

64 BARS: EPISODE 2

Written by

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Address
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INT. BRIANNA'S LOWER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - DAY

We see Brianna through an Instagram Live stream. Comments roll in, hearts, reactions, etc. Caps hang on the wall behind Brianna. Clear, stacked boxes with sneakers line the wall. Her bed has Black sheets, there's a Nike check rug on the floor and small basketball hoop on a wall.

BRIANNA

What's up y'all? It's DeBri,
welcome back to my live. Y'all are
in for a treat today. I've been
working on a new track with a new
producer. We are about to enter a
new era. New music, new Bri. So
without further ado, here is a
sneak peek of "Gouda"

A drill beat plays. Comments come in praising the beat and asking who's the producer. Bri bops her head. She raps along to herself on the track.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Greeting your bitch like top of the
morning/When I wake up I get top in
the morning
I kill the pussy it's dead now she
mourning/go to sleep, wake up and
do it next morning.
No opps cuz they keep reporting/I'm
buying the shit that they not
affording
Y'all sleeping on me, I hear y'all
snoring/Know that all pussies get
handled accordingly

Brianna stops rapping and lets the beat play. She reads the comments on the screen.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I can't tell you guys who the
producer is. At least not yet. When
the song is finished though, you'll
know.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Am I open to collaborating? Yes, of
course. Put me on to some fire
artist. Only the best of the best
though. Real recognize real.

A comment says, "have you heard the snippet of Debut? I think you would sound really good on it." Other comments appear agreeing, saying the two artists' rap styles go well together.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I have heard the snippet. But it's not really my style. Besides, I'm tryna network up.

The comments are only about Debut and collaborating with newer artists.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Alright y'all, I can't give away too much of the song now. I just wanted to let y'all know that new music is on the way and to keep your ears peeled. Debut out. Peace!

Brianna ends the live stream and sighs deeply. She goes on Amaya's Instagram and sees Amaya has gained 5k followers. A lot are mutuals of Brianna. Brianna clicks off her phone. She goes to her room and comes back with a pen and notebook. She sits with the pencil hovering the pad, then shuts the book.

DING DONG DING DONG

Brianna groans and walks to the door.

UPS GUY

Package for Lucy Thompson.

BRIANNA

That's my mom. I'll take it.

UPS GUY

Well is your mom here?

BRIANNA

No, this is my apartment.

UPS GUY

Aren't you a little young to be living on your own?

BRIANNA

Aren't you stupid?

UPS GUY

What?

Brianna snatches the package and shuts the door. She tosses the box on the counter and texts her mother:

MOM, CAN YOU PLEASE STOP SENDING YOUR PACKAGES TO MY APARTMENT?

Her mom responds:

BRIANNA, CAN YOU PLEASE STOP COMPLAINING ABOUT WHAT I DO IN PLACES I PAY FOR?

Brianna tosses her phone onto the couch and plops next to it. She eyes the notebook and grabs it again. She writes. Her phone buzzes, she slams the book shut.

BRIANNA

How did Amaya write anything with all these interruptions?

A message from COACH:

GAME DAY!!

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

Brianna jumps up. She messily packs a duffle bag, quickly gets dressed and exits her apartment.

INT. AMAYA'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Amaya lays on her stomach on her bed, Mikayla swivels in the desk chair.

MIKAYLA

Ok. Your word is tomato.

AMAYA

Tomato? Alright. Let's see.
I make your girl blush red like a
tomato/These rappers getting mashed
and fried like a potato
I'm always gonna get the cream like
I'm alfredo/I'll take you down a
couple noches like buenos

MIKAYLA

Alfredo? Potato? You hungry or something?

AMAYA

Are you? You started it with tomato.

MIKAYLA

No, I was just trying to make you think outside the box, not on the plate.

AMAYA

Whatever. Give me a new word.

MIKAYLA

Hmmmm.

Mikayla spins in the chair. She stops and faces Amaya's closet. There's a skateboard, sweaters, pants, sneakers and

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

A guitar?

AMAYA

Alright. Guitar, star, Mars, cars.

MIKAYLA

No not for rapping. You still have a guitar?

AMAYA

Yea, of course.

Mikayla grabs the guitar and strums it. It's out of tune.

MIKAYLA

Jesus, when was the last time you played this thing?

AMAYA

I don't remember. It has been a minute though.

Mikayla tunes the guitar. She spins in the chair with it. She plays the guitar riff from Debut.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

Did you actually play that riff on the track? Like on the guitar?

