

QUEENS



"1999"

Written by

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"Fuck being good, I'm a bad bitch. I'm sick of motherfuckers tryna
tell me how to live." -Megan Thee Stallion

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WINDPOWER ENTERTAINMENT

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ACT ONE

EXT. PARADISE - SUNSET

A SWEEPING AERIAL SHOT has us soaring over pristine blue waters, the sun glistening off gently rolling waves. Make no mistake, friends...this is paradise. And we'd be completely lost in this idyllic vista if not for...*what's that sound?? Whoosh... Whoosh... Whoosh...* Powerful. Distracting. CUT TO --

A WIDE SHOT --

As a military helicopter zooms right at us, scraping Biscayne Bay -- the distinct Miami skyline clear in the background. The helicopter approaches the infamous Star Island. Yachts. Palm trees. One-of-a-kind mansions you can only find in South Beach --

*

EXT. MIAMI COCAINE MANSION - SUNSET

POV SHOT from the grounds of the *Scarface* mansion or something like it. Hey, look up. The helicopter. Hovering overhead. Big bold letters inscribed on the bottom: "**THE WORLD IS YOURS.**" A rope ladder is unfurled. Now? Descending from this rope ladder? A full-figured SEXY WOMAN in heels and the tiniest of bikinis. Jet-black Versace sunglasses? *Check*. Chinchilla vest? *Check*. All that and a chunky "NASTY BITCH" gold nameplate chain dangling from her neck. Drip level: 100. One question: *What? The? Fuck? Are? We? Watching???*

*

*

*

*

CHYRON: **HYPE WILLIAMS PRESENTS...**

CHYRON: **I'M A NASTY BITCH**

Oh...we're inside of an old-school rap video. *Neat*. The Woman lands on the lawn, two *stacked* MALE BUTLERS waiting for her. One takes her chinchilla vest, the other offers a glass of Cristal. Nah...Fuck that. Homegirl swipes the bottle, swigs, as she walks to the house. She stops, seductively licking her lips like a lioness eyeing helpless prey --

*

*

*

*

CHYRON: **PROFESSOR SEX**

REVERSE TO REVEAL --

Fourteen of the hottest men in the world. *Full stop.* Professor Sex picks out the pieces of meat she wants, then heads for the yacht with her chosen men in tow --

HOT MEAT BOY

Excuse me, ma'am. Where are we going?

*

Professor Sex stops on a dime, pissed --

*

PROFESSOR SEX

Ma'am??

Just as she removes her Versace shades, the mansion behind her EXPLODES IN A FIERY BLAZE, ushering in a bone-shattering Pharrell beat that launches our woman into her verse --

PROFESSOR SEX (CONT'D)

*I'm a Nasty Bitch -- pure player
shit. No balls, no dick, but I
still got a tip: Treat me like a
Queen 'cuz I'm feminine and
ruthless, an uncouth bitch. I'll
leave you toothless, ya man want me
'cuz I use no tooth-ses. The
Professor must profess, I'm a total
paradox, gutter and paid in full. I
only got one rule: My girls over
all y'all dudes...*

*Dope. And that last lyric? That's what this series is about.
SISTERHOOD. Professor Sex continues as our man candy serve as
backup dancers. The only thing that would make this more
incredible is if Professor Sex were played by someone like
Eve. Oh...this is Eve? Hip-hop Hall-of-Famer, Grammy winner,
iconoclast...Eve?? *This is incredible.* SMASH TO --*

*
*
*
*
*
*

INT. NEWPORT BEACH HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

CHYRON: 20 YEARS LATER...

*

MUSIC CUE: "Baby Shark" by Pinkfong (?)

Mayhem of a completely different kind. Five kids ages 4-13 terrorize the house. There's a MOM (42) holding it all together. One of the five things she's doing is braiding her daughter's hair. The names of her kids in descending order of age: JAMES, OLIVIA, VENUS, ARTHUR and LANGSTON. This is Professor Sex now --

*

CHYRON: **BRIANNA aka PROFESSOR SEX**

JAMES

We've listened to this a million times. Alexa play --

BRIANNA

- James, that song is the only thing preventing your brothers from beheading one another.

JAMES

Alexa --

BRIANNA

- Change the song and I will kill you. And cook you. Boys, do you like brains?

ARTHUR

BRAINS!!

LANGSTON

BRAINS!!

*

VENUS

What's burning?

Brianna rushes over, tends to the stove.

*

OLIVIA

Mom, why isn't Barack Obama still President?

BRIANNA

Racism. And the Constitution.

*

Brianna eyes Olivia wearing the "Nasty Bitch" chain --

*

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(not amused)

Put that back where you found it.

*

Olivia hustles off.

LANGSTON

(re: Brianna's finger)

You're bleeding.

BRIANNA

It's just ketchup, Honey.

(tastes finger...)

Definitely blood...

She quickly scans her children to make sure it's not their blood. *All good.* Brianna wipes the blood on her stained gray sweatsuit. She plates the food, drops it on the counter. The kids converge like vultures as JEFF (48), Brianna's husband, enters -- the most likable husband and father in the world.

*

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Watch out.

Jeff is about to trip over a toy truck. *Disaster averted.*

JEFF

Art, how many times do I have to tell you to put your toys away?

*

*

Art runs off with the truck as Jeff kisses his wife.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Sorry I slept so late -- had trouble getting to bed.

BRIANNA

These migraines are killing you.

JEFF

I wish we could get some answers. The results of the CAT scan come back this week. I have to fix this. I've got to be able to teach. *

BRIANNA

- Money is really tight, but we're okay. I've got them, and we're gonna get you back to you. We will be okay. *

JEFF *

What would I do without you? *

Then? Jeff grabs his wife, dances with her -- to *Baby Shark*, no less. Brianna is beaming. This may not be sexy, but it is real love. Jeff moves on, dances with Venus as Langston hops on his back. Brianna takes a breath, watches her family -- heart full. This is her life. No regrets. She's all in. Off Brianna, super content, we SMASH BACK TO -- *

EXT. MIAMI COCAINE YACHT - SUNSET (MUSIC VIDEO)

OUR VIDEO!!! A RAGING yacht party. On three iconically-clad women. There's a Diddy-type, ERIC JONES (28), partying with the ladies (*more on him later*). As Brianna/Professor Sex finishes her verse, our next Queen steps to the mic -- *

CHYRON: **JILL DA THRILL**

JILL DA THRILL

Burglarize, Bonnie and Clyde, Roller Coaster ride between my thighs. Whatever we doing you know it's a thrill. Jill, off the wall like Michael -- on the ceiling like Turbo. Brain so good I make Turbo say "oh." Down for whatever but baby don't waste this. A freak in church even the priest wanna taste this... *

SMASH TO --

INT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

We're eyeing a Priest through a shaded divider.

JILL DA THRILL (O.S.)
 Forgive me father for I have
 sinned. It's been two weeks since
 my last confession...

Now, we REVEAL the woman on the other side of the divider.
 It's the Woman who was just rapping about fucking priests.
 Now? She's a neatly put together church lady, nervously
 stroking the crucifix draped around her neck.

*
 *
 *

CHYRON: JILL DA THRILL

JILL
 ...I've lied to my husband. I've
 been avoiding sex with him.

PRIEST
 The Bible says we should not
 deprive our spouses of sexual --

JILL
 - I'm having an affair.
 (swallows)
 I fought it for a long time, but
 I'm in love with someone else.

A smile breaks through on Jill's conflicted face, fades...

*

JILL (CONT'D)
 He has no idea. I lay next to him
 every night and I feel...sick.

*

PRIEST
 Which means you know it's wrong.
 You must repent and avoid the sin.

*
 *

JILL
 (swallows)
 It's not that simple.

*
 *

PRIEST
 Something else is troubling you.

JILL
 Yes, father. There's something else
 I need to confess. I've never said
 it out loud. To anyone. Which
 is...stupid. I'm 41. I couldn't for
 a long time because of my career.

*
 *

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

But...I have to, say it, if I want
to be...happy.

*

PRIEST

(shifts)

Go on, my child. Unburden yourself.

*

*

A long beat as Jill musters the courage she needs. Finally --

JILL

I... I'm... I can't...

She can't. Say it. Jill thrusts up as we SMASH BACK TO --

EXT. MIAMI COCAINE YACHT - SUNSET (MUSIC VIDEO)

Next on the mic is a stunning PUERTO RICAN SHAWTY with
effortless swag and an aspirational flow --

CHYRON: **BUTTER PECAN**

BUTTER PECAN

*You heard of diamonds and pearls?
I'm 'bout platinum and furs. Pop
Dom P. From Queens, B -- aka the
Queen B. A bitch, fo sho, but
careful how you address me. Tell
me: Whatchoo see? Nasty? Yes.
Flashy? Yes. Versace dress -- on
'till I get wet. Put you to sleep,
call the jet. Six time zones, I'm
in Milan on the runway, sick. Fuck
the show, I AM fashion week...*

SMASH TO --

INT. PARAMOUNT STUDIOS - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

It doesn't look like Butter Pecan has aged a day, face
beautifully awash in the light of a vanity mirror --

*

CHYRON: **VALERIA aka BUTTER PECAN**

*

VALERIA

(pep talk)

First you get the money, then you
get the power. After you get the
power? They will respect you.

