

# **Just Got Paid**

Screenplay by

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OPEN ON:

MONTAGE OVER BLACK:

AS A ROCK SONG BLARES ON THE SOUNDTRACK -

We see a SLO-MO FIGHT of TWO YOUNG WOMEN in combat. Made up of MOTION GRAPHICS, frozen stills that gradually change --

One FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, doing a BARREL ROLL to KICK A MAN BACKWARDS.

The other FLIPS FORWARD, a GLOCK IN HAND that she pulls out during the rotation.

Then both GO FLYING IN UNISON, KICKING DOWNWARD as the MUSIC FADES and the image turns into A SMASH CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS - POINT OF SALE - ATLANTA - AFTERNOON

The music has been replaced by light "Muzak" in the B.G. And we're TIGHT ON one of the young women - ATLAS, 22, lovely, approachable, now in a green hat and apron.

ATLAS  
Welcome to Starbucks. What can I  
get you?

**SUPER: ONE WEEK EARLIER**

REVERSE ON a disgruntled woman in a business suit. The café is JAM-PACKED WITH PEOPLE.

DIFFICULT CUSTOMER  
You can get me the number to your  
manager. I've waited 14 minutes  
today, which is completely  
unacceptable. Some of us are on our  
lunch break and need caffeine to  
get through work! We have real  
jobs. We don't just serve coffee  
but make people wait hours for it.

ATLAS  
Oh, okay.

Her non-reaction makes the customer feels self-conscious. She takes a breath, sharply exhales, hands over a \$5 bill --

DIFFICULT CUSTOMER  
A Venti Americano but with five  
shots. And I'm never coming here  
again...

ATLAS  
(mock sincerely)  
Oh, no!

Atlas grabs a cup and places it under the espresso machine. Punches a button for the shots. And then

CLOSE ON her finger, selecting DECAF.

Atlas grins at the customer for a beat. She adds --

ATLAS (CONT'D)  
It's coming right up.

She hands the change over. The woman eyes her skeptically, then ventures over to

THE HAND-OFF, where we see Atlas' sharp-witted, friendly older sister, TAUREN, handing off an order to a customer.

TAUREN  
Mabel? Extra dry cappuccino?

REVERSE ON a waiting crowd. A tiny woman in her 80s emerges, smiling eerily at Tauren. But she doesn't take the drink.

MABEL  
Did... you... say... Ma-bel?

TAUREN  
Yes. Extra dry cappuccino?

Mabel is frozen, still grinning. Tauren is a bit unnerved. She slowly slides the drink over. Places it in her hands.

TAUREN (CONT'D)  
There you go. Hope you have a good day.

A beat. And then Mabel offers --

MABEL  
My grandson, who has cerebral palsy, got a girl pregnant and I'm making him marry her.

Tauren doesn't know how to respond. The moment is broken up by Atlas --

ATLAS  
Shift's over.

She pushes Tauren to the back room.

INT. STARBUCKS - BREAK ROOM - EVENING

Atlas and Tauren are doing their own hair and makeup, cracking themselves up as one speaks and the other tries to match her in unison (IMPROVISED but example below).

TAUREN	ATLAS
My hair... looks... just... lovely. I can't... wait... to go... to the ball.	...My hair ...looks ...just ...lovely. ...I can't ...wait ...to go ...to the ball.

Their shift leader, a dopey, unkempt man, FRANK, 35, enters the break room, hurriedly --

FRANK

I need one of you to work tonight.  
Charles didn't show up again.

TAUREN

We can't work overtime.

FRANK

It's not overtime; just extra  
hours. You only worked six today.

TAUREN

We have another job tonight.

FRANK

Well, if you don't stay late, you  
might not have this one.

ATLAS

Are you threatening us? That's  
illegal, Frank. You might want to  
dip back into the Shift Leader  
Handbook on that one.

FRANK

We'll only have three people on  
staff!

ATLAS

Better slap an apron on. You'll  
actually have to do some work  
today. Instead of just watching us.  
And looking for things to complain  
about.

TAUREN

Maybe if you weren't always yelling  
at us, Charles would have come in.

Frank storms off in a huff, replaced by an amiable Hispanic girl, MONICA, 20s. As she leans in to clock in, the girls continue making themselves up --

MONICA

Damn. Are you both still here?