MIKAYLA

No, I didn't use an actual guitar. But just cause I use software instruments doesn't mean I'm not skilled in ye olde musical instruments.

Mikayla now plays "That's What I want" by Lil Nas X. She sings along.

AMAYA

How come you don't sing more?
Actually. Why are you outside the
booth? With a voice like that, you
should be producing beats for
yourself.

MIKAYLA

Nah, my singing era is over.

AMAYA

Boooo.

Mikayla plays a somber Bluesy tune as she speaks.

MIKAYLA

I'm sorry to disappoint but I'm
firm on this. I used to sing sooo
much when I was in elementary
school. Before we even became
friends. And I loved it. But people
find out you can sing and they
never let you stop. I was doing
shows, pageants, glee club,
competitions, lessons, auditions.
My poor little voice never got a
break. By the time I got to high
school I was so over it. It felt
like a job. It wasn't for me
anymore.

AMAYA

Ok Lone Ranger. So how'd you go
from singing to making beats?

MIKAYLA

Well, I love music period. Singing
brought me in contact with a lot of
different sounds, genres,
instruments. So I picked up a
couple instruments on the side when
I wasn't singing.

AMAYA

Guitar and what else?

MIKAYLA

Nothing crazy, Piano, violin,
saxophone, flute, some African
percussion, ukulele, regular
percussion, harmonica, and
recorder.

AMAYA

The recorder? No offense but those sound like shit.

MIKAYLA

They sound like shit because no one knows how to play them correctly. And also because they always give them to kindergarteners who just blow it like a whistle.

AMAYA

So when did you learn to play it?

MIKAYLA

First grade.

AMAYA

The proper age of a true recordist.

MIKAYLA

Nah I'm just advanced.

AMAYA

How about you advance your career and start singing again. I'll even write lyrics for you if you want.

MIKAYLA

Nope. Especially to you writing lyrics for me. You're supposed to be writing for yourself. You and only you.

AMAYA

Fine. But when I become the next big thing. I want you to sing a hook or a chorus for me.

MIKAYLA

Maybe. If you pay me enough.

AMAYA

I'll pawn my grammy.

MIKAYLA

Nah just give me the grammy. I'll put it next to my others.

AMAYA

Deal.

An alarm goes off on Mikayla's phone. She quiets it.

MIKAYLA
Shit, I gotta go.

AMAYA
Late for your meeting with Ice
Spice?

MIKAYLA
I wish. My niece has a basketball
game. She needs her biggest
cheerleader.

AMAYA
Where are your pom poms?

MIKAYLA
Up your ass.

AMAYA
Really? I'll fish them out with
this.

Amaya puts up the middle finger. The two laugh. Mikayla puts
the guitar back and exits.

MIKAYLA
I'll see you later.

INT. BASKETBALL GYM - DAY

A group of middle schoolers enter the gym with duffle bags.
The gym is already filled with a scattered audience and
another basketball team warming up. Brianna enters with a bag
full of basketballs. She wears a cap with an alligator on it.

The team takes off their jackets revealing their uniforms.
Some members change shoes, others start stretching, some
shoot basketballs.

BRIANNA
Hey! You guys know the drill.
Stretch and warm up before you
start shooting around.

COACH
Y'all heard your AC, circle up.
Captain lead your team in
stretches.

The middle schoolers stretch and count in unison. Brianna
unloads the bag of balls. She pulls gatorades and waters out
of her duffle bag.

Across the gym Mikayla enters. She looks around and spots a little girl in a blue uniform. The girl runs up and hugs Mikayla. The two walk the sidelines. Brianna finishes and supervises her team. Mikayla spots her from across the court.

Mikayla stops walking and eyes Brianna.

MIKAYLA

Is that who I think it is?

She bends to her niece.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

Hey, is that the coach for the other team?

NIECE

One of them.

MIKAYLA

Ok. Well I'm gonna find my seat.
You do me a huge favor and DESTROY
the other team. No mercy.

Mikayla's niece high fives her and runs back to her team. Mikayla stands up straight and locks eyes with Brianna. She scoffs. Brianna walks away angry. She blows her whistle.

BRIANNA

Alright team. Huddle up!

The kids form a tight circle around Brianna.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

No messing around today. We need to
crush the other team. Play
aggressive, play smart. Now go warm
up.

CUT TO:

WHISTLE BLOWS

(Odd numbers are Bri's team, even are Mikayla's)

The referee throws the basketball in the air. #1 hits it to her teammate. They dribble up the court.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Wonderful ladies!!

