

**UNDEREMPLOYED**

"PILOT"

by

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Writer's 3rd SPH Draft

ACT ONE

EXT. DURKIN'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Establishing: an old-fashioned Chicago bar: must be a hang for college kids since there's a BANNER over the door that says: "CON-"GRAD"-ULATIONS, NORTHWESTERN'S CLASS OF 2011!"

SOFIA (O.C.)  
College is over, you guys!

INT. DURKIN'S TAVERN - NIGHT

The place is PACKED with **COLLEGE KIDS**. There's something here for everyone: BEER PONG, FLIP CUP, A POOL TABLE -- and at A TABLE IN THE BACK -- across from a SMALL STAGE -- sits **SOFIA, A TIPSY PETITE FRECKLE-FACED REDHEAD (20's)** with her friends.

SOFIA  
Life officially starts tomorrow!

**DAPHNE, a tall "sophisticated" beauty dressed in a SMART PANTS SUIT**, raises her GLASS OF WHISKEY in a toast.

DAPHNE  
It's about fuckin' time.

All the FRIENDS at the table raise their whiskies --

ALL  
First to blast, last to dash!

-- drink them in one gulp -- Daphne's stings going down --

DAPHNE  
("ouching" re her whiskey)  
Sweet nectar!

-- and slam them on the table. BEAT. Sofia gets THOUGHTFUL.

SOFIA  
Do you guys realize --

DAPHNE  
(to all, mock-concerned)  
Uh-oh, Sofia just said "realize" --

SOFIA  
Daphne, let me finish --

DAPHNE  
Somebody's WASTED!

Sofia fills everybody's glasses. She's DRUNK-PHILOSOPHICAL.

SOFIA

Do you guys realize what we're about to DO? We're, like, the first astronauts who went to the MOON. We're, like, Obama's transition team, if Obama was THE WORLD.

DAPHNE

SO well put, so well put...

SOFIA

We're fuckin' GODS!

Sofia puts the bottle down and gets CONFUSED and CUTE.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Why is this bottle here?

DAPHNE

(hiding it on the seat)  
We're not entirely sure, mistakes were made, just roll with it.

SOFIA

(raising her glass)  
This time next year, we HAVE to come back here and celebrate our planetary invasion. I will have published my first novel...

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

OPRAH WINFREY stands at podium with an AWARD --

OPRAH

And the National Book Award goes to Sofia Swanson, for *Small Victories!*

Sofia steps up and accepts the award and the APPLAUSE --

SOFIA

Thank you! Merci! Gracias!

INT. DURKIN'S TAVERN - NIGHT

And we're back at the table, Daphne's raising her glass --

DAPHNE

I'll have my own ad agency.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Daphne is standing at the head of the table, holding a NERF BALL and leading a MEETING OF **CREATIVE EXECUTIVES**.

DAPHNE

It's gotta be more like what we did  
for Old Spice, guys, it's gotta be  
viral and fucked-up and cool --

She tosses the Nerf Ball over all their heads and into the  
basket on the other side of the room -- SWOOSH!

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

I'VE GOT IT! What if they were  
FROGS on motorcycles? And GAY?

INT. DURKIN'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Sofia eyes **LOU, a handsome vegan with tats (20's)**, who has  
his arm around **RAVIVA, a warm, wise beauty (20's)**.

SOFIA

Lou...? Raviva...?

LOU

I'm gonna be every logger in  
America's worst nightmare...

EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY

Lou boldly stands down a BULLDOZER and an **ARMY OF LOGGERS IN  
FLANNEL SHIRTS**, watched by an **AMAZED PRESS CORPS**.

LOU

"Tree hugger?" I'm not a tree-  
hugger. I'm a tree-FUCKER. And  
there's no way this tree-fucker's  
letting you cut his bitches DOWN!

INT. DURKIN'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Raviva raises her glass --

RAVIVA

(shy-slyly)  
And I'm going to be -- I'll be a  
*little* realistic -- I'll be *opening*  
for Wilco on their next tour.

INT. AMPHITHEATER STAGE - NIGHT

Raviva, with a GUITAR, wraps up a song over APPLAUSE.

RAVIVA

You guys have been great!

**JEFF TWEEDY OF WILCO** rushes up to the mic and yells as he  
puts a proud arm around Raviva as she smiles.

JEFF TWEEDY  
Raviva Hanser, everybody! The  
future of rock and roll!

INT. DURKIN'S TAVERN - NIGHT

LOU  
Miles, just fuckin' say it --

**MILES, a sweet hunk (20's),** says his well-known dream.

MILES  
I'll be the face of Max Azria Men!

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Every glittering billboard in Times Square has MILES on it,  
and MILES is in the street, STOKED, flanked by **HOT MODELS!**

MILES  
Who wants to lick my balls?

INT. DURKIN'S TAVERN - NIGHT

And we're back at the table, where everyone's STOKED --

DAPHNE  
That's a beautiful dream, Miles,  
and I'm sure it will come true.

SOFIA  
(raising her glass)  
To world domination!

ALL  
World domination!

DAPHNE  
(sneaking it in, sotto)  
And Sofia popping her cherry --

ALL  
(raising their glasses)  
First to blast, last to dash!

They all down their shots and slam them on the table. Daphne  
looks across the table at Lou and Raviva and smiles slyly.

DAPHNE  
So, when are you two *adorable*  
little hipsters gettin' *hitched*?

