

SIDE HUSTLE (PILOT)

"The Kaitlyns"

Written by

Heather Magee

FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - DAY

A woman leaves a small bungalow and hops onto a motorized scooter, taking off like a shot. MADDIE, 26, a self-proclaimed loner and aspiring screenwriter, works as a copywriter at a movie marketing company. She's late for work.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - SAME TIME

A woman sits in her car in front of a sprawling estate with manicured hedges and multiple gardeners meandering about. AGNES, 27, a party monster and gifted musician who works as a video editor by day and spends her spare minutes fronting a punk band, takes a long drag from her vape.

She cranks the volume on her stereo and recklessly speeds down the winding driveway.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - SAME DAY

Maddie manages to balance her coffee while effortlessly dodging commuter traffic, flying down the shoulder and sidewalk as people sit trapped in their cars, internalizing their road rage.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - SAME TIME

Punk music blares as Agnes weaves in and out of traffic, running a red light, narrowly missing a homeless person jaywalking his way to the homeless encampment across the street.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - SAME DAY

Agnes swoops into a parking stall.

A temporary paper sign reads 'Reserved for VIPs'. She rips the sign down and takes another drag from her vape.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Maddie ditches her ride-share scooter on the street in front of an office building and books it inside.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME DAY

She hops in the elevator to find Agnes coming up from the parking garage.

MADDIE

Hey.

AGNES

Hey.

A conservative looking EXECUTIVE gets on at the next floor.

The girls engage in an elaborate, interpretive dance behind him, until he shoots a threatening side-eye. They both giggle.

INT. OFFICE - SAME DAY

Maddie and Agnes make their way to their respective cubicles, which are side-by-side.

Maddie's cube is covered in vintage movie posters while Agnes has a small shrine constructed in homage to her favorite bands.

MARY, 24, a marketing coordinator and free-spirited bohemian, slides her chair over.

MARY

Hey ladies. How was your weekend?

AGNES

Bangin'.

MADDIE

I hid out in a dark bar writing for the most part. You?

MARY

So good. I did two guided meditations and a burlesque class that totally kicked my ass and opened up my sex chakras. And my hip flexers.

AGNES

Sounds like a nightmare.

KATHY, 32, project manager and hyper-organized mom of two chimes in from her cube.

KATHY

The last time I opened up my hip flexers, a kid popped out.

DREW, 35, a peppy sales manager, interrupts the girls banter.

DREW

Hey! Did you guys hear about our new boss? She's supposed to start today sometime. Or now.

CAITLYN (WITH A C), 45, is the new VP, loves corporate jargon and plays with her hair when she's concentrating.

She drops a box of chachkies and other assorted desk junk onto her swivel chair and smiles nervously at her new underlings.

Suddenly, STEVE, a 30-something prodigy and President of the company who follows a strict regimen of green algae and regularly quotes "The Alchemist", startles everyone with his arrival.

STEVE

Hello team! Good morning! Are we ready to conquer the day while vibrating at our highest level? Of course we are. Right, I've allotted the next 3-5 minutes to surrender myself to you fully and announce the arrival of Caitlyn. She's our new Vice President of Marketing and we couldn't be more grateful to the gods -- or whomever you express your devotion to -- that she is here.

(slow clap)

Welcome, Caitlyn.

Steve's attempt to trigger applause fades fast as the remainder of his executive team falls in line.

KATE (SHORT FOR KAITLYN), 40, is an Executive Vice President and borderline sociopath.

KAITLYN (WITH A K), 28, is Vice President of Communications and generates ideas Steve salivates over, yet actual work somehow alludes her.

And, KATIE (SHORT FOR KAITLYN), 25, is the executive assistant to Kate, has an IQ of 135 and likes to tell people about it. She's also the office gossip.

CAITLYN

Thanks Steve and hello everyone!
Really excited to be here.

STEVE

Oh goodie! The rest of my team is
here. Caitlyn, I'd like to
introduce you to Kaitlyn, Kaitlyn
and you know Kaitlyn, of course,
your new boss.

Caitlyn waves awkwardly.

KATE

It's Kate, actually. Remember
Steve? We talked about this at our
last offsite.

STEVE

Right, yes, my bad. My given name
is Steven but I've chosen the
shortened version Steve in an
homage to, of course, the great
Steve Jobs.

(bows head)

May Buddha protect and guide him.

KAITLYN

Well, my name is Kaitlyn and I go
by Kaitlyn. With a K. Nice and
simple.

