WORK MOM

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INT. EDEN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/DEN - MORNING - SAN FRANCISCO

EDEN RHODES, 45, is in a suit and a pair of sneakers. Her hair and make-up is done. She wears an out-of-date pair of glasses. Eden's on her cell, she grabs spices from the kitchen cabinet as she cooks potatoes at the stove.

EDEN
She's an ungracious, gap-toothed, would-be prostitute--

There's a knock at the door. Eden walks from the kitchen to the den without hanging up.

EDEN (CONT'D)
I don't know what Tyrone sees in her.

Eden opens the door. Her daughter, HEATHER RHODES, 23, bursts in on her cell and blows past Eden, out of frame.

HEATHER
Tyrone sees what I see. She *had* to refuse that anklet *even if* the council voted her into the isolation tank-

EDEN
(into her phone)
How can you idealize a reality TV tramp like Vivonica... Where did you go?... Heather?

HEATHER (O.S.)
I'm in the bathroom! I forgot to shave an armpit!

EDEN
(hangs up her phone)
Sounds like something Vivonica would forget to do!

HEATHER (O.S.)
Leave me alone, Mom!!

Eden walks back to the kitchen and shouts to Heather.

EDEN
You can try my No!No! I just got it in the mail, but I'm scared of the thermicon technology!

Eden tends to her potatoes at the stove. Heather enters.

HEATHER
False alarm. Never mind. I can't believe you have a No!No!

EDEN
Maria Menounos has TWO No!No!s.

Heather opens the cabinet, grabs a box of cookies and box of cereal. She puts them on the table.

HEATHER
Sure. Does she also wear sneakers with her suit? You're way too pretty for that, Mom.

EDEN
What do I need heels for? To walk back and forth to the copier? Please... How's it going with that British girl at your office? You make her your BFF yet?

HEATHER
You make it sound like I'm a stalker.

EDEN
If the label sticks.

HEATHER
It does not stick.

EDEN
Feels pretty sticky.

Eden seasons the potatoes as Heather sets the table for two.

HEATHER
This is why I don't tell you anything.

EDEN
You tell me EVERYTHING! You think I wanna eat breakfast thinking about your one stubbly armpit?

HEATHER
I remembered to shave. I just forgot I remembered.

Heather sits and pours cereal into her bowl. She reaches for the box of cookies and crushes them over the cereal.

EDEN
I still don't know why you moved in with your brother. I miss this.

HEATHER
I'm here all the time.

EDEN
Yeah... but it’s like a thing now. I have to get dressed up.

HEATHER
You can still wear your pyjamas.

EDEN
The Ann Taylor Sleep Collection is not for guests. It’s like you’re *company* now.

HEATHER
Mom, you know that’s not true.

Eden heads for the table, places the potatoes down and sits.

EDEN
I do love reality recap breakfast. That’s why we’re having The Real Home Fries of Beverly Hills and Amazing Race-in Bran.

HEATHER
You always gotta take it one step too far...

EDEN
So they’re announcing the new team leader today?

HEATHER
Yeah, but I don’t think I’m gonna get it.

EDEN
Sweetie, you’re definitely getting it.

Eden pours Raisin Bran into her bowl and then she also crushes a handful of cookies on top of her cereal.

HEATHER
Mom, don’t count my chickens. I’ve only been there a few months.

EDEN
Well, I’m excited for both of us. Today at the office, we switch over to the key fob system. I don’t know what that means, but I’m dying to find out.

HEATHER
Well, I don’t wanna spoil it, but you WON’T be disappointed.

Heather gets up and grabs the chocolate milk from the fridge. She hands it to Eden and sits back down. Eden pours the chocolate milk over her cereal. Heather does the same.

EDEN
I can tell you're making fun of me, but after twenty years, even the slightest change is exciting.

HEATHER
Yes. I remember the watercooler.

EDEN
I got to have REAL LIFE watercooler conversations.

HEATHER
And how were they?

EDEN
Frustrating. People don't watch enough TV. But I'm sure this key fob thing is gonna be FOBulous.

HEATHER
(snorts and spits cereal into her bowl)
...That was so stupid.

INT. POW! MARKETING - HEATHER'S DESK - LATER THAT DAY

Heather stares at her coworker RIHANNA KANDELL, 25, British, standing at the copier. She's beautiful and aggressively confident. Heather's office is sleek and modern. She types on a wireless keyboard linked to a docked iPad. Heather and Eden chat on Instant Message:

HEATHER: *Mom, I can't just ask her to work drinks. They don't invite me for a reason. It's exclusive.* **EDEN:** *Not true. Yes you can. Bring it up casually... Don't be weird.*

HEATHER
So, margaritas are fun, right?

RIHANNA
It's nine in the morning.

HEATHER
That's true.

HEATHER: *That didn't work. Now she thinks I'm an alcoholic.*

INT. EDEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT

Eden types at her cubicle. It's dank and depressingly out of date. **EDEN:** *Tell her she looks pretty.*

INT. POW! MARKETING - OFFICE - HEATHER'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

HEATHER
You look pretty.

RIHANNA
Well, I'm getting promoted today. Or are you hitting on me? Because I haven't been a lesbian in years.

HEATHER: *That worked too well.*

Heather then notices her boss THOMAS WADE, 50, waving her into his office. He has his trademark scowl on his face.

