START UP

"The Good Life"

by

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Writer's Fourth Draft - For Notes Only

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WGA Registered
Paradigm
Principato-Young

ACT ONE

1 INT. FISHPOLE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 1

FISHPOLE is full and there are very few wall flowers. The youth are in control, partying like it's Armageddon. We notice our beautiful cast because they shine in the crowd and because the stylized camera captures them having the time of their lives. BLAKE, MANNY, TAE, DOT all unknown to us at the moment but obviously from the way they interact the best of friends.

Manny tries to say something to Blake but the music is so loud he can't hear him. He says it again and subtitles appear on the screen.

MANNY
(subtitles) YO! I TOLD YOU, THIS IS THE BEST WAY TO DEAL WITH BEING KICKED OUT OF YOUR PARENTS HOUSE!

BLAKE
(subtitles) MAN, AIN'T NOBODY GETTING KICKED OUT! MY POPS BEEN PUTTING ME OUT THE HOUSE SINCE I WAS THREE MONTHS OLD! SAYS IT EVERY TIME HE GETS UPSET!

As Blake begins to mock his father, the music fades away and a strong deep voice comes out of Blake's mouth.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(father's voice) Blake, get up. Today is the first day of your new life, Walter Cronkite.

CUT TO:

2 INT. BLAKE'S PARENTS HOME - BLAKE'S BEDROOM - MORNING 2

Our star Blake, handsome, 18 and sleepy, barely moves. His father Jerry is standing over him waiting for a response.

JERRY
Blake, time to rise and shine son.

Blake finally finds enough energy to look at his father through bloodshot eyes.

BLAKE
What's up Pop?

JERRY
Get out, is what's up.

BLAKE
Come on Pop seriously, we go through this...

Jerry points to a spot over near the wall where we see more than enough ready to be folded moving boxing, some tape, scissors and anything else one would need to make a move. Blake's eyes register the truth, POPS IS NOT PLAYING!

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Where am I supposed to go?

JERRY
Not my issue, you grown now I'm sure you will figure it out Anderson Cooper.

Jerry walks out, leaving Blake in shock.

3 INT. BLAKE'S PARENTS' HOME - DAY 3

The screen is filled with a highly stylized blog that's boldly entitled, "THEGOODLIFE.COM." We see footage of STUDENTS ON A COLLEGE CAMPUS whose PROTEST has turned into a RIOT. The angry students SET FIRE to and then FLIP over a POLICE CAR as we hear a voice speaking over a bullhorn:

INDISTINGUISHABLE VOICE
(FROM COMPUTER)
It's time to take back our campus!

We PAN TO the person holding the bullhorn, who is none other than BLAKE.

MANNY (V.O.)
Yo B, you were on your Che shit right there. I loved it the first time and still love it.

Open up to see that Blake is in his bedroom packing boxes with his two best friends helping. MANUEL "MANNY" DIAZ, 19, a slick talker with a thick accent, he's the one looking at Blake on the computer and DERRICK "DOT" BROWN, 19, incredibly handsome, but not at all aware of it, sweet as pie, tech geek.

We can tell from Millennially appropriate sneaker collection, scattered mixture of vintage cameras and art work, that Blake is a kid who's a modern day Renaissance man.

DOT
Cool man, first you get bounced out of school, now you getting bounced out the house. A true artist suffers for his art.

DEIDRA, Blake's mother walks in, Manny and Dot ad-lib hellos.

DEIDRA
Hey boys, let me chat with Blake a moment.

The boys exit with boxes.

DEIDRA (CONT'D)
Blake, I know your father is really upset with you and I'm not exactly happy either, but I just wanted you to know that I'm proud of you for standing up for your beliefs.

BLAKE
Proud enough to talk Dad into letting me stay?

Deidra kisses her son on the forehead, consoling.

DEIDRA
There's not that much "proud" in Queens, baby. You're gonna have to let this one play out.

Deidra reaches into her pocket and gives Blake a check. He looks at the check and gives her an appreciative sigh and a kiss as she walks out of the room.

4 INT. BLAKE'S PARENTS' HOME - KITCHEN - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 4

Blake, broken, ENTERS the kitchen, sets down his box, opens the 'fridge and proceeds to POUR himself a glass of OJ. Jerry, reading the paper, speaks without looking up.

JERRY
Put that back.

BLAKE
I just wanted to get a drink before--

JERRY
"Grown Folks" buy their own juice!

Jerry puts down his paper, stands, and CROSSES over to Blake. He takes the glass of OJ from Blake's hand, takes out a funnel, and pours the juice back into the carton.

BLAKE
Pop, come on, you're acting crazy.

JERRY
If I was acting crazy I'd karate chop you in the throat like I want to. You wanted to be a man? This is what being a man is about.

BLAKE
But I didn't--

JERRY
I don't want to hear it! You made your bed, now you and that Puerto Rican partner of yours can lie in it.

MANNY (O.S.) *
I'm Dominican Mr. M! *

JERRY
I don't give a damn if you're Harry * Belafonte! You and that African are * just as much to blame as Blake. *

DOT (O.S.) *
I was born in Harlem sir! *

JERRY *
I love you son, but you have got to * go. You love that blog so much. * Go be grown and prove me wrong. Make that work!

BLAKE *
The post I put up on *THEGOODLIFE* * wasn't about me trying to start * trouble for the school. I was * putting the truth out there and * letting people make decisions for * themselves. *

JERRY *
The people ain't paying a million * dollars for you to go to college I * am. *

BLAKE
The reason blogs are what they are today is because kids want the truth. And finding the truth is one of the main tenets of journalism. You taught me that.

JERRY
Journalism?! Uh uh. Don't compare yourself to me. Real journalists write in newspapers and magazines, not in coffee shops on iPads. This online blog log non-fact checking cyber crap stuff is what's ruining journalism.

BLAKE
Pop, I'm sorry any of this ever happened and I didn't mean to start a riot or get kicked out of school. But if that's the result of blogging the truth then so be it.

JERRY
Then so be it that you get your narrow ass out of my house. Forty grand Blake, Forty good American dollars have been waisted here boy. I didn't send you Atlanta to free Mandela.

DOT (O.S.)
I believe he's been free for sometime now sir!

JERRY
Go back to Africa Usain Bolt! (to Blake) I sent you down there to get some education.

Jerry CROSSES OUT as Blake's little brother, JACKSON, 10, CROSSES by the kitchen. Jackson's face is filled with disappointment. Blake tries to cheer him up.

BLAKE
It's all good, Action Jackson, you're still my little dude.

JACKSON
You're my dude, too, B'. But you gotta get your life together. You're a mess, Dog.

Jackson shakes his head in pity and looks at Blake as he holds up his iPhone and snaps an INSTAGRAM PIC. We HOLD ON the frozen and stylized PIC of Blake as we,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

FADE IN:

5 INT. MANNY & TAE'S BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - NIGHT 5

Although not the lap of luxury, Manny and Tae have managed to make their quaint brownstone a step up from utilitarian. TIANA "TAE" DIAZ, 19, Manny's beautiful sister is giving Manny a fresh cut in the kitchen when Blake flops down on the faux leather couch.

MANNY
Yo, B', watch the buttah leathah!
How many times I gotta tell you?

Blake blows off his boy, flips on the TV, and puts his feet up on the rickety coffee table.

MANNY (CONT'D)
(re: coffee table)
Hey-yo! That's Restoration Hardware! You're being mad disrespectful right now, son!

Blake is too distracted to react, because his eyes are now locked on Tae. Blake breaks into a wide smile as he drinks in Tae, dripped in Jordans, Rachel Roy Shorts, and a Maison Margiela T-Shirt. He can hardly maintain his usually present, cool veneer.

BLAKE
What's up, Tae? It's been a minute, right? You're looking--

As Blake speaks to Tae, he remembers Manny is sitting there, Blake catches himself.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
You're looking... well. You good?

TAE
(cold)
I'm fine.

Blake is caught off guard by Tae's deadpan answer. She quickly turns to her brother, warmly.

TAE (CONT'D)
I don't even no why you try to get your cut anywhere else all they do is mess it up, then you have to come running back to me to fix it.

She playfully slaps Manny upside his head.

MANNY
Stop hitting me all the time. You always hittin on me.

BLAKE
Tae you think you could hook me up? I'm looking kinda rough.

TAE
Yeah I can hook you up.

BLAKE
Cool.

Blake heads to the kitchen.

TAE
With some advice.

Manny laughs as Blake confusion washes over his face.

TAE (CONT'D)
What's it been like a week already? If you're going to be here, it's gonna be temporary and you need to get a J-O-'. In this house, we work. And both of y'all need to stop BS'ing about "*THEGOODLIFE*." If we don't get this blog going, all our work's gonna be for nothing.

MANNY
Who's BS'ing?! I just added Houston, San Fran' and Rome to the night life section. We International now.

TAE
Who cares if we're International?! People on Mars could know about us, but if we're not making any money, what difference does it make?

BLAKE
(sheepish)
I'm probably gonna go on Craig's List for some jobs today so--

TAE
(mocking)
"I'm probably gonna go on Craig's List..."

(MORE)

TAE (CONT'D)
(then)
The only thing you're gonna get on Craig's List is gonorrhea. You need to hit the pavement, pimp. We need money.

MANNY
I don't see you makin' it rain up in here.

TAE
The only money we got in this year was that 10 grand from my cross promotion with Gilt.

MANNY
A*aaand* here we go. All I ever hear.

BLAKE
That's the last money we made?

MANNY
(to Blake)
Yo, you're really not helping right now, son.

TAE
Yes, Mr. Editor! That's the last money we made. And I can't be the only one making money for a biz that's supposed to be all of ours.

Tae is interrupted by a KNOCK, followed by a BARRELLING ENTRANCE by what at first appears to be a home invasion by a 6'5", Black-as-night Abercrombie model, but it's DOT WHO WALKS IN just as he has a thousand times before. *

BLAKE
Dot! What's up, Playboy?!
(notices) What happen to your braces? *

DOT
I picked them off with pliers and nail polish remover. *
(off their looks)
What? I got kicked off my parents' insurance when I turned nineteen.
(then, to Blake)
What do you think? They work?

BLAKE
You serious? They're dope!

DOT
Really? 'Cause I'm not sure--

TAE
Hey! Siegfried. Roy. Can we get back to talking about the blog? Am I the only one around here who's serious? *

DOT
Oh, I'm sorry.

MANNY
Psshh! You don't have to be sorry to her. And who says we're not serious?
(then, to Dot)
You know I got Rome, right?

DOT
Why do you keep talking about that? What does Rome matter if we're out of business? Yo, *High Snobiety* and everybody else are starting to eat up the market space. We really need some money. We're getting almost as many views as them and they have whole staffs to manage their traffic. * *

BLAKE
So what does that mean?

TAE
It means you need to get a job.

BLAKE
I really doubt that's what it means.

DOT
We need to do a relaunch. Soon. Tumblr's not gonna renew our account because we keep crashing their server.

BLAKE
What?! Wait. How long do we have?

DOT
Month, maybe Month and a half. *

BLAKE
Okay, so, then let's do it!

DOT
Cool. Give me twenty five thousand and I'll do it today.

MANNY
Damn! Twenty Five G's?!

DOT
And that's doing it bare bones.

This hits everyone where it hurts. *

TAE
I gotta go to work. *
(pointedly, to Blake)
Because that's what we do in this house. Work. It was good seeing * you Dot, I really do like your * teeth. *

Tae kisses Dot on the cheek. *

DOT *
See you Tae. *

BLAKE THINKS HE'S NEXT BUT TAE CROSSES OUT PAST BLAKE in a huff, Blake turns to Manny. *

BLAKE
Yo, she on her period or something?

MANNY
Whoah, whoah! Come on, son! That's crazy insensitive.

BLAKE
Oh, my bad, I didn't mean it like--

MANNY
--I'm just messing with you. I'm pretty sure she is.
(then)
Plus, between work, her internship, and all her other stuff, she never sleeps.

BLAKE *
(nonchalant) *
Other stuff? You mean, like a boyfriend or something?

MANNY
(at Blake, strangely)
Huh? Boyfriend?
(MORE)

MANNY (CONT'D)
What are you talking about? Tae a Virgin and she single. *

Blake and Dot steal a knowing look at each other. *

MANNY (CONT'D)
Just like this fool right here. *

Blake is happy to change the subject. *

BLAKE
Yo, you broke up with Sherri? *

MANNY
You're buggin'! 'Course he didn't break up with her. She dumped him!

