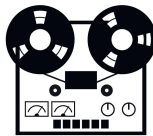


NO MASTERS



Written by

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NJOY music that slays.

SYNOPSIS

Joyce, triggered from her past as the female rapper NJOY, seeks revenge on the team of music industry elites who scarred her.

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ACT I

INT. MAXINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

This place is like walking into a 70's blaxploitation film. Mustard carpet, orange refrigerator, and brown floral couch.

Joyce Williams, rap name NJOY(30s, washed up Megan The Stallion type), and her mom, MAXINE(60s, never lost her groove, hustler), live in a 1-bd apartment in the Valley.

Joyce is decorating the living room for her daughter ESTELLE's birthday, anticipating her coming home today after their custody hearing. Joyce hangs a pink dinosaur piñata.

MAXINE

I ain't never seen no pink dinosaurs.

JOYCE

Well, you would know. You were alive then. Roaming the earth, hunting and gathering.

MAXINE

Why you decorating with dinosaurs anyway? Ain't that for boys?

JOYCE

Estelle likes dinosaurs, so I'm giving her what she wants. And I know this because I actually listen to my daughter.

MAXINE

Ooh it's been so long. I can't WAIT to see my grand baby. She a 6 year old, going on 25. And she can live here 'til then too.

Joyce finishes hanging decor, then clocks her mom's outfit.

JOYCE

You gotta be on set to shoot Dolemite today? Hooker number 2?

Maxine is wearing a satin garter belt with a lace bra, draped in a thin satin robe. You could smell the cocoa butter radiating from her skin. Maxine just rolls her eyes...

MAXINE

Uh un! You can't call them hookers no more, the term is Sex Worker.

(MORE)

MAXINE (CONT'D)

At least I got a job! And turn this mess down inside my house.

Maxine turns off a bluetooth speaker that's been playing rap.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

I can't stand that trap worldstar thug shit. Sound like that trash you used to make back in the day.

JOYCE

That "trash" paid for your apartment didn't it?

MAXINE

And now I makes my own money and you can't afford your own place.

We hear laughter coming from the bluetooth. When Maxine turned off the song, she started a video of Joyce with her daughter Estelle. Joyce is full of joy as she's running away from Estelle in the grass. Estelle, with a huge snaggletooth smile, is trying to catch her mom with a water gun. We catch a glimpse of GINO(baby daddy) who sits coldly in the background, disconnected, looking at his phone. Joyces turns it off.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

What time the custody hearing at?

JOYCE

3:30.

MAXINE

Girl, you better leave!

JOYCE

I am, I am. I'm almost done.

Joyce hangs shimmery streamers to the top of the wall. We see the decorations, and also that the brown floral couch she's standing on is a makeshift bed, where Joyce has been living.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Go put on something age appropriate so my daughter doesn't mistake you for an elderly Bratz doll.

There's a knock on the door. Maxine moves swiftly towards the door, swatting Joyce out of the way.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

(smacks lips)
Uh!

Joyce's phone chimes; email alert. The email reads "Dear Miss Joyce Williams, Thank you for your interest in RC Health. Unfortunately...". Joyce tosses her phone on the couch, takes a deep breath, and keeps decorating. Leaving the chain on the lock, Maxine cracks open the door.

MAXINE

What's the fruit of the day?

MAN AT DOOR (O.S.)

Grapefruit.

Maxine smirks and opens the creaky door. A sweaty MAN enters.

MAXINE

Ooh, you look like a Super Mario Brother.

His mustache is epic! They walk past Joyce into the bedroom. Maxine turns back.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Joyce?

JOYCE

Yeah mom?

MAXINE

If you lose in court today you can find somewhere else to live.

JOYCE

Thanks mom.

MAXINE

I'm serious. And don't turn that garbage back on while I'm working.

Maxine turns back to the bedroom.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

(to the Man)

Oh! I see you already ate yo' mushroom, baby!

Maxine closes the bedroom door and loud muffled R&B music starts playing through the wall. Joyce exaggerates gagging, then she hits play on the speaker; as it starts playing...

CUT TO:

MUSIC CUE: "Bloodsport" BY NJOY STARTS HARD
TITLE: NO MASTERS

EXT. CAR ON ROAD - DAY

A clean cherry red Acura is driving down Sunset Blvd. on a beautiful day! Sunshine, no smog. Smells like optimism.

INT. CAR ON ROAD

Joyce is rapping to trap music.

JOYCE

*Bloodsport! Kick you in the face so
hard, man I make that blood squirt.
Dodgin' laws, and the feds, gotta
show your blood in court.*

She is that girl!

JOYCE (CONT'D)

*Don't look at me. Why you lookin'
at mine? You gone need to keep yo'
baby daddy in line. Like some
rollerblades, I ain't afraid I'm
paid-*

BOOM! Tire blows out, kills the music.

INT. CAR ON ROAD - CURRENT DAY

We see the same Acura, it's red paint faded and chipped.

JOYCE

What the-

Joyce starts to loose control of the car.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Oh shit-

She steers hard onto to the shoulder of Ventura Blvd. It's smoggy as hell and dirty outside.

