

Under the Influence

Pilot

COLD OPEN

EXT. OUTDOOR SHOPPING CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON

A blurry, unsteady iPhone video plays of a pretty young woman (BEATRICE "TRIX" SIMPSON, a local fashion blogger/influencer, late 20s).

She's screaming at a homeless man in a wheelchair. A group has gathered to watch and record.

TRIX

Calm down?! Are you fucking kidding me?

(pointing)

Why don't you tell him to calm down? He's the one calling people names and harassing them for money!

As she screams, Facebook comments begin to pop up onscreen:

- "She seems like a real bitch."

- "Just because you're pretty doesn't mean you can be an asshole!"

- "All the Botox in the world can't hide that terrible personality."

- "Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?"

- "I've followed you since day one. Consider yourself unfollowed now if this is how you're gonna behave!"

Comments continue to flood the screen. Whoever's filming the scene steps closer to Trix.

TRIX (CONT'D)

(grabbing the phone)

Get that ugly thing out of my face, asshole!

The video ends abruptly.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - DUSK

Trix sits with her knees to her chest on a grungy toilet. She has dark mascara smudges, and her hair and outfit are rumpled.

Trix stares at the still frame of her attempting to stop the person recording her meltdown.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A group of middle school-age girls sneer and laugh at an unseen victim.

BACK TO:

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - DUSK

Trix locks her phone.

She takes a deep, shaky breath, wipes snot from her nose, and puts her head in her hands.

TRIX
What am I going to do?

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

CHYRON: EARLIER THAT DAY...

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DAY

Trix scrolls through her professional Instagram page (@atrixiesituation) while she sits with her agent, ANDI (mid-30s), over a posh meal.

TRIX

Ugh. My grid just looks so boring.
We really need to change things up,
maybe go get some more pics
downtown. What do you think?

ANDI

Sure. Of course.

Trix is trying to snap a picture of the meal to share to her Instagram Story. She fiddles with the dishes, trying to make it perfect.

Andi looks on, mildly annoyed.

TRIX

Where is our server? My water glass
has been empty for ten minutes. I
can't Instagram this if it's empty.
I'm a regular here, I shouldn't
have to put up with this.

ANDI

Let's have a little compassion for
the server, hm? She looks busy.
Just cut her some slack.

They glance over to see the server juggling a full tray for a large table.

TRIX

I'm allowed to be annoyed when
someone does something annoying.
Besides, aren't I paying you to be
my agent, not my therapist?

ANDI

Unfortunately. God knows I'd make a
lot more money off of you if I were
your therapist.

Trix glares at her.

ANDI (CONT'D)

Actually, while we're waiting, I have something I wanted to talk to you about--

Two other local influencers, KAITLIN and ERICA, approach their table.

KAITLIN

Trix? I thought that was you!

Trix instantly transforms.

TRIX

Oh my god, Kaitlin! Erica! I haven't seen you since I gave the keynote speech at the Winter InflunceCon.

An awkward silence falls over the group.

ERICA

I saw you hit 140k! Congrats!

ANDI

Yes, it is very exciting. Actually--

TRIX

Oh, please that's old news! I'm almost at 145k now. Also, Kaitlin, did you hear that I secured sponsorship from that new personal styling service?

KAITLIN

Cult Closet?!

Trix nods. Kaitlin tries not to let her true emotions show. Erica looks nervous.

KAITLIN (CONT'D)

Wasn't that the one I told you I was looking into?

TRIX

Was it? I don't think so.

KAITLIN

It was, actually. I distinctly remember talking to you about it at InfluenceCon--

TRIX

Well, it's like I always say. The first Influencer gets the worm, right?

KAITLIN

(under her breath)

More like the one who kisses the most ass.

ANDI

Woof.

TRIX

What was that?

KAITLIN

I think you heard me, you--

ERICA

(interrupting)

She said she hopes you enjoy your lunch!

(to Kaitlin)

Let's go.

Erica wheels Kaitlin away before things escalate. Trix looks after them sourly.

TRIX

(to Andi)

She wants to talk to me about kissing ass? She got her tits done last summer so she could get more advertisers.

She looks at Andi like "Can you believe her?"

Trix catches the server's eye across the room. She gestures rudely to her water glass.

ANDI

I was curious why you were so adamant about getting the Cult Closet sponsorship secured. Guess now I know why.

The server arrives, refills Trix's water.