KATE

(low voice)

Simple indeed.

KATIE

My name is technically Kaitlyn too,
although I go by Katie, which of
course I'm open to changing if
you'd like me to Steve. Steven.
Steve.

CAITLYN

And I'm Caitlyn with C. Hopefully
that doesn't confuse things too
much.

BEN, 28, a developer and chilled out pot head, pipes up.

BEN

It's like all their parents read the same parenting book where the name Kaitlyn meant "great one" or some shit.

The team snickers. Kate notices, mentally noting the offenders.

Steve hoists himself onto a nearby desk in one yogic leap.

STEVE

Everyone! Please, join me in the executive boardroom for a healing sound bath, to honor Caitlyn's arrival. Attendance is mandatory. Namaste.

MARY

(bows head)
Namaste.

Steve burns sagebrush, smudging the room as he exits. The fire alarm sounds.

INT. OFFICE - SAME DAY

Several people are laying on the floor in a circular formation.

A MYSTIC HEALER sits in the center, playing quartz bowls and Tibetan chimes.

MYSTIC HEALER

Let us begin our journey to freeing ourselves. Honoring our need to be safe, our need to be nurtured, our need to be loved. Allow yourself to move beyond your physical self.

Maddie and Agnes are lying next to one another. Agnes starts to giggle.

MYSTIC HEALER (CONT'D)

Imagine you're floating up towards the ceiling. Surrender into yourself. Allow my voice and the sounds of the chakras to be a blanket to swaddle and secure you.

AGNES

(sarcastic)
I always appreciate a good swaddle.

MADDIE

(whispering)

Stop it. You're going to get us in trouble.

MYSTIC HEALER

Breathe deeply into your belly. And as you exhale, feel yourself aligning with the universe.

Both girls take in a deep breath and burst into laughter. They're subsequently banished from the sacred practice.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME DAY

Agnes and Ben are sharing a joint behind the office.

AGNES

What do you think of the new boss lady?

BEN

Who, Caitlyn with a C? She's alright.

AGNES

Don't you think she's a little high strung? Did you see the sappy photos of her husband and her little dogs on her desk? Who does that shit?

BEN

People with husbands and little dogs?

AGNES

Oh, you're hysterical. Hey, stop hogging that.

BEN

How are things going with your band?

AGNES

Alright. We're playing the coffee house Friday. You should come.

A few people exit the building. Ben quickly puts out the joint with his fingers.

AGNES (CONT'D)
I'm going back in. Thanks for the
blaze break.

INT. RESTROOM - SAME DAY

Agnes hops into a stall, sits down and overhears her neighbor
on the phone. She leans over to listen.

CAITLYN
It's going okay.
(whispering)
I'm not sure if the team likes me,
though. I don't know, they're all
young hipsters. I know, I know,
just be myself. I will. Okay, call
you later. Love you too. Bye.

Caitlyn emerges to wash her hands. Agnes saddles up next to
her and offers a forced smile.

AGNES
Hey. Caitlyn, right?

CAITLYN
That's right.

AGNES
I'm Agnes. Nice to meet you.

CAITLYN
Nice to meet you too. You're our
video editor, right?

AGNES
That's me.

CAITLYN
Great! I look forward to working
with you.

AGNES
You too.

Agnes walks out, leaving Caitlyn alone in the restroom.

She inspects her reflection in the mirror, straightens her
outfit, stands tall and smiles. A few seconds later her face
falls and her posture returns to normal.

INT. CUBICLES - SAME DAY

The team is settled back into their cubes when a meeting request from Caitlyn hits everyone's inbox with a simultaneous 'bing'. The subject title reads 'Meet & Greet'.

Agnes rolls her chair back to face Maddie.

AGNES
(whispering)
Oh god, meet and greet?

MADDIE
Don't be a bitch, Ags. She seems nice.

AGNES
You should have overheard her in the restroom. I think she was talking to her husband.
(using air quotes)
Wants everyone to like her.

MADDIE
What's wrong with that?

AGNES
Seems a bit needy to me.

KYLE, 30, an analyst and high anxiety people pleaser pokes his head over the cubicle wall.

KYLE
Guys. Did you get that meeting request?

MADDIE
I think everyone did.

KYLE
How are you going to prepare?

AGNES
Prepare for what? It's just a meet and greet.

KYLE
I don't know, like, what Caitlyn might ask us?

AGNES
Okay, I've got some tips. Got a pen?

Kyle eagerly grabs a pen and paper.

