

64 BARS

Written by

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Address
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INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

All seats are filled, lights are dim. Curtains open and YOUNG AMAYA, 14, Black, stands center stage with a mic. YOUNG MIKAYLA, 14, Afro-Latina with short curly hair, djs behind her and plays a track. Amaya is a deer in headlights. The crowd murmurs.

YOUNG BRIANNA, 14, Black, hair slicked back in a ponytail, groans side stage. She waves Amaya down. Amaya looks her way.

YOUNG BRIANNA
(whispers)
Start rapping!

Amaya turns back to the crowd

YOUNG AMAYA
..um..

Brianna facepalms. She looks around anxiously then spots a mic. She grabs the mic then runs on stage. She freezes for a second then walks slowly towards Amaya.

YOUNG BRIANNA
"Hold up, wait a minute turn your
self around, You was 'posed to be
my baby but you couldn't hold it
down. I ain't working in a circus
but I'm looking like a clown. Girl
you gotta hit the bricks cuz I
ain't keeping you around."

Brianna urges Amaya to join in. Amaya still stands scared.

YOUNG BRIANNA (CONT'D)
"Pack your bags, show yourself to
the door cuz I'm down with all your
shit and I ain't loving you no
more."

Amaya looks out into the crowd, then at Brianna who's smiling at her. Amaya loosens up a bit. She raps a little.

YOUNG AMAYA
"To keep it real.....like a
chore.....stressin I'm
progressing cuz I've been
through this before."

YOUNG BRIANNA (CONT'D)
"To keep it real being with
you was feeling just like a
chore. But I ain't stressin
I'm progressing cuz I've been
through this before."

The crowd cheers. Amaya and Brianna rap with more energy. Brianna faces the crowd, Amaya walks closer. Brianna turns and sees Amaya approaching.

BRIANNA
Everybody say "GO AMAYA, GO AMAYA,
GO AMAYA!!"

CROWD
GO AMAYA, GO AMAYA!

The crowd continues chanting

YOUNG AMAYA
Yea..yea..yea..yea..

YOUNG AMAYA (CONT'D)	YOUNG BRIANNA
"Nothing new it's the same old same old. Said she was a friend but you still ended with the same hoe. It was all your fault but I was taking all the blame though. Even though you played me, I'll never forget your name, no."	"Nothing new it's the same old same old. Said she was friend but still ended with the same hoe. It was all your fault but I was taking all the blame though. Even though you played me, I'll never forget your name, no."

Brianna turns from Amaya and walks closer to the crowd, she bends to their level. Amaya stays where she is and lowers her mic. The crowd loves Brianna.

YOUNG BRIANNA (CONT'D)
"Yea I'm upset but you could never
really hurt me, I got a new chick
and her body looking curvy. I gave
you all my love but you really
wasn't worthy. I just can't believe
that you were the one to do me
dirty."

Brianna makes her way back to Amaya. The two end the song together. Amaya bows and walks off stage. Brianna interacts with the crowd. She then runs off stage and hugs Amaya.

YOUNG BRIANNA (CONT'D)
That was awesome! We should do this
more often!

YOUNG AMAYA
We?

YOUNG BRIANNA
Yes, we. They loved us!

YOUNG AMAYA
They loved you. They loved your
energy.

YOUNG BRIANNA
And they loved YOUR words.

YOUNG MIKAYLA
And they loved my beats.

The two girls turn to Mikayla in shock. Amaya chuckles.;'[

YOUNG MIKAYLA (CONT'D)
The point is, we all killed it! And
I think we should celebrate. I'll
grab my equipment then pizza is on
Bri!

Young Mikayla runs away before Brianna can protest.

YOUNG BRIANNA
I got a question for you, Maya.

YOUNG AMAYA
No, you cannot borrow money.

YOUNG BRIANNA
I wasn't gonna ask you that. Ok I
was but that was next. I wanted to
ask what you thought about writing
some songs for me.

YOUNG AMAYA
What do you mean?

YOUNG BRIANNA
I mean think about it. Look what
happened today. People love what we
do. My energy, your words, Kayla's
beats. We're the holy trinity.

