

# COACHING LAB SIDES - NOTES

- Choose just one role to work on
- If there are multiple scenes for a character, choose just one of them to work on (unless very short).
- When choosing a role, feel free to ignore gender, pronoun, age or ethnicity references and make the role your own.
- Whenever possible, a breakdown/description is provided either before or after the scene to add context.

# MARK & RIYA

"GIGLAND" - Ep. 204 "The Algorithm Always Wins" - Production BLUE

INT. OFFICE STAIRWELL - MOMENTS EARLIER

KYRA (30s, HR lead, exasperated) finishes a hushed phone call as she reaches the landing.

KYRA

No, I'm not stalling. I'm just trying to hire someone who won't implode in Slack.

She pushes open the door -

INT. CAFE - MID-MORNING

A sleek, over-designed café. Slack notifications ping softly in the background.

At a corner table, RIYA (caffeine-fueled Gen Z operator, half hoodie/half authority) scrolls her tablet. Across from her sits MARK (mid-40s, self-aware, a little tired, a lot sharp), watching the latte art dissolve.

**START** →

RIYA

So... MARK. You've had six job titles in the last eight years.

MARK

That's what reinvention looks like when no one wants to call it ageism.

RIYA

Okay. You said that way too fast for it to not be a thing.

MARK

It is. But I've learned to package it with a smile and a TED Talk voice. Makes it more palatable.

RIYA

We don't *not* hire older people.

MARK

You just don't *keep* them.

Beat.

RIYA

Fair. But can I be real?

MARK

I hope so. You're interviewing me in a café that charges extra for ice.

RIYA

My team thinks you're a bad fit. Not because you're older. Because you're... grounded.

MARK

That's a bad thing?

RIYA

In a startup? Sometimes, yeah. We move on instinct. You read as... caution tape.

MARK

I've seen companies pivot into bankruptcy on "instinct." I've been the one left handing out severance boxes.

RIYA

And now you want in again?

MARK

I want in while I still *\*have\** something to give. Before the doors close quietly and permanently.

That lands harder than either expected.

RIYA

(exhales)

Okay. Here's what I'll admit. I didn't expect you to say anything I hadn't already heard.

MARK

And?

RIYA

You surprised me. A little. Which is rare.

MARK

Then maybe I've still got some use in this "flat, fluid" ecosystem of yours.

RIYA

Maybe. There's a contractor role – strategy-side. Temporary. Low-key.

MARK

Not nothing.

RIYA

Not nothing. But the team's young. They'll test you.

MARK

I've raised teenagers. I'm ready.

RIYA

(laughs)

Alright. You pass the first vibe check.

She slides the tablet toward him.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Now take the logic calibration quiz. If the owl yells, it's not personal.

MARK  
Tell that to the owl.

**END**

FADE OUT.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

KYRA walks briskly toward her car, earbuds in.

KYRA (V.O.)  
I think we found our fixer. Bit analog –  
but he clocked the founders in under a minute.

She unlocks the car. Gets in. Reaches for the charger.

KYRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Let's just hope he doesn't scare them  
back into Discord.

She opens the HR app on her phone. A picture of MARK loads.

STATUS: ONBOARDED (PROBATIONARY)

She smirks.

KYRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Or maybe... scare them into learning something.

She tosses her phone into the console, starts the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

MARK steps out of the café. He adjusts his jacket, eyes the sky,  
and exhales. Not victory – but motion.

He walks. Confident now.

FADE TO BLACK.

# MAYA HARTMAN

\*\*\*"CROSSROADS " - Ep. 108 - Studio/Network Draft

37.

FADE IN:

~~INT. CRISIS CENTER - FRONT DESK - NIGHT~~

~~TASHA (20s, overworked) hangs up a phone call, scribbling a message. DET. CORTEZ enters briskly, flashing his badge.~~

~~DET. CORTEZ~~

~~I'm here for the kid-Jaylen Carter.~~

~~TASHA~~

~~He's with Maya. Conference room two.~~

~~DET. CORTEZ~~

~~Good. She's the only one he listens to.~~

He heads down the hallway.

INT. CRISIS CENTER - PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Fluorescent light hums overhead. MAYA HARTMAN (40s, worn but resilient) sits across from JAYLEN (16), guarded and fidgety). DET. CORTEZ (contained but alert) stands near the wall, arms crossed - a steady presence, letting Maya lead.

**START**

MAYA

(softly)

Jaylen, I'm not the police. I'm here to help you. But I need you to meet me halfway.

JAYLEN

(snaps)

Everyone says that. Then they throw me back out like trash.

MAYA

I'm not everyone.

Jaylen looks away. Maya leans in gently.

MAYA (CONT'D)

You were there the night Marquez was shot.  
You saw what happened, didn't you?

Jaylen's jaw tightens. Silence.

DET. CORTEZ

(low)

No one's trying to trap you, kid. But silence –  
that's not protection. That's a sentence.

Jaylen glances at him. Then at Maya.

MAYA

What happened wasn't your fault. But covering for  
whoever pulled that trigger? That will be.

Jaylen bounces his knee. Shifts in his seat.

JAYLEN

They told me if I talk, I'm next.

MAYA

(leans in)

And if you don't? You carry this weight alone.  
That bullet didn't just hit Marquez—it hit you too.  
I see it. You're bleeding from the inside.

Jaylen's eyes sting. He fights to stay composed.

JAYLEN

He wasn't supposed to die.

MAYA

Tell me who was there.

JAYLEN

(shaking)

I can't.

DET. CORTEZ  
(calm, steady)  
You're already in the room. You already made a  
choice.

Jaylen finally looks at Maya.

JAYLEN  
It was Rico. He panicked. Marquez went for his  
phone, and Rico just—he didn't think.

MAYA  
And the gun?

JAYLEN  
Mine. But I didn't— I never pulled it. I swear.

Maya nods, holding his gaze.

MAYA  
You're not alone anymore. But this next part?  
It has to be the truth. All of it.

DET. CORTEZ  
(quietly, to Maya)  
That's enough to bring him in. But we need this kid  
protected until we do.

MAYA  
We'll keep him safe.

Jaylen nods faintly. It's not relief — but it's something.

**END**

~~CUT TO:~~

~~EXT. PARKING GARAGE NIGHT~~

~~A dark sedan idles beneath flickering lights. RICO (17, wiry,  
alert) paces beside it, burner phone in hand. His thumb hovers  
over a contact labeled: "M."~~