

YOUNGER

by

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Darren Star Productions
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INT. MIDTOWN NY OFFICE BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. HARPER COLLINS PUBLISHING OFFICE - DAY

LIZA MILLER, (41) sits across a desk being interviewed by JULIE BURKE, (30). Liza wears a conservatively tailored powersuit that masks her preternaturally youthful figure and vibe. On the couch is Julie's assistant, ELLEN CHANG, (25).

Julie studies Liza's resume.

LIZA

I worked at Random House for three years. Started as an assistant to a marketing VP and worked my way up to Jr. Editor.

JULIE

Wow, impressive.

LIZA

At the time, I was the youngest person ever to make editor.

(beat)

I was twenty five.

ELLEN

I'm twenty-five!

LIZA

Enjoy it.

JULIE

And then for the past... what... sixteen years... nothing?

LIZA

Well, not exactly "nothing." I had a daughter, and for the first year I worked. But I wasn't happy.

(beat)

So I made a choice. I put the career on hold to be with my child.

ELLEN

What's her name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA

Caitlin. I'm so proud of her. She's spending part of her senior year in India. Volunteering in hospitals, orphanages...she's very special.

JULIE

And now that Caitlin's in India, you want to go back to work?

LIZA

Look, I did everything young. I married young. I had a career, and a lot of responsibility at a very young age. But I'm a much smarter, more capable person today than I was sixteen years ago.

JULIE

I'm sure.

LIZA

I'm ready to throw myself back into work, 24/7. I'm ready to pick up where I left off.

JULIE

Well, it has been quite a long hiatus, Liza. Things have changed.

ELLEN

Facebook, twitter, iphones, ipads, ebooks, wifi...the century?

LIZA

Have stories changed? Has good writing changed?

JULIE

No. No they haven't.

LIZA

Tell me Julie, do you have children?

JULIE

Not yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZA

(confidentially)

Well, I wouldn't trade the years I spent raising my daughter for the world. These women who think they can "have it all" - I'm sorry but they can't. They end up phoning it in at the office, and short changing their kids at home.

On the couch, Ellen winces a bit.

Julie gets up from behind her desk and stands. She is nine months pregnant.

JULIE

Well, Liza, I certainly hope you're wrong.

(extends her hand)

Thanks for coming in.

Off Liza, mortified.

CLOSE ON - NEW JERSEY PLATES

REVEAL WE ARE

EXT. MORRISTOWN SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

With Liza, driving her Prius. On the phone.

LIZA

How was I supposed to know she was pregnant? She was sitting behind her desk when I walked in, and she had such a thin face.

INT. MAGGIE'S BROOKLYN LOFT - DAY

Maggie is working on a sculpture.

MAGGIE

Quick, come out to Brooklyn. We'll go get a drink.

LIZA

That's really your answer to everything, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Just get your ass out here.

LIZA

I'm already in New Jersey.

(beat)

I swear I go into these interviews
so confidently, and I leave
feeling like Ruth van Winkle.

She approaches a white clapboard colonial with a "FOR SALE" sign on the lawn. There are a couple cars in the driveway.

LIZA

Oh shit.

MAGGIE

What now?

LIZA

They're showing my house. Let me
call you back.

MAGGIE

Brooklyn!

Liza swears to herself. Then hunkers down in the car in front of the house.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A middle aged real estate agent, MARY BETH, shows a couple around this tastefully decorated, warm family home.

MARY BETH

They've lived here for twelve
years. But David left Liza for his
dental hygienist Vanessa, who
actually used to clean my teeth
before it got awkward.

The COUPLE (TOM and LYNNE) take in the beautiful living room, with its view a of massive oak displaying fall colors out the window. A large flat screen hangs above the fireplace.

TOM

I love a flat screen above a
fireplace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY BETH

Men and lust. It makes them do the most irrational things. They're going to take a loss on this beautiful place just to get out from under.

LYNNE

I hope it's not bad karma.

TOM

C'mon, it's not like someone died here.

LYNNE

Somebody's marriage did.

MARY BETH

Oh, honey - burn some sage. This place is a steal.

Tom and Lynne look at each other for a beat.