OFF LOU: watching Raviva, UNSURE how to answer the question,  
as "Breathless" by Miranda Lee Richards kicks in as score.

INT. LOU'S AND MILES' APARTMENT - LOU'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lou and Raviva are CLOTHED, talking on the bed: VERY WISELY -- and as they talk, they pass a GLASS WEED PIPE back and forth.

RAVIVA

It's the right thing. I mean --

LOU

-- totally --

RAVIVA

I'll be touring with Wilco, or Norah Jones, and you'll be where?

LOU

Wherever the struggle takes me.

RAVIVA

Right! We won't have time for a *relationship*. Plus, dude: we drive each other *completely crazy*.

LOU

I hate you more than methane.

He takes a HUGE HIT and then SHE DOES TOO. They both HOLD IT.

RAVIVA

(holding her breath)

I just can't help thinking --

LOU

(holding his breath)

There's a better fit out there.

RAVIVA

There must be, right? There must.

They both EXHALE and look at each other through the SMOKE.

RAVIVA (CONT'D)

I mean, this is what adults do. They break up. We're being *adults*.  
(after one more hit)  
It's not like we won't be friends.

LOU

We'll be *better* friends!

RAVIVA

*Best!*

Lou takes one more hit, sets down the pipe, and looks at her.

RAVIVA (CONT'D)  
(starting to cry)  
Goodbye, Toxic Avenger.

LOU  
Goodbye, Impossible Squirrel.

Then they TEAR EACH OTHER'S CLOTHES OFF and MAKE OUT and if he can get inside her in ten seconds, we'll put it on film.

SOFIA (PRELAP)  
But this isn't an ending.

EXT. ROOSEVELT COLLEGE - DAY

It's GRADUATION. STUDENTS and FAMILIES are all gathered and SOFIA, in her CAP AND GOWN, is giving an OPTIMISTIC speech.

SOFIA  
No. Far from it. Today is just the beginning of a new chapter of hope; not just in our lives, but in the lives of people everywhere.

As Sofia goes on, we CLOCK: LOU, RAVIVA, DAPHNE and MILES, all seated in their CAPS AND GOWNS. Daphne's VERY MOVED.

DAPHNE  
She's right, ya know? We are gods.

SOFIA  
Armed with fresh ideas, there's no limit to what we can accomplish. More than any other generation in history, we have a chance to leave here today and change the world.

As "The Crash Years" by The New Pornographers kicks in, we FREEZE-FRAME: and SUPER OVER ALL OF THEM - PROUD, OPTIMISTIC, READY TO FACE THEIR FUTURE: **ONE YEAR LATER** and CUT TO:

INT. "DONUT GIRL" DONUT SHOP - DAY - ONE YEAR LATER

Sofia, IN THE SAME POSITION, with a DONUT GIRL HAT having replace her MORTARBOARD, and in a SEXY PUNK TORN-T-SHIRT UNIFORM, deals with an **ANNOYED FEMALE CUSTOMER with 3 KIDS**.

SOFIA  
We're out of maple-bacon bars.

ANNOYED FEMALE CUSTOMER  
How can you be out of maple-bacon bars, you little bitch? Having maple-bacon bars is your JOB!

INT. DUMPY SUBURBAN OFFICE - DAY

Miles grinds in a pair of MAN-PANTIES for a gaggle of **HORNY OLD-LADY ACCOUNTANTS** who've filled his crotch with DOLLARS.

There's a BANNER that reads: **HAPPY RETIREMENT, IRENE!** And **IRENE** leans forward and dangles FIFTY CENTS over his shorts.

IRENE  
(singing to his dick)  
Who wants to make fifty cents...?

OFF MILES -- this sure ain't Times Square with models.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Daphne is in a meeting with **TODD, HER BOSS,** and a ROOMFUL OF **HUMORLESS CLIENTS.** The table is littered with DETRITUS.

TODD  
Does anyone have anything original  
to say about dog food?

DAPHNE  
"Tastes like chicken?"

HUMORLESS CLIENT #1  
(to Todd, unamused)  
Are all your interns this "funny?"

EXT. A PARK NEAR THE EIFFEL TOWER - DAY

Raviva, seated, playing GUITAR, down-and-out, busks for the people of Paris as they go by. They don't notice or care.

EXT. OLD ORCHARD MALL - DAY

Lou is outside the Old Orchard Mall with a clipboard in front of A VAN with a NATURE CONSERVANCY LOGO on it. As a **SUBURBAN FAMILY** passes by, he tries to catch their attention.

LOU  
Do you folks have five minutes for  
the environment? Five minutes...?

They keep walking. But the **LITTLE BOY** turns back and sneers:

LITTLE BOY  
Lesbian.

OFF LOU IN FREEZE-FRAME: TITLE SUPER OVER: UNDEREMPLOYED.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. "DONUT GIRL" DONUT SHOP - DAY

Establishing. There's a LONG LINE OF CUSTOMERS outside.

SOFIA (O.S.)  
Welcome to Donut Girl...

INT. "DONUT GIRL" DONUT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Sofia, behind the counter at a REGISTER, delivers her line.

SOFIA  
What's your donut?

**ENZO, a HANDSOME GUY IN A PERFECT SUIT (22)**, stands there with what might be his **lovely African-American girlfriend (25)**. She too is dressed impeccably, if conservatively.

