

"RIDESESH: PILOT EPISODE"

Written by

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EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A MINIVAN drives down a street. As it grows closer, a decal in the front windshield glows, becoming clearer. It is the RIDESESH logo.

The minivan stops beside a large apartment complex.

The driver's side door opens. A handsome Hispanic man, CARLOS RAMIREZ, 40s, gets out. He opens the sliding passenger door.

Passed out drunk inside is a white male, BEN, early 20s, wearing a suit and tie. Ben snores with his head plopped atop a leather briefcase.

CARLOS
Hey, buddy, we're here.

Ben is lights out.

Carlos notices a GIRL, 20s, walking toward the apartment entrance.

CARLOS (cont'd)
Hey!

The Girl turns around.

CARLOS (cont'd)
Do you know if this guy lives here?

She sees Ben and is taken aback.

Freaked out, she quickly presses the entry code.

CARLOS (cont'd)
No- I'm a Ridese- this guy just-

The door BUZZES, and she rushes inside.

Linger on Carlos as he stares at Ben, frustrated.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE: CARLOS AND BEN

INT. CARLOS'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A buoyant JAZZ TUNE brings big life to this small, one-bedroom space filled with old records, books, colorful paintings on the walls, and a standing double bass on display.

Coming into focus is Ben. He's on a small balcony outside, on the other side of a sliding glass door.

He's bent out of shape sleeping on a hammock. He begins to wake up.

As Ben's heavy drunken eyes slowly open, he sees Carlos inside, emerging from the bedroom. Carlos wears only boxers, slippers and a wife beater. He carries a book and a coffee mug across the room.

As Carlos disappears from his view, Ben jumps out of the hammock. He pulls the handle of the sliding glass door, but it won't budge. It's locked.

BEN

Hello?

Ben knocks on the glass door.

BEN (cont'd)

Bro?

Another long moment - Ben hungover and pissed -

BEN (cont'd)

Open the fucking door, man!

Now smoking a pipe, Carlos reenters and sees Ben on the deck.

Carlos regards him, almost like a specimen.

Ben looks like an angry wet rat in a Kenneth Cole suit.

Carlos's calmness clearly unnerves Ben.

BEN (cont'd)

(pounding door)

Who are you?

Carlos gestures to Ben to give him a moment.

BEN (cont'd)

I'm calling the cops!

Ben watches as Carlos nonchalantly puts down his coffee and book...

Then reaches for a BASEBALL BAT near the window.

BEN (cont'd)
What's that for?

CARLOS
Step back.

BEN
Not unless you put the bat down!

CARLOS
Step. Back.

BEN
(pounds the door)
Stop the games and let me in!

Carlos pretends to walk away.

BEN (cont'd)
You can't do this!

CARLOS
Dude. This is Reseda. People hear
screams - All - Day - Long.

BEN
Okay, okay. Just let me in.

Ben steps back, nervously leaning against the railing on the deck.

Carlos approaches the sliding glass door and uses the tip of his baseball bat, ever so gently, to unlatch the lock.

Ben suddenly bounces off the rail, slides the door open and like an un-caged wounded animal, his eyes blood shot and furious.

He charges toward Carlos - but trips over the sliding door rail, falling hard to the floor.

Ben moans. Carlos - ever so calm -

CARLOS
Are you okay?

Ben gets up, moaning in pain from being hungover. He eyes Carlos for a moment, recalling who he is.

BEN
Who are you again?

CARLOS
Carlos. Your RideSesh Driver.

BEN
Oh, right - I'm Ben.

CARLOS
I know.

BEN
So what happened?

CARLOS
Long story short, I picked you up in Downtown LA. I dropped off your drunk buddy. Then you just said, "do me a solid and get me to Sunset and Martel," but we got there, dude, and you wouldn't Wake The Fuck Up. So I had a Benito's burrito and drove you around for an hour, blasting the Bare Naked Ladies-" to wake your ass up.

BEN
Who are the Ba-

CARLOS
The Bare Naked Ladies were a sh- anyway, the point is, I couldn't rouse you from your drunken bitch slumber.

BEN
Drunken bitch slumber?

CARLOS
Well? Would you rather I leave you on the street?

Ben concedes the point.

BEN
No - of course - okay, where am I?

CARLOS
I told you. Reseda.

BEN
Wow. Really?