INT. PRIUS DAY -DAY

Liza is now sleeping in the car.

Suddenly a RUDE KNOCK on the window, startles Liza awake. She looks up to find Mary Beth outside. Liza rolls down the window a crack. Mary Beth is on fire.

MARY BETH

They love it! Do you think you could be out by Christmas?

EXT. LIZA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. LIZA'S - KITCHEN - NIGHT

She pours herself a glass of wine. Takes a sip. Then picks up the phone and dials.

EXT. MUMBAI HOME - ESTABLISHING

A step up from SLUMDOG MILLIONAIRE. We hear a weird Indian PHONE RING OS.

INT. MUMBAI HOME - DAY - CROSSCUT

An INDIAN WOMAN picks up the phone in this chaotic home.

WOMAN

Namaste?

LIZA

Hello, it's Liza Miller. Caitlin's mother?

WOMAN

Of course, hello, Mrs. Miller. I will find Caitlin.

INT. LIZA'S - KITCHEN

Liza takes a sip of wine, waiting.

INT. MUMBAI HOME- CROSSCUT

CAITLIN, around sixteen and wearing a sari and a bindi on her forehead, takes the phone. Annoyed.

CAITLIN

Mom, I'm trying to have a cultural experience. You can't call me every day.

LIZA

Caitlin, I do not call you 'every day.' But I want you to know we're selling the house. You might want to come home from Bombay early.

CAITLIN

Mom, it's "Mumbai"

LIZA

I meant Mumbai.

(beat)

It's going to be our last Christmas in the house together.

CAITLIN

You just want me to come home to help you pack.

LIZA

Not true. I miss you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAITLIN

I miss you, too. But I've only been here four weeks.

LIZA

Ok, you're right. I'm sorry - I'm being selfish.

CAITLIN

It's just because you don't have anything else going in your life right now...

Liza responds to this, speechless for a beat. Caitlin, realizes she's crossed a line.

CAITLIN

I'm sorry that came out wrong. You're just feeling hurt and rejected since Dad left.

LIZA

Why don't you just quit while you're ahead.

CAITLIN

Mom, I think you're so brilliant. And you used to have such a cool job. You should really go back to work.

LIZA

I'm trying honey. I'm really trying.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - WALKING - NIGHT

Liza, looking casual effortlessly pretty without makeup, walks with her best friend Maggie. Maggie is a handsome woman around Liza's age, though the years have worn on her a bit harder.

LIZA

I thought this would be easier. Like I'd waltz back into the publishing world after all of these years and people would be happy to see me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

At least you're getting in the door.

LIZA

These women... no not women - these 'girls' who interview me look at me like I'm some sort of dinosaur.

MAGGIE

Well, the last time you worked, they hadn't hit puberty.

LIZA

(still smarting)
Not 'girls.'" Entitlement monsters.

MAGGIE

The bitterness is a nice touch. Though I think I prefer the self pity.

Her iphone chimes. She looks at it.

LIZA

Yes! Well, there's some good news.

MAGGIE

What?

LIZA

I just sold a Stairmaster from 1998.

(off phone)
Good luck Santiago Vasquez. I hope you feel the burn like I did.

MAGGIE

You're selling your shit?

LIZA

Let's just say I'm downsizing. Down to anything that won't fit in a shopping cart.

INT. THE OWL FARM - A LITTLE LATER

A packed locals bar, serving lots of beer on tap. Liza and Maggie have had a few.

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CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

You will never be a bag lady.

LIZA

Who's to say? It's my biggest fear. I understand the trajectory.

Maggie embraces her.

MAGGIE

Oh God, c'mere.

(beat)

That's never going to happen. And just remember - you did the right thing for the time...

LIZA

No YOU did the right thing. You followed your artistic dreams and moved to Brooklyn before it became hot.

Suddenly Maggie spots someone. An attractive woman across the bar. She tries to disengage.

MAGGIE

Liza, let go. Stop hugging me.

LIZA

Why? It feels so good. I haven't had a good hug in months.

MAGGIE

It's Alison.

LIZA

The pickle lady?

MAGGIE

Yes. I don't want her to think we're together. She won't date me because she thinks I'm too promiscuous.