BLAKE
(knowingly)
What'd you do?

DOT
It's a long story.

MANNY
It's not that long. He gave her a black eye during one of his night terrors. Between that and the tooth she lost the month before, she couldn't take it anymore.

DOT
There were other things!
(off Blake's look)
But that was the major one.

Manny grabs his backpack and stands up.

MANNY
Yo I'm out. I got three clubs I'm helping promote tonight.

BLAKE
Three clubs? Damn.

MANNY
I told you! Since you been gone, your boy's all business now. I'm a 'Nightlife Abolitionist.'

BLAKE
You have no idea what abolitionist means, do you?

MANNY
I know Harriet Tubman was one. And the same way she led people to freedom, I'm leading 'em to a good time.

DOT
(to Blake)
So, no. He does not.

BLAKE
(to Manny)
Right. Just say, 'I do not know what abolitionist means.'

MANNY
I know if I don't get out the house I'm not making no money. Besides, after listening to Tae and Sleepy Left Hook over here talking about the blog, I gotta step my hustle up.

DOT
Yeah, I'm out too. I got a project due Friday I haven't even started on.

Manny and Dot dap up Blake as they HEAD OUT. Once they're gone, Blake, bothered by the conversation, opens up his MacBook Air and stares blankly at the *TheGoodLife,* homepage. As Blake grabs the *BEATS BY DRE STUDIO* HEADPHONES in front of him, we ANGLE ON HIS HEAVY AND STRESSED FACE, as Diggy's, "Glow in the Dark" begins to play the screen stylistically fills with beautiful sneaker Shoe Porn from the fashion section of THEGOODLIFE. *

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

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ACT THREE

FADE IN:

6 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY 6

Blake exits the door frustrated, Manny who's been there waiting catches stride with him.

BLAKE
Yo, the admissions lady at NYU just laughed at me.

MANNY
Yeah, but if we're keeping it real, B, you got expelled from your old school for pumping some kids up to set a cop on fire.

BLAKE
It was a cop car, and I didn't pump them up.

MANNY
Oh, word? Weren't you on a bullhorn and--

BLAKE
I don't want to talk about this!

MANNY
Yo, don't even trip off this school thing. Trust me, it's gonna be cool. What you really need to do, is get your mind right, son.

BLAKE
What I really need, is to go out.

Off Blake, Manny interest piqued.

MANNY
That's what I'm talking about! You ain't said nothin' but a word. I've been waiting to show you how ya boy does it in the city since you've been gone. We need to get out there and have some fun!

BLAKE
Nah, I'm not talking about fun, I'm talking about some business at the 1Oak tonight.

MANNY
What business you got at 1Oak?

BLAKE
Keith Huggins.

MANNY
Who?

BLAKE
He runs *Blurry Magazine. They're throwing a party tonight at the 1Oak*. I'ma try, no I'm going to get him to partner with us, so we don't get the THEGOODLIFE shut down. Can you get us in?

MANNY
What's tonight, Thursday? You ain't said nothing but a word.

BLAKE
Alright, let's do it.

MANNY
You got a fake ID?

BLAKE
Nah, I didn't need one in the ATL.

MANNY
Pssh. Well you know you going to need one here.
(then)
My regular I.D. guy is in rehab. And my back-up I.D. guy is in jail for selling my regular guy the drugs that put him in rehab.

Blake turns to Manny who's looking at him with a smile.

MANNY (CONT'D)
Let's go to Dot the Geek's dorm room and get you a fakey.

CUT TO:

7 INT. DOT'S NYU DORM ROOM - EVENING 7

SMOKE SWIRLING around BLAKE'S ANNOYED FACE. We PULL OUT to see that the smoke is coming from the Bong of a gangly * White kid, Dot's roommate, RYAN GREENE, 19. Blake, Manny and Ryan are all gathered around Dot's computer screen, watching Dot work. Blake fans the smoke from his face.

RYAN
Oh, sorry, dude.

Ryan puts down his Bong near the window. As Dot works * away on the I.Ds., Ryan chatters endlessly.

RYAN (CONT'D)
So, yeah, my boy Derrick up at Dartmouth makes these, too. They're pretty good, but he only has German templates, so, you know... they're German.
(off the guys' stares)
He's Black. You guys should meet.

The guys turn around, ignoring Ryan.

DOT
The trick to these things is having enough time to do it right. If I had got a couple days on this, I could've downloaded some laser watermarks, maybe put in an iridescent color-layer. Shoot, if I could've got the weekend, I could've laid a mac-daddy magnetic strip on this so they could've swiped you through like my girl Flux from *Aeon Flux* would have had.

BLAKE
(to Manny)
Is he serious?

MANNY
Yeah, he's gotten worse.

BLAKE
Just tell me it'll work!

DOT
It won't be perfect, but you'll get in.

As Blake is once again accosted by a CLOUD OF SMOKE from yet another plume of smoke Ryan has sparked up, we go to, *

8 EXT. 1OAK NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 8

A CLOSE-UP ON BLAKE'S FACE AND THE SMOKE swirling up from below. We PULL OUT to see that the smoke is the heat from the grates in the sidewalks, meeting the cold air from outside, as Blake, Manny, Dot, and Tae, walk through the cloud. A huge crowd lingers outside of the club. People yell names to the 'List Girls,' hoping in vain to bypass the line. One of the obnoxiously-trendy, pint-sized PROMOTERS snootily yells at the crowd.

PROMOTER
Get off my sidewalk if you're not on my list!

Just as an angry STATEN ISLAND JUICE-HEAD is about to challenge the promoter's authority, one of his GORILLA-ESQUE BOUNCERS, dressed in the obligatory all-black, steps between them. Manny confidently walks straight to the front, dapping up the important people as the GORILLA opens the door for the crew.

BLAKE
(to Manny)
Damn, it's like that?

MANNY
Things done changed since you left, son! Why you think my Nightlife report gets the most traffic on the blog? Half these people in line are here because my report tells 'em what's poppin'.

BLAKE
Man, don't start that 'most traffic' rah-rah. I know Dot cooks the stats for you.

MANNY
Cooked? You crazy. Check this out.

Manny grabs a cute girl's elbow.

MANNY (CONT'D)
Hey, Love, whose name are you saying at the door?

CUTE GIRL
Some guy named Manny.

MANNY
Boom! Find me inside, I got your drinks.

The girl smiles and walks away, Blake is duly impressed.

MANNY (CONT'D)
(whispering to Blake)
I don't have her drinks.

The guys laugh and make their way to the door, but the gorilla doorman stops their flow.

GORILLA
I.D.s?

Game time. Dot pulls out his fake and confidently hands it to the Gorilla.

GORILLA (CONT'D)
Cool, next?

Blake does the same. The bouncer looks at the I.D., and is about to hand it back to him, but does a double-take.

GORILLA (CONT'D)
Juneau, Alaska?

Blake, nervous, freezes.

GORILLA (CONT'D)
I from Juneau, too! You ever eat at Lana's? Over there on Wolf Road?

BLAKE
Uh, yeah, I love Lana's!

GORILLA
Ain't no Lana's in Juneau.

The bouncer smacks the I.D. back into Blake's hand.

GORILLA (CONT'D)
(to Manny)
Next time, get your boy a better I.D.

MANNY
Come on, Joe. You know my crew don't even drink.

The bouncer smiles at Tae.

TAE
(sweetly)
I forgot mine, Papi. *

GORILLA
Just bring it next time, sweetness.

Tae's face drops the fake smile as soon as she's out of the bouncer's sight. He quickly waves Tae and the fellas in. Laughing and relieved, Blake turns and snaps a picture of the waiting crowd with his iPhone. We hold on THE INSTAGRAM PRINT OF THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE CLUB, as we,

9 INT. 1OAK NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT 9

Meek Mill's, "*I'm a Boss*" blares from the speakers. * Blake and his Crew survey the scene in front of them. * The music, the style, the flavor... all signs point to the unmistakable vibe that is Manhattan. The three guys and Tae make their way to the bar, as we,

10 INT. 1OAK NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT 10

As Manny and Dot push their way through the unreasonably crowded bar to order drinks, Blake, hushed, speaks to Tae.

BLAKE
What's your deal? Why you treating me like we don't have history? *

TAE
(looking Blake up and down)
No I AM treating you like we have * history. *

BLAKE
Did I do something? I mean, am I crazy? I thought we had something.

TAE
That was then, Blake. This is now. And if you want to talk let's discuss how you had no time for me when you were down in Atlanta being 'the man.' I used to blow you up and you were always 'busy.'

BLAKE
I was! I was... studying. *

TAE *
I'm not a toy Blake. You just can't * pick me up and play with me cause * your back home. And be more * creative, I deserve better lies. *

Tae rolls her eyes and CROSSES OFF. Off Blake we,

11 INT. 1OAK NIGHTCLUB - BOOTH - CONTINUOUS 11

Blake rejoins Manny and Dot. As the guys walk through the crowd they pass a booth of beautiful girls who also happen to be well-known models. NIA BARTELL, 21, clearly the brightest star of the group calls out to Dot. *

NIA
Dot! OMG! What are you doing here?

Manny, not believing what he's seeing, looks on, confused.

MANNY
Dude, why does it seem like that Super Model is speaking to you?

Dot, ignoring Manny, waves back at Nia.

DOT
What's up, Nia?

MANNY
(whispering to Dot)
Yo, don't wave at her! You don't know her, you're embarrassing us!

Nia CROSSES out of her booth and gives Dot a HUGE HUG. Manny, now on the verge of what looks to be a stroke, turns to Blake, begging for an explanation.

MANNY (CONT'D)
(re: Dot)
Yo, what's he doing? Your boy's flipped out!

BLAKE
(sotto, to Manny)
Yo, be cool! I think they're friends.

MANNY
(whispering)
There's no way 'Geek Squad Dot' knows that bangin' ass quarter piece!

DOT
Nia, these are my boys Blake and Manny.

Blake extends his hand and shakes Nia's. Manny, still unable to process what's going on, refuses to make eye contact. He's not even facing Nia. Nia, along with everyone else, stands there for an uncomfortable beat.

BLAKE
(whispering)
Yo, Manny.

MANNY
(sotto, not looking up)
The honey's are buggin' out, huh? I knew it! Alright, follow me. We're just gonna walk away slowly.

BLAKE
(still whispering)
Dude. Turn. Around.

Off Blake, Manny turns to see the group, including Nia, staring at him. He does, indeed, look like a crazy person. After a beat, Manny extends his hand to Nia.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(to Nia)
You have to excuse him, it's his first hand shake.

NIA
Really? Not bad for your first time.

Off Nia, Blake and Dot burst out into laughter. Dot's laughter is cut short, as he spots something across the floor that catches his eye. We ANGLE ON an attractive girl, SHERRI MANNING, 19, dancing with a guy.

DOT
(to Blake, re: Sherri)
Yo, are you seeing this?

Dot HEADS OVER TOWARDS Sherri. Blake GOES AFTER HIM.

BLAKE
(to group)
I'm sorry, I'll be right back.

As Blake and Dot CROSS OFF, Manny is left with Nia.

MANNY
(beat)
You know that wasn't my first time shaking hands, right?

Off of Nia laughing, we,

12 INT. 1OAK NIGHTCLUB - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 12

Blake and Dot are now at the dance floor, where Sherri is dancing with another guy. Dot watches this, hurt and surprised, until Sherri finally takes a breather.

DOT
'Sup, Sherri. Who's your friend?

SHERRI
Dot, please don't make a scene.

DOT
What?! I'm not gonna make a scene.

BLAKE
(sotto, to Dot)
Are you sure? Because it seems like you're about to make a scene.
(off Dot's look)
Okay, my bad, but I've seen a scene start before and this is pretty much textbook scene-starting behavior.

Off Dot's look, Blake THROWS HIS HANDS up and steps aside.

DOT
So, two months? That's all it took for you to get back out there?

SHERRI
Dot, I'm not trying to be a bitch or anything, but when we broke up, my exact words to you were, 'I wanna get back out there.' Like, verbatim.

DOT
Wow, one black eye, and you're gone.

SHERRI
First of all, it was <u>two</u> black eyes...
(pointing to a silver tooth)
... and a tooth. And that wasn't even the reason I broke up with you.

BLAKE
Really? 'Cause that seems like a perfectly valid reason to tap out.

Off Dot's glare, Blake points vaguely elsewhere and then WALKS in that direction. Dot turns back to Sherri.

