

BREAKING & ENTERING

"ACCEPTANCE"

(PILOT EPISODE)

Written by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. MEETING HALL - SHARING CIRCLE - NIGHT

An ANONYMOUS SIGN is slightly obscured as a group gathers for a meeting. MICHAEL, 20s, restless, nervously rubs his hands.

MICHAEL

...that's when I realized I can't live this life anymore. I'm not happy with who I've become. All I have is this emptiness inside.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME OFFICE - LIBRARY - DAY - FLASHBACK

The words PAPER JAM blink on the XEROX. Michael turns to see MALAYSIA, late 20's, oogling him. She hands him a LAUNDRY BAG.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I'm here because I want to change.
I want to become a better person.

With a mix of pain, frustration, and bewilderment, Michael focuses on the rhythmic flashing lights on the machine...

INSERT: JAM - JAM - JAM - JAM - JAM - JAM - JAM - JAM - JAM

INT. MEETING HALL - BUFFET TABLE - NIGHT - PRESENT

SAM, 20's, sensitive, and FRANKIE, 20's, scrappy, whisper while filling a TUPPERWARE container at the Buffet Table.

INT. MEETING HALL - SHARING CIRCLE - NIGHT

The GROUP LEADER, earnest, leans forward engaging Michael.

GROUP LEADER

We will help you make that change.
In order to do that, the first step
is to tell the world who you are.

MICHAEL

I don't think I'm ready.

GROUP LEADER

It's the only way to get through
this. Just open up and let us in.

INT. MEETING HALL - BUFFET TABLE - NIGHT

FRANKIE

God this vodka is watered down.

SAM

That's water.

Frankie SPITS it out. Sam uses a FEDEX BOX to carry food.

FRANKIE

What is wrong with these people?

INT. MEETING HALL - SHARING CIRCLE - NIGHT

MICHAEL

My name is Michael and I am an assistant.

GROUP

Hi Michael!

GROUP LEADER

That took courage.

The Group Leader starts a rousing round of applause then locks eyes with Frankie and Sam at the Buffet Table.

GROUP LEADER (CONT'D)

Come on in, the water's fine.

FRANKIE

(grumbling)

Apparently it's the strongest beverage you serve.

Frankie and Sam plod over and sit beside Michael.

GROUP LEADER

See how it feels nice and warm like a mother's womb?

SAM

Or a swimming pool where a child just urinated.

GROUP LEADER

Introduce yourselves to the group.

SAM

My name's Sam.

GROUP

Hi Sam!

SAM

Being an assistant makes me feel like no matter what I do it's never enough.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Sam juggles calls at a cluttered desk. He hands LIZ, 20s, sexy, a FEDEX BOX as she prepares to exit the office.

Sam returns to his call as Liz puts the FedEx Box down to check her makeup. She then exits, leaving it on the floor.

INT. MEETING HALL - SHARING CIRCLE - NIGHT - PRESENT

SAM

I feel unappreciated. I mean not Wilhelm Von Homburg in Die Hard unappreciated but--

MICHAEL

He's not half the terrorist John Leguizamo was in Die Hard 2. I don't hear you opening up about how his star turn went unnoticed.

SAM

You know how hard it was for a dude named Wilhelm Von Homburg to get work during the Cold War? Show some respect.

MICHAEL

Von Homburgs were like the only actors working during the Cold War.

SAM

Bruce Willis says unequivocally, the "making fists with your toes" line derived from Wilhelm's long layovers from the Soviet Block. He was an invaluable asset to that production!

GROUP LEADER

Please. Focus on the moment.

SAM

I guess I just feel used.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Sam hangs up. Finally at peace. He packs up for the night then notices the FedEx Box on the floor. He panics.

SAM (V.O.)

Sure, I'm there when my boss needs me. But once the bleeding stops, I get tossed away.

INT. MEETING HALL - SHARING CIRCLE - NIGHT - PRESENT

The FedEx Box rests quietly beside Sam's chair.

SAM

It's hard to tell if I'm an assistant or a tampon.

FRANKIE

Well we know you're not a tampon considering how rarely you get inserted into vaginas. Booyah!

Frankie, mimes DROPPING THE MIC, then imposes a FIST BUMP on a horrified GROUP MEMBER, 40s, male, sitting beside her.

GROUP LEADER

Please introduce yourself to the group Miss--

FRANKIE

Frankie.

GROUP

Hi Frankie.

FRANKIE

Being an assistant is like dropping a deuce in a public rest room.