LIZA

She spends her days fondling cucumbers. I'd be more concerned about what that says about her.

The bartender delivers the beers. Liza reaches for hers and Maggie snatches them both.

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CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE

I'll be right back.

Liza watches as Maggie heads with the beers towards ALISON, an attractive thirty-something woman.

A handsome guy, (JOSH) mid twenties, with a sleeve of tatoos decorating his muscular arm, squeezes in next to her at the bar. Motions to the bartender for another beer.

After a beat, he turns to Liza, slightly intoxicated.

JOSH

So, don't take this the wrong way -
but you smell great.

(beat)

Is that Chanel #5?

LIZA

Good nose.

JOSH

My mother wears that.

LIZA

Well thanks for the compliment.

JOSH

No, I mean it's kind of sexy
smelling it on someone...younger.

(beat)

OK, that's all coming out really
weird. It's just that every girl I
meet smells like Patchouli. Or
some homegrown brew of essential
oils.

LIZA

You're very olfactory sensitive,
aren't you?

JOSH

Hey, when you get right down to it
we're no different than animals.
We sniff each other first.

He extends his arm towards Liza - offering her to take a whiff.

JOSH

(extends his arm)

Go ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She tentatively sniffs.

LIZA

Not bad.

JOSH

I call it 'Eau de Josh.'

Liza smiles.

LIZA

(noticing tatoos)

So are these all for real or can you scrub them off when you want?

JOSH

Scrub them off? Why would I want to scrub this off?

LIZA

My bad. You'll definitely want to take that skull with the rose between his teeth to your grave.

JOSH

OK, it's what I do. I'm a tatoo artist.

LIZA

Oh, wow. Sorry, I didn't mean to insult your work. It's lovely. I especially like the way the vine kind of snakes through the nostrils.

(beat)

Do you have your own parlour?

JOSH

(amused)

You're not from around here are you?

LIZA

Just over the bridge.

JOSH

Figured.

(beat)

I have a studio. It's very chill. More like a lounge. Body art is very personal- people need to feel comfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LIZA

I'm sure you get alot of crazy requests.

JOSH

You have no idea. Just last week I tattooed the insides of Lena Dunham's ass cheeks.

LIZA

No! Why?

JOSH

(shrugs)
She said she wanted to keep something private.

Liza bursts out laughing.

JOSH

So what do you do?

LIZA

Actually I'm looking for work at the moment. In publishing.

JOSH

And how's that going for you?

LIZA

Could be better.

JOSH

It's tough out there.

(beat)

Boyfriend?

LIZA

Me? Oh no.

(beat)

I uh ...just ended a longterm relationship.

JOSH

Same here. A year and a half. She wanted to get married and I'm like...whoa...I'm not ready for all of that. I mean what is it with you ladies in your twenties?

LIZA

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JOSH

You're all looking to get hitched.
What's the rush?

Liza realizes with surprise and amusement, that he is including her the 'twenty-something'' category.

LIZA

Not here. Not this twenty-something lady. I think you'd have to kill me first.

Maggie catches her eye. Waves. Time to go.

LIZA

My friend. I think we're out of here.

(extends her hand)

Nice meeting you, Josh.

JOSH

Let me see your cell phone.

LIZA

Why?

JOSH

Just let me see your phone, scaredy cat.

She hands it to him. He taps the screen.

LIZA

What are you doing?

JOSH

Checking out your taste in music.
(enters info)
No seriously, I'm squeezing myself in for dinner. Next Thursday. Right here. They do an awesome NY strip.

LIZA

You're asking me on a date?

JOSH

Was that a yes?

LIZA

That's very sweet. You're very sweet. But no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JOSH

(taps screen)

Why not? It looks like other than a "meet with lawyer" and a teeth cleaning your schedule is wide open.

LIZA

(grabs the phone)

I told you. I'm not looking for a relationship.

JOSH

That makes two of us.

(beat)

In fact, I don't even know your name.

Liza grabs her purse.

LIZA

It's Liza. But you can call me Coco.

(off Josh's
confusion)

Just a little Chanel humor.

She heads towards Maggie, and out of the bar. Amused and titillated by the encounter.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Liza and Maggie are heading arm and arm down the street, laughing.