HEATHER: *G2G.* **EDEN:** *TTFN* **Heather:** *That's not IM slang. That's from Winnie The Pooh.*

Heather gets up from her desk and walks off screen.

INT. EDEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The buzzer on Eden's intercom goes off, startling her. Eden's boss, MR. BUSCAFUSCO, 70, is heard.

MR. BUSCAFUSCO (O.S.)
Eden, can I see you a moment?

INT. POW! MARKETING - THOMAS WADE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Heather sits anxiously on the other side of Thomas' desk. He's all business, intimidating and very direct.

THOMAS
In the short time you've been at POW!, you've proven you're dedicated, ambitious, and far less distracted than the rest of those other idiots.

INT. MR. BUSCAFUSCO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Eden sits comfortably on the other side of her boss' desk, failing to pick up on the palpable tension in the room.

MR. BUSCAFUSCO
In the long time you've spent with our company... I mean you've been here since- before the watercooler.
(Eden nods excitedly)
(MORE)

MR. BUSCAFUSCO (CONT'D)
But with the modern updates to our office... Maybe you- It’s that- Well, what I’m trying to say is...

INT. POW! MARKETING - THOMAS WADE’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

THOMAS
You’re being promoted...

INT. MR. BUSCAFUSCO’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MR. BUSCAFUSCO
You’re being let go....

MAIN TITLE:

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. MARC'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT -

The camera is tight on a large black and white framed photo of a crumpled Snickers bar wrapper. The photo is lifted off the wall, revealing a mounted flat screen TV. Heather's twin brother MARC RHODES, 23, a hipster dressed in black, shakes his head as she struggles to lean the photo on the wall.

HEATHER
No help? Thanks, I'm fine.

MARC
I told you I want nothing to do with that... machine.

HEATHER
It's not a printing press.

MARC
If it were, I'd display it proudly and have printing press parties- Even print my OWN invitations. I moved here to get away from TV.

HEATHER
Well I moved here to get away from Mom.

MARC
Then we're both failures because Mom is always here watching TV. If you want space, just go cold turkey.

HEATHER
Like, only watch the TV in my room?

MARC
It's not YOUR room. You don't pay rent.

HEATHER
I pay rent by being sweet and helping out around the apartment.

MARC
When have you *been sweet and helped out around the apartment?*

HEATHER
...I got you that TV...

MARC
Is Mom gonna be sad? I don't think I've ever seen Mom sad.

HEATHER
(dead serious)
I have. When Catelynn was kicked off Teen Mom/Road Rules Challenge-

Marc stares daggers at Heather. One knock is heard at the door. They look at one another. Then the door. A second knock.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Well, her knock sounds sad.

Heather gets the door. It's Eden looking dazed. She enters.

EDEN
...I've never been fired before... Never had another job...

MARC
Sit down, Ma... Wanna watch some TV?

EDEN
Not really.

Eden slumps on the couch. Heather and Marc look concerned.

HEATHER
What would make you feel better?

EDEN
Staples. Been there all day looking at office supplies. It's comforting.
(tries to cheer up)
Oh! Yay! You got promoted today!

MARC
You got promoted today? Great. When am I gonna see some rent?

HEATHER
Way ahead of you, I just got us HBO-

EDEN
I was replaced by a computer program they downloaded off the Internet. For free. Which I bet does not steal Mr. Buscafusco's puddings.

HEATHER
I bet they were butterscotch.

EDEN
They *were* butterscotch. And I took a whole snack pack on my way out.

MARC
What are you doing stealing puddings, Ma?

EDEN
I don't know. I'm in a rut. I feel so useless. But this is a happy day. Heather's team leader. My little girl is already so successful.

MARC
Yes, successful at living rent free in her Mission District apartment.

HEATHER
I thought this wasn't MY apartment.

MARC
Give me money!

HEATHER
You make more for a framed picture of trash. Of trash! Than I make in a year. I'm not giving you money.

EDEN
Marc, I'm so rude. I didn't mention, I love your new photo.

Eden gestures to the large photo of the Snickers wrapper.

MARC
Thanks. It's called Snickers.

HEATHER
I think it lacks the emotional resonance of Moonpie Wrapper.

MARC
(payback for the insult)
Hey Heather, if you were promoted then isn't there a job opening?

Heather shakes her head violently. Eden's eyes are on Marc.

MARC (CONT'D)
And weren't you saying how you never get to spend enough time with Mom?

Heather mouths threats to Marc, but abruptly stops when Eden looks at her. Eden looks hopeful and smiles eagerly.

EDEN
Oh my gosh, were you?

HEATHER
Mom. First of all, sure. But... you'd need, like a year of working in experiential marketing.

MARC
What about 22 years of secretarial experiential-ness?

EDEN
I've got that!

MARC
(evil smile)
Come on. You're team leader, you could teach her.

HEATHER
It's really cut-throat.

MARC
Mom used to be a pudding thief.

EDEN
Please?

Heather is silent. Conflicted. She finally relents.

HEATHER
I'll see if I can get you an interview tomorrow.

Eden high fives Marc as Heather looks worried.

INT. POW! MARKETING - OFFICES - NEXT MORNING

Heather walks in and surveys her surroundings for the first time as team leader. POW! is in a large open warehouse. It's a trendy playground built to impress clients. There's a ping pong table and a mini movie theater, complete with a giant screen and an old fashioned popcorn popper. The furniture is sleek, black, white and shiny. The walls are covered in a black dry erase board, on which messages are written in neon marker. There's even a ladder on a track around the room so that you can zip along, covering every bit of the office in positive messages. Everyone is on the go and has an iPad. This is all old to Heather. She heads to her new desk.

