

PILOT: DRUG TEST

Written by

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INT. TAYA'S PATIO - NIGHT

TAYA GRACEN, 20S, type A, independent stoner, sits on a wooden stool, joint between her fingers as she scrolls through Instagram Reels on her phone. She takes a hit from the joint; it's already half gone.

A text flashes at the top of the screen from Julio: Be there around noonish tomorrow. Don't ignore me when I knock. I will break in.

TAYA  
(under her breath)  
Be there around noonish tomorrow.  
Don't ignore me when I know. I will  
break in.

Taya pauses, looks at the joint.

TAYA (CONT'D)  
Damn it.

She puts the joint out, pockets her phone, walks inside.

TITLE CREDITS

1 EXT. APARTMENT UNIT - DAY

1

Taya approaches the door. She knocks.

The door swings open. RANDALL, 30s, awkward hermit gamer, stands, his face pinched. His glasses slip down his nose. He pushes them up with a sniff.

TAYA  
Ran-da-man-67?

Randal grins, dorky.

RANDALL  
That is I. And you're T dash A dash  
Y dash A?

TAYA  
Taya's fine.

Randall presses his finger against her mouth and shushes her.

RANDALL  
We must speak in code when dealing  
with such explicit matters.

Taya frowns.

TAYA  
It's a piss sample.

RANDALL  
To cover up your excessive  
marijuana usage. A gateway drug,  
mind you.

Taya stares in disbelief.

TAYA  
Do you want my forty dollars or  
not?

Randall jumps and reaches into his pocket. He pulls out an  
old pill container and holds it close to his face.

RANDALL  
Is this what you're looking for?

Taya leans in, examines the pee.

TAYA  
It's legit?

RANDALL  
Scouts honor.

Taya digs in her own pocket for the money. She holds it out  
to Randall, who doesn't grab it.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
Is it clean?

TAYA  
What?

Randall looks around.

RANDALL  
(whispering)  
Is it drug money?

TAYA  
I have a job! A good job like an  
actual adult. What do you even do  
in here all day besides play games  
and piss in your collection of old  
anti-anxiety containers?

Randall gasps, appalled.

RANDALL  
Actually, it's not anxiety  
medication--

Taya, annoyed, grabs the pee and slips the money into  
Randall's now open hand. She turns and walks away.

TAYA  
(over her shoulder)  
I'll message you if I need more.

2

INT. TAYA'S APARTMENT - TALKING HEAD - DAY

2

Taya sits criss-crossed in her favorite chair. Her lips are  
pressed together as she looks past the camera.

JULIO, 20s, authentic dream chaser with a bleeding heart,  
stands behind the camera.

JULIO (O.S.)  
Rolling.

Taya jolts, her attention now on the camera.

TAYA  
What was I supposed to talk about?

JULIO (O.S.)  
The show.

TAYA  
Which one?

Julio sighs.

JULIO (O.S.)  
The reality show.

TAYA  
Oh, yeah, so I got accepted on this  
show, Julio's one of the camera  
guys--

JULIO (O.S.)  
Howdy.

TAYA  
--and a friend of mine from  
college. He's actually the one who  
recommended me for the show--

\*  
\*  
\*

JULIO (O.S.)  
--because I thought you stopped  
smoking pot after graduation--

TAYA  
--which didn't happen, but it'll be  
an easy win regardless.

JULIO (O.S.)  
The show, T.

Taya looks past the camera at Julio, her lips pulled back,  
somewhat annoyed, before she looks back into the lens.

TAYA  
Basically, it's a show about  
potheads quitting cold turkey. Some  
social experiment thing, I think,  
but it seemed easy enough and the  
prize money...let's just say I  
wouldn't have to worry about my  
student debt if I won.

JULIO (O.S.)  
You're not going to win.

TAYA  
Julio's negativity is the reason  
he's here recording me after hours,  
like some creep.

JULIO (O.S.)  
She hasn't stopped smoking.

TAYA  
It'd be a problem if I couldn't  
function.

JULIO (O.S.)  
No, you have a problem period.

Taya opens her mouth to speak, but Julio continues.

JULIO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The show is literally about people  
getting over their weed addiction.

Taya's mouth snaps shut. She looks past the camera to Julio.

TAYA  
Do you want the footage or not?

Julio stays quiet. Taya nods, haughty.

\*

TAYA (CONT'D)  
Right, what I thought.  
(at camera)  
Julio's doing a side project where  
he documents my actual reality.

JULIO (O.S.)  
If she does win, I'll threaten her  
for half the money.

Taya scoffs.

TAYA  
Right.

JULIO (O.S.)  
I could do it.

TAYA  
That would take you admitting I  
could win this.

Julio winced.

JULIO (O.S.)  
Alrighty, Segway. Tell me about the  
pee. Where'd you meet the dealer?

TAYA  
I found Randy on Marketplace. He  
used a user name. For Facebook. I  
knew it'd be my best bet.

