TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED, 25, nerd, intense, nervous and GENEVA, 24, beautiful and composed sit as they speak to an off screen COUNSELOR.

GENEVA
Okay, I'll start. I'm Geneva--

FRED
And I'm Fred...

GENEVA
I guess we're here because I happen to be famous--

FRED
And I'm not. That's okay, I'm not.

INT. SOUND BOOTH/KISS FM

MUSIC CUE: LET GO by Geneva

Geneva and JOJO WRIGHT bounce to the music. Next to Geneva is MARK, 25, smug, white, wearing corporate casual. Fred proudly watches from the adjoining lounge area.

JOJO
The number one record in the country for the fourth week in a row, that's LET GO. I'm JoJo Wright hanging with the beautiful and scintillating Geneva. So Geneva, I understand you auditioned for American Idol and didn't get picked. No wonder that show is going off the air.

GENEVA
I'm just thankful for YouTube.

JOJO
So Let Go-- it's got a pretty strong message. Who exactly is it for? A boyfriend on the way out? If so I know a lot of guys who'd like to apply for the position.
During the above Mark furiously punches out a text.

GENEVA
Well, actually--

Geneva's phone vibrates. She looks. The text from Mark reads: No boyfriend. Geneva takes it in, then:

GENEVA (CONT'D)
Oh, they can apply because there's definitely no boyfriend.

We see Fred throws up his arms and him mouth "What the fuck!"

EXT. KISS FM - DAY
Geneva, Mark and a pissed off Fred exit the radio station.

FRED
No boyfriend, huh?!

GENEVA
If my fans know I have a boyfriend they won't feel like they can fantasize about me.

FRED
That's not true. You think I don't fantasize about Beyonce?

Suddenly they're swarmed by a horde of PAPARAZZI YELLING.

FRED (CONT'D)
C'mon, back up. No pictures.

MARK
Chill Fred, there's no such thing as bad paparazzi.

Mark hands Geneva's purse to Fred as she poses diva-like for the paparazzi. In a blink Mark and Geneva make a mad dash to a nearby car. Fred fights through paparazzi as they drive away leaving him on the curb holding Geneva's bag.

FRED
Geneva! Geneva!

FREEZE FRAME as we:

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED
When did we meet? Wow, I was substitute teaching at Dorsey High. It was--

GENEVA
September 4, 2015, 8:33 in the morning, 97 degrees and 85% humidity.

FRED
What?

GENEVA
I remember because I was having a great hair day until I stepped outside.

EXT. DORSEY HIGH - MORNING

Fred curses at his green '92 Volvo Station Wagon's flat tire.

GENEVA (O.C.)
Do you need help?

Fred looks up to see a Geneva dressed like a nerdy senior.

FRED
I'm good. You better get to class.

GENEVA
No, you better get to class, young man. I'm a teacher.

FRED
You're a teacher? Me too.

They both chuckle, then Fred hands Geneva his crowbar.

FRED (CONT'D)
Yeah, sure I could use some help.
INT. LIMBO SET

FRED
And that's how it started.

GENEVA
Yeah, things were perfect back then... until my career started taking off.

FRED
Look, I know where this is going. I've always supported Geneva and her career...

EXT. DORSEY HIGH

Fred and Geneva run to his green Volvo station wagon through a crowd of students and teachers holding signs that read "Geneva you're our American Idol, Good Luck Geneva", etc. They wave goodbye, hop in the car and pull away.

INT. LOBBY/ARENA THEATER, HOUSTON – DAY

Geneva and Fred are sitting, waiting along with the other Idol hopefuls. A P.A. suddenly appears with a clipboard.

P.A.
Geneva!

Geneva bolts up.

GENEVA
That's me! That's me!

Suddenly she's overcome with a hiccup attack.

FRED
What's wrong?

She hiccups as she speaks.

GENEVA
Whenever I get nervous I get the hiccups. I can't believe this happening.

FRED
Look at me, just breath.

She continues to hiccup out of control.
FRED (CONT’D)
Okay, grab your nose.

He grabs his nose.

FRED (CONT’D)
Now grab your leg with your other hand... and bark like a dog.

Fred hops around barking like a dog.