*

*

A character defining homage to the queen, 'Lil Kim. Valeria's
ASSISTANT enters.

*

VALERIA (CONT'D)
Are we not knocking anymore?

Wow... Okay. She's THAT person.

ASSISTANT
...Three minutes to show.

Valeria nods. The Assistant leaves. Then, Valeria removes a mysterious vial of clear liquid from her purse. She pours it into a mug, but doesn't drink. We don't know what it is or what this is about, but we know it's...*odd*.

INT. PARAMOUNT STUDIOS - THE SHADE - DAY

On the set of a *View*-like show with Valeria. She's seated next to one of her co-hosts, blonde bombshell, DANA DWYER, who currently has a chimpanzee draped around her neck.

DANA DWYER
If only I could get this type of attention from men IRL.

VALERIA
We really should wrap this up before the censors shut us down.

The ANIMAL WRANGLER pries the chimp away. What happens next takes a truly deft eye to catch. Valeria switches the mug in front of her with Dana's. *Hmmm...*

VALERIA (CONT'D)
Enough monkey business, next up we get real as political commentator and activist, Van Jones, joins us to talk about the racial unrest in our country. More shade next.

Valeria is smooth. And shady. SMASH BACK TO --

EXT. MIAMI COCAINE YACHT - SUNSET (MUSIC VIDEO)

Our Nasty Bitches work the hook, the song building to an epic final verse. There's a missing link. A fourth member. A real fucking wild card. Our Nasty Bitches look off into the distance, and we see...*her*, speeding toward the yacht on a jet ski, flanked by two SOLDIERS.

CHYRON: **XPLICIT LYRICS**

But before this mysterious woman breaks into her verse, we SMASH TO --

INT. NASHVILLE DIVE BAR - NIGHT

CHYRON: Nashville, Tennessee

Xplicit Lyrics twenty years later, but nearly unrecognizable. Time has not been kind to her. She's on stage singing and playing her acoustic guitar. Her voice is PHENOMENAL. Infectious. Because it's Brandy's voice. Yes, that Brandy. The Vocal Bible for those who know. Grammy winner, triple platinum -- motherfucking Moesha. Point is...we connect to her INSTANTLY through her voice.

CHYRON: **MONIQUE aka XPLICIT LYRICS**

Monique continues. This song is clearly about an estranged relationship that looms large in Monique's life. It's beautiful, but the six people in this shitty bar either don't care, or are too drunk to care. She's heckled --

VANDERBILT FRAT BOY
I'm falling asleep down here.

Continues...

VANDERBILT FRAT BOY 2
Put down that guitar -- I can't see anything. Shake yer ass a little.

Continues through gritted teeth...

VANDERBILT FRAT BOY
Yeah, I'm trying to see some WAP.
Ain't you one of them Nasty Bitches?

Monique jolts up. For a second, we think she might pummel these boys. Instead, she steps to the mic and rips into her vicious final verse from "I'm a Nasty Bitch." This is how we hear it. Raw. Unplugged. Aggressive. There's something special about Monique's flow compared to the others. Remember hearing Biggie or Pac or Eminem for the first time? It's like that. Monique is an artist with something to say but nobody's listening anymore. As she crosses out of the bar, she stops at the two Frat Boys --

MONIQUE
I am. A nasty bitch. But I'm way more than that.

BACK TO --

EXT. COCAINE YACHT - SUNSET (MUSIC VIDEO)

Our women pose powerfully as the song ends. Strong, independent. This is the damn billboard, people. Then --

HYPE WILLIAMS (O.S.)
Cut... That's a wrap.

The Nasty Bitches are exhausted, but brimming with excitement and adrenaline. They hug and dap each other up. The exchange between Monique and Eric lasts longer than it probably should, and we sense there's more than a professional relationship here. As Eric walks off, our ladies huddle up. So much love. Togetherness. Sisters. What could go wrong?? *

VALERIA
Nasty bitches. Forever.

Forever, you say?? SMASH TO TITLES -- *

QUEENS *

INT. TARGET - DAY (PRESENT) *

We're back with Brianna as a jazzed-up, cheesy instrumental version of Jay-Z's *Big Pimpin* plays throughout the store. But there's a crisis at hand. Brianna can't find the non-toxic carpet cleaner she swears by. She's also distracted by a YOUNG COUPLE making out. Gross. Bree spots the cleaner -- inconveniently tucked behind the mating couple. *

BRIANNA
Excuse me. Excuse me. I'm sorry,
but... If I could just... *

Lost cause. So, Bree does some hilarious Cirque Du Soleil acrobatics to get what she needs. *Score.* *

MATING DUDE
Oh, snap. Is that...That's you.
Baby, she's famous. Bad bitch. My
bro had her poster on the wall. *

MATING CHICK
Her? Really? What happened? *

MATING DUDE
Y'all were so dope. What, TLC's not
getting back together?
(Waterfalls dance)
Don't go chasing Waterfalls... *

Hums the rest because do any of us REALLY know the words to Waterfalls? *

BRIANNA *

I think you're mistaking me for someone else. *

MATING CHICK *

You stupid. You think TLC be shopping at Target in some dirty ass sweats? *

BRIANNA *

Have a wonderful day. *

As Brianna turns to go -- *

MATING DUDE *

Yo. My bad. Sorry, ma'am. *

Ma'am??! We know how much that pisses Brianna off. *

INT. NEWPORT BEACH HOME - BATHROOM - DAY *

Brianna pulls new lingerie from a Victoria's Secret bag. Given what just happened, she wants to turn up for Jeff. It's not Victoria's Secret runway shit. More tasteful than THOT-ish. Modestly sexy. As Brianna sheds her gray sweatsuit -- *

MUSIC CUE: "Stiletto (Pumps)" by Crime Mob. *

This banger kicks off an epic MONTAGE as Brianna transforms from housewife to...sexy housewife? Lingerie. Heels. Makeup. She looks good, feels good. Fresh, clean as we END MONTAGE -- *

INT. NEWPORT BEACH HOME - HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF BEDROOM - DAY *

Brianna's strut to the bedroom is halted when she hears Jeff talking to someone. *Odd.* She only picks up bits and pieces -- *

JEFF (O.S.) *

Yes... Leaky faucet... The plumber... Oh... Roto that roter... *

Dafug?? On Brianna: *Roto that roter??* Brianna hustles toward the room, because this is real weird, but her heel catches on Art's toy truck from earlier, and she VIOLENTLY ROLLS HER ANKLE. THUMP! She's on the ground. A Woman SCREAMS. A woman?? Brianna drags herself into -- *

INT. NEWPORT BEACH HOME - BRIANNA'S BEDROOM - DAY

To find her husband and his very young FEMALE STUDENT
scrambling to put their clothes on. Yes, it's that. *Lord...*

FEMALE STUDENT
You said she was gone all morning.

JEFF
What are you wearing?

BRIANNA
That's seriously your question?

FEMALE STUDENT
My horoscope COULD NOT have been
more off today.

BRIANNA
How old are you?

JEFF
She's 18...

BRIANNA
Eighteen??!

JEFF
Older than 18. She's legal, I mean.

BRIANNA
Okay. Cool. I'll just let you get
back to roto-ing her rooter then.

FEMALE STUDENT
I am, like, genuinely sorry. I
don't even like condoms but I made
him wear one every time because of
the deep respect I have for you and
your *amazing* family.

BRIANNA
Every time?!
(then)
Oh my god -- I'm an idiot. I'm
dressed like a clown because two
fools thought I was too disgusting
to be TLC.

FEMALE STUDENT
If I may...

JEFF
No.

BRIANNA *
 Go. *

FEMALE STUDENT *
 ...I think you look fantastic. *

Weird thing to say. Weird timing. This could go either way -- *

BRIANNA *
 Really? *

FEMALE STUDENT *
 O-M-G, yes. Totally. Stunning *

BRIANNA *
 Thank you. Honestly...thank you. *

FEMALE STUDENT *
 There is nothing more attractive *
 than mature beauty. *
 (mature beauty?!) *
 The energy here right now is *
 telling me I should go. *

She hustles out. Brianna is fuming. But the fuming gives way *
 to heartbreak. And shame. We live here for a few hard beats. *

JEFF *
 Please... Say something. *
 (she can't) *
 Yell at me. Please. Hit me. Call me *
 an asshole. I am an asshole. *

We want that. But all Brianna can muster -- *

BRIANNA *
 I gave up everything for you. *

EXCRUCIATING. Because it's true. Brianna hobbles into -- *

INT. NEWPORT BEACH HOME - BATHROOM - DAY *

Bree is swirling so she sits on the toilet. This is fucked *
up. Then, out of the corner of her eye -- she sees the "NASTY *
 BITCH" chain on the ground. This is a moment. Real heartbreak *
 and loss amplified by her eyeing this symbol of the nasty *
 bitch she used to be. And that's our -- *

END OF ACT ONE *

ACT TWO

INT. 106 & PARK - DAY (THE PAST) *

CHYRON: 2000...SIX MONTHS AFTER THE VIDEO *

On the set of BET's iconic daily countdown show, *106 & Park* with hosts, AJ and MARIE. The Nasty Bitches are there -- full of swagger and bravado. Their manager, Eric, is there too. We recognize him as the Diddy character from the yacht vid. *

AJ

World Premiere exclusive video, "*I'm a Nasty Bitch.*" Straight John Blaze. Number one record in the country. And we've got the ladies of the hour right here. *

MARIE

We gotta talk about that bikini. *

BRIANNA

I'm just that bitch, I guess. *

What a difference twenty years makes. *

MARIE

Tell me. What's the best part? Fame? Money? *

JILL

The men. Definitely the men.