YOUNG AMAYA
(chuckles)
You mean like we start a group?

YOUNG BRIANNA
Exactly! Imagine album after album,
song after song saying "written by
Amaya George, produced by Mikayla
Derek, and performed by DeBri."

CUT TO:

INT. PIZZA SHOP - EVENING

Young Amaya, Brianna, and Mikayla sit at a table with half eaten slices and open sodas in front of them.

YOUNG MIKAYLA
DeBri? Who is that?

YOUNG BRIANNA
It's me! Cool name right?

YOUNG MAKAYLA
It could use some work.

YOUNG BRIANNA
Names can come later. What do you think of the idea? Are you in?

Young Mikayla and Amaya eye each other. Amaya shrugs her shoulders. Mikayla looks back at Brianna.

YOUNG MAKAYLA
If this fails, I never knew the two of you.

Young Amaya laughs.

YOUNG BRIANNA
Does that mean you're in?

YOUNG MAKAYLA
I'm in.

YOUNG BRIANNA
Yesss! DeBri on three.

Young Brianna puts her hand in the middle of the three. The other two hesitate and give each other confused looks. They roll their eyes and reluctantly put their hands in the middle. The cheers of a crowd fade in.

YOUNG BRIANNA (CONT'D)
1...2...3 DeBri!

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BOWERY BALLROOM - NIGHT

The sounds of a crowd grow louder. Lights go up on stage. BRIANNA (now 21) Black, mid height, masc, hair in braids with a cap over, chains, rings, and fancy streetwear and sneakers appears on stage. A track plays, the crowd screams.

BRIANNA

"They keep tryna put me on probation, they hatin. They don't wanna see a nigga greatness, they waitin. For me to go take a long vacation, ok then."

Brianna points the mic to the crowd.

CROWD

"Ima just chill and pop out Jamaican!"

BRIANNA

"Ain't say shit!"

INT. BOWERY BALLROOM SIDE STAGE - NIGHT

AMAYA (now 21) Black, short, masc, hair in twists, fitted cap on, streetwear, Jordans, 2 chains, a lanyard, and glasses, watches Brianna from off stage. She checks the time on her phone: 11:00pm.

INT. BRIANNA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Amaya slouches on a couch on her phone. She groans and tosses her phone to the side. She slumps more. Brianna bursts in. Amaya jolts up. Brianna throws herself into a chair.

BRIANNA

Another successful show!

AMAYA

I'm glad you think so. You were supposed to go on at 10:00.

BRIANNA

I know that's my bad. I lost track of time. The fans fuck with it tho, the longer they wait the more they want it. I'll never leave them waiting too long though.

AMAYA

They shouldn't be waiting at all. People paid to see you at 10:00.

BRIANNA

They still saw me. It's ok. I will be on time next time. And like you said. They paid. Which means WE got paid.

AMAYA

Not as much as we were supposed to.

BRIANNA

They docking us a couple bucks just cuz I'm a little tardy?

AMAYA

Not us. It came out of your pay.

BRIANNA

What!?

Amaya's phone buzzes from the couch. She checks it, a text from *KAY* with a *headphone emoji*: YOU STILL COMING?

Amaya texts back, ignoring Brianna.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Hellooo! Earth to Maya.

Amaya looks up from her phone.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

You took it from my pay?

AMAYA

Uh, yea. YOU were late. You can earn it back by being on time to your next show.

BRIANNA

Fine. Speaking of the next thing though. I got a studio session tomorrow morning. You think you can bring in some new lyrics?

AMAYA

Tomorrow!? Why didn't you tell me sooner?

BRIANNA

It just got booked tonight. A producer was in the crowd and wants to play some beats for me. This could be a step up.

AMAYA

(sighs)

Alright. I'll write something up tonight. I gotta go.

Amaya grabs a backpack from beside the couch and rushes to the door. She gets halfway out.

BRIANNA
Where you off to so quick?

AMAYA
(sarcastically)
To write your new song.

She shuts the door. Brianna shrugs and pulls out her phone.

