

EVERYTHING'S TRASH

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. PHOEBE'S BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

FADE IN

Dim lighting, but still bright enough to peep PHOEBE HILL's (32) digs. U2 vinyls, CB2 furniture, vibrant wallpaper, crystals, etc. It's very Apartment Ther-Ther.

Phoebe is mid-booty call with APOLLO (she's on top). Handsome and a good lay, but he has a penchant for monk-like silence during pentraysh until he's about to-

APOLLO

I'm 'bout to come. Ohhhhhh, I came.

Phoebe jumps off of him and out of bed. INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PHOEBE'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Her running into en suite bathroom and sitting on toilet.

PHOEBE

Can't believe you came *in* me!

(whining to crotch)

No, no, no. Come oooooon. Get. Out.

APOLLO

(still in a haze)

Yo, that...was...fi-yer.

Phoebe bears down, GRUNTING, before looking in toilet bowl.

PHOEBE

Fuck.

APOLLO

Wayament. You said I came in you?

Phoebe re-enters the bedroom.

PHOEBE

Yes, you're supposed to give me a heads up. Then barrel roll off me. We need Plan B.

APOLLO

Did you try like you're getting a coin from a couch cushion and just-

He acts out the "two finger" pinching motion.

PHOEBE
If you don't take your behind and
get some Plan B...

APOLLO
(whines & pulls up covers)
But it's late and I'm sleepy.

PHOEBE
Okay, but-

Apollo snores LOUDLY.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
Really?! How you asleep already?
Apollo? Apollo? Aww, man.

She thinks for a second then picks up her phone. She opens
Postmates and types and chuckles to herself.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
You trifling bitch. 460 18th
Street...Brooklyn. 20 mins? Thank
yew!

Apollo snores really loudly and Phoebe shakes her head.

INTERCUT - JAYDEN'S LIVING ROOM/PHOEBE'S LIVING ROOM -
CONTINUOUS

JAYDEN HILL (30), Phoebe's younger, Blerd-y bro, who's
annoyingly good in a crisis, scribbles, then rips a page from
legal pad and tosses it at pile of crumpled up papers around
him. He writes when his phone rings. He answers.

JAYDEN
Pheebz? Everything okay?

PHOEBE
Yeah! Yeah, yeah. Um, just sayin'
hey and waiting on my Plan B.

JAYDEN
Now I get why people say we're too
close. Apollo?

PHOEBE
Yup.

JAYDEN

Dude, so not worth a pregnancy scare. Save that for someone who has stocks in Moderna or Peloton.

PHOEBE

(laughs)

Woah, you're sharp for this hour.

JAYDEN

Ha. Can't sleep. Too nervous about what to say tomorrow.

PHOEBE

What, you? Baby 'Bama is nervous for his swearing in? Come on, you've wanted to be a politician your whole life. Just si, si puede the fuck out of everybody and keep doing good.

Her intercom buzzes.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Finally! K, gotta go. You're gonna *kill it* tomorrow. Dress sharp. Throw up the Jay Z rock sign. Scare some white folks. Love you!

JAYDEN

(chuckles)

Love you, too. See you tomorrow. And good luck with...ya know, your eff buddy.

PHOEBE

Lol. Dork! Byyyyyyeeee!

She hangs up and crosses to open front door. POSTMATES DUDE (think Jonah Hill or Jon Glaser), is over it, as evidenced by how *slowly* he rummages through his MESSENGER BACKPACK.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Cuz this isn't urgent or anything.

POSTMATES DUDE

Walgreens isn't far. If waiting while I deliver to other customers is a problem, get it yourself.

PHOEBE

Martin Luther King Jr. literally had a dream, so that I could get Plan B on demand.

POSTMATES DUDE

That 1000% was not his dream.

PHOEBE

(snatches bag from him)

Whatevs. I'm not the first to do this.

(impressed)

Oh, I'm the first to do this?

POSTMATES DUDE

Yeah, you're a regular Jackie Robinson.

Phoebe slams door, grabs some water and washes down a Plan B pill. Next, we hear LOUD CACKLING, off camera.

PHOEBE (O.C. PRE-LAP)

So, me turning a stranger into Keanu Reeves from *Speed* and rushing the Plan B to us was...

CUT TO:

INT. PODCAST RECORDING STUDIO - THE NEXT DAY

Phoebe sits opposite her producer MALIKA JONES (30s, a cocoa Khaleesi, who could easily fit in at CrossFit and NYFW).

Trifling. MALIKA

PHOEBE
Innovative.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Woooooow. Y'all hear my producer tryna play me right now?

MALIKA

You played yourself by acting like you Steve Jobs when you were hot (French pronunciation) garbage.

PHOEBE

Oh, you French now? Well, shit lemme be fancy, too. I'm garbage *flambé*. Gordon Ramsay, put me on your menu, bitch!

They both laugh LOUDLY.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Anyway, the next day...