LIZA

He thought I was in my twenties. Can you believe it? What do they put in the drinks in that place?

MAGGIE

It's not a totally ludicrous assumption.

LIZA

I think we were the oldest people in that bar by about ten years.

MAGGIE

Come over here. I want to show you something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. MAGGIE'S LOFT

An artist's studio. Very raw. Large surrealist sculptures in progress. Maggie pulls Liza in front of a floor length mirror.

MAGGIE

Look at yourself. Great figure, great hair, great tits. That's what people see when they look at you. They don't see a number.

LIZA

The bar was dark. And the kid was drunk.

MAGGIE

Liza, you always looked young for your age. You used to get carded when you were thirty.

LIZA

I know. And my husband still leaves me for a younger woman. How's that for irony?

MAGGIE

Stop feeling sorry for yourself and listen to me.

(beat)

You can't get a job because nobody wants to hire a forty one year old has been? Then tell them you're twenty six.

LIZA

Are you insane?! Nobody's going to believe that.

MAGGIE

People believe what you tell them. You know how many hacks there are out there calling themselves artists and making a killing? It's all a big confidence game!

LIZA

I...uh...

She looks at the mirror, looks at Maggie, looks back at the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZA

I'm going need some highlights.

MAGGIE

Actually, you're going to need
alot more than that.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

- 1) Maggie applies heavy mascara to Liza's eyes.
- 2) Nails are painted black.
- 4) COMPUTER SCREEN: An AOL account is deleted and a GMAIL account is created.
- 5) A nose stud is considered. And rejected.
- 6) Liza buys patchouli oil.
- 7) COMPUTER SCREEN: Years melt from Liza's resume. Home address is changed from New Jersey to Brooklyn.
- 8) FLASH! A picture is taken of the a made over Liza.
- 9) A FAKE NY DRIVER'S LICENSE spits out of a printer.

ON LICENSE

Liza Miller, resident of Brooklyn NY, is officially
twenty six.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT II

EXT. PASSION PRESS - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. DIANA TROUT'S OFFICE

A made-over Liza sits across from DIANA TROUT, the high-strung 40-something head of PR for Passion Press. Diana studies Liza's resume with a look of distaste.

DIANA

You've been out of school almost four years. What have you been doing?

LIZA

Mostly volunteer work in India. And working on a novel...

DIANA

Oh, I see. And now you're ready for some real life?

LIZA

I'm ready for a job.

DIANA

I'm sorry to say, I don't see a lot here that suggests a work ethic.

LIZA

Well, I did graduate Dartmouth.

DIANA

Every person that applies for this job is an Ivy League English major. You'll have to do better than that.

LIZA

(referring to resume)
Um, working at orphanages? Administering to the sick and needy? And if you see I also did some time at a leper colony. My specialty was "untouchables."

DIANA

Can you answer phones for eight hours at a stretch without texting your friends?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA (CONT'D)

Can you make strong coffee, never wear perfume and not annoy me?

LIZA

You would have to give me some guidelines, I mean regarding what constitutes annoying behavior.

DIANA

I'm not here to give you guidelines or hold your hand or God forbid ever read that novel you've been working on since college.

LIZA

I understand. I'm a very hard worker. I'll figure out how to make your life easier and how never to annoy you.

Diana considers her a beat.

DIANA

Publishing is a dying business, Lisa. There's not alot of room for advancement. We spend our days doing more and more for less and less.

(beat)

Is there really nothing else you'd rather do than work for me?

Liza takes a breath.

LIZA

I love this business. I'll do whatever it takes.

Diana looks at her resume again.

DIANA

Tell me, Lisa, what would you say makes you ...special?

LIZA

Well, actually Diana. I'm a grown up. So I don't think I'm special at all.

Off Diana, a tiny smile cracks the surface.

INT. PASSION PRESS LADIES ROOM - DAY

Liza bursts through the door. She can't contain her excitement. She leaps into the air.

LIZA

Yes!! Yes!!

She quickly dials her phone. Reaches Maggie's voicemail.

LIZA

Maggie, you won't believe this. I got the job! I'm working for Diana Trout, the head of PR at Passion!

