

FOR THE LOVE OF BL8

Written by

Shannon Joy Rodgers

A love story between a crew and a skate shop.

[shannonjoyrodgers@gmail.com](mailto:shannonjoyrodgers@gmail.com)

COLD OPEN

The front door bell rings and in walks a RICH KID and his MOM. TONY, a Roll House employee that looks like a bootleg version of The Rock, greets them.

TONY  
Welcome to Roll House.

The Mom, not making eye contact says-

MOM  
No.

TONY  
What?!

MOM  
I'm not hearing it.

CHEKA, another Roll House employee who's got looks like Malia Obama with Megan Thee Stallion attitude, has Tony's back.

CHEKA  
Yo, lady if you got a problem...

MOM  
Well tell Chelsea no equestrian practice if she doesn't finish American Lit. And that's that!

Reveal the Mom is wearing gold air pods.

MOM (CONT'D)  
And if she misses equestrian, no regionals next week. And Too-Hot-To-Trot will stay in the stable. Alone!

RICH KID  
Is this the place Sean Patrick skates for?

CHEKA  
It is.

RICH KID  
But he's the best skater in the world. Why's he hype up a place that's so... run down?

CHEKA

It's called "personality".  
Something I can tell you're not  
familiar with.

TONY

So you're part of the Sean Patrick  
fandom. You know this shop raised  
him. Made him the skate phenom he  
is today.

Rich Kid rolls his eyes.

RICH KID

Carol, I want these!

The Rich Kid holds up a pair of skates.

MOM

Sweetie, how many times do I have  
to tell you not to call me by my  
first name, ok angel?

TONY

Alright little buddy. What size you  
need?

RICH KID

I dunno.

TONY

You don't know what size you wear?

RICH KID

Carol! What size do I wear?

TONY

Wanna check the shoes you have on-

RICH KID

CAROL!

MOM

(yelling from air pods) SEBASTIAN!  
He's a six. (to air pods) No, no  
acai bowl either. The chia seeds  
don't agree with her  
gastrointestinal lining.

RICH KID

I'm a six.

TONY

Hang tight, I'll get you sorted.

Tony walks to the back. The Mom... Carol, paces on the phone in front of her son.

MOM

Ugh, Maggie's such a bad influence  
I don't want that little slime  
anywhere near our house.

TONY

And here you go.

CHEKA

Snap, the Danny Beer's. Good choice  
little man.

RICH KID

Who?

Tony and Cheka look at each other like "smdh" (shake my damn head).

CHEKA

(to Tony) The next generation is  
failing us.

The Rich Kid stands up with the skates on and immediately falls over. Cheka catches him.

CHEKA (CONT'D)

Oop! Gotchu.

RICH KID

Let me go, chick. I know how to  
rollerblade.

Cheka puts her hands up.

CHEKA

Do you, playa.

The Rich Kid struggles to skate towards the display counter. Behind the display counter is SHANE BOSS, a Martin Starr type and the owner of Roll House.

RICH KID

I want these green wheels.

BOSS

The Eric Schrijn Eulogy reissues?

RICH KID

Whatever, I want those, geezer.

BOSS

Do you know how to change your wheels or should I ask your mommy to change them for you. As I'm sure she changes other things.

CHEKA

(to Tony) Like his pampers.

RICH KID

That's why I pay you, yeah?

CUT TO:

A top down view of boss assembling the skates, like a stylized music video meets a Tasty video.

BACK TO:

Boss wrapping up the transaction.

BOSS

That'll be \$375.

RICH KID

Carol! Your credit card!

The Mom throws a card at Cheka without even making eye contact. Cheka makes a frown like "I know this bitch didn't!" She hands the card to Boss and he checks them out.

Boss hands the Rich Kid the receipt.

BOSS

Here's your receipt. Complimentary allen wrench is in the bag.

CHEKA

(to self) Not that he knows how to use it.

The Rich Kid grabs his shoes and skates out the door as his Mom trails him.

MOM

I don't know, buying Sebastian a skateboard right now.

Cheka yells out.

CHEKA

They're rollerblades!