AGNES (CONT'D)

First of all, you'll want to tell her your name is Kyle. Then, tell her what your position is here.

KYLE

Uh huh. And?

AGNES

Next, you'll want to tell her your astrological sign. What foods you're allergic to. Oh, and maybe your Tinder profile name too.

KYLE

(confused)

I'm married.

MADDIE

Ags, stop it. Kyle, just relax and be yourself.

Maddie puts her headphones on.

AGNES

Here, take one of these.

KYLE

What is it?

AGNES

It's just a multivitamin. It'll help you think more clearly.

Kyle gobbles up the gummy bear and returns to his desk.

ONE HOUR LATER

INT. BOARDROOM - SAME TIME

Caitlyn is sitting at the end of the boardroom table nervously tapping her fingers.

She shoots to her feet when the team begins to pour in. An enormous plate of donuts sits in the center of the table.

CAITLYN

Hi, everyone! Please, help yourself. The ones with sprinkles are dairy and gluten free.

Ben loads three donuts onto a napkin. Maddie is the last one to join, closing the door behind her.

CAITLYN (CONT'D)

Right! So, thanks everybody for making time for this meeting. Going forward, we'll meet as a team once a week to discuss current projects and get crisp on company goals and objectives.

AGNES

(whispering, mouth full)
Get what?

CAITLYN

But for today, I thought we'd kick things off with a bit of fun! Get to know one another and break the ice. How does that sound?

Silence.

CAITLYN (CONT'D)

(clapping hands,
enthusiastic)
I said, how does that sound, team?

The group claps unenthusiastically.

DREW

Sounds great, Caitlyn. Did you want us to do a quick roundtable introduction?

CAITLYN

Thanks, what's your name?

DREW

I'm Drew.

CAITLYN

I understand you're the most senior person on the team. At least, until a few hours ago.

(condescending)

I'll take it from here.

Drew shoots a look at Agnes who shoots a look at Maddie who looks down at her notebook.

Kyle's edible has kicked in as he uncharacteristically kicks his feet up onto a nearby chair. Agnes pushes them off.

CAITLYN (CONT'D)
 Okay. First, I'd like to go around
 the room and have everyone
 introduce themselves.

Drew's face goes deadpan.

CAITLYN (CONT'D)
 Tell me your name, position, how
 long you've been with the company
 and -- given we're the number one
 movie marketing company in the
 world -- why don't you also recite
 a line from your favorite movie.
 Who would like to start?

Kyle raises his hand. Agnes sinks into her seat.

KYLE
 (stoned)
 I'll go!

CAITLYN
 Great!

Kyle stands, a bit shaky on his feet.

KYLE
 My name is Kyle. I'm an analyst and
 I've been with the company for
 almost two years. I'm a Virgo, I
 have an intolerance to dairy and I
 love my wife. Her name is Janice.
 She always smells like vanilla.

MADDIE
 (whispering)
 What's up with him?

Agnes shrugs.

KYLE
 (slurring a little)
 The line I'm going to recite to you
 now is from the beloved romantic
 tale and blockbuster hit Jerry
 Maguire.

Drew covers his face.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 Tonight, our little project, our
 company had a very big night -- a
 very, very big night.
 (MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

But it wasn't complete, wasn't nearly close to being in the same vicinity as complete, because I couldn't share it with you. I couldn't hear your voice...

KATHY

(interrupting)

I think Caitlyn said just one line, Kyle.

KYLE

Shush! We're coming up on the best part.

CAITLYN

That's more than enough, Kyle. Thank you, you can sit...

KYLE

(interrupting)

I couldn't hear your voice or laugh about it with you. I miss my -- I miss my wife. We live in a cynical world, a cynical world, and we work in a business of tough competitors.

Kyle suddenly gets emotional, turning his gaze towards Caitlyn.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I love you. You -- complete me.

Awkward pause for several beats. Mary erupts into applause. She's the only one.

CAITLYN

Thanks, Kyle. That was...gripping. Who's next?

KYLE

I'm so hungry.

Kyle grabs two donuts and stuffs one into his mouth.

DREW

I'll go. I'm Drew, as everyone here knows, and I'm a sales manager. I work very closely with all of our top clients and I've been with the company for just over five years. I'm also engaged to be married, my partner and I are in the throngs of wedding planning.

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)

The line I'm going to re-enact is from the cult classic and sleeper hit, Showgirls.

MADDIE

(whispering to Agnes)

Did he say re-enact?

