

VOICEMAILS FOR ISABELLE

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**EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY - YEAR 2000**

CU: Two little kids' flushed faces.

JILL (10) stands before her crush, COLIN (10) by the water fountain (where it all goes DOOWN in the school yard).

JILL  
(quietly)  
Are you ready?

COLIN  
I think so...

They lean in slowly until - their lips touch.

They pull away. Forever CHANGED.

COLIN (CONT'D)  
That was-

JILL  
*AWESOME.*

**INT. SHAW HOUSEHOLD - DAY**

Jill speeds in like a bat outta hell. Flying past her DAD and skipping up the stairs two at a time.

**INT. ISABELLE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jill busts into her sister's bedroom, throwing down her backpack dramatically. ISABELLE (8) is in bed, connected to her portable oxygen tank.

JILL  
I DID it.

ISABELLE  
HOLY SHIT.

JILL  
It was weird and awesome and wet  
and weird and... Awesome.

Isabelle shakes her head in awe.

ISABELLE  
Start from the top.

**EXT. SCHOOL YARD - THE NEXT DAY**

Jill chats with her GIRLFRIENDS, dressed in their Catholic school uniforms. Yards away- a group of BOYS, including Colin, are huddled up, snickering and glancing over at Jill. SMOOTH, boys. They bust up laughing. Jill looks over- realizing they're talkin' smack.

BOY

Jill tastes like corn!!!

The boys fall into hysterics. Jill walks straight up to the line of boys- the Girls behind her, arms folded. She squares up to Colin. (They're the same height.) A standoff.

Colin evades eye contact. Too cool for school. (Figuratively, not literally. They are currently at school).

JILL

So. I guess you told everyone how you begged me to suck face. Classy.

OOoooooooo.

COLIN

I'm not going to be your boyfriend, Jill. Calm down.

OOOOOOOOOOoooooooo.

JILL

Don't FUH-LATTER yourself Colin Corwin! You're the worst kisser of my LIFE. I regretted it the SECOND your slimy slug lips touched mine.

Oooooooo DAAAAAANG!!! Sick burn, Jill.

She flips her hair and spins around. Head held high. (Fake it 'til you make it).

Colin struggles to recover as Jill struts away.

COLIN

(calling out)

Hey Jill- Does your sister taste like corn, too? Or just cancer!

The crowd GASPS. DAAANG. COLD, Colin Corwin.

Jill turns slowly back around.

The crowd waits - on pins and needles. Her blood boils as she wracks her brain for a worthy comeback.

Nope. Doesn't exist.

She rushes him - tackling him to the ground.

A Chucky-faced LITTLE GINGER GIRL with pigtails and freckles appears-

LITTLE GINGER GIRL  
FIIIIIIIIIGHT!!!

Jill straddles Colin- punching him while he shields his face and the kids cheer.

QUICK CUT TO:

**INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - LATER**

Jill and Colin sit, side by side, a chair between them- staring straight ahead in the PRINCIPAL's office, waiting for their parents. A blotchy faced Colin holds an ice pack to his eye. Whimpering.

COLIN  
(whispering)  
You're go-gonna be in s-so much  
trouble-

PRINCIPAL  
(stern warning)  
MR. CORWIN.

He continues whimpering. Jill doesn't flinch - still staring straight ahead.

JILL  
You cry like a lil bitch.

**INT. ISABELLE'S ROOM - LATER**

Isabelle eavesdrops as Jill gets reprimanded by MOM downstairs.

JILL O.S.  
YOU said self-defense is not  
violence!!!

MOM O.S.  
Do you know what self-defense is?!

JILL O.S.  
Well I'd do it again!!! I'm not  
sorry!!!

Jill stamps up to her room and slams the door.

**INT. JILL'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jill sulks on her bed. A light knock on the door.

Isabelle enters, moving with her portable oxygen  
concentrator.

ISABELLE  
What happened? What did he say?

JILL  
Just something stupid.

ISABELLE  
I'll kill him.  
What did he say, Jilly?

JILL  
That I...Tasted like corn.

Isabelle makes a face.

ISABELLE  
You don't even like corn.

Jill rolls her eyes.

JILL  
Boys are SO underdeveloped.

Jill flips on her back. Gazing up at the ceiling.

ISABELLE  
That's not it. What did he say?

JILL  
That's it-

ISABELLE  
It's about me, wasn't it?

JILL  
NO.

ISABELLE  
You are the worst liar.

JILL  
He asked if you tasted like cancer.

ISABELLE  
...That's all? Cancer's very hot  
right now. I wish! I'd rather have  
cancer than cystic fibrosis! You  
got yourself suspended over that?

JILL  
Worth it.

ISABELLE  
You keep runnin' that mouth you're  
gonna be suspended your whole life,  
Jill Shaw!

JILL  
I don't care.

Isabelle senses Jill's hurt.

ISABELLE  
Did he cry?

Jill grins, busting up in giggles. She sits up.

JILL  
OK- so i'm talking to Greta and  
Ava. Minding my own business-

Jill hops to her feet. Isabelle gets comfortable - ready for  
the recap. She watches intently as Jill acts out the whole  
scene.

JILL (CONT'D)  
(Performance voice)  
"What are those neanderthals  
laughing about?"

Play by play.

OFF Isabelle grinning - living through Jill's eyes.

# **INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT - 2003**

Jill, 13, is slow dancing (to Usher's "U Got It Bad",  
obviously) with a JUNIOR HIGH BOY. (Leaving enough room  
between them for Jesus).

JUNIOR HIGH BOY  
 Uh...Jill?...I wanted to tell  
 you...I think you're really pretty  
 and...uh-

Over the loud speakers, the slow dance ends and in comes  
**Robyn: "Show Me Love."**

Jill SHRIEKS!!!

JILL  
 Oh my GOD! It's Robyn!!!! Oh my GOD-  
 could you hold that thought for one  
 sec?

She rushes over to the coat check, grabbing her clutch and  
 pulling out a huge ass cell phone. She dials - rushing back  
 towards the dance floor.

JILL (CONT'D)  
 Izzy!!! Listen!!! It's Robyn!!!

She sticks the phone in the air as she rocks out alone-

#### **INT. ISABELLE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Isabelle listens on the other end of the line - a smile  
 spreading on her face despite looking very sick. She bops her  
 head and sings along.

#### **INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - 2006**

Jill (16) and a HIGH SCHOOL BOY are making out, dressed in  
 prom attire. She reaches her hand slowly over to his lap.

He promptly climaxes. In his pants. Oh. She stares at his  
 lap.

HIGH SCHOOL BOY  
 Sorry...

JILL  
 Was...That it?

HIGH SCHOOL BOY  
 I..think so. Sorry.

JILL  
 Oh! Ok. Cool!

She gets up.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Well, thank you for the Godiva  
strawberries!

She grabs her purse.

HIGH SCHOOL BOY  
Are you leaving?

JILL  
..Yeah?

HIGH SCHOOL BOY  
You didn't want to...

He trails off.

JILL  
Oh! Like cuddle?

HIGH SCHOOL BOY  
Yeah?

JILL  
Did...You need to?

HIGH SCHOOL BOY  
I... guess not. You?

JILL  
Nah, I'm good, but thanks!

She grabs her heels.

HIGH SCHOOL BOY  
(calling out)  
Where are you going?

#### **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER**

Isabelle can't stop laughing. They eat dumplings with chopsticks in her hospital bed - Jill still dressed in her prom gown.

ISABELLE  
Well, good. You didn't really want  
to lose your virginity to him  
anyway. It's supposed to be like  
*The Notebook*.

JILL  
The Notebook... It was not.



ISABELLE  
Well you looked like Allie:  
Timeless.

JILL  
Awww.

She hugs her.

JILL (CONT'D)  
If you're a bird, I'm a bird.

*Meanwhile in the hallway...*

#### **INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

A DOCTOR delivers serious news to Mom and Dad.

Mom nods, tears in her eyes. She peers into the hospital room through a glass window.

Jill puts on Isabelle's concentration oxygen mask. She walks in slow motion with her arms extended, like an astronaut walking on the moon. Isabelle can't breathe she's laughing so hard. Happy. Oblivious.

Her Mom shakes her head, with a smile. Their bond- something else.

#### **INT. CAR - LATE NIGHT - 2007**

Jill, 17, drives shittily down the road with her shiny new driver's permit, swerving slightly, slurping on a Baja Blast Freeze. Taco Bell wrappers litter the car. Isabelle sticks her body out of the sun roof. Robyn BLARING. Arms in the air.

ISABELLE  
WOOO!!! I'm the king of the  
world!!!!

Jill grins. The soda in Isabelle's hand spills on Jill's shoulder.

JILL  
Ahhh!!! IZZY!!!!

#### **INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Jill gets scolded in the kitchen by the parentals.

DAD  
A permit is NOT a license. You  
could have killed somebody!

Jill nods her head, agreeably. Yes, she definitely could've.

DAD (CONT'D)  
...This is the part where you say  
you understand what you did and  
you're sorry for putting everyone  
in danger?

JILL  
Not gonna lie to you, Dad...It was  
epic. And I proudly accept any and  
all punishment.

Jill takes a bow. Isabelle bursts into laughter.

DAD  
Don't bow. Stop it.

Isabelle cheers for Jill and all her irresponsibility.

DAD (CONT'D)  
No. Bad. Stop.  
You two...Go to your rooms.

JILL  
Yes, Padre.

Isabelle slow claps her out, following after her. Mom hugs  
Dad as he shakes his head, frustratedly.

DAD  
Why didn't we have boys?

**INT. JILL'S ROOM - NEW YEAR'S EVE 2008**

Jill, 18, does her makeup in the mirror. She is dolled up in  
a glittery dress and heels.

MOM  
It's your last New Years with us-  
do you NEED to go out? I'm sure  
Izzy-

ISABELLE  
(embarrassed)  
Mom, stop-

JILL  
It's my last New Years with my  
friends. Izzy doesn't care - right?

Jill turns to Isabelle who shakes her head sheepishly, "no."

JILL (CONT'D)  
See?

Mom bites her tongue. Jill kisses them both goodbye.

MOM  
Be safe.

JILL  
I will!

**INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT - NEW YEAR'S EVE 2008**

Jill, in a glittery cardboard crown that says "HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!" sips on jungle juice out of a red solo cup while a DRUNK GUY hangs on her.

PARTY GUY  
15 minutes, bitches!!!

The room cheers.

DRUNK GUY  
(slurred)  
I like your nose.

He spits all over her as he talks. She squints- blinking out the saliva attack. Jill looks around. Drunk kids making out. Dancing on the sofa to Flo Rida. Trashing some rich parent's house. The DRUNK GUY goes in for the kill - Jill turns her face.

JILL  
I gotta go.

As she steps away, the Drunk Guy loses his balance, collapsing onto the floor.

**EXT. NEW YORK STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

Jill struggles to hail a cab in the frigid New York air.

JILL  
TAXI!!!

It's not happening. She looks around - thinking fast. She clocks the street signs and starts RUNNING in her dress and heels and coat. SPRINTING as the final minutes of the year pass by.

**INT. JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Jill bursts through the front door, breathlessly. Her parents and Izzy are on the couch cheering. The ball just dropped!

MOM

Jilly!

ISABELLE

What're you doing here?

Jill squeezes Isabelle, falling on the couch and covering her face with kisses. She giggles.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

AHHH!!! Stage five clinger!!!

**EXT. CBS LOT - LOS ANGELES - DAY - 2014**

Jill (23) rushes through the CBS studio lot past actor trailers, golf carts and PA's. She struggles to balance two trays of coffee in her hands and the phone against her ear.

JILL

Izzy- I'm so sorry I'm missing  
Xmas. They won't let me go and - PS  
it's literally 100 degrees here -  
and I've figured out why- because I  
am in hell.

**INT. ISABELLE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Back home in New York, Isabelle puts down her cell. Bummed.

Suddenly - music in the air - growing in volume. Coming from the hallway.

Jill BURSTS into the room- luggage in hand. Mom smiles in the doorway.

ISABELLE

HOLY SHIT!!!

Jill's iPhone bumps that Robyn. Jill mouths the words, jumping on Isabelle's bed. She pulls Izzy up, they dance and hop on the bed like little girls.

Mom starts to protest. She gives up immediately. She knows better than to interfere with a Robyn dance party.

**EXT. BAR - NIGHT - TODAY**

Jill (28) is seated, sipping on a vodka soda. Nodding as her date, SCOTT (20s) - talks work. She forces a smile, painfully distracted. He's great looking, except for one small detail: his right EYE- half open, bloodshot and oozing a yellowy-milky discharge. She nods, struggling not to stare.

SCOTT  
You're looking at my eye, huh?

JILL  
(innocently)  
...Your eye?

SCOTT  
I know...It looks gnarly-

JILL  
No, no-

SCOTT  
I look like Sloth from Goonies.

He chuckles.

JILL  
I didn't even notice until you  
brought it up...

Terrible lie. He wipes at his Sloth eye.

SCOTT  
Don't worry, it's just pink eye.

He wipes his goopy hand on his pants.

JILL  
Umm. I'm pretty sure pink eye is,  
like, super contagious-

SCOTT  
Nah. That's a common misconception.

JILL  
NO, really. I think-

SCOTT  
Nah- that's something made up by  
big Pharma.



## *Voicemails for Isabelle*

### **INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY**

Jill passes out coffee to the room of MALE WRITERS at work. Livin that glam Hollywood dream as a staff writer on a shitty YA soap on the CW. A small tantrum is being thrown by the showrunner- JAY (40s, white, skyrocketed to the top thanks to a combination of talent, hard work and sacrifice. Haha Jk- his Dad has an Oscar).

JAY  
Nothing. Nobody has ANYTHING?

MARK - The Executive Producer and Jay's right hand, pipes up.

MARK  
She could jump off an overpass?

JAY  
She would be hideous. Women don't do that. They want to die beautiful. Everybody knows that. Come ON, people.

He crumples a Starbucks cup in his hand, throwing it at the wastebasket. Missing by a mile.

Mark shrinks. The room is silent.

This is her chance. THIS IS IT. C'mon, Jill.

JILL  
Ummm. I've got an idea?

Everyone in the room - 7 men - turn their heads and stare. Her pits start sweating.

JILL (CONT'D)  
What if... She *didn't* kill herself because Lincoln left her? What if instead- she decides the best revenge is success so...She rebuilds. And in the process of trying to win him back - she realizes she doesn't need him.

Their expressions - like she just revealed a small head growing on her neck.