EXT./INT. PARKING LOT - FRANKIE'S CAR - DAY - FLASHBACK

Frankie pulls large EQUIPMENT from the trunk of her car. An ATTENDANT rushes over to help but GRABS her ass instead.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Nobody likes it but sometimes you gotta do what you gotta do.

INT. MEETING HALL - SHARING CIRCLE - NIGHT - PRESENT

FRANKIE

This guy knows what I'm talking about.

Frankie points to the appalled Group Member beside her.

INT./EXT. FRANKIE'S CAR - PARKING LOT - DAY - LATER - FLASHBACK

Frankie TOSSES an invoice out of the window. As she drives off, we see the now BLOODY NOSED Attendant on the ground writhing in pain.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

It's a rite of passage. A stepping stone that leads us to form Voltron and take over the universe...

INT. MEETING HALL - SHARING CIRCLE - NIGHT - PRESENT

GROUP MEMBER

It's "defender" of the universe, not "take overer" of the universe.

FRANKIE

One more word out of you, and I'm gonna flip "overer" this chair and punch you in your fallopian tubes.

GROUP LEADER

Thank you to those who shared. Your strength gives us all hope. Now it's time for someone to close with the Serenity Prayer. Volunteers?

Awkward looks are exchanged around the room. The Group Member prepares to speak. Frankie shoots him a threatening glare.

GROUP MEMBER

God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change...

Frankie FLIPS OVER the chair and ATTACKS the Group Member. CHAOS ensues. Michael grabs Frankie as Sam ravages the Buffet Table.

On this, WE:

CUT TO OPENING:

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**EXT. THE CASTING COUCH - NIGHT**

We open on THE CASTING COUCH, a hole in the wall dive bar.

INT. THE CASTING COUCH - BAR - NIGHT

Frankie, Sam, and Michael enter snacking from the Tupperware.

SAM

Based on cinematography alone part two is clearly the superior film.

MICHAEL

What about the sheer storytelling and emotional resonance? When the family loses their hot headed brother in part one it's gut wrenching.

FRANKIE

You boys don't know what you're talking about. Without question Turtles in Time is the best Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles movie ever.

SAM

Whatever you say Frankie.

They lay out the Tupperware on the bar and continue snacking.

MICHAEL

Hey barkeep! What do we have to do to get some service around here?

NICKY, 30's, unfiltered, enters from the doors behind the bar.

NICKY

Shut your glory holes I'm coming.

FRANKIE

We brought food.

SAM

We were about to hit a 7-Eleven and brown bag it. Where were you Nicky?

NICKY

I was in the back lotioning myself to an American Apparel catalogue.

MICHAEL

Just when I thought you couldn't be any more of a degenerate.

SAM

Why not squeeze the toothpaste at home like everybody else?

NICKY

My Wi-Fi's down. Plus I have a fetish for emaciated hostages. Here's looking at you Frankie.

FRANKIE

Not tonight Gerard Depar-douche.

NICKY

Last Call was over an hour ago. Just because you work 24/7 doesn't mean that this bar never closes.

MICHAEL

Sorry, but you can't close until Frankie and Sam pay for the tab.

Nicky starts lining up drinks as if this is a common routine.

FRANKIE

Wrong. The tab will go to you boys. I've had the worst day ever by far.

MICHAEL

What horrors did you suffer for us to pay to get you drunk tonight?

SAM

Yeah, what makes you so sure you've had a worse day than me?

FRANKIE

If you shut up, I'll tell you.

SAM

Fine, ladies first.

FRANKIE

Well then, after you Samantha.

SAM

Works every time.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Frankie's on one knee, picking Sam's lock with a safety pin.

SAM

Thanks for coming. I can't believe that I locked myself out again.

The lock pops open. Frankie's WALKIE hisses. As she responds, Sam can't tell if she's speaking to him or into her earpiece.

FRANKIE

I returned the equipment, copy. Where's Liz?

SAM

Not sure. Is that blood on your shirt?

Frankie's walkie hisses again. Sam is still confused.

FRANKIE

Not mine. Copy, what about the bimbo?

Frankie exits, leaving behind her stack of FILMING NOTICES. Sam grabs the Filming Notices and starts after her down the hallway.

SAM

Thanks Frankie. Hey, you left your--

Frankie disappears. Her walkie conversation trails off.

FRANKIE

I'm on my way back with the tacos.

A coffee stained AA FLYER is visible on top of the Notices. Sam opens the door. Liz is inside casually painting her toes.

SAM

(sniffs the notices)
Smells like French Roast.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Sam sifts through paperwork while Liz blows on her nails. He drinks a Red Bull and tosses it on a desk littered with them.

SAM

Hey Liz, I have to use the bathroom.

LIZ

Before the conference call?