ENZO  
What is a -- Moontang?

SOFIA  
A large blueberry doughnut hole  
dusted with sugar and Tang.  
(after a beat, rushing)  
That what you want? One Moontang?

Sofia keeps her attention on the register, as though she were trying to hide. But then Enzo, unfortunately, recognizes her.

ENZO  
Sofia Swanson? Is it you?

SOFIA  
(admitting it)  
It's me.

ENZO  
I'm Enzo. Enzo Donato.

SOFIA  
I know. How's it goin'?

Enzo turns to the girl, who turns out to be named **LAURA**.

ENZO  
Laura, this is Sofia Swanson, she  
was the absolute rock star of every  
English class I took in college.

LAURA  
Nice to meet you.

ENZO

What the hell are you doing *here*?

SOFIA

Not much, you know, just *workin'*:  
payin' the rent. Underachievin'.

ENZO

Wow.

Enzo eyes her with AMAZED ATTRACTION. OFF SOFIA: HUMILIATED.

LOU (PRELAP)

It's not gonna be *easy*...

INT. LOU AND MILES' APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MORNING

Lou and Miles QUIETLY confer with a view to the dining room.

LOU

But you've gotta throw her OUT!

MILES

I know.

REVEAL: **TATIANA, a ravenesque willow-branch**, eating CEREAL in the dining room. We hear "TOP CHEF" on the TV she's watching.

LOU

It's been almost a year, dude!

MILES

She's got nowhere else to go.

LOU

She's got all of *Russia* to go --

MILES

She's not *from* Russia --

LOU

Where the hell is she from?

MILES

I don't know! But she got us a catering gig tonight. And she does unspeakable things to my cock.

She rises from the table and puts her dish in the sink.

LOU

Only because she doesn't speak English. For any other girl, they'd be completely speakable things.

Tatiana walks past them into the bathroom and shuts the door. Lou gives Miles an ANNOYED LOOK. They hear Tatiana THROW UP.

MILES

I know. I *know*.

And then there's a KNOCK-KNOCK on some distant door.

INT. LOU AND MILES' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Lou opens the front door. It's RAVIVA, with TWO SUITCASES, her GUITAR CASE, and -- DUDE! -- she's **NINE MONTHS PREGNANT!**

LOU

Holy -- fuckin' -- "*Juno*."

OFF LOU: TOTALLY, COMPLETELY, NO-HOLDS-BARRED **BLOWN AWAY!**

EXT. CARBON AND CARBIDE BUILDING - DAY

Establishing this ART-DECO CLASSIC.

TODD (O.S.)

Glover, get in here!

INT. TODD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Daphne rushes in, HARRIED as hell. Behind the desk sits **TODD, her boss (30's): he is HANDSOME, CHARMING and VERY BUSY.**

DAPHNE

I picked up the sketches from Ed -- but there's a problem with the dogs from Pixie Pups, Todd. Too cute.

TODD

Glover, I didn't get to be on the cover of Ad Week *three times* by not being able to find one fugly puppy for a *dog food commercial!*

DAPHNE

Can we talk about something else?

TODD

(pointing to frames)  
Cover of AdWeek, three times!

DAPHNE

I need to start getting paid!

TODD

(totally oblivious)  
For *what?*

DAPHNE

For working here. It's been a year  
and I'm still an unpaid intern.

BEAT. He looks at her like he's measuring her for drapes.

TODD

Wanna go to Lincoln Park?

DAPHNE

(misunderstanding, weary)  
Sure, I'll get the *menu binder* --

TODD

No, do you wanna go to Lincoln  
Park? With ME? And have LUNCH?

FREEZE-FRAME TODD: SUPER OVER: WTF? THEN CUT BACK TO DAPHNE --

DAPHNE

(trying to be supercool)  
Sure. Why not? Let's *park it up*.

OFF DAPHNE, as she turns to go: BAFFLED BUT GOING WITH IT.

INT. LOU'S AND MILES' KITCHEN - DAY

Lou and Raviva fight while she stands with her bags, just  
inside the now-closed door. Not much progress has been made.

LOU

You couldn't call and *tell me*?

RAVIVA

It wasn't your problem. And I kept  
thinking I might not have it. But  
then I kept keeping it. Anyway,  
we're not *good* together! We know  
this! It's a fact of life.

LOU

Well, you must think we're kinda  
*good enough* together, Veev, because  
you showed up today at *my* door with  
this *other* fact of life!

RAVIVA

Where else am I supposed to go?

LOU

I don't know -- your Mom's...?

RAVIVA

I haven't told my Mom.

LOU

What? You are absolutely insane!

RAVIVA

I'm conflicted! Come on, I'm a baby  
factory, dude, I'm flooded with  
hormones! Gimme a fuckin' break!

They both stare at each other for A LONG BEAT.

LOU

So what do you want to do now?

RAVIVA

What do YOU want to do now?

LOU

(after a beat, pissy)  
Well, I don't really have a choice,  
do I? I'll get a real job, we'll  
get married, live in the 'burbs --

Raviva, not liking his fatalistic tone, grabs her SUITCASES.

RAVIVA

Okay --

LOU

Wait! What are you doing?

RAVIVA

Nothing. This was a mistake.

She grabs her GUITAR and opens the door, starting to cry.

LOU

Where do you think you're going?

RAVIVA

To my Mom's, dickweed. Goodbye!