TRIX

Andi, please! You know as well as I do just how much exposure that sponsorship is going to get us.

(MORE)

TRIX (CONT'D)

Who cares that I had to step on
some toes to get it?

ANDI

I do. In fact, you and I need to
have a come-to-Jesus moment
desperately.

TRIX

Yeah, well, I'm agnostic.

Trix snaps some more pictures for her Instagram Story. Andi reaches across the table and snatches the phone away from her.

TRIX (CONT'D)

Hey!

ANDI

(gravely)

Listen to me. You are a nightmare
to work with, do you understand? I
can't tell you how many people I've
had to convince not to pull out of
potential deals when I tell them I
represent you. I don't know at what
point in your career you thought it
was okay to start acting like this,
but you are nowhere near close to
the status you think you are.

TRIX

Excuse me? As my representative--

ANDI

As your representative, I'm
supposed to be your advocate. I
can't do that when everyone hates
you. So, I'm proposing a lifestyle
change.

Trix makes a face.

ANDI (CONT'D)

I'm looking into potential
publicists, but--

Trix has a strong reaction to this.

TRIX

No! All of the ones in the city are
hacks. Trust me.

Andi does not look amused.

ANDI

Why don't you start by doing something nice for someone, then? Like, say, maybe leaving a generous tip for our waitress when you pick up the bill?

TRIX

You're kidding.

Andi stands, grabs her things.

ANDI

Nope. It's what pleasant people do.

She catches their server walking past.

ANDI (CONT'D)

(to waitress)

She'll get the check, please. Thanks.

(to Trix)

We have a meeting later this afternoon. I'll send you the details after my next call.

She hands Trix her phone back, who takes it like a petulant child.

ANDI (CONT'D)

Thanks for lunch!

Trix glares after her. The server leaves the check on the table.

Trix reacts when she sees the cost.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

HARPER SUTTON (also mid-20's, a little on the short side) stands on a stage.

HARPER

You know what I'm sick and tired of? Insecurity. When did that become the price you have to pay to exist as a woman in this world?

HARPER (CONT'D)

When I started my business, Sutton and Associates Publicity, do you think it would've helped me to second guess my every move? No! I had to completely trust myself and my vision. It was scary, but so worth it, 'cause now I'm standing in front of you today telling my story. It doesn't matter if you're fifteen or fifty, a healthy dose of confidence will get you to wherever--or should I say *whoever*--you want to be.

Harper talks with the kind of passion that makes you hang on to every word.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Once you have that, everything else falls into place. Turn inward and start admiring the strong, beautiful women you are and always have been. Radiate your inner light and the rest of the world will start to see it, too!

Harper stands in a cheesy power pose. She waits for applause, but a long silence follows instead.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BAXTER HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

A group of teen girls watch on judgmentally. One girl leans in and whispers something to her friend. They both snicker.

No one claps.

HARPER

Um...well, thanks for having me today, Baxter High. I can't wait to see how you use your newfound confidence to build each other up, instead of tearing each other down. I'll be signing posters and giving away goodie bags downstage. Come grab one!

There's a smattering of applause as the girls start to file out.

The two girls whispering in the audience walk past Harper.

GIRL #1
 (exaggerated coughing)
 Loser.

Harper tries not to wince as laughter ripples through the crowd.

HARPER
 You don't always have to do what
 your friend tells you to, you know.

GIRL #1
 What?

HARPER
 I know she whispered something
 catty to you over there. I bet if
 you weren't surrounded by your
 peers you wouldn't be so quick to
 humiliate, would you?

The two girls don't react.

HARPER (CONT'D)
 Look, I get it. I was just like you
 once, always trying to get a laugh
 and look cool in front of my
 friends. But--

GIRL #2
 (interrupting)
 Okay, ew. This isn't the Super Soul
 Cycle whatever event with Oprah.
 We've got to get back to class.
 Enrich our young, growing female
 minds just like you taught us,
 remember?

The two girls flounce off arm in arm.

HARPER
 I'm not stooping to your level! I'm
 taking the fact that you compared
 me to Oprah as a compliment!

Beat.

HARPER (CONT'D)
 Dammit.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK LOBBY - A LITTLE LATER

A frazzled Harper makes her way into the bank with her box of props. Her only employee, ETHAN, is waiting for her. He tries to match Harper's pace as she walks by.

ETHAN

There you are! How did this morning go?

