

WELCOME TO THE FAMILY, HUN

Written by

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EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

A plain strip mall. Some stores are already closed. A dollar store, a bank, a nail salon. Near the lot, a row of metal tables and chairs. On one table: skincare samples, brochures, two bottled waters.

MARISSA (30), in a bright pink blazer and heels, hair neatly done, sits straight with a practiced smile. Across from her is JESS (32), tired, still wearing a Dollar Store cashier uniform.

MARISSA

Did I mention our products are incredibly popular? Beautiful designer packaging, clinically tested results. It gives you glowing skin, we all use them ourselves.

She slides a brochure toward Jess.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

And we have the best compensation plan. You are encouraged to build your own team. When your girls grow, you grow. Women supporting women. If you work hard, there are promotions, bonuses, trips -- Miami last year. Scottsdale this year.

JESS

I don't mean to be rude... but do people actually make money doing this?

MARISSA

Of course! The harder you work, the more you earn. Your effort always pays off. But honestly, hun, money isn't even the best part.

JESS

What is?

MARISSA

The community.

Marissa shows photos on her phone: women in matching pink blazers hugging, laughing, raising glasses at dinner.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I always wanted to be part of something.

(MORE)

MARISSA (CONT'D)

To finally change my life. Now I have friends checking on me every morning. Celebrating my growth. Wanting me to win. We're like a family. That's my favorite part.

Jess rubs the edge of the brochure.

JESS

Do you think I could do it?

MARISSA

Absolutely. I think you have real potential. Your personality is perfect for this. I truly believe you could build something of your own.

JESS

You seem sweet. I just... I don't know. This feels like a big decision.

Jess stands up, still holding the brochure.

JESS (CONT'D)

I need to get changed and pick up my son.

MARISSA

Of course, hun. Take your time. Family first.

Jess gives a quick apologetic smile, waves, and hurries away. Marissa keeps smiling and waving until Jess disappears around the corner. Her smile fades immediately. She packs the samples into her bag and walks to the lot. She passes a family of three sharing ice cream.

Marissa reaches an old dusty car with a dent in the side door. She gets in. The engine struggles before starting. The oil change light glows.

INT. MARISSA'S CAR - MOVING - SUNSET

Traffic crawls forward. Horns in the distance. A Zoom notification appears. She accepts it and clips the phone to the dash.

On screen: several women in bright kitchens, ring lights, and soft couches. TAMMY (45), gold necklace, sunglasses on her head, leads the call with a wide smile.

TAMMY

There she is. Our future Bronze
Circle girl.

They clap and cheer. On screen, hearts and clapping emojis
float upward.

WOMAN #1

You got this, babe!

WOMAN #2

I can feel a yes tonight.

MARISSA

I met with her in person. She's
still unsure. I don't know what
else to say.

TAMMY

Month-end closes in three days. One
more yes puts you in the next rank.
We already picked your celebration
dinner. Don't let hesitation steal
what's yours.

WOMAN #1

You were made for this, girl.

Marissa sits straighter and smiles at the screen.

MARISSA

Thank you, ladies. Really. I know I
can do this.

Outside the window, a car full of young people passes by,
shouting and laughing. Marissa watches them, then rolls up
the window.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

Marissa parks at a cracked lot beside an old apartment
building. The hallway light flickers without rhythm. A rent
notice is taped to her door. She tears it off and searches
her bag for the keys. The glow from the Zoom screen lights
her face.

INT. MARISSA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment is small and worn. Clothes on the couch. Bare
pantry shelves. Microwave meals. Beside them, stacks of
skincare inventory and sample kits.

TAMMY

And next month, we are going to launch a new bundle! It is going to be such a game changer.

The women cheer again. Marissa stands in the kitchen, keys in one hand, phone in the other. Tammy continues talking through the speaker, but the voice is fading out.

MARISSA

Hey girls... and seriously, the new bundle looks amazing. But I'm kind of tired. I think I'm gonna hop off.

WOMAN #1

Rest, queen!

WOMAN #2

Love you, hun!

TAMMY

Take care of yourself first, babe.

MARISSA

Love you too, ladies. Bye.

More heart reaction pops onto the screen. She ends the call.

Silence. Only the low hum of the refrigerator. Marissa stays still. She sets the keys down, sits beside the stacked products, and opens the rent notice. She stares at the page for a long moment.

Suddenly, the phone rings. It's Jess. Marissa answers.

JESS (ON PHONE)

Hey... it's Jess. From earlier. I kept thinking. I really could use some extra income right now. And if it's also like you said... supportive. Women helping women... Maybe I'd like to try.

Marissa looks at the bills and brochures on the table. One flyer reads: BUILD THE LIFE YOU DESERVE. She says nothing.

JESS (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hello?

Marissa moves her eyes away from the flyer. She takes a breath, lifts her chin, and smiles.

MARISSA

Oh my gosh, yes! I knew you will
make it! Welcome to the family,
hun.