SAM

I thought you were handling that.

LIZ

I was, but something came up.

SAM

OK, well I'll be real quick and--

LIZ

This color just isn't working.

Liz grabs her bag and leaves, reflecting on her nails.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

So do you miss your testicles, or did Liz give you visitation rights after she retained custody?

INT. THE CASTING COUCH - BAR - NIGHT - PRESENT

SAM

You're too hard on her. Liz means well.

FRANKIE

No she doesn't. You would know that if you weren't constantly scripting a romantic comedy in your head.

MICHAEL

Remember how you first met her?

INT. RALPH'S GROCERY STORE - SELF CHECKOUT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Liz SLAMS a shopping cart into Sam, sending his RED BULLS crashing down to the ground. They lock eyes as Sam kneels to pick them up.

SAM

I'm so sorry.

Plain White T's "Hey There Delilah" plays in his head. Liz smiles then casually tosses Sam's Red Bulls into HER very full cart.

SAM (CONT'D)

She likes Red Bull...

Sam watches Liz roll a full cart of unpaid groceries passed the registers, setting off the ALARM. A SECURITY GUARD approaches.

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me Miss. Do you need any help walking that to your car?

LIZ

I do. Thank you so much.

Sam watches as Liz saunters off with the stolen groceries.

INT. THE CASTING COUCH - BAR - NIGHT - PRESENT

Nicky shakes his head in disgust as he pours more drinks.

FRANKIE

Clean up in aisle bitch!

SAM

It sorta felt like fate when I saw her again later on that same day.

MICHAEL

If fate were a well manicured foot bearing down on your spine.

EXT. KINKO'S - DAY - LATER - FLASHBACK

Sam hurries out of Kinko's juggling boxes of proposals.

SAM

(into phone)

I'm headed back to the office now
Glenn. Did you read my script yet?
No? Sure, I'll pick up some coffee.

Liz COLLIDES into Sam, scattering his phone and proposals all over the sidewalk. Sam chases papers fluttering in the wind.

LIZ

Oh my God! This is terrible.

Sam sees Liz looking down on him. She seems almost angelic.

SAM

It's okay. I have a corporate card.
I'll just get them printed again.

LIZ

I'm running late to an interview
and I need to print out my resume.
Do you wanna give me your card so I
can use the express station?

SAM

Sure.

Sam fishes out the corporate card and hands it to Liz.

SAM (CONT'D)
My name is--

Liz disappears inside. Plain White T's "Hey There Delilah" plays in Sam's head as he stumbles to herd the lost papers.

Sam gathers what he can as Liz returns with a large stack.

SAM (CONT'D)
Oh my, what a big resume you have.

LIZ
This is my boyfriend's screenplay.
I figured I'd kill two birds with
one stone while I had your card.

SAM
Well I'm sure you'll do a great job
during your interview. My name is--

LIZ
Me too sweetie!

Liz slides the card on top of Sam's Jenga-like stack of boxes sending all of the proposals crashing to the ground again.

SAM
She dates writers...

Sam watches Liz exit with her resume and freshly printed script.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY - LATER

Sam balances Kinko's boxes and coffee, struggling for the door. Suddenly the door swings open and Liz backs out of the office.

LIZ
Thanks Glenn. I'm really looking
forward to this opportunity.

Liz slams the door shut behind her as Sam struggles to open it.

SAM
This is so weird.

LIZ
I know right. Maybe I'll see you around.

SAM
You know I actually work here so--

Liz abruptly raises her iphone to her ear and walks off.

LIZ

Hey babe, I got the job! First Executive Assistant. Yeah he has somebody but he's phasing him out.

Sam stares at Liz as she saunters down the hallway.

LIZ (CONT'D)

And Glenn loves your script. He says Sci-Fi romantic comedy is a huge untapped market. He calls it Rom-Sci. Taylor Swift is interested.

Liz's conversation trails off. Plain White T's "Hey There Delilah" plays again in Sam's head as he eyes her longingly.

SAM

Hi. My name is Sam. It looks like we're going to be working together.

INT. THE CASTING COUCH - BAR - NIGHT - PRESENT

FRANKIE

It's embarrassing how whipped you are. Not Justin Bieber ringtone embarrassing, but embarrassing.

SAM

I told you that was an accident.

NICKY

Justin Bieber looks like a vagina with a faux hawk.

FRANKIE

Vaginas have faux hawks?

NICKY

If you're lucky.

MICHAEL

How did that conference call go?

SAM

All downhill after you left.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Michael enters holding a USB. Sam mutes the call on speaker.

SAM

Thanks for coming so fast. Can you cover me while I take a leak?