CARLOS
What the fuck is wrong with Reseda?

BEN
Nothing. I feel like an idiot. I'll get a RideSesh to take me home. I'm sorry about all this.

CARLOS
It's fine. Just remember to pay me.

BEN
I will.

Ben pats down the outside of his pockets, then searches the inside of his suit.

BEN (cont'd)
Did I leave my phone in your car?

CARLOS
I don't think so.

BEN
What about my briefcase?

Carlos points to a table nearby. It's there.

Ben rushes over and rummages through it like a madman. Moments later, he pauses, and looks petrified.

BEN (cont'd)
Perfect...No phone and no wallet.

Ben turns to Carlos.

BEN (cont'd)
(small meltdown)
Look, I fucked up; I can't get a RideSesh, I don't have my wallet, and I'm in the Valley. I don't know what to do. All I know is, I just wanna go home.

CARLOS
Can't you call somebody?

BEN
I don't have my phone.

CARLOS
You'd be surprised how many people forget their phones.

(MORE)

CARLOS (cont'd)
(beat)
I have to be somewhere today.

BEN
I have money. I promise to give you
three or four times the amount I
already owe you.

Carlos mulls over the offer. He could use the money.

CARLOS
Okay. But just so know, you're
gonna have to tag along for a while
before I can take you home.

BEN
Whatever, I'm down. Thanks!
(beat)
Do you have any, like, Kombucha, or
Coke Zero?

CARLOS
I have water and coffee.

BEN
So no Gatorade?

INT. APARTMENT - LATER - DAY

Ben sits on the sofa, zoning out.

Carlos comes out of his bedroom. He's dressed up, wearing a
tweed 1930s Newsboy cap. He carries a small gift bag with
him.

CARLOS
Okay.

Carlos opens the door for Ben. As they both walk out, Carlos
takes the baseball bat with him.

BEN
What do you need that for?

Carlos shuts the door, and they walk out.

CARLOS (O.C.)
Borrachos.

EXT. APARTMENT - UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

An elevator door opens. Carlos, baseball bat still in hand, and Ben walk out. They head toward Carlos's car.

KATIE, early 30s, exits her car, which also sports a RideSesh decal in the windshield. She's a scrappy, hardworking young mother.

Katie opens the back door and unstraps her daughter, RITZ, 6, from her booster seat.

CARLOS
Hey Katie.

KATIE
Morning Carlos.

RITZ
Hi Carlos.

CARLOS
Hey Ritzi, how's my favorite cracker?

RITZ
(they've gone through this before)
It's my Grandma's name!

CARLOS
Chomp! Chomp!

She giggles.

KATIE
See you later!

CARLOS
Drive safe!

KATIE
You too!

RITZ
(to Katie RE: Ben)
Who's that guy?

CARLOS
I honestly have no idea.

Katie and Ritz get into the elevator. As it closes -

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE: KATIE AND LILLY

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

This one bedroom apartment is decorated with used furniture from Craigslist and little girls' toys.

A COMPUTER SOUNDS OFF, as keys jingle to unlock the door.

RITZ (O.C.)
Hurry! Hurry!

It bangs open and Ritz runs in, Katie just behind.

Ritz runs to a laptop sitting on the kitchen table.

She answers the FACETIME, revealing her father, PAUL, late 20s. He wears beige Marine fatigues.

RITZ
Daddy!

PAUL
Hey! How's daddy's little mermaid?

RITZ
Amazing!

Katie sits down next to Ritz.

KATIE
We just had pancakes.

PAUL
Well, I just had left-over steamed rice and raisins. Jealous?

RITZ
No!!

KATIE
(to Ritz)
Can I talk to daddy for a second?
Go get that drawing you did.

RITZ
Oh yeah!

She runs off, leaving Katie alone with the computer.

PAUL
How are you, cheeks?

KATIE

Not so great, honestly. The check
you sent for Ritz's school tuition
bounced.

PAUL

I'm sorry. I must have been a
little short this month, and -

KATIE

A little short? I mean, it's her
school, Paul! She loves it there.
If we can't pay tuition again,
we're done- and we're already late-

He cuts her off.

PAUL

Relax - Geez.

She angrily hangs up the call.

Ritz reenters with a Crayon-drawing of her with mom and dad.

RITZ

Where'd daddy go?

KATIE

He had to hang up, honey.