There's a sketch of Heather drawn on the wall in dry erase marker. Above this it says "Welcome, Team Leader." Rihanna sits, looking dour. Next to her sits JOYCE CHOI, 25, awkward and very sweet. Joyce is giddy as Heather arrives.

JOYCE
Hey team leader!

HEATHER
Hi Joyce. Let me guess, you drew this.

JOYCE
Well, it was Rihanna's idea.
(mouths, points to herself)
No it wasn't.

Rihanna busies herself with her computer, not taking notice.

HEATHER
Thank you.

JOYCE
No problemo. You can see the making of it on my Vine. Why don't any of you people follow me on Vine?

BRENDAN KING, 28, full of false confidence, interrupts. He's with an OLDER ASIAN GENTLEMAN.

BRENDAN
Because nobody wants to watch looped videos of your sad life.

JOYCE
My life may be sad, but my videos are hilarious.

BRENDAN
I bet... You guys didn't need the ping pong table, did you? Because Mr. Sakatoshi and I are gonna bounce around a few experiential ideas-

Rihanna bristles. Brendan points the Asian man to the ping pong table. He exits. Brendan sticks around to gloat.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Oh, I'm sorry, Rihanna. Didn't you lose that account to me?

HEATHER
Well that was then. From now on, we're gonna steal your clients.

BRENDAN
Good luck, especially when your cycles start to sync up-

RIHANNA
You are so misogynistic-

JOYCE
Yeah. Rihanna doesn't even get her period cause she doesn't eat food and I... apparently can't keep secrets.

HEATHER
That's enough, Joyce.

JOYCE
Sorry. It seemed relevant as I was saying it...

BRENDAN
I'll let you guys work this out.
(shouts to the Asian client)
Ready, old man?
(back to the girls)
He barely speaks Engrish.

Brendan walks off.

JOYCE
Anywho, what were you saying, boss?

RIHANNA
I don't mean to make this awkward, but doesn't it bother you that we've been here for YEARS, and Heather gets promoted from ANOTHER TEAM after a few months?

JOYCE
You kinda just made it awkward.

A ping pong ball from off screen hits Rihanna in the face.

BRENDAN (O.S.)
Oh sorry! Did I getcha?

HEATHER
I know. I was probably just as surprised as you when I got it-

RIHANNA
I doubt it.

HEATHER
Regardless, this team hasn't been bringing much profit lately. Of all the teams, we're ranked the lowest and we can turn that around.

RIHANNA
I'm so glad you're here to save us-

Rihanna is hit with another ping pong ball.

RIHANNA (CONT'D)
Damn it, Brendan!

BRENDAN
Heads up!

ASHTON WADE, 32, approaches Heather. Handsome, eccentric and always on the move, Ashton personifies the forward thinking nature of the office. In fact, as Vice President, it was his idea.

ASHTON
You're wearing blue. It's a power color. Very Pow. Very now. I want to take you to lunch so we can interface. I know a sushi bar that delivers fish to your plate via invisible wire.

HEATHER
Um... Thank you, Ashton.

Ashton nods and pats Heather on the shoulder. She responds as though his touch were electric. Rihanna notices. Ashton exits.

RIHANNA
Do you need a condom?
(off Heather's confusion)
You guys are obviously lovers. He's taking you to Sushi Marionette-
Is that how you got this job?

HEATHER
I never-

RIHANNA
But you're going to.

HEATHER
No way, lady!

JOYCE
(joining back in)
But you'd like to...

HEATHER
...I've thought about it.

The girls think about it and smile as a third ping pong ball hits Rihanna in the face. Brendan jogs over, tie loosened, sleeves rolled up and a Cheshire Cat grin on his face.

BRENDAN
Sorry, Rihanna. It's so weird, I've actually won ping pong championships.

INT. POW! MARKETING - CRAIG'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

CRAIG THOMPSON, 28, watches as Heather arrives at her old desk and picks up her plant. A fern that resembles Tina Turner's signature hairstyle.

HEATHER
I almost forgot Tina Ferner.

CRAIG
I brought it to your new desk, but Rihanna threatened to poison it.

HEATHER
(to the plant, protective)
You're safe now... But yup, turns out Rihanna hates me. She's never gonna invite me to work drinks now-

CRAIG
Don't sweat that. You wanna watch Brendan try to get laid all night? I never go. It's no big deal.

HEATHER
It is! Rihanna's fashionable and confident and bitchy. There's so much she can teach me. Also, Ashton goes-

Heather stops herself. Craig bristles at the mention of Ashton. Heather does not notice how Craig feels about her.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Do you really think I'm ready for this new job?

CRAIG
I know you are. I was your team leader. I recommended you.

HEATHER
Thanks, broseph. Way to do a sista a solid.

CRAIG
I think I know why you never get invited to work drinks.

HEATHER
Ooh, you cut me to the white meat.

CRAIG
What?

HEATHER
Never mind. How are things with you and Sonya?

CRAIG
Worse. She moved out this weekend.

HEATHER
Wow... I'm so sorry.

CRAIG
It'd been coming for a while. But it still seems so fast... I just...

HEATHER
Want me to change the subject?

CRAIG
Yes... Thank you.

HEATHER
Would it be weird if I got my Mom an interview for my old position?

