

Sugar Baby Express

written by

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INT. APARTMENT - DAY

We're in a sophisticated apartment. It's clean, bright, and filled with the sounds of fingers typing in another room.

A red dress hangs in a doorway.

A perfectly whipped cake rests on the kitchen table.

We follow a bookcase. There are copies of 'WHY MEN LOVE BITCHES', 'THINK & GROW RICH', and 'SUGAR, BABY'.

A poster of AUDREY HEPBURN as HOLLY GOLIGHTLY hangs on the living room wall.

INT. MARINA'S OFFICE - DAY

MARINA BERGEN (30's) sits at a desk in her office.

A whiteboard with a graph is tacked on her wall with earning projections (last year, \$165,000, and this year, \$175,000) and a list of goals. It has market trends.

The MARKET TRENDS are: fertility and marriage rates = down. Opportunities = up.

The GOALS are: Raise rate by 10 percent. Create mentorship program. Stop being a baby. Create agency.

MARINA

Who referred you? Any allergies or conditions of note? Any kinks I should be aware of?

More typing.

MARINA (CONT'D)

My rates are competitive for the market. I have years of expertise.

It sounds like a call center.

MARINA (CONT'D)

My age? Don't worry about my age.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Marina stands in the mirror. Her hair is in rollers. She's getting ready for work.

She spritzes herself with marshmallow perfume.

She dusts pink rouge on her face.

She swipes pink gloss on her lips.

She looks at the red dress hanging on the wall.

She counts a stack of cash.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Marina locks her apartment. The red dress clings to her curves.

She passes a neighbor on her way to her car.

NEIGHBOR
How's business?

MARINA
The grind never stops.

Marina gets into her car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Marina drives around her neighborhood, West Adams. Old mansions sit beside dumpy apartment buildings. A hint of old glamour covered in layers of dust.

She takes a call.

MARINA
You know the rules, Darren. 48
hours notice. No exceptions. My
time is important, too.

She hangs up. She sings to herself in her car.

MARINA (CONT'D)
Working so hard every night and
day, and now we get the pay back.
Trying so hard, saving up the
paper, now we get to lay back.

INT. RESTAURANT PATIO - DAY

Marina sips on a glass of wine. A server hands her date, DARREN SMART (50's), a glass of mid-level whiskey.

DARREN

There's some new kid at the office,
Braydon, Brighton? A real twerp.
Acts like his shit don't stink.

MARINA

Right? When did thirty become old?

DARREN

Maybe I'll quit. Then he'd see how
much he needs me.

MARINA

Don't do that. That never works.

DARREN

Listen, I know we talked about an
investment, but I'm changing some
things up.

MARINA

You're not getting fired, Darren.
Don't panic. Do you want to see my
business plan again?

Darren laughs and sips his drink.

DARREN

Look, I can't give you money
because you're fired.

Marina puts her drink down. Darren chugs his drink and
signals to the waitress for a check.

MARINA

The least you can do is offer some
constructive feedback. I'm building
a network, Darren.

DARREN

Okay. For starters, you made it
feel like a job.

MARINA

It is a job-

DARREN

It's a fantasy. It's my fantasy.
It's over, alright?

Marina holds back tears.

INT. MARINA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Marina cries in her office as she looks through her ROLODEX.
She pulls out a card.

MARINA
Cheapskate.

She grabs another one.

MARINA (CONT'D)
Foot fetish.

Defeated, she opens SEEKING ARRANGEMENTS on her computer.

She looks at a profile. NESMOND HAMMOCK. He looks like a serial killer.

MARINA (CONT'D)
No.

She checks out DAN HEDAYA. His picture is a group photo.

MARINA (CONT'D)
Lots of friends...yeah, right.

She slams her laptop shut. She picks up her phone and calls DARREN. No answer.

MARINA (CONT'D)
Fuck.

EXT. DARREN'S HOUSE - DUSK

Marina drives past Darren's house.

MARINA
I'll negotiate. It's that simple.

She spots Darren and a younger girl, PEACHES (20's) walking through his front door. Marina pulls over and watches.

MARINA (CONT'D)
You gotta be kidding me.

Darren grabs Peaches. She stiffens up and turns away as he tries to kiss her.

Marina watches as Peaches leaves Darren's house. Peaches walks towards a beat up car.

MARINA (CONT'D)

Yikes.

She writes the license plate number down.

INT. MARINA'S CAR - DAY

Marina sips a fountain drink. She's parked outside of Peaches's run-down apartment.

MARINA

Not very glamorous, are you?

Peaches exits the house.

She turns on her engine and slowly follows Peaches.

EXT. VINTAGE STORE - DAY

Peaches looks through the racks of a vintage store. She grabs a sexy dress and presses it against herself. Marina walks in.

Marina pretends to look through the racks, keeping a firm eye on Peaches.

Peaches looks in the mirror. Marina walks up to her.

MARINA

That dress was made for you.

PEACHES

It's ugly as shit.

MARINA

I'm sorry to pry, but, it's perfect.

PEACHES

He said buy somethin' nice, so...

MARINA

You gotta dress for success, that's what I always say.

PEACHES

Who asked you?

MARINA

Well...with a body like that, you could wear anything.

PEACHES

Look, I'm not into that sorta thing.

MARINA

I'm not hitting on you, I swear.

PEACHES

Sometimes I wish I was gay. Men are so fucking stupid.

MARINA

Yes, they are. And the richer they are, the more stupid they get.

Marina hands Peaches her card. Peaches looks at it.

MARINA BERGEN - SUGAR BABY FOR HIRE.

MARINA (CONT'D)

Call me if you ever wanna level up.