JILL (CONT'D)  
 You know- actually- nevermind.  
 That's not... I'll just not say  
 anything else-

Jay lifts a finger, closing his eyes.

JAY  
 No. Wait... I'm having... That  
 actually gives me an idea...It's  
 coming...

He puts a finger to his lips.

JAY (CONT'D)  
 WHAT IF: instead of suicide- which  
 is so... Shakespearean: old,  
 boring, derivative - she DECIDES to  
 be alone. SINGLE. And through  
 standing on her own two feet, she  
 is empowered. She is WHOLE.

The room erupts in nods, "YES"'s and "excellent"'s.

MALE WRITER  
 Feminism. #MeToo. #TimesUp. It's  
 very topical. Edgy.

Jill stares as the room verbally jerks Jay off.

JILL PRE-LAP  
 I'm living in the Handmaids Tale.

# **INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Jill enters her small, Beachwood Canyon studio apartment -  
 chatting with Isabelle on her phone.

ISABELLE  
 You are. They are going to tear  
 that biracial child from your  
 breast and give it new parents.

JILL  
 Exactly.

Jill collapses on her bed.

# ***Intercut Phone Conversation***



**INT. ISABELLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Isabelle (20s) looks pale. Thin.

ISABELLE

Stick to the plan, bucko! Move to Cali, grind like Shonda Rhimes, buy a big mansion that we can both live in, conquer the world.

JILL

Ok, ok- I'm on it, bucko. You know what I'd kill for right now? Joe's Shanghai!

ISABELLE

Mmmmm soup dumplings heal all.

JILL

You can't get them here. You have to drive an hour to a distant land called "Arcadia."

ISABELLE

Whack.

JILL

Guess what? I'm going out with Personal Trainer Chad tomorrow!

ISABELLE

Sick. The one that sends you unsolicited nudes from the gym bathroom?

JILL

That's called dating in LA.

Jill looks at the clock.

JILL (CONT'D)

Oh crap. It's 1am over there.

ISABELLE

Yeah- I'm going. But... I gotta tell you somethin. Don't freak out.

JILL

WHAT.

ISABELLE

Test results came back.

Jill sits up.

JILL  
When?

ISABELLE  
Today.

JILL  
Why didn't you call me?!

ISABELLE  
I did. Just now.

JILL  
Ok- Well...?

ISABELLE  
They're gonna run some more  
tomorrow but...It's- you know. It's  
not good! It's lookin pretty dire!

Isabelle laughs darkly.

JILL  
Well we already know they don't  
know what they're talking about.

Isabelle nods.

JILL (CONT'D)  
They've been wrong every step of  
the way and you're fine because  
you're a superhero. Have they still  
not figured that out?

Isabelle smiles. Her eyes fill. She takes a second to swallow  
it down.

ISABELLE  
I guess not.

Jill can hear it in her voice. She can feel it.

JILL  
I'm coming home. I'll check flights  
right now-

ISABELLE  
No, no-

JILL  
Not because of the tests. Because I  
miss you. Because I want to see you-

ISABELLE

You just got this job. They aren't going to let you leave right now. And you'll be home in less than three weeks for Turkey-

JILL

I'll just go for the weekend-

ISABELLE

I'm fine, stop. You're not going to be Shonda by flying home every time the doctors give us shitty news. I'll see you in three weeks.

JILL

But-

ISABELLE

Jill. You're being so dramatic. I told you not to freak out. This is not *A Walk to Remember*.

JILL

Fine. Three weeks. Turkey.

ISABELLE

Yep. Love you.

JILL

Love you. Call me.

ISABELLE

K. Night.

Jill hangs up the phone. She curls into a ball and fights the tears.

#### **INT. BAR - THE FOLLOWING NIGHT**

CHAD

Quads - squats, lunges, one legged squats, box jumps.

Jill sits across from CHAD (20s, deep like a kiddie pool, was a contestant on *The Bachelorette* but never made it past the first rose ceremony) at a trendy Hollywood bar.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Butt and Hamstrings - hip raises, deadlifts- Straight leg deadlifts...

Jill nods, taking a huge gulp of her wine. She's far too sober for this.

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Jill pulls out her phone - HOLY HELL. Isabelle is gonna love this shit.

Her screen reveals: 3 missed calls. A voicemail from MOM.

Jill's face drops as she presses play.

MOM (V.O.)

Jill. You need to come home. Right now. Call me when you get this. It's your sister-

OFF Jill as all the blood drains from her face.

**INT. UBER - NIGHT**

Jill sits in the backseat of an uber - She dials and redials. Freaking out. She speaks to the DRIVER-

JILL

Yes - LAX - thank you. And if you could just- as soon as possible please, I'm sorry, it's---- MOM?!

She listens carefully.

JILL (CONT'D)

Ok. Ok. I'm on my way to the airport right now. I'll get on a redeye. It's ok. She's going to be ok. No, no- she's fine. Just tell her I'll be there soon. ok? Tell her I'll be right there.

**INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING**

Jill rushes through the halls of a busy hospital- still in her date dress. She spots her Mom down the hall. Ashen.

JILL

MOM! I'm here, I'm here. Where is she??

Her Mom moves towards her, a look of shell shock. She hugs her.

JILL (CONT'D)  
What's happening? How is she?

Her Mom shakes her head.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Just tell me- What are they  
saying, Mom?  
MOM.

MOM  
She... Didn't make it, honey. Izzy  
didn't make it.

JILL  
What're you talking about?  
I'm here. Where is she?

Mom's face creases with concern. Jill steps away.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Mom. WHERE is she?

MOM  
Jill. Honey-

Jill starts rushing through the hallway. Peering through each doorway-

JILL  
(calling out)  
Isabelle!

MOM  
Jill-

JILL  
Isabelle!!! I'm here-

Her Mom reaches her - catching her as her legs weaken and her breath is knocked out. The shock hitting her suddenly and forcefully like a semi truck.

#### **INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY**

Jill stands at a podium dressed in black. She looks like a different person - the life sucked out. She clears her throat loudly and crinkles pages.

JILL

I have this image in my head of Izzy and I. We were those two kids in a trench coat, stacked on top of each other. I'm standing on her shoulders, we're wobbling around in a fedora and sunglasses-- trying to pass for a grown up... Like in *Hook* or *Little Rascals*.

She was the legs, and I was the eyes. I'd see everything and report back...

But she never got to actually see anything for herself.

Still- she never complained. Not about the machines, the homeschooling - all the pain and scary close calls.

Izzy was the strong one. She was the brave one. She was like this tiny Yoda. She believed in the universe - and angels. "Helpers." Really hippie dippy frou frou, Burning Man stuff. She believed in an order of things. I guess that's how she made sense of all this crap that makes NO frickin sense.

She shakes her head.

JILL (CONT'D)

Right now, I could poke all kinds of holes in the universe theory. I could talk some MAD smack on this "universe". I want to.

But I'm not going to. Not today. TODAY - I'm gonna try to make lemonade. Like Izzy... And Beyoncé. So- here's what I've got: Isabelle could have been alive at any time in history. A thousand years ago. Or a thousand years from now. And what are the chances- that in all of time and space and humanity-- She was alive...With us? With me. And not only did she and I MEET, but we got to have pancakes together and wiggle out our baby teeth and get in trouble for staying up late on school nights talking about JTT... We got to be sisters.

And EVEN if it was short. Even if it was nowhere NEAR enough time....

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

That's LUCKY. That's lemonade and limoncello and lemon cake and all the other good lemon things combined.

SO in my little sister's honor --- don't try to stop me, Mom, I promised Izzy a long time ago I'd do this---

I'm going to perform one of her favorite movie scenes. Earmuffs, Gram.

Before her Mom can protest- Jill steps away from the podium and dives into a re-enactment of the poop scene from *Bridesmaids*.

JILL (CONT'D)

No! No Megan! No!

LOOK AWAY!!!!

No Megan!!! LOOOOOK AWAYYYY!!!

NO ONE. Laughs.

JILL (CONT'D)

It's coming out of me like LAVA!!!!

Grandma stares in horror. Mom covers her face, mortified. Dad shakes his head. Goddamnit, Jill.

#### **INT. SHAW HOUSEHOLD - DAY**

*Time lapse* as Jill hangs around Isabelle's room like a ghost. There is a light knock on the door.

MOM

Turkey's ready, honey.

JILL

Not hungry, Mom.

Jill stares at the snow falling on the window pane.

#### **ANOTHER DAY...**

Jill watches *Scandal* on the flatscreen.

Her Mom and Dad enter, solemn-faced.

MOM

Jill. It's time to go.

JILL  
Go where?

MOM  
Back to California. Back to your  
job. Your life.

JILL  
You're kicking me out while I'm  
grieving?

MOM  
No. Never. We're just making you  
leave. Immediately.

DAD  
Making you get your things and go.  
Now. Right now.

JILL  
How is that-

MOM  
Yes. We're kicking you out. Because  
Isabelle would have weeks ago.

Jill stares.

JILL  
Damn. Cold.

**EXT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY**

Dad pulls out Jill's luggage from the trunk of the car,  
handing it to her.

JILL  
Can't I live in your basement and  
adopt 16 cats?

DAD  
Maybe in a couple years.

Mom and Dad circle her in a hug. She nods and heads inside.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY**

A shot of palm trees, the blue sky and the blazing sun.

Super: *January*



**INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Jill arrives to her LA apartment. She drops her bags.

Dead flowers and a pile of sympathy cards await her on the kitchen counter. She climbs into bed with her phone. She presses play on an old voicemail from Izzy.

ISABELLE V.O.

Bucko! We miss you here on Whore Island!

**INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY**

Jill's boss welcomes Jill back, warmly.

JAY

We're glad to have you back, Jill.

Jay leans in for a hug then-

JAY (CONT'D)

Ooops, NOPE, just kidding-

He gives her an awkward handshake/high five thing.

JAY (CONT'D)

Don't want to lose my career for touching you! We were sorry to hear about your sister. We can name a character after her! What was her name?

JILL

Isabelle.

JAY

Maybe the stripper with the heart of gold Or - OH- the secretary?

JILL

The one sleeping her way to the top?

JAY

She's a career woman. Look everyone, Jill's back!

Everyone applauds. Jill smiles, thinly.

**MONTAGE OF JILL'S LIFE POST-ISABELLE:**

- Jill sits in bumper to bumper LA traffic
- Jill spaces out at work. The light in her eyes - dimmed.
- Jill swipes on Tinder: Guy with dog, guy with dog, guy with dog, gym selfie, guy with dog...
- Jill goes on a date with a guy with so much work done he resembles Joan Rivers
- Jill watches *Grey's Anatomy*
- Jill listens to old voicemails from Isabelle
- Jill looks out at the LA night from her secret mountaintop lookout point
- Jill watches in horror as her (much older) date cuts up her chicken into little pieces. He feeds her like a child - even making the airplane woooooshhh sound
- Jill eats Chinese takeout alone in bed
- Jill watches *Scandal*
- Jill is actually enjoying a new DATE when suddenly - Emily Perfect Boobs and Face Ratajkowski squeezes between them to order a drink. (Only in LA). Jill's Date immediately cuts in to pay for it. Jill who?
- Jill scrolls through pics of her and Isabelle on her phone. A text comes in from PERSONAL TRAINER CHAD. He wears a shirt that says: *Can't stop, Won't stop*- with no pants

**INT. VERIZON STORE - NEW YORK - DAY**

Somewhere in uptown Manhattan...A commercial real estate agent AUSTIN (30s, a panty dropper, could sell gluten to a millennial) is handed a new iPhone.

AUSTIN  
Thanks a lot, man.

**INT. NEW YORK HIGH RISE - DAY**

Austin walks around a sleek office space. A group of all-business, intimidating, Japanese men in SUITS follow him as well as his assistant, JESSA.

AUSTIN  
Postmodernist style tower with a  
granite curtain wall façade--

The mechanical curtains open--

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
A view of Times Square, Central  
Park...

The SUITS privately whisper to MR. SHIMOSAWA, who is clearly  
the Mr. Moneybags decision-maker. He nods, stoic.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Centrally located and  
around the corner from Columbus  
Circle.

Mr. Shimosawa scans the room, unimpressed.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
(perfect pronunciation)  
And, Mr. Shimosawa - anata to  
shigoto o suru koto wa meiyodesu.  
(bows)  
Go-kento o onegai shimasu.

Suddenly, Mr. Shimosawa lights up.

MR. SHIMOSAWA  
Nihongo o hanasu shito! Watashi wa  
anata ga tenkei-dekina baka no  
amerikahitoda to omottaga, ima wa  
subete o torimodosu!

Austin stares. Mr. Shimosawa belly laughs, patting him on the  
back. Austin joins in, chuckling.

MR. SHIMOSAWA (CONT'D)  
Kono tatemono wa utsukushiku,  
watashi wa anata ga sukidesu. Sore  
ga keiyakuda. Arigatgozaimashita.

Mr. Shimosawa bows, deeply. Austin returns the bow,  
respectfully. They shake hands.

AUSTIN  
I'll have Jessa send over  
paperwork!

The group of suits beams. Exchanging celebratory bows and  
handshakes. Austin grins. Jessa leans in.

JESSA  
(a whisper)  
I didn't know you spoke Japanese!  
What did he say?

AUSTIN  
No idea. I only memorized two  
sentences.

Jessa shakes her head. He turns this shit into an art form.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Jill is seated with Chad at a party. Yep, THAT Chad. Music blares while ATTRACTIVE PEOPLE stare at each other and their phones.

CHAD  
You sorta fell off the planet...

JILL  
Yeah...I know. My sister sorta...  
died.

CHAD  
Oh dang!

JILL  
Yeah. Sorry, didn't mean to kill  
the VIIIBE.

CHAD  
That's sad.

JILL  
Thanks. So...How have you been?

His face lights up.

CHAD  
GREAT. I've been AMAZING.

Jill nods. Coool.

**LATER...**

They make out - drunken and sloppy. F\*\*\* it.

He pulls away. Red lipstick all over their faces.

CHAD  
So...I just want to be translucent-

JILL  
Transparent.

CHAD  
That too. I'm not looking for a serious girlfriend right now... I'm down to, like, hang...But not for anything intense. You know like-Dinner...or...Breakfast...

JILL  
Or lunch.

CHAD  
Or like...Phone calls...Texting complete sentences..

JILL  
Talking in general...

CHAD  
Right. But I AM down for...

JILL  
Penetration.

CHAD  
YES.

JILL  
You know, Chad - I think we are on EXACTLY the same page.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHAD'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Chad can't stop checking himself out in the mirror while penetrating Jill in various positions. He arches his back - flexing and posing. He delivers his own low-rent version of Blue Steel. Jill tries not to notice. Why does this feel like a really grueling pilates class?