Drew motions to Maddie to be quiet, looks down and closes his eyes. He takes a few deep breathes before he begins.

DREW

(sinister)

This isn't champagne. This is holy water! I named myself after this holy water. Chrissie Lou Connors used to have dingy brown hair and little bitty tits. It's amazing what paint and a surgeon can do.

Drew bows and smiles to himself as he takes his seat.

CAITLYN

Wow. Thanks, Drew. That was spirited. Let's try and keep these short, team. No need to act them out, just one quick line. And G rated, please. Who's next?

MARY

I'll go! I'm Mary and I'm a marketing coordinator. I've been with the company for almost two years, before that I was an intern. I can't think of any lines from movies. Can I recite a song lyric instead?

CAITLYN

Why not.

MARY

(earnest)

It ain't my fault that I'm out here gettin' loose. Gotta blame it on the Goose. Gotta blame it on my juice, baby.

KATHY

Oh my god.

MARY

It ain't my fault that I'm out here makin' news. I'm the pudding in the proof. Gotta blame it on my...

CAITLYN

(interrupting)

Great! Agnes, why don't you go next.

MARY

I'm not finished.

CAITLYN

Okay.

MARY

Ya-ya-ee. Ya-ya-ee. Ya-ya-ee. Ya-ya-ee.

Kyle is confused, mouth agape.

CAITLYN

Thank you, Mary. Agnes?

AGNES

Agnes. Been here for three years, I think. I'm a video editor and my line is from Natural Born Killers.

(exhibiting no emotion)

Let's go out there, and run down the stairs, and go out in a hail of bullets. And then we'll die. And then we'll really be free.

CAITLYN

Interesting choice.

AGNES

You're up, Mads.

Maddie stands, walks over to Caitlyn and shakes her hand.

MADDIE

Hi, I'm Maddie. I've been here about three years too, Agnes and I started on the same day. I'm a copywriter and I can't think of a line right now.

DREW

Says the girl with movie posters all over her cubicle. Come on, Maddie, we all had to do one.

KYLE
(mouth full of donut)
Yeah, come on Maddie.

MADDIE
Alright.

Maddie takes a deep breath.

MADDIE (CONT'D)
Los Angeles can be a really lonely city. Most people are in such a hurry to get where they're going or too busy to look up from their phone to see that there are real people suffering out there. And sometimes, all it takes to lift someone up, is to show them that someone actually cares. That someone is listening.

CAITLYN
Beautiful. What film is that from, Maddie?

MADDIE
Mine. Well, it's not a film yet. It's a script I'm working on.

CAITLYN
Ah, moonlighting as a screenwriter. How very LA of you. Who hasn't gone yet?

Kathy raises her hand and stands.

KATHY
(quickly and efficiently)
Hi, I'm Kathy. I'm a project manager and I've been with the company for four years. I'm also a mother of two and haven't seen a movie since 2012. Looks like we're getting kicked out for the next meeting. Thanks for the donuts.

Kathy grabs another donut and the team follows her out of the room.

CAITLYN
You're welcome! Great job, everyone!

INT. CAITLYN'S CUBICLE - SAME DAY

Kyle is hanging over Caitlyn's cube, struggling to hold himself up.

KYLE

Great first meeting, boss.
(animated hand gestures)
Such a fun team exercise. And the donuts! Mmmm, I love donuts.

KATE

Caitlyn, can I see you in my office?

CAITLYN

Sure thing. Thanks, Kyle. I've gotta run.

KYLE

Okay sure, no problem.

Kyle begins to rummage around Caitlyn's desk.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Maybe she has more donuts somewhere.

Agnes grabs Kyle and guides him back to his cube.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

CAITLYN

I don't understand, I thought the company had a banner first quarter?

KATE

We did. And part of that success was about tightening up our budgets and becoming a lean organization. We just need to get a teensy bit leaner.

CAITLYN

How many people will be impacted?

Kate sits on her desk and leans in uncomfortably close.

KATE

We just need you to select one person from your team to lay off. And we need to know who it is by the end of the week.

Katie walks in with lunch and noise canceling headphones, which she places on Kate before draping a napkin over her lap and handing her a knife and fork.

CAITLYN

One person. Got it. Are there past employee reviews I can see to help make an informed decision?

KATE

That will be all. Thank you.

Kate tunes Caitlyn out and starts eating her lunch. Katie motions for Caitlyn to leave and begins massaging Kate's shoulders.