TITLE: EVERYTHING'S TRASH

ACT ONEINT. NEW YORK STATEHOUSE - MORNING

It's JAYDEN's swearing-in ceremony. He and his family - JESSIE (wife; early 30s, reformed socialite turned serious Feminist), AISHA (daughter; 10, but has old-ass auntie energy), ZORA & FREDERICK (mom & dad; late 50s, charming Midwestern transplants), and Phoebe, plus a few friends - are seated and watching his mentor ROBERT JONES make a few remarks. A proud moment for all. Fred hums "Lift Every Voice and Sing." Jessie looks at him.

FREDERICK

You know "Lift Every Voice and Sing" is the song I use any time anything good and black happens.

ZORA

Like Angela Bassett not aging.

FREDERICK

The Rock posting chest and back day on Twitter.

ZORA

Won't he do it.

PHOEBE

An MLK Day sale on Stedman Graham's line of mustache oils.

They all laugh. Then Jessie remembers where they are and shushes them. Phoebe focuses...for a moment. Then she grabs her phone and types. [Note: text messages are in italics.]

PHOEBE (TEXT) (CONT'D)

**Eggplant, eggplant, lick emojis.*
I'm ready for more of that Muslim sauseege.*

APOLLO (TEXT)

*That's mad racist. *laughing emoji**

PHOEBE (TEXT)

You don't eat pork, but I doooooo.

APOLLO (TEXT)

thumbs down emojis her in every color followed by smirk emoji.

Phoebe smiles. It's on like Donkey Kong. Yeah, idk why that's a saying, but it is. Pheeb and Apollo are def boning later. Jessie notices the ridic number of eggplant emojis on Phoebe's SCREEN. Once Aisha sees, Jessie pushes phone away.

PHOEBE
...Instacart is *wiiiiild*.

Jessie shoots her a look.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
I didn't know she was looking.

ROBERT
And for District 9, introducing
Jayden Miles Hill.

The room APPLAUDS. Jayden shows love to his friends and fam before landing on Phoebe.

JAYDEN
Started from the bottom, now we
here.

PHOEBE
You know we're a Jay Z fam.

Phoebe throws up the Roc sign. Jayden smiles and throws it back on the low low. He's not trying to scare white people today. He makes his way to the front of the room with Jessie. Meanwhile, Phoebe leans over and tickles her niece.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
Yay! Daddy's a State Representative
now! Can you believe it?!!

Aisha giggles. Jessie clocks this and softens a little, then switches to supportive wife mode, kissing Jayden.

INT. BAR - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Party is lit. Apollo's arm is around Phoebe's waist as she sits on the bar counter, entertaining A GROUP OF PEOPLE.

PHOEBE
Obvs, oatmeal raisin cookies are
the BEST cookies.

APOLLO
Who hurt you?

PARTYGOER

Sssh! We wanna hear the rest of the story!

Other PEOPLE in the group murmur in agreement.

PHOEBE

Thanks, boo! Let's ignore the hater. As I was saying. I was in the break room at work, minding my biz, drinking a green juice, tryna stay regs. In walks Marc Maron. He *beelines* it for the cookies, takes a bite outta one, *then* puts it back on the tray. He looks up. *We* lock eyes and he goes, "No one will ever believe you." It was trifling...and sexually triggering.

Loud CHEERS from across the bar interrupt storytime. Jayden and Jessie have entered looking like a couple on the cover of Mahogany, Hallmark's black people line of greeting cards. #BlackExcellence. The bar ROARS. The crew around Phoebe bails. Only Apollo remains.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

(playing it off)

Kewl, kewl. Catch y'all later.

Phoebe shrugs like she doesn't care, but we see she does.

INT. BAR - BROOKLYN - LATER

Jessie and Jayden slow dance while the packed bar around them chants, "KISS! KISS! KISS!" They do and everyone cheers.

JAYDEN

Mom, Dad: join us!

Zo and Fred head over and dance next to them.

JESSIE

Ah, ah, ah! Where are you going, Mom & Dad? Get over here!

MARJORIE (think Alfre Woodard) and REGINALD (think Dennis Haysbert) join. Cute! Phoebe watches, feeling a lil left out.

INT. BAR - BROOKLYN - LATER

MICHAEL (30s, Phoebe's bestie and roomie, Timothée Chalamet if he drank Muscle Milk) walks over with a beer in hand.

PHOEBE
Roomie!

MICHAEL
What's up, Bone Jone?

Phoebe doesn't get it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Bonus Jonas? Look around. You. Are.
Frankie.

He follows her eyeline: a PHOTOGRAPHER snaps the Hills.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Don't be sad; you couldn't be the
fav forever.

PHOEBE
Whatever, man. Shut up.

They playfully hit each other, clink bottles, and take sips.

MICHAEL
But for real. Jayden. He used to be
Urkel and now's he's...Stefan?

Jayden's in his finest affordable suit with a small crowd.

JAYDEN
Hit 'em with the woah!

Aww. It's the stiffest "woah" in the history of "woah"s. More
and more people surround him.