INT. CAMPUS MUSIC STUDIO - NIGHT

MIKAYLA (now 21) Afro-latina, curly hair in a puff, sits at a mixing board and a computer. A track plays in headphones she wears over a fitted cap. She wears a sweater half zipped, jeans and sneakers. Amaya bursts in with Chick-Fil-A bags and drinks.

AMAYA
I'm here!

MIKAYLA
You're also late.

AMAYA
I ALSO brought food.

MIKAYLA
There's ALSO no food allowed in the studio.

AMAYA
Then there's ALSO no food allowed in your stomach.

MIKAYLA
Rules can be broken.

AMAYA
(smug)
Thought so.

MIKAYLA
You know they're homophobic right?

AMAYA
OMG, you know what else they are?

MIKAYLA
What?!

AMAYA
Delicious

LATER

Empty containers line a coffee table in the studio. Amaya slurps her drink. Mikayla steals a fry from Amaya and walks to the mixing board.

AMAYA

Yes, play me a beat. I gotta write something for Bri.

MIKAYLA

Ughhh another song for Bri? When are you gonna start writing for yourself again? I miss those days.

AMAYA

I write for myself too. I just don't perform.

MIKAYLA

You should. And I got the perfect beat for your debut.

AMAYA

Kay, you know I can-

MIKAYLA

Shhhh, just listen to this.

The track from Mikayla's headphones play on the speakers. Amaya vibes to it. Mikayla joins.

AMAYA

"Yea..yea..Ima, real bitch if say something then I meant to, I'm doing this for fun this shit is just ornamental. I step out on the beat and shit get real detrimental, these bitches is my sons but I am not a parental."

MIKAYLA

Ohhhhhh! That was fire!

AMAYA

It was nice, wasn't it. I should write that down for Bri.

MIKAYLA

What?! Nooo. You can't give everything you write to Bri. you can worry about Bri later, I'll even throw in a beat.

AMAYA

She probably won't need it. She's meeting with a producer tomorrow.

MIKAYLA

That's great for her. But what about you? Don't you want meetings with producers too?

AMAYA

Nah, the best in the business is right here. Which is why I'll do the track. I can't let this beat fall into anyone else's hands.

MIKAYLA

Never. This track was made for you only. No one can do it justice like I know you can. It's time to see what Amaya can do for Amaya.

Amaya walks over to Mikayla and hugs her.

AMAYA

Thanks Kay. You've always had my back.

MIKAYLA

Anytime. Now let's get to work.

START MONTAGE

Amaya writes in a journal, she mouths words to Mikayla, Mikayla nods in agreement

Amaya raps in the booth

Mikayla speaks to Amaya from the mixing board, Amaya puts her thumbs up

Mikayla moves tracks around on the computer

END MONTAGE

Amaya walks out the booth, Mikayla engulfs her in a hug.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

You killed that!

AMAYA

Thank you. It only took all night.

Amaya checks her phone. It's 3:30am.

AMAYA (CONT'D)
Holy shit! I gotta go. I never
wrote Brianna's lyrics.

MIKAYLA
You still got time.

AMAYA
Yea, if I don't sleep. I gotta head
back to the city for 10am.

MIKAYLA
10am! Jesus! Ok, I'll help you.

AMAYA
No, no, it's ok. You've done enough
tonight.

Amaya grabs her stuff and heads to the door. She pauses.

AMAYA (CONT'D)
Same time next week?

MIKAYLA
Um, no.

AMAYA
What?!

MIKAYLA
You'll be ON TIME next week.

Amaya rolls her eyes.

AMAYA
Yeah, I'll be on time.

INT. AMAYA'S DORM ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Amaya snores, splayed out in bed, notebook open on her chest.
Balls of paper litter the floor. Her phone rings loudly, she
jolts up. She picks up her phone and answers groggily.

AMAYA
Hello?

BRIANNA
Where are you?! The meeting is
starting in 15 minutes!

AMAYA
15 minutes? It's only..

Amaya checks her phone time. It's 9:46.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

BRIANNA

Oh shit? Why are you saying oh
shit? Where are you?