OS a TOILET FLUSHES.

A pale beauty with the alabaster skin of a real 20-something exits the stall. This is KELSEY JAMES.

KELSEY

Congratulations.

LIZA

(embarrassed)

Oh, thanks.

Kelsey moves to the sink to wash her hands.

KELSEY

Or maybe I should say "my condolences."

LIZA

Excuse me?

KELSEY

Sorry, Kelsey James, I'm an editor here. And I saw you meeting with Diana Trout.

LIZA

Liza Miller. And I'm sure she's no picnic but I'm just really happy to have a job.

KELSEY

Of course, I don't mean to rain on your parade. It's an amazing company. I started as an assistant four years ago right out of college - and just made editor six months ago.

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CONTINUED:

LIZA

Well congratulations to you.

KELSEY

Thanks. It's pretty awesome. I've got this freaking amazing book coming this spring about the Marquis de Sade - told by the point of view of his favorite prostitute, Simone.

LIZA

Sounds like "Fifty Shades of Grey."

KELSEY

Meets "Les Miz." You are going to love selling this book!

Liza smiles. She likes this girl.

LIZA

(confidentially)

So, what's the problem with Diana Trout?

KELSEY

The problem with Trout Pout is that she's forty two and single. With those lips. And the last name of Trout. I'm sure it's not a happy existence.

LIZA

Well, thanks for the warning.

KELSEY

And she hates me. She once tried to get me fired.

LIZA

Why?

KELSEY

I went over her head on a book she wasn't promoting. She didn't think it was worth her time, because I brought it in when I was just an assistant.

LIZA

Wow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KELSEY

So you're my inside girl from now on. When I need a book marketed, I'm going to talk to you. And when that book becomes a hit - guess who's going to get the credit?

(beat)

I've got your back, girl.

Off Liza, not sure if any of this is sounding like a good idea.

LIZA

Thanks.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

A time lapse view of the city takes us from day to night to day again.

INT. DIANA TROUT'S OFFICE - DAY

Stylish with numerous copies of Passion Press best sellers such as "MILEY: THE MYTH, THE MAGIC, THE MONSTER," and the weight lost sensation "JUST ONE BITE."

DIANA

I need you to set up a twitter account for Jane Austen and start writing her tweets.

LIZA

Jane Austen? Dead Jane Austen?

DIANA

Yes. We're releasing Pride and Prejudice as an ebook and we need to make some noise in the twitterverse.

LIZA

You want me to tweet?

DIANA

As Jane. Are you deaf?

LIZA

Of course not.

She starts out, trying not to betray her panic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

And while you're a it - put her on
Facebook and Match.Com!

INT. LIZA'S CUBICLE - DAY

She sits down at her computer.

GOOGLES: "HOW DO I SET UP A TWITTER ACCOUNT?"

Suddenly, Kelsey pops her head over her cubicle.

KELSEY

Hey lady. How's the first day?

Liza reacts, startled. Blocks her computer screen.

LIZA

Oh, hi. Great. Hangin' in.

KELSEY

Wanna join some friends after work
for a Krav Maga class?

LIZA

Oh sure, what's Krav Maga?

INT. GYM - DAY

Liza finds herself in class of choreographed kickboxing
and calisthenics, struggling to keep up.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Filled with women after class. An exhausted Liza
undresses along with Kelsey, and her twenty-something
friend LINDSAY.

KELSEY

Oh my God, you totally kicked ass
in there.

LIZA

More like I got my ass kicked.

KELSEY

Oh, Liza, this is Lauren. She's a
publicist at Viktor and Rolf.

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LAUREN
I'm sorry, I think I accidentally
punched you in the tit.

LIZA
(hurting)
It's all good.

KELSEY
You have to come join us for a
drink. I want you to meet Thad.

LIZA
Who's Thad?

KELSEY
My boyfriend. He's a hedge fund
guy but don't hold that against
him. He's really great.

Liza slips off her underwear, and grabs for a towel when
suddenly...

Lauren SCREAMS.

LAUREN
Oh my God!

KELSEY AND LIZA
What is it?!

She points to Liza's crotch.

LAUREN
That bush!