SHERRI
Derrick, look. We've been together since high school. And I will always love you. But I just wasn't happy. I like parties. Hanging out. Being social. All the things you don't.

DOT
I'm social! I have three hundred followers on Twitter!

SHERRI
Two hundred of them are Japanese kids you've never met!

DOT
So it's my fault that my *Call of Duty* fans mark me as their preferred black ops partner?

SHERRI
Do you hear yourself? Seriously.

Off Dot realizing how he must sound, we,

13 INT. 1OAK NIGHTCLUB - BAR AREA - LATER 13

Blake, Tae, and Dot are at the bar drinking Red Bulls. Manny makes his way back over to rejoin his friends.

MANNY
Yo, you see me with Super Model Baby? Booked it!
(holding up a piece of paper)
Shot me the digits!

Dot notices the piece of paper.

DOT
That's an email address.

MANNY
You say 'tomato,' I say 'potato.'

BLAKE
That's not how the saying --

DOT
-- Just let him have it.

BLAKE
No! I'm not gonna--

Blake cuts his sentence short as he notices an instantly recognizable figure. KEITH HUGGINS, 37, is seated in a booth across from them, next to SCOTT STRONG, 35.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Yo, there's our twenty-five grand. *

Manny looks over to Keith's booth and smiles. *

MANNY *
Lets make it happen baby. *

Before Tae or Dot can catch on, Blake makes his way over to Keith's booth. Manny, Tae, and Dot follow. *

BLAKE
(to Keith)
Mr. Huggins?

Just as Blake tries to greet Keith, he is stopped by TWO HUGE GOONS. They are dressed in all black, and are clearly Keith's security guards.

KEITH
(to the goons)
It's cool, guys.

SCOTT
(to Blake, off-handed)
Another bottle of Patron, thanks.

BLAKE
I'm not the waiter, man.

SCOTT
No?

BLAKE
Nah.
(then, to Keith)
But you <u>are</u> the Editor-in-Chief of *Blurry Magazine!* *

KEITH
Don't forget 'Founder.' And who are you? *

BLAKE
Blake Monroe. I run a blog called the *TheGoodLife.*

Blake extends his hand and Keith shakes it. Blake goes to shake Scott's hand but he leaves it dangling.

KEITH
(interest piqued)
I've heard of your blog. You guys have been blowing up a little.

The crew nods proudly.

BLAKE
Thanks! Yo, this is my team. Tae runs the fashion report--

SCOTT
(interrupting)
Can she get us some Patron?

TAE
Yep. Give me a G', I'll bring you a couple shots back.
(sotto)
Suckah.

BLAKE
(trying to keep focused)
Mr. Huggins, I'm a huge fan of *Blurry*, and your whole career. I've been following you forever. I'd love to partner with you.

SCOTT
Partner?!

Manny, knowing his childhood friend like the back of his hand, seamlessly falls into the pitch.

MANNY
Yeah, Man. We're looking for investors, and you'd be perfect.

SCOTT
(tipsy and sarcastic)
Are these dudes for real?

KEITH
Yo, I love hearing young, ambitious cats trying to do something out here. And I actually think your blog is great, but I also know that you're not making any real loot.

DOT
How does he know that?

Blake shoots Dot an irritated glare.

KEITH
I know that, ‘cause if you were, I’d be the one coming to you.

BLAKE
Well, we’re about to re-launch with a strong e-commerce component.

KEITH
And I hope I’m the first person you call when that pops. But until then--

BLAKE
(interrupting)
--Don’t you want to be part of something from the ground up? You want the girl no one has hit yet, or the girl everyone has hit?

Tae, catching a glimpse of the old Blake she’s always loved, breaks into an almost IMPERCEPTIBLE SMIRK at his pitch.

SCOTT
Yo, my dude? He said he’d holla. You’re lucky he heard you this far.

MANNY
(getting heated)
Yo, MY MAN? What’s your problem?

KEITH
(easing tension)
Fellas, this is Scott Strong. The head of *Blurry’s* digital department. *

Unimpressed, the guys hit Scott with the screw face.

BLAKE
Alright, Keith. Nice meeting you.

The crew gets ready to walk away, but Keith stops them.

KEITH
Wait, hold on a second.
(Keith stands)
What you just said about getting with the girl before everyone hits her. I like that.

TAE
(proudly)
I gave him that line in tenth grade.

BLAKE
So you do want to invest?

KEITH
No. But I do want to offer you a job. In our digital department.

SCOTT
(choking on his drink)
What the f--?

BLAKE
Doing what?

KEITH
I don't know, maybe an online coordinator or something.

SCOTT
Assistant! You'd be an assistant. Keep it real with him, Keith.

KEITH
Okay, yeah, to start you'd probably be an assistant. But everybody's gotta start somewhere, right?

BLAKE
(looking to Scott)
Uh yeah, I appreciate the offer, but I'm gonna have to pass.

Blake daps Keith up, gives the "whatever" smirk to Scott, and WALKS OFF. Off Dot, Manny and Tae's SHOCKED FACES, we,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

*

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

14 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT 14

The Crew is seated in the popular and trendy, 24-hour diner, THE COFFEE SHOP. Even though it's already 4:30 AM, the place is PACKED and the atmosphere raucous with hipsters, hot boys, and 'It' girls. The wait staff, completely made up of aspiring S.M.A.D.'s (Singer / Model / Actress / Dancers), all have the 'too cool for school' mentality, that perfectly blends in with this late night NY mainstay. Tae, pissed, is talking to Blake.

TAE
How you gonna just turn down a job?! You got something else lined up we don't know about? 'Cause last time I checked you were sleeping on my couch and into me for three Fruit Roll-Ups and a Pop Tart.

BLAKE
It was a Capri Sun, not a Pop Tart.

MANNY
Yo, you drank my Capri Sun, son?

BLAKE
And as far as that job? Man, you saw how Keith's boy, was throwing me shade. He would've made my life hell. I've been in that situation before, and I'm not doing it again. Remember Mr. Ramos, the wood shop teacher? He always hated on me 'cause of how much that fine-ass chemistry teacher was feeling me.

DOT
You mean his wife, *Mrs*. Ramos?

BLAKE
That was his wife?
(then, realizing)
Well that explains it.

TAE
You're ridiculous.

BLAKE
Probably. But I believe what I believe.
(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Just like I believed in *TheGoodLife* enough not to take it down even if it meant getting expelled.
(then)
But I guess that was okay, right?

Blake's words land on the crew like a Mayweather left.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Besides we need Twenty-Five grand not minimum wage.

DOT
Yo, Blake, nobody here isn't grateful for what you did.
(then)
All we're saying is, opportunities like that *Blurry* gig don't just fall out the sky.

Off Dot, Blake shifts in his seat, silent, knowing his boy is right but not wanting to admit it. Just then another Super Model type approaches Dot.

RHONDA
Hey Dot.

Manny shakes his head in disbelief.

DOT
Hey Rhonda.

RHONDA
Mind if I sit with you and your friends?

DOT
Kinda, really hasn't been a stellar night for me, Sherr...

Manny Interrupts with a loud coughing, then...

MANNY
(to Rhonda) could you give us just a sec?

RHONDA
Sure.

MANNY
(to Dot)
Yo, what was up with you?

DOT
What do you mean?

MANNY
What do you mean, 'what do I mean?' It looked like you was about to make a crazy scene!

Off Manny's comment, Dot looks to Blake, who shrugs his shoulders, 'told you,' and THROWS UP HIS HANDS.

DOT
I just can't believe she's already back out there.

MANNY
I can't believe you're not! Do you see the ass on that girl over there? *

Dot takes a look at Rhonda, she is spectacular. *

DOT
It's not easy for me like it is for you guys. I get around girls and I don't know what to say.

MANNY
Easy for us? Yo, compared to you, we look like Lil' Jon and Rick Ross.

BLAKE
That feels harsh.

TAE
Sounds right to me.

Tae laughs. *

MANNY
I'm serious. You're really taking this Shaka Zulu/Abercrombie model thing you got going for granted. I mean, chicks be on you. Every time * we're out, first thing dips say is, 'who's your boy?' Of course I tell 'em you're retarded and then get at 'em myself, but they <u>do</u> ask. *

TAE
Dot, as much as I hate to agree with my brother, and you *know* I hate to agree with my brother, all my friends think you're cute.
(MORE)

TAE (CONT'D)
You just gotta get your swag down *
and she's kinda cute. *

MANNY *
Kinda? *

BLAKE
Sherri's doing her thing, you gotta
do yours. *

MANNY
Starting right now.

DOT *
You really think so? *

TAE *
Yes, Just don't use a whole lot of *
words when you talk and you'll be *
okay... *

Dot goes to speak but Tae catches his eye and he just waves * Rhonda over to take a seat. As Tae gives him an approving * look, they're approached by a MIDDLE-AGED WHITE BUSINESS * MAN, who's had a little too much to drink. He stops at the table and focuses on Tae.

WHITE MAN
Heyy, I know you.

Tae looks around her, not sure who he's talking to.

TAE
(to White Man)
Me? No you don't.

WHITE MAN
I do! Where do I know you from?

TAE
I <u>said</u> you don't know me.

The White Man is about to continue, Blake steps in.

BLAKE
Yo, my man. She doesn't know you.
Why don't you go finish your food?

As the man shuffles off, Tae STANDS UP and grabs her purse.

TAE
I don't need you to defend me.

Before Blake can answer, Tae throws some cash on the table. Blake tries to stop her.

BLAKE
Tae!

It's too late. Tae pulls away from Blake and BOUNCES. As Tae leaves, Blake turns back to his boys. *

MANNY
Definitely on her period.

RHONDA
(to Blake)
Why's your girl so mad?

BLAKE
(too quickly and harsh) *
That's not my girl!
(catching himself)
I mean, we're not together.

Manny picks up on Blake's nervousness. *

MANNY *
Yo B, everything okay? I mean you *
not on your period are you? *

The guys laugh at Manny's joke. *

RHONDA *
(to Manny)
What about you? You got a girl?

MANNY
Who, me? Nah, I'm more of a team owner type. But I think I might've met my franchise player tonight!

BLAKE
She gave you her email!

MANNY
Ya'll really doubt me. I'm telling you. If I'm lying, I'm flying to Paris.

BLAKE
Yo! That's not how the phrase goes!
(to Dot)
You're not gonna say anything to him?

Off Blake, Dot wants to speak, but looks to Rhonda, decides it's not worth it, and shakes his head, "no." At that moment Blake looks up and sees NIA AND HER GIRLS ENTER the Coffee Shop and CROSS towards a booth near them. Blake smiles, as he prepares to teach Manny a lesson.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(to Manny)
So she was all on you?

MANNY
All on me. Just like your Mom's be.

BLAKE
Ha, you're a real funny dude. So it's in the bag, huh?

MANNY
I don't know how many more ways to say this. It's in the bag, done deal, notarized, stamped, sealed and del--

BLAKE
(interrupting, to Nia)
-- Hey, Nia!

As Manny turns and sees Nia, his face immediately drops.

MANNY
Wh-wh-what's up, Nia?

BLAKE
Anyway, what were you saying, Manny?

MANNY
(sheepish)
Huh? Nuhhtin'.

BLAKE
Oh, because I could've sworn you were saying something about someone being in the bag, notarized...

DOT
Paid in full...

MANNY
Whah? What are you talking about?

BLAKE
You know, how Nia was all over you.

RHONDA
And how she was gonna be your franchise player.

DOT
Wow, good memory. I like that.

Nia, realizing what's happening, shoots Manny a stern look.

NIA
Wow, Manny. You said all that?

MANNY
Well, see, whah-had-happened was...

NIA
I guess if you're gonna do all that, you're probably gonna need my number.

Nia takes out a pen and writes her number on Manny's hand. Blake and Dot stare on in amazement.

NIA (CONT'D)
So you're gonna call me, right?

MANNY
(gathering himself)
Oh, fo' sho.'

Nia gives Manny a WINK and a SMILE and CROSSES to her table. Manny cocky, and now completely full of himself, turns to his boys.

MANNY (CONT'D)
I don't care if you call it a tomato or a potato. I'm still flying to Paris.
(then)
I'm telling you. That's the franchise right there.

Blake, in total disbelief, holds his iPhone up and takes an INSTAGRAM PICTURE OF MANNY, who waves over to Nia. *

15 INT. MANNY & TAE'S BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - A FEW DAYS LATER 15

Blake is asleep on the couch as Manny returns from a whirlwind few days. As Manny ENTERS, Blake STIRS AWAKE.

