

SIDE HUSTLE

"Pilot"

Written by

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Address
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INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is pretty vacant. It features a single couch facing a non-existent television, a fold-out egg chair, and a twin-sized bean-bag chair. The couch is framed by white Christmas lights and sporadic black tulle draped over it.

Two women are conducting a photoshoot. BEATRIZ, 25, stands behind the camera, tripod, and ring light which is pointed to the couch. She periodically presses the shutter as she argues on the phone.

BEATRIZ

(on the phone)

I just can't believe you would give our room to complete strangers. We're your regulars, Hector. Just bump them.

Beatriz focuses back on her subject. She gestures to her to twist her torso a bit.

LUPE, 25, roommate and current photoshoot subject, shifts herself. Lupe adorns a slutty Hermione Granger-style outfit complete with a wand. She switches from pose to pose as Beatriz takes her photo.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

No we're not doing room 4, room 4 is right next to the bathroom and I don't want poop air to be wafting in. Imagine singing your heart out, you go to take a big breath, and boom, poop air. Dear God, not room 4.

Lupe makes a disgusted face, like she's sick just hearing about it. Beatriz clicks the shutter by accident. Beatriz mouths to Lupe a silent "my bad".

Just then, MARINA, 24, roommate, enters in holding up a flyer. The flyer states "MS. MARINA, THE EMERGENCY MUSICIAN! CALL HER FOR YOUR LAST MINUTE MUSICAL NEEDS" with tear-offs with her email and phone number at the bottom.

She turns first to Beatriz to show her. Beatriz nods. She turns over to Lupe. Lupe flashes her an over-the-top "okay" sign and a wink. Beatriz clicks the shutter. Marina does a slight "thank you" bow to both girls. Marina retreats back to her room.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)
 Okay, okay, okay, go have dinner,
 but we're gonna get that room,
 Hector. We're not giving up!

Marina emerges from her room again, this time with her acoustic guitar in hand. She quietly picks away a tune.

Beatriz hangs up the phone.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)
 So we can't get the room.

MARINA
 If karaoke night falls through, I'm
 gonna riot.

Marina joins Lupe on the couch. She puts one leg behind Lupe and lunges forward, posing with the guitar. Lupe shoves her wand toward Marina's mouth. Marina signals to Beatriz. Beatriz clicks the shutter.

Lupe and Marina break from posing. Marina rests her guitar on the side of the couch and plops herself down. Lupe fixes herself crisscross applesauce on the couch next to Marina.

LUPE
 We could try a another place?

BEATRIZ
 This is literally the only place
 that has showtunes though, "Don't
 Cry for Me Argentina" is a staple.

LUPE
 True, that is a crowd favorite.

Marina nudges Lupe.

MARINA
 How about you work your call-girl
 charm on Hector. Give him a little
 OnlyFans exclusive content.

Marina flashes a few awkward winks and eyebrows raises.

BEATRIZ
 Please do not show Hector your
 vagina...but I would not be opposed
 to you buttering him up a little.
 But you know, it's your call.

MARINA
 Yeah, "buttering him up".

Marina flashes more awkward winks. Lupe snatches the wand back from Marina and taps Marina's face to cease the winking.

LUPE

Honestly I'm down. I'm a big fan of making men putty in my hands.

MARINA

Thank you for your service.

Marina salutes her.

Beatriz fiddles with the camera. She makes her way to join the girls on the couch

BEATRIZ

(quickly)

Saturday is in the bag. I believe in you, Lupe, you got this, you've got to got this because if we end up getting room 4 I'm gonna to kill myself c'mon c'mon ten seconds.

Beatriz quickly shoves herself in with the girls. The camera starts beeping a 5 second countdown.

Marina holds two fingers up to her mouth and sticks her tongue out.

Lupe sits up her knees on the couch, twirls some hair with one hand, wield the wand with the other, and smizes.

And Beatriz, at the last second, sticks her butt out towards the camera, looks behind her and flashes a peace sign.

Click

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Beatriz rushes out of her room and into the kitchen. She's dressed business casual and has a backpack hanging on one arm. She opens the fridge to find a quick bite. The fridge is sparse. She spots some Kraft singles.