MICHAEL

Sure. Can I print my resume?

SAM

Yeah. Here... in case the call drops.

Sam scribbles a phone number on the coffee stained AA FLYER then hands it to Michael. He quickly heads for the door.

Michael prints his resume then POCKETS the AA FLYER Sam gave him.

GLENN (V.O.)

Liz, are you still there?

Sam stops. He pee pee dances all the way back to his desk.

SAM

Actually sir this is Sam. Liz stepped out over an hour ago.

GLENN (V.O.)

Put Les Babcock on the call please.

SAM

Sure. Then I have to step out and use the--

GLENN (V.O.)

And make sure you take notes Stan!

MICHAEL

I can stay if you need me to.

SAM

No. I got it. You should go.

Michael grabs his resume and heads out of the door.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Sam puts the call on speaker and heads toward the door gingerly.

GLENN (V.O.)

Did you write that down Stan?

SAM

Yep. Got it!

Sam darts out of the office and into the hallway.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The bathroom is taped off with an 'Out of Order' sign posted.

SAM

Awww come on!

Sam duck walks back to his office uncomfortably.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Sam is in visible pain while taking notes on the conference call. He removes the phone from his ear and puts it on speaker.

GLENN (V.O.)

Three words. Instagram, the movie.

Sam looks at a Red Bull can coming to a sudden realization. He grabs it and carefully positions it between his legs.

GLENN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Starring Jaden Smith as Ana
Kendrick's adopted Black son.

Sam UNZIPS and RELEASES a powerful stream INTO the Red Bull can.

GLENN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But because their love is forbidden,
they keep it confined to Instagram.

With a satisfying moan, Sam looks up to find Liz staring down at him. From her perspective, it looks like he's masturbating.

SAM

Liz, wait... I can explain.

Sam instinctively STANDS UP, causing his pants to FALL DOWN around his ankles. Liz snaps a pic then scurries out of the office.

GLENN (V.O.)

Later on they fall in love and get
married. It's a reverse Woody Allen.

INT. THE CASTING COUCH - BAR - NIGHT - PRESENT

SAM

If Red Bull gave me wings, I
would've flown far, far away.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. THE CASTING COUCH - BAR - NIGHT

SAM

I don't want to be an assistant forever. I came to L.A. because it's my dream to be a writer.

NICKY

Let it go Sam. Some dreams just aren't meant to be. It's like the Kardashians dating white guys.

MICHAEL

I wonder which rapper Bruce Jenner will date post-transition.

FRANKIE

My money's on Drake.

SAM

If my life as a personal assistant were on Tinder, I'd swipe left.

FRANKIE

But your life isn't on Tinder Sam.

Frankie gently grabs Sam's hand in a touching show of support.

SAM

Thanks Frankie. I appreciate that.

FRANKIE

Your life is on Grindr. And you're taking it hard... real hard.

Sam pulls his hand away. Now he's getting worked up.

SAM

Our bosses think we're little buttons that they can push to make all of their problems go away.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but we can't let them Control, Alt, Delete our dreams.

FRANKIE

We're paying our dues. We work crappy assistant jobs now to hire crappy assistants to work for us later.

SAM

It's about getting your foot in the door. Insert Hollywood cliché here.

FRANKIE

More like insert finger here.

Frankie sticks a finger in her mouth and mimes vomiting.

MICHAEL

When a door closes, a window opens. How about we kick down the doors and break the windows?

SAM

Break in and enter through the elevator shaft like Bruce Willis in Die Hard!

Sam and Michael high-five. Frankie looks annoyed.

FRANKIE

Do you boys wanna get a room or should we just stay and watch this Top Gun volley ball scene unfold?

NICKY

So what did you shoot today Frankie?

FRANKIE

Teen Mom: The Movie.

MICHAEL

How can they possibly translate that trash to the big screen?

FRANKIE

They can't. You can only lower the bar so much before you begin to scrape the bottom barrel of Hell.

SAM

You had a rough day of shooting?

FRANKIE

A rough day of food running. I can't tell if I'm working for a production or for Seamless.

INT. HOLLYWOOD SOUNDSTAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Second AD NICOLE, 30's, gregarious, approaches Frankie with a stack of FILMING NOTICES and her walkie-talkie in full swing.

NICOLE

Hey Girlie. I need you to finish posting these Filming Notices before you go on your lunch run.

FRANKIE

I just did the coffee run. Why can't you send the bimbo instead?

NICOLE

Because she's hard at work.

AVA, the Director's Assistant, is dressed in tight, low cut clothing. She bends over, touching her toes for no reason.

