#SELFIE

(pilot)

Written by

Emily Kapnek

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM -- DAY

ELIZA DOOLEY, late 20's, gazes at her reflection in the mirror, phone in hand, poised for a selfie. Her expression indicates she's pleased with what she sees. In fact, Eliza finds herself sexy as fuck.

ELIZA (V.O.)
The funny part is, in Junior High? I was voted "Most Fuggs."

ELIZA'S INSTAGRAM FEED -- THROWBACK THURSDAY

We see a highly unflattering Junior High yearbook photo of YOUNG ELIZA featuring the unholy trinity of denim vest, overbite, unibrow. The hashtags #TBT #MOSTFUGGS #FUGLY tell us that Eliza's awkward phase was brutal. We PUSH IN on the photo and DISSOLVE TO--

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM -- (FLASHBACK)

YOUNG ELIZA, dressed for the school dance, rapidly works a PED-EGG across her face resulting in a bright red, but entirely hairless, upper lip.

ELIZA (V.O.)
I'd come a long way from the seventh grade girl who ped-egg'd off her mustache during a school dance...

A PRETTY GIRL enters then stops short, alarmed.

PRETTY GIRL
What are you doing in the girls bathroom?

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -- PRESENT

Eliza bursts from the bathroom confidently as her PHONE EXPLODES WITH LIKES from her latest selfie.

ELIZA (V.O.)
Nowadays? There was no question which bathroom I belonged in.
(MORE)

ELIZA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Thanks to the magic of laser hair removal, push-up bras and filters on photos-- I was Instafamous. And even though that came with its own Instadrama, it was worth it. I had 143,000 friends, followers and Insta-acquaintances. Which meant I was never alone.

Eliza climbs into a WHEELCHAIR strewn with luggage and shopping bags. An AIRLINE ATTENDANT pushes Eliza towards her gate. Eliza crosses her legs revealing five-inch Louboutin spiked slouchy booties.

ELIZA
These are *kind of* a disability, right?
(then)
I'm tweeting that. Don't you.

AIRLINE ATTENDANT
I won't.

Eliza smiles as she sends her tweet.

ELIZA (V.O.)
I had it all. The latest "it" boots. Assistance to my gate. The love and respect of my co-workers--

ANGLE ON: LINDA, DENISE and CHER, three of Eliza's co-workers who clearly hate her guts, wait in line for coffee as Eliza is wheeled past them.

ELIZA
Priority check-in! What? See you sluts on board!
(points at one)
Don't be jelly, Linda!

Eliza rapidly clicks away on her phone.

ELIZA (V.O.)
I even had a budding workplace romance on the DL...

ON ELIZA'S PHONE-- she updates her Facebook status to "Budding Workplace Romance on the DL." WE PULL BACK to find she is now--

INT. AIRPLANE -- CONTINUOUS

Eliza climbs out of her wheelchair and plows down the aisle. Still on her phone, she obliviously hits every single passenger in the head with her GIANT OVERSIZED PURSE. HENRY HIGENBOTTAM, late 30's early 40's, British, self-assured, enjoys a scotch in the first-class cabin and eyes Eliza.

HENRY
That one of ours?

Henry's coworker, ETHAN CHASE, 30, smirks.

ETHAN
You've been at the company six months and you haven't noticed Eliza Dooley? Yeah. That's one of ours. She works in sales.

HENRY
(off wheelchair)
Is she handicapped?

ETHAN
By her self-obsession. But bolstered, I would say, by her ability to wear the shit out of a pencil skirt. To be honest, it's what's kept her at the company this long.

HENRY
The pencil skirt?

ETHAN
And what's in it. Let's just say she's had several above her pay-grade hook-ups the most recent of which happened during this sales conference with Miller, from legal, who happens to be--

HENRY
Married, isn't he?

ETHAN
Eliza hasn't picked up on that yet. She's too busy making sure her lipstick matches her thong.

HENRY
How do you know so much about her lipstick and her thong?

ETHAN
(unapologetically)
I follow her on Instagram.

Ethan hands Henry his phone. Henry swipes through a series of Eliza's photos, shaking his head in disgust.

HENRY
Is that her breakfast? Why do you Americans feel compelled to "tweet" every item that goes into your mouths, including this man's--

STEWARDESS (O.S.)
Warm nuts?

INT. AIRPLANE -- A FEW ROWS BACK-- CONTINUOUS

MILLER LORDE, 30's, happily accepts the dish of nuts from the STEWARDESS. Eliza slides into the empty seat next to him.

ELIZA
Bet you thought you could escape me in First Class, but nope. I got the upgrade. In fact, we both did.

Eliza leans in for a kiss.

MILLER
Eliza, wait--

ELIZA
Look, I know it's intimidating to fall for a girl with a strong pelvic floor and an advertising presence on her Facebook page--

MILLER
It's not that.

ELIZA
Then what?

Another stewardess, CAROL-JUNE, 40's, appears in the aisle.

CAROL-JUNE
Devices off? Seat-belts buckled?