Harper makes a face.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Yikes.

HARPER

God, those girls were brutal. They make me wish schools still used corporal punishment.

ETHAN

(pointing to the box)
What's that for?

HARPER

To prove that I'm not actually a failure.

They walk up to the RECEPTIONIST'S desk.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Harper Sutton, here to see Kelly Harrington.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll let her know you're here. Will your business partner be joining you?

HARPER

(laughing)
You think Ethan's my business partner? No, no, no. He's my, um...he's my...
(to Ethan)
What would you say your role is again?

ETHAN

(to receptionist)
Executive coordinator.

HARPER
Executive coordinator! Yes! That's
right.

Beat.

HARPER (CONT'D)
(to receptionist)
But yes he will be joining us,
actually.

The receptionist regards them oddly, nodding.

INT. BANK OFFICE - SAME TIME

Harper and Ethan sit across the desk from KELLY, the bank's small business loan manager. She's looking through Harper's prop box curiously.

HARPER
As you can see, that last loan
helped fund the creation of these
props and posters, which led to me
booking a high school seminar on
confidence for teen girls.

KELLY
Harper, this is all great, but
we're here to discuss your loan
repayment, not props. You haven't
made a payment in months. Not only
will defaulting on the loan be
detrimental to your business, but
it will impact your credit score.

HARPER
Okay but how important is a credit
score, really? Does anyone even
look at that?

KELLY
They will if you want to take out
another loan in the next year or
so, like you have been since you
first came to see me.

Harper looks crushed.

HARPER
Look, I know that I haven't been
great about making payments, okay?
But just give me one more month and
I promise I'll--

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY

I'm afraid I can't do that. I want to give you more time, Harper, I really do. But I've run out of my boss's good graces. If you can't make at least the minimum payment by the end of the month, I'm afraid we'll have to start having a different conversation. One that involves your collateral.

HARPER

The end of the month? But that's next week...

Ethan looks uneasily at Harper.

KELLY

I know this was your dream. But just because the business might go under doesn't mean it's a total failure. Plenty of small businesses don't make it after the first couple of years. There will be other opportunities--

Harper stands abruptly. Ethan hesitantly follows.

HARPER

Thanks so much, Kelly. I'll try to have that money to you by the end of the month.

They leave.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Harper and Ethan walk to their cars.

HARPER

Remind me again why I thought it would be a good idea to start my own publicity firm? I'm so tired of feeling like a sell out. Those teen speaking circuits don't even pay that well.

ETHAN

Whoah, am I talking to the pitiful Harper Sutton robot? Don't let Kelly get you down!

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Don't you remember why you got into this? To show Beatrice--

Harper abruptly stops what she's doing.

HARPER

Do NOT say her name! You know I forbade anyone from ever saying it in my presence. That includes you.

They arrive at Harper's car. She shoves her box of props unceremoniously inside the trunk.

HARPER (CONT'D)

I didn't get into this to show...her...up. I did this so I could be comfortably rich and successful, write best-selling motivational books, and then rub her face in my success.

ETHAN

Ah, right. My mistake.

HARPER

It's what she deserves after stabbing me in the back. I hope she runs her illustrious career into the ground.

It's clear Ethan's heard this all before.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Instead, here I am, suffering through anti-bullying talks where I'm the one getting bullied. Even Sarah Palin had a better audience. How are we supposed to make the minimum payment by next week?

ETHAN

Mmmm, who's we? I think you mean you. My name isn't on those loans. I'm just your executive coordinator, remember?

HARPER

I'm pretty sure I hired you as my accountant, too.

ETHAN

Yeah. I have seen those books and they are not pretty.

HARPER

Ha-ha.

Harper shuts the trunk and rubs her temple.

ETHAN

I do have some good news to cheer you up, though. Really good, actually. It's a consultation at The Coffeehouse. Two p.m. They're looking at potential reputation management and wanted to know more about your Publicity Package.

HARPER

Where would I be without you, Ethan?

ETHAN

It's about time you recognized my contribution to this company.

Beat.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Remember the mantra: Not a failure, just a setback.

HARPER

Right. Not a failure.

He starts walking backwards to his car.

ETHAN

See you at two!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COFFEEHOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Andi pulls up to The Coffeehouse.

INT. THE COFFEEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ethan and Harper converse at a table. Ethan sees Andi and waves her down.