EXT. CAR ON SHOULDER

Joyce gets out and walks over the the front of the car and sees a huge blowout on the front passenger side tire.

JOYCE

Come on, man!

INT. TRUNK

From inside the trunks POV, Joyce pops the trunk and we see her frustrated face. From Joyce's POV we see a bunch of toys, soda cans, and trash in the space where the donut should be.

EXT. CAR ON SHOULDER

Joyce slams the trunk, it syncs with the striking gavel as we-

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN NUYS COURTHOUSE

2nd gavel strike shows the front of the Van Nuys Courthouse.

INT. COURTROOM

Third gavel strike and we're now inside the custody hearing. The courtroom is primarily empty. JUDGE ENGEL (young 50's, Lauren Lake type) is presiding over the custody hearing between Joyce and her baby daddy, GINO DIAZ (typical music industry manager type, tatted up, wears glasses), with his new girlfriend KIKI (bootleg version of Joyce but younger, fake nails, real Chanel), and they are flanked by their counsel, JENNA KIRKWOOD and MIKE AGUILAR.

JUDGE ENGEL

Do you both swear the testimony
you're about to give will be the
truth, the whole truth, and nothing
but the truth, so help you God?

JOYCE

Yes your honor.

GINO DIAZ

Yes, ma'am.

JUDGE ENGEL

Alright. Miss Kirkwood, proceed
with the Petitioner's statement.

Jenna Kirkwood remains standing while the others sit.

JENNA KIRKWOOD

Your honor, my client and I are on
a motion for change of status. The
child is currently living with the
father, Mr. Gino Diaz. Miss
Williams is requesting that she be
given extended unsupervised
visitation.

JUDGE ENGEL

And what is the relationship
between Petitioner and Respondent?

JENNA KIRKWOOD

Your honor Miss Williams and Mr.
Diaz were working together...

JOYCE

Hi, your honor. I did music and
Gino was my manager. Six years
later and we have a beautiful baby
girl, who I'd like to see more.

JUDGE ENGEL

Ok. First step, let's review your
state of employment.

Judge Engel flips through a folder. Joyce is proud.

JOYCE

Yes Judge, I'm currently working in
the fashion industry.

MIKE AGUILAR

Petitioner's current employment is
listed as... selling quinceañera
dresses for minimum wage.

JOYCE

It's... a stable job.

JUDGE ENGEL

Mrs. Kirkwood, it also seems like
your client is still... living with
her moms?

JENNA KIRKWOOD

Joyce Williams' mom is a supportive
part of Joyce and Estelle's lives-

JUDGE ENGEL

Petitioner... ain't this yo' momma
right here?

The Judge reveals an iPad with a picture of Maxine.

GINO DIAZ

Yeah, that's Miss Maxine fine ass.

It's an ad of Maxine in sexy lingerie, beckoning with a quote
that says "Come to Momma". Joyce is embarrassed.

JOYCE

What?...Why is that relevant-

JUDGE ENGEL

Let the record show that this
"supportive grandmother", has her
ass hanging out all over BackSpin.

MIKE AGUILAR

BackSpin? Nice.

GINO DIAZ

Mature mature, nah sayin'.

Gino and Mike Aguilar dap it up.

JUDGE ENGEL

You want to have this court rule in
your favor, but you ain't got your
shit together sis.

JOYCE

Judge. I'm not on drugs, I... I
have a steady income and a safe
home for my daughter.

JUDGE ENGEL

Snap, I just clocked you. You're
not NJOY are you? You made that
song, oh, what was it called?

Judge Engel snaps her fingers as she tries to recall.

JUDGE ENGEL (CONT'D)

It went like, "*I'm shakin' that
bag, shakin' til it drip, shakin'
that bag, potato chip. Shakin'
potato chips son, potato chips.*"

Mike and Gino join in doing the shoulder shimmy.

GINO DIAZ

*Shakin' potato chips son,
potato chips, brrrrr!*

MIKE AGUILAR

*Shakin' potato chips son,
potato chips.*

Joyce is just staring at everyone, her face like "really?".

JUDGE ENGEL

That was a bop!

JOYCE

I had... better songs than that-

JUDGE ENGEL

What happened to that potato chip bag? You fumbled and crushed it?

Judge Engel laughs at her own joke.

JUDGE ENGEL (CONT'D)

No but seriously. I even heard that song in that Doritos Super Bowl commercial, with the little Lannister, you know who I'm talking 'bout?

GINO DIAZ

(proud)

Yeah, I seen that one, Judge. That was my doing.

JUDGE ENGEL

You not getting paid from that?

Joyce looks down, embarrassed.

JUDGE ENGEL (CONT'D)

Uh ooh... somebody doesn't own their masters.

Judge Engel looks at Gino.

GINO DIAZ

Don't look at me, I sold them shits a long time ago. Prolly changed hands like four, five times.

JUDGE ENGEL

Damn girl, now some fool running around with your masters? Got dang!

JOYCE

There has to be something I can do.