**INT. UBER - LATE NIGHT**

Jill sits in the back of an uber. Hair a shit show- red lipstick all over her face. She looks out the window, her heels on the seat next to her. The UBER DRIVER (23) jams out to Bollywood music.

JILL  
Sorry - actually--- Can we make a  
stop?

**INT. NEW YORK RESTAURANT - NIGHT - MEANWHILE**

BRITTANI (20s, rail thin, model-y) passive aggressively sips on her soda water in silence. Before her, Austin obliviously drinks his beer while taking peeks at the football game.

AUSTIN  
Hungry?

BRITTANI  
No.

AUSTIN  
Oh right, you still starving  
yourself?

BRITTANI  
It's called FASTING.

AUSTIN  
Ahh-

BRITTANI  
I'm DONE.

AUSTIN  
With your soda water?

BRITTANI  
With us.

AUSTIN  
...We just met.

BRITTANI  
We've been having sex for 6 months!

He squints. That can't be right.

BRITTANI (CONT'D)  
You're gorgeous, Austin, and you  
are GREAT in bed-

He smiles proudly, aww shucks.

BRITTANI (CONT'D)  
But you have the emotional maturity  
of a Seth Rogen character.

AUSTIN  
I love Seth Rogen.

BRITTANI  
A Seth Rogen *character*. The ACTOR  
Seth Rogen has been with his WIFE  
for 15 years.

AUSTIN  
...Really?

BRITTANI  
You're a cliché, Austin. You chased  
me like I was Sophia Loren then the  
moment I stopped running, you began  
taking 6 hours to respond to my  
texts. I want a MAN not a man-  
child!

AUSTIN  
(sincere)  
And you deserve that.

BRITTANI  
Just ADMIT that you are emotionally  
inept and shouldn't be dating.

AUSTIN  
I...Don't think I'm emotionally  
inept-

BRITTANI  
Your eyes glaze over and you black  
out anytime I try to talk to you  
about anything REAL.

He stares- eyes glazed over, blacked the F out.

BRITTANI (CONT'D)  
Austin!

AUSTIN  
Huh?

BRITTANI  
You are like a parody of a man.  
You're like an alien sent to earth  
to mimic a human man, and doing a  
shitty job.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES OVERLOOK - NIGHT**

Jill stumbles out of the uber, still in her dress and heels, holding a small, brown paper bag.

UBER DRIVER  
Ummm are you sure this is the right spot?

JILL  
Yep - Thank you!

He looks around.

UBER DRIVER  
You might get murdered...

He chuckles.

JILL  
Very possible! Peace be with you!

She gives him a thumbs up.

Jill seats herself on a rock. Overlooking the sparkling lights of the city. She unscrews the bottle in the paper bag. She takes a swig. Almost pukes. Yum.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Smooth.

She looks out over the city. Vast. Full of tiny dogs and vegans and Priuses. She pulls out her phone, a little tipsed. She dials Isabelle.

**INT. NEW YORK RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

BRITTANI  
I am ENOUGH!!! I deserve somebody who know how to LOVE-

Austin nods as his phone buzzes. An unknown number. He stares at it. His fingers inch towards it.

BRITTANI (CONT'D)  
DO NOT answer that-

AUSTIN  
I wasn't going to...I just..I got a new number today...

His fingers keep inching. Brittani grabs the phone and declines the call.



**EXT. LOS ANGELES OVERLOOK - NIGHT**

BEEEEEP.

JILL

(slurry)

Heeeey.

So...I just left Personal Trainer Chad's. I know you think he's dumb but after tonight... I have come to the realization that he may be intellectually disabled.

And I boned him! WOOO! Boom chicka WA WAAAA. Standards are for boring people.

Except- I'm not entirely sure he knew we were having sex. He basically used my body as a shake weight.

She sighs.

JILL (CONT'D)

"Jill, is this a cry for help" - you ask? Ding ding ding!! YES. Yes, it is, bucko.

(tiny, Gollum voice)

"Help me! Heeeelp me, Isabelle!"  
That was my vagina talking.

She takes another swig.

JILL (CONT'D)

I am sitting on a rock, drinking 6 dollar whiskey out of a paper bag like a low life, looking out at the picturesque LA skyline and thinking - WOW this is a huge city full of very beautiful, very hungry people! And... I'm missing you.

Her eyes tear. Damnit.

JILL (CONT'D)

If only somebody in this city ate Chinese food! Or danced. At parties, everyone just stands around, staring at each other. It's like fifth grade all over again...

She chuckles and wipes at her face.

JILL (CONT'D)  
I love you, Izzy. You're such a  
bitch for leaving before I could  
tell you that...  
Call me!

She smiles slightly as she hangs up. SHIT- felt kinda good.  
She takes another swig from her bottle.

**EXT. NEW YORK STREET - LATER**

Austin finishes listening to the voicemail on the New York street. He smiles. Laughing to himself. How embarrassing for her. Brittani comes outside. She stares at him - eyes ablaze.

AUSTIN  
Hey. So...Back to my place?

She storms off down the street. Guess not.

**INT. WRITER'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY**

Jill looks a hot mess: Head pounding, stomach turning, makeup-less, wearing a mumu. Hung the F over.

JAY  
What do you think, Jill?

JILL  
Huh? What?

Jill almost has a stroke. Did he just...Ask for her opinion?

JAY  
The secretary character. She's not working. She's...Missing something.

MARK  
I can't quite put a finger on it...

All the Men stare into the ether, wracking their brains.

JAY  
What do you think she's missing,  
Jill?

JILL  
Ummm- well- Maybe....A backstory.  
Or...a single, defining  
characteristic. Or like... You  
know.. A name...

All the men stare.

JAY  
Interesting. You know what? Mark  
send the draft to Jill and have her  
punch up the secretary.

MARK  
I can handle that, actually-

JAY  
Have Jill do it.

His phone alarm goes off.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Alright- what's for lunch?

Mark tightens, biting his lip. Jill's jaw is dropped.

**INT. CAFE - DAY**

Jill types on her laptop in a busy cafe. The WAITRESS opens up her pad.

WAITRESS  
Hi, what can I get you?

JILL  
Hey -

A lightbulb goes off in the Waitress' head.

WAITRESS  
Oh my god. You went on that awful  
date with that guy who cut up your  
chicken-

JILL  
WOW! You have a good memory!

WAITRESS  
What happened there?

JILL  
When I told him I just wanted to be  
friends he literally texted me-  
"You will never work in this town  
again."

WAITRESS  
WOW.

JILL

Like a villain in a shitty B movie played by Michael Madsen. And believe it or not, he's looking pretty good at this point. I may hit him up for a second date.

Jill chuckles. The Waitress looks horrified. The GUY at the table over smiles- trying not to eavesdrop.

JILL (CONT'D)

That was...a joke. I've pretty much sworn off men at this point. I'm on a dick cleanse. Giving lesbianism a try. But they tell me, you've kinda gotta be BORN that way, so it's not looking too promising. I may just spend the rest of my life a closeted straight. Forever a bridesmaid with cats. Who needs romance? Overrated. I mean look outside, it's sunny and beautiful ALWAYS and I'm alive and healthy and I'm here with you, and-

WAITRESS

I'm married.

JILL

Oh that's... Good for you!

WAITRESS

Did you know what you wanted?

JILL

I'll just have a mocha please, thanks.

The waitress takes the menu and walks away like she just witnessed a car crash.

TYLER (O.S.)

Ever been stood up?

Jill turns- The guy at the table over, \*British\* and dreamy AF, smiles. This is TYLER.

JILL

What?

TYLER

Overheard your conversation. So I'll see your nightmare date and raise you- ever been stood up?

JILL  
Not yet, actually!  
So I still have that to look  
forward to.

TYLER  
Well then, I have you beat.

JILL  
You got stood up?

TYLER  
I am CURRENTLY being stood up.

JILL  
Oh NO. For a DAY date?

TYLER  
Rough, right?

JILL  
Eek. Did you call her?

TYLER  
Twice. Straight to voicemail.

JILL  
Maybe she's running late and her  
phone's dead.

TYLER  
Forty minutes late?

JILL  
It's LA! Maybe she doesn't have a  
car charger?

TYLER  
Who doesn't have a car charger? We  
live in our cars.

JILL  
I'm tryin', man...

TYLER  
I do appreciate it.

JILL  
Well, her loss.

He smiles.

TYLER  
Would you maybe.. Wanna join me?

Jill looks hesitant.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Please. I don't think my self  
esteem could handle anymore  
rejection today.

Jill smiles slightly, grabbing her purse and laptop. She sits  
down across from him. Shit. He's a smoke show.

JILL  
Are we on a date? Did I just hijack  
this date?

TYLER  
I really hope so.

JILL  
Are you going to cut up my food and  
baby talk me?

TYLER  
Oh NO- That's what he did?

JILL  
That was the part I liked.  
It got weird when he asked to join  
me in the restroom to wipe me.

TYLER  
That's weird?

She smiles. The waitress drops off her mocha.

JILL  
Thanks. What was your name?

TYLER  
Tyler Riordan. Yours?

JILL  
(British accent)  
Jill Shaw.

They shake.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Tyler Riordan-  
That name sounds familiar. You an  
actor?

TYLER  
God no.

JILL  
Porn star?

TYLER  
No such luck.

JILL  
Self-help guru?

He looks away. Chuckling.

JILL (CONT'D)  
STOP.

He shifts.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Seriously?!

TYLER  
I don't like the term, "Guru."

JILL  
What term do you like?

TYLER  
I'm embarrassed to say at this point... The irony is palpable.

JILL  
...Oh my God.  
Are you a dating coach?

He gets serious. Jill busts up into laughter.

TYLER  
Cool, I'm just going to go kill myself now-

JILL  
No, no- I'm sorry...I think I've heard of you! I'm impressed!

TYLER  
Even though I've been exposed as a fraud?

JILL  
Stop. Soo- what're the cornerstones of your philosophy? Inquiring minds want to know.

TYLER  
Honesty. Integrity. Punctuality...

JILL  
Ooooooooo, BURN.

On cue- in walks Tyler's sexy DATE (20s, thin, gorgeous - probably recurring on *Days of Our Lives* or...your instagram feed).

DATE (O.S.)  
Oh My God- Tyler! I am so sorry!

TYLER	DATE (CONT'D)
Heeeeey! You made it...	My phone died and I ended up having to go to Santa Monica for a meeting and the 10 was a fucking nightmare, I couldn't find my car charger!

TYLER  
No worries..I ran into a friend...

His Date looks at Jill like she just noticed a pile of shit in the middle of the floor. Jill smiles.

JILL  
(warmly)  
Hi.

DATE  
(coldly)  
Hi.

Jill hops up.

JILL	TYLER
Please - have a seat-	No - no - we can get another table-

JILL  
I was just finishing up-

Jill awkwardly grabs her laptop, coffee and purse, dropping cash and trying to move out of the way. His Date plops down in the chair, immediately.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Nice to see you.

TYLER  
You, too.

The Date can barely force a half smile. Jill exits. Tyler watches after her.



DATE  
I am DYING for a celery juice-

TYLER  
Sorry- would you excuse me for one second?

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Jill is walking to her car when...

TYLER (O.S.)  
Jill!

Tyler jogs over.

JILL  
Did I call it?

TYLER  
You called it-

JILL  
What're you doing?

TYLER  
I figured I could let you leave and then I'd have to go home and get on craigslist and write a post on missed connections. Not very smooth. Or I'd have to go all Single White Female, searching for you on instagram or facebook- also not favorable. OR I could just run out of my date and chase you down the street and ask for your number. Which, now that I say it aloud... Doesn't sound particularly favorable either...

JILL  
I'm swearing off men, remember?

TYLER  
Ahh. The dick cleanse...Right.

JILL  
And I'm guessing your date's about to do the same.

Through the window, his Date shoots them the look of death.

TYLER

You're probably right. Well, how about this- Here's my number. If the lesbian thing doesn't work out, give me a call.

He gives her his card and starts heading back. He turns around-

TYLER (CONT'D)

Second thought, give me a call if the lesbian thing DOES work out...

Jill laughs.

JILL

You wish.

TYLER

Uh huh, talk to you tomorrow!

She smiles.

# **INT. OFFICE - DAY**

Austin sits at his desk returning emails.

His cell starts buzzing with a VM. He presses play.

JILL V.O.

Izzy...You're not going to believe this. It was some..*Notting Hill*...Frickin...*Love, Actually* shit. Get ready: He was BRITISH... From... (British accent)  
Foggy London town!

Austin rolls his eyes and makes a face - Ooooo British. F\*\*\* that guy.

JILL V.O. (CONT'D)

I don't actually know if he's from London but I will pause so you can finish masturbating.

He smiles as he listens. He opens up a text. Starts typing-

**Sorry - you've got the wrong num**

KNOCK KNOCK! Jessa enters.

JESSA

Hey- Jim needs to see you.

Austin nods - getting up. His incomplete text open on his desk.

**INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY**

Jill passes out coffee to the Men as they brainstorm.

MALE WRITER

Love is...  
Knowing that she'll always be  
there. No matter what.

Jill snorts. Everyone stares. Shit. Was that out loud?

JAY

You sound like an auto insurance  
commercial. C'mon Jill. You love  
chick flicks, right? Give us a  
hand.

Oh shit.

JILL

Love? Ummm...LOVE. Ok.  
Love is like...

She takes a deep breath, closing her eyes for a second. She slips into thought.

JILL (CONT'D)

You see them from across the room.  
You lock eyes and... It's this  
instant feeling of certainty. This  
involuntary response- like  
goosebumps. And you know- in your  
bones - the way that birds know  
when a storm is brewing. Something  
big is coming. A game changer. And  
you don't need to wait an hour to  
call or text back- you don't need  
to play the game. You couldn't play  
it cool if you tried- there's  
nothing cool about what you're  
feeling. It's powerful and all-  
consuming and exciting and it's..  
Scary. From the moment your eyes  
met. But you're scared together.

The men stare.

JAY

I just grew a vagina. Write that  
down.

Jill nods and starts typing.

JAY (CONT'D)  
The new draft doesn't suck, by the way. I like the secretary more. She's kinda funny, right? She's like a guy.

The room agrees. Except for Mark.

JILL  
Melodie.

JAY  
Huh?

JILL  
She has a name now. Melodie.

Jay smiles. He studies her. She's got spunk.

JAY  
Why don't you take this next episode, Jill.

MARK JILL  
Wait, but- You want ME-

JAY  
You can handle it, right?

