

EPISODE 3 OF 64 BARS

Written by

Alicia Garbutt

Address
Phone Number

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Brianna stands in the hallway with a stack of papers. She hands one to anyone who will take it.

YOUNG BRIANNA
Check me out. This Friday after
school, DeBri takes the stage. You
don't wanna miss this.

Amaya approaches.

YOUNG AMAYA
What's this?

YOUNG BRIANNA
Just some flyers I made for the
show on Friday.

Brianna hands one to Amaya, then continues to pass them out.

YOUNG AMAYA
This is actually pretty cool.

Mikayla walks up to the two.

YOUNG MIKAYLA
Why is everyone walking around with
a picture of you?

YOUNG BRIANNA
Flyer for this Friday.

YOUNG MIKAYLA
Sick, let me see.

Mikayla grabs a flyer, reads it, frowns.

YOUNG MIKAYLA (CONT'D)
How come you didn't put my name on
there?

YOUNG BRIANNA
What do you mean?

YOUNG MIKAYLA
What do you mean, what do I mean?
My name. It should be on there. And
so should Amaya's.

YOUNG AMAYA
Actually, I'm good-

YOUNG BRIANNA

I mean, I'm the one performing. The one that people are gonna SEE.

YOUNG MIKAYLA

There gonna see me too. I'm on stage spinning the tracks right behind you.

YOUNG BRIANNA

And like I told you before, you don't have to do that. We can just play the track only.

YOUNG MIKAYLA

Is that all I am to you? A beat? When I'm up there with you, I'm controlling the levels in real time. I'm adding effects to your voice, I'm making sure everything sounds as good as possible.

YOUNG BRIANNA

And it works. You're great at it. But it's just a flyer.

YOUNG MIKAYLA

Maybe to you. But this isn't just a hobby to me. I've been doing this before you wanted to form your little group, and I'll still be doing it long after. This is my future, my passion. And if you can't understand why getting credited is so important, then I've been wasting my time tryna help you out.

Mikayla crumbles the flyer and tosses it on the ground. She walks away. Amaya goes after her, Brianna scoffs and continues handing out the flyers.

YOUNG AMAYA

Mikayla! Kay! Wait!

AROUND THE CORNER

Amaya catches up to Mikayla, she jumps in front of her.

YOUNG AMAYA

Mikayla wait.

YOUNG MIKAYLA
Save the speech Amaya. I'm done.

YOUNG AMAYA
Why? You can't quit. We need you.

YOUNG MIKAYLA
YouTube has plenty of free beats
from producers who don't care about
recognition.

YOUNG AMAYA
And that's why those beats are
trash. That's why we need you.

YOUNG MIKAYLA
Obviously not.

YOUNG AMAYA
It was a mistake. She'll put your
name on the next flyer.

YOUNG MIKAYLA
It's the principle of the
situation. Look, you can stay if
you want and I'll still support.
But I gotta move on.

YOUNG AMAYA
Noooo. It won't be as much fun
without you.

YOUNG MIKAYLA
Was it even fun when I was there?

YOUNG AMAYA
Of course it was. Late nights at my
house writing lyrics and making
beats. Sneaking ice cream upstairs.
I like spending time with you.

Mikayla looks slightly shocked. Amaya nervously continues.

YOUNG AMAYA (CONT'D)
Both of you. You're my friends.

A teacher struts down the hallway.

TEACHER
Let's get to class ladies, the bell
is about to ring.

YOUNG MIKAYLA
(to Amaya)
I'll think about it.

YOUNG AMAYA
Yesssss. Thank you, thank you!

YOUNG MIKAYLA
I said I'll think about it, not
that I'm coming back for real.

YOUNG AMAYA
Yea, but at the very least you
gotta do the show on Friday.

Mikayla rolls her eyes and sighs.

YOUNG MIKAYLA
Fine. It's only right that I finish
what I started. But after that, I
can't make any promises.

YOUNG AMAYA
That's fine. I'll just give you
another speech on Friday.

RIINNGGGGGGGGGGGG!! The two girls depart to class.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - FRIDAY

Amaya and Brianna sit in a classroom, textbooks open, teacher
at the board, pencils in hand. Brianna stares intently at the
clock, it's 2:58.

A paper ball hits Amaya's head. She shoots her head up and
looks at Brianna. Brianna holds her finger to her lips. She
mouths "2 more minutes". Amaya rolls her eyes.

YOUNG AMAYA
(whispers)
I know how to tell time.

Brianna ogles the clock again. It's 2:59 now. She closes her
textbook and puts her pencil away.

TEACHER
Class isn't over yet Brianna.

YOUNG BRIANNA
It's just one more minute. What
could you teach in one minute?

TEACHER

How about, "how to get detention at the end of the day"?

The bell rings.

YOUNG BRIANNA

Ooouuu maybe next week. School's over now.

Brianna grabs the rest of her belongings and dashes out. Amaya follows behind her chuckling.

YOUNG AMAYA

Have a good weekend Mrs. Cobalt.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Amaya and Brianna run into the auditorium. They drop their stuff on chairs and climb onto the stage. Brianna stands in awe, Amaya looks nervous.

YOUNG AMAYA

Are you ready?

YOUNG BRIANNA

Of course. I was made for the stage. I just love when people love me.

YOUNG AMAYA

Ok egomaniac. I'm gonna find Mikayla.

Amaya exits the auditorium. Brianna goes to her bag and pulls out more flyers.

YOUNG BRIANNA

A little extra promotion never hurt.

HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY

Mikayla storms out of her class. Peers exit behind her.

YOUNG MIKAYLA

(under her breath)

Fucking hate this class.

Mikayla approaches the auditorium doors. Flyers of Brianna line the hallway. One flyer stands out, Mikayla passes, then walks back to it.

PRODUCER NEEDED! CONTACT BRIANNA

Mikayla rips the flyer down. She storms into the auditorium. Brianna sets up a microphone on stage.

MIKAYLA

You couldn't even wait till after the show to try and replace me, huh!

BRIANNA

Yea, you quit. I'm not gonna sit around and mope about it.

MIKAYLA

And to think I was gonna consider staying in this stupid group. But you know what. This was just what I needed. It's 100% clear now where you stand.

BRIANNA

Really? And where is that?

MIKAYLA

On your own. You don't care about anyone but yourself. You started a "group" but really we're just your lackeys. It's all about DeBri. DeBri on the flyer, DeBri on stage. When are you gonna credit Amaya for writing your lyrics?

BRIANNA

When she asks for it.

MIKAYLA

She shouldn't have to! And neither should I. We're supposed to be a team. Friends!

BRIANNA

And this is also a brand. Every brand needs a face. Either you contribute or you don't.

MIKAYLA

I don't. Good luck with your show.

Mikayla storms off. Amaya enters.

AMAYA

Mikayla! I was looking all over for you.

MIKAYLA

Keep that same energy when you
search for a new producer.

AMAYA

What?

The door slams. Brianna focuses back on the mic.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Mikayla (22) stares at her former auditorium door. A RINGGG
snaps her out of her trance. She pulls out her phone and
answers her MOM.

MIKAYLA

Hi mom...yes, I'm here...I know, I-
..it's ok, it's no big deal...yes,
tons of pictures and videos. I
will. I gotta go in now, bye.

Mikayla hangs up and walks through the doors. Seats are
filled with parents, siblings, and students. Mikayla finds a
seat in the back.

Lights dim, the crowd claps then simmers. Curtains go up and
a HIGH SCHOOL BOY reads off of index cards. Mikayla scrolls
on her phone.

SCHOOL BOY

Please give it up for Three's a
Crowd!

The audience cheers, some louder than others. Mikayla looks
up and joins the applause late. Three high schoolers walk on
stage, a beat drops and the crowd goes crazy.

The three teens sing and rap. They engage with the crowd,
finish each other's bars, they even have a little
choreography. Mikayla smirks.

The performance ends and Mikayla claps quite loudly. The
announcer comes back.

SCHOOL BOY (CONT'D)

Give it up for Three's a Crowd!

The audience cheer again.

SCHOOL BOY (CONT'D)

Next up we have, Raindrop!

Mikayla chuckles.

MIKAYLA

These kids and their names.

A girl walks on stage. Mikayla sits up in her seat.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

Aaliyah??

AALIYAH, Mikayla's sister, 16, brown skin, tight curls surrounding her shoulders, glasses, in a blue dress sings. Mikayla eases back in shock.

LATER

Students and parents exit the auditorium. Some hang around. Mikayla walks down the aisle and finds Aaliyah.

AALIYAH

La-la!!

The two embrace.

MIKAYLA

When are you going to retire that old nickname? You only called me that cause a three year old can't say "Mikayla".

AALIYAH

I'll retire it when it stops being funny.

MIKAYLA

You wanna talk about funny names? Raindrop!

AALIYAH

I think it's elegant!

MIKAYLA

Sure, sure. Anyways, raindrop. I see you've been training your voice. You definitely got it from your big sis.

AALIYAH

You wish you could sing like me.

MIKAYLA

Oh but I can. On the keys, the guitar, the sax, flute, clarinet, violin-

AALIYAH
We get it musical prodigy.

MIKAYLA
Which means I can do a lot. So if
you ever want a custom track, hit
me up.

AALIYAH
Mmmm. Probably not. Singing is fun
and all, but the real money goes to
the person behind the singer, not
the singer themselves.

Mikayla fist bumps Aaliyah.

MIKAYLA
Smart girl. A good place to start
would be those Crowded guys.

AALIYAH
Three's a Crowd? They're cool. I
got a couple classes with them. But
not exactly my demographic.

MIKAYLA
Then send em my way.

LOUD SPEAKER
Attention all students, classes
will be resuming in 5 minutes.
Please get to your classrooms in an
orderly fashion.

MIKAYLA
Damn y'all gotta go to class after
this?

AALIYAH
Yup. School sanctioned show. It's
just one more class though.

MIKAYLA
Alright, you be safe. I'm heading
back to campus.

The two hug.

AALIYAH
Oh! Did you get a video for mom?

MIKAYLA
Oh shit!

AALIYAH
(shakes head)
It's alright. I'll get a video from
one of my friends and send it to
you.

Mikayla's phone rings. It's her mom.

MIKAYLA
How soon can you get that cause
she's calling now.

AALIYAH
Stall her.

Aaliyah runs off to a group of teens. The take out their
phones. Mikayla answers hers.

MIKAYLA
Heyy! Yes, she was amazing!...She
blew me away...Of course I got a
video...yea, yea I'll send it...It
just has to download. You know
storage and..stuff...You'll get it
by the end of the day...love You
too. Bye, mom.

Mikayla hangs up. A text comes in. Aaliyah sent the video.
Mikayla hearts the message and exits.

INT. MIKAYLA'S DORM ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Mikayla's phone buzzes non-stop. She groans and covers her
face with a pillow. The phone continues. She throws the
pillow and grabs her phone. It's Amaya, she softens.

MIKAYLA
Amaya please let this be important.

AMAYA
It is! It's about the open mic
tonight.

MIKAYLA
I don't wanna hear it. You're
going.

AMAYA
But-

MIKAYLA
No excuses.

AMAYA
But I'm sick.

Amaya coughs.

MIKAYLA
Mm, I see.

AMAYA
I know. I was really looking
forward to it.

MIKAYLA
(dryly)
Let me know if you need anything.
Feel better.

AALIYAH
I will, thanks. Bye.

The girls hang up. Mikayla springs out of bed and gets dressed.

EXT. AMAYA'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Mikayla pulls up to Amaya's door. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. You can hear Amaya scrambling inside. Drawers closing, a spray.

AMAYA
Who is it?

MIKAYLA
RA!

A beat. Amaya opens the door.

AMAYA
Mikayla! You shouldn't be here. I
don't wanna get you sick before
your open mic.

MIKAYLA
That won't be a problem since
you're not sick.

AMAYA
But I am. You heard me coughing.

MIKAYLA
Maya, maya, maya. You underestimate
me.

(MORE)

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

I've known you long enough to tell the difference between a sick cough and a horrible attempt at trying to get out of this open mic.

AMAYA

Wha-

MIKAYLA

Don't try to deny it. And by the way, I can see the shower cap covering your fire alarm.

Amaya turns and looks at her ceiling.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

You should really hide it better. What if I really was an RA? Now be straight with me.

Amaya sighs and lets Mikayla into her room. Mikayla parks her scooter and plops into Amaya's desk chair.

AMAYA

Ok. Yea, I'm not sick. But I might as well be. Just the thought of getting on stage makes me nauseous.

MIKAYLA

Good.

AMAYA

Good?

MIKAYLA

Good! If you're nervous, it means you care. It means you have passion, and passion is drive. You can use that to overcome your stage fright.

AMAYA

What if i don't want to overcome it?

MIKAYLA

Well do you? What do you want Amaya?

AMAYA

I want to write. I want to be a lyricist. I want...people to know me.

MIKAYLA

And they will. You just gotta introduce yourself.

AMAYA

(sighs)

I know. I know.

MIKAYLA

Listen, Maya. I wouldn't make you do anything you don't want to do. But I wouldn't push you to do something unless I knew you could do it. And I know you can do this. What if we rehearsed together? I can give notes and make you feel more prepared.

AMAYA

That would actually help.

MIKAYLA

Ok, I'll get my stuff, meet me at the dance building in 20 minutes.

AMAYA

Dance building?

MIKAYLA

Just meet me there.

Mikayla exits. Amaya crashes on her bed.

INT. DANCE BUILDING - DAY

Music blasts from a room. Amaya peeks her head in and sees Mikayla stretching on the floor.

AMAYA

I hope we're not about to dance.

MIKAYLA

We're not. But it doesn't hurt to stretch. Loosen yourself up. We got 2 hours before we have to hit the road. Did you decide what you're gonna perform?

AMAYA

I only got one song. It wasn't a tough decision.

MIKAYLA

You could always write something new.

AMAYA

No way.

MIKAYLA

Alright, alright. Let's get into it. Here.

Mikayla hands Amaya an unplugged microphone.

AMAYA

Cool! A wireless mic.

MIKAYLA

No. It's just not plugged in.

AMAYA

Plug it in then. I gotta be amplified.

MIKAYLA

Amplify yourself. Don't rely on the mic. Your voice is your instrument and your microphone. Besides. This is just so you get used to holding a microphone and keeping it near your mouth even when moving.

AMAYA

I can hold a mic. It's not that serious.

Amaya walks around holding the mic close to the bottom.

MIKAYLA

That's definitely wrong.

AMAYA

How? As long as I don't drop it, I'm fine.

MIKAYLA

You'll definitely drop it holding it like that. You need some swag with it. None of your favorite rappers HOLD the mic. They perform with it.

Amaya looks baffled. Mikayla shakes her head and takes the mic from Amaya. She takes Amaya's hand and places it around the head of the mic.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

Like this. Now go. I'll start the music.

The music starts. Amaya raps. Mikayla raises the volume, Amaya tries to stay above it. She fails.

AMAYA

Mikayla! What are you doing? I can't rap when the music is so loud.

MIKAYLA

Amplifyyyy!

AMAYA

My voice is only so loud.

MIKAYLA

Ok, ok. Sorry. I'll turn it down a little.

AMAYA

A lot!

START MONTAGE

Amaya raps in front of Mikayla. Mikayla walks from side to side and Amaya follows her, mirror style.

Mikayla does a dance move, Amaya fails to repeat it.

Mikayla crumbles paper and throws it at Amaya. Amaya dodges while rapping, but still gets hit by paper.

Mikayla times Amaya while she holds her breath.

Mikayla does a dance, Amaya does it successfully.

Amaya releases her breath, Mikayla stops the timer, they cheer.

END MONTAGE

Amaya lays on the floor, Mikayla stretches again.

MIKAYLA

So, how do you feel.

AMAYA

Still nervous.

MIKAYLA

But do you feel prepared?

AMAYA

I guess.

MIKAYLA

You guess? You know all the lyrics, you worked on your breath control, stage presence, and you even have a little dance you could do. You're beyond prepared.

AMAYA

Well what about you? We spent all this time working on me. Are you prepared?

MIKAYLA

Don't worry about me. I'll be fine. I've done this before. My professor loves me. I could go up there and play a singular note. Flat as hell. I'd still get an A++.

AMAYA

(chuckles)

I highly doubt that, but ok.

MIKAYLA

Come on, we gotta get ready. We'll pick you out a cute outfit.

AMAYA

I don't do "cute".

MIKAYLA

Let's go. You are so unserious.

The two gather their items and leave.

INT. MIKAYLA'S CAR - EVENING

Amaya sits passenger side staring out the window as Mikayla focuses on the road. Mikayla looks over at Amaya.

MIKAYLA

Hey! It's gonna be ok. Breathe. Relax.

AMAYA

I know. I just need to get out of my head.

Amaya reaches behind her and unzips a bag. She turns around with a lighter and a blunt. She flicks the lighter.

MIKAYLA

Are you crazy?! Smoking is the LAST thing you need to be doing right now.

AMAYA

But it calms me down!

MIKAYLA

It also makes you tired, sluggish, hungry, and it dries you out like crazy.

AMAYA

Alright, fine. I won't do it.

MIKAYLA

You know better. Don't start acting like Brianna.

AMAYA

Wow. Too soon.

MIKAYLA

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it that way. It just came out.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

That was kinda crazy. Why would you even bring her up? We BOTH don't like her now.

The two sit quietly. Amaya stares out the window again.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

We could smoke after your performance? A celebration?

AMAYA

That was already the plan.

MIKAYLA

Perioddd!!

Mikayla turns on the radio, she jams. Amaya rolls her eyes but eventually gives in.

EXT. APOLLO THEATER - NIGHT

Amaya and Mikayla exit the car. Amaya stares in shock. Mikayla goes to the trunk and takes out a saxophone case.

AMAYA

You could've told me this open mic
was in the APOLLO THEATER!

MIKAYLA

My professor has connections. And I
didn't tell you because I knew
you'd act like this. I promise you,
it's ok.

AMAYA

This is a historical stage!

MIKAYLA

I know. But it's like an "amateur
night". A real casual thing. It's
not even on the main stage. It's
just a fancy venue.

AMAYA

You know what? I'm already here.
Let's do it.

INT. APOLLO THEATER

Mikayla and Amaya follow signs to a side room. There are
tables with lanterns on top. The lights are low, a small
stage is at the front of the room. Its small, but spacious.

It's mostly full of people, seated and standing. There are
light refreshments (coffee, wine, water) on tables in the
back. Mikayla and Amaya sit at an empty table.

MIKAYLA

Wooww, they're really eating with
the ambiance.

AMAYA

Right! Like if I snap my fingers a
butler will appear.

The lights dim more and the patrons on the walls make their
way to seats. A spotlight hits the stage and a man appears.
The crowd applauds lightly.

ANNOUNCER

Good evening everyone! We are about
to start the show. I'll be passing
around the sign up sheet one more
time just in case anyone changed
their minds. Reminder that this is
a safe and open space.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And while our venue may not have
been so nice to it's performers..

The crowd laughs.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

We will be tonight. So let's give
it up for our first performer.
Midnight Moon!

The crowd applauds. Amaya gets tapped on the shoulder. She turns and is handed a clipboard and pen. She slowly takes them. Mikayla gives her a thumbs up. She sighs and writes her name on the paper. Mikayla does the same.

MONTAGE OF PERFORMANCES AND APPLAUSE

The announcer comes back on stage.

ANNOUNCER

We've had a wonderful line up so
far folks! Let's keep the ball
rolling. Up next, we have DEBRI!!

The crowd applauds. Amaya nearly falls out her chair. Mikayla swiftly turns to Amaya. They stare at each other shocked.

Brianna walks on stage. She's not as dripped out as usual. She adjusts the microphone and moves the stool from the last performer. Amaya and Mikayla whisper yell.

AMAYA

What is she doing here?

MIKAYLA

I'm just as confused as you.

BRIANNA

What's up y'all. My name is DeBri.
Today I'm gonna be teasing some
unreleased music.

A lofi beat plays.

AMAYA

I guess your professor isn't the
only one with connections.

MIKAYLA

I guess so.

Mikayla slumps back in her seat. She catches a glimpse of ROC and does a double take.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)
Makes sense.

AMAYA
What makes sense?

MIKAYLA
I'll tell you later.

Amaya and Mikayla watch Brianna disgruntled.

BRIANNA
(rapping)
I don't listen to the haters or
worry bout what they do. You don't
need a debut when you already had a
breakthrough.

AMAYA
What?!?! IS she throwing subs?

MIKAYLA
Maybe not. It's just one line.

BRIANNA
(rapping)
If you a ghostwriter then I'm a
ghost fighter.

MIKAYLA
Ok she's definitely talking about
you.

AMAYA
How am I supposed to go on after
this? If I go up there and perform
DEBUT, they're all gonna know she
was talking about me.

MIKAYLA
Well let's not overestimate these
people. It could just be a
coincidence to them.

AMAYA
You know what, I'm outta here.

Amaya stands up. Mikayla grabs her hand.

MIKAYLA
What? Amaya no. You said it
yourself. We're already here, so
let's do it.

AMAYA

Yea but so is Brianna.

MIKAYLA

And? You're here for you. She's here for her. She did her thing, why can't you do yours. Especially if yours is better.

Brianna finishes her song. The crowd cheers. The announcer returns.

ANNOUNCER

Thank you DeBri! Let's not waste another moment. Please give it up for Amaya!

Amaya gulps. The crowds applause dwindles. The announcer looks out into the crowd. Mikayla ushers Amaya to go. Finally Amaya stands, the crowd applauds again as she slowly makes her way to the stage.

Brianna, on her way out, stops in her tracks at Amaya's name. She stares intently at the stage. Amaya appears and Brianna gags.

AMAYA

Um..hi. My name is Amaya. This is my first time doing this so I'm a little nervous

Mikayla whoops astronomically loud. Some of the crowd joins.

PATRON

You got this!

AMAYA

Wow. Thank you guys.

BRIANNA

Get on with it!

The crowd murmurs. Mikayla damn near knocks over the table standing up. Brianna snickers proudly in the corner. Amaya looks around nervously. Mikayla shoots her a thumbs up, she returns it. The track starts.

AMAYA

(rapping)

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

The crowd starts to bob their heads. Amaya gets a little confidence.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

(rapping)

And my words will hit harder than
sticks and stones, so now that
Amaya's on, I might as well take
the throne.

Brianna scowls. She storms out of the room.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

(rapping)

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

The crowd cheers in agreement. Amaya commands the stage more.

In the hallway Brianna walks past a fire alarm. She reverses her steps and looks around. She hesitates but eventually pulls the alarm. She books it out the building.

The alarm is heard faintly from the performance room. A couple patrons turn towards the exit and see flashing lights.

PATRON

Oh my gosh! Is that the fire alarm?

Others in the vicinity mumble and stand. Other people notice and now half the room is standing in confusion. Amaya halts her rap. The announcer rushes on stage.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen I am so sorry.
It seems we have to evacuate the
building and unfortunately cut the
show short. Please gather all your
belongings and exit quickly and
safely. Have a good night.

INT. HALLWAY

MIKAYLA

This has Brianna written all over
it.

AMAYA

I don't wanna think that low of her
but after her set tonight. I
believe it.

EXT. MIKAYLA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mikayla and Amaya enter the car. Mikayla starts the car and
drives off.

MIKAYLA

For what it's worth you were
killing it up there.

AMAYA

(dry)
Thanks.

MIKAYLA

Don't sound too excited.

AMAYA

I'm sorry. It's just. Maybe this is
a sign.

MIKAYLA

Are you kidding me? The only sign
this is, is a sign that Brianna is
a bitch.

Mikayla pulls up to a red light. Amaya looks out the
passenger window. She spots Brianna.

MIKAYLA (CONT'D)

You were so good that she got
intimidated-

AMAYA

Wait wait. Is that..is that
Brianna?

Mikayla peers out Amaya's window.

MIKAYLA

It absolutely is!

Mikayla unbuckles her seatbelt and exits the car.

AMAYA

MIKAYLA! What are you doing!?

MIKAYLA

YOOO!!

Brianna looks over. She rolls her eyes.

BRIANNA
What do you want?

MIKAYLA
What do I want? What do you want? A
knuckle sandwich, or fruit punch?

BRIANNA
What?!

MIKAYLA
You heard me! Or are you gonna pull
another alarm.

The light turns green. Cars honk at Mikayla. Amaya gets out.

AMAYA
Mikayla we gotta go!

BRIANNA
Listen to Ms. Punctual over there.
It's time for y'all to go.

AMAYA
Be real Brianna. The world doesn't
revolve around you. When are you
gonna learn that?

BRIANNA
When you learn to rap.

AMAYA
You learn to write first! Your bars
were weak tonight. You've never
needed me more.

Brianna walks into the street. A police siren whoops.

COP
Don't make me bring out my
handcuffs. Break it up and get a
move on. Or I will write you a
ticket for holding up traffic.

All three girls scoff and give each other death stares. The
siren whoops again. Mikayla and Amaya get back in the car.
Brianna walks away. The car drives off.

Mikayla and Amaya sit angrily, silent. Mikayla slowly forms a
smirk. She chuckles. Amaya smirks as well. Soon both girls
are dying laughing.

AMAYA

I can't believe we were yelling in the middle of the street.

MIKAYLA

I can't believe YOU were yelling in the middle of the street.

AMAYA

Shit, me neither.

The two continue laughing.

AMAYA (CONT'D)

What's the speed limit here? I'm tryna get back to campus asap.

MIKAYLA

To smoke?

AMAYA

Hell yea! I was just yelling in the middle of the street. I need to lower my blood pressure.

MIKAYLA

Weed doesn't do that. It probably does the opposite.

AMAYA

Whatever.

MIKAYLA

You wanna get Chipotle on the way?

AMAYA

Hell yes!!

The car continues down the road.

END OF EPISODE