

B-Roll

Pilot

Carlin Feck

SUNY New Paltz Honors Thesis 2024

© 2024

[carlinfeck@gmail.com](mailto:carlinfeck@gmail.com)

EXT. PARKING LOT - A SUMMER MORNING

ANGLE ON a hand pulling on a locked door.

WE CUT TO security camera footage from above. Here's MORGAN - twenty, adorable, a little weird in an endearing way - trying to open the door to the station. She's dressed in what she thinks is "business casual" looking a little rough around the edges. She looks up into the security camera and waves. She points at the door, awkwardly.

Suddenly, we see a goat walk into frame behind Morgan. She doesn't notice until it "BAAAAH"s, scaring the shit out of her.

MORGAN

What the/

ANGLE ON the goat wandering to a car in the parking lot and trying to rip off the hubcap.

We see Morgan's phone move into frame, snap a picture of this, and tweet it with a #FirstDay.

WE CUT:

CHYRON: Fifteen minutes later.

Morgan is sitting on the ground, petting the goat. She's on the phone.

MORGAN

Yes, right outside W-HAT News Station, North Hattington. Yes, a goat. No, this is not a prank call, it's seven in the morning. No, I'm just an intern. Well, I'm about to be, hopefully.

WE CUT AGAIN:

CHYRON: Fifteen minutes later.

Morgan pats the door of the Hattington Animal Control truck as it drives away. The station door opens. It's LINDA, the front desk lady. She looks like your grandma but meaner.

LINDA

You are?

MORGAN  
Morgan Landing.

LINDA  
Landing where?

MORGAN  
Um. Here?

LINDA  
(Turning around)  
Dust off.

Morgan follows her inside.

INT. NEWS STATION - MORNING

MORGAN  
I was just out there trying to deal  
with that goat.

LINDA  
A little early for you to be calling  
people names, young lady.

Linda shuffles back behind her desk. She hands Morgan a card.

LINDA  
Walk in and sign in tomorrow. Don't  
sit on the ground.

Linda taps the sign in sheet.

MORGAN  
Do I have to sign in now?

LINDA  
(Wide-eyed, mean)  
Well, are you here?

Just in time, GINO SNEAKER rounds the corner, sharp in a  
button down, with a great smile. Earnest, warm. Like the  
nicest gym teacher.

GINO  
You! You must be Morgan. Gino Sneaker,  
sportscaster here at W-HAT.

Morgan extends her hand for a shake.

GINO  
Firm handshake. Respect.

MORGAN  
My dad always said, 'you're only as hard as your handshake.'

A beat.

MORGAN (CON'T)  
Or, no, um/

GINO  
So!

WE MOVE DOWN THE HALLWAY:

GINO (CON'T)  
Miss Morgan Landing. You've made it to our front lobby, to Linda's post. We have guests coming in and out throughout the day, and your job is to wrangle them.

MORGAN  
(Taking out a pen and paper to jot)  
Wrangle, okay.

GINO  
You'll take 'em to the greenroom, see if they need coffee, water, whatever.

MORGAN  
Like, K-Cups? Or/

GINO  
And then when it's time, you'll just take them back through the studio. Just be sure to take them up the ramp and not up the stair.

MORGAN  
(Writing)  
Not up the stairs.

GINO  
No, sorry, stair. The stair. It's one stair but if they trip and break something, we're done for. We cannot survive a lawsuit right now, you feeling me?

Linda scooches through them into the bathroom.

MORGAN  
I'm feeling you, yeah.

LINDA  
None of that.

WE CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - 5 MINS LATER

ANGIE LARK - early thirties, rough and dry but effortlessly beautiful - sits at her desk. A knock on the wall.

VALENTINA  
(O.S)  
Angie?

ANGIE  
Yeah?

VALENTINA ROSSI - early thirties, super-model-gorgeous, adorably pregnant, way over the top - struts in.

VALENTINA  
You got a sec?

That sing-songy tone. They're clearly at odds.

ANGIE  
Not really/

VALENTINA  
/I saw this email of the rundown from last night...and what's this...rally?

ANGIE  
Well, it's a protest. The local environmental advocacy groups are protesting the single-use diapers/.

VALENTINA  
I mean, Angie. We're gonna get on our talk show and talk about...diapers?

ANGIE  
We're gonna get on the *morning news* and talk about climate change, yes.

VALENTINA  
 (Horrificed)  
 Climate change? "Goin' Down Upstate"  
 is not a place for politics.