IN SLOW MOTION-- Miller reaches down to buckle up. Eliza GASPS noticing the telltale tan-line on his ring finger.

ELIZA (V.O.)
If my phone hadn't been on airplane-mode, I seriously might have missed it...

MILLER
Eliza? Are you okay?

QUICK POP: we see a series of GIFs depicting the various emotions Eliza feels as she processes this news.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Ladies and gentleman we're experiencing some choppy air but things should smooth out when we reach our cruising altitude.

Eliza looks a little nauseous as the plane sways.

ELIZA (V.O.)
Nausea. Dizziness. A legit case of ham tongue. It was either the turbulence or grinder's remorse or a rare combination of the--

ELIZA grabs the airsickness bag and WRETCHES filling it to the brim.

MILLER
Wow! That was-- are you okay?

ELIZA
Married? You're <u>married</u>! Why does this crap always happen to me? It's sickening!

Eliza grabs the other airsickness bag and in one LURCH fills that too. Miller inches back in his seat, alarmed.

MILLER
So, hey. Maybe you should head to the bathroom?

Eliza glares at Miller and stands, wobbly in her Louboutins, and juggling the two very full bags of vomit. As Eliza makes her way into the aisle the bottom of the bags give out, dousing her in bile. WE FREEZE ON THIS IMAGE.

ELIZA (V.O.)
I couldn't tell what sucked more: being drenched in panic pudding at a cruising altitude of 32,000 feet? Or how many people "liked" seeing me that way.

The image becomes plastered with SOCIAL MEDIA ICONS as it is Vine'd, Facebooked, Instagrammed, Tumblr'd, favorited, liked, tweeted, re-tweeted.

INT. AIRPLANE BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Eliza stands in the cramped bathroom in her bra and underwear. She whimpers as she catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror and presses the CALL BUTTON for help.

CAROL-JUNE (O.S.)
Everything okay in there?

Eliza opens the door a crack.

ELIZA
Not really. My new boyfriend is someone else's husband, I barfed all over my Louboutins, the plane is full of my coworkers and now I'm stranded in here, naked and afraid.

The fasten seat-belt sign DINGS.

CAROL-JUNE
Ma'am, I'm going to need you to vacate the lav--

ELIZA
Did you not--

CAROL-JUNE
The captain has illuminated the seat-belt sign--

ELIZA
Oh, he's <u>illuminated</u> it?! Do you think he'd like me to "illuminate" my butt cheeks to the entire First Class cabin?

Carol-June speaks into a little microphone, clipped to her lapel.

CAROL-JUNE
Co-Pilot Ron? Would you ask Air Marshall Cliff to come out here--

ELIZA
Okay, no. <u>No</u>. We are not dragging Air Marshall Cliff into this!
(MORE)

ELIZA (CONT'D)
I'll "vacate your lav" but can you at least grab me an extra stewardess outfit? I probably wouldn't do the little hat or the neck scarf but the skirt, yes, and the button-down, certainly, and why not, sure, the vest.

Eliza fights the urge to dry heave.

CAROL-JUNE
Ma'am, this is not a department store, there <u>are</u> no extra outfits--

Eliza opens the door wider to fully reveal her predicament.

ELIZA
Carol-June, straight up! What would <u>you</u> do if you were me?

INT. AIRPLANE -- CONTINUOUS

Eliza, wearing sunglasses and THREE IN-FLIGHT BLANKETS wrapped around her body sarong-style, tries to look confident as she heads back down the aisle towards her seat. Her COWORKERS snicker with delight and document her walk of shame on their phones.

ELIZA (V.O.)
I think I was having what Oprah referred to as an "aha" moment.

Eliza quickly clutches the blanket which has started to slide open.

ELIZA (V.O.)
Only instead of saying "aha" I'd inadvertently flashed my balloon knot to the sales and marketing division.

HENRY
(off Eliza's ass)
If <u>that's</u> the face of the future, we're screwed.

<u>END OF COLD OPEN</u>

ACT ONE

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- LOBBY -- LATER

Eliza, still dressed in blankets, runs across the lobby of her apartment building trying to catch the elevator as its doors close.

ELIZA
Hold the elevator!

A HAND adorned with PUFFY CLOUD NAIL ART shoots out of the elevator and pushes the doors open for Eliza.

INT. ELEVATOR-- CONTINUOUS

The hand belongs to BRYN, 30, Eliza's adorable neighbor, a hipster girl's girl. Bryn is surrounded by WREN, PRUE, THISTLE and EYELET her BOOK CLUB. Eliza slinks in and retreats to a corner of the elevator.

ELIZA
Thanks.

BRYN
I'm sorry, but even if you are stuck in a passionless marriage that doesn't give you the right to commit adultery.

ELIZA (V.O.)
Okay, you know what I wasn't in the mood for? A lecture from my holier-than-thou neighbor "Bookclub Bryn." She's the worst...

QUICK POP: we scroll through BRYN'S INSTAGRAM FEED as Eliza describes her.