LOU

I'm not letting you leave, Raviva,  
until we finish this conversation!

RAVIVA

You don't have a choice, remember?  
You don't have a fucking CHOICE!

She slams the door behind her. GONE. OFF LOU: FEELING SHITTY.

EXT. "DONUT GIRL" DONUT SHOP - DAY

Sofia and Enzo and Laura talk outside, eating MOONTANGS.

ENZO

So what's the deal? Do you work on your novel at night, or what?

SOFIA

I try. But I usually sit at the computer for five minutes, come up with nothing -- and then play Word Warp on my iPhone all night.

ENZO

Word Warp?

SOFIA

Sometimes I play Angry Birds to mix it up. What do you do?

ENZO

I clerk at a firm, go to law school at night -- and play Word Warp.

SOFIA

(to Laura)

And you're a law clerk, too?

ENZO

She's a lawyer. Big time.

LAURA

I'm his boss.

SOFIA

Oh. Very cool. Good to know there's a desk at the end of the tunnel.

(off Laura's look)

I mean that in a good way.

LAURA

I understood.

From the door of "Donut Girl," a **MANAGER** snarls.

MANAGER

Break-time's over, Donut Girl!

ENZO

Sofia, we should totally hang out.

SOFIA

Yeah, that'd be great...

ENZO

Our office phone system's weird, so if you see a funky number, it's me.

SOFIA

Funky number equals you. Got it.

They walk down the street. OFF SOFIA: HUMBLED BUT INTRIGUED.

EXT. LINCOLN PARK - DAY

Todd and Daphne are on a BENCH. It's an oddly tender moment.

TODD

Listen, Glover. I want to pay you.  
But money's really tight right now.  
We've got very few clients coming  
in. I'm doing *dog food campaigns*.

DAPHNE

Well, I can't work for nothing. My  
Dad died five years ago. The money  
he left me got me through college:  
but I just sold my vaporizer to  
cover rent. I need a new vaporizer.

Todd slowly smiles at Daphne, CHARMED and SEXY-CHARMING --  
and very gradually Daphne notices the mood has changed.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

What the fuck is *that* happening?

TODD

Nothing. Nothing. You just remind  
me a lot of me when I was your age.

DAPHNE

(after a sexy beat)  
And, uh, did you -- like yourself?

TODD

(after a sexier beat)  
Yeah. I liked myself. A lot.

And then Todd leans into Daphne and they tenderly -- Daphne  
takes a BEAT -- she's not sure what to do -- but: THEY KISS.

JARED (PRELAP)

You're making a big mistake...

EXT. OLD ORCHARD PARKING LOT - DAY

Lou stands outside the back of a A NATURE CONSERVANCY VAN.  
Leaning against it is **JARED, his pony-tailed boss (30's).**

JARED

...a desperate, capitalist mistake.

LOU

Dude, my ex-girlfriend just showed up nine months pregnant: she's pouting out at her Mom's right now, but I'm gonna get her back. I just need a job with a fucking future.

Jared points to himself with TWO THUMBS and tilts his head.

JARED

This doesn't look like a future?

LOU

It looks like *one* future.

JARED

Is this about driving the van?

LOU

It's not about driving the van -- although I'd love to drive the van. I just have to do *better*, ya know?

JARED

If you could do better, Lou, why aren't you doing better already?

LOU

I don't know. Because I haven't had to? I graduated from Northwestern with a degree in *environmental studies*. I shouldn't be begging for signatures in *shopping malls*!

JARED

There was a time you woulda killed for a mall shift. Just sayin'.

LOU

I know. I've just gotta *go*. I've gotta *grow*. I've gotta *grow up*.

Lou turns and walks away. BEAT. Jared calls after him.

JARED

You were the best canvasser I ever trained, Lou! Far and away! I'll still sell you weed on the regs!

LOU

Thank you!

PULL UP AND BACK as "LEMONWORLD" by The National kicks in and Lou walks across the parking lot and eventually WE CUT TO...

EXT. CHICAGO - NIGHT

A MONTAGE: skyscrapers -- young people -- nightlife.

EXT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

**ART WORLD GROUPIES** overflow onto the street.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Miles, dressed as a waiter, courses through the CROWD and stops at a group including **JANET, a drunk dragon-lady (40's)**.

MILES

Vegan rumaki? Gobo fritter?

Janet takes one. Miles is about to move on, but she says --

JANET

What are you doing here, you beautiful forest creature?

MILES

(sweet and oblivious)  
Catering...? Cleaning up after...?

JANET

(insinuatingly)  
When do you get off?

MILES

That's one of those double things, isn't it? I caught that.

She smiles, takes a CARD from her purse, and hands it to him.

MILES (CONT'D)

(reading with growing joy)  
Janet McKesson-Adams. G-Q...?

JANET

Call me after. We'll talk.

MILES

After what? Hey! After this?

She glides off into the crowd.

MILES (CONT'D)

Don't you want to know my name?  
(getting no response)  
It's Miles! Miles Shannon!

OFF MILES, holding the card: he just got his lucky break!

INT. DURKIN'S TAVERN - NIGHT

We're back at the table where our regulars sat at the top, only now it's just Sofia and Daphne drinking WHISKEY NEAT.

SOFIA

You fellated him in his CAR?

DAPHNE

I *like* him! You don't understand --

SOFIA

You fellated your BOSS in his CAR?

