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, (28). 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
I quit. To raise my child. Caitlin. Who is not spending her senior year in an exchange program in India.

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

LIZA
Look, I know I've been out of play for awhile.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

LIZA (CONT'D)
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..

JULIE
Ipads, ebooks, wifi...

ELLEN
Instagram, YouTube, Skype...

JULIE
The century?

LIZA
Have stories changed? Has good writing changed?
(beat)
Look, I'm not expecting to come back where I left off. I'll start anywhere. I'll read. I'm a terrific reader.
(beat)
I'll start as an assistant.

ELLEN
Oh that would be weird. I mean, assistants are generally right out of college. You're way too o...

JULIE
(cuts her off)
Overqualified.

LIZA
No, I think she was going to say...

CONTINUED: (2)

ELLEN
Orange.

LIZA
I'm way too "orange?"

ELLEN
It's a saying. Please don't put words in my mouth, Liza.

JULIE
Look, we could never hire anyone with your background and experience as an assistant. And unfortunately, you've just been away too long for us to consider you as candidate for an editorial position.

Off Liza, realizing she's just too...

Old.

CLOSE ON - NEW JERSEY PLATES

REVEAL WE ARE

EXT. MORRISTOWN SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

With Liza, driving her Purus, approaching a white clapboard colonial with a "FOR SALE" sign on the lawn. There are a couple cars in the driveway.

INT. PRIUS - DAY

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.

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

CONTINUED:

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

LIZA
Not true. I miss you.

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. BROOKYLN BRIDGE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

EXT. BROOKYLN 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.

CONTINUED:

LIZA
I go in there and these girls who do the hiring look at me like I'm some sort of dinosaur.

MAGGIE
Well, the last time you worked, they were probably Caitlin's age.

LIZA
I always planned to go back. Every year I would say, this is the year I'm going back to work. But I loved being home with Caitlin. I thought I'll never get those years with her back...

Her pbone 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.

MAGGIE
You will never be a bag lady.

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

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
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.

MAGGIE
Liza, I moved to Brooklyn because I couldn't afford Manhattan. And now, thanks to all of these kids - I can't afford Brooklyn!

LIZA
Jesus! How did I miss the memo about Brooklyn? One minute John Travolta is trying to dance his way out of here and the next it's the West Village with better restaurants. And by the way, when did Bombay become Mumbai? You know, you cannot call it Bombay anymore.
(beat)
I's like I woke up one day, realized my marriage was a big lie, and that I'd become Ruth Van Winkle.

Maggie bursts out laughing. Embraces her.

MAGGIE
C'mere.

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?

CONTINUED: (2)

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 two more beers. Liza reaches for hers and Maggie snatches them both.

MAGGIE
I'll be right back.

Liza watches as Maggie heads with the beers towards ALISON, an attractive thirty-something woman. Liza waves to get the bartender's attention but can't catch his eye. She waves her arms, as if drowning. Then pantomimes drinking. Finally takes her high heeled shoe off and waves it in the air.

A handsome guy (JOSH) mid - twenties, with a sleeve of tatoos decorating his muscular arm watches her, takes in her comic antics, amused.

He slides into the vacant chair next to her. He takes her shoe from her hand.

JOSH
Don't wave a shoe. You never wave a shoe. In Thailand, that would be considered a capital offense.

Liza gets a load of him. Gorgeous. Young. And why is he talking to her?

LIZA
And you've been to Thailand?

JOSH
No, but I have been to Myranmmar.

LIZA
You mean Burma?

JOSH
Back in the day.

He nods imperceptibly to the bartender, and catches his eye.

CONTINUED: (3)

JOSH
What are you having?

LIZA
(impressed)
Kettle rocks.

JOSH
(lifts beer)
And another one of these.

LIZA
(impressed)
Thank you.

JOSH
(extends hand)
Josh.

LIZA
Liza.

She shakes his hand, noticing the sleeve of tattoos.

LIZA
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
Besides, 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?

CONTINUED: (4)

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.

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. I took a bit of a sabbatical.

JOSH
Nice. Doing what?

CONTINUED: (5)

Liza realizes she can't admit to this guy that she's a mom with a teenage daughter.

LIZA
I...uh... worked on a novel. And did some volunteer work.
(beat)
In India.

JOSH
Seriously? That's so cool. Where in India.

LIZA
Mumbai. I needed to shake things up after ending a long relationship?

JOSH
How long were you together?

LIZA
A while. We were dating since college. After that ended I needed to do a little soul searching. So, I quit my publishing job, moved to India and decided to ... you know... make myself of service.

Josh is impressed. Liza, feeling herself getting in too deep, searches for Maggie.