We linger with Katie - her heart breaking moment by moment.

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

Katie walks Ritz to the end of the hall. Katie knocks on a
door and MRS. TILLMAN, a friendly, sheltered woman in her
60s, opens it.

KATIE

Hi. Mrs. Tillman.

MRS. TILLMAN

Hello, darlings.

Katie hands over Ritz.

MRS. TILLMAN (cont'd)

You stay safe out there. And if you
see Bill out there-

KATIE
 (routine exchange)
 -Tell him to get the hell home. You
 got it.

Katie gives a playful salute to Ritz and Mrs. Tillman.

The door shuts.

INT. TILLMAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Tillman goes into the kitchen while Ritz sits down in front of a TV.

A reality show, LUCK BE A LADY (*Bachelor* spin off) is on. TWO WOMEN wearing skimpy bikinis in a jacuzzi, yell obscenities at one another. It's mainly BLEEPs and BLURRED OUT SHOTS of the naked twosome.

MRS. TILLMAN (O.C.)
 Would you like something to drink
 or eat, hun?

RITZ
 No, thank you, Mrs. Tillman.

Ritz's eyes dial in on the show as one of the woman begins shoving the other one under water, drowning her.

MRS. TILLMAN (O.C.)
 Ah-oh! Sounds like things are
 heating up!

Mrs. Tillman enters. She puts a huge container of gummy bears on a coffee table, then sits down not far from Ritz.

MRS. TILLMAN
 (to Ritz re: gummy bears)
 Help yourself.

ON THE TV - an ambulance arrives, and an EMT performs CPR on the woman who was drowning.

MRS. TILLMAN (cont'd)
 (to Ritz, but keeps
 watching)
 That girl is such a phony.
 (to TV)
 Oh my Lord, wake up already.

They both continue watching the drama unfold on TV.

EXT. APARTMENT - UNDERGROUND PARKING - DAY

A garage door opens. Katie's car pulls out, almost heroically, heading off to make a living.

The RideSesh LOGO TURNS ON as she hits the road.

EXT. STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

Carlos' van pulls into a parking space with a convenience store, party store, and a few other cut-rate businesses.

INT. CARLOS' VAN - CONTINUOUS

Carlos turns to Ben.

CARLOS

What did you want again?

BEN

Fruit punch Gatorade, and a bag of Funyuns. But if they don't have Funyuns, then a Slim Jim, and if no fruit punch, then lemon lime.

Pause. Carlos processes the order, then gets out of the car.

BEN (cont'd)

(rolls window down)

Thanks, Carlos. I love you, man.

(laughs uncomfortably)

Whoa, I meant to say I "owe" you man. Not I love you, man.

INT. PARTY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Carlos surveys some animal and celebrity pinatas. They stare back at him, knowing their heads will soon be bashed in.

INT. CARLOS' VAN - DRIVING - LATER

A Trump pinata is in the back seat.

Up front, Ben chugs down an entire lemon lime Gatorade.

Carlos looks over as Ben tears open the entire bag of Funyuns. They fly all over the passenger seat.

Annoyed, Carlos glares at Ben.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The van parks on the street of a seedy-looking neighborhood.
Ben surveys the area.

BEN
What's here?

CARLOS
Quinceanera.

Carlos grabs his baseball bat and gets out of the car.

BEN
A what?

Carlos walks around and opens the doors to the back of the van.

BEN (cont'd)
How long do you think you'll be?

Carlos vaguely shrugs his shoulders.

CARLOS
Dunno.

Carlos pulls out a large DEEJAY CASE, then stands it up.

CARLOS (cont'd)
(beat, reluctant to ask)
C'mon in, if you want.

Carlos grabs the Trump pinata and wheels his case toward a nearby house.

BEN
Nah! All you. I'll catch up on some z's then.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

A HUGE MEXICAN FAMILY gather around Carlos's niece, JIMENA, 15.

She's dressed in a radiant Quinceanera gown, she's blindfolded, and in her hands is Carlos's baseball bat.

Hanging and swinging above her is the Trump pinata.

Again and again, she swings and misses the Trump pinata, while a cacophony of BOOS SOUND OFF from the peanut gallery.

Watching it all, a proud smile spreads across Carlos's face.

Eventually, Jimena smashes the Trump pinata, showering everyone with colorful candy.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Carlos sticks out amongst his Family. They're working class, covered in tattoos. The elders are weathered from a lifetime of hard work.