VALERIA

Hip-hop is a grind -- particularly for women. There are so few of us in the game. *

BRIANNA

We get called all kinds of names. Sluts, hos, bitches. Why? Because we about money? Sex? That's what the dudes are rapping about. *

VALERIA

That's why it's dope to work with strong women who always got my back. We're just friends from Queens out here living the dream.

Monique rolls her eyes -- some obvious disdain for Valeria. *

MONIQUE

To be clear, myself, the Professor
and Jill are from the same hood. We
got a local rep. Eric saw us at a
show in BK. Then, boom...

AJ

That's dope, but the group didn't
really pop until y'all hooked up
with Butter Pecan.

Again...Monique don't like. To add insult to injury --

ERIC

I gotta take credit for that. She's
a star, ya know? There are quality
emcees and then there are stars.

Not deftly phrased. And there was a twinkle in Eric's eye
when he was talking about Valeria. Fuck that --

MONIQUE

Yeah, Eric knew he couldn't just
have three nappy headed, dark-
skinned hos from Roosevelt Ave., if
he wanted to sell records to Little
Bobby from the burbs.

Awkward. Silence...then --

JILL

It's all love.

MONIQUE

(not all love)

For sure. She added so much to the
group, and she flows the rhymes I
write better than anyone.

Both shade and a flex. The tension is palpable.

MARIE

Where do y'all see the group in
five years?

BRIANNA

I'm just trying to have a good time
at the club tonight.

MONIQUE

Solo projects for sure.

VALERIA

This is the only family I've ever
had. I hope we're still rocking. *

MARIE

That's beautiful. *

As we PUSH IN on an annoyed Monique --

AJ

Alright, after the break, we got
the kid Sisgo in the studio to
perform... *Let me see that*
Thoooooong... More 106 and Park
after this! *

EXT. ATLANTA SUBURBAN HOME/INT. MONIQUE'S CAR - DAY (PRESENT) *

Monique eyes the house, birthday decorations out front. She's
been here for a bit, anxious. Monique exhales, heads for the
house. She KNOCKS. An OLDER WOMAN answers. It's -- *

MONIQUE

Hey, Ma.

PATRICIA -- not overly excited to see her daughter. A beat --

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Been a minute.

PATRICIA

Been a year. *

A beat -- *

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Why you gotta show up today? *

MONIQUE

Can I speak to my daughter, please?

Patricia doesn't like this. But she reluctantly calls back --

PATRICIA

Jojo.

(eyes Monique again...)

You look thin. Hair's a mess. You
taking care of yourself?

MONIQUE *

I'm surviving. *

A beat, then JOJO (20), arrives. Patricia steps away. *Tense.* *

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
Happy birthday!

*

JOJO
I haven't seen you in over a year --
then you show up unannounced?

MONIQUE
You wanna interrogate me, or let me
in?

JOJO
There was a time when all I wanted
was for you to show up for my
birthdays. You didn't. Now? I
honestly don't care.

MONIQUE
Why you gotta talk to your mother
that way?

*

*

JOJO
Please. When you start acting like
a mother, I'll start talking to you
like one.

*

A beat. *Brutal.* This relationship is in a bad place.

MONIQUE
(conciliatory)
I didn't come here for this.
(hands over the gift)
I didn't know what to get. It's a
candle. You love candles.

*

*

*

JOJO
No, I don't.
(then)
When I get past my issues and I
really think about who you are? I
get sad because I see someone
chasing fame they lost twenty years
ago. Someone so reckless with her
life she doesn't even know who my
father is. I hope, on the real, you
find what it is you're looking for.

*

*

MONIQUE
You want me to stop trying? Fine.
I'll stop trying.

JOJO
That's the lamest part. You think
this is trying. Later.

*

As Jojo closes the door on her mother --

*

INT. BILLINGS, MONTANA HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE POV SHOT of a crucifix. Yes, in the bathroom. REVERSE on Jill -- peeing on an ovulation stick. It's one of those high-tech ones that's connected to her phone so we can see the results: "**FERTILE DAY**". Good, right? *Maybe not...*

*

JILL

Crap.

INT. BILLINGS, MONTANA HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jill's husband, DARREN (44), sits on the bed, fully prepared to have corporate sex. Jill emerges from the bathroom, shakes her head "no" at an expectant Darren.

*

*

DARREN

Oh, I thought today for sure.

JILL

You're disappointed.

*

DARREN

Not at all. We believe in god's plan. It will happen when he says.
(then)
Come here.

*

She does. Sits next to him.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I love you. With a kid. Without a kid. Whatever this journey ends up being is fine. Because it's ours.

He meant that. Every word of it. It torments Jill.

*

JILL

You deserve the best.

DARREN

(odd...)
You are the best.
(off Jill)
What is it? What's going on?

*

She wants to tell him what's going on, but she can't. So --

*

JILL
 Nothing. I love you. That's all.
 (then)
 I should go clean up the kitchen.

*

DARREN
 Mind if I stay up here and catch
 this *Walker, Texas Ranger* marathon?

JILL
 Enjoy yourself.

Jill heads for the door, glancing back at her sweet husband.

INT. BILLINGS, MONTANA HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jill cleans up. The doorbell rings. She answers.

TINA
 Guess who brought lemon cookies!

JILL
 You're amazing. Darren loves these.

Jill takes the cookies as the ladies head into --

INT. BILLINGS, MONTANA HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

TINA
 I know it's late, but I wanted to
 stop by because I am going to visit
 Chet this week at college.

JILL
 Oh. Just for the weekend?

TINA
 A week.

*

JILL
 Oh. A week.
 (beat)
 Bet it will be nice to see him.

*

*

TINA
 Yeah. But...I'm going to miss you.

There's a lot going on in between the words here. Something we can't yet put our fingers on. A long, strange beat. Then, suddenly, Tina is behind Jill, arms around her waist. Lips nearing her neck. Jill melts.

TINA (CONT'D)

I love you.

JILL

I know.

(then)

I couldn't do it. I couldn't tell him. I had a plan, went to a priest...I couldn't. Next thing I know, I'm peeing on an ovulation stick and lying to his face.

*
*
*

TINA

How far are you going to take this before you do something you can't go back on?

*
*
*

JILL

You said you wouldn't rush me.

TINA

I haven't rushed you. You said you were ready. This isn't 1999. It's okay to be gay.

*

JILL

I'm married. I'm Catholic. I'm also the daughter of a Deacon who prayed over kids he thought *might* be gay. When I finally escaped that? I became a rapper. How many gay hip-hop artists do you know?

*

TINA

I'm sure there are gay rappers.

JILL

But you don't know any. That's exactly my point.

*
*

TINA

Do you love me?

JILL

So much.

TINA

Do you want to be with me?

JILL

You know I do.

*

TINA
It hurts to break someone's heart,
but...is this easier?

JILL
What?

TINA
Pretending to be someone you're
not? *

JILL
(beat) *
No. But I'm used to it. *

Sad. So sad. Tina eyes the woman she loves --

TINA
I respect your struggle. But I've
been through too much to not live
in the open with the person I love. *

JILL
We will figure it out. *

TINA
I have already figured it out,
Jill. It's your turn.

Jill kisses Tina. Bittersweet, forbidden love. Tina goes. Off *
a conflicted Jill --

INT. PARAMOUNT STUDIOS - THE SHADE - DAY

Valeria and her co-host, Dana Dwyer are mid-interview with
political analyst, VAN JONES. It's not going...well.

VAN JONES
Dana, as a member of the news
media, the words you use matter.

VALERIA
I could not agree more, Van.

DANA DWYER
(slurring, impaired)
Wait... This is on me? As a
journalist or as a law-abiding
white American? *

Cringey. Also, Dana appears to be under the influence
of...something. Remember Valeria's mug swap? *Hmmm...*

DANA DWYER (CONT'D)

Look, all lives matter. Why is that controversial? I shoot straight. I call 'em criminals when they commit crimes. I call 'em thugs when they act thuggish. And when blacks act ignorant, I call them N --

*

NETWORK PRESIDENT (PRE-LAP)

-- (N)ever again will this woman work in this town.

INT. PARAMOUNT STUDIOS - DAY

Valeria, the NETWORK PRESIDENT and *The Shade's* EXECUTIVE PRODUCER watch the disastrous footage --

VALERIA

I am totally appalled.

Is that so, Shady Bitch??

*

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

This is a major problem. Dana is our top-rated host.

*

VALERIA

Because she's the last of the originals. But someone has to look our viewers in the eye on Monday and apologize -- a woman of color. Me. And I will make America fall in love with me. It's what I do.

*

*

*

The Network Prez shoots a look to the EP. No choice?

NETWORK PRESIDENT

Get us out of this mess.

*

VALERIA

One more thing. We've been negotiating my contract for months--

NETWORK PRESIDENT

- It's done. Whatever you want.

VALERIA

Okay... Now I want (more) --

*

BRIANNA (PRE-LAP)

- More potatoes, Honey?

