

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. TREE-LINED NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (D1)

OVER A hot *LIZZO* track, WE'RE ON a pair of purple, white wheeled rollerskates covered in **RED LIPS** gliding on the sidewalk. WE PAN UP revealing a Black girl (12) with twist braids and a printed tee that reads "HOW I ROLL." This is PARIS JOHNSON, bobbing her head to the music coming from her AirPods as she skates down her tree-lined neighborhood.

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START →

PARIS (V.O.)

Okay, the sis rockin' the twist braids, poppin' tee and saucy purple rollerskates would be one, Paris Johnson. Which is me. Or, I'm her. Or - never mind, I'm trippin'.

Paris waves to A NEIGHBOR watering their lawn, jumps off the curb and begins skating down the middle of the street.

PARIS (V.O.)

Anyhoo, today's my 12th birthday. And this was me just a little while ago, living my best life on the very best day of the week. And that day would be... Saturday!

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Suddenly, A GROUP of LITTLE KIDS (ages 8-10) peddle out of a driveway on chromed out Lowrider Bicycles. They ride next to the spinning and dipping Paris. She loves the company.

PARIS (V.O.)

Saturdays are just... bomb! And not just because of the whole no school, sleep in 'til noon thing. No. Saturdays are poppin' because--

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Kids on bikes peel away towards a parked ICE CREAM TRUCK.

PARIS (V.O.)

It's the dopest, most sickest place on the planet!

THE DRIVER tosses Paris a BOMB POP - which she catches. Paris gives a nod, skates on eating her popsicle.

SATURDAYS

INT. SATURDAYS ROCKIN' ROLLER PALACE - DAY

ON SIGN against a wall reads, "**SATURDAYS ROCKIN' ROLLER PALACE**," bookended by a pair of flashing roller skates.

PARIS (V.O.)
Saturdays Rockin' Roller Palace. We just call it Saturdays. The rest don't matter.

← **END**

WE PAN DOWN to the SKATE RENTAL COUNTER. **BLAM!** A KID is startled, as MR. PERRY (60's) slams a pair of raggedy rental skates, fuming with fungus spray, onto the countertop.

MR. PERRY
And bring 'em back just as fresh as you got 'em.

The Kid frowns and reluctantly takes the skates.

PARIS (V.O.)
F.Y.I. Don't let the aroma of funky feet and stale popcorn get to you. You'll eventually get used to it.

Mr. Perry sprays a little foot spray into his mouth. "Not bad." WE FOLLOW the kid into the lobby, which is packed with kids of all ethnicities, hanging and lacing up their skates. The rink has a Hip Hop/planetary motif.

PARIS (V.O.)
The decor here? Bannin'! The skills-on-wheels?

WHIP TO RINK FLOOR - Skaters of all skill levels skate around the parquet floor - roller dancing solo and in groups.

PARIS (V.O.)
Fi-re! Only the best of the best rollers in LA skate here.

WHIP TO ROMAN PHILLIPS (10), wearing a cape with the letter "R" embroidered on it, recklessly zipping through skaters.

PARIS (V.O.)
But Roman "The Pest" Williams is definitely not one of them. The only thing Roman's good at is getting on everybody's last nerve!

SNATCH! **DUTCHESS WILLIAMS** (40) a Black woman in a colorful 80's sweat suit, blinged out acrylic nails with a gold skate key necklace, casually grabs Roman by the ear.

SATURDAYS

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SATURDAYS

PARIS on her bed.

PARIS (V.O.)
 My doctor says I'll be fine, just as long as I stick to my diet and take it easy. I'll try to keep that in mind when I head back to Saturdays today!

Suddenly a text message with cute avatars of Roxy and Simone spinning on skates appear on Paris' laptop. It's from Roxy.

ROXY: "Saturdays! It's about to be a! You ready?!"

Paris lights up!

PARIS
 Am I ready?! Girl, you ain't knowin'.
 (typing)
 I am about to kill-it!

INT. THE JOHNSON'S KITCHEN - MORNING (D3)

Paris is seated at the island of this "Chef Style" kitchen equipped with dual convection ovens, multiple mixers, etc. In front of her a green smoothie. Cal and Deb wearing "**It Takes Two Catering**" embroidered aprons, move about, icing cupcakes.

START →

CAL
 Uh, Paris? We're going to need you to "kill it" at home a little longer. Skip Saturdays today.

PARIS
 Wait, what?! Why?

Cal leans back out of Deb's sight and discreetly points at Deb to Paris like, "*It was her, not me.*"

DEB
 Cal, I see you.

Cal plays it off like he was yawning. Deb crosses to Paris.