Kelsey takes a quick look, gasps, and looks away.

KELSEY
Oh, good Lord.

Liza quickly covers up.

LAUREN
It's like my mother's vagina.

KELSEY
(whispers)
Don't you wax?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZA

(defensive)

I just came back from three years
in India.

Lauren grabs her cell phone.

LAUREN

Can I put the bush on Instagram
for Viktor? And Rolf? They're
always looking for inspiration.

LIZA

No. You may not.

She heads to the shower, holding onto to her last shred
of dignity.

KELSEY

Be nice. She needs our help.

LAUREN

What that girl needs is a weed
whacker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT III

INT. HOT NY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Liza is sitting with Kelsey, and THAD STEADMAN, (30)
Kelsey's hot shot Wall Street boyfriend.

She heads to the bar, as Thad turns to Liza.

THAD

So what year did you graduate
Dartmouth?

LIZA

It must have been... '08?

THAD

So you must know Craig Fowler.

LIZA

No, I don't know Craig. Was he an
English major?

Thad downs the rest of his beer. Shakes the empty glass
in Kelsey's direction.

THAD

Babe? I'm empty here.

Liza watches, stunned as Kelsey instantly transforms from
on the rise publishing exec to subservient girlfriend.

KELSEY

I'll be right back.

THAD

He works at our firm. I think he
was '06. I bet you guys know a ton
of people in common.

LIZA

I didn't have much a social life.
Always had my nose in a book.

THAD

And then you spent three years in
India?

LIZA

Yes, about that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THAD

Doing what?

LIZA

Working for various charity organizations.

THAD

Such as?

LIZA

Excuse me, is this a background check?

THAD

I'm just curious. I think it's cool.

LIZA

(going on the offensive)

"Cool?" It wasn't "cool." It was a warzone, Thad. Because that's what real poverty is. A warzone. With all of it's attendant misery, bad hygiene and deprivation.

Kelsey returns with Thad's beer during this speech.

KELSEY

(seriously)

Is that why your bush turned grey?

LIZA

Yes. Partially grey. From what I saw. And maybe from some things I smelled. I haven't totally processed it all yet.

Thad eyes Liza, still suspicious.

EXT. MAGGIE'S LOFT BUILDING - DAY

INT. MAGGIE'S LOFT - DAY

Liza exits her bedroom and heads to the bathroom. The door swings open and a woman (ALISON) 35 exits, stark naked. She immediately covers herself up with her hands.

ALISON

Excuse me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA
No problem. I'm Liza.

ALISON
Alison.

LIZA
The pickle lady!

Off Alison, instantly pissed off with this nickname.

INT. MAGGIE'S LOFT - LATER

Alison SLAMS the door behind her as Maggie and Liza sit down for a cup of coffee. Liza is dressed for work.

MAGGIE
Really? You had to call her "the pickle lady?" In my own home?

LIZA
I'm sorry, she was naked and I got nervous.

Maggie sighs.

LIZA
She is a bit of a sour puss.
(beat)
OK, half sour.

MAGGIE
You are so immature.

LIZA
You think? Maybe that's because your basic twenty something has the emotional intelligence of a sixteen year old girl. And if I want to fit in, I've got to get right down to their level.

MAGGIE
Can't you just be yourself? And use all of your wisdom and experience to your advantage?

LIZA
If was going to be "myself," I'd be giving everyone in the office a spanking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Liza checks her phone.

LIZA

(leaps up)

Oh my God is it really almost eight? Trout Pout is going to kill me.

MAGGIE

Trout Pout?

LIZA

Diana Trout. But everyone calls her Trout Pout. You know, because of the lips.

MAGGIE

(starting to worry)

Right.

EXT. PASSION PRESS - EXT. - THE NEXT DAY

INT. PASSION PRESS- DAY

Liza is at her computer. She types a tweet under the name of "Jane Austen".

"Seldom, very seldom, does complete truth belong to any human disclosure; seldom can it happen that something is not a little disguised or a little mistaken."

She hits "send." We see that Jane has 1250 new followers. Liza smiles.

INT. DIANA TROUT'S OFFICE - DAY

Liza knocks on her door, and enters.

