



A D V A N C E

Written by  
Jae Broderick

87 Somers Street, Apt 2  
Brooklyn, NY 11233  
347.213.0221  
©2024

EXT. SKY - DAY

A black helicopter moves through the Manhattan skyline. As the pilot banks left we see it is following the presidential motorcade as it snakes its way crosstown.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN

Sixth Avenue. Barricaded, bike rack on both sides. CAB DRIVERS honk, NEW YORKERS scurry obliviously, TOURISTS press against the bike rack giddily taking selfies and recording on their cell phones. RAE (26, Black, smart, stylish) hurries down the sidewalk, face buried in her phone.

RAE  
1123 6th Ave...

She looks up and sees that the address is on the other side of the barricaded street.

RAE (CONT'D)  
No no no no no nooooo!

Rae spots two COPS on the other side of the barricade and pushes her way to the front.

RAE (CONT'D)  
Hey! Excuse--- excuse me!

LADY COP  
No.

RAE  
No?

LADY COP  
You can't get through.

RAE  
I'll be quick I promise.

LADY COP  
You're gonna have to wait like everybody else.

RAE  
But I'm right across the street.  
Literally right there.

LADY COP  
(to Guy Cop)  
She don't hear these sirens?

In the distance, the sound of SIRENS rising.

RAE

They're not even close! C'mon, it's my first day... they're gonna fire me! I need this gig.

GUY COP

Nothing I can do, princess. Sorry.

He smiles. He's cute. Rae relents...

RAE

Dammit.

...and checks her phone, it is 8:57. She dials as the sound of sirens gets ever closer.

RAE (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Good Morning, can I have Marianne in HR please? ....this is Rae Morrison I'm supposed to start today but I'm stuck across the street because of the--

Rae looks up to see the helicopter descending. It hovers. Cheers go up. Everything slows down.

RECEPTIONIST

(O.C)

Hello? Ms. Morrison? Are you there?

Scribe's *All Black Everything* plays as the first motorcycles lean into the curve and the presidential motorcade takes Sixth Ave. Rae watches in awe because holy shit it's a whole movie: motorcycles, police cars, black SUVs with guys holding guns hanging off the side, a black limo with American flags flapping in the breeze, more SUVs, black sprinter vans, an ambulance - the presidential motorcade is long af and it is booking.

LADY COP

Your highness?

Lady Cop's laugh snaps Rae out of her daze. The motorcade has gone. Rae dashes around the bike rack and across the street.

INT. LAW FIRM - RECEPTION AREA

Rae charges out of the elevator. The RECEPTIONIST eyes her suspiciously.