The odd numbers pass the ball back and forth. #1 to #7, #7 to #3. #6 intercepts the next pass and dribbles the other way.

#2 follows next to her, #6 passes, number #2 scores (Mikayla's niece). Mikayla screams the loudest.

MIKAYLA

WOOOOOO!! That's my niece!

The gym turns their attention to Mikayla. Brianna scowls. The games continues, Brianna and Mikayla make fools of themselves with excessive cheering and yelling.

The game is now tied. Brianna has her team huddled up. The other team as well. Mikayla shoots her niece a thumbs up from the stands. The teams break and get back on the court. Bri's team inbounds the ball.

The shot clock winds down.

BRIANNA

Get open, get open! Move around!

A player shoots the ball and misses. The even team gets the rebound. #8 passes to #4, she throws it to Mikayla's niece. She goes in for a layup, but #5 goes in for a block and knocks her over. The whistle blows, the crowd OOUUUs.

Mikayla runs off the stands to her niece. She helps her up.

MIKAYLA

Are you ok? Are you hurt? Please don't be hurt, your father is gonna kill me.

NIECE

I'm ok. Just bruised on my shoulder.

Mikayla storms over to Brianna.

MIKAYLA

This is what you teach your players? Huh? To be violent?

BRIANNA

Violent? It's called aggression. Maybe your niece shouldn't be so sensitive.

MIKAYLA

Sensitive!?

COACH

Hey hey! What's going on here? We got a game to finish. Brianna, you know this girl?

BRIANNA

No.

MIKAYLA

You right about that. You don't know me.

Mikayla walks away. She sits back in her spot. Her Niece sets up to shoot free throws. She misses the first one. Her teammates high five her.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

That's alright, you got this.

Mikayla's niece shoots her second shot. It bounces. Hesitates on the rim, then falls off, away from the net. The crowd groans. The ref blows his whistle thrice. Game ends in a tie.

Players and parents meet in the middle of the court. Coaches pack equipment.

BRIANNA

Huddle up team!

The players circle around Brianna.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

We didn't win. But we also didn't lose. You guys all played great today, you gave it your all, especially you Georgia (#5). Love the hustle. Try not to actually knock them over though. Alright get changed, find your parents, and I'll see you at practice on Friday.

The girls split, they grab water, get dressed, find their parents. Mikayla finds her niece and wraps her in a hug. Brianna side-eyes.

NIECE

Woah, not too much. You're gonna embarrass me.

MIKAYLA

Girl, I ain't yo mama.

NIECE

No, but to other people you look like you could be.

MIKAYLA

Did you just call me old?

Her niece looks away.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)
Woowoooww. Alright. I guess we not
going out to eat then.

NIECE
Who said that?

MIKAYLA
The old lady. You know I need to be
in bed by 5pm.

The two exit laughing. Mikayla looks back at Brianna.

INT. BRIANNA'S LOWER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Brianna enters her apartment. She kicks off her shoes, drops
her bags and crashes on the couch.

CUT TO:

BRIANNA SNORING ON THE COUCH - EVENING

BZZZ BZZZ BZZZ

Brianna twitches, then jumps up. She searches for her phone,
finds it. It's Roc.

BRIANNA
Fuck!

Brianna sits up, smoothes her hair, and flicks on a nearby
lamp. She clears her throat and answers.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
Yooo, what's good?

ROC
Yo, I hope you not busy. My guy
over at Hype Records heard some of
your stuff. Wants to see what else
you got.

BRIANNA
What else I got? Is this a
performance?

ROC
Nah, nah. It's gonna be a chill
thing.

(MORE)

ROC (CONT'D)

Hit the studio and show him
whatever new lyrics you've been
working on.

BRIANNA

(nervously)

Ohhh. Yea, yea. I'll um- what time
do you need me there?

ROC

Around 8.

Brianna checks the time, it's 6:34.

BRIANNA

Cool, see you at 8.

Brianna hangs up. She leaves and comes back with a pencil and
notebook. She plops on the couch and stares at the book.

Beat.

She tosses the book on the couch and stands.

CUT TO:

BRIANNA'S BEDROOM - 6:50PM

Green LED lights fill the room, A beat plays on a speaker,
Brianna lays on her bed and blows smoke out of her mouth. She
scribbles in the notebook.

BRIANNA

Mmhhmmm.