Carlos is almost aristocratic by comparison.

Carlos circles to different groups of relatives. Most speak Spanish, to which Carlos answers in English & Spanish.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - QUICK CUTS OF QUINCEANERA

- Carlos stands behind a DJ turntable, headphones on, invested in the MUSIC.

- A MERENGUE SONG plays as Jimena and Carlos's brother, RAUL, late 40's, dance together. Raul is heavysset and covered in tattoos.

- Carlos and Jimena light off several firecracker wheels, making for a vibrant pyrotechnic fireworks display in the backyard.

- As the sun goes down, the whole family watches Jimena open her gifts.

EXT. SWINGHOUSE RECORDING STUDIOS - NIGHT

Katie parks near the entrance of a nondescript building.

A man dressed like an aging rock star walks out of the lobby. He's OMAR, 40's. Behind him is a YOUNG WOMAN, barely in view.

Katie rolls down the window.

KATIE

Omar?

OMAR

Katie! How you doing?

KATIE

Good. Where you headed to?

OMAR

(leans toward Katie)
Nowhere really. We just wanted to
take a thirty-minute ride around
the block.

Omar moves away, revealing LILLY. She's 20'S, an alluring
and fierce Afro/Caucasian musician.

LILLY

(waving to Katie)
Hi, there!

KATIE

(turns to Omar)
Come on, really?

Omar nods yes, and pulls out a hundred dollar bill.

OMAR

This enough for thirty minutes?

KATIE

Not even close.

Omar pulls out his wad and rips out four more bills.

OMAR

Five hundred dollars and drive...
slow.

Katie burns Omar with a look, then turns -

KATIE

(to Lilly to come over)
Hey! You!

Lilly comes over and leans down. Katie brushes Omar back
with a "get lost."

KATIE (cont'd)

"Wink" if he's drugging you or if
he's your pimp, and I'll call the
cops right now.

LILLY

No, MOM. I kinda wanna just get off
in a car tonight. So *why* are you
trying to cock block me here? This
is not a #metoo situation--

Katie shouts back to Omar.

KATIE
Eight hundred!

OMAR
Forty-five minutes!

KATIE
Deal.

Katie gets out of the car, and opens the passenger door.

She leans inside and reaches for the booster chair in the middle of the back seat. She struggles to remove it from the back seat.

Omar and Lilly wait outside.

KATIE (cont'd)
My daughter sits back here. So no rough stuff, okay?

OMAR
Foreplay only.

Katie catches them do a "wink wink" at that.

Katie and Lilly exchange looks, disgusted at one another.

INT. KATIE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Katie drives. Lilly and Omar go at it in the back seat.

As the humping and pumping continues, Katie turns up the MOM ROCK on her stereo.

Unexpectedly, Katie makes eye contact with Lilly from the rear view mirror while kissing Omar.

Katie quickly turns her attention back to the road.

INT. CARLOS' VAN - NIGHT

Ben wakes up sweating. He leans up quickly in the car seat, disoriented and freaked out.

Anxious, he reaches for his bag. He opens it and pulls out a medicinal marijuana vape.

He starts getting high. A moment, and Ben spots something inside his bag.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The crowd is dying down, and Carlos begins to pack up.

Raul approaches him. He's drunk and in a jovial mood.

RAUL

What? This party is just getting started, bro!

CARLOS

I have to run, Raul.

RAUL

(in Spanish)

What's more important than your niece's Quinceanera?

CARLOS

(in Spanish)

Paying my rent.

Raul gives Carlos a brotherly shove, that pushes him away from the turntable.

RAUL

Leave your shit here. I'll deejay.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben passes through the house, acknowledging Carlos' family. He's high as a kite, and looks even worse than this morning.

BEN

Hola. Hola. Hola.

GIGGLING, everyone wonders who the hell the white boy is.

FAMILY

Hola.

Ben walks out a door to the backyard.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Ben surveys the crowd and sees Carlos with Raul. He runs toward them, his hand is raised high, holding onto a wallet.

BEN

Carlos!!!

Ben interrupts them while they're arguing.

BEN (cont'd)
I found my wallet!

CARLOS
Hey. Okay. Chill out. This is my
brother, Raul.

BEN
(to Raul)
Ben. Really nice to meet you.