BLAKE
Whoah! Lover Boy returns home. I thought you broke up with me.

Manny, clearly growing annoyed by his friend on his couch, lets out an obligatory laugh and then checks his watch.

MANNY
Nah, I didn't break up with you, Me and Nia just been spending a lot of time past couple weeks, but if you keep rollin' outta bed at eleven o'clock, Tae's gonna 'break up' with you living here.

BLAKE
Aw, my bad. Me and Dot were up late playing Call of Duty.
(then, re: X-BOX)
Why don't you let me put a beating on you on this 2K real quick?

MANNY
What? 2K? Pssh. You're trippin'. I'm just getting home from work. I had dinner with Nia, then I had two clubs last night, and had to meet with the Street Team this morning. I'm gonna try to get a few hours of shut eye and then wake up and start making my calls to update the 'What's Good in da Hood?' section on *TheGoodLife*.

BLAKE
If you're scared to lose, just say so.

Manny, who was about to ignore Blake and CROSS OUT, is now fully annoyed. He turns to Blake.

MANNY
You know you're my dog, but what are you doing, B'? It's been a month.

BLAKE
Huh?

MANNY
I let it go at first 'cause I figured you were shook about everything that happened, but this ain't cool no more, son. Yo, Tae was right, we work in this house. We've been hustling and taking care of ourselves since we were fifteen.

BLAKE
Okay. And?

MANNY
And if you gonna stay here, which you're more than welcome to... you gotta get *your* hustle on now.

Blake, hearing Manny and sensing the veiled threat in it, sits up. His ego and his pride are hurt.

BLAKE
Or what?

Manny, not one to back down, but also knowing how stubborn his boy can be, stands firm, but earnest.

MANNY
Come on, B. You got a puffed up chest now? That's whack. Just get your program together, dog.
(sincere)
Real talk, Blake.

Manny, tired, and tired of this conversation, turns and CROSSES OUT, leaving a contemplative Blake to himself. Heated and embarrassed, Blake reaches into the ashtray in front of him and pulls out a half-smoked cigarette. He puts it in his mouth and starts to light it, but the lighter won't catch. Frustrated, he throws the lighter down and deflates into the couch. After a beat he picks up his laptop, opens it, and begins to furiously PECK AWAY AT THE KEYBOARD. *

16 EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY / EXT. FLIGHT CLUB - DAY 16

Blake is pounding the pavement in search of a job. The perfect song bounces as we see him ENTERING and EXITING various places of business. * * *

Blake stops in front of his favorite sneaker store, FLIGHT CLUB. SNEAKERHEADS lurk outside SMOKING, BS-ING, COMPARING SHOES with each other, but generally just LOITERING. As one of the Sneakerheads who recognizes Blake from back in the day snaps an INSTAGRAM PRINT with his iPhone of a confident Blake entering the Sneaker Shop we MATCH CUT TO,

17 EXT. FLIGHT CLUB / EXT. NEW YORK STREETS / EXT. DU ART - A LITTLE LATER 17

INSTAGRAM PRINT OF BLAKE'S NOW DISAPPOINTED EXPRESSION as Blake WALKS AWAY from Flight Club. * * *

As Blake crosses the street, a typical NEW YORK CAB whips by him without stopping, almost making him a fatality.

A New Yorker at heart, Blake doesn't miss a beat and DARTS IN FRONT OF yet ANOTHER CAB. This one stops, although just barely, as Blake mean mugs him and hops onto the curb. As he walks a bit more, Blake suddenly stops and looks up. We ANGLE ON the iconic film processing company, DU ART. *

Blake catches a reflection of himself in the mirrored window next to the entrance. In his JEAN SHOP custom washed selvage denim jeans, BQE (Brooklyn Queens Expressway) vintage t-shirt, and BLAKE GRIFFIN ALL-STAR HYPER DUNKS, he likes what he sees and snaps a quick INSTAGRAM. We HOLD on this, as we go to,

18 EXT. DU ART - MOMENTS LATER 18

INSTAGRAM PRINT OF BLAKE comes to life and Blake EXITS, his shoulders, slumped. His stylish outfit stands more as a symbol of undeserved pomp than of success. As Blake * throws back on his headphones we go to,

19 EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK / INT. MONROE FAMILY HOUSE / 19
INT. TAE'S INTERNSHIP (THE PALLY AGENCY) - DAY

Blake, headphones on, sits on a bench going through Craigslist listings on his iPad and eating a greasy slice. As Blake looks up and notices the park full of * other out-of-work YOUTHS, RASTAS SELLING WEED, FOREIGNERS, OLD PEOPLE and EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN, he shakes his head. *

Blake notices a MAN wearing a SANDWICH BOARD with an ad for FRANKIES 17 SANDWICH SHOP that reads: "NOW HIRING." *

Frustrated, Blake puts his iPad back into his backpack, * takes another bite of his pizza, this time causing a GREASY GLOB to drop onto his prized t-shirt. He shakes his head, disgusted, leans back onto the bench, and takes out his iPhone and DIALS. We see that his iPhone screen reads: "MOM & DAD." As Blake's father answers, we INTERCUT:

BLAKE
Whassup, Pop?

JERRY
If you're not calling to tell me that you're in Atlanta because you decided to take down the blog and beg the Dean to let you back into school, we don't have anything to talk about.

BLAKE
(uncomfortable beat)
I'll call you back.

JERRY
K, love you.

BLAKE
Love you to Pop.

Frustrated and ashamed, Blake DIALS AGAIN. This time the phone screen reads: "TAE." A PICTURE OF HER SMILING FACE accompanies her number. He needs a friend. He smiles at the photo while waiting for her to pick up.

Tae, in a stylishly simple DIOR HOMME FLIGHT SUIT JUMPER and GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI HEELS, is at her desk at her internship. She looks at her phone and A PICTURE OF BLAKE'S SMILING FACE accompanies his number. She smiles looking at his photo then picks up the phone on the last ring.

TAE
What do you want, Blake?

BLAKE
I'm just checking in. You know, they say 'only the squeaky wheel gets oiled' or as Manny would say, 'only the oily cats gets the early bird.'

Off Blake, Tae can't help but let out a smile.

TAE
God, I hate you.

BLAKE
That big pretty smile I hear on the other end of the phone says different.

Tae, busted and hating it, tries to stop smiling but can't.

TAE
Anyways, don't act like you know me. What do you want?

BLAKE
Honestly, I just wanted to tell you that you were right and I'm sorry.

TAE
Right about what?

BLAKE
The way I acted towards you in Atlanta was ill. Man, but I really don't think I could help it. You don't know how it was growing up with my Pops. I couldn't do *nothing*! I got down to the ATL, got some freedom, and lost it.

Off Blake Tae pauses a beat, touched, but not letting it show.

TAE
You have always been good for a sorry. And you're right about one thing: When you went down there, you did lose it... and me.

Before Blake can respond Tae notices the time.

TAE (CONT'D)
Yo, I gotta go. I have work to do and I'm way behind.
(then, softening a bit)
Thanks for the apology.
(then, making a stern turn)
And you really do gotta get a job.

As Tae HANGS UP the phone. Blake smiles and then shakes his head, defeated, just as the man wearing the sandwich board WALKS BY him swinging from side to side like a circus clown.

20 INT. THE PALLY AGENCY - DAY 20

Tae, still staring at the phone, has a telling smile. As she catches herself and wipes it off her face we PULL OUT to see that Tae's work space is in a setting less like an office and more like a MUSEUM OF BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES. The Pally Agency is a full-service, high fashion publicity agency. There are rows and rows of designer clothing, bags and shoes enshrined in pristine, white architecturally designed walls. Tae's boss, PALLY AGENCY SVP, CHARLES PLIES, EARLY 40's, exquisitely manicured from top to bottom, wearing VARVATOS JEANS, RAG & BONE BOOTS, and a handmade, BESPOKE WHITE DRESS SHIRT that costs more than most people's mortgage, APPROACHES from behind with two lattes in hand.

CHARLES
I gotta you a soy vanilla latte.
(handing her a latte)
Six sugars, right?

TAE
(proudly)
Yup.

CHARLES
That is so--

TAE
--ghetto?

CHARLES
If I had said that, H.R. might have to have a little talk with me.

TAE
Right. All the stuff you say to me and <u>that's</u> what you think they would talk to you about? And if I'm so ghetto, why do you keep me around?

CHARLES
Because you're the only intern here who not only knows the difference between a chain stitch and a slip stitch, but who's somehow managed to fenagle their way into next spring's Dior Homme jumper <u>and</u> who I want to be my arm candy in St. Tropez this Christmas.

TAE
You're funny. And thanks for noticing the jumper. A bitch broke her back to get this one. And as far as St. Tropez? I prefer my men to <u>only</u> sleep with women. So why don't you hook me up with one of your single, rich, *completely straight* friends?

CHARLES
Pssh, please, that's never gonna happen. Who's still *completely straight*? *

Charles winks at Tae and CROSSES off, as we,

21 EXT. FRANKIES 17 SANDWICH SHOP - DAY 21

We see a SHOP OWNER TAKE DOWN THE "HELP WANTED" SIGN from inside the popular sandwich shop. After a beat, Blake EXITS the shop with a happier look than we've seen him have all day. He pulls out his iPhone and dials. The screen reads: "MANNY." We INTERCUT between Blake and Manny, who's RIDING IN A CAB.

BLAKE
Yo, Manimal the Animal!

Manny is still bothered from their last conversation.

MANNY
Whassup, Blake.

BLAKE
I hate when you call me Blake. With your accent, your bitchassness really shines through.

Manny doesn't want to laugh, but he has to.

MANNY
Yo, what do you want, man? I'm working.

BLAKE
Well, your boy's working now, too.

MANNY
(not buying it)
Oh, word?

BLAKE
Nah, I'm serious, I got a gig. And I feel bad for the way I've been carrying you and Tae. My head was messed up.

MANNY
On the for real, for real?

BLAKE
G'eah! So why don't you come meet me tonight at Perfections and let me use some of them Perfections Dollars my perverted-ass Uncle Russell gave me for graduation.

MANNY
(beat)
Club Perfections?

CAB DRIVER *
That's a nice place. *

Off of MANNY'S HUGE ALL-IN GRIN, we go to,

22 INT. CLUB PERFECTIONS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT 22

BLAKE'S HUGE GRIN. We PULL OUT to see that Blake is seated in the strip club with Manny and Dot, who are clearly enjoying themselves. Bodies are shaking and Tyga's, "*Rack City*" is blasting from the speakers. This place is wall-to-wall debauchery. Stripper after stripper keeps approaching the crew, offering them lap dances. Blake dismisses a beautiful girl and turns to his boys.

BLAKE
Oh my God, I wish it was this easy in real life!

MANNY
What are you talking about? This <u>is</u> how my real life is.

At that moment, a VOLUPTUOUS STALLION APPROACHES Dot and sits on his lap.

DOT
Hey, how are you?

STRIPPER
Wow, you're proper. I like that. Can I give you a dance?

DOT
Nah, I think I'm cool right now.

STRIPPER
You sure? For you, it's free.

Manny and Blake, who are watching this, look to each other in shock.

DOT
Oh really? Okay, why don't you walk around and do your thing and let me think on it while I watch you? Come back in like a half.

STRIPPER
Okay, Daddy.

As the stripper walks off, Manny and Blake CROSS OVER to Dot.

BLAKE
Yo, what has gotten into you?

DOT
What are you talking about?

MANNY
All of a sudden you're Goldie from "*The Mack*" up in here? Turning down free lap dances, giving out instructions?
(then, to Blake)
Tae has created a monster! *

DOT
Whatever, dude. You guys are stupid, she's just been giving me * really good tips on girls. I gotta * take a leak.

MANNY
Hold up, wait for me. I gotta go with you for protection. You might get accosted on your way there.

Blake laughs as his boys CROSS OFF and the music dies down for a DANCER CHANGE. As Blake continues to watch * the eye candy, he looks up to see a beautiful LATINA * DANCER in a BLONDE WIG WALK SLOWLY to the pole. His face * turns ghostly after the reality of the moment hits him. *

BLAKE
(shocked)
Tae?!

Blake and Tae's eyes lock. Tae, floored, pauses for an * instant, then quickly gathers her bearings and darts off the stage.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
What the f--?

At this exact moment, Manny and Dot rejoin Blake at their table. They follow Blake's gaze up to the empty stage.