ELIZA (V.O)
...with her nail art and her chevron stripes and her BFFS who love to DIY and her dream-catchers and her peter-pan collar and her ukulele and her non-prescription prescription glasses and her hipster friends with names like Wren, Prue, Thistle and Eyelet and their top-knots and cross-body bags.

EYELET
It's weird. She defines herself by her sexuality but I actually think that's the least interesting thing about her.

Eliza can take no more.

ELIZA
Okay, first of all, I had no idea he was married when we engaged in gland-to-gland combat. Second of all, I get super horny when I travel, that's not my fault--

Eliza stops. She notices the girls staring at her blankly.

BRYN
Um, we weren't talking about you.

THISTLE
We were discussing "Fear of Flying."

WREN
By Erica Jong.

EYELET
(softly)
We're a book club.

A beat. Eliza looks embarrassed. Then, covering:

ELIZA
I know that, Eyelet. God. How stupid do you think I am?

INT. ELIZA'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Eliza lies on her couch, cocooned in a huge blanket, with a mop-bucket next to her on the floor.

ELIZA (V.O.)
I was humiliated, dehydrated and srsly in need of someone to hold back my hair while I dry-heaved into this industrial mop-bucket that smells like "Fabuloso."

The laughter of Bryn and her friends can be heard through the wall. Eliza bolts upright.

ELIZA (V.O.)
Then I realized: Bryn wasn't the only one with a social network. I literally had thousands of friends I could S.O.text for a Gingerale...

Eliza scrolls through the address book on her phone. Landing on FIT BRIT.

ELIZA (V.O.)
Like Fit Brit, an illegal gymmigrant with blonde eyebrows, who I first met at a spin class she snuck into without paying.

ON ELIZA'S PHONE as FIT BRIT's face fills the screen. She's on her back, in a hospital gown, with her feet in stirrups.

ELIZA
Brit, I'm so sick and I had the worst flight home. Can you come over with some Gingerale?

FIT BRIT
Sorry, tramp. I gotta service my cervix, hit TJ Maxx, buy an LBD, crash hot yoga, hit dem clubs and drink dat sizzurp. Maybe we can Google hangout later.

Eliza flops back on the couch and looks at her phone.

ELIZA (V.O.)
I was left to my own devices. Literally. So I used mine to order from an E-Grocer with a twenty-five dollar minimum.

INT. BATHROOM -- LATER

Eliza sits in a bath. TWENTY-FIVE CANS OF GINGERALE, empty and crushed like beer cans, litter the floor of her bathroom.

ELIZA (V.O.)
And even though it was dope of Gevorg to come so quickly...

QUICK POP: Eliza opens the door for GEVORG, an Armenian delivery boy, holding stacks of Gingerale.

ELIZA
When the delivery boy is the only person who's there for you?
(MORE)

ELIZA (CONT'D)
Kinda makes you realize: being friended is not the same thing as having friends.

INT. ELEVATOR -- NEXT DAY

Henry and Ethan ride the elevator up to work.

ETHAN
So no girlfriend?

HENRY
You already asked me that. No.

ETHAN
Any pets?
(off Henry's look)
What? I'm just trying to determine if it's an utter lack of personal connections that makes you so good at your job.

The elevator doors open and three PASSENGERS get on, all looking at their phones.

HENRY
I find it rather easy not to form a personal connection in a town that only values wireless connection.

PAN OVER to reveal Ethan and the rest of the passengers are all tilting their phones around trying to find signal.

INT. KINDERLABS -- RECEPTION AREA -- CONTINUOUS

THE BANK OF ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN. Henry, Ethan and scores of other EMPLOYEES spill out, flowing past the desk of CHARMONIQUE, 30's, the cheery African American receptionist.

CHARMONIQUE
Good morning, how are you?

HENRY
Fine thanks, Charmonique! And you?

More EMPLOYEES trickle by.

CHARMONIQUE
Good morning, how are you?

LINDA
Fine thanks and you?

This comfortable rhythm continues on until Eliza emerges from the elevator, toting her trademark GIANT PURSE.

CHARMONIQUE
Good morning, how are you?

Eliza rolls her eyes dramatically and throws her purse up on Charmonique's desk.

ELIZA
Les Miserables! BF BS. Got played like Monopoly. Mortified.com. Then hurled, overslept, od'd on the bean, contracted legit hamster breath and now I'm hella late for the staff meeting.

Charmonique looks surprised as Eliza heads off in a hurry.

CHARMONIQUE
Well, have a nice day.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Eliza slips into the packed conference room.

ELIZA (V.O.)
I normally hate staff meetings because they're super boring and smell like cream-cheese...

We ZIP PAN to a sad PLATTER OF BAGELS AND CREAM CHEESE.

ELIZA (V.O.)
But today, I was just psyched to focus on something other than yesterday's drama.

Eliza plunks down in a chair, then feels something underneath her. She reaches down to find someone has placed a BARF BAG on her seat. SNIGGERING can be heard around the room as Eliza makes this discovery. Linda, Denise and Cher scoot down to avoid sitting with her. Off their migration:

ELIZA (V.O.)
Oh come on, <u>Linda</u>! You gotta be kidding me. It was like seventh grade, all over again!