DAPHNE

Stop saying "fellated!" I BLEW him! He's smokin' hot. AND he's a legend in his field. Three AdWeek covers.

SOFIA

Is he gonna *pay* you, at least?

DAPHNE

For blowing him?

SOFIA

For working at his company.

DAPHNE

As soon as he can. He promised.

SOFIA

Well, you have to stay and get paid -- or quit and fuck him. Not both.

DAPHNE

I know. Stay my friend...?

SOFIA

I'm staying your *friend*. I'm just glad I'm not your *pimp*.

They drink. And then Sofia SMILES and says COYLY --

SOFIA (CONT'D)

I think I met my cherry-popper.

DAPHNE

Shut the front GATE! Who is he?

EXT. LUXURY PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON MILES: PULL BACK TO REVEAL he's fucking Janet from behind, looking around at her COOL FURNITURE: he's PSYCHED!

EXT. RAVIVA'S MOM'S SIMPLE BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Establishing. It's a quiet street in Evanston.

INT. RAVIVA'S MOM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

**DANA HANSER, a mousy little divorcee (55)**, is eating ROMAINE LETTUCE, dipping it in LEMON JUICE, and watching "TEEN MOM."

DANA

I never dreamed "Teen Mom" would be your story, dear. I never dreamed.

REVEAL RAVIVA, watching, standing, BORED, in the archway.

RAVIVA

Me neither, Mom. Such is life.

LOU (PRELAP)

The Internet is worthless!

INT. LOU AND MILES' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lou is in the recliner looking at JOB LISTINGS on his LAPTOP while TATIANA watches TV from the SOFA, eating POPCORN.

LOU

(frustrated, to Tatiana)  
There's nothing on craigslist that pays better than what I was doing. It's just *more* jobs that suck!

Lou looks at Tatiana and remembers she doesn't talk English.

LOU (CONT'D)

I might as well talk to my foot. If my foot was Russia-adjacent.

Miles bursts in through the front door, EXCITED AS HELL.

MILES

Hey, guys! Check this out!

LOU

What's up?

MILES

I'm gonna meet Max Azria!

LOU

What the fuck, dude? How?

Tatiana rises and goes to the BATHROOM and shuts the door.

MILES

I just nailed this hot cougar who's taking me to his rollout next week!

LOU

How was the sex?

MILES

Awesome. She finger-blasted me.

LOU

That sounds like a banner day.

We hear Tatiana, ever so distantly, THROW HER GUTS UP.

LOU (CONT'D)

Have you talked to Pukey Brewster?

MILES

About what?

LOU

About *leaving*, Miles. Jesus.

MILES

Lou, she got me this job tonight. If it weren't for her, I never woulda met this cougar; I'd never have a chance to meet Max Azria.

LOU

Then make her buy groceries or a toilet brush or something! Make her fucking contribute! LIFE IS REAL!

Lou storms out of the room. Tatiana returns and sits down, picks up the POPCORN BOWL and continues eating POPCORN.

MILES

What's his fuckin' problem?

Tatiana shrugs. OFF MILES as "BRIDGE" by Lucy Roche kicks in.

INT. SOFIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In her BOOK-LINED STUDIO APARTMENT, Sofia sits at her desk, staring at her BLANK LAPTOP SCREEN. A CAT is on her lap. She looks up, above the screen: her BOOKSHELVES are filled with CLASSICS: DICKENS, MELVILLE, WOOLF, BALZAC, MCCULLERS. ON SOFIA: she's got NOTHING. She SIGHS. She closes the laptop: takes out her iPhone: taps the Angry Birds app: and plays.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. LOU AND MILES' BATHROOM - DAY

"CORNER OF MY ROOM" by Turner Cody plays as, IN A SERIES OF TIME CUTS, LOU LOOKS AT HIMSELF: BRUSHES HIS TEETH: SHAVES: TIES HIS TIE (SUITED UP): SPRAYS ON COLOGNE: LOOKS AGAIN.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Lou makes his way down a busy street full of **BUSINESS-FOLK**.

INT. GENERIC CORPORATE OFFICES - DAY

IN A SERIES OF TIME CUTS, we see Lou in VARIOUS TIES as he speaks to a **VARIETY OF POTENTIAL UNSEEN EMPLOYERS**.

LOU  
(dashes are time-cuts)  
I'm -- looking -- for -- a job that  
-- pays -- a living wage -- where I  
can, you know -- make a *difference*.

And then we REVERSE ON THE **POTENTIAL EMPLOYERS**.

EMPLOYERS  
(dashes are time-cuts)  
We -- don't -- have -- anything --  
like -- that -- here -- *at all*.

REVERSE TO LOU, looking DASHED and BEDRAGGLED.

LOU  
Thank you for your time...?

And then the screen fills with **NINE EMPLOYERS IN BOXES** --

EMPLOYERS  
(in unison)  
You're welcome.

INT. LOU AND MILES' BATHROOM - DAY

Lou is SUITED UP for another day. He looks at himself in the mirror LOATHFULLY -- FREEZE-FRAME: SUPER OVER -- "**I AM BECOME DAD, DESTROYER OF WORLDS**" -- then UNFREEZE: he exits frame.

INT. HOSPITAL OB-GYN WARD - DAY

Raviva and her Mom walk away from an OFFICE DOORWAY.

DANA  
Well, now you're all preregistered.  
Sure you don't wanna call Lou?

