

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.

CHANEL (CONT.)  
Now leave me alone, nigga.

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.