FRANKIE

Yeah, she's hard at work keeping the Old Director hard at work.

NICOLE

How she chooses to defile herself is her business. Dressing like "Dad Bod" Leonardo DiCaprio is your business.

FRANKIE

I dress appropriately to work on set.

NICOLE

And I love you for it. Now go appropriate yourself into putting up all of these Filming Notices.

FRANKIE

What exactly are her qualifications?

Ava now stands perfectly erect holding a BEYONCE FAN that blows her long hair beautifully in the wind. Frankie shakes her head.

NICOLE

Long legs, child bearing hips, and a dual degree in thirty six Double D's.

FRANKIE

Remind me why I went to Film School.

The OLD DIRECTOR sits in his chair bearing a striking resemblance to Montgomery Burns. He gestures to Frankie.

OLD DIRECTOR

Hey there Freckles. Now be a good girl and come sit on Pop Pop's lap.

NICOLE

Hurry. This may be your only chance to make a good impression on him.

OLD DIRECTOR

There's a moist piece of licorice in it for ya if ya make it snappy.

FRANKIE

Should I take him out now, or just stick to my plan and stir crushed glass into his Metamucil later?

The Old Director unearths a SLIMY RED VINE from deep within his corduroy pants. Nicole holds Frankie back as she lunges.

AVA

Feed me Pop Pop. I'm hungry.

Ava runs over to the Old Director and climbs up on his lap.

OLD DIRECTOR

That's a good girl.

The Old Director strokes Ava's hair as she giggles happily. He begins to BIRD FEED her the Red Vine with his mouth.

FRANKIE

I think I'm gonna be sick.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SOUNDSTAGE - DAY - LATER

Frankie posts FILMING NOTICES while drinking her coffee. In the background, a HOMELESS MAN holds a "WHY LIE I NEED AN AGENT" sign.

She approaches the Homeless Man and hands him her coffee.

FRANKIE

Here you go sir.

HOMELESS MAN

God bless you.

Frankie continues posting Notices. The Homeless Man takes a sip of her coffee and then SPITS it out, coughing violently.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

French Roast? What are you, a terrorist?

FRANKIE

You don't like free coffee?

HOMELESS MAN

About as much as I like free ISIS.

FRANKIE

Then give it back.

The Homeless Man DROPS the coffee splashing it on Frankie's shoes.

EXT./INT. HOLLYWOOD SOUNDSTAGE - FRANKIE'S CAR - DAY - LATER

Frankie finds an AA FLYER on her windshield. She pulls off the AA FLYER and uses it to wipe the coffee off of her shoes.

Frankie's iPhone rings. She answers it.

FRANKIE

You locked yourself out again?

Frankie tosses the AA FLYER atop the Notices and starts her car.

INT. THE CASTING COUCH - BAR - NIGHT - PRESENT

MICHAEL

If all you've got is breaking into Sam's office just pay up now.

FRANKIE

Not so fast. My day got even worse after I left Samantha's office.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Frankie exits, leaving behind her stack of FILMING NOTICES. Sam grabs the Filming Notices and starts after her down the hallway.

SAM

Thanks Frankie. Hey, you left your--

We follow Frankie down the hallway as her walkie hisses. She removes her earpiece and FaceTimes Nicole on her iPhone.

FRANKIE

I'm on my way back with the tacos.

NICOLE

The Old Director doesn't want tacos. Now he's on that Caveman Paleo diet.

FRANKIE

He was born in the Paleolithic era so that kinda makes sense. Why can't he eat the rice and beans instead?

NICOLE

He can only eat Caveman food. So go to the Vegan Thai Noodle House and get him an Organic Tofu Curry Wrap.

FRANKIE

I'm pretty sure The Flintstones never ate Organic Tofu Curry Wraps. Plus that's all the way across town.

NICOLE

Don't forget raw onions. Hurry up.

FRANKIE

Why can't the thot do it?

NICOLE

Stop using Urban Dictionary.

INT. VEGAN THAI NOODLE HOUSE - DAY - LATER

FRANKIE

How can you not have raw onions?

The VEGAN EMPLOYEE, way too young for a work permit, shrugs.

VEGAN EMPLOYEE

Because... Obama?

FRANKIE

Just ring it up VeggieTales.

Frankie pays for the food and angrily snatches the bag.

EXT./INT. VEGAN THAI NOODLE HOUSE - FRANKIE'S CAR - DAY

Frankie's walkie hisses. She enters her car and FaceTimes Nicole.

FRANKIE

I'm coming now. I swear.

NICOLE

Where are you?

FRANKIE

I'm leaving the Thai place. They didn't have the organic raw onions.