Amaya scrambles around her room getting ready and packing her bag.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Maya! What's going-

AMAYA

I'll be there soon, I'm like half
way there already. Keep them busy
though, give em a little freestyle.
Byeee.

Amaya hangs up abruptly.

INT. NEW YORK STUDIO HALLWAY

BRIANNA

Fuck!

ROC, Black, 29, music producer of average male height with
big chains and a designer sweater on approaches.

ROC

You ready to get to work?

BRIANNA

Uhhh. Yea, yea. I just um, I forgot
to bring some water for my throat.
And now that i think about it I
didn't eat either. Can't rap on a
empty stomach. Give me 10 minutes,
I'll run down to store across the
street. You want anything?

ROC

Nah. I'm good. But-

BRIANNA

Cool, I'll be back in 10.

Brianna rushes away. She exits the building pulls out her
phone and texts Amaya:

I CAN'T STALL HIM TOO LONG. HURRY!

Amaya texts back:

I'M COMING. GIVE ME 20 MINUTES.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
20 minutes!

Brianna spams Amaya's phone with messages. Three bubbles from Amaya's side pop up and leave.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
Damn it Maya!

EXT. CAMPUS BUS STOP - DAY

A small white bus pulls away from the stop. Amaya runs after it yelling, but it doesn't stop.

AMAYA
Fuck! Bri is gonna kill me.

Maya pulls up Uber on her phone.

AMAYA (CONT'D)
20 minutes for the next ride?!
Unbelievable. These drivers should
be circling the campus.

MIKAYLA
Hey!

Amaya shoots her head up.

AMAYA
Kayla? What are you doing here?

MIKAYLA
I should be asking you. Don't you
have that meeting with Brianna?

AMAYA
I overslept. I'm on my way now.

MIKAYLA
She's gonna curse you out. You late
as shit.

AMAYA
Thank you, Einstein.

MIKAYLA
Come on. I'll give you a ride.

AMAYA

You sure? I know that's out of the way.

MIKAYLA

Yea, I'll drop you. You just gotta be on map duty.

AMAYA

Deal.

INT. NEW YORK STUDIO

Roc sits impatiently on a couch while Brianna slowly eats a bag of chips. An engineer sits on his phone at the mixing board. Candy Crush noises can be heard.

ROC

Listen, I understand if you're nervous and all cause I mean...I'm me. But I don't have all day and there are other artists I can work with.

BRIANNA

No, no, I'm not nervous at all.

ROC

Then what's with the stalling? Hop in the booth. Let's get to work. I saw something in you last night and right now I'm not seeing that same person here.

BRIANNA

That person is still here. I just..I just.

INT. MIKAYLA'S CAR

Mikayla pulls up to the studio building. Amaya gathers her items quickly.

AMAYA

Thank you so so much Kay. I owe you big time.

MIKAYLA

I love when you owe me. That means food is in my future. I would like Chipotle please.

AMAYA

Done. I'll see you next week ON
TIME with Chipotle in hand.

Amaya exits the car.

MIKAYLA

Hey!

Amaya turns back to Mikayla.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

Remember what we talked about last
night. What can Amaya do for Amaya?

Amaya nods. She walks off. Mikayla watches her enter the
building then drives off.

INT. NEW YORK STUDIO

Amaya bursts through the door slightly disheveled.

BRIANNA

Amaya! Thank God! It's about time!

AMAYA

I know, I know-

BRIANNA

Sorry about the wait Roc. This is
my partner Amaya.

AMAYA

Hi.

ROC

What's up? Glad you can join us.
Can we get to work now?

BRIANNA

Yea of course! Let's do it.

Amaya hands Brianna papers. Brianna grabs them and quickly
reads them over.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

This is it? Come on Maya, you've
written better bars than this. I
need top tier rhymes, this is a
huge deal.

AMAYA

(whispers)

I'm sorry. I did the best I could do with the VERY limited amount of time that I had.

BRIANNA

(whispers)

You had all night!

AMAYA

I didn't. I was in the studio and-

BRIANNA

Studio? What were you doing in the studio?

AMAYA

The same thing you're doing here. What else do people do in a studio?

BRIANNA

Look..