ANGIE  
 It's a place for objective  
 storytelling.

VALENTINA  
 SUBjective storytelling. With me! The  
 subject!

ANGIE  
 It's... the news. I produce the news.

VALENTINA  
 WE produce the news AND my talk show.

ANGIE  
 A talk show... on a news channel.

VALENTINA  
 And really, Angie. Have you no  
 reverence for my Mommy Vlog channel?  
 And my pregnancy? You want me to bad-  
 mouth diapers on our show and then  
 endorse them online? That looks bad  
 for me. As a pregnant figure.

ANGIE  
 I don't think your figure looks that  
 pregnant yet.

VALENTINA  
 Angie. Trust me on this one. Let's not  
 ruffle any feathers, huh? Not when ABC  
 could cut us off at any second.

Finally, Angie throws her hands up.

ANGIE.  
 Fine. It's axed.

VALENTINA  
 You're the best!

Valentina gets up to leave.

ANGIE  
 So, two months?

VALENTINA  
 (Patting her belly)  
 Two months!

ANGIE  
 Your boyfriend must be really excited.

Val falters in her movement towards the hall.

VALENTINA  
 Actually, it's just me and Kayla at home.

ANGIE  
 How exciting. A big HALF sister.

Valentina flashes perfect white teeth and exits. Angie rubs her head and punches the backspace button.

INT. NEWS ROOM

Gino and Morgan have arrived in the news room.

GINO  
 Wow. Your first time in the news room.  
 Let that sink in.

Gino closes his eyes. This is serious.

GINO  
 We're interrogating the world itself  
 in this room. Scavenging for truth.  
 Demanding answers in a world of lies.  
 Hunting the beasts of deception  
 (He slays an invisible beast)  
 AH! And disinformation  
 (Another one)  
 AH! And asking the questions no one  
 dares to ask!

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Who took my goddamn yogurt from the  
 fridge!

GINO  
 (Quietly, eyes closed, serious)  
 Watch out, misinformation. We're  
 writing history.

MORGAN  
 Miss Information... the drag queen?

MOVEMENT DOWN THE HALLWAY:

GINO

Okay, here are our offices. In here, executive producer of twenty years, Toby Cane. Highly respected guy in the industry. Built W-HAT from the ground up, really. Kind of wrote the broadcast rulebook for New York in the seventies. Very humble about it, though. Let's see if the big boss is in.

Gino knocks on the door.

GINO

Tob?

Gino peeks his head in. Here's TOBY CANE - in his early seventies, silver fox - his office is a wreck, and he's swinging a fly fishing rod over his shoulder.

TOBY

Oh, good, Gino. I got some questions for you. One, when is daylight savings? Two, how do you make a Tinder?

GINO

(Embarrassed)

Toby, this is our intern, Morgan. I was just telling her about your broadcast experience.

TOBY

(Scoffing)

Broadcast.

(Casting the fishing rod again)

Now this... this is a broad cast!

Gino is closing the door.

GINO

We'll come back here later! He seems busy.

AVID (O.S.)

He seems like he should've retired five years ago.

Gino and Morgan turn. AVID - a little older than Morgan and



nerdy, with a little edge - is in an editing booth behind them.

GINO

Avid, stop. The man has hobbies.

CAMERA MOVES down the hall with Gino and Morgan.

GINO (CON'T)

And here, this is our office, where our Important Women sit. We have a number of women producing here, the most of any station in the area.

MORGAN

Oh, sweet, how many?

GINO

Two! One of whom is Angie Lark, maybe you've heard of her. Big NBC producer.

MORGAN

NBC? Like, NBC, NBC?

GINO

She interned here actually, just like you, and me!, and then left us for the big city.

Beat.

GINO (CON'T)

But now... she's back!

MORGAN

(Writing in her notebook, unsure)  
She's... back.

GINO

Angie's great. Genius, really. And she's helped us a ton. There's a reason she made it to New York.

MORGAN

And back again?

AVID (O.S.)

Well.

Avid has appeared in the next editing booth behind them, somehow.

AVID (CON'T)

For the more technical guys like myself, Angie has been a lifesaver. She's picked our ratings up, fed them, bathed them, given them water/

MORGAN

Your ratings are down?

GINO

(Embarrassed)

Well.../

AVID

Down like Valentina's winter coat. At the end of the year, we had about one thousand, six hundred, and thirty eight people watching every morning.