JILL  
YES. Like...Not a revision? Like I'm writing the next episode?

JAY  
Correct.

She swallows down an exclamation.

JILL  
Copy.

# **EXT. CBS LOT - DAY**

Jill rushes through the studio lot- phone to her ear.

JILL  
Izzy- I got an episode!!! I'm writing an episode!!! It's bad for women, bad for Latinos- bad for everyone, really. But---YAY!  
(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)  
My first episode of terrible  
primetime TV!

**EXT. NEW YORK STREET - EVENING**

Austin listens to the voicemail while hustling down the busy  
NY street. He smiles. Bravo, Jill.

**INT. THE PIKEY BRITISH PUB - NIGHT**

Jill and Tyler laugh over fish and chips.

JILL  
So..How does one become a dating  
coach? What are the qualifications?

He chuckles.

TYLER  
I'm quite unqualified. I just...I  
love the fairer sex. And I believe  
there's a lack of sincerity in the  
dating game.

JILL  
Really? Things are going great for  
me. Haven't gotten murdered yet!

TYLER  
Cheers to that!

They cheers.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
So you're a TV writer...  
Anything I would have seen?

JILL  
Not unless you're a thirteen year  
old girl with terrible taste. I'm  
on a show called Pinewood Shores.  
The series premiere is next week,  
actually.

TYLER  
Can't wait to check it out!

JILL  
Feel free not to!

TYLER

It's happening. It's already my favorite show.  
Did you always want to be a writer?  
Where'd that come from?

JILL

My sister was stuck in bed a lot as a kid. Sick. So we watched a TON of movies and tv. It was something we could experience for the first time together.

TYLER

That's sweet. Is she better now?

JILL

She died. In November. She had cystic fibrosis.

TYLER

I'm so sorry.

JILL

That's ok-

TYLER

Sounds like you two were really close.

JILL

That bitch was my soulmate!

TYLER

I'm sure she's proud of you.

JILL

Eh. I was much cooler as a kid. I think I peaked at like...12. I wanted to come home with epic stories so I'd do the craziest things to try to impress her. I would've tried crack if it would've made her laugh. Now everything scares me.

TYLER

What changed?

JILL

I don't know. I grew up? Came to LA? And now with her gone...

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

I just feel like there's not a lot of incentive to do the crazy thing, you know?

TYLER

I'm sure your sister still wants you to get out there and try crack.

Jill smiles.

JILL

You're a really good listener. Is there a chapter about that in your book?

TYLER

No - that's just- bloody hell. YES. Yes, there is.

JILL

I need a copy of this book.

TYLER

I'll see what I can do.

The waiter takes their plates.

JILL

So was the fish and chips a joke compared to home?

TYLER

Not bad, actually!

JILL

Oh good! I haven't spent much time in the UK.

TYLER

Well. I'll have to take you.

She blushes. Oh shiiiiiiiiit.

**INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Jill and Tyler get hot and heavy in the bedroom.

As he kisses her neck she realizes- this is the point of no return.

JILL

You've gotta go.

She wriggles out from under him in her bra and panties, hurriedly gathering his clothes on the floor.

TYLER

...Now?

She throws his pants and shirt at him.

JILL

Yep, bye!

She pushes him through the studio and out the door before he can protest. He stands, dumbfounded, in the hallway as the door slams in his face.

In the hallway, he smiles to himself.

Jill shakes it out, giggling as she dials Isabelle.

JILL (CONT'D)

Izzy. It was close BUT- I did it! I did NOT have sex with him!!!

She bows.

JILL (CONT'D)

Thank you, thank you. My body is a wonderland, my vagina is a secret garden!

She's really getting into it now.

JILL (CONT'D)

I am Jill: Resister of desires of the flesh!!! Almighty tamer of sexual demons-

Suddenly she notices: Tyler at the center of the room - FROZEN. Jill's jaw drops.

TYLER

(sheepishly)

I left my wallet...

Jill SHRIEKS, running to her bed and hiding under the covers. He smiles, making his way over to her.

He pulls the sheet down, gently. She covers her face with her hands.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What was that about a secret garden?



JESUS, that accent.

JILL

Damnit.

She pulls him back into bed.

**INT. AUSTIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

TYLER (V.O.)

I left my wallet...

Austin's eyes go wide as he listens to Tyler's voice on the other line- walking into the middle of the VM being left.

AUSTIN

NO!!! NO, JILL!

Jill shrieks audibly. Austin covers his face from secondhand embarrassment.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

You didn't lock the door?! Lock  
your door, Jill!

The VM ends. He sets the phone down.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

(sotto)

They're hooking up right now.

He nods. Pacing aimlessly.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Yep. They're definitely hooking up.

Uh oh. Is he getting...Jeally? He grabs a beer outta the fridge. Downs it.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

He probably has terrible teeth.

He nods his head.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

For sure.

Keep tellin' yourself that, Austin.

**INT. JILL'S DOORWAY - THE NEXT MORNING**

Jill opens her front door. Butterflies in her stomach.

JILL  
Let's try this again.

TYLER  
I had a lovely time.

JILL  
Me too.

TYLER  
I'll hit you up later today.

JILL  
K...

He kisses her softly and steps out. She goes to shut the door when-

TYLER  
Jill?

JILL  
Yeah?

TYLER  
This is exciting.

He gives her a boyish grin and walks off. She closes the door, squealing silently.

# **INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Jill works through the day into the night. Writing. Pacing. Writing. Deleting. Acting it out. It sucks. Banging her head against the wall. Groaning frustratedly.

ZERO texts have come in....?!?!

She grabs her shit. Time for a change of scenery.

# **INT. 101 COFFEE SHOP - VARIOUS**

*Timelapse at 101 Coffee Shop* - a classic 24 hour diner where *Swingers* was shot.

Jill has set up shop at a corner booth like a homeless man-bags. Notes. Cue cards. Books. Laptop.

She checks her phone. Still no text from Tyler. WTF?

The CAFE WAITER stares at her - FED th F up.

CAFE WAITER  
(sotto)  
Bitch, go to Starbucks.

**INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY**

Jill sits in the writer's room - tweaking, dark circles under her eyes while Mark explains the difficulties of living with large breasts. She types a text to Tyler.

**Hey! So...My show premieres tonight, could use a drinking  
buddy if you're around**

Jay's phone alarm goes off.

JAY  
Alright. I think we're good for the  
day-

Everyone begins packing up.

JILL  
Oh --wait- Jay?  
I just wanted to know what you  
thought...Of my first draft?

JAY  
Oh right! Yeah.  
I'll get you your notes. End of day  
Monday at the latest.

JILL  
Cool, cool. But overall...?

JAY  
It's wordy. WAY too much talky  
talky - bossy bossy. Cut down the  
dialogue.

JILL  
Oh. Ok, sure-

JAY  
But not Reynaldo's lines. Or  
Geraldo. Or Benicio. Just everyone  
else's.

JILL  
Just the female characters.

JAY  
Correct.

JILL  
Cut down on the women's dialogue.  
Got it.

JAY  
Anything else. Mark? Jill's  
episode?

MARK  
Yeah...Lucia. In this episode she  
seems...What is it?

MALE WRITER  
Complicated, right?

JAY  
COMPLEX.

MARK  
YES.

The men all nod.

JILL  
In... a bad way?

MARK  
I didn't understand her.

JAY  
Yeah - I didn't get her.

JILL  
Ok. What didn't you understand?

MARK  
The things she says, you know?

MALE WRITER  
RIGHT.

JAY  
So if she could just...Say less.  
GREAT - thanks Jill. Alright!  
Happy premiere day, everyone! And  
remember - the critics don't  
matter. They're a bunch of out of  
touch white middle aged losers who  
refuse to let joy into their lives.  
UNLESS - they love it.

Everybody chuckles in unison. Jill joins in with her best  
rich white guy chuckle. Everyone silences.

**INT. AUSTIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Austin sits on his couch watching the terrible title sequence for *PINEWOOD SHORES*. It's like a somehow lower-rent version of *Passions*. OUCH.

**INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Jill checks her phone. Nothing.

On her screen, an actor, over-dramatically delivers his lines.

CLIFF

When you deny your feelings for me,  
Lucia, you deny yourself.

Jill buries her face and screams. This is HUMILIATING.

Her phone buzzes. She checks it excitedly.

MOM. She declines it. She waits for the voicemail.

MOM V.O.

Hi honey - I'm here with your Dad-  
We just watched your show! It was  
very...

She can hear them whispering in the background.

MOM V.O. (CONT'D)

It was...Yep. We watched it! We are  
so proud of you. Love you!

Wow. Doesn't get much worse than that.

Jill opens up her laptop.

She pulls up an article titled:

**Pinewood Shores Makes you Want to Punch Yourself in the Face**

Jill covers her eyes.

JILL

Oh my GOD.

She keeps masochistically scrolling through... The reviews range from bad to... Heinous.

She gets in bed and plays one of Izzy's old voicemails for comfort.

ISABELLE V.O.

Jilly - super important question:  
Would you rather be covered in  
honey and slowly eaten by rabid,  
sewer rats OR...Sleep with Bob  
Saget? Tough one, I know.

**INT. AUSTIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The end credits roll. That was BLEAK.

A credit reads:

**Staff Writer Jill Shaw**

He pulls out his laptop - Googling her.

Pics of Jill come up on his screen. He smiles as he takes her  
in. Wow. She's cute.

He scrolls through...Seeing her ham it up. Laugh with  
friends. He gazes at her. It's impossible not to fall a  
little in love.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Austin has happy hour oysters with his engaged best friends:  
ANDY (30s, quirky, adorable, in touch with his feminine side)  
and BREEDA (30s, a sharp-witted bombshell who wears the  
pants).

BREEDA

Bring your Dad. I love your Dad.

AUSTIN

I'm not bringing my DAD as my plus  
one-

ANDY

He'll sleep with all the  
bridesmaids.

BREEDA

Ok fine but you're not allowed to  
use your plus 1 on a bimbo whose  
name you don't know.

AUSTIN

Oh my GOD- I knew her name!

BREEDA

You called her Harmony.

He stares.

BREEDA (CONT'D)  
...Her name was AERIENNE. You were  
WAY off.

AUSTIN  
That explains a lot.

Austin's cell vibrates. He lights up when he sees the number.

BREEDA  
Oh God. Who's that?

AUSTIN  
It's sort of a weird situation...  
This girl keeps leaving voicemails.  
For her sister. They're kind of  
hilarious. I've been getting them  
since I got the new number.

ANDY  
And you haven't told her?

BREEDA  
How does she not know her sister  
changed her number? Text her-

AUSTIN  
I thought I had.

He sends the call to voicemail.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Maybe I'll just... See what  
happened with the dating guru.

ANDY  
Dating guru?

Austin gets up, heading outside.

BREEDA  
He's invested.

ANDY  
Creeper.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES OVERLOOK - NIGHT**

Jill stares out at the LA lights. Sitting on the hood of her car with her phone to her ear.

JILL

Yoooo.  
 So they do these outdoor movie  
 screenings here in the cemetery! I  
 know -it's so weird! But guess what  
 they're playing? The Craft!!!  
 "We are the weirdos, mister."  
 In other news...I'm being ghosted!  
 By a Tony Robbins wannabe. I am  
 officially LA.

She chuckles.

JILL (CONT'D)

Ummm... So Izzy...  
 I'm just wondering...How am I  
 supposed to do this without you?

The question hangs in the air. Her eyes begin to water as her  
 heart splinters.

JILL (CONT'D)

You know I'm a stage five clinger.  
 I'm single white female status  
 obsessed with you.  
 We were supposed to die together,  
 remember? We made a deal. Like Noah  
 and Allie in *The Notebook*.

She can't force it down anymore. The lump grows in her  
 throat.

JILL (CONT'D)

You know - I don't know if I've  
 ever really known what it is to be  
 lonely.  
 And guess what? It doesn't feel so  
 good. It's like that time I didn't  
 get invited to Lisa Pulizzano's  
 birthday party. Remember that? What  
 a ho! So we had our own Robyn dance  
 party. Dancing to "Dancing on my  
 Own" on repeat.  
 Truth is --- I've never had to  
 dance on my own. I always had you.  
 (beat)  
 "I wish I knew how to quit you."  
 Ok, I'll stop.  
 You're in a better place. Probably  
 macking on Heath Ledger as we  
 speak.

She smiles through her tears.



JILL (CONT'D)  
I love you, Izzy.  
I miss you. Every minute. Every  
day.  
Call me!

QUICK CUT TO:

**INT. BAR ENTRYWAY - NIGHT**

Austin stands by the door: Eyes glazed over, phone to his ear. The pieces falling into place.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Austin returns to the table with his friends. He sits down. In a daze.

AUSTIN  
Isabelle's dead. Her sister. They  
are voicemails for her dead sister.

ANDY  
Whaaaaaat-

BREEDA  
Oh my God. That's...Heartbreaking.

ANDY  
You gotta tell her. Now you're a  
SICKO!

BREEDA  
Don't tell her! She's healing! This  
is her way of healing!!!

Austin gulps his beer. Guilt hitting him hard.

**INT. AUSTIN'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY**

Austin watches a Youtube video of Tyler preaching to a group of WOMEN.

TYLER (V.O.)  
You tell him you no longer want to  
invest in something that isn't  
going anywhere-

AUSTIN  
Shut up.

Austin's boss, JIM (50s), knocks. Austin jerks up, silencing the video immediately.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Hey Jim-

JIM

Austin. Good work on Madison avenue.

AUSTIN

Thank you-

JIM

Close it up. We need you to take care of the Alphabet City listing.

He nods. Jim heads out.

AUSTIN

Uh - sir?

JIM

Yeah?

AUSTIN

Is Frederick still handling Century City?

JIM

He's got some family stuff. We're figuring it out-

AUSTIN

I can do it!

JIM

You wanna go to LA? I was gonna have Jeremy-

AUSTIN

I'd be happy to do it. I've got some stuff to..Take care of in LA.

JIM

Ok. Great. I'll have Fred fill you in.

Austin nods.

JIM (CONT'D)

Oh, and uh...If you need to take care of business...Do it in the bathroom.

Jim raises a playful brow at him.

AUSTIN  
Oh...I wasn't...

JIM  
I know.

AUSTIN  
No, really, I wasn't-

JIM  
I know.

Jim gives him a knowing wink and heads out.

**INT. AUSTIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Austin packs his suitcase in his Tribeca apartment. He picks up his phone, looking at a pic of Jill. As he gazes at her - JILL starts calling.

He panics- throwing the phone on the bed like a hot potato. That was close.

**INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Jill paces in her apartment, phone to her ear. On the brink of insanity.

JILL  
He goes- "Jill" and I go- "Yeah"  
and he goes "*THIS IS EXCITING.*" I  
SHIT you not, Isabelle, those were  
his final words to me before  
falling off the face of the earth!  
What is he, some kind of sociopath?  
WELL -our love guru is doing a book  
reading tomorrow night and I have a  
crazy idea... I'm glad you're not  
here to tell me that when they go  
low, we go high...That's for the  
classy people.

**INT. AUSTIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

JILL V.O.  
Let's smoke some crack.

Austin smiles.

**INT. BAKERY - MORNING**

Austin shows Breeda and Andy a USB drive while third-wheeling their wedding cake tasting.

AUSTIN

After the douche's book reading I will approach her and say: "I'm very sorry for your loss, here is a drive of all of your voicemails. Apologies for not telling you sooner. I didn't listen to them.."

BREEDA

She'll know you listened to them.

ANDY

Of course you listened to them- do NOT bring this.

He takes the drive out of his hand.

ANDY (CONT'D)

She doesn't need an instant replay of *herself* talking to her dead sister.

BREEDA

Why do you need to do it in person?  
(re: the cake)  
Ooo- this is a good one.

ANDY

How do you even know what she looks like?

Austin takes a bite of Breeda's slice.

AUSTIN

I may have...Googled her. And looked through her instagram. And facebook. And...Saved some pics on my phone...

ANDY

Oh, ok cool. Glad this hasn't gotten weird.

BREEDA

SHOW ME NOW.

He pulls out his phone.

ANDY

THAT'S why you haven't recorded a voice greeting. Because you'll be found out!

AUSTIN

No. I just haven't had time-

Breeda takes a look at the photos of Jill.

BREEDA

Holy crap! She's beautiful!!!

Andy takes a peek.

ANDY

And that's why you wanna do it in person! You are SO predictable.

AUSTIN

I'm doing it in person because it's the right thing to do. I'm going to be in LA anyway...

BREEDA

Awww- And you've caught feels!

AUSTIN

What? I don't even know her.

ANDY

Actually, you know everything about her.

AUSTIN

I don't know everything. Just that she's funny. And that guys in LA are a joke and they don't deserve her. And... she really, really loved her sister.

They stare at him. He looks like a Looney Tunes character with hearts popping out of his eyeballs.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

What?

He takes a huge bite of cake. Shit. He's in trouble.

# **INT. L.A. BARNES AND NOBLE BOOKSTORE - EVENING**

Dozens of WOMEN of all shapes, sizes and ages buzz with excitement, trying to get a good seat.

On an easel, a cardboard blowup of the book: *Proactive Dating* by Tyler Riordan. Austin enters the cult gathering. He scans faces. She's not there. The WOMEN STARE as he finds a seat. Who let the MAN in?

Then...Jill wanders in, trying to be incognito in a hat.

A beat as his heart stops. There she is - the woman with the voice he knows so well. He can't look away as she finds her seat.

Tyler enters with a megawatt smile- the room erupts in applause. Jill's face darkens. So does Austin's.

TYLER

How's everyone doing?

The ladies cheer as he reaches the small stage.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Thank you all for being here. It's great to see you! So..I'll leave it up to you- what chapter should we read from, ladies?

The women swoon. THAT Hugh Grant accent...

TYLER (CONT'D)

Any suggestions?

A hand goes up in the audience.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Yeah - In the back.

The ladies turn as Jill stands. Tyler sharts his pants.

JILL

Hey, Tyler. Love the book. I'm a HUGE fan.

He shifts, uncomfortably.

TYLER

Thank you-

JILL

My favorite is the chapter titled "Dating with Accountability". But quick question: That's only geared towards us lovelorn ladies, correct?

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

I'm guessing guys get a free pass to, say, get you into bed, talk about taking you back to their home countries and then vanish out of thin air. No explanation. Not even a text saying - I am alive but NO THANK YOU.

Every head in the audience turns back towards Tyler- begging for a logical explanation. Austin stifles a smile. Daaaang.

TYLER

Oh - emmm - this book is designed for women to - emm- navigate the reality of the dating world-

JILL

Right - the dating world where in order to "get the guy"- women are expected to read self-help books written by men, send "cheeky" emojis when they receive a booty call text and respond "coyly and unemotionally" when a guy forgets plans that were made.

The room full of lovesick ladies stares - their loyalty deteriorating before his very eyes.

TYLER

I'm...I-

JILL

Well, thanks to your book - I am now an expert on accountability and a PRO at apologizing.  
So here we go:  
I'm sorry for falling for your poor-man's-Hugh-Grant schtick. I'm sorry I spent 14 dollars buying sliced pineapple at Whole Foods to have in the fridge so you'd think I was a grown up. I'm sorry that women across the country will read your book and not realize the toxic dating culture its writer promotes. And most of all- I'm sorry that I'm still a hopeless romantic and fuckboys like you make me feel bad about it. Enjoy the 20 bucks. Buy some crumpets.

OooooOOO BURN, Jill.

She tosses the book on her seat and starts making her way through the aisle. The room watches her go then suddenly - breaks into APPLAUSE. She cracks a smile as she struts out - head held high. Boy, BYE.

Austin watches after her - in awe.

**EXT. VALET - NIGHT**

Jill catches her breath over at the valet.

AUSTIN (O.S.)  
That was...Awesome.

Jill turns. Their eyes meet - for the first time. A beat as they take each other in. She hesitates for a second.

JILL  
Ah, thanks. I'm still shaking.

AUSTIN  
I don't really know what happened there but....He's an idiot.

She looks at him quizzically.

JILL  
You a fan of his?

AUSTIN  
No. NO-

JILL  
Just decided to check out a random book signing?

AUSTIN  
Uh. Yeah, well - I..Uh. I actually came here to talk to you.

JILL  
To me?

AUSTIN  
Yeah.

JILL  
Do I know you?

AUSTIN  
You don't, actually. Not at all.



JILL

Ok..

He smiles. She waits. He can't get over how crazy it is to be face to face with her.

He can't do it. He can't. Not like this.

AUSTIN

I came to the valet to talk to you... After that. I'd like to - do the male species a solid and prove that we're not all promoting a toxic dating culture.

JILL

Oh, man.

AUSTIN

What?

JILL

Seriously?

AUSTIN

Not great timing, is it?

JILL

Not great, no. I'm on a dick cleanse. This time, for real. Not that you're a dick...Just that you HAVE one. Presumably. Or not. Either way- all fine by me.

AUSTIN

I do. Have one.

JILL

Great, cool, awesome. Well now that we have established that you have a-

AUSTIN

Can we start over?

JILL

PLEASE.

AUSTIN

How 'bout dinner? I'm in town on business-

The valet arrives with her Prius. She heads to her car.

JILL  
Thank you, but I'm not really-

AUSTIN  
You like Chinese food?

Record scratch. She stops cold. Turning back around. HOLD UP.

**INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Austin and Jill get down on chow mein and orange chicken.

AUSTIN  
You're a writer! Can you just write  
it for me?

JILL  
Hells no! They're your two best  
friends! You beat the system. This  
has the potential to be the most  
epic best man speech of all time! I  
am LIVING for this OC, by the way.

AUSTIN  
OC?

JILL  
Orange chicken.

AUSTIN  
You have abbreviations for Chinese  
food?

JILL  
Doesn't everybody?

He laughs.

AUSTIN  
Wait- Can you give me like..A first  
line? A prompt? Like when we did  
college essays?

JILL  
Ummm...Ok fine. Breeda and Andy?

He nods. He gazes at her while she slips into deep thought.

JILL (CONT'D)  
"Breeda and Andy....  
You've made a believer out of me."

AUSTIN  
DAAAMN. That's why they pay you the  
big bucks.

She cackles.

JILL  
Or like...None of the bucks. But  
thank you.  
How do you like your job? Real  
estate's cool, yeah?

AUSTIN  
Cool is a strong word. It's good.  
It's what my dad does.

JILL  
Dad! You guys close?

AUSTIN  
That's...A loaded question.

JILL  
Ah. How about Mom?

AUSTIN  
She died when I was little.

Jill peers up at him- stunned. She's not used to being on  
this side of the fence.

JILL  
I'm sorry..

AUSTIN  
I don't have siblings, so it was  
always just me and my Dad. He's a  
good guy. Even if he's more like a  
brother than a father.

She smiles. He tenses. Not sure how they got there...

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
So - JILL. I've been out here a  
million times but don't feel like I  
really know LA, ya know?

JILL  
Oh, honey- no one knows LA. You can  
spend all night talking to her at a  
dinner party and the next day she  
won't remember your name.

AUSTIN

Deep.

JILL

I have this theory - the reason there's always traffic is because no one has real jobs or anywhere to be, so they're just driving round and round in circles like *The Truman Show*.

AUSTIN

Sounds like you might be the ONLY person that has LA figured out...And I could really use a tour guide.

She raises a brow. Contemplating.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

I won't even try to get you into bed. Scouts honor.

He does the three finger salute.

JILL

You SAYING that is you trying to get me into bed.

AUSTIN

Dammnit. I thought the reverse psychology might work.

JILL

Clearly the scouts have no honor!

AUSTIN

I really wouldn't know. I wasn't a boy scout.

She bursts into laughter. One of those hearty, belly laughs. He grins.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Whattaya say?

She eyes him, suspiciously.

JILL

We should go to the bat cave.

AUSTIN

What's at the bat cave?

JILL  
Batman. Obviously.

***Quick Shots of Jill and Austin Touring LA:***

- Jill and Austin wear Hawaiian shirts while riding a Hollywood tour van
- Jill takes pics of Austin with the brightest stars on the Walk of Fame: Kirstie Alley, Wesley Snipes and Lassie
- They hike the Hollywood sign and take duck-face selfies
- They ride the Ferris Wheel at the Santa Monica Pier. They can't keep their eyes off of each other.
- Jill freaks out, hopping up and down when she wins a stuffed animal at the arcade
- They drink shakes at 101 Coffee Shop, chatting and laughing
- Jill takes him to the Bronson caves (aka the batcave). Surprisingly, no Batman.

**EXT. LA LOOKOUT - NIGHT**

Jill is seated on her car. Overlooking the LA night. Austin stands:

AUSTIN  
And I know you're going to be very  
happy together. Cheers to the new  
couple.

Jill nods.

JILL  
Ok..Good start!

AUSTIN  
It sucks.

JILL  
No- it's close!

AUSTIN  
Help me, Coach Shaw.

JILL  
Just... Speak from the heart.

AUSTIN  
That's not really...My strong suit.

JILL

You've gotta unlearn all the Mark Wahlberg stuff about men not having emotions or crying. It is MANLY to have emotions! Romance is manly!

AUSTIN

Romance is manly?

She smiles and nods. He can't hold out any longer. He leans in, kissing her. For the first time. Under the stars and the smog. It's about as perfect a kiss as they come in LA- or otherwise.

***Continue Montage:***

- Jill passes out coffee at work, smiling to herself
- Austin does a showing of the Century City listing
- Jill gives Austin a tour of the CBS lot
- They roam around the Urban Light installation at LACMA. Checking each other out under the lights. Sparks flying

**INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Onscreen, Elizabeth Berkley in her career-defining role in *SHOWGIRLS*:

NOMI MALONE

I like having nice tits.

Austin shakes his head, horrified, on the couch.

AUSTIN

You don't like this movie. You're messing with me.

On the couch next to him, Jill has dozed off. He smiles, slightly- turning off the TV. He carefully picks her up, taking her to bed. He gets her tucked in.

She stirs. Nuzzling into the sheets. He gazes at her while she sleeps. Falling hard.

***Sunrise...***

Jill's eyes flutter open. She reaches her hand to the spot next to her on the bed. Empty. She sits up.

On the couch, Austin is sound asleep. She crawls out of bed, tiptoeing over. She smiles - he looks so peaceful.

She nestles into him on the couch, pulling his arm around her and closing her eyes.

**EXT. LAX - MORNING**

Jill and Austin are awkward as he pulls his bag out of her trunk.

JILL  
Well. Thank you for choosing Jill  
Shaw tours!

He smiles.

AUSTIN  
Let's figure it out...How to keep  
doing this.

JILL  
Ok. Yeah.

He gives her a kiss.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Safe flight.

She smiles as he walks off. He turns back around. DAMNIT. He can't leave without doing the thing.

AUSTIN  
Jill...I've gotta tell you  
something.

Jill waits. Uh oh.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
I...My...

He looks at her face. So open-hearted. It'll crush her. He can't do it. He can't hurt her.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
...My best friends are getting  
married.

JILL  
I am aware.

AUSTIN  
The wedding's in a couple weeks. In  
New York. I know this is kinda  
crazy but... Would you wanna...Be  
my date?

A smile spreads on Jill's face.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

I know I may be jumping the gun-  
but I need my coach. Just think  
about it?

JILL

Ok.

**INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Jill falls on her bed. Giggly. She pulls out her phone.

JILL

Izzy. I just took him to LAX which  
is like the equivalent of adopting  
a dog together. And...I don't even  
know what to say. I feel it, Izzy.  
It feels like... I don't know.  
Like...I tried to play it cool,  
but...I have a feeling. It's weird.  
It's just easy and...There's  
just...I think it may be him. I  
think he may be it. That's so crazy  
to say!!!

She squeals, covering her face.

**INT. UBER - NIGHT**

Austin rides home in an uber. He sees the VM waiting from  
Jill. He smiles as he listens to it...

As it plays...His face drops. His feet getting cold.

**INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY**

MARK

Aching. Tightening. Like a sharp  
spear running through your lower  
abdomen and you're begging for  
release. And you feel lethargic and  
deeply..Saddened. But it's  
difficult to articulate why.

The whole room listens, intently.

JAY

Yeah.



MARK

And that's what it's like... To menstruate.

Jill can't and she never will can again.

**INT. CBS LOT COMMISSARY - LATER**

Jill dials Austin while eating lunch and writing on her laptop.

**INT. AUSTIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Austin sees Jill calling. He hesitates. Then picks up.

**INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION**

AUSTIN

Hey...

JILL

Hey! How was the flight?

AUSTIN

Good, good. How are you?

JILL

Mansplaining Mark is really in his element today. I'm learning a lot about menstruation.

She chuckles. Austin is silent. Thinking.

JILL (CONT'D)

You ok?

AUSTIN

Yeah. Yeah. It's just..A busy day at work...

JILL

Oh - Ok! We can talk later.

AUSTIN

Cool.