TAUREN

We're getting ready for a catering  
event.

MONICA

You two are always working. How  
many jobs do you have?

ATLAS

Three.

TAUREN

We've got credit card debt.

MONICA

Three jobs? You little workaholics.  
I'm impressed. Get your coin!

FRANK (O.S.)

Monica, you're supposed to be on  
the floor!

Monica gives them a nod and she's out.

The two inspect themselves in the mirror. They're ready.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Expensive cars are parked in front of an expansive building.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

A handful of girls are outside of a banquet hall, being given the lo-down by CERBERUS, 29, a laid-back Asian guy in an expensive suit. He's given this speech many times and seems disinterested, like he'd rather be getting high.

CERBERUS

Okay, listen up, ladies... when we enter, we always smile and nod. Don't make eye contact unless they look at you first. There are some very important men inside, some of the biggest players in town. If they want to flirt with you, let them. If they want to marry you, let them. Your job tonight is just to make the guests feel like a million bucks. We are on their turf. We're not here to make things about us; we're merely the hired help. Think of yourself as a tourist during Run of the Bulls. You may think it's fun to jump right in so you can tell all your friends you did it... but the bulls have sharp horns and they can violently stab you at any time.

The girls now look equally terrified.

CERBERUS (CONT'D)

All right, now everyone grab a charcuterie board.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - BANQUET CLUB

The girls are spread out, each serving unique hors d'oeuvres in their section of the room.

TAUREN is in the middle of the hubbub. She offers a tray to a trio of White men in business suits. One does a double take --

DOUCHEBAG BUSINESSMAN  
Holy shit, look at the boobs on  
this one.

TAUREN  
You know, I can hear you.

The douchebag laughs, condescendingly, like she's a child.

DOUCHEBAG BUSINESSMAN  
Haha... don't talk, sweetie. Just  
stand there and look pretty.

He chuckles, takes one more look at her body, turns away. She fumes. Sends a GLANCE TO ATLAS, then crosses out.

ATLAS NODS. Exchanges positions with Tauren, steps right up to the trio but ADDRESSES TWO OTHER GUESTS NEARBY.

ATLAS  
Sir, would you like a profiterole?

The men don't break conversation; they only reply by snatching appetizers off the platter. Atlas keeps the tray in her right hand, fixated on them,

WHILE HER LEFT HAND, surreptitiously, digs into the Douchebag's back pocket, slides out his wallet.

And within moments, her left hand is supporting the tray, hiding the wallet. She nods at the men, who could not care less, continues on -- throwing a quick wink at Tauren.

Tauren breaks into a grin. But then behind her, CERBERUS APPEARS, stone-faced, a silent observer to it all.

CERBERUS  
Can you two meet me outside?

He nods towards the door, heads out.

Tauren and Atlas feel their stomachs drop. Oh, shit. Busted. They follow behind, ashamed.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The three are gathered just outside the door.

CERBERUS  
 (whispering)  
 Did you two steal that guy's  
 wallet?

The sisters are afraid to respond. Finally Tauren offers --

TAUREN  
 He was being really offensive.

And then Cerberus BREAKS INTO A GRIN.

CERBERUS  
 Dude, rock on. That guy is such a  
 dick.

He high-fives Tauren, then Atlas.

CERBERUS (CONT'D)  
 Hey, I have a heist I'm trying to  
 pull off but I can't find anyone to  
 help me. You in to make big bucks?  
 I'm talking a boatload of cash.

ATLAS  
 Hell, yeah. We didn't sign up to  
 serve cheese 'cause we're huge  
 proponents of dairy.

And THE DOOR IS PROPPED OPEN; a man steps out to talk on his  
 phone. Cerberus turns back to the girls, lowers his voice.

CERBERUS  
 Okay, bro. Give me your number.  
 I'll fill you in later.

He hands over his phone as Atlas types her number in.

CERBERUS (CONT'D)  
 I'm Cerberus, by the way.

INT. TARGET DEPARTMENT STORE - NEXT DAY

Atlas and Tauren push a cart through the toys & games aisle  
 in a Target. Grabbing random items as they go --

TAUREN  
 We're going to get in trouble. You  
 always talk me into these things  
 and then it ricochets back on us.

