudest. She takes a bow as she soaks in the adulation. She smiles across the room at -- Vince, at the DJ booth, who smiles back. He effortlessly scratches and mixes older beats in with the new, clearly in his flow.

INT. BACK IN THE DAY - LATER (N5)

The party is over. Her crew sits around a table. Deon uncorks a bottle of champagne. They clap, shout out congratulations.

A BIT LATER

The crew leaves. Layne sits in her newly remodeled store alone, taking in a job well done.

DISSOLVE TO:

EVEN LATER

Layne has drifted off on the store's couch when Greg walks in, BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS in hand. Layne pops up, brightens.

LAYNE

Hey!

GREG

Hey. I came here right from the airport. I figure better late than never right? These are for you.

He hands her the flowers. She smiles.

LAYNE

Peonies, my favorite.

GREG

I know.
(re: lighting fixtures)
You added the sconces. Nice.

LAYNE

You were right. The tan ones were more neutral, so they work better.

GREG

Well, we're a pretty good team.

LAYNE

We are.

He brushes hair out of Layne's face. Layne exhales, smiles to herself, as if suddenly comforted by Greg's presence.

GREG

So that flight was rough...

LAYNE

Yes, I will--

GREG

Huh?

LAYNE

I mean I do. Or wait, that's only
for the wedding itself...

GREG

You... You're saying, yes?

Greg beams, kisses her all over her face when his pager
BEEPS. He checks it.

LAYNE

You gotta go in?

GREG

I can say my plane was delayed.

LAYNE

No, I don't want anyone giving
birth without you. I'll see you
tomorrow.

He leans in to kiss her and bumps her forehead. Hard.

GREG

Oh baby, sorry.

LAYNE

Get out of here before we give each
other a concussion.

He kisses her on the cheek, leaves. Layne smiles to herself,
proud of her decision.

INT. VERONICA'S HOUSE/MASTER BATH - NIGHT (N5)

Veronica, in PJs and a hair bonnet, brushes her teeth in this
luxurious bathroom. Her doorbell RINGS. She exits to the --

INT. VERONICA'S HOUSE/FOYER - NIGHT (N5)

Veronica walks to the door, opens it to REVEAL -- Vince, with
a smile on his face until he scans Veronica's look.

VINCE

Damn girl. You coulda at least
spruced yourself up.

VERONICA

Nigga... this is like month six of
us doing this, and I gotta meeting
in the morning. So bring ya' ass.

VINCE

Yes, ma'am.

Veronica leaves the door open, then walks towards her
bedroom. Vince, a beat later, trails her, closing the door
behind him, clearly a routine for both of them.

INT. LAYNE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - LATER (N5)

Layne walks toward her bed, turns to US.

LAYNE

I feel really good about my decision because Tracey was absolutely right, Greg does give me security. And a woman needs that...

Layne kicks off her slippers, gets in bed, under the covers.

LAYNE (CONT'D)

But you know, Veronica also had a good point... That a life worth living needs some excitement.

Reggie, with his bulge clearly prominent in his underwear, enters. He crosses to Layne.

LAYNE (CONT'D)

So I figure if I'm going with the Subaru, might as well drive the Porsche one more time.

Reggie climbs into bed. She turns to US.

LAYNE (CONT'D)

The last time. I promise.

Layne smiles as Reggie jumps on top of her. As he enters her, animated birds fly from under the sheets as we HEAR Layne sigh in ecstasy as the birds fill the screen, and we --

CUT TO BLACK.

MUSIC OVER CREDITS:

"Trampoline" by Jidenna

END OF EPISODE