Lupe enters and rushes to the door to put on her shoes.

Beatriz grabs two cheese slices and closes the door.

BEATRIZ
(to Lupe)
Hey

Lupe looks up. Beatriz tosses her a slice.

LUPE
Nice. You ready?

Beatriz nods. The two head out the door.

Beat.

A groggy Marina slowly emerges from her room into the kitchen. She opens the fridge. She opens the fridge. She stares inside for too long. She takes a slice of cheese and retreats back to her room.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

Beatriz and Lupe head to the sidewalk. They come up on a car parked on the street and Lupe messes with some keys in her hand. BUT they veer away seemingly last minute and turn to the bus stop right next to it. Beatriz drops Lupe off at her stop.

LUPE
Hey good luck today, hope it all
goes well!

BEATRIZ
Thank you, thank you!

Beatriz crosses the street and approaches the bus stop directly across from Lupe's. She sits down.

They both wait for their buses.

INT. AUSTIN CHRONICLE - MORNING

Beatriz sits at her cubicle and types away at her article proposal. Her cubicle is adorned with pictures with her friend, quotes from her favorite writers plus a couple of musical theater performers, and framed selfie of her and an obviously oblivious Ezra Klein.

Beatriz continues to type away. She sees her SUPERVISOR approaching. Beatriz quickly switches back to the article she is supposed to be translating.

REBECCA, early 30's, Beatriz's supervisor and column writer, stops at her desk.

REBECCA

Hey so the meeting's supposed to start in about 30 and it would be totally amazing if you could--

Beatriz starts to clear her desk and gather her things.

BEATRIZ

Yeah I'm super pumped for this meeting. I have a pretty good idea that I think Mike will really respond to. I think it captures what the people wanna hear about and...

Beatriz looks up and meets Rebecca's pitied gaze.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

It's not happening. Again.

REBECCA

I'm so sorry, sweetie. Mike is just super in the zone right now and really wants to devote time to the on-staff writers. It's just a whole thing if we let lower-levels chime in at this point, ya know?

Beatriz is stung by that. She nods.

BEATRIZ

Right. So um what would be "totally amazing" from me right now?

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Beatriz and her fellow translator, JANE, 27, wait in line for coffee.

BEATRIZ

Ya know, this is the second meeting-
invite-but-really-coffee-run fake-
out, can you believe that?

JANE

"Fool me twice..."

BEATRIZ

Yeah, yeah

Beatriz and Jane reach the counter.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

Hey can I get 2 mocha caps, 3 caffe
lattes, one with skim, one soy, and
one 2%, a caramel macchiato extra
frothy, a caffe mocha and...

She searches the menu.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

Just a black coffee for me.

The CASHIER rings her up.

CASHIER

Alrighty, that'll be \$52.45.

Beatriz pulls out some cash. She can only find 50 even. She digs around some more. The cashier watches on with an impatient smile.

Jane nudges Beatriz. She hands her a 5.

BEATRIZ

Thanks.

JANE

It was getting too sad.

They head to a booth to wait.

INT. FINE TIMES BAR - DAY

Marina enters into the bar. It's a very stereotypic dive joint with the old stools/booths, a multitude of neon signs, and an obnoxiously large jukebox.

Marina passes her boss, GREG, 35, on her way to the back. Greg stands at the bar wiping glasses. He tracks her as she walks past.

Marina stops at the corkboard hanging on the back wall. She scans the listings upon it. She spots a particularly cringey one: "MAKE COMEDY GREAT AGAIN: ALL MALE IMPROV COMEDY GROUP". She covers the listing with her flyer.

Greg peers over from the bar.

GREG
Got any gigs yet.

MARINA
I just posted it, Greg. You literally saw me.

Marina begins to mess with Greg, per usual.

MARINA (CONT'D)
Oh no the early onset dementia, it's getting worse. Greg, it's me Marina, we had a life together. Don't leave me just yet I can't--

GREG
My grandma just died.

Marina quickly cuts the crap.