Brianna pulls Amaya outside the room.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for the late notice on needing the lyrics. But this is my career, and I gotta take any opportunity I can get. Even the last minute ones.

AMAYA

Your career?

BRIANNA

Yes! My career. This isn't just fun and games for me anymore. I'm gonna need you now more than ever.

AMAYA

I actually wanted to talk to you about that. You're right about it not being fun and games anymore. I want to take music seriously-

BRIANNA

Exactly! This could be the next big thing for us Maya!

AMAYA

I'm actually gonna be taking a step back. I want to start writing my own lyrics.

BRIANNA

A step back?! Nah, I need you to take a jump up.

AMAYA

I can still write for you. I just want to write for myself as well.

BRIANNA

And do what? Read them to yourself?

AMAYA

I would perform them.

BRIANNA

Perform? The last time you did that y-

AMAYA

Was years ago. And it was one time. I was too busy writing for you since then that I never got a chance to try again.

BRIANNA

So you wait until now? Why ruin a good thing Maya? This works. You write, I rap. That's how it's always been.

AMAYA

And I don't want it to be that way anymore. At least not exactly the same. You can still rap, and I can still write. I just wanna rap too. I started a track last night with Mikayla-

BRIANNA

Ohhhh. I see now. She told you to drop me didn't she?

AMAYA

No. She told me that I should start working on myself. Do some things for me.

BRIANNA

In other words, stop doing things
for Brianna.

AMAYA

This isn't about you Bri!

BRIANNA

You're telling me you want to stop
writing FOR ME, right before
possibly the biggest opportunity of
MY LIFE. It kind of sounds like
it's about me.

AMAYA

But it's not! It's about me. And
wanting to do something for myself.

BRIANNA

You wanna do something for yourself
then go ahead. But good luck. It's
tough in this industry. Either you
got what it takes or you don't. And
to be honest Maya, you don't. At
least not to be a performer. At
least not to be at the top. You
can't be weak, and if you are, you
can't let it show. But your
weakness shows. Your stage fright
cripples you.

A pause. Amaya looks hurt. She hangs her head, then shakes
it. She chuckles.

AMAYA

Nah. YOU cripple me. I didn't see
it before. Or maybe I chose not to.
You like to act like you're my
savior, like I owe you something.
But really you owe me. You owe me
everything. Your "fame", your
"career", everything you got right
now is because of me and MY lyrics.
So good luck to YOU. Let's see how
long you last in the game with no
bars. Especially now that you'll be
competing against me. You can keep
those bum ass lyrics. Consider it a
parting gift.

Amaya walks away.

BRIANNA

I don't need you or your lyrics.

Brianna crumbles the papers and throw them down. Amaya stops.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Only one of us here has a producer waiting for them in a studio. And once I close this deal I'll be put on to the best writers in the industry. Better then you could even wish to be.

AMAYA

You know Bri. You may not think so, but it's actually sad it has to end like this. You were one of my best friends. And I thought getting into this rap thing wouldn't change that. But I was so wrong. The second we formed our "group", things shifted. All you wanted was the attention, to be the star, to be THE ONE. Well now you got what you wanted. You're the ONE, singular, alone. Kayla was right to leave.

Amaya leaves the building. Brianna stands dumbfounded. She looks at the paper on the ground, then at the studio door. She picks up the papers and un-crumbles them. She walks into the room.

BRIANNA

Aight, let's do this. Sorry for the wait. Play the track.

EXT. OUTSIDE NEW YORK STUDIO

Amaya walks onto the street. She looks around angrily. She takes her phone out and calls Mikayla.

MIKAYLA

Hey, what's up?

AMAYA

Are you busy right now?

MIKAYLA

Umm, not really. I'm just about to head back to campus, then go to the studio.

AMAYA

That's perfect! Can I meet you back on campus?

MIKAYLA

Where are you, I'll come get you.

AMAYA

Same place you dropped me.

MIKAYLA

I'll be there in 15.

The call ends. Amaya leans on a wall. She scrolls through her phone, then clicks the message app. She goes to her convo with Brianna and stares. She looks up at the building she leans on, then clicks her phone off.