MORGAN

Hattington has like, what,/

AVID

One hundred and ten thousand.

MORGAN

What? Why? I grew up watching W-HAT.

AVID

Why watch the news? It's all Twitter and Hinge and E-Harmony.

GINO

Only one of those give you news.

AVID

The rest give you nudes.

Gino and Avid high five. Gino directs Morgan to the office.

GINO

So. You'll be in here with Angie and Val.

MORGAN

Valentina Rossi.

GINO

She's a real Hattington celeb. You know, she had pneumonia for a two weeks last winter and we had some old

ladies line up outside, demanding her back. They love her!

Linda scooches by.

LINDA  
Best two weeks of the damn year.

GINO  
So, let's see, what have we got here?

WE FOLLOW Morgan and Gino into the office. He's smiling.

GINO (CON'T)  
Oh! What's this? Your own desk!

ANGLE ON the desk. It's a cardboard box covered by a tablecloth with a pillow to sit on.

MORGAN  
Ohhh, coool, a tiny desk. Like NPR.

She turns back to find Gino gone. She drops down on her pillow and sets up her laptop. Next to her is a desk that clearly belongs to Valentina, adorned with pictures of her daughter, a huge mirror, the stuff of a diva. Morgan finds herself staring, moving closer.

Suddenly, Valentina comes in. Morgan flies away from the desk, avoiding being seen.

VALENTINA  
Oh. Intern? Long time since we had one of those.

MORGAN  
I'm Morgan, yeah, I'm/

VALENTINA  
When you print the rundowns, just highlight my segments in pink and leave it on my desk, would you?

Valentina exits. Morgan sits back on her pillow. As Angie enters, Morgan shoots back up, startling Angie.

ANGIE  
Jesus/

MORGAN  
/Hi, sorry!

ANGIE  
What's your name?

MORGAN  
Morgan.

As Morgan says this, she notices Angie staring at her clothes. The two are in similar outfits. Embarrassing.

ANGIE  
Where do you study?

MORGAN  
A state school. But I'm, um, taking time off.

Beat.

ANGIE  
I'm a state school girl.

MORGAN  
Wow. Good to know a state school girl can make it to NBC!

A beat. Oops.

ANGIE  
Word travels fast.

Angie exits.

MORGAN  
(Calling after her, tapering off)  
What am I... supposed... to do?

She plops back down on her pillow.

OVER MORGAN'S SHOULDER, we see her start the NYT crossword.

WE CUT:

Morgan slams her pencil down. The crossword is done.

Suddenly, Toby enters.

TOBY  
Intern!

MORGAN  
Morgan.

TOBY

Mora! We've got our first guests in the lobby. You wanna wrangle?

MORGAN

Like, round them up?

TOBY

Yipee-ki-yay cowgirl! ROUND EM UP!

MORGAN

What should I, um/

TOBY

How much is it gonna cost for you not to ask me a question right now?

MORGAN

What?

A beat.

MORGAN

Twenty bucks?

Toby fishes through his pockets and hands a twenty dollar bill to Morgan. She takes it.

TOBY

Smart girl. That's why I hired you, Mora.

Toby walks off. WE FOLLOW Morgan down the hall.

INT. LOBBY

TRUDY and DON - sweet ol' people with sweet ol' accents - are today's guests. Trudy strokes a small piglet in her lap. Linda sits at her desk. Morgan approaches, awkwardly.

MORGAN

Uhh, hey guys.

LINDA

(Without looking up)

'Good morning, how are you doing?'

MORGAN

Uh, Good morning, how are you doing?  
Can I take your, um, piglet?

Awkward beat. Morgan's unsure of what to say.

LINDA

(Without looking up, monotonous)  
'They're setting up your segment/'

MORGAN

/They're setting up your segment/'

LINDA

/in the studio now'/'

MORGAN

/in the studio now! Can I get you  
guys, uh, water? Coffee?

DON

Aw, would ya?

MORGAN

Yes! Is it okay if it's a, um, K-Cup?

INT. OFFICE - 10 MINUTES LATER

Gino peaks his head in.

GINO

Angelica! You got run downs?

ANGIE

Angelina! - and - no! This desktop  
isn't working.

GINO

Mine is bad, too. Shut down after the  
Lewinsky story broke.

ANGIE

You haven't had a working computer  
since Monica/?

GINO

No, sorry, Steve Lewinsky. Local  
convict who escaped in the north  
country. Turned out to be double  
jointed. In EVERY joint!