TONY

Aw man, I wanna be "don't know my  
own shoe size" rich.

**Title: Roll House.**

**END OF COLD OPEN**

ACT 1INT. ROLL HOUSE SKATE SHOP - DAY

Roll House is quaint. Quaint in a way that you see on a Zillow listing for an uncomfortably tiny house. We hear a toilet flush to reveal TONY walking out of the bathroom, which is located directly next to the front counter.

TONY

Frank Ocean.

CHEKA is arguing with Tony over what music to play in the shop.

CHEKA

Sean Patrick is coming in today.  
Sean Patrick don't wanna listen to  
your sad boi music. I'm playing  
City Girls.

The shop phone is ringing, they both ignore it.

TONY

Listen sis, not everyone can be as  
thotty as you in the morning.

CHEKA

Ain't nothing wrong with getting a  
little hot thotty in the AM.

Cheka starts to twerk as Boss answer's the ringing cordless phone that's been sitting right next to Cheka's leg.

BOSS

Roll House!

He stares at them both annoyed. They continue to argue.

TONY

The Smiths. The Smiths are a whole  
ass vibe. Sean likes The Smiths.  
We're listening to The Smiths right  
now.

Cheka mocking Morrissey.

CHEKA

*You put on The Smiiiiths and you'll  
be a boy with a stiletto in his  
siiiiide.*

TONY  
Ooh, you so annoying.

BOSS  
(to phone) What size Mesmer? An 8?

Boss points to Cheka to go look. Cheka tries to grab the bluetooth remote from Tony, he snatches it away. Boss puts his hand over the receiver.

BOSS (CONT'D)  
Don't play The Smiths.

CHEKA  
Ha haaa!

TONY  
Whatever. Ooh! The Head on the Door?

CHEKA  
What are you? Like, an 8th grader from La Habra who just got dumped.

Tony loudly smacks his lips. Cheka walks to a wall that slides to reveal the inventory. She pulls out a skate box.

CHEKA (CONT'D)  
There's a 7... and a 9.

BOSS  
(to phone) There's a 7 and a 9. You could probably get away with the 7 boot because the shell size is 7-8, and then buy a separate size 8 Intuition liner.

TONY  
(singing) *Six different ways inside-*

TONY (CONT'D) CHEKA  
...your heart. A fart.

Cheka drops the skate liners on the display case.

CHEKA (CONT'D)  
Here's an 8.

Boss is writing down the customer's info.

BOSS  
(to phone) Hold for Huxley? The store's open til 6pm today. Ok see you... then.  
(MORE)



BOSS (CONT'D)

(to employees) They hung up. No manners.

TONY

Smartphone generation kids not smart on phones.

BOSS

It was Huxley's mom.

TONY

Eww, even worse.

CHEKA

Panda Bear!

BOSS

Pull those 7 Mesmer's and put them with the holds.

Cheka grabs the box. She writes out the name Huxley on a sticky note and puts it on the skate box.

TONY

No, no. Ooh, Steve Lacy!

CHEKA

Ugh, I'm so sick of him and his relaxed hair right now. Dude?

She motions towards the bathroom, where the toilet is overflowing.

TONY

Aw, shit.

CHEKA

Bro you need to get checked out! Your stool shouldn't break the hardware.

Tony starts mopping up a little overflow of toilet water.

TONY

Ugh, don't say stool. Ok if not Steve Lacy then... Thundercat!

CHEKA

They're basically the same person.

Boss steps over the puddle.

BOSS

The Adolescents.

Cheka and Tony shake their head at each other like "hell no". The bell to the front door rings as SEAN PATRICK, Roll House's star skater enters.

TONY

Sean!

CHEKA

Wassup little big head.

They give the skate dap (a handshake where you slap then fist bump).

SEAN

Hey Cheka, Tone.

Tony gives a "wassup" head nod.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Manning the perpetually broken toilet I see.

CHEKA

Thanks to Tony's crusty gut.

Tony splashes water at Cheka.

CHEKA (CONT'D)

Aye, watch-it!

SEAN

Hey, Boss. Can I talk to you for a sec.