INT. NEW YORK STUDIO - NIGHT

Roc and his buddy, DOM, 29, Black, shorter than Roc, in all
black and shades and a cap on, laugh. Brianna enters.

ROC

DeBri, right on time. This is my
guy, Dom.

BRIANNA

Nice to meet you, Dom.

DOM

It's a pleasure.

ROC

Alright. Y'all know I don't like to waste time. So let's get to it.

BRIANNA

Always. In and out the studio.

DOM

I had my producer make me track that I know you'll sound fire on.

Dom sits at the soundboard and plugs in a flash drive. A hip hop beat blasts from the speakers. Roc and Bri nod along.

BRIANNA

Yea, I got something for this.

Brianna walks into the booth and puts the headphones on. Dom begins recording and shoots her a thumbs up.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Look, look, said, "step back, cuz you need a six pack/Of tic tacs, fuck all of the chit chat/Ain't with that, hear the boom after I go click clack/You get that, come for me you gon get hit back/Your shit cracked-

Roc and Dom sit in confusion. Roc stops the beat. Brianna, takes the headphones off and exits the booth.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

What's going on?

ROC

I want to ask you the same thing.

BRIANNA

What you mean? You not fucking with that?

ROC

Compared to what I've been hearing before we met, no I'm not fucking with it.

DOM

Yea Roc, I thought you said she was the real deal.

BRIANNA

I am the real deal. I'm-I'm just having an off day. And this session sprung out of nowhere.

ROC

You gotta stay ready. Let's hear something else.

Brianna pulls out your notebook. She flips through the pages and mumbles to herself.

BRIANNA

I..I don't have anything else.

DOM

Yo Roc, Ima catch you later.

The two men dap. Dom exits. Roc sighs.

ROC

You better have a good reason for fucking up this deal.

BRIANNA

I'm sorry! I really tried to come up with something before the meeting but-

ROC

But nothing. Where's the lyricist I heard on Probation? That's the song that even made me want to work with you. The lyrics, the flow, the energy. I thought I was investing in the full package.

BRIANNA

I'm sorry. I just...

ROC

Well? What is it?

Brianna is antsy she drops her head, sighs deeply.

BRIANNA

I didn't write those lyrics.

ROC

To Probation??

BRIANNA

To any song! Maybe I had a couple lines or words but majority of it wasn't mine. I just performed them.

ROC

So you was out here stealing lyrics?

BRIANNA

I didn't steal them. I had a writer, we were in an agreement.

ROC

Well it sounds like you need to hit this writer up. And fast.

Roc walks to the door.

BRIANNA

But-

ROC

No more buts. If you want it, you gotta get it by any means necessary. So get your writer, and get to work.

Roc slams the door. Brianna swivels in her chair, hands on her face.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - NIGHT

Amaya swivels in a computer chair, slouched and head back. Mikayla sits at a computer next to her and types without looking at the keyboard.

AMAYA

Are you almost done?

MIKAYLA

Yea, just 2 more pages.

AMAYA

Two more pages!

Other students around the two look in their direction.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Two pages doesn't sound like almost done to me.

MIKAYLA

Two pages out of ten is almost done to me. Just play on your phone.

AMAYA

I'm tired of my games. Let me play on your phone.

MIKAYLA

Fine.

Mikayla unlocks her phone and hands it to Amaya. An ad for Royal Match plays loudly. Amaya and Mikayla jolt. Library patrons scowl in their direction. Mikayla shoots Amaya an angry look.

AMAYA

(whispers)

I'm so sorry.

Amaya continues swiping on Mikayla's phone

AMAYA (CONT'D)

Awww, you really love your niece. Look how happy you look.

Amaya turns the phone to Mikayla, it's a picture of Mikayla and her niece in her basketball uniform from today. Amaya pulls the phone back.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

Wait. Who is that in the background? Is that-no way. What the fuck is Bri doing in the back of your picture.

MIKAYLA

What!

Mikayla snaps her head towards Amaya.

LIBRARY PATRONS

Shhhh!

MIKAYLA

(sucks teeth)

Lemme see.

Mikayla zooms in the picture, sure enough, Brianna is in the back with her gator hat.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

Way to ruin a nice picture.

AMAYA

What are y'all two doing in the same place?

MIKAYLA

She's a coach for a team my niece played against.

AMAYA

Ooohhhh please tell me your niece crushed them.

MIKAYLA

More like she got crushed. One of the girls from the other team knocked her over.

AMAYA

Is she ok?!

MIKAYLA

Yea, she's alright

AMAYA

Can the same be said for Bri?