RAUL
(to Carlos, in Spanish)
Who the hell is this white boy?

CARLOS
It's a long story.

BEN
It is. But long story short, I got
super wasted, and Carlos was cool
enough to let me stay at his place.

Pause. Raul bursts out laughing.

RAUL
(walking away)
Why don't you just tell everyone
you're a homo already, dawg!

A moment after Raul has left, Ben...

BEN
(Re: wallet)
Man, I feel relieved!

INT. CARLOS' VAN - DRIVING - NIGHT

Carlos drives, still visibly bristling from painful family
time.

BEN
Your family seemed nice.

Carlos stares ahead, silent.

BEN (cont'd)
So stoked I found my wallet. You
hungry? Del Taco on me. Your call.

Strike two. Pause.

BEN (cont'd)
 Look, my brother is a total A-hole,
 too, if it makes you feel better-

CARLOS
 (lashing out)
 No, it doesn't make me feel better!
 You want to know what would make me
 feel better? If you would shut up
 for one second.

Ben takes it personally.

Carlos calms himself.

CARLOS (cont'd)
 That was really uncalled for.
 (beat)
 I apologize.

BEN
 (beat)
 You want to get high? I have some
 really good weed.

Off Carlos's look -

EXT. SWINGHOUSE RECORDING STUDIOS - NIGHT

Katie's car pulls back up to the entrance. Omar exits.

Omar pulls out some twenties and hands them to Katie.

OMAR
 Thank you, Katie. Will you please
 take this lovely lady to wherever
 she's staying?

Katie takes the money.

OMAR (cont'd)
 (to Lilly)
 Worth every dollar, my love.

LILLY
 Au revoir, Sugar Tits.

Omar leaves.

Katie and Lilly exchange eye contact through the rearview.

LILLY (cont'd)
 Standard...Downtown.

INT. KATIE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Katie drives while Lilly browses on her phone. Another MOM ROCK TUNE plays from the stereo. Lilly looks up from her phone.

LILLY

What's up with the mom rock?

KATIE

What's mom rock?

LILLY

This *-This song*. It makes me feel like I'm riding a horse made out of warm butter.

KATIE

It's the only station that's not too awful, yet is still appropriate for my five year old-

LILLY

This song could kill a hamster-

KATIE

I hardly listen to anything anymore. I wouldn't even know where to start.

LILLY

Well, why don't we start with your childhood, and work our way up?

KATIE

That's a painful place to start.

LILLY

Try me.

KATIE

Okay, initially, Nine Inch Nails-

LILLY

What era?

KATIE

Downward Spiral-

Lilly has a slight nod of approval.

LILLY

-also Pink, The Killers, and Frank Black.

LILLY (cont'd)
Nothing wrong with that shortlist.

KATIE
No, but I also happened to be total
trainwreck back then, so I ended up
serving right after high school.

LILLY
What branch?

KATIE
Marines.

LILLY
No shit. My dad was a Marine. Gulf
War.

Katie nods.

LILLY (cont'd)
(looking out of window)
Be on the look out for a 7-11, will
you? I've been jonesing for a
cigarette since you dropped off my
manager.

KATIE
Looked like more than a manager to
me.

LILLY
It's complicated. And he's always
loved me and believed in me and my
music.

KATIE
Oh, that's why you hate mom rock.

LILLY
I'm a snob. What can I say?

They share a smile when a QUIRKY RINGTONE breaks the
silence.

KATIE
That you?

LILLY
No.

Katie looks around and finds the CELL PHONE on the
floorboard.

She reaches down and grabs it.

The caller ID reads MIRANDA. Katie answers the phone.

KATIE

Hello, I'm Katie, your RideSesh driver. May I ask who's calling?

MIRANDA

(through phone)
What? Who is this?

KATIE

Again, hello, I'm Katie, your RideSesh driver. Were you trying to reach someone at this number, or did you happen to leave your phone in my vehicle?

Lilly eavesdrops. She giggles at Katie's customer service etiquette.

MIRANDA

I'm calling for my husband, Katie.

KATIE

Well, it looks like your husband left his phone in my car, ma'am. But I'm sure he'll be calling soon to get it back. What was his name?

MIRANDA

Well, I usually like to call him "Fucktwit," but he also goes by Omar.

Katie and Lilly stop dead in their tracks.