ETHAN

There she is!
(to Harper)
Harper, this is Andi.
(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

She represents our newest client.
Hopefully.

Harper and Andi shake hands.

HARPER

So nice to meet you.

ANDI

Likewise. I'd like to apologize in
advance for my client. She's
notoriously fifteen minutes behind.

(leaning in)

She thinks it makes her look
fashionably late, no matter how
many times I've tried to talk her
out of it.

HARPER

Sounds like she enjoys making a
statement. It just needs a little
fine tuning. You've come to the
right place.

ANDI

Yes, I'm hoping you can help us
make a much better one.

The group laughs.

ANDI (CONT'D)

She doesn't know that this is a
reputation management meeting, by
the way, so I'd buckle up in case
there are any...strong reactions.

Trix walks up to the door and Harper's face drops.

HARPER

Oh my god.

Harper tries her best to hide without looking completely
crazy. She ends up only being able to block her face with her
hands.

HARPER (CONT'D)

(to Ethan)

We have to go. Right now.

ETHAN

What? Why? We just got here.

Harper grabs her bag, starts to stand.

HARPER
I know, but she's here.

ETHAN
Who?

HARPER
(unintelligible)
Beatrice.

ETHAN
Huh?

HARPER
(through clenched teeth)
Beatrice. You know, my sworn enemy?

ANDI
Ah, and there she is!

Trix stays glued to her phone the whole time.

ANDI (CONT'D)
I'd like to introduce you guys to
Beatrice Simpson, but you might
know her as Trix, just like the
rest of her Instagram followers do.

Ethan and Harper react, both of them realizing his colossal
mistake at the same time.

ETHAN
Oh shit.

Harper watches Trix as if she's seen a ghost. Andi doesn't
seem to notice the odd behavior.

ANDI
Trix, this is Harper Sutton and
Ethan Harris, her business partner.

HARPER
(automatically)
Executive coordinator.

Trix's head snaps up at the mention of Harper's name.

TRIX
You've got to be kidding me.

She looks between Andi and Harper.

TRIX (CONT'D)

My back's been hurting all day. I
should've known it's because
there's a knife buried in it.

ANDI

(to Ethan/Harper)

Told you.

There's an awkward beat as Trix and Harper stare each other
down, reunited at last.

Finally, Harper gives a lame wave.

HARPER

Hey, Bea.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. THE COFFEEHOUSE - SAME TIME**

All at once, everything explodes.

ETHAN

(to Harper)

Harper, I swear, I had NO idea. /
She never told me who her client
was. If I'd known, I never would've
booked the meeting!

ANDI

(to Trix)

What's going on? I don't
understand. / Do you two know each
other?!

TRIX

(to Harper)

What the hell is wrong with you,
Harper? Why are you following me
around? / Are you really still mad
about what happened? That was like
three years ago!

HARPER

(to Trix)

You think I want to be sitting here
looking at your stupid face right
now? / Oh my God, you are
UNBELIEVABLE.

Andi starts snapping her fingers in between Trix and Harper's
showdown.

ANDI

(whispering)

Alright, let's keep it down. People
are starting to stare. We don't
want anyone pulling out phones and
recording, do we?

The girls react and sit back, still fuming.

ANDI (CONT'D)

(to Trix)

You really want to try and tell me
you don't need to change your image
after that little scene?

Trix glares.

ANDI (CONT'D)

(to group)

Now. Would someone like to tell me what in the hell is going on here?

ETHAN

You see, Trix is the reason--

TRIX

(interrupting)

I think I can shed some light on the situation, Andi. Harper here is still living in the past.

(to Harper)

She refuses to either move on from something that she blew waaay out of proportion or take responsibility for it. Now all she wants to do is become more successful than me and make sure I don't forget it. It's admirable, I'll admit, but this is a new low for you, Piper.

HARPER

Do not call me that. That is not what happened and you know it. And I don't want to be more successful--

ETHAN

(whispering)

I thought that's what you told me earlier--?

HARPER

(to Ethan)

Zip it!

Trix looks between them, vindicated.

TRIX

You always did have trouble in the working with others department. But it looks like you finally got what you always wanted: To be in charge.

HARPER

Looks like you did, too. Are you finally validated now that you're constantly the center of attention? Stab anyone in the back lately just to stay relevant?

ANDI

Okay, everyone just calm down--

TRIX

Nope. I'm out. I'd rather have animal fat injected directly into my veins than listen to what she has to say.

