

GIRL NUMBER #1

Written by

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INT. BOOTH - HIGH CLASS RESTAURANT - DAY

Enter an airy young woman, with upper-echelon type of style blended with runway looks, think 'Black Paris Hilton,' or better yet Hillary Banks.

She is playing a role. She takes a look at her date. She knows how to play him. Easy game.

She struts in and takes a seat.

A man, her date, is talking, which is annoying. She cuts in-

CHERRY

Honestly, that's so fetch. Do you like that word? Fetch. Fetch. Fetch. Fetch. It's a bit outdated, but I'm bringing it back. Right now.

(beat)

Oh, this? Today I threw together an ensemble that agreed with me and my mood. Actually, my horoscope said I'm allowed to get serious, but serious is too much work so I'm rocking SoHo. You're paying by the way. I know that came out of nowhere, but it didn't --my horoscope also said to watch my money. I'm not broke, but your job is to provide. But like not on some gender conformist bullshit.

(beat)

If you treat me right, I'll try that thing you like.

(mouths words)

And maybe, just maybe your car can take me to Dior. Afterward, I'm feeling Louis, Hermes, and Gucci -- I don't wear it but it's for a friend. I owe them. Then we can eat again, all that swiping of your card will tire me out. So I'm thinking some hole-in-the-wall with good food --ooh, seafood. How about the Boiling Crab? I'm a seafood girl, but the kind who still smells good even after pounding back 1/2 lb of shrimp. I'm really not picky we can do something you like.

(MORE)

## CHERRY (CONT'D)

I remember you saying you wanted to go to Andretti's, let me be clear I'd have to change, take off my nails, and I'd have to get really comfortable. So really, we can just do it when I'm not done up --which is when I'm at home, for like 5 seconds, because I don't let my mirrors catch me struggling.

(fans herself)

Oh. My. God. It's hot in here. Oh, wait. I didn't take off my coat. Correction, you didn't take off my coat because you also didn't even pull out my chair. Which tells me you're unsure about your pullout game. Noted. Which also tells me, you're not the gentleman type. Oh, here comes the bill. I'll go wait in the car. Give me the key fob. I love the push to start. It's so fetch.

She grabs the key fob. She makes a dramatic exit and leaves.