INT. NEWPORT BEACH HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Brianna. Jeff. Kids. Dinner. Brianna puts on a brave face *
because she has to in front of her kids. But Jeff's betrayal *
is still fresh. What's being said here doesn't matter. We're *
simply on Brianna -- feeling the anger. The suffocation. The
pain. We PUSH IN. Tighter, tighter, Bree's emotions build
like a tea kettle as she watches her cheating-ass husband
interact with their kids. She's trapped. Fuck...she can't *
take it anymore. As she jolts out of her seat, we SMASH TO --

EXT. NEWPORT BEACH HOME/INT. BRIANNA'S CAR - NIGHT

Bree lets her emotions out in whatever way our actress deems *
appropriate. A cascade. She flips on the radio to distract *
herself, lands on a hip-hop station. What she hears is more *
than vaguely reminiscent of "I'm a Nasty Bitch." That's *
because this modern update samples the Nasty Bitches, but *
there is a young female dynamo -- Lil Muffin -- rapping. The *
song is an homage to the Nasty Bitches. She raps *
affectionately about all the women and refers to Brianna as a *
boss. This odd bat signal alters Bree's mood a little. She's *
curious too. What is this? She takes out her phone. Her *
finger hovers over a name, one she hasn't dialed in years:
JILL DA THRILL.

INT. BILLINGS, MONTANA HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

On Jill, unable to sleep -- Darren knocked out with his arm
around her. Jill gets the distraction she needs when her
PHONE VIBRATES. She's surprised to see: BRIANNA. She answers -

JILL (INTO PHONE)
Bree? What? Who listens to the
radio?

SMASH TO --

INT. MONIQUE'S CAR - NIGHT

Monique listens to the radio as she drives -- Lil Muffin's *
song mind fucking her too. What is this? Who is this? Why am *
I not getting paid off this? But there's also an excitement *
that Monique's relevant again. *What THE HELL is this??* *

RADIO DJ (V.O.) *
WHOA! That was "I'm a Nasty Bitch *
Too." Lil Muffin with another *
smash. Shout out to the Nasty *
Bitches for the assist. Where they *
at, yo? Where y'all at?!! *

As a curious Monique steps on the gas, we MOVE TO -- *

EXT. PARAMOUNT STUDIOS - NIGHT

Valeria heads to her car. She stops cold. REVERSE on Eric -- *

ERIC

Hey.

Valeria is rendered motionless by the sight of this man -- *
except her hand. It's shaking. Literally shaking. So, she
hides her shaking hand behind her back --

ERIC (CONT'D)

Long time.

VALERIA

That's what happens when you tell
someone you love them, the first
person you ever said it to, then
they break your heart. You don't
talk to them for a long time.

ERIC

You look great.

VALERIA

What do you want?

ERIC

How 'bout we get the band back
together?

VALERIA

Why the fuck would I do that? *

ERIC

Because we owe them. You know what
we did. We stole from them. *

Lands heavy on Valeria. CUT TO -- *

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - NIGHT (FUTURE, OUT OF TIME) *

CLOSE ON a snapshot of the Nasty Bitches on the yacht. Beside
the photo is a platinum record -- the group's one and only
record. REVERSE on Brianna, emotions twisting her up. *

JILL (O.S.) *

...Yo... *

Brianna turns to see Jill. *

BRIANNA *
 Bitch... *

They hug. Warmly. *

JILL *
 Can you believe it's been twenty *
 years since that concert in San *
 Diego where everything blew up? *

BRIANNA *
 It's really good to see your face. *
 I didn't know if you'd come. *

JILL *
 I had to get away, clear my head -- *
 a lot going on back home. *

BRIANNA *
 Feel you on that. *

MONIQUE (O.S.) *
 You bitches.... *

Brianna and Jill eye Monique at the door. *

BRIANNA *
 Twenty years and you still haven't *
 figured out your hair. *

MONIQUE *
 Bitch, don't talk. Your edges are *
 showing. *

JILL *
 What have you been up to? *

MONIQUE *
 Making music down in Nashville. I'm *
 really about to pop down there. *
 (lies...) *
 This place...where we rehearsed for *
 our first tour. A lot of good *
 memories. Plenty'a shitty ones too. *
 (then) *
 Who the hell is Lil Muffin and how *
 did she steal our song? *

Dunno. Lil Muffin? TBD mystery... *

VALERIA (O.S.) *
 Bitches... *

SHE'S HERE. Brianna and Jill light up. But the tension
between Valeria and Monique is palpable on sight. *

JILL
You look...incredible. *

BRIANNA
Are you in professional hair and
makeup? *

VALERIA
(she is, but...)
What an tremendous compliment. *

Ha! Then, Valeria and Monique lock eyes. No love lost here. *

MUSIC CUE: "U.N.I.T.Y" by Queen Latifah. *

We cut back and forth between Monique and Valeria. Back and
forth, back and forth as the tension builds... *

JILL
Please, don't. *

BRIANNA
We're too old for this shit. *

VALERIA
What's up, B -- *

MONIQUE
-- BITCH!! *

Monique charges Valeria, takes her to the ground. Holy Shit!
They're wrestling, each with a fistful of hair. It's an all-
out brawl. Jill and Brianna rush to break it up, but the
history and animus are all too much. This is a grease fire
and there's no stopping it. As we pull away, we have our -- *

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - NIGHT

Back to this shit -- Monique and Valeria brawling. Brianna *
 flies back from the scrum, catching an inadvertent elbow from *
 Monique. Jill sees there's no stopping this so she simply *
 blesses herself with the sign of the cross. Then, Eric bursts *
 in, thrusts himself into the center of the melee -- drags
 Monique off of Valeria.

MONIQUE

You know what you did!

VALERIA

You mad? Still jealous? *

MONIQUE

Of your fake J-Lo ass? Please.

BRIANNA

*Everybody shut up right now before *
 I put you both in a timeout, and *
 take away iPads for a week!*

*A motherly explosion. **

ERIC

What? *

BRIANNA

Sorry. Habit. *

But it worked. The temperature dropped. Then, Jill laughs -- *

JILL

You flew to LA to finish a fight *
 from twenty years ago? I'm sorry. *
 That's...ridiculous.

It is. They all laugh. Because it's funny. *

ERIC

Listen, yo, you're here -- which *
 means you heard the song. It's a *
 massive hit, and since it dropped, *
 my phone has been blowing up with *
 people asking about the Nasty *
 Bitches. Lil Muffin is my artist. *
 She's closing the BET awards this *
 Sunday. I want you to perform with *
 her.

BRIANNA

That's why we're here? I haven't performed in twenty years. I'm a mom. I don't rap.

*

ERIC

150K haul. For each of you.

Brianna is like: *Interesting...* \$\$\$

*

MONIQUE

Great deal for you considering you own our library and our publishing because we were dumb enough to trust you when we were kids.

ERIC

I hustled you. But is it my fault you couldn't hold it together long enough to cut a better deal? The world was yours, but you let jealousy and the game go to your heads. We're here. Now. Whatchoo wanna do about it?

*

*

As that questions hovers over the room like a fog --

LIL MUFFIN (O.S.)

Konnichiwa, Lil Babies.

Introducing LIL MUFFIN (early 20s) -- a one-of-a-kind, high-energy spectacle. Her mostly male entourage includes an A&R executive, CHARLIE, who is frankly a terrible person.

LIL MUFFIN (CONT'D)

Dis gotta be quick fast, Japanese lesson in ten. Bitches wunme to be a one-trick pony but I'mma be one of dem ponies with a forty-inch rainbow weave and a bedazzled horn out my head flying around the moon and shit.

*

BRIANNA

A unicorn?

LIL MUFFIN

Whatever, Bitch. Yes. Dem.

(then)

I had never heard of no Nappy Bitches --

MONIQUE

- Nasty.

LIL MUFFIN

- E-Rock played the track and I was like "what I'm 'posed to do wit dat?" He was like "trust." Twenty mil on YouTube now I'm straight chop sticking crow. Ya feel me?

A confused Brianna leans over to Jill --

*

JILL

- I understand nothing.

*

VALERIA

We're not a side show.

CHARLIE

You're not a show at all. This is about opening Muffin up to an...older audience.

*

LIL MUFFIN

Daz right. I'm trying to s'cure dat Golden Girls bag, nahwhudimean??

*

CHARLIE

Muffin has things to do. If you're in, great. If not? All the same.

*

Muffin is literally pulled out by her male handler, Charlie.

LIL MUFFIN

Sayonara, Lil Babies.

She's gone. Horrifying --

JILL

I see some things haven't changed in hip-hop, a bunch of straight men shaping the image of young, impressionable female artists.

BRIANNA

Is she on drugs?

VALERIA

I think people thought that about us twenty years ago.
(then, eyes Jill)
Sorry...

Jill obviously had a drug problem in the past...

BRIANNA

I've got five kids and a husband
out of work. I could use 150,000.

JILL

Seeing that young woman unable to
break character reminds me exactly
of what I don't want to go back to.

Brianna looks at Jill, almost pleading --

BRIANNA

It's one night. Plus, we get to
hang for a week, and forget about
what's going on back home.

*

*

JILL

(considers, then)
Okay. Fine. For you.

MONIQUE

I'm in. I want an audience again.
But before we go back into this, I
need clarity on the past.

*

VALERIA

Here we go.