CRAIG
Weird? Not for me. For you maybe.

HEATHER
Yeah, she just lost her job, I figure she can do an interview, Mr. Wade won't hire her, and she'll forget all about it.

CRAIG
Okay... good luck with that plan team leader.

HEATHER
I'm gonna miss it here. Especially all your meats... and your desserts.

CRAIG
Yeah. Now that you're my competition, I don't think I can feed you anymore.

HEATHER
Hey, you're like the best chef I know and I've seen every season of Top Chef.

CRAIG
Just don't tell Brendan I broke up with Sonya.
(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)
He’s gonna wanna have sex with her. If you keep that secret, I’ll slip you a muffaletta.

HEATHER
No idea what that means, but cool.

Brendan arrives at his desk, rolling down his sleeves.

BRENDAN
What’s cool?

HEATHER
Craig was just telling me about some exciting new... um... sexual positions his been trying out with his girlfriend Sonya this weekend.

BRENDAN
(patronizing)
Very cool Craig.

Heather winks at Craig and exits.

BRENDAN (CONT’D)
I still can’t believe they promoted that antelope.

CRAIG
That antelope earned it. Our team doubled profits working with her.

BRENDAN
And I had nothing to do with that?

CRAIG
You were JUST on sick leave-

BRENDAN
Yes, after she wore overalls, it made me so sick I had to leave.

CRAIG
I know where you were, you know.

BRENDAN
(touches his hairline)
What do you mean?

CRAIG
You came back with hair, dude. Everybody knows-

BRENDAN
Does Joyce know?

CRAIG
It's on her Tumblr. We all know you got implants. We just don't talk about it. For you.

BRENDAN
Then why are you talking about it now-

CRAIG
How was the meeting with Sakatoshi?

BRENDAN
Great! We hit Rihanna in the face with eight ping pong balls.
(off Craig's disgust)
Come on. She likes balls in her face.

INT. POW! MARKETING - THOMAS WADE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

This is the only room in POW! that's cluttered. It's filled with outdated items like file cabinets and a Rolodex. Even the desk is a relic. A knock at the door annoys Thomas.

THOMAS
Hell. WHAT?

HEATHER
(entering, timidly)
Sorry, sir. I just wanted to ask you about my position.

THOMAS
You're team leader. You lead your team. What's to ask?

HEATHER
No, my *old* position. I wanted to suggest someone-

THOMAS
Ashton hasn't filled that position? I guess he's too busy turning the office into a spaceship and buying carbonated teas. So, you got someone in mind?

HEATHER
...Well, my mother-

THOMAS
I should tell you that working with family is probably a bad idea-

HEATHER
It's probably a TERRIBLE idea-

THOMAS
I didn't promote you so you'd waste my time with terrible ideas.

HEATHER
No, it's... a good idea... I think.

THOMAS
You think?

HEATHER
No. I know- She's great. Really sharp.

THOMAS
Then what's the problem?

HEATHER
She's my mother.

THOMAS
And...

HEATHER
She's... old?

THOMAS
Good, then she won't be distracted by her hormones. That's why I promoted you. You're asexual, you make good decisions. Unlike the other schmucks- Especially this one.

Thomas gestures to the door, Ashton is peeking his head in.

ASHTON
What's that Dad?

THOMAS
I was saying you make bad decisions, Ashton.

ASHTON
Well, the marketing initiative we just launched has gotten us eighty new subscribers in the last hour.

THOMAS
How much money did it make us?

ASHTON
None.

THOMAS
And how much did it cost?

ASHTON
...Can I just get my iPad.

Thomas has been using the iPad as a coaster. He lifts his mug, dries the condensation off the screen with his shirt and whips the device at his son. Ashton catches it and exits.

HEATHER
You know what sir, let's just forget I mentioned anything-

THOMAS
You know what, let's not. I think this office could use some experience beyond tweeting and instagrabbing. Your shockingly nepotistic request intrigues me. I'll tell Craig.

HEATHER
Tell Craig what?

Thomas dials Craig on speakerphone.

CRAIG (O.S.)
Yes, Mr. Wade.

THOMAS
You have a new team member. Her name is... um- Heather's Mom. Heather, she got any experience?

Heather shakes her head "No" and looks sick to her stomach.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
And she's got NO experience-

CRAIG (O.S.)
No problem, Brendan'll train her-

BRENDAN (O.S.)
What?!

THOMAS
And tell Brendan he has no sick days left. He used them all when he bought his hair.
(hangs up, to Heather)
So first day as team leader and you hire Mommy. Your ass is on the line if this is the disaster your face tells me it's gonna be.

Off Heather's panicked smile.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. EDEN'S CAR - PARKING LOT - MORNING

The engine is off, but the stereo blasts Duran Duran's "New Moon On Monday" or a clearable 80s alternative. Eden loudly sings along, pumping herself up. She shuts off the radio and talks to herself as she opens her car door to exit.

EDEN
Okay, let's do this, Eden.

EXT. POW! MARKETING - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The camera's tight on Eden's high heeled shoe as she steps out of the car. We then follow behind Eden as she hums the song to herself and heads for the Pow! Marketing entrance.

INT. POW! MARKETING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Eden enters and stands in a serene Zen garden. There's bamboo, Chinese screens, and a peaceful sound-scape. Eden's dressed to impress. A television on the wall pops on. A woman with a robotic yet calming voice appears on the screen.