EXT. AGNES' HOUSE - SAME DAY

Agnes pulls up in front of her family's home in the Hills.

She doesn't go inside, but instead walks around to the backyard. There she finds her mother MIRANDA, 60, an actress and former "it" girl, lying in a lounge chair in a barely there bikini with a cocktail in-hand.

Agnes breezes by her towards the guest house, where she lives.

MIRANDA

Well hello to you too.

AGNES

Can you cover up, please? The guys will be here any minute for rehearsal.

MIRANDA

Relax, it's just a bathing suit.

AGNES

Barely.

MIRANDA

Fine, hand me that robe over there. You know, Agnes, no one will ever date you if you dress like a Kurt Cobain/Courtney Love hybrid.

Agnes throws the robe at Miranda, which is completely sheer.

AGNES

Here. Hurry. Where's dad?

MIRANDA

In New York until the weekend. I think that's where he's gone, anyway.

AGNES

New York again?

MIRANDA

He's working on a big project there, or some such thing.

Miranda drapes the robe over her fit, surgically enhanced frame as Agnes' band members start to arrive. ERIC, 28, is the drummer and Agnes' on-again-off-again boyfriend.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Hello, Eric.

ERIC

Hey Miranda.

AGNES

You guys go on in, I'll be right there.

The band goes into the guest house after taking in an eyeful of Miranda.

AGNES (CONT'D)

What day did dad say he'd be back?

MIRANDA

Darling, I'm not sure exactly. Why don't you call him? Now, run along, your friends are waiting.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - SAME DAY

Agnes is sitting at a piano practicing a melody as her BANDMATES jam away.

AGNES

Hey! Guys, I've been working on something. Check it out.

She plays a few bars from the song and her guitar player begins to riff. Agnes picks up her bass as Eric kicks in on drums. They jam for a beat before Agnes retreats back to her piano.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Let me rework this one bit, give me five.

As Agnes frenetically jots down notes, her guitarist begins to play the melody for "Mrs. Robinson". The rest of the band laughs, including Eric.

AGNES (CONT'D)

What's so funny? What are you guys looking at?

Agnes peers out the window. Miranda is back in the pool, this time in the buff.

AGNES (CONT'D)

What the actual fuck?

Agnes runs out of the guest house. Eric follows.

ERIC

Cut it out, you guys. Ags, wait!

AGNES

Miranda! What do you think you're doing?

ERIC

(covering eyes)

Whoa.

AGNES

Eric, go back inside.

MIRANDA

What's the problem?

AGNES

Put your bathing suit back on and get in the house.

MIRANDA

Come on, it's just a body. We all have one, Agnes.

AGNES

Do you have any idea how much you embarrass me? How much you embarrass dad?

Miranda pulls her bikini back on and exits the pool.

MIRANDA

If it weren't for your father, I would have had you out of here a long time ago.

Miranda grabs her empty cocktail glass and storms off towards the main house.

Agnes sits by the pool and lights a cigarette. Eric joins her.

AGNES

Sometimes I can't believe we're related.

ERIC

She's a free spirit.

AGNES

She's a lunatic. A washed up actress who can't let go of the glory days.

Eric takes a drag from Agnes' cigarette.

ERIC

You're both very headstrong women.

AGNES

Do not compare me to her. Let's go back inside.

INT. MADDIE'S BUNGALOW - SAME TIME

Maddie is rummaging around in her fridge. She settles on some leftover pizza when the phone rings. MAUDE, 52, is Maddie's mom and a nouveau hippie who works as a nurse.

Maddie hesitates before answering.

MADDIE

Hey Mom.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MAUDE

Hi honey. Hadn't heard from you in a while, so wanted to check in. Are you eating something?

MADDIE

(mouth full)
Yup. Uh, kale salad.

MAUDE

Good for you! Are you adding greens to all of your meals? Your dad and I have been doing green smoothies for breakfast every day. It really helps boost your energy, you know.

MADDIE

I know, mom.

MAUDE

How's work going?

MADDIE

Work's fine. Same old same old. I have a new boss.

MAUDE

Oh?

MADDIE

Yeah, she seems okay.

MAUDE

A woman! You know, Maddie, we protested really hard so female leaders could rise to the top. Crack through that glass ceiling!

MADDIE

I appreciate that, mom.

MAUDE

I burned my bras, you know.

MADDIE

I know. Look, I've gotta run.

MAUDE

Hot date I should know about? Someone you met on the Tinder? Did someone skip into your DMs?