(to Andi)

Told you all of the rep managers around here were hacks.

She storms out.

HARPER

Yeah, well good luck selling your bullshit skinny shakes to teenage girls who don't know any better! All of the ass injections in the world won't make you more of a Kardashian!

Trix flips Harper off from outside the shop.

Harper gathers her things and heads out. Ethan scrambles to follow suit.

ETHAN

(to Andi)

It was so nice to meet you. I'm sorry this couldn't work out. Doesn't look like it's a great fit for us. Or for you, either.

He rummages in his pockets for a business card, stuffs it in Andi's hand.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Here's my card should you ever need anything.

(noticing Harper's almost gone)

Thanks so much for your time.

Ethan exits, leaving a bewildered Andi alone. She digests it all for a beat.

ANDI

(to barista)

Do you serve alcohol?

EXT. THE COFFEEHOUSE - SAME TIME

Harper storms to her car with Ethan on her tail.

ETHAN

I hope you have a back-up plan!

HARPER

Do not talk to me until you've fixed this!

ETHAN

Until I've fixed this?! We're in this mess because of your petty little fight!

They're at Harper's car now. She whirls around.

HARPER

Petty?! Petty is Trix going behind my back to sign an advertising contract for a doggy bubble bath solution--that has since gone out of business--because they promised to kickstart her influencer career, leaving her supposed best friend to start her business from the ground up and go into thousands of dollars of debt.

Ethan is silent.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Don't talk to me about petty, Ethan. I've had my fair share.

ETHAN

You're unbelievable.

HARPER

Excuse me?!

ETHAN

Yeah, you heard me! Do you know how much money her agent was offering us? No, because while you've been off doing talks around the city, I've been the one negotiating deals so that we don't go under. And you're just going to flush all of that down the toilet because you're still mad?

HARPER
She left me with nothing!

ETHAN
It's funny that you can't see just
how alike you and Trix are.

HARPER
WHAT?!

ETHAN
You're both selfish. You make
everyone do your dirty work for you
so you can get all the praise--

HARPER
Oh, don't even start with me--

ETHAN
And you're both childish as hell!
(mimicking Harper)
Oh look at me, my friend did a
shitty thing, but I'm going to
harbor that resentment for the rest
of my life because I'm too afraid
to admit I actually need help.

Harper glares at him.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
(still mimicking)
And I think revenge is the best
business model even though it won't
help save my floundering career!

Ethan realizes he's gone too far.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Harper, I'm sorry, I--

HARPER
Bye Ethan.

Harper leaves him standing in the street. She sits in her
car, gripping her steering wheel for a long beat. Then, she
starts to cry.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR SHOPPING CENTER - A LITTLE LATER

Trix, also still fuming, has done a little retail therapy.
Several expensive-looking bags hang from her arms.

TRIX
 (muttering)
 Can't believe she tried to pull one
 over on me. Tricking me into a
 meeting with Harper. Who does she
 think she is?

She stops to take an artsy picture. We see the final
 Instagram Story on screen.

TRIX (CONT'D)
 (admiring her handiwork)
 It's amazing how raw, natural
 talent is so hard to come by these
 days.

She looks up to see Kaitlin and Erica standing in front of
 her and jumps, startled.

TRIX (CONT'D)
 Jesus! Don't you two goblins have
 someone to terrorize?

The two look at her blankly.

TRIX (CONT'D)
 Can I help you with something?

KAITLIN
 Yes. You can give me part of your
 Cult Closet commission, since you
 stole them from me.

Trix snorts.

TRIX
 Yeah, right. That's a slippery
 slope, Kathy--

KAITLIN
 It's Kaitlin.

TRIX
 --whatever. Next you'll want me to
 promote you on my page and then,
 next thing you know, it'll be a
 (shuddering)
 ...joint account. We can't wear
 similar outfits. You and I both
 know that you can't pull off half
 of the things in my closet with
 that skin tone.

Kaitlin doesn't budge.

KAITLIN

Your little wrong name trick isn't as cute as you think it is.

TRIX

Karen, I have no idea what you're talking about.

ERICA

We're not afraid to go to the authorities.

TRIX

You think the police give two shits about any of this?

ERICA

No, I mean we'll go to the local influencer committee and report you. You could get your account suspended, but we think that's a little harsh. Unless you refuse to cooperate.

Trix laughs, then stops when she sees that the two are serious.

