

Happy laughs as she turns off her treadmill and steps down.

HAPPY
I'm going to say hi to him.

Isadora looks at Happy, stunned. Happy wipes her face and runs a hand over her frizzy ponytail.

HAPPY (CONT'D)
He could be a possible story for me.

Happy digs in her duffel bag and pulls out a wallet. She retrieves a business card.

HAPPY (CONT'D)
Be right back.

Isadora watches Happy switch her way across the gym.

ISADORA
(mumbles)
You don't walk like that for a story.
(snaps fingers, yells)
Work it, sister.

Happy tries not to laugh as she saunters over to a waiting Trent.

Happy thrusts her hand toward him.

HAPPY
Good morning, Mr. Breckman. I'm H. A. Day, a columnist for Sports Today.

Trent stands and shakes Happy's hand before looking her over from head to toe.

TRENT
You're probably the only sexy writer in the magazine.

HAPPY
Don't think your girlfriend would be happy to hear you call me sexy.

Trent's eyebrow rises.

HAPPY (CONT'D)
Carlita Johnson, right? Starring in that new reality show.

Trent smiles.

TRENT

Need to keep up on your celeb rag reading. Carlita dumped me a week ago. Seems she needs someone more...

HAPPY

...in the limelight?

TRENT

(nods)

Right. So, you do the In a Day column, right?

HAPPY

(surprised)

You read me?

TRENT

If I had known you was this beautiful, I would have started a fan club.

HAPPY

(chuckles)

That was corny.

TRENT

(laughs)

Sorry. You did a great piece on Toddrick Gant last week.

HAPPY

He's going to give Tiger a run for his money when he goes pro this year.

Happy blushes at the appreciation in Trent's eyes.

HAPPY (CONT'D)

(mumbles)

Anyway...

(lifts card to Trent)

...I would love to do a spot on you. ST is getting huge. Goal is to get as big as SI.

TRENT

(looks impressed)

Is that right?

HAPPY
Yes, so look me up. We can pass the
ball and chat.

TRENT
(smiles)
Will do.

Happy waves and walks back over to an anxiously awaiting
Isadora.

Happy hops back on her treadmill, presses buttons, and begins
jogging. Isadora looks at her like she's crazy.

ISADORA
Well?

Happy looks at her but continues jogging.

HAPPY
Well what?

ISADORA
Nothing juicy to report?

HAPPY
(shakes head)
It was all business.

Happy looks at Trent, who is now standing and lifting
weights, and smiles. He nods his head in return.

HAPPY (CONT'D)
(grows serious)
It's practice, too.

ISADORA
Practice?

HAPPY
Need to learn how to approach men.
Taylor was my first everything.
Never even dated before him.
(shrugs)
But then I was an ugly thing before
I turned 16.

Isadora stands on her stilled treadmill and gives Happy her
complete attention.

ISADORA
Happiness, what in the hell are you
talking about? You and Taylor have
an open marriage now?

Happy lets out a fake laugh and continues jogging.

HAPPY

Nothing that crazy. He told me he
needed a break. I'm assuming from
me.

ISADORA

(yells)

Oh my God. Stop running and talk.

Isadora grabs Happy's arm, and the gesture takes away Happy's concentration.

Happy screams, stumbles, falls face first on the machine, and is "spit" right off it and onto the floor.

Slowly, Happy rolls onto her back and touches her bruised cheek. Isadora, Trent, and several others hover over her, concern on their faces.

Happy bursts into a fit of laughter.

HAPPY

Don't worry. I'm fine. Just a woman
on the verge down here. Proceed
with exercising.

Happy cups her hands to her face and continues laughing.