

EPISODE 5 OF 64 BARS

Written by

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DEBUT PLAYS.

INT. BUS - DAY

Amaya sits in a window seat, headphones on and backpack on the other chair. She writes away. The bus stops. People walk down the aisle. Someone stops at Amaya's seat.

PERSON

Excuse me.

Amaya doesn't flinch.

PERSON (CONT'D)

Excuse me! Hello!

Amaya looks up confused. She takes her headphones off.

PERSON (CONT'D)

There's no other seat. Can you move your bag?

Amaya looks around. Every seat is taken. She moves her bag.

AMAYA

Sorry.

The person sits. Amaya looks down at her notebook, she closes it. She looks out the window.

MUSIC STOPS

INT. CAMPUS MUSIC STUDIO HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Amaya stops in front of the studio door. She stares at the knob, slowly reaches for it, then pulls her hand back. She takes a deep breath and grabs the knob. She closes her eyes tight, then opens them. She enters.

Mikayla sits at the mixing board headphones on. She takes them off and turns to Amaya. She walks over to Amaya. Amaya goes for a hug, Mikayla goes for a kiss. They switch.

Awkwardly, they settle on a hug. Mikayla sits at the board, Amaya plops on the couch. Silence.

AMAYA

I'm sorry I just-

MIKAYLA

Sorry, I didn't-

The two freeze.

AMAYA (CONT'D)                      MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

It's ok, I didn-                      No, no, it's fine-

They stop again.

AMAYA (CONT'D)  
Sorry, you go.

MIKAYLA  
Are we good?

AMAYA  
Of course! Why wouldn't we be good?

MIKAYLA  
Considering what just happened..

AMAYA  
Right, that. I don't know. Things  
shouldn't be weird. Right? We're  
still friends.

Mikayla's face falls.

MIKAYLA  
Friends. Right.

AMAYA  
If that's ok with you.

MIKAYLA  
Yea. Yea, we're friends. We should  
probably get started.

Mikayla turns away to the mixing board. Amaya looks at Mikayla, regretting her words.

AMAYA  
Uh, I got a new song. All I need is  
a chorus and we're set.

MIKAYLA  
I actually think we should hold off  
on that. We need to build your  
online presence.

AMAYA  
Yes. And we can do that with a  
song.

MIKAYLA  
Yes, and that will come later. But  
people need to see you, not just  
hear you.

AMAYA

See me do what? A stupid TikTok dance?

MIKAYLA

Yes. Do a stupid dance. Or create a stupid dance. Point is, you need to be relatable, interesting, and caught up on all trends.

AMAYA

But-

MIKAYLA

Look! This is the life. If you wanna be in it, then you gotta be in it. So are you gonna do it or not?

Amaya looks shocked.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to get all serious. But, there are other things you can do than a silly dance. You can make a music video to your first song. You can drop videos of you free styling. Behind the scenes of the creation process. It's up to you.

AMAYA

Ok. I'll brainstorm.

Amaya grabs her bag and stands.

MIKAYLA

Are you leaving?

AMAYA

Um, yea. Since we aren't recording today. And I should get started on that content creation. Write a couple verses, find spots to film. I'll see you later though?

MIKAYLA

Yea. I'll see you later.

Amaya exits. Mikayla puts her face in her hands.

EXT. OUTSIDE GYM - DAY

Brianna walks along the side of the building. She checks the time on her phone and breaks into a light jog.

INT. GYM OFFICE - DAY

Coach flips through a playbook. KNOCK KNOCK. She looks up.

COACH

Come in!

The door opens and Brianna peeks her head in. Coach waves her in. Brianna fully steps inside and sits across from Coach. The two women stare at each other.

COACH (CONT'D)

Do you know why I asked you to see me today?

BRIANNA

Uhh, because I left the game early yesterday?

COACH

Because you left the game early yesterday. And not only did you leave the game early yesterday. You did so after I strictly prohibited you from doing so.

BRIANNA

I understand. But we still won. That's great.

COACH

It doesn't matter if we won. That's not the point. The point is, you had a responsibility and you abandoned it. You have a TEAM and you abandoned them.

BRIANNA

I'm sorry Coach. It's just-

COACH

I don't want to hear about your rap thing. I hired an assistant coach. Not a rapper.

BRIANNA

And I understand that. But basketball isn't the only thing I got going on.

COACH

And that's fine. Everyone has hobbies. But they're meant to be done in your free time. Not work time.

BRIANNA

Hobby? Rapping isn't a hobby for me.

COACH

So coaching this team is the hobby?