DIGITAL SECRETARY
Welcome to POW! Marketing. I'm your virtual receptionist, Taazo. With two A's. Who are you here to see?

EDEN
(confused, leans forward)
Heather Rhodes.

DIGITAL SECRETARY
Great, I'll give *HEATHER* a call. May I ask your name?

EDEN
Eden.

DIGITAL SECRETARY
Care for a beverage, *EDEN*?

Taazo gestures to the right toward a small, sleek refrigerator. It pops open. Eden loves this.

EDEN
Thank you. Do you have, like, one of those Crystal Light pouches--

Heather appears, grabs Eden's arm, pulls her into the office.

HEATHER
What are you doing? You're late.

INT. POW! MARKETING - OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Eden stops walking, overwhelmed at the over the top office. Heather stops, turns, grabs her Mom's arm and pulls her along.

HEATHER
Where are your glasses?

EDEN
Contact lenses. Young. Experiential.

HEATHER
You're not using that right... But you do look very nice.

INT. POW! MARKETING - THOMAS WADE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Heather knocks at the door, ushers Eden inside, then follows.

HEATHER
Mr. Wade, this is my Mom, Eden.

Thomas, suddenly polite, stands up to shake hands with Eden.

THOMAS
Have a seat. That's all, Heather.

Heather looks like she wants to protest, but then leaves.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Heather says you have no experience.

EDEN
She does have a way with words.

THOMAS
Where were you before?

EDEN
Home getting ready... Oh, I worked at Bimble, Bimble and Buscafusco.

THOMAS
Sounds like a bubble factory.

EDEN
It's an accounting firm. I was there for over twenty years.

THOMAS
And why did you leave?

EDEN
Because they made me. Technology was taking over. I became obsolete.

THOMAS
You've seen our office. My son turned this place into a digital jungle gym.

EDEN
Yes, and honestly it worries me-

THOMAS
It should. I think this place has been programmed to slowly destroy us.

EDEN
I feel that way about the E! Network.

Thomas smiles for the first time.

EDEN (CONT'D)
I like your office. Very 1978.

THOMAS
(points)
Original stapler.

EDEN
Staplers. I know how to use *those.* What does *experiential* mean?

THOMAS
Hell, it doesn't matter. Relax. All you need to know is Google and Excel.

EDEN
Well I know I Excel at Google.

THOMAS
So you've always got something clever to say. Stop it... Now, tell me about yourself. Are you married?

EDEN
Oh, no, he left not long after the twins were born.

THOMAS
You raised twins alone? Impressive. We all really like Heather here.

EDEN
She's okay... What about you? Single? Married?

THOMAS
I like telling people my wife *died.*

EDEN
Where is she really?

THOMAS
Oh she's dead. It's the truth. I just really enjoy saying it.

EDEN
You've always got something negative to say. Stop it...

THOMAS
(likes being called out)
Heh- Let's get you started. I'll have my son show you around... Here, you'll need this.

Thomas pulls a HELMET from under his desk, tosses it to Eden.

EXT. POW! MARKETING - LOADING BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Eden and Ashton ride SEGWAYS. Ashton's a pro. Eden is not.

ASHTON
The solar panels were the first step in modernizing the office.

EDEN
You like that word. *Modernize.*

ASHTON
Well a forward thinking office breeds forward thinking employees.

EDEN
It's like when they got those Think Pads on Project Runway. It pushed them to think outside their frocks.

ASHTON
I... don't own a television.

EDEN
I should introduce you to my son. You're both out of touch.

ASHTON
Excuse me, I am not out of touch.
(Ashton stops his Segway)
Sorry... Have to Twitter.

EDEN
Me too. Where's the rest room? I think I got a bug in my contact.

Eden slows into a wall. Her right eye blinks. Ashton types into his phone. Ashton starts up again. Eden tries her best.

ASHTON
Here we call it the *think tank*.

EDEN
Isn't this all a little extreme?

ASHTON
No. Pow! used to be Wade Marketing, it was outdated... about to fold.

EDEN
So you helped your Dad save it?

ASHTON
He raised me alone. This place was all he had. It was the right thing.

EDEN
True. I get that. Sometimes you have to sacrifice what you want for family.

ASHTON
Our trucks are equipped with mini Doppler Radar and GPS technology that won't hit Japan until 2015--

EDEN
That must be some good GPS.

ASHTON
Next year, we're hoping to replace the windshields with Google Glass.

EDEN
That sounds incredibly not safe.

ASHTON
It's Google. They'll make it safe.

INT. POW! MARKETING - HEATHER'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Rihanna stares daggers at Tina Ferner. Heather meekly puts it on the floor and then tries to assert herself as team leader.

HEATHER
Rihanna, did you make sure the product is ready for the Art-Walk?

RIHANNA
No.

HEATHER
Fine, on it. Joyce, what about you?

JOYCE
I'm updating my Tumblr with an essay about my weird nipple because I literally have one giant nipple and no inner monologue.

RIHANNA
Can't even keep secrets about yourself.

JOYCE
I ran over a raccoon yesterday. It was a hit and run.

HEATHER
Joyce, where are you with the coconut water?

JOYCE
Rihanna said she'd handle that.

Heather looks at Rihanna who smiles and shakes her head "No."

HEATHER
I guess I'll do that too.

JOYCE
Ashton tweeted.

They check their devices. This is protocol. Rihanna cackles.

RIHANNA
Your Mom called Ashton *out of touch.* Great hire, team leader.