NICOLE

Don't come back without raw onions.

FRANKIE

What was that Nicole? I can't hear you. I'm going through a tunnel.

NICOLE

We're on FaceTime Frankie. I can see you.

FRANKIE

And I can see that bimbo behind you not working.

INT. FRANKIE'S CAR - DAY - DRIVING - LATER

After driving aimlessly, Frankie spots a STREET VENDOR selling fruit and vegetables on the corner. Frankie hits the brakes.

FRANKIE

Donde esta la biblioteca onions?

STREET VENDOR

Five dollars.

The Street Vendor brings a bag of onions to Frankie's window.

FRANKIE

No, only one biblioteca. Uno.

The Street Vendor removes one onion and hands it to Frankie.

STREET VENDOR

You take.

FRANKIE

Thank you so much. Gracias.

STREET VENDOR

Uno momento.

The Street Vendor hands Frankie a HEADSHOT and RESUME.

FRANKIE

Seriously?

STREET VENDOR

Yo soy Triple Threat.

FRANKIE

Ay dios mio.

INT./EXT. FRANKIE'S CAR - SOUNDSTAGE PARKING LOT - DAY - LATER

Frankie sits in her car with tears streaming down her face. Slowly, it's revealed she's cutting the onion with a knife.

NICOLE (V.O.)

Hurry with those organic onions!

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SOUNDSTAGE - PARKING LOT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Frankie walks all the food back to set, fighting back tears. Suddenly a TMZ REPORTER appears aiming a Handycam at Frankie.

TMZ REPORTER

Why are you crying Teen Mom? Is it the sex tape? What about the rehab?

FRANKIE

I'm not pregnant, jackass!

INT. THE CASTING COUCH - BAR - NIGHT - PRESENT

Frankie, Sam, and Michael each have a collection of empty shot glasses stacked by their phones. Nicky cues fresh ones.

NICKY

There's no shame in being mistaken for a Teen Mom. They have the best sex tapes. I'd baby sit them.

MICHAEL

I'm tagging you in my child predator App.

FRANKIE

I'll never become a great producer working on garbage like this.

Michael's phone noisily vibrates, soon followed by Sam's, then Frankie's. It's a disquieting symphony. Sam looks at his phone.

SAM

What could our bosses possibly want at this hour?

NICKY

Are you guys ladies of the night? If so can I get a discount?

FRANKIE

Drinking game! If your phone rings, you have to take a shot. Nicky?

Nicky lines up shots. Frankie knocks her shot back.

MICHAEL

Your phone didn't ring.

FRANKIE

I need fuel to finish my story.

Sam's phone vibrates. He slams a shot and winces.

INT. HOLLYWOOD SOUNDSTAGE - CRAFT SERVICES - DAY - FLASHBACK

Frankie fumbles with bags of food, reaching the craft services table completely out of breath. Ava inspects Frankie's food.

AVA

Are these onions Paleo organic?

FRANKIE

They're onions.

AVA

Are they Paleo grain-fed?

FRANKIE

They're onions.

AVA

Murderer!

Ava tosses all of the food into the garbage. Frankie seethes.

INT. HOLLYWOOD SOUNDSTAGE - DAY - LATER

A LIGHT overheats, crashing down and shattering glass everywhere.

OLD DIRECTOR

Cut! I've got a nice warm piece of butterscotch for the first skirt to bend over and clean up that glass.

FRANKIE

Save your butterscotch Pops. I got it.

INT. HOLLYWOOD SOUNDSTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Frankie grabs a BROOM from the closet. As she carries it off, we see that Ava is DUCT TAPED to a chair squirming helplessly.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. THE CASTING COUCH - BAR - NIGHT**

NICKY

OK. You guys decide who's paying the tab or one of you is coming back here to polish my silverware.

FRANKIE

You heard the man boys. Pay up.

MICHAEL

Wait a minute it's my turn. It all started out with an audition--

SAM

Nope. Auditions don't count. We ruled them ineligible weeks ago.

MICHAEL

That's ridiculous. Why?

SAM

It gives you an unfair advantage.

FRANKIE

Like when you listed "Hip Hop" as a special skill on your resume and the Casting Director called your bluff.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Michael begins doing the "Running Man" dance.

MICHAEL

In West Philadelphia born and raised. On the playground was where I spent--

CASTING DIRECTOR

Get out!

INT. THE CASTING COUCH - BAR - NIGHT - PRESENT

SAM

It's impossible for us to compete with that level of humiliation.

MICHAEL

Fine, but acting gigs still count.

FRANKIE

Absolutely not. You take bad roles on purpose to avoid paying the tab.

MICHAEL

I do not.