MANNY
Yo, this cat right here is like some kind of stripper-G.I. Joe-Ninja Turtle-Super Villain! I mean, they was all over him.
(then, noticing)
What the hell are you looking at?

BLAKE
Huh?
(then, covering)
I mean, nothing.
(then)
Yo, let's get outta here. This place is wack.

DOT
This place is wack?! Wack must mean something else to you than it does to me.

BLAKE
Nah, seriously. I know a better spot.

MANNY
No you don't. Nope, no way.

DOT
I agree with Manny. That is an untrue statement.

MANNY
Word. Unless you're taking us to some place with some magic fairy dust and pixie sticks or something, you do not know a better place.

Blake, growing ever more nervous that Manny's going to see Tae, begins to GATHER HIS STUFF AND WALK OUT.

BLAKE
Yo, I brought us here, right? Trust me on this.

As Blake hastily EXITS, his boys begrudgingly LEAVE this Shangri-la of youthful male desires. On this, we,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

*

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

23 INT. MANNY & TAE'S BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - LATE NIGHT 23

It's 5 AM, and Blake, who's been waiting up, is sitting on the couch watching TV when Tae finally gets home. She sees him on the couch, but begins to ignore him and CROSSES up to her room. *

BLAKE
Yo, are you serious?

TAE
Am I serious about what?

BLAKE
You're really gonna try to act like we don't have anything to talk about?

TAE
What, Blake? What do you want to talk about?

BLAKE
The Middle East conflict. It's gotta stop, right? It's basically brother fighting brother.

Tae tries not to laugh, but can't help cracking a smile as she sits on the edge of the couch.

TAE
What do you want to know?

BLAKE
I mean, I guess... why?

TAE
For the same reason every other girl in there was dancing; money.

BLAKE
But what about your job at the nursing home?
(off her look)
Wow, that is your job at the nursing home!

TAE
Yeah, it pays a little bit better than emptying bedpans would.
(MORE)

TAE (CONT'D)
(then)
Look, you know all me and Manny have is me and Manny.

BLAKE
I get it, but this?

TAE
Blake, you know how I am about dudes touching me. I hate it! Why else do you think I work so hard at an unpaid internship and am on you so hard about re-launching *TheGoodLife?* You think I want to do this forever? I want a real life for myself and the only way I'm gonna get that is if I make it happen.

Tae's words land on Blake with a thud. His eyes soften as he looks up at someone who's not only his friend, but his family.

BLAKE
I hear you, it's just, Tae... there's gotta be something else--

TAE
--there's not! And don't look at me like that. I'm not a victim here. I'm in control.

BLAKE
I'm just trying to be your friend.

TAE
Well then be a friend and don't judge me.
(then)
Blake, I know this is hard for you. And I appreciate you getting Manny and Dot out of there the way you did. Only thing I'm gonna ask is that you keep this between us.

BLAKE
(beat)
Alright.

TAE
(sincere)
Thank you.

Tae STARTS TO LEAVE. Blake calls out.

BLAKE
Tae!

As she turns around, Blake walks over to her.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
I'm not good with this, I know it's something you feel like you need to do but this kind of shit steals the soul. I'm not judging you but you got to stop.

TAE
Eventually.

BLAKE
Not good enough. I'm going to get a real job and the twenty-five grand we need for THEGOODLIFE, that's my word. I promise, but you have to promise me you going to stop stripping.

Tae drops her head, tears roll down her face. Blake lifts her face and wipes away the tears. He kisses her gently on the lips and she gives into their need to be close.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Promise.

Tae smiles. She appreciates Blake in more ways than she's able to verbalize. As she GOES UPSTAIRS, Blake lays down at his couch/bed and stares at the TV. On this, and off of Blake's OBVIOUSLY BOTHERED FACE, we,

MATCH CUT TO:

24 INT. FRANKIES 17 SANDWICH SHOP - DAY 24

BLAKE'S BOTHERED FACE. We PULL OUT to see that Blake is dressed in the BRIGHT YELLOW UNIFORM and INCREDIBLY GOOFY VISOR required of his position as sandwich maker. FRANKIES 17 is the kind of authentic NY shop that's always packed and where just the smell from outside the door will make you hungry. There's a line, and the place is poppin'. NYU KIDS from downtown, COLUMBIA KIDS from uptown, JEWS, MUSLIMS, HUSTLERS, SKATERS, and EVERYBODY in between. The sandwiches are that good. For someone with Blake's healthy ego, this is a bitter pill of humility to swallow.

A group of blinged-out, UPTOWN HUSTLERS with tilted snap-back baseball caps and inappropriate summer “butter leather” jackets ORDER, *loudly*.

HUSTLER #1
Yo, yo! Lemme get the, uh, a chicken on nine grain, not the seven grain, the nine grain. Is that bread fresh? When’d you make it?

BLAKE
We make it every morning.

HUSTLER #1
What time?

BLAKE
It’s fresh.

HUSTLER #1
It’s free-range, right? The chicken?

BLAKE
Uh, yeah, it’s all free-range.

HUSTLER #1
It don’t bump up next to the pork, do it? ‘Cause I’ll get sick.

BLAKE
I mean, maybe on the farm, they mingle, but we keep ‘em separate.

Off Blake’s comment, the hustler’s BOY from behind him pipes up.

HUSTLER #2
Ay, is this trick poppin’ off?!
(then, to Blake)
You poppin’ off, Sandwich Trick?

BLAKE
Just trying to make a sandwich, my man.

HUSTLER #1
Aight, well hook that up. Oh, and lemme get some chili Fritos on the side with that.

As Blake begins to make the sandwich, we watch the expression on his face slowly change.

He drops the meat, takes off the little plastic gloves and set them on the counter then walks out the door.

25 INT. BLURRY MAGAZINE - DAY 25

BLAKE'S DETERMINED FACE. We PULL OUT to see that Blake, still in his sandwich gear is standing in front of a desk and that Keith Huggins is seated behind it. On the wall behind Keith are rows of FRAMED AND ENLARGED BLURRY MAGAZINE COVERS. They all feature celebrities whose faces are blurred out, but are still recognizable. Blake paces as he speaks.

KEITH
So you want the job?

BLAKE
I want the job.

KEITH
(toying with)
Do you really want the job?

BLAKE
I <u>really</u> want the job.

KEITH
But why should I give you said job when you so rudely turned it down?

BLAKE
For the same reason you offered it to me in the first place, you know I can get shit poppin and my aesthetic is worth money.

Keith laughs, he really likes this kid.

KEITH
Alright. We'll see how it works out. Worse comes to worse, I know you can make me a good sandwich.

BLAKE
I just have one condition.

Keith raises an eyebrow.

KEITH
Condition?! Man, you in here smelling like a meatball sub, you don't have any conditions!
(MORE)

KEITH (CONT'D)
You will be the lowest paid person here and that's still better than folding meat. That's your condition.

BLAKE
Okay, you're right, I'm sorry. It's not a condition, it's a favor.
(then)
Do you think you could put a banner link to my blog, *TheGoodLife,* onto *Blurry's* website? It won't cost you anything, and it'll just take up a little, tiny piece of space.
(then)
You did say you were feeling it.

Keith thinks for a moment considering this, and then with a grin, extends his hand.

KEITH
The Deli industry lost a good one today.
(then)
I'll put a link to your site. You just better work your ass off.

As Blake shakes Keith's hand.

26 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT 26

Blake is sitting in an out of the way booth, sipping on a coffee. He looks at the entrance, then at a young couple sitting close. The guy sitting close with his girl gives Blake the universal black man head nod. Blake replies in kind then looks at the entrance again and smiles when he sees Tae, fashionable as usual walk through the door, pass the crowd and over to his booth. She kisses Blake, it's natural and flowing. Probably like it use to be.

TAE
Hey.

BLAKE
Hey.

Blake cool but clearly excited pushes a box across the table. Tae smiles.

TAE
What's this?

Blake just smiles as Tae opens the box and pulls out a beautiful soft chain.

TAE (CONT'D)
It's beautiful Blake.

As she puts the chain around her neck...

BLAKE
That's not all.

He slides an envelope across the table. Tae opens it.

TAE
Dance classes?

BLAKE
Not that you need them, cause I have to admit you looked pretty damn good up on that stage, but from now on this is the only kind of dancing your going to be doing?

Tae looks at Blake for a beat.

TAE
Blake...

BLAKE
I took the job at Blurry Magazine.

TAE
What about that asshole Scott, you said...

BLAKE
(cutting her off)
I'm not trying to think about him or nobody else Tae. I thinking about you right now, us, getting on my grind and you getting off that pole. Right?

TAE
(beat) Right.

Both Blake and Tae smile.

BLAKE
Cool.

Blake pulls Tae close to him like the other couple in the booth. The other coupled up guy gives Blake a knowing nod. Blake feeling good nods back.

27 27 *

28 INT. BLURRY MAGAZINE - BLAKE'S CUBICLE - DAY 28

Blake sits in his cubicle. He's dressed in a signature * Blake-fit. A pair of PRPS JEANS, AIR JORDAN ONE BANNEDs, and a CASHMERE MARC JACOBS HOODIE. His formerly barren cubicle is now FULLY DECORATED with *TAKASHI MURAKAMI* and *BANKSY* ARTWORK, *ALEX FAKSO* GRAFFITI PHOTOS, and a *DASH SNOW* NY POST HEADLINES COLLAGE for inspiration. We can tell by Blake's face that this is a brand new day, and he's taking no prisoners.

29 INT. BLURRY MAGAZINE - ART DEPARTMENT - DAY 29

Rick Ross's *'Every Day I'm Hustlin' fills our ears as the * *screen is taken over by a light box and sexy photos of * *Chanel Iman. Then we see* Blake, eating an apple, standing * in front of a counter in the art department, CASUALLY REVIEWING photos from a recent shoot. The ART DIRECTOR APPROACHES. Blake immediately TAKES A STEP BACK.

BLAKE
My bad, I was just looking.

ART DIRECTOR
No worries.
(then, re: pictures)
What do you think?

BLAKE
Really?

ART DIRECTOR
Yeah, sure.

BLAKE
Actually, I kind of think they look <u>too</u> good.

ART DIRECTOR
Huh?

BLAKE
They're so glossy. If you de-saturated some of the color, left more of a virgin image, it might add some grit to them.
(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Seems like that might fit more with what street-wear really is.

The Art Director takes a beat, then nods his head in agreement. Off this, we,

30 INT. BLURRY MAGAZINE - EDITING SUITE - DAY 30

M.O.S. - Rick Ross's voice *continues* underneath as Blake quietly SITS BEHIND AN EDITOR who's cutting together behind-the-scenes footage for the website. Blake's TAKING NOTES and soaking in everything he can. Keith walks by giving Blake an appreciative head nod, recognizing his work ethic. Blake SMILES. The head nod wasn't much, but it was something. As *Rick Ross* continues to flow, we go to, *

31 INT. BLURRY MAGAZINE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 31

Still M.O.S., Blake SITS at the front desk, again filling in for the receptionist, but this time EFFORTLESSLY MANNING THE PHONES. He's also seamlessly routing VISITORS who arrive for meetings, updating the calendar, and signing for packages. Scott APPROACHES and UNLOADS ANOTHER STACK OF PAPERS on Blake's desk. Blake doesn't miss a beat, but this time throws Scott a THUMBS UP while on the PHONE, signaling that he'll handle the papers. Scott returns Blake's thumbs up with A BIRD. *Rick Ross's* melodic banger takes us out; we, *

32 INT. BLURRY MAGAZINE - BLAKE'S CUBICLE / MANNY & TAE'S BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - DAY 32

Blake WORKS AT HIS DESK as SCOTT APPROACHES CARRYING A STACK OF DVDs.

SCOTT
I need you to burn copies of all these and upload them to the system.
(checks his watch)
Before lunch.

BLAKE
Cool, no problem.

Scott watches as Blake HANDS THE DVDs to a KID walking by.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(to kid)
Yo, Bean Dip, burn these asap, then dump them on my DropBox drive.

The kid NODS, TAKES THE DVDs, and CROSSES OFF.

SCOTT
What was that?

BLAKE
That's my intern. He's dope. He'll handle it.

SCOTT
Your what?

BLAKE
One of my interns. I got a few young bucks from the 'hood to come hold me down. They're my team.

We see THREE OTHER HIGH SCHOOL-AGE KIDS working nearby.

SCOTT
Your team? How do you have an intern, let alone a team? You're practically an intern.