GENEVA
What are you doing? You look ridiculous.

Geneva begins to laugh. Fred stops.

FRED
Making your hiccups go away.

Geneva realizes her hiccups have stopped. She gives Fred a great big hug and a kiss.

FRED (CONT’D)
You better go before they call somebody else.

Geneva crosses away behind the P.A.

INT. LOBBY/ARENA THEATER, HOUSTON - 10 MINUTES LATER

Geneva exits the multi-purpose room in tears. A camera crew captures the sad moment as she collapses into Fred's arms.

GENEVA
They didn't pick me.

FRED
What happen?

GENEVA
J-Lo said I was a low rent her.

FRED
Forget them. You're amazing. This is just a funny little story to tell when you make it big. And I got somebody that can make that happen. Remember my friend from college who's staying with me? Well, he just started at APA and he's a big time agent.
INT. LIMBO SET

FRED
I'm the reason why she has a record deal. I introduced her to her manager, Mark.

INT. FRED'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

A disheveled Mark is asleep on the sofa. Empty alcohol bottles and beer cans are strewn everywhere.

FRED
Mark, wake up. Wake up!

Mark opens his eyes. He's obviously groggy.

MARK
What? Leave me alone. I told you my Nana's going to wire me some money tomorrow.

FRED
Man you say that everyday. Get your ass up, my girl is here. Geneva, remember?

Mark looks up to see Geneva standing in the dimly lit room.

FRED (CONT'D)
(to Geneva)
Go ahead babe, do your thing.

Geneva starts to sing a soulful rendition of "I PUT A SPELL ON YOU" by Nina Simone.

Mark is blown over by her voice. Fred leans into Mark.

FRED (CONT'D)
Hey, this is your ticket out of the mail room and off my couch. And I still want that money from your Nana.

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED
I've been by Geneva's side every step of the way, until she started changing.
GENEVA
I have not changed. He's the one that's changed. Ever since I got a record deal he's been acting weird.

EXT. STREET - DAY
A Kia with a large pink moustache on the grill pulls over to the curb. Fred, wearing a blazer and carrying a briefcase hops in the front seat.

INT. BRANDON'S KIA - MOVING
BRANDON, 25, muscular, ad-libs greetings with Fred.

BRANDON
So she left you on the curb, huh?

FRED
Who told you?

BRANDON
Who told me? My momma did.

FRED
Your momma?

BRANDON
Yeah, she tells me everything. She said you were in People Magazine.

Brandon hands Fred a People Magazine. We see a photo of Fred clutching Geneva's purse.

FRED
No, it's not like that. You know what they say, there's no such thing as bad paparazzi.

BRANDON
Can your bro bro give you a little advice before Geneva starts the countdown and dumps your broke ass?

FRED
Yeah, go ahead. What you got?
BRANDON
Put everything in your name. Then you change her birth control pills to sugar pills and you get her pregnant.

FRED
Now you wildin'. What you on, that Lean?

BRANDON
I'm just sayin', before your girl goes all the way Hollywood on you.

FRED
Brandon, you know Geneva. You know she ain't like that.

BRANDON
All I know is she's famous and fame will change anybody. Hell, it would change me. You think I would be riding around in a Kia, with a pink moustache on my grill driving your broke ass to work? No, I'd be in a black on black Bugatti with a fine ass Brazilian honey in a thong behind the wheel.

EXT. DORSEY HIGH - DAY
Fred exits Brandon's Kia.

FRED
Aren't you coming in?

BRANDON
No, my first class isn't until third period. I gotta keep making that money.

Brandon speeds off blasting his MUSIC as Fred crosses to the school.

INT. LIMBO SET

GENEVA
Look, Fred. I know having a successful woman can be a bit threatening...
FRED
I'm not threatened by your success.

INT. CLASSROOM/DORSEY HIGH - DAY
Fred walks unnoticed into a crowded classroom filled with ROWDY STUDENTS. He crosses to the teacher's desk.

FRED
Good morning, students.

No response. The kids are all huddled in the back around ANTWON, a muscular 17 year old. Fred walks over to them.

ANTWON
Damn, the things I would do to that!