MARINA
Shit Greg I'm so sorry. Would've been good to know before the dementia bit--

GREG
There's your gig.

MARINA
Huh?

GREG
Her funeral. She was a piano teacher and they want someone to play some songs. Ya know piano?

MARINA
Very much so, yes.

GREG
Well there we go. I'll pay you once the deeds done.

MARINA

Got it. I won't let you down Greg!

Marina exits the bar. She's doomed.

INT. THE AUSTIN CHRONICLE - DAY

Beatriz and Jane sit at their caddy-corner cubicles. Just a few feet the writers' meeting is taking place.

Jane sits at her cubicle, feet up, looking over the latest issue.

Beatriz stares at the meeting, looking past her computer she's supposed to be working on. She looks down at the article she was meant to propose. The cursor flashes away.

BEATRIZ

I'm starting to get the feeling
Rebecca doesn't even try to talk to
Mark about my ideas. Like what in
the hell do I have to do to move up
around here?

Beatriz pauses for a response. She is met with silence.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

I'm not trying to be their
translator forever. You know I
barely made rent last month. I had
to contact...my dad. And you know
how that goes.

She glances back over to Jane. Still nothing.

Beatriz grabs her coffee and heads to Jane's desk.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

I could't even afford my own damn
coffee. Ya know translators are
literally the gatekeepers for a
whole demographic of people to be
able to read our content and yet
we're paid next to nothin'

JANE

(half listening)
They'll reimburse you.

Beatriz rolls her eyes.

BEATRIZ

Not the point. Like just because
I'm not a full writer yet doesn't
mean I gotta be broke.

Jane flips through the newspaper. She pulls out the
classified ads page and hands it Beatriz.

JANE

The weirder they are the more they
pay.

Beatriz grabs the paper.

BEATRIZ

As much as I say I wanna die, I'm
not really looking to get murdered.

Beatriz begins to read off the listings.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

"FULL SIZED MATRESS, \$30, SLIGHT
URINE STAIN", "SURGEON WANTED: MUST
HAVE OWN TOOLS", "EMERGENCY
MUSICIAN SERVICES-" oh Jesus
Christ.

Beatriz silently scans for a beat.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

"SEEKING: PROFESSIONAL CUDDLER" my
God how sad is that.

JANE

Sad and weird. Circle it.

BEATRIZ

Hell no.

Mark, Rebecca, and the rest of the writers start to exit the
conference room.

Beatriz sets down paper and rushes back to her desk. They
both scramble to look like they're doing work.

All the writers pass by Beatriz and Jane's desks. Beatriz
follows them with her eyes. The coast is cleared.

Jane tosses the paper over to Beatriz's desk. It is still
opened to the classified ads. Beatriz chuckles. Beatriz turns
to face Jane, holds the paper up and circles the Professional
Cuddler listing with a highlighter. As a joke, of course.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Lupe is on her lunch break. She sits at a table and begins to upload her recent photoshoot pictures to her OnlyFans on her phone.

INT. CITY HALL PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Lupe enters into the garage and heads to the doors leading to the building elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY AREA - CONTINUOUS

Lupe passes by a SECURITY GUARD, mid to late 30s, sitting behind an information desk in front of the elevators.

 LUPE
 (to him)
 Hey!

She is met with silence. The guard is glued to his phone.

 LUPE (CONT'D)
 Cool!

She makes it to the elevator and presses the button. She waits.

She looks over at the security guards. He is messing with their phones. She looks to see what is keeping him so preoccupied.

She sees her most recent photos on his phone. She raises her eyebrows in amusement. She nods her head towards him in a "thank you" sort of way.

The elevator arrives. Lupe steps to get on. She turns back to the guard. She sees him send one of her pictures to one of his friends.

Lupe leaves her foot in the elevator doorway as she tries to look closer without being noticed. She is appalled.

The elevator starts to beep from being left open for too long. The security finally looks up and turns around. Lupe lunges into the elevator before being spotted and smashes the "close door" button.

The elevator begins to move. She catches her breath.

 LUPE (CONT'D)
 Great.