JUDGE ENGEL

Eh, a contract like that can be sealed tighter than an expired jar of pickles. (then) I mean, you could get those masters back. Get residuals from putting songs in like a Marvel Movie or, ooh, be the trending song on DanceClock-

JOYCE

Perfect, what do I need to do?

Judge Engel gets real serious.

JUDGE ENGEL

Ok. So you'll want to use your preferred search engine to look up the song credits to your most popular song. I like Bing.

JOYCE

Ok, Bing, ok.

JUDGE ENGEL

Then, use that list and look up each individual you find in the credits section.

JOYCE

I can do that.

JUDGE ENGEL

Likely one of them owns or is connected to the owner of your masters.

JOYCE

Great. Then what?

JUDGE ENGEL

Well... you murder them. HA!

MIKE AGUILAR

Yeah like, kill they ass Jackie Chan style.

Mike throws a karate chop.

JUDGE ENGEL

(Laughing) Jean-Claude Van Ma'am.

Even Jenna laughs at that. She locks eyes with Joyce and straightens up.

JUDGE ENGEL (CONT'D)

But, I don't handle criminal cases.

GINO DIAZ

Say, Judge. Um, you need my testimony?

JUDGE ENGEL

Nah, we good. I can see you got your shit together... and money.

Judge Engel winks at Gino. He grabs the wink mid-air and pounds his chest like "it's all love".

GINO DIAZ

Yeah, yeah, I'm a good daddy.

JOYCE

He is so not a good dad. Or partner. Judge... I... if you knew the things he did to me in our relationship, I...

Judge Engel is pointing around the room like Oprah.

JUDGE ENGEL

You can get custody! And you can get custody! But not you. Not-the-Momma.

JOYCE

Judge?! Jenna?!

Joyce death stares her lawyer, Jenna just shrugs.

JUDGE ENGEL

Ah, jeez. I forgot one stipulation. Miss Williams. The court does force me to give you 60 days to appeal.

JOYCE

Really? That's great, I-

JUDGE ENGEL

But don't come up in my courtroom again without a good paying job, only W-2 money, ok? And keep ya' tacky momma out of it. Adjourned.

Judge Engel hits the gavel, as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL

Joyce is talking with Jenna while waiting for AAA.

JOYCE

What the heck was that in there? You're supposed to fight for me.

JENNA KIRKWOOD

Judge Engel is a hard ass. You saw. I only fight with her when I get paid to. I can't be sweating out my weave in court for pro-bono.

JOYCE

That was a disaster. How do I even find a new place? A new job?

JENNA KIRKWOOD

You could try the city.

JOYCE

They're on a hiring freeze.

JENNA KIRKWOOD

Customer service jobs are remote.

JOYCE

Already tried. They're all bots trained to sound like humans.

JENNA KIRKWOOD

Aww, really? No wonder my Nordstroms agent kept saying I couldn't return my(robot voice) *silk shirt*.

Joyce looks defeated. AAA pulls in front of the courthouse.

JENNA KIRKWOOD (CONT'D)

You're gonna be alright.

JOYCE

Thanks. Now you're starting to sound like a supportive lawyer.

JENNA KIRKWOOD

No, I mean, you're gonna be alright. AAA is here to tow you.

JOYCE

Oh. Yeah. I'll just get him to tow it to the store.

A text comes in from SHAY, Joyce's co-worker and best friend. It's urgent with '911' at the end.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Which I'm late for.

JENNA KIRKWOOD

Ok. 60 days. Indeed, LinkedIn, just not OnlyFans. Or PornHub.

JOYCE

(sarcasm)
Ha... ha.

JENNA KIRKWOOD

Seriously, my cousins best friend
got salmonella from a bukakke.

JOYCE

Don't even wanna know what that is.

JENNA KIRKWOOD

I believe in you!

Jenna walks away.

The AAA DRIVER steps out of the car.

AAA DRIVER

Joyce?

JOYCE

That's me.

AAA DRIVER

Your UberXL has arrived.

The AAA driver gestures towards the tow truck.

AAA DRIVER (CONT'D)

Nice Bentley.

They look at the broke down 20 yr old Acura TSX.

AAA DRIVER (CONT'D)

I'll make sure to take care of it.
Where are we towing to?

Joyce climbs into the tow truck and it drives away.

END ACT I

ACT II

EXT. QUINCEAÑERA SHOP

The AAA truck comes to a stop in front of a building in a strip mall with an illuminated sign that in cursive reads "Quinceañera" and bold reads "Shop". Joyce hops out of the AAA truck and it drives off.

INT. QUINCEAÑERA SHOP

Brown carpet on the floors, dingy mannequins with too much makeup, and hundreds of gowns laced throughout what looks like the oldest dress boutique in all of SF Valley. SHAY(Joyce's best friend, Yvonne Orji-type, resourceful) is pulling a dress for a CUSTOMER. Her customer service is as fake as her eyelashes.

SHAY

Ooh, yes, that gorgeous banana
yellow just screams "You're a woman
now, Hilda".

She hands them the dress.