Fred maneuvers to get a peek. Geneva's MUSIC VIDEO plays on Antwon's cell phone.

ANTWON (CONT'D)
Yo, I would get her butt-ass naked.

INT. HALLWAY/DORSEY HIGH - MOMENTS LATER
Fred and Antwon tumble out of the classroom, fighting. The students are cheering them on.

GENEVA (V.O.)
I mean, what teacher gets into a fight with their student?

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE/DORSEY HIGH - LATER
Fred and Antwon are sitting. The school principal, MARVIN, a 52 year old imposing black man, hovers above them.

MARVIN
This type of behavior will not be tolerated at Dorsey High. Am I making myself clear, Antwon?

ANTWON
Yes sir.

MARVIN
Okay, get out of here.

Antwon quickly exits the office. Fred is upset.
FRED
You're not going to suspend him?
He attacked me!

MARVIN
He's the starting linebacker for
our football team. Not gonna
happen. I'll suspend you first.
So you want to tell me what's going
on?

FRED
Nothing. Everything's okay.

MARVIN
You and Geneva still getting along?
I know having a successful woman
like her can be threatening--

FRED
I'm not threatened.

MARVIN
You're a substitute teacher making
twenty-thousand a year, of course
you are. Look, if you come on here
full-time — I've been saving a spot
for you — it might buy you some
respect.

Fred crosses to the door.

FRED
Can't do it, I'm a writer.

MARVIN
Can you write a check for your
rent, car note, light bill?

FRED
All the same, I'm going to pass.
Thank you, Dad.

Fred exits.

MARVIN
I told you, don't call me that at
work.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED
First of all she's not even that successful. She's got a minor little hit with about fifteen thousand downloads. If I was threatened by you Geneva, on a scale of one to ten, I say it would be about a three.

GENEVA
It was seven point six million downloads.

FRED
Okay, a four.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO

Geneva, wearing very sexy and very skimpy lingerie, is on a large red bed in a provocative pose.

Fred enters the studio, making his way thru the CREW and pass Mark as he watches the sexy scene play out.

FRED
Geneva!

Geneva sees Fred and breaks from the photo shoot.

GENEVA
Hey, babe.

They hug.

FRED
What's going on? Who are all these people?

SHAWN, 28, white, tall, thin, very stylish approaches.

SHAWN
Hi, I'm Shawn, Geneva's stylist. And judging by the Warby Parkers you must be Fred.
MILAN and PARIS, 24 year old identical twin hair and makeup artists approach.

MILAN
I'm Milan.

PARIS
I'm Paris.

MILAN PARIS (CONT'D)
And we're the Glam Squad And we're the Glam Squad!

FRED
The what?
(then)
Babe, what's going on?

GENEVA
Isn't it exciting? Mark got me a feature in Complex Magazine. I'm their "new girl on the block."

FRED
More like their "new ho."

INT. LIMBO SET

GENEVA
See what I'm dealing with?

FRED
You're not the only one dealing with things in this relationship.

GENEVA
What are you talking about?

FRED
Taco Tuesday!

GENEVA
Oh, my god...

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO

FRED
So what's so important that you couldn't tell me over the phone?
GENEVA
Taylor Swift dropped out of the VMAs at the last minute and they asked me to perform in her place!

Geneva giddily hugs Fred again.

FRED
Great. Let's go celebrate. It's Taco Tuesday.

GENEVA
I can't. After this I've got to meet with the VMA producers. Then I've got rehearsal with Jessica--

FRED
Whoa... What about Taco Tuesday?

GENEVA
Babe, did you hear me? I've got things to do.

FRED
So you're just going to break our Taco Tuesday tradition?

GENEVA
You really don't think I'm going to miss an opportunity to perform at the VMAs because of your stupid Taco Tuesday?

FRED
Oh, so it's my taco night. Is that it? I invented it?

Mark crosses to Fred, gently grabbing him.

MARK
C'mon, Fred. Relax.

Fred pulls away.

FRED
Stay out of this, Mark.

(then)
Okay, Geneva, fine. You go have your career, you know with all your people, and I'll go get my tacos. 'Cause you and everyone here can kiss my ass. Glam Squad!
Fred pulls down his pants, shows his ass and storms away.