MADDIE

I'm heading out to get some writing done.

MAUDE

I suppose you're going to that dingy bar you go to.

MADDIE

Gotta go. Love you.

MAUDE

Love you too. Don't go washing that
kale down with whiskey, it'll
cancel the nutritional benefits.

MADDIE

Bye mom.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Agnes is rehearsing with her band, thrashing about, giving it
her all.

Despite being surrounded by band members, she's in her own
world. Eric watches her intently.

INT. DIVE BAR - SAME TIME

Maddie walks into the bar, saying hello to a few of the
crusty old regulars, before settling in at a table in the
back.

TED, 60, the bartender, brings her a drink.

TED

Whiskey neat for the lady.

MADDIE

Thanks, Ted.

TED

How's the script coming along?

MADDIE

Good, I think. Just wish I had more
time to work on it. Day job. You
know how it is.

TED

I do indeed. I'd rather be in my
studio painting. Except when you
come in, of course.

MADDIE

I didn't know you painted. What
kind of art do you do?

TED

Contemporary, mostly. We all have a
side hustle, Mads. I'll let you get
to it.

Maddie takes a sip and opens her laptop, casting a subtle glow across her face. She lights up -- literally and figuratively -- the moment her fingers begin banging away on the keyboard.

2 HOURS LATER

Maddie waits patiently at the bar.

MADDIE

I'll have one more, Ted.

TED

You go it.

Suddenly two armed men disguised as American Presidents -- one as BARACK OBAMA and the other as GEORGE W. BUSH -- storm into the bar, demanding people's wallets and valuables.

Ted hits a panic button as Maddie scoots back to her table and stuffs her laptop into her bag. She sits and watches the robbery unfold, as there's no where else to go.

One by one, patrons empty their pockets and handover their bags as sirens begin to sound in the distance.

OBAMA

(shouting)

Hurry the fuck up, people! Wallets, watches, wedding rings. Hurry or we'll shoot this place apart!

BUSH

(shouting)

Hey! Bartender! Empty that cash register. Now!

Ted quickly pulls all the cash he can grab out of his register and hands it over. Bush sets his sights on Maddie.

BUSH (CONT'D)

Hey! You in the corner. Empty that bag.

MADDIE

I can't do that.

BUSH

I saw you put a laptop in there, now give it up!

TED

(shouting urgently)

Maddie, do what he says!

MADDIE

(calmly)

Here's the thing, Mr. President. I have a script on that laptop that I haven't backed up yet and this could be my big break. I have a very good feeling about it...

BUSH

(interrupting)

I don't give a fuck how you feel, sweetie, hand it over!

Bush points his gun at Maddie. She slowly raises her hands. A REGULAR pipes up.

REGULAR

(shouting)

Hey George Dub-yah! This heist was a lot better when Patrick Swayze did it.

POLICE arrive and the men try to make a run for it out the back door.

BUSH

Go!

OBAMA

I can't, dude, it's locked!

A few moments later, the men are escorted out of the bar by the police. Ted, Maddie and other patrons provide statements before the place clears out. All but Maddie, Ted and the chirpy regular.

REGULAR

Nice work, kid, hanging onto your stuff like that.

TED

She should have done what he asked her to. That was really dangerous, Mads.

MADDIE

(sarcastic)

Danger is my middle name. I'm going to head out.

TED

Get home safe.

Maddie fist bumps Ted and the regular and leaves the bar.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - SAME NIGHT

We follow Maddie as she makes her way home. The pink hue from dusk glows around her.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - SAME TIME

Agnes picks up her phone and calls her dad. JOHN, 65, a successful real estate developer, is supportive of Agnes but not around much.

EXT. NEW YORK - SAME TIME

John is getting into a cab as his phones rings.

He looks at the display and sees that it's Agnes, before clicking the phone to silent.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - SAME TIME

AGNES
Come on, pick up.

INTERCUT - VOICEMAIL

I'm away from my phone or in meetings. Leave a message and I'll return your call as soon as I can.

AGNES (CONT'D)
Hey dad, it's me. Can you call me when you get a sec? Thanks...love you.

Discouraged, Agnes hangs up and tosses her phone on the counter. She opens a bottle of wine and takes a swig from the bottle.

INT. MADDIE'S BUNGALOW - SAME NIGHT - LATER

Maddie is curled up on the couch watching a movie. She glances over at the clock -- it's almost midnight.

MADDIE (TEXT)
You up?

The typing bubble appears and stops. The phone rings, it's Agnes.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Hey.