MICHAEL
Well, maybe not Stefan, but a white
dude who married a black chick. So
George Lucas? I mean, look at him.

Phoebe doesn't because she's scrolling through her phone.

PHOEBE
Da fuq? Jayden has 300 new
followers. Since we got here-

MICHAEL
Oooh, he and I should TikTok. I can
use that to promote my livestream.

Before Phoebe can respond...he's gone. Damn. Et tu, Brute?

INT. BAR - BROOKLYN - LATER

Jayden holds court with a group of OTHER PARTYGOERS. Zo and Fred are nearby, watching proudly. Phoebe walks up.

PHOEBE

Was wondering where you been.

FREDERICK

Sssh, sssh. He's in the middle of making a really good point.

ZORA

(proudly)

I feel like Tina Knowles right now.

FREDERICK

Me too!

PHOEBE

So I'm Kelly Rowland, right?

Zo and Fred are in their own world and miss Phoebe's joke.

FREDERICK

We should mingle. Let everyone know who our son comes from.

They EXIT.

PHOEBE

Oh. I see. I'm Farrah Franklin when Beyoncé kicked her out of Destiny's Child and sent her home without luggage.

INT. BAR - BROOKLYN - LATER

Jessie's at a mic, mid speech.

JESSIE

...tonight is a family affair. So it's only fitting that podcaster extraordinaire and Jayden's big sis, Phoebe brings up the man of the hour. Phoebe?

A bit tipsy, Phoebe makes her way through the crowd the way a drunk person does when trying to appear sober.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Have fun, but not *too* much fun.

PHOEBE

You know me!

Phoebe grabs the mic.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Congrats to the newly sworn-in
State Representative for the 9th
District of New York: Jayden Hill!

Rousing CHEERS.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Because he certainly didn't win in
the wardrobe department.

The crowd laughs.

JAYDEN

(chuckles)

Ouch! Macy's has great sales!
Besides I was elected for my
knowledge of policy.

Phoebe SNORES dramatically into the microphone. Crowd laughs
a little harder.

JAYDEN (CONT'D)

Oh, how did you know that's what I
sound like while listening to your
podcast?

The bar is LIVING for this back and forth. Phoebe and Jayden
playfully make faces at each other. It's all love.

PHOEBE

A'ight, a'ight. I think everybody's
lubed up. So come talk to the
people! Speech! Speech! C'mon!

The crowd joins in: "SPEECH, SPEECH!" He takes the mic. They
hug. Phoebe walks, stumbling into Jessie, who catches her.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Close call, heh.

But Jessie is already on stage, standing off to the side,
looking proud. Phoebe plays it off like she wasn't just
talking to no one and slinks over Zo, Fred, and Michael.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

That was funny, right?

ZORA/FREDERICK/MICHAEL
Huh?/Yeah, great./Lolz on lolz.

They're too engrossed in the man of the hour: Jayden. A beat.

PHOEBE
Eff this.

She finds Apollo and pulls him through crowd, determined.

APOLLO
Don't you wanna watch your brother-

PHOEBE
No.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Phoebe and Apollo make out like two horny teenagers.

JAYDEN (O.S.)
When the naysayers claim people
can't come together for one cause,
I say, "Tell that to District 9!"

Faint cheers can be heard.

APOLLO
(breathy)
Should we go back out there?

She pushes him off and takes off her 5 for \$25 Vicki S's. Oh, it's on. They kiss again and Apollo starts finger banging her. It's getting hot. Real hot. No, seriously, she's HOT. Like her vajeen is on freaking fire!!! Something's wrong.

CLOSE ON - PHOEBE'S EYES. They widen.

INT. BAR - BROOKLYN - FLASHBACK

Cue "Kill Bill's" "Ironside" music as we see Apollo going to town on the Mexican food, knuckle-deep in jalapeño dip, sprinkling jalapeños on tacos, etc.

PHOEBE
(sotto)
I've got to stop smashing broke,
UPN hot dudes.

With hands covered in jalapeño dip, he opens gym bag and stuffs some bar food in it. Phoebe stares, in disbelief.

"Ironside" music ends as...

INT. STORAGE ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

Phoebe pushes Apollo away from her and rushes into...

INT. BAR - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

...searching for relief. [NOTE: Jayden's speech continues until Phoebe's final disruption.]

JAYDEN

Together, we can build the
community we want...

First, Phoebe heads to an ICE BUCKET with champs, grabbing ice and shoving it down her undies. Grr! Not helping. Next, she moves past some people and stands over a FLOOR FAN a la Marilyn Monroe atop that subway grate. Still not enough. Finally, Phoebe runs, bumping Jessie, knocking her food into Jessie's parents. Jayden stops talking to see what the commotion is. Meanwhile, Pheeb jumps behind the bar, dumping containers of milk into a DISH BIN then dunking her vajeen in it. *Relief*. She opens her eyes: Jayden facepalms, Fred and Zo shake their heads, and Jessie, shocked, covers Aisha's eyes. Phoebe feels them all staring at her in disbelief.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. PODCAST STATION - DAYS LATER - AFTERNOON

PHOEBE (O.C. PRELAP)
 ...there I was, in front of
 everyone, giving my vajeen a bird
 bath like a prostitute from "Moulin
 Rouge."