BRIANNA

Let's be real here. Did you think I was going to work here my whole life?

COACH

I had hoped that you'd be committed enough to stick around for a couple years. Then take over my spot as head coach. Win the girls so many championships that you'd get recruited by a bigger school. Older kids. Work your way up to maybe even coaching a WNBA level team.

BRIANNA

Well I'm sorry, I didn't realize you had my whole life planned out for me.

COACH

Listen. I'm not gonna tell you how to live your life. But if you're not completely here then you need to go somewhere that you'll put your all into.

BRIANNA

Are you firing me!?

COACH

No. I'm telling you to think about your life and what you want. Because you can't have your foot in two doors. You need to choose one and walk through.

(MORE)

COACH (CONT'D)

Starting with my office door. I need to prepare for the next game. The **semi-finals**. I need a decision by tonight.

Brianna sits, mouth agape.

COACH (CONT'D)

Go on now. Take some time to think.

Brianna gets up and walks to the door.

COACH (CONT'D)

Hey. Whatever you choose, you'll be great.

BRIANNA

Thanks.

Brianna exits. Coach continues flipping through plays.

EXT. OUTSIDE GYM - DAY

Brianna pulls out her phone and texts GABBY:

YOU BUSY?

Three bubbles pop up, Brianna walks away, head still down.

EXT. CAMPUS PLAZA - DAY

Amaya drags a chair behind her. Her other arm carries a speaker, poster board, wires, a stand, a tripod and microphone. She settles on a spot and empties her hand.

She leans the poster on the mic stand, puts the mic in and connects it to the speaker. She taps the mic.

AMAYA

Check-

LOUD feedback echos through the plaza from the microphone. Amaya winces, people walking by look in her direction with disgust and confusion. She turns a dial.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

(wearily)

Hello?

No feedback.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

Check check. Mic check. Hello everyone! Sorry to disturb you on this *fine day*. My name is Amaya and I'm...uh...I'm just here, and that's ok. While I'm here, I will be free styling. Spit some fire. Drop lyrical bombs.

Everyone ignores her.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

(clears throat)

Anyways. I will be taking words, topics, suggestions, literally anything you think of, and I will rap about it on the spot.

A student looks up and smirks. He nudges his friends.

STUDENT

Oh yeah?

AMAYA

Yea. Do you have a suggestion?

STUDENT

Yea. Rap about the loser on the plaza with the mic.

Amaya's head drops. She turns around.

The student laughs. Then a beat plays. The student stops.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

No way. She's actually gonna do it.

AMAYA

Once there was a student with a mic on the plaza/she was being loud, people thought she was a bother/The way they walk pass you'd think nobody saw her/But when they heard her rhyme, she left them all in awe, huh.

STUDENT

This is lame.



AMAYA

Then came a guy with a real funny  
suggestion/Tried to embarrass me  
but it's going another  
direction/Now Amaya's gonna have to  
teach you a lesson/About tryna  
lessen, and make people feel less  
than.

The student folds his arms, his friends look at him.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

Are you proud of your joke Mr.  
Booboo the Fool/Think you're top  
shit, maybe king of the school/You  
walk around with your lackeys think  
you all kinds of cool/But in  
actuality the loser on the plaza is  
you!

LACKEYS

OOOOHHHHHH!

The student huffs away. His friends follow laughing.

PASSERBY

That was pretty good. Could you do  
one about my ex Brad?

AMAYA

I'm gonna need a little context on  
this Brad guy.

PASSERBY

You might wanna take a seat for  
this.

Amaya plops down into the folding chair.

INT. CAMPUS MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

Mikayla removes her headphones and shuts her laptop. She  
sighs and swivels in the chair.

FLASHBACK

INT. AMAYA'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Mikayla and Amaya lay in bed. RINGGG RINGGG. Mikayla jumps up  
and searches for her phone. She stops the alarm and looks  
over at Amaya sleeping soundly.

Carefully she climbs over Amaya and off the bed. She gathers her clothes and heads to the bathroom.

MINUTES LATER

Mikayla exits the bathroom, dressed. She glances at Amaya. She steps towards her, hesitates, then pivots the other way and leaves.

END FLASHBACK

INT. MUSIC STUDIO

Mikayla puts her headphones back on and opens her laptop. She pulls up a DAW and plays a melody on the midi board.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Brianna sips a drink and scrolls on her phone. A shadow overtakes her and she looks up. It's Gabby.

BRIANNA

Oh-hey!

GABBY

Hey!