MONIQUE

Valeria finally has to admit that
she cut a side deal with Eric --
admit she was making more bread
than us back then, and that she's
the only one still seeing money
from the rhymes I wrote.

Valeria exhales. Monique is exhausting -- always has been.

VALERIA

(to Brianna and Jill)
I love you guys. We had good times.
It's great to see you.

*

(then, to Monique)
You are a stubborn egomaniac. You
hate that I have the fame your
thirsty ass is still chasing. I'm
sorry, bebita, I didn't have a
secret deal as much as you wish I
did. I came here because sometimes
I feel guilty that I'm the only one
that went on to have real success.
This was a favor, pity...

*

*

ERIC
V, Yo. Come on.

VALERIA
Nah, she's crazy. And this shit? It
couldn't be further beneath me.

*
*

A few quick glances around the room, then Valeria goes.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Monique, Jill and Brianna catch up over drinks.

MONIQUE
Valeria hasn't changed.

JILL
You two are so alike it's sick.

BRIANNA
You both think you're the baddest
bitches in the room.

JILL
Sadly, it actually all boils down
to Eric. You always had a thing for
him, he wasn't checking for you and
Valeria landed him. That's the crux
of this whole beef.

*

MONIQUE
I was the glue. I had to be. Bree
was too busy inhaling dicks. Jill,
you were always bitter about
something -- image, wardrobe, and
that was before you started doing
blow every night.

BRIANNA
What are we doing? *Huh?! I have
five kids at home. I am not at
home. I am at a bar kicking it with
two of my oldest friends. Can we
please cheers to that?*

Brianna raises a glass and so do the other women.

JILL
To three chicks from Queens who
briefly stood on top of the world.

Cheers. Good times. Good memories. Then --

*

BRIANNA

Can I tell you guys something? I have to tell you something. I'm gonna tell you something.

MONIQUE

Do you have something to tell us?

JILL

I think she has something to tell us. *

BRIANNA

I walked in on my husband "instructing" one of his students.

MONIQUE

With his --

BRIANNA

- Penis --

MONIQUE

- Just checking. *

BRIANNA

Yeah.

MONIQUE

Does he still have it?

BRIANNA

What?

MONIQUE

His --

JILL

- Penis.

MONIQUE

You didn't cut it off? Toss it in a river? Chuck it down a sewer drain? Man...you really have changed.

BRIANNA

Every chick thinks they'd walk out the door. Beyoncé didn't leave. Hillary didn't leave. Why not? Why don't we leave? It's because you build these bonds out of love. Then, without you noticing, those bonds become chains. We have five kids. I made THEM my life. I made HIM my life. I don't have a career. I don't have friends.

(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I have other moms that come over and talk at me about hand creams and preschools but they're not friends. I thought I had everything, turns out I don't have shit. But I can only blame myself, right? I chose this.

*

Jill and Monique can really see that their friend is struggling. Jill takes Brianna's hand.

JILL

No one chooses to be disrespected by their spouse.

A little irony here...

*

MONIQUE

Remember when you were dating DMX? We caught dude at Limelight making out with Foxy Brown. You didn't cry, you didn't blame yourself. You marched outside and set that motherfucker's Ducati on fire.

BRIANNA

Jeff drives a Prius and it's in both of our names, so...

*

JILL

I think what Monique is saying is that you need to find Professor Sex. You need to find that fierce woman you used to be. She's there.

Brianna thinks on that a beat. It's not quite sinking in.

MONIQUE

For real. Find her and then cut --

*

BRIANNA

- Everyone is keeping their penis.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Jill, Brianna and Monique enter, a little tipsy. All laughs.

BRIANNA

I love you guys. I needed that.

Monique spots Eric sitting solo dolo at the bar.

JILL
I gotta call my husband.

BRIANNA
There's a robe, slippers, a mini-bar, and an empty king-sized bed upstairs. I wanna pass out in luxury with Cool Ranch Dorito dust on my fingertips.

MONIQUE
Brunch tomorrow before we leave?

Jill and Brianna nod, walk off. Monique takes a breath then heads for the bar. Sits next to Eric.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
Buy me a Henny.

Eric flags the BARTENDER. There's an awkward bit of silence here. A lot of history here. Plenty said and unsaid. Finally -

ERIC
You still doing music?

MONIQUE
(kinda, but...)
Everyone wants Xplicit Lyrics. They don't want Monique.

A beat as the Bartender drops Monique's drink. She sips.

ERIC
I called. A bunch. You never called back.

MONIQUE
You told me you loved me, then did me dirty. *

ERIC
You had a baby with someone else.

MONIQUE
How much longer was I supposed to be the secret chick while you paraded around with Valeria? You chose her. *

ERIC
I was young. You know V. She's got that...whatever... Didn't work out with her either. *

MONIQUE

Alright, I'm just gonna, like, go to my room if this is 'bout to be me comforting you about Valeria.

ERIC

Wait, no. It's good to see you.

A beat. Then, reluctantly --

MONIQUE

Same.

(then)

Why'd you do all this?

ERIC

Why are you here?

MONIQUE

I asked you first.

ERIC

I'm almost fifty. That's crazy. I've lived enough of my life now to really calculate things. Married twice. Divorced twice. No kids. Rich but broke. Nothing is all good or bad anymore. Nothing is pure. It's just...life. Y'all were my first big act. The Nasty Bitches made me. Before we messed it all up we had something pure, dope.

(then)

Not just the group -- me and you. Whatever the reason -- whoever's fault it is-- we never had a chance to give us a shot. I guess I'm chasing that feeling.

These old lovers share a look. There's an unknowably deep connection between these two. We feel it.

MUSIC CUE: "Crush On You" by Lil Kim.

MONIQUE

1999 was the best year of my life. But what's wack is you don't know it when you're in it. Next thing you know twenty years have blasted by, and you'd do anything to get 1999 back.

ERIC

So, we're here for the same reason.

A beat. Another...

ERIC (CONT'D)

I did.

MONIQUE

What?

ERIC

Love you.

Does she believe that? Does she want to? Does it matter?

MONIQUE

You're drunk.

ERIC

Yes. Wasted. But I did. *

Monique checks the time on her phone.

MONIQUE

I'm leaving in twelve hours. Let's drink, and pretend the last twenty years didn't happen.

ERIC

I'm down with that.

Their eyes linger -- legs now grazing, chemistry bananas. *

MONIQUE *

It was. *

ERIC *

What? *

MONIQUE *

Your fault. *

ERIC *

I know. *

MONIQUE *

Good. Now, are we gonna take these drinks to my room or do you wanna keep talking about your feelings like a couple of teenage boys? *

Yes. That is happening. Off their look -- *

INT. PARAMOUNT STUDIOS - HALLWAY - MORNING

*

Valeria has even more pep in her step today because it's her first day as queen of *The Shade*.

MUSIC CUE: "*Conceited*" by Remy Ma.

YOUNG STAFFERS nod and smile and -- smartly -- get the fuck out of her way. She is the boss. She power struts into --

INT. PARAMOUNT STUDIOS - EP'S OFFICE - MORNING

*

Where the Executive Producer is behind his desk --

VALERIA

I was up all night working on --

The EP points behind Valeria. It's the Network Prez and Valeria's Assistant. Valeria notices the TV frozen on the exact moment where she switched the mugs. *Fuck...*

NETWORK PRESIDENT

Your Assistant alerted us to this.
Please, explain.

A smug glare from V's Assistant. *Karma is a bitch.* The EP runs the tape again. Play...rewind...pause.

VALERIA

I put my mug down.

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

In front of Dana who swears she wasn't under the influence. It only takes one pasty mommy blogger with cream cheese in her beard to come up with the same theory we're wrestling with.

*

*

VALERIA

You're going to fire me because you *think* I poisoned my co-host with a racist elixir? Get ready for court.

NETWORK PRESIDENT

Is that what you want? For us to hire investigators to really dig into this? Is that going to end the way you want? We can do that, or you can step down quietly and we all move on from this nightmare.

Valeria scrambles as her dreams vanish in front of her.

VALERIA

Come on. There's always another way, right? We just need to... I didn't do anything... I've worked too hard to walk away from this. This is my show. GODDAMMIT... This is not how... Let's just talk, okay. Can you give me that?!

*
*

Not happening. Valeria is spiraling. This is a sad sight.

*

VALERIA (CONT'D)

This show means everything to me. It's the only thing I have.

Damn...

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

I think that might be your problem.

V's core issue stated in dialogue. Brilliant. Valeria straightens up because she has so much damn pride.

*
*

VALERIA

Thank you for the opportunity.

EXT. PARAMOUNT STUDIOS/INT. VALERIA'S CAR - MORNING

*

Valeria just sits in the car -- unable to drive. Unable to move. She's crushed, a box of her belongings resting on the seat next to her. Her eyes shift to the box, landing on a FRAMED PHOTO. It's that magically pure moment of the Nasty Bitches huddled up on the yacht during the video shoot. Those were good times in V's life. And seeing this photo in this moment stirs something up in her. Off the photo, we MOVE TO --

*

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - RESTAURANT - MORNING

Monique eats with Jill. A super hungover Brianna joins.

BRIANNA

They call it a mini-bar, but how can something so small inflict so much profound pain?

MONIQUE

Look, we're not performing, but the dumbest thing we did was throw away friendships most people never experience.