3 INT. TAYA'S APARTMENT - EARLIER - DAY

3

Taya sits in front of her work computer, eyes squinted.

On the screen, Facebook Marketplace. 'Pee' is seen in the  
search bar.

\*

4 INT. TAYA'S APARTMENT - TALKING HEAD - DAY

4

Taya adjusts herself in her chair.

TAYA  
The producers wanted a drug test  
before we started shooting, and  
Julio bet me ten dollars I wouldn't  
pass.

\*

\*

\*

JULIO (O.S)  
I can't believe you went to some  
rando for a urine sample.

\*  
\*  
\*

TAYA  
I can't believe you don't think I  
can pull this off.

\*  
\*  
\*

JULIO (O.S)  
My coffee is gonna be so sweet.

\*

TAYA  
Where are you getting coffee for  
ten dollars?

\*  
\*  
\*

5 INT. STUDIO ROOM - DAY

5

Taya waits for the bathroom. She wears a jacket with sleeves that cover her hands. A few people are in line behind her. She holds a new, clear container in her hand, the purchased pee in her jacket pocket.

STAN, the showrunner (40s, direct, actionable), and MANTHA (30s, kind, ditsy), sit at a table not far from the bathroom.

Taya fiddles with the container in her pocket.

The bathroom door opens, and someone steps out. Taya enters.

6 INT. STUDIO BATHROOM - DAY

6

Taya takes the container from her pocket, sets it on the sink. She tugs the jacket off. As she shuffles, the jacket sags and knocks over the full container. The pee spills.

She looks down at the puddle of pee that drips down the side of the sink.

TAYA  
This isn't real life. This is a  
horrible simulation, and your user  
obviously hates you.

She puts her hands on her head and groans.

\*

She drops her hands and looks around: toilet, toilet paper, hand dryer, paper towels. She grabs the new container and untwists the cap before she sets it on the sink, opposite the spilled pee.

She pulls out a few paper towels and lays only one on top of the puddle. The pee soaks through. Taya reaches for the towel, pulls her hands back, then reaches again.

She brings the dripping towel over the new container, rings it out. Her face is pulled back in disgust.

7

INT. STUDIO ROOM - DAY

7

The bathroom door opens, Taya exits. She looks uncomfortable, but tries to mask it. She walks over to the producer table, slow, and sets down the pee.

Stan and Mantha look at it. Stan pokes it with his pen.

STAN

Why is it wet?

Taya looks away.

TAYA

There was a bit of an accident. I rinsed it off, though, so no harm.

Stan looks up at Taya, his grin strained.

\*

STAN

Right, thanks.

8

INT. TAYA'S APARTMENT - TALKING HEAD - DAY

8

Taya looks into the camera, sucks her teeth.

TAYA

I haven't heard back from them, but then again, that happened, like, an hour ago--

The apartment door slams open.

KENNEDY (O.S)

Who the hell gets off parking in my spot?

\*

\*

KENNEDY GRACEN, late 20s, bitter, social media addict, walks in front of the camera. Taya's eyes follow her.

TAYA

We're recording.

Kennedy pauses.

KENNEDY (O.S.)

I live here.

Taya looks away from the camera, her attention on Kennedy.

TAYA

Remind me again who pays the rent?

KENNEDY

So? I cook.

TAYA

For yourself. Fatass.

\*

KENNEDY (O.S.)

Didn't you finish a whole thing of powdered donuts last night?

TAYA

They were mini.

Kennedy scoffs.

KENNEDY (O.S.)

Your ass isn't mini.

Taya stands up.

9

INT. TAYA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

9

Taya stands close to her chair while Kennedy moves behind the kitchen island. The space is open.

There's a touch of clutter on the island, and a pan on the stove. Kennedy turns, reaches into a cabinet, grabs a snack.

Taya's hands fly as she speaks.

TAYA

Why do you have to cause a scene right now? We literally have company over.

KENNEDY

And I'm supposed to care why?

Julio shuffles. He holds his camera and takes slow steps towards the apartment door.

Taya points a finger at Kennedy.

TAYA

This is why your roommate kicked  
you out. You don't respect people.

KENNEDY

At least I don't have to smoke away  
my brain just to be coherent.

\*  
\*

Taya growls and tugs her hair, frustrated.

TAYA

At least I have a job I'm proud of.

KENNEDY

I like my job.

TAYA

And I like living alone.

Kennedy sucks her teeth.

KENNEDY

I'm not doing this with you.

TAYA

Wha- you literally started this! Oh  
my god--

The front door shuts. Taya looks over.

\*

With her back turned, Kennedy slips away with her snack. When  
Taya turns back, Kennedy is gone.

Her fingers twitch, annoyed.

TAYA

Let's just assume I passed the drug  
test. Yay, me. Time to celebrate.

\*  
\*

Taya spins on her heel and heads for the patio door. She  
pushes it open and exits. The blinds shake as the door shuts.

\*  
\*

Fin.