TRIX

Look, I've had the worst day. I do not have the energy to deal with the fit you two toads are throwing. Now, if you'll excuse me--

She starts to walk away.

ERICA

The influencer community will know just how much of a bully you really are, Trix! You won't get away with this!

This gives Trix pause.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Again, we see the girl, who looks a lot like Trix, laughing at the unseen victim.

BACK TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR SHOPPING CENTER - SAME TIME

Trix turns back around to face the two.

TRIX

Considering I signed the contract
and got paid the advance, I think I
already have. Bye, ladies.

She walks off, looking and feeling smug, while Kaitlin and Erica burn behind her.

She gets to the end of the block where a homeless man sits with a sign.

Trix gets uncomfortable having to stand so close to him, but tries to play it off as best she can while waiting for the crosswalk sign.

HOMELESS MAN

You look like you got a good haul
today. Got any spare change?

Trix pretends not to hear him.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

I know you can hear me, lady. I'm
not gonna do nothing. Just trying
to eat, same as you.

She looks down at the sign he's holding. It says "Do something nice for someone today", echoing Andi's words to her at the restaurant.

Trix squirms. She digs through her purse and pulls out her wallet.

She hands him a wadded up bill right as the sign changes, and hurries into the intersection.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck? One dollar? Man,
just 'cause you look like a rich,
stuck up bitch doesn't mean you
have to act like one. You women are
always so stingy!

Trix stops in the middle of the intersection. She turns around, eyes ablaze.

TRIX

What did you just say?!

INT. BOUTIQUE - SAME TIME

Kaitlin and Erica are looking at clothes when they hear shouting.

The two share a look, then move toward the doors with the rest of the shoppers.

Trix is nearby, shopping bags on the ground, losing her mind with the homeless man.

TRIX

You want to call me stingy? After the day I've just had? Big mistake, buddy, because I have time today. Ever heard of a little thing called gratitude?

KAITLIN

(to Erica)

This is too perfect.

She and Erica pull out their phones and move closer to the action.

ERICA

Now watch as her career disappears.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - DUSK

We're back with Trix in the bathroom stall. She's watching the meltdown video again, and we see for the first time that she's watching it on Kaitlin's Instagram profile (@kaity.girl).

TRIX
(mumbling)
Can't believe they filmed that.
Trolls.

She wipes her nose. Her phone starts ringing - it's Andi.

TRIX (CONT'D)
Oh, Andi! I'm so glad you called. I
know I have some explaining to do,
but--

ANDI (O.S.)
You're fired.

TRIX
What?

ANDI (O.S.)
I told you this morning I was
giving you one last chance to turn
things around. Clearly that didn't
resonate, as evidenced by the video
that's circulating. Sponsors are
pulling out left and right!

TRIX
I didn't think--

ANDI (O.S.)
That much is obvious. You clearly
need to do some soul searching, but
I can't help you in that
department. I think it's best if we
part ways.

TRIX
Wait! It's not supposed to be like
this.
(quieter)
I always thought I was going to
fire you.

ANDI (O.S.)

(sighing)

Look, Trix. It's clear you're going through some stuff. Whatever's going on with that old friend of yours, maybe it's worth reaching out to apologize--

This does not sit well with Trix.

TRIX

You know what? I think you're right, Andi. I think parting ways is for the best. I need an agent who knows when to mind her own business and stay out of her client's personal life.

She hangs up. She looks triumphant for a moment before it hits her: She's completely alone with nowhere to turn.

She thinks for a beat.

TRIX (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Fuck.

She dials a number, presses the phone to her ear.

CUT TO:

INT. HARPER'S HOUSE - DUSK

Harper's slumped on her couch, writing on a legal pad. Her piece of paper is titled "Should I just give up?" and includes two columns: 'Yes' and 'No'.

The 'Yes' column is longer than 'No'.

She thinks for a moment before writing "SPITE" in large letters underneath the 'No' column.

The doorbell rings.

HARPER

Finally! I ordered that pizza over half an hour ago.

She opens the door to find Trix smiling in her disheveled state on her front step, pizza box and convenience store bag in hand.

HARPER (CONT'D)
No. Absolutely not.

She goes to close the door.

TRIX
Piper, wait! Just hear me out.

HARPER
Stop calling me that. Why should I?

TRIX
Because. Things have changed.
Drastically. I have nowhere else to
turn.

