

FROM CHAOS TO CLARITY

"The Night We Met"

Pilot Episode

Written by

Christy Kettering

© 2025 Kettering Productions LLC

All Rights Reserved

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 (50s, 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. Fast as fuck.  
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.

**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.

ROXY

You should text Paul. He lives  
near Hampton, right?

SLOANE

Oh yeah! Good idea.

ROXY (V.O.)

Sloane needed a nudge for  
everything. Initiative was not  
her strong suit.

SLOANE

(texting) He says he's in...  
and he's bringing a friend from  
work. For you!

ROXY

For me?

SLOANE

He's single! Paul says he has a  
good job.

ROXY

(shrugs)  
Sounds fuckin' great. Why not.

ROXY (V.O.)

A good job. The bar was  
literally on the floor. But  
hey—universe, do your thing.  
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  
Um, what!?

PAUL'S FRIEND  
Like, ballpark. What's your  
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.  
You can get the fuck outta  
here.  
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  
Obviously!

#### **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

Absolutely fuckin' not.

PAUL'S FRIEND

Come on, the night's young-

ROXY

Bye BYE, fuckers! See ya NEVER.  
She grabs Sloane's arm and pulls her into the crowd.

PAUL

(calling after)  
Seriously? What the fuck?  
You're ditching us?

ROXY

(not turning around)



Call it what you want, but we  
are OUT.

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.

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

Crowded. Loud. People everywhere.

**INT. BERNIE'S BEACH BAR - NEAR THE BATHROOMS - LATER**

Roxy and Sloane weave through the crowd toward the  
restrooms.

SLOANE  
(grabbing Roxy's arm)  
Oh my God. Silver beard guy.

ROXY  
What?

SLOANE  
On the dance floor. Backwards  
cap. Did you SEE him?

ROXY  
I did not see him. Who the fuck  
are you talking about?

SLOANE  
We have to find him. He's HOT  
as fuck!

ROXY  
(eyeing her)  
Let's go!! Mission accepted... we  
WILL find him!

SLOANE

We are ABSOLUTELY going to find him.

ROXY (V.O.)

Sloane had never been to Hampton in her life. Couldn't pick a restaurant, couldn't text Paul without prompting. But spot a man on a dance floor? Suddenly, she's goddamn Navy SEAL on a stealth mission.

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

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

Sloane freezes.

HER POV: RYDER STEELE (40s), silver beard, backwards cap, silver chains, sports jersey. Dancing with three guys who look like an underground rap group or verifiable drug dealers.

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

Are you fuckin' serious? His friends look like they sell assorted powders that come in small baggies.

SLOANE

I don't care what the fuck they sell... This is THE MAN.

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.

RYDER  
(still looking at Roxy)  
Cool.  
Sloane falters. This is not how this was supposed to go.

SLOANE  
So... where are you from?

RYDER  
I live on my boat. Down at the  
marina.

SLOANE  
(jumping in)  
Oh my God, 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. He pulls out his phone,  
shows her a photo.

ROXY  
(looking at screen)  
Are you shitting me? That is  
YOUR boat?

RYDER  
Fifty feet, two cabins, two  
heads. I live on it all summer.  
Now he has her attention.

ROXY  
You LIVE on YOUR BOAT?

RYDER  
YEP! With my four Shih Tzus.  
ROXY (V.O.) My boat had a cooler and a tow rope. His had  
TWO bedrooms.

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  
Why WOULDN'T you drive three  
hours for Vanilla Ice? Ice Ice  
Baby is iconic. And Sloane gets  
to experience Hampton Beach.

RYDER  
That's some commitment to the  
cause.

ROXY  
Or insanity. I'll let you  
decide which.  
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

Of course, who isn't?

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 shitting me.  
This cannot be real life right  
now.

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, heading back to my  
friend's house where we're  
staying tonight.

RYDER  
Or... you could come back to my  
boat.

Beat.

ROXY  
Hmm...?

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

ROXY (V.O.)  
Honestly, don't have to ask me  
twice, play it cool, but  
secretly excited to see Ryder's  
yacht.

SLOANE  
(grabbing Ryder's arm)  
YES. Let's fuckin' do that.  
Let's go!

DEREK  
(to Roxy, quiet)  
That's... not a good idea.

ROXY  
We'll be fine.

DEREK  
You don't know this guy. He  
could be a creep.



ROXY  
I am pretty sure we can throw  
that motherfucker overboard if  
needed. (wink)  
Derek has no response to that. Shaking his head knowing  
Roxy ALWAYS does what she wants.

ROXY (V.O.)  
Ten-minute drive to a marina  
versus driving 40 minutes to my  
friend's house? Sounds GREAT!

**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. The car drives on autopilot. Ryder is  
impressed.

ROXY (V.O.)  
I had no idea this was the  
first step into many 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 lit up and float  
quietly.

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 wasn't thinking about him. I  
was thinking about the marina.

New people. New scene. He was  
just the way in.  
Sloane clings to Ryder's arm.

SLOANE  
I LOVE it. This is fuckin'  
awesome!  
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, where  
these are MY monkeys or dogs.

**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  
twenty-pound gatekeeper with a  
superiority complex.

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

Ryder grabs beers from the massive yeti cooler. 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 let loose.  
He hands her a beer. Their fingers brush. She doesn't  
notice.

ROXY  
Don't you get lonely?

RYDER  
Sometimes. But I can skiff to  
Newburyport or Uber to Hampton  
any night I want. Bars, live  
music, whatever.

ROXY  
I get it. I'm on my boat every  
weekend. Concerts all summer.

RYDER  
So you're not a boring one.

ROXY  
Fuck no.

ROXY (V.O.)  
Finally. Someone who got it.  
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  
INT. RYDER'S YACHT - MAIN SALON - LATER

Sloane is three seltzers in, rattling off dating horror stories.

SLOANE

-so then he texts me 'u up?' at  
2am. What the fuck, I have a  
CAREER.

Ryder nods politely, but his attention keeps drifting to  
Roxy.

RYDER

(to Roxy)

What about you? Anyone waiting  
at home?

ROXY

Absolutely fucking not. And  
perfectly fine with that.

He smiles. Something clicks.

ROXY

(grabbing her phone)

Selfie! Let's go bitches!  
squeeze in!

Sloane immediately positions herself next to Ryder. But  
somehow Roxy ends up in the middle.

CLICK.

ROXY (V.O.)

I didn't notice until later  
what that photo actually  
showed. Sloane leaning in.  
Ryder leaning toward me. And  
me, clueless, smiling in the  
middle.

**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. I'm good!

ROXY  
You can go the fuck to sleep.  
How bout that?  
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.

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  
I take good care of myself.  
She smirks.

He nods slowly, like that answer told him everything he  
needed to know.

ROXY (V.O.)  
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

For now. I lived in Portsmouth for twenty years. I'm from HERE. Now I am three hours north in hell. Huge house in the woods. Hot tub, deer, questionable neighbors.

RYDER

You drove three hours for Vanilla Ice?

ROXY

I sure did! Since, I used to live here these are my stomping grounds. Not much to do in Maine. This is home to me.

RYDER

Interesting.

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... a little 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.

Diamonds 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 what the fuck. Oh no. I told  
him I was thirty-eight. I'm  
FIFTY. The number I am not  
ready to face YET. Just seems  
so old and doesn't fit ME at  
all. I cannot be that OLD.

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 upscale party. In a  
penthouse.  
Roxy's mind is racing. What is he talking about here?

ROXY  
Upside down pineapple party,  
perhaps?  
Ryder pulls out his phone, shows her an invitation. The  
kind that makes it VERY clear what sort of party this is.  
Yeah.

ROXY (V.O.)  
A swinger party. In a  
penthouse. With a man I met  
four hours ago. After 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 goddamn  
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.

### **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. What the fuck!  
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. This fuckin  
sucks.

#### **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. Get the  
fuck up!

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.)  
This is 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.

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

**INT. ROXY'S TESLA - HIGHWAY - MORNING**

Two hours into the drive. Sloane stirs awake, groans.

SLOANE  
What time is it?

ROXY  
Almost eight. You'll make it.  
Sloane looks at her phone. Then at herself. Then back at  
her phone.

SLOANE  
Yeah... I'm calling out.

ROXY  
Are you fuckin serious right  
now?

SLOANE  
(already dialing)  
I can't go in like this. I am  
near dead.

ROXY (V.O.)  
I woke up at 6am to get her to  
work on time. Two hours into  
the drive, she calls out.



**EXT. SLOANE'S WORKPLACE - PARKING LOT - LATER**

Tesla pulls up next to Sloane's car. 9:30am.

SLOANE  
(getting out)  
Last night was AMAZING.

ROXY  
Go home. Sleep.

ROXY (V.O.)  
Three hours hungover so she  
could get her car and go back  
to bed. Classic Sloane.

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

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

Chaos.

Roxy stands at the stove flipping pancakes, flour everywhere. Hair disaster. No makeup. Wearing a nightgown that's seen better days.

TEENAGE BOYS hover nearby waiting to be fed.

Her phone RINGS. FaceTime.

She glances at the screen. RYDER.

ROXY  
(to herself)  
What the fuck!...

ROXY (V.O.)  
No warning text. No "hey, you up?" Just... FaceTime. At 9am on a Sunday, he's VIDEO calling me?? Who the fuck does that?. While I looked like a creature from the deep and my kitchen looked like an atomic bomb went off.  
She stares at the phone. It keeps ringing.

TEENAGE SON  
You gonna answer that?

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  
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 swinger 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**