ANGIE

Of course.

GINO  
Maybe use Valentina's? I used to.

ANGIE  
Well, that's.

GINO  
Different.

ANGIE  
Different. I'll ask her.

WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. LOBBY - SAME TIME

Morgan carries two cups of coffee to Don and Trudy.

MORGAN  
Your accents are so awesome, where are  
you guys from?

DON  
Whale, born and raised here!

TRUDY  
In Hattington!

MORGAN  
(Confused)  
Upstate New York?

DON  
Known each other most of our lives,  
too.

MORGAN  
(Horrorified)  
But not... all? Right?

TRUDY  
Don't forget, Billy's outside waitin'  
for us.

MORGAN  
Billy?

DON  
Oh, Billygoat. He don't like to wait  
inside.

TRUDY  
But he's done TV before and he loves  
it.

DON  
Oh, here, I got his leash for ya.

Don shakes the leash in his hand. Morgan's stunned. Panic.

MORGAN  
Riiight. Right right right. Well. You  
two hang tight.

Morgan does a half-run, half-walk away.

LINDA  
WALK.

WE FOLLOW MORGAN as she runs into the office.

INT. OFFICE

ANGIE  
Woah, intern.

MORGAN  
Morgan.

ANGIE  
You all good? Any questions?

MORGAN  
(PANICKED)  
Does animal control kill the animals?

ANGIE  
What?

Valentina enters before Angie can process this.

VALENTINA  
You're at my desk. You can't do that.

Morgan runs away.

ANGIE  
My computer is fried, I/

VALENTINA  
Just don't touch anything.



Valentina collects her lipgloss from her desk and sits at Angie's. They sit, awkwardly doing their respective tasks. As she's printing, Angie takes stock of what's on the desk. Self help books, single mom books, daily affirmations...

VALENTINA

Are you snooping around my desk?

ANGIE

What? No! I'm just, I'm printing/

Valentina grabs the freshly printed rundowns and throws them on Angie's desk.

VALENTINA

Here, all done, we can switch back now.

They switch back as Toby enters.

TOBY

We got rundowns?

ANGIE

Toby Cane asking for a rundown?

TOBY

It's petting zoo day. I love petting zoo day.

Avid peeks his head in.

AVID

We need thirty thousand to report to ABC today, folks. Thirty thou.

ANGIE

Thirty? That's ridiculous. How the hell are we gonna swing thirty on petting zoo day?

TOBY

This is why we have Emmy nominee ANGIE LARK!

VALENTINA

Aww, you didn't win? Who won?

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY - 5 MINUTES LATER

Don, Trudy, and Gino are anxiously looking around for Billy.

Morgan approaches them.

TRUDY  
He's not inside, is he?

MORGAN  
Not that I saw, no.

DON  
Did you check the bathroom?

Angie exits the studio and marches towards them, confused.  
Toby trails behind.

ANGIE  
What the hell is going on? We're  
thirty to air, why are you out here?/

TRUDY  
/My goat is missing!

ANGIE  
Right, of course.

DON  
We left him right out here this morn.

ANGIE  
I mean, we could check the security/

MORGAN  
Wait!

A beat. Everyone turns to Morgan.

MORGAN  
(Trying to be earnest)  
Um. Guys, maybe this is our segment.

GINO  
This?

MORGAN  
A, you know, a call to action. Hashtag  
Bring Billy Back.

This sinks in.

TOBY  
We need good ratings, I don't care how  
we do it.

ANGIE

Bring Billy Back. Good, good, this is good. Gino, get the handhelds, Toby, stay out here with Don and Trudy, I have to reprint these cue cards, give me a few minutes.

As the group disperses, Angie locks eyes with Morgan and gives her a small nod of approval. She heads inside.

ANGIE

(Calling)

Morgan! Let's go!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Gino, running to get the handheld cameras, crashes into Valentina. It's an awkward moment, but Gino catches Valentina and it's sweet. They smile quietly and head in opposite directions.

WE PAN as Valentina heads into the bathroom and Angie and Morgan head into the office.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE

Angie hops back on Valentina's desktop. Morgan sits at Angie's desk. It's awkward for a minute.

MORGAN

So, you interned here, right?

ANGIE

(Without looking up)

I did.

MORGAN

And now you produce. That's what I wanna do one day. Produce.

ANGIE

This is a fine place to start.

MORGAN

Even though the ratings are bad?

Angie looks up.

ANGIE  
Who told you that?