No. Wait. That's not true.

I...Jill. Please don't take this the wrong way...

This feels really intense. And...I just...I like you a lot...But ...Could we maybe...Dial it back a little?

JILL  
Dial it back...To what? We live in  
different cities...

AUSTIN  
That's true. I just..I don't know.  
I feel like you...Might be moving  
faster than me.

JILL  
Why? Because I called you just now?

AUSTIN  
No! I... I don't know.

Silence. Jill nods her head.

JILL  
Got it. Ok. Austin- maybe you  
should just figure out what it is  
that you want.

AUSTIN  
Jill.

JILL  
Yeah?

He needs to say it. Say it, Austin. Moments pass. He can't do  
it.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Alright. I'm gonna go.

AUSTIN  
Ok.

JILL  
Ok.

She hangs up and stares at her phone - confused. WTF was  
THAT?

An alert comes up on the screen. Software Update. She groans,  
plugging it into her computer.

The apple logo comes up. Resetting.

Everything on her screen suddenly looks different. She goes  
to her voicemails: EMPTY. 0 Voicemails.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Oh my god. No, no no-

**INT. APPLE STORE - DAY**

Jill rushes through the busy Apple store and to the Genius Bar. She interrupts a GENIUS who is talking to a FEMALE CUSTOMER (40s).

JILL

I'm sorry--- Sorry. Excuse me- I did the update and all of my voicemails are gone-

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Girl - there's a line-

JILL

I know, I'm sorry! This is an emergency! My voicemails disappeared. And it's very, VERY important that I get them back-

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Did I wake up in 2002? Who be leavin' voicemails?

JILL

I'm so sorry- I'm almost done. They're all I have. They're all I have of my sister.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

GIRL-

JILL

She died.

The Female Customer looks to the Genius.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

She can go ahead.

The Genius plugs in Jill's phone.

GENIUS

Type in your apple ID and password.

He checks some stuff out.

GENIUS (CONT'D)

You didn't save them to the cloud...

JILL

I...I thought I did.

GENIUS

I'm sorry...It was probably a software update glitch...And if you didn't save them to the cloud...There's not much else I can do...

JILL

You don't understand...I NEED those voicemails.

Jill starts to break down. A shady lookin genius nearby, FELIX, overhears the commotion.

GENIUS

I'm sorry...

Tears run down jill's cheeks. In the middle of the Apple store. In front of everyone.

JILL

There's nothing else---? Are you sure?... Nothing..?

Jill covers her face. The Female Customer hugs her. Hiding Jill's face in her bosomous chest.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

What ya'll lookin' at? This ain't Judge Judy. Mind your business!

The shady genius, FELIX, taps Jill on the shoulder. He looks around the room like he's about to do a drug deal.

FELIX

Write down your info and the number the voicemails came from. I'll see what I can do.

Jill takes the piece of paper in his hand.

FELIX (CONT'D)

We never spoke.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Austin sits with Breeda and Andy, cheersing.

ANDY

To our last drinks as unweds.

Breeda looks around the room.

BREEDA

DANG- I need to find someone to  
have sex with tonight...

She grins, nudging Andy playfully as he FAKE laughs.

ANDY

We're excited to meet Jill!

Austin looks away.

BREEDA

Oh NOOOO-

ANDY

I KNEW IT.

BREEDA

What happened, Austin?

AUSTIN

I heard her.. Talking about how she  
felt about me.

Andy nods- his eyes full of sympathy.

ANDY

She thinks you're vapid. And  
stupid.

Austin stares, coldly. Breeda puts a hand over Andy's mouth.

BREEDA

Shhh! Go ahead.

AUSTIN

She's just...She's so...I don't  
know. Vulnerable. And...Her  
feelings are intense. And I don't  
know that I'm there yet.

BREEDA

Oh, Austin. You only like the first  
month of a relationship when it's  
superficial and disposable. We're  
not sixteen anymore!

ANDY

Look - we understand that you are a  
product of your environment. You  
were a feral child raised by wolves  
in a wasteland.

AUSTIN  
 ...I was raised by my Dad in New  
 Jersey.

Breeda and Andy nod their heads sympathetically.

ANDY  
 You've checked your phone every  
 three minutes since you started  
 getting these voicemails. Just  
 think about that.

BREEDA  
 What would happen if...You let her  
 see the Austin that we get to see?

Austin evades eye contact.

AUSTIN  
 I don't know.

BREEDA  
 Wait...How did you hear her talking  
 about her feelings?

Busted. Austin tenses.

ANDY  
 OH MY GOD-

BREEDA  
 You didn't tell her!!!

AUSTIN  
 I'm going to!!!

ANDY  
 LIAR!!! It's like a sick, sick  
 version of *You've Got Mail*!!!

AUSTIN  
 Tom Hanks is America's  
 sweetheart!!!

ANDY  
 (outraged)  
YOU ARE NOT TOM HANKS!

BREEDA  
 How did you even- What number did  
 you give her?

AUSTIN  
I gave her a google number I  
forwarded to my phone.

Andy and Breeda GASP!

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
I know, I know- this may have  
gotten...A little out of hand.

ANDY  
SHAAAAME.

BREEDA  
Austin. Tell her the truth.

AUSTIN  
I know. I'm going to do it. In  
person.

**INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

A blocked number calling. Jill picks up.

JILL  
Hello?

**INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION**

**INT. AUSTIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

AUSTIN  
I can't get up there without you.  
  
She smiles.

JILL  
Yes, you can.

AUSTIN  
Come with me. Please. Do you want  
me to humiliate myself?

Jill thinks.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
I deserve it if you do. But-  
I'll make it up to you! With a  
grand tour of an exotic land  
called... NEW YORK CITY!

Jill smiles, slightly. He waits...

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Huh?! Spring in New York! Can't  
beat it!

Austin sighs.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Please, Jill.

**INT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY**

Jill makes her way through JFK. She spots Austin holding a sign:

**Austin Vallone Tours**

JILL  
Woow. I think we need to dial it  
back a little bit...

He pulls her in, kissing her.

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Austin and Jill enter the busy rehearsal dinner. They make their way over to Breeda and Andy. They exchange warm hugs and kisses.

**Later...**

Andy makes a speech:

ANDY  
She finally said yes. Sixth time's  
a charm!

Everyone cheers. Under the table, Austin takes Jill's hand, interlocking fingers.

AUSTIN  
(a whisper)  
I'm glad you're here.

JILL  
Me too.

AUSTIN  
Your hands are cold.



He pulls his suit jacket around her, warming her up. She gazes at him. He looks happy. Childlike.

JILL  
Gonna run to the restroom.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jill makes her way through the hallway. Smitten.

She pulls her cell out of her clutch. Dialing Isabelle. Face flushed.

SUDDENLY- vibrating. A phone. Huh?

She hangs up her own cell. The vibrating stops.

She calls one more time - That vibrating, again.

She looks in Austin's jacket pocket. She pulls out his phone.

There on the screen:

**JILL**

She shakes her head, looking at the two phones - then at Austin. He smiles at her from his seat - oblivious. He sees her speed towards the exit. He gets up, rushing after her.

AUSTIN  
Jill-

**EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT**

She spins around.

JILL  
Why is my sister's number connected  
to your phone?

He stops cold as she hands him his phone and jacket. His face says it all. Jill backs away.

AUSTIN  
Wait - hold on-  
Jill- it's a crazy story. I... I  
inherited your sister's phone  
number. After she died- I guess.

JILL  
She died in November.

He looks away. Jill feels suddenly nauseous.

JILL (CONT'D)  
You've been listening to my  
voicemails.

He nods.

JILL (CONT'D)  
...All this time?

AUSTIN  
I... I was going to tell you-

JILL  
Oh my GOD.

She covers her mouth.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Oh my GOD- I'm gonna die. That's  
so...Invasive. Those were PRIVATE.  
Why didn't you tell me that you  
were getting them?

AUSTIN  
I was going to. That was the plan.  
To come to LA and tell you.

JILL  
So you *planned* the whole..? Then  
what? Why did you just let me...

It hits her.

JILL (CONT'D)  
OH MY GOD... You let me talk about  
YOU- and my...

AUSTIN  
Wait.

It sets in.

JILL  
Is that...? That's why you pulled  
away...You heard me talk about my  
feelings.

AUSTIN  
Yes. And I got freaked out. For a  
minute. But I'm ok now!

She nods and begins walking away down the street.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
No, no - don't go-

JILL  
You LIED TO ME! About EVERYTHING-

AUSTIN  
Not everything- I-  
Jill. I listened to those  
voicemails and..I couldn't stop. I  
needed to be close to you. I've  
never been as close to anyone as  
you are to your sister. And I  
just... THIS freaked me out at  
first but...  
...You're not alone. Not anymore. I  
want to be there. I realized - I  
want to do this.

She stares at him. In disbelief.

JILL  
Those voicemails were not FOR YOU,  
Austin. This is not about YOU.  
Those voicemails weren't a plea to  
the universe: Send me a man so that  
I'm not alone anymore!

She starts to tear. The truth is harder to verbalize when  
there's a human standing right in front of you. Her voice  
cracks as she speaks-

JILL (CONT'D)  
I don't need a boyfriend.  
What I NEED...  
Is my little sister back.

AUSTIN  
Jill...

She's gone. He stands. Alone on the New York street.

#### **INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT**

Jill looks out the small, plane window. Another piece of her,  
chipping away. Another loss.

#### **INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Jill enters her apartment. She collapses onto her bed.

She picks up her phone. No vm's. No one to call. She starts to cry - curling into a ball. She stares at her phone.

# **INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

ABBA BLARES. Mom jerks awake. Discombobulated. She grabs the phone off her nightstand.

MOM  
It's Jill! It's Jill-

She picks up.

MOM (CONT'D)  
Jill?! Jill- What's wrong?

# **INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION**

JILL  
Nothing Mom- you're supposed to put  
your phone on silent at night-

Her Mom clutches her chest, catching her breath.

MOM  
Oh my GOD-

JILL  
Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you up-

MOM  
Are you ok? Jill?

Silence on the other end as Jill's eyes tear. She shakes her head. No.

JILL  
(voice cracking)  
Can you just... talk to me...For a  
little bit?

For the first time, Jill shares her pain. Splitting it in half to bear the load. Her Mom nods.

MOM  
Yes, honey. Yes. Always.

JILL  
I'm not doing so well, Mom.

MOM

Honey...

I know you think Izzy was the legs of the operation... So sometimes you forget... You have legs of your own. You've always been so brave, too, my Jilly.

Jill closes her eyes. If only she could feel it.

**INT. NEW YORK HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Austin helps Andy get ready in his tux.

AUSTIN

You ready?

ANDY

(nervously)

Yeah - I think so.

AUSTIN

That was a rhetorical question- She is so out of your league I'm not totally convinced this isn't a case of human trafficking.

ANDY

I know, right?

They hug.

**INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - LATER**

CLINK CLINK CLINK! Austin holds the mic.

AUSTIN

Hey everyone, I'm Austin...The eternal bachelor friend. Andy and Breeda are the siblings I never had. SO- I tried to warn them that marriage is a terrible bet. The stats back me up. Shall we go over the divorce rate?

The crowd laughs and boos- (New Yorkers).

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Come find me at the bar, I'm happy to share.

Andy shakes his head - this better improve soon.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

The cynical old man in me thinks  
that anyone that takes the plunge  
is out of their minds.  
But you guys...You guys would be  
out of your minds not to. I'm not  
much of a gambler... But I'd bet my  
life savings on you two.

He smiles at his two best friends in the world.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

I'd bet my life on you two.  
You guys make me believe that maybe  
some things in life are rigged in  
our favor.

Andy smiles, looking at Breeda - getting a little choked up.  
Austin raises his glass.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

To Breeda and Andy: You've made a  
believer out of me.

The room aaaaaw's and applauds. Breeda and Andy kiss. Austin  
smiles, proudly. He did it.

Slowly...His smile fades. The feeling of triumph- short-  
lived. If only Jill were here.

#### **INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY**

Jill gazes out the window. It's sunny and warm outside on the  
lot. All day, everyday. Like hell.

JAY

Right now it feels very...Cordial.  
Where are the claws? The cat fight.  
Jill- you hearing this?

She nods.

JAY (CONT'D)

Next pass- I need to see  
some...RAAAWWR. I need to see some  
blood between the women. I wanna  
see the red wedding.

She looks around the room at the nodding heads.

On her laptop screen: A pic of Isabelle and her as little  
girls. Smiling in hideous matching outfits.

JILL  
(softly)  
No.

JAY  
What?

JILL  
I'm not writing another petty  
female feud. Get Mark to write it.

JAY  
This is your episode, Jill.

JILL  
Well not all female relationships  
are jealous and petty and I'm not  
going to be part of the  
proliferation of that stereotype. I  
did not leave my home and my family  
to write this crap for a future  
generation.

JAY  
They are literally rivals-

JILL  
Why? Why are they rivals?  
Because they're both Latina women?

JAY  
Because they are both secretaries  
and this is television  
entertainment which requires  
ANTAGONISTS.

JILL  
So make the boss the antagonist.  
Maybe the BOSS doesn't know how  
female relationships work because  
he's NOT A FEMALE. MAYBE he's  
pitting his secretaries against one  
other! Maybe the BOSS is under-  
qualified for his job but got ahead  
because of his whiteness and man-  
ness and CONNECTEDNESS.

JAY  
Interesting. No one will buy that.

JILL  
Cool. I quit. Thank you for  
allowing me to fill your vagina  
quota.

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)  
Feel free to name a  
hooker/stewardess character after  
me.

JAY  
You're under contract, Jill.

JILL  
Then fire me because I cannot take  
another second of your unsolicited  
Ted talks on women's mood swings,  
menopause, bras, *MOTHERHOOD* - THAT  
was fun-

JAY  
Jill, I don't know if you know this-  
but I have two daughters and happen  
to be MARRIED to a woman-

JILL  
JAY- I don't know if YOU know this,  
but I happen to BE a woman-  
Don't interrupt me.

JAY  
There's more?

JILL  
Oh, I'm just getting started. The  
ratings are embarrassing. And how -  
HOW could that be, JAY? Hmmm...

She sticks her finger to her lips.

JILL (CONT'D)  
It's coming to me... It's coming to  
me....Because this show is an  
EXPLOSION IN A STUPID FACTORY! I  
wouldn't watch it if you PAID me.  
Literally. You pay me to watch this  
show and I DO NOT watch it.

He nods, knowingly- walks over, leaning in.

JAY  
(stage whisper)  
Is it that time of the month?

Jill leans in.