(a la "Lady Marmalade")
*Voulez-vous lave mon vagin, ce
 soir?*

Busy vibes: PEOPLE write emails. An INTERN works on a graphic of Phoebe, CAMILA and Jayden with the words: PODCAST-ATHON! LIVE PODCAST TAPING FRIDAY AT 8PM. We land in recording BOOTH where Phoebe is relaying the story to Malika, who is laughing, poetry snapping, "Yaaaas"ing.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
 'K, heauxes, we out. Don't forget
 to buy tix to Podcast-athon and see
 me and brother, who I
 singlehandedly elected, btdubs-

MALIKA
 Phoebe!

PHOEBE
 Alright, alright. Come thru! Bye!

Phoebe "mic drops" the headphones. Malika gives her a thumbs up. They exit their booths and walk down the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MALIKA
 K. We'll tighten up that coffee
 shop story, that kinda went
 nowhere, but the rest? Gold for the
 season three premiere.

PHOEBE
 Oh, the jalapeen in my vajeen
 stuff? Yeah...I mean it's def
 funny, but I was just screwing
 around. Maybe we hold a beat?
 Things are still weird with my fam.

MALIKA

But things always blow over with them. This is your brand and it's gold. We have to put it out.

Phoebe considers as CAMILA (30s, Cuban, ready for primetime) catches up to them.

CAMILA

Hey, I couldn't help but overhear you guys taping. I think I'm still blushing, ha, but so funny! That's what's so great about you and Jayden. He's serious while you're the fun, good-time younger sibling.

PHOEBE

Actually, I'm the older one.

CAMILA

Oh. Huh. I always forget that.

Camila's PHONE rings. She answers and disappears down the hall. Malika clocks that Phoebe is a little thrown by Camila's comment.

MALIKA

Girl? Ya did good.

PHOEBE

(distracted)

Huh? Oh, yeah, thanks. Hey, let's celebrate. Skip work and come Bloop with your girl.

MALIKA

K, unlike you, I don't just come in once a week to record. I have other podcasts I'm producing, ya know?

PHOEBE

C'mon! We love to Bloop! Black Goop is liiiiiiiiiife. I just have to be back by 7 for family dinner. I never miss family dinner.

INT. ZO & FRED'S BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Mishmash of their Midwest roots (Cavs and other Ohio ish) with Brooklyn vibes (exposed brick, mismatched furniture). Jayden stops reading paperwork and checks his watch. It's 8:00pm. L.O.L. We all knew this fool was going to be Lauryn Hill late.

Jessie, Zora and Fred are huddled on couch, as Jessie holds up her phone:

CLOSE ON - Jessie's phone.

Phoebe's InstaStory: She turns around. We see Flawless Facials SIGNAGE in the background. Her face is covered in fancy face creme a la Robin Williams with the cake frosting in "Mrs. Doubtfire."

PHOEBE
(as Mrs. Doubtfire)
Oh, hello!

Malika and FACIALIST crack up.

FREDERICK
Well, clearly, she's not feeling too bad about what she did at the after party...

JAYDEN
Believe me, I'm not happy about it either. But let's not blow this up. Remember, the purpose of tonight is to talk to her and get her back on track. I'll help. Have her volunteer at the office a few days a week or something. Who knows? Seeing grownups in action could change things.

FREDERICK
Huh. Not a bad idea, except where is she? The food's getting cold. She's probably not coming. Maybe we should do this another time.

ZORA
I need Kirk Franklin to get me through this.

She plays Kirk Franklin's "Why We Sing." Jessie turns it off and just then we hear...

PHOEBE (O.C.)
Holla!

Phoebe arrives. Maj serious vibes in the room but she doesn't notice: she's too busy showing off all her shopping bags.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
I'm talking Gucci, Pucci, and Stanley Tucci. J/K about the Tooch.
(MORE)

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Anyway. Sorry, I'm hella late. And that I forgot my famous thirteen cheese mac and cheese.

ZORA

Aww, I was looking forward to that-

Jessie kicks her foot. Before she can react, Phoebe talks.

PHOEBE

I know, Mommy! I got you next week tho. Let's grub.

Phoebe puts the BAGS down and starts to head to the food when she sees her fam isn't joining.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

...'kay, why y'all being weird?

Zo gets up and walks past Phoebe and stops at a dish containing cornbread. Zo comes back and hands Phoebe a slice of CORNBREAD on a plate. Phoebe eyes the DISH where the cornbread came from.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

(suspicious)

A corner piece? I've never gotten a corner piece. Ever. Mom, remember when that bad relaxer made my hair fall out *the day of prom* and all I wanted was the last corner piece to feel better? You said, "Rosa Parks probably wanted a corner piece that day on the bus, too," and then you ate it *in front of my face* and told me that would make me stronger.