*

VALERIA (O.S.)

I'm in.

Valeria. She sits --

VALERIA (CONT'D)

We should do it. The show. I was being petty.

Skeptical looks abound. Then, ANGLE ON the TV -- *Entertainment Tonight*. Breaking news: *The Shade* host Valeria Mendez stepping aside. Oh, now they get it --

JILL

What did you do, Woman?

MONIQUE

Oh, now we're not beneath you?

VALERIA

(totally busted)

I screwed you guys. I did. I met Eric in a club when I was twenty. He heard me spit -- thought I had something to offer the group. You already made a bad deal -- I cut myself in because it was good business. For me. Because all I've known in my life is the hustle.

(then)

I live in a 6,000 square foot house in the hills. Just me. The first thing I do when I wake up is search my name on Twitter. I'm the kind of person who fucks three ladies over who care about her, then turns around and asks them for a favor. That's me. That's what I'm doing.

(then)

We've done shit together people only dream of. And when I look back, the only time in my life I wasn't totally out for myself is when things were good with us. It's the only time in my life I had anything that resembled a family. I'm not an introspective bitch, but maybe I need that.

These are rare colors for Valeria. It affects Jill and Bree.

MONIQUE

Nice, but...nah. Whatever bread you're making on Muffin's song?

(MORE)

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

You split it with us. Hear that,
bebita? That's the sound of tables
turning.

*
*
*

VALERIA

Done.

*

JILL

I'm not Jill Da Thrill anymore, and
I don't want to be.

VALERIA

Then, we do it our way this time.
We've got twenty years of life and
wrinkles under our belts, but we are
still Nasty Bitches. Let's do this --
for wives, moms and ambitious hoes
everywhere.

*
*
*

JILL

(considers, then)

Okay.

They're in. This is happening. Buzzing. Then --

BRIANNA

So, a mom, a church lady, a washed
up musician and a disgraced daytime
TV host are going to perform at the
biggest black awards show in the
world in four days?

*

(off them, yup)

Tell me how this isn't gonna be a
disaster.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Bree eyes herself in the mirror, wearing the iconic pink bikini. She runs her finger along her C-section scar. She's beautiful -- doesn't feel beautiful. Valeria pops in --

*
*

VALERIA

Whoa... Ass is still poppin'.

BRIANNA

Stop. I can't wear this. And how do you look the same as you did when we were twenty? It's annoying.

VALERIA

El cuchillo, bebida. The knife. Only seventy percent of the flesh you see is god given.

(then)

Jill told me about your husband. I'm sorry.

*

BRIANNA

Everything on this girl looked brand new. Straight out of the box.

VALERIA

Homegirl probably drives a dinged up Honda CRV with a Bernie Sanders bumper sticker. You don't want nothing with that.

*
*

BRIANNA

You think Bernie would fuck me?

VALERIA

He'd want to. Then, it'd be hours of nothing but you reassuring him it happens to all men.

(then)

Don't wear the bikini. But you could. You're a real woman -- been through real shit. That's sexy. Plus, dat ass? 15 stacks brand new in the store right now. Trust me -- I've got one.

*
*
*
*

BRIANNA

You got a fake ass?

*

VALERIA

Tell me what's fake about this?

*
*On Brianna: *Looks pretty fucking real from here...*

*

BRIANNA

I can't wear it. Why did I agree to this?

*
*
*

VALERIA

We've done a thousand shows. It'll be like riding a bike.

BRIANNA

When's last time you rode a bike?

MUSIC CUE: "Oochie Wally" by Nas. Iconic beat only.

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

The ladies in a circle -- a cypher. The beat bangs as the ladies prepare to see if they've still got it. Monique is first up. And what ensues is one of the BEST SCENES IN THE HISTORY OF NETWORK TV -- a freestyle battle. Sumthin' like the Cabinet Battles from *Hamilton*. Monique raps about her search for relevance after the group's demise in her incomparable flow. Monique also opens up about her struggles as a mom. And...it's fucking Brandy rapping!! These freestyles are fun and precisely why this show is deliciously irresistible. But they're WAY more. Each verse deepens our understanding of these characters, and makes us fall further in love with them. INTERCUT --

*
*
*

EXT. DTLA ARTS DISTRICT - DAY

PHOTO SHOOT, BITCHES!! The Nasties looking bad and bougie as a PHOTOGRAPHER snaps pics, Monique and Valeria vying for front position. The Photog motions a few MALE MODELS in. Two of them sidle up to Jill. She puts her arms around them but is noticeably uncomfortable. We know why. BACK TO --

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

Monique finishes her killer flow, then Jill jumps into the mix. Jill raps about her trials and tribulations in hip-hop, and how artists like herself and Muffin lose their souls to the game. She's telling her story. Her struggle. And it resonates.

*
*
*

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - NIGHT

Where a CHOREOGRAPHER teaches the dance routine for the show. The ladies are not...*bad*. With the exception of Brianna. She's bad. They stop and start. Over and over. BACK TO --

*
*

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

Valeria wastes no time diving in. She raps about her career ambitions. Bitch wants to run the world like Oprah. Valeria also name checks the other Nasty Bitches, highlighting all the things she loves and missed about them. We are watching the Nasty Bitches coalesce after twenty years apart. We see their undeniable chemistry. We see why they need each other. It's like every musical in the history of the world.

*

INT. MICROSOFT THEATER - DAY

More rehearsal. Better, but... Brianna falls out of step again. The Choreographer stops everything. She shows Brianna where she's standing. Apparently it's a bad place to be...

SECONDS LATER --

The Nasty Bitches huddled up around the spot where Brianna fell out of step. A STAGE HAND hits a switch. Suddenly, a massive pyrotechnic explodes from where Brianna was standing. *Lethal.* Also, some Hitchcockian foreshadowing. BACK TO --

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

As Valeria finishes, Lil Muffin stumbles in. Surely this young rapper can't freestyle. A tense beat before Lil Muffin jumps right in. Her style is weird and unique and full of character -- but impresses the Nasty Bitches. SMASH TO --

INT. MICROSOFT THEATER - DAY

Rehearsal with Lil Muffin. *Good.* It's all love and smiles. This feels good. They're remembering the awesome times they had. The sisterhood. It reminds us of the image of the women on the yacht twenty years ago. Again, no words but this will resonate with our audience. I promise. Trust me. BACK TO --

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

Bree's turn. She's reluctant. The women encourage her. Then? Brianna. Goes. THE FUCK. Off! She lets out all of the pent up anger and aggression for her husband. FUCK JEFF!!!

We're watching the birth of a new genre of hip-hop: MOMMY RAP. Only one thing can ruin Bree's moment, and it happens... Jeff enters -- killing the vibe and the MONTAGE. The women huddle around Bree. They've got her back.

JEFF

I need to talk to you.

BRIANNA

Go ahead. They know what you did. *

LIL MUFFIN

Don't get slick neither -- I been Krav Maga-in.

JEFF

You need to come home.

The women mock Jeff with laughter: *Nigga, please.*

BRIANNA

I asked for space. I want to not think about you or what you --

JEFF

-- It's cancer. The CAT scan...it's a tumor. That's...the migraines are because of a tumor. It's bad. I didn't want to tell the kids alone. *

Jesus! Can this woman catch a break?! Finally, subdued --

BRIANNA

Let's go.

JILL

Bree, you're coming back, right?

Brianna doesn't answer as she follows Jeff out. *Shit...*

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY (LATER)

Monique. Valeria. They catch their breath after rehearsal. *

VALERIA

You know... I used to wonder where I'd be if I had your talent.

MONIQUE

You parlayed it, I didn't.

VALERIA

You have a family.

MONIQUE

Gotta kid. I don't have a family.

VALERIA

What's the story with Jojo's dad?

MONIQUE

He wasn't ready to be a dad, wasn't ready to be with me. So...I never told him. I guess I thought that was better than Jojo knowing and him not being around. Then, ya know, I wasn't around. She hates me. She should. I try to fix it -- dunno how.

*

*

VALERIA

My mom left me at the back door of a shelter when I was two. I'm sure there are good foster parents... I just never met any. When I went to a new home and someone would beat the shit out of me -- tell me I wasn't shit -- I told myself I'd prove them wrong. I'd be rich. I'd be famous. I am. I guess. But I'm 41 years old and I go to bed every night wishing my mom would call. No clue if she's dead or alive.

*

*

*

*

*

(beat)

You gotta keep trying. Because if Jojo is anything like me? Deep in her heart, that's all she wants.

That lands on Monique -- which makes her uncomfortable.

*

MONIQUE

Can we go back to beefing?

A nice beat. Then --

VALERIA

I've got regrets, too. I let the one relationship I knew was real slip away. I'm gonna get him back.

*

Valeria has her eyes on Eric as he approaches. And off the pit forming in Monique's stomach --

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jill enters, washes her hands -- distracted by SOUNDS coming from a stall. MUFFLED SOBS. Then, Lil Muffin emerges.

LIL MUFFIN
Sometimes a bitch gotta cry, right?

JILL
Everything all right?

LIL MUFFIN
Nah. But who wants to hear that?

JILL
Me. I do.

Lil Muffin eyes Jill. Muffin isn't one to trust easily, but Jill is just one of those people you inherently trust.

LIL MUFFIN
All these dudes got their hands in my pocket. Who they want the best for? Me or them?