LATER

Mikayla pulls up in her car. Amaya gets in, she drives off.

AMAYA

We got a lot of work to do.

MIKAYLA

(sarcastically)

Hi, Mikayla, how are you doing?
Thanks for picking me up. Hey,
Amaya, I'm great, thanks for
asking; and you're welcome.

AMAYA

First of all, hi Mikayla, how are
you doing even tho it's been 30
minutes since we saw each other.
And second of all, you OFFERED to
pick me up. But thank you anyways.

MIKAYLA

So what's this work we gotta do?
More songs for Bri?

AMAYA

Nah. No more songs for Bri. It's
just songs for me from now on.

MIKAYLA

How'd she take it when you told
her?

AMAYA

I'm here instead of there with her
so. That kind of explains it.

MIKAYLA

I'm sorry Maya. I know I separated myself awhile ago but, I know how much your friendship meant to you.

AMAYA

Well apparently it didn't mean the same to her.

MIKAYLA

I don't believe that. But people let fame cloud their heads. She's just clouded right now.

AMAYA

I'm tryna get clouded.

MIKAYLA

I can make that happen. Check the glove compartment.

Amaya opens the glove compartment and finds a couple prerolled blunts and a lighter, she grabs a blunt and the lighter and sparks it.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

WOAH!!

AMAYA

What? You said you could make it happen.

MIKAYLA

Yea, but not in my car while I'm DRIVING. It's gonna get all foggy. And I'll be damned if you get the first hit of my special herbs before me. We'll get clouded before we hit the studio. Get our juices flowing.

AMAYA

Ayo, what kind of juices you tryna make flow?

MIKAYLA

You idiot. You know I'm talking about creative juices.

AMAYA

I don't know you gotta specify next time.

MIKAYLA

Whatever.

INT. CAMPUS STUDIO - LATE AFTERNOON

A lofi beat plays on the speakers. Amaya lays on the couch writing in a notebook. Mikayla is at the soundboard. Mikayla takes her headphones off and lowers the music.

MIKAYLA

Yo, you ready yet?

Amaya looks up from her notebook.

AMAYA

Not yet. I'm still writing.

MIKAYLA

It's been an hour. Show me what you got so far.

AMAYA

I can't.

MIKAYLA

I've been reading your lyrics since high school. The good ones and the bad ones. Come on.

Amaya sighs and drops her head. She slowly gets in an upright position. She turns her notebook as she speaks. It's blank.

AMAYA

I can't show you, because there's nothing to show.

MIKAYLA

So you got some writer's block. That's fine. Hop in the booth, try thinking on your feet

AMAYA

I don't know Mikayla. I'm just not feeling inspired right now.

MIKAYLA

So let's get inspired. Get out of your head.

AMAYA

..ok. I'll try it.

Amaya trudges into the booth. She puts the headphones on and shoots Mikayla a thumbs up. The beat plays, Amaya closes her eyes and nods her head. Brianna's voice sneaks in.

BRIANNA (V.O.)
Your weakness shows.

Amaya shakes her head. She nods to the beat again.

BRIANNA (V.O.)
Cripples you.

Amaya pushes the headphones off. Mikayla stops the music. Amaya exits the booth and plops on the couch. She throws her hands over her face.

MIKAYLA
What's going on?

AMAYA
I can't do this. Who did I think I was? I'm gonna be a rapper now? No way.

MIKAYLA
Woah. Where is this coming from?

AMAYA
She was right.

MIKAYLA
She? Brianna?

Mikayla sits next to Amaya and puts her arm around her.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)
You can't let her get in your head Maya. You are more than capable of this. You're the one who made Bri "capable." Half of her was you.

AMAYA
All I did was write words. They don't love her for just the lyrics. They love her swag, her confidence, her style, her persona. I don't have any of that. I don't have the presence.

MIKAYLA
So you get it. You put yourself out there and let people come to you. Let the talent speak.

AMAYA
If I fail...I lost a friend for
nothing.

MIKAYLA
You won't fail. Period. And you
still got a friend.