Boss is restocking wheels in the display case.

BOSS

Yeah, wassup? Oh, we haven't gotten your wheels in yet. Or the new shirts. But I think they should be coming later today.

SEAN

Yeah, about that. Can we talk? In private?

The bell to the front door rings again as in walks DAVID, the Sportz Heaven rep. He's sorta a douche who wears Lululemon mens with Sperry boat shoes.

CHEKA

Hey, welcome to Roll House. Just let me know if you need anything.

DAVID  
I'm good, thanks. Sean, did you  
tell him?

BOSS  
Tell me what?

DAVID  
That he's Sportz Heaven's latest  
superstar.

BOSS  
I'm sorry, who are you?

DAVID  
David Vance. Sportz Heaven's team  
manager and account rep.

Boss rolls his eyes and stays on Sean.

TONY  
Sportz Heaven? Isn't that the place  
in the Galleria with the rock wall?

CHEKA  
Oh yea, they got the rock climbing  
shits. Yo, they sell everything.  
Tents, soccer balls, aluminum  
baseball bats that are MLB  
regulation size.

All except Boss stare at her.

CHEKA (CONT'D)  
What? I keep one under my bed. I  
don't trust nobody.

SEAN  
So, um. Surprise? Now that you know  
I'm riding for Sportz Heaven, I...  
have to... not... also ride for  
Roll House. So I have to quit the  
team.

TONY  
Wait...what?!

CHEKA  
Traitor!

Boss just stares silently. David is looking at skates on the  
display wall.

DAVID  
Roces for \$160? You could probably  
up-sale that by 23%, but that's  
just me.

TONY

Aye, that's the boot only price.

Tony adds, with extra bass in his voice...

TONY (CONT'D)

Don't touch the merch, suit.

David puts the skate down and backs away with his hands up.

SEAN

I just figured it'd be better to tell you in person that I have to quit the team. I feel like I'd owe you that much.

CHEKA

Man, I knew it. You fake as Tony's front teeth.

TONY

Hey! Don't come at me! I shattered my tooth jumping off a 6ft quarter pipe when I was 15.

SEAN

You know, it's a good opportunity for me.

TONY

I had to get a root canal and everything, shit really hurt.

SEAN

It's good for the sport. Reach a large area. See it grow more.

Tony dramatically drops the mop.

TONY

We're a family here! Man, Roll House made you. Boss made you, and you're just gonna bounce like this?

DAVID

Oh, and by the way...

Tony starts talking like The Godfather.

TONY

I know you're not interrupting when *the family's* talking.

DAVID

Since the contract's been signed, Roll House has to officially cease sales of any Sean Patrick merch, and any items with Sean Patrick's likeness on them can not be sold for profit.

CHEKA

(mockingly) Em nem nem, sold for profit. Brah, brah, brah.

DAVID

I mean, maybe we could rep you guys. But, I dunno, we've never repped any account this... quaint.

Yeah, like, this little skate shop thing you have going on is "cute", but it's no Sportz Heaven.

SEAN

Boss, come on man.

David wipes dust off a pair of display skates and rubs it between his fingers. Tony flexes at him.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You know I could use the money Boss. It's not personal.

DAVID

Sean, call time's in 15. We gotta go.

CHEKA

Call time's, brah, brah, brah...

TONY

Modelo Times. Ra, ra, ra...

DAVID

Yes, call times. We've already got one ad out on ESPN and we're shooting an entire campaign.

CHEKA

You going camping? Why you going camping?

SEAN

It's just business.

DAVID

You might wanna check on that.

David motions towards the water, which is now coming into the front half of the shop.

TONY  
Can't tell me what to do, I don't  
work for suits.

Tony stares at David and starts mopping without breaking eye contact.

DAVID  
Alright Sean, I'll be in the car.

We hear the front door bell ring as David walks out.

SEAN  
Come on, Boss.

Boss still hasn't answered him. The phone rings. Boss answers the phone.

BOSS  
Roll House. Yes we do sell Them  
brand skates.

SEAN  
I gotta go Boss.

BOSS  
Yeah, let me check.