JILL
Them. They want what's best for them. It's easy to lose yourself in the persona some men create.
(then)
What's your name?

*
*

LIL MUFFIN
Bitch, you know my name.

JILL
Your real name.

LIL MUFFIN
Lauren.

JILL
Lauren, take from this what you need and get out. You're all you've got. Don't lose it. Because you may not be able to find it again.

*
*
*

LIL MUFFIN
Maybe I'll grow up to be like you one day. All put together with the whole world figured out.

JILL
You don't know me.

LIL MUFFIN
What'chall doing tonight? Wanna shoot through da crib?

(MORE)

LIL MUFFIN (CONT'D)

Steve Aoki been trying to hit for years -- I got da plug for Benihana delivery.

JILL

You know...that sounds awesome.

This is cool. Muffin removes a compact from her purse. But...it's not makeup -- it's cocaine.

LIL MUFFIN

Gotta put my face on.

She snorts a little pick me up. That's a gut punch to Jill.

LIL MUFFIN (CONT'D)

Juwant?

No. As Muffin takes another bump, we're off a troubled Jill --

INT. NEWPORT BEACH HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeff is seated. Brianna descends from the stairs, sits.

JEFF

How'd Art take it?

BRIANNA

He just found out his dad needs surgery that might kill him. How do you think?

(then)

I have to call the girls, tell them I'm not doing the performance.

Wait...what? *We don't like that.* A long beat.

JEFF

I've been doing research, binging *Grey's Anatomy*. Depending on the location of the tumor, judgment and impulse control may be impaired. So, maybe...I was thinking...

*

*

*

Ummm... Okay... Guess it's worth a shot? We think it might have worked until Brianna leans in, FINALLY awoken --

BRIANNA

Are. You. Kidding. Me?! You want me to watch a TV show so maybe I'll feel better about you pile driving your student in our bed?

(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

In the home we share with five children that I birthed? Three of which ripped my vagina like a deli slicer, the other two carved out of me like I was a Halloween pumpkin. *You are a selfish prick.* You couldn't even give me the satisfaction of being pissed about what you did. You had to go and get cancer. D'you know how excruciatingly unfair that is? But you will not die. Hell. No. I will do everything in my power to keep you alive. Because I want nothing more than the absolute pleasure of nursing you back to health and then leaving your ass.

*
*
*

JEFF

Bree...

BRIANNA

Nah. I'm not Bree. I'm a nasty bitch. And I am performing with my girls. I'm gonna shake my ass. I'm gonna twerk the hell outta everything I got left. I'm taking the kids with me in the morning so they can watch their mom work for the first time in their lives. And you can sit here and justify your sad, pathetic life with episodes of *Grey's Anatomy*.

*

*
*

Yes! Yes! Yes! On Brianna as she goes --

INT. LIL MUFFIN'S CONDO BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jill walks down the hall with Monique and Valeria.

MUSIC CUE: "*Beez In The Trap*" by Nicki Minaj.

MONIQUE

Bree just texted. She's headed back.

*

VALERIA

Good for her.
(then)
Why are we here?

*

MONIQUE

All I heard was Benihana.

JILL

Lauren needs someone to talk to. *

VALERIA

Talk? Challenging when one person *
speaks a completely different *
language. *

They're at the door. Jill KNOCKS. No answer. Again...nothing.
The door is open so they enter --

INT. LIL MUFFIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A trap house meets The Broad. No Lauren. *Odd...*

JILL

Lauren. What's up? It's Jill and *
the girls. *

No answer. We stay with Monique and Valeria as Jill wanders
into the bedroom. Monique picks a rainbow weave off the
floor, flashes it to Valeria: "Dafaq?" Then --

JILL (CONT'D)

(frantic)
Oh my god!

We follow Monique and Valeria as they rush into --

INT. LIL MUFFIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Where Jill stands frozen and breathless over an unconscious
Muffin. There's cocaine in evidence everywhere.

MONIQUE

Damn.

Valeria hustles over to Muffin, rolls her over -- eyes in the
back of her head. Valeria immediately starts CPR.

VALERIA

Call an ambulance.

Jill remains frozen. Monique dials. As Valeria desperately
tries to save this young woman's life, we have our --

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Lil Muffin comes to, Jill, Monique and Valeria by her side. *

LIL MUFFIN
What...happened??

MONIQUE
You did enough blow to kill three
out of the five Trump kids. *

JILL
It was scary, but we're here for
you. *

Jill really means it. Charlie busts in with Eric in tow. *

CHARLIE
Tell me you didn't have the most
recognizable rap star in the world
admitted to a county hospital.

JILL
She overdosed. She could have died.

CHARLIE
And you may have killed her career.

Dick. *

ERIC
You okay?

Muffin is not great, but musters a nod "yes." *

CHARLIE
Perfect. Let's get out of here.

JILL
She's not going anywhere until
she's properly discharged.
(then, to Eric)
D'you know she had a drug problem?

ERIC
She's young. People party.

VALERIA
Jill, you know the game.

JILL

Partying doesn't put you in the hospital. I know. You know I know.

*
*

A beat. This business really did a number on Jill.

*

CHARLIE

Wow. Bravo. This is a dope after school special, but we have a show.

JILL

She needs to be in rehab.

(then)

Lauren, you have a voice, but you have to use it.

CHARLIE

Let me be clear: The BET Awards are promotion for the album. Failure to perform is breach of contract, and the label will go after every cent of her advance. That money still around or did it fly up her nose?

JILL

Eric.

ERIC

It's complicated.

MONIQUE

This is business, Jill.

JILL

She's not a business. She's a person.

A beat. All eyes on Muffin. Which way will she go?

LIL MUFFIN

Deez my people.

*

CHARLIE

Great. It's settled. Muffin has the stage all to herself as she should.

MONIQUE

Wait, hold up. Nobody said --

*

CHARLIE

- It's time for you all to leave. It's been real. Your plane tickets back to pre-menopausal obscurity will be at the hotel.

*
*

Jill is genuinely seething now. Overwrought with emotion.

JILL
Turn the other cheek.

CHARLIE
What -- ?

As Jill winds up to smack this motherfucker -- *

BRIANNA (PRE-LAP) *
You slapped him? *

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The Nasty Bitches. It's mad tense up in here... *

MONIQUE *
Straight knocked homeboy out. It *
would be funny if he wasn't the *
dude who gave us this opportunity. *

JILL *
Forget him. Lauren needs our help. *

MONIQUE *
I didn't know that girl 'til a few *
days ago. She's alive and she's *
performing. The only thing that's *
gone is our shot.

BRIANNA *
Really, Monique? *

MONIQUE *
This was my chance to get back what *
I lost, then Jill had to go blood *
hound someone else's problem.

JILL *
You should be ashamed of yourself.

MONIQUE *
I'm not. Seriously, is your life so *
perfect now that you got time to *
fix other people's? *

JILL *
You don't know what you're talking *
about. *

MONIQUE

Some of us don't have a perfect husband and a perfect house with a stomach full of potatoes au gratin.

*
*
*

JILL

Shut the hell up.

MONIQUE

Shut me up.

VALERIA

Ladies.

JILL

You should focus a little less on fame, and a little more on being a mom to the kid you abandoned.

*
*

FUCK! Jill went for the jugular. It stops Monique in her tracks. It hurts but it's true. Jill instantly regrets it though. Valeria lets out a visceral SCREAM of frustration.

*

VALERIA

FUCK...I needed this!

BRIANNA

You two are the same -- only out for yourselves.

*

VALERIA

No. NO! Yes, I agreed to do the show because my career blew up in my face. But then I was in a cypher again with you ladies and I felt it. The magic we had on that boat. And for someone without family, without friends -- it just felt nice. It felt like twenty years later maybe we could write a better ending to our story. *That's why I'm pissed.* Because I wanted to get on stage with you ladies again and feel the love. Now? It's gone.

*
*
*

Raw and real. Jill is the rawest of all right now. Then --

JILL

I'm gay.

They all look at her. She said it. FINALLY said it.

JILL (CONT'D)

I'm a lesbian.

Silence as Jill exhales. She looks around the room awaiting the ladies' reactions. Finally --

BRIANNA

What took you so long?

MONIQUE

I swore you were bi.

VALERIA

That must've felt real good.

JILL

Oh my lord, it did. And I am madly in love with someone else.

(then)

Tina was the first person who made me want to be honest with myself, but it's hard.

*

VALERIA

It's time for you to be you -- to love who you should. You've tortured yourself enough.

JILL

My husband is amazing. He doesn't deserve to have his heart broken.

BRIANNA

He'll understand. At some point. If he really wants you to be happy.

A lot of emotion pouring out right now.

MONIQUE

Okay, stand the fuck up. Everyone. Right now. Get in here, bitches.

And they do -- pull in for a group hug. Fuck, that's nice.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Okay. We're not performing, but...who cares? This was worth it.

It was. Then? A KNOCK at the door. It's Eric and Lil Muffin. Muffin looks like, well, someone who overdosed last night.

LIL MUFFIN

I came to say thank you. I'm not used to people looking out for me. But...I'm performing tomorrow. I have obligations. But I'm not doing the show without you guys.

(MORE)

LIL MUFFIN (CONT'D)
 I came up with a plan. Something
 that might work for everyone.
 (then)
 "My girls over all y'all dudes,"
 right?