HARPER
So...you need a publicist and
decided to show up on my doorstep
because you figured I'd be caught
off guard enough to hear you out?

Trix shrugs.

TRIX
That's...partially true. I figured
you were having a bad day after
seeing me. And when you have bad
days you always order a medium
veggie pizza from Marni's and drink
it with that weird craft beer from
the corner store.
(holding pizza up)
Sure enough, Marni had an order for
you when I called.
(struggling with the
words)
I could just really use a friend
right now.

She gives Harper a soft, imploring smile, but Harper still
doesn't budge.

Trix rolls her eyes.

TRIX (CONT'D)
Fine, I'll pay you. However much
you want, you can name your price.
I know you're struggling with
money.

HARPER
How do you know that?

TRIX

(indicating)

Your overdue statements are littered all over your coffee table for everyone to see. And your patio is still this hideous color. I remember you wanted to paint it when you got some money. Figured you would've done that already if you weren't struggling.

HARPER

(looking at patio)

Oh. Right.

Beat.

TRIX

I make a lot of money.

HARPER

Yeah, I know. I'm listening...

(to herself)

Against my better judgment.

Trix beams. She moves toward the door but Harper stops her.

HARPER (CONT'D)

No, no, no. We're not at the stage where you're welcome in my house yet.

(pointing)

We're going to eat on the patio.

TRIX

Oh yeah, of course. Sure thing.

Wherever you want.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARPER'S PATIO - SAME TIME

The girls have their feet up, and are enjoying the pizza and beer. They look comfortable together. Old habits die hard.

Harper's watching Trix's meltdown on her phone.

She reacts as she watches.

When she's done, they sit silently together.

HARPER

That was...yikes.

TRIX

I know.

HARPER

There may be no recovering from this. You do realize that?

TRIX

I know.

HARPER

Your influencer career could be in the can. Poof. Gone. Over.

TRIX

I KNOW! Okay? It's just...do you remember the day we met? In the sixth grade?

HARPER

(not sure where she's going)

Yes...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The sneering girls move to reveal a YOUNGER TRIX backed up against a row of lockers.

TRIX (V.O.)

I had just moved here. And Kelly England had me backed up against the lockers because she wanted me to make the right choice of who to sit with at lunch.

(laughing)

Which, if you remember, was the most life or death situation at the time.

The girls turn toward a YOUNG HARPER, her saving grace, who loops her arm through Trix's and pulls her along.

TRIX

But then you swooped in and helped me. You were always so fearless. I remember thinking, I don't know this girl, but this is definitely the right choice.

BACK TO:

EXT. HARPER'S PATIO - DUSK

Harper is looking sadly at Trix as she also remembers. But then she remembers another moment...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HARPER'S BEDROOM - DAY

An older Harper and Trix (around 14/15) are fighting.

Trix storms out the door, narrowly missing the stuffed animal Harper's thrown at her.

HARPER
(after her)
I FUCKING HATE YOU.

BACK TO:

EXT. HARPER'S PATIO - SAME TIME

Harper's staring at the frozen image of Trix's angry face from the meltdown. Has she really changed?

HARPER
You know, I'm not so sure--

TRIX
(at the same time)
And believe me, I didn't want to come to you with this. I almost didn't. I've gotten this far on my own, and I don't need anybody's help...but when I looked up and saw all of those people staring at me today, I felt just like that sad, insecure little girl backed up against the lockers with no escape plan. And you weren't there to help, so...

HARPER
(sighing)
Here you are.

TRIX
Here I am.

The two smile at each other in understanding.

END OF ACT THREE

TAGEXT. HARPER'S PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Harper regards Trix for another beat.

HARPER
Fine.

TRIX
Huh?

HARPER
I'll help you.

Trix reacts.

TRIX
Oh, Harper--!

HARPER
But there are conditions, okay? You don't get to take advantage of this and steamroll over me like you used to. I'm helping you on a strictly professional basis, got it? I'm only in this for the money. I cannot overstate that enough.

TRIX
Got it. You call the shots.

HARPER
Alright...why don't we give this a shot for a month and see how it goes. Come inside and talk numbers. My hourly rate starts at fo...five hundred dollars.

TRIX
Thank you, thank you, Harper! You won't regret this, I promise!

The two pick up their trash and head inside.

HARPER
Oh, believe me. I already do.

She shuts the door behind them.

END OF SHOW