SAM

Yes you do. Remember you did that creepy softcore biblical S&M DVD?

INT. INDEPENDENT MOVIE SET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Michael is on his knees SHIRTLESS and OILED, holding a plate of grapes. There is a dog collar and leash around his neck.

MICHAEL

Thy will be done King Herod.

INT. THE CASTING COUCH - BAR - NIGHT - PRESENT

NICKY

What's the name of that movie again?

FRANKIE

Fifty Shades of Salvation.

SAM

How did you get that role anyway?

MICHAEL

Through the Church of Scientology.

FRANKIE

I still can't believe you joined to help boost your acting career.

NICKY

How did you manage to leave the church?

MICHAEL

Officially, I kept failing Stress Tests. Unofficially, they're racist.

INT. CHURCH OF SCIENTOLOGY - AUDITING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Michael is wired to an E-METER sitting across from an AUDITOR. Michael endures HOURS of testing as the Auditor takes notes.

MICHAEL

So about these thetans... are they anything like Seitan? Because as a pseudo vegetarian, I'm a huge fan.

Later... the Auditor writes down notes looking concerned.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Thirty years ago, the Huxtables were America's family. Today, it's the Kardashians. Now I can't tell you who's to blame but Madea movies are probably a good place to start.

Even later... the Auditor writes notes more furiously.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

If I were a woman, Donatello is the only Ninja Turtle I'd consider having a baby with. He has the raw magnetism of an adolescent Christian Slater.

Much later... the Auditor has moved on to a new pad of notes.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Channing Tatum stars in one urban dance movie, now the urban dance genre isn't urban anymore. What happened? Did Black people stop "Stepping Up to the Streets?" When the British takeover all the American superhero roles don't say I didn't--

The Auditor UNHOOKS the E-Meter and stares angrily at Michael.

AUDITOR

Get out!

MICHAEL

Does this mean I'm going clear?

INT. THE CASTING COUCH - BAR - NIGHT - PRESENT

MICHAEL

I actually found their technology to be surprisingly helpful.

SAM

No Scientology. No auditions. No gigs.

MICHAEL

Fine. It makes no difference.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME OFFICE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Michael sorts LAUNDRY as ROSA, 20's, cute, cleans the windows.

MICHAEL

...Bear with me. My heart is in
the coffin there with Caesar, And I
must pause till it come back to me.

ROSA

The pacing was much better on that one.

MICHAEL

Thanks. Now I just have to print my
resume and get to my audition on time.

ROSA

You're pretty good. I hope you make it.

MICHAEL

My Mother thinks I've already made it.
I don't have the heart to tell her my
big break is actually doing laundry
and picking up Cialis scripts.

ROSA

Erectile Dysfunction is nothing to
be ashamed of Michael. Lots of
younger men struggle with it.

MICHAEL

Very funny.

ROSA

When my Mom first came to America
she couldn't speak any English. Now
she owns her own cleaning company.

MICHAEL

Maybe if I work hard then one day
I can own a company of celebrity
assistants to buy my Cialis for me.

ROSA

Some dysfunction Cialis can't fix.

Malaysia stomps into the room wearing press-ons and thigh highs.

MALAYSIA

These are for the mailbox, these
are to let the gardener in, and
these are for the housekeeper.

Malaysia hands Michael a loud and bulky set of JANITOR KEYS.

MICHAEL

Hope I don't run into any magnets.

MALAYSIA

And watch the housekeeper like a hawk.

MICHAEL

You know she's American right?

MALAYSIA

What?

Rosa puts a finger to her lips begging Michael to keep quiet.

MICHAEL

Nothing.

MALAYSIA

I caught her trying to use the bathroom on the clock like she "no hablo pee pee on her own time-o."

MICHAEL

Really, what happened?

MALAYSIA

I told her next time nature calls let it go to voice mail. Only my booty meat touches these seats.

Rosa SPRAYS windex on Malaysia's thigh high boots.

MALAYSIA (CONT'D)

Watch Malaysia's Manolos! Leave... now! Donde esta la biblioteca!

Rosa exits the living room flashing Michael a subtle smile.

MICHAEL

I better get going too. The laundry is not going to dry clean itself.

MALAYSIA

Actually, we need to talk.

MICHAEL

If it's about the non-disclosure I signed, I haven't told anyone about your Irritable Bowel Syndrome.

MALAYSIA

That's greatly appreciated but no, it's about your job performance.

MICHAEL

I wasn't expecting a raise but--

MALAYSIA

We know assisting a high profile celebrity isn't easy but we feel that your focus has been lacking.

MICHAEL

Is that the Royal 'we'?