JILL

You know, actually - Jay. It made me very uncomfortable when you commented on how curvaceous I looked after taco Tuesday...

Jay's blood runs cold. The #metoo demon has been awakened.

JAY

You can work from home, no prob.

He opens up to the room.

JAY (CONT'D)

Teamwork makes the dream work.

JILL

I'll finish writing this episode. And in this next draft- I'll be making the BOSS the bad guy.

JAY

I think that could work.

JILL

You'll have it by the end of the week. And I won't be taking any notes from Mansplaining Mark so don't even bother forming opinions, Mark.

Mark starts to protest. She shoots him the look of death.

Jay's phone alarm goes off - he rushes to silence it.

JILL (CONT'D)

Well, whattaya know. TIME'S UP.

Jill grabs the fruit bowl from the center of the table. She starts to hustle out - stopping to take the banana out of a Male Writer's hand, throwing it in her bowl.

#### **EXT. CBS LOT - AFTERNOON**

Jill struts through the lot with her fruit bowl, smile on her face. R-E-S-P-E-C-T playing in her head. MAN, that felt good.

#### **INT. CULVER HOTEL - DAY**

Jill types like the wind while sipping on a latte.

To her right - a long table of LADIES, dressed up in pastel dresses squeal and exchange kisses. A tea party bridal shower. Jill puts on her headphones to drown out the noise and continues her grind.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES OVERLOOK - NIGHT**

Jill eats Taco Bell - reading some of her dialogue aloud. A car pulls up next to her...

Austin steps out. Jill's jaw goes slack.

AUSTIN

Hey.

JILL

Holy shit...What are you doing here?

AUSTIN

I... I had to see you. And tell you...

He takes a deep breath. He rehearsed this.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Jill...I... I'm really...Shit. I...

He looks to her. Get it out, Austin.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry, Jill.  
I...I should've told you. Many times. And I didn't. I chickened out. I was selfish.

He can barely make eye contact. She feels his guilt.

JILL

I forgive you.

AUSTIN

Wait...Really?

JILL

Yeah.

AUSTIN

Great! Awesome. Ok!

He nods his head, sighing with relief. He looks at her face. She looks deep in thought.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Can I...Kiss you?

She steps back.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Oh. Ok. You need some time? That's fine-

She shakes her head, looking out at the city

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
I can give you space? Or whatever you-

JILL  
I can't, Austin. I can't do this. I do forgive you. I've kinda got a lot on my plate and...I don't really have a whole lot of energy to hate anyone. Plus- at this point, I'm pretty used to humiliating myself, anyway. But the truth is...All I do all day long is piece myself back together with tape and...Elmers glue. I'm like a Mr. Potato Head that keeps getting blown up over and over. And my nose is here, and my eyes are over here-

She points at her butt and elbow.

JILL (CONT'D)  
And I can't do it anymore. This is going to sound pathetic and sad but since TMI is my middle name- I'm just going to say it: If I jump back into this-- *all in* - because that's just who I AM... And you hurt me...Theres a good chance I don't survive that.

She tenses. Fighting that ache beneath her eyes. She REALLY doesn't wanna cry. She's sick of crying.

JILL (CONT'D)  
And... I need to survive. It would be great if it could work out just like the movies... Plug in the guy and everything's suddenly perfect! But it's not like the movies. There's a hole in me. Forever, I guess.  
(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

And I don't want any more men  
hanging out in that hole, for as  
long as it's fun or easy or sexy or  
whatever...Until they decide to  
leave.  
I'm not referring to my vagina by  
the way...

AUSTIN

No, I got that.

She nods. Cool.

JILL

I've gotta protect what's left...  
Of me.

He nods. Wracking his brain for the words.

AUSTIN

Jill, I...

She waits. Wanting him to fight her. C'mon, Austin.

Instead - he hugs her. She closes her eyes. That was it.

#### **INT. AUSTIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Austin looks out the window at the city. Millions of people.  
No one concerned with his heartbreak.

He swipes on Tinder. Girl with dog, girl with dog, girl wine  
tasting, girl with dog...

He writes a message to a BEAUTY:

*Hey, how's your day, Kiki?*

He gets a message back.

*It's good! How's yours?*

He puts his phone down. Already exhausted.

#### **INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY**

The team is gathered.

MARK

It's a season's worth of twists and  
reveals jammed into one episode!

JAY  
That's a fair assessment,  
Mansplaining Mark.

Jill walks in.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Look- our staff writer decided to  
join us! We were just talking about  
your episode.

MARK  
It's a completely different show-

JAY  
You're prepping it.

JILL  
For real?

JAY  
Yep. Shoots in six weeks.

Jill smiles. Mansplaining Mark looks close to tears.

JAY (CONT'D)  
You look nice today. I mean that in  
a very appropriate, consensual way.

***A Montage as Jill preps:***

- Jill preps the episode with the production team
  - Austin leads a tour of a new Brooklyn office space
  - Jill writes at 101 Coffee Shop - eating a burger
  - Austin goes on a date with another gorgeous MODEL type. He struggles to pay attention
  - Jill laughs with her Mom on the phone
  - Austin gets a honeymoon postcard from Bali from Andy and Breeda
  - At the cafe, a CUTE GUY eyes Jill. She puts on her headphones, focusing on her script. Not today, Satan
- And finally...

**INT. SOUNDSTAGE - LATE NIGHT**

A hot set. It's been a LONG day and the lead actor CLIFF (60s, best known for the M\*A\*S\*H knockoff your parents never watched and his borderline racist rants captured by TMZ) is having an issue on his first take of his first scene. As usual.

CLIFF

Why would Benicio say this? Benicio is an ALPHA. Am I wrong? Am I WRONG, Jerry? What the fuck do you know, you're a cameraman.

Cliff looks around at the frightened PA's and grips.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

My character isn't going to be pushed around by his secretaries. It's inconsistent! I played Richard III. Did you know that? Where's the writer?

Jill is ushered over. She pulls the headphones off her ears, nervously.

JILL

Hey, Cliff. What's up?

Cliff puts an arm around her shoulder. His hand, basically cupping her boob. Her eyes peer down as she tries not to notice.

CLIFF

Listen sweetheart- This would never happen.

JILL

What wouldn't?

CLIFF

Anything in this episode. Benicio would never say this.

JILL

Well, he IS saying it- it's there on the page so...

Cliff cackles. He looks down at her with a look of pity.

CLIFF

I totally get it - this is probably your first time on a set. Maybe no one told you how this works.

(MORE)

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Well, I have an EMMY. This is not  
my first ro-

JILL

(under her breath)

A Daytime Emmy.

The Cameraman stifles a laugh.

CLIFF

Huh?

JILL

I said you have a Daytime Emmy. You  
know what's impressive about a  
Daytime Emmy?

CLIFF

What?

JILL

NOTHING. Who doesn't have a Daytime  
Emmy? I think my uber driver  
yesterday had one. Now if you're  
done jerking off to your fake Emmy -  
let's talk about the scene.

CLIFF

Is this a joke?

JILL

Look- I know you liked your lines  
better when they were written by  
straight, white guys - I know they  
were easier for you to UNDERSTAND -  
but NEWSFLASH--- this is the worst  
rated show on the worst rated  
network - so stop acting like  
you're Daniel Day fucking Lewis and  
do your JOB because here's a little  
insider info, SWEETHEART: the only  
reason you're here is because Luke  
Perry wasn't available. And now  
you're holding up production AS  
USUAL so we can all tickle your  
testies but we are three hours  
behind schedule. Read the words on  
the page in a tone that somewhat  
resembles a living human being,  
collect your overgrown paycheck and  
GO HOME, Sugartits, cuz we're all  
tired.

She spins around as Cliff seethes.

JILL (CONT'D)  
OH- and you can drop the community  
theatre British accent because we  
all know you're from Baltimore.

CLIFF  
SOMEBODY GET ME JAY NOW.

Jill starts heading back to video village-

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
NO- YOU don't go anywhere!!! NOBODY  
MOVE.

Jay appears, rushing over.

JAY  
What's the problem, Cliff.

Cliff pulls him aside. Jay nods as Cliff has a full-blown  
meltdown. Jill closes her eyes. This is bad. Very bad. Stella  
got her groove back, but Stella is about to get FIRED.  
Finally- Jay leans in to Cliff.

JAY (CONT'D)  
(a whisper)  
She's right. Just say the words.

CLIFF  
Did you just hear what I said? Is  
everybody fucking HIGH on this  
set?!

Jay puts a hand on his shoulder.

JAY  
CLIFF- Luke Perry is now available.  
We could switch you out mid-scene  
and no one would notice. Say the  
lines so we can all go home.

Jill stares wide-eyed as Jay storms past her, off set.

#### **EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Jay speed walks as Jill rushes to catch up.

JILL  
Jay-

JAY  
Would you, PLEASE, stop trying to  
get fired?



JILL  
That time I honestly wasn't- I  
don't really know what possessed me-

JAY  
Well could you stop getting  
possessed by demons and do YOUR job  
because Luke Perry is not actually  
available.

JILL  
You're not going to fire me?

JAY  
Not today.

JILL  
Why not?

JAY  
I hired you. Believe it or not-  
because I happen to think you're  
good. You're a royal pain in my ass  
- but you're good.

Jill looks away. Overcome.

JILL  
Thank you. For backing me up, Jay.

He nods, softening.

JAY  
You've got balls, kid.

She smiles- forcing a hug. Jay bristles.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Ok, ok. Get back to work,  
Sugartits.

Jill puts her headphones on and marches back to set.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY**

Identical shot of palm trees, the blue sky and the blazing  
sun.

Super: **November**

**INT. JILL'S KITCHEN - THANKSGIVING**

Jill heats water, making a cup of noodle while talking to Mom on the phone.

MOM (V.O.)

You don't wanna go to - what do they call it- a Friendsgiving?

JILL

Nah- I'm tired. I'm gonna watch Showgirls.

Her Mom has a look of worry on her face.

JILL (CONT'D)

Don't give me that look.

MOM (V.O.)

What look? You can't even see me.

JILL

You know what look. I'm fine.  
I just...I can't believe it's been a year. It feels like...I aged 10 years without her.

MOM V.O.

I know.

(beat)

We love you, Jilly. Lots of people love you... And will love you. If you let them. Not just Izzy.

Like a knife.

JILL

Love you, too. I'll see you soon.

Jill stands alone in her studio, cup of noodle in hand.

**EXT. PIER - SUNSET**

Cliff (as BENICIO) stands opposite LUCIA (20s, Colombiana, busty and GORGEOUS, straight out of a telenovela).

CLIFF

I saw you from across the room. And  
It was this instant feeling...Of  
certainty. This involuntary  
response- like goosebumps. And I  
felt it in my bones - like how  
birds know when a storm is brewing.

DAMN. He's actually pretty good. Might even be better than Luke Perry. He's gunnin' for a REAL Emmy. The monologue plays over...

**INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Jill watches the episode with FRIENDS- Friends she hasn't seen in forever. She glances over to clock their reactions, nervously. They are entranced, munching on popcorn.

CLIFF (V.O.)  
I knew something big was coming.  
And I couldn't play it cool if I  
tried.

**INT. SHAW HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT**

In New York...Mom and Dad watch. They clasp hands. Proud.

CLIFF (V.O.)  
There's nothing cool about what I  
feel for you, Lucia. It's powerful  
and all-consuming and desperate  
and... Scary.

**INT. AUSTIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Austin watches. His heart - sinking.

CLIFF (V.O.)  
Since the MOMENT I saw you. I  
didn't stand a chance. You're the  
perfect storm.

**INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

As it cuts to commercial break...Everyone CHEERS!!!! Wiping at their faces, hugging Jill and exclaiming how randomly epic that shit was.

**Later...**

Jill hugs the last remaining Friends.

FRIEND  
It's so good to see you, Jill.  
We've missed you!

JILL  
Missed you guys, too. You'll be  
seeing more of me. I promise.

They hug her and head out. She smiles and checks her phone.

A text from Dad:

**Have you seen these?!**

He sends links:

**Pinewood Shores Did Not Make Me want to Punch Myself in the  
Face Tonight**

**Pinewood Shores May Not Get Canned After All**

Jill smiles proudly. She DID IT.

#### **INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY**

Jill enters the office. Everyone applauds. Including  
Mansplaining Mark. (?!?!) Jill takes an awkward bow.

#### **INT. CBS LOT - COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Jill watches a youtube clip of Cliff on E! News on her iPhone  
while at the condiment bar.

CLIFF  
I told the writers I wanted a more  
fleshed out character and they  
finally listened. When I played  
Richard III...

She smiles, shaking her head. She goes to reach for the cream  
and notices beside her, adding sugar to her coffee:

**Shonda MOTHAF\*\*\*IN Rhimes!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

Jill freezes and stares- time standing still.

JILL  
Oh My GOD. You're Shonda Rhimes...

SHONDA  
Hi-

JILL  
I'm...I'm ...I came to Hollywood to  
BE YOU.

SHONDA

Oh, yeah?

JILL

I'm Jill. I'm the staff writer on Pinewood Shores-

SHONDA

It's a sausage fest over there, huh? Oh, wait- you're the one that told Cliff Jones he had a fake Emmy-

JILL

Oh - I didn't mean-

SHONDA

It's about time someone told him.

Jill's eyes go wide.

SHONDA (CONT'D)

And you wrote last week's episode, right?

JILL

I did!

SHONDA

Good stuff. They're lucky to have you in that room.

JILL

Oh My God. I'm gonna cry. Or puke. Cry and puke all over you.

SHONDA

Please don't. You should come meet with my team. I'll have my office set something up.

JILL

HO-LY SHIT.

SHONDA

Nice to meet you, Jill. Happy Holidays.

JILL

You too... Shonda Rhimes.

Shonda heads to the door.

JILL (CONT'D)  
(under her breath)  
You smell of vanilla and promise.

**EXT. CBS LOT - COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Shonda walks down the walkway when she hears Jill squeal from the top of her lungs. A BARISTA spills all over himself. Shonda smiles and keeps walking. LIKE A BOSS.

**INT. SHAW HOUSEHOLD - CHRISTMAS**

Jill struggles into the house carrying her luggage. Her parents exclaim, rushing in and pulling her into a group hug.

They decorate the tree. Hang up the stockings. Jill ties one next to her own: In stitching it reads *Isabelle*. They bake cookies. Open gifts.

**INT. AUSTIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Austin looks out at the snowy New York street from his Tribeca apartment. He stares at the cordless phone in his hand. He dials. Hangs up. Dials again. He clears his throat.