AGNES

Hey. What's up?

MADDIE

Did I wake you?

AGNES

Nah, couldn't sleep.

MADDIE

You won't believe what happened tonight. I was writing at Ted's and these two guys came in and tried to rob the place.

AGNES

What? Holy shit, are you okay?

MADDIE

Yeah, I'm fine.

AGNES

Did they get away?

MADDIE

The police came and arrested them.

AGNES

Jesus. Glad you're alright, Mads.

MADDIE

How was your night?

AGNES

(lighting a joint)

I rehearsed with the band. Miranda had her tits out. You know, the usual.

MADDIE

Where was your dad?

AGNES

He's in New York for work. Again. Finished your script yet?

MADDIE

First draft is almost in the can.

AGNES

Hey, do you need me to come over?
That was a pretty crazy thing that
happened.

MADDIE

I'm good. Get some sleep.

AGNES

You too. See ya tomorrow.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Katie is at the water cooler gossiping with CAMILLE, 20, a spoiled intern with a thick southern accent. Drew overhears them, so tucks in around the corner.

KATIE

(low voice)

Did you hear they're letting
someone go from Caitlyn with a C's
team on Friday?

CAMILLE

No way.

KATIE

Yep. Quite the intro to the
company.

CAMILLE

Who do you think is on the chopping
block?

Drew drops his water bottle. It lands with a bang.

DREW

Sorry, just going to sneak in here.

He fills up the extra large canteen as everyone stands waiting in awkward silence.

DREW (CONT'D)

Thanks so much.

Drew bolts back to his desk.

CAMILLE

Do you think he heard us?

KATIE

Who cares. Are you going to that
EDM festival on Saturday?

INT. CUBICLES - SAME DAY

Drew is huddled in Kathy's cube.

KATHY

Are you sure you heard that right?

DREW

Yes! Katie and that bratty little debutante were discussing it. You know Kate tells Katie everything. Or at least, she's privy to everything, the sneaky bitch.

KATHY

Calm down. Just breathe.

Kathy facetiously hands Drew her brown paper lunch bag, which he swats away. Mary pops her head up.

MARY

What's going on over there? Are you okay?

DREW

Great, except I'm about to be laid off because I've been here the longest and I'm in the middle of planning my wedding and this is the absolute worst time for this to be happening, but yes -- I'm great!

Mary squeezes into Kathy's cube.

MARY

Why do you think you're getting laid off?

KATHY

He's overreacting. It's just a rumor.

DREW

Oh yeah? Go ask Queen Kiss Ass and Miss Teen Texas over there.

Agnes pops her head up.

AGNES

I can hear you guys over my death metal.

She takes her headphones off and squeezes into Kathy's cube.

KATHY

Okay, people, it's getting claustrophobic in here.

MARY

Drew overheard Katie telling Camille that someone was getting laid off.

AGNES

Just one person?

DREW

That's what she said and apparently it's happening on Friday.

AGNES

Huh. Well, try not to think about it. Everything happens for a reason, right?

DREW

Easy for you to say from your rent free bungalow in the Hills.

AGNES

I think I like you better when you're nasty.

Ben walks by with a stack of coffee mugs. Agnes follows him.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Whatcha doin'?

BEN

Cleaning my desk.

AGNES

How very uncharacteristic of you. Hey, did you hear someone is getting canned on Friday?

Ben dumps the mugs into the sink.

BEN

I wouldn't worry about it.

AGNES

I'm not. I mean, not really.

Maddie walks into the kitchen to heat up her lunch.

MADDIE
Hey. What are you two slackers
gossiping about.

BEN
Ags thinks someone is getting the
ax on Friday.

MADDIE
Whoa, really?

AGNES
It's just a rumor.

Agnes and Ben walk back to their cubes.

BEN (O.C.)
Did you hear about that punk show
at El Cid?

AGNES (O.C.)
Yeah, it's going to be insane.

Maddie stares at her reflection in the microwave as her
leftover noodles spin. Kyle interrupts her trance.

KYLE
Maddie. Maddie!

MADDIE
(startled)
Yes!

KYLE
Did you hear? Someone might get
fired on Friday.

MADDIE
Yes, Kyle.

KYLE
(desperate)
Well, aren't you upset?

MADDIE
Keep your voice down. There's
nothing we can do about it. Just
gotta ride it out. You know?

KYLE
You don't understand. Janice will
place my unmentionables in a vice
if I lose my job.