GENEVA
Oh, Fred. You're so immature!

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED
Okay, now you want to psycho analyze me?

GENEVA
Well, we are in a counseling session.

FRED
Fine, let's analyze you.

INT. REHEARSAL HALL - AFTERNOON

JESSICA, 24, Latina, spirited, beautiful, athletic is overseeing Geneva's rehearsal with FOUR extremely well built MALE DANCERS when Fred and Brandon enter. Fred waves.

FRED
Geneva!

GENEVA
Hey, babe!

BRANDON
Wassup G!

Jessica ad-libs greetings to Fred while giving him a hug.

JESSICA
Perfect timing. You're going to really like this.

Brandon goes to hug Jessica. She stops him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You still driving for Lyft?

BRANDON
(proud)
You know it. Just got a new Kia.

JESSICA
Boy, bye.
Jessica turns, leaving Brandon hanging, and crosses away.

    JESSICA (CONT’D)
    Geneva, you ready?

Geneva nods as Jessica stands by the boom box.

    JESSICA (CONT’D)
    Alright, guys. Full out. Five, six, seven, eight!

MUSIC CUE: TBD

Geneva and the male dancers perform an ultra sexy routine that has Brandon smiling and bouncing to the beat while Fred goes from smiles to frowns as the choreography becomes more and more provocative.

FRED’S POV

SLOW MOTION as the dancers groove Geneva's private parts and she returns the favor. Fred imagines hearing her orgasmic grunts and sighs.

Finally it's too much. Fred walks out of the dance studio.

Geneva finishes to wild applause from Brandon and Jessica.

    BRANDON
    You did that, G! You did that!

Brandon goes to give Jessica a congratulatory hug and she blocks him as Geneva searches for Fred.

    GENEVA
    Where's Fred?

Brandon and Jessica turn and look. No Fred.

    BRANDON
    Fred! Fred! He's gotta be here somewhere. I hope he didn't take the Kia. I'm still working.

Brandon crosses away to search for Fred as we hold on Geneva's concerned face.
INT. LIMBO SET – DAY

FRED
What was I suppose to say? I really enjoyed watching three guys feel all over my girl’s ass and tits?

GENEVA
You always said I didn’t have any ass or tits!

FRED
Well they found them!

GENEVA
How would he feel if I left one of his school plays?

FRED
No, babe. That’s different.

GENEVA
No, it’s not different. It’s exactly the same thing. I would never do that to him. And, believe me... I’ve wanted to.

FRED
Well, I'm sorry I walked out on your little "Thot Show."

GENEVA
See? This is why the relationship is stuck. Not moving forward!

FRED
Oh, so it’s stuck now? Like I drove the car into a ditch all by my self.

GENEVA
Well, you never take directions from me.

INT. AUDITORIUM/DORSEY HIGH – EVENING

CURTAINS CLOSED. ON STAGE: Fred is rushing his STUDENTS who are about to perform his musical spoof called FINDING THE WIZ. He pokes his head out of the curtains. Geneva is sitting front and center, texting. Fred waves. Geneva smiles and waves back then returns to her texting.
INT. AUDITORIUM/DORSEY HIGH - TWO HOURS LATER

CHANTEL WILLIAMS, 16, a pretty, heavy set black girl dressed like an infant Dorothy and holding a baby bottle, closes her eyes and clicks her heels three times.

CHANTEL
There’s no place like my crib.
There’s no place like my crib.
(singing)
WHEN I THINK OF MY CRIB. I THINK
OF A PLACE WHERE THERE’S...

IN THE WINGS
Fred is coaching as he sings along with Chantel.

IN THE AUDIENCE
Geneva’s cell phone buzzes. It’s Mark. She quickly picks up. Beside her sits an unkempt Transgender woman, MISS TINA, who is in tears watching the show.

GENEVA
(into phone)
Hello?

Miss Tina nudges her.

MISS TINA
Shh!

Chantel holds a long high pitch soulful note.

MISS TINA (CONT’D)
Sang it girl!!!

Geneva covers her phone and exits the theater.

INT. HALLWAY/DORSEY HIGH - LATER THAT EVENING
Fred finds Geneva surrounded by her star struck former STUDENTS, taking selfies.

