INT. CHANEL’S APARTMENT - DAY

The tick of SEVERAL CLOCKS.

       CHANEL (O.S.)
       A bad bitch once told me it takes
two people to clock you.
          (beat)
       You.

Close-up on a pair of LIPS as they smack together.

       CHANEL (O.S.)
-- and them.

We open on CHANEL, a 20-something trans woman who is equal parts femme as she is fierce, as she streams her make-up tutorial online.

Chanel talks directly to the camera as she puts on a final layer of lip gloss.

       CHANEL
   And well...if you don’t clock
yourself, den dat bitch delusional.

Chanel laughs.

       CHANEL
   That’s the name of the game.
          (beat)
   Shit, my eyelash.

Chanel rips off her FALSE EYELASH and glares at it before making another attempt at putting it on.

       CHANEL
   Look, y’all already know -- getting
clocked is the lava. Getting
clocked decides whether the trade
wanna lay up witchu or square up
witchu. It’s the difference between
gettin’ into the club free before
11 on Ladies Night, or paying $20
with the niggas waiting in
line...and well, I never pay.
          (laughs)
   By the way, I better see y’all at
Circle tonight. It is a bitch’s
birthday after all, and I’m gonna
need the girls to come through
since...
Chanel blinks, readjusts her eyelash, and then smirks as she leans in closer to the camera.

CHANEL
Ya girl got to audition for Rewind Records last week and uhhh, a bitch turnt it out. I’m talking, "quit my job yesterday cause the bag is all but mine" type of turnt. Life’s about get real cute. Very cute.

Chanel leans back and preens.

CHANEL
But anyways, here’s my unclockable beat! Get you into the Ladies Night for free, guaranteed.

Chanel flips her hair.

CHANEL
And for you ladies who just want to keep the fish off ya plate and the trade out ya face, I have some advice...
  (stifling a giggle)
...just get you a bang, powder heavy, and look for change.

Chanel cackles.

CHANEL
Remember what this bad bitch told you, y’all! Stay glocked, not clocked!
  (laughs)
I’m carrying.

The stream stops and immediately exits out to --

INT. BAKERY - SAME TIME

-- INSTAGRAM. ERYKA, a trans woman with a very 1B look about her, stares at her phone as she leans against the bakery counter, annoyed.

ERYKA
Bitch, I told you that.

The bakery is empty save for Erykah and a lone BAKER behind the counter; so empty that the sounds from the fluorescent lights themselves are loud.
Eryka impatiently taps her finger against the counter, staring at the BAKER as they put the finishing touches on a cake.

Bored, she walks over to a nearby table and dials a number.

ERYKA
Shevon.

INT. BOUTIQUE STORE - SECONDS LATER

SHEVON, a 30-something trans woman dressed to the nines, picks up the phone, as she looks through the dresses in a small, city boutique.

SHEVON
Eryka. What was that livestream?

ERYKA (V.O.)
(scoffs)
You tell me. I’m still trying to figure out how this trick plans on paying rent now.

SHEVON
(laughs)
You on your own with that one.

Shevon eyes a YOUNG CHILD staring at her in the distance as their MOTHER shops nearby. Her attention quickly turns back to looking through the dress rack.

ERYKA (V.O.)
Knock some sense into ya dawtah, m’am.

SHEVON
Chanel don’t listen to nobody but herself. You know that.

ERYKA
(sighs)
...yea. I do.

SHEVON
Anyways, where you at?

ERYKA (V.O.)
Still waiting on this damn cake. You?
SHEVON
Teasers. I need me a new dress for tonight. You know a girl has gotta STUN.

ERYKA (V.O.)
You got new dress money? I thought that was only on the 1st and 15th?

SHEVON
Girl, I got me a cash app. My coin is now instant.

ERYKA (V.O.)
Yassss, girl. I’m about it.

Shevon inspects a dress, holding it up. In her peripherals, Shevon can see the Young Child has come closer, their stare unwavering.

SHEVON
I’m telling you, Oakland County trade pays. Hell, I got several of the House Husbands of Bloomfield Hills on speed dial.

Shevon puts the dress down.

ERYKA (V.O.)
(laughs)
Shoot, sounds better than my 9-to-5. Only six months in and these white collar folks are pushing me to the EDGE.

The sound of SMALL, RAPID FOOTSTEPS.

Shevon looks up again, the Young Child is gone.

SHEVON
Well, you could always go back to dancing.

ERYKA (V.O.)
...Shevon, don’t even start.

Shevon looks back down, only to find the Young Child right at her side, looking straight up at her.

A stare-off begins.
SHEVON (CONT.)
Hey girl, I’ll see you tonight.

ERYKA (V.O.)
Wait, wha --

Shevon hangs up on Eryka and turns to the Young Child.

SHEVON
(in a deep voice)
Can I help you?

The Young Child runs off crying to their oblivious Mother.

Shevon rolls her eyes and continues shopping.

INT. BAKERY - SECONDS LATER

Eryka stares at her phone, disgruntled.

Suddenly, a notification appears. It’s Chanel.

