

FADE IN:

INT. GEORGIA AND KANE'S APARTMENT - SAME

CAMERA ON **GEORGIA BAXTER (27, beautiful, slender, African-American)** who sleeps peacefully on her back (a tattoo of a cross on her left shoulder). The frame widens to reveal **SOMEONE** else in the bed, but their face is out of view.

Georgia rolls on her side, pulling the sheets off the other person, revealing **KANE WINSTON (27, handsome, medium-length hair, Texas-born)**. Kane GROANS, soon reaching for the "invisible" cover, placing his arm across her stomach --

Georgia opens her eyes. Kane opens his eyes. The two sit up in bed at the same time -- in a mad dash, both Kane and Georgia run toward the open bathroom door -- Georgia shuts Kane out, **SLAMMING** the door in his face.

KANE

Georgia! That's not fair!

Kane, distressed, places his hands on his head.

GEORGIA (O.C.)

I just want to take a quick shower.  
I promise...

Kane slams his hands on the door.

KANE

I have to get to work before you!

BATHROOM

GEORGIA

You snooze you lose...

She squeals with laughter.

KANE (O.C.)

Wow... This is great.

LATER

Georgia walks out of the bathroom wearing a towel around her chest to her knees. Her hair is also wrapped in a towel.

She walks over Kane who lies on the ground, getting up.

KANE (CONT'D)

We need more rules about bathroom rights and privileges.

Georgia sits on a futon, looking at him.

GEORGIA

It was your idea to move in together and save on rent.

KANE

But this is *my* apartment...

GEORGIA

Correction, *our* apartment since I pay half the rent.

Kane stares her down, but Georgia doesn't flinch.

INT. BROWN'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

A clinical environment. **MILES (25, slender, personal assistant)** guides Kane through a room of office cubicles. Kane's dressed in a nice beige suede jacket and white shirt, jeans, and a cowboy hat.

MILES

So you'll be a PA for Norman Brown. He's pretty low-key until you fuck his shit up. Then he turns into Godzilla, or worse, an infant screaming at his mother for breast milk.

Kane squints his eyes in confusion.

MILES (CONT'D)

But you're lucky since he's out of town this week... thank God. Oh, sorry, it's your first day and I really should be telling you all the wonderful things about this place and the person you're working for, but why lie?

Kane chuckles, nodding.

KANE

I get it. I appreciate your honesty.

MILES

Anyway, I hope you don't mind the seven to three shift.

KANE

No, I'm pretty flexible. Do online freelancing gigs, so...

MILES

Well, day jobs are all about your solicited coffee runs in this bitch, as you know. Norman has a schedule for what type of drinks he likes on which days. And that's not even the most anal thing about him.

Miles begins to wave at a demure woman, SHEILA (35), sitting behind a cubicle.

MILES (CONT'D)

Oh, hi, Sheila!

Sheila sticks her middle finger up at Miles. Walking away:

MILES (CONT'D)

Bye, Sheila.

INT. STICKMAN STUDIOS - SAME - SOUND ROOM

Georgia stands in an empty, gray sound proof room, leaning into a microphone. She raises a script to her eye-line and feigns a childish voice:

GEORGIA

Oh Mikey! When will you learn that you're not supposed to ride a bike without a helmet!

PAUL DANDRIDGE(O.C.)

Okay, great.

Georgia adjusts her headphones while looking over at the technical booth where **PAUL DANDRIDGE(52, director)** stands monitoring production.

PAUL DANRIDGE

Now, how about you raise voice tone an octave higher. I mean I want these kids to sound like their strung out on a little bit of that high-fructose candy. You know what I mean?

Georgia SIGHS under her breath.

GEORGIA

Yeah, sure. Whatever you say, Paul.

She feigns a smile and looking at the script, she approaches the mic.

PAUL DANRIDGE (O.C.)

Ready?

INT. JAY'S BAR - EVENING

Georgia drinks a mouthful of beer right from the bottle as a BARTENDER places two identical plates with hamburgers in front of her. There's also another bottle of beer untouched.

KANE (O.S.)

Hey.

Kane approaches, taking his jacket off and placing it on the chair back adjacent to her chair.

GEORGIA

I got us the usual.

KANE

(sighing)

Thanks.

GEORGIA

Sounds like your first day did a number on you.

Georgia slides the extra beer over to Kane

KANE

I just have the feeling that it's going to be shitty in a non-shitty way. I hope that makes sense.

GEORGIA

(chuckling)

Makes absolutely no sense at all.

KANE

Is that right?

GEORGIA

Nah, I know exactly what you mean.  
My director wants me to do orgasmic  
voice overs for a fucking  
children's show. I kind of feel  
like Pee Wee Herman right now.

Georgia sips her beer.

KANE

(laughing)

Really? I sort of pictured you as  
SpongeBob's Tom Kenny.

Georgia spits her beer out her mouth, laughing alongside  
Kane, who raises his beer bottle. He sobers up, taking a look  
at her.

KANE (CONT'D)

To this town, Georgia.

She toasts his bottle with hers.

GEORGIA

To L.A....

The two drink.

LATER

Georgia, along with a few OTHERS, dances to waves of TECHNO  
music on small stage area. She's having fun as a muscular,  
ARMENIAN GUY (25) twirls her around.

A KOREAN WOMAN (25) walks over to Kane, who sits at the bar,  
drinking his second beer while smiling at Georgia. The Korean  
Woman sits in Georgia's empty seat.

KOREAN WOMAN

Nice hat.