KATIE

Sure....sounds familiar. I remember driving him.

MIRANDA

Please tell him to call me if and when you hear from him.

LILLY

(yells from backseat)
Bitch - you're not the only one he's gonna hear from!

MIRANDA

What?

KATIE
 (quick rapid fire)
 Nothing. Will do. Thank you!

Katie hangs up, concerned. She glances up at the rearview mirror, and sees Lilly.

She's motionless, pent up with rage--ready to erupt.

LILLY
 Can you pull over?

Katie nods.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Katie's car pulls to the side of the road. Lilly gets out. She lets out a violent eruption of screams.

A moment to recover.

Then Lilly gets back in the car.

INT. KATIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lilly tries to maintain her composure, and Katie is visibly sympathetic.

KATIE
 I'm so sorry. But I really have to end this ride eventually.

LILLY
 It's still on Omar, right?

KATIE
 Yeah.

LILLY
 Then just let the meter run.

Katie nods.

LILLY (cont'd)
 May I have the phone please?

Katie hands Lilly the phone. Lilly examines it.

LILLY (cont'd)
 Holy shit. His phone isn't locked.

Lilly flips through Omar's photos. All the dirt is there.

LILLY (cont'd)
(still swiping)
I need a pack of Parliament lights.

Katie starts the car, and they drive on.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Carlos' van is parked on the side of a desolate road.

INT. CARLOS' VAN - CONTINUOUS

Carlos takes a hit from the medicinal vape. He exhales then hands it Ben.

CARLOS
My family will never understand.
I'm a musician. An artist.

BEN
You do strike me as a Renaissance
man. I was going to mention that.

CARLOS
Music is life, life is my music.

BEN
At least you're doing what you
love. I work at a crappy financial
investment firm.

CARLOS
Why?

BEN
I like money.

CARLOS
Why?

BEN
I like stuff.

CARLOS
Stuff?

BEN
TVs and stuff. Video games.
(beat)
For the bank. The future!

CARLOS
At least you're thinking it
through.

BEN
I'm still trying to figure it out.

CARLOS
Me too.

BEN
If I told my family I wanted to do
something else with my life, they
would freak out.

CARLOS
So let them.
(beat)
Check this out.
(to no one in particular)
Siri, play "Wild Night, Wild Ride"
by Throat of the Dragon.

A SONG PLAYS. It's a cross between KISS and JOURNEY - so...
total glam band AWESOMENESS.

CARLOS (cont'd)
This is my band. I'm on vocals and
bass.

BEN
(listening)
Nice, man. What's name of the band?

CARLOS
Throat of the Dragon.
(high-pitched wail)
Throat of the Dragon!!

BEN
Throat of the Dragon!
(turns to Carlos)
Fuck yeah!

Carlos plays "air bass" as the song continues.

CARLOS
We have a laser light show with a
rad fireworks display that goes
with it, too. It kills.

Carlos realizes something.

CARLOS (cont'd)
Oh yeah! Wait!

Inspired (and super high), Carlos TURNS UP the VOLUME, and gets out of the car.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Carlos opens up the back doors to the van.

CARLOS
C'mon out, Ben!

Carlos pulls out a firecracker wheel as Ben joins him.

CARLOS (cont'd)
It's all about two words: Pyro.
Technics.

Carlos prepares the wheel in the middle of the road.

BEN
You sure, man? There's power lines
all above us.

CARLOS
Watch how the lights - and the
fire - vibe in sweet perfect unison
with the music.

Carlos lights the firecracker wheel.

CARLOS (cont'd)
Throat of the Dra-

Off a very sudden EXPLOSION OF FIRECRACKERS -

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CARLOS' VAN - DRIVING - LATER

Ben drives, white knuckling the steering wheel. He eyes Carlos, who sits shotgun.

His hand is wrapped in a bloody towel, and he's sweating profusely.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Katie waits in her car while Lilly sits on a curb outside, chain smoking, inspecting Omar's phone.

Lilly's scans his FAMILY PHOTOS.

Katie exits the car and comes over.

KATIE

Look, Lilly. I don't begin to pretend to know exactly what you're going through, but I actually do know exactly what you're going through. When I was stationed in Afghanistan, I fell in love with a guy named Paul. Just a guy named Paul. Now he's there, and I'm here. And I can't pay for my daughter's school, and I'm failing. And I'm a DRIVE WHORE.