STUDENT 1
So Ms. G, how about some free concert tickets for your former students?

Fred grabs Geneva by the arm.
FRED
I don't get free tickets and I'm her boyfriend.

Fred pulls her away. The kids react.

FRED (CONT'D)
So how did you like the show?

GENEVA
It was great, honey!

They hug. Geneva hands him some flowers.

FRED
Did you cry when the Lion accidently ate Toto?

GENEVA
I was in tears.

FRED
That's surprising. Because the Lion didn't eat Toto.

(then)
Damn, Geneva, I wrote this play for you.

GENEVA
I said I liked it.

Geneva sees that Fred is hurt. She kisses him.

GENEVA (CONT’D)
Sorry. Mark has been blowing me up all night about VMA stuff--

Her phone buzzes.

GENEVA (CONT’D)
That's him again. I've gotta take this.

Geneva steps away to answer the phone as ASHLEY, 25, blonde, pretty, quirky with a bubbly personality approaches.

ASHLEY
Oh my god, Freddy that was amazing!

Ashley impulsively hugs Fred. Geneva clicks off her phone as Fred self consciously pries himself from Ashley's clutches.
FRED 
Oh babe, this is Ashley. She's the new choir director. She replaced-- I mean, she came after you. I told you about her?

GENEVA 
No.

Ashley eagerly grabs Geneva's hand and shakes it.

ASHLEY 
I'm so happy to finally meet you. My students can't stop talking about you. The bar you set is like way up here. And I love your song.

Ashley sings Geneva's song better than Geneva.

ASHLEY (CONT'D) 
I KEEP RUNNING IN MY DREAMS
LET GO, LET GO!

FRED 
She's great, isn't she?

Geneva flashes a fake smile and grunts.

FRED (CONT'D) 
I couldn't have done the play without Ashley. She designed the set, wardrobe, even braided hair.

ASHLEY 
I even did Goddess Locs.

Ashley and Fred share a laugh. Geneva turns to Fred.

GENEVA 
Look, "Freddy," I have to go.

FRED 
I thought you were staying for the cast party? I told the kids--

GENEVA 
Next time, I promise.

Geneva kisses Fred, gives Ashley a dirty look and walks away.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED
The problem with this relationship is that Geneva puts everything and everybody before us. The only thing she gives a damn about is her career.

GENEVA
That's not true.

INT. SOHO CLUB – NIGHT

Mark and Geneva are sitting at a table in the restaurant. Mark is ordering from a WAITER.

MARK
I'll take the rib eye medium well with the steamed spinach, no bread. (then) What do you want, Geneva?

GENEVA
I'm okay.

MARK
You sure? The food is excellent.

GENEVA
No thanks, Fred's making me dinner.

MARK
I guess you have to do something if you're not kicking in on the rent.

GENEVA
Did your Nana ever send Fred that rent money?

Mark frowns as the waiter collects the menus and crosses away.

MARK
Wow, I see you're in one of your moods so I'll get right to it. (MORE)
MARK (CONT'D)
Look, Geneva, I don't think it's a good idea to bring Fred to the VMAs.

GENEVA
I can't do that, Mark.

MARK
Hear me out. You walk the red carpet with him and the paparazzi will tear him apart. The minute they find out he's the substitute teacher boyfriend it will be over.

GENEVA
I don't care.

MARK
He can't handle it, Gen. You saw how he acted at the photo shoot. Be smart. Leave him at home.

GENEVA
You don't get it Mark, if he's not there I can't do it?

MARK
What do you mean you can't do it?

GENEVA
I need Fred. He makes me laugh.

MARK
Hello, Dave Chappelle is hosting the VMA's. You'll be laughing all damn night.

Geneva just stares at Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)
Well, apparently I don't make you laugh. Fine, have it your way.

GENEVA
I always do, Mark.

Geneva stands and crosses away.

INT. STAGE/MICROSOFT THEATER

Geneva leads a blindfolded Fred onto the stage.
FRED
Okay Geneva, this is kind of creepy. What are we doing?

GENEVA
Relax. You're about to find out.