MIKAYLA

Lucky for her, it can.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIANNA'S LOWER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brianna enters her apartment. She tosses her keys on the counter and kicks off her shoes. She tiredly enters her bedroom and plops on her bed.

The peace is broken by a RINGGGG. Brianna groans and throws a mini tantrum. She finally picks up her phone, it's "DAD" she softens and answers.

BRIANNA

Hey, dad.

CHARLES

Brioche Bun! How you doing?

BRIANNA
I'm alright.

CHARLES
You don't sound like it. Did you
lose your game today?

BRIANNA
Nah, it ended in a tie.

CHARLES
Well, as long as you still get
paid.

BRIANNA
Oh, absolutely. You know I don't do
anything for free.

CHARLES
That's my girl.

Brianna chuckles.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Oh, I just saw a Tic Tac video of
you performing.

BRIANNA
You mean TikTok?

CHARLES
Whatever it is, you should've told
me you had a show, your mother and
I would've came to see you. I feel
like I haven't seen you on stage
since you were in high school.

BRIANNA
It's alright, I know you guys are
busy.

CHARLES
Never too busy. When's the next
show?

BRIANNA
Ummmmmm. I might not..have a
show..for awhile.

CHARLES
Why not? You're a performer.
Performers gotta perform.

BRIANNA

Performers need managers to book them shows.

CHARLES

Well what about those two girls you used to do shows with? They can't help you out.

BRIANNA

No. I-I need to do things on my own. I'm a solo act, and besides, when I finally get my record deal, I won't have to split it three ways.

CHARLES

(chuckles)

Keeping your eye on the prize I see.

NESSA (O.S.)

Charles!

BRIANNA

Is that mom?

Brianna's mother NESSA, cream skin, hair in a curly afro, semi formal clothes, appears on the phone screen.

NESSA

Your father is forgetting to tell you that I'm coming to pick up my package tomorrow. You give him one job and he forgets.

CHARLES

I was getting there.

NESSA

When? Tomorrow? You over here talking about high school.

CHARLES

Is it a crime to have a conversation with my daughter? To reminisce **on** the memories?

NESSA

You are so dramatic.

CHARLES

And you are so fine.

BRIANNA

And you both are so gross.

NESSA

Oh, hush. You'll understand when
you have someone yourself.

BRIANNA

And who's to say I don't already?

Brianna's parents look unbelievably at Brianna through the
camera. Brianna looks hurt.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Wow. This is where I hang up.

CHARLES

Bye honey. And remember we want an
invite to the next show.

BRIANNA

Bye guys.

Brianna ends the call and sighs. She puts her head in her
hands, looks up, then around the apartment. Empty, quiet. She
walks to her desktop, logs in, and plays a beat.

START MONTAGE WITH INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

Brianna swivels in her chair with her notebook on her head.

CUT TO:

INT. AMAYA'S DORM ROOM

Amaya scribbles furiously in her notebook.

CUT TO:

CAMPUS STUDIO

Mikayla has her headphones on, she's at a desktop and taps
the pads on a beat machine in timing to the montage music.

BRIANNA'S LOWER EAST SIDE APARTMENT

Brianna focuses on her computer, the screen is revealed to be
a solitaire game.

AMAYA'S DORM ROOM

Amaya snores.

BRIANNA'S LOWER EAST SIDE APARTMENT

Brianna cuts the beat, ending the montage. She pulls out her phone and scrolls through, in the corner is an old picture of the three girls. Brianna opens the photo app.

She pulls up a video, young Amaya and Brianna rap the song that started it all. Brianna looks around the room, she spots her notebook and grabs it with a pencil. She rewinds the video and writes down the words from the song.

Brianna scrolls through her photos and lands on another old rap video. She writes those lyrics too.

THE NEXT DAY

Amaya is awoken again to her ringtone.

AMAYA

Hello?

MIKAYLA

You'll never believe what just happened

AMAYA

What happened?

MIKAYLA

Ok, so you know my classical jazz professor right?

AMAYA

Um, no.

MIKAYLA

Really? Mr. Sacks?

AMAYA

Girl, I am a Creative Writing Major, there is no reason I would know a Conservatory professor.

Mikayla rolls her eyes.

MIKAYLA

Anyways, he was telling us about this little spot he frequents and how they're having an open mic night this weekend.

AMAYA

Please-

MIKAYLA

Let me finish. So of course he made it required that we go hear him perform cuz professors are very self-absorbed, especially the conservatory ones. They always tryna make us listen to their shit-

AMAYA

Kay!