QUICK POP: Young Eliza sits down on a bench next to a group of POPULAR GIRLS ON THEIR PHONES. They SCATTER like pigeons.

SAM SAPERSTEIN, president of Kinderlabs Pharmaceuticals, stands at the front of the room and calls the company-wide meeting to order.

SAPERSTEIN
Let's settle, people. Settle. I wanted to take a moment to applaud you all for the tremendous company-wide effort at our last sales conference...

Saperstein CLAPS.

SAPERSTEIN (CONT'D)
I feel like it would be more impactful if we <u>all</u> clapped.

The room obliges, bursting into applause.

SAPERSTEIN (CONT'D)
(smiles)
It is. It's more impactful.
(then)
As you all know this company took a major hit when our best-selling pediatric nasal spray was pulled from the shelves for negative side effects. The product, naturally, was recalled and reformulated. But whether or not we could regain the market's trust was TBD. But now? Thanks to you all? It's D! In a matter of weeks we'll be back on the shelves in every major food and drug chain! There's one man in particular I need to single out. He's new to the company and wearing a spread-collar dress shirt... Henry? Get up here!

ON HENRY-- standing in the doorway.

SAPERSTEIN (CONT'D)
Get up here, Henry! Don't worry, I'm not gonna make out with you.

The crowd cheers as Henry reluctantly makes his way to the front of the room where Saperstein waits.

SAPERSTEIN (CONT'D)
I lied.

Saperstein kisses Henry on the mouth.

SAPERSTEIN (CONT'D)
(sotto)
I read an article that said British men are comfortable kissing on the mouth as a sign of friendship.

HENRY
I hadn't seen that...

SAPERSTEIN
I'll forward it to you.
(then, to the room)
This man did the impossible. He took a product whose reputation had been badly tarnished--

PUSH IN ON ELIZA-- whose eyes suddenly light up.

SAPERSTEIN (CONT'D)
--and re-branded it as a product that consumers can once again love and trust!
(to Henry)
And I love and trust you.

HENRY
I love and trust you too, sir.

Saperstein takes Henry by the shoulders, fondly.

SAPERSTEIN
You're coming to my daughter's wedding this weekend?

HENRY
Wouldn't miss it for the world.

SAPERSTEIN
You always say that then you never show.

HENRY
I'll be there.

SAPERSTEIN
Bring a date.
(pats Henry's face)
You're always alone, it's weird.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE-- POST MEETING

Henry ducks into his office to find Eliza waiting for him.

ELIZA
Okay, I want you to do for me what you did for that nasal spray.

HENRY
Sorry?

ELIZA
I'm Eliza. I work here. And it recently came to my attention that I have poor instincts, a weak stomach, no real friends and--

HENRY
Loose sexual morals.

ELIZA
Have we met?

HENRY
Look, I'm not sure what the confusion is, but I'm a marketing expert--

ELIZA
And I want you to re-market me! Think of me as a blank canvas. With a belly-piercing. That I'm willing to take out.

Ethan enters, fuming.

ETHAN
Is it the accent? I mean, it's gotta be the accent!
(then, noticing Eliza)
Oh, I'm sorry. I see you have company.

HENRY
She was just leaving.

ELIZA
No, I wasn't.
(sits)
I'm not leaving until you say you'll help. Please. I want to be taken seriously.

Ethan LAUGHS.

ETHAN
(then)
Sorry.

ELIZA
I just want what even stupid Linda has...

Eliza shows off LINDA'S INSTAGRAM FEED on her phone.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
A house and a husband and a hybrid dog and a new deck that's gonna look really great once she stains it.

ETHAN
(re: deck)
Me, I'd go with a "Mission Brown." To hide all the foot traffic.

ELIZA
I want foot traffic! Do you know that when I was sick, not one person came to visit or called to see if I was okay?

HENRY
Pity, but--

ELIZA
(blurts out)
I want to be the kind of person people send "Edible Arrangements" to.

ON ETHAN-- eating from the congratulatory Edible Arrangement on Henry's desk.

ETHAN
(frowns)
There's always so much melon.

ELIZA
I don't want to grow old in a bathtub surrounded by twenty-five empty cans of Gingerale.

HENRY
I've no idea what that means but it sounds incredibly sad.

ELIZA
It is.
(then)
I don't want to be alone.

Ethan looks at Henry, whose wheels are turning.

ETHAN
Please don't tell me you're considering this--

HENRY
If I change her packaging--

ETHAN
Her "packaging?"

HENRY
Alter her formula--

ETHAN
She's not a pharmaceutical product!

Henry holds a Pantone color chart up to Eliza.

HENRY
Yet the same principals apply. I soften her palette, improve her taste, engineer new attributes, promote reliability, build brand awareness, expand her market--

ETHAN
You're a megalomaniac.