TEXT MESSAGE: U coming thru to Cirlce 2night, yea?

Eryka clicks her tongue.

BAKER (O.S.)
Hey miss, your order is ready.

ERYKA
(under her breath)
Finally.

As Eryka gets up from the table and walks over to the counter, she sends a quick response to Chanel.

TEXT MESSAGE: Nah, staying in. Don’t feel well. :(

Eryka reaches the counter and looks down.

BAKER (O.S.)
(innocently)
I’m sure your friend Chanel will love this.

The cake says, "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SHA-NAIL."

Slowly, Eryka looks back up at the smiling Baker, dumbfounded.

ERYKA
(yelling)
WHAT THE --
INT. LIQUOR STORE - SAME TIME

A row of LIQUOR BOTTLES of all brands, save for one.

    CHANEL
    - hell? How you not gonna have any
      Jack?
      (scoffs)
      1800 it is, then.

Chanel grabs a LIQUOR BOTTLE and keeps it moving, only for a
PHONE NOTIFICATION to startle her. As she walks, Chanel
pulls out her phone to check the notification.

TEXT MESSAGE: Nah, staying in. Don’t feel well. :( 

Chanel rolls her eyes.

    CHANEL
    You carrying, sis --

OOMF. Chanel walks right into another person; a YOUNG MALE
who is evidently in their 20’s. The force nearly spins
Chanel completely around. The Young Male’s hat almost falls
to the ground, revealing a RECEDING HAIRLINE.

    CHANEL
    Oh my god, I’m so sorry.

    YOUNG MALE
    No worries, beautiful. It’s coo --
      (opens eyes)
      Wait a minute. JARROD?

Time stops for Chanel. Internally, she screams.

    CHANEL
      (nervous laughing)
      Uhh, excuse me.

Chanel keeps it moving, speed-walking away from the
conversation.

    YOUNG MALE
    It’s me, Reg. Y’know, from Cass? I
      was in the year above you.

Desperate, Chanel begins to pace through the different
aisles, looking for a way out of the conversation.

The Young Male -- REGGIE -- follows her.
REGGIE
What, just cause you put on a wig, you lost your memory, too?

CHANEL
I got the perfect one for that hairline, sir.

REGGIE
WHOA. It’s like that?

Chanel’s eye twitches.

REGGIE (CONT.)
I mean, I had heard rumors from the people at Cass, but damn...you out here looking like a real woman.

CHANEL
Shit, what type of cyborg bitches you be hanging out with?

Reggie catches up to Chanel’s pace, peering around her shoulder.

REGGIE
(eyeing Chanel up and down)
How you get them titties? And what about your --

Chanel abruptly stops walking. Reggie almost runs into her, surprised.

CHANEL
(yelling)
UH, EXCUSE ME --
(to the Cashier)
Where are the tampons?

At the counter, a bored CASHIER is immersed in his phone. He nonchalantly points to an aisle, his gaze never wavering from the screen.

CHANEL
(yelling)
Thank you!

Chanel speed walks over to the next aisle. Reggie follows her, confused. Grabbing a pack of TAMpons, Chanel pumps it to the cashier counter, hitting a stunned Reggie in the face with her face.
At the counter, Chanel slams down the LIQUOR BOTTLE and pack of TAMPONS. It’s enough to startle the Cashier from their phone.

CASHIER
C-cash or credit.

CHANEL
(through gritted teeth)
Credit.

CASHIER
ID --

INT. BAKERY - SAME TIME

Eryka, equally pissed, reaches into her back pocket, searching for her wallet.

On the counter, is her CREDIT CARD and the CAKE.

BAKER
-- please.

Eryka sighs, clearly annoyed.

BAKER
Once again, I’m sorry for the inconvenience, but it’s store policy and I can’t --

ERYKA
(annoyed)
Save it. I get it. I’m pressed for time anyways.

Eryka opens her wallet. Front and center is her ID, only her info is all from before her transition.

BAKER (O.S.)
M’am, your ID?

ERYKA
(fumbling)
I’m sorry, I...I, uhhh...must have left it in my..car. Yes, I left it in my car. Outside. My car that is outside. I left it there.
BAKER
(obliviously)
Ok. I can wait right here while you go and get it.

ERYKA
...right. Yes, I’ll be going now.

Eryka and the Baker awkwardly smile at each other, neither of them moving.

BAKER
M’am, is something wrong --

CRASH. Eryka and the Baker both turn at the sound of GLASS BREAKING in the kitchen behind the counter.

BAKER (CONT.)
(under their breath)
Dammit, Darius.
(beat)
I’ll be right back.

ERYKA
(laughing nervously)
No worries. Take your time.

The Baker gives Eryka a professional smile before stalking off into the back kitchen.

BAKER (O.S.)
(yelling)
DARIUS, WHAT THE FUCK?

SCREAMING ensues.

Eryka quietly grabs the CAKE and her CREDIT CARD, before she begins to tip-toe towards the door.

ERYKA
(in a sing-song voice)
Okay, I’m leaving! Heading out to my car! My car, outside! Be right back!

Once she reaches the door, Eryka sprints outside.