Keith APPROACHES.

KEITH
What's going on?

SCOTT
Can you believe this cat? He has interns. A 'team' of them.

BLAKE
(nervously)
I'm sorry, I just thought I could get more done if I--

KEITH
--Yo, I love it.
(then, to Blake)
They're free, though, right?

BLAKE
They're being paid in knowledge and experience. So yes. And they also buy me lunch.

KEITH
(to Scott)
Gotta respect his hustle.

Keith laughs and gives Blake dap, as he CROSSES OFF to speak to another NEARBY EMPLOYEE. The moment is strained as Scott is left awkwardly standing with Blake.

SCOTT
Well, just make sure his lil' ass doesn't mess up my DVDs.

As Scott CROSSES OFF, Blake's phone rings. He answers it on SPEAKER.

BLAKE
Go for Blake.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Blake, call on line one.

BLAKE
Thanks, Sash' Diggety.

Blake hits the BUTTON ON HIS PHONE and answers the call, still on SPEAKER. We INTERCUT:

BLAKE (CONT'D)
This is Blake.

MANNY (V.O.)
Blizzy!

Blake quickly GRABS THE HANDSET, taking the call off speaker. Manny's on the couch, packing his club bag.

BLAKE
(professional voice)
Uh, yes, how can I help you, Sir?

MANNY
Ha! I see you. Over there frontin' for the man. Well, just listen then. I got dinner at Nia's parents' house tonight. You think I should bring something?

BLAKE
Uhh, yes, I don't think that should be a problem. I'll drill down on that. Really circle the wagons.

MANNY
(laughing)
'Circle the wagons?' Who says that?

Suddenly Keith YELLS OUT from a nearby cubicle.

KEITH
Staff meeting, people. Conference room, now!
(then)
You, too, Blake. And this is a lifestyle magazine, not the Principal's Office. You can get calls.
(then, sotto)
Psssh. 'Circle the wagons.' Awful.

Blake, realizing he's busted, smiles.

BLAKE
Manny, gotta bounce. I'm out.

Blake HANGS UP THE PHONE, as we,

33 INT. BLURRY MAGAZINE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 33

Blake ENTERS and ATTEMPTS TO SIT at the crowded conference room table. Scott and Keith are already SEATED with the rest of the staff.

SCOTT
Nah, Blake. This meeting is for upper level executives. Why don't you go back and see if your 'team' is done with those DVDs yet.

KEITH
It's cool, I asked him to be here.
(then, to Blake)
Why don't you sit over there.

Blake takes a seat, not at the table, but in one of the empty seats that Keith gestured to on the perimeter of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

34 INT. BLURRY MAGAZINE - CONFERENCE ROOM - AWHILE LATER 34

The meeting is in FULL SWING, with Keith now STANDING and PACING as VARIOUS VOICES scream out contrasting ideas. Whatever they're talking about, they seem to be at a deadlock. Blake, who's been sitting on the side, looks on with quiet fascination as he does his best to suppress his excitement and obvious desire to join in.

KEITH
Is this the best you guys have? Really? 'Cause these sound like the same tired-ass ideas I hear every time I walk in here.
(beat)
So, no new ideas?
(beat)
Anybody?

Blake, shifts in his seat with anxiety, dying to speak. Keith notices.

KEITH (CONT'D)
What's up, Blake? You have something to say?

Off Keith, Scott shoots Blake a stern look. If looks could kill, this one would have him six feet under. Blake looks at Scott and pauses for a moment before finally speaking up.

BLAKE
Well, one of the things I love most about our magazine is the covers. That *blurry* image is our signature and it's crazy hot. So I was thinking maybe we could do a segment called '*Rack Focus,*' where we shoot 5-D video interviews and 'rack' in and out of focus between our cover celebrity and the people in their lives who know them best.

Off Blake's suggestion, everyone in the room is silent, unwilling to give their opinion without knowing Keith's first. Off their silence, Blake shifts uncomfortably.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
I just thought, you know, it'd be a dope little segment to feature on the website.
(then, off their silence)
But I could be wrong.

KEITH
Or you could not. I love it!

Off Keith, everyone in the room, sans Scott, chimes in with their support of Blake's idea.

KEITH (CONT'D)
Alright, we'll work that out. Good job, everybody. Let's reconvene after lunch to finish this up.

As everyone gathers their things, Keith looks to Blake.

KEITH (CONT'D)
Blake. Good pitch. Matter of fact, we'll probably try to shoot this at the end of the week. I want you there to help coordinate.

SCOTT
I don't need another coordinator.

KEITH
I want him there to make sure we get it the way he saw it in his head.

Keith CROSSES off. Scott turns to Blake, fuming.

SCOTT
(to Blake)
Whatever. Just don't get in the way of my team.

BLAKE
Oh, you have a team, too? Cool. Teams are great, aren't they?

Off Blake, savoring his victory and Scott STORMING OFF, we,

35 INT. NIA'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT 35

Manny SITS at a dinner table with Nia, her parents, and her little sister, ROSIE, 7. MR. BARTELL, 49, stern, and commanding, and MRS. BARTELL, 47, sweet but judgmental, sit across from Manny. Manny sits between Nia and Rosie.

MR. BARTELL
So where'd you grow up, Manny?

MANNY
Queens 'til I was ten, then Brooklyn.

MRS. BARTELL
Why'd your family move?

MANNY
After my Mom died, me and my sister moved in with our Grandmother.

MRS. BARTELL
Oh my God, that's terrible! I'm so sorry. How did she die? I mean, if you don't mind me asking.

MANNY
Nah, nah, it's cool.
(beat)
Um, she... had a heart attack.
(then, steadying himself)
You know what? That's not true. I mean, it's true, but...
(then)
My Mom had a heart attack from doing drugs. She used drugs.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartell share a look as Nia shifts uncomfortably. Manny, on the other hand, stills himself * and makes direct eye contact with Nia's parents. If this is going to be a showdown, Manny's going out guns blazing.

MR. BARTELL
And what about your father?

NIA
Daddy!

MANNY
He's around... just not around me. We see him every now and then. Mostly if he needs something.

Off Manny, who's clearly growing irritated, Mr. and Mrs. Bartell exchange yet another series of looks. Nia tries to cut the tension.

NIA
Okay, so now we get it. Manny came up the hard way.
(then)
Just like you, Daddy. I think that's why I like him.
(then)
What's that saying you always say?

MR. BARTELL
'Aim not for what you are, but for what you could be.' Lucas Helmer.

MANNY
'It's not where you're from, it's where you're at.' Rakim.

Mrs. Bartell, getting where this is going, picks up on the tension, and tries to readjust the line of questioning.

MRS. BARTELL
Um, I never heard of him. But that's a good one, though. And where would that be for you, Manny? Where are you 'at' these days?

Manny, whose armor of confidence is slowly starting to wear thin, takes a sip of his water before answering.

MANNY
These days? Well, um, actually these days are mostly nights. I have a business promoting clubs.

MRS. BARTELL
Clubs? Like, dance clubs?

MANNY
Yeah, I mean I guess if we had a time machine we could call them that.

Manny looks to Nia as he laughs at his joke, though she's not laughing because she's too busy looking at her parents not laughing.

MANNY (CONT'D)
Um, yeah, so anyway, 'dance clubs,' and parties, special events and stuff like that.

MR. BARTELL
So you're in the streets partying for a living?

MANNY
(starting to break)
No... well, yeah, but it's not really like that.

NIA
He's really good at what he does. The nightlife scene in New York is like, impossible to break into, and he knows everyone.

MR. BARTELL
So is this what you plan to do with the rest of your life?

Off Mr. Bartell's question, Manny now completely unnerved, looks to Nia, then back to her father.

MANNY
Actually, some friends and I have a blog we've been working on since junior high school. It's really starting to take off.

MR. BARTELL
A blog?! That's your big plan?

ROSIE
Ms. Gonzalez made me do a blog for Social Studies.

Manny turns and smiles at Rosie, knowing she means well even though she's really not helping.

MANNY
You know what, Rosie? Your blog is probably a lot better than mine.
(then)
Yeah, Mr. Bartell. My blog is my big plan.

Manny, now through with answering questions, looks at his plate, cuts a piece of chicken, and takes a bite. This dinner is going great. Off this awkward moment, we,

36 INT. PRODUCTION STUDIO - DAY 36

The very first 'Racked Focus' shoot is in full swing, and the entire set is buzzing with energy and activity. Blake LOOKS THROUGH THE MONITOR and sees DRAKE, the cover celebrity, and his producer, NOAH "40" SHEBIB in a 'racked focused' shot, being interviewed. As Blake proudly beams on, he is APPROACHED by DYLAN SHEPHARD, 35.

DYLAN
You're new around here, right?

BLAKE
Yeah. Blake Monroe. What's up, man?

Dylan and Blake SHAKE HANDS.

DYLAN
Dylan Shepard. I'm EVP of Sponsorship for Burrell. Keith brought us in to underwrite this.

BLAKE
(making the connection)
Oh, cool, cool! So you brought in all these brands?

DYLAN
Yep. I put the Nikes on Drake's feet, and then Nike writes you a check so you can afford to pay for all this. In this world, everybody eats off of everybody else.

BLAKE
Word. You're 'the money' guy.

DYLAN
Sort of. Really I just tell the money guys where to spend their money.
(then)
I'm loving this new 'Racked' segment. This is exactly the kind of thing advertisers really want to be in on.

BLAKE
Yeah, man. It's gonna be big.
(then, cautiously)
I mean, I hope it is.

DYLAN
So, I'm assuming this was your idea?

BLAKE
What? Nah, nah. I'm just part of the team.

DYLAN
Really. This doesn't seem like the kind of thing I'm used to seeing *Blurry* do...

Dylan looks around.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
... And since your face is the only new one I've really seen around here lately, I figured you might have something to do with it.

BLAKE
(starting to buy in)
Well, I mean, you know.
(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(then, catching himself)
Like I said, just part of the team.

DYLAN
Smart and modest. I like that.

Dylan nods his head. He digs Blake's style. Off Blake's FLATTERED FACE, we go to,

37 INT. MANNY & TAE'S BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - DAY 37

BLAKE'S FLATTERED FACE. Blake, SEATED ON THE COUCH speaks excitedly to Tae, Manny, and Dot, who are all LOUNGING around the living room.

BLAKE
And then he was like, 'If you want to come pitch some stuff to our company, I'm open to hear it!'

TAE
That's hot! If we could get them to rep us...
(then, excitedly)
... Damn, we need this money! This could be big.

MANNY
Crazy big! Burrell's like the biggest Black advertising company--

Manny is interrupted by his RINGING PHONE. His phone screen reads: NIA. He sighs before begrudgingly ANSWERING.

MANNY (CONT'D)
'Sup, Nia?
(then)
Yeah sorry, I've been busy...
Matter of fact, lemme hit you back.

Manny quickly hangs up the phone. His boys shoot him looks.

BLAKE
What's up with that? I thought Nia was gonna be Mrs. Manny.

MANNY
Nah. Yo, you know I can't get tied down right now. We got too much work to do. Nahamean?

BLAKE
Yeah, I know what you mean.

As Tae gets up and CROSSES to the kitchen, Blake watches her longingly, wishing he was tied down to her.

DOT
Honestly, guys, this could be perfect timing. We could have the new site ready for a re-launch before our Tumblr account closes.

BLAKE
We need to put something together to pitch them. I told them we could come in Friday.
(then)
I already took the day off.

DOT
Friday? Dude, that's two days from now!

BLAKE
I know. So we better get on it. *

38 INT. BURRELL COMMUNICATIONS - DAY 38 *

Blake, Manny, Dot, and Tae EXIT the elevators and walk down the halls of the pristine and storied advertising agency, each of them looking more confident than the next. Dot holds up his iPAD as he speaks to the crew. *

DOT *
So, we really need to drive home *
the fact that with our extended *
bandwidth capabilities, once we re- *
launch, we'll be able to feature *
meta tags and really optimize our *
search engine partnerships without *
relinquishing any of the communal *
integrity or intellectual *
properties of our original cyber *
platform. *

Everyone looks at Dot, trying to digest what he's talking about. * *

TAE *
(beat) *
Remember what I told you I wanted *
you to say when we were talking *
bout that girl in the coffee shop? *

DOT
You told me not to say anything.

TAE
That's exactly what I want you to say in this presentation.

Out of the blue Tae hits Manny in the back of the head.

MANNY
What the hell was that for?

