

EMBEDS
(Pilot)

INT. HOTEL BAR, IOWA - NIGHT

TJ and NOAH are hanging out in the bar. SYD, 20s, mysterious, edgy dresser, fast-talking Vice journalist, walks in.

~~NOAH~~

(checking out Syd)

~~Whoa, who's that? She's definitely not a local.~~

~~TJ~~

~~C'mon, lets go talk to her.~~

They walk over to where Syd's standing.

START
→

NOAH

Hey, so I'm really good at guessing people's drinks.

SYD

Oh, are you?

NOAH

Lemme see...you're probably a double whiskey. Straight up.

SYD

No. I'm a hot water with lemon...But funny thing, I'm actually good at guessing.

(looking Noah up and down)

You're a total trust-fund kid and by the looks that hat, you're really into *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. Hmm...you grew up in New York and don't have a driver's license and think that counts as a personality. Oh and you also have a tiny precious pencil sharpener to sharpen your tiny precious pencils so you can write the next great American novel.

Noah stands there, shocked.

TJ

Dude, she nailed you.

NOAH

That pencil sharpener was a souvenir from--

SYD

Japan? I thought so.

Sec. 1
SYD aka SYDNEY

1/2

Noah and TJ exchange a look of disbelief.

SYD (CONT'D)

(to TJ)

You know this guy's kind of a jerk, but you stick around with him cuz you're used to hanging around with jerks. You used to be an athlete. You're used to that macho asshole energy. Feels like home to you.

NOAH

Have you been spying on us?

SYD

(laughing)

Aw, you're cute.

(to Bartender, pointing behind her)

Hey, cut that guy off. He's had too many.

TJ

Okay, who are you and why are you in Iowa?

SYD

I'm Sydney, the new embed for the Dobson campaign.

(then)

Well, I'm going to head to bed. You should probably get some rest, too. I've seen some of your reporting and honestly, a good night's sleep might work wonders on your shoddy journalism. Night night!

Syd walks out.

← STOP