

FROM CHAOS TO CLARITY

"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 (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