KANE

Thanks. It's my good luck hat.

KOREAN WOMAN

No kidding... I'm here so that's  
kind of lucky, right?

KANE

(laughing)

Yeah, of course.

An out-of-breath Georgia approaches Kane.

GEORGIA  
Hey. What's up?

KOREAN WOMAN  
I didn't know you had a girlfriend.

Georgia and Kane exchanges a look, soon smirking.

GEORGIA  
No, no. Yuck.

KANE  
Yeah, no.  
(to Georgia)  
What do you mean "yuck"?

Georgia smiles at the woman.

GEORGIA  
Kane and I are best friends. No  
funny stuff. And that's that.

KANE  
Yeah, cause otherwise, that would  
be --

GEORGIA  
Just weird.

KANE  
Sort of shitty actually.

Georgia and Kane simultaneously take a sip from their beer.

LATER

Georgia, Kane, the Korean Woman, and the Armenian Guy sit at  
a round table drinking beers.

GEORGIA  
His pubic hair is so disturbing.  
It's like I'm in some fur ball  
nightmare... or like I'm playing  
lead in that whack film, *Cats*.

The strangers at the table laugh along with Georgia.

KOREAN WOMAN  
That film was not good!

Kane reaches over the table to pinch Georgia's arm.

GEORGIA  
Ouuuuu-uch!

KANE  
That's what you get for talking my  
hair business --

GEORGIA  
(whining)  
That really hurts.

KANE  
And do you want me to talk about  
the cotton thing --

GEORGIA  
No!

KANE  
What about the newspaper--

GEORGIA  
No!

KANE  
(smirking)  
Or the...

Kane fiddles his two fingers in the air.

GEORGIA  
Kane, I will kill you.

ASIAN LADY  
You two are worst than a married  
couple.

Georgia and Kane exchange a smile.

GEORGIA  
We know.

KANE  
We know.

INT. GEORGIA AND KANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The camera PANS the empty apartment.

INT. ARMENIAN GUY'S HOUSE - SAME

Georgia and the Armenian Guy from the bar sit on a couch,  
kissing and groping with intensity.

INT. ASIAN GIRL'S APARTMENT - SAME - KITCHEN

Kane and the Korean Woman (who now wears Kane's hat) are half dressed, leaning against the kitchen counter. They make out -- he starts to unzip his pants while she takes off her underwear, revealing her bare hips.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Georgia, nicely dressed for work, stands at the counter, moving up as a BARISTA approaches to take her order.

GEORGIA

Good Day.

BARISTA

Hello.

GEORGIA (O.C.)

May I have a...

Kane walks into the frame, standing next to her (skipping the line) while she, unaware, pulls her wallet out of her bag. He's wearing the same clothes from the night before.

KANE

(to the Barista)

White mocha, an extra pump, almond milk, hold the whip cream... please.

GEORGIA

(looking at the Barista)

Yes, exactly what he said.

KANE

And I'll get the vegan matcha tea protein latte and a regular medium coffee.

LATER

Georgia and Kane stand by the pick-up counter waiting on their order. Georgia brushes off Kane's suede jacket with her hand, stopping at a few strokes.

GEORGIA

So, you didn't come to the apartment last night. Was she that good?



KANE  
 Hmmmm. She was okay. What about  
 you?

The Barista hands them a cup container with three drinks.  
 Kane grabs the tray and walks with her toward the door.

GEORGIA  
 He was too over enthusiastic, you  
 know what I mean?

KANE  
 Most definitely.

He smiles at Georgia while he hands her a cup.

GEORGIA  
 You going to do the "dirty" with  
 her again?

KANE  
 (shrugging)  
 Probably. You?

They stop at the door.

GEORGIA  
 (smiling)  
 Maybe.

KANE  
 (opening the door)  
 That's disgusting.

GEORGIA (V.O.)  
 You, my friend, are the disgusting  
 one.

INT. BROWN'S PRODUCTION COMPANY - AFTERNOON - HALL

Kane opens a door leading to --

CONFERENCE ROOM

A group of EXECS sit across from **NORMAN BROWN (55, smug, light beard)** who quickly clicks the end cap of a pen.

NORMAN  
 So maybe we can cut the budget by  
 twenty thousand and still find a  
 way to do the explosion scene. I'm  
 sure --

He notices Kane standing by the door.

NORMAN (CONT'D)  
 (looking at his watch)  
 You're here.  
 (then at Kane)  
 After I buzzed you five minutes ago.

KANE  
 I was just finishing scanning copies, Sir.  
 (waving)  
 Hello, everyone.

NORMAN  
 Everyone, this is my new P.A., Kane. He's the one responsible for bringing me a cold latte this morning.

KANE  
 I'm sorry... sincerely. That'll never happen ever again.

NORMAN  
 Anyway, I would like for you to run some confidential documents over to Mraz's agent in Culver. I hope you get *this* right so that I'm not upset for the rest of the day.

KANE  
 Sure thing.

Norman gives Kane a fake and fleeting smile. The Executives stare at Kane, who awkwardly backtracks away from the door.

EXT. LOS FELIZ NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME

Georgia strolls down the sidewalk holding her purse and a single bag of groceries. She hears a VIBRATING SOUND and stops to dig into her purse, pulling out her cellphone.

Stopping in her tracks, she holds the phone to her ear.

GEORGIA  
 (in the phone)  
 Hey Mandy, how's it going?

Georgia watches as a COUPLE leisurely stroll pass while holding the leash attached to their shiatzu.