INT. MARINA'S APARTMENT- DAY

Marina looks through her mounting stack of bills.

She gets a call. She takes it.

MARINA

Thanks for calling Marina Bergen, how may I help you? Oh. No, I don't have any younger colleagues. Yet.

Marina hangs up. She inspects her wrinkles in a wall mirror.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Marina sips her cappuccino while Peaches chugs a frappe.

MARINA

Thanks for meeting me.

PEACHES

This shit slaps.

MARINA

Right.

Peaches stops sipping.

PEACHES

You were right, by the way.

MARINA

I know.

PEACHES

My friends think I'm degrading myself. They're hella small-minded.

MARINA

That's a load of shit. We're literally taking them for their money.

PEACHES

Girl...that's what I said.

MARINA

You landed a daddy pretty fast, huh?

Peaches stammers. She drinks more frappe.

PEACHES

It's not like it's hard. As long as you got titties and half a brain-

MARINA

Yes, exactly! We're babies, not infants.

PEACHES

Tea. It's not easy, though.

MARINA

Then why do it?

PEACHES

I was desperate. I was literally living off ramen before I took the gig.

MARINA

Those disgusting dried noodles?

PEACHES

Not anymore. I'll work night and day if I have to.

MARINA

How much is he paying you?

Peaches looks at the ground in shame.

PEACHES

Five hundred dollars a week.

Marina cackles.

MARINA

I'm sorry. That's just...really bad. Embarrassingly bad.

PEACHES

I don't have any other options.

MARINA

I do.

An older gentleman passes their table. Marina nods at him. He pretends he doesn't see her. She stands.

MARINA (CONT'D)

Richard?

RICHARD

Ah, Marina, dear. How goes it?

MARINA

This is my friend Peaches. She's a-

Richard takes a long look at Peaches.

RICHARD

Charming young woman.

PEACHES

Gee, thanks.

RICHARD

Marina, I'm sorry I haven't been as communicative lately-

MARINA

That's alright. I know how it goes. Peaches is newer to the game.

RICHARD

I see. Is she free tomorrow night?

PEACHES

Bitch, I'm not-

MARINA

She is.

PEACHES

I am?

RICHARD

Great. I assume you'll set everything up?

MARINA

You know me too well.

Richard walks away. Peaches is stunned.

MARINA (CONT'D)

He pays five hundred an hour.

PEACHES

You think you're my pimp or somethin'?

MARINA

No. I'm your manager.

Peaches bites her nails. Marina notices how unkempt they are. She looks down at Peaches shoes. They're tattered.

PEACHES

He's too rich.

MARINA

Never say that again.

Peaches phone rings. It's a text from DARREN.

PEACHES

I gotta go. It's him.

MARINA

Text him and tell him it's over.

PEACHES

I can't do that. I need the money.

MARINA

Trust me. I'll make sure you get it.

Peaches stops biting her nails. She sends the text to Darren.

PEACHES: Fuck off, dickhead. I'm upgrading.

INT. MARINA'S APARTMENT- DAY

Marina sits in her bedroom/office. She creates a business plan.

The sheet is titled : SUGAR BABY EXPRESS.

She writes an objective:

Train and manage up and coming sugar babies. Secure high wages, offer benefits. Take power away from men.

The glow of the laptop illuminates her face.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. VINTAGE STORE - DAY

Marina holds a classy blouse up to Peaches's chest in a mirror.

MARINA

Look like you have money. That way,
they can tell themselves it's not
about the money.

PEACHES

Right, I just really like his
company.

They laugh.

INT. MARINA'S HOUSE - DAY

Marina hands Peaches a copy of 'WHY MEN LOVE BITCHES'.
Peaches giggles.

MARINA

The Bible.

INT. MARINA'S OFFICE - DAY

Marina lectures Peaches. She writes on her white board 'TIERS
OF MEN.'

These are the TIERS: Secret Rich, Sad Rich, Fake Rich.

MARINA

If he's wearing New Balances, he's
secret rich. That's the mark you
want.

Peaches takes notes.

PEACHES

Labels mean fake rich?

MARINA
Every time.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Marina and Peaches sit in a nice bar. Peaches looks classy - her nails are done, shoes are spotless.

MARINA
Are you alright?

PEACHES
You're working me to the bone.

A pause.

MARINA
Are you complaining?

PEACHES
No, bitch. I like it.

MARINA
That's my girl.

PEACHES
When was your last date?

MARINA
I'm not doing that anymore.

PEACHES
What do you mean?

MARINA
I'm finally making things happen.

They clink two glasses of champagne together.

Marina hands Peaches a card. It reads: SUGAR BABY EXPRESS - Head of Human Resources. Peaches LaRue.

INT. SUGAR BABY EXPRESS, INC. - DAY

A group of 'Peaches lookalikes' stand in the hallway of a professional office.

INT. MARINA'S OFFICE - DAY

Marina types on a computer as she speaks on the phone. She wears a sexy red dress.

MARINA

I'm sorry, you didn't pass our screening. We're not running a charity, sweetie.

Marina looks at her nails. They're sharp talons.

MARINA (CONT'D)

Yeah? Why don't you take it up with HR.

Marina looks back at Peaches, who wears a full pantsuit as she lectures new sugar baby.

NEW SUGAR BABY

You make this sound like a job.

PEACHES

It is, bitch. Take some fuckin' notes.

Peaches points to a white board. It has earnings projections for SUGAR BABY EXPRESS, INC.

This year: \$600,000

Next year: \$1,000,000.

Marina looks around the room. There are several young girls on their laptops. The noise of typing fills the room.

THE END