MADDIE
That's a nice visual before lunch.

INT. AGNES' CUBE - SAME DAY

Maddie takes a seat on Agnes' desk. She begrudgingly removes her headphones.

AGNES
May I help you?

MADDIE
I can't lose my job, Ags.

AGNES
Who said you're going to lose your job?

MADDIE
I can't go back to living with my parents in the valley. I will literally die if that happens.

AGNES
You're not going back to the valley and you're not getting fired. Who knows if it's true anyway.

INT. OFFICE - MONTAGE

We cycle through blatant displays of ass kissery as the team attempts to butter up their new boss.

Mary arranges wild flowers and healing crystals on Caitlyn's desk.

Kyle puts in overtime, crunching numbers long after everyone has gone home for the day.

Drew hits the phones hard, schmoozing clients and posting sales projections on a communal white board.

Kathy brings homemade banana loaf and leaves it with a note for Caitlyn to find.

Ben continues cleaning his desk, throwing away old junk food containers and wiping the surface clean.

Maddie and Agnes are business as usual, as they witness their colleagues desperate attempts to keep their jobs.

FRIDAY

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Everyone is in their cube, working diligently and quietly, until a meeting request from Caitlyn hits everyone's inbox with a simultaneous 'bing'. The subject title reads 'Organizational Announcement'.

Almost immediately, we hear Kyle making a low wheezing sound. Drew passes the brown paper bag over his cubicle wall, dropping it in Kyle's.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Caitlyn is meeting with Kate. Katie, per usual, is present and busy organizing Kate's zen garden.

CAITLYN

With Ben resigning, that frees up some of our compensation budget, so I don't think it's necessary to let anyone go.

KATE

We're going to need to recruit someone to take his place. Ben has a unique skillset.

CAITLYN

I understand, but the recruitment process takes time. Do we need to eliminate another position today?

KATE

Maybe not. But I'd like you to continue to think about it. Keep an eye out for weaklings. Think to yourself, how can we make our team the lean, mean marketing machine we need it to be?

CAITLYN

Right. Lean and mean. Got it.

KATE

No lay offs today. You may go.

CAITLYN

Thanks, Kate. I really appreciate...

Kate tunes Caitlyn out as Katie turns on meditation music and slips a sleeping mask over Kate's eyes. She motions for Caitlyn to leave.

INT. BOARDROOM - SAME DAY

The team is gathered around the boardroom table. Kyle has a box of tissues in tow.

CAITLYN

Thanks, everyone, for meeting on such short notice. Just a quick announcement. I wanted to let everyone know that Ben has decided to leave us. Let's all thank Ben for his contributions to the company and wish him well!

AGNES

(nudging Ben)

You sucker. Why didn't you say anything?

DREW

You mean, no one is getting laid off today?

CAITLYN

Laid off? Where did you there that?

DREW

Silly rumor, I guess.

CAITLYN

No one is getting laid off. Now, if you'd care to join me in the lounge we've arranged to have some pizza and beer brought in. A little send-off for Ben.

Kyle shoots up and throws his arms around Caitlyn, taking her by surprise.

KYLE

I love pizza. And beer. Is it craft beer, though?

INT. STAFF LOUNGE - SAME DAY

The team noshes on greasy slices and socializes.

Caitlyn leaves the group for a moment and watches from the kitchen, pleased with herself.

INT. DIVE BAR - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Maddie is writing at her usual table. Ted places a whiskey in front her.

ANDREW, 35, a charming business type, watches from a nearby table before abruptly joining her, uninvited.

MADDIE

Whoa, dude, that seat's taken.

ANDREW

I've seen you in here a few times. Always alone, writing. I'm betting it's a film script.

MADDIE

Too easy. Most loners with laptops in bars are writing a script. It's LA.

ANDREW

Well, you seem pretty dedicated. I'm Andrew.

MADDIE

Maddie.

ANDREW

Pleasure to meet you, Maddie. Here's my card. Give me a call some time. I'd love to hear about what you're working on.

Andrew smiles and excuses himself.

Maddie waits for him to leave before looking at the card, which reads "Andrew Johnson - Producer & Literary Agent".

INT. NEW YORK - HOTEL BAR - SAME NIGHT

John is having a drink with a much younger woman. They kiss and he follows her to a nearby elevator.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - SAME NIGHT - LATER

Agnes is performing with her band, joyously hammering away on her bass. The room is half full.

Ben is in the audience. Maddie walks in and joins him.

FADE OUT.