Boss checks the wheel display.

BOSS (CONT'D)  
Yes we have Bone Swiss and  
ceramics.

SEAN  
Boss.

Boss doesn't even look up.

BOSS  
\$65 for the regular, 80 for  
ceramic.

SEAN  
(sigh) Later man.

The front door bell rings as Sean and David walk out.

BOSS  
I'll hold 'em for you. We close at 6.

Boss clicks the phone off. No one says anything. After a long awkward beat, Cheka raises the bluetooth remote and The Adolescents "Kids of the Black Hole" starts playing.

**END OF ACT I**

ACT IIINT. SKATE SHOP

Boss proceeds to deal with taking down Sean's merch. He's taking posters off the wall, unhangng shirts with an intense calm. Cheka and Toni carefully walk around his energy.

CHEKA

Heeyyy Boss.

Boss ignores her and continues to methodically unhang shirts and neatly fold them. After he's made a stack of shirts...

BOSS

Can you-

CHEKA

Yep.

Cheka grabs a cardboard box and boxes up the shirts.

BOSS

And the-

CHEKA

On it.

Cheka grabs a tube and rolls the posters into them.

BOSS

And I suppose-

TONY

I've already wiped all of the photos and reels with Sean from the shop Instagram. And turned off tagging. I also sent a bunch of bots to his page. Hope he likes "Nikki peach squirt emoji".

We hear thuds, then we see that Cheka is punching the cardboard cutout of Sean.

CHEKA

Why. Won't. This. Fold. Down!

TONY

I'll help you dude.

They both tag team wrestle the cardboard cutout. Tony grabs it in a sleeper hold like he's in a WWE match.



Cheka then jumps up high and pile drives it to the floor, hurting only herself. The front door bell rings and a UPS delivery person walks in.

UPS

Where should I leave these boxes?

BOSS

Right there is good.

UPS unloads three boxes from a dolly and leaves them next to Cheka, who is rolling and groaning on the floor. UPS is unfazed because they're always wildin' in the shop. The door rings and UPS walks out.

CHEKA

I think I hurt my tibia.

TONY

You're fine.

Boss walks over to the boxes and cuts one open with a box cutter. Seans face is printed on shirts, wheels, and coffee mugs.

BOSS

You know what? Let's hold team try-outs.

Cheka and Tony both stare at Boss.

TONY

Try... try-outs?

CHEKA

Team Tryouts? That's gonna be sad like Americas Got Talent rejects.

BOSS

Come on. It'll be... fun.

CHEKA

(to Tony) Did he just say "fun" or did my fall hurt my brain?

TONY

(to Cheka) I think he said fun. Call 911, he's having a stroke!

BOSS

And... there.

We see that boss has just uploaded a poster for skate try-outs for later today.

CHEKA

Okay...

Cheka mentally prepares for the inevitable. Boss motions toward the delivery.

BOSS

Repurpose these while you're at it.

CHEKA

You ain't gotta tell me twice.

CUT TO:

INT. SKATE SHOP OFFICE

Cheka takes a sharpie to all of the merch and is giving Sean buck teeth and crossing out his eyes like in a horror movie.

CHEKA

Pretty boy lookin' ass.

We hear the bell at the front door ring and a small kid, VICTOR comes in. He's really quiet and unassuming, looks like the polar opposite of the Rich Kid.

TONY

Hey little dude, what can I do for you?

VICTOR

Oh, um...

Victor pulls out a pair of really busted skates from his backpack.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

I was wondering if you had any used cuffs that you need to get rid of?

Tony holds up the skate.

TONY

And soul plates too?

Tony spins the wheel with his finger and it barely spins and makes a loud sound like the bearings are dried out.

TONY (CONT'D)

And wheels? What you been skating on, shrapnel?

Victor pulls out a wad of crumpled ones and some change falls on the floor.

VICTOR  
I think I only got enough for  
cuffs.

Boss sees Victor at the counter struggling.

BOSS  
Hey, what size skate are you?

VICTOR  
Uh, 7, I think?

Boss walks to the back as Cheka comes to the front and throws down the Sean shirts on the counter.

CHEKA  
Here's the whole batch.

Tony picks up a shirt.

TONY  
HA! Damn girl. You definitely going  
through something.

CHEKA  
Whatever. This is called upcycling.

TONY  
I didn't know you were gonna go all  
Blair Witch on his face, bruja.

The crossed out eyes do look terrifying. Boss comes to the front with a pair of skates.

BOSS  
These are an 8, but are sorta  
narrow so they may fit.

VICTOR  
No way, Roces Nils?

Victor looks down at his money.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
I...I only have enough for cuffs.

BOSS  
Tell you what, you give me the cuff  
money and we'll call it even. Can't  
sell them anyway, they're used,  
already been skated.

VICTOR  
Holy shit! I mean, sorry. Thank  
you, thank you!

Victor shoves his old skates in his backpack.

BOSS  
Don't tell anybody I was nice to  
you.

VICTOR  
I won't!

TONY  
Hey we're having team tryouts  
later, you should come by Belvedere  
at 5:30 and skate.

VICTOR  
Oh, um, I gotta see if it's ok with  
my mom. Thanks again for the skates.

Victor carries his Roces out the door. Stoked!

CHEKA  
Aww that was so freakin' cute.

BOSS  
If you ever refer to anything I do  
as cute again I'll kill you, and  
then fire you.

Tony is sitting on the counter scrolling Instagram.

TONY  
Man, looks like mad people are into  
these tryouts.

Cheka looks over Tony's shoulder.

CHEKA  
Belvedere is the best skate park  
man, I love Belvedere.

TONY  
Man, screw Sean. I'm down Boss to  
find some new elite blade talent.

The next post they scroll to is Sean's new Sportz Heaven ad.

CHEKA  
The fuck is this wack shit?

CUT TO:

COMMERCIAL

Hero shot on Sean reveals he's on a white sound stage surrounded by clouds. Cut to Sean skating a mini-ramp and when he airs he floats up into the clouds. There's a female voice over the music.

MODELS  
(sexy whisper)  
Sportz Heaven.

INT. ROLL HOUSE SKATE SHOP

Intercut between the ad playing and the shop.

TONY  
Why's she keep saying Sportz Heaven  
like a cringe perfume ad?

COMMERCIAL

Models are surrounding Sean, all wearing booty shorts and rollerblades.

MODELS  
(sexy whisper)  
Sportz Heaven.

INT. ROLL HOUSE SKATE SHOP

CHEKA  
What is he like, a Victoria Secrets  
Angel now?

TONY  
More like Victors Reveal.

CHEKA  
Reveal you stupid, bro.

COMMERCIAL

SEAN  
There's only one way I like to  
skate, and that's to Heaven.

INT. ROLL HOUSE SKATE SHOP

CHEKA  
Yo, what?

TONY

That suit guy starting a cult, man.  
I know it.

Right then, the power goes out in the skate shop.

CHEKA

I swear I paid the bill.

Boss let's out a long sigh.

EXT. ROLL HOUSE SKATE SHOP

There's a hole in the sidewalk in front of the shop. A CONSTRUCTION CREW MEMBER mans a super loud jack hammer and electricians in orange vests inspect the building. Boss approaches.

BOSS

Excuse me.

Jack hammer is mad loud.

BOSS (CONT'D)

EXCUSE ME!

Crew member spots Boss and stops.

CREW MEMBER

Step back, this is a work zone.

BOSS

I know. I work in this shop right here.

CREW MEMBER

Ok, the sidewalk's off limits for now, pal, so please return to your place of employment.

BOSS

Yeah the shop, that I own, the power just went out.

CREW MEMBER

The whole blocks out. Probably gonna have to be out until 18:00 hours.

BOSS

6 o'clock? Why weren't we notified about this?

The crew member shrugs and returns to jack hammering, loudly.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Cooooool...

INT. ROLL HOUSE SKATE SHOP

Boss storms in.

BOSS

We're closing up early.

CHEKA

Yes!

BOSS

So Cheka, go to the skatepark now and start setting up for the try-outs.

CHEKA

Only if I can put some curly fries and a shake from Jack in the Box on the Roll House credit card.

BOSS

No.

CHEKA

Ooh, you be so mean to me.

BOSS

Tony help me throw these boxes in the back of my car. I may be able to fit 4, can you fit 2 in yours?

TONY

You know the Prius is packed with my Mary Kay merchandise. Which reminds me, have we ever talked about your nighttime routine?

BOSS

Yes, whiskey neat and a podcast on Paddlefish Caviar.

TONY

I'm just saying, your pores are screaming for moisture. 'Help, we're alarmingly dehydrated!'

Tony starts puckering with his lips.

BOSS  
If you can hear my pores you may  
need to get your eyes checked.

TONY  
But-

BOSS  
I know what I said.

CHEKA  
Alright, all locked up front.

BOSS  
Tony, is the toilet fixed?

TONY  
Yeah... for now.

BOSS  
Good enough. Let's bounce.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELVEDERE SKATEPARK - LATER

A ton of rollerbladers are already skating the park, warming up.

The skate scene has pronounced cliques, just like in high school. As we follow the action around the park we see...

Young Kids - dressed in oversized pants and muted tones.

Stoners - smoking a fat joint as they skate around lacing tricks.

Bladies - rollerblade ladies shredding in yoga pants.

Preppies - who are dressed like they went to Ivy League and don't have student loans.

Core OG's - the buttoned up gentlemen of the sport, usually in skinny jeans, never without a coffee, black.

The vibe is sick as everyone's skating around showing off their best skate tricks and giving each other props. Skating is a subculture unlike most that transcends typical societal divisions such as class, race, gender, etc.



The Roll House crew sets up a booth with a coffee machine, some skate tools for skaters to use, and a QR code for people to sign up for the try-outs on their phones. Cheka and Tony are goofing on the megaphone, calling people out.

TONY

I sees you Robbie. Nice scarf bro!

ROBBIE PITTS skates up and grinds the quarter pipe, looking like a red headed Boy George.

The Rich Kid from earlier skates up to the booth.

RICH KID

Here's my entry fee. Do you take a black card?

CHEKA

Suuure...

He's truly a t-dog. T-dogs are kids that aren't good at skating but have all the latest gear, but don't know nor respect the art.

RICH KID

Yeah, you guys should just pick me because I'm an influencer. I can make anyone buy anything, any day.

He skates away, waving his arms, he clearly cannot skate.

TONY

And yet, he can't buy a personality.

Boss fills up his cup and takes a sip of hot coffee. THREE SKATERS skate up to him.

SKATER 1

Hey, Boss. So nice to meet you in person.

SKATER 2

Yeah dude, you're a legend.

BOSS

Hey guys, thanks for coming out.

SKATER 3

Man, yeah I had your poster on my wall of you makio-ing Staples Center ledge. That's buck, dude.

BOSS  
Thanks man. Yeah, that picture took  
19 tries to make.

SKATER 2  
Whoa! Hey, is it true that Sean  
Patrick signed a 6-figure deal with  
Sportz Heaven?

BOSS  
Gotta go boys.

Boss walks right past them.

SKATER 2  
Ah yeah, running the comp.

Skater 1 hits Skater 2 in the back of the head.

SKATER 1  
What the fuck?

SKATER 2  
What?

SKATER 3  
Why would you bring that up?

Skaters 1 and 3 shake their head and skate off.

SKATER 2  
I was just curious! That's some  
"fuck you" money.

Skater 2 skates off.

CUT TO:

INT. BELVEDERE SKATEPARK

The skaters all start hooting and hollering.

BOSS  
Alright. This isn't a contest where  
you'd be judged on a point system,  
like the fucking Olympics.

Everyone starts booing.

SKATER 4  
Sell outs.

BOSS

This is a demonstration of skill  
and more importantly, personality,  
to see if you're a good fit for the  
Roll House squad. No go skate!

Skaters skate off.

RICH KID

Hey, aren't you Jon Bolino?

JON BOLINO

Yeah, wassup dude.

RICH KID

Wait, you're trying out? Aren't you  
too good to skate for Roll House?

JON BOLINO

Nah, I respect Roll House. No one  
gives a fuck about rollerblading.  
But Boss does. And that's punk as  
hell.

Jon skates off. For the first this little shit is starting to  
realize he's participating in something bigger than himself.

Quick montage of the contest going off! Grinds, airs, makes,  
slams, dirty shirts, bloody shins. Talent is evident and the  
falls are harsh. The concrete is unforgiving.

TONY

Alright last tricks. Then when  
we're done, the results will be  
announced at Roll House Skate Shop  
after this. Get your last tricks  
in, go off!

And it ends with Skater 2 launching up for a 540, then  
slamming hard out of frame. Everyone onlooking winces.

SKATER 2

...I'm ok!

Cheka shouts through the megaphone.

CHEKA

Shake it off B, shake it off.

Boss raises his coffee cup to his lips and is shoved from  
behind. His coffee spills all over him.

BOSS

What the f-

Boss is lit, and he's two seconds from punching the living shit out of... oh wait, he turns to see KAITLYN, Victor's mom yelling at him.

KAITLYN

Hey man! I don't know what you and your slacker group think you're doing, but my son ain't no charity.

Kaitlyn throws the Roces skates at Boss that he gave to Victor. The skates hit him in the chest, but he stands tough like it didn't hurt.

BOSS

I was just helping out your son.

KAITLYN

He already has skates, that I paid for, with my own money.

BOSS

They seemed pretty battered. I was just hooking him up with-

KAITLYN

He doesn't need a "hook up".

BOSS

Look, if he skates his old skates in the condition they're in, he could get really hurt.

KAITLYN

Stay away from my son.

Kaitlyn storms off. Victor is standing far off by the exit with his head drooped down. She grabs his arm and drags him to the car.

CHEKA

Damn. Caliente! I like that.

Boss slowly turns towards her and squints like, "wtf".

**END OF ACT II**

ACT IIIINT. ROLL HOUSE SKATE SHOP

Tony and Cheka bring boxes to the front of the store. They open the door and check the lights.

CHEKA

Ah, thank you God! Power! We need  
A/C with all these sweaty rugrats  
stanking up the shop.

Power's back. It's a party!

About 40 skaters walk in the store, some skate in on blades. A DJ, who's a skate homie, is spinning in the corner. A skate video plays on the TV mounted on the wall.

Tony approaches Kay.

TONY

Kay, you were killing it today.  
That zero-spin mizou, ooh!

KAY

Thanks, I've been working on it.  
Say, so what really went down with  
Sean Patrick? I saw he was on  
Sportz Heaven's instagram-

TONY

La, la, la, la, la...

Tony plugs his ears and walks away.

ROBBIE

(to Kay)  
That Sportz Heaven check has got to  
be insane.

KAY

Bet. Get to travel, skate the most  
amazing spots. Guaranteed spot at  
Blade Cup. Sheesh, must be nice.

ROBBIE

Honestly. Imagine not having to  
worry about health insurance, let  
alone rent.

KAY

Fucking Sean Patrick.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Fucking Sean Patrick.

SKATER 4, clearly underage is about to take a sip of a Miller High Life.

CHEKA

Nope.

Cheka swoops from behind and takes the beer out of the skater's hands, so quickly and the kid is still puckering like a looney toon cartoon. She pats him on the head.

SKATER 4

Aw, come on Cheka, I was just holding it for you.

Cheka smacks her lips.

CHEKA

Boy. Come one now.

She throws him a Capri Sun.

CHEKA (CONT'D)

Suck on that.

Skater 4 smacks his lips. Cheka smacks her lips back.

Skater 4 smacks his lips even harder. Cheka smacks her lips loudly, over and over in his face. She wins.

INT. ROLL HOUSE BACK OFFICE

In a small, glorified closet is Boss's office. There's a metal desk with chipped paint, signed skate posters on the wall from old school pro's like Arlo Eisenberg and Eric Schrijn, and a surprisingly organized file rack hangs on the wall.

Within the file rack we see pink slips, red envelopes, and big red font on files that say things like "passed due".

Boss is marking notes on the list of names from the contest. There's a voicemail notification. It's Dave, the Lululemon pants wearing Sportz Heaven rep. Boss plays the voicemail.

DAVID VOICEMAIL

*Hey Boss, Dave here, we met earlier  
in your skate shop. Hey, if you  
want to set aside some time to talk  
I'd like to make you an offer of...*

The sound drowns out. For the first time we see vulnerability in Boss's face.

He takes a deep breath, sighs loudly, shuts the laptop, grabs the contest results, sharpie scribbled on the back of an invoice, and walks out.

INT. ROLL HOUSE SKATE SHOP

When Boss enters the main room everybody cheers for him. He waves them off.

BOSS

Ok you heathens, settle down. You all sound like you were raised on a Discovery Zone snack bar.

Skater 2 with a blue cast on his arm.

SKATER 2

Hey, my mom worked there. That shit was lit!

BOSS

Case in point. Alright I'm gonna announce who made the team. If you didn't make it, you weren't good enough. And that's your own fault.

CHEKA

That's cold Boss.

BOSS

The people who did make it can continue to party with the disgraced, if they choose.

DRUNK SKATER

I been a disgrace, fool.

He falls off the arm of the sofa. The skaters start laughing.

BOSS

I'm gonna draw this out just to make you sweat.  
(beat) Tim Belanger, Kay DaSilva and Ross Hunter, welcome to Roll House.

The front room erupts with cheers, and sounds of disappointment. The DJ drops Souls of Mischief "93 'Til Infinity".

Time lapse as the party continues. Then smash cut of the same angle with everyone gone, and we see Cheka rearrange merch and Tony mop the floor. We hear the toilet flushing.

TONY

See, it's not just me! We do gotta get this toilet fixed Boss.

CHEKA

Two words. Crusty gut.

They wind down and head out the front door.

EXT. ROLL HOUSE SKATE SHOP - NIGHT

Cheka is looking at her instagram.

CHEKA

Hey, did you guys see this clip?

Tony and Boss look over her shoulder. It's Victor ripping at Belvedere before the comp and prior to his mom embarrassing him in front of the entire skate community.

TONY

Damn. Little man can flow.

Boss is impressed but doesn't show it. Cheka turns off her phone and puts it in her purse.

CHEKA

Alright, well I'm out.

TONY

Me too, later Boss.

BOSS

Be well.

We see the trio split off to...

INT. TONY'S CAR

Tony throws his stuff in the trunk. He sits up front and we see him turn on a LYFT sign. He drives off.

CUT TO:



INT. RESTAURANT

Cheka is dressed in all black with a button up and an apron around her waist as she takes a table's order at an upscale restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. BOSS'S APARTMENT

Boss turns on the lights to his modest apartment. He plops down on the couch and finishes placing a GrubHub order. Then he switches to instagram and watches that kid Victor's clip again. He scrolls Victor's page and finds a pic of his mom, clearly single. He looks at her pic a moment then turns off his phone. He's maybe interested, maybe just lonely.

He lays back on the couch and picks up the book Smiley's People by John le Carré. Over his shoulder we zoom in on a framed photo hanging on the wall of him and Sean Patrick when Sean was really young. This photo represents how deep their relationship is and maybe this situation is affecting Boss more than he gives off.

**END OF ACT III**

**TAG**

EXT. BELVEDERE SKATEPARK - NEXT MORNING

It's 8am, when the old heads skate before the kids rush the skatepark. There are a few people sessioning the park. Boss skates in and starts cruising the transition. A group of 4 skateboarders are sitting on a ledge looking at Boss.

SKATEBOARDER 1

What the fuck? A grown ass man  
fruit booting?

SKATEBOARDER 2

Man, shut up. That guy's taken more  
shit in his life from being a  
rollerblader than you'll ever know.  
Takes real balls to show up to a  
skate park on rollerblades. I  
wouldn't fuck with that guy.

Boss is ripping and we hear the clean sound of swiss bearings  
cruisin' through the park.

**END OF PILOT**