

MAYBE IT'S ME

"Pilot"

Written By

Odain Watson

Khari X. Telesford

Henry Truit-Harshaw

Nunet Clitandre

+1 (323) 243-6365
theniadohotel@icloud.com
+1 (917) 428-4711
khari.telesford@gmail.com
htruitth@gmail.com

MAYBE IT'S ME

"Pilot"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

It's the crack of dawn. We look out the window of a luxury apartment, a panoramic view of downtown Manhattan's skyline. The harsh sounds of NYC seep into the bedroom---honking cars, distant chatter-juxtapose the serene, meticulous space. We pull back to reveal:

--EMMA UNDERWOOD. Mid-30s. Charismatic. Sexy. Confident. A rising radio personality. She's also currently having trouble in the dating department.

She lies in bed, underneath her sheets. Eyes closed. Face serene. She moans softly. The street noise fades away into a warm swell of SEXY ROMANTIC music and a LOW HUMMING.

EMMA (V.O)

Despite my degree from Cornell, job at "On The Pulse" and what my friends like to call my "money-maker"... there I was... yet again....Emma Underwood...not with the man that I wanted to be in bed with... but my loyal "plus one" again.

A movement underneath the sheets.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(mutters)

You know just how I like it...

Her eyes closed, lips curled in a smile. The humming becomes HIGH PITCHED and PETERS OUT. She opens her eyes. Suddenly, the MUSIC STOPS. Annoyed, she peeks under the covers.

She sits up. Frustrated. Removes a colorful vibrator from underneath the covers. The batteries dead. She shakes it. Nothing. She smacks it, aggressively.

EMMA (V.O.)

Time for plan B...

INT. EMMA'S KITCHEN - DAY

In her meticulous kitchen, Emma eats a snack, leaning against counter. She scrolls on her phone. She clicks on the 'Dating' folder on her phone. Page after page of app icons.

EMMA (V.O.)
 I've tried every dating app:
 Spark, Chemistri, VibeUp, LuvTrend,
 MatchUp, Heat-Stroke, After 30s,
 Before 40s, Seeking
 Entanglements...

The logos of the apps flash by. Some shown on phones, full screen graphics, some subway ads, street fliers.

EMMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Sneaky Link, Drink-Link,
 Connektion, OldDate, ZaddyMe,
 EskimoKisses, Peru Match. My girl-
 friends tell me "You gotta try this
 one", "Trust me... you'll find him
 on that one". So, I did. And, when
 I say all of them... I mean all of
 them.
 (beat)
 I must've gone on a hundred "first
 dates"...

INT. BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A classy, upscale bar. Emma sits at a table. Smiles polite, yet awkward.

From her POV, we see her dates---The men are exaggerated caricatures of different niche apps:

EMMA (V.O.)
 ..."SaxMatch"...

A Miles Davis wannabe attempts to serenade Emma with a saxophone.

EMMA
 ..."CoronersOnly"...

A man dressed entirely in a black suit. Sunken eyes. He digs into his blazer pocket. Looks left, right. Removes hand. Opens it, showing Emma: A DECAPITATED FINGER. He smiles, its creepy.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 ..."Sikhmatch"...

A bearded Middle-Eastern man in turban and traditional garb holds out a BIG ENGAGEMENT ring to Emma. He eyes her up and down, licks lips. Shes shakes her head, waves it off.

EMMA (V.O.)
However, I did meet some
interesting guys...

A QAnon SHAMAN, 30s, in horned fur viking helmet and face paint devours a bloody rare steak with his bare hands.

EMMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That wasn't a dating app per se...

He shrugs 'why not?'.

EMMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... And the hat was cute... but
even he didn't "do it" for me. None
of them did.

Emma politely smiles. Her phone notifications fire off, new dating matches every second. As new connections blur across the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Emma lies on ground, arms outstretched. Awake, but too defeated to move. Her phone in one hand but barely grasping it.

EMMA
I was just about ready to give up
on the male species, but there was
a shining light...

BING!

She opens her eyes. Lazily lifts the phone and holds it up. Clicks the notification and a SURREALLY BRIGHT GREEN LIGHT illuminates her face. Her eyes grow wide with amazement.

EMMA (V.O.)
Sydney.

Reveal the profile of SYDNEY DAVIS. 40s. Handsome and put together. Professional business cool meets urban swag. Dashing in a suit, hot in a tight sweater.

EMMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (dreamy echoes)
 Sydney...