MORGAN  
Is it true?

ANGIE  
It was Avid, wasn't it?

MORGAN  
But it's why they brought you back,  
right?

ANGIE  
That's one way to put it, sure.

Morgan leans forward to see Angie's computer.

MORGAN  
You get to write Valentina's lines  
every day?

ANGIE  
Depends on the segment but usually.

Morgan eyes Valentina's desk. She nudges one of the books.

MORGAN  
"You're Not the Worst Mom, Volume  
Six?"

She catches herself, but Angie's laughing.

We PAN to Valentina, who hears them mocking her. Sharply, she pivots away.

We PAN back to Angie and Morgan, who are taking the new cards and rundowns outside.

WE FOLLOW ANGIE AND MORGAN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A GRIP is outside with the handhelds and a Avid is getting lavs on Trudy and Don.

ANGIE  
Alright guys, new rundowns, we're on  
in five minutes, where the hell is  
Valentina?

Valentina shuffles outside in her heels.

VALENTINA

Nobody wanted to tell me we're outside today? I would have put on some bronzer or something.

ANGIE

Sorry, Val, change of plans.

VALENTINA

What about the animals in the studio?

ANGIE

It's under control.

SMASH CUT:

Gino and Toby are running around the studio chasing chickens.

WE CUT BACK OUTSIDE:

Angie hands Valentina the new talking point cards.

ANGIE

We're on in ninety seconds. Study up.

Valentina moves to stand in the shade. Morgan helps position Don and Trudy in front of the camera, as the GRIP directs her.

ANGIE

Alright everyone, we're gonna start with Val and then we'll have Don and Trudy come in and say their piece, we're on in sixty.

Everyone gets in position. Angie counts down from ten, the last three numbers silent and signaled by her fingers. She cues Valentina, who immediately steps into her TV persona, which is even more elevated.

VALENTINA

Good morning Hattington, this is Valentina Rossi and you're watching Goin' Down Upstate. Now, you may notice we're not in the studio this morning, and that's because we have a very important message for you all, don't we, uh,

(Checking the card)

Trudy?

TRUDY

My Billygoat is MISSING.

VALENTINA

You heard that right, folks, we have a goat on the loose in Hattington this morning. Trudy, can you tell us a little bit about Billy?

CUT TO NEWSCAST:

TRUDY

(Fighting back tears)

He's the smartest goat I ever known. We give him money in the morning and he goes and picks up groceries for us, he can flush the toilet, he's even a dependent on our taxes.

Valentina, Trudy, and Don with a lower third that says "#BringBillyBack" and a school photo of Billy in the corner.

VALENTINA

If you could say one thing to Billy right now, what would it be?

TRUDY

(Directly to camera)

Come home, Billy. Come home.

VALENTINA

Billy the goat was last seen around the W-HAT News Station in North Hattington at about seven this morning. If anyone has any information about the whereabouts of this goat, they can call us here/

WE CUT BACK:

Gino runs out of the station covered in chicken feathers. He comes up behind Angie and Morgan, who watch from behind the cameras. The broadcast continues in the background.

GINO

It's like a zoo in there.

MORGAN

A petting zoo.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

CHYRON - 30 Minutes Later

Don and Trudy are showcasing a few more animals on camera.  
The grip pans back to Valentina.

VALENTINA

Thank you for your prayers,  
Hattington. We're well into the search  
for Billy. Keep looking! We'll be  
right back.

ANGIE

Commercial! Two minutes!

The grip lowers the camera. Avid comes jogging outside.

AVID

(Panting)

Who the heck tweeted Bring Billy Back?

ANGIE

What?

AVID

Someone tweeted #BringBillyBack.

Toby runs out, also covered in feathers.

GINO

Who has Twitter?

Slowly, everyone turns to look at Morgan.

MORGAN

I thought it'd be good for views.

AVID

(Showing them his phone)

It's trending.

GINO

Trending! Already?

MORGAN

(Blasé)

I'm kind of big on Twitter.

SMASH CUT TO:

Graphics of Morgan's phone. Here's the Billy picture from this morning getting 10k, 50k, 100k likes. Then a quote retweet with #BringBillyBack. This gets 100k, 500k...1M.

SMASH CUT BACK:

TOBY

Trending? What is trending?

AVID

We're famous, Toby.

TOBY

Thirty-thousand-famous?

GINO

(Showing them his phone)  
One-million-famous.