MALAYSIA

You've been printing acting resumes on company paper and auditioning on company time. That's unacceptable.

MICHAEL

But I was told I could do that.

MALAYSIA

Yes but now we feel acting is keeping you from realizing your potential to be a good assistant.

MICHAEL

So I should focus on being an assistant... and not acting.

MALAYSIA

Trust me you'll be better off. Acting is a humiliation based industry.

MICHAEL

As opposed to having two degrees and sorting another man's laundry.

MALAYSIA

There's perks to being an assistant. Maybe even a treat from the Oscars gift bag if you turn things around.

MICHAEL

Like a voucher for butt implants?

MALAYSIA

That's already spoken for. But if you play your cards right, there might be a gift card from In & Out Burger with your name on it.

MICHAEL

Thanks Malaysia. I needed this.

MALAYSIA

When life gives you olives Michael,
you've got to make Martinis.

Michael watches Malaysia exit then grabs a USB from his pocket.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME OFFICE - LIBRARY - DAY - LATER

Michael quickly sits down at the computer to print out his resume. The words PAPER JAM blink incessantly on the XEROX.

MALAYSIA

Looking for something?

Michael turns to see Malaysia glaring at him with the LAUNDRY BAG. Michael subtly removes his USB then closes down the computer.

MICHAEL

Yes. A dry cleaner with a same day
turnaround. There it is. Found it.

MALAYSIA

You better get going then.

Michael takes one last look at the jamming Xerox Machine. He grabs the Laundry Bag from Malaysia and exits the room.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME OFFICE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Michael sits at the bedroom computer. Suddenly he hears Malaysia's thigh highs coming. He ducks in the bathroom with the Laundry Bag.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME OFFICE - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael lays flat in the JACUZZI with the Laundry Bag. Malaysia enters and heads for the toilet just as Michael receives a text.

INSERT: Can you come by and cover for me? Yippie Kay Yay! -SAM

MICHAEL

(whispers)

Yippie Kay Yay mother--

Malaysia unloads EXPLOSIVE Diarrhea. Michael BURIES his face into the filthy Laundry Bag in an attempt to avoid inhaling her odor.

INT. THE CASTING COUCH - BAR - NIGHT - PRESENT

FRANKIE

You missed your audition because of
Malaysia's Irritable Bowel Syndrome?

MICHAEL

Yup. And you know what they say.
When you choose your side job over
your career, then your career has
officially become your side job.

SAM

But you didn't choose your side job.
You printed your resume at my office.

EXT. CASTING OFFICE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Michael exits the office looking up at the iconic HOLLYWOOD SIGN.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I printed out my resume. But by the
time I dropped off the dry cleaning,
I missed my audition. I waited there
all night to give them my headshot
anyway but they wouldn't accept it.

Michael CRUMPLES his headshot, HURLING it at the HOLLYWOOD SIGN. A
PAPER falls out of his pocket. It's the coffee stained AA FLYER.

INSERT: It reads "Acceptance: The First Step is Always the Hardest"

INT. THE CASTING COUCH - BAR - NIGHT - PRESENT

SAM

You've given up. That's why you asked
us to meet you at an AA Meeting.

MICHAEL

It's time for us to accept who we
really are. We're not struggling
artists anymore. We're assistants.

FRANKIE

Well thanks for making us feel
better about it Tony Robbins.

NICKY

Every night you come to The Casting
Couch after closing to compete about
who had the worst day. But in reality
all of your lives suck equally.

SAM

I didn't think it was possible but
Nicky made me feel worse. Hold me.

Sam leans in for a hug but Frankie shoves him away.

NICKY

Being an assistant blows, you don't need AA to know that. But hating what you do doesn't matter as long as you love what you want to do.

MICHAEL

So it's OK to hate the jobs we have now if we get the careers we love later. Sorta like suffering through the Prequels knowing Disney would buy Star Wars and make it awesome again.

SAM

I guess we could find respectable employment if we really wanted to.

FRANKIE

With job security and benefits.

MICHAEL

But we would be miserable if we did, because we'd be giving up our dreams.

NICKY

Yes. The only thing you need to accept is that you're going to make it. I don't know how but you will. Even if it means buying a tripod and filming yourselves doing something that I can sell to TMZ.

If looks could kill Nicky would be outlined in chalk.

NICKY (CONT'D)

What?

Michael, Frankie, and Sam continue staring holes through Nicky.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Did I mention drinks are on the house?

FRANKIE

Cheers to that.

MICHAEL

Cheers.

SAM

Cheers.

Everyone breaks into laughter. Nicky joins them in a toast.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF SHOW