TAE
Good luck.

MANNY
Stop hitting me, you're always hittin on me.

As a receptionist points them towards the conference room, they approach the TRANSPARENT, GLASS WALLS of the large and well appointed meeting area and are suddenly surprised to see that sitting inside the room INSTEAD OF DYLAN, are none other than KEITH AND SCOTT. Lurking behind them are Keith's two ever-present, hulking bodyguards. At that moment, Blake FURROWS HIS BROW with a realization.

BLAKE
Yo, something just occurred to me ... I probably should've told Keith about this meeting.

Off Blake, Manny turns to his friend, shocked.

MANNY
That <u>just</u> occurred to you?

TAE
Blake, please tell me you told your boss that you were pitching to these people.

BLAKE
If I told you that, it would be a lie. It would also be a lie if I told you I did not tell *Blurry* I was taking off work today because of a funeral.

Off Blake, everyone lets out a collective sigh.

DOT
This is gonna be bad, huh?

As the group takes a deep breath and ENTERS the meeting, we,

DISSOLVE TO:

39 INT. BURRELL COMMUNICATIONS - CONF. ROOM - A BIT LATER 39

By the look on everyone in our crew's face, the meeting is going as bad as you would've expected it to go. Keith, who's face is all business, is in the middle of a rant to Blake.

KEITH
I believed in you and gave you a shot, and this is what you do? Go behind my back and try to loot my own advertisers?

BLAKE
Keith--

KEITH
It's Mr. Huggins, to you!

SCOTT
Yo, Dummy, Dylan and I went to college together. Did you really think we wouldn't find out?

BLAKE
I wasn't trying for you not to find out!

KEITH
Is that why you told us you were at a funeral?

BLAKE
No! I just needed a day off to handle this.

KEITH
Well you know what? Now you have a lot of days off. In fact, you don't even need to come back into the office. Your stuff is being shipped.

SCOTT
Yeah, we had your ‘team’ send it. You were right, those guys are great. We’re gonna keep ‘em on.

Off Blake, as he drops his head, realizing he played this one all wrong, we,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

*

*

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

40 INT. MANNY & TAE'S BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - DAY 40

The next morning, as the crew chills in the living room and works on *TheGoodLife*, the MOOD IS SOMBER. The once upbeat crew are now all in a bad place. As the guys WORK SILENTLY, an exhausted Tae SNOOZES on the couch.

MANNY
Yo, I've been thinking about it, and I think Scott set you up.

BLAKE
You think?! Dude just approaches me out of nowhere and asks me to pitch to him, knowing my boss would see it as shady? Definite set-up.

DOT
Yo, Keith must really hate you. I just checked the site and they took our link down.
(then)
Pssh. I'm takin' there's down, too, then.

MANNY
(sarcastic)
Yeah, that'll show 'em.

Suddenly we hear a KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR. Manny CROSSES and PEEKS outside to see that KEITH'S GOONS are outside their home. In a panicked frenzy, he quickly DUCKS and calls out:

MANNY (CONT'D)
(in a loud whisper)
Yo, get down! Hit the volume!

DOT
What's wrong with--

MANNY
(whispering)
Shhhh! It's them! Keith's goons!

Not needing to hear anymore, Dot and Blake immediately follow instructions and DROP TO THE GROUND while TURNING DOWN THE TV VOLUME.

BLAKE
Yo, why would he send the goon squad after me? He already fired me, what else does he want?

MANNY
Yo, my man may be suited and booted now, but back in the day, it used to be straight goose downs and glocks, from what I hear. Dude was supposed to be heavy in the streets.

Tae, sensing the commotion, stirs awake and SITS UPRIGHT.

TAE
Why ya'll buggin'? Turn the TV back up, it helps me--

DOT
(whispering)
Shhh!

Dot pulls Tae's arm sharply, causing her to FALL OFF THE COUCH, onto the floor.

TAE
Yo, don't be pullin--

BLAKE
(whispering)
Please, please, please, no Latin attitude right now. Keith's security dudes are outside!

Tae's EYES WIDEN as she quickly gets the situation. *

MANNY
Yo, dude is really, really on one! *

As the KNOCKS CONTINUE, the crew lies in total silence, hoping for the best but fearing the worst. As they lay petrified, they notice, fittingly, that the scene on the TV is the one from *Scarface* where Tony Montana's drug rivals come to his mansion to kill him. Manny, who's staring intensely at the scene, ARMY CRAWLS from his place at the door to the remote, and HITS RECORD. Blake, incensed, shoots him a look. After a beat, the KNOCKING STOPS and the goons HOP IN THEIR TRUCK and LEAVE. The crew COLLECTIVELY SIGH RELIEF.

BLAKE
Yo, is it me, or is this really bad?

Off Blake's comment, the crew, realizing the answer but knowing it's not one Blake wants to hear, gives him sullen looks of support for a situation that seems like it doesn't have a good ending. We ANGLE ON Blake's terrified face, as Frank Ocean's, '*We All Try*' scores the following, we, *

41 INT. MANNY & TAE'S BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE / INT. PERFECTIONS STRIP CLUB / EXT. ACE HOTEL / INT. NIA'S DORM ROOM / INT. DOT'S DORM ROOM - EVENING 41

MONTAGE - M.O.S. - Frank Ocean's, '*We All Try*'

Blake sits in the living room. He picks up the phone and DIALS. We INTERCUT and see Tae pick up the phone and PRESS IGNORE. We PULL OUT further to see that Tae is in the DRESSING ROOM of the strip club, surrounded by other DANCERS, getting ready for work. *
*

We then see Nia, who's IN HER DORM ROOM. It's bright and funky, and the walls are decorated with MAGAZINE COVERS OF HERSELF, and pictures from exotic, international shoot locations. The surfaces are littered with books on film and directing. Nia sits on her bed, and TYPES AN I.M. TO Manny on her phone. She types: "I WISH YOU'D TALK TO ME." We... *

INTERCUT and see Manny standing outside the famed ACE HOTEL, GOING OVER THE GUEST LIST with a LIST GIRL. He LOOKS at his phone, READS the text, then immediately hits END, as he daps up Q-TIP, who has just arrived to DJ for the night. Nia, who's waiting for a response, instead sees that Manny has ignored her I.M. and gone OFFLINE. *

CUT TO:

We PAN from a framed, old picture of SHERRI to Dot LYING IN BED, sleeping restlessly next to a NAMELESS GIRL, who's sleeping soundly. After a couple tosses and turns, Dot takes a WILD, HAY-MAKING SWING, PUNCHING THE GIRL in her stomach and waking her up in the worst possible way. *

As *Frank Ocean* continues to sing, the Nameless Girl looks terrified at Dot, who's still sleeping. While she tries to catch her breath, we,

END MONTAGE.

42 EXT. BROADWAY / SOHO - DAY 42

Blake EXITS a store with a WOMAN who walks out with him.

WOMAN
Thanks for coming in. If anything comes up soon, I'll give you a call, okay?

BLAKE
Appreciate it.

As Blake turns, not expecting to ever hear from her again, he continues down the street, slowing up when a GUY selling DVDs gets in his way.

DVD GUY
Yo, hip-hop, I got all the new stuff. Everything. Twenty bucks'll get you that new *Avatar.*

BLAKE
The <u>new</u> *Avatar?*

DVD GUY
Yep, yep. *Avatar 2.* Got it before it comes out.

BLAKE
You got it before it was even <u>shot</u>!

DVD GUY
(beat)
Okay, ten bucks.

Blake shakes his head and begins to CROSS the street. Distracted, he doesn't notice when a murdered-out SUV PULLS UP in front of the intersection he's about to cross, BLOCKING his way. Before Blake can get around the SUV, Keith's TWO GOONS step out. He has no choice but to join them in the idling SUV.

43 INT. KEITH'S SUV - CONTINUOUS 43

Waiting inside the car, is of course, KEITH.

KEITH
What the hell is wrong with you, man? I'm just trying to talk.

BLAKE
You sent your gorillas to my house to roll me up!

KEITH
No, no, no, I sent them to your house to kill you.
(then)
I was a little upset... I may have been overreacting.
(then)
But now I just want to talk.

Blake looks at Keith not knowing what to make of this.

BLAKE
Sooo, you're *not* gonna put me in the hospital?

KEITH
Not right now.

BLAKE
Okay, so then, what do you want to talk about?

KEITH
I don't know if you noticed, but after I fired you, I took down your link to *TheGoodLife* from my site.

BLAKE
I noticed.

KEITH
And apparently after that happened, you took down our link from your site, too.

BLAKE
What'd you expect me to do?

KEITH
No, I get it. But my guys tell me that ever since that link went down, we've been getting a lot less traffic on our site. Not only that, but some other crazy stuff happened, too. I'm not good at explaining this crap.
(then, to the security guard)
Tell him what happened, Boo.

BOO, one of the security guards, a grizzled mountain of a man, turns around from the front seat.

BOO
Well, the tracking software, which is actually phishing software, but we'll keep that between us, detected that not only did the traffic take a significant drop, the aggregate time from each unique view spent on or around our site dropped by almost forty percent per hour of web browsing.

Off Boo's eloquent tech speech, Blake stares, shocked.

BOO (CONT'D)
I was a computer engineering major at Cal Tech until I put my professor in the hospital for giving me a B.

BLAKE
So, what are you saying? I can get my job back?

KEITH
You're still using that sandwich-maker mentality. I was thinking a little bit bigger. What would you say if I told you I was interested in buying *TheGoodLife*?

Off Keith's smile and Blake's shocked face, we,

44 INT. BLURRY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 44

Keith and his LAWYERS sit across the conference table from Blake, Manny, Dot, Tae, and their legal counsel, Dot's roommate, RYAN, who's dressed in an over-sized and boxy MEN'S WAREHOUSE SUIT. As Keith gets up to pour himself a glass of water, Blake turns to Dot.

BLAKE
(sotto, to Dot re: Ryan)
Yo, are you sure your boy knows what he's doing?

DOT
He's Jewish, pre-law, his Dad's a big-time lawyer--

BLAKE
I get that but--

DOT
And he's free.

BLAKE
(say no more)
He's our guy.

Keith sits back down and looks to the group with a smile.

KEITH
You guys have had time to review the contract, we've addressed your red line concerns...

LAWYER
... which were done with a Sharpie.

Ryan squirms a bit.

KEITH
So, I'm assuming since you all have signed, that we're all comfortable with the contract. I guess it's on me to sign this and make it official.

The lawyers hand Keith the contract, of which he SIGNS several copies. He then takes an ENVELOPE out from inside his suit pocket and slides it over to Blake.

KEITH (CONT'D)
I believe this belongs to you.

Blake opens the envelope and we ANGLE ON a CHECK THAT READS: $150,000. The crew, although bursting at the seams, does a good job maintaining their composure.

KEITH (CONT'D)
I gotta say, this isn't a bad deal. A hundred and fifty K, plus everybody gets two-year contracts for a low six-figures to stay on and run your respective departments. Not to mention that if the site has the growth we're all expecting it to, you get back five percent ownership up to twenty percent for every quarter after the fourth quarter of growth.
(to Ryan)
Not bad, kid.

RYAN
Thanks. Sorry about the marker. I have the hardest time holding onto pens.

Blake stands and extends his hand to Keith.

BLAKE
Not bad for a sandwich maker, huh?

As Keith shakes Blake's hand, he grins and nods with respect, as we,

45 INT. BLURRY OFFICES - OUTSIDE ELEVATOR - DAY 45

From the outside of the elevator doors, we are ON THE FORCED, STOIC FACES OF THE CREW as the elevator doors CLOSE.

46 INT. BLURRY OFFICES - INSIDE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 46

As the DOORS CLOSE, the crew immediately BURSTS into pandemonious celebration. DANCING, HIGH-FIVING, CRYING, and hysterically LAUGHING.

47 EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - A WHILE LATER 47

The crew, sans Tae and Ryan, all EATS SIDEWALK HOT DOGS with smiles on their faces, WALKING contemplatively down the busy New York street. Blake holds the check, in awe.

BLAKE
Yo, I can't believe it, but we did it! We actually did it.

DOT
I know! It's crazy! We sold our site and we're gonna get paid to run it the way it should've been run in the first place.

Blake and Dot both shake their heads, still not believing the situation. Blake turns and notices that Manny seems to not be sharing in their excitement as much.

BLAKE
Yo, maybe I'm crazy, but are you not happy?

MANNY
I don't know, yo. I should be. I just feel like something's not right.