ANGIE

Okay, OKAY, let's not get ahead of ourselves, we're almost back.

TOBY

Angie, come on, sunshine, you did it!

ANGIE

Not yet. This story needs an ending.

In the background, we see a van start to pull into the parking lot.

ANGIE

Morgan, can you go flag down that van and tell them to go through the back entrance? Can't they see the cameras?

Morgan obeys. She jogs over to the van, which is awkwardly stopped a few feet behind Valentina.

ANGLE ON The inside of the van. A young DRIVER, tattooed, bearded, a few teeth missing, looks at Morgan with a big smile.

MORGAN

Hey, um/

DRIVER

Hey lil lady! Boy do I got good news



for you!

MORGAN  
We're filming right here so if you  
could just/

DRIVER  
I got yur goat!

Morgan freezes, stunned.

MORGAN  
You have?/

DRIVER  
Hattington Animal Control, we have yur  
goat!

MORGAN  
Oh my God/

DRIVER  
This guy's sure a talker.

Billy baaaahhs.

DRIVER (CON'T)  
I was sittin' in our office and that  
pregnant lady was up on the TV talkin'  
bout the goat I just picked up from  
here this morn. Sounds like a reglier  
goat mixup.

MORGAN  
Wait, wait, um... you can't mention  
that anyone called animal control.

DRIVER  
They're gonna make me talk on the TV?

MORGAN  
No! - or - I don't know - but you  
can't mention that part to anyone,  
okay? That someone called you? It  
ruins, uh, the mystery! You know! TV  
magic!

DRIVER  
The mystery?

Morgan digs into her pocket and pulls out the twenty dollar

bill from Toby. She shoves it through the window.

MORGAN

HERE. Here. Just, take this as a tip  
and DON'T mention it.

DRIVER

You got it, lil lady.

Exhausted, Morgan runs back to Angie.

MORGAN

THEY GOT IT! They got it! This is it!

ANGIE

This is it?

MORGAN

This is our goat!

TRUDY

This is Billy?

TOBY

This is our goat!

ANGIE

We're back in five, four...

VALENTINA

Hello Hattington! We're back just in  
time for a miracle here at the  
station, we just had this, this, um,  
chariot pull up here...

As she speaks, Driver pulls up behind her and lifts Billy  
triumphantly out of the back of the van.

VALENTINA (CON'T)

Thanks to you, Hattington, and all of  
you at home, here's Billy!

A sweet reunion of Billy and his parents.

GINO

Unbelievable.

TOBY

This is getting picked up!

GINO  
Our story?

TOBY  
No, I finally set up that Tinder, I'm  
getting swiped on!  
(Texting aloud)  
Hey... 2 u 2.

MORGAN  
(Looking at her phone)  
No, we're getting picked up. Look! ABC  
News, NPR, NBC...

ANGIE  
NBC, huh.

WE SEE Valentina, still on air.

VALENTINA  
Later, we're heading back inside for  
our weekly segment, Mommy Said So.  
This week, could "breast" be the next  
alternative milk? More at twelve.

ANGIE  
Commercial for two! Avid, ready the  
graphics for the outro, let's go!

Angie follows everyone inside. Morgan lingers, patting Billy.

MORGAN  
(To Billy, quietly)  
Sorry, bud.

WE FOLLOW Morgan back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Gino and Angie are standing in the lobby with clipboards.

GINO  
Alright, Morgan! You're a natural.  
Bring Billy Back, so genius.

LINDA  
Billy? The goat that animal control  
took?

A beat. Everyone turns to face Linda at her desk.

GINO  
No, Linda, animal control RETURNED the  
goat, silly. Angie? Studio?

Angie nods and Gino leads them out of the lobby. Angie turns  
back and looks at Morgan, who is heading into the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - 2 MINUTES LATER

The studio looks like a bunch of farm animals were just  
running around (they were). Gino and Angie give each other a  
look, grab two brooms, and get to work.

GINO  
I like that Morgan.

ANGIE  
She's smart.

GINO  
And what a crazy day. We went viral,  
we're sweeping up feathers...this was,  
like/

ANGIE  
A disaster?

GINO  
Are you kidding? Angie, that was  
awesome.

ANGIE  
It was a mess! It IS a mess, look!

GINO  
We had all of New York watching. We  
had MORE than New York watching.

ANGIE  
Because of a tweet, not because of our  
quality or our storytelling or/

GINO  
Does it matter?

ANGIE  
No, none of this matters.