ATLAS  
 He was a jerk. It's retributive  
 justice.

TAUREN  
 Just because he was a jerk doesn't  
 mean we're entitled to his money.

ATLAS  
 It's not his money. This is a  
 victimless crime. The card is  
 reported as stolen, the company  
 reverses the charges, we keep the  
 stuff, and all goes back to normal.

TAUREN  
 But then he can't use his credit  
 card until the new one arrives.

ATLAS  
 He'll survive. We've gone a year  
 without credit. The companies make  
 so much money off people like us  
 who can't pay interest. There's a  
 reason they're all worth 50  
 billion. They can spare a thousand  
 dollar loss. We're hurting no one.

They push their cart into the thoroughfare, continue on.

TAUREN  
 Well, you'd better load up because  
 once this is reported as fraud, the  
 card's not going to work again.

ATLAS  
 This is our chance to get all the  
 things our parents wouldn't buy us  
 as kids. Which is basically  
 everything.

And something hits Tauren, a brilliant idea.

TAUREN  
 Oh, my God. I can get a Blue Yeti.  
 For my ASMR channel.

ATLAS  
 Yeah, girl. Live your dream.

And then Atlas spots on the shelf --

ATLAS (CONT'D)  
 Tauren! Look!

She darts to a wall of shoes. Pulls out one in her size.

ATLAS (CONT'D)  
 They make Heelys for adults? This  
 is all I ever wanted as a kid. Now  
 I can finally have them!

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - LATER THAT DAY

Tauren is bopping down the street, listening to music on her  
 new AirPods. And Atlas is testing out her Heelys on the  
 sidewalk as it curves, sloping downward.



ATLAS  
A hill! Wish me luck.

And as she begins to descend downwards, she finds her speed picking up.

TIGHT ON ATLAS, flying down the path.

ATLAS (CONT'D)  
Whoa-oo-oo-oo!

And behind her, Tauren removes the AirPods. Shouts out --

TAUREN  
Throw yourself into a bush!

ON ATLAS, as she THROWS HERSELF into the side of a parked car, slowing her momentum and KNOCKING HER BACKWARDS.

TAUREN (CONT'D)  
Or do that! That works, too!

INT. SISTERS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tauren is at her laptop, filming herself MAKING CHEWING NOISES into a 3DIO FS BINAURAL MICROPHONE. She whispers, ear-to-ear --

TAUREN  
(harsh whisper)  
Hi, my love. How are you doing? How are you doing? How are you doing? I hope you're feeling sexy.

And Atlas bursts into the room, holding her phone. She jumps when she sees Tauren seductively staring into her camera.

ATLAS  
Whoa, I should have knocked.

Tauren groans, the video ruined.

TAUREN  
Even with new equipment, nobody's going to see my videos. I've gotten 100 views in the last month. They said if you have ASMR in the title, everyone will find you. I've tapped, whispered, mukbang'd, did my friend's makeup but I was a bitchy friend, now I'm a horny girlfriend. I don't know what else to try.

ATLAS  
YouTube is an oversaturated market. It's impossible to stand out.

TAUREN

No. Lots of people have bought mansions in L.A. from revenue. We've got to get out of the cycle of being enslaved to the man. I can't deal with annoying people for 40 more years.

ATLAS

Those people made money when YouTube was a new thing. They were pioneers. It's a dying breed now. Every young person thinks making videos from their home will bring instant success. But it's choice overload for viewers.

Atlas holds out her iPhone.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Okay, will you help me record a video?

TAUREN

You literally just said it's a waste of time.

ATLAS

No, I'm auditioning for "Survivor."

TAUREN

You're not getting on the show!

ATLAS

Yes, I will. And I'm totally going to win the million. After taxes, that leaves me with 750,000 and I'll start a merch line to sell to my fans.

TAUREN

Damn, Atlas, if you expect to be a fan favorite, you'd better do an idol play or something.

ATLAS

Of course.  
(imitating Jeff Probst)  
"Atlas... doesn't count."

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

FILMED ON IPHONE:

TIGHT ON a paper with the "Survivor" logo as the opening rift from the series' theme plays.

The paper falls revealing Atlas standing in a yard. She holds out her arms in a "ta da" motion.