ZORA

The phrase "This hurts me more than it hurts you" was never truer then in that moment.

JESSIE

Pheeb, maybe have seat?

Zo and Fred join Phoebe on the couch.

ZORA

Phoebe, we love you so much. You are the mother I never had. The sister I always wanted. The mentor I deserve. You are my best friend.

Jessie's eyes widen.

FREDERICK

What? Phoebe's my best friend.

PHOEBE

Lol. Aww, Dad, you can have Jayden.

Jayden makes a face like, "da fuq?"

JESSIE

Guys? Let's stay on task. Phoebe, this is an intervention.

JAYDEN

"Intervention" is a strong word. It's more like a "check in."

JESSIE

Yes, right. A check in.

Jessie chuckles weakly. A beat. Fred takes a deep breath and Jessie nods encouragingly.

FREDERICK

Phoebe, your mother and I let a lot slide. Covering your flight to Miami for your thirtieth birthday...

ZORA

Chipping in when you're short on rent. Keeping you on our family cell phone plan...

FREDERICK

Overlooking that you and Michael have no intention of growing up.

PHOEBE

Wow. Is the point to make me feel like shit? Cuz it's working.

FREDERICK

I'm not one of your little friends!

A beat. Jayden tries to diffuse as any peacemaker would do.

JAYDEN

It's just that we-

PHOEBE

Wait. "We?" Who's "we?"

JESSIE

All of us. After the swearing-in -

PHOEBE

So by "all of us," you mean "you."

JAYDEN

Phoebe. Let me stop you right there. Don't put this on Jessie. I'm your biggest defender, but you were *sexting* during the swearing-in. And the after party? Some of my co-workers are hazing me by leaving pints of milk on my desk.

ZORA/FREDERICK

Sweetie, make sure it's lactose free./Son, you can't have bubble guts at work.

JAYDEN

I'm okay. Thank you.

(to Phoebe)

You can't embarrass the family with your hijinks. And you certainly can't do it front of Aisha. So, let's figure it out. Together.

PHOEBE

"Hijinks?" Right. So when I was giving you shine and helping you and your campaign *not* be wack, those hijinks were cool? But now everything about me is...nah?

JAYDEN

Of course not! How can you think that's what I think about you?

PHOEBE

I dunno. You tell me.

(a beat)

Look, I get it. Y'all are still mad. But let's laugh about it and move on. That's what we always do, right?

ZORA

(considering)

I mean-

FREDERICK

(scoffs)

No! We're not just going to "move on."

Everyone's shocked in a way you can tell Frederick rarely takes this tone with Phoebe.

ZORA

Fred...

FREDERICK

We're done overlooking everything because you're fun.

PHOEBE

Dad?

He's on a roll and not stopping.

FREDERICK

Something's gotta give. You and your podcast-

PHOEBE

What about my podcast?

ZORA

We love it. It's great. It's just...with everything going on in the world. And what your brother is doing. We don't know...

FREDERICK

We thought you'd have something else to say other than trash by now. That you'd finally grow up.

Stunned silence.

PHOEBE

Ok, fine. Fine, ok. Ok, fine.

Phoebe angrily walks to the cornbread dish, sloppily stacks all the corner pieces on her plate, then goes to...

INT. ZO & FRED'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

...and rummages in a CABINET, but we don't know what for. LOUD SQUIRTS. She turns. An obscene amount of honey on the cornbread.

JAYDEN

For real? When are you going to stop doing shit like this?

Phoebe is too fired up to let this question sink in.

PHOEBE

I used the last of the honey. And not the store brand, but the *good* kind. The Manuka honey that was packaged by some white dude named
(bad New Zealand accent)
Oliver from New Zealand!

JESSIE

(sotto)

That accent was all over the place.

PHOEBE

(regular accent)

Enjoy *allllllll* the middle pieces!!
I hope they're dry AF!

Phoebe grabs a middle piece, takes a bite, and storms off.

ZORA

Dry? We all know I'm too talented of a baker for *that* to happen.

INT. PHOEBE'S APARTMENT - LATER

CB2 + Immaturity by Diptyque smell (not a real scent, but should be). Michael's in loungewear with a headset. Snacks surround him as live video game streams. Phoebe chows down in the open concept kitch. Malika sits across from her.

PHOEBE

Cornbread?

The pieces are a sticky mess. Malika shrugs and dives in.

MALIKA

Yo, this shit is soooo moist!

PHOEBE

Right?! Anyway, you wouldn't believe how they came at me. They *dragged* me like cans on the back of a Just Married car. Just not giving a damn.

(a beat)

So, I thought about what you said yesterday. And fuck it. Put out the episode.

MALIKA

Probably shooting myself in the foot, but here goes.

Malika puts down a piece of cornbread.

MALIKA (CONT'D)

I know the other day I wanted to publish it, but Ionno. With everything going on, maybe not right now?

PHOEBE

What?! You're always telling me to push it to the next level and that it's all about downloads.