A beat.

GINO  
I don't know. It matters to me. Like a lot.

ANGIE  
I know.

GINO  
And he's, you know, out of it sometimes, but it matters to Toby.

ANGIE  
(Rolling her eyes)  
And Valentina. Too much.

GINO  
(Laughing)  
Listen, I know.

A beat.

ANGIE  
I think I piss her off. I know I piss her off. And she pisses me off! And if we don't like each other then this whole place is doomed. She's just a lot to handle. I know you know that, though.

Another beat.

GINO  
Well. She finally took the ring off.

ANGIE  
Did she give it back to you?

GINO  
Nope.

ANGIE  
That's messed up.

GINO  
I'll consider it a small price for not having to/

ANGIE  
Right.

Angie starts to laugh.

GINO

What?

ANGIE

It's just funny, most people would pay for a diamond ring to marry someone, you payed for a diamond ring...

GINO

Not to.

Gino rolls his eyes and they laugh together as we

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

Valentina stands, arms crossed, in the control room. She watches this conversation unfold in the studio through the monitor. We see through the camera that Gino and Angie are standing under boom mics. Someone left a camera rolling. Valentina squints at the monitor. Oh, it's on.

WE CUT:

INT. OFFICE - 5 MINS LATER

Morgan's at her tiny desk. OVER HER SHOULDER, we see her search "Valentina Rossi."

The "Who's Your Mommy" channel comes up, along with headshots. One article is towards the bottom of the search results, with a headline that reads "I Lost Everything..."

ANGIE (O.S.)

Almost forgot to sign out of this thing.

Morgan jumps, slamming her laptop shut. Angie sits at Valentina's desk. She eyes Morgan.

ANGIE (CON'T)

You okay?

Morgan nods. As Angie gets up, she stops, stepping on something. It sounds like she stepped on glass.

ANGIE (CON'T)

What the/ What was that?

MORGAN  
Under the desk?

They move to see what's under Valentina's desk. Three empty wine bottles, toppled and broken, and a Velcro pregnant belly.

Morgan and Angie exchange a glance. Quickly, they destroy the evidence, tossing the shards into a garbage bag. Angie ties the bag and picks it up.

A beat.

ANGIE  
You wanna go get lunch?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Gino walks down the hallway, picking the last feathers off of his shirt. He hears something down the hall. He stops.

VALENTINA (O.S.)  
I'm just saying. Really? Nobody's looked into why she couldn't make it at NBC?

Gino peers around the corner. It's Valentina bothering Linda.

VALENTINA  
Well I'm gonna find it. And I'm gonna air it like a weather report. So just keep your eye out for anything, okay?

Valentina exits. We see Linda, picking at her salad and shaking her head.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON - 20 MINUTES LATER

Angie and Morgan sit in a small diner. Angie has a cup of coffee and Morgan has a glass of water. They each have a sandwich. They sip in silence.

ANGIE  
You sure you don't want coffee?

MORGAN  
No, thank you.

A beat.

MORGAN (CON'T)  
I'm allergic to caffeine.

ANGIE  
Allergic? Like how?

MORGAN  
I, like, break out in hives and become too conscious of my own mortality.

ANGIE  
You sound like me at twenty.

MORGAN  
You're allergic? Did it go away?

ANGIE  
(Sipping her coffee)  
Nope.

A beat.

ANGIE (CON'T)  
So. Lucky first day, huh.

MORGAN  
What do you mean?

ANGIE  
You ended up at W-HAT on the most exciting day we've had in the two months I've been there.

MORGAN  
(Shrugging)  
Everyone worked really hard, I guess.

ANGIE  
Well. Sorry it's not NBC.

MORGAN  
It's a fine place to start, like you said.

ANGIE  
It's the tenth circle of hell, apparently. You start here, you end here.



Morgan laughs to herself.

ANGIE (CON'T)

What?

MORGAN

Nothing, I just, I feel like you're always kind of in this mood.

A beat. Angie's taken aback but she can't argue.

MORGAN (CON'T)

Like. I'm kind of always in this mood, too. So. That's not a dig.

A beat. Morgan stares into her sandwich.

ANGIE

Weird that Linda thought animal control took the goat.

MORGAN

Yeah. I mean, for a news station, there sure is a lot of miscommunication.

ANGIE

Hey. I can dig at W-HAT.

MORGAN

Okay, sorry.

ANGIE

It's something you earn.

MORGAN

Right.

A beat.