HENRY
I could take this vapid, despised, social media-obsessed narcissist and transform her into a valued and respected woman of stature.

ELIZA
Like Linda!

HENRY
Like Linda.

ELIZA
(then, quietly)
Only prettier.

Off Henry's look it's the END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. KINDERLABS -- RECEPTION AREA-- NEXT DAY

Eliza steps off the elevator with Henry.

HENRY
I'll need your implicit trust. That means you do anything and everything I say, even if it seems unorthodox.

ELIZA
Totally. Just no back-door stuff.

HENRY
That's another thing. You mustn't misinterpret my professional interest as romantic interest because I assure you: there isn't any.

ELIZA
Got it. We're just friends.

HENRY
We're not friends and it's important to me you acknowledge that.

ELIZA
Fine. We're not friends and you're not into me.
(then)
So wait, why did you agree to help?

HENRY
Because I can. Now you just go about your day as you normally would.

CHARMONIQUE (O.S.)
Good morning, how are you?

ELIZA
OMG, I changed my top so many times this morning, I swear, I got niplash and yet my breakfast got more likes than my outfit which stinks, speaking of, that bald dude from the 12th floor took total fart blanche in the elevator so if you catch a whiff of something it's residual him not me, LOL.

Eliza starts to walk off. Henry hooks her by the shirt and pulls her back.

HENRY
May I? Point something out?
(then, to Charmonique)
Every day you greet Eliza, do you not? Ask after her? Inquire as to how she is?

CHARMONIQUE
Sure do! I check in with erry--

HENRY
And in the entire time that you've worked here, has Eliza ever *once* asked how you are doing?
(to Eliza)
Do you know the first thing about this woman? Do you even know her name?

Henry whisks the PERSONALIZED MUG off Charmonique's desk and places it behind his back. Eliza looks completely blank.

CHARMONIQUE
(whispers)
Charmonique.

ELIZA
(whispers)
What?

Henry places the mug back on her desk.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
(reading)
"Charmonique?"
(to Henry)
Okay, but in my defense that's not a real name.
(re: mug)
She must have had that custom made.

HENRY
Lesson Number One. Each and every morning as you pass Charmonique's desk, I would like you to ask how she is doing.

ELIZA
Great.

HENRY
We'll start right now. Open your lips and repeat after me. How are you? How are yooooooou?

ELIZA
(to Charmonique)
How are yoooooou?

HENRY AND ELIZA-- look at Charmonique, expectantly.

CHARMONIQUE
(a beat)
Goooood.

Eliza flashes the thumbs-up and starts off. Henry pulls her back.

HENRY
Then, if you will, a follow up question. For example. "And how did you sleep last night?"

CHARMONIQUE
You know, not great. But that's cause I had Dionysus in the bed with me.

HENRY
Dionysus? The god of wine-making?

CHARMONIQUE
No, my six year-old. He's got sleep apnea.

HENRY
Did you hear that, Eliza? Apparently, Charmonique and her son didn't sleep well. Now it's your turn to say something sympathetic.

HENRY AND CHARMONIQUE-- look at Eliza, expectantly.

ELIZA
I'm really glad I don't have kids.

HENRY
That was about you, not her. Try again.

Eliza squirms uncertainly. Tries again.

ELIZA
Having kids must really suck.
(then)
For you.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Eliza and Henry sit across from each other with afternoon tea and finger sandwiches between them.

HENRY
Right. We are making pleasant conversation, we are not on our phones, we are not scanning the room to see who else is present, we are looking into each other's eyes and giving one and other our undivided attention. Any questions?

ELIZA
(off watercress sandwich)
Yes. Whose idea was it to put *butter*?

Henry ignores that and springs up, grabbing a pad.

HENRY
Next. I'd like you to finish each sentence as honestly as you can. "The thing I am most soothed by is--"

ELIZA
The sound of gentle rain against windows. Or medium rain against rooftop with overspill from gutters. Or heavy rain against forest canopy with rolling thunder in the distance.
(off Henry's look)
I have a rain app, on my phone.

HENRY
That's pathetic, please delete it.
(continuing)
"The thing I am most confused by is--"

ELIZA
Plus-sized skinny jeans.

HENRY
"The three things I enjoy most in life are--"

ELIZA
People injuring themselves on YouTube. Inner city children twerking on Vine. Making it hail on my housekeeper Lourdes when she needs quarters for laundry.

ELIZA'S VINE -- QUICK POP

Eliza's housekeeper LOURDES holds a basket of clothing.

LOURDES
I need quarters for laundry.

Eliza throws two huge fistfuls of quarters up in the air.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE -- SAME AS BEFORE

Henry frowns.

HENRY
You know what occurs to me? You could use a role model.

ELIZA
I have a role model.

HENRY
I'm afraid to--

ELIZA
Jenny Garth. Did you see her post-divorce bikini body?

HENRY
On what occasion?

ELIZA
(recounting)
Peter dips. Homegirl drops thirty l-b's. Rocks a bright yellow bikini. Pool side. In Vegas. With a foam finger. It's like, back. The Eff. Up.