Geneva removes his blindfold. We see that they're standing on a huge stage before an empty house. Fred takes it all in.

FRED
Where the hell are we? Is this--

GENEVA
Yep, the VMAs. Isn't it amazing?

FRED
It's friggin' incredible.

GENEVA
I just wanted to share it with you. And to let you know, that I can't do it without you. I need you here tomorrow, babe.

She seals her request with a long passionate kiss.

FRED
I don't know. Maybe.

Geneva kisses Fred again, pulling him down out of frame.

FRED (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Geneva, I don't think we should do this-- Okay, I'll be here.

INT. - LIMBO SET

FRED
Yeah, that was sweet and all, but when it came down to it, you did do it without me.

EXT. MICROSOFT THEATER - AFTERNOON

The MTV Video Music Awards are in full effect. The sexy Red carpet is packed with CELEBRITIES and their feisty PUBLICISTS. A MERCEDES-BENZ SPRINTER pulls up. Geneva, Fred and Jessica get out. Fred is wearing a leather Kanye "man dress" over leggings. Fred is clearly uncomfortable.
FRED
(to Geneva)
You're sure Kanye designed this?

GENEVA
Stop being silly. You look great.

Mark approaches Geneva and gives her a hug and a kiss.

MARK
Geneva, we need to get you on the red carpet quick. Wow, you look incredible.

FRED
What's up, Mark?

MARK
Fred.

Mark looks Fred over.

MARK (CONT'D)
Fred, you look... uh... very fashion forward.

FRED
This was Geneva's idea.

MARK
Look, do you mind if we get some pictures of Geneva by herself?

Before Fred can answer, Mark takes Geneva by the arm and walks her over to THE WEEKND.

MARK (CONT'D)
Mr. Weeknd, do you mind taking a picture with my new artist, Geneva? She has the hottest single out right now.

THE WEEKND
Not possible, I have the hottest single out now.

GENEVA
No you don't. I knocked you off the charts a month ago.

He looks to see who Geneva is.
THE WEEKND
Damn, I see why. Let's take these photos girl.

ANGLE ON FRED

As he watches Geneva and The Weeknd, arms around each other, posing for the paparazzi.

Fred, upset, makes his way over to Geneva.

FRED
Cool hair, bro!

THE WEEKND
Nice dress, ho.

Fred squeezes in between them for the picture.

FRED
Excuse me, but this is my girl.

GENEVA
Fred, what are you doing?

FRED
I'm just trying to get in the picture. You got a problem with that?

Suddenly two very large BODYGUARDS approach Fred.

BODYGUARD #1
Excuse me sir could you please step aside?

They grab Fred before he can answer. As Fred struggles:

FRED
Hey man, why don't you get off me.
I said get off me, man!
(yelling)
GENEVA!

Fred escapes briefly and is quickly recaptured by the Bodyguards who put him in a choke hold as paparazzi flashes go off.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. LIMBO SET

FRED
Well, I didn't need you to dress me up like a Barbie doll and bring me to the red carpet to get my ass kicked.

GENEVA
Well, if you weren't so insecure none of that would have ever happened.

FRED
Well, if you cared about me, none of that would have ever happened.

GENEVA
Really? You want to go there? Because I can play this game too.

INT. EL CHOLO'S - NIGHT

El Cholo's is an authentic Mexican eatery. Fred is sitting with a huge basket of chips and salsa in front of him. A MARIACHI BAND is performing like rock stars. Fred points at his bowl of salsa.

FRED
You see this salsa? That's how my heart looks now... Crushed, like a bowl of tomatoes. (then) Do you know I drove twenty-three hours to Houston just so she could audition for American Idol? And when they didn't pick her, guess who drove her back? Not Ryan Seacrest, it was me!

We then reveal he is talking to Ashley.

ASHLEY
That's because you care Freddy.
FRED
You damn right, but nobody cares about me.

ASHLEY
That's not true, what about your students?

FRED
Did I ever tell you I didn't want to be a teacher?

ASHLEY
You don't mean that.

FRED
The hell I don't. I wanna be July Wilson, wait a minute, August Wilson. TEQUILA!!!

THE WAITRESS brings over a tray of tequila. Fred grabs a shot and throws it back. He looks up at the TV.