MALIKA

I know! I can't even believe I'm saying this. But...it's your family. Putting this out right now is messy as hell.

PHOEBE

Me? They're the ones telling me I can't be me now that my podcast is blowing up. That's messy.

MALIKA

I'm pretty sure that's not what they meant.

PHOEBE

Can you just have my back and do this one thing?

MALIKA

I *do* have your back. I'm just saying - look. Your brand is giving no fucks and I love that. Okay, I more than love that, I encourage it. But maybe...it's getting a little out of control? Like you're my girl, but...maybe all the "doing it for the 'gram" vibes and dicking around like Michael does isn't the jam right now. Look at him.

Michael is DEEP in video game singing "Sweet Caroline" as he blows up a car because that's literally how 93.7% of white men celebrate achievements.

MALIKA (CONT'D)

He's white with a deece personality and clothes; he'll be fine. We're black women. We can't be acting like the world is our oyster.

(MORE)

MALIKA (CONT'D)

For us, the world is, at best, a Red Lobster cheddar bay biscuit at 2pm: slightly stale, but kinda good if you don't look at it too hard. It's not fair and it sucks, but you gotta grow up. Both of y'all do.

Phoebe takes this in for a beat, then grabs her phone, dials.

PHOEBE

Hey. Malika and I talked. Publish it. Yeah. I'm with her. One sec.

She holds out the phone. A beat. Malika takes it.

MALIKA

Yep, it's me. It's what she wants. Post it at midnight as an "early" release of the season three premiere. Great. I'll be in soon.

Malika hangs up and gives Phoebe back her phone.

MALIKA (CONT'D)

You just can't help yourself, huh?

Phoebe's too stubborn to say anything.

MALIKA (CONT'D)

(frosty)

Cool. See you at Podcast-athon tomorrow then, I guess.

Malika grabs her COAT and leaves.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. PHOEBE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Phoebe is taking a nap (what is this heaux tired from?) when her cell phone buzzes like cray. She stops it. Phone buzzes again. Phoebe groans.

PHOEBE

Can a bitch catch some Zzzs at 3pm
before watching "The Kelly Clarkson
Show?"

She rolls over, picks up her phone. She has mad (meaning "a lot," TV execs) notifications: several missed calls from Jayden, a bunch of texts from Malika and friends, but before she can answer any of them, Malika calls. Phoebe answers.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MALIKA'S CUBICLE - SAME

Cute, organized, vision board heavy. What can Malika say? Bitch loves to manifest.

MALIKA

Biiiiiiiiitch, the downloads are
insane! This is on track to be our
highest listened episode ever.

PHOEBE

(sits up)
Seriously?!

MALIKA

Yes! We are *trending* on Twitter.

Phoebe quickly jumps to Twitter while she has her on speakerphone. Just then, Jayden calls. Phoebe thinks for a beat...and DECLINES to answer: the Twitter action is too hot. Underneath the Trending category is Jayden's *New York Mag* article and then underneath *that* is #JalapeñoPussyGate.

PHOEBE

I'm #JalapeñoPussyGate??? OMG!

MALIKA

Your coochie's on fire, girl! Take that, Woodward and Bernstein! Of course, on a personal level, you've ruined your life, but...downloads!

PHOEBE

Aaah!

Malika dances in her chair. Phoebe jumps on her bed, joyfully.

INT. GREENE SPACE - THE NEXT EVENING

Podcast-athon's packed! People chat and eat hors d'oeuvres. Phoebe enters, scans the room, landing on JAYDEN. He's with Zo, Fred, Jessie and Michael, but their backs are to her, so only Jayden sees her. Just as Phoebe and Jayden lock eyes, an OVERZEALOUS FAN #1 interrupts.

OVERZEALOUS FAN #1

Phoebe?! Ohmygosh! Oh my God!
Hiiiiii! I was hoping to meet you tonight. It's my birthday and my boyfriend dumped me last night. You dropping the jalapeño episode today is the best present. Needed the laughs.

Fan hugs Phoebe before she can respond, but Phoebe doesn't mind. Overzealous fan waves over OVERZEALOUS FAN #2.

OVERZEALOUS FAN #2

You got US through...what did you call it? Oh!

PARTYGOER

The quar-quar.

PHOEBE

The quar-quar.

OVERZEALOUS FAN #1

Sorry. I'm Syd. That's Tayshia. We voted for your brother. Congrats! He's the future of New York politics. Like you don't already know that. Aah! I'm rambling.

PHOEBE

No, no. You're perfect.

OVERZEALOUS FAN #2

Is it okay if we take a pic with you?

The trio take the selfie. Then Phoebe's snapped out of the lovefest when she sees Jayden motion for them to go into...

INT. DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Phoebe and Jayden enter and shoo people out.

JAYDEN

What the fuck, Phoebe? Like what the fucking fuck?

Phoebe's eyes widen as Jayden steams ahead.