ANGIE

The timing of Billy's return today, too. Impeccable.

Beat.

MORGAN

Sorry, are you insinuating?/

ANGIE

You had a stellar, above average first

day. It's lucky.

Another beat.

ANGIE (CON'T)  
 (Softening)  
 I'm just saying, um, I would  
 understand if/

MORGAN  
 If what?

ANGIE  
 If you felt pressure to make a good  
 impression on your first day and you/

MORGAN  
 Framed Billy? I didn't frame Billy/

ANGIE  
 I'm not trying to be a bitch, I just  
 understand.

MORGAN  
 Understand what? I didn't do anything.

A beat.

MORGAN  
 I just wanna produce. That's why I'm  
 here. I wanna work in news.

ANGIE  
 Then you can't be in the business of  
 lying.

Another beat.

MORGAN  
 What about Valentina?

Angie shakes her head.

ANGIE  
 I don't know about Valentina, that's/

MORGAN  
 Not our circus, not our monkeys.

ANGIE  
 Sure.

MORGAN

Are you gonna tell everyone?

ANGIE

About Valentina or your call to animal control?

A beat. Morgan wants to fight this, but decides against it.

MORGAN

Both.

ANGIE

No, I'm not.

MORGAN

But you just said you can't lie.

ANGIE

Sometimes we just have to decide what happened and live based on that.

MORGAN

And I probably have to earn that, too.

ANGIE

Now you're getting it.

MORGAN

And I probably have to earn asking what brought you from NBC to here.

Angie sips her coffee, saying nothing.

MORGAN

What are you doing Friday?

ANGIE

Me?

MORGAN

My band is playing at Murphy's. You should come hang out. Bring Gino or something.

ANGIE

That's not like... too young of a scene for me?

MORGAN

No. My friend's Dad is the drummer.

And we play stuff from the nineties.  
We're called Yellow Snow.

ANGIE

I have a lot to do at the station  
tonight.

Morgan nods and bites into her sandwich.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Morgan sits on her pillow. OVER HER SHOULDER, we see her  
posting the clips from the day's show. She's getting it.

TOBY (O.S.)

Mora?

Morgan looks up. Toby's peaking his head in.

TOBY

Good job this morning, you're done.  
Can't afford to keep you on all day.

MORGAN

(Softly)

You're not paying me.

TOBY

(Smiling just a little)

I know.

INT. MURPHY'S BAR - FRIDAY EVENING

A dive bar. Angie enters. It's not very crowded. She eyes  
Morgan onstage, singing "Dirty Work" and playing guitar. The  
band is perfectly okay. It's earnest but funny. It's Morgan.

As Angie's looking around, she spots Gino sitting at a  
hightop nearby. She laughs to herself, walking over.

ANGIE

Is anyone sitting here?

GINO

Angie Lark in Murphy's!

ANGIE

You got the invite, too?

GINO  
I did, I felt special. I didn't  
realize everyone got it.

A beat, they watch.

GINO  
Little Morgan! Who knew!

ANGIE  
No, I'm not surprised.

The song ends. Sparse applause from the crowd, a standing ovation from Angie and Gino. Morgan hops offstage and comes to greet them.

MORGAN  
Want these?

They're band T-Shirts. The front says "Don't Eat The" and the back says "Yellow Snow." Morgan's wearing one, too.

GINO  
Um, YES.

Gino shimmies into the shirt.

GINO (CON'T)  
I'm telling Toby about this first  
thing tomorrow. Let's get your band on  
the show! A musical guest!

MORGAN  
Toby's here. I invited him, too.

She nods to the pool table.

MORGAN (CON'T)  
He's about to win the pool tournament.

Gino runs over to Toby, who is chest bumping a towny.

AVID (O.S.)  
Don't be fooled.

The ladies jump. Avid has somehow appeared on Gino's chair.

AVID  
I won the first round. It's really a  
game of geometry. Angles. Angles...

Avid exits.

Now it's just the ladies. And it's a little awkward.

ANGIE

You're good up there.

MORGAN

Thanks. It's my side hustle. Actually,  
I better get back up. See ya.

Morgan smiles and runs back up. Angie checks her watch.  
Should she go home?

GINO (O.S.)

Angie!

Gino's at the bar with Toby and Avid, holding a beer for her.

Angie smiles. She walks over to them, takes the beer, and  
watches the music start up again with the guys.

Morgan's here for the summer. Maybe this will be fun.

END OF PILOT