ATLAS  
 Hi, I'm Atlas Derryberry, 22 years  
 old, from Atlanta, Georgia. And I'm  
 your next... sole Survivor.

INT./EXT. ATLANTA (MISCELLANEOUS)

**MONTAGE:**

As we see PICTURES AND/OR VIDEO of Atlas at work, around town, goofing with friends, we hear --

ATLAS (V.O.)  
 I won't be complaining about  
 sleeping in the cold because I'm a  
 hard worker who is used to  
 discomfort. Right now I work three  
 separate jobs. And I'm known as a  
 problem solver who's good at  
 staying centered when there's  
 calamity all around me. But I'm  
 fun, too! Everyone I work with says  
 I'm sassy. So I'll make for some  
 great TV.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

Atlas spins in a circle, ice skating style, on her Heelys.

ATLAS (V.O.)  
 I'm also super athletic so immunity  
 challenges will be a breeze!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - EVENING

Now in a bikini, Atlas is wrapped around a light pole,  
 struggling to keep her position.

ATLAS  
 Jeff, I've been up here for two  
 hours. And I'm not coming down  
 until you.. put me... on the...

And inadvertently, she LOSES HER GRIP, tumbles off-screen.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Atlas is using flint in attempt to start a fire.

ATLAS  
 Not only have I gone days without  
 eating... and once slept in the  
 dirt for a week... and have no  
 remorse lying to my friend's face  
 just to make her cry... I also have  
 survival skills.

And BOOM - the coconut husk bursts into flames. Atlas is actually surprised. A beat and then she whines --

ATLAS (CONT'D)  
 (frantically)  
 I mean, what else do you want,  
 Jeff? Just cast me on the show!

THE VIDEO GOES TO BLACK. And we CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS - POINT OF SALE - MORNING

Tauren finishes ringing up a drink alongside Monica at a second till. Then FRANK emerges, from the break room.

FRANK  
 Tauren, can I speak to you in the  
 back?

She's taken aback. What could she have done? Nonetheless, he starts towards the break room and she follows behind.

INT. STARBUCKS - BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tauren steps in the back. Frank is waiting. He smiles.

FRANK  
 I just want you to know... you're  
 not in trouble...

TAUREN  
 Yeah, no shit I'm not in trouble,  
 Frank. I'm a grown-ass adult.

FRANK  
 Well, the customers do love you so  
 your presence on the floor isn't in  
 question. And I do appreciate you  
 working around your schedule. But  
 it seems every time you're on  
 shift, there's all these napkins  
 that pile up around the milk  
 station. And that just makes us  
 look sloppy.

Tauren's face reads, Are you shitting me?

TAUREN  
 That's why I'm back here? Because  
 of napkins?

FRANK  
 Our store's cleanliness is a  
 reflection on our overall value.

TAUREN  
 "Overall value?" Frank, stop. I know you worked here for six years and ended up as assistant manager but really, is this who you want to be as a person? Someone who uses the stupid jargon that we're told to use, behind closed doors?

Frank stutters -- he likes having power for once in his life but is easily dismantled if someone doesn't buy into it.

FRANK  
 It's not... no... but you...

TAUREN  
 Customers care if you're friendly. They care if their latte has been aerated properly or if you put in extra caramel sauce when they ask for it. They don't care if there are napkins on the ground, on the side of the counter that none of the employees are standing on. They ignore it. They expect it. Because the customers are the ones who caused the mess. If they get mad at anyone, it's the other consumers. Not us who squeeze in cleaning but only when we're not busy making drinks!

FRANK  
 Well... I mean..... sorry.

She's out before Frank can realize she's turned the tables.

INT. STARBUCKS - POINT OF SALE - MOMENTS LATER

Tauren re-appears at her till, alongside Monica. The next customer, a middle-aged woman, steps up.

TAUREN  
 Hi, what can I get you today?

DIFFICULT CUSTOMER #2  
 I've had to wait here five minutes 'cause this lady said no one else was on staff. But you were here the whole time, in the back, talking to friends. That's very irresponsible. Millennials don't realize when you have a job, you have a responsibility to the customer not to keep us waiting. You work for us, not the other way around.

And Tauren realizes how much she hates her life.