JAYDEN (CONT'D)

I'm trying to get my footing as a State Rep and then you put out that episode? The same day as my *NY Mag* profile?!?! Are you trying to be the Billy Carter to my Jimmy Carter?

PHOEBE

Who?

JAYDEN

Jimmy was once the President of the United States and Billy is his screw up brother - argh! Read a book! God!

Seeing Jayden this pissed throws Phoebe. She remains frozen, waiting for him to say something. A long beat.

JAYDEN (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Anyway, I - ya know...God, Phoebe. I can't believe you put that out there.

Phoebe treads carefully.

PHOEBE

Alright...Look, my podcast is blowing up. That last epi has crazy download numbers. More offers from sponsors are coming in, so I actually might start making good money and can stop living off credit cards and shit blogger jobs.

(then)

J, I swear, I'm not trying to get in your way-

JAYDEN

You never *try*. You just *do*.

PHOEBE

Wow - Listen - I - fuck, I duuno
why - K. Aaah! I hate this! Us
fighting sucks. Like on the all-
time leaderboard of suckage, it's
right up there with...with-

Instinctively, he helps.

JAYDEN

Your ex opening a successful
bakery.

PHOEBE

OMG! Same! Yes! Thank you!

JAYDEN

The amount of stuff we have in
common is freaky.

He's still a lil too mad to laugh, but Phoebe lets out a weak
chuckle, then sighs. This is hard, but here goes.

PHOEBE

You know how Mom and Dad have
always been my friends-

JAYDEN

Yeah. And it's not easy-

PHOEBE

For me. It blows for me. Cuz I was
doing my thing-

JAYDEN

You were two-

PHOEBE

Then you show up. And you're
amazing. Like from the beginning.
You're hella smart. Got bomb ass
grades. Went to an HBCU. Got the
wife and kid. Now, all...this. And
I'm funny. I'm who you call for a
good time. But...

(shrugs)

Ya know? This is all I got and they
know that. So they became my
friends.

A beat. Again, he wants to help her...but decides not to. So
Phoebe keeps going to fill the silence.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

This is who I am. You and I are different-

JAYDEN

I appreciate this. I do. It's just - This has been going on for thirty years. The upstaging. You charming your way into doing whatever you want. The "I'm sorries" and then doing it again. If I haven't figured out how to deal by now, then that's on me, right? Guess we *both* have our roles to play.

Phoebe's dumbfounded. Him having low expectations hurts more than him being mad. KNOCK on door. Malika sticks her head in.

MALIKA

Two mins to showtime.

Jayden looks at Phoebe a beat. Neither says anything. Phoebe watches him leave. A twinge of regret over how their convo ended. Malika makes a face like, "My name is Bess and I ain't this mess" and awkwardly dips out.

INT. GREENE SPACE - BACK STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

CAMILA (O.S.)

...welcome State Representative Jayden Hill and host of "Trash Talk," Phoebe Hill!

Jayden steps on STAGE. CHEERS. Phoebe follows.

INT. GREENE SPACE - LATER

Phoebe finishes a story and the crowd laughs.

CAMILA

Representative Hill, thank you for being a part of the Fifth Annual Podcast-athon. I'm sure we raised a lot of money tonight. Since you are now, like your *big sis*, a local celeb, let's open things up to an audience Q&A.

AUDIENCE MEMBER jumps up enthusiastically.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Jayden, congrats on everything. I'm rooting for you. And Phoebe: huge fan. I *loved* #JalapeñoPussyGate. Truly iconic episode -

Jayden tries to remain calm. Phoebe's lost in the praise.

AUDIENCE MEMBER (CONT'D)

And since you're so open about *everything*, can you tell any fun, juicy stories about Jayden?

PHOEBE

Aww, thanks. So sweet of you. Um...

Derp. The people want a show, but Phoebe spies her family. Jessie has a "tread lightly" look plastered on her face, as Michael sits between Zo and Fred, holding their hands.

MICHAEL

I don't believe in God, but if I did, it would be Chris Evan's sweater from "Knives Out" and I'd be praying to it right now.

Both Zo and Fred look at him and make a face. Back to Phoebe:

PHOEBE

(chuckles)

Jayden is - There's a lot you don't know about him. All y'all see is this Nordstrom Rack Barack Obama. But...

Crowd laughs. Jayden shakes his head like, "not again." Phoebe thinks, "*Screw it; I'mma just do what I do.*"

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Let's just say he can't handle his tequila, so he has this embarrassing habit of-

She sees Jayden in her periphery. He's dispirited. Pause.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Of...being the hardest working person I know. Like, while I'm dunking my vajeen in oatmilk, he literally knocked on over ten thousand doors during his campaign. Spent every weekend just talking to all of us. Helped homeless people get housing during da 'Rona.

(MORE)

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
 This dark AF, black AF man
 represents us. Will lead us, and
 inspire us. He's gonna make things
 better. So, naw, I don't have
 anything embarrassing to share
 about Jayden. That's my department.
 He's just...annoyingly amazing.