HENRY
(pause)
I love that you're so invested in the lives of minor celebrities whom you've never met but why not try demonstrating that same level of interest for, say, your coworkers.

ELIZA
I do! When Rose from the mail room died, I was the first person to pay their respects--

INT. FUNERAL HOME -- FLASHBACK

Eliza stoops by the open casket where ROSE lies motionless.

ELIZA
You sorted the shit out of this company's mail, Rose. And I, for one, will not soon forget that.

Eliza holds her phone up and takes a selfie of herself, frowning next to Rose in her casket.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE-- SAME AS BEFORE

HENRY
Is it possible, you avoid experiencing real emotion by hiding behind your ever-present mobile device?

ELIZA
I was making a frowny-face!

HENRY
<u>Very</u> moving.

ELIZA
Are you being a dick?

HENRY
It's called sarcasm, but yes.
(then)
I'm giving you an assignment. Sam Saperstein's daughter is getting married and I'd like you to attend the event with me. It's the perfect opportunity to show the higher-ups a side of yourself other than the back one.

Henry motions to Eliza's ass.

ELIZA
(whispers, impressed)
Clever and hurtful.

HENRY
I want you in something conservative and tasteful. No curves are to be hugged, no perceived assets on display. Hair is to be tamed. Nails are to be trimmed. Lips a natural hue and not lacquered in the blood-sucking red you're so inclined to paint them.

ELIZA
More Sara less Tegan.

HENRY
(lost)
More Barbara less Jenna?

ELIZA
(nods)
More Ashley less Mary-Kate.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- LATER

Eliza surveys her building's laundry room. All the washers and dryers are humming with purpose.

ELIZA (V.O.)
But that was easier said than done. With my credit cards maxxed and my own clothes too slutty, I decided to do what any girl in my pozish would have done: I decided to steal something from the laundry room.

Eliza opens a dryer and pulls out something frilly and pink.

ELIZA
This could work...

BRYN (O.S.)
What are you doing with my nightgown?

Eliza turns to see Bryn with a bottle of fabric softener.

ELIZA
This is for *sleeping*? You sleep in a *gown*?

BRYN
What do you sleep in? A pool of your own vomit?

ELIZA
(defensively)
Not always.

Bryn snatches her nightgown back and turns to EXIT.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
Wait! Look, I know things between us haven't been all that *neighborly* but I seriously need your help. I have this-- work wedding. And if you help me dress appropriately, I promise to never anonymously complain to management about your book club again.

BRYN
I knew that was you.
(then)
You're lucky make-unders are my everything.

INT. BRYN'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Eliza follows Bryn through her apartment, a den of girly creativity with dream catchers, chevron stripes, antlers and typography posters. Bryn motions to a plate of sandwich art.

BRYN
Would you like a tiny sandwich made to look like a baby grand piano?

ELIZA
No, thanks. Are you baking something?

Bryn smiles, proudly.

BRYN
That's my homemade floor scrub. I make it with orange rind, vanilla beans and brown sugar-- which is an excellent scouring agent.

As Bryn crosses to her vintage armoire and looks through her dress collection, Eliza discreetly grabs the spray bottle of floor cleaner and pumps a few shots onto each wrist. Behind each ear. Then directly into her mouth

BRYN (CONT'D)
(smiles)
I have a lot of formal wear because I have a lot of incredible friendships. Believe it or not, I've been a bridesmaid at over thirty weddings. I even wrote a coffee table book about it--

Eliza glances over the coffee table book featuring Bryn.

BRYN (CONT'D)
Oooh! How about this one?

Bryn selects a pale peach dress. She puts the hanger around Eliza's head so the dress drapes down her.

BRYN (CONT'D)
Perfect! And I have the sweetest purse to go with it!

Bryn hands a tiny clutch to Eliza, who smirks.

BRYN (CONT'D)
What? It's a statement clutch.

ELIZA
Is the statement: I don't have room for my house keys?

BRYN
Please shut up, you're ruining this for me. Now. Were you planning on doing your own hair and makeup? Because I don't think that's a good idea.

Bryn pushes Eliza into a chair and whips out a professional makeup palette and hot tools.

ELIZA (V.O.)
Even though she was only helping me to protect her stupid book club, I had to admit-- it felt good. It felt like... we were friends.

As Bryn expertly does Eliza's hair and makeup, she sings along to LADY GAGA playing on her vintage hipster radio.

BRYN
Ga-ga-ooh-la-la!

Eliza now deeply under Bryn's spell, joins in too:

ELIZA
Roma-ro-ma-maaa!

ELIZA/BRYN
(singing together)
I want your loving/I want your revenge/You and me could write a bad romance! Ohhh-ohhhh-oh-oh-oh!

INT. HALLWAY -- LATER

Henry knocks briskly on Eliza's door. After a moment, she answers. Her wild curls have been blown smooth. Her makeup is subtle and demure. She looks lovely. Elegant.

HENRY
(flustered)
Well. If you don't mind my saying, Jennie Garth has nothing on you.