INT. POW! MARKETING - EDEN'S DESK - LATER THAT DAY

Ashton and Brendan watch as Craig trains Eden.

CRAIG
Then call the distributors, approve the sample, and get an ETA.

ASHTON
Eden, you're gonna do great.

Ashton turns to leave and bumps into Heather.

ASHTON (CONT'D)
Blue. It really is your color.

Heather looks away, giggles shyly. Eden doesn't notice, she's squinting at her iPad. Ashton exits. Heather confronts Eden.

HEATHER
You called Ashton ‘out of touch?!’

BRENDAN
Yeah, amazing. I was dying for him to leave. Tell us everything.

EDEN
He doesn’t have a TV!

CRAIG
How long before he bragged about that?

EDEN
Oh, not long at all. Hope he wasn’t mad. I also called Mr. Wade negative. What is it with this place? It makes me sassy. I’m having so much fun here!

HEATHER
Cool it, Sharon Stone. You can’t go around doing things like that.

CRAIG
She’s not fired. There’s something in how she says things that’s so-

BRENDAN
Cute. Your Mom is making me almost like you, Queen Boobina.

HEATHER
(deadly serious)
Why is he calling me that?

CRAIG
(apologetically smiling)
Your Mom told us how you’d run around naked, wearing a crown and calling yourself Queen Boobina... Adorable.

BRENDAN
Thanks for texting me that pic, Eden.

EDEN
Thanks for showing me how!

HEATHER
Mom, why’d you tell people that? It’s my most embarrassing memory-

BRENDAN
That can’t be more embarrassing than when you pooped in your ski suit and the zipper broke.

Heather, shocked, is not happy to see Marc enter with Rihanna.

HEATHER
Mom, what is Marc doing here?

MARC
What are we laughing at?

EDEN
When Queen Boobina pooped her ski suit.

MARC
Classic. Here are your glasses, Ma.

EDEN
Thanks. I got bugs stuck in my contacts. I feel like a windshield.

MARC
Heather, you undersold your office. So, we're just accepting Taazo, the digital secretary... As a society?

RIHANNA
Eden, your son is *Marc Rhodes*?
(hanging on Marc)
I've been to your last three exhibits. I have your book, *Refuse*.

MARC
(not into Rihanna)
I was against that book's release. Art should be experienced in person.

Craig extends his hand to Marc and introduces himself.

CRAIG
Hi, I'm Craig. I used to be your sister's boss. Now I'm you're Mom's boss. *You* want a job?

MARC
Craig... You're the one who gives my sister all that meat.

BRENDAN
Everybody heard that, right?

EDEN
Sorry, Craig... Marc's a vegan. But I've been dreaming about your cheesecake for a month.

CRAIG
Thanks... I try to buy organic. I go to Whole Foods.

MARC
Ugh... Monsanto.

RIHANNA
Totally... A few of us go out for drinks after work. Wanna join us?

Before Marc can say no, Eden knows what she has to do.

EDEN
We'd love to go. All three of us. Work drinks. Fun. Right, Heather?

Eden turns to Heather looking pleased. Heather brightens.

RIHANNA
I don't know if you'd ALL enjoy it, Eden. It's kind of a loud place.

EDEN
I'll just lower the volume on my hearing aid young lady.

CRAIG
Guess if everybody's going-

Joyce darts into frame from off screen. Pumped.

JOYCE
Everybody includes Joyce, right?

Everybody nods in agreement except a worried Rihanna.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
Yes, finally going for work drinks! Vining it.

Joyce holds her iPhone up to her face and starts posing.

BRENDAN
Joyce? Craiggers? The Rhodes family?! I'll make a call, try and score some X.

Heather mouths "Thank You" to Eden. Eden mouths "You're Welcome" to Heather. Maybe working with Mom isn't so bad.

INT. CLUB ARCHITECTURE - LATER THAT NIGHT - MONTAGE

- EDEN AND HEATHER ARE ON THE DANCE FLOOR AND HAVING FUN.

HEATHER
I can't believe we're not home watching the Kardashians right now!

EDEN
Whatever! We ARE the Kardashians!

- AT A BOOTH, RIHANNA SNUGGLES UP ON AN UNCOMFORTABLE MARC.

RIHANNA
Would you ever take my picture?

MARC
I only take pictures of trash.

RIHANNA
What?

MARC
...Sure.

- HEATHER IS STILL DANCING. THIS TIME HER PARTNER IS CRAIG.

CRAIG
How much have you had to drink?

HEATHER
One beer! Where's the Think Tank?

- AT THE BAR, BRENDAN CHATS UP A TALL, HEAVILY MADE-UP WOMAN.

BRENDAN
Some guys are intimidated by tall woman... not me.

TALL WOMAN
(leans in, sexy)
Then what *does* intimidate you?

BRENDAN
(leans in, sexy)
...My student loans.

- BACK ON THE DANCE FLOOR, HEATHER AND JOYCE DANCE TOGETHER. JOYCE GRINDS UP ON HEATHER AND SNAPS A PICTURE ON HER IPHONE.

- AT THE BOOTH, HEATHER IS TIPSY AS SHE SITS DOWN NEAR RIHANNA.

HEATHER
You are so pretty. How do you get your hair so fancy? You are so cool. Do you like websites?

RIHANNA
Yes. I like websites.

HEATHER
Totes. You should give me a makeover.