ON TELEVISION
Geneva is performing with her dancers.

FRED (CONT’D)
Look at her. She'd rather be doing that than being here with me on Taco Tuesday.

ASHLEY
Freddy it's Sunday.

FRED
There's no such thing as Taco Sunday.

Fred raises his arm to get the attention of the waitress.

FRED (CONT’D)
(yelling)
MORE TEQUILA!!

Ashley pulls his arm down.

ASHLEY
You've had enough. Here's an idea. Why don't we turn it into Salsa Sunday?
Ashley grabs Fred and they hit the dance floor.

INT. BACKSTAGE/MICROSOFT THEATER – SAME TIME

Geneva walks off stage with her DANCERS. They ad-lib congratulations as they hug. Mark and Jessica meet them.

    JESSICA
    OMG! You did that, honey!

    MARK
    I have great news! The Weeknd said he wants to do a track with you and if you’re interested, Netflix and chill.

    JESSICA
    I'm interested.

    MARK
    Geneva?

Suddenly Geneva starts hiccuping out of control.

    MARK (CONT’D)
    Are you okay? Get her some water!

    GENEVA
    I'm sorry, I gotta go.

Geneva runs from the backstage area.

INT. EL CHOLO’S – NIGHT

Fred and Ashley are salsa dancing, moving perfectly in sync.

    FRED
    I mean how do I compete with The Weeknd? Everybody loves Saturday and Sunday. I'm nothing but a stinking Wednesday, I'm "hump day."

    ASHLEY
    Stop talking like that, you're amazing.

Ashley spins Fred and dips him. They have a moment just as Geneva enters.

    GENEVA
    Fred!
Fred sees Geneva. He straightens up.

FRED
Babe!

GENEVA
Don’t “babe” me. Really? This is what's going on?

FRED
What are you doing here? Is the Weeknd over?

GENEVA
No, but it seems like we are.

Geneva turns to leave. Ashley grabs her arm.

ASHLEY
Wait a minute Geneva, this is not what it looks like.

GENEVA
Bitch, don't touch me.

Geneva turns and swings on Ashley. Fred shoves Ashley out of the way and Geneva hits him in the jaw, knocking him out cold. Fred falls to the ground motionless.

GENEVA (CONT’D)
Fred!

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT – ANGLE ON TV

TMZ reports on Geneva getting into a bar fight. We see video of Geneva and Fred exiting El Cholo’s.

A bruised Fred is on the bed watching.

FRED
Damn, those TMZ camera dudes pop up everywhere. This is not good.

GENEVA
There’s no such thing as bad publicity.

FRED
Unless you got knocked out by your girl while wearing a dress.
Geneva brings over a bottle of Gatorade and Advil.

GENEVA
I'm sorry, babe.

FRED
About hitting me or making me wear the dress?

GENEVA
Hitting you. You look cute in that dress.

Handing him Advil.

GENEVA (CONT’D)
Take this. You’ll feel better.

He takes the Advil and washes it down with the Gatorade.

FRED
Yo, I need to ask you a question. You really think the VMA’s was more important than our Taco Tuesdays?

GENEVA
I don’t know what you’re talking about.

FRED
Come on, babe. You know. Remember the night we met, and we knew then it was right, and we said nothing would ever come between us and Taco Tuesday-- that it would be our tradition no matter what.

GENEVA
If I remember correctly, we had about ten shots before we came up with that.

FRED
Well if you weren’t playing hard to get it would’ve only been two shots.

GENEVA
And, then we would’ve never committed ourselves to each other.
FRED
That’s why Taco Tuesdays is so important, babe.

Geneva smiles, pushes Fred back on to the bed and straddles him.

GENEVA
Let’s start a new tradition tonight.

She whispers in his ear.

FRED
Oh, girl. You so nasty.

Geneva leans in and kisses him passionately.

INT. LIMBO SET – DAY

FRED
Can we survive the famous thing? In our relationship?

Fred looks at Geneva.

FRED (CONT’D)
I don’t know. What do you think, babe?

GENEVA
I hope so...

She grabs his hand.

FRED
I guess we’ll wait and see...

FADE OUT:

THE END