ELIZA
Thanks.

HENRY
And you <u>smell</u> remarkably well.

ELIZA
That's floor cleaner.

HENRY
Oh! Well. Shall we?

ELIZA
Sure. Let me just grab the tiniest purse known to man.

Eliza shows Henry her tiny purse.

HENRY
My! That <u>is</u> wee.

ELIZA
Yeah! You don't even wanna *know* where I had to stash my phone.

Off Henry's expression it's the--

<u>END OF ACT THREE</u>

ACT FOUR

EXT. CHURCH -- LATER

Henry escorts Eliza up the steps of the church.

ELIZA (V.O.)
I'd shed my skin-tight mini and six-inch heels for a gown that left everything to the imagination. And in this sensible wedge shoe? I could have danced all night.

Henry stops and turns to Eliza.

HENRY
No phone.

ELIZA
No phone.

HENRY
Today is about focusing on a beauty other than your own.

Eliza smiles.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Something funny?

ELIZA
You just called me beautiful.

HENRY
I absolutely didn't.

ELIZA
You indirectly did.

Henry rolls his eyes and escorts Eliza inside.

INT. CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS

Ethan, with a PRETTY GIRL on his arm, chats up Sam Saperstein.

ETHAN
I don't know if you're aware, sir, but long before Henry started I laid the groundwork for the relaunch--

SAPERSTEIN
Not today, kiddo. I love and value you and I happen to think you have a great head of hair. But today is about family.

ETHAN
Absolutely, sir. I'm in complete agreement. Nothing more important. In fact, we can't wait to get started with one of our own!

Ethan slings an arm around his surprised date.

SAPERSTEIN
(scanning the room)
I haven't seen Henry...

ETHAN
He's probably at the office. Great guy, but talk about someone whose priorities are screwed up--

Just then Henry and Eliza sail in. Saperstein lights up.

SAPERSTEIN
There he is! You made it. And for once, with a date! Who is this beautiful girl on your arm?

HENRY
Eliza Dooley, sir. She works in sales.

ETHAN
(noticing her)
Eliza?! You look amazing.

ELIZA
Thanks.

Saperstein pulls Henry aside.

SAPERSTEIN
Careful, son. That boy wants what you have.

HENRY
Eliza and I are just--

SAPERSTEIN
Perfect together, you really are. Can you imagine how exquisite the bone-structure of your off-spring?

HENRY
No, sir, we're not--

SAPERSTEIN
Ever gonna find someone more physically compatible, I agree.

WE PAN OVER TO ELIZA who is chatting with a circle of GUESTS.

ELIZA (V.O.)
So far so good. I was maintaining eye-contact and enjoying the kind of group chat where I didn't need to worry about exceeding my data usage. And I really liked the feature where I could tell they were listening to what I was saying and not simultaneously checking their email or buying shoes on Zappos.

INT. CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS

THE BRIDE and THE GROOM stand before a PRIEST at the front of the church, hands clasped. The bride stands on a ZAPPOS box so she is eye-level with her tall groom.

PRIEST
And now, in lieu of vows, Maureen will recite a poem she wrote for Terrence, while standing on a box from Zappos, so that she might look into his eyes.

BRIDE
If I'm the fire, you're the spark.
If I'm the nest, you're my lark.
If I'm the lock, you're the key
If I am Hook, you're my Smee.

Eliza elbows Henry.

ELIZA
(whispers)
Did she say <u>Smee</u>?

HENRY
(whispers)
I believe so, yes.

BRIDE
If I'm the eye, you're the tear.
If I am bagel, you're my schmear.

ELIZA
Why would she be bagel?

HENRY
It's unclear-- ssssh.

ELIZA
Can I go to the bathroom?

BRIDE
If I'm the dark, you're the light. If I'm Ben Franklin, you're my kite.

ELIZA
Does Terrence know that he's marrying a lunatic?

BRIDE (O.S.)
If I am Nordstroms, you're "The Rack." If I'm a nut, you're my--

The Bride's voice dips down as we PUSH IN ON ELIZA. Slowly, her condescending smirk begins to soften.

ELIZA (V.O.)
Listening to Maureen recite those bat-shit crazy vows it hit me: I might get thousands of likes and retweets and favorites but it's entirely possible no one will ever look at me the way Terrence was looking at her.

QUICK POP: Young Eliza, at her 7th grade dance, stands by herself watching all the other COUPLES slow dance. She looks over sees someone's Nokia 8210 left behind on the bleachers. She picks it up and plays SNAKE.

ELIZA (V.O.)
So I did what I guess I've always done when I needed to distract myself from my feelings--

ON THE PRIEST-- he smiles at the bride and groom warmly.

PRIEST
Do you, Terrence, take Maureen to be your lawful wedded wife?

As Terrence opens his mouth to respond the telltale sounds of CANDY CRUSH echo through the church. Henry looks over at Eliza, who is playing on her phone.

ELIZA
(whispers)
Sorry! I thought it was on silent--
(then, loudly)
Sorry, you guys! I thought it was on silent.