RAVIVA

Yeah, Mom, I'm sure.

DANA

(after a beat)

You know, honey, I know Lou didn't handle it right when you told him --

RAVIVA

He never handles anything right. He drives me fuckin' -- bonkers.

They get in an ELEVATOR filled with **OLD MEN** IN HALF-OPEN SMOCKS and ROLLING I-V'S. Dana gets MOTHERLY and SWEET.

DANA

I just think he deserves another chance. He is your baby-daddy.

RAVIVA

Mom, don't say "baby-daddy." It really kinda makes me want to kick you in the tits.

And as one **VERY OLD MAN** goes --

VERY OLD MAN

Ha!

-- the elevator door closes past Raviva's PETULANT FACE.

INT. TODD'S OFFICE - DAY

Daphne stands before Todd's desk holding a **VERY UGLY PUPPY**.

DAPHNE

Todd, Rihanna; Rihanna, Todd.

TODD

She's revolting. Where'dja get her?

DAPHNE

At the pound. She was about to be put down but she leapt the divider; she leapt the divider, ran right over and kissed me and licked me --

TODD

Are you about to tell me you're gonna sue me for sexual harassment?

DAPHNE

No.

TODD

Oh. Okay. She's perfect.

DAPHNE

Are you about to tell me you're gonna pay me a living wage?

TODD

I told I would when I could --

DAPHNE

Okay then --

She semi-drops the PUPPY on his desk with a decisive FLOMP.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

I quit. When do you want to take me to dinner? Tonight? Tomorrow?

TODD

Wait a second, Glover --

DAPHNE

No, it's fine, Todd. I'm gonna find another job: or maybe I'll just give plasma: either way, you and I can be sexy-time out in the open --

TODD

Glover, listen to me --

DAPHNE

What?

TODD

I've got a girlfriend.

BOOM. ON DAPHNE: this HURTS BAD but she rolls with it. Sorta.

DAPHNE

That's okay. Drop her.

TODD

I don't want to.

(after a wincing beat)

Sorry. This isn't any easier for me than it is for you.

DAPHNE

Really? Cause it seems pretty easy.

(getting mad and LOUDER)

And it seemed really easy the other day in the parking structure with my face in your Spongebob boxers!

TODD

Glover, don't make a scene --

DAPHNE

NOW I WANT TO SUE YOU! NOW!

BEAT. Todd sees SEVERAL EMPLOYEES watching through the glass. He's SHAKEN by this and realizes he now has no choice.

TODD

You'll be on the payroll Friday.  
Three hundred a week. Promise.

DAPHNE

That's not enough to live on.

TODD

Five hundred and a parking spot.

DAPHNE

I can't afford a fucking car.

TODD

Seven-fifty?

DAPHNE

Seven-fifty and a parking spot.  
(off his confused look)  
Well, now I can afford a car.

TODD

Okay.

Daphne picks up the PUPPY: HURT, PISSED, but VICTORIOUS --

DAPHNE

Thank you.

-- and exits. OFF TODD: RELIEVED: and: ROMANTICALLY PIQUED.

TOM CRAFT (PRELAP) (O.S.)

Well. This is a surprise.

INT. TOM CRAFT'S PALATIAL CORNER OFFICE - DAY

Lake Michigan glows blue out the windows, far below. **TOM CRAFT is a barrel-chested but debonair magnate (60's.)** He's seated in a LEATHER CHAIR -- Lou is on the LEATHER SOFA.

TOM CRAFT

(with self-satisfaction)  
The last time you sat here it was  
to tell me I "destroyed your life."

LOU  
Not *my* life, Dad. Mom's.

TOM CRAFT  
Do you know how much alimony your mother gets from me, son? Why not just ask her for help?

LOU  
I don't want help. I want a job.

BEAT. Tom softens in an internal, slightly calculated, way.

TOM CRAFT  
Okay. And why are you suddenly ready to work for the man who's responsible for "two-headed frogs, acid rain and autism...in owls"?

LOU  
Raviva's pregnant. I wanna step up.

TOM CRAFT  
Are you sure it's yours?

LOU  
Yeah. I'm sure it's mine.

Tom rises and walks to the window and looks out: SELF-AWARE.

TOM CRAFT  
And where were you thinking you might fit in at Craft Chemical?

LOU  
I don't know. I thought maybe I could work in industrial design. I can do CAD. I could mock stuff up.  
(after a beat, weaker)  
I just need a job, Dad. Please.

When Tom turns around, he's EMOTIONAL: VERY CHOKED UP.

LOU (CONT'D)  
What's the matter?

TOM CRAFT  
It just means a lot that you came to me for help, son. That's all.

LOU  
No problem.

OFF LOU: TRAPPED: as COOL TECHNO PARTY MUSIC kicks in.

INT. BCBG PRESS PARTY - NIGHT

Janet is chatting up **MAX AZRIA**. **BCBG OPERATIVES** rush this way and that and, in the B.G., an **EVENT PLANNER** gives orders to a **SMALL ARMY OF BEAUTIFUL BOYS** in SKIMPY SPEEDO-STYLE BRIEFS.

JANET

It's your best work ever, Max.  
Innovative. And so *energetic*.

MAX AZRIA

Thank you, Janet. Your opinion  
means so much. It always has.

And then Janet spies Miles coming in the door --

JANET

Excuse me a second --

-- and Janet races over to Miles at the door.