RIHANNA
Someone should.

HEATHER
Make me your muse. You can't refuse. I need more booze!

Heather rushes off. There's a slight smile on Rihanna's face.

- EDEN STANDS BY THE BAR, INTRODUCES ASHTON TO MARC.

EDEN
Ashton, this is my pretentious son, Marc. Marc, this is my pretentious boss, Ashton. You should talk about all the TV shows you don't watch.

ASHTON
I heard the interview you did on NPR last month. What you said about mandatory composting inspired me.

MARC
Thank you. Like America doesn't have access to worms-

EDEN
Worms? I love it. There's already nothing I can contribute here.

- HEATHER'S ON THE DANCE FLOOR. JOYCE IS COMING ON TOO STRONG AND GRINDS ALL OVER HEATHER. SHE PUSHES JOYCE AWAY.

HEATHER
Not cute anymore. Weird now.

Without missing a beat. Joyce grinds up on a stranger.

- AT THE BAR, HEATHER IS DRUNK NOW AND CLINGING TO RIHANNA.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Don't hate me. It's the only thing stopping us from being best friends.

Brendan walks by arm and arm with the Tall Woman. He leans in the direction of Heather and Rihanna before he walks off.

BRENDAN
Hate to rub it in ladies, but that's exactly what I'm about to do-

Brendan slithers away.

RIHANNA
Heather... I'll let you in on a secret. Brendan is about to rub it into my friend BOB.

HEATHER
NO!

RIHANNA
Yeah, I set the whole thing up. He's gonna put balls in *my* face...

HEATHER
You're so awesome. I'm sorry I got your job. You'd make a great team leader. You probably have so much sex. I bet you're good at it too.

RIHANNA
I am.

HEATHER
I want sex with Ashton. But how can we make that happen?

Rihanna thinks then undoes two buttons on Heather's blouse.

RIHANNA
Consider that your makeover.

- CRAIG WATCHES AS HEATHER DANCES WITH ASHTON. HE EXITS, SADLY. ASHTON SMILES AT HEATHER, PULLS HER CLOSE. SHE SMILES BACK.

INT. ASHTON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Two bodies stir in a large bed, obscured under sheets. Ashton emerges. He yawns as a second body struggles to get free. It's Eden! She gasps at Ashton, questioning what she's done.

EDEN
We DO NOT tell ANYBODY about this.

ASHTON
(nods in agreement)
I'll make us some tofu scrambles.

Ashton exits. Eden looks disgusted.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. POW! MARKETING - HEATHER'S DESK - LATER THAT MORNING

Heather enters the office beaming from the night before. Confident enough to show just a bit too much cleavage.

HEATHER
Hey. How 'bout them work drinks?

JOYCE
How 'bout them boobies.

Rihanna smiles, hops up, buttons up Heather's shirt.

RIHANNA
That's for the club.

HEATHER
But that was my makeover.

Rihanna takes off her scarf and ties it into Heather's hair.

RIHANNA
That's all you get.

HEATHER
Thanks. So... I probably said some embarrassing stuff last night.

RIHANNA
(sparing Heather)
Nothing I can remember.

Eden arrives at Heather's desk looking like a wreck.

HEATHER
Mom, your hair looks weird.

EDEN
I didn't have time to shower.

HEATHER
Why not?

EDEN
(looks down, shameful)
...Work drinks.

Rihanna gets up and leans into Eden. She sniffs her. Eden flinches, looks worried and starts defending herself.

EDEN (CONT'D)
I left a burrito in my car.

RIHANNA
It doesn't smell Mexican. It smells more... Caucasian.

EDEN
(as Rihanna sniffs her)
I- It- Why-

RIHANNA
You sat on it Mrs. Rhodes!

EDEN
My burrito?

RIHANNA
You had sex last night!

HEATHER
Mom... Did you?

EDEN
Kind of. But we can't talk about this here. It's embarrassing.

HEATHER
Look at us. Mom, we're doing things.

RIHANNA
Was it with one of the bartenders?

EDEN
I don't want your sloppy seconds.

Rihanna turns to Heather. Heather kind of apologizes.

HEATHER
We talk. About you. It's not weird.

RIHANNA
Eden, was it somebody here?

Eden clams up. Rihanna sniffs her again. She's not buying it.

RIHANNA (CONT'D)
I'm getting to the bottom of this.

Rihanna exits on a mission. Heather is worried.

HEATHER
What did you do?

EDEN
Can we just talk about this later-

Eden is saved as Thomas shouts over the entire office.

THOMAS
Office meeting, morons!

INT. POW! MARKETING - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Everybody is shuffling around the conference room, which is just as tricked out as the rest of the office. Rihanna is creeping up behind each man in the office, trying to find a match to Eden's scent. She's having no luck. Rihanna ducks behind Craig, sipping a cup of coffee. He notices Rihanna.

CRAIG
What are you doing?

RIHANNA
(covering, off the coffee)
What is that chickory? Kona? Hazelnut raspberry? Excuse me.

Rihanna walks off as Eden and Heather enter. Craig awkwardly intercepts Heather who is still unsettled.

CRAIG
So man, after all that dancing I just passed out on my big bed all by myself. What did you end up doing last night? Did you pass out on your big bed all by yourself?

HEATHER
(dismissing, distracted)
What? Yeah. Hang on. Rihanna's smelling something for me.