LIZA

(proudly)

Jane Austen has over one thousand followers. How great is that?

DIANA

Am I supposed to congratulate you?

LIZA

No, of course not, I just...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

You just expect a gold star for doing your job. That's the problem with your generation, Lisa.

LIZA

No, I'm...

Her computer chimes.

DIANA

And that alert tells me it's time for our staff meeting.

(stands)

Right now you should be fetching me coffee, instead of looking for compliments.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Liza carries a cup of coffee towards the conference room, walking with Kelsey.

LIZA

You're right. She is that bad.

KELSEY

You have to eat shit for at least a year. And then, with my help, you'll have her job.

LIZA

What? No. I'm just happy to have a job.

KELSEY

Liza, Trout Pout is forty three. She says she's forty one, but trust me I know. She's hit her head on the glass ceiling so many times she has dementia. Something must be done.

LIZA

Kelsey, I don't understand. You're such a strong woman at work, but around Thad...

KELSEY

(suddenly on edge)

What? What about Thad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA

I just don't like the way he
treats you, Kelsey.

KELSEY

What do you mean?

LIZA

A little subservient. You can't
let men get away with that.

KELSEY

I like doing things for my man.
(suddenly wondering)
Wait, are you gay?

LIZA

No.

KELSEY

It's fine.

LIZA

I know it is. But I'm not.

KELSEY

OK.

She turns and heads into the conference room. Off Liza,
perplexed.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A large meeting is in progress as Liza stealthily enters
the conference room. A SENIOR MANAGEMENT type is giving
a powerpoint presentation, as Liza carefully delivers the
coffee to Diana.

Suddenly, a LOUD RAP RING TONE interrupts the meeting.
Everyone reaches for their cell phone.

SENIOR MANAGEMENT TYPE

OK, who's the gangster?

Everyone checks their phone. Finally Liza pulls out hers -
shocked to discover she's the culprit.

DIANA

Are you serious?

Liza desperately tries to turn off the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

Get out!

Liza bolts out of the conference room, phone blasting RAP. Kelsey follows her out.

EXT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Liza fumbles with the phone, shutting it off, as Kelsey approaches.

LIZA

I have no idea how that happened.
Someone's been messing with my
phone.

Kelsey takes the phone. Switches it on.

KELSEY

I think it's someone named Josh.
And it looks like you have a date
with him tonight.

(beat)

So you do have a personal life.

Off Liza, as it all comes flooding back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT IV

EXT. THE OWL FARM - NIGHT

Liza approaches the bar. Looks through the window. Sees Josh at the bar, waiting for her. He looks so damn cute. She pauses a beat, thinking about whether she can go through with this.

And then EXITS FRAME.

INT. THE OWL FARM - NIGHT

On Josh. Sipping his drink. Waiting. He checks his phone for a text.

Then Liza appears beside him.

LIZA
That was a dirty trick.

JOSH
(surprised and happy)
What?
(beat)
I wanted to get your attention.

LIZA
That you did. My phone started rapping in the middle of a staff meeting.

JOSH
You got a job!

LIZA
I did.

JOSH
Well, congratulations.

He kisses her, and she returns the kiss. And it's toe tingling. The best kiss she's had in fifteen years.

Her phone rings, interrupting. She checks the caller. "CAITLIN."

JOSH
Oh, please don't answer that.

LIZA
I really have to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Liza steps reacts, concerned.

LIZA

Excuse me.

She steps away and takes the call.

LIZA

Honey? Is everything OK?

INT. INDIAN HOME - CROSS CUT

Caitlin is on the phone. In tears.

CAITLIN

Mom, please don't sell the house.

LIZA

Oh, honey. We'll find another.

CAITLIN

It's just all hitting me. You and
dad. It's just so sad.

(bursts out in tears)

And I hate curry!

Liza begins to tear up herself.

LIZA

Oh honey, don't cry. It's going to
be fine.

CAITLIN

I want to come home!

LIZA

So come home. Come home, honey

ANGLE - JOSH

He watches the call, curious.

CAITLIN

Where will we live?

LIZA

Don't worry, we'll figure it out.
We'll figure it all out.

OFF LIZA, not quite sure how.