JANET (CONT'D)

Michael! You came!

MILES

Of course I came! Miles. Are you  
kidding? I wouldn't miss this.

JANET

Well, step right this way, pretty.

Janet steers Miles past MAX in a totally other direction.

MILES

Do I look okay?

JANET

You look yummy.

Janet proudly presents Miles to the **GAY EVENT PLANNER (50's)**.

JANET (CONT'D)

Here he is!

EVENT PLANNER

Oh, perfect. He'll fit right in.

Miles holds out his hand and Janet heads back to Max Azria.

MILES

Sir, it's an honor. Truly.

EVENT PLANNER

Why, thank you.

MILES

Your work has meant so much to me.

EVENT PLANNER

Okay.

MILES

I've always loved your designs.

EVENT PLANNER

You're here to serve *popsicles*.

MILES

What?

EVENT PLANNER

I'm not Max Azria, honey, and you're here to serve *popsicles*. And *mojitos*. And *mini-tacos*.

MILES

Are you sure...?

EVENT PLANNER

Get this on.

The Planner hands Miles IMPOSSIBLY SMALL BIKINI BRIEFS.

EVENT PLANNER (CONT'D)

And if you don't have a big boy -- wrap it in a tortilla.

The Planner walks away. OFF MILES: COMPLETELY CRESTFALLEN.

EXT. "DONUT GIRL" DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

Sofia exits with TWO DONUT GIRLS, and the NEON LIGHT above the place goes out. Sofia's PHONE RINGS. She looks at it.

ON THE PHONE: the caller ID is: **##413**. ON SOFIA: cool!

SOFIA

Hello?

(a beat, recalibrating)

Sure. But I'll have to change...

INT. HIGH-END COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT

Sofia's now dressed very prettily, sitting at the bar.

SOFIA

It's about a girl my age named Amanda who joins the army.

(after a beat)

(MORE)

SOFIA (CONT'D)

She wants to fight overseas and die because she hates her life, but she ends up not fitting in and changing the system -- it's kinda "G-I Jane" meets "The Devil Wears Prada."

And we REVEAL, sitting across from Sofia -- LAURA.

LAURA

It sounds pretty fresh.

SOFIA

It's pretty not-written. But it could be good. It will be. Someday.

LAURA

I was surprised you said yes to meeting me for a drink.

SOFIA

Me too. But it's time for a surprise. In my life, anyway.

OFF SOFIA: looking at Laura with a SPARKLE: SMASH CUT TO --

INT. SOFIA'S BED! - NIGHT!

Laura's going down on Sofia and Sofia's MOANS RISE AND RISE --

SOFIA

Oh my god -- oh my god -- MY GOD!

RAVIVA (PRELAP) (O.S.)

You got a real job...?

INT. LOU AND MILES' DINING ROOM - DAY

Lou and Raviva are right in the midst of PASSIONATE TALK -- and Tatiana is between them, eating RAMEN NOODLES, OBLIVIOUS.

RAVIVA

THAT'S what you made me drag my ass all the way across Chicago to tell me -- that you "got a real job?"

LOU

Yeah. Working for my Dad's company. We can get married. Settle down.

RAVIVA

But you hate your Dad.

LOU

That doesn't matter.

RAVIVA

Yes it does! Don't you understand?  
I don't want you to get A REAL JOB.  
I'd rather eat fucking -- ramen  
noodles! -- forever than see you do  
something you don't want to do.

LOU

Well, what I want to do doesn't pay  
enough to take care of a baby! At  
least not at the level I can do it.  
Don't you get it? There's no jobs!

RAVIVA

There ARE jobs! They just SUCK!

LOU

And pay nothing!

RAVIVA

Fine! They pay nothing! But I can't  
be with you if you hate your life!

LOU

Well, I can't be with you if I  
can't support you and a baby!

RAVIVA

Then I'll have it by myself --

LOU

You can't have it by yourself!

RAVIVA

I can do whatever I want!

SPLASH! They all look down. ON THE FLOOR is a SMALL PUDDLE.

RAVIVA (CONT'D)

Oh my fucking GOD...

LOU

Are you -- having the baby?

RAVIVA

Jesus fuckin' Christ!

LOU

Are you having the baby?

RAVIVA

No, I'm not having the baby, my  
water broke! OH MY FUCKING GOD!

LOU

What do you want me to do?

BEAT. Raviva stands there -- thinks -- and then decides --

RAVIVA

TEXT EVERYBODY!

And then "Get Better" by Mates of State kicks in: "*Forget all your politics for a while. Let the color schemes arrive...*"

I/E. TAXICAB - DUSK

Lou and Raviva and Daphne are in the first backseat, EXCITED.

DAPHNE

We're having a *infant*, you guys!  
Our first motherfuckin' *infant*!

REVEAL TATIANA and SOFIA in the front seat.

SOFIA

Did you get a hold of Miles?

LOU

He's on his way.

DAPHNE

I'm gonna be the coolest aunt. I  
mean, who would be cooler, *really*?

Lou looks at Raviva with LOVE and then WHISPERS in her ear.

LOU

Hey. Impossible Squirrel...?

RAVIVA

What, Toxic Avenger?

LOU

Forget everything I said, okay?

RAVIVA

When?

LOU

Ever.