JILL (V.O.)  
(pre-recorded greeting)  
You've reached Jill. Do the thing!

AUSTIN  
Hey. Jill. It's Austin. I'm calling you from my landline. Remember those? Haha. Ummm. So I checked out your episode. It was..AWESOME. You killed it...

He shifts. Why is this so hard?

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Umm...And I wanted to let you know... I got a new cell number...So you can continue to call Isabelle's voicemail. I paid for it through next year. I can extend it longer, too. For as long as you want. No one will be listening. Just Isabelle.

He holds the receiver. He has more to say. He shouldn't. He opens his mouth...

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

You probably have plans tonight...With your parents or friends but... Ummm..I was thinking I would...Just lay low...Probably grab some soup dumplings...But I'm sure you've...Got places to be so... I'm not even sure if you're in town. But umm...Happy New Year, Jill.  
I...I hope you're well.

He hangs up. Going over the replay in his head. Unsettled.

BANG BANG BANG!!! Austin perks up.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Coming!

He opens the door. Standing before him - a VERY attractive, VERY charming older man - GRAYSON (60s, a panty dropper silver fox like Pierce Brosnan. Actually- Is Pierce Brosnan available?)

GRAYSON

C'mon Anne Frank - we are going out!

Grayson pushes in past Austin with a rolling suitcase.

AUSTIN

DAD- what are you -

GRAYSON

I heard you got your heart broken and no son of mine is staying home on New Year's crying like he's on his rag.

AUSTIN

I have plans..I'm getting Chinese food tonight. Alone.

GRAYSON

What are you - a fat divorcée from Ohio? We're going to Breeda and Andy's party. Go get in the shower.

**INT. JILL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Jill plays Austin's message on speaker for her parents.

AUSTIN (V.O.)  
I...I hope you're well.

DAD  
He paid for Isabelle's line for the  
WHOLE YEAR?

MOM  
Forever, if you want...

DAD  
He's lost his mind.

JILL  
It doesn't matter. I'm spending New  
Years with you guys. Watching  
Showgirls.

DAD  
I didn't agree to that.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Gina Gershon is onscreen as the ICONIC Cristal Connors. Jill  
sits between her parents mouthing every word.

CRISTAL CONNORS (O.S.)  
Doggy chow. I used to LOVE Doggy  
chow.

DAD  
This is the worst movie I have ever  
seen.

JILL AND MOM  
SHHHH!!!!

Jill's phone dings with a voicemail - she gets up, stepping  
away to listen.

FELIX (V.O.)  
Hi Jill - This is Fahrenheit 3000.  
AKA- Felix. From the Apple store.  
I'm sorry for the wait. Had a funny  
little run-in with the Feds.

He chuckles. Jill makes a face- wait what?

FELIX (V.O.)  
ANYWAY...Unfortunately, I was only  
able to retrieve one of your  
voicemails from the number you gave  
me.

(MORE)



FELIX (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It was the only one left on the  
 server. It's an old one- but I hope  
 it helps. I texted you the file.  
 Happy New Year.

**INT. ISABELLE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jill shuts her door for some privacy. She takes a deep breath  
 - pressing play on the m4a.

ISABELLE (V.O.)  
 Hello? Hello! Sorry I think this is  
 the wrong number-

Izzy's voice. Jill covers her mouth. She sits down, the air  
 knocked out of her.

ISABELLE (V.O.)  
 I was looking for my big sister  
 Jill- maybe you've heard of her? My  
 sister Jill who beat the crap out  
 of Colin Corwin for talkin' smack  
 after their first kiss?

Jill smiles, her eyes welling up.

ISABELLE V.O.  
 My sister Jill who wrote a play  
 about her vagina called *The*  
*Tribulations of a Curly Haired Girl*  
*named Gertrude!* My sister Jill who  
 moved cross country to be a big  
 Hollywood heavyweight! My sister  
 that is the smartest, funniest,  
 baddest bitch on the block!  
 (Shitty Mufasa/James Earl Jones  
 voice)  
 "Simba, remember who you aaaare."  
 That was...not my best.

Izzy giggles at herself.

ISABELLE V.O. (CONT'D)  
 When I grow up I wanna be just like  
 my big sister Jilly. You're gonna  
 kill it today, bucko! Call me after  
 your interview! Love you!

Jill laughs through her tears. A flame behind her eyes. She  
 nods her head. She needed that.



AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
everything. She was born without a filter. And she can't lie to save her life. She gets so excited about the smallest, most random things. She loves terrible TV. She MAKES terrible TV. Her favorite movie is *Showgirls*- You seen that?

GRAYSON  
Horrible film.

AUSTIN  
SO BAD. But her laugh...It was..  
Yeah. I blew it.

Grayson nods. Understanding.

GRAYSON  
How?

AUSTIN  
I lied. And... She gave me an opening to save it and...I didn't. I didn't say anything. I AM emotionally inept.

GRAYSON  
Well.. I hate to admit it, but you got that from me, kid.

That was a rare admission. Austin studies his Dad.

AUSTIN  
What was it.. About Mom? How did you know she was..It.

Grayson throws back the champagne in his glass.

GRAYSON  
I knew...When I put the toilet seat down.

Austin stares.

AUSTIN  
Sorry I asked.

Grayson looks away.

GRAYSON  
I wanted to change for her. I wanted to feel like... I deserved her. And... she deserved all of me. That woman deserved the best of me.

Grayson's eyes get a little foggy. Austin doesn't know what to do.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
I'll tell you one thing, son. If she were still here...I'd use EVERY word in the whole damn English language, til she understood how much I love her.

Austin is shook. He's NEVER heard his Dad talk like this.

ANDY  
(calling out)  
30 minutes!

Everyone cheers. Breeda and Andy make their way over with a bottle of champagne.

BREEDA  
Let's fill you up-

AUSTIN  
I've gotta go.

Austin grabs his coat. Breeda and Andy exchange a look. IT'S ABOUT DAMN TIME.

BREEDA  
Austin- if she's there. What're you going to say?

He stops cold.

ANDY  
Please for the love of GOD, don't screw this up AGAIN-

AUSTIN  
Ok. I...Uh...I...

ANDY  
Good start.

AUSTIN  
Jill. I...We...And...I...

He struggles through. Breeda grabs Austin's face like a roided up NFL coach.

BREEDA  
Use your words. Your words, Austin!! Tell her the truth- tell her how you feel!!!

ANDY  
Google something from an obscure  
French film!

BREEDA  
You've got this.

He nods.

GRAYSON  
...This is the part where you run,  
kid.

Austin kisses Breeda - then Andy.

AUSTIN  
Happy New Year.

He rushes out.

ANDY  
(calling out)  
Good luck! You're doomed!

Austin turns back around. Looking to Grayson.

AUSTIN  
Thanks, Dad. I...I love you.

Grayson smiles.

GRAYSON  
I love you, too, son.

They exchange an awkward, long overdue hug. Austin speeds out. Andy and Breeda are misty eyed from what they witnessed.

ANDY  
I'm not drunk enough for this.

GRAYSON AND BREEDA  
SHOTS.

# **EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT**

Austin runs through the New York streets, in the snow. Past the drunk tourists. Weaving through the cabs as they honk.

# **INT. JOE'S SHANGHAI - NIGHT**

The staff vacuums up around Jill. The restaurant is closed and empty. It's a pathetic sight.

The CHINESE WAITER slaps a check on the table and begins forcefully taking her plates and silverware away-

JILL

Wait, Ming-

She grabs the last remaining dumpling. Stuffing it whole in her mouth as everything on the table is removed.

She grabs her wad of cash, paying the bill - she looks up as the door JINGLES loudly- swinging open.

Austin enters - covered in snow, sweaty and out of breath. She's here. He made it.

WAITER

CLOSED!

AUSTIN

Sorry- I'm here for her...

He braces himself, making his way over. Jill is frozen. Her cheeks full like a chipmunk. She tries to open her mouth to say something-

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Wait. I...I have something to say.

It's game time, Austin. Now or never. He takes a deep breath.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

I love you, Jill.  
In a very un-dialed back,  
uncool...Desperate, all-consuming  
way.  
But it wasn't from the moment I saw  
you.  
It was before then.

Her eyes begin to fill.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

And...It's scary. And....I'm  
Scared.  
But...You make me feel brave. You  
make me feel.. everything.

He feels naked. That was the truth.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

A lot of that was plagiarized. I  
stole part of that from my favorite  
writer.

She tries to laugh. She struggles to swallow. She chews-  
Finally-

JILL  
I love you, too.  
And... It's scary. And I'm really  
scared.

AUSTIN  
At least we're scared together.  
Right?

She nods. Yeah. He leans in. Kissing her. She looks in his  
eyes. Something is coming. Something big.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Mmmm... Soup dumpling.

JILL  
I'm your favorite writer?!

AUSTIN  
No- Mansplaining Mark is. Weren't  
those his words?

She cackles. The Chinese Waiter YELLS at them in Chinese to  
get the FUCK OUT. They scurry off.

#### **INT. OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY**

Austin chats in his boss' office.

JIM  
Century City is closed. Great  
quarter, Austin.

Jim pats him on the back.

AUSTIN  
Jim- there wouldn't happen to be  
any other... LA listings coming up?

Jim grins.

JIM  
I was hoping you might say that.

#### **INT. CBS STUDIO OFFICES - DAY**

Jill is seated with Jay and the Executive Producers.

JAY

You've done some great work here,  
Jill. But...We're not going to be  
bringing you back next season.

She nods her head - slightly disappointed.

JILL

I understand. And I want thank you  
guys. You taught me a lot. And I'm  
grateful-

JAY

If you would stop womansplaining  
for ONE second-

Jill stops cold.

JAY (CONT'D)

We're not renewing your contract  
because you're headed to  
Shondaland. Shonda wants to staff  
you on one of her-

JILL

SHUT YOUR WHORE MOUTH YOU DIRTY  
BITCH!!!!!!!!!!!!

Jay shakes his head with a smile. He created a monster.

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

Jill and Austin carry moving boxes into their new place.

They pop the champagne, spilling all over the floor.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY**

That same goddamn shot of palm trees, the blue sky and the  
blazing sun.

Super:

*May*

**EXT. THE HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY - SUNSET**

The lawn of the Hollywood Forever Cemetery crawls with  
hundreds of very trendy Angelenos. Everyone has their setup  
for the outdoor movie screening: blankets, lawn chairs, wine,  
cheese. A DJ spins and music blares from the speakers. Austin  
and Jill get comfortable on their blanket. On the big screen:



**Cinespia Presents: SHOWGIRLS**

AUSTIN

Movie in the cemetery. This town is growing on me.

He gives her a quick kiss.

JILL

Gonna grab napkins. BRB.

Once Jill is out of sight, Austin pulls out his phone. He dials, nervously.

ROBOT VOICEMAIL V.O.

You've reached 718-4569868 - please leave a message.

AUSTIN

Hey... Isabelle. This is Austin. We have not met. But...I have heard A LOT about you. Ummm... I wanted to say...I love your sister. Thank you for leading me to her.

He takes a deep breath.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

I wish I could do this in person but...Umm...I'd really love your blessing... Before I...Put a ring on it. That was a Beyoncé reference, HA!... I know I'm no replacement for you..But...I promise to watch your Shonda shows. And...I promise to always eat Chinese- even if I become an LA health nut. And I promise to partake in the Robyn dance parties... I'm sorry I never got to meet you... I always wanted a sister.

He nods.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

I'm not super familiar with this kind of thing so if you could just like... Give me a sign?...Something subtle- like a dove with a little note that says "YES AUSTIN"?

***Somewhere over by the vendors...***

Jill dials Isabelle.

JILL

Izzy.  
Real quick. Gonna let you get back  
to margaritas with Grandpa and  
Elvis...  
This is...My last voicemail.  
Don't worry about me, k? I'm ok.  
I'm gonna be ok. I think this  
Austin kid...I think he's a bird.  
Like us.

Jill gazes at him in the distance, talking on his cell.

JILL (CONT'D)

He can be stubborn. He does NOT get  
Grey's or Scandal... And he acts  
like he's too cool for school - but  
he's not. He says he doesn't dance  
but...I'm workin' on it.

She smiles.

JILL (CONT'D)

I miss you, Bucko. I just needed to  
tell you...

A new song comes over the loud speakers. A strong BASS shakes  
the earth.

***"Dancing on My Own"***

JILL (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

Jill's eyes go wide.

JILL (CONT'D)

OH MY GOD!!! Izzy!!! It's Robyn!!!  
It's our song!!!!

Jill sprints back towards the lawn.

Speeding past Austin who is still leaving his message.

AUSTIN

(into receiver)  
Or like- the voice of God speaking  
into my ear---

JILL  
It's ROBYN!!!!

AUSTIN  
(into the receiver)  
Busted - gotta go!

Jill grabs a giant, bearded stranger with a shirt that says -  
JEWBACCA. Eyes tearing.

JILL  
THIS IS ROBYN!!!!!!

The stranger stares-

JEWBACCA  
WOO!!

A WOMAN nearby munches on kettle corn.

WOMAN  
Bitch really loves Robyn...

Jill reaches the center of the lawn. Bustin' a move like  
there's no tomorrow. She lifts the phone in the air so  
Isabelle can hear the song play.

Everyone stares at the crazy dancing girl- slightly LA-  
judgey. Fuck it. She dances freely. Like no one is watching.

Austin peers up at the sky.

AUSTIN  
Well played.

Jewbacca joins her. Dancing like a crazy ho.

THEN - A goddamn Christmas miracle.

They start getting up. One by one. Group by group. The COOL  
ANGELENOS!!!

Austin watches her: Goofy, singing all the words. Sparking a  
spontaneous dance party. Tears in her eyes. A smile on her  
face.

He grins. She sees him watching her. She giggles, getting  
into it. For once, completely un-self-conscious. Like a kid  
again. As though Isabelle were here.

She lifts the phone to her ear...This is it.

JILL  
(softly)  
I love you, Isabelle.

Her hand drops to her side.

Her finger- pressing the red call button - ending the call.

Austin takes a deep breath. Here goes! He busts a move.  
Uncool. Unrehearsed. Moving towards her- joining the dance  
party with the strangers at the center of the cemetery.

She grins as he does the robot. She underestimated him.

She mouths every word... "I'm givin' it my all but I'm not  
the giiiiirl you're taaaakin' home...OOohhhh... I keep  
dancing on my oooown...."

He takes her hand, spinning her and dipping her.

Eyes locked, Jill's lips turn up into a smile. She can feel  
it in her bones. She's not alone.

Fade to black.

For my little sister

Who makes me brave