She scrolls through his profile, as we FADE INTO:

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE

A 90s-esque fantasy sequence a-la D'Angelo's 'Untitled - How Does it Feel' music video begins. A seductive and shirtless Sydney, flashes a bad boy smile. He wears a BOW TIE and SOCKS.

As he removes his socks, he beckons to Emma. She drops her phone and crawls to Sydney. Just as she is about embrace him... he throws the sock in her face. He starts making bellowing sounds, like a gong.

INT. EMMA BEDROOM - DAY - PRESENT

BONG! BONG! BONG! Emma, with sock on her face, is taken out of her dream fantasy by her phone alarm. She sighs, removes socks and gets out of bed.

EXT. FERNANDO'S APARTMENT - DAY

SLO MO: In the middle of the sidewalk is--

RYAN UNDERWOOD. Mid 20s. Flamboyant and egotistical. He's currently suffering from his own self-inflicted relationship woes.

He stands shirtless, arms outstretched. Looks up in anguish as designer clothes rain down on him like Christmas snow... his clothes. He looks like Andy Dufresne from "The Shawshank Redemption".

A SOCK lands on his face, he removes it.

RYAN
 I love you Fernandoooo! Noooo!

REAL TIME:

TILT UP to reveal FERNANDO LOPEZ. 30s. Stylish, meticulous, and Ryan's now ex-boyfriend. He wears a silk head wrap, his face highly moisturized. He hurls Ryan's entire wardrobe out of his open apartment window.

FERNANDO

Love?? Cono! Don't tell me about love, Ryan!

RYAN

We were just--

FERNANDO

Pinch pendejo! I can't believe you did this to me... again! And on my new West Elm couch? With my Rosé!

RYAN

(defensive)

Baby... you're blowing this way out of proportion. It's not what it looked like!

Fernando holds up several CONDOM WRAPPERS. Throws them out of the window.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Okay... it's exactly what it looks like. But come on! At least we used protection!

We meet culprit #2, DAYSHAWN, Ryan's personal trainer and yoga instructor, as he hops one legged out of the building, struggling to pull up his tight jeans.

DAYSHAWN

(to himself)

Trainer Commandment Number One...
Never sleep with a client, man!

FERNANDO

And with the "Downward Dog" guy from the gym... Dayshawn?! On a Tuesday morning? !Dios Mio! I've seen it all!

DAYSHAWN

(to Fernando, sheepish)

Still coming to class on Thursday?

Fernando hurls one of Ryan's shoes at Dayshawn. He ducks his head like a soldier under fire, dodging it. He hurries off.

RYAN

Can't we just talk this through like adults? ...Please?

FERNANDO

Adults? Cono... you're the most irresponsible, childish person I know.

He throws a pair of fuzzy dinosaur slipper out of the window.

RYAN

Fernando. Please... I...

A nosy neighbor leans out of a fire escape.

NEIGHBOR

(thick NYC accent)

Yo shut the hell up! Go cry in the Central park like the rest of us!

A homeless man rushes into frame and grabs a mesh shirt.

RYAN

Hey! That's mine!

HOMELESS MAN

Not anymore!

(looks at shirt)

I'm going to wear this to the Balenciaga show under the bridge... bee-yatch!

The homeless man scurries away, clothes in hand. Ryan considers chasing him, then waves him off, "you can have it".

He looks up to Fernando's window.

RYAN

Nando...

FERNANDO

(stern)

I love you Ryan... but, we cant do this anymore. I'm sorry.

Fernando slams the window with dramatic flair.

Ryan falls to his knee. Defeated. He begins to pick up his clothes when the window reopens. He looks up.

Fernando throws the last of Ryan's belongings, SANCHEZ, his STUFFED ELECTRONIC TALKING DONKEY TOY, out of the window. Ryan picks him up, dusts him off.

RYAN

Sanchez... why is love so complicated?

He squeezes him.

SANCHEZ

"Lets go on an adventure
(beat, another squeeze)
"Let's turn that smile upside
down!"

RYAN

You always know what to say, just
like...
(eureka!)
Wait a second!

Ryan opens up the Instagram app on his phone. Clicks on
Discover. Type. Scrolls. We're on Emma's profile. Photos of
her: Rocking the mic, on-air. Posing with music industry
titans and various celebrities.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Hello... cousin!

Ryan throws on a pair of jeans. Puts on Schiaparelli shoes.
Laces them as we....

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER