

POLY PURE

"PILOT"

Written by

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INT. ODELL HOUSE - ZINDZI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's beyond midnight and the mood is set by strobing neon lights hugging ceiling borders. A sexy R&B playlist tempers the tone as ZINDZI ODELL (22, an overzealous and privileged art student), loses her lesbian virginity to REAGAN (24, a customer service rep with rapper fantasies).

Zindzi hovers over Reagan tribbing. Reagan glides Zindzi's falling curls behind her ear as she kisses her neck. The sensation sends Zindzi over to what appears to be an orgasm.

ZINDZI
Holy fucking shit.

Zindzi stiffens. Reagan muffles the her moan into her palm.

REAGAN
Just like that.

ZINDZI
I can't believe you made me cum
three times. I've never--

They flip sides, allowing Reagan to straddle Zindzi. Mid-stroke, MALACHI ODELL (24, a closeted gangbanger slash blerd on his best day), strolls in.

MALACHI
Ay, yo!

Malachi stops. Zindzi flings Reagan like a rag doll.

ZINDZI
You don't knock?

MALACHI
Bruh, are you fucking serious?
(to Reagan)
You told me you were working!

REAGAN
I was, and then--Surprise.

Zindzi jumps from the bed. She grabs loose clothes.

ZINDZI
I can explain.

Malachi leaves the room--SLAMMING the door in Zindzi's face as she hops towards him struggling to put her pants on. She turns to Reagan.

REAGAN
He'll calm down.

INT. ODELL HOUSE - MALACHI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Malachi sits on his bed, playing PS5. Zindzi cracks the door and peaks her head in.

ZINDZI
Mal.

MALACHI
Zin, get out of my room.

She walks in and shuts the door.

ZINDZI
So, I admit what I did was fucked
up--

MALACHI
Fucked up?

ZINDZI
--yes, fucked up. To be honest, it
really just kinda happened.

MALACHI
Quickly, how does that kind of shit
just happen?

ZINDZI
Look, I have been really struggling
with this sexuality shit, and
Reagan has been there for me. I
don't know how to come out, I just--
I found myself complaining to her
and she just gets it.

MALACHI
Yeah, that's what I love about MY
GIRLFRIEND.

ZINDZI
Fine, but to be fair--you are
cheating on her with that white
girl from your job.

MALACHI
What? Who told you that?

ZINDZI

Had to return something to Zara. I saw you getting head in the mall parking lot, but anyway you should tint your windows. I know a guy.

MALACHI

Shit.

ZINDZI

So, can we keep this thing between us until I figure out how to tell Mom and Dad?

Zindzi extends her hand.

MALACHI

I hate you.

They shake.

INT. ODELL HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

The dining room is elegant and full of art exuding blackness. The table's spread looks like a southern black families Thanksgiving meal--but it's a random Sunday.

Zindzi sits at the table picking over her plate. Across from her, sitting in dead silence, is Malachi and Reagan. FRANKIE ODELL (53, a deacon, Malachi and Zindzi's father) sits down at the head of the table.

FRANKIE

Alright now.

Her mother, PAMELA ODELL (52, a simple religious, teacher), walks in with green beans and lemonade. She sits down at the table.

PAMELA

I think that's about it.

FRANKIE

Let's say grace. Bow your heads.

Everyone bows their heads and closes their eyes.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Father God, we thank you for this beautiful meal you have allowed Pamela to prepare for us. We know that without you, we are nothing.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

We thank you for washing our sins
and making us whole again. We know
that we all fall short of your
glory and are blessed to be in the
number one more time. Lord, you are--

-

The prayer drowns into the background.

Zindzi opens her eyes and lifts her head. She makes eye
contact with Reagan. They smile at each other.

Malachi opens his eyes, and sees the interaction.

MALACHI

Are you fucking serious?

Frankie stops.

PAMELA

Jesus!

FRANKIE

I beg your pardon, son!

MALACHI

I can't.

ZINDZI

Malachi--

MALACHI

Don't Malachi me!

ZINDZI

Please.

MALACHI

You fucked my girl *last night!*

PAMELA

Oh my Lord. Jesus Christ!

ZINDZI

Malachi, what the fuck?!

Frankie stands SLAMMING his hand down on the table. Pamela
runs out of the room.

FRANKIE

Zindzi Odell! You are a le--les,
bull-dagger?

ZINDZI
LESBIAN. I am a lesbian.

Pamela returns with a bible. She opens it. Frankie leaves the table.

PAMELA
Romans 1:18, But God shows his
anger from heaven against all
sinful, wicked people who--

ZINDZI
Mom, please!

Pamela shouts over Zindzi. It's chaos.

PAMELA
Suppress the truth by their
wickedness...

Frankie returns throwing holy water. Zindzi is hit in the eye with water.

ZINDZI
Oh my GOD! Dad! I'm not possessed.

FRANKIE
Get that up out of here! Devil, I
bind you in the name of Jesus!

ZINDZI
Dad, Stop!

PAMELA
--their minds became dark and
confused.

ZINDZI
What? I'm not confused.

Zindzi runs in circles from Frankie as he throws water on her. In joy, Malachi eats his food. Reagan stares on terrified.

ZINDZI (CONT'D)
Dad!

FRANKIE
Get thee *OUT* SATAN!

Pamela spews biblical tongues at Zindzi.

ZINDZI

You don't even know what you're saying!

REAGAN

Malachi! Do something.

ZINDZI

Malachi is fucking a white girl!

Everyone stops and looks at Malachi. He drops his fork mid-bite.

EXT. ODELL HOUSE - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Zindzi stands solo on the porch. Pamela tosses her bag to her. The bag lands on the ground by her feet. Pamela SLAMS the door.

Zindzi grabs her bag and turns around. She walks off from the house, down the long drive way.

She walks down the street.

She grabs her phone from her pocket and dials a number.

INT. RIDESHARE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Zindzi sits in the back of an older 'the cut off year for rideshare' car. It smells. She cracks the window and the UBER DRIVER, a Chatty Cathy, stops the window.

UBER DRIVER

Aht, Aht! Can't roll it down. It'll be forever trying to get it up. Unless, you want me to drive to your house for you to help me lift it up when it gets cold.

Zindzi fakes a laugh.

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)

Here, I'll crank this bad boy up.

It smells worse.

ZINDZI

Oh, I just wanted some fresh air.

UBER DRIVER

So, then my daughter's baby's dad brought home the wrong milk and the neighbors son. I tried to tell her about dealing with those down low boys. You seeing somebody?

ZINDZI

Um, it's complicated.

UBER DRIVER

Well, I'm sure who ever he is--he loves you. Hopefully, he ain't cheating on you like Becca's baby dad. I just don't understand all of that men on men mess. It ain't natural. Men ain't supposed to be sticking--

Zindzi sees the apartment complex from the window.

ZINDZI

I think this is me right over here.

UBER DRIVER

Oh, shoot. That was a quick ride. I must've talked your head off.

The Uber driver pulls the car over. Zindzi opens the door, and quickly hops out. She grabs her bag.

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)

I hope you enjoyed your ride. 5 stars?

ZINDZI

5 stars? It smells like fried feet in here. You suffocated me, and bored me to death with your bigotry and homosexuality. By the way--I'm gay. A big-ol-clit-bumping-lesbian.

Uber driver's mouth hangs open. Zindzi shuts the car door.

EXT. HIGH RISE CONDOMINIUM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Zindzi stands at the call box. She fiddles through resident names and lands on 'ROSS, I.' She dials the resident.

To her left, a HOMELESS MAN (50s) laying on the ground covered in old worn blankets.

ZINDZI

All of the money in this city and
they got you out here on the floor.

HOMELESS MAN

Don't talk to me, dyke!

Zindzi gasps. The Homeless Man tosses his blanket over his
shoulder as he switches sides.

ZINDZI

What the fuck?

The door BUZZES, Zindzi opens the door, and walks in.

INT. HIGH RISE CONDOMINIUM - IMANI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Zindzi sits on the couch in tears.

ZINDZI

I knew they were religious, but I
had no fucking idea they'd try to
exorcise me.

IMANI ROSS (26, a sovereign college dropout with street
smarts), walks into the living room with two full shot
glasses. She hands one to Zin and joins her on the couch.

IMANI

Dussé.

Zindzi downs the shot. It burns, but she talks through it.

ZINDZI

My mom was literally yelling bible
verses at me. Speaking in tongues,
or whatever the fuck, while my dad
waterboarded me with "holy water."

IMANI

I'm sorry, Sis. This type of shit
is the only good thing about having
dead parents.

Imani takes her shot. She gets up, and grabs the bottle of
Dussé.

ZINDZI

I just--I wanted to come out on my
own. I had no comeback.

IMANI

I mean, you fucked Mal's girl, so--

ZINDZI

Yeah, I know. I didn't mean to.

IMANI

You don't fuck someone on accident,
Zin.

ZINDZI

Right.

Imani pours them another shot.

ZINDZI (CONT'D)

That shit strong.

IMANI

Better to feel less my dear.

She hands the shot to Zin. This time, they make a toast:

IMANI (CONT'D)

Here's to being free.

They CLINK glasses and down the shots. It burns more.

ZINDZI

Shit.

(beat)

Thanks again, Imani. I really
appreciate it.

IMANI

Look, you lil' sis. Just because
I'm not at UCLA anymore, don't make
us any less closer.

ZINDZI

Thank you.

IMANI

Anyway, you can stay here as long
as you want. I've never lived with
anyone as an adult, but this should
be fun!

ZINDZI

I can't afford to live here.

IMANI

You can come work with me.

ZINDZI

At Bend? Bouncing this ass? Hell
no.

IMANI

I'm sorry, bitch--do you have options?

ZINDZI

You right.

IMANI

Exactly, so yeah. Come through. Look, I'm not tryna be at Bend forever, but I am tryna make moves in there. I've been talking to Darnell about this manager position and I think he's going to give it to me--hopefully, Tasha's ass isn't there. I'd love to have my bitch in there with me.

ZINDZI

I mean, it'll only be for rent because I got school and I'm almost done, so I can't be fucking up.

IMANI

Wait 'til you see the money you'll be making, U gon' C, L.A. ter.

ZINDZI

Bitch!

They laugh.

ZINDZI (CONT'D)

Pour me another one! All that holy water washed away my sins.

IMANI

My bitch! Let's go!

Imani pours another shot for herself and then makes Zindzi 'drive the boat.'

EXT. BEND LOUNGE - PARKING LOT - DAY

A line of day partying PATRONS stand outside of the lounge as the doorman, BIG DEUCE (30s, the Biggie Smalls of doormen), checks I.D.s.

Imani whips her car--a decked out Toyota Camry from the showroom floor, into the parking lot. Imani and Zindzi get out of the car.

INT. BEND LOUNGE - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Zindzi follows Imani into the lounge. A rainbow of neon strobe lights bounce off their faces. "WILD SIDE" by Normani BLASTS through the speakers as DANCERS take to the pole. Patrons throw money.

DARNELL "PAPA D" SIMMONS (50s, Bend's club owner, and a wealthy, yet cheap businessman), sits at the edge of the stage talking to TASTY TASHA (30s, the OG BendGirl).

Darnell dismisses Tasty as Imani approaches with Zindzi.

DARNELL

Sweet Hazelnut! You early. Who your girl?

IMANI

What up, Papa D! This is my girl, Zin.

DARNELL

Zen? Shit, you ain't putting niggas to sleep are you?

Zindzi smiles.

ZINDZI

I hope not.

DARNELL

Come on.

Darnell gets up from his spot. Zindzi and Imani follow behind him. Zindzi fidgets her fingers together. Imani grabs her hands. Zindzi breathes, Imani sends her a wink.

INT. BEND LOUNGE - DARNELL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Darnell walks into the office. Zindzi and Imani walk in behind him. Darnell closes the door.

DARNELL

So what's up, Hazelnut?

IMANI

Like I said out there, this is my girl Zin. She's looking for some work, and I know we need some girls, so I was thinking you could look out.

DARNELL
You worked in a club before?

ZINDZI
Um, no--but, I'm a fast learner.

DARNELL
Aight.

He takes his time thinking. The girls stand staring at him.

DARNELL (CONT'D)
We gotta VIP tonight.

IMANI
Perfect! Papa, you know I gotchu.

DARNELL
I was gonna put Tasty on it, but
how about you work it wit your
girl.

Zindzi follows them with her eyes.

IMANI
Done. We got it. She's good.
(to Zindzi)
It'll be easy.

DARNELL
Ion know about easy, but don't fuck
it up--The Waters be on some crazy
shit, but just go with it.

IMANI
Oh, it's The Waters?

DARNELL
Is that a problem?

IMANI
When have I ever had a problem?

DARNELL
Teach her ass, and make sure y'all
over sell them motherfuckers. I got
a whole case of promos that I need
gone, so do your thing.

IMANI
It's already done. Thanks Papa.

Imani flirts with him and Darnell POPS her ass with his open hand. Zindzi gazes on.

DARNELL

Aight, when you get out there, tell
Tasty to come see bout me.

(beat)

And Zin--make sure you wear
something other than that Saved By
The Bell type shit you got on now.

Zindzi glances over her outfit, she once thought was cute.

ZINDZI

Of course.

INT. BEND LOUNGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Zindzi and Imani walk the hallway.

IMANI

Bitch! He don't just let anybody up
in here.

ZINDZI

I guess he likes you.

IMANI

What you mean?

ZINDZI

I mean, you letting him smack your
ass and shit.

IMANI

Oh, it's like a basketball game,
girl. I would *never*.

They approach Tasha. Imani whispers in her ear. Tasha pouts
and stomps off towards Darnell's office.

ZINDZI

What did you say?

IMANI

I told her she got booted from the
VIP. She ain't gonna like yo ass.

Imani laughs and walks off. Zindzi catches up.

ZINDZI

Yo, Saved By The Bell?

IMANI

Screechy as fuck.

ZINDZI

Damn!

Zindzi follows Imani out of the club.

INT. UCLA - ART CLASSROOM - DAY

The classroom is full of COLLEGE STUDENTS. Each of them work on their respective art projects. Young, brilliant artists lay their hearts on canvases, while others sculpt masterpieces.

PROFESSOR YOUNG (35, a hopeless dreamer who regrets the path she chose), stands behind Zindzi and her work. It's an unfinished sculpture of a black woman without genital parts. It's a bold statement piece.

PROFESSOR YOUNG

Hmph.

Zindzi looks up from sculpting.

ZINDZI

Professor Young.

PROFESSOR YOUNG

Zindzi, you know how much I usually love your work--this one is out there.

A la Erykah Badu, she's sensitive about her shit.

ZINDZI

It's subjective.

PROFESSOR YOUNG

Isn't all art?

Professor Young walks off leaving Zindzi to sit with her thoughts.

GRAYCE (21, a savvy first generation college student), turns around to Zindzi.

GRAYCE

For what it's worth, I think what you're doing is beautiful.

Zindzi looks over at Grayce.

ZINDZI

Thanks.

They admire the piece.

GRAYCE
She's beautiful.

ZINDZI
I'd like to think so.

GRAYCE
Like you.

Zindzi is drawn into Grayce. Is she flirting?

ZINDZI
Uh--thank you, again.

GRAYCE
Don't mention it.

Zindzi fixes her eyes on her piece again.

ZINDZI
I don't know, I get the feeling
she's missing something.

GRAYCE
She's missing what she's supposed
to miss. Nothing more than a touch
up.

ZINDZI
Professor Young is on my ass and I
can't afford to fail this class. I
need this scholarship more than
ever.

GRAYCE
Well, I'm pretty much finished with
mine. If you'd like, I can help you
out.

ZINDZI
Really? Sure, I mean. That'll be
great.

GRAYCE
Cool. It's a date.

Grayce turns around to her painting. Zindzi smiles.

EXT. BEND LOUNGE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Big Deuce jerks a DRUNK GUY out of the club. He passes a very sexy Zindzi and Imani on his way to the curb.

BIG DEUCE
Sup Hazel.

Big Deuce notices Zindzi.

BIG DUECE
Damn girl.

Zindzi blushes. Imani pulls her to the door.

IMANI
I told you! You let me dress your
ass, these niggas will drool. Did I
lie? Are these niggas drooling?

Men gush as they walk past.

ZINDZI
You ain't neva lied.

IMANI
Damn right!

INT. BEND LOUNGE - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Smoke swirls through a rainbow of baking neon lights as the DANCERS on stage bounce their asses to Megan Thee Stallion's *FREAK NASTY*. Money rainfalls over the girls doing acrobatics.

INT. BEND LOUNGE - DARNELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Darnell sits behind his desk with Tasty Tasha over his shoulder. Zindzi and Imani stand across from them looking like two bags of money.

TASTY
Like Daddy D said, we will all work
the event tonight.

IMANI
Papa, I thought we agreed to let me
and my girl--

TASTY

Ya girl still wet behind her ears,
ain't no fucking way I'm letting no
new bitch come in here and take my
VIP.

ZINDZI

Yo, it's all good Mani. I can just
bounce.

IMANI

You ain't going nowhere. Papa?

Darnell barely looks up at Imani and Zindzi.

DARNELL

Look, it ain't fair I let Tasty go
off that party, so she's in. It's
the three of y'all or she can do
the shit by herself.

TASTY

Sure-the-fuck can.

Imani, defeated, agrees.

IMANI

We can split it three ways.

DARNELL

That's what I thought. Look, you
tryna be a manager, sometimes you
gotta take one for the team. You
feel me?

IMANI

Yeah, no--it's cool Papa. It's a
threesome.

Imani forces a smile. Zindzi looks at Imani.

INT. BEND LOUNGE - MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Imani and Zindzi walk the floor. Imani talks loud over the
MUSIC.

IMANI

Ugh! I hate that bitch. I wanted
the two of us to do this shit
because this is a different type of
event. And I don't fuck with
Tasha's ass like that.

ZINDZI
 Oh, word? I'm down. But, what type
 of party is it?

IMANI
 It's private.

ZINDZI
 Okay.

A GUY grabs Zindzi's hand as she walks by. She yanks it
 without thought, before realizing-- this is her job.

IMANI
 It's okay. You got time.

Zindzi stares back at Imani. Stuck. Imani walks up to Zindzi.
 She steps in closely, she starts to dance on her.

IMANI (CONT'D)
 It's okay, it's just dancing.

Imani presses her body into Zindzi. Zindzi starts to move,
 swaying to the beat of Imani's body. The guy slides his hands
 over the waist of Zindzi. Imani leans into Zindzi and
 whispers in her ear.

IMANI (CONT'D)
 Vernon--touchy, but rich and super
 sweet.

Imani kisses Zindzi's neck, and Zindzi relaxes into VERNON's
 crouch.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Imani and Zindzi stand at the bar taking shots of Dussé.
- Imani dancing on a PATRON.
- Tasty works the stage.
- Imani and Zindzi take more shots.
- Darnell and Imani snorting a line of coke.
- Zindzi giving a lap dance.
- The BARTENDER pours dussé in Zindzi's mouth.

END MONTAGE

INT. BEND LOUNGE - PRIVATE ROOM - LATER

Imani walks first into the private white room. It's a page from Winter Wonderland. Everything dripping in ice and crystals. Zindzi follows behind her, close enough to fuse their bodies together.

IMANI
You alright?

ZINDZI
Bitch, I'm faded as fuck.

Imani turns to face Zindzi--rightfully so, she's fucked up.

IMANI
Shit--girl. These people are easy. Sling a couple of drinks, shake a little ass, and then we grab our G and bounce.

ZINDZI
G?

IMANI
Yes bitch. The Waters pay, and you don't have to do anything you don't want to.

WINTER WATERS (38, a goddess pop-star turned social media influencer), and BLACK (46, Winter's suave rapper of a husband) walk in behind BIG DEUCE.

ZINDZI
Holy Shit! You didn't say it was Winter and Black. Bitch. The fuck?

IMANI
No biggie. Look at me.

Zindzi breaks her gaze.

IMANI (CONT'D)
They are just regular fucking people with lots of money. Just shake that beautiful black ass, get them dollars, and don't get me fucking fired.

Winter sets eyes on Zindzi from across the room. She floats across the room like only a goddess could. She approaches Zindzi.

WINTER
You're new.

She takes her hand and grazes Zindzi's cheek, igniting the fire already brewing in her pants.

WINTER (CONT'D)
Come to my booth.

Winter whisks off to her booth. She meets Black, who is already enticed by a twerking Tasty.

Imani comes up behind her, she whispers in her ear:

IMANI
I see you're mesmerized by *thee*
Winter.

ZINDZI
She's a fucking God.

IMANI
Yeah. Whatever you do, don't end up
at their mansion.

ZINDZI
Why would I end up at their
mansion?

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A lavish California King Bed with a plush white duvet swaddles Zindzi and Winter, as Black hangs off the bed.

A naked Zindzi pops up like an embalmed body. Eyes dazed from the night before. She peels Winter's sticky arm from her bare skin and slides off the bed to the floor.

She grabs what she can find of her clothes, her phone and keys. She tip toes out of the room, careful not to wake the sleeping couple.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zindzi inches the door closed and is startled by JULIANNA, 50s, the housekeeper, who has seen more than her share.

She covers her body with her loose clothes.

ZINDZI
Shit!

JULIANNA
Good morning, Ma'am.

ZINDZI
Sorry, I didn't know you--or
anyone, was here. I'm just--the
bathroom?

Julianna points Zindzi in the direction of the bathroom.

JULIANNA
Over there.

ZINDZI
Thank you.

Zindzi backs away from Julianna, but then stops her.

ZINDZI (CONT'D)
Um, is this the mansion?

JULIANNA
No. It's the Biltmore Penthouse.

ZINDZI
Well, at least it's not the
mansion.

INT. BILTMORE CONDUMINIUMS - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator opens and PAPARAZZI bombard Zindzi with cameras and boom mics. They yell simultaneously.

PAPARAZZI #1
How does it feel to be another one
of The Water girls?

PAPARAZZI #2
Who are you?

PAPARAZZI #3
Are they still inside?

Zindzi tries to break through the crowd, but they swarm her until the CONCIERGE WILLIAM (20s, neighborhood gossip) swoops in shielding her from their flashes and questions.

He brings her to a side employee door.

CONCIERGE

This should be better, but whose to say they aren't trying to get back here, too. I would get the fuck, Sis.

An unspoken 'fam' code.

ZINDZI

Thanks, Bruh.

CONCIERGE

We gotta look out.

He opens the door and she steps out.

EXT. HIGH RISE CONDOMINIUM - DAY

A crowd of PAPARAZZI gather around the door of Imani's building.

Zindzi hops out of an Uber and rushes the crowd. They yell questions at her and luckily, a leaving resident lets her in the door.

INT. HIGH RISE CONDOMINIUM - IMANI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Imani looks out of her window down at the PAPARAZZI. Zindzi paces the floor.

ZINDZI

I don't fucking remember shit!

IMANI

I told your ass not to end up at their mansion.

ZINDZI

But I didn't. And where the fuck were you?

IMANI

Bitch, I don't know. I woke up here on my couch in pajamas, so clearly I does this.

She gives herself props. Zindzi plugs in her phone.

ZINDZI

My fucking phone died in the Uber and this bitch didn't have two chargers.

IMANI

So, what did you do? Did you fuck them? Both?

ZINDZI

I--I truly don't remember, but we were all naked when I woke up.

IMANI

And how did these people find out where I live?

ZINDZI

I don't know. They were outside of the elevator when I got off it. Maybe someone followed my Uber?

IMANI

I bet it was Tasty's ass.

Zindzi's phone starts buzzing. The notifications are coming in hot. She grabs her phone.

ZINDZI

Oh my god. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Me.

Notifications from social media apps pop up on her screen. She has missed calls and texts.

IMANI

Bitch--you might be famous.

A KNOCK on the door startles them both.

ZINDZI

I'm not here.

IMANI

Everybody knows you're here.

Imani checks the peephole. It's Malachi and Reagan. She opens the door and they hurry in.

ZINDZI

Oh my god! I can't even--

MALACHI

What's up Mani?

IMANI

Whaddup Mal? Reagan.

REAGAN

It's crazy out there.

ZINDZI
Thanks to this ass.

MALACHI
Whoa, whoa. Pump your breaks,
J.Hoe. Ain't nobody tell you to go
around playing who wants to fuck a
millionaire.

ZINDZI
Fuck!

Reagan gets a message.

REAGAN
Um, where's the remote?

Imani grabs it and tosses it to Reagan.

IMANI
Those batteries weak as fuck, so
you gotta tap it a couple of times.

Reagan taps the remote, then she turns to *TMZ*.

ON THE TV SCREEN: Photos of Winter, Black, and Zindzi making
out in front of the Biltmore Penthouse

ZINDZI
Jesus.

Zindzi sinks into the couch as they all watch the tv.

MALACHI
Sis. You're a real celebrity now.

ZINDZI
What the fuck do I do?

MALACHI
The only thing you can--ride the
wave.

EXT. UCLA - CAMPUS COURTYARD - DAY

STUDENTS stand in the courtyard in small huddles, and as
Zindzi walks past, they chatter.

Zindzi ignores the whispers as she fixes her eyes on Grayce
walking towards the building.

ZINDZI
Grayce!

Grayce spots her, but picks up her pace.

ZINDZI (CONT'D)
Grayce, hey!

Zindzi picks up her own pace to catch up with Grayce.

ZINDZI (CONT'D)
Grayce.

Grayce stops. A few students whip out their camera phones and record.

GRAYCE
Zindzi, I really don't think this
is a good place.

ZINDZI
I was just checking to see if you
can still help me out.

GRAYCE
I don't think I can.

ZINDZI
Is this about that Winter and Black
shit? I can explain.

GRAYCE
Pictures speak louder than words.

Grayce walks off.

ZINDZI
So, that's a no. Cool.

Zindzi's feelings are clearly hurt. She turns around and STUDENT has his phone in her face. Zindzi smacks the phone before walking into her hall.

INT. UCLA - ART CLASSROOM - LATER

Zindzi sits at her table in front of her art piece. People chatter and she tries to ignore it.

She takes a carving tool to her statue, but slips and cuts off too much.

ZINDZI
Shit.

Professor Young looks up from her desk towards Zindzi.

PROFESSOR YOUNG
Is everything alright Ms. Odell?

ZINDZI
Yeah. I'm fine.

Zindzi picks up the clay from the floor. A STUDENT coughs to hide his blurt:

STUDENT
HOE.

PROFESSOR YOUNG
Excuse me! Who said that?

Embarrassed, Zindzi gets up, scooping what art supplies she can into her arms. She drops a few, Grayce looks over at her.

Zindzi tries to make her way down the aisle, but trips-- dropping the rest of her art supplies. Grayce gets up and helps Zindzi pick them up from the floor.

ZINDZI
I got it.

GRAYCE
It's okay. I needed to take a break.

Professor Young cruises the classroom in search of the perpetrator. Grayce and Zindzi both reach for the clay, and their hands collide.

GRAYCE (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

ZINDZI
Thanks for helping.

Zindzi picks up the rest of her things and leaves the classroom. Grayce watches her go before returning to her painting.

INT. BEND LOUNGE - DARNELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Imani sits in front of Darnell's desk like a kid waiting to be scolded by the principal.

DARNELL
What did I say?

IMANI

To be fair--they *loved* her.

DARNELL

I can't be having people thinking my girls be prostituting. That's bad business. Them motherfuckers will shut my ass down.

IMANI

But your girls are prostituting--

Darnell SLAMS his hand down on the desk.

DARNELL

But motherfuckers don't need to know that shit. You feel me?

Imani shakes her head.

IMANI

Listen, I know I said she'd be good and she is. She's good. I promise you this is just some big misunderstanding.

Darnell scans his bookshelf. He lands on a dictionary. He opens it, scans a few pages, and lays it down on the desk in front of Imani.

DARNELL

What does it say about misunderstanding?

IMANI

I'm sorry, you want me to read--

DARNELL

Read that shit, Hazelnut.

IMANI

Failure to understand correctly.

DARNELL

You think I'm a failure?

IMANI

No, Papa D. I was just saying, my girl is good.

DARNELL

I'm not misunderstanding a motherfucking thing.

(MORE)

DARNELL (CONT'D)

Yo bitch fucked up bring the public into my business like that.

IMANI

I swear it won't happen again.

DARNELL

You fucking right, because she ain't coming back.

Darnell walks around to his chair and takes a seat.

IMANI

Papa D--

Imani gets up and meets him at his chair. She massages his shoulders.

IMANI (CONT'D)

Please, just give her one more try. She's a college kid and she needs this money.

Darnell is silent, enjoying the massage. He grabs Imani's arm, swinging her around to his lap. It catches her off guard.

DARNELL

And what about you?

IMANI

What?

DARNELL

What are you willing to do to keep her job? And yours?

Imani looks intently into his eyes.

INT. ODELL HOUSE - ZINDZI'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Zindzi's room has clothes thrown all around. She packs a large suitcase. Pamela walks into the room.

ZINDZI

Mom, I swear. I don't have the energy to fight with you.

PAMELA

I don't want to fight you, Zindzi.

ZINDZI

Good.

Zindzi grabs more clothes from her closet.

PAMELA

I just wanted to talk. Can you stop for a moment?

Zindzi puts the clothes down on the bed, and turns to face her mother. Zindzi motions for her to go on.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

I don't understand what I did to make you want to be *that* way.

ZINDZI

Oh my god.

PAMELA

I'm just saying, I don't know where you would even get that from. All I've ever taught you was how to abide by the word of the Lord.

ZINDZI

And that doesn't seem weird to you?

PAMELA

How so?

ZINDZI

If you only taught me the "word of the Lord," then why am I a lesbian?

PAMELA

Don't say that.

ZINDZI

Say what?

PAMELA

You not, you--you just don't. You're confused.

ZINDZI

I'm not fucking confused.

Pamela draws her hand back, but Zin catches it.

ZINDZI (CONT'D)

I'm going to pack my bag and I'll leave, but I won't change, and so you'll have to find a way to love me just the way I am--or don't. It's your choice.

Zindzi lets her hand go and grabs her clothes from the bed. She folds them neatly and places them in her bag as Pamela watches on.

INT. HIGH RISE CONDOMINIUM - IMANI'S APARTMENT - LATER

Imani pours a glass of wine for herself as Zindzi lays out across the couch.

IMANI

He can be scary sometimes, but it's nothing I've never dealt with before.

ZINDZI

I just don't want you getting shit for my mistakes.

IMANI

It's all good. He just said he'd kill me if you fuck up his money-- no biggie.

ZINDZI

Bitch! That's the biggest biggie to ever biggie, smalls.

IMANI

Seriously, I'm not stressing it. We just need to lay down more effective ground rules for your ass.

ZINDZI

For what? I'm not going back.

IMANI

Oh, you're fucking going back. Bitch, you are a celebrity now. You know how much money these niggas will pay to see the bitch who slept with both Winter and Black?

ZINDZI

Ain't nobody coming to see me.

IMANI

Actually, Otis--

Imani pulls out her phone and it's a promo clip with footage of Zindzi grinding on Black and kissing Winter.

The caption reads: BADDEST CHICK IN THE GAME WEARING BOTH CHAINS, POLY PURE, TONIGHT AT BEND LOUNGE.

ZINDZI

Poly Pure?

IMANI

Club's sold out tonight. Polygamy is in! Both bitches and niggas are RSVPing to see you girl.

ZINDZI

Really?

IMANI

So, what you tryna do? I mean, I already sold your soul to Darnell.

They laugh.

ZINDZI

What soul?

IMANI

Well, I sold something, so whaddup?

Zindzi lays back on the couch staring into the ceiling.

ZINDZI

Literally, I have nothing to lose.

Zindzi's phone BUZZES. She pulls it out of her pocket, and it's an unknown caller. She sits up.

IMANI

What? Who is it?

ZINDZI

I don't know.

IMANI

Answer it!

ZINDZI

Hello?

(beat)

Um, how did you get my number?

(beat)

I gave it to you. Right.

(beat)

Sure.

Imani mimes "Who is it?" A million times.

ZINDZI (CONT'D)

Got it.

(beat)

Yep, okay. See you there.

Zindzi hangs up the phone.

IMANI

Who was it?

ZINDZI

The Waters.

INT. THE WATERS MANSION - GRAND LIVING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Zindzi sits in the middle of an emerald green plush velvet sectional sofa. She nervously fidgets her fingers together.

Across from her sit Black and Winter. The silence builds, before:

WINTER

Tea?

ZINDZI

No, thank you.

WINTER

Would you like some, honey?

BLACK

I'd love some.

Black doesn't lose his gaze with Zindzi. He smiles at her. Zindzi looks down at her hands.

Winter pours Black a cup of tea. She hands him the tea. They both take a sip, while Zindzi examines her fingertips.

WINTER

I know this might feel odd.

ZINDZI

It's more than fucking odd, don't you think?

WINTER

It's odd to you because you didn't spend your life in the spotlight.

ZINDZI

Gratefully, so.

WINTER

Right, but it can be rewarding.

ZINDZI

Can it?

WINTER

Sure. It can. Just think of it this way-- you never have to take your own pictures.

Zindzi smiles--her first breath of air since she arrived.

ZINDZI

They have terrible angles.

BLACK

I've been saying that for years.

ZINDZI

I know you didn't call me over here for tea and fucking crumpets.

Black and Winter laugh at Zindzi's straightforwardness.

BLACK

I believe I can speak for the both of us, when I say you're beautiful.

ZINDZI

I'm flattered.

She's also unimpressed.

BLACK

Truly, but furthermore--you give us both something we've been looking for.

ZINDZI

Okay?

BLACK

Fame.

Zindzi laughs.

ZINDZI

I give you fame? I'm a nobody, trash-ass art student, who just got kicked out of my house for being a lesbian.

(MORE)

ZINDZI (CONT'D)

My parents paid for my entire life and now, I'm just really trying to make it to the next-fucking-day without doing something stupid.

WINTER

Exactly.

ZINDZI

I'm sorry--did you not hear me? I'm a fucking mess, how could I possibly give you fame.

WINTER

When we went to the club last night, we didn't expect for someone new to be there, but it was a generous surprise.

Black stands and makes his way next to Zindzi on the couch.

BLACK

I don't know if you noticed, but we've kind of fell off and needed a buzz.

WINTER

So, I saw you and told him that we should make a scene.

BLACK

And we did. Now, we're all over the news and in everyone's mouth.

ZINDZI

Wow. I don't even--so, you didn't think about what your little skit would do to my already fucked up life?

BLACK

We didn't consider it, but the people really love you.

Zindzi is floored.

WINTER

And if you'd agree, we'd love for you to be our girlfriend. Just in the public eye. Nothing too serious.

BLACK

Nothing too permanent, just enough
to get us back on the top. I got a
few things I need cleared--

Winter turns to Black. She stares. He's deviating from the
plan. Black catches Winter's glare.

BLACK (CONT'D)

We are up against the Will and Jada
to hosting the Grammys. We need
this, it could make or break us.

Winter turns back to Zindzi. She fixates a smile.

WINTER

And your tuition--paid. Rent--paid.
You help us. We *will* help you.

Zindzi sinks back into the plush.

BLACK

So, what do you say?

She takes it all in, weighing out all of her options in
silence.

ZINDZI

Fuck it. I'm down.

END OF PILOT.