Brianna ushers to the chair across from her and Gabby sits.

BRIANNA

I'm glad you could make it.

GABBY

Yea, so nice of you to ask me on a date.

BRIANNA

Date? I-I I mean-

GABBY

I'm just kidding, it's ok.

BRIANNA

Sorry, I'm just..not used to networking.

GABBY

Ahhh, networking. Should we exchange business cards?

Brianna chuckles.

BRIANNA

When I make one, you'll be the first to get it. But in all seriousness, I asked to meet up because I wanna see what else is out there. Music wise.

GABBY

Ok. But why me? Other than my pretty face.

BRIANNA

That right there. Your confidence. It reminds me of..me.

Gabby laughs slightly too loud.

GABBY

You're funny. I just might consider working with you.

BRIANNA

I'm good on that. DeBri is a solo act. I assume you are too. And you seem pretty well off. What label are you signed too?

GABBY

That's the thing. I'm not signed to any label. I'm independent, in every way.

BRIANNA

Really? How do you make any REAL money.

GABBY

First of all, all money is real money. And second of all, who says I'm not making "REAL money".

BRIANNA

Most "independent" artists don't make as much as label artists.

GABBY

If you're looking to rock the biggest chains and drive the fastest cars, a label CAN get you there. If you let them stick a hand up your ass and move your mouth for you.

BRIANNA

Woah! That's a little extreme.

GABBY

And it's also the truth. You think anyone is let you make that much money and not want something in return?

BRIANNA

I just want to be at the top.

GABBY

You can be at the top. There's more than one list or chart. What label are you signed to?

BRIANNA

Also no label. At least not yet. I'm so close but-

GABBY

But what?

BRIANNA

I-I don't know. They want me to join a group.

GABBY

That's cool.

BRIANNA

For some people. But I want to make it. Not me and 5 other people.

GABBY

That sounds super selfish. Why can't we all make it?

BRIANNA

I didn't mean it like that.

GABBY

I get it. You want to be independent in a different way. But why not be independent, and INDEPENDENT.

BRIANNA

I don't know. I never really thought about it. How does it even work.

GABBY

Well that depends on how independent you want to be. You can do EVERYTHING yourself. Write, record, film, edit, design, etc. Or you find people to do it for you. But funding and payment is on you.

BRIANNA

I don't got money for that. That's what the label is for.

GABBY

Yes. But when you do it yourself, you work on your own timing. Drop music when you want, film what you want when you want. Wear what you want. Do you want financial freedom, or creative freedom?

Brianna sips her drink.

EXT. OUTSIDE MUSIC BUILDING

Mikayla leaves the building and walks along the plaza. Amaya's voice is faintly heard. Mikayla stops in her tracks.

MIKAYLA

Amaya?

She walks towards the noise.

EXT. CAMPUS PLAZA - DAY

Mikayla arrives at the center of the plaza. A small crowd has formed. Mikayla squeezes through to the front and is met with Amaya rapping in the middle.

AMAYA

When you're with Brad, a sad time is had. Breath smells bad, got a stomach like a dad. Always made me mad when he used he word "rad". Did I mention he's a 20 year old high school grad.

CROWD

OOOOHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Amaya spots Mikayla.

AMAYA

Thank you all, that was  
called..Brad! Give me a minute and  
I'll be taking your suggestions.

Amaya walks up to Mikayla.

MIKAYLA

When I said put yourself out there  
I didn't mean literally.

Amaya stares blankly.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

I mean, I did mean it literally but  
what is this? And who is Brad and  
why do you know so much about him?

AMAYA

I have no idea who Brad is. And  
some girl asked me to rap about  
him.

MIKAYLA

Why?

AMAYA

It's how I'm making myself known.  
People give me topics, words,  
anything really, and I rap about  
them.

MIKAYLA

Ok. Have you been recording these?

Amaya freezes. Mikayla shakes her head. Amaya frowns.

AMAYA

I will now.

MIKAYLA

You go on. I'll record.

Amaya heads back to the center of the crowd. Mikayla takes  
her phone out and records.

AMAYA

Ok! Who's next? What am I rapping  
about.

WATCHER

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

Everyone goes quiet. Amaya stands mouth agape. She looks at Mikayla who is just as shocked behind the camera.

AMAYA

Uh. Does that even count as a word?

WATCHER

Do it!

The crowd slowly erupts into a chant.

CROWD

Do it, do it, do it, do it!

Amaya looks at Mikayla. Mikayla breaths in and out deeply. Amaya follows suit. Mikayla mouths: YOU GOT THIS. Amaya closes her eyes.

AMAYA

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious/  
I ain't ever heard another word  
that's so atrocious/ And I should  
know, my vocabulary's ferocious/  
You should get a pen and pad and  
start taking some notes, huh.

CROWD

Oouuuu.

WATCHER

Yea, that was cool, but I still  
think that you're bogus/It's time  
for someone else to shine and take  
over the focus/And if everyone  
forgets about you that would be a  
bonus/Then your career would be as  
real as the word  
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.

CROWD

OOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

AMAYA

Who even are you?

WATCHER

I could ask you the same thing.  
We're both rappers aren't we? Let's  
rap.

The crowd closes in on Amaya and the challenger. Mikayla, in the front, records; as do other watchers.

AMAYA

Well. Since you challenged me. I  
guess you got something to say?

The challenger stares Amaya down.

CHALLENGER

Hold up, wait a minute. You don't  
wanna battle me/You got basic bars  
and oouuu they really rattle  
me/NOT! You beating me, I wonder  
when that'll be/So you should just  
skidaddle B, I'm rounding up the  
cavalry, and now you'll see/Who the  
best is, I'm not to be messed  
with/So you an go ahead and take  
this "L" off your checklist

He makes an "L" with his hand then turns into into a check.

CHALLENGER (CONT'D)

My bars are really reckless/You  
don't wanna get this/Once I'm done  
beating you I wonder who the next  
is/The best is here, spit straight  
magic make you disappear/And I can  
see right through you, girl you  
crystal clear, the king is here/Yea  
I rock that crown/And everybody  
here know it yea I run this  
town/Keep a smile on my face, no I  
ain't gon frown/And you got nothing  
real to say so just shut your  
mouth/I'm out

The crowd cheers. Mikayla keeps quiet, Amaya rolls her eyes.  
She looks over at Mikayla, Mikayla nods. Amaya breaths out.

AMAYA

I guess it's my turn. Now I'm gonna  
have to make this guy learn/What  
happens when you play with fire/

He turns his face away from Amaya.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

Don't turn away, I might give you  
side burns.

CROWD

Ooooouuu.

He turns back.



AMAYA

Said I don't wanna battle but you  
the one that approached me/Talk  
about see through, but you the one  
looking ghostly/Mostly, cause your  
head is turning red like you wanna  
blow steam/Don't be mad I'm on fire  
when you the you one tryna roast  
me.

CROWD

Oooooohhhhhh!

PATRON

Oh my God!

CHALLENGER

Alright, alright! Look, I tried to  
take it easy on you for the first  
round/I can tell that you're an  
amateur, don't really got a  
sound/You wanna go big, make some  
waves, shake the ground/Well you  
sure got me shaking cause you weigh  
so many pounds.

CROWD

Oooooouuuuuuuuuuu!

CHALLENGER

You just a wannabe/sounding dookie  
on the beat/You got one song/No  
quantity or quality./So Why do you  
think you qualify to disturb the  
peace/Selling all these people  
trash bars with no return  
receipts/And this is 5 minutes I'll  
never see again/You pretend to be a  
rapper like you pretend to be men.

A silence falls over the plaza. Some people whisper and  
mumble but most look to Amaya for a response. Mikayla almost  
drops her phone. Amaya reassures her with a look.

AMAYA

You know, I wondered why you were  
so quick to challenge me.

(MORE)

AMAYA (CONT'D)

I thought maybe your friends placed  
a bet/Maybe you were a fellow  
artist who wanted to break a  
sweat/Now I see the truth is you  
see me as a threat/And Speaking of  
truth, it's time you share yours/It  
must be a juicy one, you're shaking  
in your drawers/See not many people  
here know about my song/So when'd  
you start stalking me, and for how  
long?

Gasps from the crowd.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

When you found my page it wasn't  
supposed to be much/But you kept on  
scrolling and now I think you got a  
crush.

Everyone laughs.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

But as you can see I ain't looking  
for a man/I guess that's why I  
"pretend" to be one and that made  
you mad/Now you all quiet  
regretting your last sentence/But  
it's ok, after this we can go  
somewhere private, and I'll be  
doing the bending.

Amaya caresses the challengers face. The crowd loses their  
shit. He moves Amaya's hand and runs through the crowd.  
Everyone closes in on Amaya, cheering, phones in her face.

INT. AMAYA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Amaya and Mikayla sit on chairs in the room. Takeout boxes  
are on the desk. Amaya tosses a wrapper into the trash. She  
sighs and swivels in her chair.

MIKAYLA

You really killed it today. Is it  
true about that guy stalking you?

AMAYA

I have no idea. But maybe it was,  
the way he ran out of there I felt  
like I did expose his biggest  
secret.

She stops her swivel and locks eyes with Mikayla. The two freeze. Neither speak but they want to. They look away.

AMAYA (CONT'D) MIKAYLA  
Why'd you leave so early- I'm sorry I left-

The two stop and recollect themselves.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I-panicked, I guess.

AMAYA  
I get that. But, with how last  
night went..I thought maybe..it  
wasn't just a one night thing.

MIKAYLA

It wasn't! It's not. I was scared. In the moment I could..BE in the moment. But afterwards, my mind started racing. What if things changed? What if you thought differently of me? What if..

AMAYA  
What?

MIKAYLA  
What if you didn't like me?

Amaya doesn't move. Mikayla hangs her head. A chuckle. Mikayla looks up, Amaya covers her mouth. She chuckles again.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)  
Are you laughing?!

AMAYA  
I'm sorry. Not for real. It's just.  
You thought I wouldn't like you.  
After we-

Amaya looks around and quiets her voice.

AMAYA (CONT'D)  
After we..slept together?

MIKAYLA  
Now I should laugh. Amaya, we're  
21. You can say we had sex.

AMAYA  
(sighs)  
You're right.  
(MORE)

( MORE )

AMAYA (CONT'D)

And to answer your question. I DO like you. That's why we had sex. I really like you.

MIKAYLA

I really like you too. I uh- I made a song today.

AMAYA

Dope, should I start writing?

MIKAYLA

No. Not a beat. A SONG. Lyrics and everything. And, it's about you. Me. Us? I'll just play it. But you can't laugh!

AMAYA

I would never.

Mikayla grabs her laptop. She presses play.

MIKAYLA

(in the song)

I don't want another one night fling/I think we could have a real good thing. So before this story ends/I think I wanna be more than friends.

The song continues to play. Amaya looks at Mikayla, she looks away shyly. Amaya approaches Mikayla. She cups her face and brings it close to hers. Amaya kisses her softly.

AMAYA

I think I wanna be more than friends too.

They kiss again more passionately. Amaya pulls away.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

Let's go on a date!

MIKAYLA

Right now?

AMAYA

No, no. Eventually.

MIKAYLA

If you wanna take me on a date you gotta ask better than that.

AMAYA

Mannnn. We were just smooching it up.

MIKAYLA

Wooooowwww. So because I kiss you, I'm not worthy of a proper date proposal?

AMAYA

No no no no no. You are beyond worthy.

Amaya grabs Mikayla's hand and kisses it.

MIKAYLA

Mikayla. Sweet, beautiful, amazing Mikayla. Would you grant me the highest honor, of allowing me to escort you on a romantic outing?

Mikayla giggles.

AMAYA

(southern)

Oh my! Why I would be delighted to be escorted by such a fine woman as yourself. Come get some sugar.

Amaya pounces.

EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT

Brianna and Gabby stroll along the sidewalk. They stop in front of a brownstone building.

GABBY

This is me.

BRIANNA

A brownstone. Nice. Whole thing, or just a floor.

GABBY

Just a floor.

BRIANNA

Top or bottom?

GABBY

Top.

BRIANNA  
Oooouuuuu! Well excuse me.

GABBY  
Oh please. You wouldn't be saying  
that if you saw how small it was  
inside.

BRIANNA  
Are you inviting me inside?

Gabby lightly pushes Brianna.

GABBY  
I am not. At least not tonight.

BRIANNA  
How's tomorrow night?

GABBY  
It's a date.

Brianna's eyes go wide.

BRIANNA  
I didn't think you'd agree to  
seeing me again so soon.

GABBY  
It's been a day since we met at the  
mixer. Why worry about "soon" now?

BRIANNA  
That's a great point you got there.  
Tomorrow night it is.

Brianna slowly approaches. She leans in. Gabby steps back

GABBY  
I can't.

Brianna freezes.

GABBY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

BRIANNA  
No no. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have  
assumed.

GABBY  
It's ok-

BRIANNA  
I'm just gonna go.

Brianna turns and speed walks away. Gabby sulks.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Brianna scrolls on her IG. She lands on WorldStarHipHop.  
Amaya's rap battle plays. Brianna rewinds the video and zooms  
on Amaya.

Brianna closes IG and opens Messages. She texts her coach:

"I'M SORRY COACH, I'M A RAPPER."

**END SCRIPT**