Amaya puts her head in her palms.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)
That pain you're feeling. The
anger, the uncertainty, the guilt.
Whatever it is. Use it. Put it on
the page, scream it into the mic.
That's real shit, and people love
real shit.

Amaya moves her hands slowly. She stares at the mic in the
booth. She leans back slowly. DEBUT by Amaya plays throughout
the montage.

START MONTAGE:

INT. CAMPUS STUDIO

AMAYA
I am not known, nor am I prone
To going off the dome, but finally
I'm in my zone.

Mikayla mixes on the soundboard.

INT. NEW YORK STUDIO

Brianna shakes hands with Roc.

INT. AMAYA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Amaya writes in her notebook. She rips out a page and shoots
it in a garbage bin.

INT. CAMPUS STUDIO - THE NEXT DAY

Amaya shows Mikayla her notebook. She nods approvingly.

Mikayla puts headphones on Amaya. Amaya nods to a beat.

INT. NEW YORK STUDIO - DAY

Roc watches Brianna rap in a booth. He nods approvingly. Brianna holds one of the crumbled papers from Amaya.

INT. CAMPUS STUDIO

AMAYA

From the debut, niggas already hate you. Fuck what they do Ima keep staying grateful. Sometimes it's painful yea sometimes it drains you. But haters are fans too, so Ima just say thank you.

END MONTAGE

Amaya walks out of the booth. Mikayla takes her headphones off and beams at Amaya.

MIKAYLA

That's a hit right there!

INT. NEW YORK STUDIO

Brianna and Roc dap.

BRIANNA

I could've told you that before I started rapping.

ROC

Don't get too cocky. I think you could change up some of the lyrics. Make em hit harder. You got skills, but don't ever get comfortable. That's when someone will take you out your spot.

BRIANNA

Yea, for sure.

Brianna grips the now folded paper.

INT. CAMPUS STUDIO - NIGHT

Amaya rips a page from her book and tosses it.

MIKAYLA

This is what a tree died for. To be
ripped and thrown on the ground.
Where it doesn't even belong.

Amaya rolls her eyes. She gets up and puts the paper in the
trash, then resumes her position.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

Not even recycled either.

AMAYA

There's not even a bin for that
here.

MIKAYLA

Then you should've held onto it.
Anyways. I've been thinking. You
should post a snippet of Debut on
Instagram.

AMAYA

What?! Nah. No way. It's nowhere
near ready.

MIKAYLA

It may not be completely mixed but
it's definitely ready. If you want
to be in this, if you want to
succeed. You gotta put your name
out there. Drop a snippet, see how
people respond, give them a taste
of what's to come.

AMAYA

What if they don't like it.

MIKAYLA

Then you take the notes and you
improve. My first beats were ass.
But I kept changing and working at
it. Now I got a meeting with Ice
Spice.

AMAYA

You got a meeting with Ice Spice?!

MIKAYLA

No, but I'm close. I'm in cahoots
with some people from her label.

(MORE)

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

But I wouldn't be this close if I
didn't get through the early phase.
You never know if you don't try.

Amaya chuckles then stares at her phone.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. AMAYA'S DORM ROOM - MORNING

Amaya's phone dings once, twice, four times, nonstop. She
groggily wakes up. Her phone rings, notifications still going
off. She answers.

AMAYA

(sleepily)

Hello?

MIKAYLA

(excitedly)

Have you checked your phone?? The
internet is going crazy!

AMAYA

Over what?

MIKAYLA

Over you!

AMAYA

What?

Amaya puts Mikayla on speaker and scrolls through her
notifications. Likes, comments, hashtags, reposts from
Instagram, Twitter and Facebook.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

This is all for debut?! We only
posted like 30 seconds of it.

MIKAYLA

Exactly! Imagine when we drop the
whole track!

AMAYA

This is really happening.

MIKAYLA

This is really happening. I'm so
proud of you. This is just the
beginning Maya. Are you serious
about this?

A long pause

CUT TO:

INT. BRIANNA'S ROOM - MORNING

Brianna scrolls through the comments on Amaya's song. She scowls, clicks off her phone then paces the floor.

AMAYA (V.O.)

Yea. I am.

END OF EPISODE