Phoebe stops, turns and looks directly at Jayden.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
 He may be my lil bro, but he's a
 bad ass. And he's my hero.

Rousing applause. Zo, Frederick, and Jessie are touched.
 Jayden does a head nod at Phoebe. She reciprocates then looks
 into the crowd and smiles at her parents. They smile back.

INT. GREEN SPACE - LATER

Show's over! Party time. Malika strolls over, sipping champs.

MALIKA
 That Phoebe up there on stage
 tonight? That's the Phoebe I
 recognize. She's sticking around
 for a bit or...?

PHOEBE
 So you saw? I did the whole thing.
 Didn't make it about me.

MALIKA
 (feigning agreement)
 Omg! You did something selfless.
 Welcome to adulthood. It's a bitch,
 bitch.

Phoebe's iPhone DINGS. She pulls it out and smiles.

CLOSE ON - Phoebe's iPHONE

APOLLO (TEXT)
*Wyd? Wanna come over or did you
 close up shop aka you have your
 sleeping cap on?*

MALIKA
 Muslim sauseege?

Phoebe nods, makes goofy sex faces, does a silly dance, then
 grabs her coat, bumping into Zo, Fred, and Jayden.

PHOEBE

Ooops! Sorry, mom!

Zo grabs her and Jayden, then HUGS AND KISSES them.

ZORA

We're so proud of you. *Both* of you.

PHOEBE

Yeah, well, don't get used to it. I'm still a screw up. A broke-ish, *butnotformuchlongerfingerscrossed*, screw up. But for real. I'm sorry, guys. For everything. Especially the cornbread meltdown. Kinda just Bruce Banner'd and blacked out.

FREDERICK

(chuckles)

Some of your finest work. That's why you're *our* #1 screw up.

Phoebe makes a TAUNTING SOUND at Jayden.

PHOEBE

Oh! Oh! I'm sorry. I'm #1 again.

JAYDEN

Screw up. Screw. Up.

PHOEBE

Hmm, naw. Didn't hear that. Just me and #1 in the same sentence. Like old times.

Jayden pulls her in for a hug. They part and step away from Fred and Zo.

JAYDEN

Thanks for not telling them about the time, years ago, when we got shitfaced during a brunch picnic in Prospect Park and I went streaking.

PHOEBE

Eh, could happen to anyone. Even you, Mr. C-Span. Besides, if Don Julio doesn't make you take your clothes off, then you're not drinking it right.

They laugh and he pulls her in for a tighter hug.

JAYDEN

(whispers)

Hey. You're more than what you said
you are up there. 'Kay?

It's not a clean slate between them, but it's something.
PEOPLE come over and interrupt in order to chat with Jayden.
Just then, another text from Apollo.

CLOSE ON - Phoebe's iPhone

APOLLO (TEXT)

U comin' thru?

Phoebe looks up. Now, Zo, Fred, and Jessie are in the mix
with Jayden and the PEOPLE.

PHOEBE

Hey, y'all...

She motions for everyone to cozy in together and snaps a pic.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Jay - I'll send this to you later.

He winks back at her then Phoebe grabs her coat and exits...

EXT. STREET. CONT.

and turns around to look back a la Lady Gaga in "A Star is
Born," minus the talent. Reality sets in:

It *is* Jayden's time. He's holding court the way Phoebe was at
the bar in the beginning of Act One. It's bittersweet, but
she's proud.

She looks down at BLINKING CURSOR on her phone and writes.

CLOSE ON - Phoebe's iPhone

PHOEBE (TEXT)

*On my way. *Two sly smile emojis**

Phoebe looks up and walks. Wut? Did ya really think Pheebs
was gonna do something *other* than choose the D? Growing up is
tough, y'all, especially in a post-pandemic world where all
you want is for things to go back to what you used to know.
Phoebe doing the bare minimum right now is actually her doing
her best. So buckle up and wish her luck, cuz shit is about
to remain mostly trash!

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. MALIKA'S BEDROOM - LATE AS FUCK O'CLOCK

Pitch black. Complete silence broken by excessive BUZZING. Malika startles awake, crosses to vid intercom and answers.

MALIKA
(shaking off the groggs)
Pheeb? *Michael*? Everything okay?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STREET - YEP, STILL LATE AS FUCK O'CLOCK

Phoebe and Michael are too hyped for this time of night.

PHOEBE
Duh, it's me! Where you been?

MALIKA
Asleep? It's 3am.

PHOEBE
Yep, so check it. Remember how we Bloop'd? Now we Blardashian. We were FaceTiming with that chick from Flawless Facials. She wants to hook us up with free blood facials.

MALIKA
Now?

PHOEBE
Mmmhmm! Hey, you said we need new content for the podcast!

MICHAEL
To be clear, I'm just here to catch some strange! Facialist is hot.

Malika accepts the fate of being friends with knuckleheads.

MALIKA
(sucks teeth)
A'ight. Brb. Gonna put on my "I'ma be around some white people" wig.

END OF PILOT