Off Manny, we ANGLE ON his CONFLICTED FACE as Bill Wither's, '*Ain't no Sunshine*,' begins to play, as we go to,

48 INT. NIA'S DORM ROOM - DAY 48

As Nia lies on her bed, studying, there's a KNOCK AT THE DOOR. She gets up, CROSSES, and ANSWERS IT to find Manny, holding an ORCHID.

MANNY
Yo, I wouldn't blame you if you didn't let me, but can I come in and talk to you for a second?

Nia, without saying a word, turns her back and CROSSES back to her bed. Manny ENTERS and sits down next to her.

NIA
What do you want?

MANNY
We sold the blog. The dude, Keith Huggins who owns *Blurry Magazine*, copped it!
(then)
Plus, we got jobs running it!

Nia doesn't look up.

NIA
Congratulations. Now if you don't mind, I need to study for a test.

MANNY
Nia, look. I'm sorry. I know the way I've been treating you recently has been ill. You deserve way better.

Nia finally looks up.

NIA
I don't even know what's going on! You won't talk to me! Did I do something?

MANNY
What? No! You're amazing. It's me. Well, me and your parents.

NIA
Huh?

MANNY
After that night, I just knew I wasn't good enough for you.

NIA
Are you being serious right now? You're more than good enough for me. You think I care what my parents think? They left me in Paris alone to model when I was fourteen. They don't have the best judgment.

MANNY
Yeah, but I listened to myself that night, and to be honest, I'm not even sure I'd want me with you.

NIA
Manny--

MANNY
Wait, hear me out. I'm not sure I'd want me with you, but I'm sure that when I'm with you, nobody's ever made me feel the way you make me feel. Look, I'm from the gutter, but that's how I know I'm never going back there. I can't promise you anything other than this: If you give me another chance, it'll be me and you, all the time, and I'll always give you everything I've got.

Off Manny's words, Nia sits up and gives her guy a soft kiss. After a beat, she looks at the orchid in his hand.

NIA
Did you steal that from the reception downstairs?

MANNY
(obviously lying)
What? No. Pshh. You crazy.
(then)
Why, are there cameras?

Off Manny, we,

49 INT. NYU DORM - LOBBY - DAY 49

The ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN, Blake and Dot sigh relief as they see Manny and Nia STEP OFF THE ELEVATOR, holding hands.

DOT
Thank God.

BLAKE
Seriously.

DOT
Can we go eat now? I'm starving.

MANNY
You're always starving. You're a starving, African giant.

At that moment, Blake checks his phone for a text that had just come in. It's from Tae, and it reads: "JUST QUIT! NO MORE STRIPPING!" Blake writes back: "THAT'S MY GIRL! NOW HURRY UP AND GET HOME. WE'RE GOING OUT AND DOING IT BBBIIIIIGGGGGG!!!" Off this, we,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SIX

*

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

50 INT. MONROE FAMILY HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK) 50 *

Blake is standing in the kitchen in front of his parents. * Jackson is there, too. Blake has his hand extended out * for a handshake to his Dad, who is looking at a CHECK. *

BLAKE *
So that should cover the money you *
guys spent on my tuition, room and *
board. I'm really sorry. *
(then) *
So are we cool? *

As we ANGLE ON the check, which reads: 40 THOUSAND * DOLLARS, Jerry slaps Blake's hand out of the way, and * HUGS his son, joyously. *

JERRY *
I knew that damn blog would pay *
off! You want some juice or *
something? *

As Blake's father HUGS him tightly, we, *

51 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 51

THE CREW plus Nia sits in the back of a plush limo, and by the looks on everyone's faces, are ready to have the weekend of their lives. Everyone is dressed in their crispiest gear, and the music is BUMPING. Blake LOWERS THE MUSIC and holds up a glass.

BLAKE
Yo, yo! I just want to say that I
want everyone to have the best
weekend, ever, 'cause on Monday,
it's grind time.

The group raises their glasses but Blake isn't finished.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
But remember, there's only one rule
this weekend: 'Either go hard-- '

MANNY
'-- or go to the hospital!'

BLAKE
Gott damnit, Manny!

TAE
Hey! That one kind of worked.

Blake looks at Dot, who nods and shrugs in agreement with Tae, then to Manny. After a beat he lets out a smile.

BLAKE
Fine. 'Go hard, or go to the hospital.'

Off the crew's laughter and a toast, we, *

INT. 1OAK - NIGHT *

The music is loud, and THEGOODLIFE crew is partying their asses off. Just like in the beginning. * *

- A ridiculous and lavish spread of food that five people couldn't possibly eat is laid out. Dot spots some girls seated nearby and waves them over to join their table. * *

- 1OAK NIGHT CLUB - Manny, of course, knows the door people, and the crew is shown directly to their table. They dance on banquettes, drink bottle service, and generally 'wild the fuck out' all night. Manny and Nia can't keep their hands off each other, and Blake and Tae manage to sneak in a couple of dances that look friendly to the rest of the crew. Meanwhile, Dot is fielding girls left and right. Two girls even get in an all-out brawl over Dot, as he sips champagne and watches. Manny is caught trying to sneak a bottle from behind the bar. The whole crew makes a run for it, laughing the whole time.

- OUTSIDE 1OAK - As everyone runs in different directions, Blake and Tae are separated from the crew. They are both tipsy and feeling the excitement in the air, they kiss, long and passionate. Blake and Tae continue to make out until Manny, Dot, and Nia approach the couple, catching them kissing. Blake can't come up with a single excuse, and really doesn't need to, because Manny, already fired up, PUNCHES Blake in the mouth. * * * *

TAE *
Manny what the hell's wrong with you!? * *

Tae hits Manny upside his head. *

MANNY
You got my sister keeping secrets from me? She tells me everything!

Blake wipes his mouth and looks up to Manny, incensed.

BLAKE
Your sister tells you <u>everything</u>?! Son-- Just shut up. Seriously. You sound stupid.

MANNY
Oh, I sound stupid, now?!

BLAKE
'Now?!' When do you <u>not</u> sound stupid?

Blake and Manny are about to go at it again when the moment is interrupted by Dot, with his phone in his hand.

DOT
Yo! YO! Will you idiots stop and look at this?!

Dot is finally able to get Blake and Manny's attention and show them his phone. As they look at what Dot is showing them, both Manny and Blake go from furious to SHOCKED, in an instant, as we,

52 INT. BLURRY OFFICES - THE NEXT MORNING 52

The crew, all with angry faces, Blake's including a black eye, ENTERS the *Blurry Magazine* offices. Movers are there packing up the old furniture and bringing in new stuff. * *

TAE
(calling out)
Yo, where is he?

Blake looks up and sees Keith ENTERING HIS OFFICE and heads that way, as Tae, Dot, and Manny follow.

53 INT. BLURRY MAGAZINE - KEITH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 53

Keith's office is half empty.

BLAKE
Why does it say on *Wired* that you sold *Blurry*?!

KEITH
Feels like a pretty self-explanatory statement to me.

BLAKE
So what about us, we still have our jobs, right?

KEITH
Unfortunately, per your contract, your positions are null and void upon transfer of ownership. But talk to the new owners. Maybe they'll keep you on.

TAE
Maybe?!

BLAKE
Hold on, what?! Are you saying that we're gonna have to get permission to work on our own blog?!

Keith puts down the packing manifesto he's holding.

KEITH
Listen, guys. Let's consider this a teachable moment. This is probably one of the most important business lessons of your lives.

Keith looks each crew member directly in their face as if he genuinely cares, but he doesn't.

KEITH (CONT'D)
You should always bring <u>experienced</u> legal representation whenever entering into a contractual situation, and <u>you</u> should always read your contract in its entirety. No matter <u>who</u> your representatives are.

MANNY
What are you talking about? Why would you buy us if you were just gonna turn around and sell the magazine?

Dot, who's looking at his iPad, references an article.

DOT
Bet this has something to do with it.
(then)
According to this article, Paul Meiter, the publishing magnate, was looking for an urban magazine to round out his roster.
(MORE)

DOT (CONT'D)
I'm guessing a tactic for what I'm thinking will probably be a bigger play for his own company six months down the road.

KEITH
Wow, he's good.

TAE
Hold on. What the hell is everybody talking about?

DOT
We under-valued our blog. Since Tumblr wouldn't allow me to install accurate tracking software, there was no way I could know how many unique views we were getting a day.

KEITH
It was a lot.

MANNY
It was the Nightlife section, huh?

Blake shoots Manny a look.

TAE
I still don't get it.

DOT
Dude, print is dead. He's probably been working on this deal forever. Once we came on and brought our viewers to his site, all of a sudden it added value to his online presence, which I bet tipped the deal.

KEITH
I mean, he's <u>really</u>, really good.

BLAKE
(now understanding)
And like some dummies, we sold it to him for dirt cheap.

KEITH
Blake, you made a good deal. You went from nothing, to a hundred and fifty G's. That's real money. You can do something with that.

Keith STANDS and looks at the crew, sincerely.

KEITH (CONT'D)
As you guys continue to work in this business, you'll learn that what happened with this, as ugly as it may seem, was just that... business. Now do yourselves a favor and don't take this personally.

Keith is about to walk out, but TURNS BACK.

KEITH (CONT'D)
Who knows? I may be working for you guys one day. Now I'm sorry, but I gotta run. Ya'll stay up.

Keith EXITS his office, leaving everyone speechless.

MANNY
I told you. Once I got Rome on the Nightlife list, it was over.

Off everyone cutting looks to Manny, we,

54 INT. TAE & MANNY'S BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - DAY 54

Blake, Dot, Tae, and Manny have returned to their home base. Half-dead from their tumultuous weekend and from what just happened at the *Blurry* office, they have each COLLAPSED around the living room in silence. They are destroyed. Still, Dot finds the energy to fiddle around on his laptop. Finally, Tae speaks up.

TAE
So, what's next? I guess I gotta start looking for another job.

BLAKE
(almost too quickly)
No!
(then, catching himself)
No. We'll think of something. Let's not panic yet. How much money do we have left?

DOT
I don't know, I got like fifteen G's.
(off Blake's look)
What? I went hard this weekend! Remember, 'go hard or go to the hospital?' Plus, I paid my tuition for next year.
(then, to Manny and Tae)
What about you guys?

TAE
Like twenty. I made sure we paid our rent up for a year so Manny wouldn't blow it.
(then, to Manny)
How much do you have?

MANNY
I don't want to talk about it.
(off their look)
I had a bad bathroom dice game.

BLAKE
I think I got like fifteen.

DOT
Damn! You must've went hard, too.

BLAKE
Yeah, but I handled something, too. *

DOT
We've been working on "*THEGOODLIFE*" since junior high, and we just gave it away!

TAE
Well, we still have fifty grand. If we divide that up, it'll be enough to keep us afloat for at least a little while.

MANNY
Yeah, but what about after that? I'm just supposed to go back to getting stiffed by club owners?

BLAKE
Yo, you guys are thinking about this wrong. It's not, *all* we have left is fifty G's. It's, <u>we have fifty G's</u> left!

TAE
Yo, I don't know if my brother laid one too many shots to your head, but you sound crazy right now.

BLAKE
Do I? Because I thought we started this whole thing saying that all we needed was twenty-five grand to re-launch our site.

Blake's comment lands on everyone. After a beat, Tae chimes in.

TAE
I didn't think about it like that.

MANNY
Nah, you were right, though. I did get some good ones in on him.
(then, sincerely to Blake)
My bad, B'. We good?

BLAKE
We're good. But I do owe you one.

As Blake and Manny make up, Dot types a couple more keystrokes into his laptop and then looks up to the crew.

DOT
You know, I didn't want to say anything until I made some headway, but I have been working on something, just in case Tumblr actually did shut us down.

Dot TURNS HIS LAPTOP AROUND to show everyone the SCREEN. It's a blog, but it's not *TheGoodLife*. In fact, it's better looking. Essentially, it's a masterpiece. It's a new site masthead that reads:

***HELLOWORLD.COM* - UNDER CONSTRUCTION**

No one can believe their eyes, but everyone is equally impressed.

BLAKE
My man, Dot. Always on point. Now *that's* what I'm talking about!

As everyone stares at the blog, silent and unsure of the next move, a smile creeps across Blake's face.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(beat)
You guys down to do this again?

By everyone's laughter, it's immediately evident that, "HELL YEAH," they're down to do it again. As Diggy's '*Hello World*' plays over the crew's laughing and excited faces, we,

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW *