

# **IT'LL BE FINE.**

"The Night We Met"

Pilot Episode

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FADE IN:

**INT. BERNIE'S BEACH BAR - NIGHT - AUGUST 19, 2023**

CHAOS. Lights flash. Bodies jump. The unmistakable opening bass line of "Ice Ice Baby" THUNDERS through the speakers.

The crowd ERUPTS.

In the middle of it all: ROXANNE "ROXY" STAR (50, sharp, warm, pretty in a real-woman way) dancing like nobody's watching. Hair whipping. Arms up. Free.

Next to her: SLOANE (40s, lovable chaos) screaming every lyric like her life depends on it.

ROXY (V.O.)

You might be wondering how I ended up at a Vanilla Ice concert at 50 years old.

VANILLA ICE hits the chorus. The crowd loses its mind.

ROXY (V.O.)

But this is just the beginning.

A HAND lands on Sloane's waist. Too low. Too familiar.

PAUL (40s, handsy, too confident, zero boundaries) pulls Sloane closer. She looks uncomfortable but doesn't stop him.

Roxy notices. Exchanges a look with Sloane.

Next to Paul: his FRIEND (40s, trying too hard, clearly "assigned" to Roxy). He attempts to dance closer to Roxy. She sidesteps without even looking at him.

ROXY (V.O.)

Every good story starts with a questionable decision. And a man who couldn't keep his hands to himself.

Paul's friend tries again. Roxy moves again. A dance of avoidance.

ROXY (V.O.)

But to understand how I got HERE, we need to go back one week...

FLASHBACK:

**ONE WEEK EARLIER**

**INT. DIVE BAR - MAINE - NIGHT**

A local Maine bar. Neon beer signs. Pool table. The kind of place where everybody knows everybody.

Roxy sits at a high-top with Sloane and TINA (40s, on the prowl tonight).

Tina's eyes are locked on someone across the bar.

TINA

Him. Right there. Blue shirt.

Roxy and Sloane look. PAUL stands at the bar, beer in hand, talking to his friend.

ROXY

He looks... fine?

TINA

He's CUTE. I'm going in.

SLOANE

Get it, girl.

Tina adjusts her top and makes her move.

ROXY (V.O.)

Tina was on a mission. And when Tina was on a mission, we were all just supporting characters.

**INT. DIVE BAR - MAINE - LATER**

Tina has corralled Paul back to their table. She's leaning in, laughing at everything he says.

Paul, however, keeps looking at SLOANE.

PAUL

So you ladies are all from around here?

TINA

Born and raised. Well, I was—

PAUL

(to Sloane)

What about you?

Tina's smile falters. Roxy notices.

ROXY (V.O.)

And there it was. The pivot. Tina wanted Paul. Paul wanted Sloane. Tale as old as time.

PAUL

You guys should come up to my family's camp sometime. It's on the lake. Amazing views.

TINA

That sounds amazing—

ROXY

Which lake?

PAUL

Lake Messalonskee.

Roxy takes a sip of her drink.

ROXY

That lake's too small for my boat.

Paul blinks. His flex just got deflated.

PAUL

You have a boat?

ROXY

Twenty-one foot jet boat. Needs room to move.

Paul stares at her, recalibrating.

ROXY (V.O.)

First rule of bragging: make sure you're talking to someone who can't one-up you.

Paul turns his attention back to Sloane. Pointedly ignoring Roxy now.

PAUL

(to Sloane)

So can I get your number?

Tina's face falls. Sloane glances at Roxy. Roxy shrugs. Your call.

Sloane gives him her number.

ROXY (V.O.)

And that's how Paul entered our lives.  
Tina didn't speak to Sloane for two weeks.

END FLASHBACK

**INT. ROXY'S TESLA - MOVING - DAY - PRESENT**

Roxy drives. Sloane rides shotgun, scrolling her phone.

The Maine coastline gives way to New Hampshire.

SLOANE

Oh, I invited Paul to meet us at the concert.

Roxy's grip tightens on the wheel.

ROXY

Paul? Handsy Paul from last weekend?

SLOANE

He lives near Hampton. It made sense.

ROXY (V.O.)

It did not make sense.

ROXY

Didn't he bring some friend last time too?

SLOANE

Yeah, he's bringing him again. For you.

ROXY

For me.

SLOANE

He's single!

ROXY

So is my couch. I'm not interested in either of them.

SLOANE

Just be nice.

ROXY (V.O.)

"Be nice." The two words that have gotten women into more bad situations than any other phrase in history.

She keeps driving.

BACK TO PRESENT:

**INT. BERNIE'S BEACH BAR - NIGHT**

The concert is in full swing. Vanilla Ice is doing his thing.

Paul has his hands all over Sloane. She's dancing but keeps shooting looks at Roxy.

Paul's FRIEND sidles up to Roxy again.

PAUL'S FRIEND

You having fun?

ROXY

Yep.

She doesn't look at him. Keeps dancing. Eyes on the stage.

PAUL'S FRIEND

Paul says you have a boat.

ROXY

Yep.

PAUL'S FRIEND

That's cool. I've been thinking about getting one.

ROXY

Cool.

ROXY (V.O.)

One-word answers. The universal language for 'please stop talking to me.'

He doesn't get the hint.

PAUL'S FRIEND

So what do you do for work?

Before she can answer, Paul appears with Sloane in tow. He's sweaty. Aggressive energy.

PAUL

Yeah, what DO you do?

ROXY

Project management. Strategy consulting.

PAUL

That's vague. What do you actually MAKE though?

Roxy turns to look at him directly.

ROXY

Excuse me?

PAUL'S FRIEND

Like, ballpark. What's the salary?

Sloane looks uncomfortable. Roxy's face goes cold.

ROXY

I don't share that information with anyone.

PAUL

Come on, we're all friends here—

ROXY

We're not friends. We met a week ago. And even my actual friends don't know what I make.

She turns and walks toward the bar.

ROXY (V.O.)

Two men I barely know, demanding my financial information at a Vanilla Ice concert. This is why women fake their own deaths.

She reaches the bar. Orders a drink. Breathes.

Sloane appears next to her.

SLOANE

Sorry about that.

ROXY

Your boyfriend is a piece of work.

SLOANE

He's not my boyfriend.

ROXY

His hands say otherwise.

Sloane sighs.

SLOANE

Can we ditch them after the concert?

ROXY

I thought you'd never ask.

### **MONTAGE - THE CONCERT**

- Roxy and Sloane dancing together, ignoring Paul and his friend.
- Paul trying to pull Sloane back. She keeps drifting toward Roxy.
- Paul's friend attempting to dance near Roxy. She literally turns her back.
- Roxy spotting DEREK (40s, old friend) in the crowd. Hugging him. Relief on her face.
- Fireworks exploding over the ocean.

- Vanilla Ice taking a bow. The crowd cheering.
- Roxy and Sloane making eye contact. Time to go.

**EXT. BERNIE'S BEACH BAR - POST-CONCERT**

The crowd spills onto the boardwalk.

Paul blocks their path, his friend hovering behind him.

PAUL

Where to next? Let's hit another spot.

His hand reaches for Sloane's waist again.

SLOANE

(stepping back)

Actually, we're gonna do a girls' thing.

PAUL

We can come.

ROXY

You cannot.

PAUL'S FRIEND

Come on, the night's young—

ROXY

And it's about to get a lot younger  
without you in it. Goodnight.

She grabs Sloane's arm and pulls her into the crowd.

PAUL

(calling after)

Seriously? You're ditching us?

ROXY

(not turning around)

Not ditching. Redirecting.

ROXY (V.O.)

Step one: ditch the walking HR violation  
and his creepy sidekick.

**EXT. L STREET TAVERN - NIGHT**

Neon lights. A small dive bar with loud music and questionable  
decisions baked into the walls.

Roxy and Sloane walk up with Derek and a few of his friends.

Sloane stops dead in her tracks.



SLOANE

ROX. STOP.

ROXY

What?

SLOANE

Silver beard guy. He's HERE. I can feel it.

ROXY

You can feel a silver beard?

SLOANE

I saw him here last time. Backwards cap. Sports jersey. He was SO—

ROXY

(eyeing her)

Are we hunting?

SLOANE

We are ABSOLUTELY hunting.

ROXY (V.O.)

From one handsy man to hunting another.  
This is why I need better hobbies.

Sloane drags her inside.

**INT. L STREET - DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS**

Crowded. Loud. People everywhere.

Sloane scans the room like a predator.

SLOANE

He was upstairs. By the DJ.

ROXY

How do you remember anything from last time? You could barely remember your name.

SLOANE

I have selective memory for men with silver beards.

ROXY

That's concerning.

SLOANE

That's FOCUS.

She grabs Roxy's wrist and pulls her toward the stairs.

**INT. L STREET - UPSTAIRS BAR - CONTINUOUS**

The room is PACKED. Lights strobe. The DJ blasts club remixes.

Sloane freezes.

HER POV: RYDER STEELE (50), silver beard, backwards cap, gold chains, sports jersey. Dancing with three guys who look like an underground rap group.

SLOANE

(grabbing Roxy's arm)

THERE. That's him. OH MY GOD.

Roxy looks.

ROXY (V.O.)

She said 'silver beard.' My brain gave me 'distinguished yacht captain.' Reality said 'second-string backup dancer in a music video that never got made.'

SLOANE

Let's GO.

ROXY

You sure? His friends look like they sell things that come in small baggies.

SLOANE

I don't care if they sell insurance. MOVE.

Sloane charges toward him. Roxy follows, because what else is she going to do?

ROXY (V.O.)

And here we go again. Sloane on a mission. Me along for the ride. Just like last week with Paul.

**INT. L STREET - BY THE DJ BOOTH - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane taps Ryder's shoulder. He turns.

His eyes land directly on ROXY.

Everything slows for a moment.

RYDER

Hey.

He's talking to Roxy. Not Sloane. ROXY.

RYDER

Did we meet?

ROXY

Not yet.

ROXY (V.O.)

He was looking at me. Not Sloane. ME. I assumed I had something on my face.

Sloane jumps in, inserting herself between them.

SLOANE

Hi! I'm Sloane. I saw you here a few weeks ago. You were dancing and I thought—

RYDER

(still looking at Roxy)

Cool.

Sloane falters. This is not how this was supposed to go.

SLOANE

Anyway, my friend Roxy has a boat too!

Roxy stares at her.

ROXY

Why would you even SAY that?

But Ryder lights up.

RYDER

You have a boat?

ROXY

Jet boat. Twenty-one footer. Lake life. Kids. Tubes. Sunscreen.

RYDER

Nice. I live on mine. All summer.

Now he has her attention.

ROXY

You LIVE on your boat?

RYDER

Fifty-footer. Two cabins. Two heads. And four Shih Tzus.

ROXY

Four... I'm sorry, what?

RYDER

Mac Daddy. Diamonds. Glitter. Sparkle. They're my crew.

ROXY (V.O.)

He said it like it was completely normal.  
Like every man keeps four fancy dust mops  
as emotional support animals.

Sloane tries to reclaim his attention, touching his arm.

SLOANE

That's so cool. I love dogs. I love boats.  
We should—

Ryder smoothly pivots, gesturing to his friends.

RYDER

Hey, these are my boys. You should meet  
them.

He's literally trying to hand Sloane off to his friends.

ROXY (V.O.)

Wait. Was he... pawning her off? On his  
friends? To get her away from him?

One of Ryder's friends takes the bait, engaging Sloane in  
conversation.

Ryder turns back to Roxy.

RYDER

So. Jet boat, huh?

ROXY

Twenty-one feet of chaos.

RYDER

I like chaos.

He smiles. She doesn't know what to do with that.

**INT. L STREET - BY THE DJ BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryder and Roxy are talking. Actually talking. Sloane is a few  
feet away, stuck with one of his friends, shooting daggers at  
Roxy.

RYDER

So you drove three hours for this concert?

ROXY

I drove three hours for girls' night.  
Vanilla Ice was the bonus.

RYDER

That's commitment.

ROXY

Or insanity. Jury's still out.

He laughs. A real one.

Then he notices something. Reaches for her left hand.

RYDER

What's this?

He's looking at her RING. Blue stone. Gorgeous.

ROXY

It's a ring.

RYDER

I can see that. What's it mean?

ROXY (V.O.)

What's it MEAN? Why is this man asking about my jewelry? Is he a pawn shop owner? Is he casing me? What is happening?

ROXY

It means I liked the color. Bought it for myself.

Ryder grins. Something shifts in his expression. Like he just got information he wanted.

RYDER

Nice.

ROXY (V.O.)

He seemed weirdly happy about my ring. I didn't get it. Was blue his favorite color? Was he judging my taste? What was happening?

Behind him, Sloane is watching this exchange. Her face says: What the hell?

Ryder's friends are watching too. One of them smirks. They see it. Everyone sees it.

ROXY (V.O.)

I was, apparently, the only person who didn't understand what was happening.

Ryder pulls out his phone.

RYDER

Let's connect. You're on Facebook?

ROXY

Unfortunately.

They exchange phones. Their hands brush.

Roxy doesn't notice the spark. Everyone else does.

ROXY (V.O.)

Later, someone would tell me that the whole bar could see he was into me. That the ring question was him checking if I was taken. That the phone exchange was him making his move.

She hands his phone back.

ROXY (V.O.)

I thought he was just being friendly. Because that's what I do. I assume everyone is just being friendly.

Sloane finally breaks free from Ryder's friend and reappears.

SLOANE

Add me too!

Ryder adds her without enthusiasm.

ROXY (V.O.)

Meanwhile, everyone except me had figured out the plot twist: Sloane wanted Ryder. But Ryder wanted me. Just like last week with Paul and Tina. The pattern was becoming a little too familiar.

**EXT. L STREET - SIDEWALK - LATER**

Roxy leads the charge out the door. Sloane is clinging to Ryder's arm. Ryder keeps falling in step with Roxy.

Up ahead: PAUL.

ROXY

(under breath)

You have GOT to be kidding me.

Paul spots them. His face twists.

ROXY

(to Sloane)

Do. Not. Make. Eye. Contact.

She marches forward. Sloane is oblivious, focused on Ryder.

Paul watches them pass. Sloane arm-in-arm with a new guy.

His friend stares at Roxy. She doesn't even glance his way.

ROXY (V.O.)

Small miracle: no parking lot brawl.

**EXT. L STREET - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Derek catches up with them.

DEREK

You guys heading out?

ROXY

Yeah, probably head back to where we're staying.

RYDER

Or... you could come back to my yacht.

Beat.

ROXY

Your what?

RYDER

My yacht. It's at the marina. Ten minutes away.

ROXY (V.O.)

A yacht. He said YACHT. Not boat. YACHT.

SLOANE

(grabbing Ryder's arm)

YES. Let's do that.

DEREK

(to Roxy, quiet)

That's... not a good idea.

ROXY

It'll be fine.

DEREK

You don't know this guy.

ROXY

I didn't know you when I went home with you that one time.

Derek has no response to that.

ROXY (V.O.)

Don't have to ask me twice. A yacht beats a hotel room every time.

**EXT. SALISBURY MARINA - NIGHT**

Roxy's Tesla pulls into the marina parking lot.

Ryder is in the passenger seat. Sloane is in the back, pouting slightly that she's not up front.

Ryder looks around the car, impressed.

RYDER

This is yours?

ROXY

Yep.

RYDER

A jet boat AND a Tesla?

ROXY

I like nice things.

RYDER

Okay, that's... you're SO cool. You're awesome.

ROXY (V.O.)

He kept saying I was cool. Awesome. I figured he was just being polite. Or drunk. Or both.

ROXY

My friend likes you, you know.

She nods toward the backseat. Sloane perks up.

RYDER

(not taking the bait)

Yeah. And I like talking to you.

Roxy doesn't know what to do with that. So she ignores it.

ROXY

Which way to your boat?

Ryder points. She drives.

ROXY (V.O.)

I had no idea this was the first step into eight seasons of absolute chaos.

END OF ACT ONE



## ACT TWO

### EXT. SALISBURY MARINA - DOCK - NIGHT

Roxy, Sloane, and Ryder walk down the dock.

The water is dark glass. Other boats sit quiet.

Ryder walks ahead. Sloane tries to keep pace with him, touching his arm, his back.

He keeps subtly moving away from her touches. Falling back to walk near Roxy.

ROXY (V.O.)

Sloane was doing that thing she does.  
Hands everywhere. Claiming territory. And  
he was doing that thing where he pretended  
not to notice while actively avoiding her.

Up ahead, his YACHT comes into view. Sleek. Glowing. Massive.

Roxy stops.

ROXY

That's not a boat. That's a floating  
condo.

RYDER

Fifty footer. Two cabins. Two heads. My  
whole world for the summer.

ROXY (V.O.)

I'd never met anyone with a bigger boat  
than mine. I didn't like how much I cared  
about that.

Sloane clings to Ryder's arm.

SLOANE

I LOVE it. I want to live here.

Ryder gently extracts himself.

RYDER

(to Roxy)

What do you think?

ROXY

I think I need to see the inside before I  
judge.

RYDER

Fair.

**EXT. RYDER'S YACHT - CONTINUOUS**

They step onto the swim platform.

Ryder unlocks the salon door.

RYDER

Welcome to the circus.

**INT. RYDER'S YACHT - MAIN SALON - CONTINUOUS**

The second they step in—

Four SHIH TZUS explode from the hallway like fluffy grenades.

MAC DADDY, DIAMONDS, GLITTER, and SPARKLE.

Barking. Spinning. Chaos.

SLOANE

(shrieking)

PUPPIES!

She drops to her knees, nearly face-planting.

Roxy flattens against a cabinet as Mac Daddy zooms past.

ROXY

What the—

RYDER

Mac Daddy, chill. We have guests.

He scoops up Mac Daddy, who stares at Roxy like she's on trial.

RYDER

He's the boss. If he likes you, you're in.

Mac Daddy sniffs Roxy. Considers. Then licks her hand once.

ROXY

We good?

RYDER

You're in.

ROXY (V.O.)

Great. I'd been approved by a four-pound gatekeeper with a superiority complex.

**INT. RYDER'S YACHT - GALLEY - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryder grabs beers from the fridge. A hard seltzer for Sloane.

Roxy leans against the counter, taking in the space.

ROXY

You really live here all summer?

RYDER

Yep. House is inland. But this is where I breathe.

He hands her a beer. Their fingers brush. She doesn't notice.

ROXY

Don't you get lonely?

RYDER

Sometimes. But I like waking up on the water. I like my neighbors. I like that every night feels like something might happen.

He looks at her.

RYDER

Tonight, I was right.

ROXY (V.O.)

He kept saying things like that. Things that felt like they meant something. I kept assuming they didn't.

ROXY

Bold assumption.

RYDER

Accurate assumption.

Sloane stumbles in.

SLOANE

I love your boat. I'm going to marry it.

ROXY

You met it five minutes ago.

SLOANE

I'm talking about the BOAT, Roxy.

They laugh.

#### **MONTAGE - RISING CHEMISTRY**

- Roxy and Ryder talking. Really talking. Leaning in.
- Sloane trying to insert herself. Getting one-word answers.

- Mac Daddy planting himself between Ryder and Sloane. Protecting his territory.
- Roxy laughing at something Ryder said. He watches her laugh.
- Sloane pouring another drink. And another.
- Ryder showing Roxy something on his phone. Shoulders touching.
- Glitter falling asleep in Roxy's lap.
- The marina quieting. The world outside disappearing.

**INT. RYDER'S YACHT - MAIN SALON - LATER**

Sloane is perched on the couch, seltzer sloshing as she gestures.

SLOANE

-and then he said 'I'm not ready for commitment.' BUDDY. You have six kids and a mortgage. The commitment ship has SAILED.

Ryder laughs politely.

RYDER

You meet some winners.

SLOANE

Oh, WE collect them like Pokémon. Her roster could start a fantasy league.

She points at Roxy.

ROXY

Please ignore her. I have made many improvements.

RYDER

(to Roxy)

You seeing anyone?

ROXY

Define 'seeing.'

RYDER

Anyone waiting at home?

ROXY

Just my credit score and my therapist.

He laughs. A real one.

RYDER

I like you.

SLOANE

I also like you!

They both ignore her.

ROXY (V.O.)

I LIKE you. He kept saying it. To me.  
Right in front of her. And I still didn't  
get it.

**INT. RYDER'S YACHT - MAIN SALON - LATER (CLOSER TO 2AM)**

The vibe has shifted. Quieter. Sloane is sliding sideways on the couch.

She stands abruptly.

SLOANE

I need air.

She takes two steps and nearly faceplants.

Roxy catches her.

ROXY

Okay. That's it. You're done.

SLOANE

I can rally.

ROXY

You can sleep.

Roxy guides her back to the couch. Within seconds, Sloane is SNORING.

Ryder grabs a blanket. Hands it to Roxy.

Roxy tucks it around Sloane. Moves the hair from her face.

ROXY (V.O.)

I take care of my people. Even when they  
don't deserve it. Especially when they  
don't deserve it.

Ryder watches her do this. Files it away.

RYDER

You're a good friend.

ROXY

She'd do the same for me. After she recovered. And posted three selfies about it.

RYDER

You always like this?

ROXY

Like what?

RYDER

Taking care of everyone.

She shrugs.

ROXY

Somebody has to.

Beat.

RYDER

Who takes care of you?

That lands too close.

ROXY

Trader Joe's frozen meals and my own damn self.

RYDER (V.O.)

He nodded like that answer told him everything he needed to know. I didn't realize it was a test. And I'd just passed.

**EXT. RYDER'S YACHT - AFT DECK - LATER**

Ryder and Roxy step outside for air.

The marina is still. Stars visible. Water lapping softly.

ROXY

It's so quiet.

RYDER

Best part of nights like this.

He leans on the rail next to her. Close but not touching.

RYDER

When I was a kid, I used to sneak out to the docks. Didn't have a boat. Just wanted to be near the water.

ROXY

Where?

RYDER

City north of here. Small. Everyone in everyone's business.

ROXY

So you escaped to the marina.

RYDER

Eventually, yeah. Now they all come find me here.

ROXY

What do they want?

RYDER

A little fun. A little escape. To feel like the rules don't apply for one night.

He looks at her.

RYDER

What about you? What are you here for?

ROXY

An adventure I can blame on my friend later.

He laughs.

RYDER

Fair.

**EXT. RYDER'S YACHT - BRIDGE LADDER - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryder nods upward.

RYDER

Want to see the bridge?

ROXY

Is that a metaphor?

RYDER

It can be. Up to you.

She climbs. He follows.

**EXT. YACHT BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

Small but commanding. Helm, controls, captain's chair, bench seat.

From here, they can see the whole marina.

ROXY

Wow.

RYDER

My favorite spot.

He gestures to the helm.

RYDER

You want to sit?

She slides into the captain's chair. Hands on the wheel.

ROXY

Feels wrong to sit in someone else's  
captain seat.

RYDER

You drive a boat. You've earned it.

ROXY (V.O.)

There's something about holding a wheel in  
your hands. On land or water. It tricks  
you into thinking you're in control.

**EXT. YACHT BRIDGE - LATER (APPROACHING 3AM)**

Roxy on the bench seat now. Ryder close, angled toward her.

The conversation has shifted. Deeper. More honest.

RYDER

So what do you actually do?

ROXY

Walk into oncoming traffic for corporate  
America. Project management. Strategy.  
'Make broken things work.'

RYDER

And you live in Maine?

ROXY

Three hours north. House in the woods. Hot  
tub, deer, questionable neighbors.

RYDER

You drove three hours for Vanilla Ice?

ROXY

I drove three hours for girls' night.  
Vanilla Ice was the bonus.



RYDER

That's commitment.

ROXY

You didn't even make it to the concert.

RYDER

I thought I knew people. Figured I'd get in without a ticket. Walked my cocky ass down to L Street instead.

ROXY

And here we are.

RYDER

And here we are.

They look at each other. The air between them thickens.

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE**

**EXT. YACHT BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

Silence. Just the marina sounds.

Ryder takes a breath.

RYDER

I gotta be honest with you.

Roxy braces.

ROXY (V.O.)

Here it comes. Wife. Girlfriend. Warrant.  
Something.

RYDER

I'm not interested in your friend.

Beat.

ROXY

Sloane?

RYDER

Yeah. She's fine. But... I like YOU.

Roxy blinks.

ROXY

Me?

RYDER

You. I've been talking to you all night.  
Not her.

ROXY (V.O.)

OH. The ring question. The 'you're so cool.' The pawning Sloane off on his friends. It all suddenly made sense. He was into ME. I was the only person who hadn't figured that out.

ROXY

That's... awkward. She literally dragged me across the bar to find you.

RYDER

And I'm glad she did.

He leans in.

RYDER

Can I kiss you?

She doesn't answer. Just closes the distance.

They kiss. Soft. Electric.

When they pull apart, she's slightly breathless.

ROXY (V.O.)

Oh. OH. He likes ME. Huh.

**INT. RYDER'S YACHT - MASTER CABIN - LATER**

Compact but comfortable. Queen bed. Soft lighting.

Roxy and Ryder lie on the bed, fully clothed, facing each other. Just talking.

Glitter is curled at their feet.

RYDER

I need to tell you something about me.

ROXY

Okay...

RYDER

Honesty is everything to me. Non-negotiable. I've been burned by liars too many times.

Roxy's face tightens.

ROXY (V.O.)

Oh god. Oh no. I told him I was thirty-eight. I'm FIFTY. The number I can't say out loud. The number that doesn't 'suit me.'

RYDER

The lifestyle I live... you can't do it without trust. Complete transparency.

ROXY

What lifestyle?

He studies her.

RYDER

I want you to come to a party with me next weekend.

ROXY

What kind of party?

RYDER

It's an upside down party. In a penthouse.

Roxy's brain catches up.

ROXY

Upside down.

RYDER

Yeah.

ROXY (V.O.)

An upside down party. In a penthouse. With a man I met four hours ago. At a Vanilla Ice concert. While my friend snores on his couch. What is my life.

ROXY

I have questions.

RYDER

I figured. That's why I'm telling you now. Complete honesty. That's how I operate.

ROXY (V.O.)

He kept saying HONESTY. Meanwhile, I'd shaved twelve years off my age like a clearance sale. I'm the too-honest person. I overshare. I can't keep secrets. And HERE I am with the one lie I can't take back.

ROXY

I'll think about it.

RYDER

No pressure. But I'd really like you to come.

ROXY (V.O.)

See ya again never. One and done. Fun story. That's what this is.

But she doesn't leave.

They keep talking. The conversation drifts. Gets easier.

At some point, his arm is around her. At some point, she's comfortable.

Around 4:30am, they fall asleep.

Just cuddling. Nothing more.

IT'LL BE FINE. - Pilot

END OF ACT THREE

**ACT FOUR**

**INT. RYDER'S YACHT - MASTER CABIN - 6:00 AM**

Harsh light through the porthole.

Roxy's eyes snap open. She checks her phone.

6:00 AM. Ninety minutes of sleep.

ROXY

No. No no no.

She shakes Ryder.

ROXY

I have to go. Sloane has work at nine.

RYDER

Already?

ROXY

It's a three hour drive. We're already late.

**INT. RYDER'S YACHT - MAIN SALON - CONTINUOUS**

Sloane is exactly where they left her. Snoring.

ROXY

Sloane. SLOANE.

SLOANE

Five more minutes.

ROXY

You have work in three hours. We're three hours away. Do the math.

SLOANE

Why is the sun so LOUD.

ROXY

That's not how suns work. GET UP.

**EXT. RYDER'S YACHT - DOCK - MOMENTS LATER**

Roxy half-carries Sloane down the dock.

Ryder follows.

RYDER

Hey.

She turns.

RYDER

Think about the party.

ROXY

I will.

RYDER

Text me when you get home.

He kisses her quickly.

RYDER

See you soon. Hopefully.

ROXY (V.O.)

One and done. Fun story. Nothing more.

**INT. ROXY'S TESLA - MOVING - DAY**

Morning sun blasting through the windshield.

Roxy drives, death grip on the wheel.

Sloane is OUT. Head on window. Mouth open. Snoring.

ROXY (V.O.)

Ninety minutes of sleep. Hungover. Three hour drive. And she's unconscious.

She glances at Sloane.

ROXY (V.O.)

It'll be fine.

**MONTAGE - THE DRIVE HOME**

- Roxy squinting at highway signs.
- Sloane snoring, mouth wide open.
- Empty coffee cup. Then another.
- Roxy shaking her head to stay awake.
- Sloane hasn't moved once.

**EXT. SLOANE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Tesla pulls up. Sloane finally stirs.

SLOANE

Are we home?

ROXY

Forty-five minutes to get to work.

SLOANE

I'll make it.

She stumbles out.

SLOANE

Last night was AMAZING.

ROXY

Go. Shower. Work.

**INT. ROXY'S TESLA - MOVING - LATER**

Phone buzzes.

INSERT TEXT FROM SLOANE: "Called in sick. Couldn't do it. LOL"

Roxy's face.

ROXY (V.O.)

I drove three hours. On no sleep.  
Hungover. So she could make her nine AM  
shift. She slept the whole way. Then  
called in sick.

Beat.

ROXY (V.O.)

You're welcome.

END OF ACT FOUR



**ACT FIVE**

**INT. ROXY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

Roxy at the stove. Still in last night's clothes. Scrambling eggs.

Her THREE KIDS move through.

JADEN (16)

Mom, you look rough.

ROXY

Thank you for that.

JADEN

Fun night?

ROXY

Vanilla Ice concert.

JADEN

...Seriously?

ROXY

Seriously.

He leaves.

ROXY (V.O.)

Home. Kids. Real life. Last night already  
felt like a fever dream.

**INT. ROXY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - 10:00 AM**

Roxy cleaning up. House quiet.

Phone rings. FACETIME.

RYDER.

ROXY

What the—

ROXY (V.O.)

He's VIDEO calling me?? Who does that? We  
met last NIGHT.

She panics. Runs to the back deck. Better lighting.

Smooths her hair. Fails.

Answers anyway.

ROXY

Hey.

**EXT. ROXY'S HOUSE - BACK DECK - CONTINUOUS**

ON SCREEN: Ryder, on his yacht, annoyingly well-rested.

RYDER

You made it home.

ROXY

Barely. Sloane called in sick after I  
drove her three hours for her shift.

RYDER

Brutal.

ROXY

I'm running on coffee and rage.

He smiles.

RYDER

So... did you think about it?

ROXY

About what?

RYDER

The party.

She looks at her backyard. Her real life.

ROXY

I have questions.

RYDER

Come down Friday. We'll talk. Then decide.

She hesitates.

RYDER

No pressure. I'd just really like to see  
you again.

ROXY

I'll think about it.

They hang up.

**EXT. ROXY'S HOUSE - BACK DECK - CONTINUOUS**

Roxy stands there. Phone in hand.

ROXY (V.O.)

I thought it was one and done. A Vanilla  
Ice concert. A yacht. A 3am confession.  
See ya later, buddy.

She looks at her phone.

ROXY (V.O.)  
But Sunday morning at 10am, he FaceTimed  
me. Like this wasn't over.

A slow smile.

ROXY (V.O.)  
An upside down party. In a penthouse. With  
a man who said honesty was everything.

Beat.

ROXY (V.O.)  
What could go wrong?

Her phone BUZZES.

INSERT TEXT FROM RYDER: "Friday?"

She stares at it. Thumb hovering.

She looks up. Right at us.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF PILOT**