Craig doesn't understand, but this is good news. Heather walks off. Brendan enters, looking disheveled. Craig touches Brendan's shoulder. Brendan flinches. He's got PTSD.

CRAIG
Dude, what happened last night?

BRENDAN
Dude...

As Brendan silently relives the horror of the night before, Rihanna appears and whispers menacingly into his ear.

RIHANNA
Bob says you're welcome.

Brendan looks mortified. He knows he was set up. Rihanna takes a deep whiff and whispers before exiting.

RIHANNA (CONT'D)
You still smell like him...

CRAIG
Am I just supposed to pretend that Rihanna's not sniffing everyone?

Heather sits next to her mother. Eden is staring down at the conference table. She's the first one to touch it and the entire table lights up, revealing a large touch screen. Eden is startled, pops her head up and notices Thomas. They share a look over the ridiculous digital conference room table and smile at one another. Heather and Rihanna both notice.

HEATHER
Did he smile at you? He never smiles.

Eden and Heather watch as Rihanna sniffs Thomas. Is it him?

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Mom, you didn't. Not with Mr. Wade.

Rihanna is now too close to Thomas. He pulls away.

THOMAS
Have a seat Rihanna- And stop sniffing everything.

RIHANNA
I... thought I smelled something.

THOMAS
You smelled everything!

Rihanna mimes that it's not Thomas. Heather's relieved. Rihanna then turns and bumps into Ashton. Heather notices as Rihanna's sensors go off. As Ashton tries to move on, Rihanna jerks him back by his tie. She sniffs again. IT'S ASHTON!

ASHTON
What is wrong with you?

Rihanna is dumbstruck and frozen. Ashton walks away. Heather sinks into her chair. Eden silently apologizes. Mortified.

INT. POW! MARKETING - LADIES THINK TANK - MOMENTS LATER

Heather pulls her Mom into the space age bathroom and checks the stalls for people.

HEATHER
Mom how could you sleep with Ashton-

EDEN
I know, sweetie. I'm so sorry. Really. Everyone left the bar and we were alone. We have a lot in common. *I think*... It just kind of happened.

HEATHER
Mom, it doesn't just happen.

Heather gestures with her hands and the motion-sensor sink starts to run. Eden looks confused as Heather does some sort of wave to turn the sink off. Heather then switches from mad to hurt.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Mom... I liked Ashton.

EDEN
Oh, no. Heather, I had no idea. Why haven't you told me? You tell me everything. If I knew you liked him-

HEATHER
Then you wouldn't have slept with our boss?

EDEN
I know- I know. But you're supposed to be telling me stuff like this!

HEATHER
But I can't, that's exactly it. We don't talk about THIS kind of thing, because-

EDEN
Because it pours salt on the wound of my lonely life?

HEATHER
Exactly-

EDEN
Hey, missy. I have sex. I don't tell *you* everything.

Eden inadvertently turns on the motion-sensored hand dryer with her gesticulations. She does the same weird wave Heather did to turn off the sink. Heather watches silently.

HEATHER
I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't mean that. It's just- this was *my* thing. My office. My crush.

EDEN
I'm so sorry Heather.

HEATHER
It's not just that. Mr. Wade hates hormones.
(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)
He made it clear that if you screwed up then it was on me- I think sleeping with his son falls somewhere in that category.

EDEN
I talked to Ashton. We're not saying anything. I'm sorry, I just got a taste of freedom. I'd been stuck in that stupid job half my life. And, with raising you kids on my own, paying for college-

HEATHER
Yes, and I stayed in town and lived with you. The boundaries are pretty fuzzy. You're my Mom... My best friend... You're my coworker now-

EDEN
I just forgot what it was like to put me first. I know it's only been 24 hours, but they've been some of the best hours I've had in years. But don't worry. I'm gonna quit. This isn't fair to you.

Eden goes to leave. Heather realizes she can't let her quit.

HEATHER
Mom, wait. Who else knows?

EDEN
Rihanna.

HEATHER
She won't say anything. I think we had a break through.

EDEN
Look at you!

Eden raises her hand for a high five. Heather concedes.

HEATHER
This is your last work five. Love you.

EDEN
Love you too.

When their hands touch the lights in the bathroom go out.

EDEN (CONT'D)
Seriously, is this place haunted?

HEATHER
Everything's motion sensored and Ashton installed a crapper clapper.

In the dark, Heather claps. The lights go on. Eden smiles.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Coming over for TV tonight?

EDEN
Yeah. Vivonica's getting out of the isolation tank. She's gonna be pissed.

HEATHER
See, you do like Vivonica-

EDEN
Shut up... I'm sorry, sweetie.

HEATHER
We're fine. I'll get over it. But nobody can know.

INT. POW! MARKETING - CRAIG'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Joyce stands in front of Brendan and Craig holding her iPad. Brendan looks despondent.

JOYCE
Hey guys, last night, at the bar, I stayed late, was getting my swerve on, and I saw something muy escandoloso. I think it's time you check my Vine.

Brendan finally comes out of his haze as Joyce hands him her iPad. Craig leans in. The iPad is looping a video from the night before that Joyce has posted to her Vine account.

- Joyce posing Facebook style with smoochie face. Over her shoulder, Ashton can be seen with his arm around Eden.

- Joyce's shocked face. She's gesturing behind her, where Ashton and Eden are feeding each other shots at the bar.

- Ashton and Eden walking out of the bar arm in arm.

- Joyce's best OMG face.

<u>END OF SHOW</u>