THEY KISS. OFF THE TAXI, FROM THE BACK, as it speeds away  
and the song continues: "*Everything's gonna get lighter, even  
if it never better gets better...*" And off our heroes go.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Daphne, Sofia and Miles, and Tatiana are all sitting down. Miles is showing them PICTURES on his IPHONE: WE SEE THEM.

MILES

This is me and Max...

We see: A PIC OF MILES IN THE SPEEDO, SHAKING HANDS WITH MAX.

MILES (CONT'D)

This is Janet freaking out...

We see: A SHOT OF JANET RUSHING TOWARDS THE LENS, WILD-EYED.

MILES (CONT'D)

And this is me and the cops, after I was escorted from the building.

We see: MILES IN THE SPEEDO IN THE STREET, FLANKED BY **COPS.**

SOFIA

Pretty cool for a fiasco.

MILES

I know. And Max said to send him a headshot. So. I'll send him one.

Daphne leans over to Sofia, who's GLOWING. They talk QUIETLY.

DAPHNE

You look different.

SOPHIA

I think I might be.

DAPHNE

Did you do it?

SOPHIA

Sorta.

DAPHNE

What does that mean?

SOFIA

We'll talk.

DAPHNE

Shit-mama, this is gonna be good.

A DOOR opens across the hall and Lou steps out, WHISPERS.

LOU  
Hey. Hey. Thanks for coming.

Lou goes to Miles. They look each other over tentatively.

LOU (CONT'D)  
Sorry I was a dick.

MILES  
You weren't a dick.

TATIANA  
(with a heavy accent)  
You were an asshole!

LOU (CONT'D)  
(to Tatiana)  
That's fair. And: hello.  
(to the group)  
You guys wanna meet Rosemary?

DAPHNE  
(sweetly, hand to heart)  
Rosemary! So creepy!

Lou leads everyone to the door. As they file in, we hear --

RAVIVA (O.C.)  
Look who came to see you, baby!

-- but then the door closes just before we see what's inside.  
"Infinite Arms" by Band of Horses kicks in: MELANCHOLY JOY.

INT. SOFIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sofia sits at her computer: nothing. She looks up at all the  
BOOKS: all the GREAT BOOKS she always thought she'd match.

SOFIA (V.O.)  
Life is weird. You grow up wanting  
a certain kind of life; a dream of  
a life; but by the time you get  
there, that life is gone. It's old-  
fashioned, or it's just not you.  
You have to make your own life --  
and you have to make it your way.

SOFIA REACHES UP AND SWEEPS ALL THE BOOKS TO THE FLOOR!

SOFIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Everyone goes through this.

And then she sits down and looks at the blank screen again.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Miles again offers COLOGNE SAMPLES to **PASSING SHOPPERS**.

MILES

"Fever" by Justin Bieber? It's hot,  
fresh, and free. Feel the fever...?

SOFIA (V.O.)

Everyone settles for a little less  
than they wanted...

INT. PRODUCTION COMPANY OFFICE - DAY

At her desk, Daphne rips open her FIRST PAYCHECK. SCORE!

TODD

Hey, Glover.

Daphne looks up to see Todd leaning into her cubicle.

DAPHNE

Yeah?

TODD

Free for dinner tonight? Or drinks?

Daphne thinks about it a second, but then SADLY says:

DAPHNE

No. But thanks for asking.

Todd heads away. OFF DAPHNE: wondering how that went over.

SOFIA (V.O.)

...and gets a little more than they  
bargained for.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY (SNOW)

Lou has a CLIPBOARD in one hand and his PHONE up to his ear.

LOU

(into phone)

Tell me I didn't make a mistake not  
working for my Dad's company.

Intercut as necessary with:

INT. LOU AND MILES' KITCHEN - DAY

Raviva is at the stove, stirring A POT OF SPAGHETTI SAUCE. A  
BASSINET is nearby, into which she smiles periodically.

RAVIVA

You didn't make a mistake. And  
everyone's getting here at seven.

LOU

I'll be home as soon as I can.

ON THE STREET, Lou sees a **FAMILY** approaching -- a **MOM** and **DAD** and **TWO SMALL CHILDREN**.

LOU (CONT'D)

Oh, I gotta go, I love you, bye.

Lou hangs up and arranges his clipboard.

LOU (CONT'D)

Do you folks have five minutes for the environment? Five minutes?

MOM

Yeah. I think we have five minutes.

As Lou starts in on his pitch, we PULL BACK as MUSIC RISES...

INT. LOU AND MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The gang's all here, gathered around the dinner table: Miles, Daphne, Tatiana, Sofia, and Lou, who's holding **ROSEMARY (!)** --

RAVIVA

Come on, everyone sit, it's hot!

-- and Raviva puts a giant bowl of SPAGHETTI on the table and sits down beside Lou, takes Rosemary from him and kisses him.

DAPHNE

So this is world domination.  
(after a fond look around)  
I like it.

SOFIA (V.O.)

If life is about working and earning money, we're all screwed.

INT. SOFIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sofia is still at her desk. She puts her fingers on the keys.

SOFIA (V.O.)

But if life is about living, none of my friends are underemployed.

And she starts typing! FREEZE-FRAME ON SOFIA: SUPER OVER: <3 -  
- AS THE SAD-SWEET SONG RISES: "When my -- thoughts -- drift -  
- to -- you:" and we slowly FADE TO BLACK and ROLL CREDITS.

END OF PILOT