SHAY (CONT'D)

She's gonna love those cream
colored ruffles around the collar.
Like she's getting swallowed by an
exotic flower.

The customer smiles and leaves. As the door opens, it triggers cumbia music....it's racist in a fun way!

SHAY (CONT'D)

Be sure to tag us in pictures!

Joyce enters, passing by a picture of Shay on the wall as "Dress-ployee of the Month".

JOYCE

Dang, you sold that ugly banana
split dress? That's skill.

Shay licks her finger, like she's finished an ice cream banana split.

SHAY

You late. I told Ms. Lee you was
having diarrhea and stuck in your
bathroom. You know I hate lyin'.

JOYCE

Why didn't you just tell her I had my custody hearing this morning?

SHAY

She don't need to know all yo' business. And the verdict is...?

Shay mimes handing a microphone to Joyce.

JOYCE

Not the momma, apparently.

SHAY

What?! What happened?

JOYCE

Gino happened. Gino got money.

SHAY

Gino got YOUR money! Estelle needs her mom!

JOYCE

Well the shady baby daddy stays in primary custody.

SHAY

I hate Gino! He 'bout as gangster as that pair of Warby Parkers.

Joyce starts laughing.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Hugging his head so tight like a white girl trying to save a tree.

Shay mimes hugging a big tree. Joyce laughs harder.

SHAY (CONT'D)

For real, them glasses so tight, it's like they're holding on to a toxic relationship that they made their whole identity.

JOYCE

Hahah stop! I'm too angry and depressed to laugh!

Joyce throws down her bag and puts on a name tag.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

And my car broke down. The AAA driver had to tow me here.

SHAY

Was he hot? I bet his arms were
like The Rock. And Popeye.

Shay starts flexing and Joyce just stares at her like smdh.

JOYCE

And I have to find a new job and
move out of my mom's place before
Estelle can stay with me.

SHAY

You got a job! And what's wrong
with Ms. Maxine's place?

JOYCE

(sigh) They had her ad.

Shay looks a little confused.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

On BackSpin.

SHAY

Ooh.

JOYCE

Said it wasn't a fit home
environment for a child.

SHAY

Ok, Ms. Maxine make more than all
us, that judge trippin'. Wish I was
single so I could be out here
cashin' out on my coochie.

MRS. LEE(old school, speaks Korean[no subtitles]), comes from
the back sweeping with a broom. She sees Joyce and talks to
her through Shay, who also speaks Korean.

MRS. LEE

Geunyeoneun eodie iss-eossnayo?
(Where she been?)

Mrs. Lee stares at Joyce.

SHAY

Jinjeonghada. Geunyeoneun jigeum
yeogie issseubnida.
(Calm down. She here now.)

JOYCE

Hi Mrs. Lee. Sorry I'm late. I am
very, very grateful for your
employment.

MRS. LEE

Don. Don. Hwag-inhada. Hwag-inhada.
(Money. Money. Check. Check.)

Mrs. Lee waves envelopes at Shay and hands them both to her.

MRS. LEE (CONT'D)

Seullaekoege jigeum meolikalag-eul
pandago malhaessnayo?
(You tell slacker we sell hair?)

SHAY

Oh right. Miss Lee gone start
selling bundles out the shop?

JOYCE

Why?

SHAY

I dunno. You know these Koreans own
the entire black hair industry.

She turns to Joyce.

MRS. LEE

You. Work hard. Must work hard.

We see the shop is very tidy, and completely empty.

JOYCE

Yes ma'am, I work hard.

Mrs. Lee scoffs and mumbles obscenities as she sweeps to the
back.

SHAY

Here.

Shay hands Joyce an envelope.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Dude. So I was watching this
documentary last night-

JOYCE

You watched a documentary?

SHAY

I'm getting my cultured and cute on. Plus, I love a true crime doc.

JOYCE

It's just crime.

SHAY

What?

JOYCE

It's not true crime. It's just crime. Fake crime is what happens like on NCIS. Regular ass crime happens in real life.

Beat.

SHAY

Anyways, hater, what had happened in this true crime documentary was this dude, was dating this girl for like 2 weeks. Then he dumped that bitch and started dating this other girl. Then that girl just ran away, disappeared, like she ghosted him.

JOYCE

Riveting.

Joyce is looking for something to open the envelope.

SHAY

Then he was telling the first girl he dated all about Runaway Renee... I don't really know the girls name I just made that up. Anyway, they rekindled they little fling. Turns out, she ain't ghost him. That bitch murdered his other bitch.

JOYCE

Which one what?

SHAY

It don't matter. But, all I gotta ask is, what his dick do? WHDD? What do his dick do to drive all these women so crazy?

Joyce just rolls her eyes.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Only amateurs murder someone with a traceable weapon. You gotta get creative. Like injecting insulin into a healthy person, or like an anti-biotic resistant bacteria.

Joyce finally opens the envelope, sees the amount on the check, sigh's, and unhappily puts it back in the envelope.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Look. We gone get Estelle back. Cause I miss my little buddy.

JOYCE

How? I'm struggling to keep a job that's paying me a criminal amount.

Shay sees the check.

SHAY

That is crime.

JOYCE

At this rate I'd have to be slanging quinceñeara dresses for minimum of 90 hours a week; and we only open 35 hours.

SHAY

Girl, you know I'm resourceful.

Shay starts tapping and swiping away on her phone. Her XL long false nails are moving like a conductors baton.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Ok your car's too old for Lyft. And too non-existent for Door Dash.

JOYCE

I get it. My car is busted.

SHAY

Can you... line cook? Do overnight security? Landscape?

JOYCE

No dude.

SHAY

Then I think this might be your only option.

Shay shows Joyce her phone.

JOYCE

Now, this is exactly what the judge
said not to do. No.

We see the ad through a cracked iPhone screen, Topless Maids.

SHAY

Hear me out. We just need to get
you some quick money-

JOYCE

Aren't these scams anyway?

SHAY

So you can put down first and last
months payment on a new place-

JOYCE

Like, for incel men in their 50's
who kidnap and torture women?

SHAY

And finally move you out your
momma's house.

JOYCE

Imma tell you what I'm not doing,
I'm not getting tied up to no day-
bed in a basement, with a bucket
and no water, watching He-Man
cartoons on repeat.

SHAY

Ok damn, now who been watching too
much true crime?

JOYCE

Nope.

SHAY

Aw girl. These are for lonely men
in their 50's who, like, own a car
dealership and have a wet bar in
they living room. Go over there,
drink they Louis tre, spray some
Windex with your boobs out and get
that easy money. Imma text them.

JOYCE

OMG, what is my life? I feel faint.

SHAY

Don't be scared. You gotta put
yourself out there girl.

JOYCE

I'm gonna grab food real quick.

SHAY

Dang, already taking your break,
you just got here.

JOYCE

No, I don't feel good. I was
rushing this morning. Didn't eat.

SHAY

Ooh, get me a Kind bar. I saw them
on Shark Tank.

As Joyce leaves and triggers the door cumbia as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Joyce walks to the bodega next door. KIDS are setting up a camera to film a TikTok-like dance outside of the bodega; three 10 yr. old GIRLS(all big for their age), one of them is WANDA, and a really little 6 yr. old boy, JULIUS. Joyce walks through them to the front door of the bodega.

WANDA

(smacks lips)
Ugh, lady!

INT. BODEGA

Joyce enters the door triggering a bell. Joyce grabs and places at the register a banana, boiled egg, a bag of diced pickles, a bag of potato chips and a Kind bar. The CASHIER loudly scans each item.

CASHIER

Seventeen dollars.

JOYCE

For some chips and a rotten banana?

CASHIER

Seventeen dollars.

Joyce reluctantly pulls out a credit card, her attention still on the kids.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Bag? It's ten cents.

Joyce is entranced by the kids dancing, the music stuns her.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Bag?! Ten cents?!

Joyce snaps to.

JOYCE

What, no, I don't need a bag.

She grabs all of the items off the register. As she exits, a MAN enters, pulling a ski mask over his face. Door bell...

EXT. BODEGA

The kids are dancing to a song blaring from a cracked phone.

CRACKED PHONE SPEAKER

*"I'm shakin' that bag, shakin' til
it drip, shakin' that bag, potato
chip. Shakin' potato chips son,
potato chips."*

Joyce slowly approaches and stands in front of the phone.

WANDA

Hey lady! Ugh! That was the best
one and you ruined it!

Joyce doesn't acknowledge Wanda and picks up the phone.

WANDA (CONT'D)

Hey! That's my auntie's phone!

The girl snatches it away from her, Joyce drops the food.

WANDA (CONT'D)

You tryin' to catch a stray?!

Wanda pulls back her fist.

JOYCE

Sorry, I... what is on your phone?

WANDA

Whatchu mean? DanceClock?

JOYCE

DanceClock? What? How...how did you
get that on your phone?

WANDA

Lady, whatchu talking about? Ugh!
You go in the app store, type your
auntie password, hers is PASSWORD-

JOYCE

The song on your phone, that you
danced to, where'd it come from?

WANDA

I dunno.

She looks at the phone.

WANDA (CONT'D)

N...JOY? Pff. That's a dumbass
name. Well, I don't "enjoy" this
song, but we just dance to
whatever's trending.

JULIUS

Yeah! If you got a dope dance to
the trending song, you can viral!

Julius starts flexing and dancing. Wanda smacks him.

WANDA

Shut up Julius and get back in
formation.

JULIUS

Owww, Wanda! Watchu do that for?

WANDA

Me and my sisters dance every day,
trying to make some of that
influencer money, cause we gone
live in a big ass loft.

The three big girls link arms and start dancing and chanting.

ALL KIDS

We gone live in a loft! We gone
live in a loft! We gone live in a
loft!

They continue chanting as we hear the Cashier scream from
inside and the masked Man, now wielding a gun, runs outside,
where everyone ignores him. Par for the course.

INT. QUINCEAÑERA SHOP

Joyce gives Shay her Kind bar.

SHAY

Uh, why it's all smashed up?

JOYCE

I dropped it.

SHAY

Rude!

Shay opens it anyway, dramatically savoring each bite.

JOYCE

Shay-

SHAY

Mmmm, mmm, salty dark chocolate,
just like me!

JOYCE

Shay. I heard my song.

Shay immediately stops eating and runs from behind the display counter and comforts Joyce.

SHAY

Ah, honey, I'm sorry.

JOYCE

I thought they bought my music to
bury it. Outta sight, outta mind.

SHAY

Man. Where'd you hear it?

JOYCE

These kids were outside the bodega
doing a DanceClock dance.

SHAY

Oh Wanda and her sisters? They
bullies. She called me out for
wearing replica Jordan 4's and I've
been low key shook every since.

JOYCE

These people are still making money
off my music.

SHAY

Gino made you sign that shitty
contract. He been making money,
while you struggle. His bootleg ass
couldn't manage a Burger King.

JOYCE

It's been a decade.

SHAY

Oh! Maybe you can be like Taylor Swift and make a new album; NJOY, Joyce's version.

JOYCE

Yeah, maybe.

SHAY

Right! Then you can have a dope comeback album, a summer stadium tour that's filmed in IMAX, and date an NFL player.

JOYCE

Ok, calm down Scooter Braun.

SHAY

Doesn't Gino own your masters?

JOYCE

Apparently he sold them. Bought the house off the cliff in San Pedro.

SHAY

Must've bought your clone some new tits, 'cause she look faker than that Chanel she be carrying.

JOYCE

Fake tits. Real Chanel.

SHAY

For real?! We need to get your masters, cause I want a Chanel.

JOYCE

And do what? I'm a part-time mom, working at a quinceañera shop, living with my sex worker momma. Nobody is going to help me.

SHAY

I dunno, maybe ask your lawyer.

Joyce throws her head onto the counter, exhausted.

EXT. QUINCEAÑERA SHOP - EVENING

Shay and Joyce lock up, shutting the metal security door.

SHAY

Alright. Well see you Monday.

Shay starts walking away, then-

SHAY (CONT'D)

Oh! Wear a Hawaiian shirt.

JOYCE

Why?

SHAY

As dress-ployee of the month, it is
my duty to keep up workplace
morale. It's now Maui Monday.

JOYCE

Girl bye.

SHAY

You sure you OK to walk now that
the city owns your car?

JOYCE

Ha. Ha. I'll be fine.

Joyce walks next door, to the apartment above the bodega. She
fumbles with the keys and unlocks her front door.

INT./EXT. MAXINE'S APARTMENT

Joyce opens the front door and out pours hot, steamy moaning.

DINO HAT MAN

Oh, fuck! Oh, shit! I'm so close!

Maxine is riding a different dude's cock on the La-Z-Boy in
the living room, a.k.a. Joyce's bedroom, and he's also
wearing one of the dinosaur birthday hats.

MAXINE

AHHH! AHHHH! AHHHHHHH!

Maxine screams like she's in a competition for best fake
orgasm. Joyce quickly slams the door.

We hear the chirp sound of a new text message. We see on the
Joyce's iPhone that it's the maid service. The text is an
address, and a price, \$400. Joyce can't pass this up. She
reluctantly heads to the bus stop.

END ACT II

ACT III

EXT. SCHOOL BUS STOP - DAY

Estelle and Joyce are waiting for the school bus to arrive.

ESTELLE

Look mommy.

Estelle is holding up a picture she drew.

ESTELLE (CONT'D)

We were supposed to draw somebody
that inspires us. It's you, mommy,
as a superhero.

Joyce is so touched.

JOYCE

That's beautiful baby.

The school bus is pulls up.

ESTELLE

Bye mommy!

JOYCE

Bye baby, I love you.

Joyce waits as Estelle enters the bus. She waves as it pulls away, then slowly stops waiving. We see Estelle through the window being tightly squeezed by Gino. Estelle is crying. Joyce reaches out, screaming, but no sound comes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Joyce snaps out of it as the bus brakes screech to a halt.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Joyce rests her head against the window, with headphones in.

FLASHBACK - CONCERT VENUE

A roaring crowd is cheering "NJOY" as Joyce walks off stage. Backstage a ROADIE helps take off her mic.

ROADIE

Mics.

NJOY

This crowd was a sick.

ROADIE

You killed it out there.

NJOY

Ah, it's the best high.

Gino approaches, head buried in the phone, never looking up.

GINO DIAZ

You got a meet and greet.

NJOY

Ok, I'm gonna take a shower first.
Catch my breath.

GINO DIAZ

In 10. Be ready.

Gino opens his hand, a pill's in it. NJOY reluctantly takes the pill out of his hand. Gino grabs her ass and walks off.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Street lights illuminate Joyce's face.

FLASHBACK - MEET AND GREET

Fans line up to take pics with NJOY in front of a step and repeat. She's barely keeping her eyes open as she interacts with hyperactive fans. Gino approaches.

GINO DIAZ

We're going to the label party.
It's at the Hoodini Estate. Shits
gone be magical.

NJOY is barely keeping it together as another fan approaches.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Street lights illuminate Joyce's face.

FLASHBACK - LABEL PARTY

NJOY is walking through the party, barely there. Each time she closes/opens her eyes we see new people, new rooms, then lastly a GUY she's never met coming in to kiss her.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

The brakes on the bus squeak as the bus comes to a stop.

EXT. CLEANING JOB HOUSE - NIGHT

A mansion that reads classy, glamorous and totally gaudy. Joyce snaps a photo of the house, and sends it to Shay and drops her a pin of the location. She starts a voice memo.

JOYCE

Girl, you better be down here like
Liam Neeson if you don't hear from
me in exactly one hour.

Send.

The iron pivot front door opens before Joyce can even knock. She's surprised by the way it swivels.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Oh, hi. I'm the... I'm with the...

Joyce is confused. This can't be the right place. Because it's not an incel man in his 50's...

JOYCE (CONT'D)

I think I might be at the wrong-

NIKO

You're in the right place. Come in.
I'll show you the supplies.

It's a woman! NIKO(gorgeous, calm, new-money style).

NIKO (CONT'D)

Oh, do you need the visitor parking
pass for your car? This street is
permitted at night.

JOYCE

Ugh, no thank you. I... took an
Uber. Thanks.

NIKO

Ok. Well then...

Niko gives a hand gestures for Joyce to speak.

JOYCE

Tiffany.

Niko can sense that's a fake name.

NIKO

Well, Tiffany. I'm Niko. Pleasure
to meet you.

Joyce trails Niko as she makes her way to the kitchen of the
nicest house she's ever been to. Joyce clocks the gorgeous
wet bar, fully stocked with top shelf liquor and wine with
foreign labels, even Louis tre.

NIKO (CONT'D)

Do you want anything to drink? It's
ok if you drink while you work.

Joyce really wants that Remy Martin Louis XIII.

JOYCE

Water... please.

NIKO

Water. On the rocks?

JOYCE

Room temp is fine.

NIKO

Ok. Room temp water coming up.

Niko turns and pours water into a crystal glass. Joyce takes
in this impressive house. Brazilian granite counter tops,
craftsman tiles, and... a faucet at the stove?

JOYCE

Where's the sink?

Joyce point's at the faucet over the stove.

NIKO

That's a pot filler. So you can
fill a big pot with water, use it
on the burner, and not have to
carry it from sink to stove.

Niko hands Joyce the glass.

JOYCE

Thank you.

Joyce takes a sip.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Nice water.

NIKO

What?

JOYCE

I was just saying nice... water.

Niko can sense Joyce's nerves.

NIKO

You've done this before, yeah?

Joyce takes a sip and is practically choking.

JOYCE

Yes, yes. So many times.

NIKO

You can start here in the kitchen,
if you wanna take your top off.

Niko slowly sips her snifter of cognac.

JOYCE

Oh, ok.

Joyce turns with her back to Niko. She slowly drops her top, undoes her bra and it falls to the floor. She starts spraying down the granite countertops. Niko observes Joyce's muscular back as Niko puts her hand insider her pants.

NIKO

That spray is for this specific
type of granite. The granite's
imported from Brazil.

JOYCE

Oh. It's nice.

NIKO

It was a pain to get this granite
stateside and a pretty expensive
chunk broke off in transit. But
it's something I can brag about
when company comes.

JOYCE

Mmm hmm.

Niko takes her hand from her pants and gently smears it onto the granite counter. Joyce continues to wipe the same spot.

NIKO

Not very talkative huh?

JOYCE

Just... focused on the work.

NIKO

Ok. Don't be too shy. I won't bite.

JOYCE

(wary)

Ha. Well. Your place is nice. What kind of work do you do?

NIKO

I'm an entertainment lawyer.

Joyce stops wiping and quickly turns around.

JOYCE

Really?

NIKO

Wow, those are nice.

JOYCE

You're an entertainment lawyer?
Like for musicians who don't own their masters?

NIKO

Oddly specific, but yes. I work closely with a firm that does just that. (re: boobs) Firm, real firm.

JOYCE

What kind of firm?

NIKO

Smooth, like an almond latte. You have fantastic genetics.

JOYCE

The firm helps musicians?

NIKO

More like robs them. Honestly, these kids sweat hard over creating for people who don't even know how to create their own breakfast. Who get paid an insane amount of money, I'm talking like real "fuck you" money. While the artist just burns out. Then they just rinse/repeat with the next kid. (re: boobs) Mmm, so perky. Full of pep.

JOYCE

Shouldn't that be illegal?

NIKO

It's immoral. It's unethical. It's sad. But, it's not illegal. That's the most annoying part of the law. Sometimes there is no real "justice". Now, about these perfectly created craters of yours.

Joyce, defeated, continues wiping the counter, and the smear.

NIKO (CONT'D)

Sorry, am I upsetting you?

JOYCE

No, it's... I'm fine.

Niko puts down her drink and stands really close to Joyce.

NIKO

You know, they say cleaning increases endorphins. Happy hormones. There's a lot of happy cleaning necessary in the bedroom.

Niko grabs the cleaning caddy and leads Joyce down a hallway with motion sensor lights that come on as she walks. Joyce trails behind, still in awe of this gorgeous house.

INT. BEDROOM

Niko puts the cleaning caddy on a nightstand next to the bed.

NIKO

This jade elephant stand I won at auction at Sotheby's. Straight from the coast of Myanmar. The owner ran a fish farm. He died tragically from complications of the colon.

Joyce notices a bondage swing and a mounted rack of strap-ons, sorted like a set of hand weights. You could easily cut the tension with one of the giant floggers.

NIKO (CONT'D)

You don't have to do anything you're not comfortable with.

Niko approaches Joyce and gets right next to her ear.

NIKO (CONT'D)

But, if you were to move past your comfort zone, into your fun zone, I promise to make it worth your time.

Niko backs off and pulls out her phone. Joyce's phone dings. She pulls it up, the screen reads "Niko has paid you \$1,500".

NIKO (CONT'D)

With your consent of course.

Joyce stays frozen in place. Then, the lights turn off.

FLASHBACK - INT. HOUDINI ESTATE

NJOY is slouched on a bed and she's being kissed by a random GUY(cuban link chain, black smedium tshirt with the Beat Records label logo, lines cut into his bald fade).

NJOY

Hey. What's...I don't...

GUY

Shh shh, it's ok, baby. We're just having fun.

NJOY tries to pull him off but she's too weak. He lifts her arms up and takes off her shirt. We see from her POV he takes off his shirt.

NJOY

I'm not...

Eyes close/open we see the Guy on top of her grunting. Except the Guy is now a large LIZARD with glowing green eyes like laser beams. His forked tongue sticks out towards NJOY.

Eyes close/open we see the door open and two other LIZARDS in suits come in, one is filming with his camera. They are snicker. The light from the camera is blinding.

Eyes close/open the blinding light subsides and we see NJOY on stage at a magic show, trapped in a saw box. Next to her is Houdini with a saw. We hear clapping but NJOY is too blinded by the light to see the crowd. Houdini showcases the saw, dramatically inserts it into the box and starts sawing NJOY in half. She's screaming, terrified...

NJOY (CONT'D)

No... No!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Niko and Joyce are in bed asleep. Joyce wakes up abruptly, with **panicked breathing**.

JOYCE

NO!

Her panic wakes Niko.

NIKO

Hey, hey, chill, chill. Are you ok?

Joyce starts to breathe deeper.

JOYCE

I'm... ok.

Joyce lays down, she sees a coffee mug with a familiar logo on it. Oh shit, she knows EXACTLY who's logo that is.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Is that a Beat Records mug?

NIKO

Yeah. I did some work for them back in the day. Hell, they were my #1 client for a while. Practically bought me this house.

Niko softly rubs her arms.

NIKO (CONT'D)

Why do you ask?

Joyce SNAPS! She grabs the mug and hits Niko in the face, knocking her unconscious. Then, she jumps on top of her and continues to beat her until it sounds like she's beating a pile of wet mashed potatoes. She stops, breathing heavily.

EXT. STREET - EARLY DAWN

Joyce walks up the side stairs of the bodega. It's so early that even the bodega is still closed.

INT. MAXINE'S APARTMENT

She enters her mom's place and rests her back against the front door. The TV is on an early morning news station.

NEWS ANCHOR

Police are still looking for a man who held up a bodega located on the 600 block of Van Nuys Blvd. Thankfully, a DanceClock video captured the crime in action. Courtesy of @WandasGurlz.

The video shown on screen is from the kids who were filming in front of the bodega earlier, capturing when Joyce got in the way and the masked Man entered the bodega.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

These young girls were filming a DanceClock video in front of the bodega at the time of the robbery, and the offender was caught on camera between dance moves.

They loop the video, with the NJOY song playing on repeat.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Police are asking if you have any leads to please contact them.
(to other anchor)
Those kids are lucky they weren't harmed.

NEWS ANCHOR 2

We can label them the DanceClock Heroes. In other news, SF Valley faces power outages amid record temperature...

The TV sound drowns out.

Joyce becomes aware of all of the pink dinosaur decorations meant for Estelle's homecoming and... she SNAPS!

JOYCE

Arrrrr!!!

She's screaming, ripping down streamers, little plastic party favors flying everywhere.

Joyce ripss the pink dinosaur open and tons of tiny pink candies, M&M's, Starbursts, Bubble Yum, go flying everywhere.

Joyce is grunting, panting, then starts crying. She puts her hands on her face, which feel sticky and weird. She pulls her hands from her face, looking closely at the sticky crimson that covers her hands. She realizes it's blood. She's finally snapping out of it and staring at her hands...realizing.

Oh fuck.

MUSIC CUE: NJOY - Bloodsport
(music video: <https://youtu.be/CS11-3AyAeY>)

END OF EPISODE