DEB (CONT'D)
 Paris, we just want to make sure that you're 100% before you get back out there, that's all.

PARIS

But I am 100%. The doctor gave me a clean bill of health.

CAL

True. But the doctor also gave me and your mother another bill with a lot of zeros on it. I mean a lot of zeros on it.

PARIS

But, Mom I've been doing everything right. I'm rested. Staying hydrated. Eating my leafy greens. I've even subjected my pallet to your prune juice and wheat grass smoothies twice a day, which by the way are frankly...

(sipping smoothie/frown)

Not your best effort.

DEB

Actually, your father made you that smoothie.

PARIS

(sheepish)

Oh.

Cal slowly walks over to Paris at the island.

CAL

And I thought you loved me.

Cal takes the smoothie away from Paris, then crosses back to the counter. But not before taking a sip - HORRIBLE!

DEB

Sweetie, we just need you to take it easy. Slow down. You know you have a tendency of doing too much.

PARIS

What? Since when do I do too much?

CAL & DEB

Pam's wedding!

EXT. PARK - FLASHBACK

The wedding of AUNT PAM and UNCLE CHUCK (30's) is happening.

MINISTER
 You may kiss the bride.

Pam and Chuck's kiss is interrupted by, BOOOONK! BOOOOK!
 HEADS TURN to see Paris sounding TWO AIRHORNS.

PARIS
 Booyaka! Booyaka! Yeah! Woop! Woop!

INT. THE JOHNSON'S KITCHEN - PRESENT DAY (D3)

PARIS
 Was it the "Booyakas?"

DEB
 It was all of it. Listen. We know how much you love Saturdays. Hanging with your friends. All of it. We just think that you should give it a little more time, that's all.

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PARIS
 But what's "a little more time?"

DEB
 I don't know... Cal, what's a little more time?

CAL
 You're asking me? Deb, I already said that we should let the girl go.

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Paris brightens. Deb shoots Cal an icy stare.

CAL (CONT'D)
 (re: off Deb's look)
 But then you gave me that icy Death Stare and I remembered that I am not in charge. Paris, Sweetie. We'll email ya.

Paris deflates.

PARIS
 Whatever. Guess I'll just go to my room and... paint a jar to keep my tears in.

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← END

Deb warmly rubs her daughter's hand. Cal breaks the tension.

SATURDAYS

London sighs heavy. Paris drops her head from humiliation. *

EXT. SATURDAYS - PARKING LOT - DAY (D3)

An angry Roxy and Simone are quickly walking away as Paris chases after them.

START →

PARIS

Y'all, wait! I'm sorry. It was an accident!

SIMONE

An accident? Which part? Us falling or you almost kicking Roxy in the head?

ROXY

Yeah, Paris. I happen to like my head. It's cute.

PARIS

It's not like I tried to do it. It just... happened.

Simone and Roxy stop - face Paris.

SIMONE

Nothing "just happened." You pulled us into a situation that you weren't ready for.

PARIS

What do you mean I wasn't ready? I can out skate Sonya any day! *

SIMONE

Well, you couldn't today. You ran out of gas in there. And when Roxy tried covering for you, you totally freaked. *

PARIS

I didn't run out of gas. I just got a little... winded. And I don't need anyone covering for me. I didn't ask for you or Roxy's help. *

ROXY

You don't have to ask, Paris. Friends help each other. That's what we do. *

SATURDAYS

PARIS
 Oh, is that what friends do, Rox?
 Well, do friends also create new
 skate routines and moves behind
 each other's backs?

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SIMONE
 Paris--

PARIS
 No, Sim. I'm out for a month, and
 y'all just moved on without me.
 Like I was never even there. Like I
 didn't matter. And the two of you
 wanna check me on what "friends"
 do? Well, if that's how it's gonna
 be, maybe I just need new friends
 then... yeah.

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The girls stare at one another - hurt, but set in their ways.

SIMONE
 Maybe you do.

←END

Roxy and Simone walk away. A beat later, Roman, eating out of a bag of popcorn, rolls up next to Paris.

ROMAN
 They know they be walkin' fast when
 they're mad... Popcorn?
 Paris leaves Roman hanging and just walks away.
 INT. THE JOHNSON'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING (D3)
 ON CAL'S BIG, RUSTY WIGGLING TOES
 CAL (O.C.)
 (re: toes)
 Look at 'em. They're just so
 excited!
 WE PULL BACK to reveal Cal, sprawled out on the couch with
 his bare feet propped up. A not-so-happy, Deb stands nearby.
 DEB
 Cal, had that party eaten just two
 more of my brownies, you would've
 lost that bet.