JOSH
You know, I thought you were something special when I noticed you walk in the bar.

LIZA
Really? You noticed me?

JOSH
Yeah, with that older lady. I thought maybe she was your girlfriend.

LIZA
The older lady? Oh no... she's just a friend.

The drinks arrive.

CONTINUED: (6)

JOSH
Y'know, you're totally silly, but you've got like - gravity.

Liza realizes that somehow, through the lies, Josh gets her.

LIZA
Hmmm. I don't think I've ever been described that way.

Josh breathes her in.

JOSH
And you smell...fantatstic.

LIZA
Oh, it's Chanel.

JOSH
That is certainly a nice change from patchouli.
(beat)
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?

CONTINUED: (7)

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

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

LIZA
Please give me my phone. You're way too young for me.

JOSH
I'm twenty-six, dude. I think we're probably about the same age, give or take? Am I right?

Liza tries not to reel from the shock.

LIZA
(holds out her hand)
My phone?

He hands Liza her phone, just as Maggie approaches.

MAGGIE
Hey.

LIZA
OK. Time to go.
(beat)
Nice meeting you, Josh.

Liza grabs Maggie's arm and pulls her out of the bar.

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.

CONTINUED:

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

MAGGIE
Come over. I want to show you something.

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 what 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!

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZA
I...uh...

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

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: (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
Umm...Dartmouth?

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

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

CONTINUED:

DIANA
I'm not here 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 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 thinks for a moment. Then answers with the one qualification that really does make her better than any twenty-something.

LIZA
I'm a grown up. I don't think I'm special.

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.

CONTINUED:

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 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.

LIZA
Well congratulations to you.

CONTINUED: (2)

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. I'll try to have some compassion.

Kelsey is touched by her reaction.

KELSEY
That is so sweet. Well then, I'm going to have some compassion for you.
(heads out)
I've got your back girl

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.

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.

CONTINUED:

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.

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...

CONTINUED:

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?

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: (2)

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?

CONTINUED:

LIZA
Yes, about that.

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.

CONTINUED:

ALISON
Excuse me!

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 really know how to cramp a girl's style.

LIZA
Let me ask you something.
(beat)
Do you shave your bush?

MAGGIE
I trim. Judiciously. Why?

LIZA
Well, last night at the gym. I was almost busted when I was changing. Apparently nothing says "40" like a hairy hooha.

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
I can help you with that. I know a person.

LIZA
I don't understand these girls. Where's their sense of mystery?

MAGGIE
I think it left the building. Along with shame.

LIZA
Then I'll be shameless. Whatever I need to do. Now that I have my foot in the door I can't let it slam back in my face.

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...

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

LIZA
Right.

Liza starts out. Then turns back.

LIZA
By the way. I had another idea about the Pride and Prejuidice reissue. Maybe we could ask a writer like JK Rowling or Stephanie Myers to write an intro? It would be a really great marketing hook.

DIANA
(condescending)
Oh is that your idea of a "great marketing hook?" Poaching a world class writer from a rival publishing house to promote one of our reissues?

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 pitching me ridiculous ideas.

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 <u>have</u> 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?

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.

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 showing pictures of the new Jane Austen covers, as Liza carefully delivers the coffee to Diana.

MALE EXEC
Amazon is promising us the homepage for three days. We're also providing free study interactive guides for every high school.

Diana chimes in.

DIANA
I love the art, but we're going to need a better hook if you want us to market these...
(beat)
What if we got a world class authors from our own stable to write an intros to the Austen books.

Liza REACTS. Her idea. Tweaked and stolen.

FEMALE EXEC
Jennifer Weiner's book drops next month. And I happen to know she LOVES Austen.

DIANA
Oh, she'd be perfect.

Liza is about to open her mouth when...

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:

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)
Who is Josh?

Off Liza, as it all comes flooding back.

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. She begins to enter when...

HER PHONE RINGS.

ANGLE - SCREEN

It reads: “CAITLIN.”

LIZA
Honey? Is everything OK?

INT. INDIAN HOME - CROSS CUT

Caitlin is on the phone. In tears.

CAITLIN
Mom, where have you been? You haven’t called in a week.

LIZA
I was trying to give you your space.

CAITLIN
Well, I didn’t mean for you to ignore me.

LIZA
I’m sorry. How’s Mumbai?

CAITLIN
I miss home. And I miss you. Mom, please don’t sell the house.

LIZA
Don’t worry. 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!

CONTINUED:

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.

CAITLIN
Where will we live?

Liza takes another look at through the window at Josh, waiting for her...

And then walks purposefully away from the bar. And down the street.

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

Off Liza, not quite sure how.