MIKAYLA

Right, my bad. So, he also offered extra credit to anyone who performed as well.

AMAYA

Oh! That's pretty cool. Which one of your 700 instruments are you gonna play?

MIKAYLA

I'm still deciding. Although I am a straight A student and don't need extra credit.

AMAYA

So what was the point of all this?

MIKAYLA

You know what the point is. I figured if I performed as well, it would make you more comfortable to do the same.

AMAYA

Mikayla, no I-

MIKAYLA

Amaya, please. The song has been out for a little while now and it's already doing so well. You gotta build on the hype.

AMAYA

Yea, by dropping more music, new music.

MIKAYLA

No, by putting yourself out there. People know your voice now, let them get to know your face, your energy. This will make them excited for more of you.

AMAYA

I just. I don't know.

MIKAYLA

Please Amaya, pleaseeee. Just say you'll think about it. At least.

Beat.

AMAYA

Alright-

MIKAYLA

YES!

AMAYA

I'm not saying yes. I'll think about it.

MIKAYLA

Good enough for me. The spot is in Harlem, it's Saturday at 7pm, I'll drive us.

AMAYA

What- I said I'll think about it, not that I'm going.

MIKAYLA

Well I'm still gonna be there and do my thing. You don't wanna come support your bestie?

Mikayla begins to fake cry.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

After all I've done for you, and everything we've been through together.

AMAYA

Alright, alright. Damn. I'll go with you.

MIKAYLA
WOOOO. Period. Ok, I gotta go.
Thank youuuu!

The call ends and Amaya groans. She checks the date on her phone, it's Tuesday. She tosses her phone and bundles herself under her sheets.

INT. NEW YORK STUDIO - DAY

Brianna paces the studio lobby. Roc enters, decked out in jewelry like always.

ROC
You found a writer already?

BRIANNA
Nah, it's all me now.

ROC
(hesitantly)
Alright. Let's hit the booth. Dom
is gonna spin back in a couple
minutes.

BRIANNA
Ok. I wanna preface by saying these
are still the first drafts, but I
think they're promising.

Roc makes his way to the elevator, Brianna follows.

ROC
For the record, don't preface your
work. Let the art speak for itself.
Come through with confidence
always.

The elevator door closes.

CUT TO:

NEW YORK STUDIO ROOM

Brianna finishes the last bar of her rap.

BRIANNA
"I just can't believe that you'd be
the one to do me dirty"

She takes the headphones off and steps out the booth. She sits in a swivel chair and rolls.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

So?

Roc and Dom look at each other.

DOM

It's not bad.

Roc eyes Brianna suspiciously, she gulps.

ROC

You've had stronger bars, but we can work with this. Add some things, revise and what not.

DOM

Absolutely. There's a meet and greet happening this Sunday. Label execs get together and invite prospective artists, producers, engineers, writers, anyone they're looking to break into the industry really. Everyone mingles, some partnerships are made.

ROC

Some people get cut.

DOM

It may just be a little **get together**, but everything you do, everyone you talk to can make or break your career. Think of it as a test. But I think you'll pass. You got a swagger about you.

BRIANNA

For real? That's awesome!

DOM

Its invite only, so don't think you can sneak any of your little friends in.

BRIANNA

(under her breath)

What friends?

DOM

Copy?

BRIANNA

No friends, got it!

DOM

Alright then. Roc, thanks for bringing me back. I'm looking forward to getting into more business. DeBri, we'll be in touch.

Dom exits. Brianna spins in her chair. Roc sits still, hard.

ROC

Where'd you get the lyrics from?

Brianna stops spinning, she faces Roc.

BRIANNA

What you mean? You told me to get some better bars and I did.

ROC

Barely.

BRIANNA

It's been one night. I can't turn into Kendrick immediately.

ROC

So you wrote them?

BRIANNA

Yea, of course I did. It's in MY notebook and MY handwriting. I got this Roc.

ROC

You better. Dom seems all nice and shit but that's just for now. Once he takes you on, you gotta stay on. Or he'll drop you real quick. You remember Kiyoshi 96?

BRIANNA

Who the hell is that?

ROC

Exactly. When I bring up DeBri, you don't want people to say "who the hell is that". So make sure you're memorable. The best way to do that, is to be consistent.

BRIANNA

I gotchu Roc. I promise.

Brianna looks straight ahead, nervous, then focused.

END OF EPISODE