Saperstein GLARES at Henry. Ethan CHUCKLES to himself.

EXT. CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS

Henry and Eliza are in a yelling match outside the church.

ELIZA
Look, I'm not used to paying attention to super boring long stuff, okay?

HENRY
No. Not okay. It's not just yourself you've embarrassed! I specifically said no phone--

ELIZA
Okay, god. Haven't you ever made a mistake before?

HENRY
Only once. And that was when I agreed to help you.

ELIZA
Really? Are you helping me? Or am I helping you. Don't think I didn't notice you didn't have a date for this event--

HENRY
Don't flatter yourself!

ELIZA
And it's no surprise! You're an unfun man.

HENRY
Unfun is not a word--

ELIZA
You're a holier-than-thou, antisocial, workaholic wanker!

HENRY
And you, my dear, are a lost cause!

Eliza stops, stung by that.

ELIZA
You know Henry, you may be good at your job-- but outside of the office? You suck.

BRYN (O.S.)
Ugh! You SUCK!

EXT. HALLWAY -- LATER

Bryn finds the beautiful dress she loaned Eliza crumpled in a plastic grocery bag hanging from her doorknob.

BRYN
I knew I shouldn't have loaned her anything!

INT. ELIZA'S APARTMENT -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Eliza sits alone, lit by the blue glow of her computer screen.

ELIZA (V.O.)
I was done socializing and back to social-networking. I wasn't cut out for offline friendships. Because the real world sucks. And I'm <u>not</u> talking about the long-running MTV reality series, as that shit is a frickin' masterpiece.

We PUSH IN ON HER SCREEN and TRANSITION TO--

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE -- AT THAT MOMENT

Henry also sits alone, at his computer. We REVEAL he's reading about Jennie Garth's divorce.

HENRY
(touched by her strength)
It's like, back. The eff. Up.

INT. KINDERLABS -- RECEPTION AREA -- NEXT DAY

Eliza clicks away on her phone as she walks past Charmonique.

ELIZA
Hey, Charmonique. How was your night? Dionysus sleeping any better?

CHARMONIQUE
You know what? He is. Went ahead and got him one of those sleep apnea masks? Looks like Bane, but sleeps like a baby.

ELIZA
Good deal, see ya later.

Eliza continues on her way then STOPS. She whirls around.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
Charmonique!

CHARMONIQUE
What!

ELIZA
I just asked you about something that had nothing to do with me and was interested in your reply for real!

CHARMONIQUE
For real?!

ELIZA
For real!

CHARMONIQUE
Okay, y'all need to keep up the good work.

ELIZA
Yeah...

CHARMONIQUE
And I don't know if it's like that between y'all? But y'all babies would have some good-ass bone structure.

EXT. STREET-- HENRY'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Eliza knocks on Henry's front door, urgently.

ELIZA
Henry? Are you in there? Look, I know we both said some pretty harsh stuff and I wish I could just command-z our whole argument. But I really think we can move past it! So if you think so too, please open this door right now.

Henry opens the door, dressed impeccably for work.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
You opened!

HENRY
This is the exit from my home. Excuse me.

Henry tries to move past Eliza.

ELIZA
I'm <u>not</u> a lost cause. What you're doing with me, it <u>is</u> working. And I wasn't on my phone because I was bored, that wedding gave me feels--

HENRY
"Feels?"

ELIZA
--and that scared me and then I lashed out and called you a "wanker" which was probably an incorrect use of the word.

HENRY
Actually, it was perfect.

ELIZA
(smiles)
Okay, that sounded a *little bit* like an apology and I totally forgive you. Please don't give up on me. Please don't let me ruin your perfect track record.

Just then RAIN begins to fall.

HENRY
Look at that. Medium rainfall on roof with gentle overspill from gutters. Your favorite.

Instinctively, Eliza lifts her phone to capture the moment.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Don't. You think that you're "getting it" but you are, in fact, *missing it*.

Eliza studies Henry, who stands watching the rain.

ELIZA
Well, I don't see what's so much better about what you're doing. Standing here, in your perfectly pressed suit. Are you "getting it?"

Henry considers that. He steps from the porch out into the downpour. Instantly, he is drenched.

HENRY
Yes! I am!

ELIZA
Okay, sorry, but I <u>have</u> to get this!

Eliza pulls out her phone and Henry runs to avoid being filmed. He SLIPS and falls. Eliza LAUGHS.

HENRY
See! That's exactly what we need to work on. It's not <u>funny</u> when someone is injured.

ELIZA
Yet, to me-- it <u>is</u>! That's why I need your help.

HENRY
(re: ankle)
I need <u>your</u> help.

Eliza runs out into the rain to help Henry who is limping towards the house. As the camera starts to TRUCK OUT:

HENRY (CONT'D)
If that ends up on the web, I swear, I'll kill you.

ELIZA
Okay, but no one calls it "the web" anymore. Just so you know.

As the two share a look it's the <u>END OF SHOW</u>.