And off the incredibly curious Nasty Bitches, we MOVE TO --

INT. MONIQUE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Monique sitting in bed. She grabs her phone, dials.

MONIQUE (INTO PHONE)
 Hey.

INTERCUT --

INT. ATLANTA SUBURBAN HOME - JOJO'S ROOM - NIGHT

JOJO (INTO PHONE)
 It's late. Need money?

MONIQUE
 I called to apologize. For not
 being there. It's not the first
 apology, and I know it's not
 enough. But I am sorry.
 (then)
 I didn't dream about being a mom --
 I dreamed about performing. It's
 not an excuse, it's just the truth.
 But if you'll let me try for the
 hundredth time to be your mom -- I
 won't mess it up. I promise.

Jojo is taking it all in. It's a lot.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
 The Nasty Bitches are performing
 tomorrow at the BET Awards. I got
 you a ticket and a flight. Come see
 me do what I love. Come see me
 express myself in the only way I
 know how. Then? Maybe? We can take
 it from there.

An emotional olive branch. We're proud of Monique. *How could this not land??* We think it might as Jojo considers. Then --

JOJO
 (wants to believe, but...)
 Sorry. It's a little too late.

Click. Monique swallows, hurt. We hang here for as long as possible watching the pain settle in.

MUSIC CUE: "Untitled" by Monique Robbins (our Monique). An original song. It's the song she played at the beginning of the show in that bar. It's also the most downloaded song in America after this airs. Just her amazing voice and guitar -- lyrics delivering body blows. The song continues over --

INT. BRIANNA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Brianna's kids are asleep all over the room. She watches them in her bathrobe. She turns and looks in the mirror, introspective about all that's going on in her life. BACK TO -

INT. MONIQUE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Where Monique is now playing the guitar and singing the song. And now that we're hearing the song in its entirety, we know that Monique is singing about her troubled relationship with Jojo. We INTERCUT as we continue around to the other women -- *

INT. VALERIA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Where Valeria peels the layers of makeup off of her face. She's stripping down. Stripping everything away as she prepares for bed. Extensions out, lashes off. Etc...

INT. JILL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jill has her phone in her hand, preparing to make a call that isn't easy. She steels herself, dials: Darren.

JILL (INTO PHONE)
Hey. I know... I miss you too.
(beat, swallows)
Listen, we need to talk...

INT. BRIANNA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Where Brianna is still looking in the mirror. She grabs the Nasty Bitch chain from the desk and dons it for the first time in twenty years. BACK TO --

INT. MONIQUE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Where Monique finishes the song. She's spent. Emotionally. And as she finishes, RISING CROWD NOISE takes us to --

INT. MICROSOFT THEATER - NIGHT

The night we've been building to all episode -- the 2021 BET Awards. Black excellence everywhere we turn. And the master of ceremonies, DJ KHALED. *

DJ KHALED

Welcome to the stage -- the Queen
B, Lil Kim, and the monster
herself, Nicki Minaj.

There they are in all of their glory. *Applause.*

LIL KIM

Hip-hop has always been dominated
by men. It took strong, badass
women to blaze the trail. MC Lyte.
Latifah. Salt-N-Peppa...

*

NICKI MINAJ

You know I had your poster on my
wall. And right next to it I had
another one. Four women. Bad
bitches. NASTY BITCHES...

*

LIL KIM

But hip-hop is always about who's
next on the mic. And no doubt, one
artist has taken over the game...

*

NICKI MINAJ

Without further adieu, here to slay
"I'm a Nasty Bitch Too," Lil Muffin
featuring the Nasty Bitches!!

The stage goes dark as Nicki and Kim cross off. A spotlight rains down on Muffin as she walks to the front of the stage, still weak. Is she really gonna perform? INTERCUT --

INT. MICROSOFT THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The Nasty Bitches, hands locked as Jill leads them in prayer.

JILL

Dear, Lord. Thank you for the --

LIL MUFFIN (ON STAGE)

- Opportunity. It's always been a
dream to close the BET Awards.
Thank --

JILL (BACK STAGE)
 - You for putting me back in touch
 with my sisters.

LIL MUFFIN (ON STAGE)
 I didn't know nothing about the
 Nasty Bitches. But now? I'm
 grateful I do. They're legends.

JILL (BACK STAGE)
 We didn't know we needed one
 another, but we do.

LIL MUFFIN (ON STAGE)
 I've stood on their backs without
 knowing it for too long.

JILL (BACK STAGE)
 Lord, give us the strength to stand
 in our truths -- in who we are. No
 matter how difficult that may be.

And Jill is visibly emotional.

LIL MUFFIN (ON STAGE)
 They've earned this spotlight all
 to themselves.

A frantic Charlie rushes Eric.

CHARLIE (BACK STAGE)
 What the fuck is going on?

ERIC (BACK STAGE)
 Nothing you can stop.

JILL (BACK STAGE)
 Amen.

VALERIA/BRIANNA/MONIQUE

Amen.

This moment. The looks. The togetherness of these ladies.
This is what this show is about. A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT comes
 for Brianna, whisks her away --

LIL MUFFIN (ON STAGE)
 I want to give them that. Because I
 wouldn't be here without them.

Muffin walks off, glaring a "fuck you" at Charlie. The stage
 goes dark as we MOVE TO a FRONT ROW POV. Now, we're just Jay
 and Bey watching. We hear a familiar sound: Whoosh...

Whoosh... Whoosh... The massive video screen comes to life. We're flying over those blue waters again. The helicopter appears. What happens next is unexpected and awesome...

Brianna flies in over the stage with the aid of a harness. The crowd goes nuts. She lands, oddly wearing a frumpy mom sweatsuit. Trouble when she lands. She can't get out of her harness. Tense moments, the entire performance on the verge of collapse before it begins. Bree finally frees herself. And the sick beat for "*I'm a Nasty Bitch*" drops. Hell, yeah...

BRIANNA

*I'm a Nasty Bitch -- pure player
shit. No balls, no dick, but I
still got a tip...*

The beat cuts out as Brianna halts her flow.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

...Hold up, hold up, hold up. I
need to know something before I
keep going.

(then)

Are my ladies in the building
tonight?

YEAH...

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Any moms in the building tonight??

YEAH...

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Holding it down? Still sexy? Don't
need no man?

HELL YEAH!!!

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

That's what's up. This is for all
y'all Nasty Moms.

BAM!! The beat drops again, and Brianna rips off her sweatsuit. And underneath, you guessed it, she's rocking the HOLY FUCK out of the pink bikini -- slaying for moms everywhere as the rest of the Nasty Bitches join her on stage. Brianna lets it all out as she kicks her verse. It's iconic and powerful.

Next up? Jill. But we notice that she's switching up her lyrics. She's not rapping about dudes. She raps about her experience in the music industry.

Her rhyme builds to an epic reveal -- where Jill announces that she's in love with a woman. And when she mentions Tina, we CUT TO --

*
*

INT. TINA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tina watches the performance -- the woman she loves professing her love back in front of ten million people. It's incredible. And overwhelming. Tina is bursting with pride and shock and unsuccessfully holding back tears of joy. BACK TO --

INT. MICROSOFT THEATER - NIGHT

Jill finishes her new verse to rapturous applause. Jay and Bey are on their feet. Academy Award winner, Delroy Lindo is in the front row jamming, doing that dance from *Da 5 Bloods* that basically won him the award. *Catch the vibe...*

Next, Valeria breaks in effortlessly. She hasn't missed a beat, but she fucks up here. Valeria finds herself in the wrong place at the wrong time. The dangerous spot Brianna found herself in rehearsal. Monique notices, quickly pulls her off the spot JUST AS THE PYROTECHNIC EXPLODES!! *Phew...*The performance rolls on. Not perfect. The women huff and puff through it. Valeria passes the baton to Monique. And it *feels* like Monique is only performing for one person in the crowd. Passionate. Heartfelt. And she is. CUT TO --

Jojo. She's there. Watching her mom perform for the first time. And it's special -- Jojo is seeing a side of her mother she's never seen before. It doesn't make up for everything, but it's something. This is so, so dope. The ladies finish to rapturous applause. They're breathless -- brimming with adrenaline, arms around one another. A family once again. Incredibly reminiscent of the moment on the yacht. They got it back. I lied before -- this is the billboard.

MONIQUE

Holy shit.

BRIANNA

Jill, that was incredible.

Jill holds back tears -- tears of joy. They pull their girl in tighter as the applause continue to rain down.

MONIQUE

I can't believe it's over.

VALERIA

Nasty Bitches. Forever.

*

Forever? MOVE TO --

EXT. STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT (THE FUTURE, OUT OF TIME)

POV SHOT. And what we're seeing is absolutely brilliant -- a banging-ass billboard. WORLD TOUR: Lil Muffin & the Nasty Bitches. Muffin and the Bitches looking like absolute superheroes. And it's awesome...

*
*

REVERSE --

The Nasty Bitches and Lil Muffin looking up at the billboard. They take it in. Then --

*

BRIANNA

So, a mom, a lesbian church lady, a washed up musician, a disgraced daytime TV host and a young rapper fresh out of rehab are going on a world tour?

MONIQUE

Yeah.

A beat --

BRIANNA

Cool.

A little taste of what's to come. And. It. Is. *Glorious...*

END OF SHOW