The scope of what happened tonight hits her.

KATIE (cont'd)

I'm a drive whore.

LILLY

Stop. You're not a drive whore. I wanted to be there. Stupidly.

KATIE

But I don't know what it means to be cheated on-

Katie bites her tongue.

KATIE (cont'd)

Sorry. The point of my story? Meaningless. But cheating does seem SO fucked. God, I'm sorry. I'm just losing it a bit. I have an anxiety trigger thing.

Lilly stares at Katie - Who Is This Chick?

LILLY

Will you sit down with me?

Katie sits down with Lilly.

KATIE

That's better. Thanks.

LILLY

How's old your daughter?

KATIE

Six.

LILLY
You said something about her
school.

KATIE
Yeah, I couldn't pay tuition this
month. I got us eight hundred
tonight, but that's only half. I'm
getting us kicked out.

Lilly thinks for a moment.

LILLY
Does her school take PayPal?

KATIE
Yeah.

LILLY
Email?

KATIE
Admin at Saint Michael's academy.

As Lilly quickly types -

KATIE (cont'd)
No, don't!

The PHONE BLEEPs.

LILLY
Zap! Too late, Katie.

KATIE
If someone finds out, I could lose
my job!

LILLY
No one will find out. How about
next month's tuition?

KATIE
No!

Another tap, and the PHONE BLEEPs again.

LILLY
Too late. Paid to Saint Michael.
Compliments of Omar.

After a moment -

KATIE

Thank you.

LILLY

You know what's possibly worse about this whole situation?

KATIE

No.

LILLY

I spent all day recording with him. Some of the best music I've ever played. My first album. I would never give that to someone like *him*. Not now. And he has the only copy on a thumb drive.

KATIE

Studio has a backup.

LILLY

Fuck you, it's principle!

KATIE

Okay, so you want the thumb drive, fuck you, too.

LILLY

It's called emotion. You ever feel it?

KATIE

Oh. Yeah. No. I haven't. So - where is he supposed to be?

Lilly thinks a moment, then holds up Omar's phone.

LILLY

I have a personalized tracking device.

INT. HOOKAH LOUNGE - NIGHT

Omar parties it up with two Middle Eastern Investors, smoking the hookah. AFSHIN gets a DING on his cell phone. He checks it.

AFSHIN

Omar! Dude!

He shoves the phone in Omar's face -

CLOSE ON THE PHONE -

A Facebook post reading:

"WE HAVE YOUR PHONE. MEET AT THE
COORDINATES BELOW"

ON OMAR

Reading an address and freaking out.

EXT. SKID ROW - NIGHT

Omar walks a past a long row of Druggies and Freaks.

He's holding a glowing LAP TOP at his face (since he has no phone).

Omar stops to check his FACEBOOK. A new post reads:

"OOPS. WRONG ADDY! COME TO ADDRESS
BELOW"

ON OMAR

Closing his computer and running for his life.

EXT. HOSPITAL (ER) - NIGHT

A Fiat with a RideSesh logo is at a parking/drop off area.

INT. JULIE'S FIAT - NIGHT

The backseat door closes shut, as Ben slides in.

A young Chinese girl, JULIE PING, 19, checks out her RideSesh app.

JULIE

You don't look like a Carlos.

BEN

No, I'm Ben. Carlos requested the car. See? There he is.

They look over and see Carlos wobbling slowly to the ER entrance.

BEN (cont'd)
(shouting out the window)
Carlos! I love you man!

Woozy, Carlos looks back at Ben and smiles.

Then Carlos collapses on the pavement, from blood loss.

The ER SLIDING DOORS close on Carlos's slumped body. A Nurse rushes over to help him.

JULIE
He'll be fine.

Julie floors it out of the pickup/drop off area.

EXT. AUTO WRECKING YARD - NIGHT

Omar scales a large chain-link fence reading "BEWARE OF DOG."

ON SCREEN, we see Omar's next FACEBOOK POST.

"YOU CAN'T MISS IT"

Omar drops on the ground, to the immediate BARKING of several PIT BULLS.

Omar sprints to his GLOWING CELL PHONE.

As he's about to grab it -

Whoop! The cell gets yanked.

REVEAL

Lilly and Katie in the cockpit of a piece of heavy machinery.

They laugh, pulling at the rope attached to Omar's cell.

Omar focuses on the GROWLING DOGS - which stop abruptly.

LILLY
Relax, asshole. It's a sound effect.

Lilly plays the GROWLING DOG on her phone, amplified by a BULLHORN.

KATIE
Put the thumb drive on the Pontiac, Omar.

Lilly looks over at Katie, impressed.

LILLY
Damn. Nice order.

Still startled, Omar slinks over to the hood of a smashed Pontiac. He extracts a THUMB DRIVE from his pocket and puts it on the hood of the car.

KATIE
Thank you... Fucktwit.

Omar reacts.

KATIE (cont'd)
We know your wife. We are in constant contact. Understand?

LILLY
Understand, Sugar Tits?

Omar gulps and nods nervously.

KATIE
Take the phone, ignore strange charges and don't fuck with us again!!!!

All goes dark.

Omar walks to his phone and grabs it. He breathes a long sigh of relief...

Overtaken by LAUGHTER in the distance

INT. GASTROPUB - NIGHT

Katie and Lilly laugh and enjoy beers on the patio.

They cheers!

KATIE
Thanks for a great night.

LILLY
Thanks for a terrible night, and a glimmer of hope.

KATIE
I have to get home to my daughter. I'm glad we got your thumb drive.

LILLY
Can you stay six more minutes?

KATIE
Eight hundred dollars?

LILLY
Stop.

KATIE
Why?

LILLY
It's not about a thumb drive, baby.

She smiles and gestures to a nearby chalkboard marquee. It reads: "OPEN MIC NIGHT."

Before Katie knows it - Lilly has borrowed an acoustic guitar and gets positioned in front of a mic.

Her eyes on everyone, especially Katie -

LILLY (cont'd)
Thanks, everyone.

Lilly sings. Her voice is playful and seductive - the song an aching but liberating ballad about a bitter break up.

The SONG takes us to...

INT. CARLOS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carlos sits on the floor against the wall. The standing double bass sits on top of his stretched out legs. A cast is wrapped over his hand and index finger.

He gently tries to pluck the strings with his injured hand.

INT. JULIE'S FIAT - NIGHT

As the SONG CONTINUES, Julie is parked beside an ATM. She holds her phone and presses "Cash Out" on RideSesh app.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Julie enters a tiny low-rent apartment. Two OLDER ASIANS, her Aunt and Uncle, are sleeping. One on the sofa, the other on the floor.

She walks into a bedroom. There is a bunk bed. Another ASIAN GIRL, a cousin, is sleeping on the bottom.

Julie takes some money out of her purse. She quietly stashes it into a coffee container, filled with cash.

Julie climbs to the upper bunk. She looks at APARTMENT LISTINGS on her phone.

INT. TILLMAN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

AS THE SONG CONTINUES, Katie picks up a sleepy Ritz from Mrs. Tillman.

Ritz mutters facts about what she's seen on "LUCK BE A LADY."

Katie gives Mrs. Tillman a disapproving look and they shut the door.

Mrs. Tillman puts on her glasses and awkwardly begins a text message in her phone.

INT. BILL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

THE SONG CONTINUES. Retired, reserved and soft spoken, BILL TILLMAN, 60s, looks restless as he waits in his Ford Fusion, a RIDESESH DECAL in the window.

Bill receives a TEXT MESSAGE which reads: "You missed a great 'LBAL' tonight. Veronica drowned Brittany! Come home and we'll rewatch!"

Bill shudders at the thought.

He luckily gets a Ride Request. He accepts it - drives off.

EXT. SILVER LAKE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As the SONG CONTINUES, Omar walks to his front door.

Suddenly, several VINYL RECORDS fall and smash/shatter on the ground around Omar.

Omar looks up. An irate MIRANDA, 20s, hurls more albums at Omar from her perch in a second-floor window.

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ritz is in bed, sleeping. Katie lays beside her, gazing at her for a moment.

BUZZ. Katie looks at a text message on her phone.

She gets up, and closes the door behind her.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

As LILLY'S SONG ends, the door opens. PATRICK, a sharp and responsible-looking AFRICAN-AMERICAN millennial, 20s, is at the door.

PATRICK

Hey you.

Patrick steps in, and pulls a tired Katie toward him.

Linger on Katie and Patrick holding onto to each other tightly - and not letting go of each anytime soon.

CUT TO BLACK